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.