

## *Pocket of Fog*

~Jane Hirshfield

In the next door yard,  
a pocket of fog like a small herd of bison  
swallows azaleas, koi pond, the red and gold koi.

To be present completely means not knowing you are.

The fog grazes here, then there,  
all morning browsing the shallows,  
leaving no footprints between my fate and the mountain's.



### **New Poems**

Jane Hirshfield  
Clay Matthews  
Karl Parker  
Bruce Covey  
Laurie Byro  
Gary Blankenship  
Jack Anders  
Jenni Russell  
Charles Jensen

Jane Hirshfield's sixth collection of poems will appear from HarperCollins in spring 2006. Her most recent book, **Given Sugar, Given Salt**, was a finalist for the National Book Critics Circle Award and winner of the Bay Area Book Reviewers Award. She's received fellowships from The Academy of American Poets, The Guggenheim and Rockefeller Foundations, and the NEA, and her work appears in *The New Yorker*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Best American Poetry*, and numerous literary periodicals. She lives in the San Francisco Bay Area. She joins *MiPOesias* in this issue of MiPO~Print's newsletter. In the next issue, we will bring you an interview... (Photo credit: Jerry Bauer)

Issue 2

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March '05

## **Scavenge**

~Clay Matthews

We ran to the end of February, and when the wall  
stood up we put down our slingshots and went home.

There were our shadows and a cat on the ledge,  
bells in the distance, and the rest was subjectivity.

The chocolate bars were melting before our eyes.  
In the back of our minds, we knew we didn't deserve this.

Two days on the prowl and the handfuls of all we salvaged:  
a broken robin's egg, a frog smashed to the thickness

of a copper nickel, three pieces of broken glass  
from the streetlight we put out at the end of the road.



Clay Matthews has work published in the current issue of *MiPOesias*. You may also find him in *Poet Lore*, *Diner*, *Good Foot* and *Unpleasant Event Schedule*. He currently serves as associate editor for *Cimarron Review* while pursuing a Ph.D. at Oklahoma State.

# Three Articulations Of Stone

~Bruce Covey

Bruce is Adjunct Lecturer of Creative Writing at Emory University and author of three collections of poetry—The Greek Gods as Telephone Wires, and the forthcoming Ten Pins, Ten Frames (April 2005), and Glass Is Really a Liquid (Spring 2006)—all from Front Room Publishers. His poem *Blend* is in the current issue of *MiPOesias* along with an interview.

## THE EARLY DAYS

~Karl Parker

Issue #2

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March '05

We were rewarded according to who killed the most sparrows by midday. Slingshots, long sticks and other things were used, mostly by small boys who loved to compete (say, in pre-rain conditions before the grooved fields get sloppy and the birds go wherever they really go when it rains; one kid maintains to this day they go underground. This seems to our trained ears highly unlikely, though it would have clearly served the little things well). Our government explained they were part of a general plague, and therefore our enemies, since we needed to farm the land. No-one told us their true function, and we did not have the means to acquire such knowledge in a generally-expressible way—though many of the older among us knew, having been threatened with long sticks themselves.

Once, one of the smallest and fastest kids returned, beaming, with what appeared to be about fifteen sparrows dangling in a tied clump from his stick. Some cheered as the kid put it in the burn-barrel where the rest of the collections were. They gave him a badge of bent tin that had a bird on it and some words that had become, over so many years, impossible to make out, and thus the source of many rumors, not only among our young.

Eventually, swarms overran us. Our leaders of course, have never lived here, and so could not know, not for many years at any rate, how they had changed the nature of our quiet at night.

