



Bones

journal for the short verse

no. 22
March 15th 2021

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

2.

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

Alexander B. Joy

asymmetree

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

sleepless saints their shadows on the floor

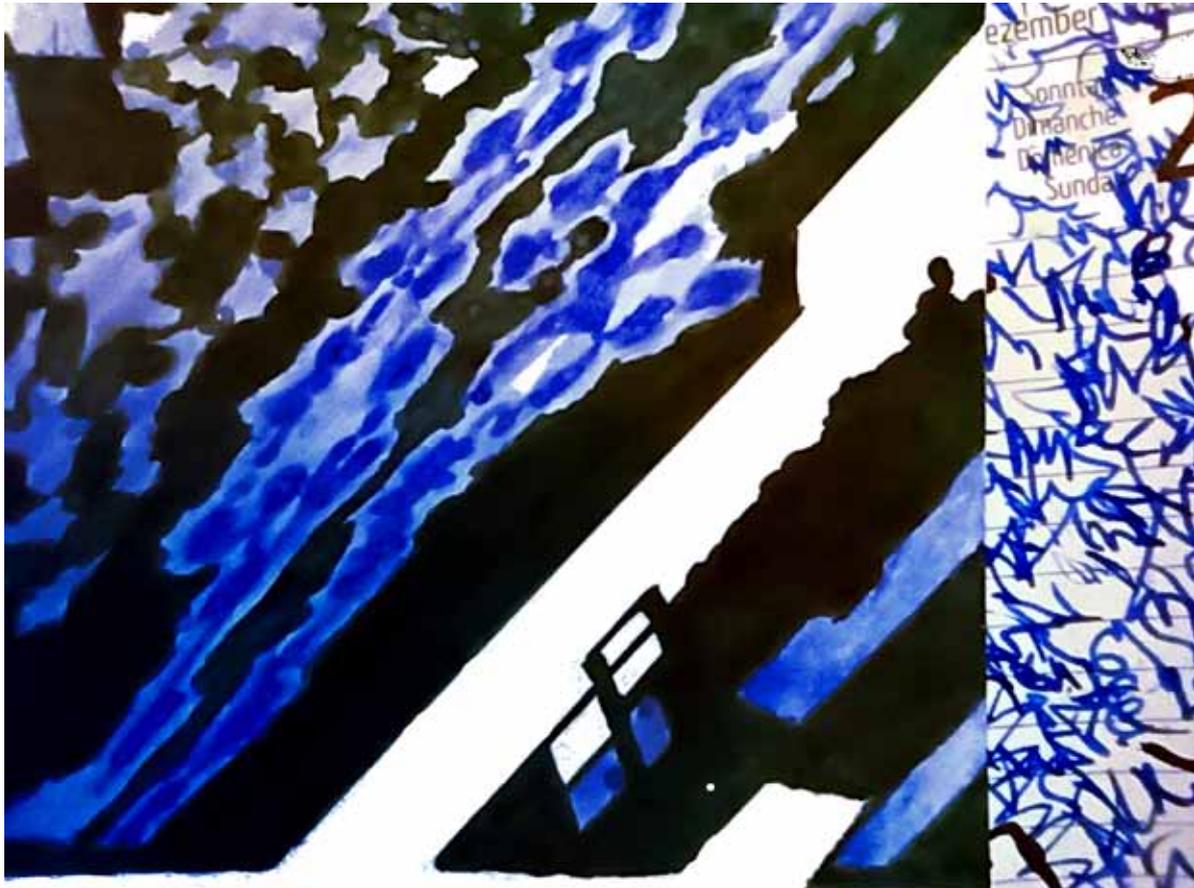
a life before we both were cats



Beate Conrad - Water is not it



Beate Conrad - A story of light



Beate Conrad - December Sunday



Beate Conrad - First



Beate Conrad - Playground



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

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?

