

# APOTHEOSIS

## JOURNAL OF THE POETIC GENIUS SOCIETY

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PGS

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*Apotheosis* is an e-publication of the *Poetic Genius Society*.

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# 2003 POETRY CONTEST WINNERS

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1st Place - The Mermaid's Song - John Schiano

Sitting in my weathered chair,  
sheltered in the warming sun  
on my gray, half-shaded porch,  
I look into the tideland.

The sea has quieted today.  
A storm has passed,  
thoughtless turmoil has become  
the soft stir of resignation.  
At land's end, creatures babble  
over coveted vanities,  
their cries borne on unseen currents.  
This is my mermaid's song.  
It haunts me almost everywhere,  
though I don't travel anymore.  
I live here now, beside this great indifference  
whose boundary is grasping waves.

The grass is gilded with October  
and the wind has brought a chill  
to my shadowed sleeping porch.  
My ancient chair creaks softly  
as I pull my sweater closer,  
though the sun still brings some warmth.

At times, with care, I walk the shore,  
watchful of mindless treachery.  
When I least expect it  
a rising sea might touch me with its numbing fingers  
becoming wretched company.

The shade has reached my chair again.  
I will move my old gray friend  
back into the sunlight  
and its warmth.

Thank you Mark, Michael and all others who thought my poem deserved first prize. I'm honored and humbled to be awarded this by those whose abilities and talents I admire.

---

2nd Place - I am Acquainted with the Fall - Jenifer Zito

I am one acquainted  
with the language  
of fall,  
I transcribe  
as  
it shouts  
a poem  
from each  
dogwood berry,  
as Cicadas  
scream  
loud nights.

I am one acquainted  
with the music of fall,  
I listen  
as  
it sings  
complicated songs  
from trees,  
each leaf  
a colored note  
on twig  
staves.

I am one acquainted  
with the movement  
of fall,  
I dance  
as  
its sacramental wine  
reddens  
each bush,  
earth's gears  
click  
as wheel of seasons  
turns a notch.

# Disciplinal Poetry of the Issue

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## Disciplinal Poetry of the Issue - Rondeau

by Kay Lindgren

The rondeau is a French form which originated during the Middle Ages. Like the villanelle, it was set to music, sung and accompanied by instruments popular at the time.

There is no set meter prescribed for the rondeau, although examples in regular iambic tetrameter and pentameter do exist. The long lines can be of any length, as can the short lines.

The rondeau has fifteen lines divided into three stanzas: a quintet (five lines), a quatrain (four lines) and a sestet (six lines). The poem turns on two rhymes, A and B, plus a refrain, which consists of the first few words of the first line.

The rhyme scheme for the rondeau is shown below, with the refrain represented as R:

Quintet:

1. R.....A
2. ....A
3. ....B
4. ....B
5. ....A

Quatrain:

6. ....A
7. ....A
8. ....B
9. R (ninth line consists of refrain only)

Sestet:

10. ....A

- 
11. ....A  
12. ....B  
13. ....B  
14. ....A  
15. R (last line consists of refrain only)
- 

The following poem is an example of a rondeau with an uneven syllable count. Most of the lines have nine syllables. Lines 4, 7 and 14 have ten syllables, while lines 2 and 8 have eleven. Line 13 has only eight syllables.

#### Rondeau

Help me to seek, for I lost it there  
And if that ye have found it, ye that be here,  
And seek to convey it secretly,  
Handle it soft and treat it tenderly,  
Or else it will plain and then appear.

But rather restore it mannerly,  
Since that I do ask it thus honestly:  
For to lose it, it sitteth me too near.  
Help me to seek.

Alas, and is there no remedy?  
But have I thus lost it wilfully?  
Iwis it was a thing all too dear  
To be bestowed and wist not where -  
It was my heart, I pray you heartily,  
Help me to seek.

- Thomas Wyatt

-

This modern rondeau is in regular iambic tetrameter:

#### We Wear the Mask

We wear the mask that grins and lies,  
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes -  
This debt we pay to human guile;  
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,  
And mouth with myriad subtleties.

Why should the world be otherwise,  
In counting all our tears and sighs?

Nay, let them only see us while  
We wear the mask.

We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries  
To thee from tortured souls arise.  
We sing, but oh the clay is vile  
Beneath our feet, and long the mile;  
But let the world dream otherwise,  
We wear the mask.

- Paul Laurence Dunbar

---

## Member's Rondeau Poetry

Revival - Kay Lindgren

To raise the dead, play an LP:  
Clock hands spin backwards, dizzily  
Pursuing decades that have fled  
To archives seldom visited.  
This time machine's no fantasy.

The needle mines a memory  
Out of the grooves of gravity.  
The spindle reels a magic thread  
To raise the dead.

Friends that you no longer see  
Drop in to keep you company  
As golden oldies turn your head  
And tinge your white hair blond or red.  
Off the record, you are free  
To raise the dead.

---

Ah, to Hold the Broken Heart – Mark Norman

Ah, to hold the broken heart, so blue  
Skewered, mere life now a rue

---

Passion's flame flickers upon the wick  
Love's mortar cracks, falls from nicks  
Showing that which you slew to be true

The lone heart, merely fodder to you  
As have tallied, quite a few  
Master of jealousy's poison prick  
Ah, to hold the broken heart

A tender caress long overdue  
To start healing, start anew  
Withheld as the blood drains, once so thick  
You, de Sade, your heart beats quick  
Now sated, you lick those tears you drew  
Ah, to hold the broken heart

---

# POETRY

Ghetto Heaven - Sascha Valdez

You know I need my baby  
And my baby needs me  
Don't take it so heavy  
I need a little company  
It's 10:07  
It's time to make a little Ghetto Heaven  
Lisa loves brandy  
Especially peach  
She keeps it by the radio and listens to the  
Reverend preach  
It's a quarter past eleven  
It's time to get some Ghetto Heaven  
Ghetto Heaven- baby all I need in this world is  
you.  
And when I fall, baby you always get me  
through.  
Sister needs a good job to get her through the  
day.  
She doesnt have money but always has a way  
to pay.  
It's 3:07  
It's time to sell some Ghetto Heaven  
Baby girl a new life to switch  
Laying all cold..alone in a ditch.  
It's time to see some Ghetto Heaven.

---

Glupiec - Jakum Nowak

Gdzie biegiesz? Otaczam Cie kregiem  
niewidzialnoscii...  
Gdzie jestes? Widze Cie w poswiacie  
ciemnoscii...  
Kiedy wyjdiesz ze swych mrocznych  
przeszloscii?  
Pragne Cie dotknac, zbadac w swej  
schizofrenicznej zloscii...

Ped, ped w zapomnienie...  
Tlams, tlams w sobie to pragnienie...  
Wyjdz ze swej chitynowej obojetnoscii  
A wówczas pozbedziesz sie codziennych  
mdloscii

Smiej sie z siebie, wyszydzaj swe bledy  
Nie popadaj jak zawsze w hermetyczne kregii...  
Polej, polej sobie przyjacielu  
Wypij, wypij za skuwieli wielu  
Trzymaj sie mocno w swojej zaleznoscii  
Znajdz choc odrobine w sobie miloscii

---

Golden Ratio/Golden Significance - J. David  
Mason, M.Eng.

Know that Pythagoras  
Was much ahead of us  
Perceiving Golden Ratio so real  
In nature and the ideal  
From Keplar to Copernicus

Philosophers spent their lives pathetic  
Pursuing the enigmatic  
To view a proportion as beautiful  
Whether form being architectural  
Or concepts esthetic

While Pisa's tower was leaning  
Fibonacci gave meaning  
Numerals Arabic derived  
Sequence natural not contrived  
Reciprocal to phi was seeming

Lisa's proportion divine  
Had Da Vinci in mind  
Fibonacci used a rabbit  
Which really had a habit  
To see sequence in time

Setting up the idea  
From there to Galilia  
That planets and tunes harmonic  
Keplar's spacing sonic  
And octaves ever familia

Einstein's energy is geometric  
And gravity non-symmetric  
That brings us to the present  
With stock markets effervescent  
And Fibonacci numbers stoichimetric

Those astute might see  
Some meaning in my symmetry  
ABABA rhyming does refer  
Because both are similar  
And verging on irrationality.

---

Pädagogik lernen - Merlin Carl

Ist 's auch noch so früh am Morgen  
meist hat man noch and 're Sorgen  
und er Lehrer kommt zu spät.  
Kriegt sich so die Lehrerrolle  
mit sich selber in die Wolle  
nennt man 's Ambiguität.

Toleranz soll man ihr geben  
lehrt er - das braucht man zum Leben  
und wer will schon kleinlich sein?  
Kann man doch - ohne zu bängen  
gleiches auch von ihm verlangen  
-also trifft man nach ihm ein.

Künden sollen diese Strophen  
auch von vielen Philosophen  
die wir heftig diskutiert.  
Trockene Deterministen  
wie Existenzialisten  
wurden hier durchexerziert.  
Leise ist es nie gewesen

denn wenn wir nichts tun als lesen  
kommt leicht Langweile auf;  
die wir wirklich garnicht schätzen  
darum flogen hier die Fetzen  
leidenschaftlich streiten wir.  
Watson gegen Schopenhauer  
Frankl liegt schon auf der Lauer  
Stoff zum Reden hat man hier.

Steht ein Schüler breit im Raume  
wie in einem bösen Traume  
greift er Lehrers Schlüsselbund.  
Läßt dann seine Augen schweifen  
gleich wird er sich jemand greifen,

sieht kurz auf ein Weiblein - und -

hört kein Flehen, keine Bitte  
reißt es roh aus uns 'rer Mitte,  
daß uns fast das Blut gefriert.  
Pfeift und schmeißt die schweren Dinger  
auf die zarten, schwachen Finger  
schon ist sie konditioniert.

Was wir hier so alles trieben  
und dabei im Lehrplan blieben  
macht uns so schnell keiner nach.  
Schwerpunktthemen selber wählen  
streiten oder and 're quälen  
Päda ist ein schönes Fach.

---

by Chris Ksioufis

### *Η μοναξιά και εγώ*

Περπάταγα μονάχος στο στενό ,  
και στο μυαλό μου γύρναγε ο κόσμος

Ρωτούσα : Τι γυρεύω εγώ εδώ?  
Μια 'πάντηση δεν έδωκε κομμά ο κόσμος

Ήταν η απρώστια μου που με 'φερε εδώ?  
Η μήπως της ψυχής μου ο πόθος?

Μα ξαφνικά γυρίζω το κεφάλι για να δώ ,  
και βλέπω εκείνη να στέκεται εμπρός μου.

Ο κόσμος χάθηκε και έμεινα μόνο εγώ  
με εκείνη μες τη μέση του κενού.

Μα ήρθε και με τύλιξε ένα άσπρο φώς  
και η ευτυχία με 'κανε να νιώσω σαν θεός

---

In Memoriam 1995 - Karin Henderson(Shisa Poet)

My husband's Dad took pleasure in black jokes.  
He would have liked his burial - it was weird.  
His ashes turned up in a plastic flask,  
placed on the organ which he liked to play  
before reduced to waiting while a hole  
was dug for him, and for a lovely rose,  
"Warm Welcome", orange-red and glowing,  
bought  
at B&Q that afternoon - to pay  
a tribute from his children to their Dad.

His widow shunned the ashes, feeling bad for him: so near the keys, yet come to this. The postage stamps sat right next to the urn, but when I dared ask for a stamp, she said she hadn't any. Business too must wait. Because the widow could not face it all, they left it till she started cooking lunch. One red-haired freckled grandson got the job of smuggling half the ashes down the stairs in an old yoghurt pot, to feed the rose. They'd brought their Dad upstairs to portion out his goodness - the herbaceous border, too, would have some ash. His elder son received the ashes through the window from the boy.

We daughters-in-law waited in the lounge, not wanting to intrude, but looking out to see more ashes scattered lovingly over perennials by his daughter's hand. "So now it's done," we said, our voices low, then froze to hear a hearty laughter ring: "Oh no, no! That's just bonemeal, that stuff there! We felt the rose would need some extra in, and what was left we asked her to throw down there on the border. I came in for him, the rest of him, just now. Mind, maybe she thought that was Dad. She'll feel a fool, I guess!"

With that, my husband left us. We were stunned, and swore that we would have a proper grave. The story of his ashes would have made the dead man's list of favourites, the ghoul. His widow told us later that it bloomed so well that year, the garden - he'd be proud.

---

#### Personal Significance - Matthew Rees

A silent scream of common human will that one, in loneliness would not believe is such a torment that we all do feel our own withdrawn existence we all grieve. For my part, here I will to you confess my verse, among my friends, sparks no complaint. But when I'm left with but myself to guess, 'gainst Shakespeare and Petrarch, my words fade faint. You workers and you gears of law and state, though if you stay within your local frame you seem to be the masters of your fate, in worldly view portray no right to fame. Yet know: though legends past impressive be,

the future's legends past be you and me.

#### Summer Lightning - Kevin Skehan

Light without heat  
Silent, holy, calm, bright,  
Strobe-lights on the far horizon  
Starbursts tossed above the sodden earth.

The firmament erupts in sudden blazes  
But no sound marks the the battle  
of invisible celestial giants--  
Even a whisper jars the ear.

Somewhere a heavenly war is raging  
Somewhere the air is rent with rumbling,  
Powers of darkness trumpet themselves forth  
And the night is caught in a web of splendid absolutes.

Morning finds the spell unwound  
Sunlight creeps up on cow-shapes in fog.  
A field, dew-spattered, dove-flecked,  
Rolls away toward a hazy infinity.

---

#### My Dear Good Man - Paul Nachbar

I did not understand  
The issues here  
They were complex  
Too difficult for me  
I did discuss  
And thought  
And voted upon that  
And maybe  
Other things.

I did not understand  
The glowing praise  
The tears of joy  
The smiles of pride  
Congratulatory winks  
What did I do  
That was so excellent?  
I am not sure.  
Could you explain.

My good man here  
The proposition really was:

Is everyone like everybody else.  
You voted "yes".

I did not understand  
The ins and outs  
Of such a proposition  
I felt quite grim  
What did I do?  
How did I merit  
The nasty remarks  
The broken friendships  
The minor punishments  
And harsh critiques  
That now  
Are everywhere?

My dear good man  
The proposition was:  
Is anyone like anybody else?  
You voted "no"

Aha!  
He said.

---

Time for a Friend - Robin Hammer

the seconds click  
you're healthy or sick  
you didn't know how  
it would be now  
but you're somewhat safe and sound

believe you me  
I couldn't foresee  
the time I dread  
when I wake up dead  
yet for now I'm still around

be you well  
or be it hell  
time well spent  
rejoice or repent  
is it better to be than not?

looking past  
the times were fast  
when they were good  
or had the mood  
yet for time I always fought

make time slow  
or make it go  
it's your friend  
until the end  
or is it even then?

enjoy the bad  
as if all you had  
is what is here  
in love or fear  
this time won't be again

Lost Alumnae - Kay Lindgren

I am one of those  
severed members of the class -  
rhinestone come unglued  
from a dime-store brooch  
once discarded, now a prize  
collectible,  
fifties vintage.

It's time to put it back  
together, time to fill  
every silver-painted socket  
with an unblinking pastel eye  
that does not repeat the color  
to its right or left. It's time  
to unblind the gap between  
the pink and amber, time  
to find the chipped blue,  
lavender and pale green  
faux brillants. It's time  
to put each in its proper place.

Yet, no one knows where to look  
or which stone filled which hole

in the beginning.

