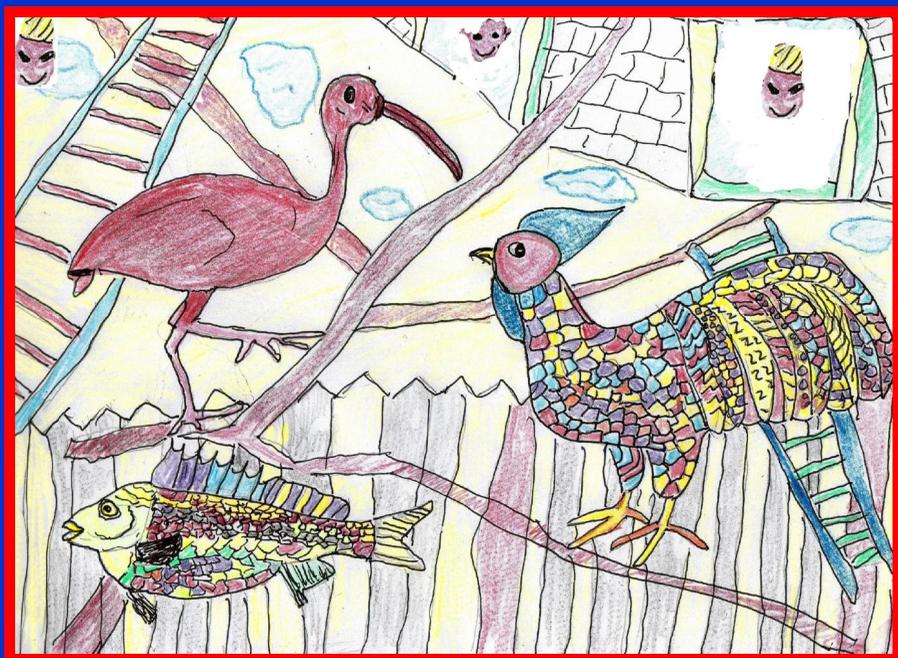


# PHYRRS HIERWALS AND BOULDERGEISTS



johnmichael  
simon



**Cyclamens and Swords Publishing** was founded in 2008 by Johnmichael Simon and Helen Bar-Lev. The name is taken from their illustrated book of poetry published by Ibbetson Street Press in 2007 the opening stanza of which appears below:

"Life should be sunflowers and poetry  
symphonies and four o'clock tea  
instead it's entangled  
like necklaces in a drawer  
when you reach in for cyclamens  
you pull out swords"

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

**Johnmichael Simon** was born in Northampton, England in 1938. He has lived in Israel since 1961. His work has been published in numerous anthologies and websites. His poetry has won prizes in international competitions, including the Reuben Rose, the Tom Howard and the Margaret Reid poetry contests. He is Chief Editor of Cyclamens and Swords Publishing, [www.cyclamensandswords.com](http://www.cyclamensandswords.com) and webmaster of Voices Israel poetry [www.freewebs.com/voicesisrael](http://www.freewebs.com/voicesisrael).

**CYCLAMENS AND SWORDS** with poems of Israel by Helen Bar-Lev and Johnmichael Simon was published in 2007 by Ibbetson Press of Boston, Mass. In addition to collaborations with Helen, he has published two solo books of poetry: **SONATINA** by Ibbetson Press and **BORDWINOT** by Cyclamens and Swords Publications. Johnmichael's personal website is at: <http://johnmichaelsimon.webs.com/>.

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## Crazy Concoctions

There's a softness to prickly bristle  
when it's pickled in vinegary brine  
there's a dog's bark that follows a whistle  
where the turf and the earth combine

There's an egg that floats high on the water  
like an ark with the world closed inside  
and in every mile and a quarter  
there's more than ten furlongs to ride

There's a morning as dark as a tar brush  
there's an ant with an elephant's tusk  
there are tugs that pull liners from harbors  
there are rats who smell strongly of musk

But of all the world's strange combinations  
baked Alaska's the surprising extreme  
those boiling cold ice cream sensations  
when you can't tell your laugh from your scream



