



Bones
journal for the short verse

no. 24
October 2022

open door
an unliftable sun crashes down
on the doormat

mayfly
in the same skin
it danced in

a white octopus
sat on the seabed
after the eulogy



Julie Schwerin

tent pitched a nightingale's high notes

graduation

cotton seeds
in wind—

a jaybird nest
decorated

with fledgling
feathers

tongue-taste the milkwhite of a lazy eye

violets uprooted
from the wolf's throat —
galaxies

ovulating the turtle a time traveler



Beate Conrad - Ways of Light 01

butterfly passing through particles of me

from state to state the obvious

in time the ash contains the urn

marsh grass in a swirl beyond dogma

trust the end of the rope's other end

The idea

is to carry a big clock that ticks loudly and adds cinematic tension to whatever depressing documentary my life has become.

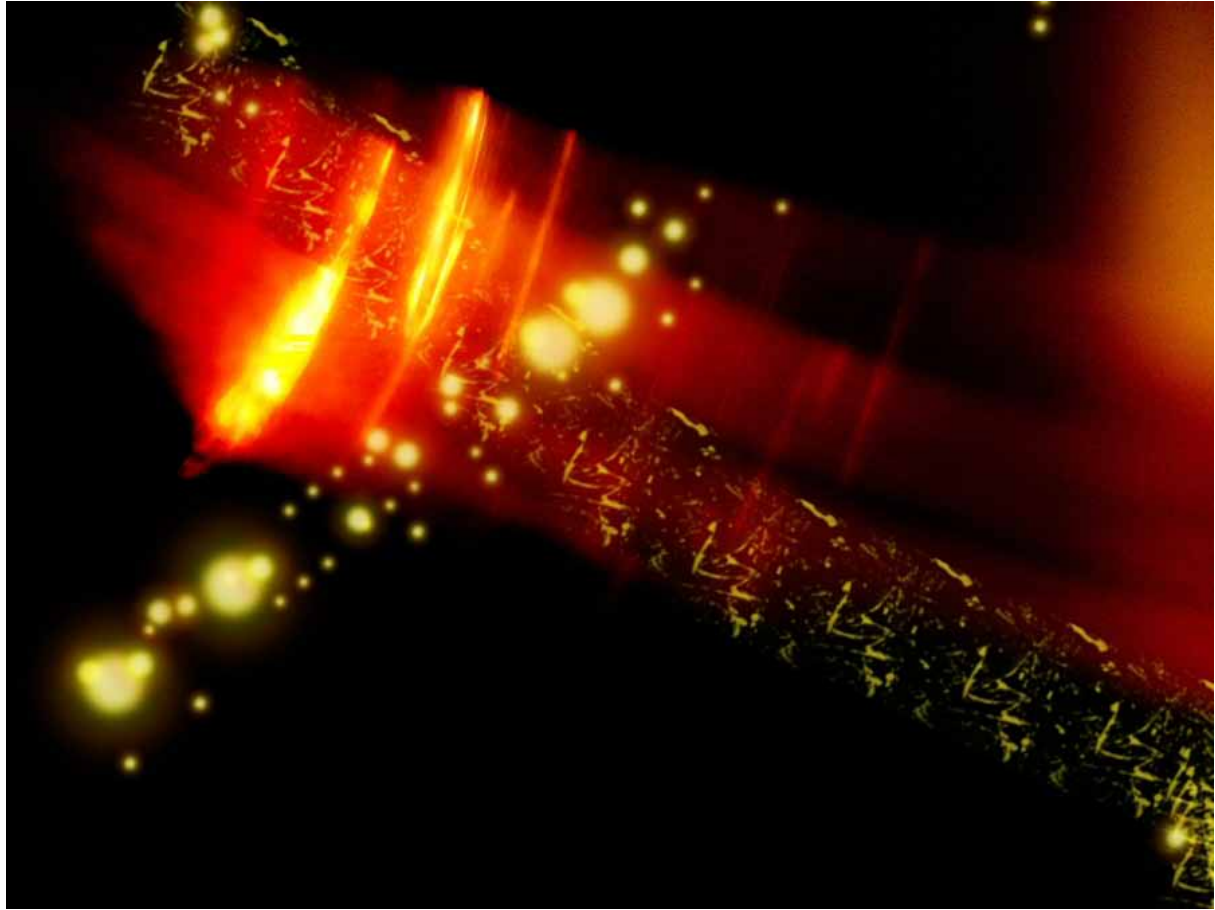
empty parking lot
an ocean of puddles
rippling in the wind

IF MY MUSE WERE A WHORE

in the tawdry red-light district
of my head, I'd pay whatever she
might ask for the poem she hides
behind her scarlet lips and swears
she's saved for me alone

a wave tests the depth of the ocean with its foot

Two days ago, the littlest one sprouted gills.
They are repulsive.
We can't stop placing our lips on them.



Beate Conrad - Ways of Light 02

NOEMA

God is a number that enters like a pebble rattling against glass. Where there are impurities—a slight curvature of phenomena.