---

Windstorm - Kevin Skehan

a river of arctic air  
winds a serpentine path  
across the fallow earth

lifting all manner  
of debris  
moving things as if by chilling magic

leaves and litter  
caught in its coils  
dance madly to the hushed music  
twisting themselves into arabesques  
like marionettes held aloft  
by unseen hands  
above the slate cloud-cover

blood quickens in its embrace

as if there were a string or two  
tied to our very bones  
locking us into the selfsame spell

skin smarts  
under raw fingers of frigid wind  
yet there is nowhere else  
to be  
now

a few drops  
then a steady fall  
and a rush for shelter

standing under a handy grove of pines  
to wait out the worst

the hairy neanderthal in his day  
likely passed such an afternoon  
worshipping nature

finally the skies open out full  
and the spout pours down  
cascading  
welling up  
on cigarette-strewn sidewalks  
drowning  
all  
sense  
of  
time.

---

The Poet's Game - Paul Nachbar

The sun is just the sun  
The moon is just the moon  
The day is just the day  
The night just night  
The stars just stars  
The world is just the world  
And we ourselves  
Are just ourselves  
No more  
No less.

Things change of course  
And do not change  
Here I include myself  
On this list...and  
(Thank you for your silent vote)  
I include you too:  
Things always different  
Things always the same

"Oh great!"  
"So what?"  
"Dunno.."

By some fluke here  
In the course  
Or perhaps the scheme of things  
I did not enter the professions  
But played the poet's game  
Don't ask me why...

The moon is and is not the moon  
The sun is and is not the sun  
The stars are and are not themselves  
And we are and are not ourselves  
Dont' ask me why.  
Dont' ask me why I play the poet's game.  
Oh, you did ask?  
Hmm.  
I guess I sort of like it?

---

Amanecer - Jorge González López

El tranvía cae de la rama,  
en balancín  
que cuenta estrellas  
en el turbio aroma  
de las estrechas calles  
que caen del tranvía.

Frutas con duende gris  
huyen de la plataforma,  
perforando el oído de las alcobas.

Fugaz el topónimo se alza,  
altivo, severo, cuajante  
en la rima de esferas.

Translation - Amanecer

Dawn - Jorge González López

The tram falls from the branch,  
on a rocking chair  
that counts stars  
in the misty fragrance  
of narrow streets  
falling from the tram.

Fruits with a grey elf  
escape from the platform,  
perforating the bedrooms' ear.

Fleeting, the place-name rises,  
arrogant, severe,  
round in the rhyme of spheres.

---

The Pretty Good: For Andy Z (mainly) - Paul Nachbar

Oh yes well  
Things are pretty good  
Nothing is too out of place  
Everything is  
Mostly  
As it should  
Be.

There was no  
Reason for such and such  
An excessive  
Whatever  
He or you or I  
Was being dumb  
Too crazy or too sane  
Or inordinately clever.

Everything here  
Is basically just fine  
What's yours is yours  
What's mine is mine  
Why bother here to think  
Or spill  
More unnecessary ink?

Yes things are  
Well pretty good  
No reason here to dwell  
On anything  
(who doesn't alas?)  
Let's take some Answer  
And march  
RIght out of Hell.

I know that I  
Or you or he or she  
DId wrong  
Whatever doesn't  
Quite kill me  
Will surely  
Make me strong..

Oh yes perhaps  
The world is  
Hopeless  
But myself?  
I'll change  
Of course  
Though why should I

Change here  
More than anybody else?

Or perhaps I here  
Am hopeless  
But the world  
Is out there  
Lovely world...  
Out there somewhere  
And will surely  
Offer  
Better things.

Alas I say  
cannot help  
But stir the pot  
Me being me  
And when one  
Stirs the pot  
One is  
Responsible.

---

Ahhh - Paul Nachbar

Ahh  
A heart and mind  
As big as the whole world; Best in these times,  
keep it small.

Ahh  
I say  
A heart and mind  
As big as the whole damn world

Best in these times, keep it small  
Keep it neatly in the boundaries  
Or when they get to it, my friend  
There'll be nothing left at all

Ahhhh!

---

La Rue Voltaire - Paul Nachbar

Yes I will meet you over there  
In thirty minutes  
I mean of course La Rue Voltaire.

Yes we shall meet  
And with enthusiasm greet  
At four o'clock upon La Rue Voltaire.

There is a little place you know  
Where only the most chosen go  
A little place upon La Rue Voltaire.

And we shall endlessly discuss  
The ins and outs of all this fuss  
Don't worry--no one now goes there.

And we shall dialogue or think  
Or just resolve with one vast drink  
Oh sweet cafe upon the Rue Voltaire.

And we shall know just what to do  
About the many and the few  
Be careful: there is someone there!

Oh you and I shall find release  
That place is foreign to the police  
Sweet dive upon the Rue Voltaire.

Who cares, my friend, if things make sense  
If one was too intelligent or dense  
All things are solved upon La Rue Voltaire.

And I shall raise a toast to you  
In words just suitable to few  
Sweet haven on La Rue Voltaire.

Then we shall relish endless feasts  
And gab of angels and the beasts  
Bleak heaven on La Rue Voltaire.

Nobody is totally alone  
Although their hearts most turned to stone  
Sweet hell upon La Rue Voltaire.

And then to each we doff our hat  
And wipe our shoes upon the mat  
And say good-bye to Rue Voltaire.

Back to the dingly dusty grinds  
In which we nearly lost our minds  
With memories of Rue Voltaire.

---

Amid Paradise/Prisons - Paul Nachbar

Amid paradise/prisons  
Concocted by social scientists  
Who hide behind the scenes  
I feel utterly insane

Amid paradise/prisons  
I sort of assented to  
Without absolute awareness  
I exist without a brain.

Amid paradise/prisons  
Ah you feel like such a clown  
Sometimes they lift you up..a bit  
But mostly drag you down.

Amid paradise/prisons  
Run by twisted rulebooks  
And regulated by these experts  
I am alas in endless pain.

Amid paradise/prisons  
Constructed out of nothing  
For the sake of Mental Health  
I feel totally insane.

Amid paradise/prisons  
I am utterly nowhere  
And totally at fault  
It all goes against my grain.

Amid paradise/prisons  
It is all done by committee  
It is all done by the Law  
And one really can't complain.

Amid paradise/prisons  
Nature turns to riot  
Self turns into nothingness  
And living is just vain.

Amid paradise/prisons  
Well outside there is no shelter  
And inside there is compromise  
I feel in such endless pain.

Paul

P.S. Not a good poem in any technical sense  
but accurate in some ways I guess about the  
Institutions run according to Middle Classe  
Values and Compromises and Constitutions  
and Amendments and Documentation and  
Argument and Debates and Hierarchies and  
Structures and all that Stuff that we all Live By  
and And Mostly Cannot Help Ourselves.

---

American Poet - Paul Nachbar

My muses all corrupt and practical  
My mentors all corrupt and logical  
I wanted to be pure and innocent  
No wonder I too tell a bit of bull  
Wiser here to be most reasonable  
Though passion says that is not possible  
And ethics say it is not feasible  
Though darkness here is often  
seasonable  
The Truth, we know, is mostly flexible

What's Real is often very bendable  
And purists mostly not befriendable  
Alas it sometimes feels impossible  
I'd want to soar to heights unreachable  
But is that worth all that is miserable?

Situation - Paul Nachbar

The sad, human cry of  
"Get me out of here!"  
The sad, human awareness  
There is nowhere much to go.

---

How Do You Feel - Robin Hammer

Will man eventually treat everything as goods?  
will someday society let us barter our moods?  
you can borrow my optimism for so much a  
day,  
or sell me your sadness, I'll take it away.

cheap smiles from those who like to frown,  
some extra energies for a night on the town.  
need extra tears when you don't feel like  
crying?  
a little more compassion for a friend that's  
dying?

hey officer, that man, he stole my heart-  
ransacked my feelings and tore them apart.  
I was counting on my love to pay the rent,  
you see my gumption's gone, my wit is spent.

how will I live, I would normally fear,  
but that's leased out for more than a year.  
mom's already slipped me her initiative twice,  
until next September, dad won't be nice.

who do I know that I can deceive?  
an easy mark wearing his heart on his sleeve?  
I'm so confused, I can't tell what's real  
hey buddy, how do you feel?

---

Fibonacci Series – Mark Norman

Phi

you  
see

the

sacred

geome-  
try of

musical sci-  
ence, of whispered

chants of pyramids  
amongst the burning sands of time

The golden answer "Man" hidden among  
the rhyme, the lesson taught before time  
began

Each verse nearer the "golden mean" when the  
goal of  
understanding closes the gap, creator and  
soul, we travelers of infinity

---

My Hometown/Looking Back - Paul Nachbar

Looking back on things there I can see my  
pessimism  
Everything was fine there, yes the problem  
was just me  
Everyone was happy and the rest was just my  
nonsense  
All of them are good, yes, as good as good can  
be.

Looking back on things here I can see my  
hesitation  
Everything was perfect, yes I brought this on  
myself  
All these folks were happy, so despair was my  
decision  
What an act of whining here to blame anybody  
else.

All the lovely families are absolutely normal  
All the kids are beautiful and have such high  
IQs.  
And the town just functions here like well-  
adjusted clockwork  
Everybody happy but some Negroes and some  
Jews.

All the lovely families were really picture  
perfect  
And somewhat in unison took out their  
garbage bags  
Those who would betray our love took off for  
nasty cities  
To hang about with radicals and  
disrespectful fags.

Yes, the town, I must admit, was always  
picture perfect  
Everyone was joyful in their marriage, no  
divorce  
All the teachers lovely and so good about their  
lessons  
All zoom off to Harvard, well I might say here,  
of course.

All the games were fair here and there really  
were no problems  
On Sundays all the people would march off to  
their own church  
Naturally since all was fine, there were no  
other questions  
Everybody quite content like birds upon a  
perch.

All the folks just did their job, there were no  
situations  
Everybody kind and good, quite gentle, told  
the truth  
All the police were gentleman, took care of all  
the problems  
And lovingly corrected the sometimes wayward  
youth.

Yes the town was safe here and was governed  
with great wisdom  
Every politician was a man of humble fame  
Yes I do admit here that all this was my  
decision  
Doubtless here there perhaps some  
Communists to blame.

Everyone took care of all, as if they were your  
brother  
Everybody smiled and laughed and loved their  
simple truth  
Glad to be alive here, in this town and not  
another  
All here would agree with this, all the folk and  
each youth.

Nobody complained here for it was just always  
pleasant  
All the lovely things that one could purchase at  
the shops  
They would see a play or just stroll by the  
gazebo  
Life was no more dangerous than sweetened  
lemon drops.

All the gloom was mine here, and I make this  
my revision  
I was grumpy, bad and bored, had nothing else  
to do  
Everything was wonderful, perhaps you all  
should move there

Now being so sweet and sincere..how could I  
lie to you?

---

The Old Poet - Ed Glomski

The old poet knows,  
Why the forest grows,  
He also knows,  
Time heals,  
He feels,  
Life's pulse.

---

You, In My Dream - Ed Glomski

I saw your silhouette  
In a dream  
And you were speaking  
At the Freedom Forum.  
You told us  
Not to  
Leave the grapes on the vine,  
For they would rot.  
Then you faded  
Away, behind  
The gray overlay  
Waking me pensive.

---

Valerie in Shades of Lavender - Ed Glomski

Valerie in shades of lavender,  
Last night I had a dream of her,  
Sitting on a hillside,  
Alone and glassy eyed.  
Remembering herself as a young bride,  
In white, but now that love has died.  
As I silently approached,  
And on her space did I encroach,  
She looked and shyly she did smile.  
But I was dreaming all the while,  
And though I loved her soft white face,  
Never did I feel her sweet embrace,  
For as I reached my arms to her,  
Shakily and so unsure,  
She softly, slowly slipped away,  
And nighttime once again was day.  
Tonight, perhaps, again I'll dream of her,  
My Valerie in shades of lavender.

---

Stillness - Daniele Pinna

My eyes slowly focus past the foggy window  
and onto the desolated vision.

Branches raped of their sapful leaves reach out  
into the crisp cold air like synapses.

The winter breeze has flipped spring's  
elements and now shows them off. Instead of  
bountiful plants, a vast mirage of gigantic  
roots. They stretch high towards the sky as if  
needing the gray hue of the thick clouds to  
feed the fruits hidden deep underground.

With distance, objects counterpoise each  
other; all the dark colors mix homogeneously  
and become a vague indefinite: nothing!

Only faint flickering lights in the distance prove  
to me the existence of something past my  
frozen backyard. The crackling ether makes  
them simmer to oblivion. If it weren't for these  
earthly stars that guide my eyes through the  
realm of reality, I would feel stranded,  
encapsulated in my one-windowed room.

Outside, infinity oppresses my tired eyes.  
Inside, the anxious nothingness of my soul  
collapses onto my fast-beating heart. I am  
motionless. I see everything, but perceive  
nothing; I feel nothing, but sense everything. I  
am but a speck of volcanic rock on an  
immense white dune that desperately senses  
the collision of totality and non-existence. The  
misty breeze will envelope me and I will  
dissolve in the still turbulence of eternity.

---

Haiku On The Spot - A. J. Nordström

Sitting on a stone  
Waiting for the wind to turn  
Turn to me alone

Don't know why I'm here  
Don't know why it has to burn  
Cold is crystal clear

Think I know it all  
I still have a lot to learn  
Fly fly fly, then fall

---

Reclamation of Honest Youth - Matthew Rees

Welcome, pain, approach my door.  
I'd love to see your face once more.  
Life, I see you've also come  
to pose a greater conundrum.  
While love, your sibling, comes as well  
to grant relief from logic's hell.  
Come inside, we'll dine tonight,  
and tell our tales by fire light.  
We'll talk of things, and share until  
the sun shines through the window sill.  
You're all my friends, of youthful days,  
yet since we've gone our separate ways.  
I've grown too cold of feeling late  
and wish you all to inundate  
my shell of calculatedness  
with hate, compassion, fear and bliss.  
I've traveled far, and massed such wealth,  
as siphons off my mental health.  
So take my things! Remove my skill!  
Cast me round how you may will.  
I would my mind and memories rend  
to live my life a child again.

---

Remora - Kay Lindgren

My sole purpose  
is to suck up  
to big fish  
and get a free ride.  
Shark or porpoise -  
it doesn't matter.  
My unbruisable lips  
form an O-shaped kiss  
as I smack into the broad side  
of my host. My mouth  
is a superb suction cup.  
I do not map the route.  
I go the swimmer's way.  
Like a pennant  
tied to a car antenna,  
I flap and flutter  
as the big fish curves and swerves  
along the underwater route.  
No fish can shake me off:  
hanging on is what I do best.  
I do not hinder.  
I do not help.  
I am an undistinguished guest  
here only for the ride.  
When I tire of travelling,  
I kiss the big fish off  
and hide in tangled kelp,  
waiting for another  
to come my way.

Cut - Michael Zerger

I am cut.

As I roll back and up through the air I know it  
for a certainty  
As my feet flail across the ceiling they don't  
quite reach, I know it is so.  
For the blade unbidden flew from faithless  
sheath even as I fly unbidden through air  
The force that sent me reeling kept in spin with  
me in time  
And the man who has so violently cast me  
askew has cast another violence beyond his  
ken.