## Blueprint for the Dance

Twin strands  
melt on every turn  
around each other  
tango precisely  
each choreographed step  
a history of  
trial and error  
routines gathered  
on the way  
by hairy ancestors  
imitating coarse gestures  
ancient steps  
a waltz away  
from time

Treetops  
green plains  
all winding back  
to deep watery places  
where the dance of life  
trembles  
and spins from tail  
to bobbing head  
around itself  
from toes to tossing hair  
with such delight  
in each other  
almost forgotten  
in the mystery of beginnings



## Words of Fire

O earthbound Zar and bouldergeists  
hearken now to smouldering forests  
where Trist the westwind furl'd its gates  
in Jade and Amethyst estates  
to harness Phyr the underflamed  
whose powers heaven and hell reclaimed  
and glazed now from the pinnacled range  
came forth an armored Hierwal strange  
that snorting fire and consequent jewels  
millennium's distant worlds now rules

But scant now from these frowning skies  
the real message Drysten lies  
where hearkened into conchlike probis  
a mystery from its deep discloses  
that rears and phrenzies from the boulders  
with flame and flander geists shoulders  
and head of swords and lances smitten  
the words of fire enflamed are written  
to smoulder down millennium's rivers  
and light the way to jeweled evers

Hark O Zar the Phyr is one  
Hark the Hierwal's words be done



## **Current Theories on the Uncertain Nature of the Universe**

In the washing machine  
of time's unsorted colors  
theories tumble and mingle  
emerging and cascading  
in uncertain frequency

Round and round they go  
appearing and vanishing  
like quantum undergarments  
in whirling rainbow wheels

An unmarried professor  
of physics or philosophy  
at an American university  
or a cat, watching curiously  
through the glass thickly,  
might experience a similar  
headachy sensation of  
bewilderment, replacing  
previous complacency  
with the only consistent  
perception being

The thud of the drum  
as it monotonously orbits  
backwards and forwards  
and the fragrant questions  
of the suds  
as they spin



## Concrete or Abstract

What is concrete  
to divide it from abstract?  
two parts sand one part water  
paint on a basement wall  
family portraits  
still lifes, now long dust

What is abstract  
to divide it from concrete?  
two parts serious one part laughter  
paint on a basement wall  
incompatible relationships  
life never still, now star dust

What is the real world  
to divide it from imagination?  
two parts water one part sand  
paint on a basement wall  
here today gone tomorrow  
still born child of cosmic lust



## Crash Course in Unraveling Confusion

Paper porcupines propel porpoises  
potato peelings shell tortoises  
advertising executives smell auspices  
slogans simmer speared out of this

When everything seems so confusing  
and clarity of detail we're all losing  
a few symbols strung together  
will serve to clear things up forever

Justice, freedom, civil rights  
ideals for which our nation fights  
democrats, republicans and conservatives  
labels with no artificial preservatives

Yes, life has never been so fine  
now on sale at nine dollars ninety-nine



## My Friend the Neigh

T'other day, loafing as a beggar  
a ragged neigh comes wheezing down the way  
brown t'was and speckled with patches too  
'n frown 'n tired bedecked his hungered gaze  
glaring out his evidence too clear  
that had not eat nor drink a day or two

'N being the kind of guy me come to be  
me opens satchel bags to spread it out  
was bread, was cheese, was biscuits 'n was fruit  
'n in a can I poured a pint or two  
to slake his tongue, his slurping lips of thanks  
'n finished it too he did with zest and gulp  
the last of it he crunched with lips and burp

'N then an there we lays us down to sleep  
the ragged neigh all grateful eyes of mist  
'n through a day or two we friended deep  
two wonderers wandering down the way  
sharing raids 'n pickings, sun 'n stars  
till lights of nearing village bright 'n blink

'N there we said our fares, good nag 'n I  
'n parted, each upon his errand separately  
but nights 'n ways, I miss his friendly wheeze  
his ragged grin a ruffling in the breeze



