

MiPo~Print

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Contributors

- JP Dancing Bear
- Jim Christ
- Maureen Holm
- Mia
- John Eivaz
- Gary Blankenship
- PJ Nights
- C.E. Laine
- Silvia Brandon-Perez
- Helm Filipowitsch
- Teri Browning



J. P. DANCING BEAR is the Editor-in-Chief of the DMQ Review . He is the host of "Out of Our Minds" a weekly radio show dedicated to poetry on public radio station KKUP. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in Potpourri, Ellipsis, Clackamas Literary Review, Rattle, Clay Palm Review and Borderlands: Texas Poetry Review. His chapbook, What Language, won the 2002 Slipstream Press Chapbook Prize.

~JP Dancing Bear

Icarus Over America

he flaps as his father before him aspiring
to go higher set a record below him labyrinths
of buildings the chess board heartland
of agribusiness mountain hips deforested
reservoir eyes congested river veins
and asphalt arteries he wants to go higher
leave orbit be an astronaut see these things
smaller further away he desires the scent
of ozone his wings radiated he returns
to the sins in record speed

Punchinello in Brentwood

He waits on the corner awash in neon
glow, feeling all Hollywood. Her destiny
in the steel, the sharpness of a knife
she was his. How then had she left him?
He beats the things that make him
finite. She slept with that waiter-how
unworthy of his good fortune, his name!
How it made him look when he beat her.
She loved him—said so through black tears.
She haunts him because she's still in love.
He beat everything: the ghost wife; baby;
cops; courts; justice; god; the devil. His lawyer
says, the golf courses of Florida are just
like California's. Lay low. Get a new girl.
Start again.

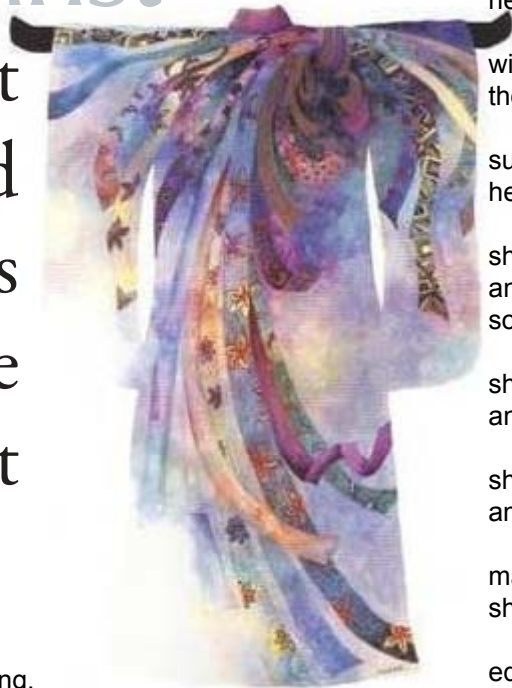


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~Jim Christ

shelly just
wanted
things
to be
different



san francisco in 1974
was heaven after the USAF.

my wife the optometrist
held parties for the whole gang.

friends came up from LA and Santa Cruz,
down from Seattle and Medford.

friends came from san francisco
and san francisco and marin.

it was a mixed crowd of skywalkers;
the clouds were miles below.

shelly dressed like a man,
wore Brut and Oleg Cassini.

edward wore silk kimonos,
always put his hair up.

we all sniffed blizzards from peru,
chainsmoked no-name cigarettes.

I ran the 16mm projector and
the black and white silent films flickered

while the stereo system pounded
pink floyd, grateful dead, savoy brown.

we'd dance in the projections and all over
the room, on chairs, sofas and ceiling.

one night while shelly was cavorting
on the coffee table disrobing slowly,

edward was chopping snowflakes,

folding her clothes and draping them carefully

on a wicker loveseat bay windowed.
he danced in time to shelly and the chop

without missing a beat or a flake.
the clouds were everywhere far below.

suddenly shelly was crying and
her birthday suit became inanimate and slouched.

she yelled "stop", held her hands up
and spread them as if to gesture an important
something.

shelly told us she only dressed like she did
and acted like this because she didn't like the rest.

she told us that inside she was very unhappy
and alone and doing things outrageous

made her feel better for a little while.
she told us she was so lonely it made her afraid.