I am cut

For I reached with out-stretched heart to  
retrieve an act yet undone  
To fetch a whispered dart as yet unseen, as  
yet unstopped by any soul  
Who now still unseeing, would never see again  
And such soul as stops it, stops dart and  
breath  
And now my hand has returned

I am cut

For as quickly flew the blade, my thought is  
quicker  
Resolve forged in sweat near as hard as the  
steel  
And my hand wraps a glittering light, hiding its  
illuminating flash  
Revealing no blade, no thought, no future now  
uncertain  
And I feel the rush of a deed well done, of a  
skill they did not see  
And I feel with clarity the sharpness of deed  
and blade

I am certainly cut

And the sweat flows from my brow, for the  
room is hot  
And my palms are moist, and there are drops  
on the floor  
Sensei and sempai and I  
Draped in the black clothes of our manner  
Now gathered in peace apart from the fury  
Not seeing those who came to see, nor even  
the pools about us

I am cut

And because a hundred of the unseeing are  
looking, I cannot.

---

Once, Long Ago – Matthew Rees

Once, long ago, you promised me through  
sacred tears of  
youth, full of feeling and color, that you loved  
me so and could  
never let me go. To have found one another, in  
all the world,  
through all the chance, could it be anything but  
fate?  
"Not fate," said I, for I was no predeterminist.  
I said I  
didn't believe things had aligned so we could  
meet. How petty an  
end `twould be to which the cosmos ought not  
expend their energies.  
But it came to me, gradually, how could this  
simply  
be? `Tis too heavenly, too gracious and perfect  
to have an angel by  
my side all the days of my life. Too unlikely  
fortunate a story. A  
life of youth, of feeling, never-disappointed  
hope and the perfect  
love of an angel reaching for me as strongly as  
I reach for her,  
while our fingertips touch the magic of love  
and desire fluctuates  
those borders of flesh and in rapture we join as  
one, truly not  
lonely.  
Until you tell me, through disappointment of  
your own,  
yesterday, that you must move on to the next  
chapter in your  
life. "But what of fate?" say I, despairing.  
"Our love, oh yes `twas grand indeed, but now  
I feel it can  
be no longer; `tis unfair to you, to me, and to  
my latest charge."  
So she turns away to walk into her smiling  
sunrise, while I watch  
the wings of her angelic figure slowly drift  
smaller and smaller  
into the horizon, while I'm left, outrage  
a'burning, mouth agape,  
tears a'flow and arms outstretched with now  
naught but empty air  
between them.

---

Something - Paul Nachbar

There is something in man  
That's not just bad  
There is something in man  
That's not just not mad

There is something in man  
Which is quite sad  
At things he's done  
Or things he's had.

I did not say that he was good  
I just think not entirely bad.  
If anything spells "good" and "bad".  
Oh answer that  
Then I'll be glad.

You choose or not  
To call this God  
I won't debate this  
Simply nod:.  
Without this  
He will act quite odd.

---

Sweet Dream - Ed Glomski

Down a shimmering sapphire stream  
Lined with eucalyptus trees,  
I floated in a perfect dream,  
While drums and flutes played melodies,  
Enchanting fancy dancers pranced,  
Their rhythmic moves I did adore,  
As they danced an entrancing dance  
Along that luscious emerald shore.  
Then I did face a perfect place,  
Void of vice, a paradise,  
Was what it was and more.

"Euphoria" was neatly etched,  
And filled with a diamond inlay,  
Upon an amber arch that stretched,  
`Cross golden gilded gateway.  
Then came Hellaina the enchantress,  
An ambassador of goodness,  
She greeted me with sweet caress,  
A soothing touch she did possess,  
Then hand-in-hand over silver sand,  
Across the panes of a mirrored lane,  
She lead me to a Goddess.

Her name was called Elysia,  
She smiled, then She embraced me,  
The Goddess of Euphoria,  
With empathy encased me.  
All that was hidden was revealed,  
Enveloped in sweet ecstasy,  
My sickly, selfish heart was healed,  
In this midnight epiphany.  
Then side-by-side with my gracious guides,  
We sauntered down to the glorious town,  
To view their fine society.

Metalsmiths molded monuments,

From molten blocks of ore,  
While mimes were making merriment,  
By the docks on the silver shore.  
Myriad crystal pyramids,  
Lined the river to the sea,  
Here poets came to make their bids,  
At immortality.  
And all around was a sound,  
Honey sweet, with lulling beat,  
A mystic symphony.

The citizens were artisans,  
Who, like sisters and brothers,  
Were equal and not partisan,  
To one over another.  
I saw not one unfriendly face,  
Nowhere was hatred burning,  
Happy in this pacific place,  
I'd no thoughts of returning.  
For in this land of the silver sand,  
Was no despair and everywhere,  
Was love for life and learning.

But I was `wakened rudely from my slumber,  
No more Elysia nor pyramids,  
The lightning flashing and the crashing thunder  
I did not fear, but something fear I did,  
That I might lose this Paradise I'd tasted,  
Euphoria, the city of a dream,  
I feared the lovely vision might be wasted,  
And disappear into the air like steam  
So as best I could, I did embrace it  
So that I might save my one sweet dream.

I composed these verses at my leisure  
For you so that in your lonely moments,  
My poetry might bring to you some pleasure,  
And if it should my idle time was well spent,  
Not acquiring worldly trinkets but on treasure,  
That our evil little world can not measure.

---

I Was Only Dreaming - Ed Glomski

I dazzled you with poetry,  
I wanted you, you wanted me,  
But I was only dreaming.  
Hand-in-hand by the waterside,  
We gazed into each other's eyes,  
But I was only dreaming.  
Wet kisses on the sandy shore,  
We loved each other more-and-more,  
But I was only dreaming.  
We were happy, you and I,  
To be together, side-by-side,  
But I was only dreaming.  
It was so wonderful to find,  
That you and I are intertwined,  
When I was finished dreaming.

Littoral Haiku – Kay Lindgren

Fuchsia-fingered dawn  
turning tidal pools to wine,  
tickling ibis pink ...

Wavelets of gossip  
among the chattering shells:  
sea telling secrets.

Tempestuous gale  
crumples the page of ocean,  
squalling poetry.

---

A Nursery Game - Shisa Poet

A snippy scissor lover  
would harm a paper love.  
But Scissy breaks his blades  
on Stoney. Old stoneheart  
isn't scared of cuts, but Paper  
Boy would pack him off  
like any parcel.

She wants that Paper Boy.

His poems will blind  
Stoney easily, cover him  
in dazzle. Now all she needs  
is keep her treasure  
safe from jealous Scissy.

What would I want  
with dangerous scissors?

What do I care  
for a cold hard stone?

My Paper Boy wraps  
my heart in words.

---

Wahre Liebe oder: die Auster - Merlin Carl

Voll Grauen der Morgen, so freudlos die Tage  
voll Schwermut der Abend und einsam die  
Nacht

und wieder und wieder stell ich mir die Frage  
was sich wohl der Schöpfer bei all dem  
gedacht.

So ziehe ich sinnend durch nächtliche Gassen  
der Trauer zur Freude, der Freude zum Spott  
und krieg´ ich ein Fünkchen von Schönheit zu  
fassen  
dann heb´ ich den Blick und dann danke ich  
Gott.

Da plötzlich erhebt sich aus dreuender Leere  
das Sinnbild der Schönheit im milchweißen  
Schein  
und diese Gestalt, frei von irdischer Schwere  
scheint mir die Antwort auf alles zu sein.

So stehe ich wankend, die Augen weit offen  
und sehne und sinne und sehe sie an  
ganz tief in mir regt sich ein rasendes Hoffen  
daß nichts meinen Blick von ihr losreißen kann.

Ein jähes Begehren, ein reißend Verlangen  
ergreift mich und spricht in befehlendem Ton:  
"Beende dein Sehnen, dein Hoffen und Bangen  
denn siehe wohl: zu lange suchst du mir  
schon!"

Doch weiß ich, durch Fassen wird alles  
zerrinnen  
ich zögere, wanke, bin scheu wie ein Tier  
und setze mich nieder, nach kurzem Besinnen  
erheb´ ich mich also und spreche zu mir:

"Hier hab ich´s gefunden, hier will ich es  
lassen  
daß anderes Aug´ seine Freude dran hat.  
Die Sehnsucht zu lieben, die Sehnsucht zu  
fassen  
vergessen ist auch eine liebende Tat."

---

La danza - Jorge González

La danza se sienta, cansada,  
en una barrica de licor de tiempo.  
Adormece con su etérea forma  
el ardoroso ímpetu  
de las luciérnagas.

Otrora, un vermífugo acólito,  
en llamas de selva,  
adorna las espuelas del viento.

Navega el aire  
por las plúmbeas ventanas  
que ornan  
un almanaque de hidras

y bloques de miedo.

No hay sed, sólo formas.

---

The dance (translation) - Jorge González

The dance sits down, tired,  
on a large barrel of liquor of time.  
She calms with her ethereal form  
the ardent spirit  
of glow-gorms.

Formerly, a vermifuge acolyte,  
in flames of forest,  
adorns the wind's spurs.

The air sails  
through the leaden windows  
that embellish  
an almanac of hydras  
and blocks of fear.

No thirst, only forms.

---

Deep Down - Paul Nachbar

Deep down I know I'm  
Absolutely infantile  
What about you, dear?

---

A Soldier's Grave - Paul Nachbar

Among the warriors  
And the warrior's wives  
And the warrior's children  
And the warrior's parents  
I died of a bullet  
But really of a broken heart  
Laugh if you will  
Or scorn  
Or just ignore  
There are many, many others  
Dead and living.  
Things go on.  
I learned here not to question much  
Or not at all  
Don't you question either.  
Just forgive.

The Damaged Poem - Paul Nachbar

I'm damaged  
I'm damaged  
I'm damaged  
I'm damaged  
Oh but what about....?  
Well, he did well..  
Well, she did well..  
Or maybe...not?  
Maybe they are REALLY damaged?

Oh I'm sorry.  
Hey I'm not THAT damaged.  
Oh no.  
I'm sorry. I should be more damaged.  
It's just not fair.  
I'm really really sorry  
Next time I'll know better

I'm damaged  
I'm damaged  
I'm damaged  
I'm damaged  
But what about this case?  
Hmmm..

---

Adiós - Jorge González

Abrazo un ala de hielo,  
un cuerpo que se estira  
en un torbellino de miedo.

Y el sol abrasa mis besos.

Good-bye (translation) - Jorge González

I embrace a wing of ice,  
a stretched body  
in a whirl of fair.

And the sun burns my kisses.

---

A SAILOR'S DEATH at SEA (WWII) \* -  
©Wallace Rhodes

Wishith I were on that timeless gray sea  
Near voices that call from its endless deep.  
Its swells arage in that bygone age  
Hold my friend's soul in a timeless sleep.

Had by fate I stood on that cold steel deck,  
As that great gun was set then to fire  
Death would flash by under an azure sky;  
Its spectre would cease mortal desire.

Yes, were it but me on that fateful day,  
When that shell came back from the breech.  
My body would tip, under the flag I'd slip,  
And the sea's swells for me would reach

One day I'll venture to that endless sea;  
To my mates, my brothers of yore.  
Bosum's pipe we'll hear, no general quarters to  
fear.  
We'll meet again on some far off shore.

---

It Goes On and On (for J.FF in NYC) – Paul  
Nachbar

This doesn't fit  
That doesn't work  
That's just no good  
This will not do  
That is too much  
This doesn't matter..  
All of it tumbles  
And falls down on you!

This is just bad news  
That is not wise  
This is a harsh laugh  
That is a scare  
This doesn't add up  
That only hurts  
All of these troubles  
Make knots in your hair!

This is a mess  
That isn't real  
This is a freakshow  
That's a bad deal  
This is obnoxious  
That causes pain  
All of it happens  
Again and again!.

This is a problem  
That is unkind  
This is an issue  
To just blow your mind

This is a bomb scare  
That's just a crime  
Somehow these things  
Happen all of the time!.

This is a sickness  
That is a grief  
This is a nightmare  
To doom all belief  
This is a madness  
That is a sore  
Sometimes it seems  
This all happened before!.

This is a blessing  
But probably a curse  
Endless obsessing  
Will just make it worse  
This is an answer  
Though it looks quite grim  
Look at those things  
Which happened to HIM!

This is too hard now  
That is too cruel  
This brings back memories  
Of bad times in school  
Should I eat chicken  
Should I eat pork?  
Yes, you survived  
One whole day in New York!.

Should you go elsewhere?  
That could be done  
Less of such problems  
And maybe of fun  
Wide open spaces  
But maybe less chat  
Much less of this here  
And well, more of that.

---

Too Late, Too Late: After E.A.Poe's The Raven  
- Paul Nachbar

Too late, too late  
The Raven cryeth  
All is lost and all men lieth  
All is sunk  
Or soon is sinking  
All's gone sour  
Will keep on stinking.  
All is doomed  
Breathe not a word.  
Will someone shoot  
That fucking bird?

---

Haiku - Paul Nachbar

Mama said there would  
Be days like this; didn't say  
There'd be so many.

Childish Verse - Paul Nachbar

They said here 'don't ask why'  
They said if you ask 'why'  
It will fall on your head.  
I asked.  
It did.

Why?  
Some infinite idiocies about  
Some Do or Don't.  
Of course that would be the answer..

In the future  
I promise that I won't.  
(ask)  
Or at least try hard not to.  
Oops.Too late.  
I did.

---

Forgive Us Please - Paul Nachbar

Forgive us please  
We know we are  
At times  
A bit too much  
I hope there's little more  
I need to say.

---

A Song of Lacking Creativity - Merlin Carl

I want to write some verses  
but now - lacking ideas -  
restrict myself to curses  
and mockery and tease.

This text contains no message  
no vision and no dream;  
just - right here in this passage-  
a valid self-esteem.

This poem is not needed  
if not completely bad  
by writing it I breded  
new dadaistic threat.

These stanzas caused some roaring  
laughters, thus to force

the poem to get boring  
I wrote this senseless fourth.

Meteors Spewing - Kay Lindgren

Meteors spewing  
from menacing arc of moon ...  
night of white dragons.

---

S K I N D e e P - Thom G. Hadley

Touch is your baby gripping your thumb so  
tightly that your feel your pulse  
In his red/blue alabaster butterfly-wing pulse,  
in her babypinktiny wee finger: all feelings, all  
Colours at once,

Yet not coloured at all, more seen than heard  
within the Soul, more profound a sensation  
than a Sting  
In the Spine...

It is also  
A scent that you cannot quite scent or Place:  
Still, it is an evocation that returns, recoiling  
like inhaled

Ganja,  
An aroma sensed  
Through the eyes,  
Spiking ones very Core,  
All memories...all sensations....roiling, a lava  
flow  
Of All that was and Shall Be,  
No interruption in the Flow of the River....  
It shall always surely find its Course.  
And, so Am I, and Shall Always Be...

If I choose to Be within  
The Moment,

Within the All-together, inseparably,  
I Become  
That which has Always Been and Shall Always  
Be...  
Unless you choose to say, "Not Really...."

Remember:  
It is the touch of Thy Entire Being that  
resonates here, now,  
Within you, and  
Without You,

Without  
Your Sense of SELF-ness...  
Your Baby's Heart is in time with yours,  
At first, slightly syncopated,  
Then a throb, a throb, a frequency-respondent  
Modulation of Universe,  
And you are both just  
Throbbing...throbbing...throbbing...each pulse  
defined by its absence.

Baby/Loved One/Parent/Friend  
Each comes, becomes, and becomes Again...  
There is no Death! Your Being becomes from  
The Father of the Father of the Father  
Of the Mother of the Mother of the Mother  
Of Heaven and Earth....

