

The Idiom

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Cover Art Work by
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*These poets are from the literary blog www.walkingenglish.com

When We Were Stars

When we were stars everything was great.
You never said a crooked word to me nor I to you.
We'd not criticize one another by dissecting each other's flaws
neither physical or characteristic.
Boiling masses of fission are rarely petty, sour, or vain.
When we were stars there was never any competition, just us
burning for each other.
Specks of light in an infinite void.
And when we'd shone, we'd shone forever.
Your golden waves smashing into mine again & again.
I know they can still see us.
The remnants of ourselves even after we'd gone.
We are not there.
Because, you got so hot you had to explode
And when you left I...colapsed.
But it's ok.
My love . It's going to be... Alright.
Because I know Some day we Will die ,
and expand , and ignite , and we'll burn again.
Some day. You and I.

ALEXANDRIA SAVASTANO

Our palms licked the bottom of the table like the dialects of ink
In need of a piece of paper to settle the junk within its bones
I have a lop sided grin from the days that you put me on
autocorrect

As if my smile would not lay just right and the empty bags of
potato chips

In the pantry and under the sink and maybe even in my car serve as
reminders

Of the blankness within the throats of human beings after they
have abandoned

All their saturated words from the film grains with their sharp
pieces of metal

Stuck into the place mats of their wrists to retract all the light back
at us

And my veins bulge out of my flesh in the early morning while the
air from last

Night is still hissing in the back of your throat

And I was once there too

And I wrote my name into the cardboard box of your tonsils then
mailed them

Out to a place where I could start over and no one else would know
the syllables in my name

And we could pretend forever about those days on the rewind of
someone else's cassette tape

When the stars were like broken teeth hanging from the windows
in the sky and I held those fragile pieces of glass and cut
them onto the disintegrating facial structure of Route one
when she thought she was too ugly for the obscenity of traffic

Or all the people that would walk allover her and feel as if they
somehow earned the stillness of red lights

The ones that hold us up when we are complaining and make us
think about those things and people that we want so
much to hold on to or forget about

When we wish last week or year was still were with us

When they are gone and they are never coming back.

And remember when the corners of your lips looked like
distinctive paper cuts or the parts of poems held short because
people avoid the lines that instinctively make them bleed the most

You had fruit in your palms on the brown tables while you waited
for the cashier on her lunch break

With a paper bag body that she hides from you in her throat

The doll house downstairs has blue wallpaper and I have ships like
sunken dreams that sound like bullets kissing metal cheekbones on
the poems that I have left unearthed in the back of my skull

The space between words looks like a crime scene from all the
things that we hide from or don't speak of because the gravity of
truth is what human beings avoid in their bodyweight or eyelids to
keep us from closing in on the placemats on the counter that have
dust in their eyes

They are tired from listening and I wait for the sun to smile at me
somedays

To reach for the holier things that I look for in people and myself
like old men in the rooms where they can't breathe properly or lift
their hands and I am there with them in my youth

When I am done closing doors only to find them roll their sleeves
back and swallow me whole.

LINETTE REEMAN

mic drop

the last time i wrote a poem about you,
i vomited in the downstairs parish-hall
bathroom, told my teacher i'd dated you
once, and you ripped my lungs out through
my neck. i saw you back-door leave,
told your mother i was fine; she wouldn't
let me speak, just pinned her eyes on
the curve of your head, the sharp of your
jaw. i hear you live in Chicago now, in
the city where my mother learned how to
drive; you've got a girlfriend and a puppy
that pisses on papers when you're trying
to read -- sometimes i wonder if you think
about the downward spiral you put me
in, how you were the first man to grip me
like a boa 'round a shaky branch, with
and without consent (but damn, kid--
no one's ever told me to touch myself
through the phone like that since you left).

tired

teething eyes break
irritated open-- the tongue
reworks itself, fingers
earthquake, and the brain
dissolves-- a dead end.

ダイナー 俳句

(Diner Haikus)

For those late nights / early mornings when you're wired on 17 cups of coffee and can only focus on 3 lines at a time anyway.

The traditional syllable count for the Japanese poem is 5, 7, 5.

KEITH BAIRD

a woodpecker,
new furnished home requires
Tylenol relief.

in quiet midnight,
Puppy barks loudly at Things
that we cannot see.

that time of year when
Leaves are Lava, and Winds force
you to dance with Them.

do what you can to
shine – be it by raging star-
light or silent flame.

ANDREW "INK" FEINDT

train whistle fading
from earshot; nearby wolf pups
perk their ears and howl.

uninsulated
windows leaking cold air; breath
exposing still ghosts.

frost on dry brown leaves
in morning; small puddles e-
vaporate by noon.

aged bottles of wine
are not meant for tomorrow
but today's relish.

