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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 Autumn-Winter 2011-12 Lagoon rippled sky Summer 2011 line from toe to float down to bottle fly Winter/Spring 2011 while yonder Great Heron trying patience Autumn/Winter 2011 has no better luck than I Summer 2010 Corn jug and cheddar mellow banjo tune Spring 2010 flat bottom picnic on a bandanna Winter 2010 prow nods in rhythm delight blue afternoon Autumn 2009 Summer 2009 Crawler Spring 2009 You embark on a branch rotund with choices: Autumn 2008 alcove nooks with leaves to browse, juicy truth to peruse and devour -Summer 2008 until the way tightens like skin and the twig nods to the ground. Spring/Summer 2008 Winter/Spring 2008 Time's Arrow, Time's Cycle Editor's Note 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 slavs us all, then comes back again.

J.S. MacLean is a Canadian of Celtic extraction living in Calgary Alberta close to the Rocky Mountains. He holds degrees in Geology and in Education. He has had over eighty poems published in a variety of publications in Canada, USA, UK, and Australia over the past four years. In 2007 he won 1st prize in poetry in THIS Magazine's "Great Canadian Literary Hunt". Some recent publications, or soon to be published, are in

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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