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Anapest



A JOURNAL OF POETRY EXCELLENCE

Anapest

Journal of Poetry Excellence

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Anapest

Editor in Chief

Veronica Bruce

Consultant

Austin Shay, The Paragon Journal

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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Snitch

Howie Good | August 1st, 2017

After a few Guinnesses, I would have preferred to not celebrate. The world didn't seem real. It was like everyone was just doing Tarantino knockoffs. The next morning there was a ruckus. A lot of people came. I was dumbfounded when they all danced. I often find that when I don't carry a camera, I see great photographs. Just because we're immersed in digital technologies doesn't mean that we're in touch with them. No one is safe anywhere. Over time, bad things will happen. They always do. We're always going to be in this position of losing ourselves in crowds. Unless you really want to start an argument, it's kind of, "Keep it to yourself." One man's whistleblower is another man's snitch. People are so coldhearted. It's nurses, teachers, doctors, firefighters. They're just another wild animal trying to make a living.

Sedentary Fathoms |section seventy-nine|

Felino A. Soriano | August 5th, 2017

Overheard, we've listened before.

To what it was or

when it is

an accurate and

familiar shape of

certain

syllables.

Language

rearranges motive

moves us

beyond the

mouth of

our

original enunciation.

Overheard, an avalanche

of

silent articulation, of pursuance and
enigmatic function. We hear to examine

directional motivation,

realigning

what faith has done in

the ornament of these halos'

hanging

italics

Sedentary Fathoms |section eighty|

Felino A. Soriano | August 6th, 2017

Sitting is becoming a silence --
a weather in the habitual home

both
relaxing and staying
whole near me --

a
reminder
to engage fluctuation
of hours' enhance

presentations --

Sedentary Fathoms |section eighty-one|

Felino A. Soriano | August 7th, 2017

Repetition solitude / song, an
elongated lyric-
bath
of
sudden sounds
and
sustained intuition.

Chants.

Vocal ghosts braid
gossamer voices,
bridge

momentary visual linger ing-

sun of sound, earliest section upon
the body's ascent through cloth of
mobile air, intersecting fluid-

mosaic eastern eye
gaze, truant fragment
eventual whole tableaux
of slowed rhythm
within moments'
oscillating pianoing-

Sedentary Fathoms |section eighty-two|

Felino A. Soriano | August 8th, 2017

Deepened

by the connection of cultural concentrated beliefs

worn with

warmth as a noon's

brightest moment or sustained embrace

beneath an architectural

revelation.

With this language this

nuance of meaning

curls in to gauge each

ghost's

momentary visit, each syllable's

invention an abbreviated nostalgia, unobstructed

Sedentary Fathoms |section eighty-three|

Felino A. Soriano | August 9th, 2017

We've blended family then an isolated
momentum toward aggregated

oscillation: piano

drums

bass

trilogy of interpreted function and continuous elation. Said of our timeframe of that time
isn't a necessary invention to compose behavior and tongues of intuitive weather.

Softened, these collections of rhythm
modular in sayings and

past tense patterns reversing pulsing pauses to begin with speed such intelligent moving
fluctuations or mirages of insinuated autumns

Edward Burra: The Snack Bar (1930)

Paul Waring | August 10th, 2017

in haute couture fur she sips black coffee
and savours a sandwich of sliced smoked
ham with delicate jewelled fingers

beauty does not speak from the canvas
of her face, wide-angled black striped
eyes and knowing mouth framed by

inviting red lips, but each day I watch
as they claim the room and wait for
the touch of her hand before she leaves.

The novelty of being wanted no longer

Rajnish Mishra | August 11th, 2017

I miss old times and people;

open eyes and see change envelope them and me.

I miss my little brother calling me to play cricket

on the terrace and I, the elder one, reluctant at times,

with things more important to do saying no

sometimes, and the day we drafted a penciled contract

mutually agreed upon; then signed. Its clauses:

I would not slobber him in public,

I would play terrace-cricket with him every afternoon,

and I would not snatch his chocolate, or samosas.

I did keep to my part of it for some time, I remember,

then, I left. When we met again, he had grown up.

Didn't need any more his playmate of terrace,

Didn't play cricket there anymore. I know how it feels.

I know the shock, the pain, the novelty of being wanted no longer.