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

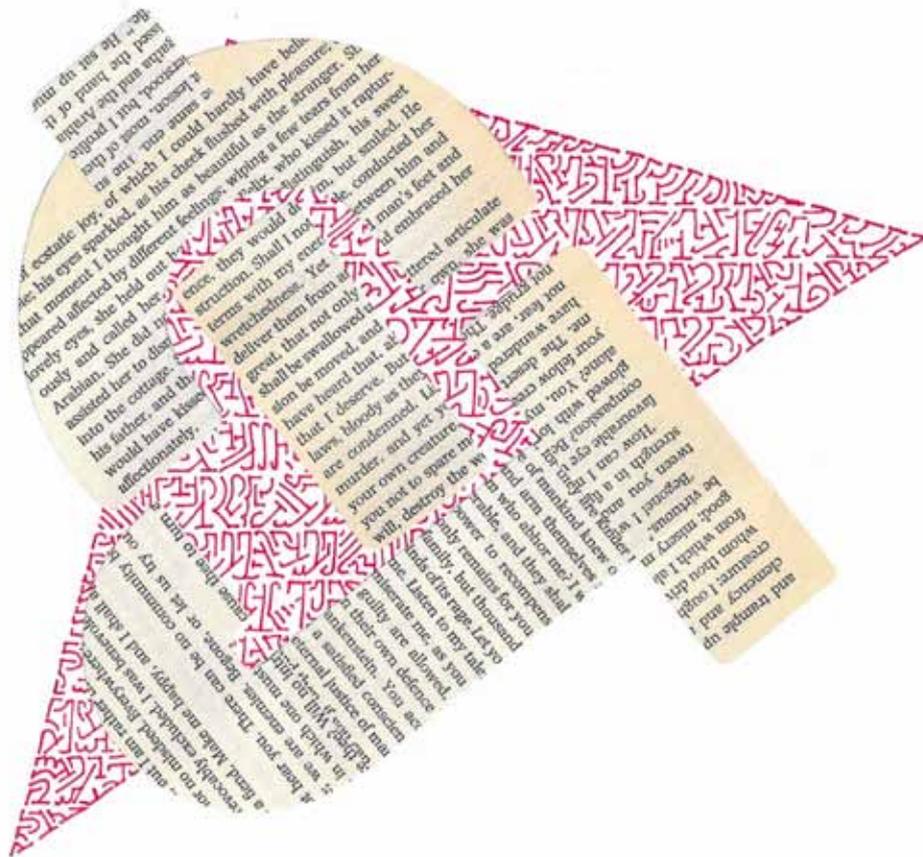
salt

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



Dave Read - J-Script

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

covid
tooth
paste
blues

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

he inscribes his words along the river

rasp of a crow

bare twigs etched

the ripples

against grey-blue sky

darken

a percussive of rain

she accompanies on her harp of skeletal leaves

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

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

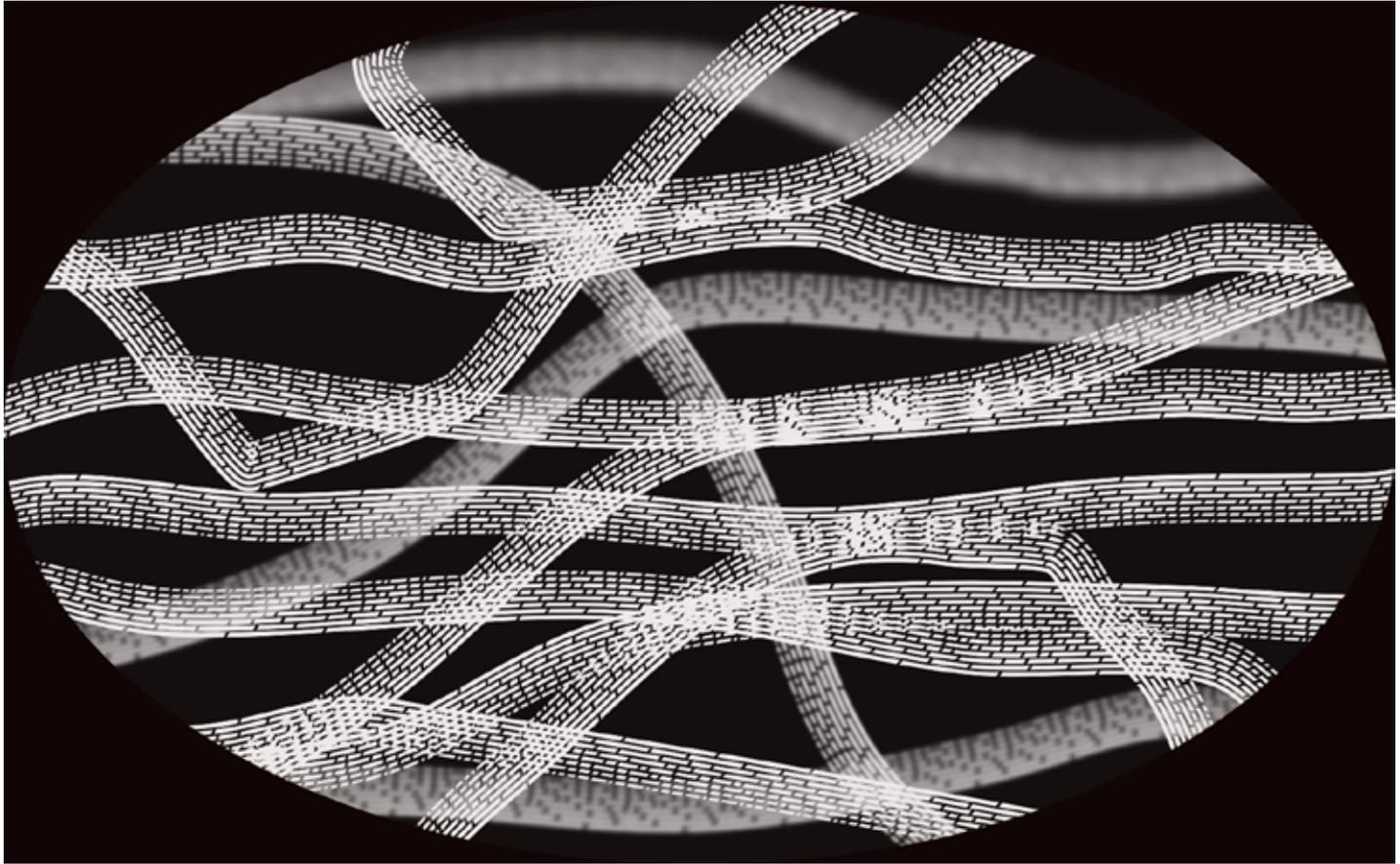
every sparrow

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



Gabriela Popa - bligadong4

her x his y the slope and intercept

the answer
of the ancients
unfolding

E. L. Blizzard

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 *this*

the downpour reflection of a loose thread

downing the sky with one swallow

Ernest Wit

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

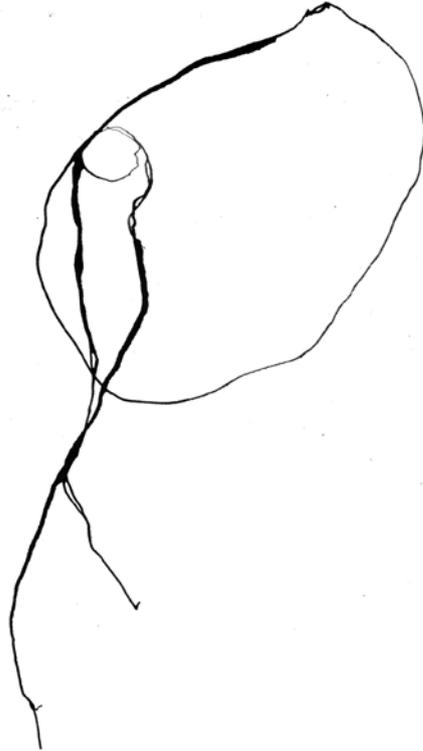
a cockroach
on the deck of cards
rent day

dark side of the moon underneath the bridge

on the turbulent sea of information my frail craft

the lake without ripples my kidney stone

mid-winter
the city park stripped bare
of misinformation



jshb -saint

sans eyes
sans teeth

*mewling
and puking*

the verses
I craft

*as a nursling
born*

for
dulled ears

*into
mere oblivion*

bee-loud tree

ecstatic utterance

my daughter
and I

*we escape
the ordinariness*

voice
the same
silences

of merely waiting

dust dazzled in the sun

in the beginning

was the word

yet to be uttered

my daughter

*teasing out
the narrative*

*of a
möbius strip*

late-life spring

*as near as
a shadow*

my other self

the outgoing tide

neighbours

Bashō

of the future

morning mass

*pebble-bottomed
streams*

the finger
of God

*lisp lightly
for pyres*

tunes
a bellbird

*of barely-seen
stars*

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 amount
of earth*

the stillness
of death

*to fill up
a grave slot*

but a whisper
away

six feet deep

in the beginning there was nothing but

this crystal liturgy

it is said

clarinet, violin,
cello & piano

*there shall be
no more time*

in a tangle
of rainbows

*beyond the abyss
of birds*

all that was and all that is leads to this.

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

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

Burns Night dream--
the piper pipes in
vaccines for all

Helen Buckingham

lockdown
blockage
plunging

brainstorming out of the blue porcelain

caput mortuum

pine bonsai
the edge of the world
snow powdered

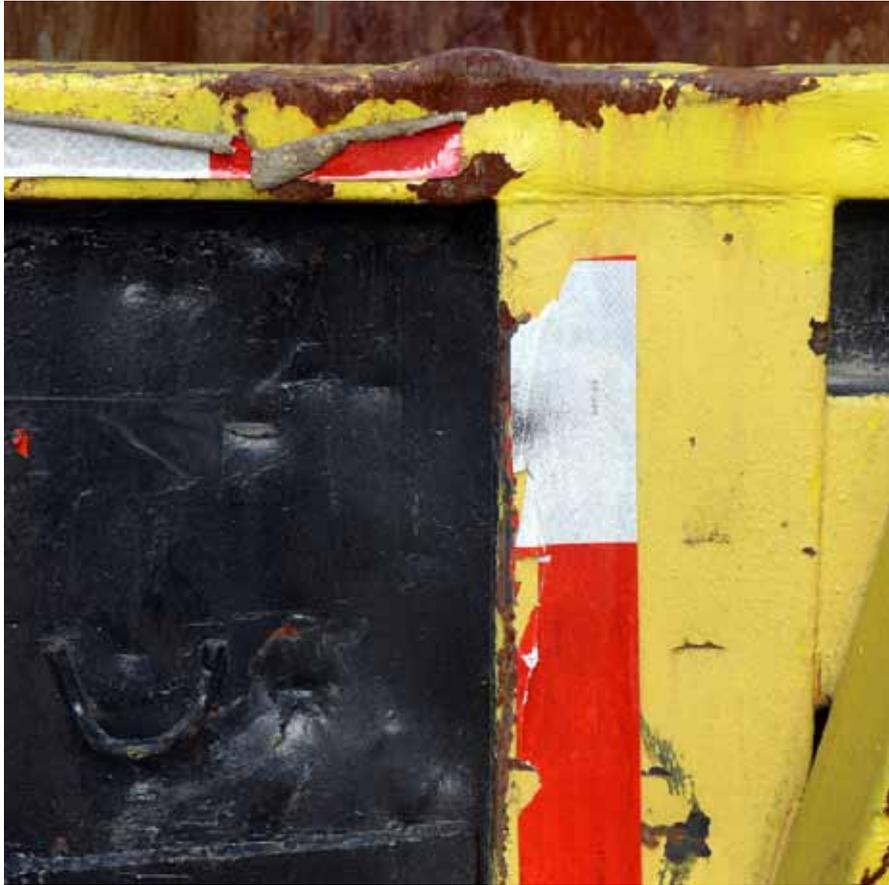
my one-line poem
then the bus drove off
on a frosted oak leaf

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

I adore the space
you make where you
are and you are not



Jack Galmtiz - a study



Jack Galmtiz - ascending



Jack Galmtiz - into the light



Jack Galmtiz - light in space



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?

