

Like Newborns We

The young and the old are alike Hovering as they are On the border of here

In the wrinkled skin they don't quite fit Muscle mass a promissory note Or another debit in the ledger;

In the terrible delight new things bring A moon, a face, a leer, a crash Fingering the digital screen;

And the need to fix them in a shifting landscape Of inconstant arrivals Or sudden departures;

In the hunger for sleep, Exhausted by mid-day And nightly insomniac:

The mind too full to contain the world

On Men Weeping

Boys don't cry was beaten into me By my father's belt; mother used her shoe The lesson never took; I failed boyhood Wept as I failed manhood too Soaking the pillow after I moved out Of a dead marriage leaving two sons behind (Wept again when they chose to live with me).

"Crybaby" followed me around The schoolyard and ended street games Older brothers, taller friends hit me Just to see tears well until the day I learned to swallow the stone in my throat And stare back waiting for more Until the day I caught my mother's wrist And held it pinned in air gazes locked I cried in secret then and often at the movies Filling the dark with silent sobs.

I learned that men weeping is permitted So long as they make a point of trying Not to be seen. Or making sure They are seen trying not to be seen.

Vanishing Point Perspective

This old body heals slow But old souls have hard shells Takes a lot to crack this nut Casting stones weaving spells.

Lift that spider off the wall Carry it gently out the door She might be mother after all Coming back, as they do, for more.

Oh the webs we weave, the tales We tell! The wounds, the scars, the lies. Those echoing regrets do fade, Though healing takes its own sweet time.

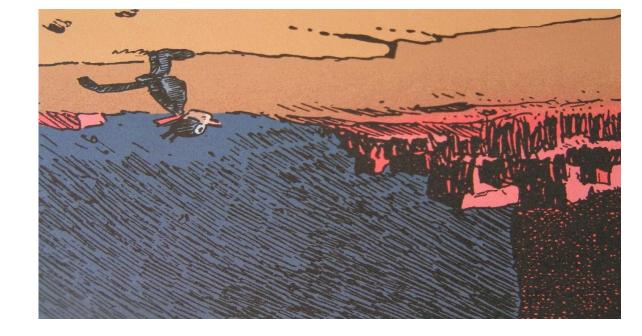
And time itself is a construct We invent as we self-destruct

poems by Marty Skoble

"...it design govern in a thing so small" —Kobert Frost

Despite tension There is comfort in erectile tissue The play of endorphins, We are. And how they love to leap And roil the surface with their acrobatic Aerobics, then dive deep into the dark.

It's an ingenious construction Above mirroring, echoing below; Below blooming above In ageless synchronicity. The insistent animal thrill So much more than skin deep.



Bound together to live this life.

It's hard to know just who to trust

They ebb and flow in tidal strife

Families do what tamilies must

By hormones and the internet

But they are driven all astir

Their hearts and minds are likely set

But oh the woe they share with you

They never mean to but they do

with apologies to Philip Larkin

They drive you crazy girl and boy

οςγάλα της νέγου

You thought they were there to enjoy

Their story posts and friends are where

Sentenced

for Craig Townsend

The period is an end-stop, period. A real stop: you can get off here (Or change to the next train). Unlike the margin, which is a flexible illusion, Or that period which promises another month Of flexibility and desire, thus an ongoing pause.

But this is not a poem about punctuation; It's about time served: life postponed, Diaspora and servitude, A man pacing in the delivery waiting room, A woman writhing on a gurney A person denied transformation/justice.

It is a poem about the ultimate sentence: Life. See that period? There is no other, no semicolon/afterlife after life

I know my beloved /blessed friend says otherwise Promising another period Altogether.

We'll see about that later Period