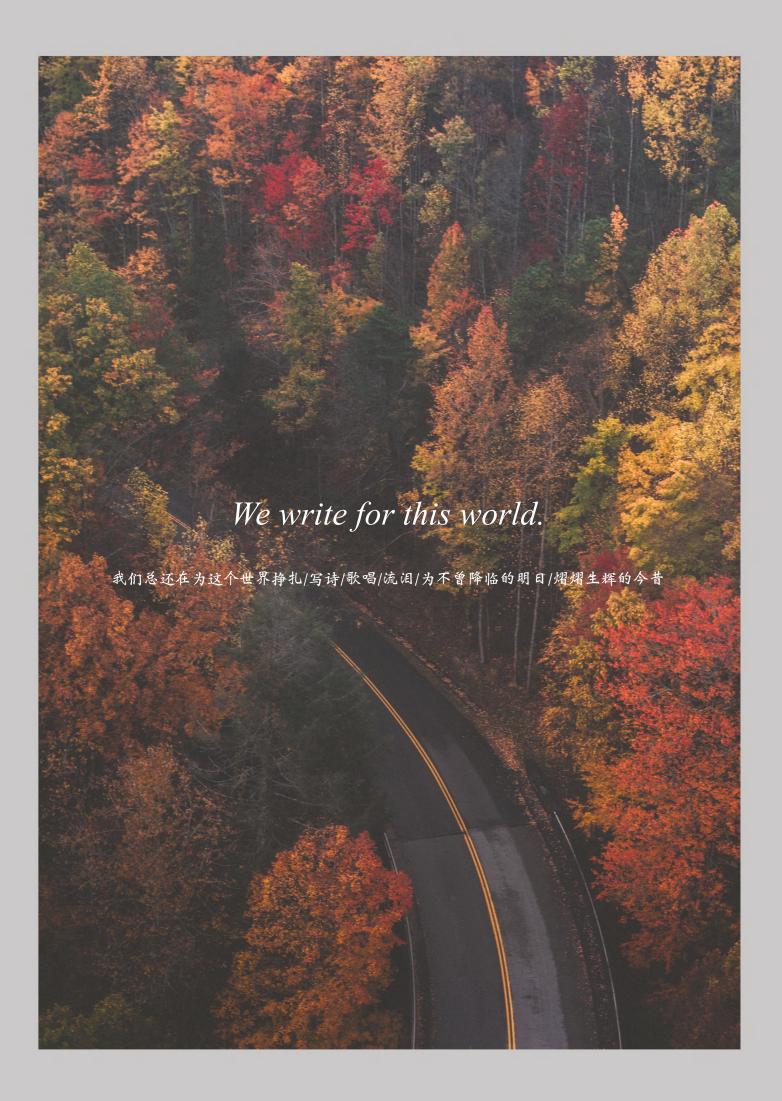
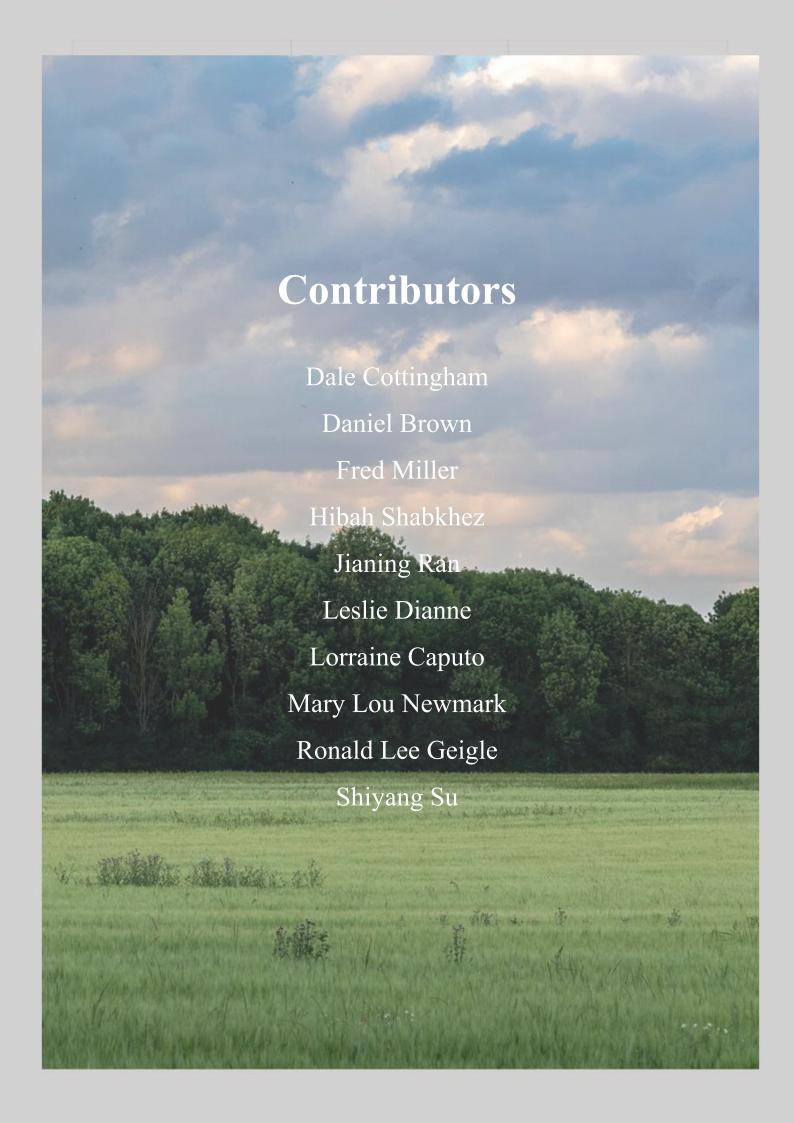
# POETIC SUN

