

GOLD WAKE PRESS

2009

ANTHOLOGY: Colors

Nanette Rayman Rivera: fiesta flower - blaue blume

Your guarded purple whirring petal
your dappled, dandelioned jet,
hear the throbs emerge from invisible
into a breathing, rhapsodic appendage.

Your rocky talus sloped petal,
my May amethyst, my dream-state drift,
a candy-centered fresh exclamation,
dancing on my cliff.

A plum violin, unsown reaper,
Blue Velvet brooch wiling away my months,
bildungsroman buckling in cerulean light,
bandaged violently, then softly in my silence.

Cheryl Snell: BLUE

the woman crosses her legs
against a grid of accidentals

you slide a half step down
pinch the blue note like a bleeder

a muted gliss slips to the floor
triple tongued trumpet

burring and buzzing your lip
soon her wet throat is a flute

of foregone conclusions
brass fish swing behind you

the drummer soft-strokes the skins
like a cheek.

Cheryl Snell: PINK

The effect of gravity
on another year, evidence
laid bare with each lap
of the waves, islands of lather

floating beneath the only survivors:
white-capped knees and elbows,
the untouched undersides
of blue-roped wrists.

Time is defied there, pores
packed tight as a suitcase,
sag a distant fate in neighboring
countries of skin

that mourn the loss of pink,
where crow's feet corner
each squint determined to see
how the last bubble bursts.

Jesse Loren: Rimbaud's grin sets over the cornflower peonies

Klein blue, Prussian blue, Thalo blue.

Smile allegiance with manganese

Scream allegiance to a cadmium past

Rimbaud's glee tips cows in moonlight

absinthe has set

Somewhere a rib proud horse hauled firewood on a towpath

Somewhere greenfinches gathered like cicadas of a flickering light

Rimbaud, a bird squawks anonymity to the trees and we are nowhere

to hear it.

who could tire of your lack of a box?

Grumacher Dioazine Purple washed transparent over us.

eyebrows, adjectives, the undisturbed.

Abject poverty rising into cobalt

Into tusk

Into diadem

After all, duty is welling benzene

Howie Good: RAZOR SHINES

But on a morning
when my wife,

so softly dented,
stands naked

in front of the closet,
still deciding

between the dark blue
and the black,

I resolve who I am
like the last calamitous

emperor of Rome
writing

profusely on the ground
with a red

can of shaving cream
love and without

quotation marks