

<sweat shop 3> Poets Online Archive Seasons Poets Online Archive Burning the Old Year Poets Online Archive.

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Like Weigel she uses some of the familiars of the season leaf rot chrysanthemums chilling air and gaunt roses but they are contrasted with a hidden passion of sweat and the smell of it that leads us to a place where trees on fire are not just fall foliage Let us put on our yoga pants and pursue the lotus sweat of happiness

And while were at it let us carpe diem a bit too each day for no one knows the end why waste one? But when time circles back round like a drain and coos in our ears as it does let no one blame us if we want to dust off our wits again and laugh in your feckless face my tongue is broken a thin flame runs under my skin seeing nothing hearing only my ears drumming I drip with sweat trembling shakes my body and I turn paper than dry grass from a fragment of a Sappho poem

Use it for what? My own poem? I suspect I may have wanted to use it to send to some girl in some love note poem pickup line sweat and need of men forged from the iron and coal of earth built on the pain and care of those who live and die in want and poverty thrusting upward beam by beam they proclaim our insurrection against all constraints of time and space that we may break our will become as gods and stride the fallen earth unbound whos sweat through games they cannot win? Even the home turf seems allied against them orange and brown as their own dim jerseys hard as immutable well schooled foes

They bleed. They curse. They weep the tears of the never undefeated. Some gangly as goal posts others spill fountains of flesh over waistbands that show them no mercy

None of sweat forming on his brow. The sigh in his frown echoes off the blue purple backdrop of mountains. I wait I watch I listen. but the music swallows him whole

No words escape him and all I can hear is the soft rustling of a breeze bending the willow. Marie A. Mennuto Rovello PIANO SONATA NO. 14 IN C SHARP MINOR OPUS 27 NO

2 Almost a fantasy but It promises so much through its blossoms and green leaves the sheen of sweat that just forms on the brow the tinkling of ice cubes somehow makes one forget that April seems to bring forth hope but the world has learnt stones carved with sweat least we forget there row after row to mark in vain the memory that grows fainter by the year when like the mason's chisel we'll shed not a tear so sleep you must eternal lads there in your earthen womb to hear no more the cannons roar beneath this earthly moon your silence cries aloud fate leaves no escape for someday Crape Myrtle sweatred and white Lethargy expands

Robert Miller They are the keepers of all the world's history whales breaching offshore Kenneth Ronkowitz summer night sprinkling water on terrace before sleep

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