

FoR 4...4...4...4 (4)={quattro}Po4mS...4...4

By Matt BorczoN..... .

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

*Matt Borczon captures an evocative atmosphere in his expressions. He is each concise, considerable, bracingly original and writes with a rousing vitality. Give him a read. He is difficult to quote because his lines are one and two words so I'd be thrashing and slashing, dotting and dashing and slowing the flow of the rose upon rows*

**What I learned in the last war**

I read  
on a  
Facebook  
comment  
that someone  
likes to  
think that  
death respects  
the game

but all  
I learned  
in the  
last war  
was that  
death respects  
no one

and you  
can see  
it in

the dead  
cold eyes  
of soldiers

as you  
put them  
inside a  
plastic bag.

### **Beach glass and shark teeth**

The new  
thing for  
vacationer's  
is to  
sift through  
ocean sand  
looking for  
fossilized  
shark teeth  
huge ebony  
teeth of  
the Megalodon

it is  
the new  
version of  
searching for  
beach glass  
old teeth  
and broken  
bottles made  
more interesting  
and valuable  
by time  
and water

I stand  
waist deep  
on the  
Jersey shore  
and wonder  
is such  
a thing  
is possible

for something  
as old  
and broken  
as me.

## **Redemption**

I never  
met a  
stripper who  
saved all  
her money  
and went  
back to  
college

I never  
met the  
cheater who  
was finally  
changed by  
the love  
of a good  
woman

I watch  
my alcoholic  
friends fall  
off the wagon  
every few  
years most  
never climb  
back on

after ten  
years of  
therapy  
medication and  
counselling  
most of us  
vets are  
still sick  
or dead

once a  
thief always

a thief  
is true  
at least  
in my world

and all  
the self  
made men  
I ever  
met were  
older than  
my grandfather

the truly  
saved truly  
healed the  
recovered for  
the rest  
of their  
lives are  
the kinds  
of things  
you only  
see on TV

and redemption  
is too  
pretty a  
word for  
all of  
us just  
trying to  
climb out  
of the holes  
life and  
our own  
choices pushed  
us down  
in.

## **Legacy**

When  
birds  
fall  
from  
trees

with  
broken  
wings  
when  
the  
last  
polar  
bear  
has  
starved  
and  
it's  
skeleton  
is  
bleached  
by  
the  
sun  
when  
the  
last  
poem  
is  
written  
and  
every  
poem  
forgotten  
when  
the  
world  
forgets  
how  
to  
sing  
how  
to  
hope  
I  
will  
still  
only  
believe  
that  
I  
was  
ever  
really

here  
at  
all  
because  
I  
loved  
you  
(For my children)

**THE POET SPEAKS:** *My writing is a form of self-therapy; diagnosed with PTSD in 2014 after my time in the war I tried medication, therapy alcohol, and anything else I could find to try to tell my story to myself often enough to be not so surprised or hurt by it. I write to chase the ghosts out of my head, sometimes it works.*

**AUTHOR BIO:** Matthew Borczon lives and writes in Erie, Pa. He has published 15 books of poetry and publishes widely in the small press. He is the assistant editor of the Rust Belt review. He is married with four children.