Sand River Journal

Sand River Journal is a collection of poems gathered from the newsgroup rec.arts.poems; it is posted monthly in TeX and PostScript formats. Poems appear by authors' permission and constitute copyrighted material. Free transmission of this document (electronic or otherwise) is permitted only in its entire and unaltered form; to inquire about individual poems contact the authors by their email addresses. The editor takes no responsibility for the fate of this document, nor does he claim ownership to any of the contents herein.

Many of the poems appearing in this issue were collected and forwarded to me by zita marie evensen while I was away in Michigan. Send comments and contributions (please reference SRJ) to asphaug@lpl.arizona.edu. Enjoy!

Erik Asphaug, Editor

Issue 6, Friday August 13 1993

♀ ☾ ♂

little clouds with arms and legs

little clouds with arms and legs
sometimes a single diaphanous souffle
nimbi florid with the golden flesh of sun
how to measure perfect blueness

there is a land, there is a land

hardly anything grows there
but wildflowers shrubs and rocks
these rocks have been growing old for ages
petroglyphs are dimly flowering yon
and dave loves kim across the coyote
and mary loves sam across the anasazi warrior
and the crushed aluminum can loves no one

here they come, here they come

Marek Lugowski
marek@casbah.acns.nwu.edu

blue with brass quartet

it might be midnight winter solstice and it might
be cold, a blue that burns on cheekbones
and the stars flare bright and fiery
and all the gin in me is warm. i am singing
in the street, i am light, empty, and the wind
slips through me. i slide away, turn liquid,
float into the darkness. i am everywhere and my arms
embrace all the invisible people
that i love because i cannot see them.
every clear warm drop of me is falling
into the sky.

or it might be the middle of an april afternoon and i
am sober as a rock polished smooth by an overflowing stream
people are everywhere thick on the ground
it makes them less lovable and now the air
is blue as the sound of trumpets once more triumphant
as winter yields spring. i want to lie down
and drink in this day, or paint my bedroom
ceiling in this resounding hue. it pulls me up
until i sing again.

and it might be that across the bridge, bare bushes
with green laquer creeping on the bark, are moving
to the silent beat.   are singing too.

Marie Coffin
mcoffin@iastate.edu

Gift

it is the rain
of a hundred years
pummeling my umbrella
like a wet banner in the wind
lashing my psyche
to bleeding ribbons
cold. wet. empty.
till i opened the mail
full of fireflies
from a summer night!

zita maria evensen
bu016@cleveland.freenet.edu

Balance

words are cubes of ice
"that which is"
a golden ball
that hides in circles
of careening seasons
slowly snuffs
the sputtering spark
this self
fanning it to flame
incense of its consumption
spiraling prayers into heaven

it isn't *words*
that reach God's ear
only poets suffer
the utter madness
of trying
to balance one
upon the other

Jody Upshaw
jupshaw@ai.uga.edu

It seems that I prefer what you prefer

It seems that I prefer what you prefer
and love the things you love, as tenderly.
So, since your heart has settled so on her
and called her dear, so she must be to me.
It never has been difficult before,
but now I see my own unworthiness
in failing to consider your joy more
and my own greedy hopes and feelings less.
So, though it put my friendship to the test,
I shall hope for the best in your affairs,
and dearly love your love at your request,
and set her name among my evening prayers.
But do not introduce us for a while,
Till I require less fortitude to smile.

Jennifer Merri Parker
jmparker@Isis.msstate.edu

Grande-dame, will you please show me what you clutch

Grande-dame, will you please show me what you clutch
so firmly in your ice-arthritic hold?
I lately feel as if I'd aged as much,
my heartbeat slowing, surface growing cold.
What desiccated flowers have you kept
in secret books of dreams, with caution pressed
between the pages, broken petals swept
into the drawers and cupboards of your breast?
I know you are not mindless, as they think.
I could be your contemporary, wise
because of my own pain. Teach me to sink
into that secret place behind the eyes.
And all who look will see an awkward pair,
but we will be consoled and never care.

Jennifer Merri Parker
jmparker@Isis.msstate.edu

Tiny fish

Not something you can grasp
I will stay with you a little while
like the tiny fish near shore
which flash silver
and are gone.

Ralph Cherubini
ralph@wixer.bga.com

Gödel

So rich was logic's formal soil
that the sturdy arithmetic groves
(old stoic atheistic Russell's harvest)
produced such a preposterous fruit:
noumenal seed of which, though it might
be named, shall not be reaped or sewn.

Ronald Bloom
rbloom@netcom.com

eyes

child. you see no color

now. skin a darker shade of pale

slant eyes . . . high cheeks

can i float

with multi-colored wings

into your garden

no.

am i a victim

of my eyes

zita marie evensen
bu016@cleveland.freenet.edu

two crows mean joy

sitting on the grass
a smooth, green slate
that tickles my behind

birds. i feel their anxious glances
toward winter as they hunt and peck
across the wide summer lawn

near the trash can by the path
perches the pair in question:
preening plumange and postulating

i watch the crows— do they feel joy?
looking for something i may have missed,
they clumsily take to the air

fly crows, fly
fly to your joy
i will try to fly

to mine.

