

Jambalaya (plus) (+) + Tw0 (2) others

By Gerry Fabian

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes.. G. Fabian just might be one of my favourite H. Sapiens. "It begins with a mutual recipe. / An amorous respect of the ingredients... You as shrimp, me as chicken - / becoming an atmospheric Andouille sauce." Next: "Several solemn / shameless sisters...swallow sunshine / speaking slaughter... sucking swollen / sticky secrets." And that is just the half of it—"pretty poison." And, just read 'Exhorting Exaltations,' no sense me quoting the whole thing...(Spacing poet's own.)*

Jambalaya On Venus

It begins with a mutual recipe.
An amorous respect of the ingredients.
Heat the pure pheromones in a vessel
of hot oil and perfumed sofrito.
The sulfuric rings spice sensation.
You as shrimp, me as chicken -
becoming an atmospheric Andouille sauce.
Season with aromatic spices.
Simmer - simmer - simmer.

Actual Artifacts

I.

Several solemn
shameless sisters
desire driven
dealing dirty;
swallow sunshine
speaking slaughter
dancing danger
drinking dead dreams

II

Several solemn
shameless sisters
sucking swollen
sticky secrets.
Devil daughters
dripping darkness
dashing desire
driving demons

III

Several solemn
shameless sisters
I've ingested
pretty poison.

Exhorting Exaltations

Like the televangelist
on the Sunday morning channel
or
the raging southern Baptist
humid July tent preacher.
the woman in the apartment
next to mine
praises the Lord
with such unabashed fervor,
I've gained a grudging respect for
her
husband.

THE POET SPEAKS...

The poem "Jambalaya On Venus" was inspired while I was watching a cooking show about New Orleans' cuisine. As I watched, I realized the ingredients could be metaphors for the elements of love. The actual writing of the poem was done rather quickly but the title eluded me. I tried several before I hit on the idea of Venus which

would render this love as interplanetary.

“Actual Artifacts” started out as an exercise of playing with “S” and “D” words. I suddenly found a theme developing and knew exactly how I wanted to end the poem. I went through a lot of word combinations before I found what I was searching for. The addition of the writer in the third stanza gives the poem authenticity. I try these writing exercises when I am blocked. Eventually I find something that interests me as a writer.

The poem, “Exhorting Exaltations” is an attempt at mild humor based on the actual experience of living in an apartment building with very thin walls. My next-door neighbors were very plain and rather standoffish. However, late in the evening they “let their hair down” so to speak. I believe I am not the only person to experience this. It seemed like a good idea for a poem.

AUTHOR BIO: Gerry Fabian is an internationally published poet and novelist. He has published four books of his published poems, *Parallels*, *Coming Out Of The Atlantic*, *Electronic Forecasts* and *Ball On The Mound*. In addition, he has published three novels : Getting Lucky (The Story), Memphis Masquerade, and Seventh Sense. His web page is <https://rgerryfabian.wordpress.com>
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