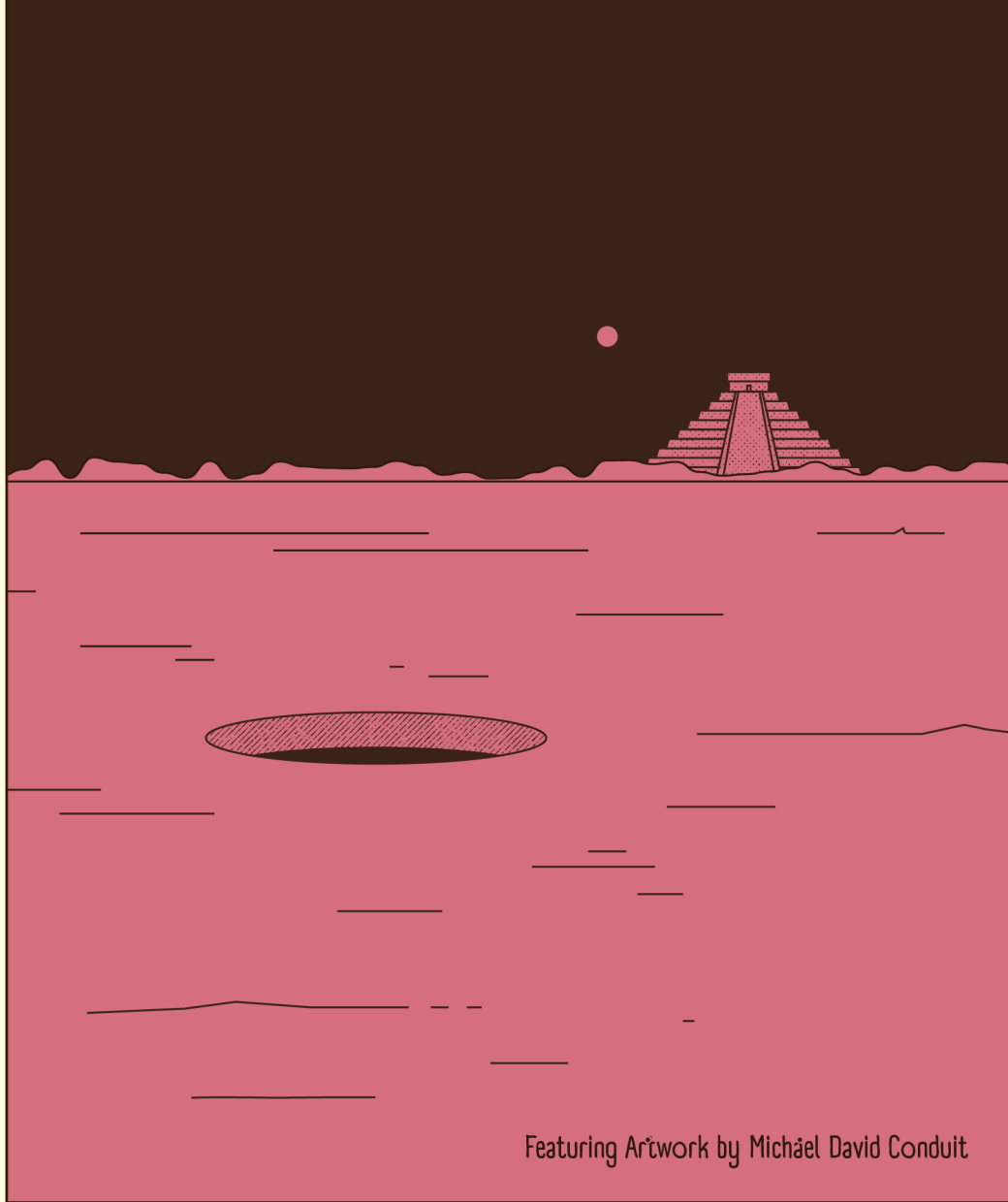


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HALF DAY MOON JOURNAL

ISSUE N. 3



Featuring Artwork by Michaël David Conduit

Digital Edition

HDMJ

HALF DAY MOON JOURNAL

ISSUE N. 3 (AUGUST 2025)

Featuring Artwork by Michael David Conduit

Edited by Joseph S. Aversano

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Jennifer Hambrick (p. 39); Sondra J. Byrnes (p. 43); Peter Yovu (p. 45);
Grzegorz Wróblewski (p. 48); Richard Wallace (p. 59);
Hafi Akar (p. 63); Randy Brooks (p. 64); Maryann Waterman (p. 65);
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Michele Root-Bernstein (p. 83); Notes (p. 86)

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The Milesians afterwards built a temple, which exceeded in size all others, but it remained without a roof on account of its magnitude.

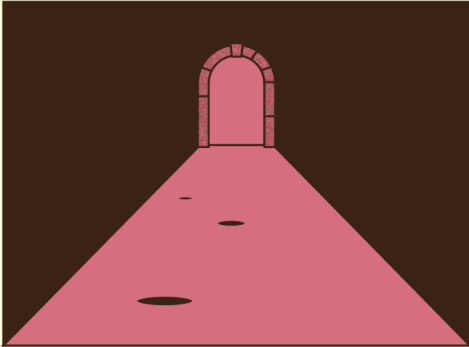
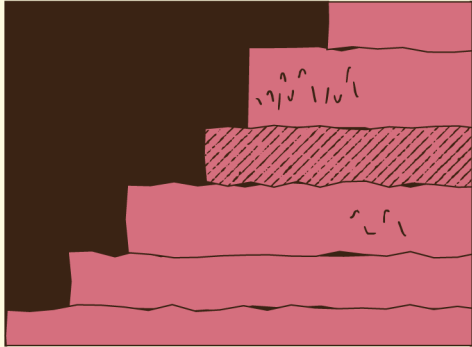
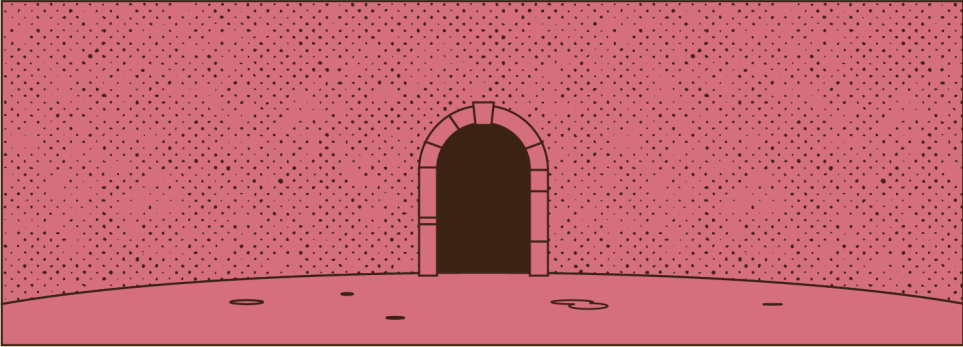
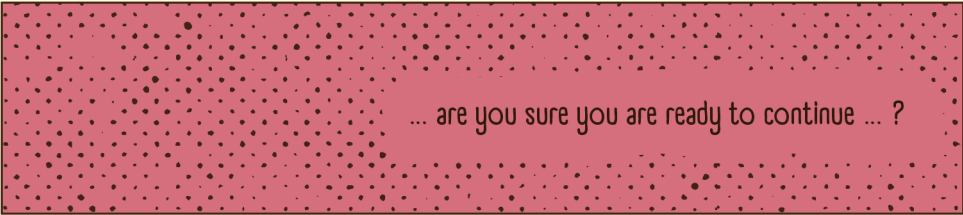
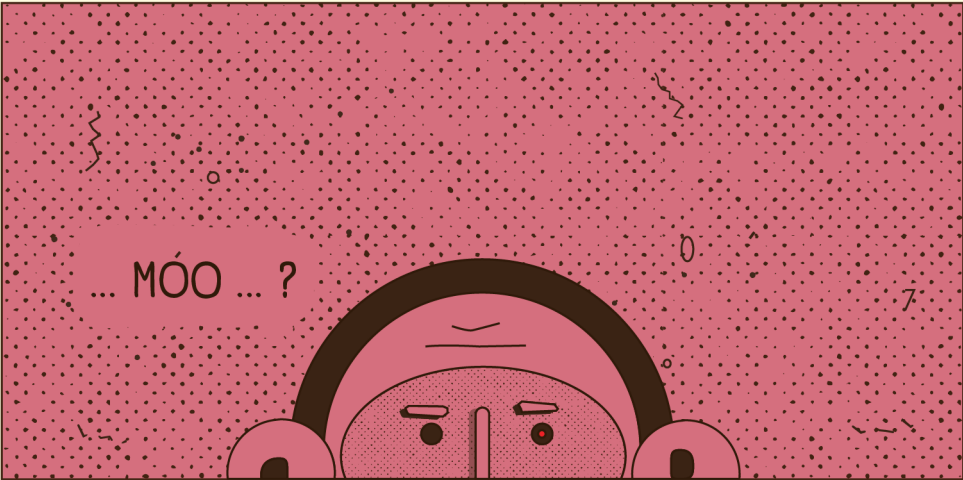
—Strabo in his *Geography* [14.1.5]
(trans. Hamilton & Falconer)