John Newson

Lionel Tate
(aged 12 years)

*"...The Undertaker
annihilates
Stone Cold..."*

Younger bones crack
under foot –
"...steel chair..."
wooden table.

if Klee has painted it even more real

the
thistle
wild

gras
ses

coun
ter

weigh
ing

rock



Joseph Salvatore Aversano

from one word
two fish

three magi
four horsemen

five loaves



Joseph Salvatore Aversano

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

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 I

?



Joseph Salvatore Aversano

snow

snow

snow

snow

snow

snow

snow

snow

snow



w/o finding

just the
right shapes

of wood
to shape in

the forest

the forest

this
tree

bar
ren

w/
mag

pie



Joseph Salvatore Aversano



his scar
tattooed in color
his scar

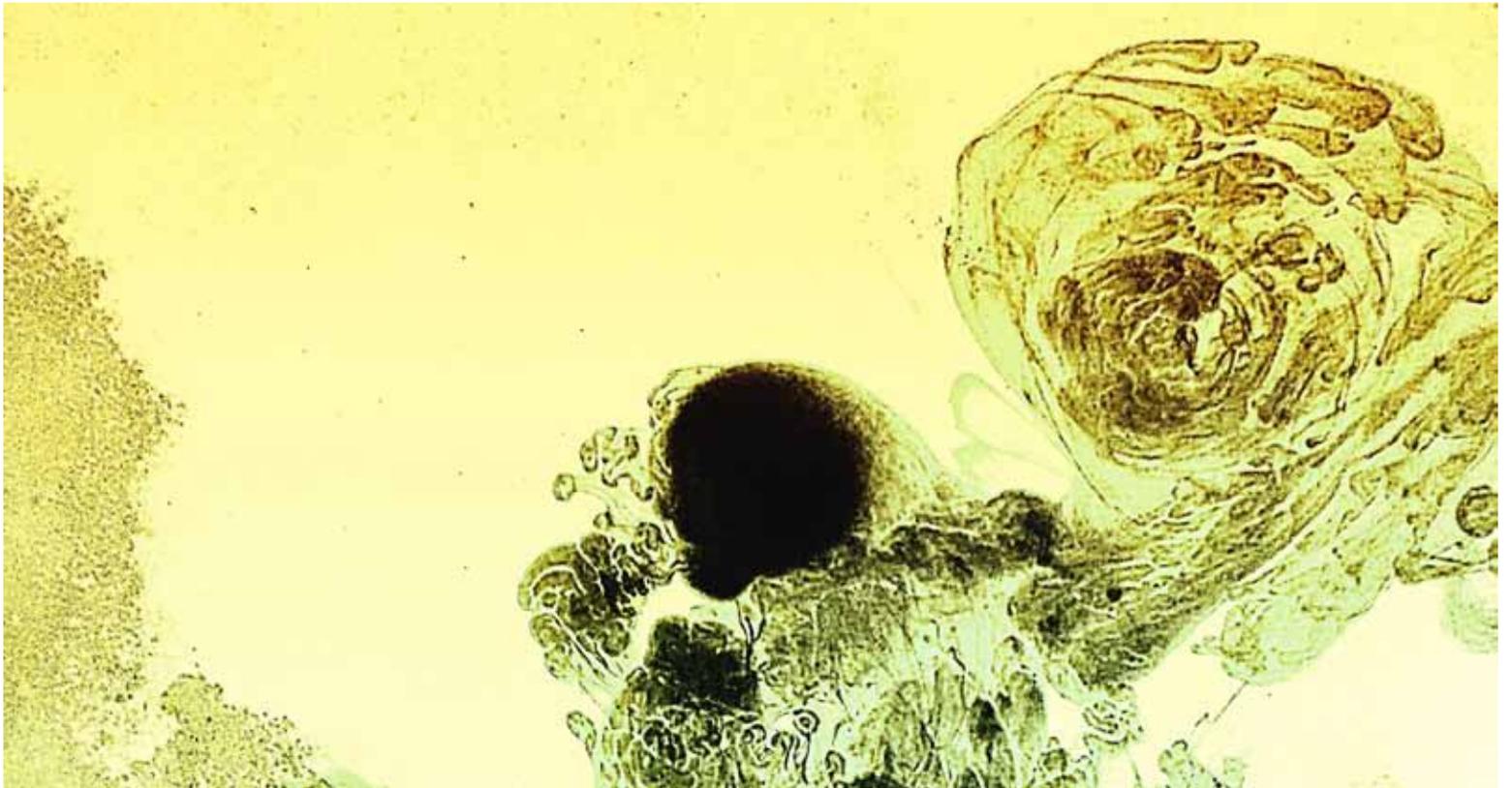
they say it's a dead end road to the river

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



the roar of the rapids in liquid gold

overcrowded bus
with twilight tilting
at the street corner



Julie Schwerin - On a Whim

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

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

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

acetone pilgrimage all the shelves empty

seizing
what comes after
the sea, i.e.

