Two Poems



Home

Summer-Fall 2012

Spring-Summer 2012

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

by Igor

Morphing Moths Into Butterflies

Like a kiss blown across the world from horizon to horizon from windowsill to windowsill

Fluttering Flapping through the sheets of night on the tail of dawn on the tips of thorns

They caress the winged petals of a dandelion a dusty angel in the dark swimming in the shadows between the stars

Like a kiss blown across the world from horizon to horizon from windowsill to windowsill

Flustering over a city swallowed by the sun half sunken into ruin half into grief

Shuddering

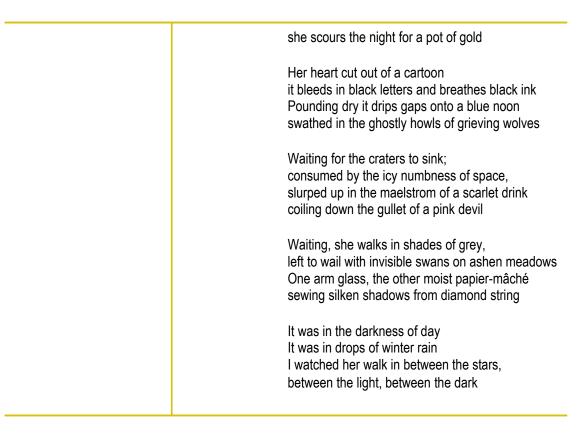
Sewing phantoms from the dust and a penitent sea blown across the world

I sit morphing moths into butterflies

Girl in the Moon

It was in the darkness of day It was in drops of winter rain I watched her walk between the stars, between the light, between the dark

Born at the end of the rainbow into the pallid bosom of the moon One eye black, the other a kaleidoscope



Igor rarely knows what to say in any given situation. He spends most days poking holes in waffles with his favourite toothpick and contemplating the significance of the holes in his trouser pockets. He only infrequently ascribes to nationality, and he befriends loons of all shapes and sizes, most recently a formerly crying clown. He writes. Also, he has this fake link here, and would like to invite anyone in the mood to press it as often as their heart desires. Some of his fiction has appeared on other literary magazines.

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