*When forth he went, the Princess by his side,
To sacred place that had no roof to hide
The glorious light of day, but walled so high
That none could see within while passing by.*

—Alice Dixon Le Plongeon in her *Queen Moo's Talisman:*
The Fall of the Maya Empire (1902)

[The translation of Strabo: cc by 3.0 us]





John Levy

Santōka enters

the dark room he has
rented for the night (had to

beg for the money) and
reaches
his hand toward the light
switch

and the moment
the light will fill the
room

hasn't happened

yet he
knows
it will he

waits

waits

wanting to feel the
empty dark room

first

its

corners

its

ceiling

his

moment

his

hand

near the manmade

switch

for Dag T. Straumsvåg

Poem Beginning with a Line from Robyn Schelenz's Poem "Newborn"

"we die surrounded by blank space"

the blank space is annoyed with us
for keeping it out so long

it does not have a good sense
of time

it thinks we are always dying anyway
if we don't let it in

it is proud of being blank and
being all around us, rather than anywhere else

it believes it can have countless thoughts
and yet continue to be blank at the same time

it believes it is immortal

Note to Ken Bolton (March 2, 2025)

It is already 5:14 a.m. and what
have I accomplished
since getting up at 4:30? Is *zilch*

one of the perfect words?
It sounds faster than *nothing*,
seems to float, or hover, com-

pared to *Bolton*, and almost dance—airy—
compared to *nullity*. “Johnny,” I don’t remember
my mother asking me when I was

a child, “what have you accomplished
in the last 44 minutes?” I didn’t

say, up there, in the ninth line, “my late
mother,” as if I don’t have to, every time, say
she is. I scratched my head after writing that, something

in my brain made a wordless command
and I lifted my arm. Using
words, I say, “Hello, Ken,” speaking out loud, because

I’m writing this and its
sounds
are one of my guides

as I reach the corner of *Zilch* and *Poem*,
where I build a stanza, im-
perfect, at 5:32, before dawn.

Note to Grzegorz Wróblewski (April 7, 2025)

There's another rabbit
who isn't thinking of you or me.

I can't even tell
if it's a him or her.

It seems to think it disappears
if it sees me and stops moving, as if

it is like a poem that no one
wrote, not even God.

My Late Father Loved Drawing a Tree

He told me that when he was a child he'd

make a very simple drawing of a tree
and make it again and again, apparently

each time the tree made him

happy as he made it

appear. When he was my father I never saw him
even doodle. (Mom doodled.) I like thinking of him

with his trees, his boyish line; he said he'd

create the tree without lifting the pencil.

I read books of poems slowly

I read poems
slowly I read poems in-
completely I read
poems and read poems
again the same ones
aren't the same
again I read

the poem I hadn't read the words
didn't change
you could say I changed
you could say I had read and
changed what I read as one
becomes another

O

echo another loss

JL

Where are You?

sometimes the dog
goes looking. she walks
upstairs. goes to the kitchen.
I sit, read a book and wait
for her to find you. type
a poem at the table. drink
wine in the evening
and read what you send me
about your trip. outside
the trains run with a sewing
machine's regularity.
your absence is a tune
which I can't hear but can hum.

About Bukowski as an Atheist

in poetry – god:
a drunk beergut
can smoke without
blossoming cancer.
a womaniser also,
and made me discover
the idea of poetry
and then made me continue
to type it long after
his poems had stopped
being interesting to me
and other people's barely
just did. I've been reading
love is a dog from hell
this evening. he built
me and I don't
believe in him.
he is honest and dead.

An Off-The-Rack Build

walking through dublin
up george street
around to the liberties.
it's a glassy bright day –
warm for january. I'm stopping
at each of the second-
hand clothing stores:
oxfam, vision ireland,
a thousand vintage
thrifts. I have an eye
for this sometimes.
I like battered linens
(get several generally)
but it's hard to find trousers
my size. it's odd – you would think
that they'd go with the shirts.
when I was fitting
my wedding suit
the tailor said to me
I'm built with an off-
the-rack body.
he meant it as a compliment
and I took it as one
but it doesn't help
shopping second-hand.
the people who wear trousers
and shirts in my size
are apparently buried
like pharoahs in beautiful pants.

People in Barren Locations

a fade of green paint
over dry wooden doorways.
the thick flaking white
of these whitewashed
and falling down walls.
and these islands in summer
are nothing but come-upon
waspnests and wandering,
occasional goats in the furze.

the car draws by ferry
on a dull weekend morning.
the ferryman knows me
and won't ask for change.
later I'll stand him a pint –
things have happened and never
stop happening, repetition the spirit
of islands – a feeling – cut by the sea
from the rocks of their memory,
and so, using habit instead.

a dementia'd mode
of survival for people
alone in these islands and barren
locations. it's the same
every time. these lives
with small corners, these peach
pits to biting and hard
situations. islands cannot
maintain history, watching

the water. the few trees
which grew once don't grow
any bigger than that. they stand
in a shoelace knot, dwarven
and clenched up and warped.
twisted like knuckles
on the hand of a bachelor
farmer from a salt-barren island
off the west coast of mayo,
raising one middle finger to the wind.

