

# New Poetry by Marty Krasney: “Where We Are Now”

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# New Poetry by Linnea George: “Course Correction”

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# New Poem by Sandra Newton: “Naught”



PIROUETTE OF WORDS / *image by Amalie Flynn*

## NAUGHT

There is naught to be done for it:  
We are over  
As the ocean is over its attraction  
And is now crawling  
Back from the shore,  
Having fucked it thoroughly.

We are done

Like steak on a grill,  
Sizzling and aromatic,  
Waiting to be devoured.

We are finished  
As a wood floor sanded to undeniable  
Smoothness and shine,  
A surface of beauty concealing  
The pitted underbelly of it all.

Or like promising to explain to others  
What happened to us.  
Over, done, finished,  
Is all we need to say  
Or want

While the gifted interpreter  
Turns a pirouette of words  
And keeps you safe  
With her basket of naughts.

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## New Poetry by Scott Hughes: “Still”



THE FAULT LINES / *image by Amalie  
Flynn*

### STILL

I never thought of you

as a hopeless romantic; this was news to me.

Are you still meditating? Meditate  
on this:

You can take the Mulholland Highway across  
the ridges of two counties  
and stay high a long time.

We parked there once in your subcompact  
in love and unconfined.

From the afternoon shade of a scrub oak  
I remember the ridge route home,  
the silhouettes of Point Dume and your profile  
in the afterglow.

Since then I have been a jack of all trades  
and a master of nothing:

unremarkable, unsubstantial, undignified;  
unresolved, unremembered, unconceivable;  
unqualified, unpublished, unreadable.

I looked for you in the county beach campgrounds  
where you went with surfers from your high school.  
I looked for you in all the places I heard you were in love.  
I looked for you where rumors sent me.  
I looked for you in the hills of Northridge  
where we walked around the fault lines.  
I looked for you among the barstools  
from Venice to Ventura.  
I looked for you in old Beach Boys songs.  
I looked for you in stacks of photographs.  
I looked for you in the bottom of a glass.  
I looked for you stranded after a concert.  
I looked for you at the Spahn Ranch.  
I looked for you in the bittersweet words in books.  
I looked for you in unsold manuscripts.  
I looked for you in the margins of old college notes.  
I looked for you in every woman who looked at me.  
I looked for you in dharma talks.

I looked for you in shrines.  
I looked for you in my next life.

I don't think my karma is right.

Forty years on the hard roads of two counties  
and I am  
still.

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## New Poetry by Kevin Norwood: "Rabbits in Autumn"



THE LUSHEST GRASS / *image by Amalie Flynn*

### RABBITS IN AUTUMN

Who will find our bones in a thousand years,  
bleached and brittle under the unyielding sun,  
scattered in dried grasses by feral dogs or vultures?

Who will hold such curiosities, not knowing  
that we stopped here to kiss and murmur  
that our love would outlast the moon and stars?

Who will hold our bones, never to imagine  
that under the same sun, we once made love  
on the lushest grass, under a sapphire sky?

In autumn, the fox lies in wait, hearing rustling  
in the tall grass. Having eaten, the fox moves on.  
There are no questions of why, or how, or when.

Smoke rises acrid in the air; the sun sets earlier

each day; the grapes shrivel on the vine. Time  
is the fox; we are the rabbits. Please, hold me.