now that its rightful...the heat goes down
a thirst for your nipple the snail's drawn out eyes
my acidic sperms leaving maps on your thighs
in a prayer pose too temple swallows
slippery truths

1.

splattered “I” shards but tinnitus chatter said of slippery truths
what frayed tongues possibly wrangled off arid infinity
here begins the march of derelict seasons spewed off cavities
found rotting on verbose nouns a myth un-clutched off insensitive verbs
or could be the worn-out truth-chains distressed fingers unspooled
encrypted in leprous walls a logic of sorts possibly condensed droplets
no breath at all a weightless thud plying tin scraps of slippery truths
the broken humanoids’ lie divined as arterial glyphs lost on ears
the candle wick I pared to its root now a towering flame
but shredded in air a hissing ember vanishing on sacramental rims
with quivering night lamps a swarm of pulsing heat in my sullen darkness
red shadows wakened in spurts the wavering breaths at vespers
on Fridays whispered agonies wet my beads of the 5th decade
a ruckus of nails scraping altar drips the heightened roil in my breast
from its pared root the candle wick erupts on geyser verbs
lapping up the darkness the frayed seams of my veil
a rift in beveled dusk

suddenly I recognize the color greige half grey half pallor
lunes I once lost now gelling as a cloud lolling with me
seeping off the rift in swaths

a faint
mushroom sky
my umbrella
waken mid-route

a raw chill stranded in the chiming wind moving with crows
my eyes sated on pockmarked clouds as if air instead of marrow
in my bones

I shift focus

to the sea

my prison
life after deadline
asymmetry
shrinking violet  throwing out my rabbit
in the curve of her waist a river
bleeding color
two oceans away
from home
cold enough to blister
an unspoken obituary

Ashish Narain
sleepless saints their shadows on the floor
a life before we both were cats

Beate Conrad
Beate Conrad - December Sunday
Beate Conrad- The sound between clouds
beneath the berry’s powdery bloom blue
but my love for you is real plastic bonsai
Perfectly still
  the black of moss
a reflection
  through the rust
collapses
  into the time’s echo
looking at her dress
looking at my dress
looking at her dress

Bhawana Rathore
going through it all a slump
viral layers peeled to a core of self interest
cold night snuggle inside a harp cover
sea level reckoning for miles flown
moving water
    red umbrella
    over her
    under her
Is It a Sin?

Is it a sin to spin alone
across a kitchen floor,
waltzing with the air
as the world asphyxiates?

Bob Brussack
The Making of a Serial Killer

He pulled the note out of his shirt pocket and read it again.

Valentine’s Day
the short list
of secret admirers
The Thingness of Things

things we have no time for timeless things
things we have no taste for tasteless things
things we have no name for nameless things
things we have no love for loveless things
the chlorophyll of jealousy catches the light

the rattle of my heart
in the donation box
water gurgling over stones my one good fingernail
2020 calendar pages were eaten by a parrot
patience that tabernacle
thick territory against agony
blood

salt

every

root
dark winter sea erasing the incision line
cloudless light off the pond into crow-talk
the darkness
that’s usually hidden
DC Metro
when I use the word unprecedented shade
her broken filters a family of lichens
the drifting snow yes in my wandering
how does nothing strip down to get inside the broken bread
coyote
her image leaves me
desert
potatoes planted in glass ground by mouth
and we laughed as the ceiling collapsed on us dreaming of lawsuits
after learning to teleport October wind the empty
late bare tree rain again counting the dog’s nipples
the road ahead spirals alone for no reason chills
to eat but winter wind. The bloody stone by the turn
ego
and
end
end
and
urn
waves
mirror
waves
dawn-on my knees
cheese spread lunar brunch
daylilies multiplying typos
the last leaf drops buzzards
I walk this way so many times with all or nothing

streetlamps lit

upended in the grass

all at once

an orange leaf

a bird’s vibrato

wet with sun

heading backwards behind me behind me

Diana Webb
he inscribes his words along the river

rasp of a crow

bare twigs etched

the ripples

against grey-blue sky

darken

a percussion of rain

she accompanies on her harp of skeletal leaves

Diana Webb
Spiegel im Spiegel

note by note
an arabesque is melting
note by note by note

...rises slowly slowly reaches for his hand to lift her on to pointe
she spins so slowly slowly letting down her arm to touch the
ground caress it with her finger slowly slowly rises...