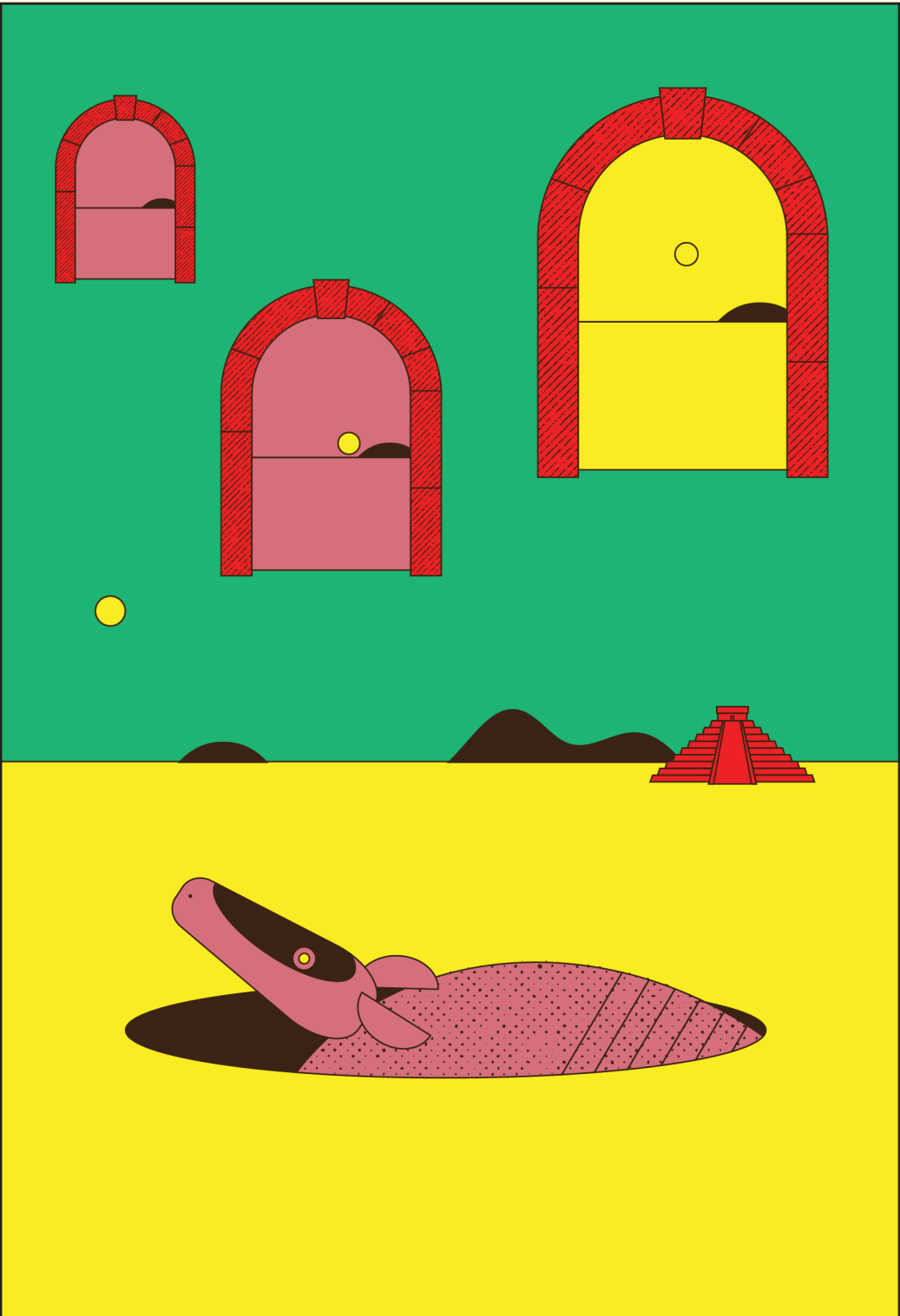
DSM

Grant Hackett

gathered the freedom
to be an anchor
wandering among the waves

O

untied from its willows
the river dies—
stars graze on time in the desert sky



Bob Lucky

The Cartography of Hope

At dawn I went down
to the river to play
with water and thought
I had misplaced
an island or it had
drifted off, the caprice
of currents and beavers.
The line that ran midstream
on every map I had
had disappeared,
and every X was
now a floating treasure.

Vestiges

I have almost forgotten the name
of Alexander the Great's horse; confuse it
with a strain of virulent bacteria or the
narrow strait in Türkiye that separates Europe
from Asia. I have never used it, nor am I
ever likely to, but it's there, in memory, ready
to be called upon if necessary. & I have
almost forgotten the names of all the mountains
in New Zealand's Southern Alps that are higher
than ten thousand feet, but they sneak back
into the conscious layers of my mind
just before they escape forever. At the age
of ten I could recite them as a party trick. Have
done it again at an age that seems
closer to ten thousand, just to show
what a wonderful thing the mind is & how
it manages to retain such useless crap whilst
forgetting The Bosphorus & brucellosis, both
of which I am more likely to need to know or use
than Bucephalus &, in descending order of height,

Aoraki
(Mt. Cook)
Tasman
Dampier
Silberhorn
Lendenfelt
David's Dome
Malte Brun Torres Teichelman
Sefton Haast Elie de Beaumont
La Perouse Douglas Peak & The Minarets.

Vanity Speaking

Can't
tell you anything
you haven't
heard
before. Only
change
the timbre
pitch
accentuate
some different
syllables
in the hope
the telling
might come
a little closer
to you. It
is vanity
speaking.

The sight of

seen things going
past in the air. Not
even. The sound
of. Enough. Com-
rehension is akin to
pregnancy. Not. Either.
No need to know
the exactitudes of
shape, of surface
texture. Half-guessed
sufficient. Why try &
grasp, catch hold of, be
weighed down by?

