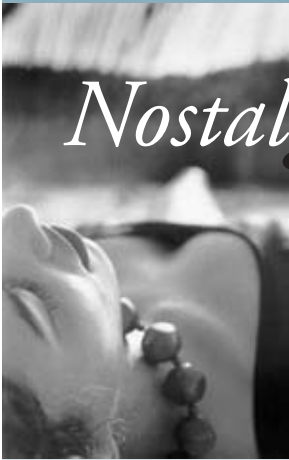


MiPo~Print

Volume Uno, Issue Tres Sunday, November 17, 2002 ~ Poetry delivered every Sunday to your printer.



Nostalgia

photography by M. Doreste

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Silvia Brandon-Pérez is a recipient of the University of Puerto Rico literary award for Lluvia en Negro. She is a lawyer and an avid student of the tango. She is the Editor of Spanish edition of Niederngasse, an online and print poetry journal.



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Silvia A. Brandon-Pérez

word the same in my adopted tongue
pronounced differently en español
nohs-tahl-heeah

a stab in that soft area of the throat
where sobs begin
beautiful pain of
bluesky yearning

and I was reading
Romus -
beauty halts breath
with quiet assurance

went back to Jaruco
mountains green with palm trees
bohíos standing white along the side

of the curved road
a dark beauty hanging out
the day's laundry from the line

tied to a telephone pole, what else
are telephone poles for when you have
no telephone in the hard dirt sala

the mountains green with accumulated
life looking like a woman's hips
las caderas de Jaruco

and always sounds, someone
is playing a tumbadora in the corner
of the restorán where we have stopped

patigumpá patigúm gúm
a man with small timbales sits with closed eyes
gúm patigúm gúm

and one of the camareras bringing the menús
for the almuerzo sways, her generous hips
sways as he walks, *patigumpá patigúm gúm*

even the stripped cadavers in the nearby
cementerio sway, *patigúm patigúm gúm gúm*
blood drums, the small gourd
played by black

*“one of the camareras
bringing the menús
for the almuerzo sways,
her generous hips sways
as he walks”*

methuselah in the back, oye mi güiro,
lo le lo lei lo, the heartbeat of the land,
mi Cuba hermosa, patigúm pa

arroz con pollo today, guarapo
for a cold drink, ¿tostones
or plátanos maduros fritos?

patigúm patigúm gúm gúm
my body here in exile my soul
back in Jaruco looking

at the phosphorescence
of the madrugada, *patigúm patigúm gúm gúm*,
el cielo azul el mar, my tongue

around words now alien, blue sky
for cielo azul, *patigúm patigúm gúm gúm*
lengua cubana, *lo le lo lei*



Not Even Naked Yet

Jenn Bress



Over there, the trees are standing with their pants anklng the shy dirt. I guess they've been caught in the act too, huddled in symmetry while their nocturnal organs are licked by the moon. Boris walks by like a cloud. He wants to be the meteor that knocks sense into this place. You're shivering with the pool lights, green stiffens your reflection to the deck while our hands have found warmth in the electricity of water. Again, the trees are flashing us, with smiles, plastered with stars. You will forget every single one of these summer days. I will too, while the moon is a bubble of guilt on a sea of air.

Truth and Other Lies



images available on allposters.com

Huddled under Nam's deepening shadow
we drank too much wine,
ate burnt turkey, neglected
while wading the Hawaiian surf.

We strung shells into necklaces,
talismans for our husbands to take back to war,
promised friendships would stretch to forever.

It's been years now since we spoke.

I fall dizzily to ground
ear the tremor of grass blades,
hear the old laughter and bare feet
running across gray sand,
see youthful hands still grasping for
futures never meant to be held

Pris Campbell lives in greater West Palm Beach, Florida with her husband and one crazy dog. She began writing poetry in late 1999, after being sidelined by an illness for the preceding nine years. She's had nearly forty poems published or pending publications in such journals as Limestone Circle, The Dakota House, Muses Kiss, Blackmail Press, The Dead Mule; An Anthology of Southern Literature, Lotus Bloom, The Fae Whirl, Peshekee River Poetry, and others. She has lived all over the country, from New England to Hawaii, loves the ocean, and fancies herself as a mermaid with a waterproof pen.

