

Tarantula



no. 4
(poetry issue)



What kind of poetry is this?

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Press zero
Numb your neurons
Copulate with cops
Men are from Stupidtown
Esoteric ice cream
reminds me of you
Bitch slap your ego
Green hair for red piss
Psychiatrist on sedatives
liberated slaves
Fuck it sideways
a proctologist hands
Sodomize your socks
Music to thrash on
leave a message
beyond the edges
Toxic tofu
Fuck it forward
Pubic hair forensics
Litter for literature
used car religion
Not enough
Capitalism blow job
Pornography for the poor
old liberals
eat young conservatives
What kind of poetry is this?
yellow brick road for Vaginas
Bullshit alert
Grammatical errors
High schoolers get high
Legal cock twisting

Donkey disco
Fuck it in reverse
septic tank philosophy
shit gets everywhere
metaphysical melt down
press zero again
leave a message
What kind of poetry is this?

-Michael Uhila



.....

..... **8.28.16. Trace elements**

.....

Fire blind

Ice blind

Once lovely

Flashing blue bright

End over end

Double helix

Crushed to dust

Arch of life in memory only

The inexorable falling away

Ash heaps

Where once you sang

- Barbara Kirst



Penance

My systems and organs
Shut down, one by one.
Almost finished dying
Only hearing remains.

You come.
Sit by my bedside
Whispering your sorrow,
Your love and regret,
Weak apologies and
Too-late excuses.

I can hear you crying
But cannot console.
I can hear you begging
But cannot respond.
I am way past forgiveness
Jetting through the tunnel, ecstatic.

Come to my grave.
Sob your regrets.
Lying underground,
I am thirsty
For your tears.

-Kathy Duby



Laconic Sections

I

When Draymond Green blocked a shot by Damian Lillard
Lillard fell
Green bent over him
“What did you say?” a reporter asked
“I didn’t say too much of nothing”

II

I have seen the best minds of my generation
because we used to hang out
over there
me and the best minds
of my generation
that’s right

III

When the mermaids saw me
they stopped singing
and began to vacuum

—Palmer Pinney

PLEASE CLOSE DOOR

TRESPASS



Woodsman

Close the book and shut the double dealing doors.
If Neruda writes one more ode about support stockings,
I'm striking out for the darkest corner of the woods,
far beyond the art nouveau licorice cottage,
its jelly bean bricks, its welcome mat laced with the finest
meringue.

Look in the window and see wolves circling on the figurative
carpet,
trampling on mushrooms and beetles, snapping their gums at
each other,
playing Red Rover, Red Rover,
send that pair of human eyes right over.

Outside, a witch flattens herself across
the toppled trunk of a redwood,
No support stockings on her, only a tattoo that says Lulu.
She mumbles a curse her mother taught her
when she was no more than nose high to a broomstick
and the trunk changes into a piano, the witch into a Diva.
She's Lilith slithering her way out of Eden,
Cleopatra dancing across the Nile,
Joan of Arc her face upturned, burning for love.

There are tombs in these woods, labyrinthine, and
stacks and stacks of travelers who ran out of breath;
there are victims of everyday mayhem, suicidal succubi,
tiny changelings who never found their infant twins.
A mendicant with a horn slumps against an inverted cross,
his clothes odd—Armani suit, coonskin cap, Converse high tops.
He starts playing behind the beat, the melody slides inside itself.
The witch nods her head once, twice, three times,
and the song, like a huge stone, starts rolling across space.

-Bob Dickerson



room of desire

room of desire

under the shadows of dead
leaves
blind leads me into your
room of desire
through the window the
warm burning feeling of
suicide crawls across your
nude body
in your room of desire
i fill my plastic cup with
sin
your legs spread apart
inside your dark violent
alley
together we are the
burning cats and melting
mirrors in the room of
desire

-David A. Sheppard



And yet, over time

The inside is outside
the upside is downside
the where is the now.

The haves and cannots
the woulds and will nots
the heart that is lonely.

The left or the right side
the he and the she
the bricks that lie weary.

The happy, the sad
the red on the yellow
what is done for the other.

The love and the hate
the fast and the slow
the only way one can see it.

The things that are built
over times lost forever
The sight that is lost.

The back and so forth
the hurt and the healing
the time that is left.

