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Anapest



A JOURNAL OF POETRY EXCELLENCE

Anapest

Journal of Poetry Excellence

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Anapest

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About Anapest:

An anapest is a "metrical foot" comprising of two short/unstressed syllables followed by one long/stressed syllable. Daily Writing Tips released an article about the 36 poetry terms everyone should know, and many of them are ones that we hear on a daily basis when we are talking about poetry. We decided that we should name our poetry journal after a poetry term that is not often heard.

We do not expect the poets that submit their work to have a certain amount of anapest in their works or follow some strict guideline. We want to showcase elegance and excellency in poetry. Thus Anapest was born. We want to bring the wonderful world of poetry to people daily.

We are accepting poetry all year around, and would love to read the work that you have for us.



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Black Light #19

Glen Armstrong | July 12th, 2017

Each question is a broken
pair of handcuffs,
each answer a kind of escape.
She duct-taped several rubies

to her belly.
They detained her for smuggling,
but the rubies were hers
and had the duct tape

been some sort of cellophane,
the fashion statement would have worked.
There must be a way for color
to radiate underground, tied down,

obscured by dirt, shoddy workmanship
or untempered inspiration.

on the subject of building walls

Alison Locke | July 14th, 2017

(for Julie)

It's not the kind of wall to stop you or your kin
from crossing to the other side.

It is the kind of wall that will halt you in your
tracks, because of the art of diplomacy.

Take a pair of woman's hands: fine, long fingered,
bones brittle but supple in deftness and kindness.
See how she takes the spade, digs the trench,
cuts through the soil to lay foundations.

How she lingers over every stone, its shape,
whether scarred, or scabbed with lichen crusts.
How she imagines each unique rock
expelled from the unstilled bedrock, understanding

the years of their standing in the weathering
ways of sun and storm and dreich, or laden,
rain-heavy, at the bottom of the garden where
the couch grass snakes its wiry roots.

She will separate each rock, large to one side,
small to the other, take a chisel and a hammer
to splice, to cut those tiny odd-shaped pieces
– they will do for the infill. Every stone,

its patina mottled or smooth will have a place
in this woman's wall, as will every easy-to-nest rock.
A wall is built one stone by one stone,
fitting in with the neighbours on all sides.

a sonnet roosting in a tree

Alison Lock | July 15th, 2017

(After Ted Hughes' Hawk Roosting)

From buds of sycamore I shall unfurl,
as drip by drip with words insinuate
my waxy sap, ink wet. I seek to curl
about your nerves with words; articulate
the unctious waves, retorts so worldly-wise
with wit. Recount each phrase of the absurd
or tender note as I identify
as 'poem' in the general sense of word.
I'll twist and fly my fluttered planes, my seeds
to spaces white, of stanza mystery
you'll try to understand my writ-hand deeds,
your eyes are veiled to my self-mastery.
To find me, look above the canopy
of human lexical dichotomy.

stars of narcissae

Alison Lock | July 16th, 2017

from the ether, they appear:
jonquil, narcissus, daffadowndilly,
glowing from their travels
past the sun yellow
white stars

– brilliant and cold –

fallen from
a far galaxy, quickly
cooled by the frost
beneath the leafless oak
to bloom and wither in peace.

remembering the eel

Alison Lock | July 17th, 2017

The lake waters shiver – not with the cold
– it's mild enough with my collar pulled up
as I watch the current loosening the skeins
of drifting weed.

Aimless at first, but then
as if needing to flee, they are plucked
from their mooring roots, slithering free.

That's when I recall the eel
on the end of the line – my squeal
as I, winding in, rod bent in a half moon,
hold on as if I have no choice but
to fight the serpent who scythes the air.

My grasp weakens, I let go
of the rod – drop the keep net.
Like memory itself
the nylon line snakes through the water,
drawn taut before the final delve.

Today, the glinty fish are relaxed
– all shimmering flesh, flicking tails,
driving their dorsal fins through green coils.
Mouthing. They are lured, not
by an inexperienced angler
but by the patterns made by insects.

Warrior of Heaven

Linda Crate | July 18th, 2017

go ahead
paint the false narrative
you always do
in the picture of your mind
somehow i'm the villain
even though i was the one you slaughtered
you'll leave details out
insist that you tried to save me
from myself,
and i don't want to live in your lie;
so i don't delude myself
don't see myself as the monster anymore
as you wanted me to—
smashed the glass of your nightmares
it cut and burned like hell
when i had to rise from chaos and fashion
chaos as compliment but i did,
and have become immortal as the phoenix
with flames that will never die;
some people bring out the best and others the worst
you were just the wolf that turned on any heart
foolish enough to love him—
many moons ago you forgot your humanity,
but i'll remind you of it when i take your nightmares
fashioning them into a weapon that destroys you
in heaven's light..

