



Featuring Collage Pieces by Rod T. Boyer

Digital Edition

Front Cover Image:  
*Moon, Moon, Moon: Columns of Blossoming*

HDMJ

# HALF DAY MOON JOURNAL

## ISSUE N. 2 (DECEMBER 2024)

*Featuring Collage Pieces by Rod T. Boyer*  
Edited by Joseph S. Aversano

Contributors:

Rod T. Boyer

(front & back covers, & pp. 18, 37, & 54);  
Epigraphs (p. 4); John Phillips (p. 5); Shloka Shankar (p. 7);  
Cherie Hunter Day (p. 8); Donna Fleischer (p. 9);  
Vassilis Zambaras (p. 10); Johannes S. H. Bjerg (p. 14 );  
Philip Rowland (p. 16); Bob Lucky (p. 19); Joseph Noble (p. 23);  
Mark Young (p. 32); C. S. Crowe (p. 38); Sabine Miller (p. 42);  
Judson Evans (p. 45); Marcia Arrieta (p. 48); John Levy (p. 49);  
Peter Yovu (p. 55); Alan Lau (p. 57); Gary Hotham (p. 58);  
John Pappas (p. 60); Peter Jatermsky (p. 61); David Kelly (p. 62);  
Debbie Strange (p. 64); Elmedin Kadric (p. 65);  
Kerem Atanur Doğan (p. 67); Hafi Akar (p. 68);  
Diane Webster (p. 69); Fred Jeremy Seligson (p. 70);  
Scott Metz (p. 72);  
Notes (p. 78)

Copyright retained by the authors.

Published by Half Day Moon Press  
[www.halfdaymoonpress.com](http://www.halfdaymoonpress.com)

Menlo Park ○ Ankara  
ISSN 2995-2700

Also Available:

*Half Day Moon Journal, N. 2 (Print Edition)*

+

*See Supplement*

an e-pamphlet supplement  
including asemic & visual poetry  
by Shloka Shankar, Angela Caporaso, & Grzegorz Wroblewski

[www.halfdaymoonpress.com](http://www.halfdaymoonpress.com)



*In loving memory of*  
Ayşe Sumru Dursun  
(1972—2024)

○

*Of their wells, one is very old; nobody can see the water flowing into it, but it would never run dry, even if everybody descended and drew water from it...*

—Pausanias in his *Description of Greece* [2.35.3]  
(trans. Jones & Ormerod)

*It is madness to harass the mind, as some have done, with attempts to measure the world, and to publish these attempts...*

—Pliny the Elder in his *Natural History* [2.35.3]  
(trans. Bostok & Riley)

[the above quoted translations: cc by 3.0 us]

# John Phillips

## Credo

For God  
to have  
meaning

he must  
never have  
existed

## Totem

*for Michelle Tennison*

a crow  
doesn't have  
to be in the room  
to be in the room

# Epitaph

In the future each word  
will need to be  
rewritten

because it would  
have become  
a lie

O

Death has  
nothing to  
do with us  
until it has  
everything  
to do with  
us which is  
when there's  
no us here  
to have  
anything to  
do with

*JP*

## Shloka Shankar

at the volta a smearing of sunset

## Cherie Hunter Day

winter lullaby  
blue on the roof  
of my mouth

○

*in medias res* the milk thistle

○

stoking night  
a sentence saturated  
with consonants

○

## Donna Fleischer

bunches of white  
in our sclera  
apple blossoms

○

from May  
the half wet day,  
a petal

○



## Vassilis Zambaras

### Reception

Epicurean love is tenderly biting  
Off half the ultimate

Olive on a dish  
Of exquisite tidbits, then

Putting the other half back  
So that your better half can

Take a part of that  
Last bite, too.

## Measure of Poverty in the Boondocks of the Southern Peloponnese, Circa 1965

In a land overflowing  
With a blessed abundance  
Of olive trees, not having one

To call your own and where  
Those who had finished  
Gathering theirs had packed up

The bulging sacks,  
Hand-woven heavy  
Ground-covering cloths

And gone home, to go there afterwards,  
Get down on your hands and knees  
And salvage the precious few

Shiny fruits that had over-  
Flowed and escaped  
The nets of the plenty.