Someone at sometime built a wall  
Surrounding a lake, somewhere  
Here near Stone Mountain, Georgia

East, we walk west, past lions, past  
*xiezhi*, past camels, elephants, *qilin*,  
Horses, & curve a few degrees north  
Since the following malevolent spirits  
Can travel only in straight lines

Here you could park a bus atop  
Robert E. Lee's forearm, play  
A football game across his & the other faces

While in Nanjing, lines tend  
Always toward a horizon point  
& artisans were prisoners where  
The greater crime, the greater work  
& dug & dragged & split & etched & cast  
Till the eventual pallbearers  
Left the city through  
Thirteen separate exits

& while it seems that someone at some time  
Must have anticipated me, to use myself as an example,  
In the center of this fixture, the rocks radiate in  
With a message in another language

JingJing runs toward the four camels  
Since she's already seen this rectangle  
& its greetings to visiting bisectors  
Who, after the animals are over,  
Return to the tour bus, since the last chapter  
To the tombs will take too long on foot

There or back, I could buy water, a fan,  
A sword, a hat, a parasol, something silken  
Or embroidered. Here, up or down,  
I could buy a baseball cap, popcorn,  
Or postcards, or even participate in  
The annual Yellow Daisy Festival,  
The Purina Incredible Dog Team Show,  
The Ride the Ducks Sightseeing Tour,  
Or the sheets of pending rain

Instead we simply roll in this box  
On this string straight to this apex.  
Did you know 90 percent's below ground?  
Largest granite outcropping in North America?  
Fifty years to carve & the ones who died?

& on the way back, the stones on this walk  
Seem to spell a message: o there?  
p or b formed against a stick?  
The path that ys toward u  
2 choose



Karl Parker teaches freshmen at Cornell and inmates at Auburn State Correctional Facility, having recently received an MFA from the New School. He was awarded the 2004 National Arts Club Literary Committee Scholarship for Poetry and nominated for a Pushcart Prize (2005) by *No Tell Motel*. He is one of the featured writers in the current issue of *MiPOesias*.

# Margaret's Green Man

~Laurie Byro

# MiPO Print

In summer, the stream slows enough  
for the nimble to wade. River rocks  
create a path for dragonflies  
and damsels to rest.

Chalky blue with crazy neon eyes,  
we watch them flit and hover, too  
exhausted to mate.

Their eyes are like berries the Green Man  
favors. You, who won't believe,  
smile when I speak of his visitations.  
December, he trails me, inevitably  
seduces the part of me  
that still believes in demons.

Watching these creatures,  
I think of my mother's mother, Margaret.  
It would be simple to say nothing,  
to reach for your hand.  
"Listen," I say, while they fly in closer  
to hear. "Margaret had six children  
and seven more pregnancies.  
She used coat hangers."

You lift me up, move me into sunlight.  
A hummingbird lands  
on a doily of Queen Anne's Lace.  
"He held a gun under her breast  
those nights she didn't want to.  
He was a cop."  
You shudder, ask me  
why I am spoiling our walk, why  
the Green Man must have his way.

"It's the dragons" I say,  
as they chase each other, flashing red.  
"She told us as kids, they could  
darn our lips shut if we dared  
tell on them."

My hand covers my mouth.

Laurie Byro's short stories and poetry have appeared in a dozen or so small presses. Additionally, her work has twice been nominated for *The Pushcart Prize*. Her children's poem *A Captain's Cat* has appeared in **Cricket Magazine**. Laurie joins **MiPo** in this issue with *Margaret's Green Man*. She has a collection of poems revolving around the Green Man theme. We hope to bring you more of her work on [www.mipoesias.com](http://www.mipoesias.com)

## If I Could Steal You from the Green Man

~ Gary Blankenship

I will row you in a skiff  
to beyond the lavender farms  
where oaks gave way to willow  
and willow to rush and sedge.

I will gather cattails for your bed,  
breaded lichen for your pillow,  
and cut a wicker cradle to rock you  
when you weep in the evening rain.

If you stay with the Green Man,  
he will give you silk and satin,  
feed you chocolate and fresh bread  
and let you sleep until he seizes the moon.

He will escort you to castles  
and cathedrals, bidding you to ring vespers  
while he shoos away insistent children  
and bribes the charlady to light a candle.

I can only offer you hazelnuts  
mixed with thimbleberries washed clean;  
I can only show you red-wing blackbirds  
and muskrat nests in the morning mist.

If I steal you from the Green Man,  
you may hear songs in the coming storm  
as we huddle frightened beneath the skiff.  
He only gives comfort and chamber music.