THIEF-KUS:

A COLLECTION OF STOLEN WORDS

Various facebook posts, tweets, poetic verses, and conversations molded into traditional 5-7-5 (depending on how you pronounce it) haiku presentation. Credit is given back to those whose words were stolen.

BUD SMITH

Subway is slow. I
tell my wife all the secrets.
Slow subway does that.

ALEXANDRIA SAVASTANO

Trees stretch their fingers
to the sky because they look
for holy things too.

Follow @DinerHaikus on Twitter and/or Facebook for your daily dose of haiku and thief-ku (sometimes I miss a few days after crashing from a caffiene binge, then I post a whole buncha haiku from said crash). Also follow Mr. Andrew "Ink" Feindt on Twitter @ink_just_ink.

BUD SMITH

Poem Written As Prompts

Write a poem while drinking a gallon of your own blood

Write a poem handcuffed and in the back of a police car

Write a poem about your cat, Motherfucker. That's the cat's name: Motherfucker. Strange cat.

Write a poem using the words bruise, Corvette, pumice, orange, debt, industrial

Write a poem in 3 seconds

Write a poem about your crippling uncertainty about anything in any direction you look

Write a poem based off a beach where you got laid

Write a poem over the course of 19 years, a letter a day or whatever

Write a poem about how Kansas is a shithead state and a waste of a wonderful sounding name for a state.

Write a poem while jumping off the roof. Make it a low roof. N more than one or two stories. Wear comfortable shoes.

Write a poem incorporating all four seasons into a list of trite over used expressions about all four stupid seasons

Write a poem in response to some explosion you've heard today

Write a poem incorporating these words, "I'm a garbage man but at least I don't have debt from student loans and being a garbage man, I'm happier than most people I know, actually. I just have to wash my hands with orange scented industrial strength soap featuring pumice. Look, see that Corvette, that's my car you pompous freak, you're no better than me."

Write a poem about how Motherfucker sleeps on the hood of your car because the engine is warm

Write a poem about how your glad to not be immoral because then you'd have to outlive your friends and watch them die. Yeah, I said immoral not immortal.

SMITH CON'T

Write a poem in response to getting hit in the nuts or clit, respectively.

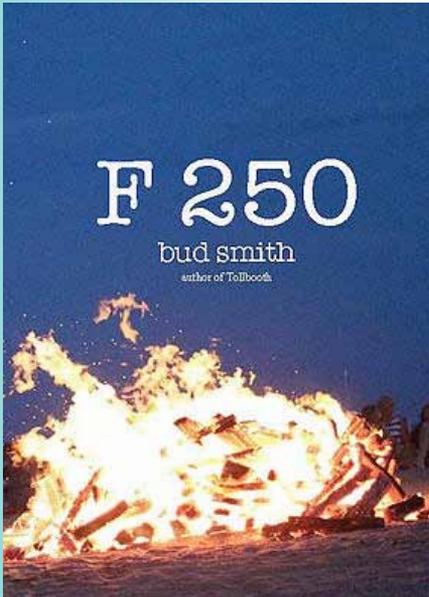
Write a poem at a poetry reading about how much these poets are horrible and should get fantasy football teams or join dart leagues instead

Write a poem while riding an elephant into war

Write a poem while closing one eye and crushing a mountain between two fingers

Write a poem in bed while Motherfucker snores but keeps you warm

Write a poem immediately and say “thanks for the perpetual love.”



Check out Bud Smith's
New Book
“F-250”

Published by
Piscataway House
Publications

You can find this book
and more
at
www.theidiommag.com

JAMES DIAZ

For the Ralph I used to know

Possibility-

I know how Rome wasn't built
by the rich
and you gotta give time time
to steal your time
and the line is shorter the further back
you are
cause your expectations are sleeping
against a wall

I know San Francisco
and the almighty
and Pedro with his lion cat
no money just bad advice

hey now, listen-
this world is still a bit easier
than not being around at all
anymore
to suffer in it.

Zero Is Sad

Not this
where winter has its bad edges
and staircases cough
and no one knows me
Cause bad is what I am
North
cherry hill
the night I stole your hair band and ran off into the woods
you were scared
the creek made a sound like broken stones
that really wasn't much of anything

DIAZ CON'T

And when you took off your glasses and rolled your eyes
I swear it was seven years later
and you were a waitress for no reason
laughing cause you'd lost my poem
and I must of looked like you forgot my name
the coffee was cold
you were more fun when you barely had tits

window
spit of light
it's home on the table
I wish I was a girl
and all that dream for evidence babble
apple orchard
sleepy branches
fifth of October
come find me
I'm in the back seat
playing with your lighter
flame goes
body goes
just like rain when you thought the storm would never end
I should of said something else
something that would of lasted
meant more forever
scratching in the wind
a bruise from the satellite of love
in the tunnel
I kiss your neck
frozen timber
creeper lagoon
I'm wasted it's all good
like stars above and below me
you settle down
not so romantic is it?

