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HAMLET'S SHAVING BRUSH ~ A Poem by Daniel de Culla ~

In Amsterdam, Holland
At the flea market
I found a shaving brush
Inside a glass box
Very good looking
That Rita, the saleswoman, told me
That it was from Hamlet
Prince of Denmark
That he was born, grew up and died young
In Shakespeare's tragedy.
I bought it for this young woman
Because she dazzled me
And she entered my soul
When I asked her for a kiss and she gave me
Meeting ourselves in Dam Square
To make love
As I was a "linnet"
Come from Madrid Capital
I immediately wanted to trade
With her pretty body
And I just put my right hand
In her Dutch Cunt
Well, I had been very hungry
Being in the Seminary
She, even being so pretty
She slapped me
Sending me to the Red Light District

Telling me in Hebrew:
“Go drink or fuck
To the Red Light District.”
Sad and tearful
Like a dog with a tail between its legs
I went to the hotel where I was staying
The Rembrandt Hotel
At Plantage Middenlaan 17
Where, laying on the bed
I said to myself: “My Guardian Angel
Will bring me a nice ox
That my asshole will lick me
Who am I going to congratulate
Because today has my field
What is gorgeous
But oh what a shame of a prick
As there is only one plow
I made a big handjob
That gave me health and protection
Sending the ox
Where did Father Padilla go:
“To take the ass.”
Dropped down and excited
I fell asleep
Of joy crying
Well, the next day
I’d go visit a windmill
The Nieuwe Palmboom windmill
(The New Palm)
In Schideam, between Rotterdam and Vlaardingen
Where, full of genever
Gin Bols Jonge
I’ll hang on the tail
In one of her blades in the wind
Looking at the river Nieuwe Maas

One of the arms of the Meuse
Tributary river of the Rhine
Dreaming of "The Three Maidens of the Rhine
Playing in its waters"
According to the illustration in Stories
Of the Wagner Opera
From H. A. Guerber, 1905
Bought, too
At the flea market
With which I will clean myself
My first morning straw
Rita's Reminder
The young saleswoman
That did not give me satisfaction.
On the blade of the mill
Like a good conjurer
I will turn my tail a dove
Throwing it to the wind.

EMPTY CHAIR AND PENCIL MARKS ~ A Poem by Jason Ryberg ~

A chair sitting all alone
in the middle of an empty room
upon which you have suddenly come
in an otherwise empty house in the
middle of the day and nothing and
no one around for miles and miles
(or so it would seem, except maybe
for the wind ruffling the leaves of
a lone tree in the distance or a wasp
tapping, inquisitively, at the window),
is just as good a reason, as any, to,
momentarily, reevaluate your immediate
surroundings as well as your over-all
understanding of your place in the world
or even look over your shoulder, suddenly,
in much the same way that pencil marks
on a door frame, recording, in centimeters
and inches, the ghost of the growth of
a child (or many children) make a long-
abandoned house seem, somehow,
even more lonely and sad.

FLEO DUROCHER
~ A Poem by Michael Ceraolo ~

Nice guys finish in seventh place
doesn't have the same ring to it, so this once
I'll happily accept being misquoted
No one ever accused me of being a nice guy,
and though I did finish last once,
my record over twenty-four years managing
proves my fucking point

[From *Dugout Anthology, a Spoon River Anthology for baseball.*]

WHAT THE STREET REMEMBERS 1-5 ~ A Poetic Sequence by Christopher Barnes ~

1

Bulllll
Moooooom
Chitter-chitter-chitter-chitter
Are you big?

*

Lucian Freud flaps his waistcoat.

*

Brooom
Shrr tra-cloop-clooptra-cloop-cloop
Eep-eep-eep-eep-eep
I'm sorry to
Is it?

*

Francis Bacon scuttles cellarwards.

*

Enleider mein

Where's the one that you say?
Clip-tip clip-tip

2

Tuloop weew tuloop
Grrd-grrd-grrd
Blup-blup billp
Everything relies on

*

Kurt Weil hosts that unsniggerablechin.