diacritical marks within the sky's blue anvil

buttering the nooks and crannies of optimism

dry lakebeds pay-per-view

crows stop morning off their meds

sky-blue
letters on the IV tube
waiting for her eyes

- 4 eyes
- 3 alive with seeing
- 2 mine
- 1 reptilian reflection

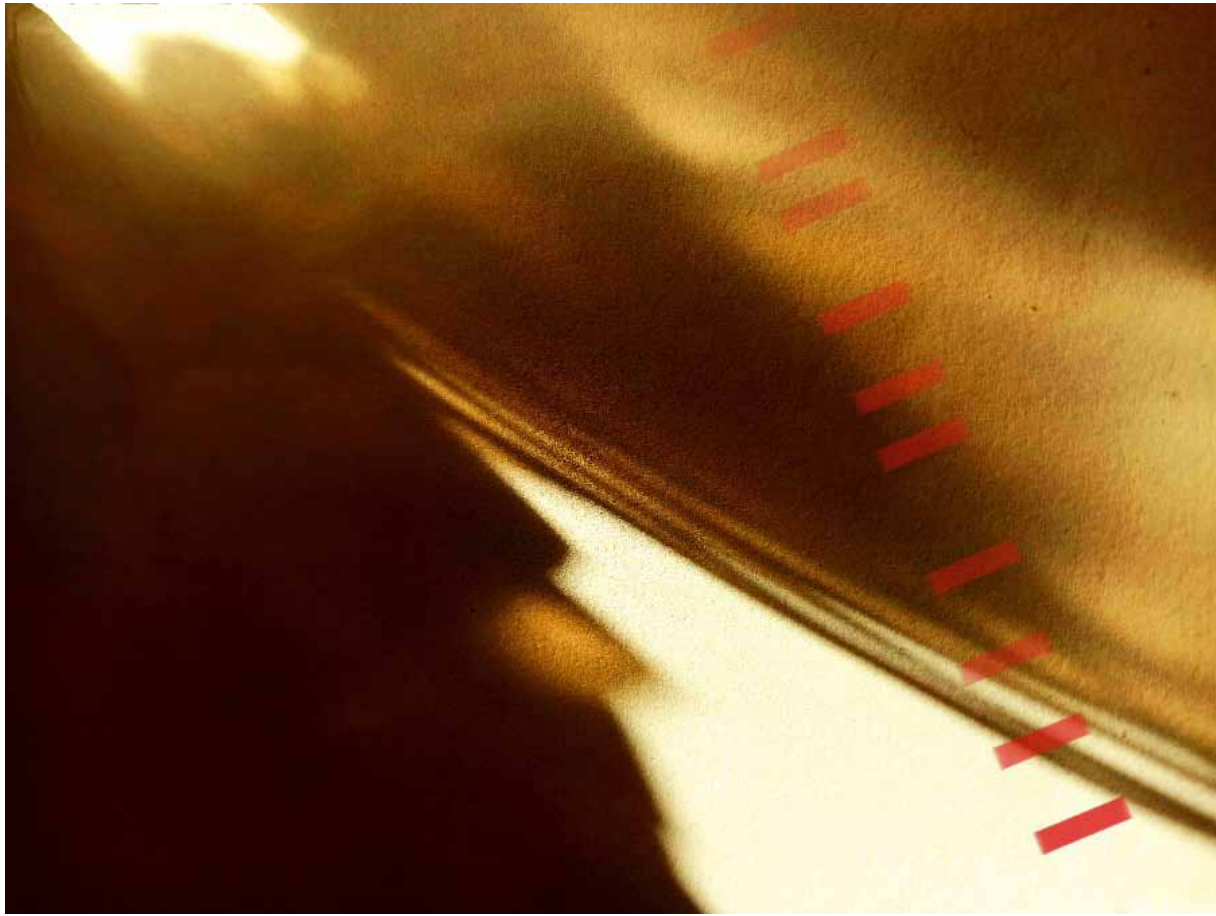
frustrating his death makes her a window

the stream empties some of it here asking again

as if a lake I come to for its calm summer night

a fallen tree snagged by another marriage

the sea
my eyes aren't enough



Beate Conrad - Ways of Light 03

the acrid music of the false concierge at dawn

the ink smudge a tousled mountain range where I will live

of course this you is a piece of black paper

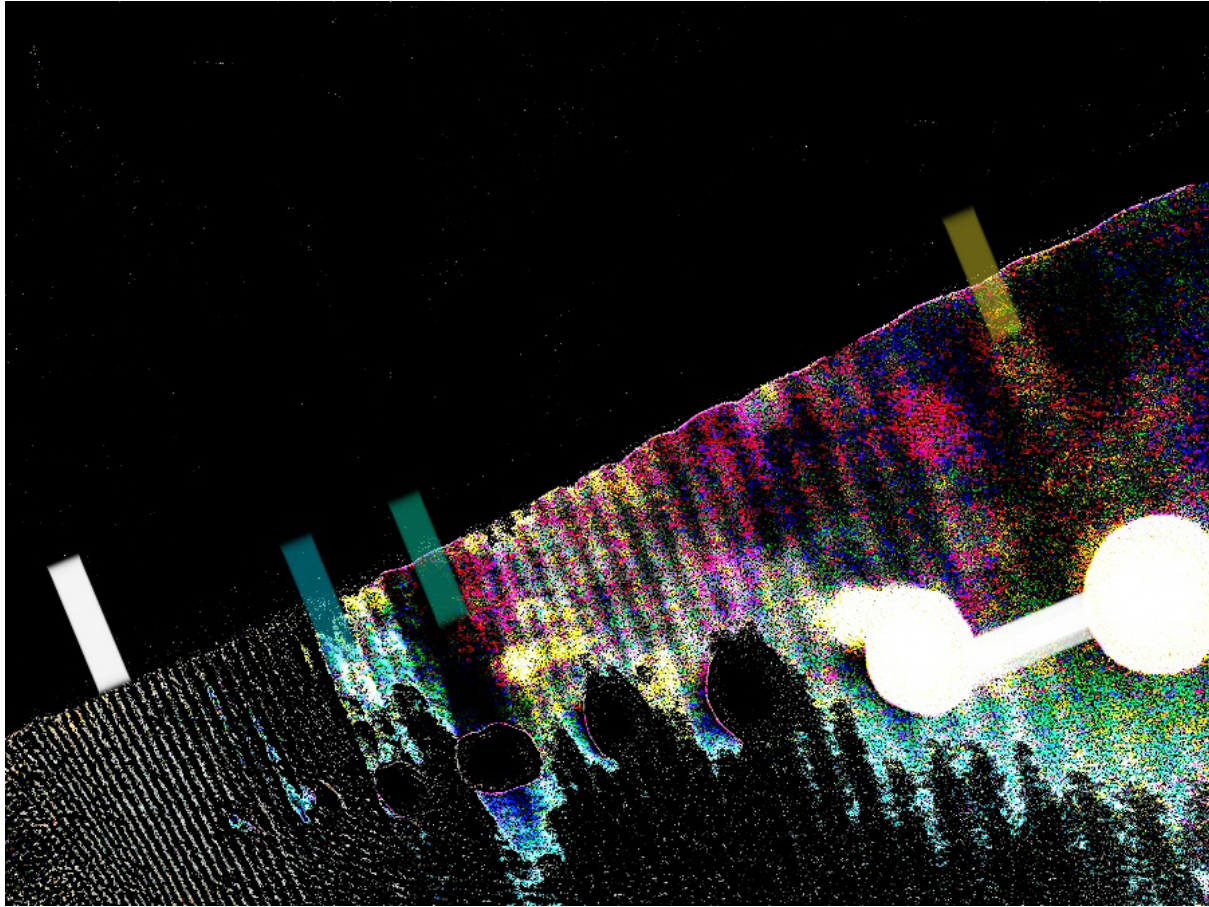
I can make myself anything but this octopus escape

up and down hills like rustic bread we keep the elixir safe

with her glorious hips the sweaty moon breaks every plate

ripples
cobble
pebble

dawn white silent
warm sunlit listen
moon white insist



Beate Conrad - Ways of Light 04

Pluto Rediscovered

Emerging from the underground into the light he announces, 'there's a strawberry'

wrong fruit
just one bite
would clinch it

She has a birthmark just a birthmark no more than a birthmark top marks nevertheless..

trust
the meanings
of the word trust

Pluto Rediscovered

Falling back and back and back as far as a universe but just how far can an ant trail stretch.

a ravine
is a ravine
is a ravine

It may be just a balcony to you but a whole career really depends on merely a wherefore.

wheelbarrows
of fallen petals
tears weren't enough

Fibonacci Poem for the Great God Pan

Pan
can
keep his
goat-boy self
to hisself. Boy tries
to pipe up my skirt 'n charm down
my honey bucket, suspectin' he might could fill it,
I'll knock his goat-boy behind out de door 'n into next week 'n say: "Pan, meet
Skillet!"