## Poet Against the Grain in the Boondocks of the Southern Peloponnese

Over your head perhaps but  
Then again never entirely

Out of your element,  
This singular cleansing

Clear blue sky and that  
Uncompromising view

Unobstructed by the ubiquitous clatter  
Of pedestrian clutter you'd like to wager

Now safely behind you.

## Dire Straits

Do not covet  
The waves

Your voice makes  
As it wends its way through

Treacherous waters.

Two Poems on the Brink,  
Athens, Greece, Grexit 2015

1. Air Of Acquiescence

Their slender stalks fastened  
With twine to thin reeds stuck  
In a brown, earthenware pot,

The blood-red carnations nod  
In accord with each blustering gust,  
All the while suffusing the air

They breathe  
With redolent dyes  
Of thick, heady musk.

2. Hope Dies Last

You get up

Every day hoping  
It won't be your last

And you go to bed wishing  
It had been.

VZ

# Johannes S. H. Bjerg

now  
you  
stretch

your  
fingers

now  
you  
make

a fist

now  
midnight  
comes

midnight  
comes

## Toledo 1577

stones  
fall

rapidly

towards

their  
centre

O

just  
enough  
trees

to  
remember  
you

by

JSHB

## Philip Rowland

rush of desire like ink a hillside of pines



# Hope

I find it hard to locate  
a feeling of hope, think

sooner of joy (on top of  
awe), which, while possibly

momentous, seems less  
future-facing. I tend

to shy away from the future,  
preferring to believe all

might be found right here (I  
hesitate to say 'and now'). Hard

to get a handle on hope,  
which seems inextricably

bound up with fear. Yes,  
I know, there's a world out there.

PR



*Moon, Moon, Moon: Of Similar Design*

## Bob Lucky

### You Have to Imagine the Moon

clouds  
no clouds

blue sky  
no sky

waves  
    waves  
    waves

birds  
bird sounds

nightfall

darkness  
between stars

stars  
between darkness

something  
in the darkness  
between stars

## Another Failed Attempt to Define Saudade

old men in a café  
drinking cheap wine  
and listening to fado  
on a crappy phone  
the bad sound seems  
to make them sad  
which makes them happy

## Cocktail Conversation with Carl Jung

We all have an island  
in the past we drift away from  
on a raft of dreams. I woke up  
fingering tattered sails as if  
winds and currents heard my prayers  
and would take me back  
to that one dream,  
the island that let me go.

## Life, the Gist: A Cento

*Lines and phrases by Keki Darumalla, Ranjit Hoskote,  
Mahmoud Darwish, Frederick Seidel, and Don Paterson*

Childhood said to memory: we should part now  
Wipe your fingerprints from the air  
Rebel against me as much as you can, and run  
Floating without a destination and without a license  
One day, the door to some random box will shut fast as a bank  
vault, and that will be that.

## My Apologies to All the Dead Poets I've Kept Alive Over the Years

Sometimes I forget  
you're dead

and I'm surprised  
to read that

you've been gone  
for a while

but don't blame me  
if your words breathe

## Not What I Expected

the sky  
not so much blue

as deep  
as the grass

a warmer shade  
of green

more white  
than the sun

whatever color  
they say

it is

*BL*

# Joseph Noble

## Word to Mouth

after Orson Welles

1.

“What does it matter what you say about people?”

“Maybe a man’s name doesn’t matter all that much.”

a piece all of a piece  
person or persona

pulled up out of his own hat  
each sleight of hand another voice

“there’s nothing on stage except a loudspeaker  
crouching behind the screen”

yet in the empty building: an instrument,  
“a Geiger counter of mental energy”

“Everybody’s going to sit in that seat—and nobody.”  
“Invisible Pigeons and Transparent Doves.”



