



Bones

Bones - journal for the short verse

no. 20

July 15th 2020

Bones 20, July 15th 2020

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Made and published in Denmark.

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scar city

on a silvery lake swan songs come how

Adrian Bouter

so much nothing out there dense forests

turning lemons into quarantinis

Agnes Eva Savich

shark week
the mourning doves
in my uterus

privilege in the key of A minor



Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad: Cape Comorin Sunrise

absent spring

(one-line sequence in the time of the COVID-19)

where absent spring fans out even weeds breathe their last
in the lilac's loosened breast a somersault of souging winds
the swarm of maps random drizzle crafted a helpless tangle on blackberry thorns
scratch marks in the mist a tremor of hands the only sound
incense plumes that hurt the eyes spiraled sighs off sealed-in scorn
between weeping trees and shifting storms tautened strings
ocean roar but grief unclogging lungs of leaf litter with shards of sky
still creeping up sand hills void of spring an unfinished palette bleeds the tides

ripped from rants
debates about Eden
disbanded

blistered wall
the gutter drip
Morse-coded

slime molds
does talk consume
the elements?

look up at the moon
it is nothing but a node
in a woman's spine

Anne Pedone

I think my living
is little more than a gray
requiem for you.

a little salt sea
pools in her pillowcase. she
shoots it down like rum.

White sky, black crow
—the other, together.

The consoling arithmetic of sparrows.

Twinkling tail,
Winking white,
Flickers rabbit.