## Unpredicted

look into this microscope  
it seems such an innocuous thing to do  
sneezing

almost like a big bang  
that brings  
a miniature circus into existence

a microbe garden of Eden  
a drop-sized Jurassic Park

and we had no absolutely  
no intention  
of causing  
generation after generation  
of bacterial scholars

to write books concerning  
the who and the why of it

all we wanted to do  
was to get rid  
of that damn tickle  
in our nose



## House of Love

numb and kneeling in the house of love  
blood congealing in the house of love  
burnt and reeling in the house of love  
sacked and stealing in the house of love

numb no feeling  
blood no feeling  
burnt no feeling  
in the house of love

whip your children in the house of love  
whip your sermon in the house of love  
whip those injuns in the house of love  
whiplash vengeance in the house of love

numb your children  
blood your sermon  
burn your vengeance  
in the house of love

punish sinners in the house of love  
eat last dinners in the house of love  
klu klux klanners in the house of love  
black hosannas in the house of love

punish children  
swallow sermon  
burn hosannas  
in the house of love



## The End of Time

blank moonscape world  
nothing moves on it  
save shadow crisp as crater  
galloping light into cold  
like a clock racing into night

sterile moondust world  
death has no meaning here  
where life has never existed  
save shadow gulping  
knife across landscape  
relentless clock world

sundial world  
time crawls across it  
atomic cogwheel world  
precise unrelenting  
cold millenniums decay shadows  
in infinitesimal measurements  
blank moonscape microns

airless world  
choke your throat world  
hiss in helmet world  
only the names of the stars  
zillions of stars  
singing in cold light

nothing to gasp into  
only knife,  
shadow  
and star beauty



## On Riddles and Buffaloes

Seconds whirl around, into the stuff  
that we call space  
where minutes, hours and centuries abound  
and wander curiously across the place  
that we call time  
it's all recorded in the Book of Gaur  
second line page twenty nine

"The buffaloes shall roam  
across the fields of thyme  
this broad and verdant playth  
between the horizon  
and the realms of spayth"

A library of scholars  
all with investigative bent  
could not discover or decipher  
what these lines once meant

The buffaloes, not put off by the scent  
of ink and parchment, rhyme and parse  
don't waste a second thinking  
what the riddle meant;  
they spend their time  
just nibbling the grass



## Slinky Jack

Two painted ladies  
in an automobile  
stopped next to me in the road  
windows swished down  
lipstick on careful wrinkles  
two pairs of crimson lips  
question marks in short skirts  
'Which way to Slinky Jack disco?'

So serious, hair done up  
pencilled outlines  
half way between  
smiles and desperation  
scuffed kneecaps just peeping

I smiled back  
'I've been doing these morning walks  
for years, know how easy it is  
to lose your way,  
turn around, go back the way you came  
take a right then straight three miles  
it's up there on the hill, you can't miss it  
sign says 'Slinky Jack Drive In'  
or somethin' like that –  
under that it says  
'the place where dreams come true'  
– now I remember  
popcorn's good too'.

They thanked me, drove off  
all they had to do was make a U  
go back, but dammit they drove straight on



## A Thin Film of Water

His dexterity with wieners was somewhat extraordinary  
eliciting a shower of encores from the audience  
composed of diaphanous underwear models  
who brought him bouquets, boxes of chocolates  
proposals of marriage, and one, the daughter  
of a chain store magnate, offered him a contract  
to star in a movie about bratwurst and pickles,  
the German, she assured him, could be dubbed in later

Only his wife did not appreciate him  
she wanted to intellectualize, discuss Greek mythology  
at four in the morning when he wanted only to sleep

Shaking her off, he fell into a watery dream he'd  
often had before, standing over a pool,  
that turned into a hall of mirrors  
he flexed himself, struck obscene poses  
that leered back at him from every corner, every  
angle, now tall, now fat, curved forwards and  
backwards, now round, thin, twisted, elongated,  
replicating him endlessly in a hundred lurid variations  
of frankfurter, knockwurst, braunschweiger, biershinken,  
a grinning satire of a scene adapted from somewhere  
on the Internet, twisting, dancing in chorus line  
replications and clones, a can-canning clown  
performing baloney push ups in devilish abandon  
to the tumult of delighted feminine applause