Intermezzo

Cellophane, plastic, train
tickets that take you

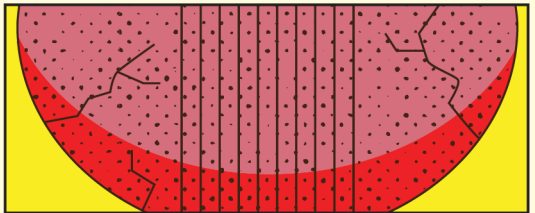
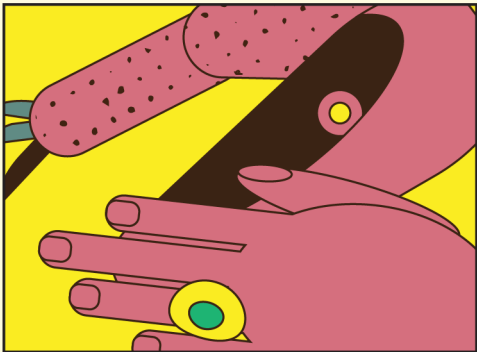
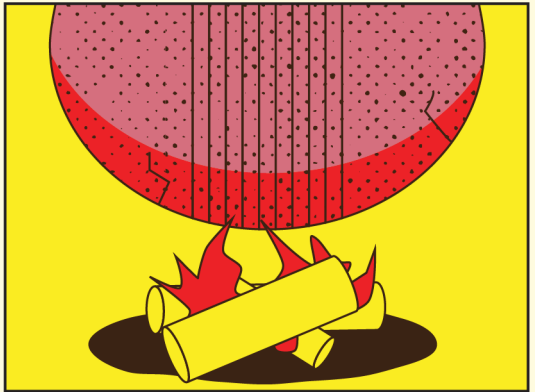
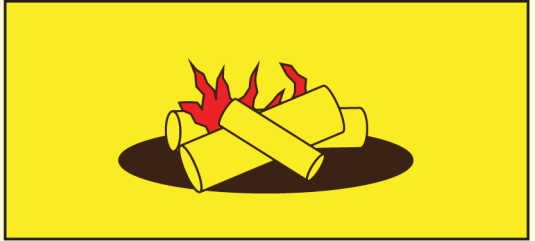
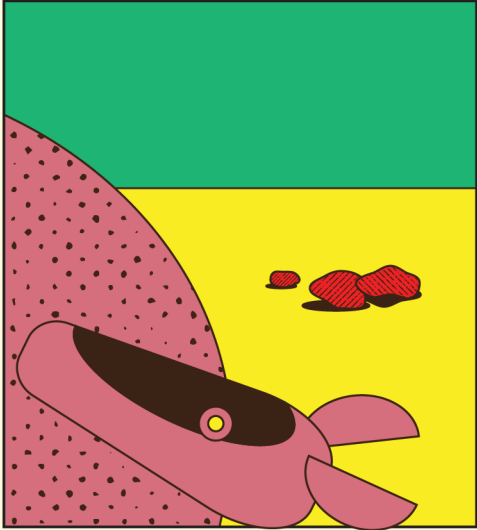
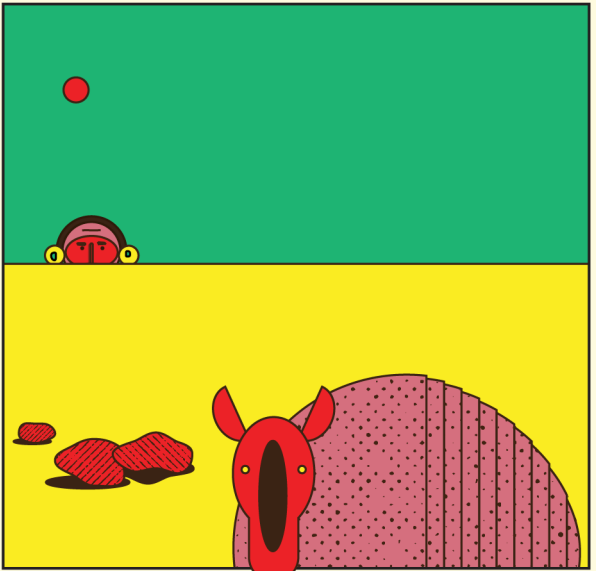
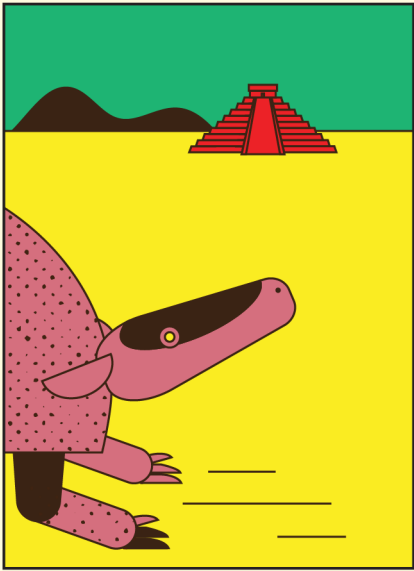
nowhere. Birds that
carry the color of night

into your waking hours
& pick away at the cracks

in the concrete, hoping
some moisture might have

gathered there. What a
distant sound the city has.

MY



Tazeen Fatma

Two Truths and a Lie

I feel safer today,
away from the headlines
and the honking streets—
the prime minister didn't lie,
the sun doesn't cast any shadow.

Donna Fleischer

Plainly

may this i
speak plainly of
your beautiful hands that
with words of their own bring
this life into motion

the way the sun does
the light justice, the way
the moon assures us
of being behind the dark

Meta-Morphose

chambered nautilus pulls
its buoyant, gas-filled shell

upright atop
an arterial blue Atlantic

swims those brief, coldwarm lights
in split second time to turn and

turns to squid ink dark loss
under sea foam caps' churn and rile

spirals its gradual
descent with the day

into that unknowable inside
pearl brighter than ever

DF

Sabine Miller

A Love Like This

Some people see with closed eyes; some skin cells detect light.

if I leak light
will moons
find me

Fragments from Afield

A piece of antler under the strawberry moon, helicopters
yielding to crickets, a five-year-old teaching me about king
cobras and their “capas”—

I have nothing to say. I am encountering the limitations of a
poetry of experience.

Or:

I took the oppressive thing out of my mouth, and now I have
nothing to say.

...

I really have nothing to say. I am not the type of person who
waits with an umbrella in the rainy driveway for you whom
I’ve invited to dinner.

With what flavor of silence will I gift you?

Only dusk brings the wooden scent out of the wood.

S Miller

Scott Metz

she's the unfinished part of the house where the butterfly is

O

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petal

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rain

a
gain

the
rain

is

again

the
rain

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rain

a
gain

the cold. Of each
cloud sinks. Into its
own. Stone

O

a
cloud

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cloud

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*S Met*z

Cherie Hunter Day

raven the loudest part of holy

O

whirlwind of a pragmatist first hummingbird

O

winter drafts through clefts & nomenclature

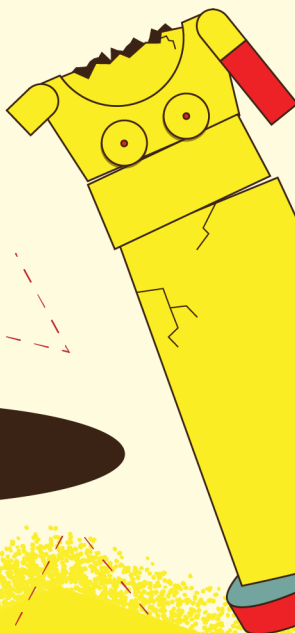
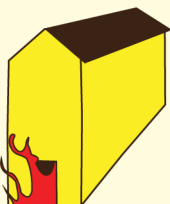
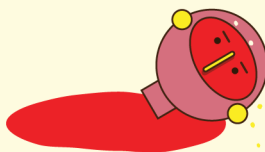
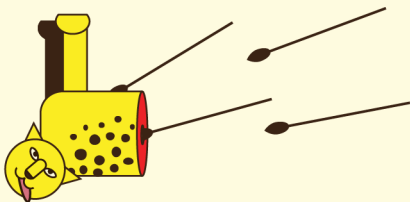
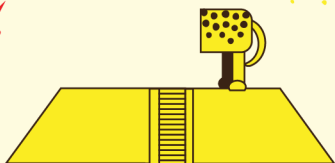
Vidya Premkumar

Borrowed Tongue

“Poetry is the main line. English is the train.”

— *Nikki Giovanni*

My mother tongue still hums—
but I dress my grief in English,
borrowed syllables
rattling on foreign rails.
The ache knows its own syntax.



Zuihitsu on a Theme of Paganini

1.

“Night of the Hunter”, “Stars in His Crown”,
‘Home from the Hills’—her three favorite films.

2.

For seven years I’ve searched for a way to write about
my dead mother without sentimentality.

3.

Tearing the N.Y. Times apart at the breakfast table
folding /refolding, long strips for paper mâché, cutting
photos free of their captions, throwing away:
Business/ Style/ Sports
Stapling film reviews, actors’ obits to Indian stepwells
to subatomic particles to deep sea vents...

4.

When we first watched “Night of the Hunter”,
I made fun of the fake giant animals in the escape-by-
rowboat-scene.

5.

“to scale” that hated idiom “It doesn’t scale”
What can this mean in the afterlife of words?
our emotions don’t scale.

6.

Before I was born, my mother painted my bedroom with a woodland scene out of 'Bambi' with giant rabbits, squirrels, and woodpeckers. I'm sitting on a rotten log with tousled brown hair, blue jeans with suspenders.

7.

The scam of Wordsworthian childhood as if there wasn't a boy's body with its earliest erections and auto-asphyxiation.

