

Waterways

Poetry in the Mainstream

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volume 42

number 8

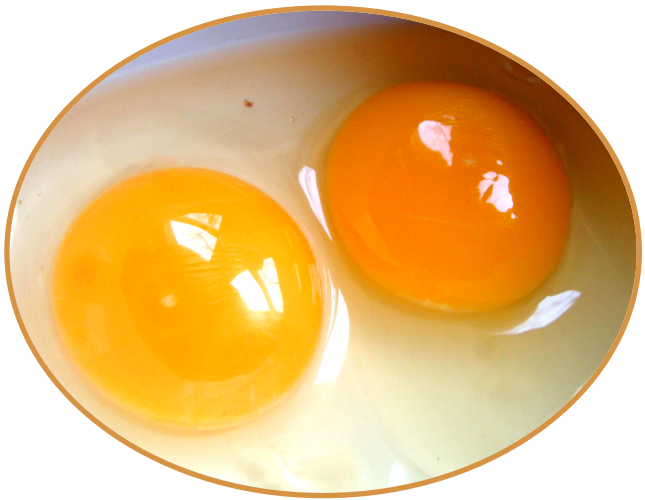


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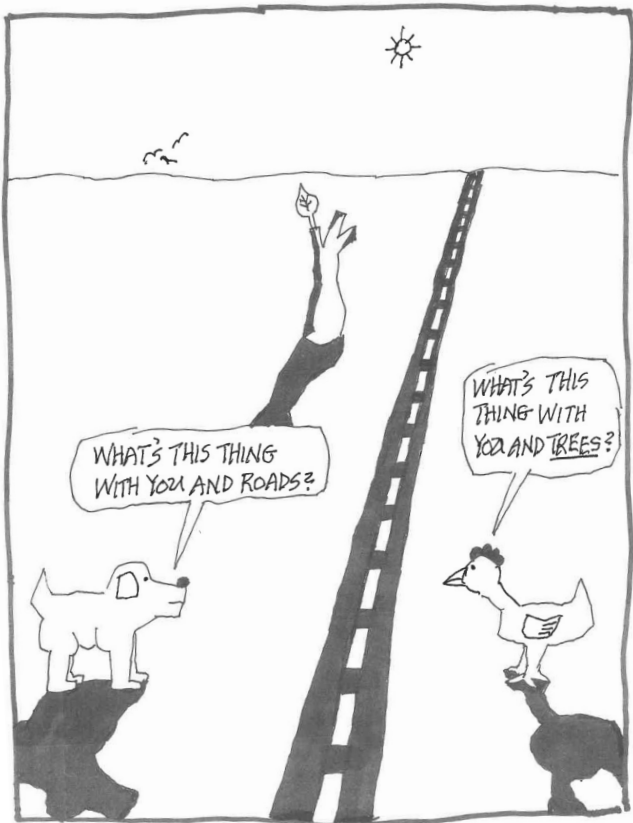
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Submissions will be returned if accompanied
with a stamped, self addressed envelope.



Wayne Hogen

James Penha

A Vardhaku*

These eggs
did not come first
(there had! to be laying chickens),
but they did come first thing in morning
out of the frying pan into desire.

*2, 4, 6, 8 words (lines 1-4)

11 syllables (line 5)

Mary K. Lindberg

The Hudson River in Winter

Winter breaks all records. Air so cold
warm becomes forgotten memory.
Snowstorms lay white walls, eggs
of a giant god. I sit down to write you.

Circles of ice gorge the waterway,
at night a moonlit path for ghosts.
Are we as frozen as the river?
I rewrite the letter to you.

Sun, moon climb over the Hudson mosaic.
Their light makes the sparkling rings shine,
like the days we walked on water.
I trudge through snow. Post office closed.

Hungry eagles perch,
float on frosty mounds,
talons ready for prey, eyes everywhere.
They remind me your eyes miss nothing.
I proofread the letter.