All the Pretty Horses

She dreams herself a tender calf
among cattle by mistake,

lined up for hammer and knife,
filling her final moments

cracking jokes at the expense
of pretty horses, pampered and dull.

doing this well

but the sit of sun behind her back

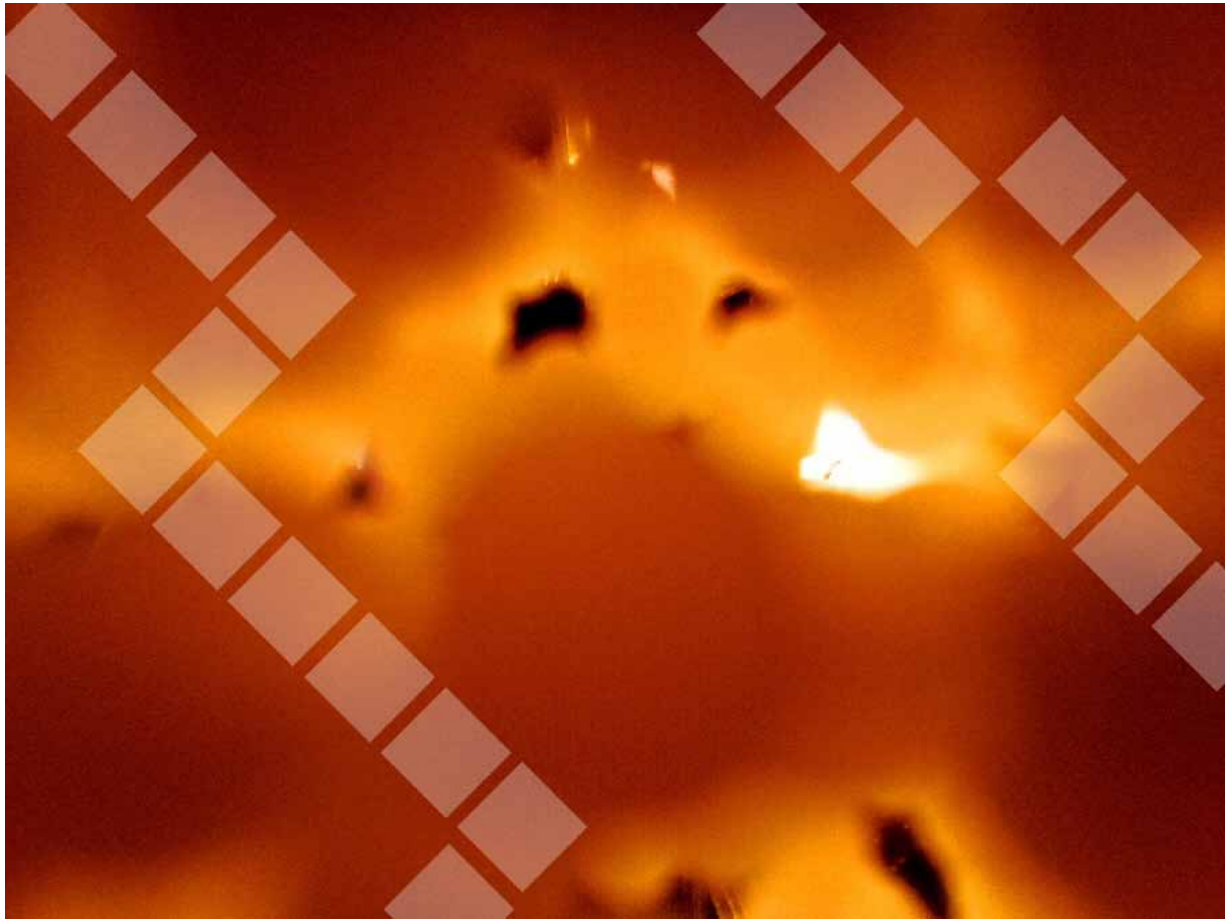
looks like and is holding back still

once
we're off

to live
on

while she's that way she's always

all that nightfall depending on who it is at the door



Beate Conrad - Ways of Light 05

colonizing anxiety apricot tree in bloom

a spare moment filling it with a blank page

mountainside of stumps the weekend paper obit section

winter moon

all the earth

the light-fingered
touch

*lost within
the to
and fro*

of being
known

of identity

crawling out
of winter

Bloomin' Dublin

the gnarled limbs

*the wonder
of language*

of my other
life

wanderin' home

footprints left behind recollected by hourglass

I awaken

against the adulteration

to feel emptiness

of childlike wonder

yanked out of me

my lipids are steeled

startling light

traces of

a flicker flutters

the physiognomy

in the void

of darkness



Hansha Teki

a chance glance

for heaven's sake

into the origin

a tuatara's lunge

of being

at self-awareness

lifeless leaves

being now