2.

the gate stands before you  
you know its features intimately  
and though you were only invited in once  
you know all that's within

you ply your trade outside  
through legerdemain  
erecting other gates, streets, stages  
for you to wander through and inside

in the end, which is the right gate  
which is the authentic inside you occupy  
and is there an end?

each show you put on is  
another stitch in the weave:  
scrim how many others  
have tried to light from behind

the story foreshadows the life  
but doesn't determine it

your home is elsewhere

3.

film of a story  
story of a film:

each man was looking  
for the other man's past  
and found himself lost  
among other people's words  
he found himself speaking

as each told his story  
a film formed over the eyes  
frame by frame:  
a man living a story  
he had heard others tell  
innumerable times before  
a man living with a crime  
he had never committed  
a man buried in another's grave  
a man wanting to keep alive  
another man's story  
in order for he himself to live  
a man who in listening  
to another's lies  
became his own enemy  
a man telling another's story  
only to live that story himself  
a man killed by the story  
he paid to see enacted  
a man whose echo  
of his own voice kills him

a man who couldn't be seen  
except for his voice

a chorus of images  
flickered in the ear:  
a word began a story  
of innumerable words  
only to become the final word  
in a story that doesn't end

and the words left out  
shadowed their way through  
teeth or sprockets:  
the unseen heard from  
in silence off screen

4.

the son not a son  
to be introduced  
seen to be  
what he is not  
shown to be  
what he is

living in pieces, in what is said  
or in what is intended  
carried around in suitcases  
or laid out in the blackness  
to be stitched together

acknowledge that  
what we see is real  
and what we don't see  
is the real story

he makes what is  
despite his own plans

cobblestone broken  
on mirror

“gallant old acrobat  
limping over the abyss”

son of whatever father

5.

the tap dance  
on the cutting room floor  
is performed by someone else  
among thin trees of film  
that are almost disappearing  
from around which you peek  
to see where you are  
bicycling off to  
through the trees

6.

who was it they wanted  
or didn't want of you

your own choices were irrelevant  
legend is in the public domain

me and my shadow  
and the third man  
carrying the body across the street  
who was *he*?

somebody you paid to find you  
and carry your body to yourself?

but whose body  
and which self?

7.

hand to mouth  
writing breath  
histories uncovered  
as they are made

three suitcases in three hotels  
that needed to be picked up  
before leaving town

how many places were you in  
at the same time  
following your own trails  
your own stories as  
you were writing them

who believed  
all those stories  
told about you  
living through  
word of mouth?

syllables and letters  
couple just out of earshot  
not quite words  
resembling nothing  
so much as the sound  
of some shadows' footsteps

aspiring to nothing  
so much as the story  
on the tip of your tongue  
changing as you speak it

trying to outfox the legend  
shadowing you  
begging to differ  
living word to mouth

8.

they wanted you  
to close the door  
to end whatever it was  
you had started

to finish it  
or finish it off  
put it to rest  
let it lie

you would not lie  
still wandering through  
the shadows they had  
closed the door upon

hand pulling images  
and words out of a hat  
worn by innumerable people  
arranging them in the air  
in endless combinations

who can be found?  
who is looking?  
shadow and body dance  
a voice between them

find it out  
old man tilting  
at the screen  
shredding it



find your shadow hand  
the young child, the old friend,  
the bare stage, the kids in the balcony  
laughing riotously, the adults storming out

nothing to finish  
only to keep telling

*JN*

## Mark Young

### Collage (Sur L'Oiseau Mort) (1926)

The silhouette of a man's  
head has the cutout of  
a bilboquet within it.

