



ENGLYN

Journal of Four Line Poetry / Issue Two



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Joanna Ashwell

Al Beech

Bruce England

Mark Gilbert

Joan Hofmann

Charise M. Hoge

Sandra Hurd

Larry Kimmel

Jack Loftis

Andy McCall

Joy McCall

Archana Kapoor Nagpal

Autumn Noelle Hall

Marian O'Brien Paul

Betty G. O'Hearn

William Preston

Maggie Rowe

Seth Ruderman

Ellen Warach Leventhal

Geoffrey Winch

Liam Wilkinson

“The only thing that can save the world is the reclaiming of the awareness of the world. That's what poetry does.”

Allen Ginsberg

Poet

across moorland
the scars of loss
an abrasive north wind
in pursuit

Joanna Ashwell

mile after mile
of fractured lights
in spite of the cold
nacreous clouds charm us

Joanna Ashwell

always in darkness
nightmares begin
seeds of despair
hooks permeating skin

Joanna Ashwell

ash keys
edge the forest
all that remains
just silence

Joanna Ashwell

Tingly Inside

on the isle where I reside,
I get tingly inside,
when its mountains peek at me,
frolicking in the sea.

Al Beech

Promised Moon, Melts

under sun like heat
of opposition
president's promised moon
melts away

Al Beech

The good news
the thing in
my tire thread
not a nail

Bruce England

Something
triggers odor
of homeless men
in my nose

Bruce England

In public
I forget
my face no
longer young

Bruce England

Standing up and leaving
I saw a crow's beak
in the mouth
of the interviewer

Bruce England

blue tits
have nested
in the reclining teenager's
hollow mouth

Mark Gilbert

the muffled sound
of the old yard hound
nearing the end
of his tether

Mark Gilbert

tying fence panels
against the wind
how many more
years have I got

Mark Gilbert

crocuses
finally I meet
the transgender colleague
I want to see him again

Mark Gilbert

it takes time
to figure out
what has really happened
rain on the windowpane

Mark Gilbert

The moment moved forward without her
His hand a calloused canyon that swallowed her whole
Did he say, as he cupped her breasts, Let's see how you're doing.
Did that happen? You'll do just fine.

Joan Hofmann

Craft

Spew a gem, whole in hue.
Burnished facets of clarity
furnish the layout of her lines,
mined from the muck she's in.

Charise M. Hoge

Fall Out

You hack the flowering of our union,
yet roots are unscathed.
Petals pool from shaken limbs,
fresh and golden in their shreds.

Charise M. Hoge

Wayword

Romance is at the edge
of everything, where shrouds
shrug their seams to unravel.
It's never clean.

Charise M. Hoge

the awakening

from a cold, moonless, still nighttime
rose a racket of snap! crackle!
touched by the fingers of dawn's glow
the somnolent ice yawned

Sandra Hurd

texting 1

am in a crowded
Amherst cafe lousy with students
- god bless them -
but can't hear myself think

*me, I'm in a quiet holy room
in Norwich
and still . . . my mind
is filled with clamour and din*

texting 2

the light
is just breaking
over the hills, here ~
a pale grey-lavender

*our skies
are dark, our trees bare
a light snow is falling
the sun a thin, pale wash*

texting 3

bluejays have arrived
darting
in and among a stand
of leafless sumac

*tawny owls calling all night
high in the oak
the last leaves fall
dawn comes, and sleep*

texting 4

just finished my brunch,
but think I need a little something
to tuck in the edges . . .
a scone sounds about right

*my life winding down slow
that little something
small poem books
a scattering of tanka*

Larry Kimmel & Joy McCall

texting 5

beware of feral poets
that lurk in the woods
muttering
'now I must feed'

*I wandered lonely
tossed scraps to hide my scent
do not go gently
oh captain, my captain*

texting 6

under the grow lamp,
a dozen Venus fly traps
such a lovely bouquet
of stomachs

*the plants
turning the tables
taking revenge
on the grazers and the herbivores*

texting 7

supper time

I have to cook rice

and beans

and pray for battery hens

I must ready seeds for the juncos,
the chickadees, the raiding bluejays,
and our two privileged chipmunks
plump as anything

The handsome young gentlemen spent hours trying to convince us he was a time traveler from the past, regaling us with his knowledge of event after event that had already occurred.