how implacably
my skin

*the am
which
will have been*

has grown old

becoming

a child places

wild winds

a finger
to her lips

*writing
the wrongs*

while God
whispers

*in a wordless
language*

wolf hour

*brow-beaten
by night*

the mind of Christ
blooms

my self-image
in my garden

sweats blood

I am being here now for the time being

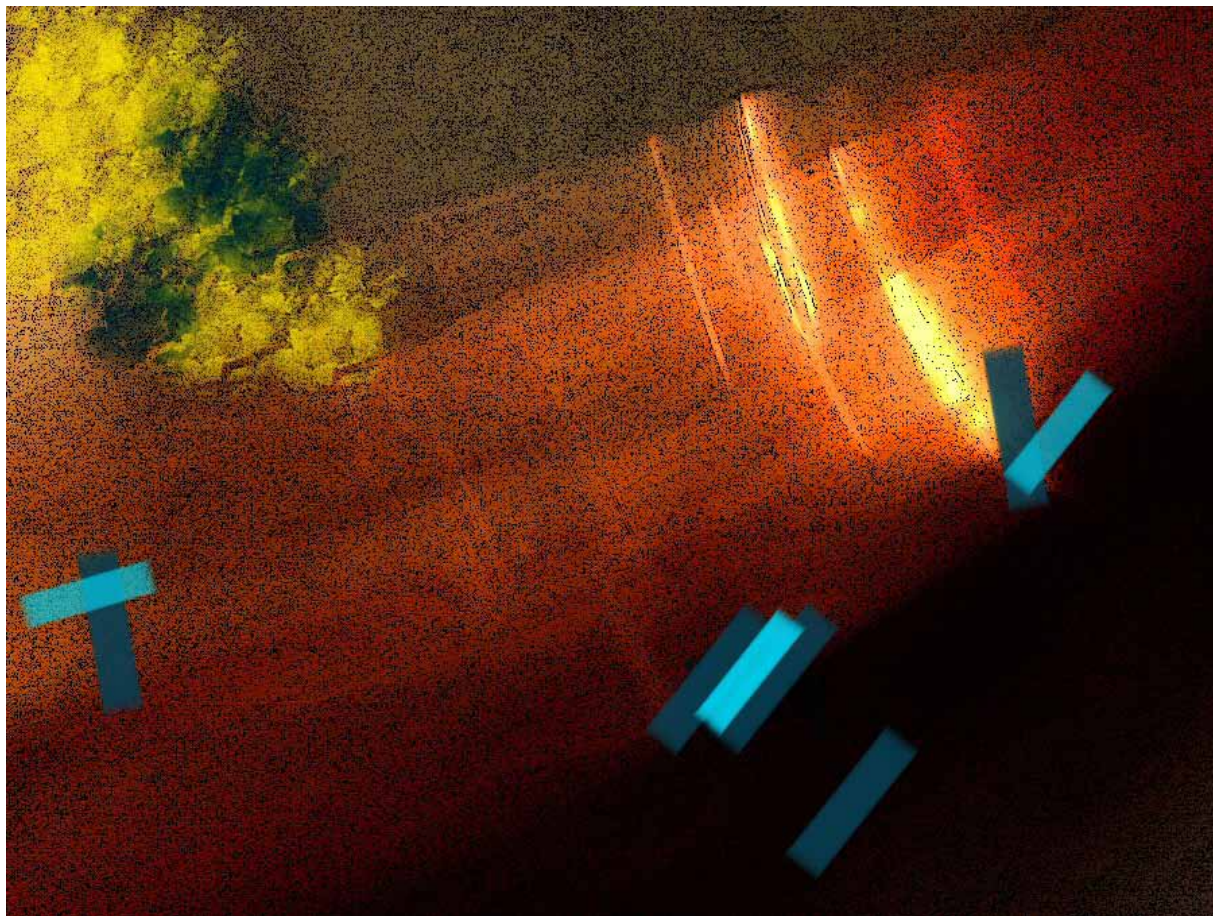
Dew on a mayfly for the time being

Word made flesh again for the time being

Hawking an event horizon for the time being

Originating species for the time being

sunset begins with a Level Red mist



Beate Conrad - Ways of Light 06

quantum entanglement
Afghanistan our damned

self bee leaf

ripples too dark to sea

type (A) round the clock running in circles

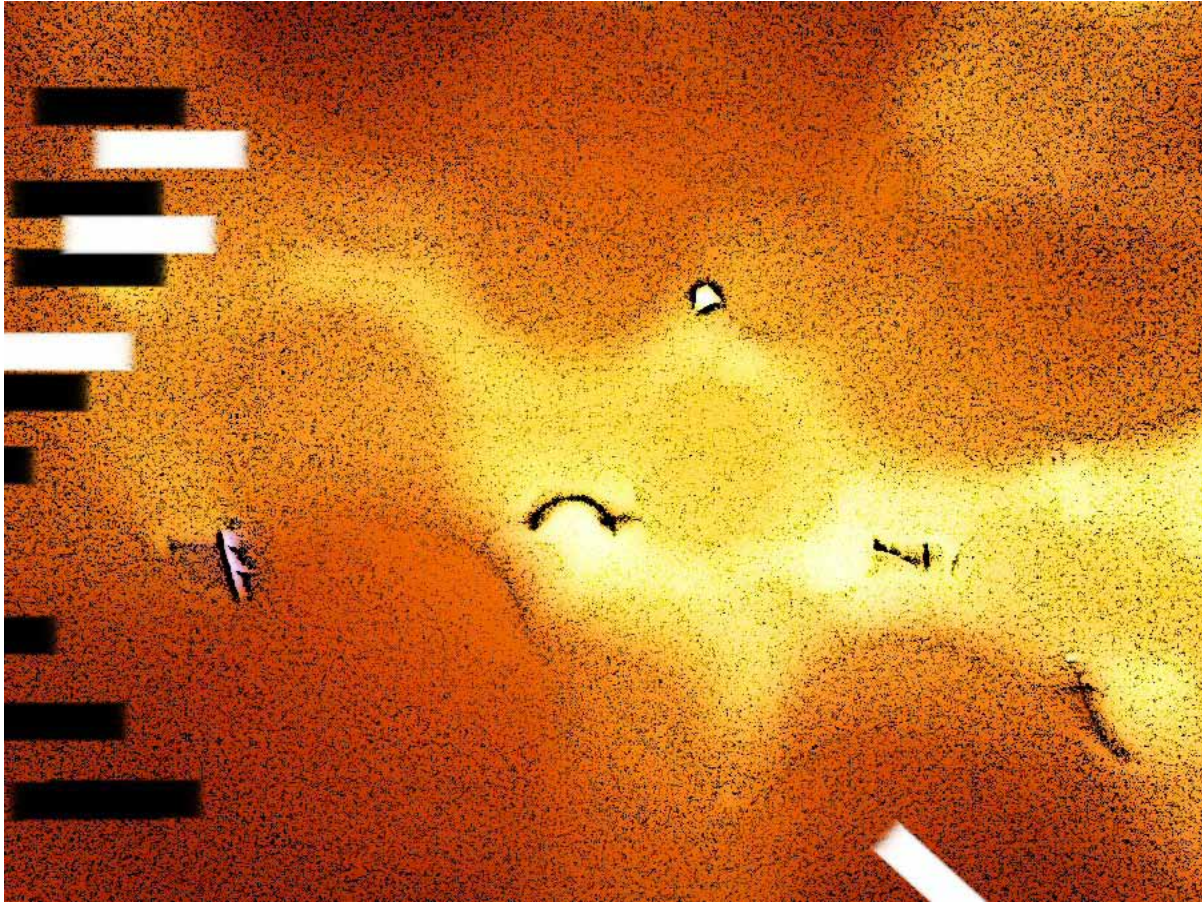
rock bottom adding footnotes

as if i were a yellow submarine stream of consciousness

the art to clear the fog naples yellow

turmoil of graves beyond the river the night gives birth to guitars

a blue vowel seduces me in the forbidden city



Beate Conrad - Ways of Light 07

It begins
with walking around
a spacious room
String Quartet #2

Seasons

You can't stop them. What's coming or what follows.
They give, then, without ever looking up,
take it all back again.