Pinions a dead bird, an  
image also found in a  
painting done the same

year. A whiff of sadism  
to them — the sparrow  
usually emblematic of

fragility but here associ-  
ated with a violent death.  
Who knows what angst

remained in the painter's  
heart: but ever since, most of  
his birds were live & white.

skate / parked / bored

Sweet Jesus. *Le fils de l'homme*  
as a skateboard. What would  
Foucault have made of this,  
especially since the constructors  
insist *ceci n'est pas un skateboard?*

The accompanying text describes  
it thus: an "edition of artwork  
intended for decorative purposes...  
with one wall mount per deck to  
hang it on your wall, just like a

painting." It also points out that  
you could skate on it if you wanted  
to; but doesn't mention that if he  
had wanted to, Magritte could  
have incorporated it quite easily as

replacement for the object in a numb-  
er of his paintings. Perhaps *le skateur*  
*perdu*, perhaps *le skateboard volant*.  
CO2 neutral, with the wood sourced  
from sustainable forests. Bonus!

## Of Limbs & Luxury

Today the post-  
woman brought  
me an already ex-  
pensive castle in  
the Pyrenees. If  
I had added the

optional extra of  
that giant bird  
found in some  
Magritte paintings  
it would have cost  
me an arm & a leg

on top of a basic  
price I can't really  
afford. & since Ma-  
gritte is dead, I don't  
trust the vendor's  
guarantee that the

artist will paint  
any missing limbs  
back on me, just  
like he did to the  
model in *Attempt-  
ing the Impossible*.

## Memory of a Journey

Without the feather, the tower  
would fall down. Without the  
  
tower, the building blocks of  
the universe would have no-  
  
thing to hold them in place.  
Without the building blocks of  
  
the universe, Magritte would not  
exist. Without Magritte, the invis-  
  
ible would never be rendered  
visible & we would never know  
  
what direction we should follow.

## The Prince of Objects

Static or dynamic — the ontology  
of most games depends upon

a division between the objects  
in play. If one is lucky, the dynamic

can occasionally be seen through  
gaps in the static, not that we always

recognize what we see. The dance  
is different in every decade. So, too,

the music. Once there was tea for  
two. All died when u went away.

*MY*



*Moon, Moon, Moon: In the Aubergine Field*

## C. S. Crowe

### Polyphemus

You did not notice how the distance  
Between sidewalks rivaled the vast seas  
Beneath the shadow of the four-way caution light  
Until Odysseus put out your eye with a sharpened stake.

Now, you cannot help but feel it,  
The truncated yellow domes  
Of tactile pavement beneath your feet:

How it has worn thin over many years,  
And how often it ends suddenly in curbs like seaside cliffs;  
How often you find the sidewalk cracked and broken,  
And how often it breaks into fields of tall grass and wildflowers.

Your calves itch. Your ankles swell. Your toes hurt.

You cannot help but notice it, now—  
How this town is built for you, no longer.

There is no ramp leading to the post office doors,  
And the doors do not open wide enough for your wheelchair.  
They will not deliver to your home unless you meet them at the door,  
But they hang a note from the handle before you can reach them.



You miss your cavern, your goats, your ewes, your sheep,  
Your land where you lived off wild wheat, barley, and grapes,

But you cannot own these things and still qualify for disability.

Your sheep wonder where their master has gone,  
And why he is not there to protect them  
As the wolves draw nearer,  
As strange men carry them to their boat.

Only you knew them by name.

## Proselyte

After lightning struck the church, the scar  
Descended from heaven to live among us  
For two years; the church could afford to fix it,  
But something else always came first.  
It was nice while it lasted, wasn't it?  
They trimmed the dogwood tree, but  
When spring came, it failed to blossom.  
On Sunday, everyone had a place.  
God forbid you sat in someone else's spot.  
Plastic stained glass windows.  
A pulpit made of lacquered plywood.  
Everything fake in some way or another.  
For years, the church could afford to fix it,  
But something else always came first.  
A layer of fresh sod laid over old earth.  
A layer of fresh asphalt laid over old sod.  
A pile of buttermilk biscuits and fried chicken.  
What was the point of feeding ourselves?  
None of us had ever gone hungry.  
We starved for something we could not put to words.  
We saw the peeling paint, the black scar,  
And we thought the sky was the problem.

