

Waterways:

Poetry in the Mainstream

2005



January

Waterways: Poetry in the Mainstream, Volume 26, #1

i was once a vers libre bard
but i died and my soul went into the body of a cockroach

Don Marquis
the coming of archy
from ARCHY AND MEHITABEL

WATERWAYS: Poetry in the Mainstream

Volume 26 Number 1*

Designed, Edited and Published by Richard Spiegel & Barbara Fisher

Thomas Perry, Admirable Factotum

c o n t e n t s

Bill Roberts	4	David Martin	12
Anselm Brocki	6	R. Yurman	13
Harvey Steinberg	7	Joan Payne Kincaid	15
Ida Fasel	8	Richard Spiegel	18
Sylvia Manning	10		

Waterways is published 11 times a year. Subscriptions -- \$33 for 11 issues.

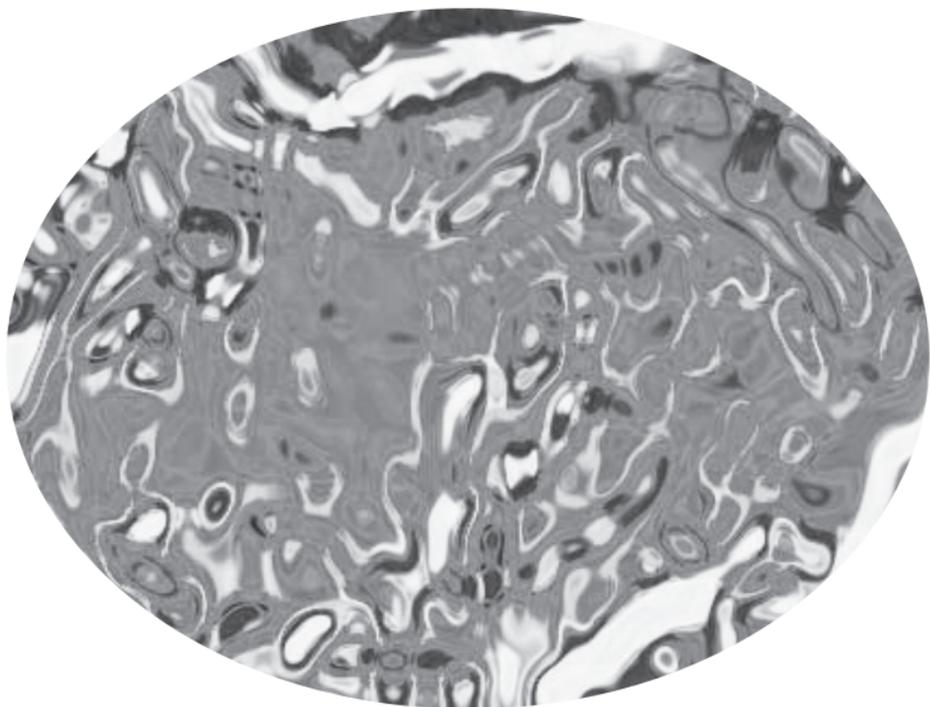
Sample issues — \$3.50 (includes postage).

Submissions will be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self addressed envelope.

Waterways, 393 St. Pauls Avenue, Staten Island, New York 10304-2127

©2005 Ten Penny Players Inc. *(This magazine is published 8/05)

<http://www.tenpennyplayers.org>



Don't Hold Your Breath — Bill Roberts

This is all I'm willing to admit:
There's no future in the past,
So I'm determined there will be

No past in the future.
Henceforth (I detest that word,
Don't you, but it fits this slot),

I will not conjure up past events
For your afternoon's entertainment.
Everything I write will be about

Current events, a *now*-happening,
Pen taken in hand as it's happening,
Whatever *it* turns out to be.

I'm now waiting for something,
Anything, worthwhile to happen
So I can write it up and report to you.

Please don't hold your breath—
Hardly anything happens
Around here any more.

Helpers Anselm Brocki

Since my wondrous
brain of molecules
and nanotechnology
is self-contained
with only seen light
& other energy waves
announcing from outside,
it needs many kinds
of help to maintain
the illusion of me
as leader of this body:

regular schedules
of up, eat, work, ease,
and sleep carried out
from well-known bed,
dented maple breakfast
table, cubical formica
desk, restaurants,
and movie houses;
familiar faces, shirts,
nubby blue sweaters,
fresh sourdough bread,

photo albums from all
the decades of different
places, and especially
feelings of tenderness
constantly flowing
freely out and in.