*first day of spring-
the dog wants out
then in again*

sunning my picture on the milk carton

egret a month digital-free

changing my plea to dandelions

almost pretty after 5,000 square feet

nailing up the new crucifix

rifle breech birth of nations

the scream it owns just before it



Beate Conrad - Ways of Light 08

mounted deer head's gaze as if I wasn't there

all soul's someday dirt in the pockets of my best suit

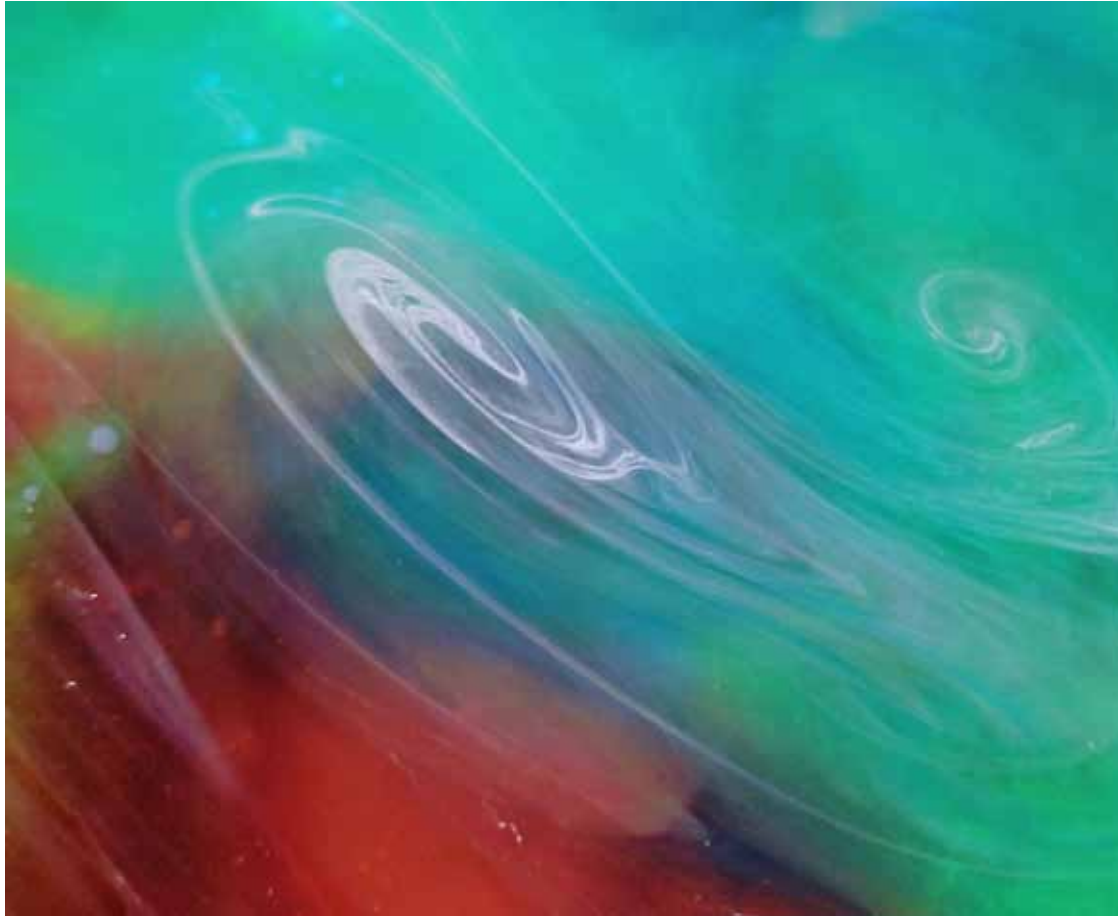
at the end of the wind his voice

My intended, my ivory, my station, my river, my Voyage Dans La Lune

a moment of silence years too long

mirroring her pain-body goes up a size

winter solstice
a one-day life throws itself
against the pane



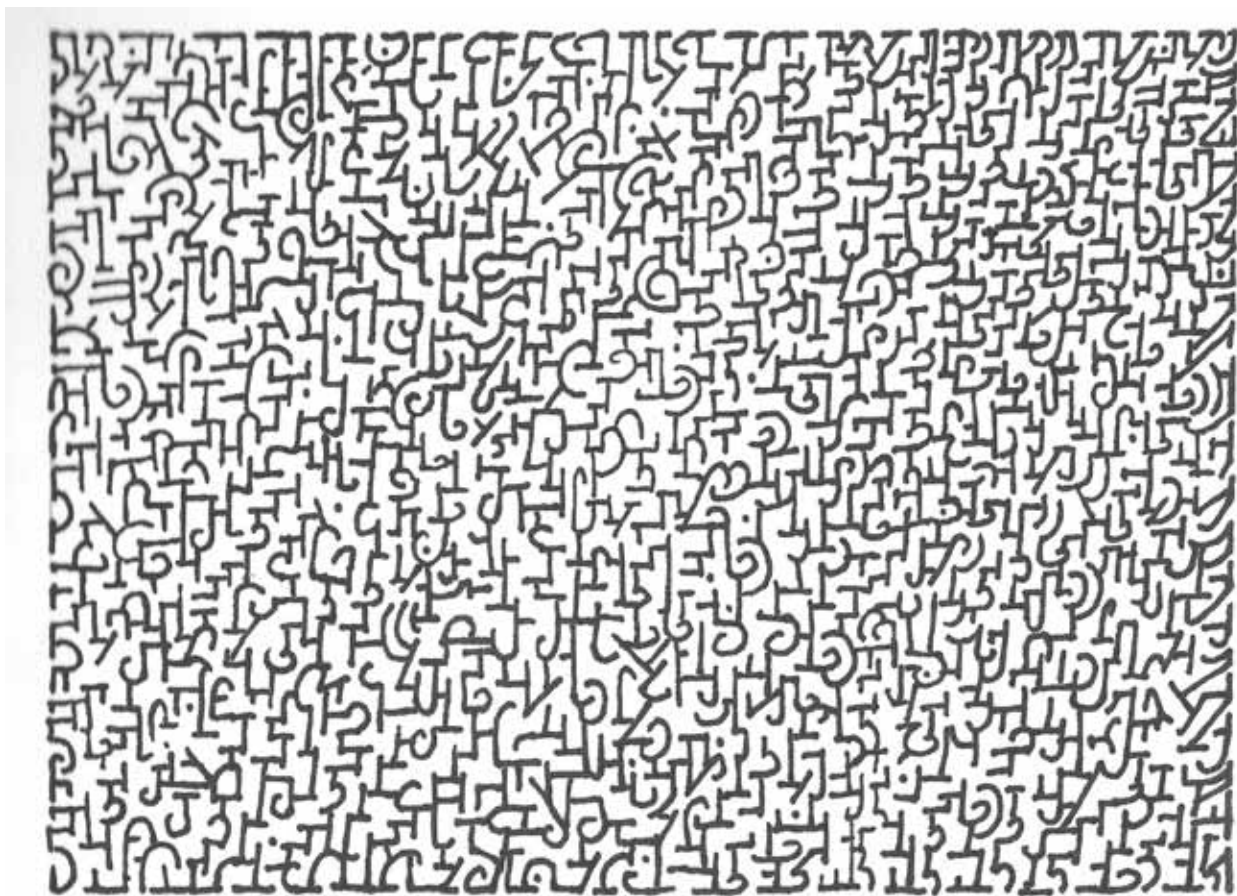
Julie Schwerin

geese returning unpacking the boxes

Venn raindrops winter circles into one

antarctica brain without fog penguins

once upon the bluejay war



Dave Read - asemic web

modern love
where the seagull lay
her snuffbox

one tern another burial at sea

on the backs of broken horses

her eyes twitching in phantom nerves

same sex inequality a woman impersonating a woman impersonating a

“the silence is ...”

