

# LOCUST ONE

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## FOREWORD

This is the first issue of Volume 2, and a new volume is always like a new day dawning. But it shouldn't be seen as a clean break at all. As the mag has put on some new clothes, a new literary listing was inevitable. The change from "black" to "white" doesn't hide any mystic symbolism, and Locust's old heart is always beating underneath. To tell the truth, the editor will soon start working on a *New Manifesto*, which won't be ready until summer 2005. The main plan would be to move towards a more radical outlook, away from what is fashionable or common sense. The words *experimental* and *avant-garde* could be used here—if only they still had some subversive meaning!

This issue has been put off so many times, and appears at least a month later than scheduled. Sometimes it seems that even the two-issues-a-year policy is too hard to carry out. The editor's job doesn't get on well with the poet's or the writer's. A magazine—either online or printed—is a very demanding creature. A hungry baby. A leech... Whenever Locust is late, please forgive the editor for breaking his promises. He is only trying to keep his creative self alive.

December 2004

**SCOTT TWILIGHT**  
~ A Poem by Michael Internicola ~

Scott is 27 and an alcoholic. He drinks ten plus kettle rocks a night and is a shitty tipper. He sits alone and makes strange noises. Gets so drunk he calls me an asshole and laughs. Sometimes he falls off the chair and i pick him up, *it eases the pain*, he tells me. Last night he fell asleep on the bar and I had to wake him up. I got the money out of his wallet and paid the bill. Gave myself a twenty dollar tip. I walked him to the door and he fell again next to a dog taking a shit. I picked him up and brushed him off best I could. He stood against the window for ten minutes. He said he was miserable. I told him he was what he was and I locked the door behind me. Scott wound up at the wrong apartment banging on the door. The guy who lived there opened it up, punched him in the face and called the cops. Scotty Twilight spent the night at St. Vincent's. I only serve him light beer from now on.

**DIDN'T EVERY THING IN THE WORLD NEED ITS POET?****~ A Poem by Ace Boggess ~**

[Question from Stephen Dunns poem, *The Resurrection*]

I'd devote my life to the sea cucumber  
if Simic hadn't got the jump on me,  
writing of salads for Helen.  
Or, profess my dedication to smallmouth bass  
cutting a subway under conduits that bridge  
their freshwater world, but surely someone...  
Someone, too, called dibs on the hermit crab &  
fleshy blushing cactus the pink  
as lipstick & the candied orange.  
Every THING has its poet: shade trees, lanterns,  
collected cocktail napkins of the universe.  
But does every poet have a thing the beehive hairdo  
for Basho, Neruda & the unicycle bear? Was Ginsburg  
the poet of the prairie dog? Plath of piranhas,  
or could that be Robert Lowell? For me,  
tonight: same barroom crowd; blues singer grinding  
licks, growling laughter; women circling tables,  
their faces acrylics of desire; & vodka on ice  
with juice aglow beneath a neon sign, &  
I am not the poet of these things.

**TIME UNTANGLED**  
~ A Poem by Julio Peralta-Paulino ~

Bitter lakes of time untangled, as incense lit dissolves.  
Escaping smoke as this from the yellow candle green,  
Cautiously reflamed to some other taste.  
Open to the homeless wind's humming...  
Mother Isis Lakshmi Mary,  
Everywhere a rattle.

On the road and off the beaten pathway.  
Nuance. Metaphysical as the nature of the deity,  
Even the ashes reflect a silver-gray light so blue.

Angels in the wax they work the wick and flame another wish.  
Great Osiris Vishnu God recounting trees at dawn,  
And here, we are east of it all still...  
Infants weeping for the breast,  
Narrow streams uncradled.

**HIDDEN PENTACLES**  
**~ A Poem by Rosemarie Crisafi ~**

Mother looks.  
Hubble captures a black circle and a star.  
Footsteps approach in the hall.

A cosmic clock ticks in an arch.  
Membranes tear from the stare  
of a horned god.  
Mother glances.  
In a dark hole  
a red eyed ghost waits.  
Father fills the doorway.  
On a remote world,  
a clock tossed; a face spins.  
Mother turns.  
A bulb flashes.  
An inset stair creaks.  
Only gods use that long step.

A obelisk needle points the way.  
Chemicals release as she waits.  
The door shuts.  
Mother walks away.

**FOUR MORE YEARS UNDER THE INFLUENCE**  
**~ A Poem by Gabriel Ricard ~**

It doesn't matter  
what they're eating.

The father,  
he only looks up and speaks  
when he wants to compliment the mother  
on acceptable potatoes and the like.

The daughter,  
elbows jutted out and face drawn in,  
she doesn't speak at all.

The son,  
he glances around arrogantly.

The table really shouldn't be able  
to support their weight anymore.

Somehow, it does.

And the rats are polite tonight.

Odd, odd, relentlessly peculiar.

Candles mutter, scream, announce,  
dictate, confirm, suspect, cry out  
all around this dinner time scene.

At least half of our cast  
has never seen electricity before.

As the mother waits, her fingers  
trying to tap on her knuckles,  
for the father to ask that the dishes  
be taken away from the table,  
a wrecking ball takes care of the  
living room and the family dog's skeleton.

None of them seem to notice.  
Even when the sound starts up again,  
and the weapon takes up a brand new aim.

**REFLECTIONS IN APRIL: 21****~ A Poem by Duane Locke ~**

At his funeral, a quasi-stranger to me, very few came,  
Among the few were those who never knew  
The man who died, never knew his  
Carnival barker ceased face,  
His twisted Wall Street lips,  
His eyes, a platform brown surrounded  
By broken bleached shells.  
But now he had a rice-powder dusted face,  
His skin resembled painted smoke,  
And his lips were copied from a Magritte.  
A man who when alive had the appearance  
Of Everyman and was considered quotidian,  
Now after the undertaker  
Appeared mystic and someone never seen before.  
His wife did not recognize him,  
Shed tears, for she regretted  
He did not look this mystic when alive,  
As she thought her life  
Would have been exciting  
Living with an otherworldly  
Bohemian attic and aria type.

