



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

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.

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

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

This Be the Verso

with apologies to Philip Larkin

They drive you crazy girl and boy

They never mean to but they do

You thought they were there to enjoy

But oh the woe they share with you

But they are driven all astir

By hormones and the internet

Their story posts and friends are where

Their hearts and minds are likely set

Families do what families must

They ebb and flow in tidal strife

It's hard to know just who to trust

Bound together to live this life.

If Life Gives You Rain Make Rainbows

"...if design govern in a thing so small"

—Robert Frost

Despite tension

There is comfort in erectile tissue

The play of endorphins,

Those dolphins in the body of water

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.