- a) encroaching
- b) catalytic
- c) feral chic

a homonym of hands rhyming against radar

wasps in the wax of her signature

come denuded
I have molten tar to spare

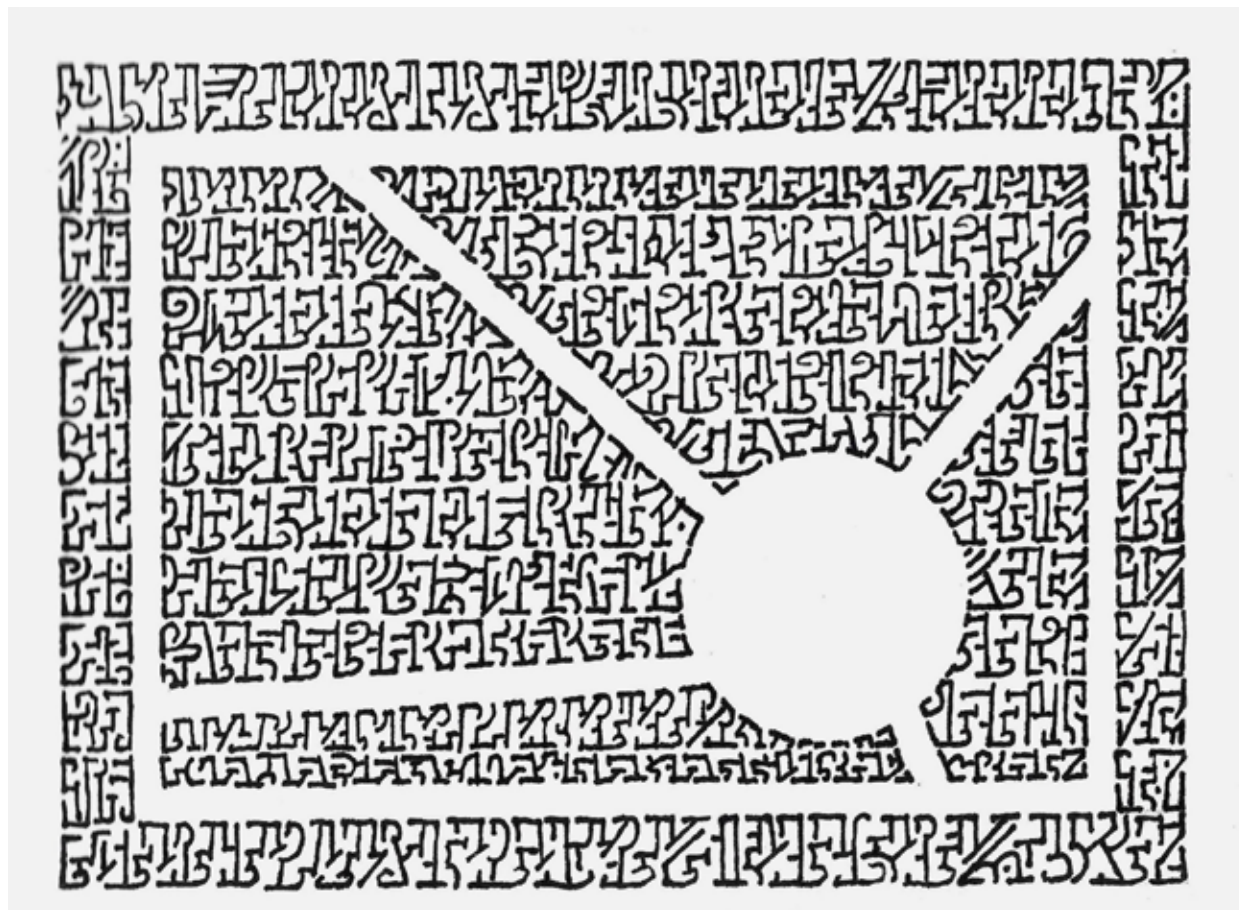
calmer under her sixty new pounds of medicine weight

in the sun a cat
in the cat a rapture

counting down by sevens serotonin surge

we agree sunlit fog

the razor's deeper meaning dreams



blues rising the blue rising rainbow

after thirty five (s)unflower seeds

Inner Working

Bone to nerve
nerve to bone
and back

the network
maps itself

with tics, with twinges
they let you know

things worked
and will work

It won't last
but it will
return.

replicant axolotls

Today @vizogi has shown me
a bunch of pictures, images
that might refer to Christianity

or to the fact that China is primed

to dominate gaming, & the in-
dustry isn't ready. Chaotic lives
make for a muddled storyline.

transience

The man I fell in love with
nestles inside a beautiful
hand-painted ceramic pump-
kin. He has a flat base so won't

topple over as he howls in
the night riding his motorcycle
alone along a deserted country
road in northern Illinois.

[kn nk]

know not

/

now knot

Taken into account

Anthropogenic emissions up to the present are unlikely to become a cause célèbre among the Hmong

since metal ions exist in nearly half the dinosaurs that nearly half of all Americans believe still exist.

ephemeral artery

Now that the extensive
plaque formations that
once dotted the skyline
have vanished due to
regular injections of xy-

lazine, the prevailing line
of thought at this stage
is that it won't be long
before the glo-fi move-
ment meets a similar fate.

leger demain

not
smoke&mirrors
making the
unreal
real

but
smoke&dust
doing
the re-
verse

A / return to / a hunter-gatherer society

It's one of those radical moves so often proposed but so rarely carried out—

celebrities enchanted by fashion are using lemons to keep their skin guacamole green.

Zeitgeist

Now is the best time to
emulate the quick brown
fluegelhorn. Night work.
Close by the harbor. An
abundance of talismen.
Otherwise. Cars act as
conduits for the varieties

of bleached blond hair.



