

Take Streets  
of the Poetry



The  
Nexus

Volume 2

people getting words to people that don't get words

Front cover design by:



Generous Contributors:

Page 5/6 A Stable For The Moon.....Will Crawford  
Page 7 Changes And Crumbs.....Jane Eks  
Page 8 Golden Poppies.....Dan Tompsett  
Page 9 Simply.....Michael Yost  
Page 10 Love lost In Time.....Lisa Augusta  
Page 11 Horizon.....Ian Hanna  
Page 12 Untitled.....Mike Meraz  
Page 13 Opiate.....Julie Watkins  
Page 14 Interstellar Lovers.....Bradley Howington  
Page 15 A Poet Is Born.....Jason Hardung  
Page 16 Dispersing Agony.....Vishwas Anand  
Page 17 Untitled.....Elizabeth Soroko  
Page 18 A Small Fire.....W.k.Kortas  
Page 19 Three.....Mariana Salcido  
Page 20 The Mime.....Annie Perconti  
Page 21 Beautiful.....Jack Henry  
Page 22 Untitled.....Elizabeth Soroka  
Page 23 Words.....Renee' Marie S. Tennant  
Page 24 6<sup>th</sup> & Vine.....Weston Fosdeck  
Page 25 Untitled.....Lynne Hayes  
Page 26 Untitled.....Shan Ellis  
Page 27 By The Way.....M.p. Powers  
Page 28 Highwire.....Pam Tucker  
Page 29 Exactly How Long Is "when".....Sean G. Buttram  
Page 30 Acknowledgements and Links

"words are not so important as to be vaulted away, nor are they worthless enough to throw away, so we give them away"

-DP-



A Stable for the Moon

By: Will Crawford

her outdoors  
is somehow  
an indoors

as moon  
becomes  
gentled mare  
seeking stable  
she lopes toward her  
with rising music  
defining motion

finds her  
brushed by  
fall's last leaf

*clair-obscur*

a breath painted  
then suspended  
on the air

she lies down  
in her own light

which pushes back  
the darkness

until the heart  
is stilled

drawn down  
into sleep's  
silvery hollows

by this  
wood nymph's  
febrile autumn song

*soft eyes*  
*on fire*

enfolded by sudden  
safe harbor -

*a seizure which*  
*eases belief*  
*in breath*

a gentled moon  
sheltered from  
its own storms

in this stable  
beneath her skin.

## Changes And Crumbs

Diesel fuel realities  
poured into high-octane  
kerosene fantasies, giving metal  
to the horn for change

Ravished coasts by  
merciless whimsical winds  
part ways. Two worlds collide,  
submerge, diverge, chaos!  
The ground moves. Uprooted, the  
trees fall, crushing burgeoning  
roses.

Apodictic certitude of post  
mortem for a present now past;  
or a prelude to bliss, placing hope in  
present arms, a salve for senses  
and bondage for pride

Felled tears, unshed,  
are silenced by the horizon  
harnessing forgetfulness and  
we go on

**By: Jane Elks**

~Golden Poppies~

The Ocean is bent around her body.  
Her killer  
is the only one who sees her hair  
tangled in the bull-kelp.

The Sunday morning frolic  
of families on the sand  
is warship-gray with fog.

Her killer  
watches from the high ancient shore  
and grins while fossils drip  
from the seaside cliff.

The get-away road behind him  
rips through golden poppies.

**By: Dan Tompsett**



Simply

Come back and sit with me  
Under this pretty tree  
We can talk and feel free  
Or just sit and just be

**By: Michael Yost**



Love Lost In time

Lingering in my heart you are still my lost love.  
Only GOD knows our love was sent from above.  
Vivid dreams of passion still haunt my mind daily.  
Eternal was the love we shared that was meant to be.

Letting go is so hard to do after many years of work.  
Open are the gates and behind them treachery lurks.  
So very sad what you desire you can `t always keep.  
Total outrage is what I feel inside as I begin to weep.

Infinite was the bound we had wanted and hoped for.  
Nevertheless the evil has come and we are no more.

Today is a sad day but I will soon prevail with true love.  
It will be so sweet and as beautiful as a weddings dove.  
My heart has been walked on and crushed many times before.  
Enough is enough because I can `t stand it any damn more!

