

"pointed>>>>> toward dim *light*"

and

"On turning>>>>

32" {!!!}

*By Tohm Bakelas*

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... Here are two poems by Tohm Bakelas that vary so entirely in style. There is something strangely preternaturally eerie about "pointed toward dim light," "the last breath of the / last ghost who drank / from the glass can be seen..." And, in "On turning 32"...nothing quite like purposeless introspection in the abstract: "Five months and three days ago / i gave up balancing my checkbook," "Perseverating on mourning / doves once served a purpose" and "Kill the lights / and find religion in a paper bag." ahhh, inspired...(spacing and caps are poet's own)HS*

### "pointed toward dim light"

the last breath of the  
last ghost who drank  
from the glass can be seen,

the last stain of life  
from cracked lips  
upon the edge  
proving an existence,

wiped away with  
a soapy rag

here, even ghosts die too.

### “On turning 32”

Five months and three days ago  
i gave up balancing my checkbook,  
the bills like the poems come and  
go. Memories aren't what they  
used to be either, retreating inward  
hasn't felt very good for a long time.  
There comes a point when the  
abstract holds no value and all meaning  
is lost. Perseverating on mourning  
doves once served a purpose. Seek  
shade in the coming days, there's rain  
in the forecast—i can feel it. Kill the lights  
and find religion in a paper bag.

**THE POET SPEAKS...***Typically my poems are inspired by things I experience and observe, it's always been this way. I'm not very good at making things up. I've gone through a lot of dry spells because of this. I also try to laugh at the odds, make light of serious situations, and I believe that is portrayed in my poems. My literary influences include: Kurt Vonnegut, Charles Bukowski, William Wantling, Everette Maddox, Li Po, Du Fu, Mick Guffan, Richard Brautigan,*

*Williams Carlos Williams, Kent Taylor etc. Without these mad dogs I'd still be lost wondering what else is out there. Poetry is important, not just for me, but for the world. It's a true snapshot into an event, a window into madness, love, pain, etc. I write poems for no one but myself. Anyone who does it for someone else is full of shit.*

**AUTHOR BIO:** Tohm Bakelas is a social worker in a psychiatric hospital. He was born in New Jersey, resides there, and will die there. His poems have appeared in numerous journals, zines, and online publications. He has published 10 chapbooks. He runs Between Shadows Press.