Nightly crowned monarch of ardor, he regarded  
himself, unique, triumphant, desirable

...Narcissus of the delicatessen counter



## The Firing Squad

*'It took me four years to learn to paint like Raphael,  
but a lifetime to paint like a child.'* (Pablo Picasso)

They filed in blindfolded  
stood akimbo to the wall  
the words

Blesseds dropped in the first salvo  
then kings, altars, promises,  
sins, obedience,  
disobedience stood for a while  
bullets whistling by, then it dropped too

Most adjectives and adverbs  
simply exploded of their own accord  
as did many nouns of the higher sphere  
abstractions, inventions, musings,  
articles, conjunctions and the like

When the smoke cleared  
and the stage was swept  
only the most stalwart  
nouns and verbs were left standing

'Let's write an epitaph for them'  
said eyes to hat, lips smiled  
'let's paint a picture'  
'something abstract and meaningful  
like a Picasso' suggested nose  
and was shot immediately

After their blindfolds were removed  
the rest of them sat down  
with crayons and finger paint  
and started to work



## The Time Gnomes

The days before forever dies  
one more, one less, who knows?  
their hours tremble into ice  
—that's where the time gnomes go

Frost white horizons stretch and curve  
as distant stars from glaciers drip  
unwinking sentinels watch, observe  
immobile in time's frozen grip

All motion's but a memory  
a song once learnt but now a hush  
cold winter notes once summery  
erased with pallid silent brush

And everywhere the time gnomes go  
all the words are turned to snow  
and all the world's a waxworks show



## Ex Pluribus Veritas

Two origami figures  
discarded in a bin  
frustrated, incomplete  
rustled into conversation

Hello who are you?  
I'm a bird  
but my wings are backward  
I can't fly, what are you?  
I don't know  
some kind of an animal I guess,  
that got crumpled

Hey you know what? let's refold each other  
I'd like that

Look, undo this flap, put a new crease here  
and here, now fold this way

Now it's your turn, bend  
close back on yourself, open this way

Like this?  
Yes, press here  
Hey, maybe we could join up?

Like this? Yes  
And this? Yes  
This is nice Oh yes!  
Just one more fold

Oh wow  
a bird dog!  
No silly, a pterodactyl



## Classroom Owls

The dreamers are here amongst us  
watching how dust motes sing  
in a flute of light

Children of their own worlds  
quaint as Minerva birds, they frustrate  
the most earnest of educational assault

For they are peace lovers at heart  
and wish to be left in their own muse  
as they look at you from strange angles

They are not troublesome, do not  
throw paper darts or pass notes  
to each other behind their desks

And it's not that they're ill behaved,  
when accosted they will look at you  
and smile a misty spangled smile

And you think that they hear you  
but they don't, their ears attuned  
to some distant tongue, a broadcast

From behind a sky of frosted glass  
music from two dancing moons  
revolving round some undiscovered sun

Transmitting past the speed of light  
and you sigh, inscribe their report cards  
with 'doesn't concentrate' or 'needs to improve'

Or simply 'Albert can do better'



## Cherries

The tastiest fruit in the garden  
are high on the branches of Not  
it's forbidden to climb trees in the garden  
even if you love cherries a lot

So each day you stroll through the garden  
ogling the cherries so red  
watching them dance on their thin little legs  
till a Thou Shalt Not lands on your head

Thou Shalt Not admire little cherries  
or covet thy neighbor's wife  
Thou Shalt Not aspire to Nabokov's desire  
if you value the rest of your life

So you return to your house from the garden  
and read the newspaper in bed. While the priests  
have a feast and the monks are released  
from their vows and eat cherries instead



## The Balamama Jubilee

*Thanks and apologies to George L. Cobb and Jack Yellen, 1915*

Down at McNamara's on a Halloween night  
Guitar totin beetles tighten strings in delight  
Fiddlin cicadas rub their hairy legs right  
Patrons take their places on cotton bales bright  
Moonshine liquor's handed out, we're ready for flight  
Singin scratch, fret, the gang's all set  
For a Balamama jubilee

