



[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](#)

Two Poems

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

she scours the night for a pot of gold

Her heart cut out of a cartoon
it bleeds in black letters and breathes black ink
Pounding dry it drips gaps onto a blue noon
swathed in the ghostly howls of grieving wolves

Waiting for the craters to sink;
consumed by the icy numbness of space,
slurped up in the maelstrom of a scarlet drink
coiling down the gullet of a pink devil

Waiting, she walks in shades of grey,
left to wail with invisible swans on ashen meadows
One arm glass, the other moist papier-mâché
sewing silken shadows from diamond string

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

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.

Copyright 2012 Igor. © This work is protected under the U.S. copyright laws. It may not be reproduced, reprinted, reused, or altered without the expressed written permission of the author.
