New Poetry by Marty Krasney: "Where We Are Now"

New poem by Marty Krasney: "Where We Are Now"

New Poetry by Linnea George: "Course Correction"

New poem by Linnea George: "Course Correction"

New Poem by Sandra Newton: "Naught"



PIROUETTE OF WORDS / image by Amalie Flynn

NAUGHT

There is naught to be done for it: We are over As the ocean is over its attraction And is now crawling Back from the shore, Having fucked it thoroughly.

We are done Like steak on a grill, Sizzling and aromatic, Waiting to be devoured.

We are finished As a wood floor sanded to undeniable Smoothness and shine, A surface of beauty concealing The pitted underbelly of it all.

Or like promising to explain to others What happened to us. Over, done, finished, Is all we need to say Or want

While the gifted interpreter Turns a pirouette of words And keeps you safe With her basket of naughts.

New Poetry by Scott Hughes: "Still"



THE FAULT LINES / image by Amalie

Flynn

STILL

I never thought of you as a hopeless romantic; this was news to me. Are you still meditating? Meditate on this: You can take the Mulholland Highway across the ridges of two counties and stay high a long time. We parked there once in your subcompact in love and unconfined. From the afternoon shade of a scrub oak I remember the ridge route home, the silhouettes of Point Dume and your profile in the afterglow.

Since then I have been a jack of all trades and a master of nothing: unremarkable, unsubstantial, undignified; unresolved, unremembered, unconceivable; unqualified, unpublished, unreadable.

I looked for you in the county beach campgrounds where you went with surfers from your high school. I looked for you in all the places I heard you were in love. I looked for you where rumors sent me. I looked for you in the hills of Northridge where we walked around the fault lines. I looked for you among the barstools from Venice to Ventura. I looked for you in old Beach Boys songs. I looked for you in stacks of photographs. I looked for you in the bottom of a glass. I looked for you stranded after a concert. I looked for you at the Spahn Ranch. I looked for you in the bittersweet words in books. I looked for you in unsold manuscripts. I looked for you in the margins of old college notes. I looked for you in every woman who looked at me. I looked for you in dharma talks. I looked for you in dharma talks. I looked for you in shrines. I looked for you in my next life. I don't think my karma is right. Forty years on the hard roads of two counties and I am still.

New Poetry by Kevin Norwood: "Rabbits in Autumn"



THE LUSHEST GRASS / image by Amalie Flynn

RABBITS IN AUTUMN

Who will find our bones in a thousand years, bleached and brittle under the unyielding sun, scattered in dried grasses by feral dogs or vultures?

Who will hold such curiosities, not knowing that we stopped here to kiss and murmur that our love would outlast the moon and stars?

Who will hold our bones, never to imagine that under the same sun, we once made love on the lushest grass, under a sapphire sky?

In autumn, the fox lies in wait, hearing rustling in the tall grass. Having eaten, the fox moves on. There are no questions of why, or how, or when.

Smoke rises acrid in the air; the sun sets earlier each day; the grapes shrivel on the vine. Time is the fox; we are the rabbits. Please, hold me.