

Roadside Raven Review 10

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Bart Solarczyk

numbering absence
all the ways
I miss you

dog in the sun
I'm here too
not who I was

blue lonely sea
but the sky
remains kind

motorcycle
summer bus
cicadas

the memories
we don't remember
are frequently the best

dark water moon
pour me a poem
& watch me sink

Maya Daneva

autumn scarecrow
I, too, enjoy
my solitude

dandelion fluff
blown away
but I am still here

coming from the sea
the jellyfish moves to the shore
and withdraws in the sea

red leaf
flowing on the pond
towards the red leaves

Christmas
the gentle crack of
the brand new bible

CL Bledsoe
Michael Gushue

March

I made the mistake of opening the door to March, and it's been on my couch for the last three weeks. It ate all my popcorn, put the milk back in the fridge with one swallow left. It emptied all the cereal out and glued the pieces to my kitchen table in a rough depiction of the Mona Lisa. My cat has started to twitch--and I don't even have a cat. Empty buckets of fried chicken piled up. The TV constantly blaring. Dorito crumbs ground in the carpet in the shape of the labyrinth of Minos. In the center, a smiley face emoticon, barfing. After around four weeks, March finally left, whining. Now, good luck getting those stains out of the fabric. Those pillows are going into the incinerator. The whole place smells of mud and swamp water, celebrity commentary, a droning that never ends. March. It comes in like a deadbeat relative you've never met before, and it goes out like it owns the whole damn world

Travel Plans

When it was time to migrate, the question of method arose. I wanted to hitch a ride on a tectonic plate, preferably ours. You looked forward to thousands of miles of air, surfing thermals from pole to pole. I admit I was lazy, content to move as fast as fingernails grow so I could admire the changes in the apocalyptic scenery. I wanted to memorize each villain's face. That way I would recognize their redemptive arcs in the sequel. You said I was risk averse, afraid to take a step, letting the continent do the work for me. Maybe you were right. I couldn't blame you for wanting to soar, for liking that music, all wind and light. But your nervous energy was hot oil spattering on a stove top. I was getting burn marks. When I'd catch up during your daily nap, you'd ask what I thought I'd seen. "Not a single cloud top, I bet," you'd say, and you were right. You were right.

Luis Berriozabal

In Search of Birds

All the trees
are in search of birds.
Something strange
is going on. M.
Night Shyamalan
must be on
set filming nearby.

All the trees
are in search of birds.
There is no
songs or music in
this forest.
If the trees fell, do

you suppose
they would make a sound
with no one
around? Without birds
the trees are
boring and lonely.

This Morning

This morning I was happy.
The sun waited for me so
very high up in the sky
and the trees were full of life
with a symphony of sound.
The birds were singing, small ones,
big ones, brown ones, and black ones.
I woke up feeling so young.
This morning I was happy.
I closed the door on my way
out. My injured foot was healed.
Its pain had hindered my walks.
Rain could not stop me now from
walking. I could not be stopped.
I walked and walked until the
sun wound down. I could not

explain why everything was
fine. The impossible could
happen. I walked all day long.

Face in the Moon

I looked for your face in the moon
despite the great distance from
where I stood at the end of day.
I imagined your hair was the dark
canvas and the stars your bright smile.

I kept my eyes fixed on your light.
Obstructed by trees loaded with
leaves, I was getting angsty until
I saw a glimpse of your face in a
scar on the dark side of moon.

Luis Berriozabal

A Dark Night Awaits

A dark night awaits
my well-light room.
Day still hours away.

Moonless sky, I do
not tremble because
I come to you now.
The X-ray sky looks
like it has no bones.
The clock's hand strikes
midnight. I am off to
see you. Witches are
in flight with their
brooms and black hats,
and I pay them no mind.

A dark night awaits
but so are you. I
look forward to our
meeting. I cannot wait.
All the stars above
are a no show. Maybe
they are just too high.
In laboratories mad
doctors work quietly.
No one works at poetry.
It's too dark but no
one's stopping me
from seeing you tonight,
A thousand stars
fell from the sky. A
thousand stars died.
I, alone, will travel
a thousand nights,
to be the one with you.
A thousand stars
have been set ablaze.
Tonight, you and I are one.

Just Another Nightmare

Darkness weighs on me
like walls tumbling down
on me until only silence
and stillness remains of me.

The dog that howls at
the moon calls my name.
Crows gather on wires
peering through my window.

The devil's breath is
not the warmth one wants.
I hear the wails of
aimless ghosts in the streets.

Thieves steal my dreams as
the darkness stands watch.
I sense it's useless
to hide under my bedsheets.

The moon ignores the
dog howling my name and
night's crows fly away.
I cannot escape so freely.

Andy McLellan, United Kingdom.
Elisa Theriana, Indonesia.

Last Dance

just
as I remember them
hawthorn berries (AM)

cheek to cheek
red persimmons (ET)

maple leaf
her favourite dress
frayed at the edges (AM)

waxing and waning
deep in his heart
autumn moon (ET)

splashing in a puddle
a pair of sparrows (AM)

maybe not today
nor tomorrow
a double rainbow (ET)

John Dorsey

Poem for my Grandmother, Dead at 61

i never remember you looking young
shaky hands lighting one cigarette
off the other
black rings under your eyes
but your smile was magic
talking about the tv preachers
by their first names
as if they really did care
about your salvation
as if they were going
to rescue you from your life
whenever the spirit moved them.

Z. Guadamour

Fresh Milk

In green morning Spring light
I try to piece together a manuscript
windows wide open
cobblestone street drying
the sun parches whitewashed house faces
small shops stand shuttered

A towheaded goatherd comes up the street
blowing his meadow lark pipes
enchanting all the birds into a chorus

The woman who lives a floor above
goes out onto the sidewalk
with a large black pot

The goatherd selects one
black long-haired doe
squirts milk into the pot
while the fierce brindled dog
pushes other goats onto rose granite sidewalk
The goats look around,
sightseers turning necks gawking for anything green
one of them nibbles on a bougainvillea
the dog growls the goat away

The goatherd
who can't be more than fourteen
takes the pesetas from the woman
thanks her and continues piping up the street
calling customers and making birds sing

The dog herds the goats ahead
horns bobbing above bleating hairy heads
droplets of sweet yellow milk leaking
form an indifferent sentence on the sidewalk
punctuated by green manure

Thom Bakelas

welcome home

pizza-man asks
“where ya been man? it’s been
like ten fucking years”
i tell him: “i just moved back”
a button is pushed on the register
“that’s \$6.50 brother,
welcome home.”

sunfed

sunlight comes through
opened curtains,
autumn breezes through
cracked windows.

we read our books,
and listen to songbirds,
and speak nothing.

between our love the cat walks.

we deserve this.
this we deserve.
it’s time.

“grey days”

waiting on change
like a broken pane of glass—
we splinter in the wind