(Introduction from a longer fictional piece)

1

Yard Sales are the type of places people go to to find deals. They shop there for things they don't really need. It was one of the first nice days in a while. Spring was beginning to end, so there were yard sales in all the neighborhoods. Tim liked going to yard sales. He wouldn't buy anything, but liked looking at the things people owned, all the things they wanted to get rid of. He wondered why they didn't want them anymore. Why they failed their owners or why they no longer had a purpose. Why the clothes didn't look right anymore, why the inflatable pool toys didn't float as well, and why the books didn't need to be reread. He didn't like making bargains. Tim hated when the owners would stare him down, trying to find the perfect time to approach him and tell him some story about whatever it was he was checking out. He didn't want to know about their past and he certainly didn't care about owning anything he saw displayed on their lawns and fold-out tables.

2

Most people confuse things like Fate and Destiny or myth and legend or what a circus really is and what a carnival really is. Sometimes even dictionaries give the wrong definition or use one word to define the other. Destiny is something that you fulfill, something that you look towards the future to complete and pursue. Fate is something that will happen to you; you have no control over the situation or its effects, and in a sense it will come looking for you. A Myth is something that was never really true, but we live our lives today because of its stories. A Legend is based on a true story and has been extremely exaggerated. A Circus has a ringmaster and elephants and clowns and high-wire acts and things like that and is used to entertain people. A Carnival has side shows and human oddities and games of chance that you can't win. It's meant to question everything you think you know about the world you live in. None of these things should get confused with the other.

Wounded

The sun does not bend
its rays to ensure it reaches
the deserving child, but moves
through all seasons oblivious to
its gifts and hazards.
Still prayers are heard and sometimes answered
with an overflowing 'yes!'
Sometimes angels are asked to reach down
and bring daylight to the 2 a.m. dark, to honour
the burial kick and ring the warning bell.
Sometimes soulmates are photographed.
There is no magic outside of God - there is
no love that remains love without faith.
The horizon is cut like an umbilical cord.
The earth and all its land creatures, all its air and water
creatures, are moving. I am tired of feeling but not knowing,
not touching with my tongue
the language of the trees,
beautiful synchronicity.

NICOLE GREENWOOD

SHAKY KNEES

I am six.
Timmy down the street
let's me swim in his pool.
His middle toes
are joined together,
and I still suck my finger.
We're best friends
after screaming those secrets
into a couch pillow.
He's two years older than me.
His mom makes me wear
floaties on my arms.
She thinks I'm a baby
but his big sister said the pink
bikini I begged my momma
to buy is so cute.
Timmy has black hair and
mine is almost down to my hiney,
at least, when I tip my
head back it is.
I like when momma brushes
my hair after bath
and rolls pink sponge curlers
into it for me.
I like having curls for school.
Timmy's not in my class but
my other best friend
Nancy is and she sits next to me.
Her hair is longer than mine.
She's mad at me for drawing
better than her

but our teacher, Ms. Milne,
won't let us use pencils anymore --
because big kids use pens
without erasers.

Ms. Milne says my
over-bite smile is so cute.
I guess an over-bite
must be good,
so I'll keep smiling until "Smiley"
is my nickname, but I sure hope
Timmy never tells anybody
that I still suck my finger.

KEITH BAIRD

Indiana Jones Never Lost His Hat Either

you preferred
kayaking to
canoeing.

you know your own
rhythm, you don't
have to depend on
another to keep you
both afloat.

and most important,
you don't have to
worry about awkward
banter: "So, how
'bout these bugs?"

Now I'll admit, I've
had a spill or two
in a canoe. Slamming
into banks, awkward
turns, paddling against
each other, fishtailing.

the time we
tipped over, you lost
your sunglasses, i
lost my hat

and we had to drag
the canoe to a bank
and recollect ourselves.

BAIRD CON'T

I still prefer
canoeing. You can just
as easily fall in a
kayak,

and while
you may initially fall
more in a canoe,
you eventually learn
each other's rhythms,
learn how to communicate
without barking orders

and learn how to take
those turns like geese,
gliding quiet and
effortless.

JEN RENSON

Tempted

What's the closest you can come to the sun
And not burn
Nor freeze
Tell me: did Icarus deserve those wings
Or did he want them to chase Hermes