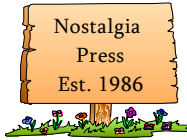


# HEART

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POETRY

No. 7



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## CREATIVITY

We each have a  
song poem story  
to tell  
Talent and truth lurk everywhere  
landscaped on the human heart  
Housed in each person  
a singular universal drama  
Always together and forever separate  
your wine and celebration are mine  
my search burrows under your skin  
so pour yourself on me as we flow into dust  
forever birthing the messages of life  
while seeking the  
unanswerable  
answers.



# HEART POETRY AWARD \$500

“Etude”

by Bo Niles  
New York, NY



“In a sense, I have been writing all my life. Don’t we all, in one way or another?” ~Bo Niles

“The desire to write creatively came suddenly and wonderfully,” says Bo. While a college sophomore enrolled in a required course, *Biblical History*, her theology professor suggested she try creative writing because he liked the sound of her words more than their import! She followed his advice and her life changed. In her junior year, she won the college’s prose prize.

After college, Bo began writing and editing at magazines dedicated to architecture and design, one of which was *Country Living* where she directed photography of houses and rooms and wrote her own copy. She has written a number of books on home design, as well as a travel memoir with her own illustrations, *A Window on Provence*, about a summer spent in the South of France with her parents. Now that Bo is retired, she has turned to what she has always loved, poetry. She attends poetry workshops and sends out her poems which have been published in various journals.

When Bo was a child, she lived in New York where her father played and sang at nightclubs. At age 14, her family moved to Florence, Italy, where her dad studied composition, began to compose, and played piano on behalf of the local Consulate. Bo spent her teenage years there and eventually returned to the US where she finished high school and college.

Her winning poem, “Etude” is about her father, the pianist, the musician who helped found The American Composers Orchestra, which commissions and presents American music in New York.

Bo and her husband, Bill, live in New York. ♥

Bo Niles  
New York, NY



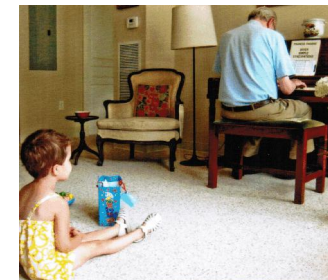
## ETUDE

In the deckle-edged, sepia-toned photograph  
My father hunches over an upright piano in his bathing trunks,  
His fingers blurred where they strike the keys,  
His sun-bronzed shoulders—pointy-bladed, splayed—  
Tender as the drawn-back wings of a dove,  
Every knob on his fourteen-year-old spine lit by sun.

He leans hard into the music, his head thrown back,  
Angled toward the camera, his eyes closed tight,  
His lips hard, I imagine, with humming—  
When he plays the piano he always hums—  
His only armor his raw eagerness for the boogie-woogie,  
Rag and Broadway show tunes his father plays so well.

As he plays, he mimes his father’s syncopations  
Hoping for a word, a glance even, of sincere regard,  
Much as Donatello’s bronzed and youthful David,  
Naked but for his boots and helmet leafed with laurel,  
And leaning upon Goliath’s mammoth sword,  
Awaited benediction for his Lord.

These days, another upright stands in a far-off room  
And, although my father’s skin has thinned,  
His fingers grown bent and stiff with age,  
He still rags and riffs in that familiar pose  
Humming along as if his life depended on it—  
As I believe it does.



John Alexanderson  
Doylestown, PA

## LIFE'S DIVIDE

*Freshman year, Rochester, NY*

Nine-buck bed, hotel's last nook. Bent antenna offers one ashen channel, radio dials little but tedium. The city seems to creep extinction in the cracked window. Outside, a bus fumes through stale yellows, scant riders stenciled within.

In a blink, daybreak toys the sheets and carpet. Toothbrush and toiletries stowed. Eggs and toast, coffee shop plates and cup dulled by years of knives and forks. Second thoughts stick to the vinyl stool and chrome-rimmed counter like a sweaty summer day.