So it is with the entire Splendor around You:  
That which you call the Universe,  
The Cat on the Windowsill  
A pear upon Marble with a view of a distant  
Castle away and beyond the verdant  
Olive grove where disports our Madonna...

Yet, Some say that  
Touch is limbic,  
a lizard basking under Quetzalcoatl's  
Heavenly Sun

Upon clouds of Illusion, so Ephemeral,  
In its All-Together  
A silky, scintillating, and so, so, Seductive  
Sensory Collusion  
Of Inductive Electricity

` Of Psyche upon Spirit with Self-Will so  
Voluptuously insinuated, so en-Serpentined....

Graven Images must Die.  
Be the Iconoclast!  
Nothing shall be Eternal if in Stone it is so  
Graven, so craven  
A clinging to illusion, to hollow Idolatry. Be-est  
then Thou,  
A Gollum? Will you seek Your Precious?

Or, Willst Thou Not Seek that which Cannot Be  
Found?  
As Dorothy said in "The Wizard of Oz",  
I guess, if I can't find it in my own back yard,  
I didn't really want it anyway."

Are you a Scarecrow? Or, do you explain minor  
Mysteries almost Everyday?  
Are you made of Tin? Or, do you cry when a  
nestling has died? When Lassie didn't come  
home?  
Can you not Growl? Or, are your cubs  
protected, your Mate defended, your Territory  
Secure?

We Are All off to see the Wizard,

My Friends!

From First Pulse to Last,  
It's the Moment that Counts!  
For that's the Pulse that supercedes the Heart,  
The Pulse that Energizes the Stars,  
My pulse commingled with Your Pulse....

It is the heartbeat of Two  
That has become a New Heartbeat of its Own...

In the pulse  
Of that Wee, Wee, Tiny Baby  
In Your Womb, In Your Heart, In your Man's  
Pulse,  
All-Ways in the Way It Has Been and Shall Be  
Evermore.

The Act of Love Is Eternal, Irrevocable,  
And Indescribable...

Ever-remember Love, Ever Forgive...Seventy  
times Seventy times as Many Seventies More...  
Do not grasp the Blossom,  
Let It Unfold, as is Its Will....

God has done his Craft, and None should be so  
Egregiously such an Interferer ...

Yet, such got us the Sword of St. Michael, (was  
it He?)...  
Or Gabe, Gabriel, oh,  
I forget.... It's been so long, after All,  
y'know...Well, (Oh, Hell!),  
Of course, you Do Know....

Well, I'm still munching the Apple, don't  
y'know,  
And I see that Apple Pie is not thrown from  
upon Your Table, is it now?  
What's All This, Then? Don't put on the Wrong  
Trousers in the morning,  
I suppose. Whether 'tis Prose, or Poetry, you  
may well roll it from your Tongue, as I, yet  
May it be of a Positive Eng-erny, rather than a  
Trollish, death-rattlin'  
Humbug. As this may well have been. Sorry,  
'bout that, then.  
Somehow, I feel a bit like Gulliver, just now.  
Which end of the Egg shall I break Open?

a cloud of clouds of stars  
feel so molecular  
feel so sub-atomic

feel so great

The Meeting - ©Wallace Rhodes

The eternal silences were broken;  
Hell became heaven as I passed.  
What shall I give you as a token,  
A sign that we have met, at last?

I'll break and forge the stars anew,  
Shatter the heavens with a song,  
Immortal in my love for you,  
Because I adore, we belong

Your voice shall mock the old and wise  
Your laugh shall fill the world with flame,  
I'll write upon the shrinking skies  
The scarlet splendor of your name.

---

You - Paul Nachbar  
It's not  
That you're not  
Pleasing  
Or reliable;

Now  
Help me  
Sunshine  
My most pleasing  
And reliable  
Of friends.

---

Sugar Kicks - A. J. Nordström

Sugar kicks  
Kicks inside of you

Something's kicking  
inside of me too  
It's kicking in my head  
in my stomach  
in my singing heart

---

I'm On a Cloud - A. J. Nordström

i'm on a cloud  
in a cloud  
in a cloud of stars

Business Haiku - Paul Nachbar

All is just business  
If really all just business  
Well...another trap.

Just do it, she said  
What she really meant here was  
Just listen to me.

If all followed rules  
And everyone behaved  
Nothing would get done.

Life is quite unfair  
In more ways than one can count  
Oh, kill a hamster!

Always I am poised:  
Heroic death, heroic  
Life or else my couch.

It is rarely here  
How much money that one has  
But how you use it.

All work and no play  
Excellent strategy here  
Keeps morons away.

Never say never  
Great and wise man once had said  
Of course he's now dead.

Some terms are priceless  
Though quite hard to calculate  
Genius, Jack or Jerk?

Beneath the lists here  
And flows of prices, products  
Know that it's all nuts.

All get something or  
Some get all.. all get nothing  
Oh well, what happened?

It is not whether  
One becomes corrupt or not  
But the intentions.

Honor blessed nuts  
Doing volunteer missions  
Occasionally.

Some can't think here, some  
Can't feel here, some can't dream here  
But all can count here.

It is life's disgrace  
There's no Real without the Fake  
Don't get too upset.

Water is quite pure  
Room quite clean and all well groomed  
But what about the heart?

The metaphor is  
Not quite what it really is  
But how different?

Loving what you do  
Sometimes better than money  
Sometimes really not.

You don't go broke here  
Underestimating folks  
You just lose your soul.

Theory and practice  
Maybe oil and vinegar  
There's few great salads.

When all else fails they  
Summon doctors here to fix  
A business problem.

Too much too little  
Folks will not always tell truth  
Or always tell lies.

Not all is business  
But little just not business  
Clouds can be quite lovely.

Ah, you are insane  
Not bad or good, oh well that's  
Great for some business.

Where the pain came from  
All can readily explain  
Does anyone know?

People are people  
Sometimes very good to know  
And sometimes just not.

The man of leisure  
And the man of toil always

Jealous of other.

Bad business advice  
Is altogether common  
But who can help it?

Some stuff is simple  
Other matters not at all  
Who knows everything?

Well King Midas thought  
Himself great at business  
Shortterm solutions..

Knowledge is power  
He said with mighty thunder  
Should have said, relax.

Remember here that  
Anyone can be stupid  
Especially yourself.

Some sanity is  
Often worth it's weight in gold  
Few will pay for it.

Yes, life is easy!  
He showed me the great mansions  
Yes, but all these cracks?

When all else fails here  
Perhaps best to be a swine?  
But it will haunt you.

Simple slogans here  
Are the last resort of those  
Who lost all of it.

Sports injuries will  
Earn the love of many here  
Were we all just fools?

Learning from mistakes  
Rarest of abilities  
Costs get infinite.

Man is often weak  
Beneath the mighty facades  
Good, bad, human.

Ah, the Book of Job  
God and Satan versus man  
Quite irrelevant?

A word to the wise:  
None take wisdom for long  
Off to watch some TV..

Some stuff I wrote this morning for a potential volume "A Poet's Guide To Handling Stress and Boredom", section Geek Haiku.

by Paul Nachbar

Good with physics or  
With women, oh so rarely  
With the both of them.

Too good with any  
Stuff and they will say here, friend  
You will pay for this.

Deep down all fields will  
Eventually unite-in  
Bathroom and bedroom.

No it is not me  
The world is very stupid  
Oh, conspiracy!

God may or may not  
Have had all to do with this:  
Someone was sneaky.

I make the theories  
He said and she liked it too (or vice versa)  
Now make some money.

She's not as stupid  
As she thinks he thinks she thinks  
He thinks she is.

She might not care here  
What he looks like..other things..  
Why THIS with the socks?

IQ mostly means  
I want to Quit doing here  
What they told me to.

Am I smart enough  
You ask, already too smart  
For your own good, pal.

Among dead end streets  
And paths leading bad places  
I work at haiku.

I took poetic  
Forms here from the Japanese  
I could not help it.

A poem a day will

Keep psychiatrist away  
Ah, but could this pay?

Self help books mainly  
Help the ones who wrote them  
A little secret.

Man likes to argue  
Argues mostly with himself  
Anyone quite care?

Dogs often will bark  
So they hear themselves barking  
Anyone bark back?

Yes there is hope here  
There are always solutions  
But who said sane ones?

Insane, she said, in  
The M-Brane- well, was she  
A physicist too?

---

Sometimes - Paul Nachbar

Sometimes they will catch  
The ones who fall between cracks;  
Sometimes they're catching.

---

If You are Lucky - Paul Nachbar

If you are lucky in  
This life they'll let you say  
Wait a minute, please.

---

Jill - Paul Nachbar

Yes she can cause a  
Brain tumor with her wit but  
She will cure it too.

---

You Know You Are - Paul Nachbar

You know you are a  
Character in my play but  
Am I one in yours?

---

When in Rome - Paul Nachbar

When in Rome they say

Live like Romans..didnt' say  
Romans are insane.

Took Them at Their Word - Paul Nachbar

Took them at their word  
Said the quadrapalegic  
Yes, go break a leg!

---

Often They Don't Say - Paul Nachbar

Often they don't say  
Before the parachute jump  
There might be some stress

---

Life Without Laughter - Kay Lindgren

Life without laughter:  
a glass of flat ginger ale,  
insipid sipping.

---

The Air ,The Air, The Atmosphere - Paul Nachbar

The air is filled with lies, he said  
She said, you breathe too deep so just relax  
We are alive and they are dead  
Perhaps we dont' know all the facts?

The air is filled with lies, he said  
Though this perhaps is not all real  
They say here I cannot exist  
Unless I make some sort of deal.

My friend, she said, you think too much  
And one must work to pay the rent  
Who says that all is always good  
Or that answers will come heavensent?

Yes, words, he said, are always thick  
In garret, office or the park  
Somehow they always make me sick  
And I am dying in the dark.

Its just a game, and nothing more  
Perhaps, she said,don't feel too much?  
In business, well, who ain't a whore?  
I guess I'm somewhat out of touch.

I dug my grave and jumped right in  
He cried out loud, what have I done?  
To so obsess about great sin  
When, like yourself, I needed fun?

It's not so bad, she said at last  
You do what you're supposed to do  
Why linger in the distant past  
As if to find here something new?

He laughed, perhaps here I have lied  
And should have stayed in that fine school  
The vacuum's greener on the other side  
Ah, I shall learn here to be cruel!

It's just my mood, he said, quite odd  
And there is nothing one can do  
She said, now still, I'm much the same  
Imagine..utterly like you.

---

Rosa Azul - Jorge González López

La rosa azul  
es aire tibio  
en labios de mujer bella.

Translation

Blue rose - Jorge González López

The blue rose  
is lukewarm, sweet-sounding air  
on beautiful women ´s lips.

---

Palabras - Jorge González

Las palabras abren un libro  
por la puerta de tibio hierro  
que un fuste hermético  
tiñó de invierno.

Luceros cabalgan en muros hídricos,  
palancas que mueven la luna  
de sus tristes adentros.

Hay goce en pronunciar un verbo,  
en atormentar un átomo seco  
con gotas de lavanda.

Hay sensación de fenecer  
en la augusta presencia  
de un lirio.

Pero tu voz nace hielo.

Two Cats - Jon Marin

He is an altered Maine Coon,  
And she's a spayed shorthair, half his size,  
Lying on her side  
At the edge of the rug.

He lies down on the fringe  
And snuggles tightly to her --  
His chest pressed against her back,  
Her head nestled beneath his chin,  
His paw draped over her.

They purr loudly in unison --  
A feline fanfare announcing to the walls  
That the safe little hearth  
That they build and keep warm  
Has vanquished isolation  
And thawed the existential freeze.

---

Crimson Persimmon - Kay Lindgren

Crimson persimmon  
pierced by knife's pointed insult -  
heart bleeds through thin skin.

---

Bones of Steel - Karen Lindgren

I am not thin.  
I don't weigh just a little.  
Today, I win:  
My bones will not be brittle.

I told them so!  
I've known it all along.  
The skinnies, though,  
insisted I was wrong.

Built like a queen,  
I am no feather weight.  
Now I'll be seen  
forever standing straight.

My legs won't break.  
My back will never swell.  
My head won't peak  
like a turtle's from its shell.

As every cloud  
a silver lining has,  
I now walk proud,  
bear poundage with pizzazz.

Big is not bad.  
Just ask me how I feel.  
I am so glad  
to have these bones of steel.

When You Turn the Page - Maria C. Faverio

Faceless river  
drowns my memories  
in mud of forgetfulness,  
fire burns them  
to a heap of ashes.

That is where water and fire  
reconcile -  
time's wear  
tramples every blade,  
grass will be yellow  
when you turn the page.

Matter and anti-matter  
meet like Greek masks,  
one laughing,  
one crying,  
paradoxical play of opposites  
joining into frosty smile of indifference.

Following the coiling syntax of the snake,  
past and future cross  
in the agony of the present,  
scornfully spitting  
at philosophical attempts  
to discover their selves.

When you turn the page  
tomorrow will just be  
a bunch of yesterdays.

The Sphinx has thrown  
her tarot cards  
in the fire,  
ashes of time.

---

The Thought of God - Maria C. Faverio

A thought  
drifting away  
like an unwritten poem,  
pale as an unborn child -  
this thought  
is the thought of God,

the labyrinth with a square centre,  
where souls sit and wait,  
and don't know  
what they are waiting for.

Maybe a sign,  
the shifting tangibility  
of the ultimate truth,  
the edge of things  
lost in lanes of memories  
white as hospital halls,  
longer than a sleepless night  
full of pills  
and blue dragons.

Or the unspoken word  
that makes a difference,  
spanning shards of self  
that betoken unity  
where there is none,  
pretending harmony  
like a horde of chaotic stars.

The thought of God,  
the unmoved that moves,  
the unconcerned that concerns,  
shakes souls  
and hope  
and what cannot be defined  
by fallacy of words.

It is the white sphere,  
glass sphere  
embracing the whole,  
smoothing angles  
like hand of artist  
tired  
tired  
tired,  
but eager to finish,  
complete the masterpiece  
that implores to be completed,  
like a persona  
in search of an author  
or the circle  
without pi.

The in fieri trembles  
when the truth  
shines through.

---

The Inner Song - Maria C. Faverio

This inner song  
is an oratorio,  
not a ditty

or a nursery rhyme.  
It is solemn as a Pietà,  
majestic.

What does it deplore  
through its tuned chiaroscuro?  
Glitter of chaos?  
Extravaganza of stars?

It is a refrain  
hectoring simplicity of mind,  
tarrying among soothing amnesias,  
turning them into fire of memories.

The splendour of this oratorio  
is an ignis fatuus,  
my own Requiem,  
echoing in the necrophilic sky  
like the big bang.

---

Tomorrow's Another Day - Sascha Valdez

What blue rain falls on my skin  
And all the good people that died  
Their death took the whole world's hearts  
within  
All because of someone that lied.  
On the corner is a girl who sins  
With her occupation being only her body  
She said she's tired of life..she must be tired of  
something.  
What gives you the right to judge her and be  
so haughty?  
Maybe we are all just puppets in a mad man's  
dream.  
Maybe we are candy raindrops melting down.  
This is reality cold and hard it seems.  
And these days it is hard not to keep a frown.  
Tomorrow's another day  
A chance to start over  
Or so they say  
But we still can't fix yesterday  
Tomorrow is yesterday with just a delay  
Tomorrow's another day  
Another chance to pray  
Or so they say

---

Useless Haika - Paul Nachbar

All a comedy  
And all of it tragedy  
And all simply life.



