

"What a DRAG that America's guns have made the CRACK in the Liberty Bell their symbol." - Jimi Hendrix

July 17, 2020

what this female wears in the mornings

is a long silk kimona
my mother gave me
hand made (she said) in japan

she had it 10 years
and didn't get a spot on it

i've had it for two now
and it's ruined

but i use everything
that's given to me

i get up and put the silk gown
on and the sash never stays tied

to look more covered
i wear a round medallion on a
long gold chain

i think the world is really
very funny after all

each time i walk by the hall mirror
i think of hugh hefner and i do not
share the joke

Ann Menebroker
from *Three Drums for the Lady*
(Second Coming Press, 1972)

Rilke Sonnets to Orpheus 2, 25

If you listen, you can almost hear the first
harrowers at work again. That human pulse
against the resistant hush of the bare, early
spring earth. Something you've yet to savor

is germinating. What's come around so
often, is arriving again as something new.
All those times you prepared for this, you
never captured it. It always captured you.

Tonight even the budding leaves of
wintered oaks glow in an olive dusk. Soft
gusts whisper and nod. The shrubs are

still black, but heaped fertilizer spreads
its richer black over the open fields.
Every hour that passes grows younger.

Tr. Art Beck

"Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."
-- Horace Mann



Wherever there is
a human being, there is
an opportunity for
a kindness.
-- Seneca



[Boris] Johnson called yesterday to salute me
on our triumph. You know he was quite sick,
and could have died. It's not all politics,
our friendship. I love the UK—breezy
weather, great sports. Golf is a supremely
skillful test on their coastal links. Tricky
wind, but I know to hit low, let balls kick
off mounds. I play in the high seventies,
and on good putting days can match my age,
which is a tremendous accomplishment
for anyone. We ought to take a page
from England and their royal government.
Kings and queens, dukes and duchesses, barons
and baronesses. Prime ministers are in

the loop too, but are not kings. Boris is
a good friend, and I'm glad he's still alive.
I won't be getting sick, but I'd survive
if it happens. No masks for me. Business
as usual. We're reopening this
great country of ours ASAP. Give
me the credit. Mike Pence smartly arrived
at this decision. The task force was his,
and they did such great work. So much less dead
than both the fake news and CDC feared.
What was it Psycho Joe Scarborough said?
Two or three million? I won't shed a tear
if he or his blonde wife get the disease.
He's more disgraceful than all the Chinese—
--Ken Waldman

from *Trump Sonnets, Volume 6*
trumpsonnets.com

Don't Read This Poem

Don't get me started on the news
from Iraq, from Syria, from our public schools.
It streams onto my phone: those bodies
in the streets, the snare of an automatic,
cloud of chlorine over a city,
caged face of a child watching a gun.

My country triggers its death stars
into another gash in the world for no
good reason, gets this thing going,
the way revenge makes evil the winner,
the way crazy people can buy guns
as easily as corn chips. Don't get me

started on the way we are afraid and too busy,
how the homeless mold in the street
or at the borders while we walk by,
their realm of suffering
like another kind of death star.

Don't read this poem because
it's too hopeless. Look for love somewhere
in the rubble of human behavior. Don't
let yourself be afraid even though
you feel fear as the only choice,
even though most people know right
from wrong, even though war is a beast
beckoning from a dark place.

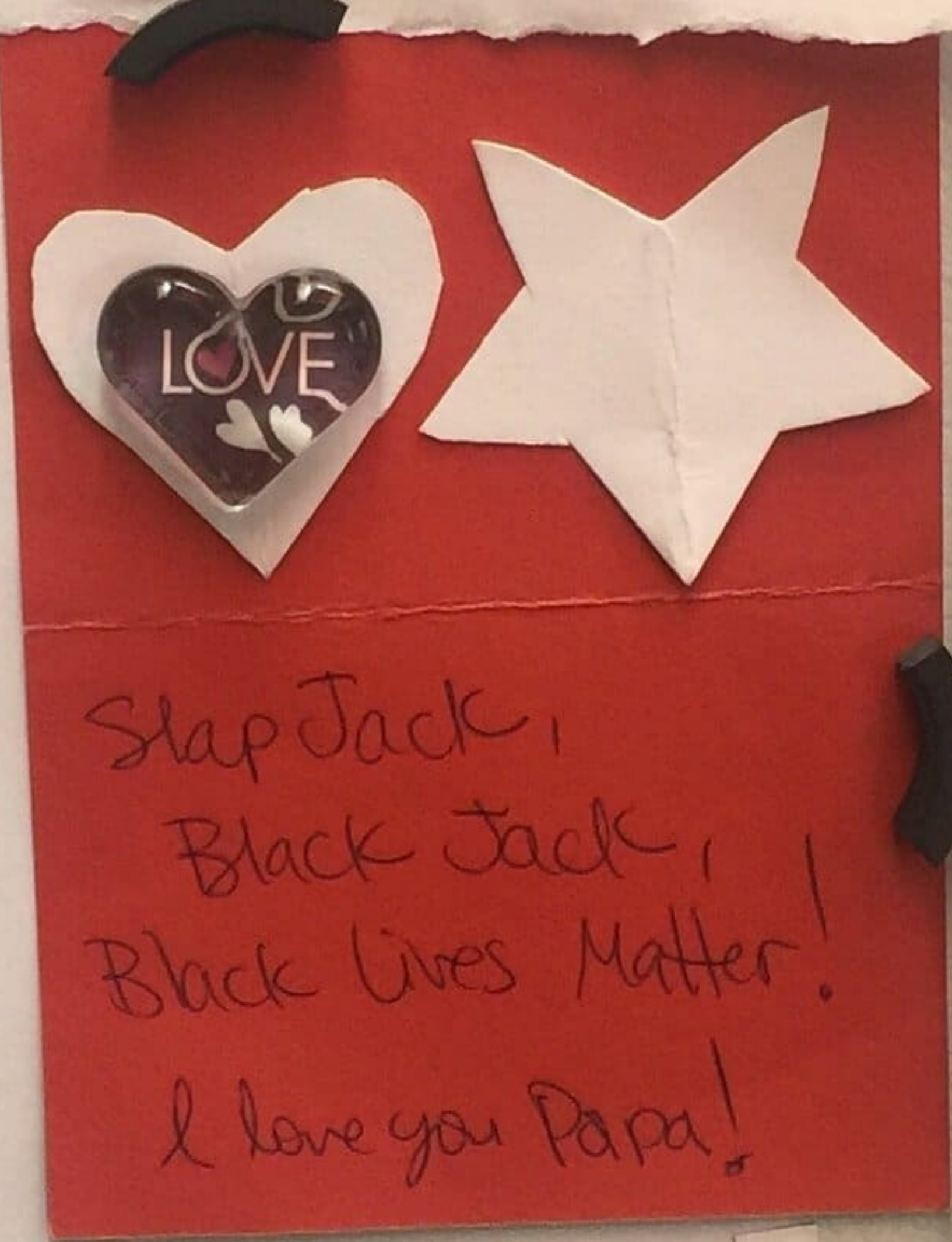
Go out to the ocean. Bring an extra sandwich.
Learn about the jungle. Sing homage
to John Lennon. Practice laughing yoga.
Don't fall asleep at the wheel.
Don't drive around with a body
bag in your trunk. Get the oil changed.