plum rains the short shelf life of enough

fog in search of a sharp edge

horseshoe crab i cannot ask you to bleed for me



Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad: Crimson Lagoon

the astronaut is off-structure

at least your team is pretty

inky caps the body Lazarus

sanctuary doors painted in the ephemeral

alleluias streaming beyond weight & measure

high meadow grasses
seraphim spinning
every blade

self conscious stream of fashion conscious self quarantine binge

once shaded sweat carries the weight of sunlight

a terrorist? the machine in us wobbles



Julie Warther

midway attractions
her father wound
wins her a bear

touching the pine needle
where its speckled by mold
another why you

how smut in the ears claim the good corn moon

my hometown dust all over the five subject notebooks

a presence as absence on the branch swinging birdsong

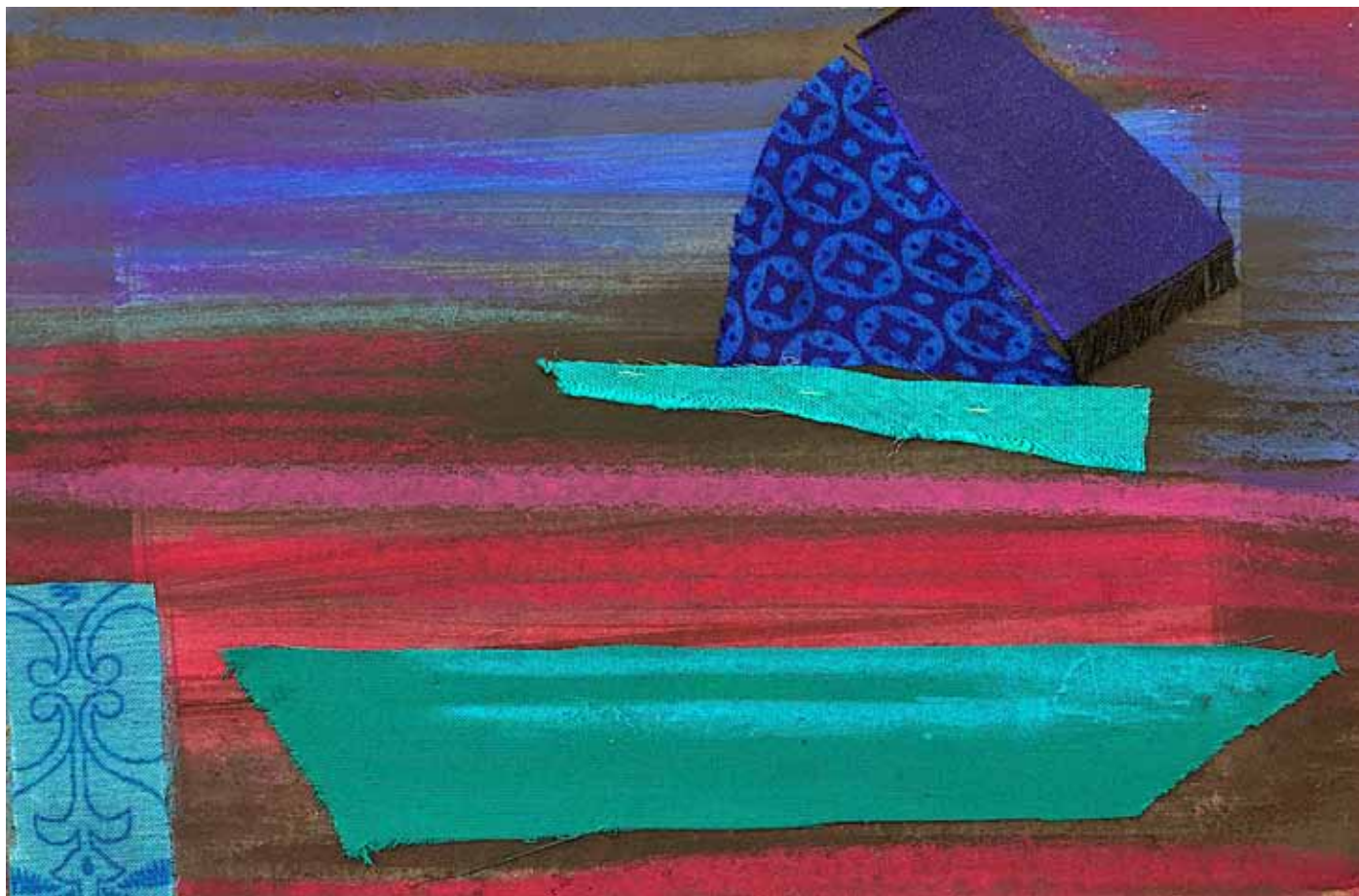
chatting –
clouds travel
alone

our secret obscured by a thousand legs under leaves

press one for a reverse Anne Sexton or continue to hold

today's taxable event landing in a fine mist between foxes

everyone else writing trilogies I plant a pepper on this scrap



Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad: Jade Embankment

on curve
of moon
morning

cat itch
scratch
stretch

lockdown

blankness

thrush anvil extracting someone's marrow

out of a nightmare of a nightmare night

full moon
taking a shine
to birdsong

the choreographer Nietzsche works on a heavenly body

chaos
