

Stone's Throw



Issue #1

September 2014

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"Desperation"

Contributing Poets

Chad Parenteau

Lee Varon

Scarlett Pedersen

Jason Wright

Muriel Soule

Martha Boss

Dexter Roberts

Andrew Borne

Toni Bee

Laurel Lambert

David P. Miller

Edited by Chad Parenteau

Front Cover by James Conant, modified for black and white by Chad Parenteau

Back cover illustration by James Van Looy

Inquire about submissions to: stonesouppoetry@yahoo.com

Visit Stone Soup Poetry: stonesouppoetry.blogspot.com

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Introduction

Welcome to my Boston-based zine-format poetry collection, the newest in a tradition of guerilla publishing. Short, cheap, quick and (if it all comes together) very, very sweet.

You only have to look back to the seventies and eighties to find examples of inspiration in stapled copies of Jack Powers' journal, *Stone Soup*, available today from online booksellers at outlandish prices.

Back in the nineties, you had *Meanie*, put together by Jim Behrle and Mike Bucell, on prominent display in the old Waterstones location off of Newbury Street, where Jim Behrle worked. Poetic irreverence at its best.

Keeping that DIY spirit alive today is *Flying Fish*, edited by Connecticut-based Jake St. John (contact him at flyingfishzine@hotmail.com for a copy). *Flying Fish's* existence helped give me the final nudge to put *Stone's Throw* together. Readers of Jake's journal will also notice how I borrowed from his template in laying out my journal.

Each issue will feature a theme. Invited poets will contribute work either tightly or loosely connected to the theme. Some contributors will be picked from the audiences at the weekly Stone Soup Poetry gatherings. Others will be selected through the online journal *Oddball Magazine* (oddballmagazine.com), a partner of Stone Soup. If you have never been part of either group but still want to contribute, send me an email (stonesouppoetry@yahoo.com).

My thanks to everyone who contributed and to you reading this.

—Chad Parenteau

What I Got

No work
of magic

I stand straight
from taut wire
objects feign float.

No test
of faith

open book
useless when
answers shunned.

You pend
my proof

words done
turn and leave
I watch and wait

to disappear.

—*Chad Parenteau*

She Remembers Her Lovers In Heaven

for Colleen

One gave me purple Gloxinia
5 gave me valentines
2 saw halos above my head
3 said I love you
4 helped me make my sign:
Homeless Hungry
1 gave me inlaid pearl
in dark wood
3 lost me in the woods
2 pierced my skin
1 wanted me to play a bride
in his movie
He gave me a birthday present
2 bags of smack
Another found me in the bathroom
McDonalds September 2013

Countless stream through the church—
remember me

—*Lee Varon*

Footprints

Footprints wash away as water makes sand mud In
the place my ocean meets your shore
My borders falter
My boundaries aren't so clear A
cockles skies rise in and out
But clouds don't move me like they used to Block out
my blues to make room for my indigo To watch you
come back on violet
Silence in your orange sets my red ablaze
I need you 'cause my colors don't bend right alone But you
don't have the green I need
Touch me like the blue of the sky touches the surface of the water Cracked
like the glass coffee table with
Rings of wake up calls from the morning after you tried to love me Ash from
the cigarettes I smoked the night I told you not to love me We keep each
other just out of the other's reach
Because I know I couldn't stand to let you hold me
Anymore than you hate to see me hold myself
Help me understand how I ended up in this same situation This
same shit I watched play out on worn out carpets
On squeaky floors
You being the blade between the parted sea of my skin Me
drowning beneath the wakes you left in his
You blaming me when others see the same beauty you see
Me blaming you when my "no" hit your ears like a "maybe" and you act like I gave you "yes" But I still
found safety in you and yes,
I could see myself with you
But this is the first time someone else's past weighs more than mine
I can bury the treasures you gave to me like I never wanted them from you
I can bury my legs in the sand and wait for the tide to take you from my skin But it
would take ten years to get you from my bones
So I act as a stone,
The salt eroding me away until I look almost perfect
But even the clearest quartz shows the cracks in the center
Don't take me like the gull to show me what I couldn't have seen on my own Leave my
waves to move back with the pull of the moon
And let your footprint stay the night So I
can wash it away tomorrow

—Scarlett Pedersen

You are Not the Only Singer In This Escapade

When you feel like your world has turned on its edge.
And sweet baby Jesus is out for revenge
or your world is mended and can't be sent
Or the judge and jury are married and wed
Look into the eyes of the sun,
And stare till you can only see light.

Cause light, and clouds are in the family house
And the world fairs colder then a hooker's mouth
And the jumper is on the ledge,
And you have to talk him down,
Or let him fall, cause he has your eyes,
Or none at all.

Or because the playful shadows from candles lit,
Are slowly melting down to the nub
And the world is dumb,
Or you are
Numb

Following
Down deadly paths, of highs and lows,
Depends on the day, right?
Whether up and down or laid out on a silver plate.
The world is a massive waist
But wait.

Look over your shoulder,
There is a standing only crowd, and a chorus line
Backing you up, on this stage.

You are not the only singer in this escapade.
You are not the only singer in this escapade.

