

<i>J.M. Beach</i>	
Wild Flowers	23
Creeping Shadows	24
She Dances	25
Voltaire, It Is Not So Simple	26
The Ultimate Ground	27
<i>Marc Moore</i>	
Play the Fool Say I	28
<i>Chris Anderson</i>	
Uncle Wally Looks in the Mirror	29
Uncle Wally Goes on Retreat	30
Uncle Wally Blesses a Dead Man	31
Uncle Wally Gazes at the Morning Moon	32
Uncle Wally Fades Away	33
<i>Joshua J. Mellon</i>	
Chronology	34
<i>Austin Kaiser</i>	
Half-Life	36
Mother	37
Homeless	38
<i>Ian Appel</i>	
<sigh>	40
fall	41
<i>Sarah E. Linn</i>	
SPQR	42
In Need of Time	43
in orvieto, in the old columbaria	44
The Gravedigger	45

about Parke Press

## Poetry: Spring into Life

What is poetry? A simple question with many not so simple answers. Much is mistaken for poetry these days clothed in the intellectual aspires of formal climbs and scholastic maneuvers. Much poetry is forsaken these days as too personal, too political, too free, or too idea laden. Much verse is mistaken for poetry. Much prose forsaken as poetry. Too often "poetry" is believed to be that small and narrow "thing" upon a page that one would know as "poetry" because it could be nothing else. Such are the limitations placed upon this ancient art.

Too often people practice poetry without knowing what they do. Every human being has the potential and the ability to produce poetry. For in effect poetry is action: a refined and practiced action, a conscious or near conscious action, a *way of life*. The origin of the word *poet* comes from the ancient Greek word *poietai*, from *poiein*, to make or create: Poets are makers and shapers. Every act begins as the nebulous potential reality inside the fermenting brain of the creator. Every act materializes out of potential into the necessary formal trajectory of the waiting environmental circumstances wanting to give it birth. Every act is free and determined by the dance of life, the chaos of elemental forces, the necessity on hand to choose the course of the creative act through the moment beyond the past into the future.

In essence we live poetry, we act and we write out of the bounty of our actions, our thoughts. We spill our hopes, fears, wants, tears, joys, sufferings into formal gems through the medium of a pen, computer, clay, paint, photograph, drum, guitar, voice, or the human body in motion. The medium is not the art. The medium of poetry is but the tool to bring the art, the act, into formal recognition, to give it breath and breadth: to spring our soul into Life. Our human yearning the ultimate inspiration, our heart and mind the guiding hands. We peer into the portal glass of our fractured and imperfect eyes to see what life, what meaning, what faith lay in wait for us to create, to live.

Poetry is a Way of Life, like the hodos of Jesus or the Tao of Lao Tzu. As true poets we live our life as our art and express in halting forms and words our experience, what our life means.

We invite you, the reader of our poetry, to see-taste-touch our acts, our creation, our ways of expressing life. Leave all you know of poetry suspended with this introduction. Stand outside your preconceptions and come inside our heart, our act, our *Way*: Let all who would come and follow us through our poetry into a greater understanding of the paradox of being human, being alive.

What you find is entirely up to you. Take what you will, leave the rest.

This book a gift,  
Life our sacred trust.

What does not exist,  
We must create:  
Life,  
A poem in our eyes.

J. M. Beach

## Corina Anghel

### The Italian Wedding Soup

Those pearls of meat hosted the sweetness,  
the flavor of another season –  
a little bit of parsley, of onion and salt  
melt in the softness, the joy  
of an Italian wedding soup.

By moving, devouring, transforming this thing  
I assure myself of its presence.

I plunge into its dewy foam  
where recollections come and go  
like rays of sun inside a wooden church.  
Breathing hard, swallowing,  
I come back to surface – enchanted  
like the faces of saints carved on the altar.

I assure myself of my other existence –  
a bride of parsley,  
of onion,  
of salt.  
I cross the holy threshold  
shivering  
waiting for the night after supper.