## Another Cinderella Story

Jesus Christ,  
Abused by the red-headed, red-handed step-children.  
He begged his Father to adopt into the family.

He told us to love one another.  
He kissed Prince Charming,  
First on the cheek, then on the lips,  
So we banned him from our churches,  
Even from the pews in the far back.

When he fled from the church at midnight,  
He dropped his sandal on the front steps.

I would say, imagine what it must be like  
To watch the ones you love stop loving you,

But we would cut off our own feet and dance  
On bloody stubs before we let Him wash them.

*CSC*

## Sabine Miller

### A Dip and a Spring

There are no fences here: brittle brush casts lots; the water has  
a right to the basin; the nest builders have rights to the eaves.

Once I litigated against a snowfield; the wind blew terribly  
there; the amassed evidence melted; the house was not ruined;  
the house is an antique rose.

Now I sleep with rabbits; all great winds are right to weaken;  
the birds bathe their chicks in diminished moonlight; snow  
creek flows.

outside the warden's hut  
a heart-shaped plot  
of wildflowers

## At Snow Creek

The desert's full of sharp flying things; they decapitate the sunflower seedlings; a magician might grow some in his pocket; like a sequined thief the peak rears up; a fiery sermon's stifled at its core; what escapes softens the clods each dawn;

it is here that the warden walks his mutt; she's pink covered with pastry cream curls; she growls then lays her head in my lap; like a rung bell we speak the opposite of magic; honey and snow flow from the hut; like a convict I hand over the secrets I've pocketed; by the olive the warden serves lavender tea.

*no sickness, no toil*                      when we were mountains  
growing into men

## At the Oasis

In this vault is wind and water; a phoebe feeds from the uncleaned pools; there are red dragonflies in the undressed yards; the matter of light is the tree it climbs; love is attention and attention, traction; at noon the trees make scratching sounds; at five eight talons scrape the fronds; who is lost holds onto dusk; dusk is an anchorite immolated in dust; this is the rhythm of a tree walking; sing from the torched crown and stars.

*SM*

## Judson Evans

### Joss Stick World

Ushered into the Taoist temple, we're left unsure—the boundary of public space, as our friend explains a ban against burning paper houses, sports cars—Maseratis, Porsches—appliances for the ancestors because of PFAS in the particulates. He uses his outside voice, as he walks us between supplicants burning small forests of incense sticks. The urgency I feel from a man on his knees, a woman rocking violently forward rises through the heat of my embarrassment. To be an onlooker. Two weeks back trying to place an obituary now that Americans have stopped reading daily papers, I thought—'where can I post his picture, tell his story—Facebook, Tik Tok, Snap Chat with its dissolving attention span'. But here, our friend explains, a compromise: the ritual will be endlessly looped on an indoor screen.

testing for impurities  
heat map  
of the holy places—

## Taroko

The first night, under new stars, we shared the ripe mango.

The next day, up the coast through the goldrush village, my phone overloaded with seeing, lost charge. As in a lucid dream, no way back to the mainland. Other transmissions opened: a hundred miles through deep mountain gorges, gnarled marble cliffs, teal pools of recent rain. The whole day like ink on paper.

glacial grist  
swallowing every color  
but cobalt



## Tea House of the July Typhoon

Instructions for pouring and tasting, special cylindrical cups  
to savor aroma. Curved jetty far below, its gentle embrace  
of harbor and beyond:

three names for the rock  
and guano island  
claimed by three nations

Tense conversation fleshing out futures as tassels of red  
lanterns drip with rain.

typhoon breaches  
the coastal range—  
another round of tea

Moment by moment scumbled glints of sunlight. A waitress  
rolls down a plastic shutter. A waitress clears leaves and twigs  
from a gutter. Joke about euphemism of ‘tea house’ for brothel  
and Ms. Wong’s joke in Mandarin: rainbow the name of the porn  
channel in Taiwan. Tourists huddle in from the porches, some flee  
down the narrow streets between the shops. How many rounds?  
Saturated tea leaves plump up and press the elegant lid of the tea  
pot like a turtle’s head.

