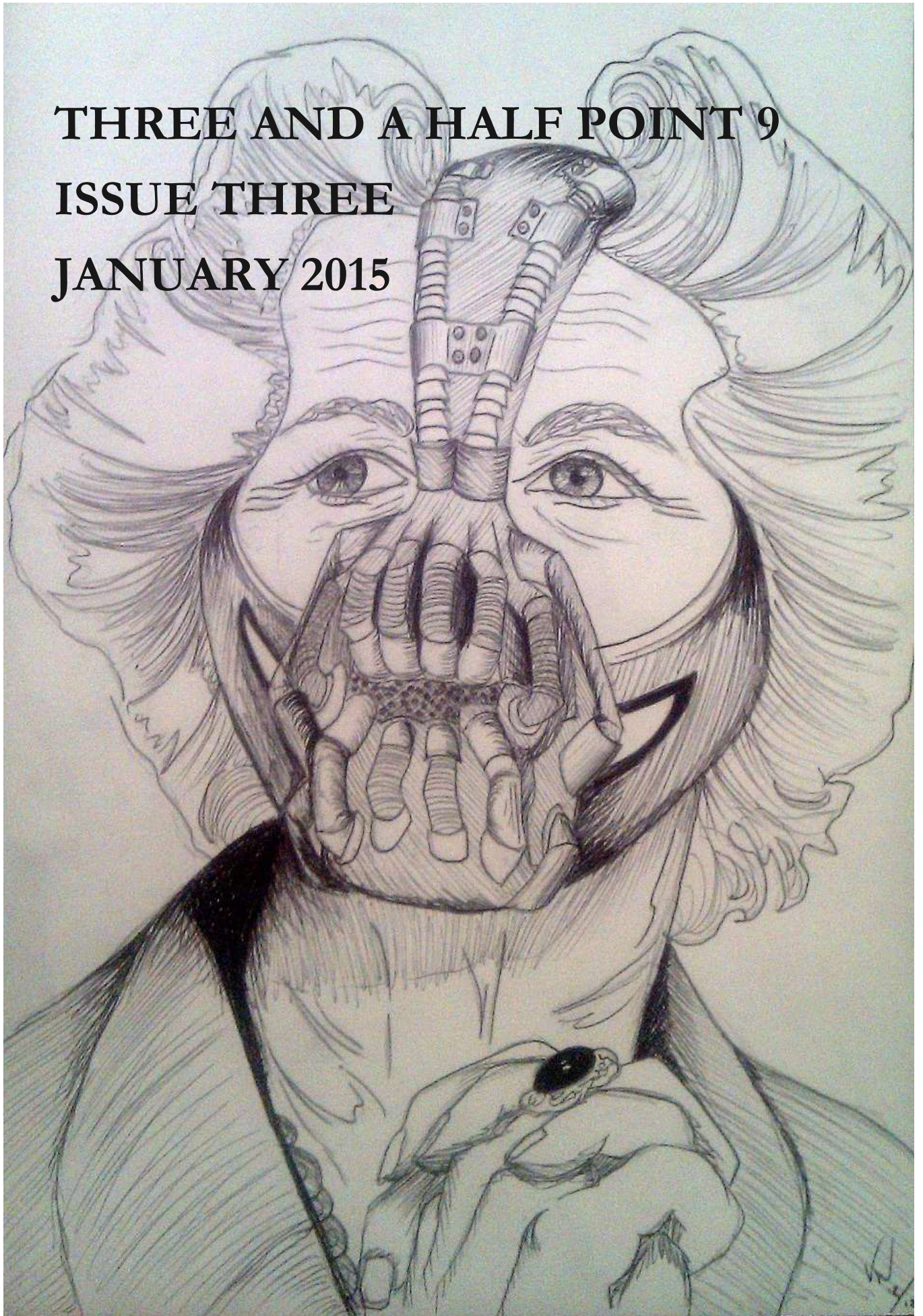


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Three And A Half Point 9

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Luke Thurogood

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Diary of Fitting a Museum inside a Suitcase

Abigail George

Blood knot. Tap root –
Passage into Helenvale.
Primitive Buddha.

Buddha of Salt Lake –
Ice lungs. Glaciers taste like salt.
Pirates find glory.

He gutted the fish –
Trimmed the gills neatly.
Hollywood squalor.

A scrape. Slow dance. Church –
The Buddha has seen skylines.
A sheet of music.

