

A photograph of a cave interior. The ceiling and walls are covered in numerous stalactites of varying lengths and thicknesses. A walkway with a metal railing runs through the cave. The floor is dark and reflective, showing the reflection of the stalactites and the railing. The lighting is warm and focused on the cave's features.

The Road Not Taken

Fall, 2019

The Road Not Taken: A Journal of Formal Poetry

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Poet's Market

Welcome to the fall issue of *The Road Not Taken*.

In this issue it is my great good fortune to re-introduce the former editor and co-founder of *The Road Not Taken*: Jim Prothero. Some of you know Jim already, having submitted to him from 2007-2013, when *The Road Not Taken* was Jim's sole responsibility. That so many fine poets are collected here, in a journal devoted to metrical poetry, is due to principally to his efforts.

For the many of you who have joined us since 2013 however, a little background may be in order.

Dr Jim Prothero is the co-founder of this journal, which came into being because he and Donald Williams wished to start a journal for formal poetry and a friend offered to build them a website. He is a part-time professor of English living in the traffic chaos of Southern California, watercolor painter, novelist, and of course, a poet. He holds four degrees in English, including a doctorate from the University of Wales, which is firm proof that he is obsessed. He is devoted to: William Wordsworth, Winsor Newton paints, CS Lewis, Claude Monet, Johannes Brahms, all Golden Retrievers, the Wailin' Jennies, Northern Arizona and the four corners country, Gerard Manley Hopkins, Vincent Van Gogh, JRR Tolkien, Frederic Chopin, Robert and Elizabeth Browning, Henri Matisse, Dan Fogelberg, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Nanci Griffith, John Keats, the Rocky Mountains, Maurice Ravel, Henri Ossawa Tanner, the music of Jackson Browne, Andy Evansen watercolors, the music of John Williams, the novels of Trollope and Eliot, and sometimes Dickens, in no particular order. His collected poems has recently been published and is available on Amazon.

In the current issue Jim has served as Guest editor, reading all submissions with me, and sharing in the difficult decisions inevitable in a journal of this kind. Indeed, submissions have grown steadily during my tenure here, with a record number of submissions this fall.

It is with particular gratitude then, that Rachel and I welcome Jim back to the editorial board of *The Road Not Taken*. Thank you, Jim!

Kathryn Jacobs
Editor
Road Not Taken

Rachel Jacobs
Associate Editor
Road Not Taken

Charles Southerland

Feature Poem

Charles (Charlie) Southerland, is a farmer living in Arkansas. He writes about everything. He is published in: *The Road Not Taken, Measure, The Lyric, Blue Unicorn, First Things, Trinacria* and other metrical and non-metrical journals.

Keats and Severn in Spain

(a delusion)

While trekking through the Andalusian hills,
my friend was struck by flowers in a field,
and memorized the view beside the rills,
how colors flushed much brighter, and the yield:
*their thickness drawn of legionnaires, their plumes
of feathered helmets at the Rubicon
where Caesar blessed them off to war.* The blooms
swirled in the Moorish air, and then the wan
appearance of my friend relit to blush
all day. He spoke and sang of Fannie's hue
and how they would have rollicked in the crush
of pastel blankets damped with morning's dew.
And as we crossed the last clear rivulet,
his cough drew blood and swam—I prayed; "Not yet."

Liane Kamp

Editor's Choice
(Kathryn Jacobs)

Lianne Kamp lives in the Boston area. Her work has appeared in a number of literary journals and online publications including *Poetry Quarterly*, *Tuck Magazine*, *Rattle's Ekphrastic Challenge*, *Poets Reading the News*, *Inquietudes*, *Scarlet Leaf Review*, and elsewhere.

On Sharing a Bed for Forty Years

Frigid air parts the curtains like a stage
set, there we are, both our lives as entwined
together as our feet wound in this cage
of worn sheets and heavy blankets. We find
sleep easier in winter with windows
open - let the cold air on our faces
make our bodies seem warmer – we sleep, doze
and wake with contrast. I breathe in traces
of you with the chilled air, and you expand
in my chest as my dreams slip to the floor.
I wonder if we'll ever understand
the way we have changed each other's shape - for
better or worse. How will the world resume
when we're both not here to balance this room?