8.

A woman on foot weeping barefaced on the traffic island. I accuse my eyes of caring more about the cinema than the catastrophe.

9.

Why not write sentimentally? My mother was an exaggeratedly sentimental person whose favorite films regularly brought her to tears.

10.

In telephone conversations she'd often report "well, I had a good cry this morning and I feel better for it."

11.

My mother's sheet music for Rachmaninov's "Piano Concerto no.2" scabbed with Scotch Tape.

12.

Fruit flies respond to the sight of the death of other fruit flies as if they were contagious.

13.

It was before our 8:00 A.M. classes discussing St. Augustine and Epicurius my fellow teacher friend asked: Why do we discuss death at all its very name casts a pall on our world.

14.

My mother asked for a rom com from the video store in that B.C. of VHS, but in a dusty bin I discovered Kurasawa's "Throne of Blood".

Space Age

Hats—essential male appendages,
partial orbits, saturnine rings
tilted with a tang of obituary

When you were essential male appendages,
my father walked the earth
confident he'd never die—
elliptic of alcohol.

Partial orbit, Saturn's rings,
phony Northern lights of affluence
from nothing-to-nothing American Dream
just the moon-landing boots, the receipts.

Tilted with a tang of obituary
open coffin for an astronaut
waving to his family from space, the speed trap,
the rolodex, time capsule of briefcase.

Light Box

*for the Man Whose Brain Was Turned to Glass
at the Eruption of Vesuvius*

hunkering too close to this lightening field of push pins
currents of northern lights ice gnarled with pine needles
something solid pushed past plasticity beyond interrogatives

Tell me scribe—was this fire storm between eons the Stoic end time
or just the more-life melting through a stack
of Polaroids?

It cost the motherboard of me emptied reagents halo of halide
brood heavy dreads wound in wool my hat soaked
with rain shorting out the colander skull cap

Now like a brittle star I see through
my skeleton all that wild seeing rises up in me
thermometer reversed to boil where the bulb is blown glass

I kneel for October light learning ley-lines of leaf veins
skirt of reeds around the red shift
interference forms exhaled tuning forks turnstiles of broad
daylight.

Sagrada Familia

beatified architect
the scaffolding still on
his cathedral

architect beatified
every catenary arch
reverses rainbow
from a Messiaen quartet

scaffolding still intact
holding the entrails—
the percentage of stigmata
per thorn, itch through corbels

his cathedral's
threnody to failure
broken tables of law
at its foundation

Spangled

this spinnaker in the updraft crisscrossing white
and red stripes tablecloth on the clothes line
folded and fumbled like the ritual of a man's tie I have never
learned to tie since its parts too have secret names
shell and tail and blade same language of armor and fear cantons
charges on a ground and the fly end subject to whim
in this origami of wind snagged a moment crest and badge
a loose field of stars drawn taut at the hoist end
a tangled kite that must be cut free wrapped around itself
see-through in rain like the robe of the enslaved Trojan woman
Odysseus almost outs himself weeping over clumsily trying to draw
a cloak over his own head.

JE

Jennifer Hambrick

Nocturne

night sets on a small sea

tender the night comes

I look into it as into a mirror

the night stares back with a large blind eye

empty

full so I leave

what I bring

at the threshold

the threshold of night

everything unspoken in the pull of tide

the lapping waves

a coverlet of moonglade

speaks—

step in the moonlight says *the sea sings for you*

are you on the water I ask the moonlight *or are you lost*

like me

somewhere below?

Panegyric to Flesh

It is the shade that appears between the first weeks with a lover and the arrival of the future. The cool shade of familiarity. Here is the scar from my appendectomy. That is where his pancreas came out.

There is nothing not to love here, unless it is meanderings of veins in marble once thought without blemish. The lights are out, so it is easy for him to envision my skin without the spots the sun leaves behind. I intend to enjoy the strength in his hands on the crest of my hip.

Intention floats in the mind but requires an act of will.

These words are skin, blinding to the gaze, hiding the imperfections from view. Touch the skin enough, lights off, lights on, and the story changes. What you feared could not be loved disappears in the haze of moonlight.

Fish again in the shallows, eat what you catch.

surface tension
lost in the flotsam
an abundance of midnight

O

it's all a rough draft mackerel sky

O

ipsum lorem
a dense block
of future

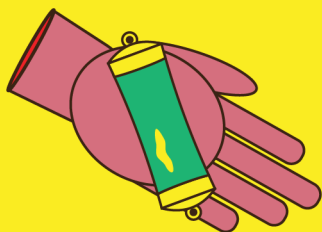
JH



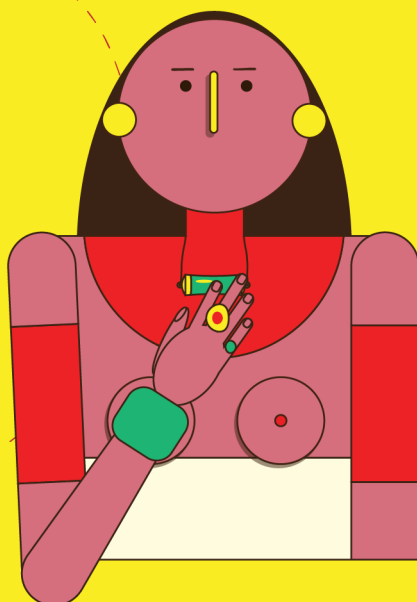
I have seen the future In the
cracks of the armadillo shell ...

... the future does not bide
well for you my child!!!

Take this talisman ..



If you part with it
then all will be
lost!!!



Sondra J. Byrnes

cloud of unknowing
how to keep my feet
on the ground

O

sumi-e all that isn't is

O

be/longings

mu
until the cows
come home

O

a low rio grande deep time

SJB

Some Deep Easy Breaths

Summer. Arms in short sleeves,
the little hairs a breeze has been longing for,
cows whose udders touch long grass.

The horizon never came into focus,
wave after wave.
Desire: barely flower, barely sky.

Deep easy breaths.
I wanted to call this emptiness mine
but it became a body as soon as I did.

No other world.

The groomed stallion runs from shadow to shine.

The shimmer of oil in a hot iron pan.

November: another month under a photograph of clouds.

Inspectors in the warehouse take inventory.

Sparrows in the rafters.

A cathedral. Years of building with stone.

A watery yellow blister on my hand.

A tiny ancient fish swimming in it.

Something only briefly

mentioned, as the blink of an eye

mentions sleep,

soon forgotten as

a cloud of midges

like digital code written and rewritten,

is dispersed by a breeze.

Fog

Third eyelid of the dawn.

A fox never seen north of here
looks north, as through
fog burning off.

Breath my father gave me.

Cloud

sky shadow,
a scarf of wind,

soul
longing for salt, for being
everywhere's nowhere
again in the sea.

The message

Just when I thought
I could no longer take it
a message came, carried by hand—

the hand is the message.

PY

Grzegorz Wróblewski

Translated from Polish by Peter Burzyński

Uprawa

Zawsze ktoś na ciebie czeka.

Nawet,
jeśli ty na nikogo
nie czekasz.

Ten, który na ciebie czeka,
chce tobie powiedzieć,
że miałeś rację,

że na nikogo
nie czekasz.

Czeka na ciebie po to,
żebyś wiedział,
że nie warto czekać.

Musicie się spotkać.

Żebyś przypadkiem
nie zaczął na kogoś
czekać.

Cultivation

There's always someone waiting for you.