Eight-thirty's cusp, the cab appears. Under cloud cover, soon the standard, human shapes emerge. They don't look up, and why should they? Their neutral sky echoes asphalt, grit, fall's first leaves, seems to suffer their reluctance.

The cabbie hefts my trunk, preposterous with my sisters' college decals, into the back. The scent of gasoline as the door hammers shut. Swept up in the arteries of one of Upstate's great cities, peeling shops and luncheonettes, boarded buildings, yellow hydrants. I'll bet the kids open them in mischief. All the dogs are loose and seem akin. There are groups of Negro men whose stances question how to pass another day.

A jolt left onto River Boulevard. The University Tower rises, regards us as Goliath might. A parking lot muddled by kids and parents. The curb's a line drawn in dust, challenging the morrow of my choice. A dozen freshmen choreograph as they heft their gear to the pavement. Family apprehension knits most brows, relief a few. But, I'm alone. Eighteen years heal as I shoulder my trunk and cross the curb. They shed like scabs before insights and iniquities of coming months apart from Home and Hence.

John Alexanderson  
Doylestown, PA

## APOLOGIA

Burley-Brightleaf savors spice his dresser drawer. On Saturdays, Dad cuts the grass or rakes crisp leaves. Rolled sleeves, worn white shirt, a candid trace of sweat, the day divided into Kents and coffee cleaved by heavy cream. He's a priest igniting autumn heaps with the lit end. Remembrance billows, censers our suburb on a Saturday afternoon.

The first drag behind the Y.  
My forehead seems afloat.

Kinship's now a clot of kids,  
just before the late bell.

Yo, bum one now,  
I'll catch you next time when I'm less broke.

Cheap band, warm beer, the most illicit couch in the Fraternity. Discover she likes Chesterfields too. Another date hates smoke, but still lights up. From that night on, the small of her back is satisfaction enough.

This Season  
servants state our contentments.  
They scrub the hum  
of beer and Luckies  
from our ballparks.  
Players fade to embers in  
the corner of a dark dugout.  
The crowd's mostly kids.  
Each one maggots Dad's haggard take-home.  
The afternoon has absolutely no aroma.

I watched Johnny Carson smoke before America every single weeknight.  
I am not kidding! Know what else?  
Over Western New York, the Stewardess placed a pack of four beside our Salisbury Steaks.  
I considered mine a moment, then zipped the wrapper.  
Like the guy next to me.

And so, Dad died about seven o'clock. His battered briefcase, folded yellow sweater await their morning jaunt for coffee and the *Wall Street Journal*. An unopened twenty kills time exactly where he placed it in the afternoon.

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## A CHILDHOOD MEMORY OF WOOLWORTH'S

It was the yellow I remember: mustard  
on the hot dog, on my chin, the lemonade  
waterfall inside the plastic humming fountain,  
chatter of the parakeets and canaries  
in the pet department, Ticonderoga  
pencils unsharpened, two for a quarter,  
the popcorn, the hair of the Barbie I wanted.  
My mother's straw purse when opened  
smelled of Juicy Fruit gum, the wrappers  
she had folded neatly and stuck  
in the inner pocket, the daisy buckle on her wallet,  
the smiley face she bought for a dime  
and pinned to my denim jacket,  
all because I had been born with a frown.  
My first baby photo rarely shown to anyone,  
my head a waffle cone, eyes raisin  
small, lips the pursed lemon, nose a jaundiced  
stone. That day the photos were two  
for a dollar, choice of sky blue  
background or redwood forest.  
My mother's tanned arm scalloped the air  
in a wave of pure sunshine, pointing  
at the button on my jacket, she mouthed "smile."  
Flashbulbs slipstreamed her aura to halo.  
My eyes dizzy from all that light.  
Of certain things I need no reminding.