Alexander's band is there all strumming away  
Pistol packin mama's shootin bundles of hay  
Saints come marchin in with all their wings on display  
Rowin boats are paddlin gently, zingedy zay  
Brightly coated lobsters glisten red as they play  
Singin cling clang, the gang's all rang  
For a Balamama jubilee

Things are really hottin up, the rhythm is great  
Horns all float on tympani in brass figure eights  
Stompin feet greet Martha, Ella, Louis and Kate  
Improvisin solos trill and twist and jump and gyrate  
Country turns to Dixie then we're into the straight  
Singin swing, swing the gang's all zing  
For a Balamama jubilee



## World of Babble

I speak in newsprint,  
recycled thoughts,  
babble from library books  
their words absorbed like blotted ink  
blurring when I try to think

My world's partitioned with babble fences  
babble phrases, references  
babble formulas, categories  
devolved from babble ABCs

I think in double babble language  
think only in this troubled language  
ideas composed of babble thoughts  
my mind a scrambled babble sandwich

Sometimes I long with all my heart  
to tell this babble world apart  
from some other place that's underneath  
without the babble that deceives

I wish that I could make this plain  
but though I try and try again  
I babble rather than explain



## Story Book Poetry

Oh to close my eyes and delve, find them  
all there wriggling away underground  
blind worms with dimmed headlights  
all boring downwards. Alice falling  
like a leaf, Captain Nemo plunging to  
watery grottos, journeys to the center  
of myself, subterranean explorations  
Sigmund's there too deciphering dim  
messages written in Greek on intestinal  
walls but were I to meet him I would  
ignore him, plunge on

There's a land down there I'm sure  
a cave world with a roof like an effervescent  
sky-bowl where suns of every hue glow  
strings of beads and candy birds fly  
liquid melodies through branches of  
tongue twisting trees

We all know it's there somewhere because  
those who have been there and told about it  
have bejeweled our lives with unpronounceable  
gibberish gigglings, cardboard pop-outs, all kinds  
of animals peeping through the leaves, smiling  
and grimacing, wishing chairs with wings, chocolate  
houses and somewhere back in the swish of time  
even verses that rhyme



## **Elevator Land**

Elevators chime softly in soul station  
banks of chrome going up, going down  
button-less they wait in patient rows  
stretching silver ghosts, adjusting  
new-old costumes

They have no control over destinations  
new immigrants, their turnstiles click  
in turn, every two seconds a baby is born  
in Africa; in an uptown maternity home

Funerals in the rain, they wait  
mourners huddling under umbrellas, knocked  
down by cars, in rockers knitting to the end  
felled by famines, hurricanes, earthquakes  
all waiting patiently, going up, going down  
swish, click, chime, the rows stretch  
round the block, patient faceless  
each in his own capsule, like  
pneumatic tubes in last centuries  
department stores, swish and you're gone  
swish, your change – bright new pennies



## Points of View

Certain angles, when viewed, give back truth:  
bees' eyes, gift wrap, polished diamonds,  
they disclose inside, dissolve in a moment  
a lifetime of carbon conviction.

Coal and diamonds wink back at you in blackness,  
immense spaces between the truth,  
dust motes make patterns through a shaft of sunlight  
dancing their ballet to the core.

These things are new as wrinkles on new-born babes  
seventy years later, eyes still fresh and clear  
shining with time, staring at blank originals  
delicately framing a world of faceted detail.

We look at other realities, hear them with fingertips  
they call them music of the spheres.  
We gaze blinkered, take them for granted  
as black boxes, technologies of viewing.

Distortions all of them.  
Angles that when viewed just this way  
give back truth.

I'm running again, eyes closed,  
across fields warmed by the sun  
to take off, fly into the thermals, feel,  
where vision doesn't matter any more.