Even
when you're not waiting
for anyone.

The one who's waiting for you
wants to tell you
that you were right

not to wait
for anyone.

Their purpose is to wait
for you so that you know
it's not worthwhile to wait.

It's necessary for you two to meet

just in case
by chance
you begin waiting
for someone.

%

Kwietniowe słońce na wyspie Amager.

Somebody put something in my drink

(Ramones). Czy wszystko można zacząć od nowa? Dwa głosy:

1. Jutro jest zbawienne!

2. Nie ma go, zanim nie nadejdzie...

Czyli niczego na 100% nie da rady

(od nowa). OD NOWA istnieje

wyłącznie hipotetycznie.

Albo 50 na 50% (dwa głosy).

0/0

The April sun shines down on Amager island.

“Somebody put something in my drink.” —Ramones

Can one really begin their life

anew? There are only two opinions:

1. Salvation is coming tomorrow!

2. It won't be here, until it is...

So, you can't guarantee anything 100%

of the time, especially starting over. “Starting over”

only exists hypothetically and there are only two options;
the odds are 50/50.

Generacja

Wahadłowce przestały
nad nami krążyć.

Jesteśmy ostatnią generacją...

Tak mówił człowiek z zielonym
szkiełkiem,

zanim go nie nadziali
na haczyk.

Ostatnią generacją?

Co oznaczało

to słowo – generacja? *Jesteśmy*

ostatnią generacją... Myślałem

o tym każdego dnia.

Niebosklon.

Drzewa nigdy nie polecą
na księżyc. Każdy koniec wróży
powstanie nowego.

Szerszy plan nie zakłada
przecież
wiecznej przemiany materii.

Czyli to była racja! Pora wreszcie
wylączyć światła.

Każdego w końcu przerosną
mrówki.

The Last Generation

UFOs have stopped hovering
over us.

We are the last generation...

At least that's what the man
with the green goblet said

before they impaled him
on a hook.

The last generation?
Generation? What does that
word even mean?

"We are the last
generation." I think
about those words every day.

And then there's the horizon...

Trees will never fall in love
with the moon. Every ending predicts
a new beginning.

There is no grand plan—
there will be no eternal
transformation of earthly matter—all
will die and be dead.

So, I was right all along!
It's finally time to turn out the lights.
Eventually everyone will feed
the ants.

Hodowla Cienia

hodowla cienia pod ziemią płyny
fantom żywiciel zatrute płyny

hodowla cienia przetrwalnik zasoby
hodowla cienia na ołtarzykach

hodowla cienia pod ziemią skrzekot
fantom żywiciel zatrute płyny

fantom bohater przetrwalnik niebo
zasoby skrzydeł na ołtarzykach

skrzydła bogowie mędrcy i płyny
hodowla cienia skrzekot zasoby

pod ziemią płyny bohater niebo
fantom żywiciel zatrute płyny

w mroku i czaszkach przetrwalnik
płyny fantom rodzina krewni i płyny

hodowla cienia pod ziemią skrzekot
zasoby skrzydeł zatrute płyny

dżuma przetrwalnik hodowla płyny
zasoby podziemne żywiciel i płyny

hodowla cienia na ołtarzykach
fantom bohater niebo bez skrzydeł

człowiek hodowla białko i płyny
prorocy mędrcy hodowla płyny

dżuma i fantom przetrwalnik niebo
zasoby podziemne bez skrzydeł niebo

prorocy cienie hodowla płyny
dżuma hodowla skrzekot i płyny.

Shadow Breeding

Shadow breeding happens
below groundwater.

It's a phantom host
to poisoned waters.

There's shadow breeding
of necessary spores.

There's shadow breeding during
the screeching of the phantoms.

A phantom hero of a spore
finds necessary wings on an altar in the sky.

The wings of gods and sages and water
Screech of their necessity while

the heroes of the sky flow under
ground to poison the waters.

In the darkness skulls and the waters
of a family of phantoms flows

and a plague of spores flow
into the underground waters.

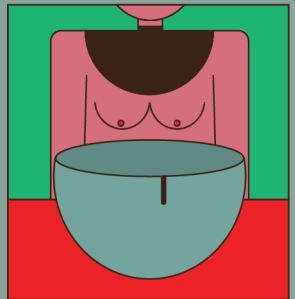
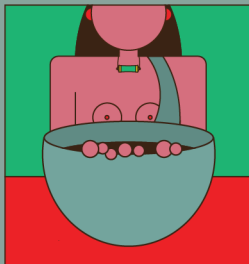
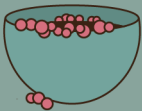
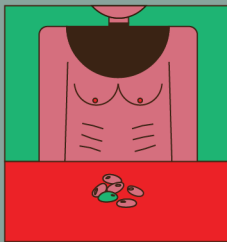
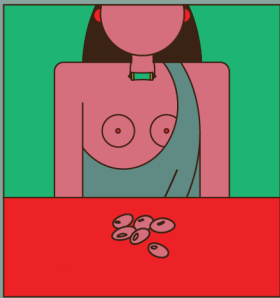
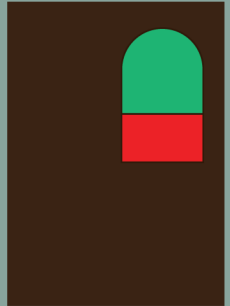
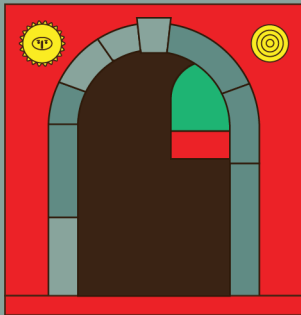
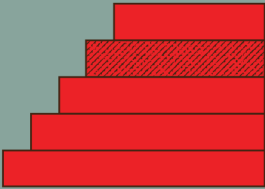
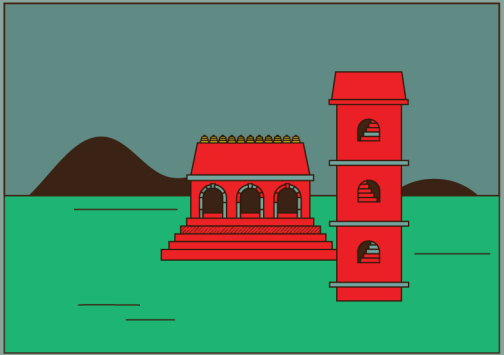
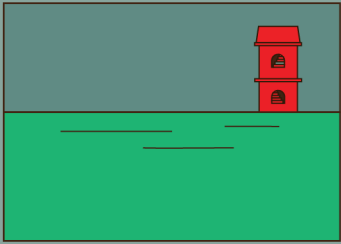
There is shadow breeding on the altars
of wingless phantom heroes in the sky.

And a man breeding proteins and waters
gives the prophets and the sages

the plague; the phantom spores of the sky
find the wingless necessities

while prophets are shadow breeding
fluids and plague breeds screeching and water.

GW



Richard Wallace

Beyond the Sky is the End

North American Space Agency: Operations Room.

The images are appearing... My God! Get me the president on the line, now!

That isn't something that ever happens, sir.

On the surface of the moon.

On the camera the image was grainy. Flickering. Black and white. The whiteness of the surface framing the black, fuzzy silhouette. But to the astronaut, although shaded darker by his visor, he could clearly make out the shades of brown marking the dead sparrow. Its head inside a glass light bulb, glinting in the rays. Two deflated latex balloons resting against its still wings. *One small flap for bird, ...*

Interrogation room 13.

