



Bones

Bones - journal for the short verse

no. 19

March 15th 2020

Bauhaus -
anchored ships that suit the wind

Adrian Bouter

heavy bass the urban wilderness

the willow's

birdglints

fiberoptic

of butterlight

fronds

shimmerglide

a hypothesis
oozing off
first thaw

veined stone
could be window dressed
for mastication

night goggles
in the haunting distance
a thought is it?

tidal maw
all in but for a platoon
of ribs

contrived

crepuscular moan diluted with milk still mawkish even with a witch's pheew

frost-devoured the name of a rose not just a notion Januari-ed

un-trapped glass eyes possibly crumbed blunder-debris

ocean discards split tongues wildly wagging about deliverance

whopping cough in a while nose stalactites pool under bulrushes

ashen dawn mid-wave an elegy lancing a sea crone

wind-shift rocks bedded limbs drowning with basic stars undocumented since

"decayed" scrawled on foreheads of swine basso-grinding a retort on loose snouts



doctor's widened eyes on the curves of ECG

the space because it is not scientifically proved

surely some day it will rain a holy river

candlelight
the midnight hug
of red parentheses

dry cough the lion dancer flinging lettuce

menstruation
the screeching
parrot

wrought ironclad alibis

drizzle matrix without the rattle element

the abridged version viral load

Nocebo

The negative side-effects of a harmless substance work by suggestion.

torchlight
running back
to the hollow

You Can't Tell Fire What to Do

Firebugs attend burning houses like weddings—the making of one body.

first responder
cool where the fireflies
draw flame



silent crows flying to the edge of others' raucousness

more waiting before they consecrate the elements of gradualism

first day of spring
the easing in each cell
will teach you everything

appointed to sunless days a saint stays in the glass

pronouns first a reading from the Exodus

when to stop the cloud never gets clear

a hard scripture
about the bread of presence
drawing a fly



software updated to fry an egg with a smile

the button we never
pressed fish under ice

that happy laughter in the distance always thin trees

stochastic erasures to provoke the blood in deep winter

in your town the story sold in slivers coated with hard plastic

starlings synchronize in salmon clouds over ice

those days of astral travel now just a skull in the bin

Baily's beads an orchard and its black fruit

cold as a stone is like a raindrop

further rotation severing the lunar limb



summer
stillness
and our
napping
and the
sunlight
ripening
peaches

David Kāwika Eyre

ex-con
aircon
sitcom

evening stars twisting the long arm of the law

down to the bone holding its own icicle sun

once bare trees spring to mind

the sound of the key turning in the navel

rubbing
against your stigmas
a pollen-covered bee

you sometimes die
in the afternoon
scent of pine needles

an ocean
the sand
an ocean

*clouds
in the ocean
the ripples*

the sky
the sound
of light

*waves
from the sky
crashing down*

the sand
inside an ocean
the sun

*the sky
an ocean
waves*

waves
in the sun
of sand

*clouds
and the ocean
the sound*

waves
of sand
the sky

*crashing light
the sound
of sand*

a grain
of sand
the sun

*the sun
and the sky
an ocean*

through the mouth of snowdrift a crow caws

shadows at flight
a reckoning to behold
under hoarfrost



briny bones
a grand oasis
in the black watch

a blueprint of forgotten faces as divine mosaic

next phase darkness reigns at the edge of reason

the well chilled hand
will escape underground
with permanent textures

Gary Hittmeyer

do not lean on the water

godinink

Geoff Pope

circles of waterskippers reshape the trees

not even a clothespin on the line blue

technorunes
reading the monitors
in the er



in the lead-up to lent, the ego sets upon the narrow road leading to its crucifixion

southern seas

hidden wounds

El Niño beneath

the dark night's

the celestial stream

stigmata of stars

altar ego

blank page

a word for bread

what species of tree

broken apart

died for this?

pause within
a pause

figures in light

does the gull
crying above

showing forth the obverse

ensure the sea's
sea-ness?

in being observed

"yes"

a voice

lighter than waves

to lay all doubts

the word

to bear

to rest

night terror

all alone

dream-decembering

silence beats harder

being

almost born

lacking fulfillment

a cat's eye

through the dark night

afflicted with

the unseen looms

metonymy

eye to eye

poetry reading

word shadows

the sounds of
a hand-to-mouth

*adding weight to
the gravity*

existence

of their situation

beginning again

eyes never meeting

wind dialogue
with rain

*while
all the time*

ocean
with rock

overlapping

an ear

at day's end

poised to sip

*the horizon
on the brink*

incoming silence

*of being
afterglow*



sub
cave
emoji

fly
tip
ping
point

no
car
toon
catastrophe

arcane darkroom
undead negatives

Helen Buckingham

leftover bread a conspiracy behind cawing

stepping over the shadow that goes north

work:

just twig being a clown one lifetime

work:

otters playing cricket while the moon is a disk overripe

work:

radiator blues every eleventh pling a gargoyle's giggle

apace for the duration bar tab

lost footing
a finitude
of polar bears

last tobacco pinches moonshine lies

Jackie Maugh Robinson



hearing a crack in the suicide

broken lips the kiss of sutures

rock in the stream
water flowing left and right
is still water

but moon

what shape
do you

shift into

when
new?