By: Lisa Augusta

autumnal sunset orange

zest and maple brown syrup

glows delicious amber in deep water

blue sky distant rusty goose honk trumpet

song asymmetric wedge shotguns slow motion

south towards next summer gold moment fades

to colourless dark gathering like soot along opposite

    H        O        R        I        Z        O        N    

to colourless dark gathering like soot along opposite

south towards next summer gold moment fades

song asymmetric wedge shotguns slow motion

blue sky distant rusty goose honk trumpet

glows delicious amber in deep water

zest and maple brown syrup

autumnal sunset orange

By: Ian Hanna



## Opiate

Days since we spoke, since we smoked molten  
words,  
watched their smouldering tips as we sat in the  
dark  
at opposite ends of a warm thought.

Breath blowing through shadows, chain smoking  
through a packet of paper-rolled emotions,  
savouring distilled tincture with tongues.

Tonight, we will sit in the dark again and com-  
mune;  
we will cup our hands and light up,  
watchful not to let the words burn down too  
quickly,  
leaving our eyes bleary and our lips blistered.

**By: Julie Watkins**

Interstellar Lovers

Fly away...  
I'll come for you some day,  
Never will it be dismay,  
I'll take you in my arms,  
We'll fly far...  
To the stars.

Galaxy 1:  
I'll turn you on.

Flying through the stars, we'll never part,  
For you're always in my heart.  
With me you'll be safe, your pain will be erased.  
I'm sorry for your sorrow, for there will be another tomorrow.

Take my hand, I'll be your man,  
You'll be safe, no more disgrace.  
If it happens, it will be our fate.

Galaxy 2:  
The world belongs to you.  
The galaxies colorful beauty is before your eyes.  
You taste the universe.  
Radiation so soft against your skin,  
No lethal penetration within.

Galaxy 3:  
You'll be here with me.  
Lips so soft to the touch,  
Your eyes so bright,  
I've lost myself in your sights.

Galaxy 4:  
The beauty of the planets, the stars that shine, the colors in the night...  
They do not match up to the beauty I see in your eyes.  
Love flows through our hearts, galaxies part,  
We are forever part of this art.

Galaxy 5:  
We have arrived.  
The interstellar clouds so entwined,  
Peace enters our minds.  
Love has always been in our hearts,  
No way could we ever part.

Galaxy 6:  
The cosmos so thick.  
Cosmic dust touches our lips.  
Galactic clouds take us away...  
To a universe, far, far away.

Our world is one of a kind,  
Now it's our turn to shine.

## A Poet Is Born

A kid sits  
on the curb  
not saying much  
while the other kids  
chase each other in circles  
around him  
laughing shrieking  
their mouths moving  
in tighter circles  
and their eyes  
pinwheels  
for tomorrow.

He wants to be loud  
and run with them  
but he sits there  
sullen, staring  
at the sun,  
the trees,  
the birds,  
the people,  
how they move  
together,  
how they got here,  
how it all  
ends.

By Jason Hardung

## Dispersing Agony

The tantrums are just the way we say,  
For all things we've believed and prayed,  
The seeds were sown all day in cheerful ray,  
Alas! The outburst of anger has sailed and de-  
railed.

Protests stand rooted while at heart,  
Standing tall through withering hopelessness.  
The authority has the audacity to question this  
art,  
And reverse all said with acute thoughtlessness.

The graceful borders have sunk with the hit,  
From the impact, the battle against tyranny is  
won.  
The rulers are ousted with the mounted grit,  
Raising the fortified borders in the ruthless sun.

.  
Storms have come but with a rainbow of hope,  
Bruising the legs but sparing the eye of the  
storm.  
Events are churned to flattering heights to cope,  
And brought down in time to their relaxed form.

The peace of the fortune is descending upon,  
In the whirr of new machines; sparking a dawn,  
Of all things bright, the leaf is turned there-  
upon,  
And the amassed agony of years is arrested to  
spawn.

**By: Vishwas Anand**





Elizabeth Soroka

"A Small Fire"

When that day comes (hopefully, some light years distant;  
I, like anyone else, cling stubbornly to this process  
Of plodding aimlessly along) that the book of myself  
Is closed, I've asked--though how I plan  
To enforce the wish is an open question--that I am not  
Sent off to who knows where in my best suit (oddly tailored  
And cut up the back) replete with the odd knick-knacks or memen-  
tos

Tucked into some bulky and expensive conveyance  
To be Cadillac-ed off to some incongruous green space  
Where some black-clad and stiff-collared stranger  
Bounces pebble-laden soil onto the top of my bedding for the  
ages.