The professor stubbed his cigarette butt on the ashtray. The detective leaned back. Smug.

Everything you have said is a lie.

A bee beats its wings 250 times a second, that's 15,000 times a minute. This is a simple fact.

You are not a professor.

Then let me go.

The detective removed his deerstalker hat. His companion took his silver-topped cane. *Do you know how I deduce you are not a professor, Mr Winklehoffer?* He picked up the cigarette butt between his thumb and forefinger, and brought it before his eyes as if to study it. *A professor would smoke a pipe!*

The professor ran his hand through the tangled mess of his hair and adjusted his steel-framed glasses. *That is where, I am afraid detective, you are wrong. Study that cigarette butt some more. It may give an answer. But either way we are doomed! Doomed! It's the birds - anything that goes up, that flies, will evolve to keep on getting higher. Above its nature. Beyond evolution. It won't be us who will colonise the next worlds, it will be them. And when they leave, the planet will die. Out there, detective, is only death. The universe only wants death, it's why we can't find life. Out there I mean - in the expanse. Because out there you can't go higher. Those creatures that leave, end lost, for notions of up or down, or side to side, no longer have any meaning. It's all just no-where. Beyond the sky, is the end. And soon everything will leave. And then under the sky will end, too.* Professor Winklehoffer removed the dagger hidden in the sole of his shoe and plunged it deep into his own heart. He slumped, his head thudding against the table.

When he was later lifted onto the trolley, the cigarette butt was stuck to his forehead.

The nests.

Deep in the Siberian wilderness, birds were collecting things. From the towns. From the cities. They flew thousands of miles to collect these things. Their nests stank of smoke. They were made from cigarette butts, collected from pavements, rubbish and from the hands of townspeople and city folk.¹ The chicks stank. Smoke and tar - tar and smoke. From the branches hung light bulbs, the bottoms hollowed out by pecking. Old balloons littered amongst the leaves. They had learnt. They had watched the crows use glass bulbs and balloons to practice breathing in space by diving underwater. But the crows were waiting. They would not leave until they were all ready; in any case, they hadn't worked out the secret of the honey. Not yet.

The hive.

The smoky chicks had grown into sparrows and they attacked. The overwhelming stink of smoke contaminating their feathers made the bees sluggish. Friendly, almost. The sparrows had their fill of honey. Their rocket fuel. With 250 beats of a sparrow wing a second, fueled by the crystalised nectar of the hive, they had enough thrust to leave the earth's atmosphere. None had yet returned.

¹ **Encyclopedia Marlborotanicca:** Cigarette butt nests are not yet a common sight in Europe, and almost unheard of on other continents. Natural selection may lead to the practice dying out altogether.

The return.

One bird. A magpie, badly singed, his light bulb cracked and his balloons almost empty, flopped back into his smoky nest. Exhausted.

RW

Hafi Akar

*Attract more pollinators this spring
by planting ultraviolet.*

a beeline in translation
em dashed

Randy Brooks

calling
the kids
out

Passover

blinking

Maryann Waterman

Euphoria

Euphoria of tulips —
How many versions of today?
Its a collage, town

The original ruse
When the world spins backwards
Hang on..

The gnome with a grass hat
Jazz in the afternoon
All cheese blue

Some time with the Easter flowers
Falling apart is life
Twenty five springs ago.

/

The metonymy of the dollhouse
AI, complete my thoughts
A crow needs no microphone

It's the way that it is
The cobblestones beneath us
Even Jesus drank wine

Symbiotic relationships
Perfume speaks louder than words
The ugly church has a name

It was a dance
I always read astrophysics on planes
That's a whole different restaurant.

/

Clocks are stopping time
Out of air
The seventeen hundreds were yesterday

Old fashioned gestures
The girl with kaleidoscope eyes
Forever winking at the past

You have to be a mannequin
When cheese gets in your eyes
On the sunny side of the street

Surfing waves
Everyone is a cactus
Free radicals.

/

Go to Corsica and eat oranges
Beneficiary of nothing
The moon

I do love farce
Brutalist bomb shelters
A sense of non-sense
You go
Bet the lotto
And don't judge
There were moments
Write drunk, edit sober
When my ex predicted the next War

MW

John Phillips

LOVE

What it means
to have
a heart
in this world

can't be saved
from loss

CITIZEN

In the parade
I carry
a head

high
on a bloody pole

It is my head

BLOOD BATH

I ask for a gun

They give me
a stick

Now
I spit
bullets

PICNIC

What the birds

in Goethe's oak
in Buchenwald

sing

HEART

in the cage
no bird

the song
remembers

JP

Vijay Prasad

flies away

one version
of
a bird

O

sniffs air a part still wild in me

O

the pungent smell of

n
O
w

Orhan Veli

Translated from Turkish by Joseph S. Aversano

Vatman

Hep karşıya bakar
Cigara içmez
Vatman
Ömür adamdır

(İstanbul, Ekim 1937)

Tram Operator

Looking always out across
And not smoking,
The tram operator's
Funny that way

(İstanbul, October 1937)

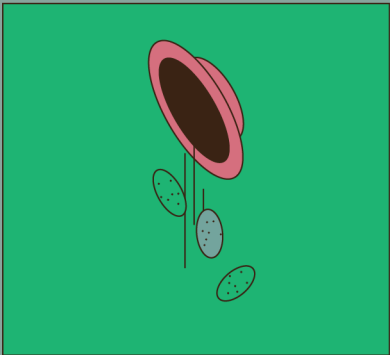
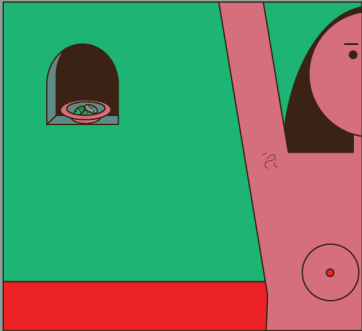
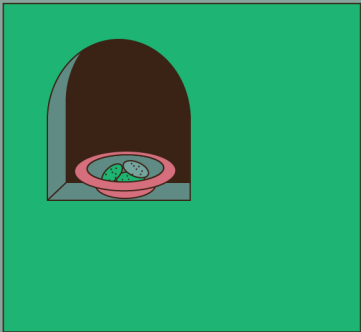
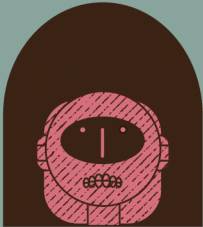
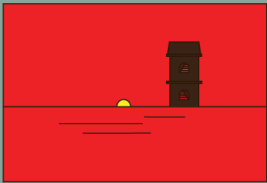
İçerde

Pencere, en iyisi pencere;
Geçen kuşları görüşün hiç olmazsa;
Dört duvarı göreceğine.

Indoors

The window, the best thing is the window;
Without which you couldn't see birds pass;
You'd see four walls.

OV



Debbie Strange

boreal rain our skin pelted with blackflies

Ganesh R.

another popcorn moment Doomsday Glacier

O

painted storks
will the lake
still hold its sky next winter

Elmedin Kadric

true colors

coniferous

Shrehya Taneja

the silence of a pine forest at a reader's distance

○

stinging nettle
I follow Google maps
all alone

Fred Jeremy Seligson

Spring Poems

PERE

I take
care of
a cat

and a
mulberry
tree

SPIDERS

1

Spider on a
silver web
connects
your knee to
a cherry tree.

