

Z Guadamour

The Impression

for Hélène

Thin clouds scatter shadows on the yellow-dirt road
a stand of saffron crocus near the top of the hill
season the dusty soup of air with delicate nearness
scent of Mediterranean mustiness in the air

Her eyes show that space within where the painter lives
sees these flowers in dampered Paris studio light
not in the immense clear gold of Provence

Flowers transform into racks of colored shoes
She puts on a yellow and purple pair
sprinkles a touch of saffron in the stew
fills the house with bouquets of flowers
tucks a sunny one in her hair
scatters the rest on that yellow country road

Z. Guadamour

The Painting

for Steve Orlen who taught the first Poetry workshop I took, and for Emily who was also in the class.

You stand before the canvas and paint distant olive groves
Trellised grape vines flow in green luminescence
Distant patches of white and yellow carnations checker the hills
Red iridescent rannunculus fields bordered in lavender
The yellow string of road switchbacks up the mountainside
A breeze carries a musty Mediterranean odor

A wagon abuzz in bees pulled by two white mules
Each with one brown and one black ear pointed into tomorrow
Plods towards you driven by a white-bearded man
In a blue beret with matching eyes set in a craggy face

He stops and hands you a full honey dipper
Loaded with flowered fragrances of the fields
You smile at the sweetness and buy a crock
He mounts and slaps the reins
Wanders into a May of many centuries past

Light fades and you turn back onto the path of yourself
Peacefully smiling at the world and color of light
The canvas morphs into an inward looking portrait

Andrew Riutta

Hubble Spots Jesus

Last week, while browsing the world on my phone, I came across this crisp NASA image---a fifty-thousand-light-year section of our enormous galactic neighbor, Andromeda---that, when zoomed in on, is nothing short of haunting. One can profoundly recognize that even the nuclear-fueled stars are but pixelations caught inside the relentless unfolding of time---are no more determining or significant in the grand measurement of eternity than dust motes on a shoebox. But, after I showed it to my old biker pal/ gospel brother, his ankle still gimped up from his most recent earthly collision, he just joyously said, "Amen. All glory to God. Check out my new bong."

"Simple Man"

on a hand-crank radio . . .

white clouds in the birdbath

End of September

The time is now.

The time is now.

The Earth is ripe with vengeance.

Flowers curled up in themselves are holding daggers.

The wind has been given its course by the worms.

Inside a dead, hollow dog, the universe explodes. Expands.

Aum.

deep shade . . .

the medicine man

up to his chest in roots

Journal Entry of a Former Town Drunk

Saturday, May 15, 2021.

About an hour ago, tossing bird seed into the front yard, the maple buds giving a slight crimson haze to the moment, I pretended I was God. That the seeds were stars, and the ground I stood on---the universe itself. So, I tossed some here. A few thousand there. Then I looked towards the rising sun and said, "My oh my, you're really taking off, aren't you?"

It is the eye of all truth, at least any this side of four-and-a-half billion or so years. It was there when I was riding my bike with my friends deep in the woods and I fell behind and became lost. It said, "All your fears will soon build you so strong and sturdy, you'll spend hours of each day just talking to the cold. And it will teach you all about how to diminish my light."

flat dead grass . . .

a black facemask

among the starlings

Grandpa's Toolshed

But now it's mostly just a shrunken-down, sun-bleached shack sinking into the sand---this glacial moraine that got left behind thousands of years ago, followed by so many ugly scrub pines. Inside, it's a mixture of musty darkness and old sawdust. A half-dozen rusty coffee cans spill every nut and bolt ever needed to construct sheer time itself. And then ultimately, I suppose, board up its memories. But the only thing I need today is his hammer. And a nail. Just one. Long enough to bang the two of us together so tightly, this woman and I, we'll have no choice but to face one another and love. Just like he and Grandma did after the war.

midday sun---

a few clouds hung

with the wash

Grace and Gravity

6:20 a.m.

Clear, sterile skies.

But the inside of my white coffee cup

is so deeply stained from having never been rinsed or washed that, in dim light,

it looks full even when it's empty,

a little trick my grandparents

taught me so as to never forget hope.

And yet, sometimes . . .

autumn flowers---

another lump

in my uncle's neck

Buddha Hood

These moonless, middle-of-the-night summer hours are always the most frightening. The little bunny cutting through the weeds and forest debris sounds like a bulldozer gurgling the blood and bones of all you know that is soft and tender. Young daughters. Aging moms, dads. Eternal lovers. Grandmothers and grandfathers. Sick uncles and aunts. Best, best friends. But what can a man do? Well, he can sip his instant coffee until his heart's a jackhammer and then peel away the tin roof---exposing himself utterly to the cold dangerous dark as well as the neighbor's broken porchlight flickering on his poor bald head. That's what he can do.

morning thunder---

the weight of Odin's raven

on my wrist

Laszlo Aranyi (Frater Azmon)

Freedom

Sixth Root Species, Aquarius-born.

First it's caricature-like, curves
 into an extended question mark (Alecto is wearing a cloak
woven from spiderweb,
 Tisiphone is a wax golem remnant,
Megaera is drying toad skin). Ternary divided,
light, with ghostly footsteps...
A candle-stump-mountain squeaking and squealing,
 running out of the bottle with a slimy smack,
 its valley companion is mist and the pose of corps.
The sacred deep, the personal and shared Unconscious
crack open through their learned,
expected and the familiar fissures
 No sin, no guilt,
 only the cursings of the Erinyes
as the thimblerrigging of limitation.

(Translated by Gabor Gyukics)

Laszlo Aranyi (Frater Azmon)

Devil

(Tarot, Major Arcana XIII)

His cramped fingers are fiery columns
concluding in claws. One of them spears the uterus of heaven,

it slides inside his puggish,
thickened asshole.

What's perceptible is the living spiderweb tissue.

The Old Hoofed Devil starts to dance.

Fat, clumsy people awed who wear down the confessional,
the walrus-faced inquisitor is leafing through
Johann Weyer „Pseudomonarchia Daemonum”
Our reflection backs up screaming
finally, a smoke and fart ridden cave-chimney swallows it.

During motionlessly cleaned, wakeful summer nights
we conjure
the coiled snake that is searching for its own tail,
the snow white, winged bull,
nurse Sekhmet, the howling wolves in the dilated night,
the scorpions of the already cold moon, the phalanx of the stone
demons,
horse-shaped people...

The Lady ties a faint wreath of flowers that is wet from the saliva
of a snail
to the meek goat's horns.

A stone idol is carved in the place of the Almighty,
(and plastic pipes cut to size).

The peasant dumbly, blindly, deafly copulates (the whole Universe
tastes like fox, smells like muck, feels like frozen tin plates,
nevertheless)
for the approaching violin music
the Old Hoofed Devil starts dancing again.

(Translated by Gabor Gyukics)