Liane Kamp

The Last Visit She Would Never Remember

She kept her hands busy arranging things –
a shrine built from stained Melmac cups on top
the broken coffee pot, bath towel wings
draped on chairs – she searched for the next prop.
Her bitter childhood, like toxic water,
spilled from her mouth in wretched detail, yet
she insisted I wasn't her daughter,
who was younger, thinner, blond not brunette.
I had been repurposed along with all
the clutter in her tiny house where she
navigated her memories like tall
newspaper stacks, the old ones too heavy
to budge, the recent ones swept away on
a sigh for wanting what she knew was gone.

Gail White

Gail White is a formalist poet and a contributing editor to *Light* (www.lightpoetrymagazine.com). Her most recent collections are *Asperity Street* and *Catechism* (both on Amazon). She lives in Breaux Bridge, Louisiana, with her husband and cats. Her favorite reading is Victorian novels.

The Wake

In his expensive coffin
my dentist lies in state.
The work of fine morticians
has intercepted fate,

forestalling the inevitable
process of decay
so he is not an object
of horror yet today.

I say consoling nothings,
and then I may forget
the coffin that awaits me
but hasn't found me yet,

and how my life resembles
a never-ending wake,
where thought staves off the horrors
my heart could never take.

Gail White

Epitaph for a Meek Existence

The seasons came, the seasons went,
with little variation.

Her life contained no great event
of bliss or devastation.

But what was in each season's cup,
she did her best to love it,
and all her life was leading up
to every moment of it.

David O'Neil

David O'Neil is an assistant professor of English at the University of Southern Indiana. His scholarship on medieval poetic meter has appeared recently in *The Mediaeval Journal*, *Enarratio*, *Philological Quarterly*, and *Essays in Medieval Studies*

There's Time Enough For Sleep

There's time for sleep, they joke, when you are dead,
and knowingly we laugh, forgetting how
it used to feel in our small quiet bed
before she joined us. Aren't we happier now
that we're so tired? Don't we need the sleep-
lessness, the constant care, the frightened tears?
How empty and full of angst we were—our deep
unreasoned brittle existential fear
that life was nothing. Now our fears are plain.
The tiny raspy frailty of her breath
when she was sick. The certainty that pain
will touch her. The uncertainty of death.
Do parents sleep then? Is the old joke right?
Will we still hear her voice cry out at night?

David O'Neil

Soon Showers Gathered

The passing cars conspired that brisk fall night
in intrigue with the rains that flicked the porch
to frisk our legs in beams of freckled light
and slyly coax my shivers close to yours.
Colluding with the cold on that old swing,
we leaned as though to share our shoulders' warmth,
your parents' quilt clutched tight around our knees
in damp and dappled forecast to the storm.
Soon showers gathered in impatient sheets
to shake our secret shivers from control,
and shyly did our lips that first time meet
in crushing need for shelter from the cold.
We rushed inside before the rain could end
and hung our dripping clothes beside the bed.

David Orchard

David Orchard is a teacher for students Pre-K through 12 who are visually impaired or blind. He lives and works in the San Francisco Bay Area. His influences include Yeats, Frost, Ciardi, Annie Finch and A.E. Stallings, among others.

Yggdrasil

Some medieval scholar,
an English monk, perhaps,
sitting in his drafty cell,
amused himself with this lover's tale
and with home-ground ink and hand cut quill
illuminated his book of hours,
entwining a couple's finger's and hair,
their thighs and legs held tight
and regressing into the single skin of the snake.
Coiled around the tree, they copulate
and the tree fruits.
Curled inside an apple of the tree
a human fetus feeds, and thus, perhaps,
did God, like this monk in some lonely hour,
with much weird imagining
conceive his son and daughter.

David Orchard

The Exquisite Feast

The sonnet is a snake that eats its tail;
it hangs in loops and coils, a tangled skin
of sinuous suspense and horny scales
that knots itself in nothingness and sin
and thus, provides within itself its life.
Its mouth receives its three unwinding coils.
its lidless eyes are witness to this strife.
To feed, it creeps inside itself and toils
towards its death, digesting dying's geste.
Its form is ringed with rainbow colored bands
undulating slowly, come to rest
slowly in itself to understand:
a snake ingests itself and is withdrawn;
the sonnet swallows hard and now is gone.

David Orchard

Caskets in the Sky

What caught the plowman's eye?
What caused his breath to catch?
The caskets in the sky

are upside down up high;
their lids, with crosses, match.
What caught the plowman's eye?

