

X:3



ku

vulture my other side

john
martone

talking of clouds filled with equations she checks her pad

Helen
Buckingham

hunt
i
ng

the
wild
horse
s

of
her

long
i
tudes

Scott
Metz

her
almost words
grasping mangled trees

Paul
Pfleuger,
Jr.

the person you wish you could be
dawn lets the last star go

Gregory
Hopkins

dancers of
invisible fish are
you awake

Christopher
White

drawing a breath
old elephants go there
to die

Carolyn
Rohrig

my heartbeat ducks under the falcon

Peter
Yovu

i clap for spring
and banish a key
more minor than mine

Lee
Gurga

that point of white before christ muscles in

Helen
Buckingham

feathering my gut with his words the rose rambles

Clare
McCotter

the spring we spent
in the smoggy flatlands
here in a tube of glue

Chris
Gordon

the struggle to get a lily to stay in water after all

Kala
Ramesh

Our island
our garden
blooms
in that part of no

Paul
Pfleuger,
Jr.

spring

like

a scale that's come
off

earth

polyphonic rain the life in front of me

Roberta
Beary

pig and i convicted by our aphorisms

Lee
Gurga

where elk sleep and lay bare our prayers

Scott
Metz

vows jump their past-perfect membranes eastertide

Susan
Diridoni

after apple-picking
a white lie in utero

Roberta
Beary

Clicking back to Hyper, Kansas

Paul
Pfleuger,
Jr.

religious right two parts whiskey one part wine

Lee
Gurga

the nickels from
your pocket are cold
a few small wars

Chris
Gordon

Anorexia plus Silicon
June gets a bruise
then it starts to rain

Chris
Gordon

American and Elegant I

catfish, catfish-
make your mark

; Transitional
Verbs aside : [*blaring*].

American and Elegant II

Nine, nine, nine
hens in the -br0mine

Liquefy the man ;
the //media pulls a leg

the night heron's cry
your left elbow slightly
sharper than your right

The t-shirt read subvert the dominant paradigm across my chest

Judi
Brannan
Armbruster

prunes and apricots in terms of feminism

Lee
Gurga

insects molting in the closet red stiletto heels

Ann
Spiers

the scent of
somebody's wife
a changing wind

Lucas
Stensland

on the hard stones by
the river the Russian girl
in her thong

Chris
Gordon

gored but out of these shattered ribs a bull

In a language I half understand the body identified

Paul
Pfleuger,
Jr.

snakes and ladders medusa holding me steady

Helen
Buckingham

arsenal reduced to ruins just bright your speaking

Susan
Diridoni

May be a dog's body clutching stones still amidst vs.

Paul
Pfleuger,
Jr.

a concrete wind
announces itself
in each voice

Christopher
A
White

three heavy horses in rape where I can not stop

Clare
McCotter

in the mouth
of the wolf moon
aborted boy

Roberta
Beary

the day you drowned
the ocean heaving
whole lakes upon the shore

Peter
Yovu

A death toll segue into connecting people

Paul
Pfleuger,
Jr.

you ask
who this is—

& there is
a lake

john
martone

lake—someone's
swimming thru
yr blindness

john
martone

starlight though none are here the scent of horses

Clare
McCotter

paint peeling from the ocean a dedication to falling leaves

Scott
Metz

potato chips and other gods

Lee
Gurga

Hush! the tinsel is screaming light

Eye
Lückring

in the basement
of a snowflake
blackbird and i

Scott
Metz

back of the library the dust between worlds

Gregory
Hopkins

how many birds will it take a transparent rainbow

vulture the chest's last organ

john
martone

Roadrunner X:3
-October 2010-

editor
Scott Metz

<http://lakesandnowwolves.wordpress.com/>

coeditor
Paul Pfleuger, Jr.

<http://ppjrpost.wordpress.com/>

<http://www.roadrunnerjournal.net/>



Roadrunner by <http://www.roadrunnerjournal.net/> is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-No Derivative Works 3.0 United States License](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/3.0/).

