Stone’s Throw #6
December 2017
“I Keep on Going, Guess I’ll Never Know Why”

Contributing Poets

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Introduction

The way this issue’s theme came together by way of a timely email.

Issue #5 of Stone’s Throw (“The Marathon Must Go On”) was being assembled at a breakneck pace when Adric Giles sent an email saying he was inspired and would be interested in doing its cover. I wanted Adric back in a bad way, especially after his infamous #TrumpDump cover for issue #4.

The whimsically wonderful Whiskey Raddish sent artwork that was eventually used for issue #5.

Back to issue #6 and my next theme. I keep on going, guess I’ll never know why was taken from the Joe Walsh song Life’s Been Good.” The lyric was tied to the idea of motion, and I wanted Adric to have his chance to draw running people the way he would have in issue #5.

I sent a crazy idea for the cover to Adric, who trusted in my craziness, matched it, and raised the bar to produce the awesome final version here.

As per most issues, contributors didn’t have to adhere to the theme, but so many did!

Creators coming together for the sake of just creating. Let’s hope we never figure out why.

I thank everyone who trusted me with their work this year. Special thanks to my mentor Ron Goba. I will always put his work out there for you to read.

Have a quiet new year, everyone. Then let’s get back to work.

—Chad Parenteau
No Return

No strong heir
picks up mantle.

Meet new Dad
loved by gone Dad.

Figurehead needs
children to survive,
crumbling feet of clay
propped by their bones.

New loam builds bricks
as godhead spreads surname,
writing title on earth,
connecting craters.

Home wrecked
with great pride.

Prodigal won’t know
why he still goes
until home rots
roots first.

Can never be
good child again.

—Chad Parenteau
I keep on going I'll never know why

But you might
You are the cause
I'm
The effect
But don't worry This thing of ours
Is doable
Remember when we met and you said
Forget it
But at the end of the night
And everything turns to moonlight
Tasting stardust tasting ... Turns to Dross so quickly
In our peripheral vision
again when the night speeds away
And morning sun brings back reason
Is sanity over-rated?
Maybe
Or maybe I need to wander barefoot in a forest
Wanderlust
I am hopeless in my pursuit of feeling
I traveled to your eyes and back
I entered
I left
You never knew
But I did
I
Keep
On going
I'll never know why
I am insatiable
Pouring the world in
Greedy for sensation greedy for
Everything I see in the world
And there will never be enough
And there will always be questions
And time is an old man
Sitting in a corner
counting
Counting
Dust mites
As the light streaming in catches them just right

—Elizabeth Hanson
Poem

Lush skie
See
Black Lark fly
Thru iridescent evening
To cross the silvery light of eyes
Rainbow over
Blue waters
Hirizons
Try
To touch
Moonlight
Where hands
Hang a soft lace
Of touch ing
Finger tips
Dressed in diamonds
The sacred root
That forms
A bonded embrace
When strong
Is the night of
Whispering
Soft sighs
Like silken arms
Encased
Midst bosoms
Thighs
When tears
Are myrrh
And sweat
Aromas intoxicating
Rest
And dreams linger
After sleep
Upon
Awakened mornings
Amidst the dial sun
Drops
Warm rays
Between our eyes
Sun arisen hot as wish
And bodies
Emerged
Amidst
Sired fountains
Rising
This cool
Water
Joy
From our crystal tears
To the river
To the bare
Soul of the waves
Once
Not long ago
We were borne
Coral
Worth of Oceans
This Island of our known
World
Red droplets
Of our birth lives
From the washed
Stones
The Micah cliffs
Arising
On shores
Of our patient journeys
Where these golden bands
Still ripple us
Thru the depthful
Path
New Rivers
Of our songs
Sing!

