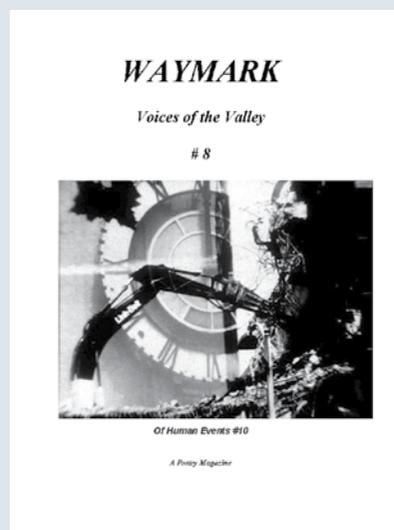


Poems for Your Pocket

April is National Poetry Month, which includes Poem in Your Pocket Day on Thursday, April 26. The idea is simple: carry a poem to share at school, at a bookstore, at the library, in a park, at work and/or on social media using the hashtag #pocketpoem.

We asked Roger Aplon, the author, most recently, of *Mustering What's Left – Selected & New Poems 1976-2017*, to share selections from his Beacon-based poetry journal, *Waymark – Voices of the Valley*. You can clip a favorite below, or even take a few. (No rules!) Or visit poets.org for many more.

To order the latest issue of *Waymark*, which is \$10 postpaid, email rogerapl@comcast.net.



When the Lights Come On in the City

By Kyle Laws

in the studio across the hall turns Motown
even though we're 1,400 miles from Detroit,
1,400 miles from a city that flows to Lake Erie,
that opened its arms to migration away from lynchings,
cotton picking, and a South that could not change,
a way of life my kin never lived, immigrants out
of Ireland in tenements not far from the statue
that greeted them as they entered New York.
But there was something in Motown rhythms
that reached back to the Celtic squashed by English,
something in the call and response from fields where
the prick that drew blood also became the needle
in sweatshops across the river from Jersey City.



Sad

By Anne Gorrick

GO CRY SOMEWHERE ELSE! Build a shrine to the past, and go there all the time. A new study by a team of psychologists has revealed being happy all the time is not always a great thing, and could lead to an early death. Do blind people feel pain? YES. Do Sad People Have A Better Memory For People's Faces? This just in... Everything is Fine. What do sad people have in common? 200,000 years of human evolution. In addition to consuming entertainment for pleasure (hedonistic motivations) individuals may also consume entertainment to experience meaningfulness, that sweet moon language. What is every other sad person in this world dying to hear? Why do sad people love the sunset? For the same reason stupid people get angry when they're asked to be less stupid. He warned about living in the past and making a religion out of nostalgia. Why do sad people write bad poems? Because when we were in 6th grade, it didn't really matter if we were happy or not. Everything I wrote in the 6th grade was awful! In Genesis, God was saddened to see all the great evil which has entered man's heart, and what do sad people do? They decide to destroy mankind. Follow Following Unfollow Blocked Unblock Pending Cancel. Is it the subway that makes people sad or do sad people ride the subway? Nothing to write, no images to add ... just bask.

I Smell a Scotch

By Thomas Boyd

The odor sends me into a swamp of frustrations. My first wife drank Scotch. A marriage that slipped into disrepair, then a wheel came off, then it sat on blocks for two years until it rusted away. After 40 years, the smell has faded. But a whiff still summons those weekends making plans for elaborate boring social events . . . the time for us to go live someplace else, what about the parties and her mother, she could never leave . . . the flush in my cheeks when I said I could. Scotch smells like that marriage, rusted, run down.

Fox River Heights

By Robbie Rubinstein

Our sister told me
when I was born a girl,
you were inconsolable.
Crying under the 1940s,
high-legged kitchen stove,
begging to trade me
for a puppy.

What changed, I don't know.
You never banished me from
your room, where you cheated
at Monopoly, despite my
wails & complaints.

We built rafts of logs & rubber tires,
wove paddles from branches along the bank.
We floated to the tiny island
in the middle of the river,
the decayed cabin our picnic shelter.

You held me by my wrists over
the root-cellar hatch door,
threatening to let me fall
to a den of snakes.

You taught me Russian Roulette,
a cruel game played out
on the concrete of the dark,
cold & oily garage floor.

At 5, 6, or 7, I didn't know if there were
bullets or caps in the silver revolver.

You taught me how to fly.
I, without knowledge of the fall.
Riding high, belly to feet,
hands clasped, you pumped
harder & harder & finally yelled "Let go!"

Then lied & teased about
how high & far I flew
to explain away the bruises
I suffered from the lumpy ground.

"Let go," on the 2nd anniversary of your death,
forever surrounded by
the Kentucky Derby & Mothers' Day.
That year, a Triple Crown.

There was our army of two
decked out in military surplus,
climbing the lightning-struck limbs
to fight your phantoms
in the forest of Fox River Heights.

But what I remember most, my brother,
you taught me how to whistle.

In 1957, we saw *The Bridge On the River Kwai*.
I can still blow the theme through my tears.

What the Body Loves

By Judy Reeves

Love,
Give me nighttime. Bring me a moon rising over the roofs of
houses. Let me see it as a lovely surprise out my kitchen window.
And Love,
A warm bed, pillows, fluffy duvet, clean sheets, cool in summer,
flannel-warm in winter, and let me stay into the morning, awake
with first light, then back to sleep for one more dream.
And Love,
Remember the sweet dream with that little fawn that let me hold
her in my arms, cuddle-like. More of those dreams, please, ones I
can remember in the morning, and smile as I recall.
Smile,
As I drink that first cup of good coffee. And wouldn't it be nice,
Love, to have him here again to make that first cup, and the second.
Please, Love,
Feed me sweet peaches, and those small clementines and dark
chocolate. Hand me that apple. Take me out into the sunshine.
Let's put the top down. Let's put the music on. Let's go for a ride.
Let's drive to the beach. Let's walk out into the water. Let's dive
beneath and surface and look out to the horizon.
Love,
Take me there.

The Death of Manolete

By Tony Moffett

surrounded by a crowd
the solitude of his crossing
to resurrect an easter of roses
miles blows his horn with a blaze
for the matador
accepting the gift of his body
manolete's last words
i can't go on, i must go on
the revelation of love's stigmata
a flame dancing on eggshells
manolete's dying
let me grow he said
or was it *let me go*
gut cry of a call
for the stones in the shadows
for the orchids of the earth
left in his throat
and so he goes
his breath now song
the archetypes of his leaving
as ancient as the sound of bells
the old women weeping
the kids removing their shirts
to pretend they are capes
for the passing of the bull