Home — Harvey Steinberg

It's painful to recall the warm hours together.
Wakefulness licking the mattress,
Retinas eating hues of stocked cupboards,
Our vigorous family in full enactments
All slip to long-term memory
Whose fire-door sticks.

From House to Home
Ida Fasel

1.

L 23 N 24FT & PT of L24
DAF BEG ON WLY LI 34.21FT NLY
FR SW COR SD L TH N TO NW COR
SD L TH ELY ALG NLY LI TO NE
CPR SD L TH SLY ALG ELY LI SD
L TO PT 26 FT NLY FR SE COR
SD TH WLY ON ST LI TO POB
BLK 11 CRESTMOOR Park 2ND FLG

2.

Turn and turn
As in the old Shaker hymn
Till it comes round right.

Transformation — Ida Fasel

Hope is a drudge
working the fires,
feeding ordeals
with wounds and desires,
sweeping up ashes
that won't pack down -
by midnight to be
her fine ball gown.

Your ribbons of honor — Sylvia Manning

(for a poet)

Some paper with copies
of your poems, some extras,
has become
mulch, very white mulch,
beneath the red rose

the red rose called
(Who knows why? Not me.)
The Rose of San Antonio,
the one a young woman gave me
when you died.

The paper seems like
snow until you
look more closely,
see the black words
on the white ribbons
at the roots of the flower,
in shreds, your poems.

Good compost
on the good soil,
from a good poet,
to nourish the rose
of San Antonio

Gulf Walk with Mad Egret
David Martin

Like a beachcomber
lost on an island
I am stranded
on Clearwater beach
for Christmas. For fun
I walk the shoreline
alone. The setting sun
smears the gulf sky
with egg yolk
and the color of blood.

Pelicans swoop waves
like prehistoric birds.
A giant egret floats down
in the darkness.
I can see his long
gooney steps on the sand.
From the shadows
he pokes his big bill
into my life.

#

I walk until the sun
slides under the gulf.
The tidewash tickles
my feet and sandpipers
skitter everywhere.
I start to think
I am truly lost
and then I see
the shadow of my shack
and palm trees
under the moon.

I am safe.
And then a shriek!
Wild wings flapping!
A strutting explosion
of skinny legs!
A jabby beak
and a long loony neck!
I run for my life
across the sand.
The night egret
stalks his prey!

Night — R. Yurman

Deep shadows
beyond the fire
predators lithe as snakes
lie in wait
between earth and chaos—
kinkajou and jaguar
kept at bay
the whites of their eyes
gone dark
But no matter how faithfully
we feed the flames
they invade our dreams—

the many-headed jackal
bares its canine teeth
the musk ox
lifts its horns
and stomps
Chilled by swirling winds
our clamped weapons
gripped between
fingerjoints and thumb
dangle useless
with only—on those rare
cloudless mid-cycle nights—
the owl-bright moon
to protect us

Something Wild And Fragile — Joan Payne Kincaid

The Red-shouldered Hawk
perched above the lake
aims large soulful eyes at the scope
where we seem to meet
this gray fall day
raptor with delicate life bones of air
prepare to fly away
I, always grounded
overwhelmed by wildness
bravery fierce challenges
vulnerability and grace
(all animals are in a state of grace)
am left only to stare
at empty limb.

Outside of Time — Joan Payne Kincaid

It was in the rainforest that our eyes found each other even though people were milling around and there were other primates in her room of illusionary piece of jungle she was up on a plastic rock lying down and had been slowly turning her head to focus quietly at another Calabas or sometimes at the crowd behind the glass when our eyes began a dialogue of abandonment from separation beyond joy and pain as if we were outside of time and place comparing notes from within each other's mind moving backward through evolution perhaps to some common ancestor we were outside of limitations of species or social order or expectation she calmly placed one hand over the other relaxing as I stood with

my elbows supporting my chin to help me remain still enough to keep our stream of awareness flowing I would blink slowly as a sort of signal the way my cats do

to communicate a mutual state of awareness and she did not shift her gaze and her alert mind remained open to this transmission of being as long as I remained

and continued in that space where two beings were for a few timeless moments melded and transcendent beyond walls and crowds and the whole limited prison of confinement and it was an honor to have her commit her unique being to me out of all the possibilities such as where she might have been and where I might have been in this passage of time.

Angels are those who leave me — Richard Spiegel

"Wottayacallit," she asked.

"We are sui generis,"
he replied, lost in his machine.

When the bell rang,
a storm shook the trees
& water streamed down the hill.

He opened the door
& the dog dragged him
down the porch

& out to the gutter.



photograph by
Barbara Fisher