Hens in the backyard –
Past. Slick glaciers. Wren. Music.
Fig jam. Biscuits. Faux.

Spring and winter boots –
The butcher's wife. Cake. Bread.
Author's words lost moons.

Cairo. Ghost stories –
Kitchen table wisdom. Lamb.
Sprigs of rosemary.

Missing war. Alice –
We are made up of dead stars.
Drink up your school milk.

Red. The Christmas card –
Boughs. A series of mania.
Library of wounds.

Minor earth. Silence –

Typewriter and wedding cake.
Secret handshake. Glut.

Cold vertigo. Feast –
Faces solemn in the crowd.
Asphalt Winter Sea.

Grotesque Oracles –
Of nature's bride. Alleyways.
Cardigans. Wormwood.

John David Crowe
Charles Rammelkamp

The summer my mother turned forty-four
we were living in Saint Louis,
down from our Michigan home.
My father had a job
teaching summer school at Washington University.

We rented the four un-airconditioned upper rooms
(plus kitchenette and bath)
in a two-story apartment house
in a warren of student housing
with a courtyard
in the midst of the identical red-brick buildings,
along Olive Boulevard in University City.

My twin brother and I,
eleven at the time,
had found playmates
in the red-brick development,
boys of an equivalent age
named Matt and Pat Hennessey.

“John David Crowe!”
they both cawed in a single voice
when we told them our mother’s age.
Laughing at our startled expressions,
Pat explained forty-four was the number
on the jersey of the Saint Louis Cardinals’ halfback,
winner of the 1957 Heisman Trophy.

Half a century ago this summer,
thirty-one years before my father’s death,
forty-nine ahead of my mother’s.

the adorable victory
Christopher Mulrooney

it rises in the thickset of the fighting
clean and dirty angelus upsetting
the grand plans of many a European monarch
among the generals who were there
or thereabouts on lookout mountaintops
perhaps or in the golden goose heights
wearing goggles against the jet stream

Pre-death

David Flynn

Pre-death, that's life.

We occupy ourselves with growing up—
pimples, first fights, and finger in the hole--,
then with suits and yearly job evaluations,
keeping a wife from packing up,
kids from dying in Saturday night car crashes.

We make it through the years of debris
without a mass murder to our names,
no sex on YouTube,
to near warts and rheumatism,
the certificates of the dying days.

One hundred years ago we would be dead before 50,
the 1800s, before 40.

The damn scientists have doubled our life spans,
but we aren't grateful.

Why be grateful for more sorrow?

Cambodian House for the Dying

Domenic Scopa

Penniless

children

and grandchildren bring

the old

and penniless lepers

here.

It rains and rains.

The roof leaks.

Shivering,

they hug their knees.

Tired, so tired.

Beside their straw mats—

the pail for piss, the pail for shit,

the smoldering stick

of opium incense.

Ah certain comforts

at the house for the dying.

December 21, 2012

Domenic Scopa

Give me the fierce, the limitless oceans,

the tendency of the tide

that does not falter,

the frosted sand,

unanswered letters sealed in bottles.

Give me the winter,

the wasted landscape,

the field without a sign of life,

the resilience of the crackling heather.

Give me the rabbit as it looks before

he jumps the barbed fence,

jumps to breed

or eat,

jumps to flee the perched falcon—

Give me snow-heavy firs slanted

into the hillside

like soldiers plodding

on their final march. Give me

a question, no response.

Bird Nest....after the photograph by alexis doshas
Erren Kelly

Summers, I spent riding
The roller coaster at funtown in sacco, maine
It was all wood, the last of its kind
I had my first lobster as well
Summer of 98, I took to new england
Like a foreign country
My first time far away from home
I joked you could walk the streets
For days before you saw another
Black face
You had only seen black people on t.v.
But we walked the streets
Like everyone else
Bottles of wine illuminated our moments
you said you didn't care what people
Did, as long as it wasn't in your bed
I didn't think girls stood as tall as you
You lay like an artist's model
On the couch, on summer days
With nothing on but the radio
I spent all winter lifting weights,
It was worth it, just to pick you up
Like raggedy ann and carry you
Across the threshold

At a barn in Farmington
You showed me a bird's nest
The eggs were dappled like
Mosaics
I stuck my fingers inside you
You tasted like copper pennies
I held in my mouth a long time or
Like rainwater
All summer , I spent stroking your
Hair like a tune

INDRA'S LOW SODIUM-OXIDE STREETLIGHTS

Gary Singh

High above a concrete ocean,
a networked grid of low-sodium oxide streetlights,
a spider web of yellow orbs,
delineates across the valley,
making it safer for the observatory on the hill
to point its refracting spy-scope
into the immense blackness beyond.

