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POETRY OF ANTHONY LICCIONE

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Muteness

I never mentioned
I'm sorry,
as the Sony,
television falls
from our 19th floor
window apartment.
The set was on
the news to live
at five,
the weatherman
called the forecast
to be heavy storms.

I wait to hear
the loud crash
against the sidewalk,
lightning to strike
the sky--
pieces of glass
and plastic shattering,
the cause and effect
of hate taking place.
Wondering if some poor
bystander is walking by,

still evolved in a new
found love,
thinking on of his plans
for tonight with this dear.
A romantic candlelight
dinner
two roses in the vase,
as the television cord
whips about in mid-air.

They will have wine
and chocolate covered
cherries for desert,
some Bach to create
the mood.

She shouts,
we are done,
and heads out the door
with a suitcase
angrily packed
and reasons we
never talked about.

Timed perfectly,
he will throw popcorn
into the microwave,
to her surprise of watching
some happily-ever-after
movie on television.

And I await,
await for the crash
that doesn't come,
the sounds of spite
that left the door--
another form
of communication
yet falling, yet silent.

The Dead

When the dead come
they will come marching
in a black parade,
they will come riding
on the peace train,
not minding of
being the last caboose
in line.

They will glance
at a watch that doesn't
tick,
hands that don't move
or reach to exist.

They will watch
the living dead in deed,
they will watch
the living dead indeed.
And when at a time
they know not,

they will come
and take the deaf
away from us,
by hand they will
lead away the blind,
crippled and
handicapped

and we will be left
thoughtlessly,
with the dead
burying the dead.

ghost town

going to a
town,
that has been
burned down—

there
i will shake hands,
with those
sunday walkers,
with rosaries
that melted
in their hands,
as the flames rose

where jesus strode
marching with match
sticks and gasoline,
before throwing
himself into the fire

we will share a coke
and some chicken
noodle soup to lighten
the moment,
before it rains

and their ashes wash
away from my hand.

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Anthony Liccione lives in Texas, but his heart resides in New York. He recently won Best New Poet of Year 2006 with *Muses Review*, and has also won the 2006 LizaBeth Poetry Award with *Beautiful Nuance*. His poetry has appeared in *SNReview*, *Underground Voices*, *My Favorite Bullet*, *Plum Ruby Review*, *The Pittsburg Quarterly*, *Zygote In My Coffee*, *Bolts of Silk*, and others.