073 Like a lamp that turns off when it senses motion.

367 To visit a horse race track,
or step in front of a bus

298 Getting dressed.
 It'll never be over.

209 Personal desert.

one leg shorter than the other arctic circle

my mirrors screeching with meaty fins and painted on eels

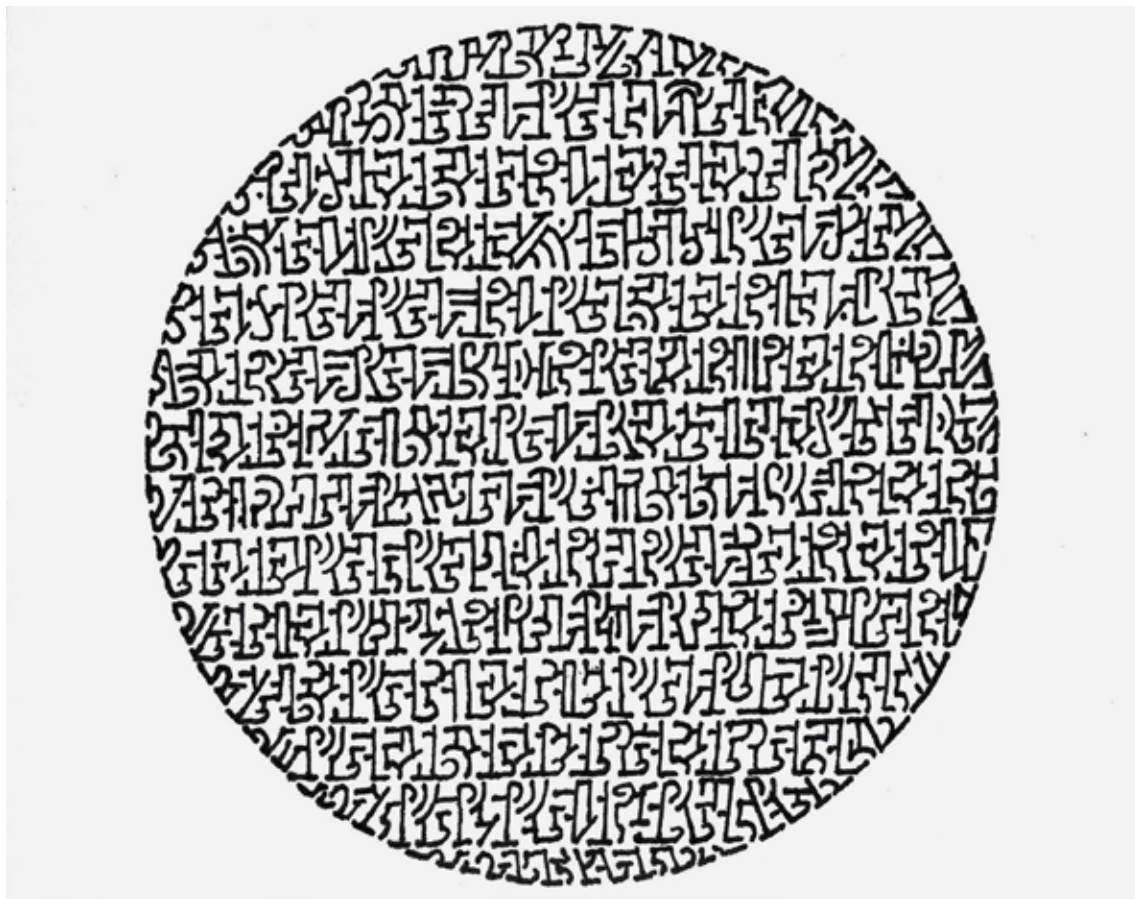
yesterday cherry-picking mark's demonic pigs

take for example bedrock

i don't recall yelling fire or burning bush

heavy rain genocide in the first book

a gross distortion of reality first born



kind enough not to correct the memory

after ideologies you eat a bowl of spaghetti

ghost hormones the photograph of a smashed pineapple

our shared memory
a starving clown

the fish that make a home in your skull

Michael O'Brien

mood ring the horse a horse

the tree turning the wind turning the tree

bread basket in a gun the blood river

asked what you saw what you say is just stars

one potato two potato three potato war

shelf lives

postulating ice caps dream of quick release

rug pulled out the floundering polar bear

ocean surge flirts with prehistoric levels

petroglyph the head strong wave pattern

glacier retreats a long-lost hiker defrosting

after the ego these forsaken bones

snake eyes

slow fashion fingering the rope toggles

roomful of thighs a taffeta massage

wayward peeks lost in the topography

catwalking over the line pussy foot

break room reassembling the pieces

cigarette butt the contour of a heel

getting served
daily morning
coffee and don'ts

struggle in occupied cashmere

petro c. k.

black bee hexagoning the blue hour into honey

woman as war each turn of the trinity

Another reverie born beside a train window.

Oh breeze don't try to be the exception!

I used to walk like a drifter but the path has aged.

I have slowed down to feign sanity.

Utterance

I once saw a sparrow pecking at leftover chicken bones thrown into the street. I still wonder if that sparrow heard and understood what the bones had to say.

The moon

For a short time, I was a swan. Then I became your father. I rescued you from the ocean and, until your birth, kept you buried in my thigh. Now, as I nap in a chair seated by my wife's bed, I realize that your son is the moon, softly rising between her legs.

Hospitality

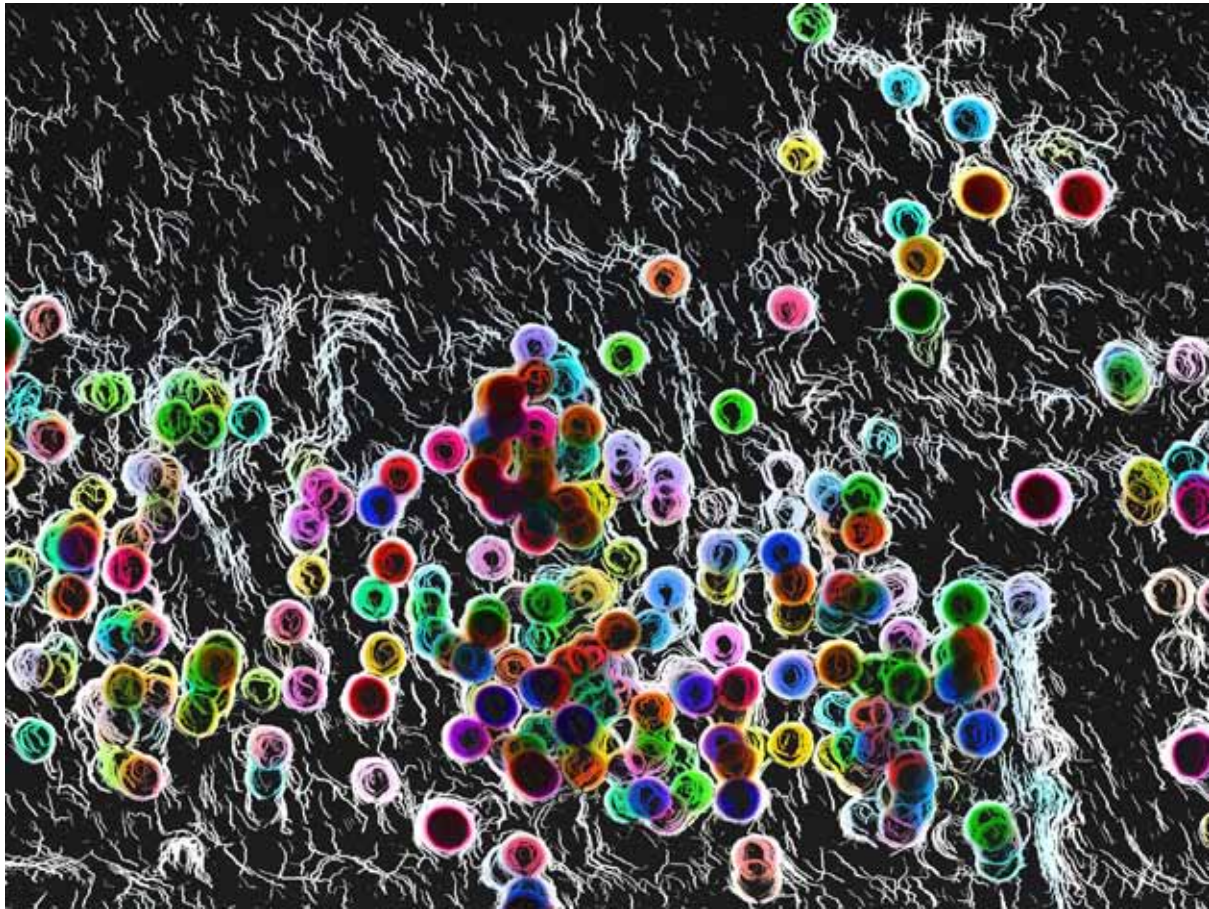
The window, from which one can see heaps of trash,
cars randomly parked, and an abandoned doghouse,
even when closed lets in rain.

