New Poetry by Michael Carson: "Politics"



BLAME OUR BRUISES / image by Amalie Flynn

Politics

Every 20 years or so boys dress up And kill each other for fun. It's the way of the wrack of the world The wind of our imagination and our love. To blame our costumes for our beauty Is like to blame our bruises for our blood. The chime is what drives us, what ticks Our tock forward to the next spree. The foreshortened humiliation, The immaculate imprecation, Is neither what we fear or what we covet. Man is. Rats are. Take what you can While the day is rough Move lengthwise into the past And blame god for never enough.

New Poetry by Kevin Norwood: "Rabbits in Autumn"



THE LUSHEST GRASS / image by Amalie Flynn

RABBITS IN AUTUMN

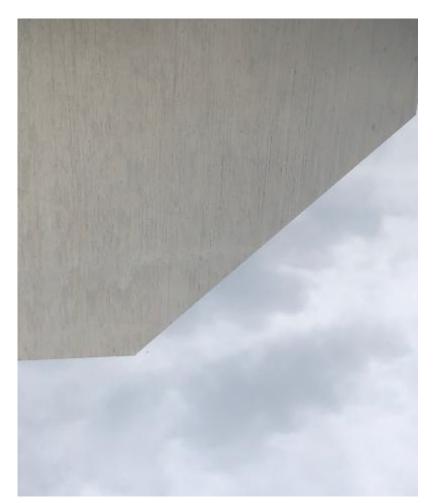
Who will find our bones in a thousand years, bleached and brittle under the unyielding sun, scattered in dried grasses by feral dogs or vultures?

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.

New Poetry by Tony Marconi: "Song of the Roadway Door"



WE AND MACHINES / image by Amalie Flynn ...three hundred miles, ahead the road more visible

as the land dissolves in the pink light of almost dawn you sit beside me, eyes fixed and restful on my face, offering hot coffee from a thermos while the farm news breaks morning music on a local station i could be here forever, moving toward an unfamiliar place, held by speed and the vibrating engine, touched by the warmth of your breath i could be here forever, even as day turns into twilight; you borne lightly on sheets stiffly cleaned, wrapping your strength within, around mine; prepared for tomorrow's miles we and machines; only we moving, moving; i could be here forever...