the moves
of a dancing star

once open
the wound
has a voice

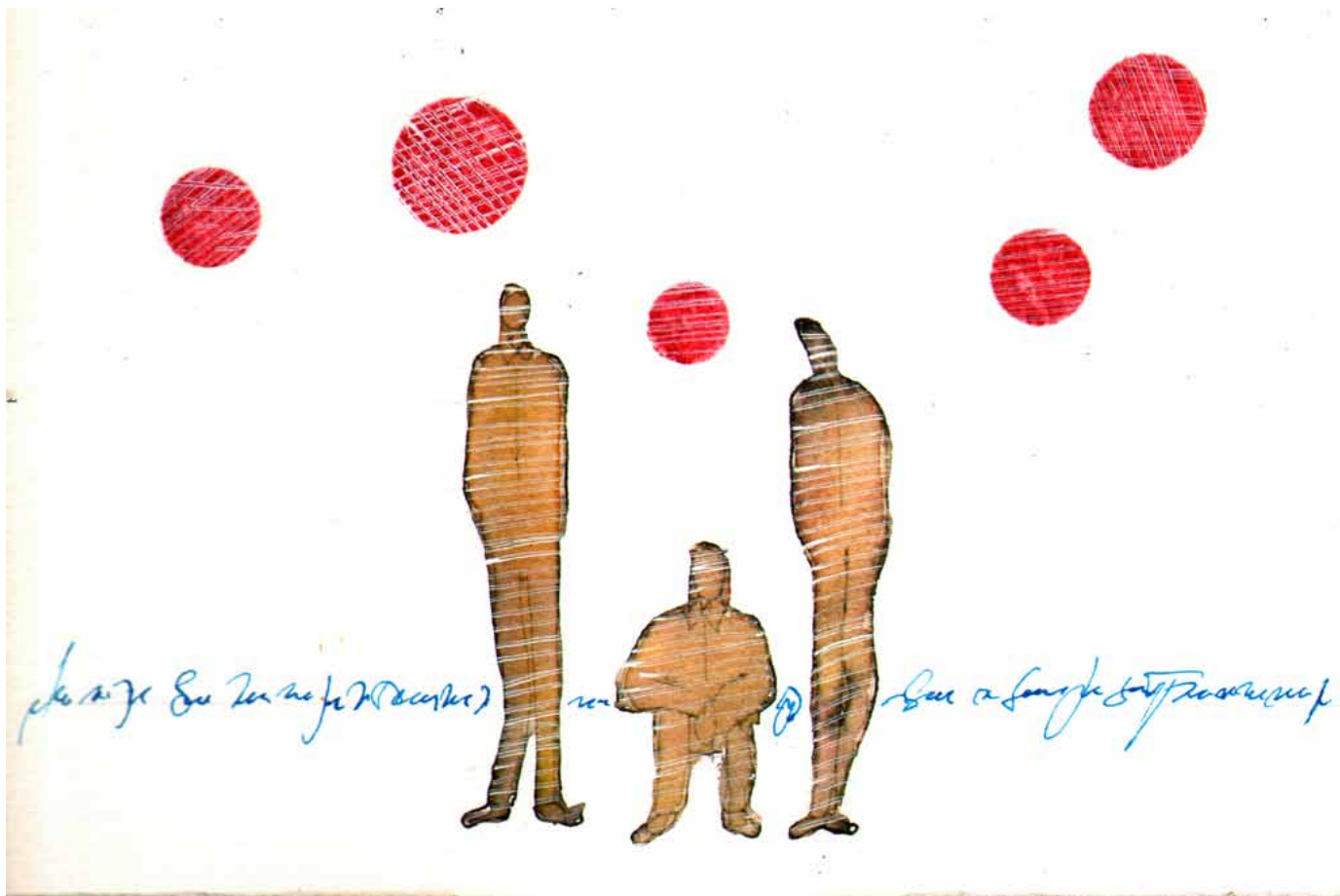
the side of
the coin captured for
inciting a riot

things I seam

to crack open

you mean apart from
the orphanage of
words you can't recall

or work on just being a twig



jshb

unbutton your navel sultry afternoon

sightseeing a fifth church without a god

first stone the mother of all bombs

if either of us gets the plague the moon is a barren rock

the holocaust
grafted onto my rootstock
the temperament of trees

a babel fish

a tower of lies

blowing
word bubbles

it's going to be great

at a viral storm

*and not
at all fake*

a fly
by

word play

Issa
wringing

a noun & a verb

both
hands

*vie for
ascendancy*

a leaf escapes

avenging angel

the endless
looping

a nasal swab

of seasons

*sounds
the all clear*

a new dawn

*out of
empty caves*

hunter-gatherers

*a semblance
of similarity*

in long queues

reassembling

beyond being

immune

useful members
of society

from herd mentality

autumn leaves

my secret room

light
no more

an absence

than the fall
of words

*less sought for
than known*

from the lips

in the letting go

penning an insular life

falling leaves

a bell tolls

with a truth
too deep

*both near
and far*

for tears

*I am not
an island*



Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad: Petrichor

co-
v.
id

mesmerised by
the doubling die
tabloids on heat

flow chart if it makes you feel better

mindlessly stretching nature's template

tick, tock...