Jack Loftis

a robin sits
on the fence
my spirit lifts -
freedom will come

Andy McCall

the blackbird
sits by the door
it has the freedom of the sky
but stays at my side

Andy McCall

night falls
shadows in corners
darkness hides
my hopes, my fears

Andy McCall

in the high upstairs window
of the solemn tudor house
an oil lamp is burning low
all through the winter nights

a pale young man is sitting
his face resting in his hands
looking out of the window
across the sodden marshes

there are red foxes hunting
and alarmed geese rising up
disturbing the quiet night
the young man listens, and sighs

he has been at the window
his face lit by the oil lamp
every night for many weeks
the owners of the house are dead

there's a 'for sale' sign on the lawn
the grass has grown long and the hedge high
the house is boarded up, empty
abandoned, lonely and sad

Joy McCall

without that dark shadow of doubt
I trip, and fall over myself
how I need that gentle balance
of day and night, joy and pain

Joy McCall

through the long grey rainy winter
beneath the ground the sap stirs
in dormant, resinous sleep
waiting for the sun to say 'awake, rise'

Joy McCall

I am weary of the rat-race
and the doorbell, the telephone
I want to hide away a while
and let silence back inside

so I will lay my body down
far from the rabble and the noise
and take my rest at the edge of town
in my own quiet house

Joy McCall

the wind

what is this obsession
I have with the west wind,
going outside when it blows
lifting my face, my eyes closed?

what is this deep longing
to be one with that wind
to go wherever it goes
sighing, howling over the land?

what is this aching void
that only the wind might fill
as it gathers the waters
tossing rain on the dry ground?

when I am dying, call
loudly from some hilltop
for the wind to come quickly
and steal my last slow breath

let not my soul fall asleep
or rest in peace in the ground

let my cries go haunting
the hills, the seas, the green fields

and I will come again
back from my far journeys
and turn the page of your book
and cool your hot face by the fire

Joy McCall

he speaks to me of mist and sky
I talk to him of small fields and mice
he sees the earth from way up high
I from below ... we are one - enso

Joy McCall

time is not a linear thing

there's a sense stirring in me
and a voice calling my name
my soul begins to roll down
on the outgoing tide

I have lost my sense of now
I tumble in the turning surf
over and over again
thrown back on the beach

so I sit unravelling
sinking into the tideline
becoming flotsam and jetsam
and bits of curled yarn

there are footprints around me
of seagulls, and of small men
with their wild dogs running
through seaweed and shells

I try knitting things together
it is no use, it comes undone

I crawl on my hands and knees
into the dusty cave

Joy McCall

Weaving a hammock
around my crochet toys,
the spider forgets
its way out.

Archana Kapoor Nagpal

Under the burden of white flowers,
and the poignant epitaph,
this unfailing memory of togetherness,
as still his soul lives in me.

Archana Kapoor Nagpal

Mandorla, a short 4-line poetry form created by Autumn Noelle Hall, takes its name from the Italian word describing the almond shape formed by two intersecting circles. The form, based on a paradox meditation technique used by the Knights Templar, is generated through a conscious consideration of pairs of opposites, such as dark and light, which reveals an insight. Both the pairing and the insight must be discernible within the four lines in order for the poem to be considered a mandorla.

we are not meant to live like moths
fluttering ever toward the light
there are lessons in the darkness, too -
the kind which lend us wings

Autumn Noelle Hall

hands which would hold
the peace pipe
must first release
their bow and arrow

Autumn Noelle Hall

I, the calm
before the storm
and you,
the storm

Autumn Noelle Hall

love and hatred
each tasting passion
one swallows
while the other spits

Autumn Noelle Hall

struggling
to understand myself
I slip
through my own fingers

Autumn Noelle Hall

who says blasphemy,
speaking the Lord's name
in vain,
isn't prayer, as well?