From the observatory,
you look down
toward the jewels
blanketing the nighttime sky
with an infinite number of connections:
a wire-mesh of solar plexus chakras,
Indra's canary-colored pearls,
illuminating a landscape of
meandering cul-de-sac centipedes,
lifelessly uniform garage doors
and stucco-fried utopias.

Looking through your telescope,
where a lens devoid of intrinsic
existence views the jewels from above,
you wonder what it would be like
to float down from the mountain
like an escaped hang-glider
and find your reflection
in each of those yellow orbs.

Whom I Did On Summer Vacation

Gerard Sarnat

A man is not old until regrets take the place of dreams.”

--John Barrymore

Years frittered, no post college prospects,
afterparty all night, crawl out of someone's
sack at dawn to build a bio: assist at autopsies
(Daddy got me the gig), physics T Th and organic
chemistry plus labs M W F afternoons then evenings
M-F as a shipping clerk with lock-up responsibilities
to earn enough to booze and cruise -- over and over.
Once Mom left a note requesting, *Dear, please come
home to a potluck with Dad's colleague and his Mrs.*
We all played our appropriate roles: the pathologist
gave a med school pep talk; his perky wife set down
her famous hot pot roast with a thump; next morning
there's bonus, she showed up cold when I pulled
back the sheet to see who is next to dissect.

LOLLY SCRAMBLE

Iain Britton

a muddled letter

reinvents who she is /

she's fascinated

by the daily reconstruction

of events / of roses petalling-up

she has colours for everyday use

right down to her toe-nails / she

still loves a lolly scramble

and to please me / she arrives

working overtime / applying

a pool of blue lipstick

to her mask

EASTER ISLAND

Iain Britton

seagulls dump froth

bamboozle us with their frolicking

they pull back our heads

to the sky we circumnavigate

 an island blinded

by statues

LATE-NIGHT MONOLOGUE

Iain Britton

be like this /a gateway obstacle

to the next apartment

where a sigh escapes in a *roll-your-own* breath

where a stool takes the sudden shift of my weight

and a late-night monologue loads a listener's request

to practise walking down a long tunnel

occupied by ancestral burnings

Accidental Voyeur, Cloudy Day

Jacob Hammer

Though he knows no one here, he walks through the graveyard a long time

Savouring the smoke of a hand-rolled cigarette.

Luminescent clouds are quieted across the skyline.

The trees whisper to them for rain their leaves falling to the dry earth.

Down a hill a woman is crying over a grave

With hip-hop beats trying and failing to cover it up

Her knees pressed into the grass and her hat clutched in her hands

He has to leave

Because the dead are all he wants in a graveyard;

The presence of the living is what makes it sad.

He rubs out his ash, rounds the corner

And crunches broken glass at the gate post.

It's a short walk home, but all the way

He cannot shake a feeling of guilt.

The dead have never moved him;

Six family members in the last year and he did not cry

Only a feeling of vague anticipation to

Mark the passing time.

The wind picks up.

He looks up and wonders if he will ever be able to return

And he tries to convince himself that the dead are forgiving,

And that his feet on the pavement are not too loud.

Spiderland Conception

Joshua Baker

With a voyeur's bad afterlife timing
I cling to white wall, near nail holes
stained wood trim, bedroom corner
glass eyed watching two humans
limb grope and twist each other's body
relearn the languages of flesh.
All this, a time travel reverse
a magic species switch-- and so,
having forgotten Cub Scouts,
slick varnished bowling alley nights
Dad's crew cuts, and itchy leaf piles
all of hated New York suburbia,
I scuttle from corner to corner
defense mode, wary, wondering
when the Black Flag man will return
to bug powder dose me again--
laughter then, rubber band throating
"Oh yes, yes," from her lungs
while he, strong thick hands splayed

in old military pushup pose, his no longer

military belly asag, remains silent.

She on shoulders, spine, buttocks

fakes orgasm, thinking

“maybe a son will bring us closer.”

Afterwards, he says “tomorrow

I get my union strike wages.”

