

THIS MONTH:

## Poetry Corner



our drum is contained in meat.  
 between our eyes  
 we have concealed an open mouth.  
 the palm of our hand, opening to the light  
 reveals a tawny vagina.  
 in the throat  
 is this blooming palm.  
 We  
 can promise to raise the dead.

a journey of casting shadows  
 engraves our secrets on the inside  
 of our lids.  
 we read this ancient script when we dream.  
 we dream aloud.

---

I ride the ice  
 into the sunset,  
 twenty killer whales hunting seal,  
 a blue heron rises into a setting sun.

I walk into the moon  
 cold radiating calm  
 and wisdom  
 from forgotten places;  
 I stretch,  
 and remember.

in winter---  
 I am more a wild thing than any other.  
 My blood still boils at ten below.

*Robin Hiersche*




---

the one eye'd man  
 stumbles in a straight line  
 down the street and in cafes  
 to him,  
 we are all drunk  
 on depth  
 so is a Mahatma  
 to a soldier

*Robin Hiersche*