

Mr. Johnson

T H E

P O E T R Y

W O R K S H O P

F A L L ' 7 1

I N S T R U C T O R : N A N C Y B O G E N

Marooned Entombed

marooned
 entombed
 stripped of every decent wish
 at an outpost of anguish
 faint hazy dreams with congruent seams
 perpetual furnace of intense fire
 with hope a taut lengthy wire
 playground
 for mockery to prance
 ballroom
 for loneliness to dance
 marooned
 entombed

marooned
 entombed
 on a plane of aggravation
 two hour sunday recreation
 rattling explosions
 that smoke
 harsh insecticides
 that choke
 a monotonous capsized court
 with gods that are short
 marooned
 entombed

Clifford Bleidner

Jarred
Marred
and Charred

 hopes that float in a sky of elation
 effervescent emotions suspended animation
alas the inevitable has come to pass
 sudden plunge to emerald grass

carelessly fumbled
viciously tumbled

 to pound resound
 and strike the ground

 to be jarred
 marred
 and charred

Clifford Bleidner

TOM TOM

Listen to the Drums

Dum
Dum

D
e De Dum

Songs of the Gods

Shango, Oggun, Damballa,

Listen to the Tom Toms

De
Da

De
Da

Bum Bum

Moving and grooving on life's perimeter

Trees in the breeze are saying

Birds in the winter wind are singing

Listen to the message they are bringing to you

ALL PRAISES ALL PRAISES

For you are all things

and all things are you

Black Goddess of Fertility

I am Black, this is a fact.
I am 21, but being Black and 21 is no fun.
Men say, "Hey Black woman of 21 let's have some fun,
let's get it together and have a whole lot of fun."
Tired of being pinched on my behind by unmanly kind.
Sick of being thought of as a love tool for men to use.
I long for a man who will use his mind to obtain mine.
And when he looks at my blackness he'll say, "Black woman
of 21,

you are the one
the only one
the true one
the loveliest one, Black woman to whom I give my love at 21."

Lula Boyland

DIAGNOSIS

Increasing pressures on
the cerebral-sub-scrotum
will bring about an
Acute condition commonly
known as E
MAS
C U
L A
TI ON

Arghhhhh,-----
LET GO OF MY BALLS!

Philip Bozzo

ON THE NATURE OF BEING THANKFUL

There've been times
when I was glad to have
a little bit of sheet
covering me.
And didn't mind at all
being scrunched up on
the edge of the bed.

Philip Bozzo

the sun sprinkled his kindness
 on the earth today
and the mist of the morning
 disappeared into the blue sky
the grass spiraled upward
 reaching for some unknown wonder
and the trees bowed their solemn branches
 as the world uttered a prayer
then came the rain dropping carelessly from the sky
 unaware of what had gone on below
the clouds rolled about
 until they had collected themselves in front of the sun
deprived of the light from above
 the world turned a sad, desperate, gray
and though they all pleaded for the restoration of light
 the people's cries went unheard
for the mighty thunder overpowered all other sounds

Donna Brogna

Paranoia

alone
in
a
subway car

there are
no
faces
to
gaze at
no one
to share
the darkness
with

without warning
the
train
screeches
to
a
halt
between stations

and
though
the doors remain
tightly shut
a
passenger
boards

he
sleeks
into
his
seat
unseen
yet
very much
present

i
am
uneasy
afraid

he
has
robbed
me
of
my
senses

i
tell myself
that
the
train
will
start
again
soon

he
interrupts
my
thoughts
suggesting
that
i
may
have
to
spend the night
with
him

i
wrap
my arms
around
myself
and
keep
my
eyes
wide open
waiting
watching

Donna Brogna

IF..
 LEGS WERE BETWEEN
 BETWEEN UNDER YOUR
 YOUR YOUR LEGS
 LEGS ARM ALWAYS
 THERE ? HAS
 IS YOUR BEEN
 SEX THERE
 WHERE TOUCH IT
 IT THERE
 SHOULD TO BE
 BE SURE
 THERE IT'S
 IT SHOULD THERE
 BUT THINK AND THINK
 WOULD IT WOULD IT
 BE THE BE THE
 SAME SAME
 IF IT IF IT

ANNE MARIE BUA

OUT
OF
NOWHERE
IT
COMES
MY
TEAR
IT
DOES
AND
SLOWLY
YOU
LICK
IT
AWAY
BEFORE
IT
HAS
A
CHANCE
TO
STOP

ANNE MARIE BUA

BROTHERS

Two little boys
Lying in bed;
Their faces washed,
Their prayers all said.

