

FIVE POEMS

By Nicholas North

WHY WE LIKE IT: Poetry Editor Hezekiah writes...*Have a quick look and take your time. Grow sideways like Daphne was obliged to be sideward—being a tree nymph is not all it's cracked up to be—but it's North's deep reach into the crucible of summer, the holy green vat that swallows us with heat. A FOX camouflaged with 'a slip of flash and mud'—earth and fire creates us all. A homicidal tumor named BOB. LOVE in the infinite...reaching out to a lost companion only to discover....? Cerebral physical poems that fluoresce ionically my ionic ions. H.S.*

SUMMER

Joe, when I say I want
to get lost in the green
what I mean is to climb
into the experience...
To grow not up, older,
Sideways but into—
like you grow into a body.
Like Daphne grew into a tree.

FOX

Why should the fox be?
A slip of flash and mud.
Existentially charged
And

Landing with a

Thud!

HE AND ME

My body's grown a tumor.

I've given it a name.

One day Bob will kill me.

Isn't it a shame?

LOVE POEM

Moment to moment

Over and over

Time after time

Again and again

DOG, INFINITY...

On a hill with Blackie

The universe spins around me

In perfect pitch.

The music of the spheres is

Is the sound of

Exploding atoms.

So silent. So still.

Even if I reach for it

My arms are

Miles

Too

Long.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *Qualunque.*

BIO: *See Nick North's '4 Fixions & 5 Lines' in Issue 4 Fiction.*