

rust and moth

SUMMER 2009



michael young

6.20.9

stephen mills

MY HANDS

THERE ARE CERTAIN HOURS

rebecca e. jackson

HUMMING BIRD

john swain

THE UNDERSIDE OF A LEAF

RAIN ON THE GATES

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PURPLE FLOWERS

estlin thomas

SUCH LONG HOURS

SHADOWS)SHAKEN OUT

SHE LEFT HER DUST IN MY EYES

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SUCH PECULIAR COLOR

FLOWERS CAN'T TALK

luke burns

UNTITLED

frederic greenall

FLIGHT

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A DUCK WALK

COI

credits




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6.20.9

death is the end of attachment to things.
if you let go, then you can grasp most anything.
but my friends aren't things,
and i worry that i haven't enough hands to hold them all,
to hold them down, to keep them from spiraling off into outer space,
alone.





stephen mills

MY HANDS

my hands are old hands. the skin is weak.
my veins are web lines beneath.

my hands have held rain and dirt, mixed
it to mud. built floors and walls.

turned strings to sound.
opened many doors, and closed them.
held pictures and cameras
to take pictures.

lifted and drawn many shades.
folded together to pray.
held sacred texts.
turned pages.
lit matches.

but my hands.
they hurt now.
it pains me to hold too tightly.
so i sometimes have to let things go.

many years. many years.
cracks and bruises. scars.
these hands have touched many things.
but these hands have never felt
too closely. too much.
never in half lit midnight
have they traced
the soft skin of another.
one like you.

many years. many years.
many years to never touch.

they've wanted to.
they've wanted you.
they've reached.
it hurt too much.

they had to let go. they can't hold on
to something so heavy as love.
it pains them. it cracks them.
my hands.



stephen mills

THERE ARE CERTAIN HOURS

there are certain hours
when a certain sadness
certainly rises
and holds there,
suspended in an
uncertain heart.

rebecca e. jackson
HUMMING BIRD



john swain

THE UNDERSIDE OF A LEAF

Stained glass shimmers in open vine tangles
beneath the gentle folding of the dandelion hill,
caterpillar sacs illumine branches like lanterns.
The breeze made obeisance before your royalty,
azure tapestries furled back into stratus clouds
and the sky opens again its banners like lips.
The sycamore trees cannot teach me their language,
though slow to learn, I translate with your skin
and accept the mysteries of beauty with gratitude.
This circle of moths is our approximate future,
cuttings of bitter gourd will sustain us tonight,
I wear your silver necklace buried in my wrists.



john swain

RAIN ON THE GATES

The ironwork bends into its vined ornament
as the porch collapses like a box of rain,
water fills the candle jars black with ash.
In the weeds and dirt I found a heavy bell
that called my mother home from her playing,
droplets on the rust ran like dried blood.
The day lies grey on flowering cherry trees,
petals lost to wind will blanket the ground,
sunlight come weld me to this feather bed.
Inside these warming arms like ringing voices,
I will return to a birth like simply waking,
sky spires extend from the water of our eyes.



rebecca e. jackson
PURPLE FLOWERS





estlin thomas

SUCH LONG HOURS

such long hours
lived silent in such
cold(how it seemed
winter's forever
could not sleep
enough to wake)but
so assuredly
spring came rising
out of steep depth
(earth poems writ
with new flowers)
and scribed hearts
with sunshadow
and sungold(how
we cannot
know)unknowing
we keep the mist
ery of it like we
keep love(awake
enough now we
read the fresh
dreams around us
and cast our own)
seasons write such
sure things(standing
in them surely
we are made new)
to live again(to love
again)if this be
your dream(know
that i am dreaming
of you my dear)

estlin thomas

SHADOWS)SHAKEN OUT

shadows(shaken out
from somewhere inside)show
such dark painted portraits
of past(hardly held
in this aging heart)too much
for older eyes to keep(which
searched for your eyes again
for years)unknowing(how
easily vanished things
vanish(how like smoke
time slips out into
the night)lost
among the stars)

it means more to me now
(your laughter(i can hardly
hear it)than it did then
when i had mountains to climb
and rivers to walk(sunset kept
me dreaming of the places
suns went when i lost them)
now i am too tired to trace
horizons(i wish
for the comfort(and trace)
of your untraceable love)i miss
this about you(the way
i almost loved you,
my love)i miss the way
you tried to keep me there
(when i walk

