

Molecule

~ a tiny lit mag ~



Issue 2

Spring 2020

Molecule

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Issue 2

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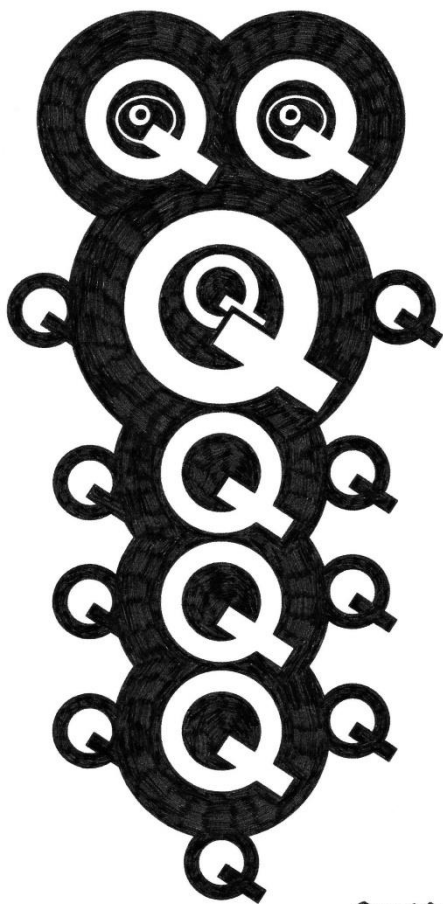
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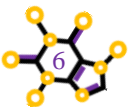
Q Quark



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Treasure

She discovered the vintage Candy Land game on a consignment store shelf, beneath piles of sad dolls. She didn't mind the missing pieces. The animated box alone made up for a childhood once lonely with colorless walls and quiet piggy banks; a toy chest, housing nothing but dust.



Two Last

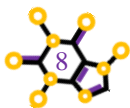
Last man on earth. Seeks people for decades.
Finds no one.

Last woman on earth. Lives four blocks away.



The Yellow Box

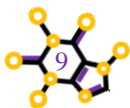
I find the lie inside a small box. (Not the lie itself, but its evidence.) The box is traffic light yellow. Slow down. Speed up. Caution. The box has a lid with hinges. Open. Close. We wait for what will change us.



Spiders

My alarm rings. I'm tired. Specks move across my ceiling. The specks scurry. My eyes focus. The specks are spiders. I get a tissue. The spiders are gone. I scan the ceiling and walls. No spiders. I search the floor, my bed, myself. No spiders.

Burn the house down.



Interview:
with Maria Mazzioti Gillian

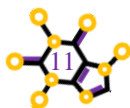
Q: What is worth writing about?

A: The only things worth writing about are grief, love and loss, for the people in our lives, for the world, and for all we've done to destroy it. Poetry is a way to explore memory, to find what connects us as human beings.



**Book Review: *HEX*/Sarah
Sousa/Cow Creek Chapbook
Prize/Pittsburgh State
University/\$7.00/28 pgs**

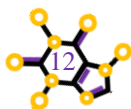
Sousa conjures a dystopian future where “Mother took the food away” and we’re left unmothered in a world where nets catch “everything but water” and “water must be earned.” Lyrically haunting Hex warns, “Don’t construct/future rubble” but also divines an other world where “What is broken here, /there is whole.”



Labyrinth: Ramage

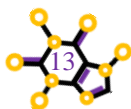
What is the purpose of walking a labyrinth?

Monotonous path of near and far,
loops within a circle approach
the target then move farther,
closer, farther again. A certain type
of person transformed; another bored,
mocking, threading her way
from nowhere to nothing once more.



R. Mutt Takes a Bath

The soap smells like antiseptic
and that's the biggest drain
I've ever seen. You could lose
a baby down there. Wash my back
before you pull the handle, will you?



I Talk to My Car.

“Elizabeth,” I say,
because that’s my car’s name.

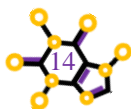
“Elizabeth...”
not expecting an answer,

just waiting for her
suspension to do what

suspensions do
in old cars, rock me.

“Elizabeth,” I say,
“Let’s get the hell out of here.”

Her 8 cylinders hum,
and we do.