a world unburning the light fears

seahorse
suddenly
sawhorse

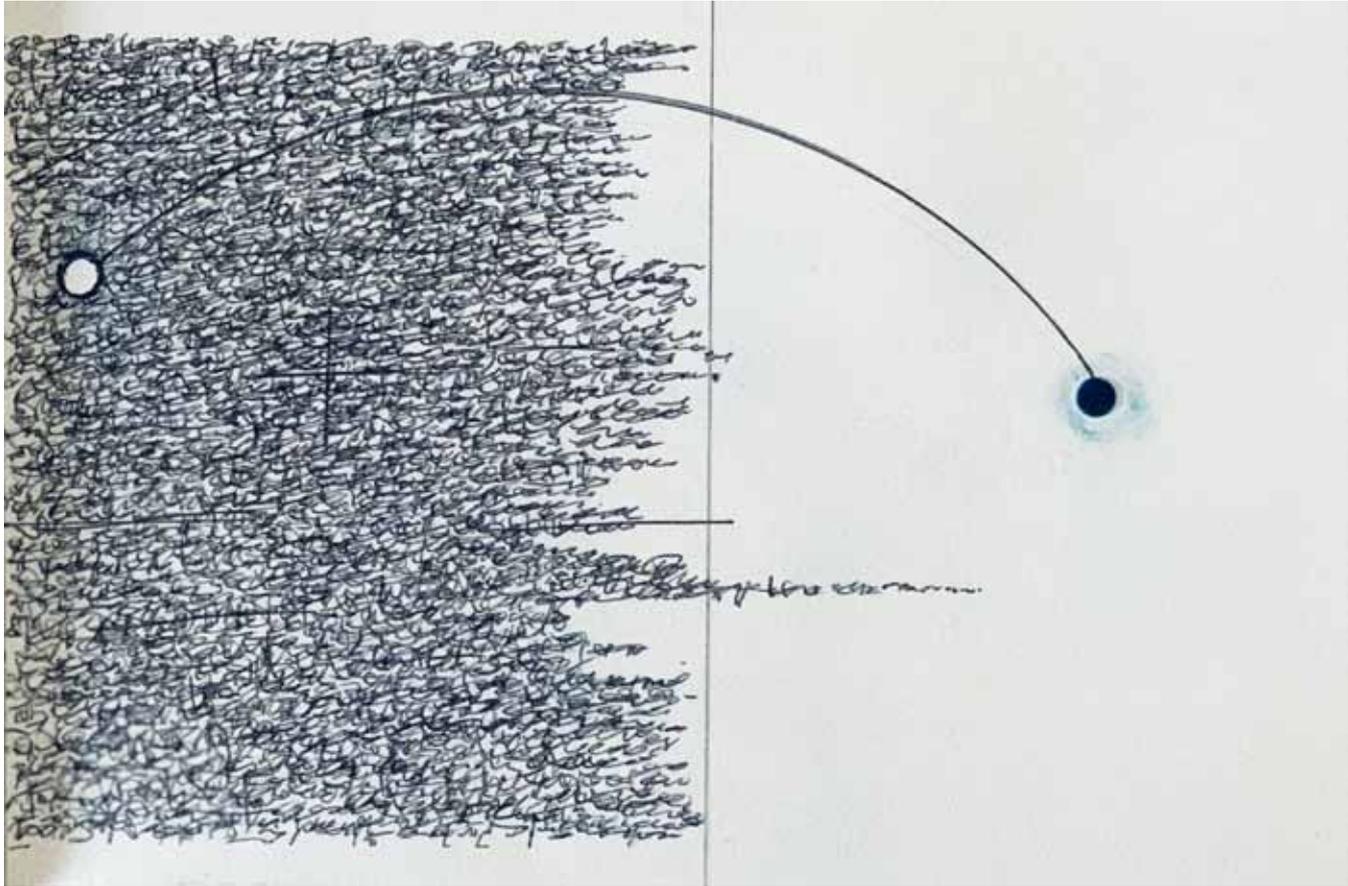
pull over!
the radio mouth
a moth

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



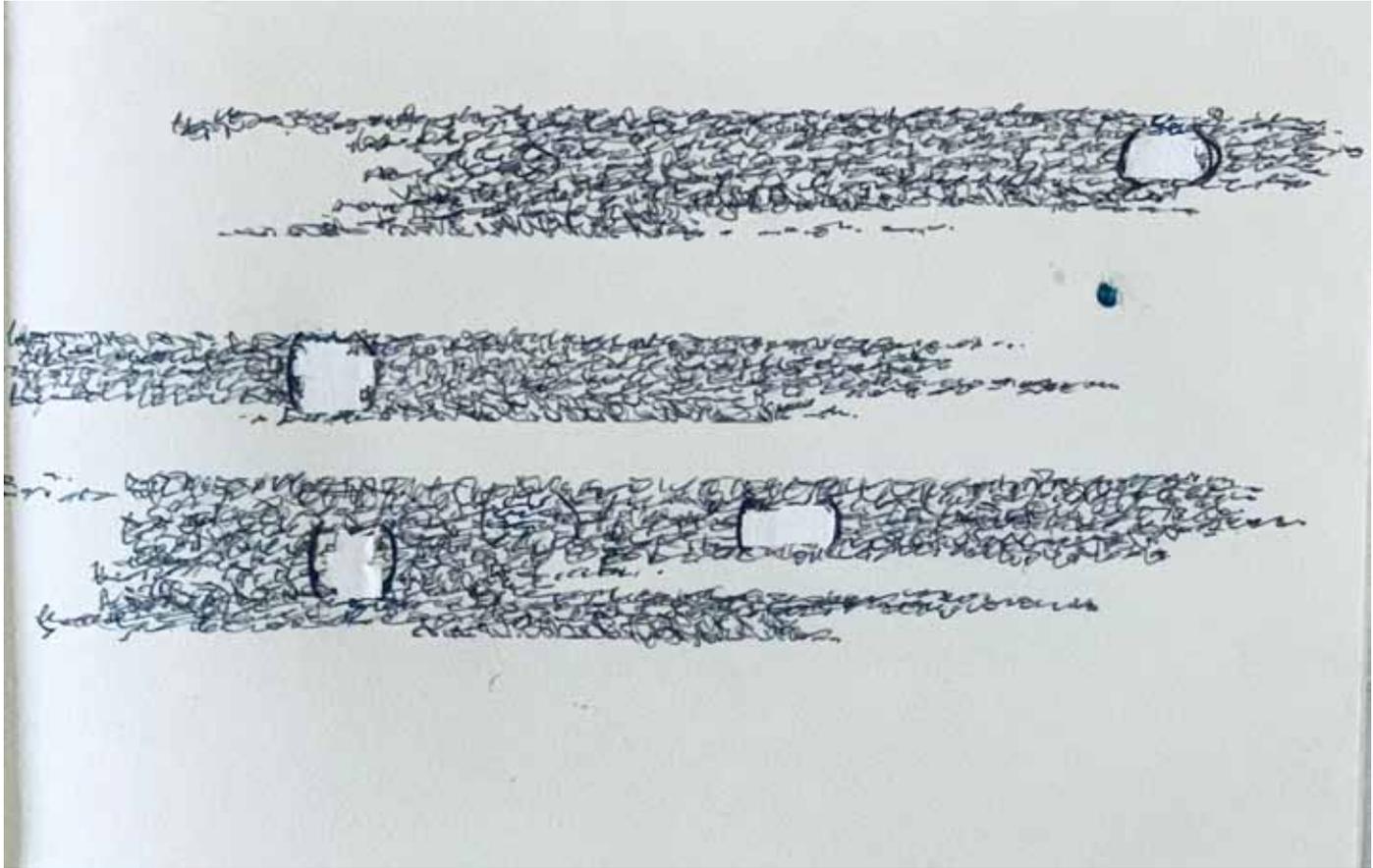
Lucinda Sherlock - Illustration of Procedures by the Omission of Words

2020
just
numbers

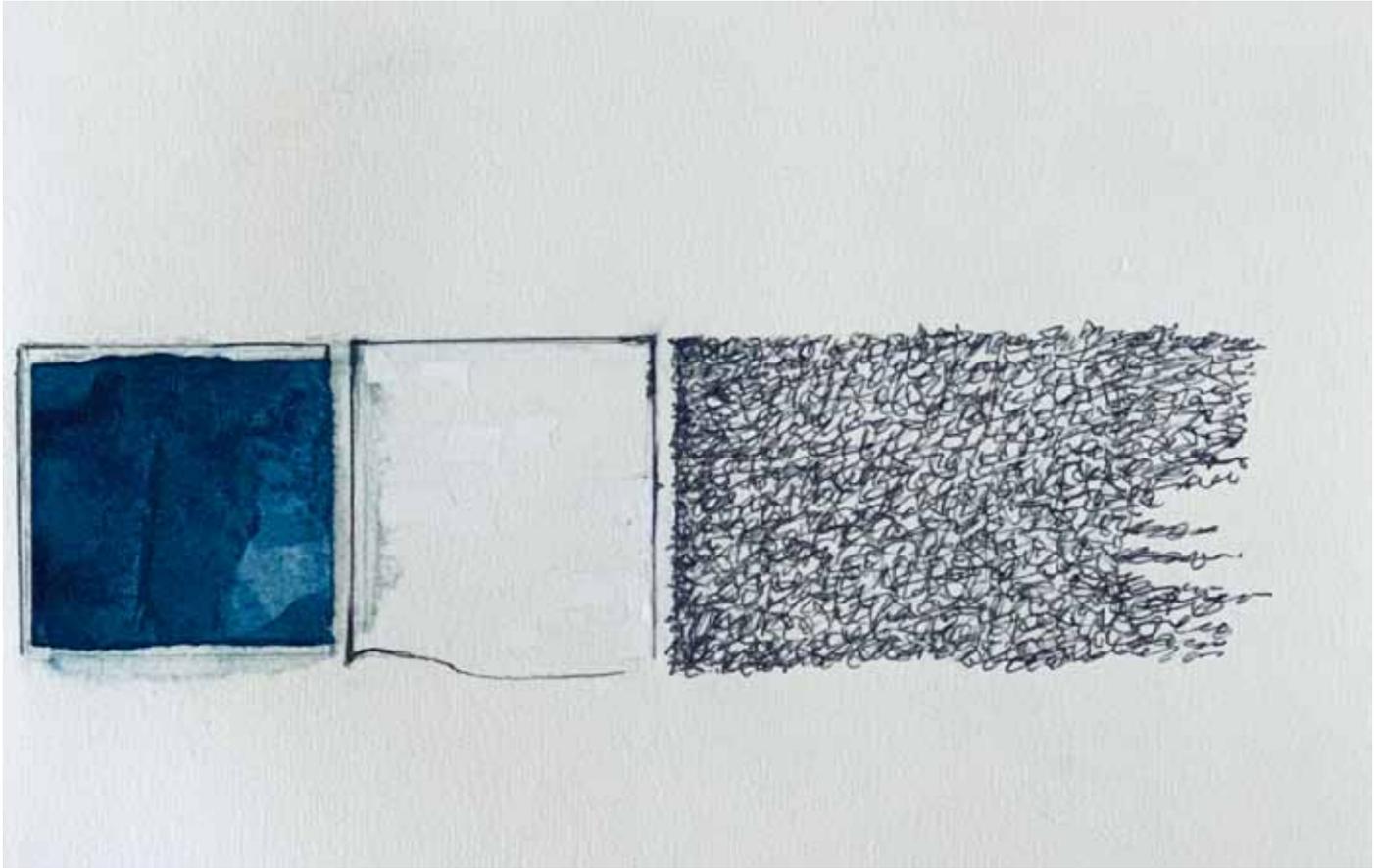
[Handwritten notes, heavily scribbled and illegible]