The half-dead elders lie
in caskets barely latched;
the caskets in the sky

drop open by and by;
the air is clawed and scratched.
What caught the plowman's eye?

The elders fall and die
in fields, and trees, and thatch.
"From caskets in the sky,"

a child reborn will sigh,
"we fell into this patch."
What caught the plowman's eye
are caskets in the sky.

Abner Porzio

Abner Porzio had his first publication in the international magazine *New Poetry* with his sonnet “The Fastest Five Finger Roulette Ever.”

Watch Winter Fall Up

Our poor mother still has hard times telling us apart. Shaun White is my minute younger, backward hat wearing and fake gold wrist watch sagging brother. He can jump and spin up over faced down *me* in my puffy winter-green coat. Bunny hills are where my knees fall.

Burton’s summer snowboards lasted until Fall. The shopkeepers didn’t sponsor both of us. He stomps tables; does switch forward double back-flip 1260 tail grabs. They’re sick to watch. Camcorders follow him inverted; freeze up close on Oakley logos sported at Winter

X-Games. I can’t wait for “Crystal Winter,” his film. He damages streets. It shows him fall down—worst handrail wreck ever, shot by us fans. He should quit forever. I laugh in background after he slides backwards down the Watch Tower Rail, when his blindside-boardslide slips up.

I rolled promo footage of him throwing up teeth, on the forty first stair, last winter. Kids—groms—were stoked even more. The snowfall, the dump on our Mt. Hood home in the U.S., fetched Shaun to shred fresh pow with back to back seasons of satisfaction. Brosive won. I watch

out for him, rip with him, and help watch his asset’s multiply. Yay, ‘Oh for snows all up in our nasal. He won cars before signing winter contracts, letting me follow. Snowflakes fall on us like cash. With his Audi, I drive us to Four Seasons’s hot springs, where we kick back.

Presently, we’re in Dabos, on Alps’ lifts, back for four gold medals, more gold teeth. Watch me film his greatest wreck. He turns on up the volume at the Olympics with his first Winter run. White is put into first. I thought: *fall, Fall, FALL!* Solstice ale sprays like champagne above us.

Shaun rode it out, the ‘cork ten.’ Us, we’re back. I’m about to watch lil’ bro be raised up, carried, win winter medals with his ill fall.

Robert Donohue

Robert Donohue's poetry has appeared in *Measure*, *The Raintown Review*, *The Orchards*, *Better Than Starbucks* and *IthicaLit*. The Red Harlem Readers gave his verse play, *In One Piece*, a staged reading in 2014. He lives on Long Island NY.

Sci-Fi Marathon

It's New Year's Day so I am viewing
an endless round of *Twilight Zone*.
in every tale there's evil brewing
and in some things it finds a home.

Telly Savalas fears the babble
that's spoken by a baby doll.
(this doll's the spearhead of a rabble
whose goal it is to see men fall.)

Then a fortune telling thing-um
leaves William Shatner nearly dead.
(He could have guessed its will to zing him,
it sports a devil bobble head.)

Next is the bitter, living dummy
(show business sure has made him mean)
and in a way it's kind of funny:
look out, the vengeful slot machine!

The list of things grows ever slimmer
(the evil treadmill's Stephen King's)
I know the truth is even grimmer,
there is more evil than are things.

James B. Nicola

James B. Nicola's poetry has appeared in *TRNT* as well as in the *Antioch*, *Southwest*, *Green Mountains*, and *Atlanta Reviews*; *Barrow Street*; *Rattle*; *Tar River*; and *Poetry East*. His full-length collections are *Manhattan Plaza* (2014), *Stage to Page* (2016), *Wind in the Cave* (2017), *Out of Nothing: Poems of Art and Artists* (2018) and *Quickening: Poems from Before and Beyond* (2019). His nonfiction book *Playing the Audience* won a *Choice* award.

Unforgettables

The man who makes big bubbles in the park
told me he does it for the tips. And yet
when children see him do it, their eyes spark
right up with light I know they won't forget.
Every time I see the guy, I'll tease
him, Have you fit a little kid inside
yet? Just today, a three-year-old, with ease,
he'll say. My three-year-old, of course, will hide.

The man who moves the marionette is dark
but clad in colors like his marionette.
My daughter dances with them for a lark
and lights the world in ways I won't forget.