Always, I Remember

Linda Crate | July 19th, 2017

this song
chokes me up
every time
in not only it's beauty,
but because i always think
of you;
how i loved you
yet i was never brave enough
to face myself and my feelings or tell you
because i had always been taught
it was wrong to love a
woman—
i cared more about my pride
than i did you,
and so in my pain and confusion
i lashed out;
you said it was okay but i don't think
my apology did anything for you
nor do i think you truly forgave
when my anger burned
i drove away the very person i never wanted
to lose as a friend—
your happiness mattered to me
even if i weren't a part of that equation,
and i'm sorry that i hurt you
not a day goes by where i don't miss you;
i always think of you
sometimes i still dream of you and i wonder
will we ever walk in the same circle again or will you
shun me for eternity?

Wrapping Up

Kevin Casey | July 20th, 2017

The things we had collected over the years
seemed to lose their value overnight, their worth
seeping beneath the pine boards, down and through
the cellar's dirt floor. We considered mounding

all of it in the back of my pickup,
and a slow procession to the town dump,
the whole of it cremated, or carted off
and left to rot unmarked in some landfill.

A yard sale seemed frivolous and hopeful--
sunny morning, cash box on a card table,
wishing together that strangers might find
some good in our debris. We resolved

that the second-hand shop behind the church
was the best place to leave our disowned treasures,
presents wrapped with a minimum of care
in copier boxes and trash bags left

for others to unwrap: let someone else
appraise the collection, affix a price tag
to those memories, let us depart believing
some use was preserved in the oddments,

tools and souvenirs, though all those years
had somehow bled right through the sheet-stripped bed,
the rim-chipped bowl, our cupped and empty hands.

Billiards

Kevin Casey | July 21st, 2017

“If you shrank the Earth down to the size
of a billiard ball, it would be smoother.”

--Discover Magazine, 2008

In the beginning, God racked up the planets,
and--dusting the Cue of His Will with the Blue
Chalk of Chance--the Inscrutable Geometrist
disturbed the quiet surface of the slate's felt.

And from that first break, the spheres still chatter
against each other like polished bones,
career in erratic arcs from a side spin,
thud and shudder when a bank is struck.

With an opponent only imagined,
it's no sport, but just a game, and He'll run
the table in time, until the last ball slips
beneath the firmament through some pocket,
rumbling to stillness once the final shot is called.

Wishing on Cotton

Eve Dobbins | July 22nd, 2017

White seagulls in flight
As if picking cotton in the night.

Frisking the breeze
Taunting the earth's non-freeze.

My mind slithers slowly
Like a mollusk humping a hard rock.

Time stops
Eagles fly overhead
In the sky so high
That I cannot touch them
Only my imagination creates a memory
Of what I once knew.

Gone but not forgotten
Hanging on like cotton in the sky
Cotton of clouds drifting by
I let out a sigh
And move on
I cannot reach them today.

The Cat

David Mayerhoff | July 23rd, 2017

She moves
Like a prowler in the night
Slinking and slithering
This way and that

No one dare
Interfere with her
No one dare
Challenge her supremacy

For in the day
She is formidable
At night
She is unique

Her shadow
Casts glances this way and that
Declaring to all
Stay away or pay reverence

Her prey
Are treated
To the mercy of her terror
For they know at least the end is near

Her adversaries
Are treated to
The Merciless
Of her Assault

For they know
The end
Will not be swift
Or pleasant

Who stands
In the way
Of such a Force
A rising star in the cacophony of the netherworld

Estranged Children of Storms

Iris Orpi | July 24th, 2017

I wonder if, when rolling thunder breaks
the white noise cadence of this restless city,
I'm the only one who can hear the call of home
or are there others, looking up from the Jenga
towers of their daily struggles, straining to conjure
nights besieged by southwest monsoons and
coaxing their consciousness free from the ones
and zeroes, to nestle in the remembered scent
of rain and the hands of humid winds rattling
the shutters, touching them through the walls.