I surmised these unknowns who cried  
Are among those  
Who find aesthetic pleasure in expressing grief,  
As an actor does in a drama.  
Those unknowns gave the appearance  
Of being the saddest among the mourners.  
Their grief so well expressed was abstract,  
A purity as sought by Kandinsky

And abstract expressionists.

These unknown mourners  
Did not know not anything about  
The embalmed, transformed thing  
Before it was in an a funeral parlor open casket.  
So their grief was without object,  
Thus grief was autotelic and ardent.

I thought I heard Time's Winged Chariot  
Hurrying near, but at this funeral,  
Death could not be conceived as riding in  
Such exotic, mythic transportation, for today  
Death rides in a Volkswagen or Honda.

When I am engaged in a Bingo game,  
And suddenly realize during the game  
I have become a few more minutes nearer death,  
And due to my despair I mishear the called number,  
I see death coming towards me as a hitchhiker,  
But every car stops to offer him a ride.  
Death waves his thumb in a charming manner.

**SOME PURGATORY BETWEEN**  
**~ A Poem by Spencer Dew ~**

Flames, embroidered, or ironed-on, in vinyl  
And a bra that seemed, via the overflow, a cup too small

Everything had a scriptural corollary  
She told me, wiping the sides of her mouth

It was that sort of party: rinse, repeat  
We went back to the living room and mingled

I met an Egyptologist of sorts, a scholar of pictographs  
The origins of written language

A collector, as well, of pocketknives and related contraptions  
He had a wristwatch with a built-in memory drive

I had a jacket with an ink stain under the inside pocket  
And she, across the room, her breasts engulfed in stylized flames  
Had traces of my seed, crusting silver, in her bangs

**ROSA XXXII: JACK FROST**  
**~ A Poem by Jnana Hodson ~**

Lacewing chaste and safe  
weightless and comely  
distance

introducing differences of color  
and Pentecostal  
desert skin youth

in one part safety.  
Another facet transgressed.  
A third far too opulent.

**HAULING STONES**  
 ~ A Poem by Mark Kanak ~

salvia

whory le / aved  
 big sag / ebrush  
 narrowboa / ted chop

when tea roo / m or merchant  
 sold you fo / r less  
 you wand / ered fir+st street  
 [a rail and a half]  
 wat / ched tha / t car  
 cross and come rou / nd  
 that watchtow / er colum / n  
 cress near / by  
 long the tr / ack  
 [now trail]

ele+men / tal stuff  
 she thoug / ht  
 “the ultimate red-eyed insult”  
 to you / r narr \ ow guage  
 lined idea / s

sla \ ck rope bigh / ead  
 a / massed sil / ver and blu+e  
 when all w / as sa / id an+d  
 [done]  
 you came roun / d  
 to her bludg / eon / ed tripe  
 that da / y

## TWO POEMS by John Bryan

\*

### CITY TRILOGY MAPPING MARJETA VIOLETA PUCONJA'S EROS

I. BYZANTIUM merchants slide into your port on sea based lubricants. love's language for eleven centuries. i develop my own alphabet for you to recite your piece at leisure. statuesque in fanaticisms that make my armour rub against. trading objects two bodies inexactly mixed within solemn room made of flesh on bed. religious golem.

II. CONSTANTINOPLE repulse. hordes of scruffy barbarians horrendous dig their grimy nails into your holy walls and attempt to mount. repulse. you hide your two faced enkolpion behind the lack of pupils in the eyes of Constantine's bust. repulse. encouraging the creation of encyclopedic works and historical tomes which i always reply a heart shaped seal. two crossed scimitars' cyrillic kiss. captured. an emperor orders all effigies to be destroyed except his own. taken.

III. ISTANBUL treaties arranged. a golden age in compromising circumstance is always high maintenance. your sight is bazaar. the tangled streets of your veins bustle at the thought of invasion down to your much maligned carpet shop. intriguing alleyways. forever pondering a thousand mosques at once. earthquakes & fires. could these force me to safer havens?

IV. MARJETA queen of cities. Icon

\*

### SORORICIDE

motives for blood poems  
bring on

the subscriber's period  
a week early

intentions for blood poems  
compel the  
subscriber to quaff  
menstrual

implications for blood poems  
alter the title's essence drawing your  
instinct toward a female campus  
instead of the sister

ramifications for blood poems  
regard the murder  
as not over until  
I say so

**THREE POEMS by Devin Davis**

\*

**RETARDED PAJAMAS**

the young, republican americans,  
can't get laid; their women were  
seduced by foreign affairs. and

a pagan, collegiate,  
erection wasn't hot;  
flaming, or on.

\*

**YELLOW & WHITE**

why do i feel an urge  
to save a grenade from eggs?

how softly laid  
this heavy thing  
must have been...

did calcium form 'round its metal casing?  
was the bomb dumb? or just rotten  
at assimilation?

biggest fear, amid little chickens,  
is teenage pranks; well-trained.  
our hens are in  
that easter basket.

\*

**TENURE**

pussyfight, shushed,  
below my bedroom window;  
2 hours before the bars let out.

clawsharp,  
on a neighbor's porch,  
this battle—for territory,

& that black housecat between them; with  
their tails held up, spraying musk at everything

—is met. a magnificent japanese tiger,  
defending his, against an irish scrapper.

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