—Deta Galloway
Holiday Sonnet

Somewhere, someone nostalgic is missing
the days when Christmas was white, the days when
lovers under the mistletoe kissing
were white as fresh snow, white as clean linen,
white as New England church steeples in fog;
white as policemen with Scotch on their breath;
white as the frost on the windows of Prague;
white as meth addicts enjoying their meth;
white as a Mormon's unseen temple shorts;
white as tycoons who buy all the sports teams;
white as the judges in most of our courts;
white as not every American dream;
white as the wings of the bigots who sing
peace just for the races which know their place.

—Zachary Bos
The Dodo Bird

The fourth day, even his furniture was gone
then silverware—then just insects glinting
on windows—glass bottles, books
like falling snakes, & my hair

made a sound like slowly ripping paper
as I cut piece
after piece, curling on the floor more softly
than it ever grew before.

Maybe someone arrives, or
I begin to crawl backwards,
bump into Papa’s ashtray, an apple
core. In this version of myself, it’s me
italicized, the fine fragment
of a vase, an archaic eye.

— Abagail Petersen
I keep on going
Guess I’ll never know why
Keep on keeping on
Without a target in sight
Just an inspired drive
Not fight or flight
Every day I survive
Is a night I can close my eyes
Rest is a soul’s prize
I keep on going
Guess I’ll never know why
No need to seek the answer
It’s a natural ride
Oceanic tides
Crash over and dive
It just feels good
To keep on going never knowing why
It’s purposeful
Powerful
Remaining knowledgeable
In perspective
I can therefore I do
I am therefore I can
I do there I have
Take a thing from me
Your hands first I will snatch
I keep on going
Guess I’ll never know why
Share the wealth of knowledge as tales morale is cautious
Question the why and you’ll find a pause
Just keep on keeping on
Your Will is Strong
The sense is there when your sight is long
Give the moment everything and the return won’t be prolonged
I’ll never know why but I know how
I’ll never know why but I know now.
I made it
Yesterday didn’t break it
The stride.
I keep on.

—Liza Zayas
Boston 2015

If you want to live a long life, don't be Black. Don't be born American Indian. Jog. Eat fresh fruits and vegetables. Don't be poor. Don't get depressed about being poor. Don't live next to auto body shops, uranium mines, fracked water, coal dust, lead paint, hot dog stands. Don't get old. Be Swedish. Do Manipur dances and henna hands. Pray to your ancestors, offer them sweet rice. See a doctor. Don't see a doctor. Get a job! Turn Japanese. Find love, make love, not war, and love some more. Don't wrestle with a polar bear. Don't sleep too much. Don't sleep too little. Don't be afraid of dying. Be cool stay in school. Have bank. Don't be around traffic-related air pollution while pregnant. Feed friends and flightless birds. Twist sheep threads into shared stories. Drink Ouzo, Grappa, red wine just enough. Don't enlist as that may shorten your life. Don't smoke. Got a smmooooke? Eat lemons with salt and Tabasco Sauce. Sing your sister to sleep. Watch dolphins in the distance. Drinking out of plastic water bottles increases your...Do everything in moderation, huh? Weave magic amulets that make weapons forget. Listen to acorns falling on top of your tent. Don't be a guy, XY. Split open the fruit of all you have not done. Build a home for abandoned cats, unchained elephants. Live larger than life. Learn how to Samba. Body surf at Cape Hatteras. Plant a garden, where?! Only the good die young. Examine intricacies and intimacies. Drive on back roads. Let joy be the only pillow left to sleep on. Don't let a methyl group get attached to your DNA. Don't go crazy. With 33 more years, I could... live dawn as sunset, evening as day, noon as night, night as noon, begin again, begin again.

Lifespan gap Boston - 33 years

Back Bay 02116 - live till 92

Roxbury 02119 - only live till 59.

—Melissa Silva
Three Poems

The door opened, I walked in, only emptiness. I remain alone.

The colors are crying again, I am lost in the rain, dying a thousand and one deaths.

You left me so many times so this time I will leave you without any weeping.

—Laurel Lambert
Purpose

The universe is a trickster,  
like Loki on shifting sand, 
a double whammy.