She, now tired, motionless

arms draped on his shoulders

“when on earth will the strike be over?”

He rolls away, sighs. “Who knows.

Hey hon, have you seen my Pall Malls?”

Eight legs quickly shoot under the bed

exit the dream, enter the dust.

Irish Superstition

Liz Dolan

As for the three-legged chestnut lab
who crossed my path on New Year's morn
my mother would have gushed,

*A dark-haired stranger, great good luck,
with three legs; t' will be a wondrous year.*

She had little good luck in her life
—dead babies spilled out like blighted spuds—

As she swept up broken mirror shards,
Someone close is going to die, she sighed;
a few gasps

later my sister departed.

T' was the first of May, the loons
in the woods within mad
with song.

Bad news comes in three's, mother wept. Still
breathless we buried my daughter's baby,

born blue.

As if mother would not send another bairn
to the Big World alone, she hastened after her,
certain inch-high fairies, translucent
as silk spun on dewdrops, had lured her
with berries in clotted cream,
then stole her
for her snow white feet.

ASKEWS: A LONG POEM (Excerpts)

Richard Kostelanetz

L I V

Sharks, properly trained, can be domesticated.

L V I

Establish a chain of Chinese restaurants to put these askew aphorisms into fortune cookies.

C C L V

Narcissists masturbate to visions of themselves.

C L X

Outswim sharks.

(rinse. repeat)
Sharkey Andrews

this thing
we'll do this again
playing hide and go seek
with emotions and hearts
tossle between sheets
like we've never loved apart
no other will do, we'll cry
until it's time to regurgitate pride
and wipe clean our messy thighs
separate hands and relearn our guise
pretend this wasn't what they thought it was
when that's all it's ever been
this thing.
we'll do this again.

Dreams, et cetera

Shittu Fowora

But for nightly flights of fancy,
hybrid musings and fractal sleeping,
how was one to know the bypath to Eden
is gold-tarred and littered with banana peels?

And that *Bilisi*, the devil sits cross-legged
exposing its gender, by the kerb,
ahead of heaven's gate,
sucking in shisha, without a bother.

...without slumbering through blue tuft,
how would I have measured,
the feel of vestal mounds and the station
of the first Apple-tree?

By culling Morpheus into bed,

we read ideas into nightly-forms;
winging through cloud-storages
of starry night sky and exploring spaces
between 'j' and its little tittle.

If I hadn't bathed with sleep
and stepped out clean
unto the skateboard of dreams
and returned here – land of the living
how was I to know,
that dreams are hued lavender and peach?

Yawn,stretch,sneeze;
star dusts of time.

I feel my sides, the pillows,
the duvet – she's gone?
I'll pipe this dream again.

Live on Fox News

Tom Kelly

Tell me, what is it you plan to do
when Santa Clause slits Rudolph's throat
and straps his antlers to a pike in Dallas?
He's hot charcoal over the technophiles
who've kept the Christ out of Xbox.

Humor me, how do you intend to act
when Mickey Mouse goes gangster
and guns down Jesus in Time Square?
All for a bag of blow and the title
of America's Most Famous Icon.

And what will tell your children,
when Springfield's citizens declare a strike?
Homer batting through your television
and seizing your mother's throat,
demanding more than cartoon wages
and skunked Duff six-packs.

Friends, God is alive and angry. He's sent
Animaniacs and Paris Hilton to kiss our noggins
with pink bludgeons while we sleep.

Toucan Sam hacked our smart phones
just this morning, because Facebook
surveys taken yesterday indicate
Wyoming prefers General Mills.

Stock up on Starkist Tuna and tinned sausage if
you can. Pinocchio's strong-armed NASDAQ and rigged
its puppet strings to a pole—baited America's business-
men with intent to feed Pacific Humpback whales.

When VH1 reality television pans an oiled
lens on every window, how will you behave?
When you can watch yourself watch yourself
watch the days fold inward like napkin held
to candle on red velvet cake, will you keep
your eyes trained on the cartoon rebellion?

Goodbye, Irene – from a Mojave Highway Payphone
After Drive
Tom Kelly

Listen. I got caught in the crosshairs
of a deal gone wrong. Reseda.
Sun busted ruddy as a boxer's eye
and spilling rivers on the asphalt. A million
bucks that belonged to no one, and everyone
killing to claim it. You know why
I skipped town without stopping
to say *goodbye*? A hundred-thousand
streets in this goddamned city—I'm safe
on none. Zoot-suit blood's spattered
on my bomber jacket. Bleach can't mask
the odor. Do you understand? I *want* you
to rinse me out of mind. The buzzards have

my number tattooed across their talons.