final round of oolong—  
not enough tea leaves  
to tell the future

*JE*

## Marcia Arrieta

sparrow stone sun

the fibers the cloth the woods the dreams  
as if language could interpret life

dandelion seeds drift small trees grow  
a bear lumbers from here to there

the fragrance

of basil

& orange trees

& memories

to be uncovered

like the bird

with

cloud & sky

wings

**John Levy**

The green and courteous leaves

fill  
some of the  
space  
between

the two birds

and  
us

## John Phillips

He says thinks says a word or  
two or three &

thinks

& takes

a

word or two or three some

place

new or places

it or them

somewhere other

than

where

he (and I, I can't speak for you) knew

it to be

before he thought.

The poem goes

into the dog's  
bark

where it isn't

words

now

in any poem's  
police station

The music inside my head

it should be in sides

the music in sides my head

## Note to Kenneth Bolton (May 4, 2024)

Ah, Kenneth, fun to address you that way. I wonder if you kindergarten teacher did.

"Kenneth, what are you drawing now? Is that a landscape or the portrait of your stream of consciousness? Class, let's gather around Kenneth and give him a standing ovation! You all remember what a standing ovation is, don't you? And how last week we discussed how a sitting ovation is quite different from a standing ovation? Kenneth, you're nodding along as I talk, I know you understand me. But the rest of you look lost. That's okay, being lost isn't the worst thing that can happen to you, at least not here, within these four walls. Kenneth, thank you for continuing to draw. Charlie, what do *you* think Kenneth is drawing? No, Charlie, I am sure Kenneth is not drawing his blankie. Julia? Yes, that's possible Julia, Kenneth *may* be drawing a dream. Let's not ask Kenneth, let's all let his drawing speak to us without Kenneth translating it. Charlie? Okay, yes, I do miss teaching in college. And you're right, Charlie, sometimes I forget I'm talking to you kindergarteners now."

## Note to Vassilis Zambaras (May 6, 2024)

In a Yiannis Ritsos poem, Ritsos writes “...always the silence remains kneeling.”

The poem’s title, as translated by Edmund

Keeley, is “The Meaning of Simplicity.”

Its first line is: “I hide behind simple things so you’ll find me...”

I should start this over.

It should be about light. It’s close to noon here in the desert on a cloudless day, or no, the clouds are so thin they don’t

seem there or anywhere, but they are.

*JL*



*Moon, Moon, Moon: Small Repairs, Small Creases*



## Peter Yovu

### A Storm

I am uneasy, vigilant.  
The house is all window  
as if sheathed in glass skin,  
like the crystal eyes of a trilobite.

Thoreau climbed a tree  
to get close to his storm.  
What he held onto  
held onto the earth.

What is there to grasp  
when a storm is over  
and a hummingbird comes  
from shadow to shine?

The house is gone.  
The trees are gone.  
The earth is gone.  
My eyes are red flowers.

## Clips

### *Childhood*

My kite was a lure cast into a cloud  
I could feel the tug of a fish-shaped god...

### *Ocean*

A shell is the wave of a hand held onto.

*Light*

pours into  
being  
poured into.

*Clouds*

We only see what's inside.  
We long for surfaces.

*The Name on the Stone*

Winter keeps taking  
its only breath.

*Dusk*

The opening of an indigo valve.  
A fang clamped onto a grape.

*Newborn*

Voltage smoothed blue.