edward started crying and then the rest of us.
he reached out and gathered her from the stage

and sat her in the thai bay window chair
with the view of lowell high school and slowly

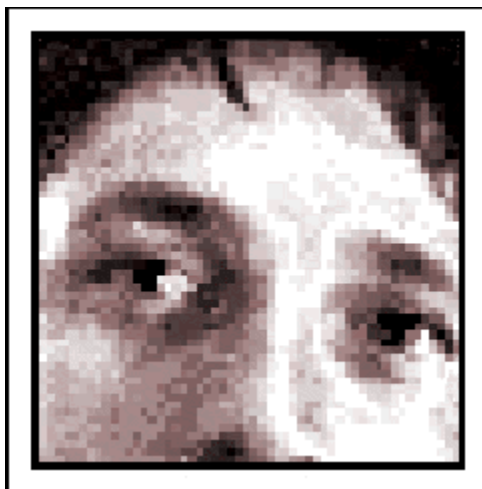
knelt at her feet holding her knees.
he kissed her tears and whispered something.

they quietly left together soon after that.
the party went on and on and on.

a month later they came back wearing
each others clothes, edward in her Oleg and

shelly in his kimono. they were quiet and
laughed a lot. no one asked any questions.

things were different.



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~Maureen Holm

Anti-Ratio

misgiven mistaken, forgiven forsaken
 as wax to damaged wick
 knot to ragged net
 buoy to anchor, topsail to ballast
 hull to barnacle, rudder to star
 plank to peg leg, harpoon to dolphin
 seagull to shark and sperm whale;

A poet, linguist, and arts lawyer, Maureen Holm is a principal in the international arts consortium, *philophonema*™ (producers of Lyric Recovery Festival™ at Carnegie Hall), and Senior Essayist for Big City Lit™ (nycBigCityLit.com). Poetry/essay credits include: *Adirondack Review* (French), *The Drunken Boat* (French, English), *Niederengasse* (German), *Southern California Anthology*, *poetry bay*, *Paris/Atlantic*, *Rattapallax*, *Lagniappe* (SUNY Buffalo), *The Electric Acorn* (Dublin), *Midnight Mind*. Recent awards: "Writers Who Made a Difference" (*The Writer Magazine*); Winner 2002, *Medicinal Purposes Literary Review* award ("Late to My Life"); Honorable Mention, 2001 *Ann Stanford* competition (judge: Robert Mezey). She lives in New York.

Icarus to moon, mermaid to Budd
 beach to Ahab, Jonah to wave
 fish and loaf to Jesus;
 mount to multitude, hill to bean
 grain to doubt, desert to gulf
 mouth to sound and meaning

He asked me to write a poem
 but the words are unavailable

like starlings in rafters, they hide
 chirping and teasing, knowing

I cannot reach them.

They wait for bits of moon
 to paint their feathers slate blue

while I fish internal rivers, tying
 little knots in forgotten threads.

All the ends hang free, like hair falling
 down my back when there is no wind.

If I brush it, will poems tumble
 onto my shoulders?

My open hands want braille, words
 with substance and form;

a shape I can remember.

There is a moon tonight, but
 nothing changes a black bird to blue.

a shape I can remember.

There is a moon tonight, but
 nothing changes a black bird to blue.

C. E. Laine

(Celaine.com)

editor
 of VLQ

(vlqpoetry.com)

and
 Erosha

(erosha.net)

~C.E. Laine
 Thirteen
 blackbirds
 and still no
 poem



Midnight in Madrid

I don't know the time here.
Street lights flicker with dull life—
it must be midnight in Madrid.

And the avenida is quiet,
quiet. Your arms tack across
the moon on ventana landscape.

Is it midnight in Madrid? I hear
the mountains rustle, fearful
of the waves, the waves, the waves

and laughter. The curtains bustle,
settle like snow across your back.
Your breasts chime new day,

it must be midnight in Madrid.
With each collected minute,
buildings became black lines

traced on black canvas. Midnight
in Madrid. Have you disappeared
into the moon? No, you rise

above me, snap back your head,
bend down to graze. I capture
your form in the burning cave.