# PROSE

---

For Luca - Daniele Pinna

My friend's funeral took place yesterday. Sunday night I spewed out all that was boiling inside me and I wrote a short letter which I read to him out loud at the funeral in front of everyone. I obviously wrote it in Italian, but decided to translate it into English for the board. Remember that it was written to be read out loud ...

I care about you...

I care about you.....

I care about you....

I care about you ...

I care about you ...

I care about you ...

I'd repeat it over and over again for those thousands of times I would have wanted to say this to you, but didn't. I'd like to go back to all those times we met and greeted at school, met and greeted at Fabio's house, at Marco's house, in restaurant's and in pubs. I'd like to repeat it for all those times we met and greeted at my house, like last Sunday when, after having given me a ride home and having said goodnight, you stood there staring at me for a little bit more, leaving me embarrassed, as if I had forgotten to give you something, to TELL you something. But I, stupid, ended that embarrassment asking you to thank your parents for the dinner they had offered me; I, stupid, made you go away unsatisfied; I, stupid to the bone, imbecile for all I'm worth, didn't realize that I was forgetting to tell you something extremely important, something we all take for granted often, too often. Because we are naive, we are victims of our own conventions. Of the conventions that treat certain phrases like simple pretensions, like shabby oversentimentalities. But our conventions are stupid, and we are stupid to

apply them. You, on the other hand, were a sentimentalist, you truly believed in affections, you really believed in caring about other people and telling them. Maybe I ignored this, and maybe everyone underestimated the tender soul that tried to be strong at all costs. And maybe, if I would have hugged you every once in a while, if I would have once honestly told you how much I cared about you, I wouldn't have found myself Friday night in that cold and impersonal Intensive Care room, squeezing your hand, never so pale and cold. I wouldn't have found myself tightening my grip, hoping that you would answer, hoping that you would still look at me like the previous Sunday. And now I live in the regret, in the awful regret of not having been able to tell you how much I care about you. Now, in bloody delay, I curse all the times that, maybe, I and others have underestimated you and haven't satisfied your sweet and gentle heart. Therefore, if you allow me, I'd like to close my eyes and place the stars in the exact same position they were in on that clear night, that night when, through the helmet's visor, your big blue eyes gazed at me like a child that doesn't find presents under a stripped christmas tree. And I'd like to be there to satisfy you, to tell you on my and everyone's behalf how much we all care about you, how precious you are, how dear you are to us and how much you really are worth. On my and all your friend's behalf, I'd like to remind you how great of a friend you are, have always and always be. I'd like to make you touch the scar you've left on all of us and make you listen to the roar that our friendship makes. By now, each one of us carries a sweet share, a tender recollection, of what was your smile, your hug and your encompassing laugh. And, if the stars assured me their stillness, if they would stay put just a little more, I'd keep repeating, followed by all your dearest friends, that simple, yet extremely important phrase...

... I care about you ....

I care about you ....

I care about you ...

I love you!

The Vision - Paul Nachbar

The vision of a society designed or run by engineers and other experts has been one of the main themes of the 20th century. Most psychologists and psychiatrists are really subspecies of engineers or even technicians or mechanics, with a few exceptions. Freud and Jung and a handful of others probably were at least tinged with what history may call "genius", if there is to be a history, but most of what they did was transformed into engineering eg, the DSMIV. Poets of course, and some other fine creatures --and Freud did say once that "the poets knew better" (whatever that means) got relegated, historically and culturally speaking, to the Poetry Corner for many reasons, probably (my guess) least of which were their own tendencies to what a former therapist once called "Rimbaudish lives". Of course my therapist, who "admitted" i was much brighter than he was (don't they all?) and who earned about 16 times per hour what I was then earning, also said "brains are a dime a dozen" and "brains plus (the then) \$1 will get you on the subway". Naturally, in these circumstances and among this lovely crowd, I may confess my hesitations here, that I really should have shot him when I had the opportunity. Just kidding of course.. Cant' these folks take a JOKE? Remember the old song? "I shot the psychiatrist..but I didnt' shoot the social worker..oh yeah."

Yes there is and always has been one human race. Which I find is both impressive and unimpressive. We all use words. A few of us use those complex mathematical formulas which are so useful in technology and so possibly useful and also both harmful and useless in social engineering. Poets use words better than others. Even though for some reason, the stuff doesn't sell well. Hm, must be the gods who disapprove of us? Or the good and responsible registered leagues of mediocrities who sometimes seem to run nearly everything, uh, for the greatest good of the greatest number of course. Well, as futile as this may seem, I am tired of existig in the

shadows of these Great Thinkers that my post refers to , who are your family and also mine: my father's oldest brother, the "genius" , supposedly wanted to be a poet but got browbeaten by his dad, an accountant, into becoming an engineer.

More practical to be sure, but are there really zero consequences here?

Auden, who was trained as an engineer, but never quite "got over it" (like how can you?) once wrote that poetry "survives ina valley of it's own saying/where executives would never want to tamper." Or something like that. Another modern formula for endless introspection and in most cases, very very little money. Or as anoither engineer, an art engineer, once yelled at me in college, "you can't change hte world!" As he ran all the way to the bank and the art department of some college where he got a fellowship. Ok, you know the territory. We all do. "The world" is "too much" (apparantly) so we dwell solely within the realm of hte personal and metaphysical. Any way out of that? I'd like to be able to afford my uncle's house or my dad's but I wouldnt' wanna be them.. KNow what I mean?

---

I Have Often had the Same Thought that You Express – Kay Lindgren

I have often had the same thought that you express here. I have battled depression all my life. There is no history of mood disorders or other psychiatric conditions on either side of my family. There is, however, a full history of high IQ on my father's side. None of them, however, suffered from depression, anxiety or the like. I have never thought that I have a chemical imbalance. Obviously, I have no inherited tendency toward my disorder.

When asked to explain why I am easily upset, why I am fundamentally dissatisfied with life, why I let things get to me, I have responded, since childhood, that "the world just gets me down." I have expounded by noting that many problems which plague society are absurd and have simple solutions.

The high IQers on the paternal side of my family are engineers. They do not share my literary or philosophical bent. They spend time working out mechanical problems. They do not fret about the world situation. They merely shrug and say, "So it goes."

Consider racism. I think it is a problem that humans created. They were looking for trouble where there was no real problem. It is generally agreed that all modern homo sapiens descend from a common ancestor who lived in Africa. Thus, there is but one race of human being alive on Earth today: homo

sapiens sapiens. The difference are literally only skin deep. Anyone who has ever spent one summer day outside knows what exposure to the sun does to the skin. I drew these conclusions while still in elementary school. I have spent my life pointing them out to people who make biased statements.

Still, many refuse to listen. It seems to me that enough people want problems and conflict to perpetuate ignorance and its often tragic consequences. This is why I have spent so many days of my life brooding, crying and raging.

Kay

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Nice, I can Relate to this Kay – Paul Nachbar

Nice. I can relate to this Kay, I think. Let me see if this makes sense. I remember going off to Wesleyan University, also a Most Competitive College, in 1975 and perusing some of the freshman class statistics. I think some 85% had declared themselves either pre-law or pre-med.(at Wes, most of them ended up doctors, lawyers, Phds later on) Not of course that there is anything entirely wrong with this, but there just weren't a lot of potential, uh, poet-colleagues. Of the ones that I did see, I did not find myself all that compatible. What to do? "Marry a doctor?" as my parents had only half-jokingly suggested. Force myself into doing something that would end me up as a lawyer , which was not for me? Focussing on some longshot field in the humanities that would put me through a slightly more tolerable PhD? I mean vis-a-vis an MD or JD? Or leap boldly and on my own into that field of poetry, without having much in common with the few peers who seemed interested, altogether on my own Going back and forth for years between one thing and another that engendered zero enthusiasm, however impressive it may have been to others, then ending up with an "eccentric life" and a large output of well, what exactly.. while endlessly diagnosing oneself for all of this? UH, just a shot in the dark here..

Paul

Wystan Hugh Auden – Mark Norman

From Paul Nachbar; Auden, who was trained as an engineer, but never quite "got over it" (like how can you?) once wrote that poetry "survives in a valley of its own saying/where executives would never want to tamper." Or something like that From Thomas Hadley; Wow....Gina, Dusty, Kay, Paul, Robin, Mark, each one posting....such kindness, such healing, such affinity...it is good, just, proper, and a quiet joy that we reach out to strengthen, to encourage, to appreciate, to aid and comfort in profound friendship. Truly, if it is an isolated enclave, sometimes it seems so, I try to tell a sympathetic student or acquaintance, or friend about our site, in order that perhaps they may travel to and stay in our Auden valley.

Thanks Torg,

I enjoyed an interesting hour on the web. Pasted below are some of the highlight in reference to Auden valley. Although, you definitely have cut into my editing time tonight

Mark

WYSTAN HUGH AUDEN (1907 - 1973)

Auden, widely regarded as the greatest English poet of the 20th century, Auden continued to make use of North Pennine imagery at intervals for the rest of his life, and made it clear that the area constituted one of the bedrocks of his poetry. *Amor Loci* (1965) is a particularly poignant evocation of his 'great good place'.

<http://www.audensociety.org/>

He discovered that poetry was an art unlike any other, an art which must either be ignored or appreciated. In this excerpt from 'The Cave of Making', Auden implies that if poetry is read, its influence on society can be profound, but that it is far too often 'unpopular' and 'ignored'.

'After all, it's rather a privilege amid the affluent traffic to serve this unpopular art which cannot be turned into background noise for study or hung as a status trophy by rising executives, cannot be 'done' like Venice or abridged like Tolstoy, but stubbornly still insists upon being read or ignored...'

A daydream is a meal at which images are eaten. Some of us are gourmets, some gourmands, and a good many take their images precooked out of a can and swallow them down whole, absent-mindedly and with little relish.

--W. H. Auden (1907-1973)

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#### Problems of Maddening Complexity - Paul Nachbar

Just a brief question in an era which tends to retroactively locate dozens of artists, writers, philosophers, musicians and politicians into the ranks of the "mentally ill": is it not possible that many individuals, especially of an intellectual or creative bent, go "mad" not because of associated biochemical tendencies or circumstances, but because they are dealing with problems of what might be called "maddening complexity"? I know that as a mere historian of culture and ideas, etc, my insights are basically irrelevant here, especially in comparison with the needs of the mental health industry and common beliefs in society, but what if?? Also, of course, insofar as this can possibly apply in either our perfectly normal, reasonable and fair and modern societies..Big Brother, insofar as he is not merely a fantasy of paranoid and oversensitive young minds, might not be so thrilled with this idea either. After all, as Big Brother, admittedly a phantasm, almost always says, for everybody's own sake, "Keep it simple, stupid!"

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#### Big Cheese Theory of Everything - Paul Nachbar

The world and everything that is in it, or at least everything that concerns most of us is, believe it or not==and in it's most profound sense -- much like a gigantic glob of Swiss Cheese. And like all pieces of Swiss Cheese, it has solid areas of (hopefully) wonderful tasting cheese as well as lots of holes amidst the cheese, somewhat irregularly spaced. Nobody knows exactly why this distribution occurred although nearly everybody has some theory or other about the matter and its consequences.Or in other words, what they end up talking about quite often.

These theories basically state why their lives, revolving of course mainly around procuring this cheese eg eating etc--- either in the center of the cheese or the periphery, or perhaps in the center of some hole or at its periphery, (wherever they ended up or perhaps relocated to---were justified or meritorious and quite often, as well, why the others, who came from "somewhere really far away" or who did a "bad job" of procuring this cheese-(or perhaps "too good" a job) -were unjustified.or lacking virtue. Other than that, most of everything else is a lot of fancy words designed to keep many folks from dying of stress and boredom --that is, among the at least somewhat cheese-endowed; the others alas, really have no time for this. As well as to go boldly where no man has gone before and perhaps find some ..as yet undiscovered sources of ..or even new..types of ..cheese.

Well, no, that's not all there is to it, but things, minus some rather fancy jargon or English constructions or formulas of one kind or another can often get rather cheesy in this world and I don't know too much about any others.. (indirect apologies to Mr Disney (among others).Uh, sort of)

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#### Reply to "Thomas Hadley's" - Robin Hammer

<snip>..... I find this Latin motto a bittersweet, if not PC, reassurance: (I may actually get it tattooed on my left (sinistre) arm); Illegetami Non Carborudum" (Bastards not grinding: i.e., don't let the bastards wear you down).<snip>

Your use of the Latin word *sinistre* makes me smile. (I believe the Spanish and Italian words are very similar). This is from whence we get the English word *sinister*. Back in the day, those of my ilk 'lefties', were considered evil. I once read that at one time left-handed children were killed. And while we may indeed fall prey to the consequences of problems of maddening complexity, I am grateful that

we *sinister* people are tolerated in the current society.

As I typed this post, I looked up *sinister* in my thesarus. At the end of the list of disheartening

synonyms it says "see-bad". I guess some of us should be left alone. (sorry for pun-ishing you).

I'm curious as to the makeup and opinion of our group members. Is there any relationship to being lefthanded and the arts? Do southpaws write more sinister poems?

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Hello There All Poets - Dusk Wilson - Weaver

Hello there, poets all,

This response may qualify me as the most dilatory post-er our group has ever known, so it is with humility and grins that I at last respond to a poem that Kay shared here almost FIVE MONTHS AGO (see "Point Lobos" below)....

This response may also qualify me as the most garrulous member of our group ever, and that's not a real flattering title within the succinct world of poetry. But I'll sally forth, nonetheless, and incredibly enough, I'll dare ask this illustrious band of poets to drift mildly left-brainward for a few minutes in exploring something mathematical (oh, God! not that!) that has tremendous bearing on every one of the Fine Arts, including the poetry we all love.

This mathematical something (oh, there it is again!) is included in the poem that Kay shared. It was repeatedly used in the works of DaVinci, Monet, Bach, Berlioz, Ansel Adams, and thousands of other artisans of all disciplines throughout recorded history. It is found in the design of our greatest structures (The Pyramids at Giza, The Parthenon, the great Shiite temples, Stonehenge), just as it is in everyday items such as credit cards and legal notepads. It is part of the geometry of pine cones, sunflowers, snowflakes, the human body, and even the atomic structure of plutonium, to name a precious few.

At this point, I hope you're more curious than terrified, so here goes...

Kay, not only do I think the poem reprinted below is enjoyable for its language, but also I think its very form is worthy of consideration.... that is, Dr. Dorn's "Golden Section Thirteener." In case the term "golden section" is alien to members of our PGS group,

it refers to a ratio that shows up in nature an astonishing number of times, a ratio that constitutes one of the very building blocks of the world around us. Other terms used to describe this relationship include: the golden mean, the golden ratio, the Fibonacci series of numbers, and phi (not "pi," mind you, although pi is a cousin of phi).

For the sake of simplicity, I'll call this ratio phi hereafter, and I'll point out that it is most often rounded off to the nearest tenth thus: 1.6 to 1 ... or to the nearest thousandth thus: 1.618 to 1.

Yeah, I know... in and of itself, that's not particularly sexy... nor is it poetic whatsoever... but hang on a minute, please.

In Kay Lindgren's "Point Lobos," note that a verse of 5 lines is

followed by an 8-line verse, and that if we divide the latter number (8) by the

former number (5), we get... 1.6 (or 1.6 to 1)... Aha!

Notice that this value is close to, but less than, the value of phi rounded off to thousandths. But let's not sweat that inexactitude (we'll see why in a moment), and if we divide the total number of lines in the whole poem (13) by the number of lines in the final verse (8), we get 1.625, which is even closer to, but greater than, the value of phi rounded off to thousandths.