Besides *MiPOesias*, Gary's work has appeared in several ezines and a few print magazines in the USA and other countries. He is the Publisher of *MindFire Renewed*.

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## Days of 1999

~Jack Anders

In April light, there's a tuft of daffodils  
Next to the gravel parking lot.  
Next to the used bookstore.

Inside, the graying fatty cat  
Slinks underneath the register counter  
Until just the tip of its tail shows.

Down at the boho bar known as Van Gogh's Ear,  
A scruffy kid examines a poster  
With the surreal name of an underground band.

White pothead kids with rasta beads  
Squat against the Plexiglas bus-stop,  
Blue jeans almost white where the shadow ends.

This was your youth. And now it's replayed in others,  
Always different, always new.  
What must they think of you,  
Walking by with your graying hair  
And your backpack, on a free weekend, a lark.  
You are the one thing they never predicted: their future.

Chamomile tea  
Dissolving in your mouth,  
You go back to the cheap motel on the hill,  
Wave at the bald innkeeper from India,  
Lie on your bed with your notebook, your Borges,  
Try to write something both real and beautiful.  
In beauty we trust. What else is proven by loss?

Jack is married to Jenni Russell. They bought wedding rings this last month and have a dog named Baby.

## Valentine for Jack

~ Jenni Russell

Last night, in bed, I tried to write you a Valentine  
but kept seeing the gravel road from my childhood  
that led to the verge of the St Lawrence River.  
A vapor of humidity, hummocks of oily rainbows  
between cedars and snakeberry bushes—  
a coyote yowled deep inside the woods  
and weeds grew from the gravel as I walked  
past bra and underwear mementos  
left by lovers who tossed them into the trees  
as they sped off after a noontime rendezvous.  
I walked until the black water became visible;  
a net of mosquitoes hovered over the small laps  
licking purple and yellow flowers on the shore.  
I stood on the edge, looking as far as Canada,  
waiting for a red and white ship with a French name  
to drift by and I waved. . .  
This whole journey, your arms wrapped around me.

Jenni Russell's short story *The Woman Who Was Born At The Bottom of A River* is in our current issue.

He's got her in that paw of his.  
Her little face like a small coin, so reflective  
in the oil of midnight. And her guilt  
like two fat lips, smug caterpillars.

He's got her in that paw of his,  
those bowling pin fingers,  
ten of them. Like they're dreaming of pianos,  
the way they tinker at her cheek and chin, the throttle  
of her dimpled nostril. Her eyelashes bat.

He's got her. He's about to burst like milkweed  
from his sweater, the hairy brambles of his chest  
all razorsharp, toothy, a jumbled gnash.

His milk-white teeth like prised opals  
when his lips sneer, when he spits.

Oh, paws.

Oh, two blown-up hands  
and the slumpy jeans, from which he rises on hind legs.  
He keeps getting bigger. He's got her  
in that jaw of his.

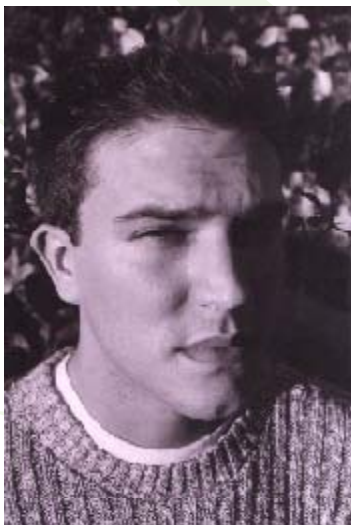
He's got her. Her lips open,  
but his teeth, like shiny locks,  
just get deeper.



## Clive Owen

*Closer*, dir. Mike Nichols, 2004

~Charles Jensen



Charles Jensen grew up in Wisconsin and is the recipient of an MFA from Arizona State University. With his colleague Sarah Vap, he has published interviews with C. D. Wright and Lynn Emanuel. He currently works for the Piper Center for Creative Writing at ASU where he edits their biannual magazine *Marginalia*. You may find his poem *Neurosis A* in the current issue of *MiPOesias*.