sigh
Lent
night

LeRoy Gorman



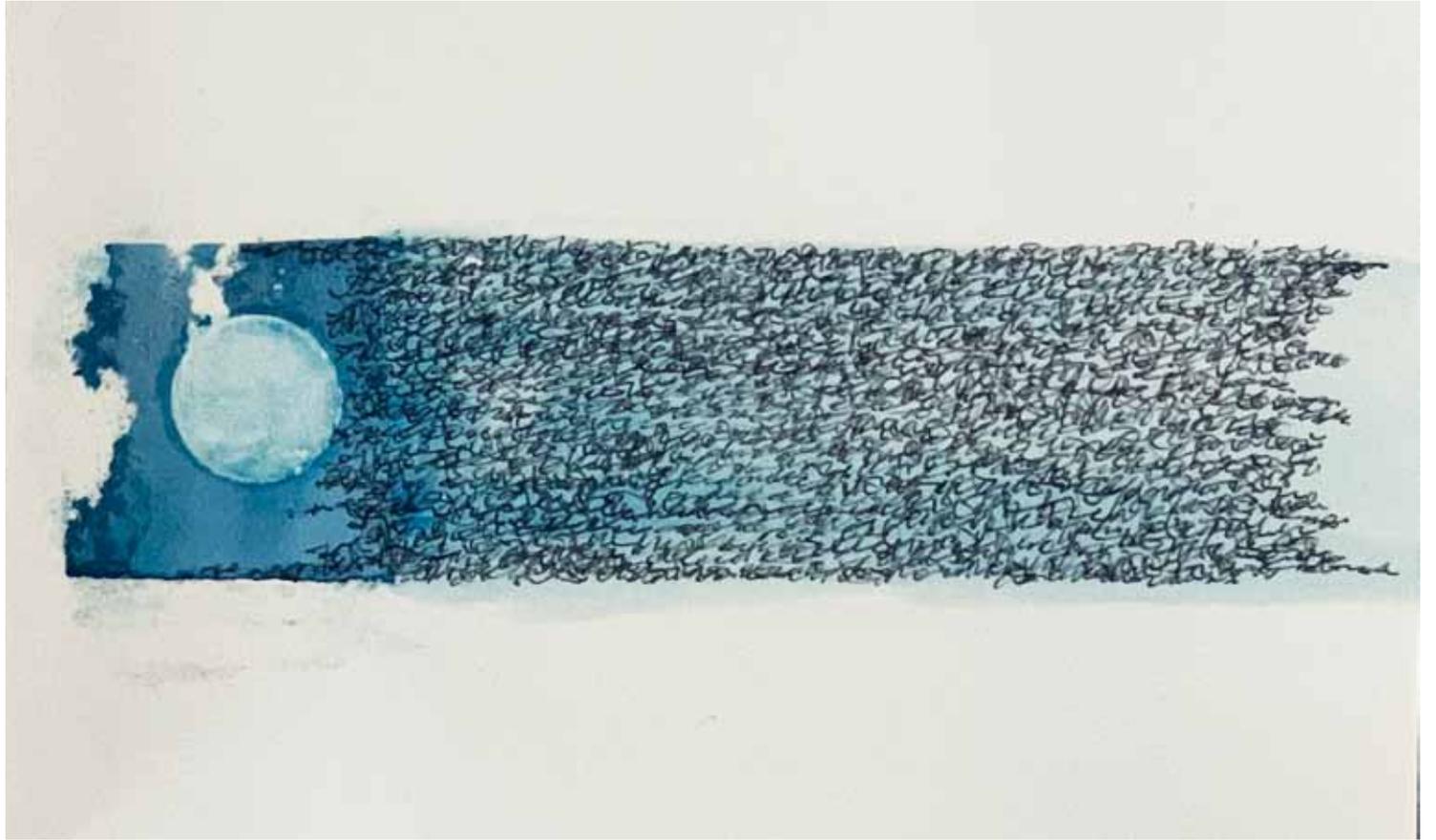
the river
we are on
the same side



Lucinda Sherlock - Three Methods of Amending

the rain outside a piano

LeRoy Gorman



Lucinda Sherlock - Navigation

in the bus shelter

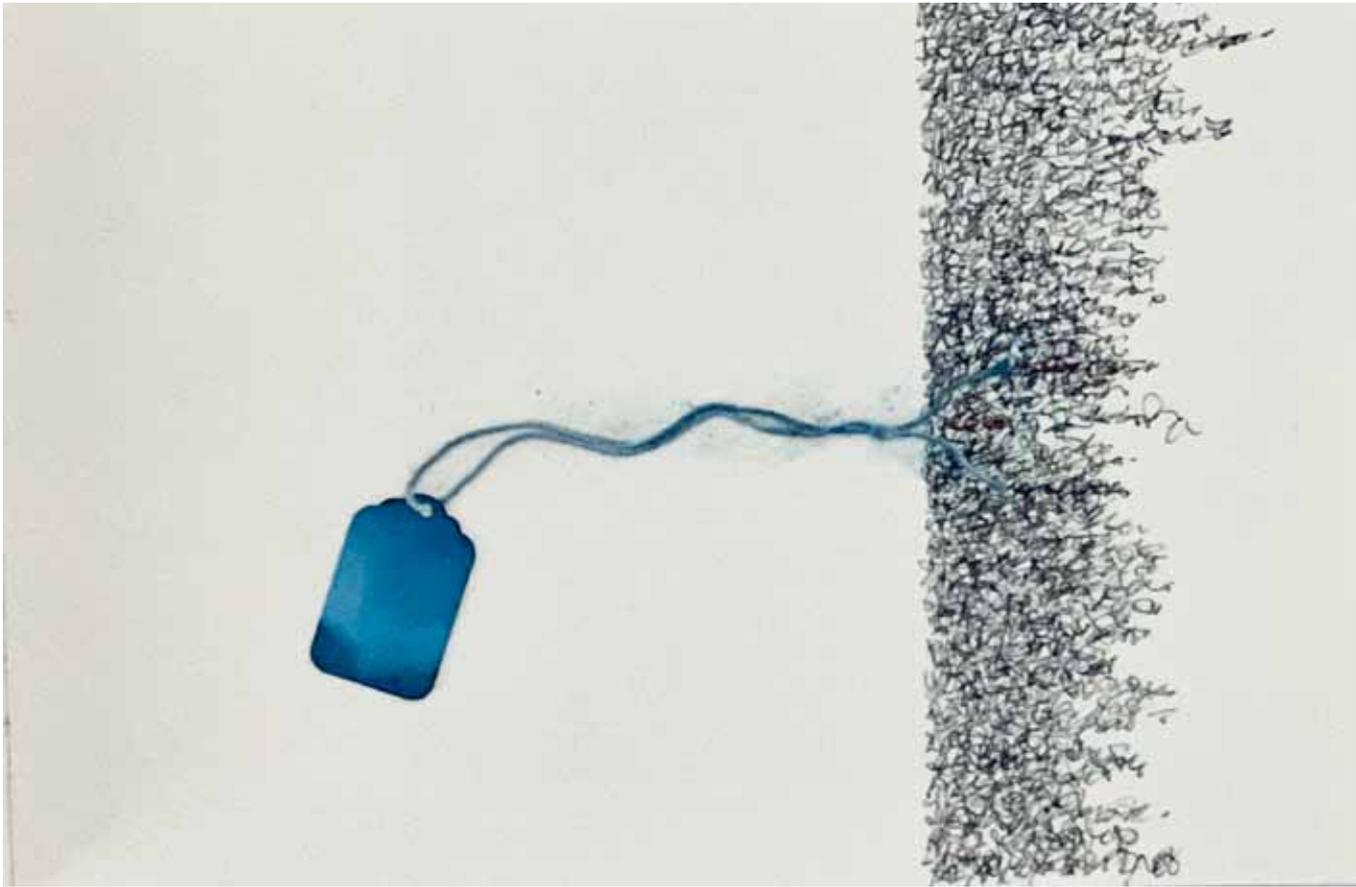
a dry cough:

