

Password

journal of very short poetry issue 1.1, January 2024



today's test
will be open book
evening swallows

Don Wentworth

murmuration
the absolute proves
elastic

Jonathan Humphrey

empower field mouse @ mile high

unlit
(unit)

video
(vireo)

J.D. Nelson

S c t e r
a t e d mind
chickadee
lands on
fencepost
looks
directly
at me

Beth Gallovic

a female mallard
tucks blue
back into her wing—
dimensions stretch and curl
in the fabric of space-time

Juliet Wilson

cockeyed cuckoo
with a broken spring
the universe expands

Robert Witmer

raven moon the eye Odin gave away

Surashree Joshi

it's something to be like a mushroom and suddenly Jupiter

Matthew Markworth

sultry night
above our bed
a plastic jesus

Stephen Toft

a paperweight
of sorts
summer fly

paul m.

love
impossibly
stacked
stones

Sondra Byrnes

but for the one in corner any living stone will do. Pines learn from pine

Johannes S.H. Bjerg

the dark where we walked as stars together gathering shells

Kat Lehmann

inconstant conversation with the waves asemic seaweed

David J. Kelly

plunge-dive of a tern
how much room
my breath takes

paul m.

Like a bald eagle I fly...
past my bones...
and become
so chrysalis...
(so milk understanding)

Stella Gleitsman

full moon—
i touch one edge
then the other

Ave Jeanne Ventresca

she says
it's always midnight
inside her cello

Stephen Toft

unsettled from sleep a ghost-latch opens

Ron Moss

on the tip of the tongue
on the lip of the scale
starlight

Cherie Hunter Day

glycyl nymphs fly nigh YHWH's plynth

Michael Nickels-Wisdom

stars
provide everything
lone fisherman

Roberta Beach Jacobson

environmental racism along with everything else

Debbie Strange

Copter Shot

270 pilot whales
beached on a sandbar
in remote Macquarie
Harbour on wild,
wet, western
coast of Tas-
mania.

Now, what was the question?

Allan Lake

infinity...
the baby bird opens its beak
to a star

Jennifer Sutherland

outside the window frames a Rothko a raven

Kat Lehmann

until birdsong comes out of our cells
morning glory blue

Michelle Tennison

basically it's old men cutting up yesterdays to make an apple talk

Johannes S.H. Bjerg

rapid unscheduled disassembly

I move thru the apples
on a powdered tricycle

J.D. Nelson

which when ripe will certainly make up for the increase in rent

David Boyer

a violin
much smaller than a violin,
strawberry jam

Michael Nickels-Wisdom

kigo when there is no more drum
machine

Mark Gilbert

syllable by syllable sweet persimmons

Marcie Wessels

a radish hangs
from a balcony
moonlit
evening
a persimmon aglow
in a leafless tree

Bob Lucky

inside the boy's
mango
the train to Calcutta

Robert Hirschfield

which makes it easier for the sun to carry them by their feet

David Boyer

after mass google maps suggests a shorter route

Joan Torres

night sky scrimshaw
a siren
fades
into coyotes

Tanya McDonald

lowing here to now
like the ki-yotes you **listen** them
rustle
from miles away
I am
a sum-
-mer's night

Jack Snyder

old enough
to help kill
the lamb

onecloud

a blacksnake bit my mother
what we never see
suns itself

Michelle Tennison

The apparition of these cattle in the field;
Moonlight on a barbed-wire fence.

Bob Lucky

The Wild Ones

S t o r m i n g
the woods
to hunt down
the wild,
w e b e c a m e
t h e w i l d o n e s
to the wary hooves.

Anayo Dioha

erosion (the myrrh)

boar slippy contrite
mountain reddish

silent forms

J.D. Nelson

after the funeral,
someone's cassowary
waiting in the fridge

Michael Nickels-Wisdom

blanket
and chair

window

maple
tree

wren

un
wanting

all
is

and well

the every
thing

here

Melanie Green

songbird in the deadpan of winter

Matthew Markworth

plenty of verbs to go around the bush

Randy Brooks

slippers by the sound of it a well-worn metaphor

Michele Root-Bernstein

uni-verse

the single song
sung
by god
as she
brings us
into existence

Dennis Hawkins

bursting with rain godless clouds

Roberta Beach Jacobson

night slips into the mind as lorem ipsum

Cherie Hunter Day

hints of fog in her sentence
fragments

Roberta Beach Jacobson

he hadn't drawn a blank until

Peter Jastermsky

America the ~~land~~
land where
my fathers lied

Michele Root-Bernstein

4 or more people
between semantics and pragmatics
must be killed

Julie Schwerin

poison-ivy;
a family visit
reinvented as a flower

John Grey

a world
of one tone
twins
with
freckles
everciduous
under cover
of
tulips

Alan Summers

Easterly

Under
a black anvil cloud
dawn nudges:
strange that
the color of petals
lifts such darkness.