Then came my daughter demanding, not drafting agreements, that:

I play with her every evening, after I return from work.

I take her to the park at weekend mornings

I don't force her to learn her tables,

I don't side with her mother when she's scolded.

No, I did not make the old mistakes this time.

I enjoyed her company, played with her,

took her to the park most weekend mornings,

only sometimes inquired about the table of thirteen

and only sometimes sided with her mother,

never when she was scolded. I stayed. She grew up.

Doesn't need her old play mate any more,
doesn't play those make-belief games any more.
Yes, I know how it feels: no shock,
numbed senses, the practice of being wanted no longer.

I sense my grandchildren in future, demands unchanged,
Eyes bright and fear, once more, being wanted no longer.

A poet I'm not

Rajnish Mishra | August 12th, 2017

A poet I'm not, not always, not every day.

Reluctant and rare my poems come to me,
At times, not even welcome, to me.

One knock I hear, faint yet clear.

I have no mind nor time for it.

I'm a busy professional in a busy city, you see.

How can I be at ease, stand still, serene, calm,

And think? Mine is the lane, mine is the race,

And now is the time: get set go.

Carpe diem, gather your stocks, the sun is shining.

Why sit licking wounds, weeping and whining?

That night I just caught that train.

Did not return, did not stay

At home, just left and rushed to work.

What was it? Inertia, inaction,

Prophetic soul? My granny's eyes, the Prince and I,

Pathetic both, with self-inflicted wounds and pain,

Nostalgia: missing home.

They're wrong who say that home is

Where heart is. No, it's actually where stomach is,
And job is, and monthly paycheck is, and savings account.

Heart is gentle, what worst can it do?

Compare that to stomach's doings and see
who wins. Stomach, once aroused, rumbles and grumbles

And pushes the body it owns, our body, around.

So, a hundred less thousand kilometres away,
I've come to the city of routines, where I stay,
From the city of light where life lived, once -
Hated, and tried to flee from too -
But that's another story for some other day.
So, I could not stay, a moment more.
Decades it took for roots to grow,
Not hours to sever, pack and go.

Lying Literature

Jack Arkell | August 13th, 2017

Ideal body image issues
spread across the genders,
societal pressures and media
that force us to surrender.

Magazines that teach disease
through means of airbrushed models,
deserve to be burned, buried or shredded
or pulped like unsold novels.

Articles not based on fact,
just baseless pseudo-science,
perpetuated endlessly
by readership compliance.

Six week abs, sixteen inch biceps,
shortcuts advertised,
few are immune to the mistruths
and see right through the lies.

Free samples of a protein bar
that'll build you overnight.
Powders filled with magic dust,
to feed the acolytes.

Eat and lift, no other way,
make your home your gym.

Post photographs on Instagram
with sweat dripping from your skin.

Crush that male body image,
those who subscribe from their own volition,
told they're not men by any means,
they weigh less than a bumper edition.

Progress is fruitless
when aspirations are unrealistic,
and the only goal is to lead a life
so dull and narcissistic.

Ignore the advertisements,
self-centred interviews,
worship the mind and not the mirror
and live the life you choose.

Mask

Jack Arkell | August 14th, 2017

You can't wear a mask forever,
in time you'll be exposed.
Those secrets that you'd rather keep,
doors you've bolted closed.

Some people call it karma
or the pride before a fall.
The act of being cut to size
when once you walked so tall.

On that day I'll press the glass
of the windows of my house.
A focused quest to have it all
can leave you here without.

So keep that leather strapped up tight,
knot up every lace,
if you want me to be the only one
who's ever seen your face.

Rant

Jack Arkell | August 15th, 2017

Endless rants on every subject,
rant at those expressing interests.
Shout until your throat is raw,
shout as if its common law.

Tiresome rants, choosing to be furious,
the motive of which I'll forever be curious.
It swallows energy
to be so heated,
Question Time answers
reworded or repeated.
Being so conceited, informed about the globe,
the louder you shout, the more you know,
bleat and Tweet til opponents retreat,
drain their will, retain your throne.

What does it matter as long as you win?
But your contrarian ways are growing thin.
Fuelling fires that can never be extinguished,
although we admire an exquisite grasp of English
that counts for nothing if its inconsequential,
an appetite for change but zero potential.