I wonder if the amniotic coastline waters we've
been conceived in has dried out halfway through
being airlifted from our origins and blown into this
busy port of steel and brickwork, if the archipelago
encrypted into the way we dream and love and
react to pain has been overridden and are we
skyscrapers now of Midwestern mettle, maintaining
a casual eye contact relationship with storms and
brisk walking past mentions of tropical depressions
like strangers in crowded sidewalks, with not
enough bamboo left in our souls to heed the once
second to our nature invitation to step into the
whirlwind, to kneel in the eye of uncertainty and
lengths of silence punctuating troubled sleep inside
the mosquito net that veils the dawning morning
and its flooded streets, the tree of one's childhood
uprooted, all its secrets exposed and disheveled
and stories thrown over left shoulders, and the
village waking up to mystic infusions of heroic
blood, unfazed by the countless lashes dealt by fate

on their tired brown muscles, carrying scars like
prized inheritance and rebuilding to the beat of the
same songs our ancestors had sung centuries before.

What The Moon Promised The Firelight

Iris Orpi | July 25th, 2017

There are dragons
sleeping in his mind
waiting to be awakened
each night by the stories
I read to him
at bedtime.

There are seeds of sequoia trees
invisible but there
on the palms of his little hands
waiting to be planted
in a forest I cannot see
but I know is there
somewhere in his life and future
where he is destined to walk
and realize the great things
he is capable of
if he can dig little holes on the earth
and have a little faith
and give it a little time.

There are legends
hovering in his sky
like endangered eagles,
pirate ships and seven seas,
love that can move mountains,
warriors and victories,
desert dunes and miracles
that shimmer in the sun.
He looks at me when
I say the words, their names

and all things possible
take shape inside his heart,
my little one who
has yet to see the world,
who has yet to make head or tail
of where the wings should go
or whether man can fly.

He believes instead
in every magnificence
that I speak of.

He gathers them like feathers
from the rising and falling
of my voice.

The light in the hall
is the color of lullabies.

People's reasons are soft
and fold like blankets.

He is asleep before
each happy ending.

I hold his dreams reverently
under the hushed stars.

Asymmetrical Hummingbird

Iris Orpi | July 26th, 2017

I have a limb that is dead.

It has stopped serving me long ago.

It has festered under the surface
for years and now

it is dark and immovable
and rotten at the core.

It is my bane and my handicap

and at times it still

throbs and ails me

and spreads poison

to the rest of my body.

I could have left it behind

as a kindness to myself

but I carry it around with me

and dress it up

and make it look pretty

and pretend

there is nothing wrong with it

for fear of disrespecting you,

you who have killed it

slowly, with the kind of love

you thought was best for me

and if I ever choked

and if I ever begged for relief

you'd accuse me

of being ungrateful,

feed me with guilt and shame

and cut yourself

and bleed for me

and tell me

it was that limb that did it
so I just learned to bear it,
taught myself to live with it,
live with the marks
that were slowly getting permanent
left where your brand of love
had pressed its fingers
to stop the flow of blood
until it stopped fighting back
until it stopped breathing
stopped being mine
but yours
but this was your token of love
the only kind you knew how to give
so in honor of that gift
I keep it close as a souvenir
can't bring myself
to cut it off, this limb that
freedom and inspiration
can't touch anymore,
the part of my soul
for which water and sunshine
and beauty and poetry
and any measure of saving
is too late,
but the rest of me grew
and the rest of me bore flowers
and the rest of me learned to soar
in spite of it all
while you
continue to nurse that
one lifeless limb
and believe that as long as
you can hold it,

you still possess me
and sometimes I suspect
that when you look at me,
that limb is all you see.

Broken Alabaster

Iris Orpi | July 27th, 2017

They keep trying to sell me the virtues
of making it through life unscathed
as if we weren't put here to make mistakes
and find beauty in the loopholes
I don't really have the heart to say
it's too late for me, for all their warnings
and I guess they won't really care
to hear the stories I brought back
from the unknown they so fear
so I just try to not make them uncomfortable
or wear my tarnishedness too obviously
when i sit across the aisle from
the majestic temples of their
many weighted sacrifices,
their compact psalms,
I keep my perfume bottled up
and hush the effervescence of my song
before they accuse me of speaking in tongues
when all I want to do is find someone
I could pass on the taste of raw truth to

Van Gogh's Room

Heath Brougher | July 28th, 2017

The painting of Van Gogh's room

the beauty of the miss-sized furniture
exudes from the canvas
denoting the volatility behind the brushstrokes

the colors placed in perfect position

here is where this genius slept
here is his own interpretation of where he slept

the bed, the chairs in beautifully imperfect proportion
to the table and the walls of other paintings and, of course,
the window—the window of the imagination into a mental maelstrom.

More Than Dust

Heath Brougher | July 29th, 2017

World is
made of
particles

each fiber
each atom
means something
has some significance
in the Grand Scheme

even the most minus of the entire minutiae
contains
something
of value—

[Universe within Consciousness within Dream within Spiral]

Clap your hands in applause!
For there are no worthless things in this world!