You are one of the ones, of the ones, of the ones who should be saved.

—*Jason Wright*

The Prophet Has Stage Fright
As I predicted,
It has come full circle
The Moon is leaving and taking
Everything with her
I promised her I would change
Water into wine
But we only shared blood instead
It will never be good enough

—*Muriel Soule*

Love Affair

what a brave earth.

how does it do
what it has to do.
every day. everything.

it keeps pretending.

what spirit.
what lying.
what cheating.

while the days
add & subtract light.
while the caps melt
& the seas rise.

its all so casual
in greenhouse breathing.
airs of 'its not
what it looks like.'
& 'its not happening.'

what a shame.
sky & windmills
were so good together.
then the trial.
irreconcilable differences.
the decree.
greed.
nothing left to divide
except the myth of earth
starring some other planet.

what an ending.

can you...can you have your own personal heaven? I know there's the heaven of angels, wings, harps, and pearly gates...and also hell...and hell can be a heaven, where...the, the things that we love to do...in our human life...the bad things become a, a condense punishment. where, if you love to...have sex a lot or, eat a lot...it becomes a repetitive action...over and over, you perform these acts, none stop for eternity? I don't know. but heaven...could there be a middle ground between heaven and hell? or heaven, and hell...could be like...when you have a dream, and the dream... is filled with the days experiences. the thoughts and that was most...or is given the most attention? the same...the life...the sum of the most frequent feelings thoughts and actions...become...becomes what manifest in our next life, and heaven and hell becomes, whether its...its pleasing or not. me personally? I would like my own heaven..." chilling with the goody goodies, wearing all white, nah! I like black tims and black hoodies." biggie didn't want that heaven. but me? big Cadillac, money under the mattress and a big booty bitch...hold up! that's cube's shit! the one with the kid...yeah! gangsta fairy tale...the big booty bitch i'll take! but, my heaven would be...a farm, being a farmer...a couple of cows, horses, a field, a couple...grow fruits, vegetable...there's chickens, pigs...no computers or TVs...get water from a creek...the whole area is like...like the rain forest in brazil, butt naked, me and my big booty, a couple of ugly kids...us only, one planet...one cloud two thoughts...water earth...but yeah, that my heaven.

—*Dexter Roberts*

Despair

Have you ever experienced gut pain like this before?
Ulcers of the spirit
How long will this blackout last?
We have no flashlights, no candles, no matches
How long till they know you are a fake?
A criminal with no hope
The wine has turned to vinegar
The air is rotten with the smell of dead animals
When will the bags under my eyes
Be replaced with the old light they used to contain?

I sit naked in a ditch, my home
Hornets swarm around me
I dial 411 and ask for God's number
But the operator does not put me through
If I could get through
I would tell Him all the things I am feeling
All the anger and fear I have inside
God, what will you say?
Maybe I can't find you, because you don't want me to?
I am a worm

I'd like to follow but the trail is rough and steep
I'm afraid I'll never make it to where I want to be
It's a numbing sensation
There's no clarity and you're trapped in your mind
You're trapped in your mind
It's powerful
But I won't be silenced by darkness

—*Andrew Borne*

Screen Door *(for DaddyBrooks)*

I dream
Of closed doors that
Open like butterfly
Wings
cocooned – I am no more

I dream that my walking
Through your door nappy headed
Tan
That you'll accept me – a chocolate dish
sum wisdom – melting your fears with the depth of my words

I want to dream
To never be inhibited by
your will
Your pain
Grant me joy, dream
a peace of free

Dear Dream
I dream walk down streets & walls multicolored won't let me in
For dream/to dream is dizzyING

I dream
Steam, let it / blow candle wish at my pen
never will I enfold in my cocoon again

—*Toni Bee*

Autumn's ashes fall
upon the sun's silent
shadow. The light is
melancholy and giving,
a season to change
and to receive the trees
shed their spring and
summer coats to the
barest glance of a reality
known only to them.
Still, I fall as the ghost
of the red and orange
leaves, autumn's dust
giving sadness a voice

* * *

Chasing the sun,
sun burning bright
hello to the universe
moonlight spiraling
in orange and yellow
silhouette shimmering
shadows of night.
Sunflowers standing
in sunlit field.
Smile and pause
the dance is a road
to eternity. Mirror
reflected on still lake
dreams forever
unfolding to
mystery.

—*Laurel Lambert*

This Man

This man, J., broken nose,
gray ponytail hanging below the brim
of an always backward cap,
Army veteran, trucker,
did time for armed robbery,
tall wiry and tattooed,
stands on the sidewalk near my door,
weeping.

Years passed without work
and so he met this guy,
sort of a contractor,
repaves driveways,
under the table stuff.

So J. has a job.
Boston, New York, Florida,
they finish driveways,
stay in hotels.
This guy doesn't pay him.

Sleeping in hotels without pay
replaced sleeping in a van without work.
Forbidden his girlfriend's apartment –
Housing doesn't like it –
and girlfriend's granddaughter tried
to knife him in bed.
Something about not throwing her leg
across the arm of an old chair.
The girl resented this stricture.
Forbidden his mother's place too –
Housing doesn't like it.
The neighbors snoop.

