

Tarantula



no. 6
(poetry issue #2)



ditching fear

ditching fear

a tiny pencil sketch a poetic line on a drug store bag

am the hopeless ~~helpless~~

3 AM just hanging on to their humanity through a tiny pencil sketch a poetic line on a drug store bag.

17 No inspiration just imagination to carry them out of hell the hell ~~and fear~~ for a minute or two getting lost by ditching fear ~~and that~~
~~a minute~~

28 2014

-David A. Sheppard



Then One Day

I shivered as the hard shell enclosed me.

Bewildered, I ran in all directions.

Panic.

Where once I chose my path

now it seems time was the administrator...

-Colleen Sullivan



Noodling with Miles

Freddie pours the drinks—
 brown whiskey,
 red grenadine,
silver vermouth hand assembled
 by a pair of Cook County flaneurs,
 illegal concoctions from the mind
of Grandma Applejack.

Cars wheel down back alleys
 in black and white
 deep dish pizza pans on edge
 coffins flapping
 no rest for the hasty
or any other suckers who pour it on.
 Gunfire keeps the rhythm,
 smoke supplies the jazz.

Can't you see the bodies
 velcro-ed to walls
 like music notes
 shifting modes.

The boys toss
 their hats into a two gallon bucket
 they fight for the first slug.
Why Mr. Cannonball, you're not wearing your tie
 and the dogs come charging in,
 Cuesta, Bella Bee,
 Rocco and Fierce Mose,
suddenly
 there's a whole lotta growling
 goin' on.

You can hear the breathing,
 touch its silence,
 smell the riffs
 before they explode.

Take that horn out of your mouth,
 Almighty Trane,
 no need to count any more.
The melody is on
 everyone's lips
 and the piano man knows
how to find it.

-BobDickerman



For the PTA

Vile reprobate,
I am not a toy.
I was a boy once,
now I am a man.
you cannot temp me
with a hoop,
and contradicting words.

I am not a dog.
I might jump once
to see if there is any joy here,
but I will not beg.
Do not expect it.

Atrophied old lady
I do not cha-cha
neither do I waltz.
But I do dance
like some spastic straw man
when the music moves me.
So take your arm from around my waist.
You inhibit me,
and life is too short to argue.

Leave me be, to move in my own way,
In my own time.
Not yours.

Vile reprobate,
I am not a toy.
I was a boy once,
Now I am a man.

-J.E. Freeman



Rainy Day

It is raining hard and noisily.
I want to be lying
next to you,
curled around you,
talking quietly as we
listen to the rain.
You cradle me
with those arms,
squeeze me
when the pelting rain
blows against the windows,
melt against me.
Warmth from your body
seeps into mine.
The light in the room
is dull and gray.
Rain falls steadily,
wind moves it
against the window
making rain-music,
making the warmth
and shelter we share
more luscious.
You are awake, at ease,
unencumbered and peaceful.
I am languorous and pliant,
content yet alert.
Now the wind blows
more fiercely,
horizontal rain beats
at the window
threatening to force
its way inside.

We startle,
poised to listen,
hearts thumping,
for any breach.
The wind abates,
rain slows,
danger passes.
We retreat to
awareness of rain
as background
then feel that same
sudden arousal.
A different wind
moves you horizontal,
pushing against
my window,
battering, seeking entry.
Floodgates open,
let you in,
no, welcome you in.
Be a tornado,
be a monsoon,
be the rain forest,
inundate me.
I will weather you.

-Kathy Duby



EXPRESSION

She had on the duh face. My wife wanted to know why. Getting to the bottom of a person's duh face is difficult. You can't say "what's behind your duh face?" If you think you can, just try it. Maybe the person is under the illusion that they have a different face, you know, like a huh face. A huh face is quite acceptable, embodying as it does the spirit of inquiry. A huh face is open to the world. A huh face is even open to a duh face. Just like my wife, the huh face wants to get to the bottom of it. And then it wants to kiss. Kiss what? The duh face, it wants to kiss the duh face.

-Peter Bullen



After the Flood

Water covered the villages. Fireplaces filled with duckweed. New channels flowed in erstwhile gardens. Finally, the fish appeared, exploring, fins sliding against doorways, seeking refuge, fearing a trap.

Some stayed in the yard, ate bugs and bread and dog food and then returned the way they came.

-Lita Kurth



PEEK AND JUST A LITTLE BIT OF BOO

**I see you there in the corners of my perception.
At the end of 70 years of hide and pretending to seek
you've become more brazen
with your swiftness of passing days
your mysterious adding of years to my children's lives.**

**The departure of friends and foes
has you no longer whisper, "sometime in the over there."
Instead I see you on the precipice
belting out in your Pavarotti tenor
"Here I come, ready or not!"**

**You are no longer a faint out of focus preview of the future.
You've decided that those wall flower days are over.
You're ready to strut your stuff.
Your ready to 'get down and get funky'!**

**Yeah, I see you, but you should know something
these last bits of existence will be a wonderful battle
between you and I.
I will move through these moments
armed with more love, more passion, more awareness, more
appreciation, and also less tolerance for hate, and injustice.**

**Not that these things will stave off the inevitable,
which will ultimately leave you with the crown of the champion,
but who knows they may make walking through the door
a little less of a tight fit,
might make the kissing of the instant of nothing and everything
have that 'just right' amount of tongue.**

Frank Papia



Drawing Circus

A gray streak in my hair.

He didn't call back.