## Puppets and Cotton Candy

His hands were scarred and calloused,  
experienced with pain, as he wielded the knife  
deftly cutting, paring, shaping,  
until the puppets emerged from the wood  
slits for eyes, gouges for cheeks,  
scowls for mouths, always scowls

How the children laughed at them up on the stage  
Punch hitting Judy, thwack thwack  
and the policeman hitting Punch with his club  
knocking him to the floorboards  
to rise and cry and receive more whacks

And then we went and bought cotton candy  
and watched how the old woman poured sugar  
into the hole and how the spindle spun  
as she wound long strands of white or pink  
around a stick into a great shining wand of fluff

These days when she sees them closing in  
with arthritic fingers, cutting away  
to gouge and leer, or when she feels hands  
underneath the stage manipulating in worn routines,  
she closes her eyes, pours herself into  
this little hole, winds her flying pink-white  
body around a stick, hands it to a sobbing child  
and watches how his tears turn into sticky gooey  
bites that dissolve in the mouth and disappear  
until all that is left is a plain old piece of wood



## de Neuvo's Mirror

The transient articulations of Alphonso de Neuvo  
deal with the reflections of Xorros  
but should not be confused with  
the transient articulations of Alphonso de Neuvo  
which deal with the reflections of Xorros

Given the prevalence of parallel topology  
and the transient twin-tracked descriptions  
that de Neuro recorded, all evidence thinly sliced  
to fend off misconceptions or attempts at duplication  
these articulations come as a reflective delight  
as silver sliced from day is slipped to night

So gentlemen inquisite, ladies fair  
behold, behind this portal lies articulation one  
where slivered from shadows we discern him there  
with microscope all peering at a Xorros slice  
the first, the very first thin slice of discovery  
where articulations emerge from centuries of gloom  
dissected from parallel right before you in this room

And down this next passageway, recently exhumed  
the central chamber of articulation two  
all sliced identical from twin-tracked gloom;  
behold him there maestro Alphonso, back now bent  
peering beyond the slice of reflection's folded tent

Now which of you inquisite gents, you ladies fair  
will dare to approach the transient mirror's glare  
and peek like Alphonso at yesterdayed tomorrow  
dissect your own twin-tracked clone of Xorros?

Fear not Alphonso's trick, step back from confusion  
its just a slice of old de Neuvo's transient illusion



## To Boldly Go

and in the morning  
when the suns came up  
for the thirteenth time  
they dug for clinkers, blue gold

their reptilian arms revolving swoop  
after scoop to enrich the lords  
of Perzelcort

faucet eyes, blue mother of pearl  
extensors, gripping split rock of violet  
methane coal, they dig, while from  
the spires of Perzelcort  
comes music-

kordi bells, xi reed pipes all lilting incensed greed  
as purple suns ascend for the thirteenth time

who among these clinker  
slaves, would have lifted  
to listen between the bauble stars that  
glittered unknown, unsensed  
on Perzelcort, tentacled, waving to greet  
a trace of pearl dust in the sky?

as Enterprise flew past oblivious and blinkered,  
first contact forgotten between the injunctions  
of breakfast time and news beamed up from home

unintervened in blue gold, Perzelcort, parsecs later  
is left to languor lost in slavery, swooping  
in violet darkness through a billion years



## World on Wires

The big event  
displayed  
on the surface  
of a whirling sphere  
suspended on wires  
was seen by a mouse  
lying there  
all soft and furry  
twitchy-whiskered

Waiting as if he knew  
(which of course he couldn't)  
the meaning of giddiness  
as globe begins to tilt  
mass sloughs off from mass  
waters storm and thunder  
one of the wires twangs  
snaps off its tight pinion  
and the whole system  
of land and form  
crashes, crashes  
wires torn from orbit  
into disorder and destruction

And the mouse  
all soft and twitchy  
did he perish  
or scamper off  
into some subterranean  
refuge beneath the ruins  
to write, as if he knew  
(which of course he didn't)  
a furry epitaph to the history  
of a world on wires



## Through a Frozen Window

This is the long, long kiss goodnight  
that transports you through time  
home to some unknown shore

Your boat sails glass  
fastened in a sea of ice  
your eyelids closed to never-never  
dreams  
sound frozen in your white-muffled ears

I wish to tell you happenings  
of days that sail on past  
of animated graphics on the glass  
of bicycling across the moon  
of cars that talk, of Nemo  
flickering your golden spark  
through underwater deeps