One hears the noises
Of grownups downstairs;
The other hears growls
Of tigers and bears.

One welcomes the night
As a familiar friend;
The other fears the dark
Brings with it the end.

One cuddles
And stretches to yawn;
The other lies still,
Hoping for dawn.

One sleeps,
The other one cries;
Toward morning one dreams;
The other one dies.

Joseph Cesare

The Hustler

When he stands
with his groin
facing the
street,

Time
flows, massaging
his thought like
the breeze through
his sweaty fingers.

and the cars passing/exist as a paragraph
punctuated by desperate people and
ended (momentarily) only by
sleep.

Joseph Cesare

Elijah

oh Elijah, won't you come
when you're called?
your heart's in the mountains
and your head's in a fog.

trampin' through the forest
and drinkin' from the streams
oh Elijah, is this really
what it seems?

oh sweet feelin',
there's nothin' that's more appealin'
than drinkin' down that country air,
oh sweet wonder,
feel yourself goin' under
just walkin' 'round without a care

oh Elijah, did you have to
take so long?
runnin' through God's garden
while I'm writin' you this song.

trampin' through the forest
and drinkin' from the streams
oh Elijah, is this really
what it seems?

well, I watched that good old dog
get sick and die.
Lord, I never thought I'd see
the day again when I'd cry.

Ron Cherner

give my love to Mad Elaine
who lives in the forest
with soft light elvin amber
glowing through the window
from a candle in her heart

I'll send my love on the breeze
she will hear it in the trees

Ron Cherner

Afraid

Drop upon drop

the honey falls freely
into my tea

It's afternoon
stoically sunny and
cold outside
the heats on and
it's stuffy in
there is a left over
summerfly that has not
died-buzzing fiercely
to be free
not knowing that once he is
he'll freeze

I forgot to get up again
this morning
I had things to do
I can't seem to follow
through-moment upon moment
mesh together like the
stitches of a Knitted
sweater

I watch in a mesmerized state
streams of light carrying
dust particles which seem
to have no fate
I wash a dish
and watch the bubbles burst
disperse into liquid forms
It's such an effort to get dressed
everything is confusing
the Zipper on my skirt
the Buttons on my shirt

Outside has changed now
across the field there sets
a purple glow cast upon
the gray clear icy snow
it will be dark soon
clear and crisp as a
newborn moon

I should go out and see how it is
I can button up close-with a
scarf tight around my neck
so warmly not to feel the cold
at all
now I'll have some warm tea

Drop upon drop upon drop

the honey falls freely
into my tea

it is night,time to put out
my light and go to sleep

Ruth Farrell

PIANIST

The man at the piano
smiles at me
with his musical talking
smile and clap
smile and clap
leave now without his ledger lines
they reach too far
with patience
until the pitch of it all
breaks me and shatters me
and I fall into his player piano
punched out on a roller

RUTH FARRELL

I Heard A Statue in the House of the Lord

I'm a statue.
 And in Lent when the high wind is a liar
 And the sun forsakes to ease my lime-sand trance,
 I find my fame,
 Purple down and gowned in mourning,
 Twice upturned from all flesh
 Arthritic and stiff
 With unlove of a woman.
 Mold me until eased
 Until warm taps of a hammer
 Sing me flesh in Michelangelo skill.
 So I would Yes, feel.
 So all cracks would be healed.
 So I won't just see red quicks of creation,
 (the high and fast rushing of the blood)
 Pass by and deal in that liquid
 So far from me full of red.

