

NOVEMBER 2017

ISSUE NO. 04

Anapest

A close-up photograph of a teal motorcycle's front section. The image is dominated by a large, round, teal-colored headlight with a clear lens. Above it, a smaller, chrome, cylindrical auxiliary light is mounted. To the right, the handlebars are visible, featuring a chrome brake master cylinder and a blue grip. The background is a soft-focus green, suggesting foliage.

A JOURNAL OF POETRY EXCELLENCE

Anapest

Journal of Poetry Excellence

Anapest: Journal of Poetry Excellence - August 2017

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Text Set in Times New Roman

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ISSN: 2574-3031 (online)

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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.



Suzanne

Ayşe Tekşen | October 2nd, 2017

Your name is a sweet song,
a soft breeze on the tongue;
mine is a deep cut,
a ceaseless bloodshed,
a hailstorm hitting
the windshield of
your minivan parked
in front of your
house in the suburbs.
Your skin has been
a land of hope many
American men were lost
in their quest dreaming
of eternal youth and bliss.
Your eyes are dark skies
in which many men imagined
a future built with your
white hands in shapes
of constellations.
When I look at you,
I see a tree
with roots hard
deep into the ground.
No one is able to
separate you from your heaven.
Not even that cunning serpent.
I was a fool to be
tricked by him.
A fool, I chose
to be the fool, Suzanne.
No, don't feel
sorry for me, please.
If life's a play,
everybody is playing
their own part.
But don't you see
what I see Suzanne?
Do you ever wonder
what other heavens
you might have missed
while clinging onto your own?
Have you ever been worried
about what other heavens

you might have been
shattering into
thousands of pieces
by simply looking
away from them?
You broke my heaven,
Suzanne,
the only spring
I have in this desert I am in.
But you had other
options, some other men waiting,
your many Adams.
Lost in a sea of roles
fitting you like tailored suits,
maybe you never felt the need
to look away, away enough
to look into your own soul.
I—I didn't have anything but
that world of the lost souls
you were too afraid to look at.
All my life I lived
within this nutshell
kept hidden from
all the pleasures
you were lucky to cherish.
You were and are a believer—
a believer of results, solidity,
these concrete buildings
surrounding you now.
There was always
a degree you needed to get,
a job interview
you needed to thrive at,
a child on the way,
then another,
and then another.
A faithful husband
you think you owe
most of your happiness to.
At night, do you two,
the happy couple,
hold each other,
your hands in his blond hair
worthy and needy of
your maternal attention?
Is sometimes your life
too much for you
as mine is for me?

Maybe.

Do you ever think the life
you lead is not enough
for you as I do?

Probably.

Are you really that heartless
as these heartbroken men
say you are, Suzanne?

I choose not to believe them.

If you are really without a heart,
where does all this blood
come from and go to then?

It is a ceaseless
exchange of crimson
between my name
and yours maybe.

Now please put down
that little piece of heaven
you found just yesterday.

It is my heaven you turn
in your hands and play with.

Please leave it to this girl
who is used to playing
with the hand me down
toys of other children
who are richer
and sometimes older.

Sunday Roast

Linda Imbler | October 3rd, 2017

Stop tearing your hair
you frightened child, young sad boy.
Pressure cooker
meal is the thing you smell,
pressure cooker family
you see and hear.
Household dysfunction,
all things blowing up,
screams of parents bouncing off the kitchen's walls
and you sob as you rock madly
back and forth within your invented universe,
the pressure cooker whistle is all around you.
Yours, they shriek, blaming each other,
just admit it this time,
your fault, they howl.
Under this roof
beside the metal stove,
then all noise ceases at once.
You wake from this shrill dream.
Please, come sit.
The family is broken still, but hungry.

Um

Linda Imbler | October 4th, 2017

I clutch tightly
your urned cremains.
If I put them down
you might disappear.
I put them in triple layered plastic bags
while I shower.
Strap them into the car seat
ever so snugly,
carry them into the store,
in that very large beach bag
that now serves as my purse,
when I can make myself buy food to eat.
At night, with you beside me
I dream of our life together,
careful not to knock you off the bed
to be scattered.
That I could not bear.
I recall the reasons I've loved you;
the magnitude of your heart
for all things living,
your capacity to forgive
both my naive foolishness and my purposeful
obstinacy,
your feverish defense of truth and justice.
There is much to cherish.
And while the way I am acting may seem
strange,

there is a method to my madness.
If I hold this reliquary
close enough to me,
perhaps you will reappear.

Declaration

Linda Imbler | October 5th, 2017

When I am old,
And called across the sea,
And beauty, peace, and ecstasy unfold,
Make no sad laments for me.

A quiet shore awaits,
Those long passed, I'll meet again,
Within majestic open gate,
The happiest I'll ever be.

I'll walk the pathway,
Abounding sights,
Shoreline blue and silver gray,
Days and nights now finite.

And when you come
And call and look for me
Follow the silence to my sanctum
On the shore along the sea.

An Old Dog's Lament

Linda Imbler | October 6th, 2017

When you left me at the park bench,
I could not see you walk away,
But I knew you were gone
When you no longer spoke to me,
And your scent faded.