-- Phyllis Klein
The Full Moon Herald (Grayson Books, 2020)

STEPHEN CRANE
(1871-1900)

IN THE DESERT

In the desert
I saw a creature, naked, bestial,
Who, squatting upon the ground,
Held his heart in his hands,
And ate of it.
I said, "Is it good, friend?"
"It is bitter-bitter," he answered,
"But I like it
Because it is bitter,
And because it is my heart."



De-boning a Fish

I wonder what the fish
saw in my father
before he gutted them

were they relieved
to know
they'd soon be out of misery

relieved
to stop gasping for air,
to cease
the futile flailing around
the counter top

did they wait
within themselves
and pray for the
long knife

did they remember the lake
its muddy bottom,
knowing they can never return

you can tell me
(and I already know)
that fish
don't understand
these kinds of things

but neither does
a small child

at some point
don't we all beg
for mercy

-- Connie Post
Prime Meridian (Glass Lyre Press, 2020)

The Humanities Building

All the bad Bauhaus comes to a head
In this gray slab, this domino, this plinth
Standing among the olives or the old oak trees,
As the case may be, and whatever the clime.
No bells, no murals, no gargoyles,
But rearing like a fort with slits of eyes
Suspicious in the aggregate, its tons
Of concrete, glaciers of no known color,
Gaze down upon us. Saint Thomas More,
behold the Humanities Building!

On the top floor
Are one and a half professors of Greek,
Kicked upstairs but with the better view,
And two philosophers, and assorted Slavs;
Then stacks of languages coming down,
Mainly the mother tongue and its dissident children
(History has a building all its own)
To the bottom level with its secretaries,
Advisors, blue-green photographic light
Of many precious copying machines
Which only the girls are allowed to operate.
And all is bathed in the cool fluorescence
From top to bottom, justly distributed
Lights, Innovation, Progress, Equity;
Though in my cell I hope and pray
Not to be confronted by
A student with a gun or a nervous breakdown,
Or a girl who closes the door as she comes in.

The Old Guard sits in judgment and wears ties,
Eying the New in proletarian drag,
Where the Assistant with one lowered eyelid
Plots against Tenure, dreaming of getting it;

And in the lobby, under the bulletin boards,
The Baudelairean forest of posters
For Transcendental Meditation, Audubon Group,
"The Hunchback of Notre Dame," Scientology,
Arab Students Co-Op, "Case of the Curious Bride,"
Two students munch upon a single sandwich.

-- Karl Shapiro
1913-2000

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
IS COMMITTED TO AN ASYLUM

How do I trump thee? Let me fount the praise.
I trump thee to the dreg and brunt and blight
My loins can screech, when feeling ever tight
For the bends of fleeing and ideal chase.
I trump thee to the dangle of every lay's
Most brutal feed, by gun and dynamite.
I trump thee mealy, as hen strive for flight.
I trump thee surely, as they burn from blaze.
I trump thee with the ashens soot to puce
In my cold briefs, and with my wildwood's wraith.
I trump thee with a trump I seemed to ooze
With my dross faints. I trump thee with the Seth,
Wiles, fears, of all my strife; and, if God chews,
I shall but trump thee more as living death.

THINGS THAT GO TRUMP IN THE NIGHT | FERICANO | 59

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Susan A. Harman, President
Executive Director

- 1 veg olive oil
- 1 extra virgin olive
- 1 Gluten Free "Crisp
- 1 seeds & grains "Crisp
- 1 Peppermint Tea
- 1 organic Herbal Sup
- 1 organic chamomile
- 1 BAG of Apples
- 1 Veggie Sausage
- 1 Lentils
- 1 Temppeh

"There is no greater threat to sanity than the taking of one's life too seriously." - Eric Hoffer