Rage, Rage against the Crow in the Park

Disguised as a pigeon, you've just had

Enough food

From my palm

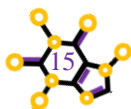
(& heart); then, you flap high up

Beginning to circle above me, ready

To flee away but only after

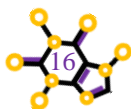
Shitting on my head

(& heart)



Great Reckonings

Back to each wall,
Eyes on the infernal door;
A quick stand-up precedes a fall:
An appellation ends without rancor.



obituary—lily

we strode by
our briefcase pace

till the woman
snipped you for a

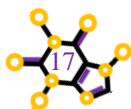
slow sill death
who are we so alive

we sever things
to show prowess

with sharp objects?
a bouquet of you is

genocide a hate
crime for an

orange quivering
star of a mouth



New Shoes

Their tongues go sideways, every time.

You have to always dig them out.

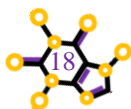
And stiff? New soles

are unforgiving. Does that make sense?

The fallen laces come undone—no point in tying

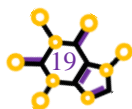
double knots. I go to church each time

I buy new shoes.



**By The Time The Titanic Sunk,
Chino Was Up In Spanish
Harlem, Damn Near Drunk**

A
DJ
who
spun
tunes
aboard
Titanic
Reloaded—
capsizing,
iceberg-hit—
dolphinlike,
cannonballed,
breaststroked,
outmaneuvering
anxiety-stricken
multimillionaire
ship-entrepreneurs.
aDJcalledDeeJChino
swamon&on&on&on

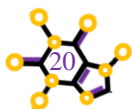


We'll See, We'll See

Our dilemma is, John,
We've got this time,
Ya' know.

I'd love to, *really*

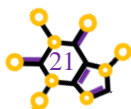
I mean
We're not going
Anywhere



Ailurophilia

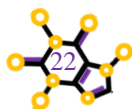
Love of Cats

The Doc and Mrs. J. had 19 cats
and one miniature black poodle named Roscoe.
The little guy believed he was a cat too
lining up with the others waiting his turn
to use the litter box.



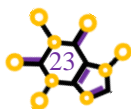
In a Dark House

Here the ghosts sip
 from jellyjar scotch
and pace the shadows
 with my pale feet.



Taconic Parkway Blind Curve

opens onto two strutting turkeys
one in each lane, and at sixty
miles an hour and no shoulder
I have little choice to be anything
but a sniveling minor god
who stays on course, and takes
out the tom on the right.



Annuit Coeptis

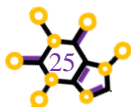


August 6, 2019

Clouds dark like mountains filled my view,
now a billion years of light hits my eyes.

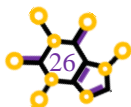
I lay so still, I see the stars move

In the blue-black of the busy sky.



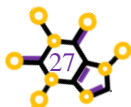
The Wreck

We were talking about books
on a slow rolling highway
before you saw it:
TRV-15-38.
If it weren't for that
it could've been anyone's
father's car.



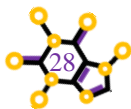
Pithom & Raamses

You say these names like I should know them,
in my hearts of hearts, a deep forge,
a weakness for brick. I work a double
shift & earn a notice to quit. In those days
you could run away across a sea—they had it
easy.



Fairy Tale

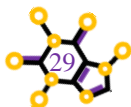
the president (not mine)
runs in unarmed
to an active shooter scene
(in his own mind)
big hero to our nation
but really nothing more than
orange Claymation
the only possible way
he wouldn't walk away
is if he saw a smoking hot teen
he wanted to lay.



Selfie #2

My body is earth's bricolage,
whereas my self — I am imagined

of necessity and desire, oh,
and fear; mustn't forget fear.



Happiness

Irish coffee files day's sharp edges.

I'm soothed into a chair;

a book drifts into my hand.

Clouds stumble across sky.

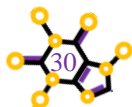
Pages dim and shine.

Is this happiness?

When I lay the book aside

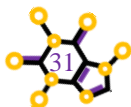
my crow's claws will again clench

within the cage of my ribs.



**DMX Buys People Shots, Gives
Sermon in St. Louis Airport
Chili's**

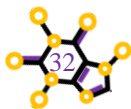
Look, no one's saying
he's perfect. Let's overlook
his parole violation, his tax fraud, his breach
of sobriety. We've all been there. We've all
preached in that airport, even if
we've never been to Missouri.



