

THE WORDS TURNED SIDEWAYS



POEM 1

On Thursday, November 4th, 2021, participants of the New Jersey Book Arts Symposium collaborated on a series of exquisite corpse poems.

This book is dedicated to the memory of Ann Watkins, friend, colleague, and indispensable advocate for the New Jersey Book Arts Symposium.

My days are growing longer, but somehow time always seems to shrink

Time slipping and swirling by, bringing the future to now

When the swallows circle in the glare of the winter sun

Time slipping and swirling by, bringing the future to now

But how long is our future?

If yesterday already feels like 100 years ago, will the future be the same or flash before our eyes?

That's hard to know. Maybe the middle ages hasn't end at all, maybe we still live in the darkness.

And maybe this is as light as it ever has gotten.

But let's not dwell, for the world revolves and the people resist!

The turning churns our dreams; the resisting etches portraiture.

Remembrances tattooed on our bones; just try to hold us back

Cover image: Exquisite corpse by Andre Breton, Jacqueline Lamba and Yves Tanguy, 1938
National Galleries of Scotland

POEM 2

Sticky and viscous, molasses, pulls up against gravity
“When a lake’s doubt is shown as ripples, sunshine rays are flown
to the hills.”
Feeling the warmth of the sun against my skin, the bright rays
gleaming as it burns the dark away
A spark of hope flutters, gentle at first and then agonizingly
present
Will a delicate breeze foster the spark or will a gust, beautiful in it’s
own right, extinguish all ?
Light rains raise mists,bogs,day-glo greens, and rainbows...
inspirations

POEM 3

The long hand on the sun dial points toward the lovers in the
bushes;
They shrink into each other’s arms
Hands know what to do, ounceweights of paper, fabric, astonish &
transform
As colorful autumn leaves sparkle and fly through the crisp brisk
air in the sunshine
Squirrels gathering nuts, instincts guiding, preparing for the long
winter

POEM 4

When I think of your voice with its unpredictable accents
I lose my footing on the trembling ground beneath me
Tumbling, floating in my mind but landing with a loud and painful
thud.
Causing the tender parts to bruise an unknowable shade
When I think of your voice with its unpredictable accents

POEM 5

The pain only starts when I laugh
It travels from my stomach to my guts
That's where the trouble starts.
Prickly and small, but destined to grow
For the planet, plant the remnants--apple cores, seeds
The meal becomes a feast to connect us in rejoicing

POEM 6

At times, leaves they wildly fly until they nearly reach the sky.
Bright oranges and reds, a storm of crisp colors surround me
Swirling, enveloping, like cream in my coffee

POEM 7

How can the moon not love the smell of the ocean?
The salty brine is strong enough, for sure.
I toast to you with a nice red wine
how can the moon not love the smell of the ocean?
Dancing in a monthly waltz, yearning for contact

THE 27TH ANNUAL NEW JERSEY BOOK ARTS SYMPOSIUM

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