Pris Campbell

Jenn Bress works at a small used bookstore in Virginia. She has photos published on the web zine *Eleven Bulls* and has been published previously on MiPo.

in my dreams

tom blessing

as if to fly
the sun sprouts feathers
as it slides beneath the lake

and i was running
but, i held the numbers
in my hand

halfway up
halfway
down
old log
we stop
we sit



men in blue were
running too

It was a race!
with 6 months as the
prize
and the MAN IN
BLACK

held the gavel
in his fist
and the ghostly jury

don't go!
don't go!
wait right
here
while we
bang another
song for you

chanted
*"let it drop!
let it drop!"*

*banga banga
zi banga
banga banga
zi banga*

fog in the mountains
in my mother's womb
echos of voices in basalt
then -
holy shit!
wave after wave
an avalanche
and someone singing
yes, singing
and there was light
and.....

ok
NOW LEAVE

I hear a ringing
in the mountains
is it temple bells?
no, just the rocks a singing
for all the souls in hell

lizard sang:
*dance! dance!
on top of the rock
and dance!*

hawk was happy
and sang too!

Tom Blessing is the Editor of Peshekee River Poetry Print and Web Issues. He has been part of the Small Press Scene for over twenty years now.

image available on art.com

Sunshine Girl Moves Into A New Apartment

Tasha Klein

There she is with her bouquet
of stars and little dog.

A vase flies out of her mouth
anonymous and out of reach.

You were supposed to make
enchiladas not your boyfriend's
hip bone itch.

I thought I was a good mother
but how would I know?

Let's hang the golden snowflake
and get these holidays over
with.

Tasha Klein is a receptionist for a telecommunications company and a retirement facility in the Chicago area. Her poems have been published in various online zines, most recently, Steel Point Quarterly, Artemis Journal, Locust Magazine, Unlikely Stories, Pig Iron Malt, Snakeskin, Lotus Blooms, Shampoo, and HiNgE. She is the founder and administrator of Salty Dreams poetry forum and Editor for MiPo Best of the Poetry Board Edition.

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Moonlight

*Nothing matters without
the moon. I could
say the same about snow,
the way it cries
as it falls on a slow freight train,
or birch trees thinning to a lake
where a bull moose feeds,
but no, it's the moon,
the waxing, waning moon.*

It shines on death,
where he sits in his smoking jacket,
by the television,
sips long-aged scotch
and with a fingernail scratches
moonlight from the dirty wall.
Think of dead skin,
or the way highways end
in detours, ditches,
think of motels on the edge
of deserts and freeways,
where noone wants to stay,
or think of picking up
your clothes after five days
in a motel room,
after five days of rain
and ten packs of cigarettes,
when the earth smells like jelly soil.

Can you taste the flavor,
can you imagine that death
sits with you,
inhales your second-hand smoke,
cleans his pockets of moonlight lint,
bends over you,
smiles and moves away again



as you busy yourself
with your world of socks,
used underwear, underarm
deodorant, as you lean
over the sink
with its dripping tap,
floss food from between yellowed teeth
as though you are shoveling dirt
off of rotting bones,
hum an aimless melody you associate
with sex and think that the moon
is really all about an almost love,
although death,
who now sits on the bed,
laughs uproariously and shakes
his head until time flakes fall
from his hair,
draft momentarily on a moonlight scrap
and disappear.

Helmuth Filipowitsch

Helm was born in Eschenbach, Germany in 1947 and emigrated to the province of Ontario, Canada with his family in 1952. He's lived in the region ever since. He graduated from University with a major in English and Geography. A chap-book of his work is in the mid-stages of development.

MiPo-Print is a production of MiPo Zines - Miami, Fl.
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