Autumn Noelle Hall

your life's best story
is the one
you would tell
at your own funeral

Autumn Noelle Hall

hope is a spirit
that waits
at the intersection
of All-Is-Lost and Despair

Autumn Noelle Hall

peace:
war
waged
on war

Autumn Noelle Hall

taking
a long time
to write
my short poem

Autumn Noelle Hall

Spring Storm (an Englyn)

The budding branches whisper ~ roughly blown ~
with wind's own breath confer
unwilling to bend further;
still, pliantly, they defer.

Marian O'Brien Paul

Poet Impeded (a Wreathed Garland)

On time as promised, comes the forecast snow
and so I watch the flakes go drifting past
my drafty pane and feel my fingers grow
as slow as maple syrup, freezing fast.

Marian O'Brien Paul

Winter whitecaps on the sound
Broken signboard banging on the dock
In the April wind, underwater world
Prepares for spring birth

Betty G. O'Hearn

On Spying an Evening Primrose

I chanced upon a desert bloom
that graced the air with mild perfume;
its scent was subtle, breathing wild
yet welcoming as one's own child.

William Preston

black in the east at sunrise
a million birds flying:

how the loins ache
for unattainable things

Maggie Rowe

the tap's turned off
water gathers at its rim, a heavy curve:
see the day thicken
from blue, from clear, from stars

Maggie Rowe

we make love like old combatants
cheek to cheek, glove to glove,
knowing each others' bodies:

neither of us will leave the ring

Maggie Rowe

animal rights activist
at the next table:

I order salad,
vegetable quesadilla

Maggie Rowe

whaddya want?
I make the lunchbox eat
his growing boy-arm:

he still smiles

Maggie Rowe

front door won't open:
a heavy white dog
slumbers against it
glistening

Maggie Rowe

ceiling tiles
after surgery,
sacred
as bread

Maggie Rowe

on the night before I left
you gave me silver earrings in a box
because I hurt you;

you would not let me go away bare

Maggie Rowe

Wings

Red Bull can't provide sufficient wings
for fifty year old Vegas dads
looking to fly
like they're twenty.

Seth Ruderman

Firefly

Looping a figure eight in the dark,
Fluttering, glittering sprite
Alights on the tree, then flickers away
Leaving its halo of light.

Ellen Warach Leventhal

Day's End

Remnants of light slide into the sea where
the sky kisses the water.

Soon ships will vanish from sight
Beginning their journey to elsewhere.

Ellen Warach Leventhal

Occasions

Reading, Berkshire

best use of a back seat
in the dark parked down by the Prom –
cool as any pink Cadillac
our black Ford Consul Mark One

Moscow

walls probably with ears
and possibly eyes so undercover
we stayed in our Intourist bed
after a night drinking champagne

Skye

when naked as the white sands
on which you lay and me close
by your side naked
with desire

Grand Canyon

warmed by Bright Angel's flaming
logs, replete with steak and wine -
cold and dark outside on the Canyon's
rim making it exactly the right time

Mombasa

glowing with Africa's heat, resting
on Africa's bed, listening to that whole
continent telling us it would love
to know how we made love

Geoffrey Winch

loud
around
the library
noon birds

Liam Wilkinson

The winds of Weaponness and I
Thrum the pages of her new book
That dear lady of the hedgerows
Whose five lines line my hut

Liam Wilkinson

dawn chorus
of opening
closing
doors and doors

Liam Wilkinson

Old city, wet with April rain,
Stares into its crisp reflection
While I fumble with words and lines
Looking for my likeness

Liam Wilkinson

If you would like to submit four line poems to Englyn, please visit our website at **englynjournal.blogspot.co.uk** where you will find details of how and when to submit.