Days later, the frozen circles
begin to separate.
Invisible at first, like silence in music,
black currents melt the river's
eggshell landscape.
I make an inky mess,
write your address again.

In front of the post office
I stand in deep snow.
Falling flakes blot out your name.
I tear up the envelope, letter, words,
feelings,
scatter all over a frozen rock garden.

Marilyn Braendeholm

Her Eggs

I remember Mum scrutinising the porch steps. She'd painted them shiny parrot green — July sun scorching, and bubbling up the paint like the crispy edges of a fried egg. The egginess irked her the most. For Mum, anything egggy was diabolical.

She'd stand over a boiling pot of water, watching eggs bounce toward hard-cooked, waiting for them to crack and spew innards under the stare of her watchful eye. Mum hated eggs. Understandably. Mum's eggs oozed whites like a wet sponge.

Christopher Clauss

What Once Was Eggs

It isn't like cooking
is all that hard

you tell yourself

uneducated peasants
have been managing to do it
for millennia
over flat rocks
and open campfires

Surely you can fry an egg
on an electric rangetop
in a teflon pan
without burning it
to an unsavory crisp

If you had only
the one task
no other distractions
perhaps it would be easy

perhaps you would not be scraping
this blackened crust
into the kitchen sink

tomorrow
you will turn the heat
a little lower

you will pay
better attention
to the pan

Gilbert Honigfeld

Family Doctor

In the old days
when cash was scarce,
family doctors were paid
with barterable goods,
a fresh-killed chicken
or a dozen brown eggs
wrapped in pages torn
from the Sears catalogue.

Tomorrow I'm gonna
see my doctor for my
annual check-up at
the chrome-steel and
glass Medical Pavilion
and she's gonna get
my latest book of poems;
it's the best I can offer.

Gilbert Honigfeld

Pemmican

I keep my Kindle in my backpack
same way I stash pemmican in my car,
for emergency use only, if you know
what I mean.

If I'm on a long trip in the boonies
there's always a chance the car'll slide
sideways off a slick road with no tow
for two days.

Well, of course I'd rather have hash browns
for breakfast and maybe scrambled eggs on
an English muffin, but pemmican'll
have to do.

Same with books 'cause you never want
to be stuck somewhere with nothing to read;
that's why there's a Kindle in my backpack.

But the glory days ended in a slow
strangulation, he told me,
 'cause the politicians
couldn't let it be, demanding more and more
for themselves, license fees, inspections,
sanitary enforcement, fire codes, plumbing,
you name it, they got so damn greedy
they killed the goose that laid those
golden eggs until they ran the business down
to the ground, and the mob went
 somewhere else.

Sylvia Manning

There in a Cooking Egg

When T.S. Eliot got to Heaven,
he may very well have seen there
sweet Miss Pipit, she who sat
upright, right in her chair.
She'd have a cozy corner
quite big enough for two
if he didn't outwear his welcome
before making his adieux.
Whether he found the others,
so important in his eyes:
Coriolanus, Sir Philip Sidney,
Madame Blavatsky ... one must surmise
that he may not have done,
that she was the only one
up for it, Pipit. For him, I mean.
How surprised he would have been.
The trumpet and the eagle,
crumpety and legal,
there.

Richard Spiegel

Who Clucks to the Yolk?

(Deep yellow yolks are why we buy
our fresh eggs from the farmers.)

Who clucks to the yolk
to be fed and comforted?

Do their tweets warm
the cold winter mornings of the mind?

Do they know the song
the sun sings in the light
that showers their growth?

It's all in the yolk with the wish
that it were so simple.

On a good morning I breakfast
with my love and our dreams.

The new day
presents us.

Quin Willets

Half Wrong

There's no time, don't ask.
The egg came first — that's enough.
No more questions, child.

Our Geography of Poets

Bali

James Penha

New Hampshire

Christopher Clauss

New Jersey

Gilbert Honigfeld

New York

Mary K Lindberg

Richard Spiegel

Quin Willets

Texas

Sylvia Manning

West Sussex

Marilyn Braendeholm

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