I waited all night in the rain,
Refusing sleep so I would not miss your return,
My matted fur and dry mouth
Greeted the sun of that first new day,
My first day without you.

My eyes had failed me the previous year,
And somehow I had failed you,
Although I do not understand how.
Should I ever smell you again,
I will come to you,
And lick your hand,
And ask your forgiveness,
For whatever was lacking in me.

Now I am elsewhere,
Being cared for by another,
I am one of the lucky ones in that regard.
There's new smells in the air,
But always I am searching
For that one, which to me, is most familiar
And brings the happiest memories.

Insensate

Linda Imbler | October 7th, 2017

A distracted, harried woman on her way to work,
Collided with a truck,
Now an ersatz depiction of a sleeping woman,
Amid tubes and drips she lies.
She concentrates on the doctor's light,
She knows it is important.
On the outside, appearance is insensate,
"Brain-dead," the diagnosis.

An autistic Amerind of the Navajo,
He has never laughed, spoken nor cried,
Present at the tribe's night dance,
"Poor kid doesn't even know his own name."
He concentrates on the firelight,
He knows it is important.
On the outside, appearance is insensate,
His eyes lock with an image at the center of the flame.

An orchid in a greenhouse tucked amid blooms of gladiolas,
Full of color and fragrance, useful for formal events,
And gives pleasure when viewed,
But it won't interact or are we just confused?
It concentrates on the sunlight,
It knows it is important.
It shows a smiling countenance, lifts, grows strong,
On the outside, appearance is insensate,
"You can't carry on a conversation with a flower."

How little regard some have,
For that which they judge unfeeling,

How fragile the connection, the understanding,
For that which they feel is incognizant.
Judgement from unfeeling minds and hearts,
From my point of view, such disregard-insensate.

Dallas

Linda Imbler | October 8th, 2017

The land of Cowboys and cattlemen,
The land of bankers and Baptists,
The land of bless your heart and there you go:

They say it's the city where JFK was killed, a friend
once told me at NorthPark Mall that her father knew
Jack Ruby back then.

They say it's the land of mortgaged extravagance: Yes, there
you go, I have seen lavish hotels built upon
former ranches.

And they say to me Dallas town itself is quite small: My reply
is there you go, for there are suburbs both rich and poor
that surround it.

And there is both bitter hunger and keen gluttony;
poverty and great wealth, and I match their snide remarks
and say to them:

This is also the town of my youth, the place where the Crossroads
Club and the Dairy Queen gave me solace and refuge.

It's the town of my latter years where my father died, and later
still, those whom I had once been close to fell away from me,
sadly, so there you go.

Keeper of Nightmares

Linda Imbler | October 9th, 2017

Who is the keeper of nightmares?
Who is the killer of souls?
Blaming that which lies without,
He to whom we say our morning prayers.

If all men at once lay down arms,
Lay down arms instead of bodies,
How would the world change
Instantly if all believe and wield charm.

Instead war is kept as a curse
One from which there is no escape
For to share that much heart
We are only willing to intersperse.

We'll stay the keeper of nightmares,
We'll stay the killer of souls
Blaming that which lies without,
He to whom we glibly throw our cares.

Oz

Linda Imbler | October 10th, 2017

A shabby town feigning glamour,
A vapor amid the clamor,
Distractions from sidewise contours
masking that unwholesome smell.

Beware the bright yellow brick road,
false idols dot it, we've been told,
hidden deep cracks suck your soul
and feed this town's conceit.

Lurking snake oil salesmen
with unctuous undertaker bent,
switch dark lights to bursting flash, then
ensnare you within the carousel.

Lolita dolls posed on the street,
exteriors seem so sweet
but within, cold hearts that seldom beat,
features masked with colors.

Genial contempt disguised,
smiles that never touch their eyes,
hardset, merciless mouths plied
to take another dollar.

Blazing buildings so compact,
the wrapping maze that so attracts,
leads to where the minotaur's kept,
purposeful deceit.

Happier

Julia Slezak | October 11th, 2017

I'm hurting you,
even if you won't admit it.

I make you nervous
when I don't answer.

I make you stressed
when I cry.

I make you frustrated
when I don't tell you
what's wrong.

I'm wrong,
for you,
for them,
for myself.

Wanted

Julia Slezak | October 12th, 2017

You, as a whole person are complete.
Of course, there are times you may feel
broken, empty, and alone.
But, you keep going. You embrace
the world as if it's never hurt you.
Eventually you find someone who
wants you, and makes you feel
better than whole.
Someone will put an effort into
loving you and try to figure out
how your body and mind work.

I've accepted the fact I may never be
Wanted.
I'm drowning,
but I know how to swim.

Survey

Julia Slezak | October 13th, 2017

I knew the questions would come.

“Were you happy with what happened?”

“Do you have any suggestions?”

“What is some positive feedback you would like to give?”

This didn't happen once, but every time.

Sometimes even right after.

If you had a website I would rate you

“10/10 would fuck again.”