these long shadows now
and play the fragmented
string quartets of
our last embrace(i
hardly hear the music of it
any more)i think perhaps
i'll make a new you(outstretch
my memory to
make new melody)and
another embrace(one
that lasts(outlasts
never)and walks in
forever(your eyes,but
different shades(your hands,but
different lines(your voice,but
different words)all
to keep me company
on the far
edges(edges
like these)when i am
too tired and too far
to see the past(
when i lean back
with the sleepless night for
hours(hours
like these)perhaps
then i can love you(my
love)like you deserve





estlin thomas

SHE LEFT HER DUST IN MY EYES

she left her dust in my eyes
(the fragments of our
farewell)tremors still echo
in my heart(replay)the way
she answered her phone
and talked to him
right there in front of me(
replay)wishing i meant
something more to her(re
play)how i tried
to fall into her love again(
instead i was just falling
) (replay)i wrote poems to
dampen her eyes and
warm her breath(replay)
the way she asked
are we were done?
i need to go(replay)yes,
go.but be careful.if you
ever need anything,please
(replay)her slow exit.
(replay)how i called to her.
wait. hold on a second.
i love you(replay)
no turn. slow exit. gone.


her silence moves me
more than the music
of our once love(moves
me the way red hawks
move their prey)



rebecca e. jackson
SUCH PECULIAR COLOR

rebecca e. jackson
FLOWERS CAN'T TALK





luke burns

UNTITLED

Would you like to daydream with me? She whispered.

Daydream?

About being somewhere else, together.

She wanted to dissolve the abstraction of loneliness

formed in the solitude of our distance, and I agreed, not knowing how.

Imagine we're not alone in our separate rooms, she instructed.

But I am alone in my room, I pointed out, tugging at the edges of her construction.

Her frown spilled over me, and I fumbled, blindly.

But it's okay, because the walls are melting, I began, blandly.

Her eyes snapped to mine, but mine were already closed, iris lost inside the moment.

My whispered words spoke tenderly of wild dreams netted by lucid intention:

I think the paint must be wet,

leaking out of pores,

seeping from solid to liquid to gaseous tendrils snaking out into the air.

But the tendrils, like tentacles, like blades of grass, green and sharp,

slice viridian strokes in the ether,

wounding nothingness but opening divisions,

chasms of color that cascade together to build an advancing cavern of eloquent prose;

not the language of words, but the language of mythology,

the language of architecture,

visions of God down from above,

the sculptures of ancient bodies preserved in amber,

stalagmites piercing the base of brains that strain the great lanes of thought,

running through the labyrinth like green shoots, effervescent in spring.

My lips fumbled and muttered, I think the world is starting to fall apart,

sliced into ribbons of rhythms,

tumbling up into the ceiling which is the sky, since the ceiling was never there to begin with,

just a palette of azure Aztec tinctures,

alchemic mixtures,

used by artists to purify abstraction on grey canvas,

like dandelions wrapped around lions to form manes of golden green iridescence.

But no, that's not right, because it's night,

and I'm crawling between bedsheets that cover the land in fluff tumbling sweeps of comfort,

like warm snow,

continued...



... luke burns continued

an encompassing hug of obese arms, spreading across landscapes of undefined and unknowable borders.
Stars attempt to light the dark edges, but no one stands ready at the rising pinnacles to record each passing photon,
and so the reflections are lost and the cartographer remains hidden.
The world is swamped in unseen waters,
that lure fluttering sails like shoreline sirens,
an ocean of land, loose and void of form,
the calming storm of raindrops on wind-chimes,
singing chaotic resonances that practice the reverences paid to the night.
My daydream has become a night dream,
but flight seems to be the only answer to escape this theme;
the gravity of our covenant clips the wings of the reverent,
so we run through the forest, chanting druidic prayers.
While lizards and bears hunt salmon
and share the fruits of their labor,
we stumble, looking for a savior in the form of a tree cast tall from the ground
rooted in the history of knowledge and sound.
We reach longingly for the fruit, but hang on, doesn't this seem familiar?
Haven't we been here before?
Nothing more than the sown seeds of a broken farmer,
eager for the death of a sacrificial martyr
espousing his ego upon the masses,
that dangle in the riven distinction of societal classes,
an absence of morality driving the totality of endeavors retrograde.
We sit passively and observe the subconscious flow of expression;
rivers of inspiration gush gurgle and slip over waterfalls in reverse,
tumbling backwards to envelope the inward source of their orchestrations,
and the orchestra tunes down in slow motion,
while light slowly fades
and the dream gently unpicks itself,
falling away into a dark confluence
of all the rumored possibilities yet to be described.
I opened my eyes.

frederic greenall

FLIGHT

The man said: 'Write about this plastic crow,'
Pointing to the lifeless carrion.
He placed it where we sat in rows,
And told us all to 'carry on.'

