

Stone's Throw



Stone's Throw #6

December 2017

“I Keep on Going, Guess I’ll Never Know Why”

Contributing Poets

Chad Parenteau
Elizabeth Hanson
Deta Galloway
Zachary Bos
Abigail Petersen
Liza Zayas
Melissa Silva
Laurel Lambert
Rene Schwiesow
Ron Goba

Edited by Chad Parenteau

Front and back cover art by Adric Giles

Inquire about submissions to: chadpoetforhire@yahoo.com

See all *Stone's Throw* issues at www.chadparenteaupoetforhire.com

All work © respective authors

Stone's Throw #6

Freak Machine Press, Boston, MA

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 skin
See
Black Lark fly
Thru iridescent evening
To cross the silvery light of eyes
Rainbow over
Blue waters
Horizons
Try
To touch
Moonlight
Where hands
Hang a soft lace
Of touching
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.

— *Abigail 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 smmoooke? 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*

DWS(WS): 9-24-17

randomsratsrodentsshelterssequesterssquirrels
acetylenessqueakstightknitsprairiedogcolony
thicksflatheadroundskneesizeslabs
slicksredbrickcirclemoundsholisticground
lairslightlyburrowsborrowsunlikelyaffairs
Mothersmiscellaneousmeatloaf
Fatherspocketbookscotch
olderbrothersquiveryimbalancebars
youngerbrotherskeenbipolarvein
disrobespleatedpaleman
makeshiftsrackPJswashedouton
rainydaysrumpusroombrittlebrain
digsdugstonicsswiftneedle
stucksrotatesdeepssurfacegroove
accumulatesacridsacclimatesathwarts
PhilipGlasslistenssteepoccupys
sippingblackcoffee
readingMarianisStevens
GoFishesarmrestprestopen
thehistoryof
ofshistory
inkcantquitekeepupcanonsWildEastwords
nostalgiasageless histrionicsbelievesbriefother
worlds
non
i
con
icre
lievesupa
gainstblights
sovereigncenteredeyes
bronzesbuiltinbe
traysgreatsgrand
platesblurspetal
lessdefunctlaurels
blindspupilblurs
shroudscloudsilhouettes (is
it in
fects in
flames another
Cancer) bloods

vialsurines
jarpluckspinpoint
liquiddrawsWalthamsMersi
anecdotesBeckettstrampstragics
comicwaitNeruda
couldberude
broodinglove (am
I too
dependent) Fate
inanothershands
atbottomsorderly
disorderthen
nowneverover
undereaglestuckedworldyings
widesspreadeasesin
togamblessoarspinesweeps
surroundspondtreesdrops
bruisesbreeds gaysfecundforsythia
sunbathspeekabooscricketscompliantcodes
flicksclicksdotsdashy
dashingdotsKaratesSeeSaws
jujitsuszigszagshettosgulletrashs
Hanoversariaticantics
syllableswovenstraps
wrapswarpysyntax
TIGERLAMBMASTICATES
AdvancedColgatebelittlesgumsnuggets
socialsmenusdepletemeat
erraticstridentcycles
triosshivsstridesspearsscrewstides
ElizabethBishop
bikesrides
brandishsbinoculars
KeyWestsCasaMarina
fishsflyspassGosignoredough
citesrobustimagines
teethtapdancefrosthugsglass
roomsonlydoorsteelstwobolts
oblivionsavoniccallingwedgesfoot
improvsexpansiveglimpsessolosflareupclimates
lifesbook

endsbe
tweens
bourbonsfills
drunkspills
elegyemeraldvocals
yokelsdetonatenerves
blowsblownup
sidedownDarwinsboardgame
apebecomesdove
lovespigeonhairs
satinbreastsdingalingsdangles
tootstootytootsthinkingGodsecstaticthoughts
heftsfeatheryintoxicateshairysfingerpoints
theobscurefacethelushburningbush
stillsdynamicwatertopsys
turvyleftsrighside
towrestlewith
getstrongholdon
raptsinaccessiz
go
back
forth
par
lay
ana
phora
Ilikeit (does
it
I) I
dontknowwhy
inCelontankmeantancientbath
ancientexcavatetopublicize
purify (did
that get this
right) vibrates
vibrantbulb
warwontstop
popsweaselpops
Ishovelcastlestrench
benchbleedszerosbullets
gauzesspongesucks
redrunsscarlet
fistshakescontainsdice
rollsboxcarstars
airsrainsflamescinders
theideaoftheideaof
willsuspendsdisbelieve

grievegargoylesgarden
velvetsviolatesinvalidsviolets
thegreencarpetbloomsbrownsweeds
missizchancesfeedglittersneons
chaosizintervenes
A Mighty Fortress Is Our God
Christsdualcheekbutts
tigerstamedgrabbag
lambsHarlemraglips
Pansduetsspanstreetsrusticswhistles
octetswoodlandbecalmsstiffstand
itmustnotbe
explainedother
wiseaintreal
for
evers
baby
steps
resembleswidowerwobbles
propitiousizprosaicproportions
snakesshedskin
remainslayers
Iwrite
stripsscript
abstractsexactsconcretes
repaintpage
loosesshirtslooserspans
selfslamehorn
hardsstrayshardsstays
taxsfeignrelax
under
scores
under
cuts
pastes (is
this too
long) eagles
nestskyshide
outSuesmarsh
mellowmoonlooks
upslooksunders
looksonce
gone
cramsstorysburyddenlost
nomore

—Ron Goba

