

# Neon Geyser, Porcelain Sky

a poetry journal  
volume 4, issue 1

## post modern stew for the ages

aquarian age apocalypse now  
armageddon at a snail's pace

what used to be called  
chinese water torture

'round 'n' 'round she goes  
where she stops  
no body knows

at the palestinian grocer's  
a south east asian man speaks  
of the circumstances of  
eating the heart of a child

better than napalming one  
i hear my selves saying

i didn't press him for his circumstances  
i feel i all ready know too much

is this denial

—Q.R. Hand Jr. from his new book  
whose really blues, Taurean Horn Press  
[available at [www.zeitgeist-press.com](http://www.zeitgeist-press.com)]

### Virgin Eyes

There's nothing to watch but the fields of little girls  
the flames licking their thighs, melting  
sweet things.

They're falling  
into dirt, onto asphalt.

Sticky, waiting for the kind  
of boy  
who would pick candy  
up off the street and put it in his mouth.

--MK Chavez from her new book  
Virgin Eyes, Zeitgeist Press

## Desert Love

It's too easy to fall in love in the desert  
All those gypsy boys  
With their sun baked penises  
Waiting for an outlet, a plug in

So anxious for an opportunity with a city girl

They don't see my age  
Or missed connections

They are the desert boys  
Men with premature beards and ejaculations

Blanketed by big old wolf dogs  
Who howl at the moon and drink water  
From rusty copper bowls

Drifters in America, these cowboys of dislocation and fate

I'm in love with their eyes mostly...  
The way they seem to say  
Come with me  
Come along now  
There is only n o w.

—Joie Cook

From her new book Habitat Selected Poems 1981-2006,  
Beatitude Press, [available at [www.zeitgeist-press.com](http://www.zeitgeist-press.com)]

Art by Teisha Bronner



I had a vision:  
 Hieronymus Bosch  
 with a telephone pole  
 up his ass  
 trying to catch an eagle  
 in his teeth.  
 Francois Villon  
 choking on a feather  
 black ink oozing  
 from his eyes.  
 Galileo Galilei  
 staring at a mirror  
 though he was blinded  
 by the sun.  
 And me  
 hog-tied and trapped  
 beneath a capsized boat  
 suffocating  
 but only casually  
 trying to reach  
 the edge



“We are All falling leaves”  
 by Teisha Bronner

unbuckle your seatbelt  
 so you can  
 taste the glass

skip across  
 the pond  
 like Jesus  
 getting stoned

just close your eyes and relax,  
 a sleeping cat on the mantle,  
 then prance across the piano keys  
 and play your random tune

I try  
 but I can't visualize  
 your face  
 except when I dream  
 but I can still taste you  
 fresh  
 as an unborn lamb  
 ripped from the womb  
 and eaten  
 with my hands  
 unseasoned and  
 raw

—Marcus Crowe

### Taking My Dream By the Horns While Tonguing Carl Jung

My ex and his ex  
 are my parents in my dream.  
 Mommy, daddy, my lover, my healer,  
 my hater.  
 Her gray hair, shock  
 of brown eyes,  
 his broad frame,  
 what a brood we are. Out for a picnic.  
 He's with a voluptuous broad  
 now, who is wearing a bright red dress.  
 They're swing dancing  
 and have stolen my camera.  
 I'm making out with Carl Jung  
 in the corner, my tongue  
 reaching inside his head for answers.  
 I'm sitting on the lap of symbolism  
 riding the old wise man's whale  
 taking his archtypical tip in my mouth,  
 swallowing a sea of men.  
 Suddenly  
 the doorbell is ringing over and over,  
 over and over, the doorbell is singing  
 and shaking and waking, I have taken  
 this dream by the horns and have burst  
 into a rose-orange flower,  
 blooming infinite petals,  
 again and again and again.

—May Garsson, El Sobrante, Ca

**“Give me your tired, your poor,  
your huddled masses yearning to breathe free –”**

The Statue of Liberty burns the American flag  
with her welcoming torch.  
The Statue of Liberty gets arrested  
by the immigration dept.  
They hire construction workers and stonecutters  
to dangle high off cranes  
and build a pair of giant marble handcuffs  
for the Statue of Liberty  
after they bulldoze her torch out of her hands  
and sink it in the sea, never to rise again.  
They use a football stadium sized paper  
to take her fingerprints.  
They'll be a mug shot of the Statue of Liberty,  
straight on and in profile,  
probably the same shot on tourist mugs from gift shops.  
And she'll have an insecurity number.  
And then, will we be safe?

