



Kathryn Fazio

As sun sets

as sun sets
waves exaggerate
the importance
of a single
balloon let go
where a
huddle of gulls
folds into sand
a gentleman
stops
to tie his shoe.

Alfred J Bruey

Pro and Con

One great thing about
falling in love when you
are older is that you feel
like you are eighteen again.
One terrible thing about
falling in love when you
are older is that you feel
like you are eighteen again.

Beatrice Diamond

Tear

(Somanka)

From whence comes a tear
cascading down a visage?
Its wet, mute message
from the windows of the soul
streams from heart, to brain, to eye.

The surged-forth liquid
in trembled travel,
floods from pained reservoir.

Will it be hidden, wiped dry,
or exposed for empathy?



William Duke

True Love

The gentle lovers on the subway car
so young they speak a language all their own.
From Eastern Europe have they come so far
yet still romantic tongue and touch intone
a message that makes all around them sigh—
his firm flesh adorned with studs, tattoos
her pierced brow and soft and naked thigh,
his easy pose, her smile she wants him too!

I watch this picture from a distant place,
for at my age the senses are not strong.
I've never framed a gesture, slowly trace
the hollow of a knee for so damn long!
If I were young again would I still hide?
Yes, for true love lasts a subway ride.



Bertram Kottmann
(Germany)

It's Spring

Ribbons, blue, from Springtime's hand
flutter now through Zephyr's regence;
sweet and well remembered fragrance
ominously sweeps the land.
Violets dream-bound
prone to shy appearing.
—Hark, from far a gentle harping sound!
Springtime, yes, it's you
that I have been hearing!

Joan Kitcher-White

That Season Out of Season

He always loved the blue
Tone imbedded in her voice
That bass hint of sadness
That scored her words
Made her melancholy sweet

But in this winter
Of verdant frost
A season out of season
With itself he bit
Into her blue

And they crackled onto the lip
Of the moon
Repelling all shadow
When last seen
They were limbo rocking

Their way to Jupiter
And that was the end
Of the blues, the blues
The harmonious blues.



Bill Pyles

Snow Flurries

T.V. Announcers make so much of the cold folks
refuse to leave their central heated houses.

The streets of the small town where I have coffee
and shop were deserted. It was as if this northern
town never'd known snow.

The wind chill factor was twenty below zero,
and when people do go out they ride in warm cars.
Their heaters are blasting, as well, they're all
muffled up.
Even the kids stay indoors, avoid the chill.

There are no "old timers" left to talk of "the Old
Days."
No tobacco chewing "farm hands" sit around "red
hot pot bellied stoves" telling Jack London-like
"winter yarns." There are no emergency horse and
sleigh trips to wood lots.

Instead factory-like well heated and lighted barns
house hands and assembly line milking machines.
Automatic trench cleaners remove refuse
to waiting tractors and their manure spreaders.

How unlike my farm youth when I walked through
blizzards to school. We milked and cleaned stables
by hand. I'd hang out in the cow barn, was warmed
by the heat of steaming dung and body heat of milk
cows.

Dad, older brothers and farm hands would "yak" on
Hardly aware "this kid" was anywhere about.
Wading in the snow from the kitchen to the barn
— lantern in hand — was winter routine blizzard or
not.

Karen Neuberg

Carol Lee Turns 60 and I Miss Remembering the Day

She's still my wild
pony, neighing over Brooklyn
sidewalks, though I haven't seen or heard from her
for almost 50 years. Daddy called
her 'carrot top' for reasons
obvious to anyone. I miss our pairing
in third grade to stand before the class and tell
stories we made up on the spot about boys
with shiny wagons, red as her hair, faster
than flying horses, but only in their minds.
They never saw her gallop down the block
oblivious in make-believe.
The day she moved to Roanoke
was my first broken heart.

Topography

Within the in and out, legacy
sews me onto a map
of my life. Flash points on my flesh

light the map, as though it were night sky.
Moon moves a bit,
sauntering to its locations in this sky.

Catch its whereabouts
at 10 p.m., again in early morning.
Note position, change.

Days wind forward. I'm using up a thread
without particular attention to stitch.
From habit, I respond — a cup of tea;

waiting for a call that will end waiting
(that has already come) —
A photograph of my young parents

makes me cry. An entire world they understood
the pattern of as *theirs* is gone. I try to chart
past they ceded me from my own past

and am in that sky again—
light from distant novas
still visible and part of its design.



GALICO CAT

Ryn Gargulinski

Stick

I capture the
sunrise in my
camera, but its
beauty will never be
the same — like when you
unfree a butterfly to
pin him to a board or you
net up a Discus to
plop him in a tank or you
snatch the wild soul of a
human — & chain her to a
desk next to a phone.

