

On Molting in Winter

I sit by the fire at night and wonder
about my friends in the coop.
Rocky, the barred rock, is on the molt
and Pee Wee, the little red hen,
is showing signs.

Will the flock huddle
and warm them despite
pecking order protocol?
I suspect they will,
for they are neither Republicans
nor Democrats,
Presbyterians nor Pagans.

Bud Lee
Hollowbrook, OH

no contest

every time it's
raining I go inside

to write a poem
about the rain.

but nothing
ever measures up.

the rain
always wins.

I go
back outside.

Glenn W. Cooper
South Tamworth, NSW
Australia

Clowns – 2001

Everyone is doing “the dirty” on everyone today
According to the scrawny Yank in Clowns
In the background the haunting strains
Of something from the long forgotten ‘80’s
Clears the air

Europe is collapsing under its own momentum
And Ray mutters about the collesium
While two early morning lovers bill and coo
And put themselves on show

The business woman flicks through the personals
And Ray does opera loud
“Hell and dammit” the American roars out

No one asks him why, accepting this with all
The other minor eccentricities
I try and write and cannot find the words

Mal Faloon
Dundee, Scotland

Sylvia Plath in the Fog

Winter trees are lamp
posts made from bone,
shades of skin hang from,
lit from within by moon light,
rings of fog, a furry
noose she gathers about
her neck like a long grey
veil turning black as her
heart so sorely used, even
dead she refuses to rest.

Alan Catlin
Schenectady, NY

Stepping on snails

Slither along an obsidian
rain-slimed street
to buy beer to pour on listlessness
and the deep fatigue
of work.

A careless pace meets
brief resistance-
shell yields-
a pause
heavy with regret
then the trail home
where the weight of beer
will crush
me, too.

Miles J Bell
Lincolnshire, England

Published by Gunch Press
Virgil Hervey, Editor
P.O. Box 544
Yellow Springs, OH 45387
gunchpress@yahoo.com
Submission guidelines and other news
about Poultry Broadside can be had at
<http://gunchpress.blogspot.com/>
This month we are featuring local poet,
Barbara Krabec

Free!

POULTRY BROADSIDE



Poetry in small doses

ISSUE NO. 5
JAN. 2006

“Heaven have mercy on us all - Presbyterians and Pagans alike – for we are all somehow dreadfully cracked about the head, and sadly need mending.” – Herman Melville – *Moby Dick*

ISSN 1558-9838

Because there are no train stations

Tonight, this train is so loud
it rattles the snow off treetops with
loneliness & distance. I know my way
home down these tracks by memory, but when
I look far enough ahead
the steel runs wild into the sky
& the sky explodes into galaxies.
I used to have a map of the universe, but it
kept expanding & becoming more complex
I got lost & had to learn to trust in my memory.
& how many other trains & buses have I
sat on, looking for your face in the gestures
of strangers? I can't remember.
My memory is beginning to wear down.
Some mornings are like waking up
in a different city & it takes a few moments
to walk back to myself. & look: I'm lost again,
because this was supposed to be a love poem.
Listen: I want to wander in your eyes,
not in all these frightened looks from
other passengers. Listen: I need your shadow
as a guide, because this train will keep
rolling on forever, looking for the station,
& I might never find my way back home.

Chris Kornacki
Windsor, Ont.

Cheep

The twitter of small birds,
Like the voices of children at play,
Cheers the chilly air of February,
Even in the fast-food drive-thru lane.

Glimpses

Winter bares the secret sights of town.
Shrubs no longer hide the peeling paint.
Backyard junk-piles show through naked hedges.
Busy once but now forgotten sheds
Stare with broken eyes past empty limbs.
Then a porch new-built of golden wood
Shines behind a weathered cottage elm.
Private gardens blush in public view.
Children's aeries wait the maples' shade.
Judging grace or disgrace within our yards,
Neighbors know the leafless lines of lives,
While our homes like fortress trunks do guard
Secrets green or rotten trees can never tell.

If I could have you

If caviar were
as common as tuna,
I'd have it between two slices
of pumpernickel
with extra mayo.

Harry Kresge
New York, NY

Stardrive

Flying at warp fifty-five through a starfield of snowflakes,
It seems I should explode with the billions of bursts,
Flung into forever by the cold, swift beauty I am smashing,
But my fleet carship flies on into the unending present,
Through the starstorm, through the snowspace of the night.

Grays

Following my dusky cats,
I stepped into the cool night to listen in fear.
That faint crackling - falling ice,
Some creeping, shadowy danger?
No, beyond pewter grass, sable trees and silver road,
Great black cattle grazed in the occluded moonlight,
The silent wind carrying their steps to my ear.
Fear left, but for the beauty of the grays I stayed.

Barbara Krabec
Yellow Springs, OH

Umbrella

orange dust makes wind look like
flesh. clouds are rusted.
grass is yellow out in flat
field where she's posed like an elder,
picking up cherries that fell from a
truck, filling her black broken umbrella

John Korn

you were asleep

you were asleep
I pissed off the top porch
it was raining
no one noticed.
my stream rolled off
the tin roof
and mixed in
on glistening grass
and cement walkway
pixie diamonds.
for 4 seconds
the lightning
made it seem like day.
that tree across the street
so big, full
how long it has developed
in its silhouetted bulk
watching us get
replaced by others...

note to myself five days ago

you didn't hang the monster
picture back up, i see
after Mya knocked it down

doesn't matter

more importantly
get sleep!

let confused thoughts
scatter like startled fish
behind plastic plants

John Korn
Pittsburgh, PA