*PY*

**Alan Lau**

a dog's legs

the legs of the dog  
are the easiest to spot  
the rest is like a snow flurry  
or a cloud  
around a child's head

# Gary Hotham

## IX Haiku

a past  
of many photos  
Mom's box

more than needed  
moonlight for the ones  
with a future

our waves  
the surface the ocean has  
for them

afternoon sky  
room in my life  
for thunder

keeping the stars  
out of sight  
warm rain

room to grow older  
clouds not mine  
to move

on shore  
once more  
the ocean stops for us

a window until dark  
snow falling on  
history's view

strolling by  
light years  
in the dark

*GH*

# John Pappas

O

answering owls the corpse pose for beginners

O

cellf

O



# Peter Jatermsky

hiatus  
the letter *a*  
in ascent

## David Kelly

### Analysis

A	a, a, all, and, and, and, and, and, art, as
B	brag, breathe, buds, but, by
C	can, can, chance, changing, compare, complexion, course
D	darling, date, day, death, declines, dimm'd, do
E	eternal, eternal, every, eye, eyes
F	fade, fair, fair, fair, from
G	gives, gold, grow'st
H	hath, heaven, his, his, hot
I	I, in, in, is
J	-
K	-
L	lease, life, lines, lives, long, long, lose, lovely
M	May, men, more, more
N	nature's, nor, nor, not
O	of, of, of, often, or, or, ow'st
P	possession

Q -  
R rough  
S see, shade, shake, shall, shall, shall, shines, short, so, so, some-  
time, sometime, summer, summer's, summer's  
T temperate, that, the, the, thee, thee, this, this, thou, thou, thou,  
thou, thy, time, to, to, to, too, too  
U untrimmed  
V -  
W wander'st, when, winds  
X -  
Y -  
Z -

*DK*

## Debbie Strange

○

hairstreak this butterfly and i

○

orca above murmuring herring below

○

# Elmedin Kadric

one

by

one

the

one

fall

O

I'm for  
getting  
her

O

HUMAN

hum  
an

old  
hymn

*EK*

# Kerem Atanur Dođan

Hu(men) of god have no religion

## Hafi Akar

saying "light" it  
goes out with

out saying  
"the dark"



**Diane Webster**

## Silhouette Leads

Shadowy figure man or woman  
stands on stairs leading up or down;  
sunshine silhouettes decision  
to climb up, turn corner  
and disappear  
or climb down until sunshine  
no longer sees beyond dark,  
and they dissolve  
in disappearance.

# Fred Jeremy Seligson

## Fruit Fly

*for Bob Arnold*

No sleep for days  
up on a hill  
at last, you collapse  
on a plum tree pavilion

Sinking into sleep  
surrounded by woods  
in springtime, comes  
a fruit fly companion

Exhausted, you lie  
in open-air  
letting Miss Fruit Fly  
have her way

Tickling your ear  
the fruit fly dream  
turns into a massage

Those tiny fruit fly  
feet on your forehead  
keep you in paradise

Letting Miss Fruit Fly  
creep over your eyes  
—a delicious feeling

The fruit fly hums  
with pleasures of a nose  
scented by an orchard

Kissing your lips,  
Miss Fruit Fly proposes, “love”  
but you say, “I’m already taken”

Lying on your back,  
you watch leafy cherry trees  
blown by a breeze

against blue sky  
while Miss Fruit Fly  
takes care of your body

Unable to sleep—  
at least Miss Fly sings  
for you, dances on  
a hand for company

Rolling over, standing up,  
dusting off those pants,  
you wander down path

through plums and  
cherries followed by  
your darling fly

# Scott Metz

grains of sand in another one of your webs

O

gather  
ing

walk  
ing

sticks  
for  
the  
sea

the  
light

you

are

the  
light

the  
light

you  
are

you  
listen

you  
listen

to

last

trill

i

um

of

the  
light

gos  
sip

now

that  
whale

shaped  
hour

inside  
this

raven

the  
sea

shaped  
day

the  
wind

cracked

leaves

a wind

ow

behind  
a door

fogged

O

leaves

make

in

the s  
had  
ows

pieces

of

new

leaves



*a  
butterfly  
sucks*

the fat and the bones  
saved for the gods

*the  
mouth*

## Notes:

Stay abreast with Rod T. Boyer's engaging collage-work output at either @our.thomas on instagram or his official website: <https://www.ourthomasart.com/>

Digital Edition

Back Cover Image:  
*Moon, Moon, Moon: Inner Border*

HDMJ



HDMJ