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## THE EXTINCTION OF THE WOODEN CLOTHESPIN

It no longer pinches the joker  
to a bicycle spoke, it no longer threatens  
children's noses with the perfect elfin point.  
It no longer holds the book open nor closes  
It to mark a place. The kindling wood  
And it no longer fire rubber banded  
Ammunition at unsuspecting passers by.  
No. This bird with the one good eye  
Has gone the way of the grandmothers  
to a field in the sky where sheets smell like clouds  
And every day is sun filled and sun dried.  
It has gone the way of most good things  
That open their mouths too wide,  
Packed away into the suitcase of our nostalgia  
Of what we call simpler times, a backyard,  
A rope strung to the garage, a woman's  
Sturdy arms pinning her hopes to a line,  
What we remember of our grandmothers,  
The strong pull, how we are tethered to time.



### A MINUTE OF CONSCIOUSNESS

Down in the dumps, sliding in and out of desolation.  
 Trying to find whatever it is that can bring you back from  
 the brink of where you don't want to be.  
 Reading the Word but without a lot of satisfaction, because your  
 heart can't decide why you feel the way you do.  
 Despondency and self-examination can only bring about so much  
 evidence.  
 But when you stop and think about it, you don't even know where  
 you went wrong.  
 Wrong, why do you have to be on that mistaken path again?  
 Where is all the knowledge you've learned gotten you this time?  
 If there's been one lesson that you've learned, it's that you haven't  
 learned anything yet.  
 Finally, the answer to your question has been attained.  
 Through all the subjects read, every lesson studied, you still don't  
 know anything yet.  
 Well, you could say, I guess, I haven't studied long enough to  
 really know anything.  
 But how long is long enough? And who is to say when  
 it's been an adequate amount of time?  
 Is a lifetime too much for one person to endeavor to learn all  
 they can about God?  
 Some would say no, but other less enlightened persons would  
 advise the authorities that you can't be trusted with sharp  
 objects.  
 Make an effort to learn whatever you can wherever you can.  
 Human emotions along with human fragility is not the proper  
 gauge to try and understand the mysteries of our LORD.  
 It is one of the best tools God uses to bring his wayward  
 children to his side.  
 But don't fret, if you are a child of God, your spiritual common  
 sense will tell you— that you can't possibly know  
 everything about our Creator.  
 These observations are bringing me to expose this variable.  
 If in your lifetime, you meet a person who says he knows  
 everything about God,  
 You'll know you're talking to someone who doesn't know as  
 much as you know.

### FRINGE CREATURES

If a stranger puts out his hand  
 you have to shake it,  
 even if he is homeless  
 and you can't imagine a way  
 that he could keep himself clean  
 when restaurants and gas stations tend  
 to shoo away anyone  
 who smells this strongly of rum.  
 You shake it anyway,  
 both times that he puts it out to you,  
 and you give him some money when he asks for it,  
 which prompts him to prove that he was in the Navy once,  
 then makes him search through his wallet  
 for an ID he can't find,  
 pull back a sleeve  
 to show you a tattoo you can't see,  
 and you listen and try not to encourage him  
 as he lists the names of specific officers  
 he wants to kill, then maybe not kill,  
 maybe bring down a few pegs,  
 and when you tell him you have to go to tutor English  
 he says he slept through that class  
 as if it was one class  
 that was only offered once,  
 and he says he has stories to tell  
 but he can't get a handle on the grammar and the spelling,  
 and he pretends to be surprised when you say  
 that all you need is the story,  
 and you are annoyed by now,  
 leaving when he switches to the topic of your shirt,  
 and later that night  
 you see a coyote in the city.  
 It is three in the morning and your friend points it out to you,  
 and both of you wonder where it could live, alone,  
 surviving in the middle of streets and businesses  
 and traffic that passes too quickly to be seen  
 and too quickly to see him,  
 and he glances at you once,  
 eyes as bright as wet sequins  
 and he pads away after looking you over,  
 returning to whatever has been keeping him alive.