Safe

Julia Slezak | October 14th, 2017

My anxiety is announced to you
and you look at me and say
“okay, I’m here. I’m not leaving.”

My anxiety isn’t used to that.

A thing that is caused by fear
will infect fear in others and
others will leave.

You stayed.

You did not fear.

Naked

Julia Slezak | October 15th, 2017

I thought when my shirt came off
my stomach would be gone,
That it had moved to my chest.
It didn't move.
I change clothes every day,
but this time taking them off
felt bizarre and weird.
You clothed me
in kisses.
Your eyes dressed me
in warmth.
Sounds were made
But none of them were words.

Her

Julia Slezak | October 16th, 2017

I felt psychotic around her.

I remember you playing with her pony tail,
that's why you didn't like me, I have short hair.

You would lay your head against her legs,
that's why you didn't like me, my legs are boney.

You would watch movies and tv shows together,
that's why you didn't like me, I didn't like those shows.

You would kiss her,
that's why you didn't like me, my lips aren't hers.

The Taste of Lisbon

Paul Waring | October 17th, 2017

Sea-brined Tagus air
tastes of Lisbon past;
carries fado cries from Alfama
and a history of saudade,
pained waits for loved ones
to conquer the seas.

I see soft rain glaze
intricate mosaic streets
beneath a millefeuille
of sea-facing structures
that still hide their grief
like graffiti behind
blue-tiled facades.

In Café Martinho da Arcada
I sit, as ever, where
Pessoa sat; taste espresso
aromas of his words
steeped into tables, chairs
and nicotined walls.

Outside, a number 28 tram
grates and whines past.
Rain has cleared. A wagtail
bobs by full of knowing. I
notice magnolia blossom.
The first taste of spring.

Urban Decay

Paul Waring | October 18th, 2017

This place wakes each day
at odds with itself;
loss of identity hurts like a hangover.
You see it in pixelated masses,
heads bowed on windless days,
no longer looking
to put a face to the future.

Monochrome skies,
heavy as lost hope,
stretch out to blurred edges
of a bland landscape
that offers no good side,
no smile, and says nothing.

Ill health has taken its toll:
bare trees no home
to grey-black birds
who circle in silence;
as eyeless windows
stare at tired space
from derelict bones of buildings.

Time brought decay
to these streets
whose only colour now
comes from the homeless,
curled in sleeping bags,
sprayed like graffiti on pavements.

Pencils on a Table

Paul Waring | October 19th, 2017

Coffee-infused shafts
of early morning sun
awake an oak-rich table

where sharpened HB
pencils lie ready like
fresh-baked baguettes,

knives to spread
butter of words onto
hungry plates of paper.

And through open
windows of thought,
traffic begins to breathe.

Scribbled

Austin Shay | October 20th, 2017

I see a little house on the hill
and children's names scribbled
across the walls. Their memories
long forgotten, but our story
has just begun. The crayon
starting to flake away
as you pull farther from me.
I see the pain in your eyes,
and can only imagine the trouble
I caused you. The faint echo
of a child's laughter taunts me
as I think of you. Your face
grows with disgust as you look
at me. My façade is starting to fade
away. My scars and cuts are visible,
and you don't understand. Your words
reassure me that I am a good person,
But I love all your imperfections,
and think that you only deserve
the best. But our story
will just end up scribbled
across an abandoned wall.

Butterfly Kisses

Sam Bixler | October 21st, 2017

I don't remember you as a father.
I want to say that you tucked me into bed,
told me you loved me, read me stories.
If I think hard enough, I can almost grasp it,
the scratch of your beard against my cheek,
my eyelashes brushing your skin in a butterfly kiss.
There's a hazy image of fatherhood, of care, of love.
How much of it have I conjured up?
Why are my clearest memories of your booming voice,
harsh words rattling in my chest, blocking
my airways? You pushed me in a corner, perplexed
because you never touched me. What did I have to be afraid of?
The only tenderness came when it was convenient,
when she wanted to leave. Did you plan it that way?
Did you wrap your arm around my shoulders knowing
that she would see, feel guilty? Did you use me to make her stay?
Why was it so easy, then, for you to leave?
I was barely ten years old, my mother constantly sick,
my brother nowhere to be found, my father given
what was essentially a death sentence. Where were you?
You locked yourself away, drove miles upon miles,
and only your body came back. All tenderness gone,
and now I can barely remember the feeling of knowing -
being told and shown - that my father loved me.
Every now and then I catch a glimpse, a flash
of genuine affection, but I've lost the ability
to absorb it, reciprocate, say I love you, too.
I don't even know if I do.

The Selkie's Revenge

Paul Waring | October 22nd, 2017

Cold-blooded murder
brought her back from the sea
to shed skin, dance over
dying embers of autumn days

to roar revenge like winter
into face of rock that heard
crack of bone as they came,
one by one, lured like lemmings

by her song, taken from shoulders
of cliff out into black brine
on angry tides, buried deep
as unwanted treasure.

ANAPEST: JOURNAL OF POETRY EXCELLENCE
ISSUE 004 | November 2017