



The Trove

Volume VI

The Subsynchronous Press
Poem of the Month Collection

2016

Dear Reader —

The poems presented herein were first published online via Subsync's Poem of the Month page (<https://subsyncpress.wordpress.com/subsyncs-poem-of-the-month/>) for the year 2016.

Pieces chosen for our Poem of the Month are selected because we think they do an outstanding job of representing the sort of poems we want for our print journals: an original voice, a sense of authenticity, a fearlessness. These poems are culled, at the editor's discretion, from submissions to our publications *The Laughing Dog* and *Veil: Journal of Darker Musings*.

Happy reading —

Hillary Lyon & Warren Andrie, editors

~~~~~**2016**~~~~~  
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January 2016

**If This Be Not I**  
*Frederick Pollack*

The cars look like Kaiser rolls.  
(Heroic designers with slide-rules, maybe wind-tunnels.)  
No brown-brick sashweight street  
without its bookstore, grocer, butcher,  
and place to heal small tough electric things.  
On the roofs, aerals, already rusty;  
that's as far as *that* gets. And among clouds  
(here muffin-like, becoming lacier  
above the Longshoremen's Hall), two transport dirigibles  
moving in opposite directions,  
raising and centering the scene.

I finish my dime omelet  
and smoke. If I stole the cowboy god  
from Times Square, so he could puff his perfect circles  
here, would that give aid and comfort  
to the system I'm barely containing?  
As well as to the sort of destructive habit  
people in my world renounce and attack  
so as to feel they exist?  
Fuck'em ... Outside the diner,  
teasingly obscured  
by the arc of peeling letters on the glass,  
three girls carouse and flounce and giggle.  
They're wearing haltertops, shorts, flipflops.  
No need to confine them in blouses and skirts;  
only forbid them drugs, piercings, earbuds,  
danger. Each fills her skin  
in a way the eye knows the camera loves.  
I brood on this a long time.  
No need to have them, passing, see me smile.

The precinct house is modern, not even Deco.  
At first I thought it was a power station.  
Not wrong. No windows, beetling concrete,  
and no one goes in or out.

*Continued*

Grander structures in the same style  
fasten to empire places  
nameless even to natives. In my long coat, broad hat,  
shades and probably false beard I am  
so much myself that I'm invisible;  
and sat on the specified bench awaiting contact  
but only nannies and strollers came.  
It's possible there is no contact,  
that he too sank in universal sand ...  
Very well then, I will make my report to myself.

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February 2016

**Be Natural Easy, and Relaxed II**

*Joan Payne Kincaid*

Approximately like a trumpet or reed instrument  
entertaining nostalgic encore rim shots out of nowhere  
where regulars converge seamlessly

to dine on arugula and Billy sings  
knowing when to fake it-  
daffodils light the table

Filigrees of jazz clarinets  
around you overlook the Sound's white sky.  
You sigh the last passenger pigeon's name

Important...speaking of rhetorical questions  
lights camera say smile,  
now limited access to Martha

she died alone in her cage.  
What I need is a glass of champagne  
and a tried and true recipe for fried potato chips

to cope with dark matter  
survival of the planet sometimes you just need  
a ticket out

a syncopated sax sex-y talk  
sense of life I'm a big believer in reason and facts  
he said and arugula. You become

vulnerable to the dark side of the Internet based;

go to <get a grip.org> -  
Why I have my Iphone avatar function  
because it touches on a sensitive relationship

He says it's all about joy, this voyage  
of passwords called life--even at the end of the world  
the camera is on your boundaries

it was on Martha once upon a time.

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March 2016

**Oratorio**

*Bobbi Sinha-Morey*

The oratorio of birdsong  
wakens in my memory  
the peeping of hatchlings  
under the bathroom window,  
constant reminders of my  
loss. When I think of you, birds  
fly, sorrowing above the trees,  
their songs, perfect phrases  
of their grief. Once I heard  
the sound of joy before silence  
pierced the heavens and the  
tapping of woodpeckers I  
decoded into elegies. How  
can I ever let your face evade  
my mind when it sustained  