## FOR SALE

The *Going Out of Business Sale* sign has hung  
in Clara's Department Store window for decades  
Still visible through the massage of soap  
If you get up close  
you can see slivers of saddle shoes  
and penny loafers lying in their cardboard coffins  
A pillbox hat that plays peek-a-boo  
through the soap streaks  
Beside a bent Stetson tagged like a deer  
with a 70% discount

And if you press nose to glass long enough  
characters cast themselves in an old home movie  
Milky and rough, they replay a silent drama  
A pubescent girl out of a photo album  
sits by the shoe rack  
Her uncle Hank points to her birthday present  
A pair of cowboy boots one size larger than the last  
He shifts foot to foot under the weight  
of Blue Waltz scent dancing off the girdled  
garter belted and nyloned Clara

The girl carries her own hormonal burden  
His name is Pacific and he's standing in front  
of a mirror combing ducktail hair  
A new sophomore from California  
who sees nothing in this hick town store  
that keeps him from swaggering to his Harley  
The girl decides no more cowboy boots  
and fades into a teenager right before your eyes

The townspeople think of the building as empty  
But you know otherwise and so must Clara's kids  
They've price it four times higher  
than any of the vacant buildings on Main Street

## WINTER STORM

I leave him in the kitchen, complaining—  
again— that he has better things to do than visit  
my parents. *Fine, I say. I'll go alone.*

Snowflakes melt on the windshield  
of my red Plymouth, bald tires slide  
coming off Floyd's Knobs at dusk.

I fear the fifty-mile trip and driving  
at night against the glare of headlights.  
Besides, the roads will be too slick  
to drive home.

Mom knows. She meets me at the door  
with an embrace and doesn't act surprised.  
We seldom hug, but she holds me  
and doesn't ask questions.

The smell of the roast reminds me  
of all the hash we ate when I was a kid.  
I'm back in grade school, trudging inside  
from building the best snowman,

pulling off ice-caked mittens to grip a mug  
of hot cocoa, drying wind-wet eyes,  
cheeks red from the cold.

Huge flakes coat the window ledge.  
Dad flips on the porch light and we watch  
them float down, thick and fluffy, glistening  
in the air like first-grade stars.

## JOY OF FLIGHT

As free as thought  
my plane dips to earth,  
flying through the stratus

I soar through space  
not a whisper in the air,  
Cutting through spumes of cloud,  
Racing for the stars  
waiting expectantly

Up, up into the mirrored blue,  
like a seagull  
dancing with easy grace,  
What peace  
aloft in the majesty of space

Into this realm I am enveloped,  
consumed by scorpion shaped clouds,  
Out of touch with earth  
within a small world of my own

My thoughts suspended towards  
the horizon,  
Only the engine's murmur in the  
silence of the sky

Angel fingers weave  
like cotton candy  
Through the blue endless heavens,  
What joy this dimension

Feelings of freedom, power,  
faith and control  
So few are able to experience  
on this plane

Time and distance slip past my wings  
as I peer downward,  
Descending  
to the bonds of earth

Diving towards the ground,  
fog hanging  
under a motionless sun,  
I dip, turn through the Valley  
And touch the ground at home





## TRIAL SEPARATION

Music meanders in the background,  
an impromptu lullaby  
supplying my dreams with rhythm,  
but remaining faint enough  
that I continue half-dozing.

Thoughts wander to the months  
before the bickering, when I was focused  
on the seductive curves of your handwriting  
and you were held hostage by an ambition  
to mold a practical god out of an impossible man.

My stomach snarls a vocal craving for food,  
and I recall the meals that you fashioned  
from your limited Midwestern repertoire.  
This was before we treated  
each other like mismatched socks,  
before you started speaking to me  
as if I was some hapless drifter  
you kept around for household chores,  
providing only a lousy stipend  
of disrespect and bland cooking.

I awaken, once again aware that  
you have shifted yourself, your belongings,  
and my possessions that you coveted  
outside the sphere of my existence,  
hauling them all to one of those  
overpriced apartment complexes  
that litter the suburban landscape,  
Summit Hill or Evergreen Estates,  
the name being as trivial  
as whatever triggered our displeasure.

My bravado has vanished, it now cowers  
within that narrow bandwidth of emotion  
located between guilt and self-pity.