nowhere a smoke plume
in the blue wash

of sky the
pale runoff
from a

sun
rise

in all
of the
swaying
a stem

the gypsy's
horse

tethered to
an open

field

nothing left everything

a rock
waits

till no
longer

left for
dead

the word
for moon

more moon
in which

tongue

the bay mirrored half moon dusk

Joseph Salvatore Aversano

*Heaven
& Earth*

coming
down &

placing all
trust in

the step
just below

just below
the above

within
reach

Sea Wall
(in multiple
exposures)

the wall
from the
sea up
over the
wall from
the sea

*Lightning Bug **

some of twilight
clasp

a palm glows
phosphorescent

a darkness
grows small



first swing a unicorn gives birth on the back lawn

preferred pronoun
today, an ice cube
for the orchid

did Ganga dream of being the city's sewage .?

montage and the god of small things

bouncing shadows
in dialogue
with sunshine
long corridor

or the fish homes become everywhere

bone brothel

Kelly Sauvage Angel

daybreak your form fading into cats

where the truth tendrils into horseshit into god

were that you were tomato bug

the embedded code permeating into the shape of an egg



pea pods pretending not to know

angels
above

the
path
beyond
beyond

dawn
wind

what
if
 desire

what
 if
what

if
 what
 if

why
or
 why

not
 breeze
ends

at
the
 sea

Beatles 2020

all downhill
an oil spill rainbow
The Fool on the Hill

runaway bushfires
ravage Australia
Cry Baby Cry

police surveil
peaceful protestors
It's Only Love

royals opt
for a simpler life
It's All Too Much

COVID-19
or Airbnb
Here There and Everywhere

one war ends
another begins
Misery

polar ice calves
into the sea
It Won't Be Long

pitiless sun all in black the living

too slippery to peel a pregnant onion

the city can wait in the car park *the moldau* flows on

red light full blast snoop dogg vs ludwig van not even looking

unto or from
hymns

for less than a warm body



crowd
around the Internet campfire
eating someone's leg

a dry age,
the money locked high inside
translucent institutions

Michael Nickels-Wisdom

giraffes
live quietly now in the Midwest
as orange daylilies

the horizon
smoking a cigarette
like a murderer

Michael Nickels-Wisdom

the missing
two-holed button
silently pleads

the money flows
into the emptier rooms,
revealing an elephant

Michael Nickels-Wisdom

remote viewing
through a snowman's eyes,
blackbirds

autumn fog her name not being autumn fog

autumn leaves mccoys was cooper

in the shade of jupiter Dolley serves ice cream

after turning its head the giraffe just stands there

autumn rain
finding its nationality
your suicide

Michael O'Brien

, whilst throwing snails at an apostle's tent,



Incantation

elder alder ash ...
the litany of trees
on the shoulders of

birch beech buckeye ...
an incantation
to begin with

linden laurel oak ...
what strength
in the name of

willow walnut hickory ...
shaped by age into
elder alder ash

anxiety an ocean the children begin to drift

city lights
bodies that move
bodies that don't

silent
the bread slice
with no mould

Robert Davey

cocktails
she runs her fingers
through her genes

b OWL of absence

aside emboldend upstroke

back breaking pot belly

sunrise E st

departures arrive crosscountry

ligature of shinning seas

Sissnakessssssss

spineless, sideways, shadowless

begin and end with sibilants

one night stand with a shelf half as long

new thirst :: a hunter at a chasm

he was
stone
wood
water
empty

a dead jackal slips its corpse

the
rain
stood
silent

so many of the old have often praised so many

so far

it appears

from

the joke

the quick
and easy

is the flight

the oxen make this same flight

staying
on the bus

you are

the
refrain



tomorrow crushed by the weight

daylight saving clouds have their own say

first snow every time first snow

the daily transmutation of muscle into marble

a woman's work inside her locked spine

twilight. Every seed in his spine thirsted

a rifle. Cast grey from intermittent rain, this dawn

if consciousness is #1 lacquered bread

then she gulped a dark passage

tightening
with every step
the gorge

M Howdon

Platform 2

Welcome
We welcome you to Howdon Station and encourage you to use the facilities available to you. Please refer to the following information for more details.

- **Accessibility** - Please refer to the Accessibility Information for more details.
- **Facilities** - Please refer to the Facilities Information for more details.
- **Security** - Please refer to the Security Information for more details.
- **Lost Property** - Please refer to the Lost Property Information for more details.
- **Station Information** - Please refer to the Station Information for more details.



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