

Three Poems

By Ben Nardolilli

Home

Winter-Spring 2013

Fall-Winter 2012-2013

Summer-Fall 2012

Spring-Summer 2012

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Summer 2011

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Editor's Note

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8/6/1945

We built a horizon Where the future Cascaded over,

Hiroshima woke up And found Manhattan laughing

Through a Wall

Up the shelves she climbs,
Hooked to the ceiling
And sustained at her height
By a thin silver wire,
"Come up," she invites me,
As her feet spread outside dirt
Against the dusty books,
I stand with gin and tonic
And shake my head,
Like a horse I stomp a foot
Onto the ground
To remind her once more,
I must always have a ground.

By the Road

There was no need to help them all, The stranded, the abandoned, Those running away from flames Back in the metropolis, yes, There were plenty more to help them, Some better suited than we were.

But out here where the land sets Its own horizon free from dictates Of zoning, renewal, and planning We must adopt a new code and urgency, Who else can help the owner Of the smoldering ruins we passed by? Caper Literary Journal, Quail Bell Magazine, Elimae, Squawk Back, Guerilla Pamphlets, Grey Sparrow Journal, Pear Noir, Rabbit Catastrophe Review, and Yes Poetry. His chapbook, Common Symptoms of an Enduring Chill Explained, has been published by Folded Word Press. He maintains a blog at mirrorsponge.blogspot.com and is looking to publish his first novel.

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