

dispatch >>> from pur Gatorly + {plus} 3 = thre

by RC *deWinter*

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... de Winter's has done it again...as autumn falls on Fleas, issue ten. While we forage ahead in order to hibernate, she's assaulting us with her spicy solstice verse, grating, rasping and grinding like a seasoned pepper pot. I just think she's de Lightfully, wistfully twisted. The sometime-songstress is mesmerizingly melodic; let's play her where she lays: "time was with a tease and a smile / whoever i wanted was mine" Now... "my party dress tattered and torn" And... "my dancing shoes shabby and worn" Next, 'dispatch from purgatory,' the gist of her writing is jaded... but the words are diamonds and pearls. It is such a charming, unmasking, exposé of love's disenchantment, discontent and disillusion as desolation and dissolution rise from the depth and scatter over the surface: "when we sit for dinner there are no orchestras / having exhausted every topic of interest long ago / we languish in a parliament of silence" Don't miss a word of 'trivial pursuits' RC has to be wholly experienced. I can't find a line not worth quoting, won't do it just us. The woman is pure trouble: Our mistress of misandry? Medusa chanteuse? ...insisting if one X chromosome is good, somehow two must be bitter [sic]. 'shredding secrets' brilliantly shares and may spark one's bi-curiosity, "straddling the murky plot between / girly-girl and dyke." "Given my countless failures / in love's bloody arena with men," "All this notwithstanding, / I am hardwired for hetero." ...She also has a line of designer apparel, featuring fashion hairs shirts for men.(To maintain poet's spacing each poem is on its own page. Please scroll down.) HS*

the roost

time was with a tease and a smile
whoever i wanted was mine
i never gave thought
to the hearts that i broke
i was pretty
and witty
and carelessly cruel
but i'm not that girl anymore
my party dress tattered and torn
i'm standing alone on an empty dance floor
the music is over
the band has gone home
i remember the laughter and lights
how easy it seemed way back then
i held out my plate
it was filled with the best
i was charming
disarming
and nobody's fool
but i'm not that girl anymore
my dancing shoes shabby and worn
i'm gathering eggs on a desolate shore
no longer alone
all my chickens are home

dispatch from purgatory

now that summer isn't summer the roses refuse to bloom
unwilling to unfurl their seductions in a landscape of mud and ashes.
the emerald heart of summer fractured into a riot of despair

moss replaces grass and in the liquid midnights there are no stars
the only things twinkling across the chalkboard of night
soulless satellites humming their way to eventual oblivion

when we sit for dinner there are no orchestras
having exhausted every topic of interest long ago
we languish in a parliament of silence

and no matter the dish taste only the plaster of boredom
on tongues longing for the jolt of theobromine
the caress of phenylethylamine the consolations of tryptophan

our only pharmacies bodies we share with decreasing enthusiasm
after sedating ourselves with the steadily decreasing supply of alcohol
that makes breathing less of a chore

and after another night of restless sleep punctuated by dreams of liberation
arise to another day of standing in doorways watching out windows
praying for a message of deliverance from the purgatory of isolation

trivial pursuits

in my not so humble opinion
love is the business of life
but love
often elusive
sometimes frail
frequently abandoned
and sadly overlooked
routinely gets buried
in a blizzard of petty confetti

we run around chasing fortune
and fame and thingsthings
glorifying ourselves
in the shallow end of the pool
or conversely
stepping out of the pool altogether

wearing haloes to prove our holiness
never stopping to realize
the deadly sin of pride inherent in the same

too many details
too many deadlines
too many deals

while love
the firmest foundation
from which we can proceed
stands in the background
ignored and crumbling
through neglect

Shedding Secrets

Women, I know some of you love me,
or would like to.

I know I sit somewhere ambiguous,
mysterious, on the gender line,
straddling the murky plot between
girly-girl and dyke.

(Don't pelt me with righteous anger.
I use the word as you would use it –
those of you unafraid to own
who you were born to be).

Women have wooed me,
pursued me, with words and more.
And I'll tell you I was flattered,
not at all horrified, insulted or made indignant
by those overtures.

Given my countless failures
in love's bloody arena with men,
I have wondered what the love
of a woman would be like –
physically, emotionally, day to day.

All this notwithstanding,
I am hardwired for hetero.
As comfortable as I am mingling
among the various strata of the human condition,
when the clothes come off
there's always someone –
and only one – with a dick in the room.

I don't know why I am compelled,
this spring night full of alone,
to enter the confessional and touch upon things
many would rather not hear or even think about.
But here I am, kneeling in the moonlight,
shedding secrets like a snake sheds its winter skin.

Some of you, despite my sincerity,
will be furious,
demanding an extravagant penance –
what an ego, what nerve!
Some may be surprised.
But if you're one of my tribe,

you'll know exactly what, in my clumsy way,
I'm getting at,
and can't quite find the right words to say.

THE POET SPEAKS: *You asked what inspires me...and I say “anything and everything”... the news, dreams, the coffeepot, politics, people known and unknown, the weather, what I’ve lived, what I haven’t lived, food and drink and music and dancing...love and hate and everything in between, religion, science, eyes and mouths, the neighbors, liquor and cigarettes...you name it and I’ve probably at least touched on it if not thoroughly explored it. Influences...hmm...well, I’ll tell you who I admire ...just a few off the top of my head...and they’re probably hiding in my writing somewhere: Wallace Stevens, e.e. Cummings, Virginia Woolf, Billy Collins, Adrienne Rich, Shakespeare, Audre Lorde, Alice Hoffman, Elizabeth Bishop...and this is just a shortlist of poets. The work and lives of many others also flows in but I’m trying to keep this short.*

AUTHOR BIO: RC deWinter’s poetry is widely anthologized, notably in *New York City Haiku* (New York Times, February 2017), *Cowboys & Cocktails* (Brick Street, April 2019), *Nature In The Now* (Tiny Seed Press, August 2019), *Coffin Bell Two* (March 2020), in print in *2River*, *Adelaide*, *Event*, *Genre Urban Arts*, *Gravitas*, *Kansas City Voices*, *Meat For Tea: The Valley Review*, *the minnesota review*, *Night Picnic Journal*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Southword*, among others and appears in numerous online literary journals.