*

Oooh oo-oo
Ching ching pling
In my sorrow
Wwh wwh

*

Bertolt Brecht casts-off
Hoecake to sparrows.

*

What they teach us about love
You want more
Dirty Ashleigh!
A-ha ha

8

3

Daddy why there?
Been at work
You little sod
I haven't got change
Chack! Chack!

*

Isaiah Berlin juggles a greenfly
Off his lapel.

*

Cteck-cteck-cteck-cteck

A party
Yi knaa what it is
Ooom la la la la

*

Bertrand Russell agrees terms
With the squall.

*

He's denied
Peaches only a pound
Dong dong dong dong

9

4

Doo-be ding-be doo-be
Blling blling tch blling
All around the

*

Marvin Gaye's leisurely at Debenhams

*

I hear
My god hhic hhic
Brrr hrrr hrrr
Titter-titter gggrrru
Chaaak!
When he thinks of nothing

*

Tammy Terrell startles lipstick.

*

Shy ... it's the bizzies man
Poooooh ba-cla poooooh ba-cla
It's the tops for clothes

5

I can see a
Why don't you just

10

Baby I wake up
Sla-chink sla-chink

*

Kier Hardy thumbs a letter
In a highly-wrought doorway.

*

Pray across your dreams
Of course
Zzzl boooooom
Give me that

*

Sylvia Pankhurst flares the modishumbrella.

*

Do-do-do-cling
Ch-ch-ch-ch
Barrump
Sh-woo sh-woo sh-woo

TWO POEMS by Jack e Lorts

*

EPHRAM PRATT EXHIBITS A FRESH SILENCE

Urn of brown gold
sifting through his fingers,
laced with incense
sought from an invisible

blueprint scorched into
a bile covered canvas,

blazing across accents
of blue-gold ginger.

Twice told lies
beckon him into

the tarp covering
his angry innocence,

belying what he knew
and when he knew it,

like Dickensian allegories
revisited in a tight basket

of shady silver prophylactics
hanging in deep gossamer.

like flowers exhibited
in a fresh silence.

*

EPHRAM PRATT JUXTAPOSES A SILENCE OF ASH

Packs of gerrymandered ash
piled on silent willows
lining the wilted side
of a heated magnetism,

visited by sacks of ale
and dark beer,

the kind manufactured
in small Keynesian outlets,

drawn from a brief,
but shattered militancy.

It occurs along the
narrow streets

of a by-gone
house of mirrors,

left in disrepair,
aching to disintegrate

across from
the Great River,

deepened and deadly,
wandering in a strange

juxtaposition of ash,
singed into silence.

TWO POEMS by Michael Lee Johnson

*

VODKA OMELET

Make it clear in my mind, Jesus,
am I whacked-out on Double Cross Vodka
or have I flipped out calling myself
Limburger omelet chef?
I hate question marks and angels
with crazed wings.
You know the type, John the Baptist
toking weed, stoned out of his mind, storyteller,
foul smells from poor hygiene, eating habits
open mouth, swallowing grasshoppers,
so silky, smooth as sweet honey.
Add 3 eggs in a skillet, Parmesan/Romano blend,
2 cheeses add-on, shiitake mushrooms, turmeric,
chopped kale, hint hot chili peppers, cheers.
Scramble me, I'm cracked.
I rock faith in jungle music, dance nude.
Everything is a potential poem to me.
My omelet, my life, my booze, master cook,
vodka
omelet
2:38 a.m.

*

FAMILY FEUD

Break
in the rain,
thunderstorms;
bolt angular lightning
slithers away west.
Walking,
nanosecond flash
family memories,
personal,
revert,
tautology fault of style
acerbic chats
daggers in heart these words,
confused,
dicey dungeon sharp spike.
A labyrinth, ruined passages,
secret chambers, cellmates, now
for life.
Wind storms move away,
young willow trees natter—
smallest branches, still snap.

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