—**Julia Vinograd** from her book  
When God Gets Drunk, Zeitgeist Press

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### **A Poet's Hunger**

The night has ridden me hungry  
for another image  
breaking out from the shadow  
of enormous  
cold, hard, feeling  
but who am I to break bread in the dark

Another beer won't tell the whole story  
how to walk thru hell  
like it is your idea  
how to stand in the line of fire  
like it is your turn to dance with heat  
because we all know it is only survival

Tonight I am at peace with the world  
my lucky pen I use to gun down dreams with  
snapped in the corner of my smart ass grin  
the ink finally dried on my favorite poem  
none of the artists are calling  
on the hour with plans of revolutionary thought

I want a cigarette  
because this breath tastes too good  
and I don't feel the pain of an idea.

—**Brian Morrissey** from Accidental Landscapes  
Poesy Press



**Photo by Lenore Waters**

We love walks in the streets of North Berkeley,  
My daughter and I.  
She's in the middle of her life,  
I at the end.

We know these streets well,  
Much has changed since we came 30 years ago  
Jen a teenager, I in midlife.

The gardens were weedier,  
The houses down at the heels,  
The Kerchiefed dogs unleashed.

Jen is glad to be back from New York.  
She says, the air is cleaner  
As we walk where trees line the streets, where life is slower.  
I remember our walks  
Sulky teenager  
Not looking around,  
Her head down at the cracked sidewalks.  
Why don't we have a car?  
Why can't I get a new raincoat?  
A new pair of jeans, a new piano?

At home, she spends hours  
Before her full length mirror  
Where she becomes  
An adult?  
A punk rock star?  
Happier?

Today, she's looking at a multi colored tulip  
Not at a mirror  
Not wishing she were someone else, or somewhere else  
We walk on,  
Our steps in sync.

—**Lenore Waters**, from The Revolution of 1964  
Mother-Daughter Poems, Zeitgeist Press



*„I couldn't sleep last night.*

Art by Tom Tuthill

## THE BOTTLE

Sometimes tenderness enters you  
exquisitely  
like the detail of a ship in a bottle

And sometimes  
it's more like a kid with a knife

But what I remember most  
are the nights when I reached for her hand  
and felt the cold of bone fingers

Sparrows were chirping in the black  
as I rode home alone on the bus

dreaming of a hundred blue kisses  
and wondering if I was equal to the sky.

But tenderness is bridesmaid to pain

She won't stay  
in Las Vegas versions of night

Where they're building sales with her smile  
flooding us with sculpted plastique

Where I banged my head against tenderness  
just to see how tough she could be

then felt sorry  
as my cheek lay soft on the bruise

And each time I knew what I was doing  
when I fell to my belly  
and drowned in the lips of her sex

After an ocean of union  
I crawled back alone to my room

When you find yourself safe inside walls  
tenderness slips in there too

so that you in your body are the bottle  
and the ship inside is in flames

as you float  
burning through the hush before dawn.

—Bruce Isaacson, from **Dumbstruck at the  
Lights in the Sky**, Zeitgeist Press

## TRINKET

Found:

In sleaze  
soaked  
Del Mar roach motel  
South Strip:

Wondrous squalid Fremont Avenue gift-shop prize

She wanted to remember this time.  
Remember the glamorous fluorescent marquee, though it  
didn't have the thousand tiny flashing lights like the  
ones on the Metro squad car.

He was 'spose t'be lookin' fer work officer.  
Bring home some KFC fer the babies at least.  
I don't know what he was doin' with the like of them folk sir.

A few months later the 7-11  
graveyard manager  
still hears the echo of her wail  
careening down the back alley.

Beautiful mother she was.

He fondles what was left behind  
every time the echoes come around,  
Still in his greasy pockets all this time.

Every souvenir loves a transient town.  
Knickknacks on tour  
Get epic myths built up around them.  
Lucky trinket.