Mary Beth Hines

Following a long career as a project manager, Mary Beth Hines is an active participant in Boston area writing workshops. Her work has been, or will soon be published in journals such as *Blue Unicorn*, *The Galway Review*, *The Lake*, *The Lyric*, and *The Road Not Taken* among many others.

Before the Blizzard

Bundled mummies, we roam
the neighborhood,
a maze of frost-heaved roads,
woods, blank-eyed homes.

The blanched air clenches,
roils for release,
leaks the hoarfrost
fragrance of dry snow.

Salt sparks silver
over cracked asphalt.
We link hands
and crisscross skeins of ice.

Above, clouds shape shift sky
into old faces —
familiar, before they split
and spill, erase us.

Richard Wakefield

Richard Wakefield's first poetry collection, *East of Early Winters*, won the Richard Wilbur Award. His second collection, *A Vertical Mile*, was short-listed for the Poet's Prize. For over twenty-five years he was a literary critic for *The Seattle Times*. He holds a PhD in American literature and has taught college humanities for over forty years.

Verses on Mutability, with a Line from Ecclesiastes

I found a run-down storage shack that stood
where rows of fruit trees had been overrun,
hemmed in and held up by the cottonwood
and birch that shaded out the orchard's sun.

The hand-made keep-out sign was weather-streaked
in faded John Deere green and nailed askew
above the gaping door. The hinges creaked
but seemed to croak "come in" as I passed through.

The smell of leaves outside gave way inside
to dust, where spider webs had claimed the place;
now knots of moths and flies hung mummified
and danced, as silk strands broke across my face.

A winter storm had torn away a square
of roof, allowing sun and seeds to seize
the chance to plant an upstart forest there
of salal, grass, and gnarled, knee-high trees.

Men come and go but earth abides, they say,
and overgrows an orchard or a shack.
If I should go and come again some day
I'd find no trace of them. If I came back.

Richard Wakefield

To Market, to Market

At thirteen I was big enough to man
a truck at harvest time. It took strong arms
to steer the rutted gravel road that ran
to the railhead past a dozen miles of farms.
While smaller neighbor boys I knew were stuck
with children's chores even in their teens,
I pulled a cloud of dust behind my truck
and saw them pulling weeds and picking beans.
If you can swagger sitting down, I did.
I gunned the engine, shifted gears, and thought
I surely was the envy of any kid
bent double in his mother's garden plot.
A few short months I drove the countryside
perched high and mighty in a truck that bore,
whatever else, a bumper crop of pride
that I would never find a market for.

Mark Smith-Soto

Mark Smith-Soto's books include *Our Lives Are Rivers* (University Press of Florida, 2003), *Any Second Now* (Main Street Rag Publishing Co., 2006) and *Time Pieces* (Main Street Rag Publishing Co., 2015). *Fever Season: Selected Poetry of Ana Istarú* (2010) and *Berkeley Prelude: A Lyrical Memoir* (2013) were published by Unicorn Press. Awarded a 2006 NEA Fellowship in Creative Writing, he's had work in *Kenyon Review*, *Nimrod*, *Rattle*, *The Sun*, etc.

Memento Maury

The victim was *a saint*: no murky deed
blemished poor Maury's simple nights and days—
even as a boy, his family agreed,
he had a grin for all, a word of praise,

and soldiered through his simple nights and days
a model of how a man might lead a life
without big cars or bonuses or praise.
Maury loved work, his kids and his fine wife,

and modeled how a man might lead a life
designed to end righteously in bed, his pain
assuaged by doting children and fine wife—
and not *garroted in a gutter swept with rain!*

What did it mean? What tragic, secret pain
shadowed his path and led him, full of care,
to be *garroted in a gutter swept with rain*,
his perfectly tuned goodness silenced there?

Was he on a selfless mission to take care
of someone who despised his *great, good heart*
and repaid with death a debt he couldn't bear,
tearing the good Samaritan apart?

The cops, quite skeptical of great, good hearts,
suspected that *rough trade* had been involved,
in a neighborhood that tore Samaritans apart,
and so considered the conundrum solved.

But whatever might have been the trade involved,
the detectives on the case were all agreed
that if the murder's conundrum wasn't solved,
the real *mystery* that lingered was why the deed

Had left all who'd known Maury so *relieved*...