Void

Heath Brougher | July 30th, 2017

The government is Void

the persuasion is Void

the efficacy of instruction is Void

the righteous wavelengths are Void

the belief in man-made realities is Void

the desire to reach a peaceful state of mind is Void

the rarest of Truths are Void

the fabled magnanimity is Void

the spirit of Nature is Void

the overall essence and aura of the Universe is Void.

How To Cure Trigger Finger

Howie Good | July 31st, 2017

One day I was walking and I saw one of the janitors dressed up in a cheerleader outfit and wearing fairy wings, and I said to him, “Oh, are you going to a costume party tonight?” And he said, “No, I’m going to dodgeball.” This kind of stuff doesn’t usually happen in little towns. If you designed it from scratch, you wouldn’t have designed it the way it is. Close your eyes and just breathe, just breathe. There’s nothing left to steal. Something told me to do pull-ups. Or ram into people in the street. Painkillers didn’t help. It was nonstop, the worst. I lost two fingers. They are completely gone. It’s hard not to see God in that.

Contributors

Glen Armstrong holds an MFA in English from the University of Massachusetts, Amherst and teaches writing at Oakland University at Oakland University in Rochester, Michigan. He edits a poetry journal called *Cruel Garters* and has three recent chapbooks: *Set List* (Bitchin Kitsch), *In Stone* and *The Most Awkward Silence of All* (both of Cruel Garters Press).

Heath Brouger is the author of the 3 chapbooks, "A Curmudgeon is Born (Yellow Chair Press, 2016) and "Digging for Fire" and "Your Noisy Eyes" (both by Stay Weird and Keep Writing Press, 2016). He is the co-poetry editor of Into the Void Magazine and poetry editor for Five 2 One Magazine. His work has been translated into journals in Albania and Kosovo and he also edited the anthology "Luminous Echoes," the proceeds of which will all be donated to help prevent suicide/self-harm. His work has appeared in Of/with, Chiron Review, MiPOesias, The Paragon Journal, Main Street Rag, Cruel Garters, Blue Fifth Review, and elsewhere.

Kevin Casey is the author of *And Waking...* (Bottom Dog Press, 2016), and *American Lotus* (Glass Lyre Press, 2018), winner of the 2017 Kithara Prize. His poems have appeared recently or are forthcoming in *Rust+Moth*, *Valparaiso Poetry Review*, *Connotation Press*, *Pretty Owl Poetry*, and Ted Kooser's syndicated column 'American Life in Poetry.' For more, visit andwaking.com."

Linda Crate is a Pennsylvanian Poet.

Eve Dobbins was born in New York City and raised in a small town located in the Catskill Mountains where everyone knew your name. After graduating from Stony Brook University with an English degree, she spent several years working in Manhattan in the garment industry; as a real estate property appraiser with the city of New York and a girl Friday

for local radio talk show host, Barry Farber, as well as a stint in the United States Navy. Her favorite authors are Lee Child, Lisa Unger, and Ann Rule. Her favorite quote for inspiration is “Everyone has two eyes but no one has the same view” (Wael Harakeh). Her husband is her co-conspirator in writing and baking which paved the way for Cupcake Cache, a gourmet cupcakerie which closed in 2015. Mrs. Dobbins has a MA in TESOL and has lived and worked in Asia and the Middle East. Presently, she makes a living as an English teacher.

Howie Good co-edits White Knuckle Press with Dale Wisely.

Alison Lock is a poet and author from Holmfirth (UK). She finds inspiration in the moorlands and the natural environment of the South Pennines which is often reflected in her writing. Her poetry has appeared in several anthologies and journals. Her first poetry collection, *A Slither of Air* (2011), and her second collection, *Beyond Wings* (2015), connect an inner world with an exploration of the land and a love of nature, through poetry, prose, and haibun. Her short stories are widely published in literary magazines in the UK and Internationally. She is a tutor for Transformative Life Writing courses. www.alisonlock.com

David I Mayerhoff is an emerging writer while being a practicing physician and psychiatrist for the last 34 years. His areas of specialty are in Graduate Medical Education, the chronic mentally ill, and academic research with a focus on the heterogeneity of schizophrenia disorders. His current work involves caring for the mentally ill within the developmentally disabled population.

Iris Orpi is a Filipina writer living in Chicago, IL. She is the author of *The Espresso Effect* (2010) and *Cognac for the Soul* (2012). Her work has appeared in dozens of online and print publications all over Asia, Europe and North America. She was an Honorable Mention for the Contemporary American Poetry Prize, given by Chicago Poetry Press, in 2014.

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