awaking next to the crocodile could be funny

better not trust dolls
with green eyes

Rain
it's more than you'll understand
even if you live to old age

look that man actually is an island cherry blossom

drugs

a bee

for dessert

in

the mail box

your port in air my crock

John Stevenson

a lifelong version of nine

grass
grown
like a son

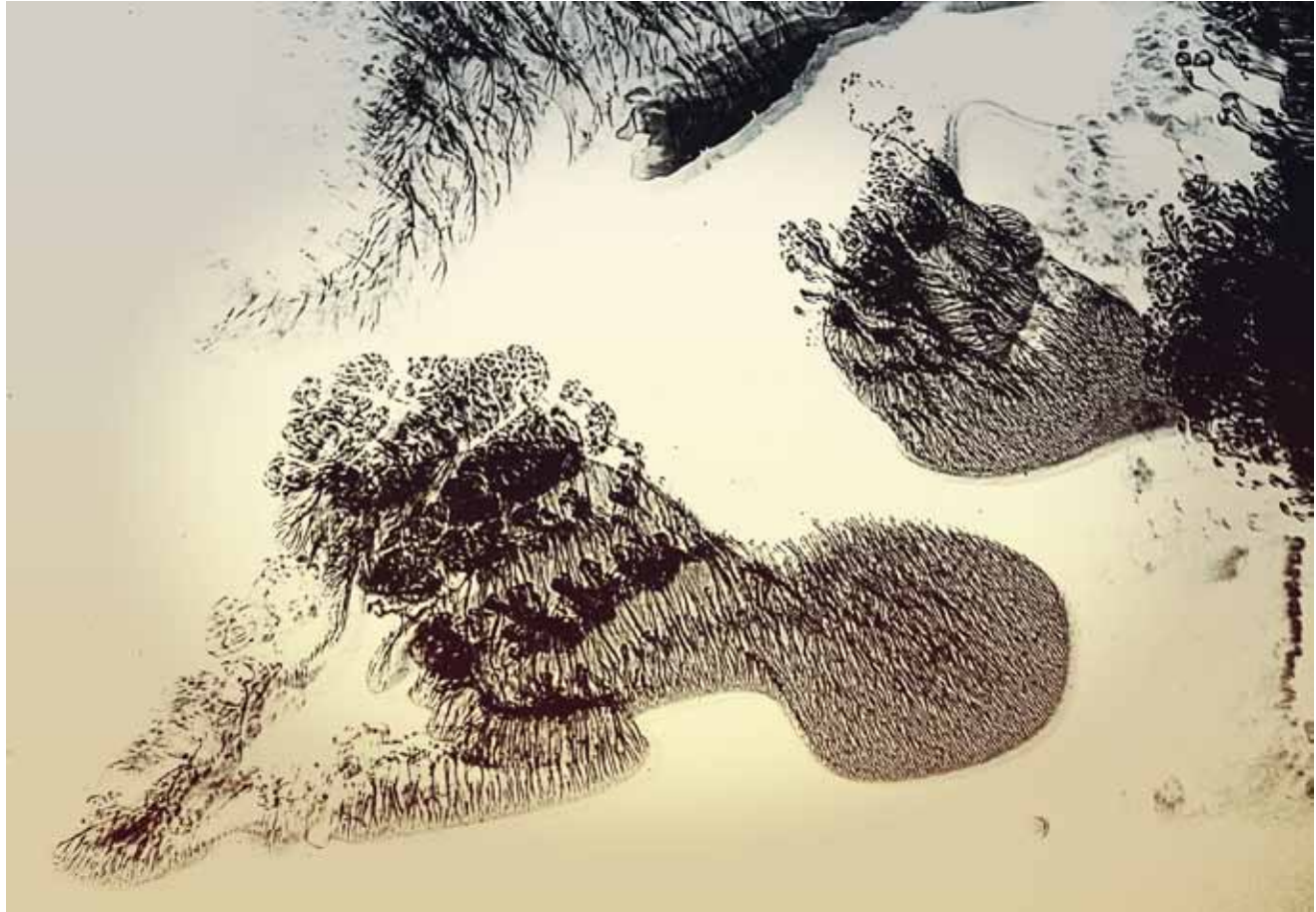
for which there is no symbol

almost always almost

it is
it seems
it was

scarecrow in vitro

John Stevenson



Julie Warther

sun
up

up
w/

the
lark
from

the
self

same
dark

the light
on one

so one

cannot
help but

see how
one is

in it &
as here

down
a

path
made

by
water
paw

hoof
foot

the 1st
boy, the

2nd, 3rd,
4th, 5th

& 6th
boy all

running

running
from a

bee! bee!
a bee! a

bee! bee!
a bee!

a bird

one
only

hears

the whole

of the
sky

TRUTH

wind in the
palms in

the wind
in the palm

wind palms

soaring
a matter

of slight
shifts

of wing

shifts
of air

the blue
jellyfish

the blue
jellyfish

the blue
the blue

the blue

the white porcelain cup of another world

raindrops leave circles in the water widening

piglets

we are running

through garbage

the cluttered spaces

until Covid-19

strikes

and how!