note by note by note
an arabesque is melting
note by note

Diana Webb
bounded by the range of thistle seeds we listen out for any sound of drifts

misty horizon

    suburban echoes

all the treetops

    in chorus

blurring as one

    every sparrow

there’s nothing but the silences between each dream of open beaks
After Turner

Enveloped in depths of cloud of sea of storm of snow of keenest chill

in myriad threads
of dark a seam
of light

Diana Webb
her x his y the slope and intercept
the answer of the ancients unfolding
I am wondering if she ever listened to herself speak.
mothballs, brooklyn, deconstructed whispers chanted like commandments, contemplating taffeta,
civil temperatures rising
so repositioned for weeping willow
like
bears
no relevance
the summer solstice in such cursive ways as \textit{this}
the downpour reflection of a loose thread
downing the sky with one swallow
dreams with a tendency for constipation
shadows cast into bodies
death in homeopathic doses
Art of Fugue
another voice
in the art of fugue

Eugeniusz Zacharski
a cockroach
on the deck of cards
rent day

Frank Hooven
dark side of the moon underneath the bridge
on the turbulent sea of information my frail craft

George Swede
the lake without ripples my kidney stone
mid-winter
the city park stripped bare
of misinformation
sans eyes
sans teeth

mewling
and puking

the verses
I craft

as a nursling
born

for
dulled ears

into
mere oblivion

Hansha Teki
bee-loud tree

my daughter

and I

voice

the same

silences

ecstatic utterance

we escape

the ordinariness

of merely waiting
dust dazzled in the sun

in the beginning

my daughter

was the word

teasing out

the narrative

yet to be uttered

of a

möbius strip

Hansha Teki
late-life spring

as near as

a shadow

my other self

the outgoing tide

neighbours

of the future

Bashō

of the future

Hansha Teki
morning mass  

pebble-bottomed streams

the finger of God

lisp lightly for pyres

tunes

a bellbird

of barely-seen stars

Hansha Teki
se-woo, ha-nah e-too-hee pagh-ri

primal light

a spotless host

the empyrean

consumed with

simple words

born out of

the mundane

of self-immolation
Advent candle

the stillness
of death

but a whisper
away

the amount
of earth

to fill up
a grave slot

six feet deep
in the beginning there was nothing but

this crystal liturgy

clarinet, violin,
cello & piano

in a tangle
of rainbows

all that was and all that is leads to this.

Hansha Teki
a land with no endemic animals

this hour  
chill night

in which the wolf  
an absence of terror

is but a word  
warms to me

far off a morepork calls

Hansha Teki
waning moon —  

is this  
what aging is?  

its presence  
wavering  

to be heartily sick  
of living  

on the lapping  
waves  

and yet, and yet . . .
bubble machine keeps us in fomo
on wards
sand
running
fall litter
leaf, leaf,
mask

Helen Buckingham
Burns Night dream--
the piper pipes in
vaccines for all
lockdown
blockage
plunging
brainstorming out of the blue porcelain
caput mortuum

pine bonsai
the edge of the world
snow powdered

my one-line poem
then the bus drove off
on a frosted oak leaf

if I die in winter put me an ilex wreath on my head the rest for the wolves

LaLeLu
is it Santa’s voice
only a frozen maple leaf
scratches the moon

three old ravens argue
about the hedgehog’s leaf grave
I close the window

Isabella Kramer
I adore the space
you make where you
are and you are not
Jack Galmtiz - some might say rothko
cupped in my hand a cough becomes a falcon
like wisteria she dislodges roof slates
by the shoebox sized pit
she whispers
Is it nearly Easter?
Lionel Tate  
(*aged 12 years*)

“…*The Undertaker*  
*annihilates*  
*Stone Cold*…”

Younger bones crack  
under foot –  
“…*steel chair*…”  
wooden table.