Mark Smith-Soto

A Bird

Do I have a bird? Of course I've a bird,
what a question. And I don't mean something
obscene, no matter what you may have heard,
I'm not like that. My bird can really sing

when it wants to, it can unfurl a note
so deep into the wind your soul can breathe
it in. If you've a soul, that is. Or float
a sigh into the heart of pure relief

so acorns rain down on the grass, and branches
lift. But the problem is, this bird I have
won't sing for me, not often—well, catch is,
it never has. Which is why you can laugh

at me and say, Face it, you've got no bird.
Which is simplistic, see? Totally absurd.

Robert J. Ward

Robert J. Ward is a retired high school teacher who has always lived in the Boston area. His current pursuits include choral music and genealogy. His work has appeared in *Plains Poetry Journal*, *The Road Not Taken*, *Off the Coast*, *The 3 Nations Anthology*, and others.

Visitors

Two minutes from the jam at that last light,
a cemetery's entrance on a still
afternoon, and look, perched upon a hill,
that's no domestic pooch off to our right.
Keep walking. Down this path. What stark delight
to see crows on those old gravestones and thrill
to their netherworldly cawing until,
with sudden rise, they flap out of our sight.

When Nature comes to startle city eyes
with conjured lone coyotes and wild birds,
and water towers like planets catch the late
sun rays, we might at such times recognize
the primal presences that predate words,
or wanderers just landed at our gate.

Robert Healy

Robert J. Ward is a retired high school teacher who has always lived in the Boston area. His current pursuits include choral music and genealogy. His work has appeared in *Plains Poetry Journal*, *The Road Not Taken*, *Off the Coast*, *The 3 Nations Anthology*, and others.

On hearing again Sidney Bechet's *Petite Fleur*

Why should something so in love with living
bring me this close to tears? And yet it does,
effortlessly, as though I were leaving
behind good friends who'd shared my breezy days
between childhood and becoming a man;
when time was like a tide that always full,
and what we were was what we would remain
forever, or until the heavens fell.

The music draws its breath from all it's lost,
and, whilst it plays, believes the past alive
and all the prisoners time held released,
to dance once more as though they'll never leave –
until that last long note runs out of air,
and drains our arms as empty as before.

Martin Elster

Martin Elster's career in music has influenced his fondness for writing metrical verse. He often alludes to the plants and creatures he encounters in both the woods and the city.

The Woolly Bear

Along a silvan lane, you spy a critter
creeping with a mission, a woolly bear
fattened on autumn flora. So you crouch,
noting her triple stripes: the middle ginger,
each end as black as space. Her destination
is some unnoticed nook, a sanctuary
to settle in, greet the fangs of frost,
then freeze, wait winter out — lingering, lost
in dreams of summer, milkweed, huckleberry.
Though she's in danger of obliteration
by wheel or boot, your fingers now unhinge her.
She bends into a ball of steel. No "ouch"
from bristles on your palm as you prepare
to toss her lightly to the forest litter.

She flies in a parabola, and lands
in leaves. Though she has vanished, both your hands
hold myriad tiny hairs, a souvenir
scattered like petals. When this hemisphere
turns warm again, she'll waken, thaw, and feast
on shrubs and weeds (the bitterer the better)
then, by some wondrous conjuring, released
from larval life. At length she will appear
a moth with coral wings — they'll bravely bear
her through a night of bats or headlight glare,
be pulverized like paper in a shredder,
or briefly flare in a world that will forget her.

Martin Elster

At Dusk (*Corvus brachyrhynchos*)

Just before dark, the dark shapes come,
winging between apartment blocks,
rasping in discordant keys
between the naked maples, flocks
of formlessness, each flapping from
some further tracery of trees.

The rabble shriek, as if in battle,
en route to their roost to sleep away
the cold. Swooping across each lawn
and rooftop, ravenous for prey,
winter's talons aim to rattle
hollow bones until the dawn.

Most head southeast, some head northwest,
or ensconce themselves in the little stand
of hardwoods beyond my windows. The gale
whistles its airs across the land,
testing all creatures, however dressed —
in fur or feathers. Some will fail,

even those with coats like night.
While on my walk today, I found
three frozen in an empty lot.
Those coal-black snowflakes ranging around
the city through the slanting light
don't give their fallen any thought.

Or, if they do, how might it show?
They stain the sky, flying, crying,
champions at not colliding —
murderous birds not keen on dying —
with a cryptic script I'll never know,
streaking, scribbling, heaven-writing.