#ISSUE 8

EDITORS: SHIYANG SU JIANING RAN





### **Passing Through**

"There is no answer" you said "to why in an inquiry because an inquiry is to find out why," your voice rising over us like a storm, a sample of the truth from a promised land you searched high and low, near and far, a purpose that everything served: car rides, reading, even sex.

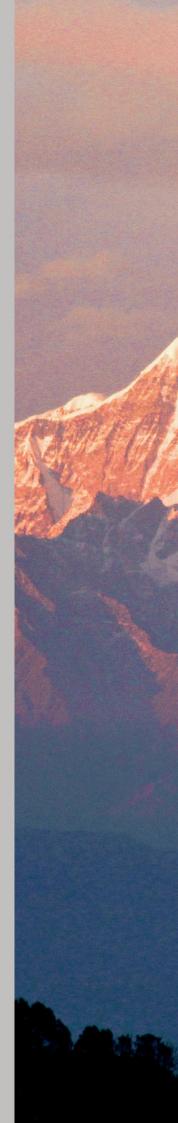
I write these lines knowing that you are nowhere for me to find or ask how to manage words that course to me through dust, heat, exhaust, the exquisite air of these plains, that seem to have a life of their own (don't they?) but right now I want to focus on memories I have of you fixed and projected, show I imagine what you might say.

I've been damaged on my way across.

Today is broad and open and the few trees are a deepening green meaning that whatever certainty they will make they will make it now for they appear to be experiencing a season of good feelings like the era when polio ended and refreshments and new music were enjoyed.

With office towers and helicopters
the sky is suddenly active
and this seems a good place to piece together
a narrative that makes a sense all my own,
like when I was a boy standing
before the blackboard giving my report
of what happened during the long summer.

Perhaps that's the part of you that called from Denver delivering a combination of afterglow, discovery and regret,



so powerful in your shaken soul, telling me they were trashy, still you brought them home, had your first three-way. It was the last time I heard your voice.