gazing out

more than ever

at the rain

alone



Lucinda Sherlock - Untitled

sunrise

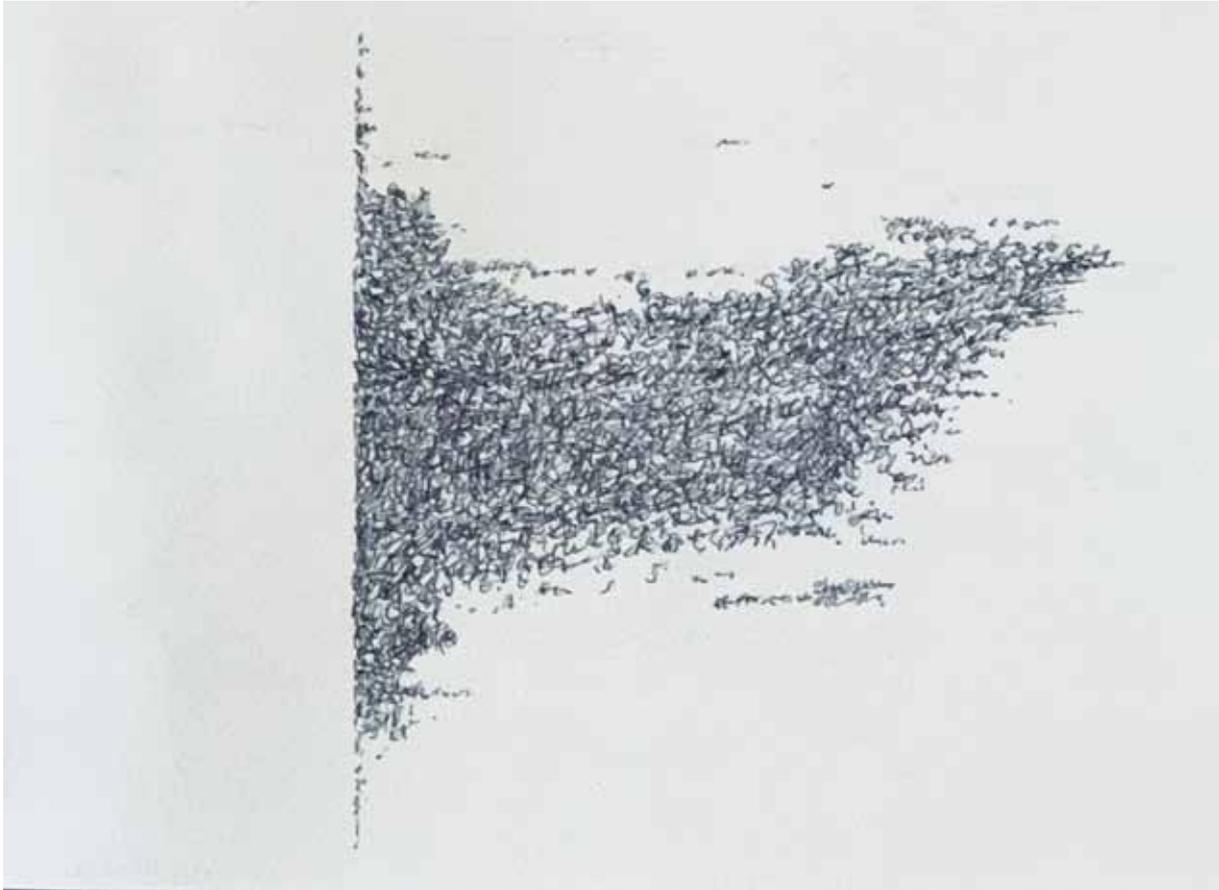
long lockdown

a zucchini blossom's

fairies have moved in

big yellow yawn

to my garden



Lucinda Sherlock - Postponement

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

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

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 for-
get who I am, &
live vicariously
through myself.

Two degrees of separation

Taken apart
piece
by piece.

Put back
together.

A
gain? Or

never feels right

a-
gain?

où 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

Michael Battisto

at the well of the saints
we reach down to the voice
which never spoke

in summer our shadowed house
allowed us only
our place in sleep

Michael Battisto

the day wears
every face it can
knowing we belong to it

thin copper bracelet
to ask away pain
when will you begin

Michael Battisto

In winter I empty the old books
of the pale hands that marked them.
Let the words fade further on the pages.



sundate
mondoubt
tuesdoubt
wednesdoubt
thursdoubt
fridoubt
saturdate



Ormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad - Cinnabar veins

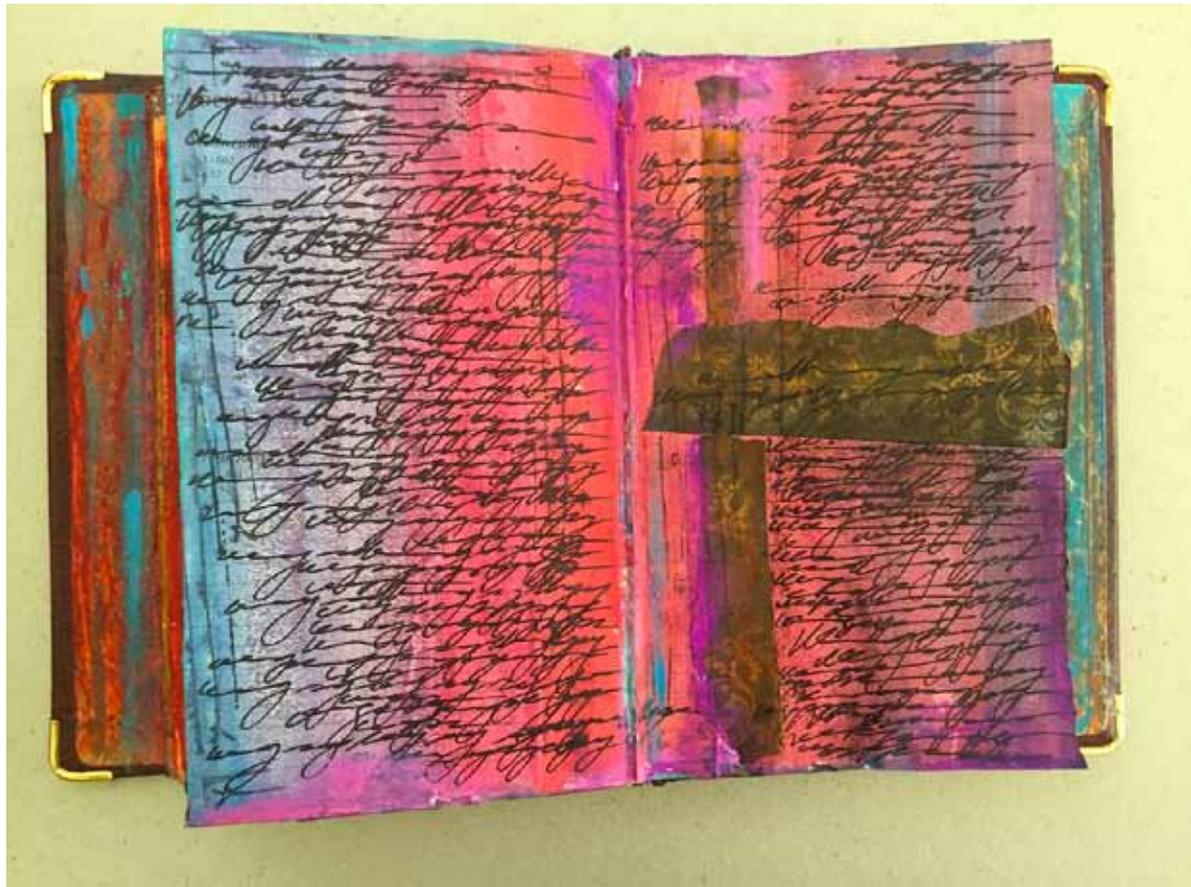
writing definitions for all my new swear words