Ann Boaden

one daylily
flame bold in the
spark of summer till
night's deep blooms

Philippa Trelford

in the midst of village flood sun-soaked waterlilies

Douglas J. Lanzo

Bat

rose
in the dusk
the first stars
folded into
leather wings
eaten in darkness
it rains
drops soft
as mosquitoes

Jim Kacian

soldier's epitaph highly decorated with badges of lichen

Debbie Strange

she has gone out again
planting snowdrops in mine fields

Phil Madden

white jellyfish out of the blue sky bombs over Gaza

Marcie Wessels

free trial of tears

Joan Torres

nIhIIsM

Julie Schwerin

sedition colors every sideshow

Cherie Hunter Day

folded into
dimensional compost
compass roses

Jonathan Humphrey

winter folding our house into a paper crane

Cherie Hunter Day

smudged postmark *the letter's excitement*

Mark Valentine

throwing a pot
her hands formed
out of the same clay

Jean LeBlanc

the art of the second art will acquire all previous possessions of the art of the first art

Michael Nickels-Wisdom

relationship
relationship

Olivier Schopfer

she rains, she rains. I dream of metal flies coming home

Johannes S.H. Bjerg

HERRINGBONE

cloudstorm**cloud**
m**cloud**tor**clouds**
rm**cloud**o**cloudst**
orm**cloud**l**oudsto**
torm**cloud**u**dstor**
storm**cloud**storm
dstorm**lou**storm**c**
udstorm**o**storm**cl**
oudstormtorm**clo**
loudstormrm**clou**
cloudstorm**cloud**
m**cloud**tor**clouds**
rm**cloud**o**cloudst**
orm**cloud**l**oudsto**
torm**cloud**u**dstor**
storm**cloud**storm

Jim Kacian

A Handful for Autumn

A rare warbler
a keening train
a dory

civilization
rain
a harbor

a made-up story

Sydney Lea

photograms
coming down
autumn

Donna Fleischer

fen
fern

lichen
tree

uplift
and

root

pen
in hand

rain
call

all

is
not

hurry

Melanie Green

uisce beatha every breath light as a fada

David J. Kelly

a dawn meditation you could drink the wine that moves you

Dan Schwerin

arbor vitae mortuus est

Charles Trumbull

Fall

In sky
gray as dove song
trees burn.
Ivy flames
climb oak.
Red leaves
cup
one
cool
blue
mushroom.

Ann Boaden

fir
st fern f
ading
into
the pri
mal

Kat Lehmann

For Benjamin Fondane
that we're all given faces the Holocaust poet

Dan Schwerin

af ter rain
the b lack
top jig
s awed
a s mirr ors

Susanna Rich

white teeth and the wind weaves through the trees

Kat Lehmann

a cold north wind
my hammer misses the head of the nail

Jeff Burt

from the old maelström a new bestiary

Stefano d'Andrea

Inlaid Bench, La Conner

A poem can contain the unsayable, but not say it. (Stanley Kunitz)

The bench
rests
on a breezy
height,

but faces
ugliness
across the river.

Yet the air is bracing—

Alison Jennings

On the Potomac,
under an overweight moon,
March winds conspire.

Kaz Campe

a
gun

in
every
pot

shot
prayer

Michele Root-Bernstein

streetlight gleam on the black cat gun

Michael Nickels-Wisdom

on Sundays we order
the books we will never read,
longingly, forever

Stephen Grant

that time
we thought
there was
something
but there
wasn't
and then
we thought

let us
pretend
let us
pretend

Bob Lucky

s
kin
skin
whiskers
ess
s

Michael Dylan Welch

it wasn't the soup
that broke my fever
but the way you ladled
heat upon the spoon

Dennis Hawkins

how pleasant
to look at fog without
a broken heart

Miriam Sagan

the fog doesn't
clear there was no
lake after all

Mark Gilbert

in fog,
the white chair
of there

Michael Nickels-Wisdom

muscled into
a shallow hole
non-native palm

paul m.

tundra colored bird seeks same

Michelle Tennison

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*Melissa Allen, editor
Madison, Wisconsin
veryshortpoetry.com*