taking a ride
in a hand-pulled rickshaw

*I bite into jalebis
soaked in sugar syrup*

across crowded streets
of Banaras

*chatting non-stop
with myself*

a princess
in the palanquin

*I reach the ghats
for a holy dip*

testing
testing
woodpecker

what the weeks
will have made of him
cadavre exquis

you should see ruins
in space and how they crumble
not unlike a pulse

silent knight everybody dies

LeRoy Gorman

what's the difference dead star light



Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad: Pool of Tourmalines

howling names of the dead howling

plague winds
our bare faces
lethal

Lisa Espenmiller

another day
another ballast
gone

ghostwriter wanted for an ancient whaler's dream

in a shaft of blinding light the violets turn ultra

ephemera and lawn daisies press here to praise

exit wendy from the peter pandemic

whiteout without hypotheses

cadaver makeup
the final attempt to postpone
her disappearance

the shadow side of the oak where the noose hung

and then someone said the dome of the sky should be protected

easing restrictions seeping sound of distant school bell

a spurt of youth in ageing limbs reunion

straight and narrow after a U turn missed

Coreweed

Corona' a belly full of snakes

humanity for earth aid we are the masked

lockdown sunlight plays with sunlight

empty shelves shopping carts full of planetariums

hospitals out of breath

from the old to the young ventilators made of gold

waiting in line caskets breathe in and out

your demons parked outside a social construct

on the outskirts of a metaphor a budding branch

to grow wings or not
this cage has a guillotine door

then saturn slipped into her night cap

Black Book

sometimes a book is just a book

sometimes a book is black

sometimes a book has shades of black

sometimes a book is the book of the dead

sometimes a book becomes a burning pile

sometimes a book is a holy cow

sometimes a book will grow wings

sometimes a book speaks the language of birds



Oormila Vijaykrishnan Prahlad: Sailing at Dusk

neglected orchard reverting to the mean

a pair of pigeons
with no heads
the new normal

right where it should be in the moonless night his phantom penis

the trail a snail leaves us in the wake of each other's emotions

what the vulture sees in a dead rabbit's hindsight

one
ampere
for
a
frosted
incandescent
bulb
requires
six
quadrillion
angels
in
full
regalia

gull at a city puddle flies off with my reflection

afraid I'd drop something
symbolizing for me the Earth
and break it

all newsed up like a glove turned inside out

exhausted satire circling through the hose and back into the car

in the nursing home,
that mirror with all the legs
crawls around at night

of course we are gold
coins around the scales
of an olive drab dragon

terrarium in the fool's goldmine

we what the boar says before the attack

middle of the night shift in my gestalt
as a lizard darts into the rocks the stillness
pondside snag in my logic
to be or not to bee deep in the peony
'til death do us part wave part sand

winter nights growing longer in the truth

best if used by sharpening all my pencils

sleepless ink stain

from the deck of incompetence yr life as a poker chip

misty-eyed
yr island windows



Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad: Terra Preta

an asteroid with a cough above the chessboard

alone with the heresy of green bananas

it is only a shock if you love the spy

meeting the mind that invented steel wool

first time snow of her eyes

a song from somewhere silent marks of extinction

bacon and baboons the dentist schedules anyway

unlimited ceiling if only it were true

god radio
break-up songs
of getting back together

mother
divided by
a two-lane fawn

through my rose-colored corona bubble

mass numbers sentencing the world to wordlessness.....

blank walls

asking questions

the many colours

the throbbing ink

of acquiescence

of dissent

a tomb is a snowflake. Soft light through the branches of the cypress

slipping off from a plate an azure fish bites the moon

the next room the spider crawls could be heaven

cell light
clearing my history
with rain



Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad: Verdigris

pupate
right here and I'll be first to
see your wings

Krishna flings
black hole petals each one
a new bride

dipole sally life-filled capacitor mine
pulling willow switches for flush hour passenger drains
the corncobweb snoutmouse oinktimized

tasselations draw their heads over the glass widows
too rich to die the death how about you
a thousand blackbird hearts pumping up your snail male

protean jihad shuffled pack of lice
o wise afghan bin liner into thy dark we pour our souls
a quart of lemoncide fizz black smut unveiled