Tom Witherspoon
78witherspoo@cna.edu

ash swamp road

an oblique cut.   a stop sign.   a lilac or two.
ash swamp road opens up and beckons you.

in the green shade as the dark trees kiss
over the road
you hear whispered the stories
of a time ago
when the land was free of scars and
the pinpricks of telephone poles
when the people who lived here
lived simply
lived in harmony

i have yet to listen to the ash swamp road.

Marek Lugowski
marek@casbah.acns.nwu.edu

amaranths

you melt-my-heart
kick-ass bitchin'   you
coming here
where
i kneel
weeding
i
smudged-face
mud-caked hands
unkempt hair
i   embrace
hide among between
green leaves
you
kiss me
and whisper
the amaranths are on fire

zita marie evensen
bu016@cleveland.freenet.edu

Dump Him Ditty

My girlfriends think he's
sweet as cane,
my Marky, Marky Maypo.
We wonder why she
humped him, dumped him,
chucked him out the door.

She stacks her lawyers
for the fray,
alack, alack a day.
Oh, why'd she have to
love him, leave him,
silly, chilly bro.

Karen Tellefsen
kt1@cc.bellcore.com

Cheater

we three
laughed like lovers
devouring one another
with wayward glances
an island within
a rose hue circle
scented in rain

I loved her for loving you
my friend, but
even then her eyes
were constricting pits
focused in the distance
she peered outside seeking
a beast riding drum beats
through the heart of the jungle

her plane ascended in gray
bound for the black soil
of Costa Rica
gold band sliding
out of sight

at night she played
the taught streched skins
of indian men
sweat swirled
into her navel
drowning memories of you

Jody Upshaw
jupshaw@ai.uga.edu

Bluebells

There are no bluebells where you are
so I send you memory of them
see
they are growing right over there
no . . . to the left of the door
quietly hidden in shyness.

Ralph Cherubini
ralph@wixer.bga.com

Dona Juliana

Striding downtown in her red and gold knickers
With black boots that clomp to the trucks and the traffic
Dona Juliana sports no smile
and her tousseled hair bounds to the four winds.

But then a cloudy man crosses her reverie
And a she pulls a smile from her back pocket.

She dusts off the memories and the dull spots,
Garnishes with spots of scattered scrapbook innocence.
And she keeps the child's voice
And she pops open the wild wide eyes.
A third-rate man?
A first-class gent?
It makes no difference.
Dona Juliana sees only this:
Little boys and their big toys
Looking for a playmate.

Once rough players only she used to find.
Now she can see the Don Juan signs
Of too much familar eagerness
Like great dane puppies who don't know their own strength,
And maul with great oral fixations.

Through many playmates and many checkmates
Advice is bound to come:
'Look only for the cloudy weathered ones.
They need a burst of the sun.'

Annette Young
ayoung@seattleu.edu

clean

i
sink myself–
mascara rag,
beneath
the eyelashes
of the
shower.

swamp the salty
dandruff
of
fish tails and
hairclip scales
from my head.

wax fancy
fragrances of
surgeons and dreamy diners
from my eyes.

i floss the freishas
from my teeth,
scrape your face from
my back —
control my damaged
ends with
conditioner.

no conditions.
no control to damage.

helen walne
g93w5635@warthog.ru.ac.za

Fundamentalist

It is hard to think there is no hand behind it all,
chess-piecing us through versatile maneuvers.
Here I thought that I would never see your face
again in life,
and here you are, just when your presence is a
necessary move.
There must be someone to be grateful to,
but in His structured absence,
I will beam on you, you curly-headed
queen's knight calling out,
Can that be you?

Jennifer M. Parker
jmparker@Isis.msstate.edu

propagation of error

sandstone gargoyle
perched on a cathedral's spire
winged three-toed monster
medieval gothic art
cracked by catapult rock

restored improved
by master guildsmen

limestone gargoyle
leaning against a cathedral's spire
winged four-toed monster
ravaged by time and acid rain

rebuilt meticulously
repeatedly polished
by men of craft

plastic gargoyle
hanging from a cathedral's spire
winged five-toed monster
copied by craftiest of men

computer enhanced
mass produced

polyethylene gargoyle
with long neon hair
multi-toed monster swinging
from the rear-view mirror
of a totally rad
Edsel

zita marie evensen
bu016@cleveland.freenet.edu

Mes Copains

J'en ai marre
parce que mes copains sont tres bizzare
Je suis triste
parce qu'ils sont completment materaliste
Je les deteste
parce qu'ils sont toujours me protestent
Mes copains sont tres riches
mais Je m'en fiche
ils ecrievent des lyriques
et Je les trouve tres comique

M.Murat ildan
ildam@essex.ac.uk