Now we're cookin'... let's suppose that Kay Lindgren had gotten on an obsessive poetic roll with "Point Lobos" so that she had just kept adding verse after verse, and that she made the number of lines in a given verse equal to the total lines of the two preceding verses. In other words, suppose she had extended the poem such that her verses (in order) had lines numbering 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, 89, and so on. Well then, by the livin' jingo!, if you divide each one of these numbers into the number that follows it, and if you do so progressing left to right (and far off into the night)...guess what?

With each one of these calculations, you move even closer to the value of phi (without ever arriving at it), AND in the flow of these calculations you steadily alternate back and forth between values that are

"greater than" then "lesser than" phi. Now that's my idea of math and poetry out on a sexy Saturday date!

"So, how do you calculate the actual value of phi?" some of our brave band might ask. Well, thanks for "might" asking, because I think you'll get a real kick out of these intriguing means of defining and describing the elusive ratio...

Phi will always be the ratio created if you cut any length of rope unevenly so that the longer cut piece compares to the shorter one as the original rope length compares to the longer cut piece. That's cool! The more precise your cut, the closer to the exact value of phi you come.

Phi is precisely the result of adding 1 to the square root of 5, then dividing that sum by 2.

Phi's reciprocal is precisely the result of subtracting 1 from the square root of 5, then dividing that difference by 2.

Phi is the only number that decreases by exactly 1 when you calculate its reciprocal (1.618 divided into 1 = .618).

Phi is the only number that increases by exactly 1 when you calculate its square (1.618 X 1.618 = 2.618)

Phi is even bound up in our musical system of notes. On a western keyboard, note the octave from, say, middle "C" to the "C" above it, inclusive. Well using any key there (perhaps middle "C") to represent the identity of each individual key, assign it the appropriate number "1." Now, within the array of keys, there is a grouping of 2 black keys at left rear and a grouping of 3 black keys to the right rear, totaling 5 sharps (or flats), and in the fore are 8 white keys representing our musical scale (do, re, mi... do), bringing the grand total to 13 unique tones.

Alrighty then.... 1, 2, 3, 5, 8 & 13 are the first six numbers in the (Fibonacci) series of numbers highlighted earlier as regards Kay Lindgren's "Point Lobos." So, if Kay really wanted to ice the cake of her epic poem, she might add opening verses of single, double, then triple lines. And, she could conclude the poem with a verse of 377 lines, because 377 is the 13th number in the Fibonacci series to create the ultimate "Golden Section Thirteener," . : - )

This is just a sample of the fascinating attributes and occurrences of phi. The larger branch of study known as "sacred geometry" embraces many such relationships, and to me, helps to bridge the perceived gap between science and soul.

All the best,

Dusk

On the web: <http://www.DuskWeaver.com>

CD albums: "Dusk" & "Dedications & Dreams"

CD single: "Colors"

The book: "Sunburst"

Hello all. I hope everybody is fine. Here is a poem I want to share with you. The form, Golden Section Thirteener, was invented by Dr. Alfred Dorn of NYC. He is founder of World Order of Narrative and Formalist Poets.

Point Lobos – Kay Lindgren

Through drapes of mist jaundiced by sulphur haze,  
The sun, a lurid looking glass,  
Heliographs the crisis of the waves:  
Confusion strobes its S - O - S  
From lambent wrinkles on the ocean's face.

Here where the wolves have trod, the grass is bruised.  
The traces of predacious prowl,  
Echoed by lupine's purple howl,  
Refute the testimony of mute clues.  
In our disputed claim, we cannot choose  
Which shapes and shadows to recall  
Here, on the rim of memory, where all  
By the seals' incessant barking stand accused.

Progress House: A Sociology - Paul Nachbar

Progress House, so-called, was a large non-descript square grey and white building in the center of a mostly empty block. Nobody knew exactly what it was for. It could have been a very small factory or school or part of a minimum-security prison or some office of some obscure firm or agency or even, though this was by a stretch of the imagination, a crematorium. . But every morning busloads of adults would pull into the parking lot at Progress House and amble through the doors. A very ugly and practical structure but suitable to it's environment.

Inside were the offices of the staff or management or whoever was in charge, filled with office machines and files and all sorts of colorful reproductions of this or that old European painting as well as peoples' family photographs. The management was mostly separate from the workers, or clients or, well, whoever they were as these did not have offices and also ate separately. This seemed to be okay with everybody and indeed, Progress House operated without many problems week in and week out, year after year. That is, whatever was going on there, there were no loud, noisy worker's strikes or riots or altercations of any kind, which one sometimes found in many other places.

. People were very serious and professional and smiled---among the management--and if some of the workers or clients or whoever they were became upset with their situation, nobody knew. Though it was rumored that occasionally some went in for rehabilitation for some defect in their attitude or habits or points of view or behavior or brain-chemistry. Nobody liked to talk about that much.

Management ran its management groups and led some of the worker or client or whomsoever groups. And then parted for a separate dining room. Occasionally reporters from some outside paper would come into the structure to do a story about Progress House. At these times, the management would become quite strict and tell the workers or clients or whoever they were to put their best foot forward and respect themselves and the firm or agency or whatever Progress House really was, because nobody knew for sure. It turned out that almost all of the stories done in the papers about Progress House were extremely positive, which was an unusual coincidence, I suppose.

Everything worked very well indeed, but one day the management put up a series of signs written in a type of script which, for some reason, only the most intelligent personnel could understand. These read: "Do, Don't Think", "Thought is Unprogressive", "Excellent, But Who Would Buy It?" and "I Belong Therefore I Exist.", "Those Who Think Don't Eat" "You Can't Change the World" and "Don't Be Angry".among other slogans. In addition they placed a poster which nobody could decipher except, as I said, the more intelligent of the workers or clients including the management staff: in bold letters, it read, "Those Who Thought Too Much" and underneath this caption were photographs or drawings of various artists and writers and actors and politicians and philosophers and spiritual leaders who had met a bad or untimely end or who had suffered a great deal, presumably from too many attempts at independent thought. After all, in this world, who wants to meet a bad end when good ends can be somewhat uncommon?

Everything functioned very well here and all were quite happy even if some grumbled a great deal about their situation. There was nothing to be done. Things were as they were. You might as well get used to it. The buses came on time, the groups ran according to schedule, the meals were always served on time as well. What more could one ask for? In this best of all possible worlds?

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Geode - by C L Frost

For Anne, a weekend at the beach was like a weekend at a carnival. While the adults slept on towels, browning their oil slicked backs, she wandered down the boardwalk. Duffy's sold gleaming conches and periwinkles, imported all the way from Cape Hope and dunked ten times in varnish for long term preservation. Wacky Patty's offered rhinestone rimmed sunglasses, fluorescent pink visors, postcards of the local Hilton, and one-size-fits-all T shirts emblazoned with "Ocean City, Miami of the North" in screeching orange. Behind a scratched open air counter reeking of solidified grease, a coppery man with an accent hawked cotton candy and hot dogs with everything on them. A fat lady in a polka dotted bathing suit waddled out of the gypsy parlor, scratched her balding scalp and exclaimed that Madame Celeste, Reader and Advisor, had foreseen wealth and romance in her

future. Anne glanced at the faded gauze curtains behind the chipped hand-painted lettering and wondered if this gypsy bought her crystal ball and tarot cards from some discount wholesaler of psychic paraphernalia.

"So, what do you want today, little girl?", the man asked when a tinkling bell on the door announced Anne's entry into Bane's House of Magic; the owner's bass, which sometimes jarred her like a blast from a trombone, greeted her today with the warm suggestive notes of a cello. "Not outside watching Lola?"

Lola, a gray hen, strutted haughtily in a her cage while vacationers scowled at the gold and purple calligraphy "How smart are you? Can you beat Lola at tic-tac-toe? 25 cents", then rummaged through pockets for spare change. Swaggering playboys with carefully exposed chests would drop ten quarters into that slot, then slink away. College guys would scoff that any moron could beat a bird, then wince at their losses and embarrassment. Stooped old men in Hawaiian shorts, tanned mothers pushing strollers and weightlifters turning to flab would glance away from Lola, recalling how they'd been trounced. Anne had thought Lola a magic bird, a prodigy even smarter than whiz kid Danny, until Father told her that Lola was probably controlled by a computer.

"The bird always goes first, right?," he'd asked. "And always puts her X in the center square? With that strategy, you're guaranteed to never lose a game of tic-tac-toe. A computer records her move and tells her where to peck next; it only takes a simple computer to do that, I could build one in the basement. And Lola's been taught to peck where the computer sets a little red light blinking. When she wins, she gets rewarded with more bird seed, right? Simple behavioral conditioning." Anne didn't know what behavioral conditioning was, but she knew that wires and cables ran out of computers; when she scrutinized the cage, she couldn't see any wires poking from mysterious black boxes or cables snaking under the floormat or red lights.

"No, I'm shopping inside today."

"Oh, we have lots of goodies in here too," the owner cooed as he leaned towards her, close enough for her to smell his sweet spice breath laced with ginger and something that pricked her nose. With his craggy face eroded into deep gullies around the mouth, he seemed as ancient as a boulder; still, his black eyes

sparkled, sometimes burned into her more hotly than the sun. He billed himself as Doctor Heironymous O. Bane, expert magician and master alchemist, and demanded to be addressed as "Doctor" in business transactions. Anne's father guessed that the name was fake, a stage name for business; no real doctor worth his weight in diplomas would set up shop selling snake oil and plastic wands.

"Do you sell snake oil?", Anne asked.

"Snake oil?" The proprietor cackled. "Little girl, didn't they teach you in school that snake's aren't oily? They're not even slimy. They feel like alligator shoes and their insides are all sinew and fang. But, little girl, we don't even sell snake meat; that would be a sacrilege to one of nature's most beautiful animals. Someone's been telling you stories, dissing the snake. Watch a snake move, little girl, it dances through the grass; it's melody in motion. And the painted mosaics on its back beat any designs those fancy merchants of Turkish carpets sell to suckers. But kid, I'm rambling. Wander around, see what catches yor eye."

Anne scanned the pale lavender walls, the gauzy cobwebs draped from a cracked plaster ceiling, the gaunt proprietor as pale as an overcast sky. The same weighted dice, guaranteed to bring any wannabe gambler into the winner's cycle, grayed under sedimenting dust; the same packs of marked cards, which wouldn't even fool a sleepy kid, waited in smokey boxes labeled "Players' Dream". Long capes, of violet velveteen studded with glass beads or decorated with white felt moons and gold foil stars, hung from creaking racks beside spray painted silver wands stippled with glitter. Top hats in black, white and royal blue satin lined a high shelf, each with a secret compartment for hiding even the fattest rabbit during a disappearing act; Anne imagined the hat rocking back and forth on the performer's head as the rabbit scratched at his scalp before being allowed to leap away. Whenever Anne entered the shop, Doctor Bane glared at her over his pince nez, then loped towards her, his shiny bowtie incongruously formal against his dusty complexion; Anne guessed that Father was right, that few customers bought merchandise and that the seller of dreams and magic made his profit off the genius bird.

"But our best stuff, the really interesting stuff, is behind the counter," Dr. Bane interjected.

He lifted a box and spread tinted bottles, jars of crimson and fuschia creams, plump and skinnny brushes, and oily pencils ranging from raw umber to yellow ochre across the counter. "Face paint," he continued. "Actors have used it for centuries. But you can too. If you follow the instructions in this manual, you can make yourself look like anyone. You can be anyone; put on the new face and be the person of your dreams. You can fool your teachers into thinking you're the kid next to you who's always well behaved. You can fool your mother into thinking you're an reservation orphan collecting for charity. You can pencil in arched black eyebrows, cover your own with this special white paste, wear this black wig and look like the greatest geisha of the century -"

"Geisha?" Anne looked perplexed. "But I don't want to look like a geisha. And my parents wouldn't allow me to wear all that makeup."

"Parents," Dr. Bane muttered sympathically, "They never understand, do they? But, I wouldn't want to cause you any trouble at home. There's other stuff back here, stuff which won't start the parents asking questions, stuff far more interesting to an intelligent girl than the geisha kit." Dr. Bane lifted a heavy tome, with thin yellowing pages and the title "The truth Behind Edgar Cayce: How to Become a Genuine Psychic" in gilt across its cracked leather cover.

"How much is it?" Nothing in this store ever had a price tag.

Dr. Bane squinted. "Eighty dollars," he drawled.

"Eighty? That's way more than I can spend, Mr. Bane," Anne sputtered. "Way more than I have in all my savings put together, and some of that money has to go for birthday presents and lunches."

"That's Doctor Bane, little girl". His eyes, above the angular frosted cheeks, glowered in their dark hollows. "Never forget the doctor. Eighty dollars isn't much when you're buying lessons in telepathy. When you're learning how to predict the future, including the lottery numbers which could make you a millionaire. Darn cheap, for a payback of ten million dollars or knowing in advance who's scheming to

screw you over. Or knowing all the answers because you can read the teacher's mind. Bargain basement cheap; most people would grab it but I don't offer it to most people. Mow a few lawns, run a few errands, kid, and it's yours. Some people do work for what they want."

"Uh, Dr. Bane, I do want it," Anne stammered. "But I'd be afraid to read it. The pages are so thin; they feel like they'd fall apart when I turned them. And the writing's so small, I can hardly make out the words. And the script's funny too, slanted and squiggly."

"Gothic, back then all the deep writing was in the Germanic style, the style of the arcana." Dr Bane noticed Anna's perplexed expression. "Maybe when you're older. No, this really isn't for kids to play with; one needs maturity. But - I have something you might enjoy now."

He lifted a pocked lumpy rock; it looked like a piece of concrete. "A genuine piece from Haley's comet, fell to earth the last time Haley passed by. This rock's been past Pluto, it's seen mercury close up and personal, and it comes with its own certificate of authenticity." Anne squinted at the round gold seal pasted on a sheet of vellum filled with illegible signatures. "See. All these signatures are from genuine nobel laureates or first rate space engineers. It's not everyday that you get something authenticated by rocket scientists, a genuine piece of the cometary rock."

"Uh, I don't know," Anne shrugged. "It looks too much like the pieces that broke off the back steps last summer. Or something I could steal from a construction site. My mother won't be happy to see it in my room; she'll tell me to throw that ugly hunk away and tell me that only beautiful things should be brought indoors."

"Then, if you want something beautiful, I may have just the thing for you," Dr. Bane pronounced, as he lifted an egg shaped mass. "An extraterrestrial geode. Or really, an extratemporal geode...if the term 'geode' can even be applied to something not of this world"

Anne gaped. The exterior was as smooth and glossy as factory buffed metal, but gleamed like mica, as though hundreds of semitranslucent, reflective flakes had been layered atop one another; this casing ended at the opening into an amythest

city. The longer she looked, the more Anna felt pulled into that metropolis of purple towers, noticing how one facet reflected rosy light and immersing herself in alleys where tiny facets joined into stairs rising towards the enigmatic and invisible.

"It was dropped by a ship from a world where time runs in the opposite direction; that's what the scientists think. Our future is their past, and this is a memory stone from that world. For us, it's a prophecy stone." He peered closely at Anne until her stare was locked into his. "That means, this rock can tell you about the future. But you have to hold it in both hands and ask it your question out loud, then stare into the crystals to see the picture. Try it."

