

A Poem

Joram Piatigorsky

(It is a special event for me to have something of Joram Piatigorsky's in this journal. Joram was a close friend throughout my high school years. Aggravatingly, he seemed always to have marks a point or two higher than mine. There was no catching up to him. We lost touch for fifty years. Then, through the good offices of the internet, we got back into connection. Joram is a research scientist on the verge of retirement. He declares himself ready to begin a new career, as a writer. Following the literary path, in February he went to Guatemala for a writer's workshop on fiction, memoir and poetry. He stayed in a tiny Mayan village, San Marcos, situated on Lake Atitlán. While in the area, he submitted himself to "Mayan chocolate" under the direction of a shaman. He said it didn't affect him much . . . but you wonder. . . . Ed.)

Drifting

Mayan chocolate
 Alive once, nourished
 By moist soil
 Brown mud now

Sweeten it with sugar
 If you please, or not, he says
 Or sharpen it with chile
 And let the sting subside
 Within your bowels

He continues
 The door will open, if you wish
 And the grey matter of your brain
 May sparkle

Distance may draw close
 Shackles may release
 Passages may change
 From dusk to dawn,
 Or not

Your choice, he says
 Entirely your choice

I lie upon the ground
 And close my eyes
 To let the demons roam

I see changing shapes
 And colors trapped within a grid
 Of tiny squares of light

A Poem

Roxanne Hill

Feel the energy? he asks
 I don't, I say
 But to myself

I drift upon a lake of air
 Perhaps I feel the energy of space

Wait
 The drifting stops
 The movement is beyond me now
 My body still
 Yet very much alive

My many arms are wide and green
 My legs sink beneath the ground
 I have no head, no eyes, no ears
 And drops of water from the rain
 Despite no clouds above
 Roll off my leaves
 But never seem to reach the earth

I am a plant among my peers
 I cannot see
 I cannot hear
 I cannot change my place

Yet still a man, and not *all* plant
 I sense small living things with hair
 Move fitfully, in cautious jerks,
 First here, then there
 Arriving at
 No destination

I sleep yet am awake
 I dream
 But also I am here
 My eyes still closed
 The sun shines in
 Blackness not attainable 'til death

I turn my head and raise
 The curtains called my lids
 I see few people next to me
 Who were lying here before

A Poem
"
Jarom Plafigorsky

The scene has changed
The time has come
To haul my frame
Above my aching legs

To stomp upon the solid path
Avoid the rocks
Walk past the plants
And find a place to grow new roots,
Or not

Drifting

Myself dissolved
Wherever, wherever
In the world
I have not been

Myself a tree
If you please
Or perhaps
And in the end
I am a tree
I cannot
I cannot
I cannot

He is
The
A
N

Drift
Through
From dusk
Draw

Now there
Easily

I see the light
And close my eyes
To let the darkness come

I see changing shapes
And colors trapped within a grid
Of my sources of light



Artwork by Luther Brigman.