The give and the faking
the pride and the loneliness
the outside is in.

-Colleen Sullivan



Jet lag

A bungled
deal
one wick
no wax
black sky
oversea oceans
China-Air—U.S.
economy
so passive
aggressive
not window
nor aisle-seat
someone long-
distance gas-
lighting
the middle seat—
take it back to
dysthymia:
The Tower
and the Empress
slump
over each other
your *name*
in-between them:
“the end”

Fifteen to eighteen
of extended flight hours
give quit
yr lip-smacking claims
Let’s just deaf-ear the head-scam
My purple back-
pack was slashed in half
by the U.S. Customs and Protection—

Hell yeah, the worth
of any journey is

non-
negotiable

let’s talk

or not

Green angel

you stalker of shut eye

-Mary-Marcia Casoly



a sense of how

a sense of how
disorienta-
tion requires
gentle, kneeling
the slight swell of
wobbly spaces
—the sense, more
of everything
switchback under
an overpass
rhythm, the center
suffused with
don't know.

-Robin Mullery



Sherwood Island

Flames subsided,
the tong gripped ash-roasted potato
emerges from the sandy fire pit
spherical like an ancient blackened geode.

*An artist's invitation on a summer night.
Directions are in pictures, not street names.
Look for a stockade fence, the railroad,
a traffic light, a fork in the road.*

Sliced in half the charcoaled tuber is pure white inside,
fleshy, steaming, aromatic.

*Her grandfather died in the same fire that killed Zelda.
She flew planes, married, nurtured her children
but here she found true love.*

She says not to scrape too close to the outer shell or
ash flakes and grit will negate the sated mouth's ecstasy.

-Ansi LeRebis



Mule

I have a friend
like a brother he is
But
We had a fight.
Now
He and I are
stuck in the distance
between
our fingers
and the numbers on the telephone.

Each day
at some point
I
think of what
we've lost.
He
won't call me.
Nor I him.
And here
we remain
embracing
the inner
mule.

-J.E. Freeman



A Small Discovery

Undoubtedly
Undeniably
Indisputably

It is no surprise

That the winds changed
During intimate travels &
Years of looking
With the same equipment

Refreshed
Amid raw energy &
A new gaze
Sending me into the wild
Inspired
For the last good-bye

Now
It's a different season
That led me inside the garden door
Where I belong
Among the tracery of stalks & leaves
It is my habitat &
It suits me well

You
Who I once knew
With trusting eyes
Now
Thankfully
A faded presence
In the background

It is the truth
A willowing down
Measuring what's left
Nature is that precise &
There is a joy
Of sorts
A small discovery &
We both know it