A plaster saint.

I'm a statue.
 Maxi-gowned in a purple-gowned shade
 And the wind these days is a proxy word liar
 And my thoughts are dark stone,
 Half in rock, half in ore;
 And the pain is what's awakening
 As I sleep holy sleep,
 In the turtle of Lent,
 With unlove of a woman.

A plaster saint.

Xavier C. Morales

To Spill Her Everything

TO spill her everything
 through raspberry isle of ceremonious secrets
 with thistle in hand full of joy and sorrow
 and she will transpire
 like the rose in the blooming season
 you will revert back in time again
 while with her
 you will remember hydrogen
 when such thighs as hers went unsketched
 under that just-out-moon
 and you will praise evolution for such ease-ness
 pink has brought you
 she reverting back in time willingly
 she a river - you a river
 meeting in one tadpole
 waiting ocean
 for your true purpose is this and only this
 and she will receive your head with blue moans
 of mourning
 for her true purpose is this and only this
 and you will transpire like the pollen
 in the blooming season
 you will find an earth around her
 you will salt and water all her grass
 all her trees, plants, flowers, mountain paths

 to spill her everything
 to need a day beyond eternity

 and she
 and you
 will transpire again in some blooming seaSON

Xavier C. Morales

Darkness quickens- the eves of night can cast their
fearless smiles to sea-
Purifying every wretched stone we've ever dared to
throw.

Silence- sleeping- unborn child rushes out into the
night-
Employing to awaken us with starlit versions of our
dreams.

And sympathetic mother sunshine- as stealthily your
slender rays distract us and protect the darkness
from passerbys afraid to stay-

As dutifully you nurse the sick in search of still
another day-

Prolonging bits of flashing acumen-
into a life they'll never see.

They run- escape the moonlit shadows- censured tears
that cannot fall-

Whose only task is leaving memories- Marks of every living soul-
found in men that will not stop to trace their
shadows mark upon the man made wall.

And when he's slept another stillborn child in his
dead of night, the mother sunshine comes in but
to drain the memory from his head.

Smiling as he swims the darkness until he must transfer his plight-
to still another living chance to cast his visions into the
night!

DAWNING OF THE WISE

When you gaze up at the sunrise coveting the sky-
and your newfound answers somehow seem to
formulate before you-

When you turn your back on reality- before they
hear your cries-

You know the dawning of the wise has long been overdue.

You weep- because your deepest sorrow has somehow
brought them joy-

And although the coming season can only bring more tears,
they'll speak of what they could have been-
and where they should have gone-

Capturing the past, while slipping through the years.

And so we talk of days approaching- as we sit- and sit
relentlessly.

The sun will share it's warmth with me and you-
But the clock still goes on ticking-

ticking-

ticking- forcing

it's way through-

And the dawning of the wise is far too overdue.

Kathy Natale

ANDROIDIA

The four gods buried the mortal
 who made them so,
 turned to the west and cried:
 Come! Come! there's still time
 hurry or we may be asleep...
 yet they would not chance to look
 across the deep expanse
 to see all they call wandering
 in some erotic death trance
 while clutching some rusted pendant.
 Those who walked blindly
 into their acoustic sun,
 only to go deaf and dumb,
 look for an exit door
 that does not exist
 in this:
 The kingdom of androidia

The lord of convention
 whispers to his mistress
 there's really nothing wrong
 with the venacular;
 it's just not fair to the old.
 Now come take off that wig
 it's only to be worn in court,
 come give me what I've come for
 and I'll give you season tickets
 to androidia.

The artists throw the paints
 on canvas and watch them run,
 the fathers turn in their graves
 and scream: MY GOD, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE
 WE HAD TO PAY THE PENALTY
 TO WIN ALL THAT YOU'VE LOST...
 The magistrate
 smiles at his queen and says:
 yes, we must silence this obscenity,
 for these paintings are forever held sacred
 in androidia.