~Helm Filipowitsch

Wawa

I wanna leave this earth
en move to Wawa—half way between

an Edmund Fitzgerald wind,
snow movin in on CP tracks,
dimple on the lip
of the Chicago frown—

I wanna glide over frozen lakes
as though it's the third, last minute,
puck back to the blue-line,
as though

a terrorist explosion long ago ripped
through these parts, left the exposed
bowels of a frozen earth open
for figure skaters, hockey players
en screamin curlers—

en I wanna feel as though
I'm caught in the sidewalks rollin up
each night like love will en I wanna
live in Wawa, far from the big smoke

en I wanna forget that what's gonna happen
ever did cause I'm livin in Wawa,
north of the Soo, south of the Thunder,
west of my sorrow, east of my soul.

Helm is **MiPoesias'**
Poetry Editor.

Continuum

~Mia

I.

Mark Strand called it air from which things were kept whole, water displaced by weight of need—to keep moving.

Escher understood too well a fourth possibility from which he drew stairs, windows, perspectives.

Others could see transmogrification but never a way out. Parallels could be drawn between Kafka and Sartre, then—each trapped in a type of hell.

Just as Darwin provided the missing link but not what was missing. Not until Einstein formulated his god theory then, spent half his life defending a type of continuum based upon velocity, vectors and light.

II.

Then the rest of us who understand grief measured by loss in terms of time, distance and memory:

My father, thrust up to his elbows, with bare hands pulled out the first calf by a soft hoof, the other by the head. Only the first twin survived, the other lived ten days. Father let me try when the mother refused to nurse it.

Ten days outside the womb is enough time to give helplessness a name, to teach it to suckle a bottle with fingers soaked in milk. Time enough to watch Love grow eyes and rise on wobbly legs at the sound of my voice.

PJ Nights a poetry editor for **MiPoesias**, lives in coastal Maine and teaches physics and astronomy.



Mia,
editor of Tryst.

www.tryst3.com

~PJ Nights

*smoking bravado,
burning opposition*

The townsfolk know him only
from his poems, his morning cameo
in the window as he waves her away.

Alise, his merry street sweeper,
his crackpot camera to a world
beyond uterine walls, it is she

who brings him words
on wrapper scraps collected
from hollows where they've blown,

with her simple preference
for pebbles, in her savoring
of salt whispers over the marsh.

She gathers stories from flowers
nodding in riotous crowds,
learns the cartography of bees

the songs of cicadas and rain,
her skirts weather-twisted, earlobes
dripping pagan luck – the witch

who spills the day for an evening
of champagne fireflies, of skin on skin
the cool and color of blancmange.

In her kiss, his zen daughter
in his verse, the algorithm to her chaos.
The firm nothings of their laughter

tie the hermit to a solitary gypsy,
join them in a carnival of coincidence
and his knees have forgotten at last

the pain of begging
yet another pretty charity.

Interlude

*Who would have said to Abraham
That Sarah would have children!
Yet I borne a son in his old age.*

—Genesis 21:7

I am at a loss on how to ask the question.
It sits in the corners of my mind
like a cat stalking mice,
but I can not see its form,
tail or whisker.

I am left with asking it badly:

Was this birth worth the trouble,
the trouble to fulfill God's promises to Abraham –

I will make your name great
I will make your offspring the dust of the earth
To your offspring I assign this land
You shall be the father of a multitude of nations
I will bless her so that she shall give rise to nations
(and Sarah laughed)

So said the Lord God to Father Abraham.

I will greatly increase your offspring
And they will be too many to count

So said El-roi to Hagar, Mother of Ishmael, Father of nations

For as the son of the slave-woman –
I will make a nation of him, too,
For he is your seed.

So were the promises of the Lord to Abraham –

I will bestow my blessing on you
and make your descendants as numerous
as the stars of heaven
and the sands of the seashore

-was it?

In the corners of my mind,
among scraps of history half-remembered,
dust of simple Sunday school lessons,
debris of 59 years,
I have to believe it was

yet?

specks of sickly fire flit from edge to edge
and question, badly asked or not, will not go away

the first captivity
and second

destruction of the Temple
and Diaspora

pogroms and Shoah

the gathering
among patchwork fragments
of God's promises

and daily bombings
the loss of innocents
perpetuation of hatred

I ask it badly and receive no answer.
Like cats, God does not explain why to mice.

And Abraham breathed his last,
dying a good ripe age,
old and contented;
and he was gathered to his kin.
His sons Isaac and Ishmael buried him...

Such are the promises God made to the sons of men.