2

Banana spider
on her web

stops. Peers
in my eyes.

Knows I
am alive.

IDENTITY

Whose shadow
grasps a

staff on
the tree?

Turn for sun.
Hey, me!

FASHION

Ant
wears

pink
cherry

blossom
wings

FJS

David Kelly

Echidnas

Ever seen them when they
dissolve into leaf litter
and then you can't

Dingoes learn the hard way
to leave them alone
the spikes the bleeding tongue

In the morning the paddock
was covered in rain
and wet echidnas

Shloka Shankar

under a fast-blue sky clover blooms

O

from daylight to chloral dark white lilies

O

this storm petrel too shall pass

Michele Root-Bernstein

no horizon to speak of cabbages and kings

O

another sinkhole collapsing what's really real

O

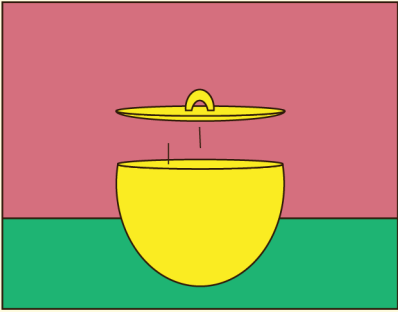
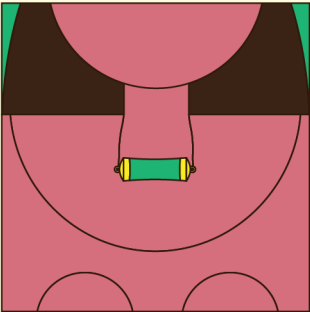
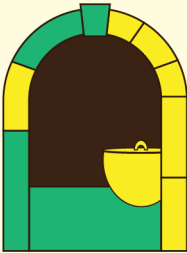
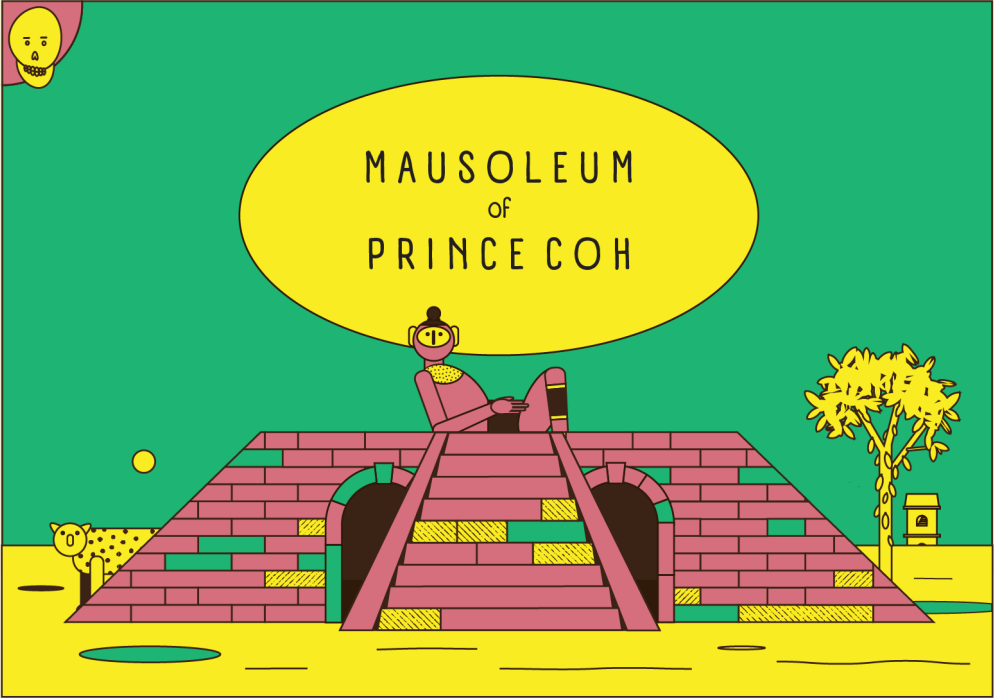
deep night owl loudly in the words

o whelk shell cast up by the sea my last om

O

star
evening
wandering
wind
thread
weaver's
orb

MRB



This way we will always be as one ...

Notes:

The featured artwork is taken from Michael David Conduit's researched and illustrated graphic history, *Mu - The Invention of a Continent: A True but Curious Tale!* A work still in progress, it explores how late nineteenth century beliefs in reincarnation, shapeshifting and spiritualism influenced turn-of-the-century British antiquarians to concoct a labyrinthine story of a lost continent at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. The alleged evidence for Mu at the time even captured the imaginations of modern state builders who were interested in rewriting their nation's mythic origin narratives. Keep abreast with Conduit's work on instagram @empire_of_mu .

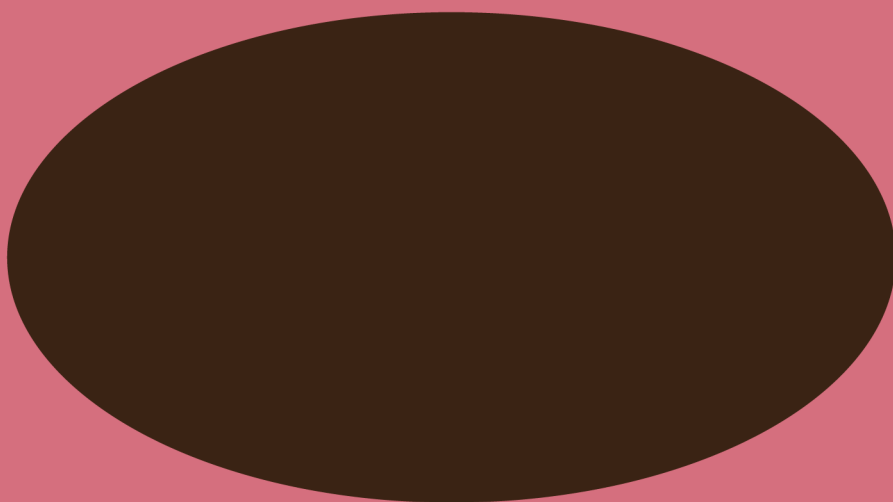
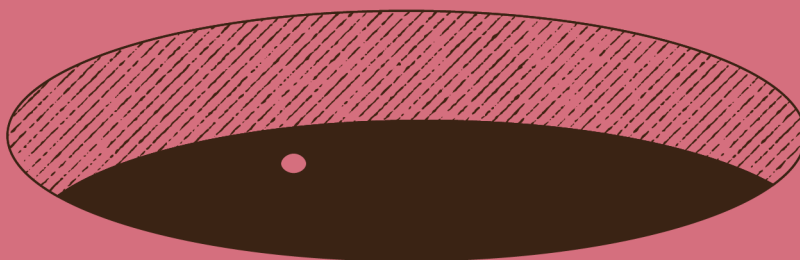
The "mu" in Sondra J. Byrnes poem beginning with "mu" (on p. 43), however, refers to the iconic Zen koan in which the question, "Does a dog have buddha nature?", is enigmatically responded to with a resounding "Mu!"

Orhan Veli (1914 — 1950). The poems "Vatman" and "İçerde" were first published in *Papirüs* (1.6.1967) and *Yaprak* (1.6.1949) respectively.

The phrase "of cabbages and kings" in Michele Root-Bernstein's first poem on p. 80 is from the Lewis Carroll poem "The Walrus and the Carpenter". It appears in his book *Through the Looking Glass* (1871).

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