me through the years like  
the open window and the  
dawn? There is finality in  
obituary, but not true closure;  
the essence of my heart is  
still fastened to the past.  
In the rerun of the sunless  
sky I hear birds soaring,  
wrapping you in the blueness  
of their wings.

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**April 2016**

**Junkyard Wizard**  
*Lenny DellaRocca*

What shall I do with all these words? Give them to the wizard who will take them apart. Let him unplug them from the electric wires, remove vowels, baste them with secret chemicals to make them glow in the dark of someone else's mind. Watch him tap the glue on the backs of consonants with his hammer and chisel. In the end he'll look at his work with glitter in his white hair and beard, on his purple robe, admire his new world made from a graveyard of syllables, how he rearranged the broken parts of speech into pyramids and crystal balls, into museums of human skulls and relics of burnt flesh and brooms, how people without memory bow with just a wave of his hand.

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May 2016

**Tequila**

*Michael Lee Johnson*

Single life is-tequila with lime,  
shots of travelers, jacks, diamonds, and then spades,  
holding back aces-  
mocking jokers  
paraplegic aged tumblers of the night trip.  
Poltergeist define as another frame,  
a dancer in the corner shadows.  
Single lady don't eat the worm...  
beneath the belt, bashful, very loud, yet unspoken.  
Your man lacks verb, a traitor to your skin.

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June 2015

**Fire Thief**  
*Gregg Dotoli*

great Prometheus mixed his water and dirt  
adroit like the corporate lab  
found perfection, began molding  
needed fire, pillaged heaven  
a perfect execution  
later unable to rise and extinguish his agony  
as the vultures tugged and pecked  
on a meal served by hubris

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**July 2016**

**Endless Love**  
*Sabahudin Hadžialić*

In a flash  
awareness  
brought about enormous pain  
when  
he realised  
that in her  
he recognised  
reflection  
of himself.

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August 2016

**Devour**

*Jan Karlsson*

today  
on my way home from work  
i almost stepped  
on a dead bird

its face had already been  
devoured and maggots were  
struggling up to get air

and i thought about you  
and how i miss  
those drunken nights  
in that tiny apartment of yours

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September 2016

**Anonymous and Cool**  
*Holly Day*

slow leak, I'm running out of air  
here, you are a deep blue ocean  
I should have stayed out of, spending  
too much time trying to patch up things  
when I should have been running away

I would give anything to be able to stare into your eyes  
dead-on and say, "I love you"  
and mean it

put your fingers back on me, the one place  
left unblemished—I used to say the words  
each day  
and now I don't know what they mean  
all this thinking  
of what might have been.

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October 2016

**The Walk**

*Denny E. Marshall*

See her by a blindside spot edge  
Turn around as she disappears  
She reappears soon with moon tales  
Stories frozen in space and time  
Arm in arm walk down road of doubt  
When you take long deep journey home  
Path is dark and worn, somewhat narrow.  
Post hangs with an old singlewide sign

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November 2016

**How to Live With What You Have**

*Marjorie Sadin*

Throw out torn socks.  
Save scratch paper.  
Meet friends for coffee.  
Make love on the creaky bed.

Pick up the dog's shit.  
Hand wash dishes.  
Watch TV without cable.  
Use a cell phone without texting.

Use the metro instead of driving.  
Travel light.  
Let the dicey heavens win the lottery.  
Die penniless writing poetry

Go nowhere.  
And always be near.

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December 2016

**From where?**

*written in the mountain region of Beipu outside Hsinchu  
Tom Pescatore*

Water drip from drop to rock  
fallen bridges in its path  
no way but now but through the brush  
to be eaten by the darkening trail.

Lush a slink of slim beam of light  
on the clear of stream below  
cuts deep into and through dead rock  
slick with moss and growth.

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