Anne clutched the smooth exterior that resisted scratches and her own sweaty fingerprints. "What will Camden be like in the year 3000?", she asked, recalling the treeless streets of tin box stores and factories lean and brown as cigars that belched out suffocating plumes of mauve and yellow. Whenever she rode through Camden en route to the shore, she tried to hold her breath against the stinging smells; her father called it "the pollution capital of the east" and wandered how many mutant children were locked away in its attics.

The stone vibrated gently and warmed in Anne's hands. The amethyst crystals trembled, then dissolved into a lavender cloud which whirled until its particles joined into vague shapes, then a distinct picture; Anne saw a flat land spotted with craggy charred ruins and only occasional tufts of dry grass poking through the wounded earth.

"Are you sure it's not just reading my mind? Or that I'm not just seeing what I imagined might happen?" Anne asked.

"Well, some people believe we can create reality, bring something into being if enough people imagine it intensely. But that's religion or psychology; this rock isn't a psychologist. And you should try asking it about something in the near future, something you can verify. You won't be around in a thousand years to find out what happens to Camden."

"True," Anne muttered. "What will my family be eating tonight?"

Dr. Bane nodded approvingly. Anne gazed into the geode and saw her parents bickering, her mother insisting that "We're at the shore, Fred; fish is what people eat at the shore", then the hostess leading them to a table where father ordered shrimp for everyone from a discrete waiter.

"How much?", she asked.

"How much do you have?"

"Only \$38.50," Anne sighed. "And that includes lunch money for tomorrow." She dropped her gaze to the floor and idly drew a line in the dust with her left shoe.

"Well, I'll make a deal with you. You're not an everyday customer. I'll give it to you special, for just \$38; you can keep the change."

Anne gaped, wide eyed, then pawed through all her pockets, heaping crumpled bills and coins on the counter. Dr. Bane counted carefully.

"It's yours," he declared. "I'm almost giving it away. And remember, little girl, people don't usually give away anything for free, not in this world; they expect other payment later. So, think of me when you look at it. And use it well."

"Oh, I will!", Anne exclaimed. "Thank you so much! And,uh, Dr. Bane, one more thing?"

"Yes," Dr. Bane's asked hesitantly.

"I'm not a little girl; I'll be thirteen next month."

That night, Anne and her family ate shrimp at The Briny Bucket, an upscale fish house near the high rise hotels. As she left, she noted the cloyingly sweet aroma of her mother's tanning lotion mixed with the pungent saltiness of the ocean breeze; she watched the plaintively squawking gulls circle before swooping down to peck at tossed rolls and paper plates encrusted with pizza sauce. As the first stars flickered in a cyanotic sky, she ran her fingertip over the the brown, almost featureless surface of a lone penny at the bottom of her pocket and thought fondly of her new geode.

Anne asked the stone little questions, ones with answers that didn't really

matter. What will I get for my next birthday? Who will be my new math teacher? Will Uncle Joe fly all the way from Minneapolis to visit us this Thanksgiving? Always, the stone answered correctly.

She showed the stone to her father but didn't tell him what it could do. He remarked that she'd gotten a good deal for \$38, even if the crystals weren't real amethyst but just convincing replicas.

"I've never seen a geode with this kind of shell," he muttered, frowning. "Their shells usually are bumpy, coarse rock. And this doesn't look like any metal I've seen before either. Maybe it's a new super-hard plastic." Anne had winced when he tried, unsuccessfully, to scratch it with his pocket knife. "I could take it to the guys at the lab. They have lasers, gas spectrophotometry, electron microscopy. They could chip off a piece so tiny you wouldn't even notice, put it through the tests, and tell you exactly what you've got here."

Anne declined the offer.

She slept with the geode on the nightstand beside her. Sometimes she dreamed of Dr. Bane, even more gaunt and ashen faced, huddled like a statue in his vacant store as the dust settled over him. "Use it well", he'd drone, "Use your gift well"; she'd feel the heat burning in those ember eyes. After such dreams, the geode seemed slightly warmer than room air and seemed to vibrate just at the threshold of detection. Anne told herself that she was feeling vibrations from trucks and vans rumbling down the street, and that the warmth was caused by her own heated imagination; girls who owned fortune telling geodes were prone to wild fantasies.

Use it well. "Where will I be at age thirty?". The geode showed a handsome but life-hardened man arguing with a tired woman who held a bawling three year old. Papers bearing the word "custody" slammed on a mahogany desk, one signature line was left blank on a paper labeled "settlement". Divorce court, just where her parents might end up if they didn't stop shouting.

"What will my parents be doing tonight?", she asked the stone one fall afternoon, as she walked home from after-school band practice. The geode showed a ransacked house, clothes

strewn across the floor, jewelry and big screen TV and stereos and expensive furniture missing; dark stains splattered the kitchen walls and floor. The image flickered, rematerialized into the picture of a gun and a clock reading 5:15.

"That's now!", Anne screamed inwardly and ran.

"I'm sorry, you've got to keep out. There's nothing you can do," the policeman barked as Anne tried to push her way past the cops and screeching sirens into the house. "Rickster," the policeman shouted to a burly female, "Keep this kid company so she doesn't destroy the crime scene. It's her parents".

"At least four gunshots, that's what the neighbor heard when she called. Could be more bullets inside though," Anne overheard as she stood rigidly in the lady cop's arms, still too overwhelmed to cry. "Looks like they cleaned out the place; maybe the owners put up a fight. Lady next door says that four guys ran out and jumped in a truck; she just says that they looked like thugs. But she does remember the driver of the van - says he had the whitest skin she's ever seen, looked craggy faced and too old for this kind of job, almost like a skeleton at the wheel."

"Probably her imagination. Panic makes you see things".

Anne clutched the geode and shivered in the lady cop's arms.

Later that night, she stole out of the police station to a corner pay phone and asked Directory Assistance for the phone number of Banes House of Magic.

"I'm sorry, the number you have requested is no longer in service", the tinny voice droned.

She called Madame Celeste, Reader and Advisor.

"I'm sorry to bother you," she panted, "You don't know me but I have to talk to Dr. Bane - Bane's House of Magic, just next door to you. I wouldn't bother you but it's an emergency."

"Oh, I'm sorry honey, but he's not there any more. It was the strangest thing - he just packed everything into a van and

left in the middle of the night. No warning, no "store closing" signs, just vamoosed. I wouldn't even have known he was gone, that place always being so empty, but he woke me with his racket. All this clanking and door slamming when even the seagulls were asleep. Most of all, his special hen Lola squawking loud enough to wake the people in the Hilton penthouse; he left her behind, you know, so I guess I'll have to take her in. Honey, you should have called last night, he was still here."

Anna glared at the geode.

"Where's Dr. Bane?" she asked. The crystals, wan under the street lamps, did nothing. She rephrased the question "What will Dr. Bane be doing in fifteen minutes?"

The crystals, anemically colorless, retained their form.

"What will Dr. Bane be doing tomorrow? Where will I be tomorrow?"

The geode refused to answer. In the shadows cast by the yellow lights, the angular crystals seemed like the sides of a stony face and the dark spaces between them like the burning black eyes that she recalled too well.

"Damn you! Who needs you!", she sobbed, and hurled the geode at the ground. The once unscratchable shell and crystals splintered into a thousand shards; as Anne shook, each shard became smaller and smaller, mixing imperceptibly with the glass and metal dust that coated most streets, then dissolving altogether into the pavement.

"Oh, there you are!" the burly policewoman called. "It's not safe to wander around out here this late. Come inside; your uncle's due in around midnight."

# PSYCHOMETRY

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On the Blue Planet - Maria C. Favero

On the Blue Planet, cows and bulls can be of three colours: blue, red and violet. Shane meets three couples in love. A violet cow ruminating near a red bull observes with a deep moo that no cow is with a bull of the same colour (and vice versa, of course).

Can you tell the colour of the partner of the red cow?

Answer via:

[thebohemian7@yahoo.com.au](mailto:thebohemian7@yahoo.com.au)

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# ANNOUNCEMENTS

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Hello fellow PGS members,

I want to share portions of an email I received from Dusty, Dr. Wallace W. Rhodes, (Dusty, if you feel any of the editing relates a statement out of context, please feel free to elaborate), and set up some guidelines and share some thoughts.

I would like to offer both an observation and an opinion for your consideration.

When a poem is posted it generally receives nothing but accolades.

I contend that all of us as members should not just "off-handedly" praise all poems but go a step beyond and offer constructive critiques as we see them—a learning experience for all, if you may. For example, does the poem flow smoothly, is the meter pleasing, are the similes and metaphors stimulating, original and apt, does it sound trite, etc. Such critiques could be tactfully offered to assist the poet in determining strengths and weaknesses from all aspects. In no way would the intent be to disparage or inveigh the poet's expressions, feelings or security in this fine ageless method of conveying thoughts and perceptions, but, to perhaps, enhance and buoy recorded thoughts to truly memorable entities.

For example I have had many of my peer reviewed scientific papers published in various well known national and international journals. Had they not been constructively peer reviewed, I would never had had the luxury of knowing what my paper lacked.

In short I do not wish to imply that we all position ourselves as judges of one another but offer what we can as being potential reviewers or helpmates. I know in my case it would be most welcome to have my work critiqued, if they would be so kind, because heretofore, I have always written my own poetry as a way to relieve some stage of anguish within myself and not for public opinion or consumption. This of course I aspire to change.

Dusty Rhodes

Dusty has a good idea, but critiquing must be handled responsibly and maturely. We have members who write poetry for the sheer pleasure of writing it and thus need no critical commenting, but we also have those who write with an aspiration to publish where critiquing is invaluable. I suggest to the group that if we wish our work to be critiqued by the members to place an " \* " asterisk in the title or ask that it be critiqued. Be kind when critiquing, and please spend enough time getting to know other members so that you have a feel for how your critiquing may be received.

I have attached below some guidelines that I feel are reasonable.

Constructive Criticism <http://personal.cityu.edu.hk/~lsteve/creative/poetry/critcons.html>

The constructive in constructive criticism means that you should try to build rather than destroy. It is very easy to criticize something in a negative, destructive way (e.g., "this is boring"); it is more difficult to offer meaningful suggestions on how to improve.

Here are some critique guidelines.

[http://www.ivillage.com/books/expert/writecoach/articles/0,,243587\\_45887,00.html?arrivalSA=1&cobrandRef=0&arrival\\_freqCap=2](http://www.ivillage.com/books/expert/writecoach/articles/0,,243587_45887,00.html?arrivalSA=1&cobrandRef=0&arrival_freqCap=2)

1. Remember that our purpose for critiquing each other's writing is to provide support and illuminating analysis. Thus, please begin your critique with at least one positive statement about the writer's strengths.
2. If you have ideas regarding what can be improved, make specific suggestions. For example, if the writer relies on clichés, tells too much without showing enough or writes transitions that leave you dangling, point out these issues. Suggest alternative phrases, dialogue or description that would clarify, or a transition that will point the way.
3. Guard against sounding condescending, sarcastic or cranky. If you cannot write in an upbeat, affirming tone, come back to the piece another time.
4. End your feedback with another positive statement. For example, "I'd love to read more of your work because I'm hooked on your characters." Or "I liked your voice; the word choices, metaphors and dialogue were rich and vivid."

Thanks for taking the time to read this rather long email. Let us discuss it among ourselves through yahoo postings and come to a consensus as to how we can use this invaluable tool. What do you think of the asterisk ( \* ) idea?

Thanks,

Mark

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Critiquing Comment - Dusty Rhodes

When I suggested implementation of a form of critiquing perhaps I needed (and need) to clarify a bit further. Even though I am an engineer by profession, I write some poetry that is rather tenebrous and certainly anfractous to me at times while endeavoring to resolve some inexplicable inner turmoil. Afterward, I then attempt to "tweak" it into some type of form (which may or may not align with accepted consuetude). I care not though because my heart and spirit has released it, somewhat, to my satisfaction. Yet now, I have reached a stage in life knowing that other individuals could assist in enlightened me as to where I may have stumbled, or created some sempiternal, Ha!, Ha!, masterpiece. Of course, I would like to see all generate comments on form for each other, but primarily on sentience, impression, rhythm, etc., i.e., how does it grab you and what can be done to make it so. A subjective endeavor. Excessive yet correct form can, at times, be burdensome on the smooth flow of language. As W. Churchill once stated, "The rule about not ending a sentence with a preposition is one up with which we should not put."

Kay, you presented a fine analogy: when you sensed some of your poems had reached a "critical mass", and they would explode and fall apart if anything more were done to them. Your visceral feeling, emotional impact, internal rhythms.....

And Torg, you presented thoughts that I fully subscribe and as you stated in part: "My praise for poetry is equally extemporaneous; when it moves my spirit to exultation, or sympathy, or wonderment, I tend to respond quickly, from the heart. My emotions roil, oft times, barely below the surface of my alleged intellect, and sometimes may spill over the rim of circumspection, of self-editing/censoring". Being stoic and sang-froid has its place in life but having exuberance, ebullience, euphoria persuade the scales to better alignment. Grief and sadness are somewhere in the equation. I think all of us in the PGS possess boundless emotional fields that perhaps the majority of mankind possess not. No arrogance intended (Oh, maybe a little for all of us).

Both of you, Kay and Torg were able to take the awkwardness out of my explanation of what I "hankered" to present as my critique methodology. I tend to look at many poets' work as a release, at times bordering on tears. It occurs when I read my WWI father's favorite poem by Alan Seeger, "I Have a Rendezvous with Death". But enough of all that. I guess in summary I would like to see a critiquing of form but not always in an inordinately professional way. A critiquing of the music of the poetry we all possess in our hearts. Debussy's "Reverie", Ravel's "La Mer", Rachmaninoff's "Variations on a Theme by Paganini", Grieg's " Piano Concerto in A Minor", etc. All possess the adjectives used above for poetry.

I wish not to burden all with my prolonged meandering, inchoate thoughts, but I needed a sapient audience. I know the length of this is inexcusable and I do apologize to all.

Lastly, Mark, I read my first "Apotheosis" and you have my highest esteem. You organized in an impeccable manner a document that bears reading (and quiet thought) a number of times. A phenomenal job.

My best to all,

Dusty Rhodes

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[www.alcuinsociety.com](http://www.alcuinsociety.com) – Gina Page

Hi everyone! Happy New Year! Just thought I'd let you know about some discussions taking place over the next few months about various book arts. At one of them, in February, I'm going to be talking about some of my chapbooks of poetry, two of which are illustrated with etchings. I don't know if any of you live close enough to attend...probably not. Do any of the rest of you publish chapbooks of your work? I think Kay does, but I'm not sure about the rest. Most of mine have involved handmade paper and letterpress type. Anyway, must go now. Happy writing! Gina.

[www.alcuinsociety.com](http://www.alcuinsociety.com) – Gina Page

Thanks for the feedback. There are lots of events taking place up here that would be of interest to you and other PGS members. One group I've been quite involved with this year is The Alcuin Society. If you go to their website [www.alcuinsociety.com](http://www.alcuinsociety.com) and check out the calendar of events, you'll see some interesting workshops and lectures planned. It would be great if other PGsers could come to some 'happenings' up here! Cheers!

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[www.poetry.com](http://www.poetry.com) - Kay Lindgren

Question: Have any of you ever posted your poems on [www.poetry.com](http://www.poetry.com)? If yes, have you ever received emails like this? Is it just me or does it sound like a scam to get you to spend money.....

This group is an Internet affiliate of the National Library of Poetry, one of the biggest vanity publishers in history. Your suspicion, unfortunately, is correct. They are not in business for any reason other than to get poets to pay fifty or more dollars for an anthology that contains their poems, often ten or more to a page and in minuscule print. I suggest that you do not buy into it. Yes, they will publish your poem. The only way you will see it in print is by buying the expensive anthology. In fact, outfits such as this one accept and publish all poems that are within the line limit - even poems that are poorly written, contain misspelled words and gratuitous profanity and show no talent whatsoever.