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

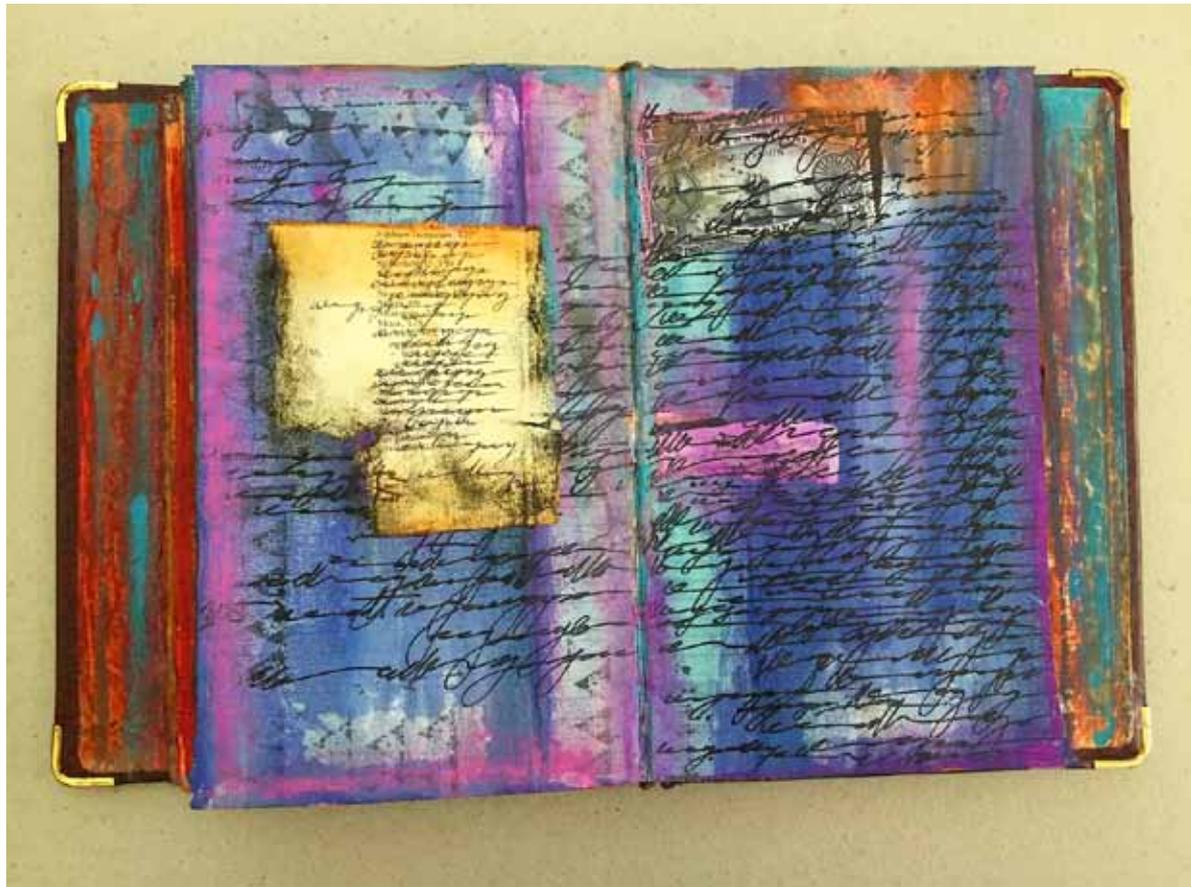


things hang on trees carried by hawks sometimes ghosts



Ormila 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

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

Robert Davey

unknown city -
mixing with strangers
in a mosquito

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

Roberta Beach Jacobson

that
kplop

the
water
not
the
celebrated
frog

sounds
a
rock!