Much better, to my way of thinking, to have the remnants  
Of my essentials strewn...well, perhaps on some cold Adirondack  
lake

Or the backyard of my childhood home, if the current residents  
Are sympathetic and not too litigious; I have not fleshed out  
That particular portion of the equation, as I, like most people,  
Am much less emphatic about my do's than I am  
About my don'ts and won'ts.

On the odd occasion, I am visited by a curious dream  
Concerning my departure from this go-round;  
There is a fire, but it is not some vast, heroic Viking pyre  
(Even my reveries having a certain reserve), but something  
Much less prepossessing, like the small piles of leaves  
Which my father burned when I was a young boy,  
And a dark-suited cleric stands before the fire,  
His face only somewhat familiar, yet still comforting  
(A distant uncle or favorite teacher, perhaps),  
And he tosses the residue of my corporeal self  
With words absolving the foolishness of my acts of commission,  
(*The stumbling footfalls of the blind; throw them on the fire.*)  
The shortsightedness of my omissions,  
(*Boorishness of children and fools; throw them on the fire.*)  
The sum of my shortcomings and misadventures,  
(*Victims of our angels and gods; throw them on the fire.*)  
And the trails of smoke drift aimlessly upward  
Towards birds who cackle and twitter unconsciously,  
Oblivious to all of the machinations below.

By: W.k. kortas

### Three

No, I do not want to freeze time neither to trap the moment in memory, I want to live you in a present that is no longer. A moment that is debated between is and was. Do not you hesitate; the spell has an expiration date in the label of the interest. The circumstance comes disguised as spoils, just when I decided to stop seeking it, and excites me, rushes in unexpected interim; you don't recognize it, but it flashes. Three seconds before looking at you, I looked at you in all manifestations. I looked at you three times. You walk with smooth swagger, move away to be near, go, run, dissemble. I could dwell perpetually among the queasy lights of this playing field. I freeze you in three dimensions. I contemplate you and I try to divine what you will say, is thus? I am wrong. I go. You call, do not call. We do the pause of the three days, the challenge to see who is the strongest one. Do not you know that I am tranquil?

I have three eyes, two to watch and one to see what makes the other two blush. At times I leave everyone else, the better to count coincidences, to invite them to pass; we will only have three months. Three equilateral, three justice, three God, the devil's trident. Ninety days. Magic in power of eternity. The change of tone in the voices, the close contact number one, the two, the three.

I fall in love with the three and in ecstatic yearning dreams, especially when nothing has even begun, when I do not perceive trails to help me sense what will happen tomorrow. How can you define a love without a body? Latent hope in left behind, diurnal dreaminess to the shadows of my thoughts, redemption of trinities. Three opportunities. I will exile my coherence to see your shift.

I love exactly what I do not know, that exists, and surely otherwise I would not be able not to know it. I love your perfect distance; master the three minutes before knowing that there is a memory, and the three minutes after imagining the future, when you have gone and I cannot know if is for always. I am a disciple of those phrases cut off where in the holes of a sigh I can add three words

The more you dream, the more you are awake. Subtle, isn't it? Except the more I know you, the more you seem to me; orderly chaos, painful pleasure, patient anxiety, recent reflection, sorrow... You give me an outcropping to shelter me when the trouble intoxicates, an acute angle of a regular polygon. Today I have the miracle of the three centimeters of my hand to yours. If I resign myself to the path of three horrible days of loneliness, that I invite and I cause; then I move away with trivial disdains, indifferences of three ways. I am a three that breathes, we are three: my charm, your absence, and the luck.

**By: Mariana Salcido/Fragment of Insolences**

### The Mime

The mime in her invisible box  
pressing smashed faces  
to false walls.  
Loose limbs lean

against the phantom fireplace.

Pretending to be trapped  
with her own emotional whips  
Her silent mouth  
promises that this IS funny.

Her white grease paint  
melts in the make believe  
air conditioned box  
showing torn skin  
beneath her left eye.

That red moment  
that drops from her cheek  
to reach him  
in a crazy rendition of the truth  
is where the mime ends

and she begins.

