

(numbers) #'s

1

3

thirty !!30!!

for-tee₃

7 -e-v-e-n-t-y-y-y-y

the same + 2



OMG!

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WHY I LIKE IT: Guest Editor GERALD WILSON writes...

I like the haiku-like compression of these poems: no wasted words! Of course, we know that language divides the actual, the real, the unity of the whole. Language creates its own reality but language, because it's thought, can never hold reality. The true paradox, is a result of thought; the search for a way to express reality is a block to the understanding of totality. The word is not the thing it describes or names. This idea is expressed in poem # 43. It is only when the tumor is given a name that Bob wants to kill you. Right on.

1.

I saw our grandmother curse and rage on her death bed. This points to the contrast, the irony in the culture's dysfunction of what constitutes a 'good life'. I like your question 'does the saint not die to waken?' This certainly underscores the idea that the self must die to all that is known to achieve wholeness.

#3.

Spiritual tradition suggests that repetition of something puts it on the level of love and devotion, gives it a sense of immortality.

#30.

I like your diction and rhyming which gives it a pattern of music and sound, but as John observes, the art and the person of Iris is only another creative form that will be erased by change. Her present descent into dementia is a symbol of, or metaphor, of this impermanence.

#70.

A matter of a living being unsuited to its environment: in the wrong place at the wrong time. The stranger in a strange land. The story of the alien. Perhaps 'is' is unnecessary. More compression. 'His tongue in ribbons'. The linking verb 'to be' doesn't have force and emphasis in showing rather than telling, which it does rather weakly. It links but doesn't do it's job in showing action.

72 & # 92

Both poems celebrate the idea of the beautiful male. # 72—the golden, adorable, statuesque form, soon to be gone. The naked, playful experience of two males enjoying each other. # 92—again, the celebration, almost worship of the black beauty. But again, the narrator makes the point that words, thought, language can never express that raw, wild energy of beauty and form. Thought is stable, frozen but what we are in actuality is dynamic, an expression of the universe. The conceptual mind can't stop the me from dying each moment.

Sincerely with affection. Oh what conversations we could have!

Five stars

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

PROLOGUE: Inviting your friend Vincent to lunch one afternoon, you casually ask, 'So what did you get up to this morning?' 'Not much,' he replies. 'I was messing with some night-sky colours, scattered some star-swirls across it and sketch in a little village at the bottom, just passing the time really...Hopefully I'll come up with something tomorrow and just paint over it. A poet-by-numbers, here we find Mister Pinch in distinctly varied pieces. In '#1' we embrace the matter of peacefully sleeping sinners and restless saints. What cheek has seen such tongue? '#3' for me, speaks of the unbroken circles of love in life cycles. To Follow we find '#30 For Iris Murdock (1919-1999) novelist, her dissipation through dementia,' "...exit spirit, exit art / just words on a page." Who would dare choose to forfeit mystery for clarity? It's not easy to quote Pinch's quilted works of verse out of context. Here are some unrelatable themes and gems: A tumor named Bob, "mallards paddling" and "carp droppings." Echos pressed in pages, placeholders as faces, picture books of musings and diaries in deed. "Bill Luker and I hosed / each other down / with our urine" "Alexander / is a / panther... his holy Eritrean / as polished

obsidian..." "We were aglow with sweat and our bodies glittered like diamonds. / Breath roared from our fires like music..." Forsaken overpainted scenes and unread lines lie in between. As Wilde was once rumoured to have said, 'Be yourself, everyone else is already taken.'

Five stars

#'s 1, 3, 30, 43, 70, 72, 86, 92 & 97

By

Charles Pinch

#1

For Gary Lowe, Director of Decorative Arts at Ritchie's Auction house in TO. He died of AIDS.

My gentle Christian grandmother

in the delirium of death

raged and cursed like a drunkard.

A dear friend,

who

lived what some call

a profane life,

died

with a smile on his lips.

In this I see a moral and a question.

If peaceful sleep sometimes

awaits the sinner,

does the saint not die to waken?

Written in the Chinese poetry style of the Qing Dynasty Qianlong Emperor (1736-1795).

#3

For Frances—a love poem.

Moment by moment

Over and over

Time after time

Again and again

#30

For Iris Murdock (1919-1999) novelist, her dissipation through dementia

Iris Murdock

withering sad

sat thru her

interview at Negev University

fetching words

obscurely clad

voices in rows

Has the woman gone mad?

Damesmith, wordsmith
flicks the dial
of her TV set
to watch an American cartoon
sustains her trial
of words' denial
magician redefined
by lost magic's style.

John Bailey
utterly rages
because he beholds her
tragic depletion day by day
defrocked in stages
his smiling sage
exit spirit, exit art
just words on a page.

#43

My body's grown a tumor.
I've given it a name.
One day Bob will kill me.
Isn't it a shame?

#70

‘2018’

Only quarreling mallards paddling through oil,
their beaks on fire from the noon sun.

Carp dropping glassy scales pushing through sludge,
mistaking wires for worms. The stranger in the conflicted land
stutters as he speaks—

His tongue is in ribbons.

#72

TIME AGO

Naked as our
shared sun

Bill Luker and I hosed

each other down

with our urine

Homeric firemen

quenching the thirst

of burning Troy.

In the citadel of ghosts Priam wails:

“O Ye who turn the wheel and look to windward,
consider young Luker, once handsome and bronzed as you.”

#86

It’s hopeless.

I just can't
walk past you
without
exclamation.
So here it is:

!

#92

Alexander
is a
panther
under the shower
and I could extoll
his holy Eritrean
as polished obsidian
or deeply moving jet
but these are
words
and there are
no words
to describe him.

#97

...we chanted into the crystal night

Hare Krishna! Hare Krishna!

Krishna! Krishna!

Hare! Hare!

We were aglow with sweat and our bodies glittered like diamonds...

...breath roared from our fires like music...

THE POET SPEAKS: *Unlike my fiction, I look upon my poetry as private writing, not to be shared with the world at large—intimate scribbles intended for only for the hearts I have chosen. In all the time I've been writing I've only published 5 and have mixed feelings about posting the ones you just read. But certain people close to me in a manner most persuasive thought I should and so I relented. No notes, really. My poems—every single one of them—are intuitive. They most often descend upon me in the middle of the night when the body sleeps and the mind burns. They are already finished in my head and when I wake up, I write them down. That's it. No fussing, no mulling over imagery, concept or the compulsion to ornament. Sometimes I write one poem a year, sometimes three in a day. I never know how it's going to unfold. I am in no hurry to publish any more. I want to specially thank Gerald and Hez for their comments.*

AUTHOR BIO: Charles Pinch cofounded FOTD with Tom Ball in December 2019. He has degrees in fine art and philosophy and lives in La-La Land.