Someday I'll want to unpack all this but for now these lines seem held together by something, I can't say exactly what, but it seems like music, one part essential to another as they sit compressed on the page.

Yet I am alone in these margins which is neither joyful or sad but merely allows my mind to niggle itself through its own scrub trees, past doublewides, over hills the way we did that day on the open road, term over, windows down, going at speed into a vast valley, all the fences in good order, barns new. You told me, "Someday I'll own this valley." And for that instant you did as much as any of us passing through.

### Field Grass In Season

Enthralled by the next booth's dialogue I was renewed

and renewed

and renewed.

Then I get up, head out, but before getting back
I stop at roadside awhile.
No balloons, no ceremony, fine with me.
As the sun arcs over the western horizon
the fugitive lands crowd under separate, applied names. It's
dusk, the silence before the great peril when fellow citizens
face into stranded night, for each one's destiny
is to set out into tundra with no landmarks
and with dreams for a cane,
to make a way forward.
I see the prospect of one more moonless night,
but it will allow me to reset as best I can
for the morrow's smiles, tears, and
perhaps some linear action. Who can know.

Well, enough of this. I think I'll now head on.
I'll try not to pay too much attention to the mess I've made.
All those pennants I ran up the pole.
Try not to see how they've fared. Yet
the field grass across the way catches my eye.
I think how it draws in what is at hand,
some sun, some moisture from the ground,
how the grass rises in season.
Isn't that praise too?

— Dale Cottingham

### Bio:

Dale Cottingham is of mixed race, part Choctaw, part White. Cottingham is a Breadloafer, won the 2019 New Millennium Award for Poem of the Year, is a finalist in the 2021 Great Midwest Poetry Contest, and has been nominated for 2021 Best of Net



# **Three Sketches Early Morning**

A small purple

shovel

alone on the

beach.

Waiting.

Just right for

a child's

hand.

All that is

Needed.

One crow

lands.

A second

Follows.

They walk the

Sand.

Drink from the

Lake.

My shadow sits

quietly

nearby.

On the path

humid air,

a Dragonfly rests--

blue torso

on an orange Lily.



### **Ancient Rain**

For Linnea

I like to think we passed in ancient rain years before love eyes averted not knowing walking different routes stepping over humid oily prisms hearing unembellished the important sound of rain on open umbrellas petrichor longing washing our faces as they were before being born as pearls of receding dew.

— Daniel Brown

### Bio:

Daniel Brown is a retired Special Education teacher who began writing poetry as a senior. He has been published in journals, blogs and anthologies including Chronogram, The New Verse News, Poetic Sun and Mightier: Poets For Social Justice. He hosts a Youtube channel titled 'Poetry From Shooks Pond'which he hopes people will stumble over and enjoy. He is working on his first book, Family Portraits in Verse. Daniel resides with his wife,daughter and cats in beautiful upstate New York.

### **IN GRANDMA'S KITCHEN**

In grandma's kitchen, filled with aromas of nutmeg and cinnamon and future feasts in jars that lined pantry walls, he sat rapt in her lap and listened.

Behind thick glasses
and wrinkles,
a gentle voice
read tales of
adventure and joy
and hastened
long ago naps
to a small innocent
perched across her knee.

Holiday senses
awaken
forgotten memories
of creaking rockers
and words of wonder
and arms of assurance
before glowing embers
in a hearth
turned cold by time.



Where is the path
that lured young eyes
to spellbound
images of steeds and justice?
Gentle ghosts,
please carry him back
oh, so softly, to those moments
that burn so brightly
in his heart.

in my heart.

— Fred Miller

### Bio:

Fred Miller is a California writer. Over fifty of his poems and stories have appeared in publications around the world in the past ten years. Many may be found on his blog: https://pookah1943.wordpress.com



# Winter Is A Death-Bringing Muse The sky's last treasures are drifting down. Stored With care, tossed out nonchalantly, with no

Shaking upon their scarred, arm-like stem, Coconut-slice branches dim the sky's hue Like the eyes of young children selling them.