And the promises mice make to cats?

~Gary Blankenship



Gary Blankenship is a retired financial manager whose avocation is writing poetry. His work has appeared in several zines and a few paper mags in the USA and other countries. He edits the poetry pages of www.writershood.com, a zine. He wonders if he is an editor with a poet rattling around inside or a poet with an editor trying to get out. He has taught, moderated, judged and otherwise likely screwed up his brother and sister poets.

Bean Women ~Teri Browning

Dear John,

You're the kind of man needs a broad woman,
dirt and bean woman, who'd call you fool,
smooth your hair, think you do no wrong
but thump your gourd.

Plain-faced, smile that tilts the world,
this woman, toes in the earth, curlin
down and takin hold—she uproot concrete
like tree's feet would and do.

But she flexible, a white half-runner,
love you with the light on-light off
—don't matter which, it's all you
until you need remindin

she swings out

with fists and words or frying pans
—forgives in a flash, like broad women,
bean women, do.



~Silvia A. Brandon-Perez is the editor of *Niederngasse en Espanol*.

Teri Browning teaches alternative school in the beautiful Appalachian Mountains. In her spare time, she is the editor of *Junket* ezine. Teri's publications can be found both in print and online.

I wear people on the soles of my feet

~Silvia A. Brandon-Perez

When the Biafran children with their large eyes
were starving to death both in Biafra
and in your friendly neighborhood television
screen I could barely walk; small babies
with distended bellies were tied to the soles
of my feet and made each step painful.

There was a report on Bolivian men, women,
children killed by guerrillas; again reporters
showed blood on the streets, corpses
from a distance; at night the wounded ones
would wedge themselves between my third
and fourth toe, and on the heel; it was this
that made me sob beneath my pillow.

My feet are calloused with stumps
of Afganis and blown-up guts
of Palestinians; around my ankle
there are four Argentinian toddlers
who were recently buried after death
from starvation. The area beneath
the nails is occupied by African pygmies
in the last stages of painful AIDS.

It is a wonder I can walk at all.

This tries to be a very loose poem
because we were always conversational.

Even in the theater, watching Easy Rider,
diddling, we talked the same way

as at your kitchen table,
helping your mother make baklava;

or just watching, sometimes
you weren't even there, just me and your mother.

This poem has capital letters and sentences because
I think you might like it better that way, straightforward,

so much so it might even seem distant
though I don't intend this. It just might be

a nervous poem, like we were - no: only me -
nervous over the past, the future, anywhere but in my stanzas.

Writing like that is a bunch of curliques.
I left you, simply said. Choice over gift,

and it stays that way now. I still forget to write,
burn myself again in the light of a memory's spark

I try not to touch. I still have pictures from our prom
around here somewhere; I've looked at them recently:

me with a double-breasted Edwardian and a bright flowered tie,
you in a granny dress with a little lace, a little wreath in your hair.

We fell asleep afterwards at my house, never went out.
I want to jumble out more, but I started this poem

in couplets and it just won't work. I write a lot
but still come across these types of problems,

like how it should all be put together,
like distance. But God, every little thing was spectacular

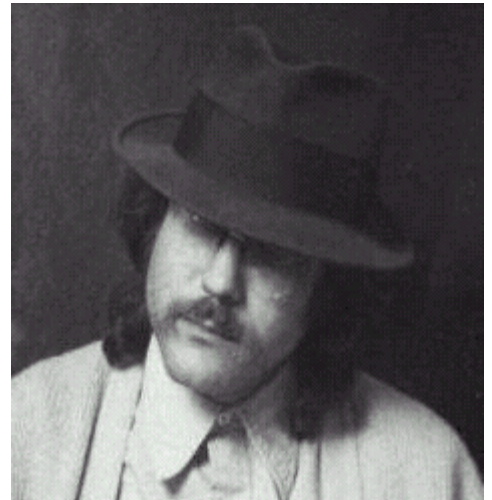
back then, even if it wasn't, and I wanted to write you a poem,
it's been decades. This one though is so reserved,

not really conversational at all. It never got all excited
and bubbling over with anecdotes going pop-pop-pop

like when we talk. I'll give it another try sometime
soon though, I promise. Say Hi to Lenore. Mousey.

A Poem for Sonia

~John Eivaz



John is the Editor for MiPo-Print.
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