She said " When you are all gray,
you get ignored".

It's today's society.

Oh, I forgot why I was trying to be so young.

I hope I live longer than expected

and to be functional,

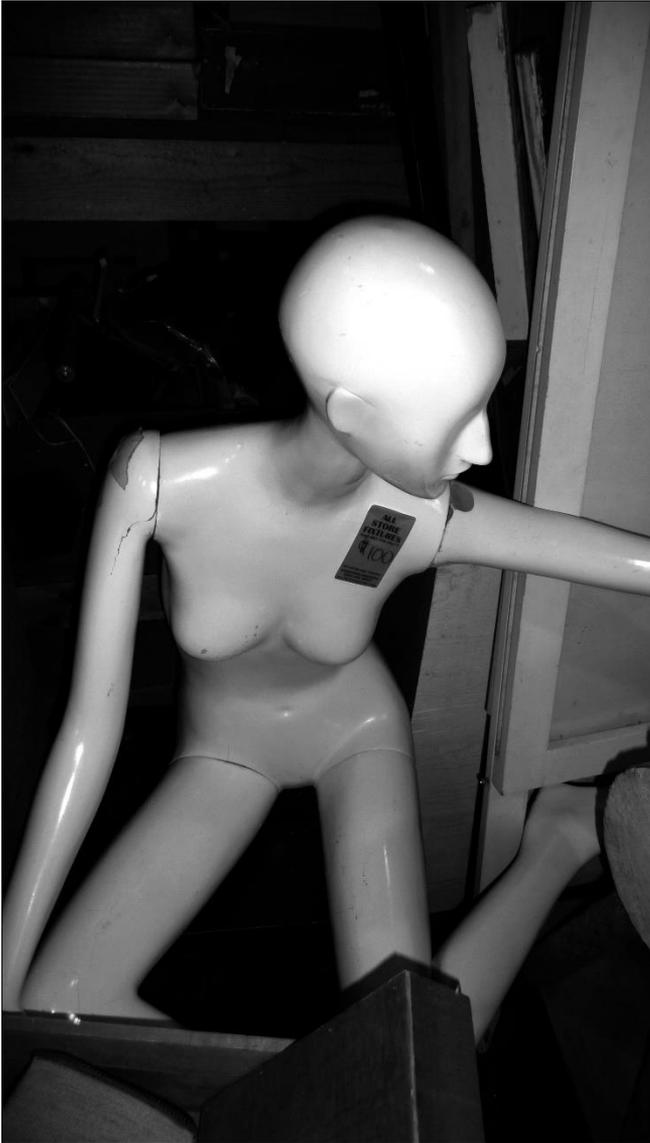
so I can reach a peak so maximal,

and be alive to reap the benefits.

It may be recognition, monetary,

or perhaps it will be sheer joy from
existence.

-Rebecca Bui



For now

For now bypassing self-referential writing.

So, a nod to Kittyboots.

I've said I'm not a poet but reminded that anyone writing a poem is a poet.

Your suggestion, sort of like a slice of the month club, sounds good.

Inspection of coffee makers noted.

Thanks again.

-Anne Siberell



Listening To The Orphan

In this strange apartment, alone, where the moon
checkers grill.

Obscure work has to be done, for hours, if the cloth
should ever look
as silk. I carried on through red and green lights

I flicker
painfully with some vague understanding
The undertaking is
tiring, the yoke belonged to my parents. In these
shadows, my fingers
lightly touching holes; my breath scavenges
a song I will never
know why I lied. How it was another woman made
me
up out of her red heels. How the streetlights
refused to dis-
play her shape.

Sometimes I stab myself with two brushed against
the fabric. Not one thought for my future.

We cannot scorn the cold for not weaving
me even a second-hand coat.

-Mary-Marcia Casoly



I went out to gawk

I heard the sirens scream from three directions
When I saw spinning lights through yards of trees
I too went out stretching my neck
Then turned my gaze away
Resumed my tending.

The clean underwear argument
Convinces only those who haven't witnessed
Flesh upon the pavement
Or maybe some estate sale shoppers
Their nostrils filling with the scents of
age and later years lived less cleanly
rummaging, remnants sinking into pores
While vultures spin memories into profit.

By morning the names have been released
the debris is cleared
all that remains are green
and orange lines marking
the paths of the vehicles.

Standing there
I cannot feel the essence
of lives lived or lost
the remnants and the memories
have gone elsewhere
or not.

I use to think I knew something
Now I know nothing.

-Nanette Wylde



Barefoot Boy

the barefoot boy
face full of freckles
could not be the same person
who lost his life
the minute his foot
hit the accelerator pedal

the town mourned his passing
but you can bet
that somewhere in the night
someone breathes
a sigh of relief

-Robert Perry



Gohonzo

**the eyes
the bell
the smoke
the shell**

**the shark
the cross
the guard
the chant**

**the green temple
the ferris wheels.**

-Robert B. Bush



What We Know Now

Look he said, removing the electrodes
Pinwheels in the root cellar
A pony prancing on the head of a pin
Adjust oxygen mask
Light the fuse
Take cover
From Cassiopeia to Appalachia
A cataract of false prophets
raining diamonds on Neptune.
What more can be done?
-pf

the poets

**Peter Bullen
Robert B. Bush
Rebecca Bui
Mary-Marcia Casoly
Bob Dickerman
Kathy Duby
pf
J.E. Freeman
Lita Kurth
Frank Papia
Robert Perry
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Tarantula

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