

SALT and Chance

By Frank DIAMOND

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes...*

Diamond's on the souls of our shoes—stuck like toilet paper. Complete reversal: If he is writing in verse in 'Anxiety Dreams,' it is tough to appreciate the line breaks; but, you know, it flows. It is a most sacred recitation of the symptoms of separation. (Perhaps, the most touching piece I have ever been invited to read.) "...Whispering it's OK, that I am here and nothing's / Ever going to hurt her. I would save her / That broken promise..." He pulls at heartstrings with this pathos to be hamstrung by his bathos, "As I drag our trash / To the edge of our drive / Orange streaks our dawn / In our fortunate sky..." 'Go find a new partner / the ol' one's not who you long for.' But before you stray, frankly, read Diamond today: "I've grown some foibles, true." Roving romantics either suffocate, or leave you breathless... there's little to choose—"You make me smile / Come lie with me / For just a while" Man-boys are such rogues... still, set your eyes on what he has to say. (To maintain poet's spacing each poem is on its own page. Please scroll down.)

Salt

A poem by

Frank Diamond

Oh Modest Goddess
Let's spill the tea
Kick up them tunes
Dance close to me
Oh Godless Goddess
Don't make the bed
Our culture's caving
Our soul's unfed
Please salt the deal
When you have time
I salt the still
You salt the vine
I salt the well
You salt the line
I salt the how
You salt the why
I salt the scream
You salt the sigh
I salt the scene
You salt the high
Oh Modest Goddess
You make me smile
Come lie with me
For just a while

Chance

a poem by

Frank Diamond

I sing the body electric
With whatever soul I've got
I sing of what comes after
I sing of what comes not
Hark! The Herald of the Trite!
Only cash accepted here
Detoured by subjective plight
Around which it's tough to steer
My God does not forsaken
When mourning greets despair
The void that won't be shaken
Is just daring you to stare
And if He doesn't just exist
Then nothing's all that matters
Where marks the stand for martyrdom?
Where marks the dark surrender?
So, let's sing the body electric
That springs from happenstance
Let's sing the everlasting
Let's sing the Lord of Chance

THE POET SPEAKS...

"Salt" was inspired by the excitement of finding someone to love after having been widowed and resigned to never again having that connection to another human being. I was influenced by Leonard Cohen's approach to song lyrics/poetry. The sort of short, staccato sentences that do a lot of the heavy emotional lifting in what's left unsaid.

"Chance" evokes the eternal search for life's meaning. Is life simply chance or is there a design and (by implication) a designer? And if God doesn't exist, does "Chance" exist in a way that we should pay it some sort of homage? Exactly what is chance or luck? "Chance" examines what Walt Whitman celebrates—life—and why it's worth celebrating.

AUTHOR BIO: My poem, "Labor Day," was nominated for a Pushcart Prize Award. My short stories have appeared in *RavensPerch*, *Insider*, *Kola: A Black Literary Magazine*, *Dialogal*, *Madras Mag*, *Reverential Magazine*, the *Examined Life Journal*, *Into the Void*, *Empty Sink*

Publishing, Zodiac Review, The Fictional Cafe and the Fredericksburg Literary & Art Review, among many other publications. I have had poetry published in Philadelphia Stories, Fox Chase Review, Deltona Howl, Artifact Nouveau, Black Bottom Review, and Feile-Festa. I live in Langhorne, Pa.