By all means rant to make a difference,
but if its futile, keep your distance.
There's nothing to be gained from blind persistence,
fighting your corner in any given instance.

So shorten your words
if you want to be heeded,
put opinions to action

to make the change that's needed.

Stop using tragedies to boost your own status,
rant about the fate that surely awaits us.
Rant about justice as if you're qualified,
intangible systems
you're dissatisfied.

Those who really help are the quietest of all,
no catchphrase, pose or pedestal.

If you're doing nothing deeper
than rehearsing a voice,
you are ranting for no reason,
you are angry by choice.

Fire

Jack Arkell | August 16h, 2017

The day my house burned down
I held a glass of water
and hoped it wouldn't spread.
Thought of my possessions
and if there'd be anything left,
the woman that I barely knew
burning in my bed.
I wished I had a water pistol
or the will to save myself,
to care if I lived or died,
to care about my health.

So I called 911 instead
to delegate my fate,
tanned my skin in the flames
throughout the entire wait.
When they carried me out
I knew I'd risked their lives,
incidentally we all survived.

Even the woman
who hasn't called since.

If The Poem

Tom Montag | August 17th, 2017

If the poem has your
lover's breasts in it,
the room should smell

of cinnamon. The light
should be honeyed,
the shadows long,

and the curtains restless.
Somewhere far off a child
will be crying

out. He will be looking
for home. He will be
calling for you.

What We Leave

Tom Montag | August 18th, 2017

What we leave is
silence all the way
to the farthest star.

As much as we have
loved, nothing holds.

Would that we had
learned to let go.

What We Hide

Tom Montag | August 19th, 2017

What we hide
in this chatter
about the weather.

All that's gone
wrong, all that
will go. What

you fear does
not mark my
shadow and

what worries
me does not
mark yours. And

still the rain
comes, or doesn't.

To your silence
I add my own.

Lax Said

Tom Montag | August 20th, 2017

Don't write until
the silence speaks,

Lax said. So I wait,
looking at this light.

Bull Shoals Baptism

Lindsay Brand | August 21st, 2017

Boats rock in their stalls
on the tepid lake. Frogs
and cicadas lead the nighttime
orchestra under the half-orb moon.

Tossing discarded clothing in
small heaps, we wade through
the sharp rocks and algae before
swimming to deeper, cooler water.

Nervous giggles fade to hushed,
reverent whispers. The dark-hued sky
around the brilliant stars blends
the line between the water and the night.

We wade back to land, we put
the cloth uniforms of our lives back
on our dripping forms, fresh from a
baptism. Born anew together.

Raising a Daughter

Lindsay Brand | August 22nd, 2017

I looked through her closet to find the right pieces
to outfit my daughter with before she went out.

Boots to stomp the toes of people who don't acknowledge boundaries.

Ear muffs for tuning out the forked-tongued.

Earrings for puncturing half-inflated arguments.

A belt to scale the glassy, corporate walls.

A cardigan since we both run a bit chilly.

Leggings since she enjoys freedom of movement, and will run worlds.

Finally, a pink dress simply because that's her favorite color.

And I want her clothes to need not always be pragmatic.

No Respect in his Own Neighborhood

Lindsay Brand | August 23rd, 2017

Our neighborhood prophet in the ancient strip mall tries
to warn us of our impending doom.

Maybe he wears the stark white tunic with the crimson cross
slashed across his chest because his scrawled poster signs
about the end time went unheeded
by passersbys in their automobiles.

We zoomed by in our sedans and gas-chugging SUV neglecting
to wave so he took more solemn measures.

Last time I saw him, he had gotten his message more succinct.
Help Trump build the wall.

No one ever stops to hear more. A lone woman brings water.
They act familiar with each other. She might be tied
to him for more than his message.

All the while, we Midwestern drivers scowl at him
disapprovingly, and use his presence as a harbinger that
there is an intersection ahead.

Inheritance

Cynthia Blank | August 24th, 2017

“But what else
can a mother give her daughter but such
beautiful rifts in time?”

- Eavan Boland, “The Pomegranate”

It was years ago that she clung to a blonde boy
in a Nachlaot slum,
since she ate sunflower seeds
and forgot to notice the bitter taste.
He would strum Bob Dylan on a ukelele, and she didn't
think twice about stretching out
over the sheets
and offering herself as an afternoon sacrifice
about to go up in smoke.