Everywhere I drive, a revolver
slithering in a fat man's blazer. *Listen.*

I'm keeping my distance to keep you
unharmd. Don't try to

find me. Come tomorrow

I'll be the dream you forget upon waking.

CONTRIBUTORS

Abigail George, a feminist, poet and writer contributes bimonthly to a symposium on the Ovi Magazine: Finland's English Online Magazine. She is the recipient of two National Arts Council Writing Grants, one from the Centre for the Book and the Eastern Cape Provincial Arts and Culture Council. She was born and raised in the coastal city of Port Elizabeth, the Eastern Cape of South Africa, educated there, and in Swaziland and Johannesburg. She has written a novella, volumes of poetry, and collections of short stories. She is busy with her brother putting the final additions to a biography on her father's life. Her literary endeavours have been anthologised in Poems for Haiti, Animal Antics, a South African Writer's Circle anthology, the Sentinel Annual Literature Anthology and The Sol Plaatjie European Union Poetry Anthology IV. All her books are available on Amazon Her work has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize.

Charles Rammelkamp's poetry chapbook, *Mixed Signals*, was recently published by Finishing Line Press. A full-length collection of poetry, *Mata Hari: Eye of the Day*, is forthcoming in 2015 from Apprentice House.

Christopher Mulrooney is the author of *flotilla* (Ood Press), *viceroi* (Kind of a Hurricane Press), and *Grimaldi* (Fowlpox Press). His work has recently appeared in *Glasgow Review of Books* and *London Grip*.

David Flynn was born in the textile mill company town of Bemis, TN. His jobs have included newspaper reporter, magazine editor and university teacher. He has five degrees and is both a Fulbright Senior Scholar and a Fulbright Senior Specialist currently on the roster. His literary publications total more than one hundred and sixty. Among the eight writing residencies he has been awarded are five at the Wurlitzer Foundation in Taos, NM, and stays in Ireland and Israel. He spent a year in Japan as a member of the Japan Exchange and Teaching program, and recently won the Kintetsu Essay Award. He lives in Nashville, TN, and for three years was president of the Music City Blues Society. He is married and has one daughter. David Flynn's writing blog, where he posts a new story and poem every month, is at <http://writing-flynn.blogspot.com/>.

Domenic Scopa is a two-time Pushcart Prize nominee and 2014 recipient of the Robert K. Johnson Poetry Prize and Garvin Tate Merit Scholarship. His work was selected in a contest hosted by *Missouri State University Press* to be included in their anthology *Proud to Be: Writing by American Warriors, volume 3*. He is a student of the Vermont College of Fine Arts MFA Program, where he studies poetry and translation. He is also a staff writer for the literary journal *Verse-Virtual* and a book reviewer for *Misfit Magazine*. His poetry and translations have been featured in *Coe Review*, *Cardinal Sins*, *Boston Thought*, *Howl*, *Misfit Magazine*, *Poetry Pacific*, *Untitled with Passengers*, *Gravel*, *Crack the Spine*, *Stone Highway Review*, *Apeiron Review*, *Diverse Voices*

Quarterly, Literature Today, Tell Us a Story, Verse-Virtual, Malpais Review, Les Amuses-Bouches, Shout Out UK, Fuck Art, Let's Dance, Sediments, Birds We Piled Loosely, and Empty Sink Publishing.

Erren Kelly is a Pushcart nominated poet from Portland, Oregon. He has been writing for 25 years and has over 150 publications in print and online in such publications as Hiram Poetry Review, Mudfish, Poetry Magazine (online), Ceremony, Cactus Heart, Similar Peaks, Gloom Cupboard, Poetry Salzburg and other publications. His most recent publication was in *The Rain Party and Disaster Society*; He has also been published in anthologies such as "Fertile Ground" and "Beyond The Frontier." His work can also be seen on Youtube under the "Gallery Cabaret," links. He is also the author of the chapbook, "Disturbing The Peace," on Night Ballet Press and is currently working on another book. He received his B.A. in English-Creative Writing from Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge. He loves to read and travel, having visited 45 states and Canada and Europe.