John Newson
if Klee has painted it even more real

the
thistle
wild
grasses
counter
weighing
rock

Joseph Salvatore Aversano
from one word
two fish

three magi
four horsemen

five loaves
AWAKENING

in a dream I have
I dream I have

a dream in a dream
I dream I have a dream

in a dream I have
I dream I have a dream

I have a dream

I have a dream

Joseph Salvatore Aversano
I should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should should 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snow
snow
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snow

Joseph Salvatore Aversano
w/o finding
just the
right shapes
of wood
to shape in
the forest
the forest

Joseph Salvatore Aversano
this
tree

bar
ren

w/
mag

pie
his scar
tattooed in color
his scar
they say it’s a dead end road to the river
fog burned off this new ambiguity
meanwhile a city wired to the hustle and bustle of aspirations

Kali temple
a mantra-mumbling priest
cuts the goat’s throat
Julie Schwerin - Uninhabited
the roar of the rapids in liquid gold

overcrowded bus
with twilight tilting
at the street corner

Kala Ramesh
searching all over for that elusive answer

where

twilight’s edge

bird calls don’t reach

shadows slip off

sound of aum

on a receding wave

her eyes the only visible smile says it all

Kala Ramesh
once again the colours of the rainbow

ocean

people

stretching

haven't yet lost

a frothy wave

advances the horizon

their voices

in owl light mother's head bent in prayer

Kala Ramesh
he walks the streets singing about emptiness

as birds settle  
restless ocean

a stillness from within  
and the calm sky

the trees  
beyond the tune

the aum  the beat  the light  silence  shunyata

Kala Ramesh
acetone pilgrimage all the shelves empty
seizing
what comes after
the sea, i.e.

Kat Lehmann
a world unburning the light fears
seahorse
suddenly
sawhorse

Keith Polette
pull over!
the radio mouth
a moth
hyperlinked otters
dactyls stranded
in the sink
climbing over over
the fish suits
a wall of smoke
a lonely wind wandering in an asylum with a taste of mint
tap-tap-tap on this midnight keyboard
god counting my time backward
2020
just
numbers
sigh
Lent
night
the river
we are on
the same side
Lucinda Sherlock - Three Methods of Amending
the rain outside a piano
in the bus shelter
    *a dry cough:*
gazing out
    *more than ever*
at the rain
    *alone*
sunrise
long lockdown
a zucchini blossom’s
fairies have moved in
big yellow yawn
to my garden

Lorin Ford
sibling envy the knife behind her smile
UMBRAL RAINS

In the silence of this new moon, rain has fallen since afternoon, some times with muffled thunder, though mostly mutely, soaking this city’s ancient stones

Lorraine Caputo
DUSK

As evening begins
unfolding its cloak, as the
cathedral bells toll

the mass, these city

streets darken with the
shadows of buzzards gliding
to their nighttime roosts

Lorraine Caputo
hit and run not yet an eulogy
the melody of crickets
rolling out another cigarette the plumber wheezes a poem
a friend request from my mum
slot

Not what was displayed, or even hinted at. The concept elsewhere, pachinkoed out of sight by every surface irregularity that has since intervened. No way back.
Flux

Sometimes, when the silence of the night ricochets around me, I forget who I am, & live vicariously through myself.

Mark Young
Two degrees of separation

Taken apart
piece
by piece.

Put back
together.

A
gain? Or

never feels right

a-
gain?