By: Anne Perconti

## Beautiful

she stands in the produce aisle of a small town grocery store

smelling oranges

after careful contemplation she makes a choice

a few end up in a plastic bag at the bottom of her cart

most do not

hair pulled back in a pony tail

flop sweater and old faded jeans

tennis shoes well past their expiration date

she moves to the apples, holds one up to her nose, her eyes catch mine

my heart stops, the world goes mute, and I whisper to myself,

it's time to breathe again

**By: Jack Henry**



Elizabeth Soroka

## WORDS

"Each and every one of us is unique. There isn't another person that is like us, not even a twin. We all have a hidden talent that when found, allows us to shine more. Until you find it, smile and shine anyway. Search within and reach for the stars, not the moon. Dreams don't come true without the effort. Just go for it! " ~ **Renee Marie Stilwell-Tennant**

"Life has many ups and downs. Almost like a roller coaster ride. We need to go through the dips in order to make us stronger. Just hang on...Don't close your eyes as you may miss something and don't hold back. To hold back makes those dips last longer. Remember that fear is what we make of it..." ~ **Renee Marie Stilwell-Tennant**

"Has anyone told YOU lately that...YOU are Loved...YOU are Cared for...YOU are Beautiful...YOU are Special and that YOU are just as Important as the next person? Well..I just did, because YOU are!" ~ **Renee Marie Stilwell-Tennant**

6th & Vine

dime store philosopher stoops to the step  
extricating eleven cents from cracked sidewalk  
blue and red beaded lights flash  
in heats maddening glare  
they jingle and jangle as smokey  
fingers fondle brow ridges  
sickly sweet scent of almonds almost burnt  
blood is a blackened blotch of self  
a formed opine on unsolicited help  
in the haggard Shadows of darkened overpass

**By: Weston D. Fosdeck**



**Not A Dali**

standing in the dark  
cigarette damp,  
the weight of you lies in me  
like that painting we almost bought  
but the colors were too harsh,  
you said.

i relented, as always

just once could you not  
allow me my way,  
or are the wide open spaces  
of my heart too bright  
versus the chill of the cellar  
you choose to remain  
prisoner

each disregard is another turn  
of the rusty key  
which hangs on the belt  
clenched tight in your fists.

my hands are getting worn  
have iron in the creases  
so please just once,  
allow.

**By: Lynne Hayes**

Look into my eyes,  
I don't wish to know you.  
I wish to use you.

You are the apathy  
that fills the void in me.  
The wanting  
the waiting  
the anticipating.

Feel my breath on your bare skin.  
I'm the temptress.  
You are my prey.

I do not wish to know you.  
I wish to use you.

I'm the hurt in your subconscious  
ache that fills your existence.  
No one in particular,  
Just who you want me to be.

The vixen,  
Who bleeds you dry  
and leaves you to choke.

I don't wish to love you,  
Just satisfy my longing.

Entwine like Ivy in your soul  
And never let go.

**By the Way**

No use standing in the bleeding  
streetlights of fact. I prefer keeping  
things androgynous or somewhat  
lobster bisque. I prefer mystagogue

liquid dancing with the Queen

of Bathsheba. Playing the Spanishing  
hand-organ, or a human  
heart. I don't wanna know about

watch-chains or aluminum siding,  
the disordering principles of your  
prince-less imbroglios. I wanna love  
you in parables and/or string

theory. It's your thighs  
miles to which I aspire.

The brightening mind of baklava.

**By: M.p. Powers**



"Highwire"

Exactly How Long Is "when"

May this be my cold comfort penitence  
only I understand this season of dissonance  
needless freezing temperate climate  
keeping warmth and sunshine at bay  
everlasting love will be my own reward  
you will see someday...

Gratification of everlasting love suppressed  
Left alone far too long, misery set in  
As if she was needlessly punishing herself  
Incredibly painful he thinks this to be  
Suffering dissonance only to stand there weep-  
ing  
Wishing he would dry her un-managed tears  
He will rescue her "when" this punishment ends  
for the lil girl.

**By: Sean G. Buttram**



From the contributors to the recipients, I thank you for helping to make this a reality. For anyone interested in learning more about, or to submit for future volumes of "take-it-to-the-street" please feel free to contact us @

(email):

[juluca27@hotmail.com](mailto:juluca27@hotmail.com)

(download link for volumes/comments)

<http://www.yudu.com/item/details/347265/Take-it-to-the-street-poetry-The-NEXXUSS-s-Album>

Published by Free Penny Press  
Tampa, Florida