—Paul Corman Roberts

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**Lines Written At Black Angus, Christmas Eve, 2007**

My dining companion:  
a short volume of Hoagland poems  
that converse with me  
in the amber glow of a Manhattan.  
*Request for Toy Piano, Romantic Moment*  
followed by a loaf, flaked with oats,  
round and warm like a breast  
followed by *Quiet Town By The Sea*,  
medallions of steak smothered in mushrooms,  
capped with a fine cabernet and  
    *wine steps on his tongue*  
    *like a pilgrim entering*  
    *the holy city.*  
My spoon cracks the burnished crème brulee  
followed by the final *Voyage*,  
*sailing through December, around the horn of Christmas*  
*and into the January Sea.*

—Ken Wanamaker



LATOYA DUG IN AS SOON AS THE WAITER BACKED AWAY, AND WONDERED  
HOW TO GET THE SUBJECT BACK TO HERSELF

From Jennifer Blowdryer's Graphic Novel The Laziest Secretary, Art by Bepi, Zeitgeist Press

**Dance Of The Bower Birds  
(4 X 4 Poem # 10)**

**The theism of plastic explosives,  
The Jesus Christ of derivatives,  
My self-destructive relationships,  
It's a triple shot of death dope.**

**We toss our babies from bridges.  
We're doing chemical boomerangs,  
We're doing life without parole  
On the outside. You jail yourself.**

**I'm not seeing the profit margin.  
There's no win-win scenario.  
If your body can handle abuse,  
I'd start drinking heavily.**

**A student-loan murder-suicide,  
A child-support scaffolding,  
A Jim Jones mortgage Kool Aid,  
This is my song of love to you.**

**Mel C. Thompson, Pleasant Hill, 9-7-2007**

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CSI

Spoons lie tarnished,  
abandoned on the oilcloth,  
porcelain cups with festering tea leaves  
and lipstick prints -- she wore Blood Red --  
chairs cockeyed beneath the chipped enamel table,  
lone shoe packed with an abandoned mouse nest  
and fur. No voices stay behind  
as they dust for prints. Her bones were black  
and broken in detailed disarray,  
marrow-less remnants of dreams  
once trussed with skin and muscle  
like Sunday's chicken.  
Now the ME has to discover  
when she died -- before or after  
she stirred her last cup of tea. The crime was,  
in truth, larceny. Someone  
fenced her soul.

—Jan Ashman

## Ransom Dream

*To the person who stayed in the Holiday Inn Express Room  
341, Gold Beach, Oregon, on Saturday, September, 14th:*

I have your dream.  
It's the one where you know your baby is missing  
but then you find her in a drawer, cocooned in a  
candy wrapper and reading the Wall Street Journal.  
Bizarre, I know, but it must be yours since  
I've never had a child, and I'm too old now.  
Someone has polished her fingernails and  
You start to cry because it's the same color  
You wore when you were a little girl right before your  
Sister's funeral and the two of you were laughing  
Just like she wasn't sick at all.  
The man at the mortuary put pink lipstick on her  
And polished her nails to hide the death bruises.  
Four men shouldered her white coffin,  
The size of a flower box,  
But Uncle Bertie's knees buckled coming down the  
Aisle as if his small part of the burden  
Was too much to carry.  
I left your dream at the front desk.  
Just make a donation to March of Dimes or some such.

—Sheila Paris Klein

## A Cynic with Passion (For Hunter)

Spring clean out,  
the afternoon spent in a musty attic.  
Dodger game on radio instead of TV.  
I spy the old sheepherder jacket,  
just like Hunter wore,  
four sizes small for the current me

The jacket clinks  
The inside mesh pocket  
reveals the remains of a half pint.  
Wild Turkey.  
Hunter's favorite,  
left over from a concert,  
Talking Heads in '86,  
when I drank bourbon because Hunter did.

The liquor glowed against the faded label.  
Shimmered, like Hunter's prose did  
in the day when he showed me how to be  
a cynic with passion,  
a politics junkie and semi-cool,  
a freak without wearing flowers in shoulder-length hair.

In memory of those times,  
I sipped the booze, felt the sting,  
the glow, the warmth,  
and took heart that this, at least,  
improved with age.

