

This Month's

FEATURED FICTION

A Poetry Extravaganza from Shimon Weinroth



Escaping

there is a gargoyle perched
on my conscience,
and a dragon knocking at my door
a host of weird creatures checking my accounts,

a crick in my neck
looking over my shoulder
numerous crawlies swarming
without passports,

magic has landed on my shores
choice has multiplied and
the gods have taken over
no telling what comes next,

mini-cellular phone swallowed
at breakfast serve out the week
I am teleported by anti-gravity pills
good for indigestion, bewitched by gadgets

drugged by moving pictures

Romantics and Ab

promised in old age
I would have solitude
pleasant and sublime
happiness and secur

filled with memories:
satisfying and sweet
and it came to pass
old age caught up

it's not one particular
day of reckoning
that came knocking
short gasps of breath

pains of rheumatism
malfunctioning of the
it's not the pain and
that follows me around

not even the glee and
laughter echoing,
of a new generation
can compensate all,

solitude when sought
soon filled with electric
Hybla bees stinging
false promises of hope

waves of fear appealing
of being left

life exploded into reflections
 reflective and reflecting causality
 necessity, abandoned this world

for the unreal and fantastic, without a budget
 employment and food, politics and rude
 the world of real too harsh and cruel
 I, me, and myself, escaped this domain of pain

with a nod of the mind
 and a wand of magic
 on a flying carpet
 puff out and vanish
 into a dream land

Recorded Determinism

electrified with wonder
 at computer's capacity
 to ejaculate
 figures

micro-chipped
 mini worlds, artless thoughts

walking
 off the screen,
 escape,
 and shift
 to bug me

buried
 in delete
 fester
 and decay

Look Again

seeing is believing
 a belief is true

"and will not let belief take hold of him" Hamlet act1 ac1

alone with memories
 all on your own

memories crowded
 wings spread in flight
 winging their way, and
 then vanishing into air

returning only in part
 by the bugles of whistles

I have been to the moon
 and found myself
 no safer than before,
 been to the moon and

to the bottom of the ocean
 my eyes have seen things
 of creations seen before
 looked over the rim

shook with typhoons
 tragedy and war
 and I know that I am
 I have been to the peak

of happiness and joy
 I have seen the pages
 unfold before my eyes
 the knowledge of other

what makes me so restless
 it all never seems enough
 now that old age has
 and too much is voyaged

this plaintiff is both
 of the past
 and a gadfly of protest
 is not satisfied we are

in our quest for more
 and more years
 nor the quality
 of our tears



Philosophy of Are and Are Not

philosophy of skepticism,
evaluates if we are, or are not
contend empirical evidence,
to justify are, pinching or touching
proof enough

concerning quantity or quality of are,
allows for skepticism,
how much we are, dreams and illusions
we profess to are ,indeed questionable
can not deny the existence of are,

ask the earthy question
to be or not to be
inherited this dilemma from are
and not from are not

Notions and Emotions

my moods run from one extremity to another,
starting here and darting there,
some do bleed and some are bled
often feeding on whims that have fled

new tempers brood and reject
one pole for another,
want and desire a fickle wanton must

Scenery

a statue of Don Quixote
made from scraps of rust
rusting in the sun,
pointing to a banana tree

its elephant leaves
blot out some cactii,
beyond a telephone pole
is tallest of them all

squinting I can see a horizon
where the the sky does
a line of brush, green
blends with the hues

my mind blots out a junction
stuck in the middle of
wire, rubber hose, paper
and reminders of electricity

that have bit the dust
we must plow them up
put them to rest
erase them from sight

when I am gone
what will remain
and what will reign
in this territory insane

belies every manner of trust

sensations tickled, senses satisfied
a momentary calm ensues,
followed by serenity and quietude
sighs and murmurs, hover and caress

until another time that will, bestir
my physical to excess
when with lightening speeds
my calm and my psyche are possessed



Corridors of Gravity

there is a lighthouse in my head,
and a beacon in my mind,
that beaches any wayward bark,
warns my ship to keep afloat
in the current of events

nor digress in the nature of excess,
inborn with a compass of the way
and the customs of today,
it's the corridors of gravity
that signal lest I go astray

I shudder and i tremble
at the pictues in my head,
of the memories in my mind
afflictions of the spirit
resurrected and perverting

curiosity led me down,
the road of exploration
into dark and secret corners
embraced by caverns of mildew
drowned in stillwaters

Wanting

bid me curl up in your
to be fondled like a cat
cradled by your arms c
is it any wonder I seek