Gary Singh is an award-winning travel journalist with a music degree who publishes poetry, paints and exhibits photographs. As a scribe, he's published hundreds of works including travel essays, art and music criticism, profiles, business journalism, lifestyle articles and more. For 500 straight weeks he's penned a creative newspaper column for Metro, San Jose's alt-weekly newspaper, an offbeat glimpse into the frontiers of the human condition in Silicon Valley. He is the author of *The San Jose Earthquakes: A Seismic Soccer Legacy*, forthcoming from History Press.

Gerard Sarnat is the author of three collections, 2010's "HOMELESS CHRONICLES from Abraham to Burning Man," 2012's "Disputes," and September 2014's "17s." Harvard and Stanford educated, Gerry's set up and staffed clinics for the disenfranchised, been a CEO of healthcare organizations and a Stanford professor. For "Huffington Post" reviews, future reading dates including Stanford on January 21 and more, visit GerardSarnat.com. His books are available at select bookstores and on Amazon.

Iain Britton, since 2008, has had five collections of poems published: *Hauled Head First into a Leviathan*, (Cinnamon Press), was nominated for Best First Collection category in the Forward Poetry Prizes, 2008. Further books followed, with work also included in the *Shearcatcher Poetry Anthology* published by Shearsman Books, 2012. A new collection of poems *photosynthesis* was published earlier this year by Kilmog Press.

<http://kilmogpress.wordpress.com/2014/04/21/iain-britton-photosynthesis-2014/>

Jacob Hammer has been writing poetry for seven years and has been published in See Spot Run Literary Journal as well as featured in the Pine River Anthology. He is pursuing a Master of Fine Arts degree at Vermont College of Fine Arts.

Joshua Baker's writing has appeared in many publications, including *Perceptions, Eye Rhyme, Outside In, and Adirondack Review*. He likes to hike and listen to ambient noise. He lives with his wife and pets in the Pacific Northwest trying to avoid the hipster influence of Portlandia.

Liz Dolan's poetry manuscript, *A Secret of Long Life*, nominated for both the Robert McGovern Prize, Asheville University, and a Pushcart has been published by Cave Moon Press. Her first poetry collection, *They Abide*, was published by March Street. An eight-time Pushcart nominee and winner of Best of the Web, she was a finalist for Best of the Net 2014. She has received

fellowships from the Delaware Division of the Arts, The Atlantic Center for the Arts and Martha's Vineyard. Liz serves on the poetry board of *Philadelphia Stories*. She is most grateful for her ten grandchildren who pepper her life.

Richard Kostelanetz appears in Contemporary Poets, Contemporary Novelists, Postmodern Fiction, Baker's Biographical Dictionary of Musicians, Reader's Guide to Twentieth-Century Writers, the Merriam-Webster Encyclopedia of Literature, Webster's Dictionary of American Authors, The HarperCollins Reader's Encyclopedia of American Literature, NNDB.com, and the Encyclopedia Britannica, among other distinguished directories. Otherwise, he survives in New York, where he was born, unemployed and thus overworked.

Sharkey Andrews capoeirista, urban gardener, aerial silks learner, and advocate for knowledge, learning, and social equities, Sharkey is inspired to write through experiences of joy, laughter, and pain in hopes of finding a connection and allowing her readers some momentary relief of solitude through empathy. Regarding her work, she indicates she is not so concerned with fanciful syntax as much as sending a communicable message beautifully to the least appreciative audience member. Despite her work in prose and long free verse poems, she is an avid haiku writer and a great fan of the micro-poem, currently working on a collection of such writings.

Shittu Fowora storyteller, poet, freelance writer and editor. Shittu, a lifelong fan of history and the power of scented words has recently been motivated by the winsomeness of birds and the wisdom of ants. Having been stung more than twice while attempting to lounge in trees to write verses, he now spends more time around PCs and electronic gadgets. He enjoys sharing ideas, verses and stories with those who care.

Tom Kelly loves brunch just as much as the next jaded millennial. When he isn't busy with MFA grad school business, he enjoys playing Tinder, Instagram, and retro video games. He lives on a steady diet of pizza, black coffee, and Bell's Two Hearted Ale. He is a Libra, INFP, and counter-phobic loyalist. His editorials, interviews, and poems have appeared in Four Ties Lit Review, Barely South Review, Whurk Magazine, and The Social Poet.