—Gary Ashman 3/6/05

## Panama Three

my father sends me newspapers  
from back home  
with stories of cold war  
and how Senator Joe McCarthy  
is saving us from those Commie hordes  
tells me how proud he is of me  
serving our country  
how proud he is to have me for a son  
having been declared 4-F in the big war

I write back and tell him President  
Eisenhower visited El Presidente  
the week before  
and send him a photo of me standing  
next to Ike's plane  
and I can see him proudly showing it  
to his friend Luke Morley  
who owns the corner grocery store  
pointing with pride, "that's my son"  
even as I put on my civilian clothes  
and head for town to get drunk and laid  
picking up a teenage girl at the Amigo Bar  
who takes me home to her family  
her mother busy ironing  
her father listening to the radio  
as the young girl puts up a row of blankets  
to hide us from view

later I hand her a \$5 bill  
more than the going rate  
and watch her hand it to her father  
whose eyes cut into me like  
a surgeon's scalpel.

—A.D. Winans

## Today It's Carrots

I've never gotten it just right  
the brief bio, seven lines or less.  
The human who can summarize  
themselves, their being, in seven lines  
is honestly, my hero. For animals this  
feat may be less impressive. Perhaps  
it's my tangent problem, which  
leads me away from my main  
points and while often entertaining,  
perhaps amusing, never makes me  
a hero. I shall not digress.  
Everyone's life is a story or  
a list, a note, a poem, a text  
in the form you live it.  
I am a poet, a lover,  
where the sand hits the water  
excites me as do foggy moons  
that remind me of my basement  
shelf which held the kidney stone  
of the same chalky white character,  
I have a new favorite food everyday,  
Today it's carrots.

—Ryan Johnson

## Micheline

O, poet of the street  
Of the sound  
Of the sun, moon and stars!

Dancing magnificent with oils and pastels...

Your hands, the motion of simple divinity.  
Mentor for all future satyrs and princes...

Let there be your voice howling at the moon  
Under a river of red wine  
Beckoning the night into chaos!

O, refugee of Greenwich Village nights  
Master of the oral tradition

Death so far away, only the sound of saxophones  
Collectively unconscious in your midst,  
The true voice of America's  
Underbelly of madness and desire...

Hold precious the word of the street poet,  
Steam rising from brain, pants, lungs...

Lover of rain and all things rained on

Keeper of the truth,  
O scorpion genie  
Wacky Dacky Doo, here's to you  
The one and only Jack Micheline!

—Joie Cook, from *Habitat: Selected Poems, 1981-2006*  
Beatitude Press

## Irene -- London, December 2006

She calls her short red wig, The Hair  
wears a deep red shawl  
with her reddish wig hair  
and red stones in her ears.  
She's just as alive as we are, but not.  
Her cells are saying no,  
quietly beneath her pink skin.  
No, they're whispering to one another,  
to her blood, to anything that will listen,  
or not.  
She heats up tartlets in the oven  
makes quips, corrects her husband,  
counters his corrections.  
While her cells whisper, gossip  
under her skin --  
incessant busy-bodies.  
They don't give in, get tired, go to sleep.  
The whispering goes on  
no matter how bright the tangerines on the table  
how soft and red the shawl, how true  
our laughter. They continue their campaign  
to make Irene not.  
Right in front of our eyes  
over French wine and fancy greens,  
tartlets, broiled chicken and friendship,  
they buzz and chatter.  
To the roses we brought  
the color of a baby's stomach,  
the color of eyelids or pearls -- no.  
To all our yeses -- no, no, no.

—Katherine Harer

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Art by Tom Tuthill

From: Neon Geyser, Porcelain Sky  
c/o Wanamaker  
3555 Stover #273, Las Vegas, NV 89103

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## SEX, LOVE, AND WRITING

Refrain from using names.

It remains best to not tattoo  
a lover's name on your ass

and if you think

for a moment

that paper is any safer  
remember how unlucky  
we can be

it will be the poem  
that gets published  
the poem that brings you fame.

The permanence of ink  
is a messy affair,  
It's best to remain  
undedicated

your ass  
and your declarations of love.

**MK Chavez**, from Virgin Eyes, Zeitgeist Press