Nativity In Wet Snow

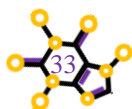
When they hit
the lit-up
plastic Jesus
in the yard

Ten thousand
nameless miracles
vanish in the dark



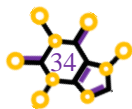
p

tram oline



Lyft Driver on the NJ Turnpike

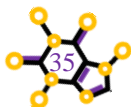
His job left him like
a cheating lover. The grass
is always greener when it rains.
He laughs. For the best
he says. New Years
morning. He's prepared.
Plastic trash bags tucked into
the seat backs. At least
I get to wear sweatpants.



fallout

do you worry what i would write
in a blog post entitled
“to the vice president of facilities at
a national fast food restaurant chain”

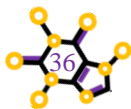
thank your lucky fishing pole
neither of us are famous enough
for anyone to care what happened
in that hotel room



Jazz Hands

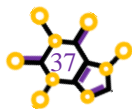
If forests
are the lungs
of the world then leaves
are songs trees breathe
soft breaths pause
between words inhaled stars
exhaled light miracles
jazz hands laughter

wet kisses
tears sent up
from the
underworld



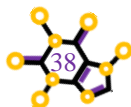
Bad Timing

He quit drinking
just before
the last election



Armageddon

bells ring out
on sunday morn
to wake the living
and the dead
time has come
when cursed or saved
arise from sleep
or from the grave
but none fear
the sonorous din
or holy writ
yet intoned
alas they dream
without a care
judgement day
has been postponed.

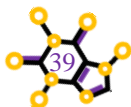


Mortal Lullaby

Oh, mortals in midnight hour,
we sleep through leaking loss
of Earth's honey, as, involuntary,
creatures lie in graves of fire,
slide into rivering chasms of ice.

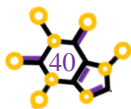
Twenty-five thousand koalas,
crèche of emperor penguin chicks
slip off before we rise.

Oh, mortals, awake
before midnight
burns to day.



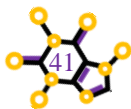
Baseball Haiku

Catcher gives the sign
A white moth rises toward
the stadium lights



Greek Vacation Haiku

On an ouzo run
Zach backed his golf car over
the town pelican



Botanical Lens



Finite Patience

Inconsolable

is a choice

isn't it?

A cup scraping

against the bottom

of a bucket

one could easily

refill in the well.

Hair, quite tangled

but not too far

to be bristled

back to health.

Inconsolable

is a movie.

The audience

will choose

not to see

the sequel.



Past Due

Following week
comes collect
karma calling.

Mercenary Zen
too many pieces
fall where may.

Buddha is no
western lawman
no need to aim.

Enlightened roads
paved with bodies
roadside sages.

We confuse what
ever will be
with what we want.



Shelf Life

At the bookstore I spot
Henry Rollins' thin volume of poetry
entitled *Solipsism*.

I wonder if he was surprised
his publisher answered his email
or that his royalty checks were signed
or that the anonymous masses
mostly ignore his book which, in a way,
proves they don't exist.



Cytomegalo-huh?

The audiologist's smile was shaky, apprehensive.

“These tests can be so fickle”.

But we knew.

He may not hear the roar of the waves at full

volume;

he feels their wrath, though;

feels the beat of the carriage wheels on the pavement

as we walk.

Bom, bom, bom.



Picasso And Monet

Both could have painted
pictures of UFOs
but Monet's would have flown better
in skies lurid with post-watercolor
neo-expressionist pastels
over crumbling cubist skyscrapers
where nude aliens
depart from flying saucers
leave behind
non-Euclidean spacesuits
to descend spiral staircases
and escape from hoaxers and art thieves.



Explore

Earth is fully discoverable
in streaming high def, yet
we continue to roam about
touching the parts, not getting
that like the elephant
its systems are connected
cause and effect.

I, too, long for Caribbean shores
in denial, disbelief. Feckless hope
that the hive mind will save us.



my kitten kneads me like dough

claws his way bloody
up my pant leg
like a totem
pees everywhere
eats every last crumb
he was found
sixteen deep
in a barn in Tennessee
no mama to raise 'em up right
a southern cat
with northern manners
bless his little black-furred heart



Park Square morning

Arlington

trembles

under the 9 bus—

the T

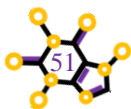
rumbles,

juice through a vein—



For Drugs...

They had little nipples
In the top of They heads
And that's where They'd drip
The TED talks in



Hippie Hollow

steep limestone shoreline
exposed skin
of nonchalant nudists;
two older gentleman fishing,
poles in the water



Wonder

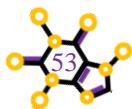
Big world out there,
presliced like bread sometimes.

Sometimes, like art or sex,
it screams out, "I'm alive!"