I stared at its unmoving eyes,
Struggled to force the thing to life,
And suddenly to my delight,
It jumped its perch in black-winged flight

And hit the floor with a hollow thud,
As it plummeted from up above,
The narrow ledge where the man had placed
Its unsteady empty legs and face.

But in my mind it soared up high,
And did not lose its dignity,
Piercing the air with elated cries,
Escaped the man and my invented imagery.

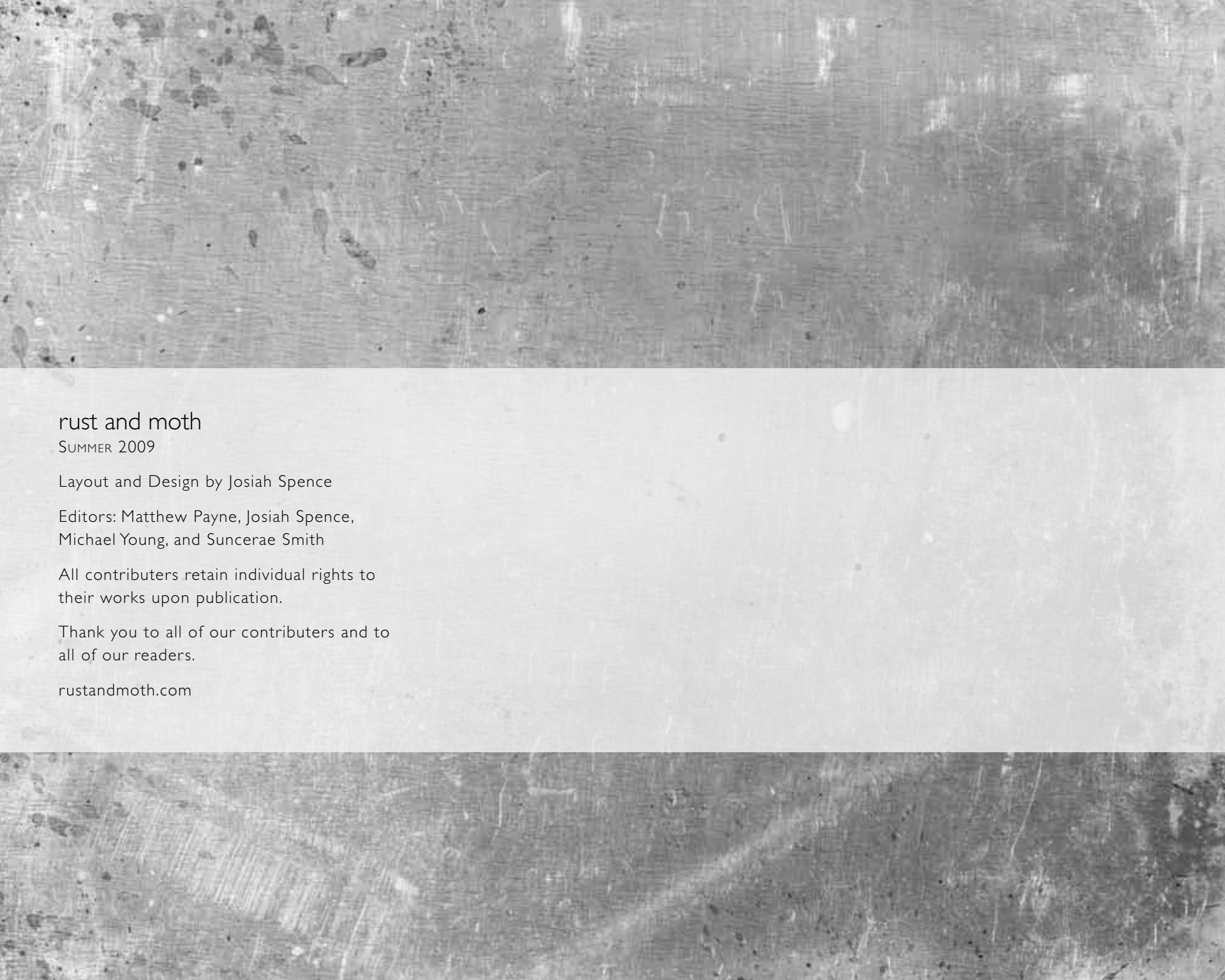




rebecca e. jackson
A DUCK WALK

rebecca e. jackson
Coi





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Layout and Design by Josiah Spence

Editors: Matthew Payne, Josiah Spence,
Michael Young, and Suncerae Smith

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