So I pray for guidance,  
and make minor adjustments,  
waiting for an instant when  
present tragedy becomes a myth,  
knowing our future remains as uncertain  
as the fate of an upstart sitcom on television.

## GREY AND GREEN

The heavy and frequent rains of  
October  
Have kept the mosses bright green  
Early afternoon  
Thursday  
November  
Warm sun  
No wind  
The forest quiet  
Where you lie  
Beneath soft leaf mold  
For eternity.

Beneath my hand  
Smooth Maine granite  
Feels cool and familiar.  
I gently brush aside  
Pine needles and balsam spills  
That cover your name  
Black block letters  
Etched in stone  
Date of Birth  
Date of Death  
Solid evidence you  
Lived and died  
So much unsaid  
In that space in between.

(Continued . . .)

Afternoon sun  
Reflects off  
Gentle ripples  
Of the pond.  
It shines  
On the brilliant  
Green mosses  
That hug your stone  
Grey granite  
Green moss.  
Soft grey  
Lush green  
Death and life  
A mystery  
  
Crisp air  
A branch creaks  
Damp smells rise  
From the woods carpet  
Remnants of memories  
Float in and out  
This thought lingers...  
It is right  
That you lie in this place  
Of forest calm and tranquility  
Are you alone?  
What do I know  
Of Eternity?

## SCENIC OVERLOOK

We dined that afternoon on scones  
and—if my memory serves me—strawberries,  
the latter no doubt trucked in from well south of here,  
our own still some weeks short of ripening.  
The fruit from local farms is always better,  
better still that cultivated by our own hands,  
tended patiently until the perfect moment,  
when its sweetness and our hunger peak.

But that day we were improvising,  
more concerned with getting there  
while sunlight still would warm our picnic perch,  
from where we overlooked far more  
than from those little rooms that had till then  
contained—and yes constrained—our hopes and loves,  
so less-than-truly-ripeness of strawberries,  
(which after all were more than sweet enough),  
was easy such a day to overlook  
while savoring the sandwich wraps, the scones,  
the view from so far up the mountainside.  
A hawk's eyes can discern, I've heard,  
the movement of a field mouse from a thousand feet or more.  
And yet, from where we overlooked the hawks,  
balancing there, static in the headwind,  
could it be we also overlooked  
some message in the stars, illegible  
till darkness would reveal it, of our coming trials?

(Continued...)

Too little could we see of what awaited us  
to calculate our chances, wisely choose  
the safest way back down into the city,  
where our dream, now freed and burgeoning,  
would lead us, by paths only sometimes scenic,  
often grueling, frightening, circuitous,  
insisting all along that we must overlook  
those tests, until at last it led us home.

Yet had we waited longer,  
heeded not the chilly breeze,  
read correctly all the twinkling omens,  
would we then have turned aside?  
More likely we'd have turned away  
from their cold fire unto the softer glow  
of moonlight, chosen romance and illusion.  
We'd have chosen hope, as lovers always do  
and sometimes wisely.

We shall return, some not too distant sunny afternoon,  
to picnic once again among the treetops,  
gazing now with clearer sight  
down past the red hawks' outstretched wings  
into the city, which at last  
is truly home to us.  
We'll wait this time till we can pick  
the berries for ourselves, and though  
perhaps we'll choose to tarry  
till the sun descends, we will not  
search the heavens for a message,  
but trust fate to stay as distant  
as its starry perch, and overlook our love.

## FEBRUARY 14

The gray-on-gray sky seems fitting,  
but my soul cries out for sleet  
to cover up this day, with all of its romantic nonsense.  
My groundhog heart was shown his fearsome shadow  
and now covers under covers,  
clinging to his little book of rhymes.

Why couldn't I have been more like that man  
who saw your love in dress shirts neatly pressed,  
stern in his morality, immune  
to loneliness, impervious  
to captivating eyes and teasing words,  
and above all, self-contained,  
beyond all need of intimate communion?