Sometimes it squeaks
along its seams
just like that fat
conductor's tux:
the thorny violin a cry.

And later,
oh,
pale curves of you.

The hotel windows
framing moons.



Ladybug Picnic



CONTRIBUTORS

Kathleen Aguero's latest book is *After That* (Tiger Bark Books). She teaches in the Solstice low-residency M.F.A. program at Pine Manor College.

Robert Beveridge (he/him) makes noise (xterminal.bandcamp.com) and writes poetry in Akron, OH. Recent/upcoming appearances in *Collective Unrest*, among others.

Wendy Taylor Carlisle writes in the Arkansas Ozarks. She has authored four books and five chapbooks. For more information, her website is www.wendytaylorcarlisle.com.

Yuan Changming edits *Poetry Pacific* with Allen Yuan in Vancouver. Credits include ten Pushcart nominations & publications in 1,669 literary outlets across 43 countries.

Dennis Daly has authored seven books of poetry and poetic translations. His blog site is: dennisfdaly.blogspot.com.

Marc Darnell is a custodian and online tutor in Omaha NE. He has published poems in *Blue Unicorn*, *The Lyric*, *Ragazine*, and elsewhere.

JD Debris' chapbook is *Sparring*; albums are *Black Market Organs* and *Jd Debris Murder Club*. NYU MFA candidate and Goldwater Fellow. Salem State Alum.

CONTRIBUTORS

Susan Demarest attends and contributes regularly to the Church of DSW.

Jim Dunn is the author of *Soft Launch* (Bootstrap 2008), *Convenient Hole* (Pressed Wafer 2004), and *Insects In Sex* (Fallen Angel Press, 1995).

Michael Estabrook small press poet striving always for greater clarity and concision rendering language more succinct and precise a Sisyphean adventure for sure.

Samuel T. Franklin enjoys making useful things out of wood scraps and losing staring contests to his cats. He can be found at <https://samuel franklin.com/>.

Robbie Gamble is left-handed, giving him a direct neuropathway from pen to right-brain.

Jeff Gately is from here. He's glad you're wherever. Salem Poetry Seminar. Salem State. Broken nose, broken toes, going to go get that MFA.

Alison Gerber is a poet and congregational minister from Sydney now Massachusetts.

Maria Mazziotti Gillan is the Founder of the Poetry Center at Passaic County Community College. She has published twenty books of and about poetry.

CONTRIBUTORS

Joey Gould wrote *The Acute Avian Heart* & has a blog at joeygouldpoetry.wordpress.com. They can have little a salami.

Blaine Hebbel Poet, activist and Ipswich native is fascinated by “The American Voice” and has fought social injustice since the 1960s.

Mark Hillringhouse is a published poet, essayist, photographer and documentary filmmaker. Visit his photography Website:
<http://mhillringhouse.zenfolio.com>.

Richard Hoffman has published seven books. He is middle-aged, which means he’ll live to 140. He teaches at Emerson College.

Mary Ann Honaker is the author of *Becoming Persephone* (Third Lung Press, 2019). Her work has been nominated for a Pushcart prize.

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David Earl Williams is a native of Kentucky who is living at the north as a happy deserter. Yep.

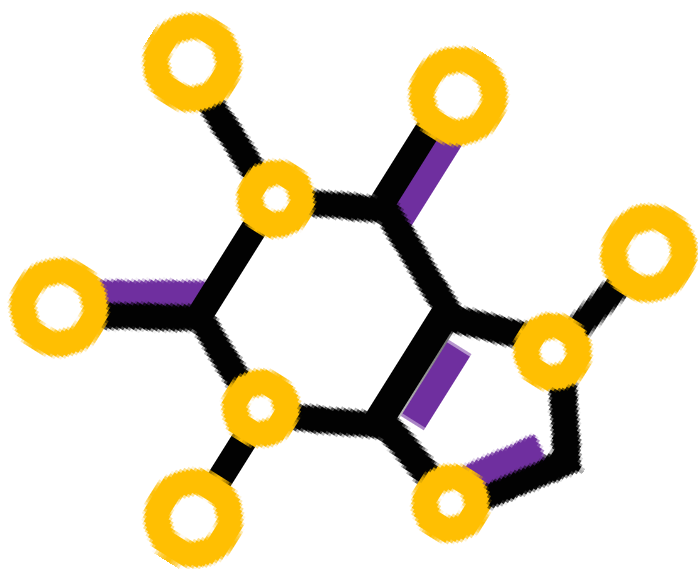
CONTRIBUTORS

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