Tulum - 02/10/05

**Leaving Tulum
12 february 2005**

can I take all
this love &
cram it in my
suitcase will it
fit between my
sketchbooks & my
clump of dirty socks — won't they
snatch it when they search my stuff in
customs? — but I
cannot leave it here
alone for
love needs souls to
feed it needs a
chamber prepped to
breed it so I'll pack it
in my heart — or perhaps love
shan't be crammed at all &
left to flow like angels or like
veins do when
you slice them & will trail me like a
stray dog back to Brooklyn.

Tulum - 02/12/05



Gwenola Levinson

A Woman's Hands After He Leaves

Tried to breathe in white.

Recalling my hands on my lap as he spoke
Not on wine glass

While the white bells
Seeped only through one black speaker
And the guests' chatter downstairs
Crept up a day too soon

So I lied on the floor
Had to put my hands somewhere
Like at a party feeling the need to clutch

Morphed big white machine below
my splayed feet
A drill tapping through me
Hitting his talks in my throat

But the transient machine did not work
I turned his words into my fingers
The searching pinkie causing pain on the left side
I encased his words- mine simply misunderstood
objects
Stuffed them along with the untimely chatter
Into gray and red trenches in my brain.

- Over -



Michael Hilde

How flyingly, moved, you restored more, crumbling

That American Anthem, made of trumpets, and vocals, and mandolins, and fiddles, and lap steels, was amazing. It was starbrighter. It squeezed tears. I remember it now.

Every minute: a commitment; every day: another weather. Coney Island and Sheepshead Bay garbed darkly stood magical, homely blue bridged and mermaided into deuce happenings & songs, prayers, overtures towards red broken-minded sunsets in our near-orange future. Brooklyn homilies, nearer strength, 1950-2005 one breath of youth, and with us draw the next. A demand for nearer whispers, the 0 point, damper fingers at moonlight and gardens lush, wishes deboned, made of leaves from last year.

The lyrics of the American Anthem were blasting forth. Kids near and nearer heard it berthing wider than even their own hoped hearts and lives imagined nine times into a half-flight death all separate blades of grass and windcarriage. Who would touch them, their hopes; where would the doorway lay, and all those chance happenings at parks at dawn, would they compose a lifetime? Could every hour of kinds of light witnessed in a lifetime telescope into a bright point that's a life? And could I follow that dot to you?

Cindy Sostchen

Love Poem

How did you slip so effortlessly into my shut canyon of a blue heart? How did you get past Cerberus, that old bulldog who guarded the pretty gate? Well, now that you're here, you're here. Bundle up. Bring flowers. Stay.

Robert Dunn

Campaign Contributions

'Twas a time for desperate measures. I sent a political party twenty bucks. They put the money to good use—a thousand phone calls, asking me for more.

Garter Snakes

Most Garter Snakes live in lawns, by houses. They were placid enough, as a rule, until power mowers invaded their turf—Then the Snakes turned vindictive and cruel. Now, they trip mower throttles at 7 a.m., When hangovers collar our noggins. Then they siphon the gas, leaving only enough For the mowers to slide like toboggans.



Joel Allegretti

3 Urban Haiku

Avenue A, 1979

Junkie on the stairs,
Groveling for his a.m. fix.
Daddy, please go home.

Concert

Subway cellist.
Pachelbel sweetens the platform.
Rats dodge the D train.

Astoria

Ascending:
The fragrance of grilled octopus.
St. Peter cries, "Opa!"

Timothy Gager

Children

they are getting there too fast too soon they both are and I find helping the boy with a project on Pelicans with twenty index cards all packed with facts and building clay figures of the birds themselves tough for me to concentrate on and I hate school again

Because he is only seven years, 364 days, 16 hours, and passing minutes and Caroline, my other still enjoys "hungry hippos" and "go fish" for now without fail so I try but I can't prevent time as they are, too fast too soon matter of fact the hour-glass sands of clock hands increment catching up on me catching up on my unfinished homework

Jay Chollick

What's Going On?

What is it, that jostling in the carpet—did I imagine it, is it raw life that moves? Or lower down—is it the under-floor that's quivering—another sky

Perhaps? Ground level starting it; then, descending, tangled into wings, the hooting of strange birds—is this world new?

I look, I speak to it, but a mind's tiny crystals are not in evidence, the lump is dead—or sleeps depleted, drained of everything but emptiness

Where nothing Neanderthal stays rich; or the memory of gold banners, the harp and the ruddy fate of kings—of Darwin, to the mushroom cloud; or Luther's nail

Where is that temple of moderate rage—the hemlock that took a column down where is the Renaissance? Not here, not in this pinched cell. Is Giotto needed? some smooth voice asks. Or GBS? Or white hair, halo to a brain—is Mr. Einstein necessary?



