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Three Poems

by Josh Anthony

Xinland Part 1

Author #3

A man with a strange baseball cap
followed me to the docks
where I sat with my notebook.
His seat was a creaking board,
his first word was a sigh,
then, *you ever been deep sea
fishing?* as if we'd been friends
for years, catching up on the catches,

Baker #3

I took a long shift today
because I can't stand being home.
After work, I walked with my
apron on to the docks where
I saw two men I think
I recognize sitting by the water.
A boat weighted down with fish
glubbed to its parking spot,

Tourist #2

The ocean here is like another
citizen, everyone talks about it
with a pronoun and a stare,
I look back at my time
spent in The States, where
the closest thing we felt
were the streets, the hobble
and cracked asphalt, the material
name itself mocking us. Here,

Fisherman #1

The boat took a less than huge hit
but I still slipped 'nd landed on my back,
so the wool of my sweater bruised,
still got the fish 'nd

Winter/Spring 2008

Editor's Note

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hauled 'em back to port, so

Tourist #1

*They all speak in threads,
what I mean is they say
"so" a lot, it always
comes out as sew, like
the Canadians' and their
eyes; it's always so this,
so that, so up your shirt.
I might find myself using it
the longer I'm here,
trying to sew
what I've reaped.*

we can at least eat tonight, least
we can still wake up to the greasy
patches stuck to the cast iron, a
slight fire grumbling in the pot-belly stove,
so my wife can still flick scales
while I watch her hair crisp
from the vaporized salt.

though, the connection to
the sea
has no limit, it's where life
starts,
with the entering tide, where life
dips out, while the waves retreat.
Even the forests
have oceanic qualities, the
branches
of a birch swaying in the night
being pulled by the croon of the
moon.
I spend lengths of time
in their forests, just trying
not to think of people's
hearts beating.

some fish struggled still
as the net heaved with the
weight of a dead stump
into a truck. On the way
home, a rabbit dashed into
the glum forest.

so I swam with it,
knowing he was a foreigner,

*the Xinlind life is based
on the sea, if I
hadn't been out there deep
I don't think I'd be
a citi-xin, I smiled,
he didn't catch this inside
joke, his face reflected
the calm water. He sighed*

Fisherman's Wife #1

I sat up all night
 reading *The Odyssey*
while he slept in bed.
 He thinks
I wake up early, I just
never go to bed an'
sleep when he leaves
so I won't be up
wondering if today's when
 he floats to shore.

as a light wake lapped
against the seaweed crusted
piers of the dock.

Hopeful, as Best

i'd like to write as a modernist
 sew i kin do what
i don't want for the sake
of *discontinuity*, 'cause ya'know
we'so always *disconnected*,
even if coincidence is a novel
reference, a clarifying point
is the tip of a window(pen)sill,

i'd like to explain my way
into a magazine, then an aeroplane,
that without apostrophe, i'd is id
and there'some freud in that
so i'd like to see it in ink.

Petro-Economy

A man walks in to inform the public
of a lack of funds *while a pizza box
hangs from his bootstrap, cheese curdled
'round his dried lips*. Yes, there is a lack

of funds for food *corn, corn, corn, we
grow corn for fuel, let me sew a hat
as a piece of toilette paper.* Next time
I'm hungry I'll go to the gas station
asking for my tax subsidies back an'
laugh before I finish so they know
they're crazy for letting food into
a car *through the door, through the
nozzle.* Suppose we turned petroleum
into corn, wait, no, corn into
petro—wait! wait. Which goes?
They both? Wait, they both
go into the next? Is there a way?
No? I can't put an equation here?
Okay, okay, imagine a tree
eating its leaves
in the middle of summer.

Josh Anthony really tries, really, he tries. He is endlessly thankful for past publications, including *Sleet Magazine*, *Dead Flowers: A Poetry Rag*, *Meat for Tea*, and *The Oklahoma Review*, among others. Website: www.flowerpoems.wordpress.com E-mail: j.awkwardrobot@gmail.com .

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