Sign of the pain the clouds are in.

The footpath, cracked and grey Since we buried you, Is turning white today.

If you are still lonely, my ghost, name doors
Draw chalk eye-glasses on the window-squares
Leaves on the bookshelves and twigs on the floors

Let us write poems like warm water poured Over grimy hands, poems of mayo To roll our potato chips in.

— Hibah Shabkhez

### Bio:

Hibah Shabkhez is a writer of the half-yo literary tradition, an erratic language-learning enthusiast, and a happily eccentric blogger from Lahore, Pakistan. Her work has previously appeared in Plainsongs, Microverses, Sylvia Magazine, Better Than Starbucks, Post, Wine Cellar Press, and a number of other literary magazines. Studying life, languages, and literature from a comparative perspective across linguistic and cultural boundaries holds a particular fascination for her. Linktree: <a href="https://linktr.ee/HibahShabkhez">https://linktr.ee/HibahShabkhez</a>

### Hurry

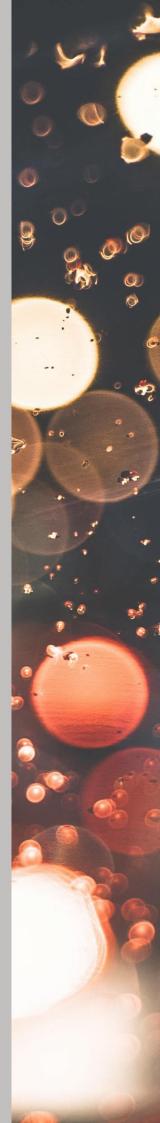
We hurry to the destination where something important is about to happen without us we will miss the speech, the applause the walk on stage the wisdom at the end the approval of the crowd the sense of belonging and communion of having experienced a moment of life together I slow down my pace stop and scan the crowd looking for your red sweater and favorite brown cap your saunter and quick smile the eyes that drank paris and danced on the spanish steps in rome I would miss the rest of my day just for a glimpse of you rushing, rushing, rushing through the crowd all the way back to me back to us

— Leslie Dianne



### Bio:

Leslie Dianne is a poet, novelist, screenwriter, playwright and performer whose work has been acclaimed internationally in places such as the Harrogate Fringe Festival in Great Britain, The International Arts Festival in Tuscany, Italy and at La Mama in New York City. Her stage plays have been produced in NYC at The American Theater of Actors, The Raw Space, The Puerto Rican Traveling Theater and The Lamb's Theater. She holds a BA in French Literature from CUNY and her poems have appeared in *The Lake, Ghost City Review, The Literary Yard, About Place Journal* and *Kairos* and are forthcoming in *Hawai'i Review*. Her poetry was recently nominated for a Pushcart Prize.





### **SILENT STORM**

At dusk an ancient man looked skyward – No, rain won't come today. Tomorrow, perhaps.

The night fell. Small drops, tenuous, speckled us strolling in the plaza.

Homeward I returned, fitfully tossing between elusive sleep & work, restless.

A steadier rain wets the courtyard, sky pulses with silent lightning.



### **CARACOL**

"Caracol" was originally published in Munyori Literary Journal (18 April 2014).

I.
With icy
pink sunset
The thundering waves
of this cold sea
wash calmer

I search the
distant tealplatinum waters
Dreaming of
toninas\*

Wind brushes
the thin firs
Dusk watercolors
the night gold &
indigo

II.Into the twilight seaI toss a bouquetof small white wildflowers& indigo sweetpeain a shell's spiral vase

I here in Patagonia on the shores of the South Atlantic beneath the Southern Cross

& you there in Carolina many miles from the North Atlantic beneath the Little Bear

This night, friend,



do you, too, dream with Yemayá? Can you hear her song?

