

THE TRACK

By Neil Flory

Poetry Editor writes: I adore Flory's wordplay in this piece. Here is hoping the assonance is contagious.

the track

all on the old track but then it *cracked* chuckled
the slap-happy red-faced old man *went*
all to trash and uselessness yet once my slip forward *oh*
the muck but watching watching the
crack for sudden open thoroughfares wait the cypress
trees *it's the trees* stabbing upside down the egrets dancing
flailing frantic up (down) my nostrils the dank
algae-crusted tunnels to yawning caverns drill eleventh
reiteration into the soft core into
the other side of the, *long-ago palaces*
once from the moment
to come

-Neil Flory

THE POET SPEAKS: Poetry is a vehicle for Truth, and Truth is what the world needs. When Truth voices itself, then, the hearer must channel it into the world. When I become the conduit, how could I possibly justify any choice other than channeling? And so I write poems because I must.

Poems find their way to my consciousness from anywhere and everywhere—I have encountered them in thick pine forests, while driving on busy interstates, while standing in line at the grocery store. They spring from any of the million layers of inner and outer experience, and from the countless points of intersection therein. Each poem has its own backstory, its own personality, motivations, priorities, and idiosyncrasies. Could I really expect anything resembling uniformity among them, then, in light of life's infinite variety? And so I am eclectic, swearing no particular allegiance to any aesthetic paradigm or school of thought, but instead listening, without agenda, only to the poem in my presence.

I am also driven to listen to Truths in the poetry of others, and here I am similarly unshackled, constantly reading poets old and new, famous and unknown, of any style or none in particular. My unquenchable thirst for poems and poets that I've never read burns just as keenly as my thirst for poems that I haven't yet written.

I find life bursting with revelations and discoveries. To channel the Truths that voice themselves to me has been a deep and consuming need for some four decades. I'm only too grateful that the joyous work continues to seek me out.

AUHTOR'S BIO: *The beaches of Texas and Florida and the heavily wooded lakeshores of New York State have long been places where poems have emerged from the ocean or trees and introduced themselves to me, like old friends met for the first time. Another old friend is the piano, who often speaks to me in long afternoons of improvisation or slow notations leading to a composition of one sort or another. Some of these poetic and musical musings have found themselves published, the former in various journals such as Down in the Dirt, Eye on Life Magazine, Cokefish, Alternative Press Magazine, and Mind Matters Review. When not by the lakeshore or at the piano, I find myself spending time teaching music and overseeing the music program at Jamestown Community College, in Western New York State.*