The prophet screams aloud
 TELL IT LIKE IT IS
 then sneaks in the bank's back door,
 he warns not to criticize what's his
 to profess yet not believe in
 and he shakes an angry fist
 at the attaché case man
 sitting on the floor
 selling road maps of uncharted regions
 of androidia.

The poet back by popular demand
writes only what he understands
smirks and declares himself profound
until the deacon preaches chastity
then sends the basket around;
causing the virgin to cry
for her lost children.
The old man turns to his widow
cries: WHERE WERE THE CHILDREN WHEN I DIED?
she turns to him and sneers:
AND HOW THEY KNEW I LIED!
WHERE WERE YOU WHEN THEY WERE BORN?
WHEN THEY CLOSED THEIR EYES
AND LEFT
FOR ANDROIDIA

Rip Pisacreta

MURDER ONE

The earth turns to the void,
A dying sun sends a polar wind
through my bare window;
Its sole purpose -
To set the ragged edges of my blanket dancing...
Dancing and beating.

I sleep in my clothes
on a naked mattress
when I'm alone...
Fresh sheets from the dusty linen closet
would be a sensual charade;
An avoidable extension
of the kitchen game
where I agree with the fork
argue with the knife
in a ridiculous culinary
 melodrama

which always ends
with me staring into the sink
at only one silent dish to
 wash.

At times, I turn on my stomach,
My belt buckle bites...
until I'm awake;
I turn on my back,
Stare long into the night
remembering a soft navel
that lulled me to sleep.

I'd much prefer
to chase the dog's playful
 muzzle
from four shoes under the
 bed,
As I would prefer
to reminisce
upon steady quadrupled foot
 prints
immortal on the beach;
Then ponder only two
with one dragging and blurred
collapsing under the tide.

Dali painted the similarity
between the uterus and the
 walrus;
The immense lonely gulfs created
While erecting monoliths of
 exactitudes.

Good Guy Joe America

Good Guy Joe America, where are you at?

Fat Rat/Big Hat, where are you at?

Run me by.-Grab my tie.-Don't tell me why.-

Cover my face with your paste of waste.-

Darken my sight with your sickening light.

Tell me what's right with truths of wrong.

Will I be caught in your deadly trap?

Will I become Joe America?

Can I become Joe America??.....

Big Sigh.-I Heavily Cry.-

Joe America?!-Why Don't You Die!!

But Wait.....

What do you offer?

Freedom. Freedom? Freedom?!

FREE??.....DUMB!!

Burt Rosenberg

Love Your Plastic Jesus

Love your plastic jesus
jesus a drivin'
in your car,

Love your plastic
jesus and you'll
know just where you are,

Love your plastic
jesus and try to
wipe the tar,

Love your plastic
jesus and you won't
go very far;

I strain my hand to reach you and you put it in a jar.

Burt Rosenberg

The Heathen Temple

I saw a heathen temple in a little wood-bound glade,
And I saw this strange rock place where pagan rites
were once made;
But now there were only flowers growing through the
cracked stone,
And the fallen marble seemed like silver when the sun shone.
There was a cracked mosaic on the floor of this stone-place,
And among the broken tiles was a figure with my face.

Peter Tafuri

Genesis C

In the beginning there was naught.
The Sun neither rose nor fell,
The blue sky was not,
And the sea did not roar.
And God said, "Let there be!" and there was.
The Sun came into the blue sky
And rose and fell
And cast his light on the roaring sea.

And after this, many generations came and went,
And the Sun rose and fell times without number.
And it came to pass that there was dwelling in the forest
A certain hermit,
Who lived not in a house of cut stone or of wood,
But rather in a hole in the ground
Which shielded him from the wind.

Now it happened that there was a man living in the city,
But the city pleased him not,
So he came to the forest.
He saw the hermit,
And he said unto him,
"I have come from the city, for it pleased me not."
And then they lived there together,
And they died,
And the earth covered them,
And they became as clay,
And the Sun rose and fell many times afterwards.

Peter Tafuri