The white-crested waves
rolling, shattering
upon a rough-sand beach
In the light of this
moonless night

### III.

I drift in spiral sleep Listening to the murmured music of the sea

The earth soft
beneath me
Stars glitter in a
chill midnight
blue heaven

Wind-tousled trees cast thin Shadows across my home, across my warmed body

— Lorraine Caputo

tonina — a marine mammal similar to the orca (killer whale)



### Bio:

Lorraine Caputo is a documentary poet, translator and travel writer. Her works appear in over 250 journals on six continents; and 19 collections of poetry – including *On Galápagos Shores* (dancing girl press, 2019) and *Escape to the Sea* (Origami Poems Project, 2021). She also authors travel narratives, articles and guidebooks. Her writing has been honored by the Parliamentary Poet Laureate of Canada (2011) and nominated for the Best of the Net. Caputo has done literary readings from Alaska to the Patagonia. She journeys through Latin America, listening to the voices of the pueblos and Earth.

### **City Against Time**

Where do you go in a city against time?

A city struggling for, or against, as if time were a choice

Abandoned buildings of memories past and future decaying in concentric circles concentric circles seg/ment/ed by lines like bi/cycle spokes

Be-fore Be-after Be-fore Be-after

Touch them and they spin faster and faster until they lose their straightness lose direction bending sideways/up/down who knows?

Be-fore Be-after Be-fore Be-after

Lives in constant multiplication-cationcation, concurrent/spaces,

contemporary layers of fact and fiction

Be-fore Be-after and sometimes, but not often — NOW

Touch the scattered debris, it swirls kaleidoscopic and confusing the patterns blur into muddypliability-ityity

The city is dense, layered, littered with broken dreams, new promises, desires to live or die, and losing its directness bending sideways/up/down, multiples of multiples

lives of memories, concentric circles of choice for, or against

and sometimes,
not often
— NOW

### Bio:

Mary Lou Newmark is an electric violinist, composer and poet living in Los Angeles. Her poetry is heard throughout the United States and Canada in combination with her music and in her multimedia theatrical works. The Los Angeles Times described her as "Laurie Anderson on a good hair day, but aiming more at emotions than intellect." Mary Lou's latest CD, "Room to Breathe," has appeared on weekly Top 30 Charts at public radio and college radio stations from Alaska to New York. Her website is: <a href="https://www.greenangelmusic.com">www.greenangelmusic.com</a>



### **Monastic Silence**

—this moment, then the next and next. How? The monks, how do they hold this drop of realization, of time—round, reluctant to fall away from itself, grasping tight until the next magical drop fills the lens, or the universe? In the middle of it, what does it feel like? Silent, unknown. Embracing this single breath of God of consciousness of eternity, peeking inside the prism of being and becoming or beckoning and beholding. But me, I think of Lennon and Lewinsky and wrist watches and water heaters and car parts and lawn darts and fantasy sex and T-Rex. Monkey mind may be my kind.

— Ronald Lee Geigle

### Bio:

Ronald Geigle is a writer and poet living in Arlington, Virginia. His work has been published in Bluepepper, The New Mexico Review, RavensPerch, and The Plum Tree Tavern literary journal. He is the author of the 2014 novel, The Woods, set in the Pacific Northwest during the waning years of the Great Depression. <a href="mailto:ronaldgeigle.com">ronaldgeigle.com</a>



## 今夜的我想念着海子

今夜的我想念着海子 我喜欢的人还是老样子 没有眼睛也没有 多余的感情 今夜的我想念着海子 想着他或许会懂我 在随便挑选的一天 晚上失眠 不再关心明天的死亡 和明天的明天的命运 今夜的我想念着海子 多想告诉他 日子还是一如既往 太阳的热度每一天 都有察觉不到 的变化 多想告诉他 今天的雨水没有 昨日的有精力 我的邻居蟋蟀 终还是死了



