

Waterways:

Poetry in the Mainstream

VOLUME

29



Waterways: Poetry in the Mainstream

VOLUME 29, #11

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly
After Summer merrily.

William Shakespeare
excerpted from *The Tempest*

WATERWAYS: Poetry in the Mainstream

Volume 29

Number 11*

Designed, Edited and Published by Barbara Fisher & Richard Spiegel

Thomas Perry, Teaching Artist

c o n t e n t s

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Egyptian hieroglyph

Patricia Kelly

stilled palm trees
one eucalyptus leaf
falls

In the Nick of Time and the Java Sea — James Penha

I.

Bitter bees needle me
for the sun's caress.

II.

Meanwhile my touch
is lost on you
borne by the tropics.

III.

Though time's sea sculpts
minutes from fiery mountains,
gods' seconds
see still.

Geoff Stevens

You imagine that you are living in clover
but you buy weedkiller for a clear lawn
eradicate cowslips and import paper orchids
your life sucks where the bee no longer sucks
pesticides have eradicated all pests except you
what is a garden without birdsong or butterfly
what are you in a desert of sterility

Plantings — R.Yurman

"Poets tend not the gardens of their youth."

—Thomas Alderton

winged seeds cling
to my socks
just above the curve
of shoe, my trousers
almost to the knees

I stride
through scrub grass
they stick to me
tiny points
pricking my skin

on barren ground
I brush some off
lean down
work to pick
the others free

toss them
on the breeze
a broad cast
that makes
more weeds

Unpublished — Lee Evans

Wildflowers bloom
In out-of-the-way places
Where insects drone
Into the ear of space,
And the eye of light
Ambiguously lingers
Upon the mountain ferns
Rooted in their origin
Obliviously green.

A hermit chooses this place,
Where no road leads
And electricity lies dormant
In the ambient atmosphere.
He never lifts a hand
To write his wisdom down—
Not even on a forest leaf.
And the words he never writes,
He releases to wander
On the tongue of the breeze:
Words no one comprehends,
Or even seeks to read.

Nature Trail — J. J. Steinfeld

Crossing my path on a local Nature trail
a skunk nose to the confusing night.

"Strange smell in the air,"
the talkative skunk remarked.

I sniffed and sniffed
nothing out of the ordinary
but irony to an unafraid skunk
and to an uneasy human
are worlds apart even on a night
that makes one glad to be alive
and have both a love of Nature
and a reasonable vocabulary.

The Bees and Flowers Turn On Me — J. J. Steinfeld

I won't give it to you for free
the flowers say to the bumble bee
ventriloquist bees hiding nearby
throwing their buzz and deception

as angry as a bumble bee
short changed on pollen
lied to by a flower
and a hundred other bees
all claiming innocence
dripping pollen.

I won't give it to you for free
the flowers say to the bumble bee
ventriloquist bees hiding nearby
throwing their buzz and deception

as angry as a bumbling fool
stung by an innocent bee
on the way to paradise
so many wrong turns
that the bee sting
is merely a reminder
of the Nature's unease.

I won't give it to you for free
the flowers say to the bumble bee
ventriloquist bees hiding nearby
throwing their buzz and deception.

I attempt to throw my voice
I attempt to sample some pollen
I attempt to become something else
for this poem: a virtuoso of onomatopoeia
the bees and the flowers turn on me
my efforts ill-rewarded
next time I'll attempt a flightless creature
one with a tinge of sadness
and a simpler song.

Mystified — J. J. Steinfeld

All of history, all of time
all or nothing,
words spoken
in the faint darkness of the forest
from hidden-downward flora
or crouched-away fauna
I'm not sure
not that I can properly translate
either the words of flora or fauna
(I have been pondering the languages
of flora and fauna
and have come up mystified)

I keep listening
might as well
I am misplaced in the forest
the faint darkness edging toward full darkness
and I doubt if help is on the way
not that I would know what to say to a rescue party
maybe I could repeat the forest sounds
all of history, all of time,
all or nothing,
deal with the perplexed looks
the second thoughts
about this rescue of me
I could display my inability
for somersaulting or speechmaking

or enumerating lives lost and found
speak eloquently about a kinship
with flora and fauna
and see if anyone believes me.

Where the Wolf Howls — George Held

After Shakespeare

Where the wolf howls, there howl I:
On the pine needles I lie;
Bereft, I let loose my cry,
But I seek no sympathy
For Destiny's cruelty.

joan payne kincaid

forget the daily routine
I've decided to play
with my Parson Russell Terrier

The Bee — Emily Dickinson

Bee! I'm expecting you!
Was saying Yesterday
To Somebody you know
That you were due —

The Frogs got Home last Week —
Are settled, and at work —
Birds, mostly back —
The Clover warm and thick —

You'll get my Letter by
The seventeenth; Reply
Or better, be with me —
Yours, Fly.

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