You, craving friendship, trusted me,  
not knowing how I trusted fate,  
and now must wonder  
what the god of love was thinking,  
to place us two in one another's paths.

This bitter taste—  
is this what people mean  
when they talk about *regret*? I never knew.  
Or does this bile protest the drug prescribed  
to treat my juvenile preoccupation

with ephemeral beauty and the sharing  
of life's fleeting sweetness, when I should be  
balancing the checkbook to determine  
how much room there is for dreams  
in this month's budget?

"How would things be," my mother used to ask,  
"if they weren't the way they are?"  
And then she'd answer, simply, "They'd be different."  
But in my shame I think that any difference  
would have to be much better  
than the bleakness facing you today,  
and I so wish you could know  
how much I'd give-up to my very life—  
to make it better.

But that's just more romantic nonsense,  
isn't it?  
And lately I've been trying to be  
different, hoping you will notice  
my new, practical grownupness,  
stripped of pretty words. And yet,  
and yet, I have to say,  
I think the medicine must not be working,  
for, in spite of all regret,  
I still miss  
both of us.

(Continued...)

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF TRAVEL

*after George Santayana*

*What is life but a form of motion...*

*Through a foreign world?*

But what of the pumpkin, the rutabaga?

Stuck in a sheltered or sunny nook  
bound fatally by their roots—  
or mouths as Aristotle would have it—  
which, like condemned leeches  
must wait to suck up water  
from the unreliable sky  
or the supple rubber hose waved about  
by a two-legged weekend gardener.

Richer soil may be a yardstick away  
but the rootbound can't pick up and leave,  
sign a new lease and move into their dream  
home. No eyes to spy healthy tomato plants  
lounging against a stake, no lips to hunger  
for loam and mulch, no imagination  
for new digs, a new life of expanded breath.  
The spirits at Findhorn might disagree— but the careless  
wind or a blind beetle, lifting their seed, is their only ticket.

Even their limbs can hardly move,  
unless the wind moves them. They turn very slowly  
towards the light, lengthening and twisting themselves...  
Their slumbering souls are sensitive  
only to...the pervasive heat or moisture,  
the blind stress of budding and bursting here,  
or the luxury of blooming and basking  
and swaying there in the light.

Continued...

For over ten years I blew about this country,  
horrifying— and impressing— friends  
by moving to Portland or Woodstock  
with no prearranged job or house.  
Always wanting to work midst the congenial,  
quiet lives of books, I pointed the green nose  
of my decade-old Chrysler Newport  
for the Seattle Public Library,  
only to discover a hiring freeze  
lasting a year or more. In my thirties

I settled down, would never pack belongings  
spontaneously in my car— now I'd need  
2 Men & A Truck— and crank up the carb  
and the F.M. (What a wonder unknown  
radio stations can be!), spin the travel wheel  
and tool west on Highway 80, lose  
my heart to Pinedale, Wyoming. Yesterday, though

I “gave notice”— what a phrase!— at work  
without a prospect, having finally stuck my head  
inside my body and heard the twisted stalks  
of my nerves try to unravel, their breathing  
like cats paws rubbing the glass  
of a storm door, that begging for release  
to roll in luxury on cement or chase  
sparrows into the next door neighbor's garden,  
bulbs bursting from their skin slowly in the dark.



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**LATE OCTOBER**

for C.A.

Sunset tears away  
the scar  
and she is left  
with a puncture where  
a vein once ran.

The cut on my hand  
is the shape of a wishbone  
or, better yet, the jaws  
of an ancient fish, forever  
open.

We hold them up  
to each other:  
hers behind the glass  
of her old Type III,  
mine feeling the wind

wrap around my fingers  
as I watch her chug  
away, sense her elbow  
jerk as she shifts  
from second to third.

She will spend the night  
at her mother's. I will lay  
clothes-on-hangers flat  
on top of books and records  
in my wagon's back. I'll take

little else, leave the rest behind  
to leave something there of me.  
But for now I am the creeping bee  
on the slope of the curb. No  
honey  
no longer, no honey no longer.