Eugene Ring

Feeling Full Pockets

The feeling of full pockets annoys. Fingers grabbing every little thing so... is my tolerance low for things against my thigh?

A glaring window from some glass house is not in danger if my temper decides to rocket feeling things I placed in this tiny space—many people like toying with it's contents.

Like a bird singing for leaves, maybe a jangling of coins can be heard in a quiet hall or field.

There is something about the clothes I wear, one can think often but a shield covers more than a leg or loose change.

In the hand's palm, things are scooped and rattled. This sound doesn't bother me

when I have something to share.

Gabriel Ariel Levicky

Autumn

Like the diligent ants tattooing Their well-explored paths Into a weather beaten granite step So do I Shout at the stars above Until I no longer Feel That incredible light/darkness divorce But Somehow await The first winter slap Landing on my face. If the night turns out to be the map Of our madness, How come Our bright future Has no shape or form When the sun caresses A single drop's curvature And the noise below Competes with a silent howling Of the roof garden?

Madeline Artenberg

Behind Doors: Tom and Sally

When Sally Hemings closes the door firmly behind her to Mr. Thomas Jefferson's chambers, for her, Monticello's world falls away of prying house servants and gossiping field slaves.

For him, the blur stops of dart-tongued, bittersweet-hearted men.

When Mr. Jefferson drags himself up the mountain after days of struggling to bring forth embryonic verbiage, he quickly finds the dark cave between Sally's pillowy breasts, sinks his sandy-colored hair into them, dreams of darker breasts once nourishing him.

By day, Thomas Jefferson pens tracts against "man's passion for whores." Behind doors, he lays out the tight, red corset he bought for Sally when they all lived in Paris. Her beauty runs away with his breath, her long, straight hair envelops him.

In private, she's trained him to say, "Yes, Miss Sally," kiss her calloused toes, still rough from fields she once trod. "That's a good boy," she says, handing him a jar of thick, white cream to rub into her feet, tired from tending to his two vigorous daughters.

Most of all, when Tom apologizes to Miss Sally for the many buttons she has to sew, she kisses him on the forehead; most of all, this is what they will remember.

Jordan Mazzella

Cavalier

Her attitude, so cavalier; it always is, on V-Day. On a day like V-Day, I get a sick, unsettling feeling. As if everything else is moving too fast for me to even gauge the rate of velocity. She defines me as "not her type" with her noxious air of instant regality; Empress in a can or Diet Pepsi; I forget which. Her inflections, so condescending, cavalier. I broke the law when I proffered up a laced valentine, with the promise of love and a box of low-carb sweets, made possible by the miracle of construction paper. My ingenuity would fail me; my craftwork lacked the je ne sais quoi she craved. Donning a mask of cavalier, I went downtown last week and pawned my heart. It was heavy.



Bob Barci

Visitors

Even with the window open, the room was warm and reeked of late summer heat. I needed a porch sitting to cool me off before getting a good night's sleep. Street lamps and a full moon made the night seem brighter than it actually was. From the porch I enjoyed the cool evening air, watching the late night traffic go by. I leaned forward to rest my elbows on the porch's brick railing. Something from the corner of my eye made me turn to look. To my surprise, four huge cats came walking by, single file. I wondered if they were friendly, and got their attention with a "Here Kitty". Startled, they stopped and looked up at me. To my surprise, these weren't cats, but raccoons. They stared at me briefly, before running back the way they came. Several times they casually walked back, would look up at me, and run back. Finally, they just ran across the street into some bushes. Don't know what they did over there, but they didn't come back, at least as far as I know. But, I'm on the porch every night now looking for some late night visitors.

Erato is Published Monthly as the publication of the Park Slope Poetry Project.

<http://www.poetrycentral.com/pspp>

Submissions are accepted via email: Michael@PoetryCentral.com

An effort is made to select poems that have been previewed at the Open reading which takes place the first Tuesday of every month at 7:30 pm in the basement of St. John - St. Matthew Emanuel Lutheran Church, 283 Prospect Avenue Brooklyn, NY 11215.

Directions: M or R to Prospect Ave. Walk up hill (Prospect Ave.) past Fifth Avenue. Church is #283 on the left.

Publisher: William Duke
Editor: Michael Hilde
Contributig Artist: Ryn Gargulinski
Advisor: David Parsons

Erato

Calendar of Upcoming Readings

Mar 1 - Hal Sirowitz, Bradford Agry + Open

April 5 - Ryn Gargulinski, Ice + Open

May 3 - Harry Ellison, Rabbi Harold Swiss + Open