

Poetry

Sally Ann Profeta

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A Falconers Counsel

Sally Ann Profeta

Beaten bird, we stole the hearth
That beamed the rays of warmth on all your birth.
And now you wrestle titans on the streets;
Scylla tainting waves beneath your fleets.

Retreat! Into the wild coop you'll fly.
Beware of man who cuts the wood and sky.
Like Druids sing to Gods amid the trees
And rest until from ruin fauna flees.

Sail to the peak of clouds and dive again
Into the pit of man's Armageddon.
Swift like the cunning fox you bound through leaves,
Into the Greece of blunt Thucydides .

Think now you've lost the tracks of trudging man,
Then find yourself well-roasted in a pan.
Sweet birds, the monkey-eating eagle warns you true,
Protect yourself against the human zoo.

An Antique Doll

Sally Ann Profeta

It seems I've found a treasure for to hold;
A redwood casket carved full carefully.
Inscribed with lavish detail; title bold,
The graven coffer reads "Penelope."

Inside, imprisoned does the temptress lie
Resting upon a cushioned bed of silk.
She's there unveiled for all who care to spy
On woman wrought, deprived of mother's milk.

Her porcelain face that beckons to its snare,
Crystalline eyes that seize you from within.
Her painted lips and freckled skin so fair;
The listless stare of which nothing's akin.

She, condemned to sight by men so few,
Is artist's rendering of beauty true.

Cheers! Here's to the Anti-Sonnet!

Sally Ann Profeta

Let's grab the bag of marbles
And with an illicit slice
Let all our rain and hail pour.

Knowledge and cunning put to test
Poor reader, lost to what's in store.
Disgrace!
I've let the rhyme subdue my pace—
Again!
An angel fell from heaven's pen,
Crashing through a beetle's house – Good Day!–
To fall into the devil's mouth.

Good evening Judas, Brutus, Cassius
Oh Satan too, my modest Lord
Forgive formality,
Gentlemen,
That I have a sick obsession for.

Did Virgil shove you down the rabbit hole?
Me too!
Agreed. We'll have to have him
Split in two.
A verse for me a line for you,
A poem with some room for two.

So chew, reader,
Bite into the gut
Let out the sanguine stuff
That makes us
Men.

Down here we spit at meter,
No heart to force a
Fleeting pulse
On any
Pen.

Beneath the ice we're blessed advantage of our depth
Not height.
Please,
don't look up in vain.
Your tears will blind your vision
And your words will
Suffer deafening pain.

So Quick!

Let's not for mankind sit a minute more!
Indulge the sin that tempts us like a whore,
And hack
Until we see the glistening gore!

Amen, you say?

Then demons, crack your wings and dive!

Sands in the Mist

Sally Ann Profeta

Nothing could be more lovely
Than the sandy shore.
A curly meadow sliced by
Dusty yellow.
And how it soothes one, standing
On the moistened moor,
To think of all the glory of
A dusty shore.

Curled toes on crunching
Rocks.
The singing sea-birds and the
Ripping tide.
Blank canvassed waters where
Creatures preside.

A thousand pities for the lonely
Soul.
Memories of seas hold her
In thrall.
She cannot see but feels
Foremost,
Caressing wind, not dew, on
Thickening coast.

She strains to see herself,
And be herself,
In such a lovely spot.
Yet the vision's lost.
Details forgot.
A haze of darkness covers all instead.

"It's all behind a cloudy mist",
She said.

Guilt Ridden

Sally Ann Profeta

Oh blood
that boils fury in a guilty pot,
stain not this mettled heart.

Have all my wrongs beseeched me to confess,
to rid my heart of bleak unhappiness
and purge the sins that which I so detest?

Steady,
for you have not professed
To such regrets that wrinkle weak men old;
With countless years betwixt himself and wrongs,
hot red long dried on fiber cold.

Silence
wrought by tightened throats.
Man armed strong against the tides of fortune.
Her savage current burned into prophetic eyes.

Fate so obscure,
The rhythmic teeter that the balance bore.
Am I the master to its arms?
To crack the bone that holds one end
Or softly touch one with deceit to bend?
This limbo does not satisfaction lend.

Long Live The Queen

Sally Ann Profeta

Tangled tight in endless strands of lace and fringe,
she enters.

Her gown blossoming wide to her feet.
blood pride rushing,
flooding,
spilling
over the fierce marble of the echoing hall.

The river is grounded in the presence of
Enormous wings towering over
A disciplined
corseted
back.

Hidden behind the onlookers' widening eyes.

She comes.
Silent lips proclaim the arrival of a giant.
Venus glowing amidst a crowd of jewels.

Her father's flag draped silently
over her risen chest.
Excalibur sheathed around her
Triumphantly bound waist.
Leather straps yanked tight by two
pearl white arms of her majesty's government.

Sempo & Yikiki Sugihara

Sally Ann Profeta

I

A solitary hand rests on his tense shoulder.
His curled back ossified
like a body shaken stiff
by unyielding waves of relentless—
callous cold
whispering wind;
Hunched over a burial plot
where the bodies fall in,
Ad infinitum.

II

Name after name
glazes over four unblinking eyes;
Straining to keep the blinds of darkness
from shutting out the light.
Digging and digging.
The huffing sounds of gasping lungs
panting from the gaping grave.

III

The boom of a hundred voices
envelopes the train.
Locking him into the silence
of a frantic self.

(Continued)

A crowd of starving voices call
Beyond his open window.
Restless,
Restless,
Wrenching wrist,
Writing.
Paper soaring.
Wheels rolling.
“Please forgive me.
I cannot write anymore.
I wish you the best.”

Sempo & Yukiki Sugihara (Original)

Sally Ann Profeta

A solitary hand rests on his tense shoulder. His curled back ossified, like a body shaken stiff by unyielding waves of relentless—callous cold whispering wind; Hunched over a burial plot where the bodies fall in Ad infinitum. Name after name glazes over four unblinking eyes. Straining to keep the blinds of darkness from shutting out the light. Digging and digging. The huffing sounds of gasping lungs panting from the gaping grave. The boom of a hundred voices envelopes the train, locking him into the silence of a frantic self. A crowd of starving mouths call beyond his open window. Restless, restless, wrenching wrist, writing. Paper soaring. Wheels rolling—

“Please forgive me. I cannot write anymore. I wish you the best.”