our insectoid masters groom us for the egg whites
president putain's compound visions her northeast passage
dead submariners unscrewing the dreamdoor into his skull

the tontine coughs up a brow-bound glossography

fully turned on whorefrost gonorrhoea piano
steel heelpricks shanked into her sides
fanny hill rusted scabrous abandoned hole mime

sheer papadum palace sri coffincup
sleeps on the corpsecrepes breakfasts on bluto
death of a child cements our dominion

first concrete shoes baby jesus stumbles thrice
fires a missalette aught tis sister succor
salvadore dali lamas set blazed giraffes on attic hospice

zombieptosis demonstrates longbeard shortshanks's vomit
frankenturf bogman speaks earth and bleeds time
senza rancor my cairn syrup baritone's last bombcast

a certified egg & spoon case omelette padme hum

lollipop babel
a baby rainbow
too sleepy to cry

Robert Witmer

the thumb remembers words that weren't spoken

an organ hymn split between ears of corn

exogenous factors
waiting for the other
shoe to drop

in breath out breath killing descartes

reply all forcing branches of forsythia

not unlike a meteor cancer wiped her out

for gold digging the pain mine

Tomorrow the lisp in my glottal description of darkness

Trick movements to live myself light burning through the film

Self-gags those improvised nouns verbing a black body

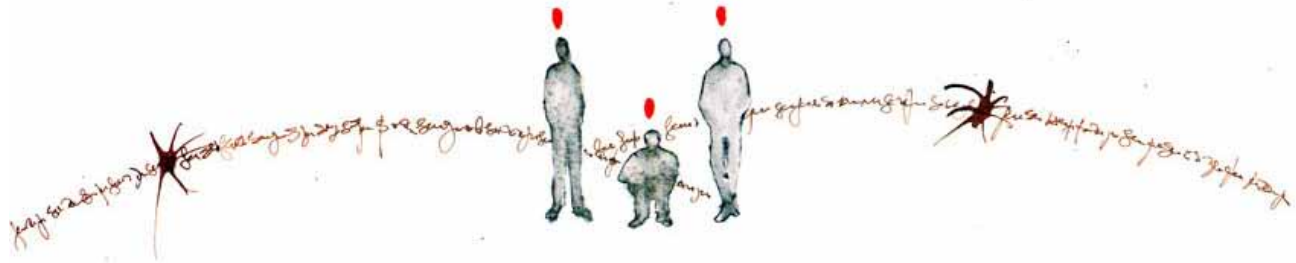
Forest mindscape pines the reflections start lying as the water ices

The freshness of nothing beyond wearing out this description of darkness

Blind spots of leaves fall through scenic conclusions the habits of truth

Lethality felt in a blackbird skeleton some despair older than I am

last rites by phone lenten moon



Editor:

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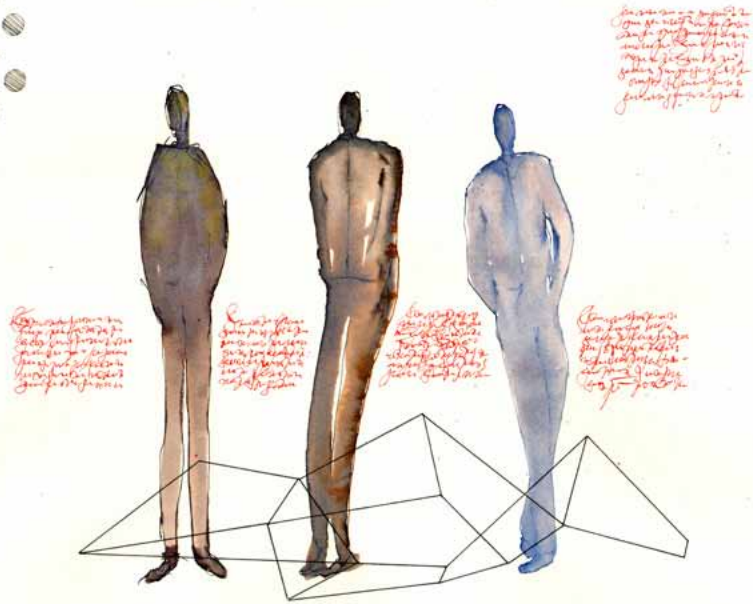
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