



MENENDEZ-CHRIST  
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MIAMI, FLORIDA

# MiPo ~ Print

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Poetry Delivered Weekly To Your Printer

## CONTRIBUTORS

**NICK SANSONE**

**ANKUSH SACHDEVA**

**COLEEN SHIN**

On any day, we can turn feeling to music to food to poetry for a loved one and for ourselves, as Nick does for Mandi (and us) in *Damn, you're so beautiful you deserve a soundtrack*.

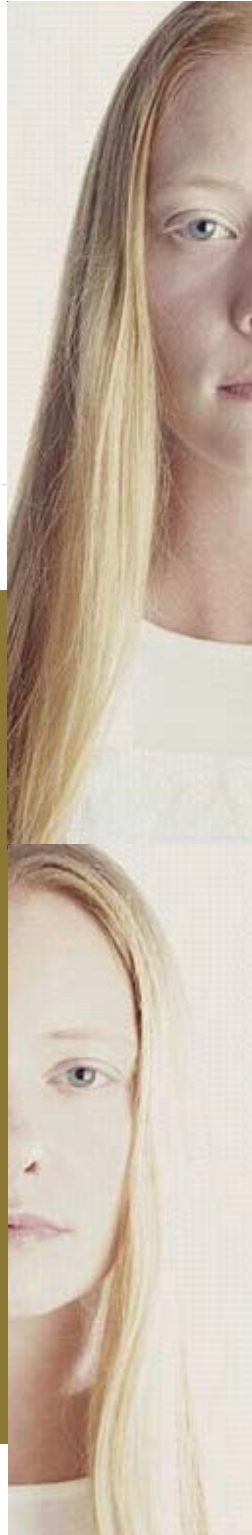
We can find and lose our small happinesses in a day like Ankush's *February 22* and resign ourselves to live another day in anticipation of their return.

We can offer wry resignation and rearranged furniture as our featured poet Coleen Shin does in her trio of poems today.

What can we say? Plenty through poetry. *MiPo~Print* begins this saying today, hot off your monitor and printer.

Enjoy,  
John Eivaz

## *Damn, you're so beautiful you deserve a soundtrack.....*



Mandi...damn,  
without you it'd just be  
Charlie Chaplin flicks, pantomime  
fandangos and funny hats.

But Mandi, your smile,  
a dandelion piñata-bomb

reminds me music lives  
in your skin, fattening

cannibals with eye-candy  
making them dance.

One day,  
when we evolve  
so that our ears grow  
taste buds,

I want to see menus  
at five-star diners  
that look like this:

**Appetizers:**  
o Break-beats in Balsamic Vinegar  
o Trance Tracks in Onion Sauce

**Entrees:**  
o Mozart's Fifth with Stuffed Quail  
o Harpsichord Concertos in Alfredo

**Desserts:**  
o Mandi's Smile

~Nick Sansone

## Finally Warm

Not all fulfill the destiny they choose  
what small hands write in childish journals-

*mrs bobby jones, mr and mrs bobby jones  
mrs dr ballerina beloved wife of bobby jones*

The sky is enough, I paint it lavender-blue  
the color of rain and sometimes lead.

There are days when colors won't do  
the canvas wants to be white, I let it

the voices want no words, I am speechless.

There were children inside  
who could not be born, I have let them go.

The garden is constant, tended or forgotten  
outside the window. Last year I planted roses.

Tomorrow will be sunny, I will turn the soil  
walk away, allow its own definition of spring.

~Coleen Shin

February 22, 2003

~Ankush Sachdeva

What could be said about the loss of happiness?

Like for instance,  
I woke up this morning feeling the way  
a butterfly might feel, opening her dewdipped wings  
into the first ray of sunlight, the sun was warm  
the sun was crisp the sun was a ball of yarn  
being unravelled by two kittens  
I was on a train  
I brushed my teeth in the steel sink humming  
tunes in my head  
I stood near an open door and drank some wind  
the sun was a pale yellow, like banana cake batter  
the sun hid behind trees but you could see bits of him  
between leaves the sun was hotter the sun was fatter  
the sun was the golden globe of a basketball trophy  
that any team would like to add to their collection  
the sun was a seventeen pound roundish muffin  
the sun smelt so good, like fresh dust, i could eat him  
but tonite, as i think about him now  
the sun was a bloody furnace under deck of a ship  
that twenty black slaves got their faces permanently singed with

What could be said about the loss of happiness  
except that  
it might come back

## Surviving in Suburbia

When I beg your pardon to change the subject  
turn off the news, assume I don't want to know.

Here I create our space in greens and browns.  
The places where the walls are expansive  
a gallery of smiles and art in hopeful colors  
by unknown painters, I imagine them

deep in shades of red, brilliant, never lonely  
stained jubilant clothes and grey layered cups.

Alongside our walkway, the garden has no corners  
the only boundary the yard next door. The neighbor  
mows carefully, allows the overflow, the spill of petals.  
I try not to remember his name. He is simply the smile,  
and across the street, the noisy ballerina dogs.

We all greet on our drives to and from, assuming  
the best of each other, we embellish, brag and fertilize.

It is how we survive the tubes and turnstiles  
imagining a lovely score, our cameo, happy endings.  
Only our children whisper secrets, plots and sub-plots.  
Play, the intrigue of smaller nations, their bloodless wars.  
We watch from our kitchen windows  
coffee spoons *tink* the sides of our saucers.  
We wave, walk away, rearrange our furniture.

~Coleen Shin



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Photograph  
*View From An Impetus*  
by D. Menendez

# Stoop

I'm in no position to argue. *That would be horizontal, arms flung above my head one snug and bloody amid thorns and roses, an american beauty I believe, didn't I plant that last spring?* Swallowing air, drinking, drowning on air heated by late sun and reflection, hot from concrete simmering, each narrow step deeper than usual steps go. *Who would make steps that way? Deeper, so one must actually think, hitch higher, exert extra effort, look down at the feet, and on a narrowish high stoop without rails?*

The free hand waves to an avidly curious seven year old, it flutters- no, no, everything's fine, and away the fledging goes, no doubt to entertain his parents with the curious tale. "The lady next door lays in the bushes, just lays there, says she's cool, and neverfear and go away and not to stare 'cause it's very very rude and I only stared a little." *I can imagine the parents conferring with eyebrows and glances-Drunk? Disabled? Dementia?* I roll deeper into the shrubbery, the cooler dark, oh-so-carefully to try to remove my hand from the roses, *the evil bastard roses that as we speak have chewed a perfectly good blouse and punctured a serviceable and friendly hand, my favorite, the left one.*

It's hard going, this is an especially vengeful shrub, hard and not well fed and planted too close to the stoop, the leaves crisp and fall where they touch it. Just now should even a rabbi or priest or encyclopedia salesman pass by and insist I convert or buy respectively, I would consider it done in trade for some deft and liberating help. I will even confess should the occasion demand it, that I had unkind thoughts towards a seven year old, innocent roses and long gone builders of steeply staired stoops, after all I'm in no position to argue.

~Coleen Shin

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