No, I have never received a letter such as the one you got, nor have I ever been offered publication in such an anthology. When I first began publishing my poetry, I was fortunate enough to be part of a Michigan writers' workshop which printed its own quarterly - *Alura*. It was a bona fide magazine listed in *Poets' Market*. Our workshop leader and editor, a delightful silver-haired lady and a gifted poet, told us the facts of a poet's life and warned us about vanity publishers.

Any member of PGS is talented enough to find other legitimate and reputable publishers. Nobody here needs be desperate enough to pay a vanity press big bucks in order to be published. Our own journal, *Apotheosis*, is in fact, a highly respected market for poets.

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I Have Three Exciting Announcements - Dusk Wilson-Weaver

Greetings everyone,

I have three exciting announcements to share with you, but let me first wish everyone Happy New Year.... and an entire good year to accompany it! My own 2003 was rife with the loss of loved ones (including both of my wife's parents), and though I did manage to read nearly every PGS post, I fondly hope to "reactivate" in 2004. In the meantime I hail all the excellent poetry and ideas that have abounded here as of late, I tardily welcome a considerable number of new members, and I thank Mark & Sharon for the many society upgrades. Oh, and I belatedly join the chorus of voices who thank Barry for all his fine service to our cause.

Now, about that news... all of it has ties to PGS, not only in that I'm a grateful member of this band of bards, but also in that my treasured friendship with fellow-PGSer Jacquelyn Naquin directly inspired and informed a good portion of the following. Here goes...

- 1) Tomorrow is the official release date for my new CD album entitled "Dedications and Dreams." It was recorded at studios in Atlanta and Flagstaff, it includes the music video "The Sunlight of Your Smile," and it features 20 supporting musicians from 9 bands, including the bassist from the classic rock band "Poco" and the Native American flute player from "Burning Sky." I think e.e. cummings might have added at this point.... "Hubba! Hubba!".... no, make that "hubba! hubba!"
- 2) Tomorrow afternoon (Friday the 9th) and this Sunday morning, a 20-minute feature on "Dedications & Dreams" will be broadcast simultaneously over the Internet and on the statewide network of Georgia Public Radio stations. And each of you poets can tune it in, even if you live in the very heart of Arnhem Land. Details in a moment...
- 3) Just a few hours ago, we activated my heavily revised and expanded web site which now offers 50 free song clips, new pages, and new photos, including info on "Dedications & Dreams. I hope you'll enjoy visiting the site, and if you have web pages or a site of your own, I hope you'll write to share the address(es).

The web site: [www.duskweaver.com](http://www.duskweaver.com)

The Internet/Radio broadcast:

When: Friday, January 9<sup>th</sup>, at 3 PM EST & Sunday, January 11, at 10 AM EST

How: Just go to [www.gpb.org/gpr/schedule](http://www.gpb.org/gpr/schedule) and click "Listen Live!" which is at the top of the page.

Note: The feature on "Dedications & Dreams" will wrap up the show, so it won't begin until about 3:30 on Friday and about 10:30 on Sunday.

Blessings all,  
Dusk

On the web: <http://www.DuskWeaver.com>

CD albums: "Dusk" & "Dedications & Dreams"

CD single: "Colors"

The book: "Sunburst"

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Dusk's Dedications & Dreams – Mark Norman

Hello Everyone,

Here is a quick link to the song samples on Dusk's newly release CD.

'Dedications & Dreams'

Take some time and listen. I enjoyed my time.

Dusk continues to outdo himself with each new release. I plan to order a CD but first I think I'll hit him up to make it an autographed copy.

[http://www.duskweaver.com/dedi\\_dreams\\_samples.htm](http://www.duskweaver.com/dedi_dreams_samples.htm)

Mark

Hello fellow PGS members,

A new spoken poem has been submitted and included on the spoken poetry page.

<http://poeticgenius.com/spoken.htm>

"Nursery Game" by Shisa Poet

Listen to it online or download it, you will not be sorry. An outstanding spoken poem that gives us a taste of the quality of environment we are creating in at PGS, and the impetuous and inspiration to drive ourselves to poetic potential.

Thanks, Mark

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Question? posting the top fifteen poem winners.

Let me discuss this with Michael. I feel first and second place work for us, but as the contest grows a third, and possible fourth position can be added. With sixty plus entries this round, next year we may do that. I personally feel that we don't want to go too far into the rating of the poems past 1st through 3rd. Each poem had something personally valuable to offer and how well it conveys that is what makes it a winner. As a judge you are looking at form and meter, but what takes precedence is the sensations it creates, how loudly, eloquently, i.e. it speaks. When your picking the winners, you are choosing your favorite facet in a diamond, and each in its own time, mood, form can shine the brightest depending on your position in life, age, mood, i.e.

I think it may be more important to (possibly, Michael and I are still talking about this) post the entries, but as we read them as individuals we need to select our own winners. I think this will tell us more about ourselves and the direction we want to take our own

poetry. Trust what you like, drive your poetry in that direction and realize you will never completely arrive at your destination, but as you are traveling your poetry will draw the attention it deserves.

I'll talk to Michael and get his view. We may work it so that if you are curious you may be able to find out if you were in the top ten. But, this will be through private emails and not something published to the group.

(After thinking about it for several days and conferring with Michael we believe it would be in the best interest of the group to wait until next years contest to post all the poems and the top ones in a specific ordered hierarchy after posting disclaimers on the contest page.)

Thanks,

Mark

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C.L. Frost

I put some of my "creative" writing (short stories, poems) on the web; URL is:

<http://www.artful-artiface.0catch.com/index2.html>

Feel free to comment and sign my guestbook!

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Hello fellow Scandinavian poet... - Shisa poet

I am currently seeking bilingual submissions for a bilingual poetry

e-zine-- I am not at all sure how much we will have room for on the European pages...all the continents are included--but would you be interested in submitting a bilingual poem or two?

I am Editor for the first time in my life -- for Europe.

Shisa aka Karin

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Announcement - Mark Norman

I am pleased to pass on the information that Maria C. Faverio has been elected Vice-President of CIVIQ.

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# NEW MEMBERS

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Name: - Matthew Kiyoshi Rees  
User Email – angrychewtoy@yahoo.com

Qualifying Score/Test – ACT  
Poetry – High School news letter

Biography - I'm currently a seventeen year old high school senior at Mission College Preparatory Catholic High School in California. My primary interests are writing and psychology, although since I'm at the age where career options are looking still sketchy and somewhat premature I don't know how either of them are concretely going to fit into my adult lifestyle. I have other interests in various sciences (primarily quantum physics and astrophysics) as well as law, philosophical epistemology, anarchist doctrine (although more as a fantastical indulgence than anything else), gothic art and piano. Most of the experiences which I know to be defining points in my life I have not yet developed enough understanding of to feel competent in relating. I have two people I would count as friends, a slightly larger number of people who confide in me about issues that aren't dramatic fabrications of high-school insecurity, and a slew of acquaintances around whom I become quickly depressed about the shallow state of today's sex-driven media and the undeveloped moral compasses of the majority of the youth that media influences. I'm probably giving more of a bombastic and arrogant description of all of the things that make me not a normal hormone-driven teenager than an autobiography, but it's mainly because this is the time of year for all kinds of personal statement essays for colleges and I'm somewhat locked into talking about who I am right now rather than outlining the course my life has taken.

Welcome Matt.

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Name: - Karin Henderson  
User Email – shisapoet@yahoo.com

Qualifying Score/Test – Multi Mental Brief

Poetry – Published in the paper journals of Euphony, The Healing Muse, and in e-zines Wicked Alice, Pierian Springs, Carnelian, Stirring, Gumball Poetry.

Biography - Shisa Poet, pen name for Karin Henderson, Oslo, Norway. Works as a conference interpreter.

Welcome Karin.

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Name: - Krysta Sutterfield  
User Email – krystas@juno.com

Qualifying Score/Test – GRE  
Poetry – Published by WCMH in Columbus, newsletter for Grant Medical Center's Lifeflight

Biography - In 1999 I moved to WI and am in my second semester of grad school. I plan to start work on my second Master's in the summer of '04. After that one is complete, I intend to accept a commission to the US Public Health Service.

Life is interesting. I'm owned by one cat and am completely wrapped around my son's little finger. I currently volunteer with the US Coast Guard and WI DNR and am a life member of Girl Scouts USA. When the water is liquid, I enjoy kayaking and scuba. In an effort to enjoy frozen water, I recently bought snowshoes and ice skates.

Sometimes I see or hear phrases or pictures that are perfect poem bits. I let them rattle around in the back of my head for a while until they manage to make themselves into a coherent whole.

When a really good poem arrives, it won't let me do anything else 'til I write it down. This can be a challenge if I'm in rush hour traffic, and downright annoying when it wakes me in the middle of the night. Once it's on paper the way it wants to be, things go back to... well, as normal as they ever get.

It's an inherited affliction; my dad's mom was the same way.

Welcome Krysta

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Name: - Chris Ksioufis  
User Email – chksioufis@hotmail.com

Qualifying Score/Test – NVCPE-R  
Poetry – Published in the school newspaper, named "Άόçïãñβää 24iõ éýêâéiõ Èääóóáéiíβêçò"

Biography - My name is Chris Ksioufis and I am 18. I live in Thessaloniki , Greece. I speak Greek , ancient Greek , English and German. I am now a university student. I am the founder of the ePiQ IQ society and also member of : CIVIQ , Glia , ISI-S , VinCI , HPS , Mensa , (waiting for admission to cerebrals). My hobbies/interests are: Sports , martial arts , physics , mathematics , computers , literature , friends , IQ related things , psychology , philosophy , poetry.

My poetry is written in Greek and attempting to translate it , many serious errors will occur.

Welcome Chris

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Name: - James Harris  
User Email -

Qualifying Score/Test - GRE  
Poetry - Published in (circ. 1000+) college alumni class newspaper circa 1996. Confirmed

Biography - An Ohioan, James has also lived in the Northeast where he attended school. A college periodical once published a short poem, and James is curious about how poetry is made and circulated. He says he plans to regularly read Apotheosis. James is a financial analyst and remains curious about and interested in midwestern agriculture, financial markets, local history, and several other subjects.

Welcome James

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Name: - Merlin Carl  
User Email - goedel23@gmx.de

Qualifying Score/Test - Grove's Multi-Mental Brief

Poetry - 2001's issue of the annual "abizeitung" (that's the name) of anno-gymnasium, siegburg, germany

Biography - My name is Merlin Carl, born 1982 in Düsseldorf, Germany. Started writing short stories and poems at the age of 5 and have continued this sporadically as a hobby; a little later I composed some short piano pieces, Since then, my fields of interest have been artificial intelligence, linguistic, philosophy (epistemology and ethics) and pure mathematics, especially logic, set theory and number theory. Decided against serving the army and worked in a home for severely handicapped children instead. Currently, I study mathematics, informatics and communication science in Bonn. My favourite authors are Franz Kafka and Heinrich Mann, favourite poets Berthold Brecht and Heinrich Heine. Generally, I have a passion for "naturally born arts" rather than the technically produced. Consequently, I prefer classic music, melodic metal and gothic to techno and the mainstream music of newer days.

Welcome Merlin

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Name: - Kevin Skehan  
User Email - kskehan@columbus.rr.com

Qualifying Score/Test - Mensa Entrance Exam CTMM  
Poetry - Published in COL-M (Columbus Mensa) JOURNAL

Biography - I'm a husband, father, teacher, lover of words and all they can achieve, and a seeker of inspired conversation. I'm a member of Mensa, Intertel, and the One-Percent Society.

Welcome Kevin

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Name: - Jakum Nowak  
User Email – quba1979@o2.pl

Qualifying Score/Test – N-VCPE-R  
Poetry – Published on Poetry.com

Biography – I am a Doctor of Dental Medicine. I like to do brain twisters ,to write poetry and am interested psychology and astrology.

Jukum likes to write poetry in his native language of Polish. You will find his photo and bio. on the member's links page of our PGS website.

Welcome Jakum

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Name: - J. David Mason  
User Email – dmason@augencc.com

Qualifying Score/Test – Grove Multi-Mental Brief  
Poetry – Published poetry, coming in next issue of Integra, and published on poetry.com.

Biography – J. DAVID MASON graduated with a B.A.Sc. from the University of Toronto in 1967 (Engineering & Economic geology), and from McGill University in 1969 with M. Eng. (Mining), specializing in management sciences and mineral economics.

His work experience in the mineral business included positions with Noranda Mines and Rio Algom as well as being a policy analyst for the Ontario Government.

Mr. Mason spent 25 years in the investment business of which 10 years was as a Mining Analyst (Wood Gundy & Walwyn Inc.), approximately 10 years in corporate finance, and four years as an advisor to individual investors. Major publications authored by Mr. Mason include: Future of Jr. Mining Companies and Towards a Nickel Policy for Ontario.

Mr. Mason is a member of the Toronto Geological Discussion Group and since 1973 the Toronto Society of Financial Analysts. In 1990, he passed the comprehensive Partners and Directors examination of the Canadian Securities Institute.

Augen Capital Corp., formed in October 1994, is a merchant bank, which invests in emerging resource companies. Mr. Mason is the founder and serves as Chairman & C.E.O. Augen has several million dollars under management and has been successful in its objective of providing a return on assets of over 40 percent per annum. More than 70 resource company financings have been arranged since inception, including many with tax assisted features.

Welcome David

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Name: - Sascha Valdez  
User Email - [enigma007@charter.net](mailto:enigma007@charter.net)

Qualifying Score/Test - Grove Multi-Mental Brief  
Poetry - Published by the International Poetry Society with editor's choice award

Biography - Hello All,  
My name is Sascha Azrael Ramon Valdez. The reason I have given all my middle names is that my first name usually throws some people off into thinking I'm a woman. I am an 28 year old man, going to school for computer science, born and raised in Germany, but live in USA, with native american, asian and puertorican ancestry. I used to write poetry as a child but have only recently started to write again in the last couple of years. I am also an avid test taker and take tests for fun and as a hobby.

I look forward to getting some good critique on my future work that

I post. :)

Sas

Welcome Sas

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Name: - Uros Petrovic  
User Email - [upetrovic@hotmail.com](mailto:upetrovic@hotmail.com)

Qualifying Score/Test - Mensa entrance exam

Poetry - Blue Blooms, 1986., magazine Dosije XX stoleca Gipsie's Song, 1997., Metronom Undertaker's Song, written for FC Partizan Fans, 1988., and this song is being sung nowadays Alma zbornik, 2004., three titles

The Snail, The Blue Water, The Tree

also wrote a epic novel:

AVEN AND BADGERDOG IN THE LAND OF WOOK, published 2003.

[http://www.plato.co.yu/mc.dll/knjiga.detalji.htm?art\\_id=79191](http://www.plato.co.yu/mc.dll/knjiga.detalji.htm?art_id=79191)

Second book is preparing for print at this moment

Biography - UP was born in 1967 in Serbia. He is designer, poet and writer. He won several Photography Competitions, with clear first prize. He published a book of epic fantasy, several poetic titles, and some short novels. He sold several oil paintings. His hobbies are exploring of nature and collecting of memories.

[http://homepage.ntlworld.com/atalanta/isi-s\\_members99.html](http://homepage.ntlworld.com/atalanta/isi-s_members99.html)

Welcome Uros

