



[Home](#)

[Autumn-Winter 2011-12](#)

[Summer 2011](#)

[Winter/Spring 2011](#)

[Autumn/Winter 2011](#)

[Summer 2010](#)

[Spring 2010](#)

[Winter 2010](#)

[Autumn 2009](#)

[Summer 2009](#)

[Spring 2009](#)

[Autumn 2008](#)

[Summer 2008](#)

[Spring/Summer 2008](#)

[Winter/Spring 2008](#)

[Editor's Note](#)

[Guidelines](#)

[Contact](#)

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## Three Poems by J.S. MacLean

### Bluegrass Afternoon

The dory cleaves blue reeds  
cattails frail idle oars  
lazy wetland drone  
no hoedown here...  
only a funky  
Appalachian June

Lagoon rippled sky  
line from toe to float  
down to bottle fly  
while yonder Great Heron  
trying patience  
has no better luck than I

Corn jug and cheddar  
mellow banjo tune  
flat bottom picnic  
on a bandanna  
prow nods in rhythm  
delight blue afternoon

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### Crawler

You embark on a branch  
rotund with choices:  
alcove nooks with leaves to browse,  
juicy truth to peruse and devour –  
until the way tightens like skin  
and the twig nods to the ground.

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### Time's Arrow, Time's Cycle

Along sodden banks  
we ooze from water tables  
into a churning flood  
with nothing to seize but torn trees,  
roots whirling around & under.

It is a torrent deep in the gut,  
ripped through the brain,  
the only ways we settle out.

The arrow slays us all,  
then comes back again.

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*Anobium*, *Shit Creek Review*, *Centrifugal Eye*, *Red Ochre Lit.*, and *Hulltown 360*. He plans to publish a collection; *Molasses Smothered Lemon Slices* in 2012. He has served as a poetry and art editor, as well as e-publisher, of the *Triggerfish Critical Review*.

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