Domestic Triangulation

Every morning my husband licks the lip of his favourite
cup, the one dressed in feathers torn from my skin.

little death —
plucked from a side plate
he swallows me whole

*An ekphrastic haibun based on Méret Oppenheim's sculpture 'Breakfast in Fur'
(1936)*



Debbie Strange

hacking the wilderness glitches with pixels

in the crux of the matter
maggots reach marrow

until the black rose in the mirror certifies monotony

space watering a choice

outside the sky within roles



Julie Schwerin

a pod, a pawn

like one word
of salt

red
cargo pants

the kudzu

version of
the waltz

sequence of
deer

red
at half-mast

the iron hyphen

orange
mismatched

the book of white

etched
starfish

the noon bell

a blue spoon

right where
a Trappist monk
left it

the marionette's
half-frown

rivers have
rightfootedness

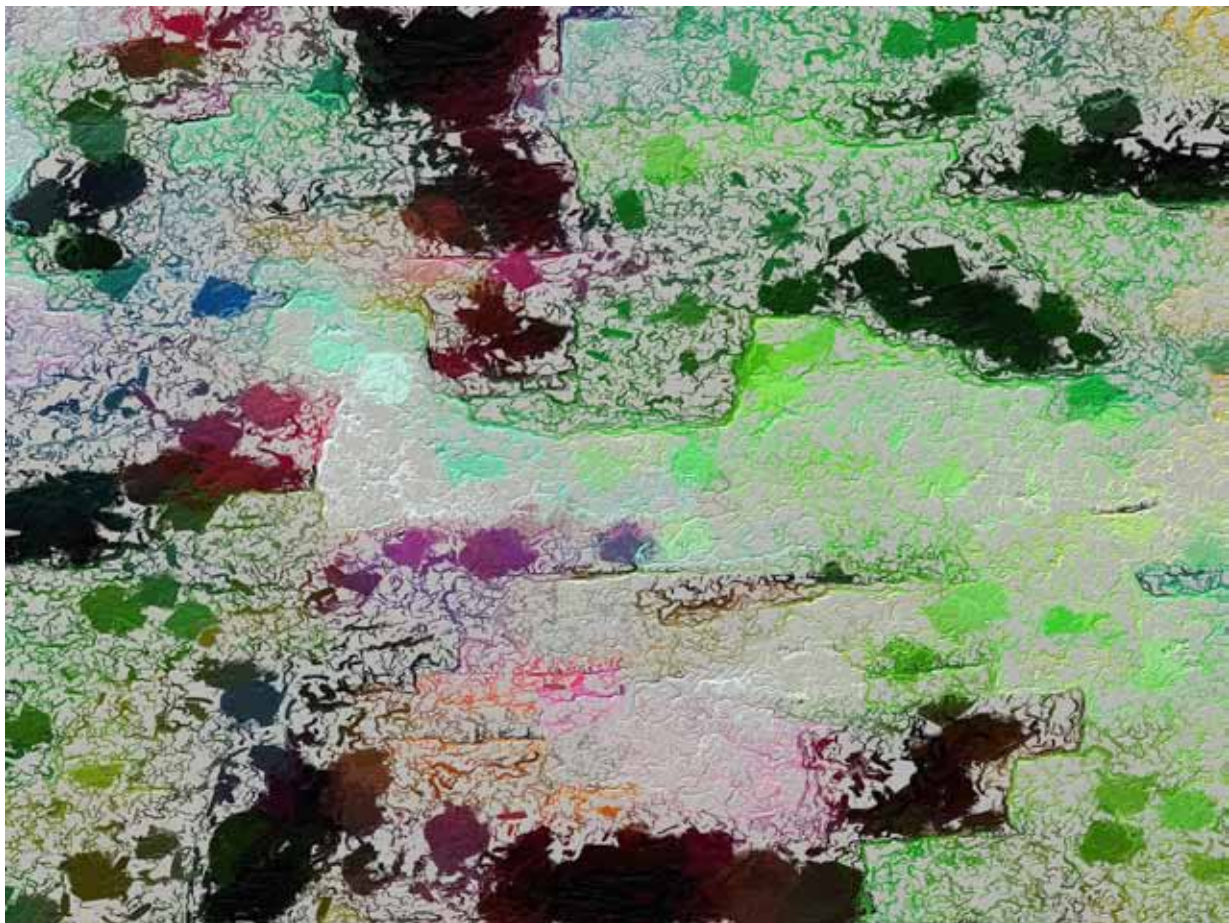
purple as
moods

a black-eyed susan

a post
could
cactus

color
in the tooth

brown bag
at ocean's end



Debbie Strange

dad in soiled whites disappears into a stranger's canvas bag

final moments odors gather in single file

men's room my catheter's loneliness

tamalpais crematorium
searching the ashes
for his stutter

telemetry of sorrow
cogs clogged
with inert dervishes

money poisoning my well enough alone

Who are you? A mirror's question never means the same thing twice; no two you's use that reflection. You too. Two u's in ululate sing the same one's gone.

out too long

these coins are COLD.

i hand Lizzie over to the clerk,
maybe she'll lay
in the register awhile,
thawing her frostbitten face
as the beaver, caribou and polar bear
stifle snarky comments

deep autumn silence in the landline phone

fishing for clouds in the shrinking lake

water is a verb as it falls

truth chamber
the eyes of an owl



Julie Schwerin

a
tu
lip
pet
al
to
the
to
uch
feels
like

ONE NOTE
ONE NOTE
ONE NOTE

of
a
trum
pet

Stephen Nelson

wood
in the

water
in the

way in

in the indeterminacy of othering of i

defeated by the density of objects

Kyiv

I melt
into the vistas over the Dnieper:
neon algae
proliferating on the bank

***The too-dark, narrow painting just to the left of the
altarpiece of Mary of the Crown of Thorns***

Treble of stairs
swept as if by a rapid
of sacramental wine
Or that same treble, bled
of a bath of dark petals

Editor:

Johannes S. H. Bjerg

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