(Continued...)

The apple and ember  
smell of last October;  
she, in umber-veined leaves and  
sun  
and in our driveway  
the cat rolling in gravel  
under the '62 Volvo—  
our friends, Lou and Diane, drove  
it to us  
from Maine,  
maple and high snow  
still sticky upon its top, hood, and  
trunk.

We creaked open the front doors,  
let the rock on the radio sail  
outside  
as we leaned and lounged against  
its rusting body,  
back at school, suddenly,  
new couples again, that only—

two-people-in-the-world feeling  
that I tried to stuff back down  
my throat before its sweetness  
gagged me,  
how I tried to set that feeling in  
stone,  
a fossilized romance to be sure.

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**SILENCE'S SOLILOQUY**

I like to write poems at a hotel in the tropical island. I like to occupy the large hall only to my own sight, poetic placidity falling from the high, empty ceiling. I like to listen to the dust lying on the silverware as if the dawn draws its own swishing serenity on the distant coughs in the dark forest. I like to stick to the silent squirmings as I wish to stay awake. When I leave this silent hall now, the strange mutters of midnight guests might fill in like red bean soup, but I like their sudden, familiar timbres, too. I love the fat hogs' mouths to sigh about the new weddings of their little brides. O their salty soliloquies are all nerves and fats!

I like the whispers of the shadows voicing the favorite poems of the dark. O I forgot all the lines blank, but they are still ringing in my mouth like muslin sound. With the slow solace of the subtorrid night swarming in, I begin to write my poem on the Khaki uniform under the Tropic of Cancer. I walk them around the mystic hieroglyphics on the comic shirts of silence. At last, everything disappears, even the drawling slurs of silence under the chamber chandelier. I stop writing and open the half-asleep eyes to see it again. All easings and oozings, I become a new plant, wide awake from the snoozing dream in the hall.



# Heartfully...

They say you are old when you spend more time thinking about your memories, rather than your dreams.

How about memories of old dreams? Do you think that counts? Old dreams die a slow agonizing death. Hanging on is hard work.

So you bury those old unmaterialized dreams you literally talked to death, stack stones on them, name them, properly assign birth and death dream years. Say goodbye, move on.

Well Ok, that sounded good. Truth is, no matter how deeply I bury my dreams, doesn't take much for me to forsake a new clean cut path, run back to the Dream Graveyard, remove all stacked stones, tear away ground and call them back...all the pretty pieces of my cast away, passed away dreams. But even if I didn't dig them up, dreams have a way of resurrecting themselves. Dreams can die a thousand deaths, then live to die again.

Dreams deceive you, leave you, grieve you. But losing a dream also frees you to dream something newer, something truer.

So what if my dreams are a crumbled jumbled mess. So what if I hear others whisper or shout, Told you so! Told you not to dream. So what? I own them. They are mine. All the old and aging-faster dreams.

Perhaps I don't plan my dreams well enough. But life is what happens when you make your plans. So I live to dream, and dream to live out my dreams. Dreams can outlive us. Others may live to enjoy our dreams long after we're gone. You may be remembered for your dreams. Dreams give and take, sometimes taking more than giving. They give us hope, and help us look forward. Dreams soften reality.

I believe God speaks to us through dreams. So handle carefully your dreams. They tell you things about yourself no one would guess about yourself. What are my dreams? Sorry, like birthday wishes, if I tell you, they may not come true.

But like the late great King of Soul singer Otis Redding's song- "I've got dreams to remember...."

Listen to your dreams. Then follow your heart. It's the dream thing to do.

~Connie Lakey Martin, Editor



Into my heart an air that kills  
From yon far country blows:  
What are those blue remembered hills,  
What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of lost content,  
I see it shining plain,  
The happy highways where I went  
And cannot come again.  
~A.E. Housman 1859-1936



**“In common things that round us lie  
Some random truths he can impart, --  
The harvest of a quiet eye  
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.”  
~William Wordsworth  
1770 - 1850**