-TS McLarnan



Dark November

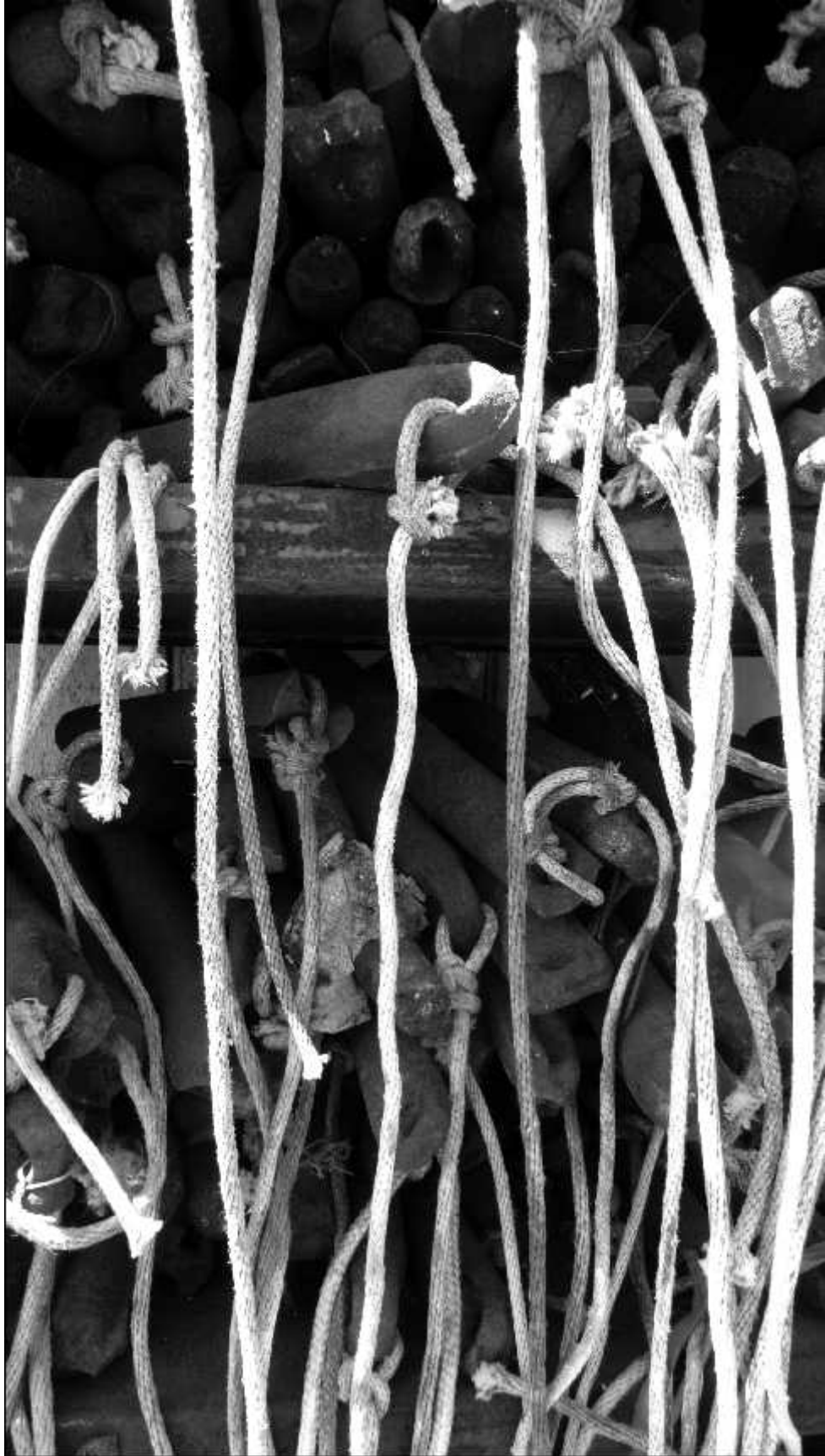
Everyone Knows a Jim

How far are you Jim
from where you thought
you'd be? Are you near
the ocean, seeing what
you wanted to see?

Oh, how you love those
boats, and the brutes
who pilot them.

Whiskey and love Jim,
might have turned you
off course, but God
and the devil saved you
from the destiny
that wasn't yours.

-Clifford Hunt



**Yes, Painting is a Dirty Business
(Ars Poetica #17)**

Taking the pain out of painting is
Like taking the air out of the sky
Ornithology is for the birds.
Yes, painting is a dirty business, yet,
Being able to forget that we die is of value.

-Michael Pauker



THE NIGHTS ARE ALWAYS THE TOUGHEST

"You make me sick
I don't want to see your face
I don't want to hear your voice
I'm tired of your double standard
I'm tired of your jealousy!
Green suitcase, overnight bag
and of course
the diaphragm.
"Baby, please don't go!"
"What are you going to do
keep me here by force?"
The door slams.
Frustration punches holes in walls.
Screams of "Fuck You!" have neighbors pounding.
It's 3 in the morning.
I should get some sleep.
Yeah sure, and tomorrow I'll win the lottery.
I know, I'll find something useful to do.
I'll shave, do the dishes, fold the laundry
Who and what am I shaving for?
Who gives a fuck about the dishes?
In the laundry all I see are your black panties!
I walk over to your dresser
find your red lipstick, write your name on the mirror
over and over again.
I place a chair about two feet from the door,
staring, waiting, listening for your sound
to come down the hall.
All that comes is the morning.
The nights are always the toughest.

-Frank Papia

the poets

**Mary-Marcia Casoly
Bob Dickerman
Kathy Duby
J.E. Freeman
Clifford Hunt
Barbara Kirst
TS McLarnan
Ansi LeRebis
(aka Anne H. Siberell)
Robin Mullery
Frank Papia
Michael Pauker
Palmer Pinney
David A. Sheppard
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Photos: PFF



Tarantula

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