

TRENCHES & Five (5) others...

By Joe **B**isicchia

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... I find Mister Bisicchia mystically uplifting, "...blind / as a cave of oilbirds, and yet get by. / Despite the darkness, the sonar in our spirit sings..." Oilbirds, the diabolin (French for "little devil" suggestive of their tortured cry). Their features and aspect, like an old souls, as I imagine Joe; the avian is one of the few species directly, and most closely, ascending from dinosaurs, Theropoda, like T-Rex. As children, how is it so many our possessed of a fascination for the prehistoric? As in later life a preponderance of similar simple minds (we and us) become avid birdwatchers. It is the one club I belong to, if you can call it that. And there is not a single, aged member—devoted to ornithology—that was not a fiend for dinosaurs in their evolving infancy. I know what you're thinking... What a colossal prattling, fecking digression. You could take away his keyboard and he'd still be tapping away ('til pill time) at something moot—but at least the mook would be mute. Back to Bisicchia and all his lustrous lines: "May we never forget what a heart is for." "She smiles a facade in breeze and speaks of things." Lo, so lofty praising for such soaring phrasing: "This is the time of saints and terrorists, and those awaiting awakening." "Scratch the surface of a soul and may you not see Satan in your fingernail." "Speak to me like I am selfish like you love my dream / as if all streets do not concern you as much as mine." To think you poor bastards had to skip all that shit about dinosaurs and bird watching to get to this...(Spacing & format is poet's own.)*

Trenches

We burrow deep in the darkness, blind
as a cave of oilbirds, and yet get by.
Despite the darkness, the sonar in our spirit sings

subsequent flight through the nocturnal drape.
Lines we have written, like poems soon forgotten.
May we never forget what a heart is for.

We burrow deep in the darkness, blind
if only to save the mind
and in it somehow find time, rhythm, maybe rhyme,

to set aside all that doesn't matter.
Life is what it is when guided by faith, walking the light
despite all the darkness.

If only to hold together a soul, as if a soul can be held,
as if anyone can be that way whole.

What may truly matter while we are a world at war?

May we never forget what a heart is for.

If only to hold us together, and in some way surrender.

As if a sunrise upon the earth reaches at the line,

we burrow deep in the darkness, blind
and into the heart and mind for us to remember.

And yet, so much darkness instead. But even then,

even like Milton's daughter, will someone give pen

so that paradise lost is no longer blind but written?

Even if a forgotten place, there is more than the mind.

After all, what is a heart for?

To make heaven of earth, despite the darkness,

refulgent light within the cave of oilbirds.

countenance

Going to the night, all this space awaits. This space, this face at mine.

At its edge, the cyclone fence is like teeth. Sign is posted and posed,
its lettering with a frown nonetheless but maybe a surface only afraid,

maybe mean, maybe a sphinx wishing to level in an instant a guillotine
rather than simply a warming hello or a long linear defense. It rattles.

She smiles a facade in breeze and speaks of things. If only I could read

her language, but I can dream, and allow myself to believe in my dreams.

Maybe we live in the bleakest night of hell, but there are holes to be seen
under so many stars, signs of peace, a sweeping smile on a familiar face.

Such a grace might be the most powerful thing in the world. Somehow
seems we overlook the icons of our day, the lone happy face, and then
stare at the long teeth of a roaring lion, but only when it is fast asleep.

Prisoner of War

This is the time of saints and terrorists, and those awaiting awakening.
Cold metal cage holds in the heart as every knight shivers.

Scratch the surface of a soul and may you not see Satan in your fingernail.
Somewhere instead, see desperate need to fill what is so very empty
deep within this grazed grail for everyone, and then ready to be released.

Scratch the surface of a soul and may you see indeed all that is of paradise.
May we not hide God in us unseen so very deep under our cold armor,
but free and wide as the sun, and at the face, for there we are, each.

Am I as you?

Yes, I am as you.

Your Fireflies

For your eyes, Day has made your fireflies.
Sun has stacked such tiny tanks as Day falls asleep,
inspiring them to be what they do in darkness deep,
and somehow speak.