Cunning and clever, she 
dangles luck, then pulls out the rug 
from under the high heels 
I’m frequently warned not to wear.

I won’t be told that I shouldn’t or can’t, 
so I thank the gods that it’s not icy 
as I stumble to remain upright.

Sometimes I lose the battle 
and the ground bears the brunt of my weight.

I have had to wait until it is light to rise again, 
but Ra never lets me down.

I’ve lifted my eyes and deplored 
All That Is to tell me why 
I always feel as if I’m behind a step, 
but silence resounds –

my solar plexus is not a wimp 
so I keep on going, 
guess I’ll never know why.

—Rene Schwiesow
randomratsrodentsshelterssequesterssquirrels
acetylenessqueakstightknitsprairiedogcolony
thicksfatheadgroundskneesizeslabs
slicksredbrickcirclemoundsholisticground
lairslikelyburrowsborrowsunlikelyaffairs
Mothersmiscellaneousmeatloaf
Fatherspocketbookscotch
olderbrothersquiveryimbalancebars
youngerbrotherskeenbipolarvein
disrobespleatedpaleman
makeshiftrickrackPJswashedoutnon
rainydaysrumpusroombrittlebrain
digsugononicsswiftneedle
stucksrotatesdeepsurfacegroove
accumulatesacridsacclimatesathwarts
PhilipGlasslistenssteepoccupys
sippingblackcoffee
readingMarianisStevens
GoFishsarmrestprestopen
thehistoryof
ofshistory
inkcantquitekeepupcanonsWildEastwords
nostalgiasagelesshistrionicsbelievesbriefother
worlds
non
i
con
icre
lievesupa
gainstblights
sovereigncenteredeyes
bronzesbuiltinbe
traysgreatgrand
platesblursspetal
lessdefunctlaurels
blindspupilblurs
shroudscloudsilhouettes(is
it in
fects in
flames another
Cancer) bloods
vialsurines
jarplucks pinpoint
liquiddrawsWalthamsMersi
anecdotesBeckettstrampstragics
comicwaitNeruda
couldberude
broodinglove (am
I too
dependent) Fate
inanothershands
atbottomsorderly
disordersthen
nowneverover
undereaglestuckedworldywings
widesspreadeasinsin
togamblessoarssweeps
surroundsponttressdrops
bruisesbreedsgayssecundforsythia
sunbathspeekabooscricketscompliancodes
flicksclucklesdashy
dashingdotsKaratesSaws
jujitsuszigszasgghettosgulletrashs
Hanoversariaticantics
syllableswovenstraps
wrapswarpysyntax
TIGERLAMBMASTICATES
AdvancedColgatebelittlesgumsnuggets
socialmenusdepletemeat
erraticstridentcycles
trioshivsstridesspearsscrewstides
ElizabethBishop
bikesrides
brandishsbinoculars
KeyWestscasaMarina
fischeslyspassGosignoredough
citesrobustimagines
teeothpadancefrostthuglass
roomsonlydoorsteelstwobolts
oblivionsavoniccallingwedgesfoot
improvsexpansiveglimpseolosflaresupclimates
lifesbook
ends be
tweens
bourbons fills
drunk spills
elegy emerald vocals
yokel detonate nerves
blows blown up
tossed down Darwin's board game
ape becomes dove
loves pigeon hairs
satin breast ding a ling dangles
toot toot toot thinking God ecstatic thoughts
hefts feathery intoxicates hairys finger points
the obscure face the lush burning bush
stills dynamic water tops

turvy lefts right side
towrestle with
get strong hold on
rapt sin access iz
go back forth
don't know why
in Celontank meant ancient bath
ancient excavate to publicize
purify (did that get this right)
vibrates
vibrant bulb
war won't stop
pops sweasel pops
I shovel castle trench
bench bleed zeros bullets
GAUZES sponges sucks
redrunsscarlet
fist shakes contains dice
rollbox car stars
airs rains flames cinders
the idea of the idea of
will suspend disbelieve

—Ron Goba