Ego Centri

we invented time
to explain our place
and measure space
by events of consequer

ordering a non-linear t
sit on Olympus sendin
by spaceships and radi
to places millions of li

searching for answers
to questions
of before,
here and after

Mumbo Jum

infected and scarred,

by such thoughts and spirits
my soul contaminated and abused
seeks redemptions,
in the corridors of gravity,
convention and decorum

a child of dissent
and an adult of droll orient
a weather beaten revolutionary
have run aground
by repetition and contempt

high tide sweeps me down the rivers
cleansing body and soul
as each interval of time takes its toll
praying and braying that mortality is too soon
fear of retribution and guilt is bred

leads me back to corridors of convention
and the prisons of gravity

death is part of life
who so brave to hazard
a peek, at this antinom
if time is circular,
the risk might be mini

solipsism is the balm c

sympathizing, empathi
are empty jestures of n
more often satisfy, the
acquaintance or just sc



old and fashioned or biologically adept

familiarity is cozy
but in the end,
tends to kill interest
routine sets in

and gangerene of bore,
begets ignore
betrayed by habit

Peeved

I sent you a poem
and you didn't remark,
or mark the day,
I'm so annoyed you didn't

how much you enjoyed
how impressed and clever
you thought,
poetry of my sort

I sent you my poem,
unknown and unacknowle
I am so distraught and ang
that you did ignore,

such fine sentiments
and noble metaphors
perhaps, put you to sleep
and made you snore

search for unfamiliar,
 change seeks us out,
 risking comfort
 we cross the bar
 set foot on other shores
 before was familiar
 discarded and replaced
 by now and tomorrow
 of new frontiers,
 having left ,
 long before departure
 added the excuse
 variety, the spice of life
 i would counsel
 adapting with change,
 stability and constancy
 have their merits
 need no justifications

alas my poetry is beyond y
 foolish that I did hope
 to touch your inner soul
 with elegaic meter and sw

one who is mundane, both
 existentialist, solopsist and
 I have sworn not to send n
 to one who is such a boar

plead as you may, beg as y
 ask to forgive this mighty s
 impaled, I turn a deaf ear a
 prostrating and praying ar

you are barred from comir
 to my next public reading
 to be held on the 25th at se
 at the Stevens Auditorium



Solopsism

you are because I am,
 one beside another describes space
 one after another is time
 and not place

to be or not to be
 is the tautology of self
 to be and then not to be
 short fuse of demise

for when I am not
 you will be gone
 a world collapsed without one
 beside another or one after another

Trouble with Bubbles

we live in a bubble
 more elliptic than round



foamy and liquid
of colors compound

a membrane resilient and silky
surface so smooth and sound
decides who can enter
and who to keep out

there is pressure on all sides
of gravity within
and gravity without
pushing and pulling

of who to keep in
and who to keep out

our bubble rotates
can not rest or keep stil
turning round and round
in a dizzying spill

fed up with comments
of evil and ill
falls to the ground,
burst and let out its fill

what once was a bubble
so pretty and vain
only a moist stain
is what will remain

search in the pyramids, catacombs.
cemeteries for mothers and bones,
for subjects and objects
of historical tones,

it is motion and waste say that I am
but in a Solopsistic world, a Mexican
to prove or disprove, that you are and
is all subjective of me

Sit and Set Straight

armchair, easychair or rocking chair
comfort, reeling or in despair
embrace all who enter its den and lair

fondled by comfort, seduced with eas
encased by cushions soft and rounded
colorful temporal and grounded

drowsing, dreamy psyche takes flight
sets in motion thoughts and notions
relaxation and satiation, though

older peoples posture and carriage
illusions and delusions
diluted and dissolved by age



Perspecti

are you too close to
yet so far
as the closest star

Finally Immune

Too hot, too humid, too soggy,
The same old story of summer time,
Weathering the weather,
After so many solar trips, accustomed

And acclimated, the hot is not so hot
So soggy wearying and tiresome
Finally immune,
Turn off the air conditioner and coolers

It's all in your psyche, still
Sun bathing is not advisable,
Sweating because of the economy
Perspiring from social gaffes

We have learned to deal with
Temperatures and each year
It is easier summer time fun time
Soothes our skins and smoothes the epidermis

Even ice and glaciers welcome
The hot sunrays melting and oozing
Flowing with ease into rivers
And oceans only polar bears complain

And some wayward ecologists
But then what do they know
Except to protest

better not flow into y
uninvited,
you might flit me wi

all my dimensions w
enveloped by new h
unfamiliar and stran

trill of whooperwill
or some wayward bi
upon my window sil
what a thrill, I am
master of my will

meta and physicalist
stay on your side, at
for time and being, f
a" priori is another st

medium, medium,
transcend upon me
mesmerize, hypnotis
carry me across ethe
microchipped to elec



*If you were engaged by Shimon's poem listen to his MooseMeals.com program *The View From Anywhere*. If you would like to chime in, go listen and send him your comments!*