Donald Carlson

Donald Carlson lives and works in North Central Texas. Some of his poems have appeared in *Windhover*, *The Lost Country*, *The Pawn Review*, *Chronicles*, *The Society of Classical Poets* website, and *Poetry Dallas*, *Depth Insights*, and *Phenomenal Literature*. In 2015, he collaborated on a volume of poetry with two friends and fellow poets, Timothy Donohue and Dennis Patrick Slattery. The joint collection, *Road Frame Window*, was published by Mandorla Press.

Easter Morning

The preaching of the sermon's taking longer
than the reading of the Passion did last week
and that went on forever, Lord, the flesh is weak—
and Father's ranted on now fully half an hour
holding forth from the pulpit—his little ivory tower—
while in the pews the faithful are shifting cheek to cheek
trying to be attentive—Blessed are the meek.
Hang on, sisters, brothers, this can only make us stronger.
Outside it's calm and brilliant. Morning's semi-glossed
with skies of indigo, with wisps of white above
the joy of Resurrection revives the earth with bliss—
of all that Father preaches the payoff comes to this—
that nothing we've held high or lifted up in love—
no matter how great or small—can ever be lost.

Allen Ireland

Allen Ireland's work has been published in Candelabrum, *The Lyric*, *Blue Unicorn*, and *The Road Not Taken*. His first book of poems, *Loners and Mothers*, was published by Cherry Grove Collections in 2017.

Holy Book

A book to him is like a woman who's
Above him, sacrosanct, mysterious—
A siren or a virgin or a queen
That he will never open, crack or touch.

He hears the title of a work of fiction
And goes all quiet. For it's often true
That men who cannot read the hallowed pages
Have more respect for them than those who do.

Dave Crocco

Dave is a Vietnam-era veteran who graduated from the University of Pittsburgh in 1974. He has had poems published in *The Lyric*, *The Word* and *Better Than Starbucks* magazines. His novel, *Of Honor and Dishonor* (America House) was published in 2002.

The Puppet Show

after Rupert Brooke

In the dark, when people have gone away,
puppets think deeply, in their wooden way,
about what lies beyond the foot-lit floor,
when they are carried through the Exit Door.
The puppets say there's a Great Puppet Hall
where there are no strings, no restraints at all!
Puppets dance and sing without tugs from above,
since the Grand Puppeteer guides them with Love.
No one puts words in their wooden mouths;
no one compels them to amble or shout.
The Great Puppet Hall is blissfully sweet;
thus puppets describe the Heaven they'll meet.
Though a creed made by heads that are hollow,
it is as good as any to follow.

Dave Crocco

Kandahar

I was a gunner in Afghanistan
who, suddenly, it seemed, became a man
in a country I scarcely knew existed
for, when duty called, a boy enlisted.

My unit deployed with the First Marines
to Kandahar in the fall of '03.
To my surprise the war was seldom clear—
the uncertain friend was our constant fear.

Though some say the doomed in wars are fated
still, that dark day, I wish that I had waited.
Just south of Kandahar a herder died
counted as an accident by our side.

Uncounted was the cost that was his life:
perhaps a son, some goats, a grieving wife.
But to keep it from happening again
in future wars you must send gods, not men.

Earl Huband

A Taste of the Village Marketplace

In the *souk* the flies are everywhere.
They feed and feed on the sticky dates.

And the way they circle, gathering
at the mouth and nose of that young child,
just sitting there. The little children
make no effort to swat them away.

I think it must be the heat. The heat
saps the will to resist, wears it down.

I myself get used to the flies, flies
on the arms, on the legs, in the hair.
But the face — I can't forget the face.

Theresa Rodriguez

Theresa Rodriguez is the author of six books, including *Jesus and Eros: Sonnets, Poems and Songs* (Bardsinger Books, 2015) *Sonnets* (Bardsinger Books, 2019) and *Longer Thoughts* (Shanti Arts, 2020). She is a contributing member of the Society of Classical Poets. Her website is www.bardsinger.com.

Petrarchan Sonnet

A most intimidating form for me,
because I come to it in ignorance;
and I am hoping that there is a chance
that I can do it justice justfully.
I wish to honor Petrarch reverently,
respecting the conventions, if perchance
I can create in noble circumstance
a thing to challenge intellectually.

In all creative bravery I come,
with courage thus in crafting something new;
I push and work and mold, endeavoring,
producing something then, that can become
so good and lovely, novel, rich and true:
the best that all my faculties can bring.