Now all J's possessions are in storage,
the things of his life's story.
The bill is due.
The boss doesn't pay him.
They'll seize it all.

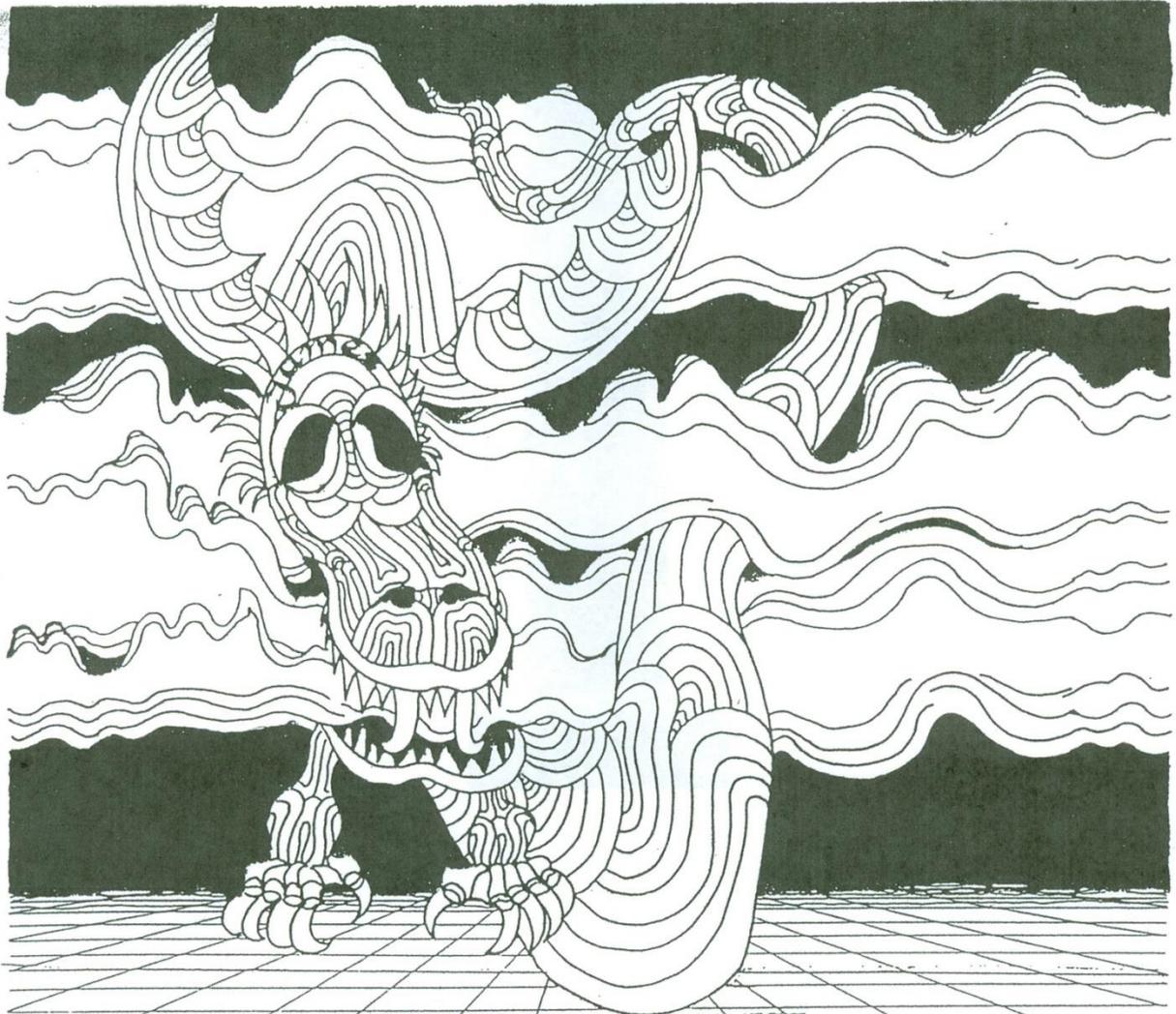
J. trembles and sobs.
"What am I gonna do, Dave?"
Christmas one week away,
he and Puerto Rican girlfriend,

lonely for time together
but he and the boss roam
searching for driveways to do
as winter approaches
and no one around here
wants their driveways done.

“My life is over.
I’ll lose everything.
What am I gonna do?
Drive off a cliff?”
The boss sits in the passenger seat
in the van
parked at the curb.

I slip J. a twenty so the boss
doesn’t notice, and tell him,
“I don’t have an answer.
Call me if you can.
Tell me what’s going on.”
And I don’t have an answer
but I should have said,
“Man,
don’t drive off a cliff.”
Even with the boss inside.

—*David P. Miller*



DRAGON OVER THE MIDWEST
TEMPTATION UPON US
THE KLAN OUT FRONT THE STATE
HOUSE OF OHIO
CHRIST WAS CAST DOWN
IN WILDERNESS-TOLEDO OR WARREN
REFUSING TO HEAR DISCO
THIS LABOR DAY