Mark Young
ou l’alcool est prohibé

The lagoons in the Botanical Gardens —

so dried up

they’re now mowing them.
pine beetle eating the warm air
wherever you go the forests
turn to rust

Michael Battisto
we looked through the east window and saw
the wrens removing our memories
one by one
drinking sake in our desert room
you placed the moon against the empty wall
and it remained there
where I wanted to find your mouth
I drew a flower
and listened to its unfolding
are there other landscapes we could have inhabited,
our vowels tinged with a blue
we have never spoken
at the well of the saints
we reach down to the voice
which never spoke

Michael Battisto
in summer our shadowed house
allowed us only
our place in sleep
the day wears
every face it can
knowing we belong to it
thin copper bracelet
to ask away pain
when will you begin
In winter I empty the old books
of the pale hands that marked them.
Let the words fade further on the pages.

Michael Battisto
sundate
mondoubt
tuesdoubt
wednesdaydoubt
thursdoubt
fridoubt
saturdate
writing definitions for all my new swear words
death penalty i apply it to a mosquito
overthetopofthefalls everythingbecomesomething
discipline
i would smack myself
to get some
dreams of Earth
father warns of the lure
of my inner eyes

Michael Baeyens
things hang on trees carried by hawks sometimes ghosts
Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad - Summer dunes
i bargain for holy river in a bottle
Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad - Valleys in argile
just follow
the damn clouds
i tell myself
on page 3,632
he’s says he’s getting ahead of himself
something in her record
about never having been stung
by a bee
I am the freckle-faced illiterate flooding the lavatory sink
suppressing a cough during the submarine movie
the entire material universe
just fell out
of my shirt pocket
monoku sequence

sharp lines a knife crosses her china

miles from nowhere waking up the maps in charge

novel ways to get lost bust a chapter

all the time the clock’s ticking two

give pain a name to mess with its face

the bonobo stares like we’re related

Peter Jastermsky
The bird lighting on an iced branch the question and the silence
Grief in the flower-throated seed the drizzle sprouts destiny
Steep shale slopes rockcress and sparse vegetation no flowers in the ego
endless rain using a French verb to shut the door
empty filing cabinet
I shred what is left
of my parents
unknown city -
mixing with strangers
in a mosquito

Robert Davey
baptism in the holy shit she’s in
Instead of Steinbeck, Mr. G organised a séance during English.

afterwards-
a life reduced
to vignettes
ducks obscuring her face
that kplop

the water
not the celebrated frog

sounds a rock!

Ronald Scully
double
headed
ax
/
spilts
after/noon
in
half
and
firewood/
metaphor

Ronald Scully
0.32 caliber molly coated brass jacket center bore Kereiji time recoils
more hole
than face
in your
face
the
scream
the
deaf
you
a
100 secs
to midnight

Samar Ghose
in slo-mo
the assonance in
a cat’s blink
twitch

the pill had begun to take hold. six-love in two straight sets? it was three in the morning, or almost. a witching cantata is playing

a decapitated head
floats—an extra hot
white hippie
can’t take a trick
the dragon’s head nods
and nods again

for 9 minutes at 9, they lit lamps to dispel the darkness of the virus

the dark swoops the flattening curve bridges to homes 800 kms away
again 

stay indoors

the junk 

for she’ll

fills 

ride

its sail 

in the nude

creaking the chaise lounge lifts a finger: your honour, I must if I may, the windward side of the story is bent

the jester out of work becomes the fall guy

Samar Ghose
endless rain—
that shinto goddess
doesn’t cheat at cards

Sondra J. Byrnes
seeding my dreams with colons
nailing the sorry sayings to my palm
the angel of history covers his eyes
dead hour
between this minute
and the next
Glossing over Parkinson’s with lipstick

I steady my hand for nothing

out loud
pressing words past
my teeth
taking off the cat’s pyjamas soft reboot
i introvert into the room
John Lennon poster staring contest
underwear & slippers
8 crows think
I look normal