I went to Jerusalem, like her,
running toward a different unhappiness.
I have kept a man,
not her rotation of phone numbers,
or neighborhoods as the years passed.
And though I would never want to jump
and break, as she did, like a tree cracking in two,
I know a twig inside me
has already snapped.

Sometimes in the Silence

Cynthia Blank | August 25th, 2017

Sometimes in the silence
I can finally contemplate
you—the crook of your elbow
as you lean in to me,
the sky around us growing darker,
closing in on the glass
covering us like a sheath.

I'm worried it will shatter
and cut me deep in the stomach—
piercing a place even
blood has forgotten—
leaving a scar the length
of a swordsman's blade.

Will you trace the hidden
patterns of that scar, some night,
in a bed doused with moonlight?
Will you understand the mysteries
it possesses, the sinews of the body
it has etched itself onto?

Leaning in to me, do you
imagine that moonlight, too?
It winking down on us, freezing us
into two metal statues.
Sometimes in that stillness
I can finally contemplate
you—and nearly weep from clarity.

Walk No More

Reena Prasad | August 26th, 2017

It wasn't the end of the road
But we slowed down
hurriedly thinking of ways
to stretch out the tar
A fear
of stepping into the wild grass
disguised itself as unwanted pauses
between our obscure words
But breaths when rushed
tend to falter
dropping their oxygen sacks
And we entered the realms of silence
having dispensed with sound barriers
Forced to look at each other
in the eye,
we realized it was an unborn dream
The grass over our moldy slabs
waved wildly to the passing wind
And we lay back to wait
for the road had ended
long before we began

The Feeding

Matthew Duggan | August 27th, 2017

It was only on an august evening
when the clouds were as black as clockworks
sky grey with one pumping vein
shaking the occasional raindrop,
that I noticed and could see
the animals chewing on my flesh,
(I once hunted and joked with them.)

When they think that you are done
a relic with wounds used for their own sickly delectation,
they feed
feed
Feed

Leaving a slight beat
a bare bone
I, weak, still have a flame burning in the pit of my eye
a thinking phoenix in my stomach,
waiting for that perfect moment when I will rise once again
start feeding on their flesh for the very last time.

The Black Swan of Barashevo

Matthew Duggan | August 28th, 2017

In the courtyard
every morning
she became a black swan
unchained

the woods
her vivid breathing space
as earth served
the warm dew

grey became
the only colour of hope,
when she flew
over a forest untraced

far from the guardians
in barbwire coats,
free from the lie of her
dissident pen.

First Draft

Sajal Suneja | August 29th, 2017

It's still January in my unchanged calendar

2:30 in my watch

A little coffee in my cup

A little ink in my pen

With

some pages filled

some pages empty

And some torn apart

A bit scribbled

And crumbled

And thrown away

Containing a line or two

But

Not good enough

Not Perfect

A sip of coffee

A puff of cigar

Tastes poison

I loathe

With an empty stomach

But, So is heart,

Eyes are desperate for sleep

I close them

To sense darkness

And borrow words

To breathe

For one last time.

A Woman Who Sells Her Body

Sajal Suneja | July 30th, 2017

As the sun sets, she sets up her shop in the street,
Where hunger for flesh traded with hunger for Need,
Bright clothes, Dark lips and a mole on the chin,
Hidden wound on her back with sharp scratch on her skin,

While awaiting, few erratic looks being shoot upon,
No place of worship at sight, Does her sins being counted on,
A glance of misty fog passes and lures her to hide,
But she know these civilised people will never feed her child,

She stares at fellow sellers awaiting in same street,
Same pain in their eyes.. Same reason in their needs,
Who is going to see through mask?
Who is going to ask our story?
Who am I anyway - Just a woman who sells her body

Entertain Me

Debbie Collins | August 31st, 2017

I was at the bar, nursing
a martini of broken men.

I was getting good at it.

I saw you talking to a girl in red
and decided to steal you away. When I did,
the red of her dress shrieked at me,
each sequin a glittering judgement.

I had you by the wrist, pulling you
across the party floor and out a door
flanked by huge pots of flowers.

The sweet peas and orchids were
wilted and forlorn.

The outside air hit us with the force of
a furnace, August born.

What now, you said.

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