double
headed
ax
/

spilts
after/noon
in
half

and
firewood/
metaphor

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

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

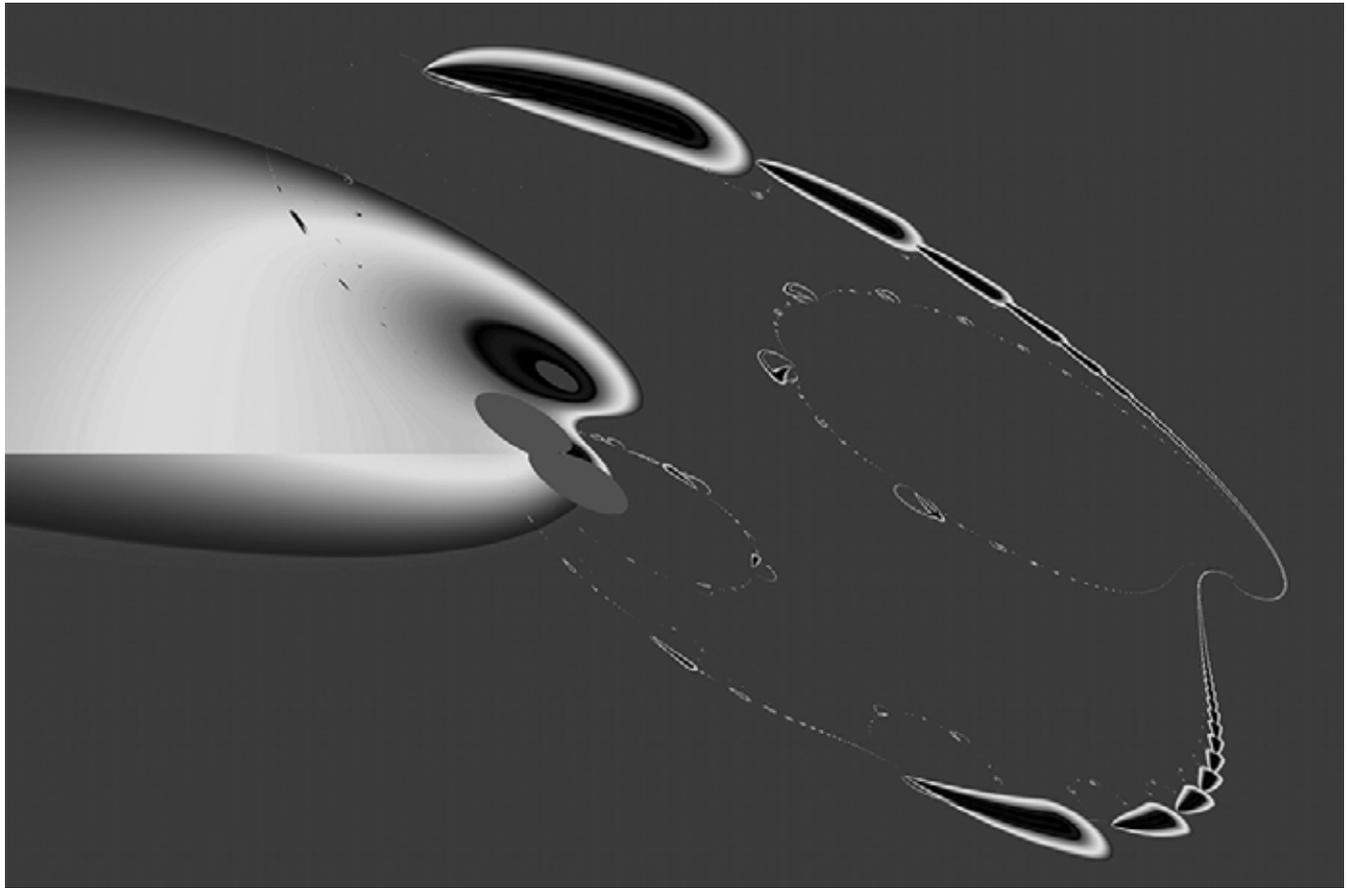
ride

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



Robert Erlandson - Food Chain

endless rain—
that shinto goddess
cheats at cards

seeding my dreams with colons

nailing the sorry sayings to my palm

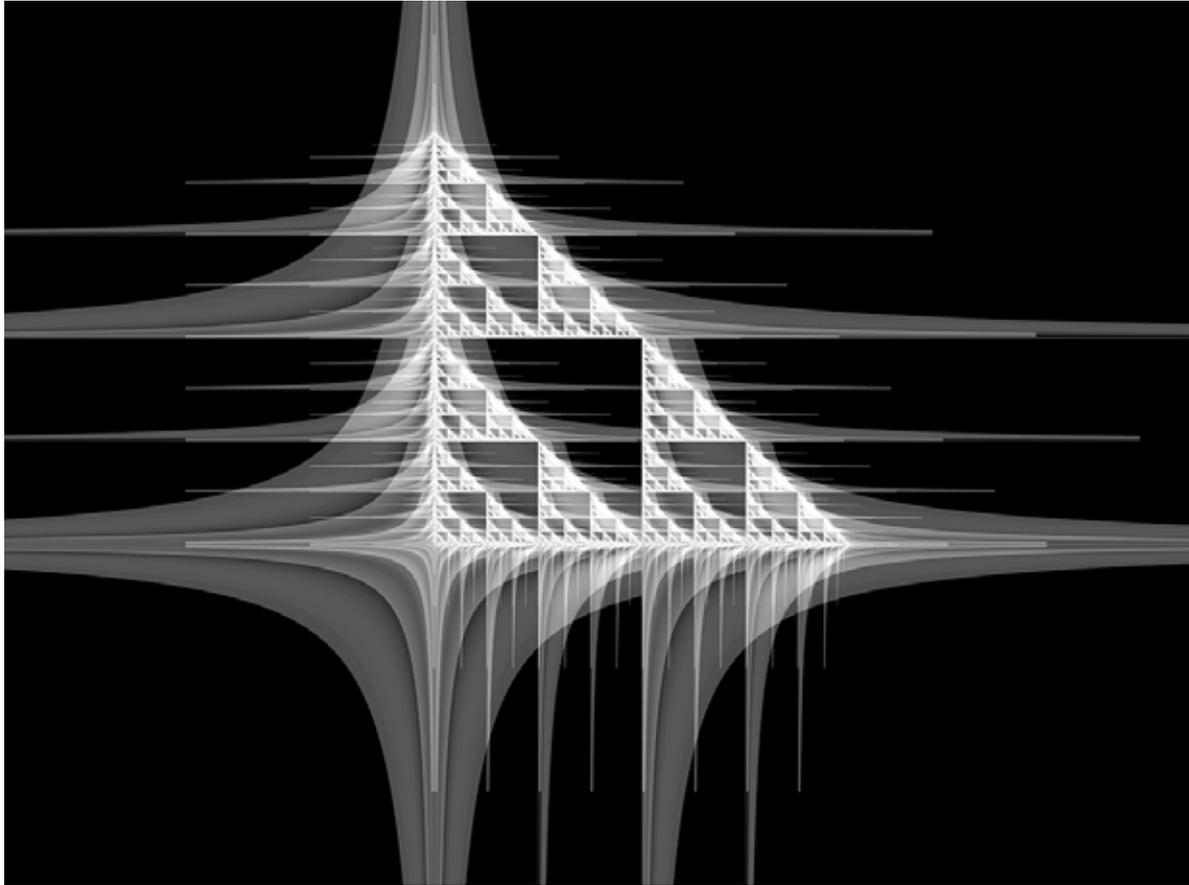
the angel of history covers his eyes

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



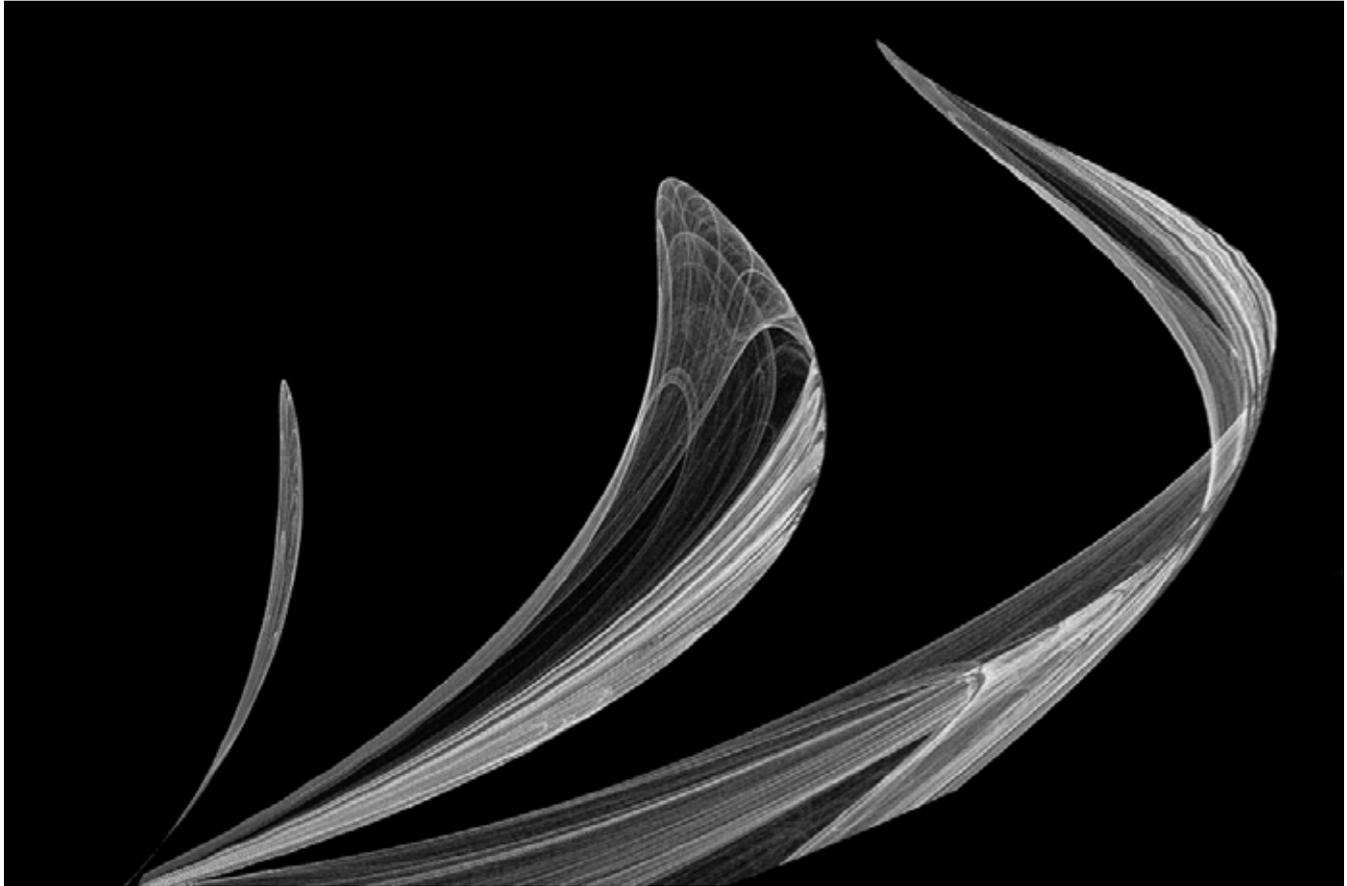
Robert Erlandson - Infrastructure

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



Robert Erlandson - Wind Blown

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Johannes S. H. Bjerg

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