

Waterways:

Poetry in the Mainstream

VOLUME
30



Waterways: Poetry in the Mainstream

VOLUME 30, #6

She turns over in bed,
Her hair gets in my mouth.

Margie - Richard Davidson

Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn, August 25 & 26, 1979

WATERWAYS: Poetry in the Mainstream

Volume 30

Number 6*

Designed, Edited and Published by Barbara Fisher & Richard Spiegel
Thomas Perry, Teaching Artist

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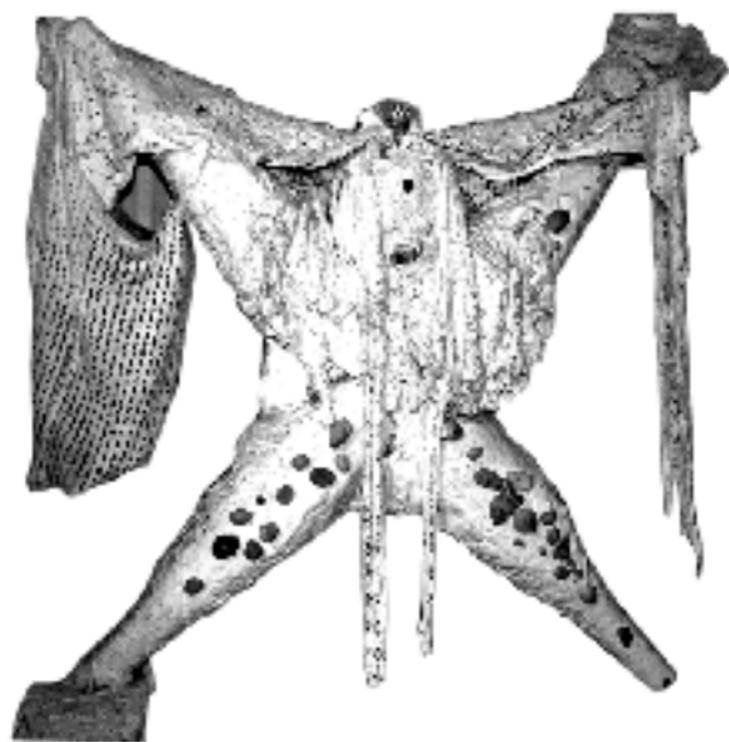
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Tattoo — Michelle Chen

The hairs lie matted
along the nape.
Up close, fibers feather
over warts and
curve into a flat ridge sloping into a
brackish stream:
little black ink tributaries
bleed into one another,
stunted eddies of regret in
the shape of
the name of
a girl whose last traces
still burrow underneath
for warmth.

Poetic License — Ellaraine Lockie

Her hair is dyed medium blonde

That's what Lady Clairol says

Her hair is the color of chocolate

Both are correct

One is the truth

Refusing Loss — Scott Owens

She turns over in bed.
Her hair gets in my mouth.
It's not as bad as you might think.
After love making, few things are,
and so my life has been
since we first began together.

I lean close and whisper into darkness.
I'm sorry for every time I've come up short
of being the man you've wanted me to be.
I take back every cross word I've uttered,
every time I've said you were wrong
or let anything matter more than you.

O fading, familiar body beside me,
I would give up everything to prolong
what we have together.
I would swallow each strand
of this hair and more to purchase
even one more minute like this one.

Morgan — Joanne Seltzer

Like bullets
in the night

phone calls to M.

Friends Morgan has
and one enemy

with phone number
one digit off.

Ah Morgan, you
entered my life

an intruder
but have become

the symbol
of connection,

someone to phone
at 4 AM.

Past Imperfect — B. R. Strahan
in memory of M.M.

(The heart is a foreign country — Jack Gilbert)

So sensual
in her held back way
accepting all the kisses
inhaling the passion
hardly stirring
but glowing
with the scent of self love.

Mimetic Moon — Donna M. Marbach

Night's dark glass glitters with ancient light,
stretches eyeless shadows across the grass
to create a twinned universe
flat, silent and without breath.

The water of the lake now a twisted mirror
reflects the blue-black sparkle of the sky
bending light to skim its rippled edges
cloning constellations without depth

Alone, suspended from an unseen thread,
the medallion moon leans towards its softer self,
which whispers cricket lullabies and sings,
while minnows dream of legs and silver wings.

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The First Thing I Did After You Left — Steve Shilling

After lunch today,
Stephen and I sat
at the kitchen table
and deleted your name
out of my cell phone.

I helped him with
the buttons, let him
do the hard part,
ending both your
name and numbers
with the all final yes.

"Why are we doing this, daddy?" he asked with a certainty that let me know my face gave it away. "It's too hard for me," I said, "too hard."

The Heavy Light of Dawn - James Penha

The bed trembles
when your weight rolls away to the edge
and again when you stretch your legs to the floor
and sit, hands like guy wires
keeping you up right
and still for a time
while awake I still
tremble and sweat
awaiting the aftershocks
and then the awful silence
when you flee

to a room I cannot
find in our home,
its plans,
the proposal,
or the moment
we met.

Together — Lee Evans

Moist sunlight glitters
Over a million stones
Dreaming the Song of Songs

In Pleasant River
You wept with pain, I held you—
Barefoot on sharp stones

Whitewater rafters
Spilled at Nesowadnehunk,
Swamped, regain their craft

Romance and lust fade
But after many decades
True friendship remains

Place Von Furstenberg and Musee Delacroix — Mike Lewis-Beck

Delacroix's Museum never's open,

in all my visits to this place.

I am left, myself, to stare at an empty window,

her face, over the plane trees of the square.

Awful Tasting Hair — Hal Sirowitz

She turns over in bed.
Her hair gets in my mouth.
'I once considered this a relationship,'
I say to myself. 'But I'm smarter
than that now. All I can ascertain
from this moment is that I don't
like the taste of her shampoo.'
'Is the shampoo you use poisonous?'
I say, 'It tastes awful.'
'I haven't used shampoo in months,'
she says. 'I use *No Poo*. You
can't buy it at the store. You have
to get it from a private hairdresser.'

'I wouldn't brag about not using shampoo for several months.' I say.
'You sound very oral,' she says.
'My last lover was anal. You'll be a welcome change.' 'Does she like me?' I say to myself. 'A little bit but obviously not enough to go back to using regular shampoo.'

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