Of Shrek. But your face  
remains composed in silent transport  
your heartbeat locked forever  
at one minute to midnight

I wish I could believe in a tomorrow  
like you. The rest of us  
and those we love and lose  
clasped in stillness, sailing on

Into this long, long kiss goodnight  
transporting us through eternity  
home to some unknown shore



## Darklings

Gray owl has dipped his eyes tonight  
in paint, black eyes once wise and sure  
black owl has cloaked wise eyes tonight  
owls' dark eyes are a pool tonight  
and in the pool a lure

Gray jackals have blacked their howls tonight  
to growl beneath their cloaks  
gray jackals have opened throats tonight  
their dark throats lure the toads tonight  
in every throat a croak

Dim moon has hooded face tonight  
to whispers through the leaves  
dim moon has cast a net tonight  
and dark green leaves are cloaks tonight  
in every cloak a spell

Dark pool is huge and deep tonight  
that was so bright with fish  
dark pool is filled with eyes tonight  
and each eye is a spell tonight  
in every spell a wish

My dreams are filled with owls tonight  
with jackals and with eyes  
dim moonlight dreams of pools tonight  
but every dream will die tonight  
when sunrise throttles skies



## Thirst to Know

Nothing is ever going to quench  
this slow descent into knowledge  
even the smallest particles break down  
becoming revolving worlds of their own.

Worlds inside worlds, thus there  
are always armies of bookkeepers  
trudging behind visionaries and archeologists  
who are happy to categorize them,  
put them into even smaller boxes  
labeled neatly in Latin or Greek

Yet, here and there  
in this river of thirst  
if you wake before the world  
on an unfolding spring morning  
you may find an eddy of uncertainty  
rushing downstream on the current  
or a green-throated incomprehensible  
crimson, orange-beaked, sitting on a branch  
above it all, warbling a new day's melody  
before flying off  
into question marked skies



## Unanswered Questions

Three years after being  
temporarily attached to the wall  
with a piece of adhesive plaster  
Jeremiah's washing machine broke  
loose from its mooring and sailed  
into the living room on a river  
of suds surprising Mrs. J who was  
knitting a jumper for the dog

His daughter, moving her feet out of the rising  
tide, looked up from her periodical  
and remarked; how marvelous  
disposable panties are in individual flavors  
this season and yes they do have  
melting moments

It was superbowl week, there were  
beers and pretzels to be bought and  
the remote on the TV needed fixing  
Mrs. J set down her needles and put  
a family sized pizza in the microwave

The little one looked up from her homework  
sniffed the air,  
alien thoughts crossed her mind  
injected by some thought messaging friend  
her search mechanism crossed the globe...  
outside a tsunami was raging  
a dictator had died  
and the planet rushed on  
to a collision with a moon-sized asteroid

Who wants pepperoni?  
asked Mrs. J.







Fearsome funny creatures abound throughout in this whimsical musical language explosion from Johnmichael Simon. Magical poetry that conjures up guitar playing beetles, star crossed atoms and other strange combinations.

From an interview with the author:

**Q - How did you get to write Phyrns, Hierwals and Bouldergeists?**

**A - Well one day I was rummaging around looking for an old pair of running shoes and there they were.**

**Q - The poems?**

**A - No the Bouldergeists. They were inside the running shoes.**

**Q - Seriously now, these poems are so quirky and queer, yet somehow so original and insightful. Where do you get your inspiration?**

**A - Well, my grandfather would have called it perquincity.**

**Q - I see. was you grandfather also a poet?**

**A - No he was a Hierwal.**

If Beowulf could, he would surely laugh at Simon's sparkling little ode to his literary image; however, he can't, but I can--and did--and so should you. A must-read for all intelligently evolved Homo sapiens who savor the challenge of tongue-in-cheek, mind-boggling dialect in mostly free-verses laced with scientifically sound-but-rollicking whimsy.

A delightful, unforgettable treat!

Wanda Sue Parrott Co-founder of the National Annual Senior Poets Laureate Poetry Competition and director of Amy Kitchener's Angels Without Wings Foundation, Inc.



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