Knight, appreciate Light for enabling this for these,
and for all those who have such needs.
Distinctive stars help the world endure bleakest wars,
each a sword cutting through the dark with spark,
not to eviscerate or to explode but to glow.

Do so as well, oh Knight, and withstand the Night,
not with sorrow or fear, but with invigorating fire.
And not with fire that cuts down, but enlightens.

Light delights. With such grace.

Sun seems hidden, but finds a way to remain,
and is gloriously seen in this glimmer and glitter
until its face fully rises again.

With acceptance in what you can now be,
go forth into the deep darkness,
and find fire in your fireflies, even if only within.

Fake News

Alert me of imposters who are counterfeiting rings,
the storytellers distressing all human beings deleteriously.
And as for you, veer from those big words I rather not hear.
I like comfortable magazines, and reading comfortably.

Tell me how my personal street may be paved in gold.
Maybe you can share surefire details via YouTube.
And like a lonely bug to a light, I am sold.
See, I may even buy a carcinogen from you

if I then own contentment of asphalt so to be never old.
And, listen to me right—regarding that glittering street,
make me somehow sense it was just as I foreseen.
No potholes, no cracks, no gum to the feet, just clean.

Speak to me like I am selfish like you love my dream

as if all streets do not concern you as much as mine.
And I will be sold. Our partnered victory.
See how easy it is to melt all that is filled with gold.

Unless I know better, wise enough no matter how young
or old to dig deeper into the soul and roll away the stone.

THE POET SPEAKS: *When I write poetry, such as these works, I just want to be an instrument for others to see their lives as poetry. Poetry is spiritual breathing. It comes forth from within, and because of that it is somehow connected wider to all that is, and all that ever was.*

Creativity is human. Creativity is of the divine. It is interwoven with timelessness. It unites us all with purpose, as if a portal from the present to forever. It centers upon all that we eternally are. Every one of us has this gift, if only open to it. Every single one of us. It is beyond words, but is indeed breath. It is something flowing from within. Deep in the DNA. Intertwined with all that is life, from Creation, somehow connecting us all as one. No one should deny this reality for themselves, or any other.

What inspires me most to write poetry is what inspires me to live. Relationship with God. Knowing that means oneness with all life, no matter how difficult that can be. Knowing Scripture as always contemporary. And realizing awareness of mercy, despite all our mistakes. And so, I strive to write poems like this, expressing this journey we share together, all of us. Hope you might see that in these poems and all the poems I write. But ultimately, I hope we all can live our poetry, now, as lives intermingled in majesty.

AUTHOR'S BIO: Joe Bisicchia writes of our shared dynamic. An Honorable Mention recipient for the Fernando Rielo XXXII World Prize for Mystical Poetry, his works have appeared in numerous publications with over 150 poems published. His website is www.JoeBisicchia.com.

The works of Joe Bisicchia have or will soon appear in:

Underwood Press, Thimble Magazine, Plath Poetry Project, White Wall Review, The Concrete Desert Review, pacificREVIEW, A&U, America's AIDS Magazine, Triggerfish Critical Review, Assisi, Anatolios Magazine, Claw & Blossom, The Avocet, Willawaw, Rabid Oak, Noctua, Revue Post, Aji Magazine, Other People's Flowers, Chronogram Magazine, The Paragon Press, Sentinel Literary Quarterly, Dark Wood, PKA Publications, Writing Knights Press, Gimmick Press, The Wire's Dream Magazine, FIVE:2:ONE, Vox Poetica, Hobo Camp, Junto Magazine, Mannequin Haus, The Bookends Review, Glass: Facets of Poetry, Entropy, Linden Avenue Literary Journal, Encircle Publications, Anti-Heroin Chic, Punch Drunk Press, Edify, Fourth & Sycamore, Philadelphia Stories, Muse-Pie Press, unFold, Coldnoon, Qua Magazine, The Tipton Poetry Journal, Time of Singing, Torrid Literature Journal, Diversion Press, The Wax Paper, The Path, The Poet's Haven, Sheepshead Review, Verse-Virtual, Balloons Lit. Journal, Kitty Litter

Press, The Inflectionist Review, Black Heart Magazine, Dark Matter Journal, Poets Collectives Anthologies, Poetic Matrix Press and others.