

A PARABLE OF COMING

I have a parable for you.
 I'd send it off in-handwriting, if I knew where to send it.
 Only then would there be purpose,
 a grandiose gesture familiar to letters,
 trite as the human condition.
 If I could put a stamp on an envelope
 anticipation might fly away,
 where you could open it and save it.
 Perhaps to remember it?

But then the wall –
 impossible to scale –
 every time I try,
 I fail.

Electronics are a poor replacement for script with a feminine slant.
 [This place] where you can't feel my paper.

I just say it now!
 I am tired of battle, the most obvious flaw in my writing –
 the wandering around hills, wondering what to say.
 Am I inhuman because I have a safe little world?
 [This place]

*The Kingdom in light between white cruxes,
 (a goddess outlined in white)
 she was pink and yellow.
 I was red and afraid of
 the sturdy men who drove chariots,
 turning fast down muddy alleyways and into
 gated straight-aways where many people looked on.*

A long time ago I could see fine from the doorway,
 there are no stones inside a safe little world –
 only the hot breath painting circles on windowpanes,
 then slowly sucking them away.

Only now do I throw rocks.
 I suggest the rails, road, and air.
 I deal in memories.
 My eyes can't hold onto the pictures taken of Prague,
 in that fish eye,
 the world is aflame.

I am looking at a piece of petrified wood
 from a barn about eight miles from here.
 It leans out off the chipped molding,
 casting a shadow against the sun on the windowsill.
 Wasting the every day
 becomes forgetting the fallen leaf and taste of rain;
 then it is as if our lives never happened.

I am not waiting for the son of man,
 but I am asking him to come.
 Come?
 Yes?

Come.
 Yes.

H. R. Berkowitz



WINTER FINGERS

Rough split skin
 on my winter fingers.
 Try so hard to be gentle
 Light but the breaks
 you feel are the edges of
 my winter fingers.
 Smooth satin up to the hard
 part of you.
 Carefully, but the tickle
 moves inside you as
 my winter fingers sooth you.
 Closing them around
 toes
 feet
 legs
 mons
 tummy
 ribs
 breasts
 shoulders
 arms
 to your winter fingers.

Pat Robinson

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