

HERON TREE

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HERON TREE
VISUAL POETRY IN BLACK & WHITE

EDITED BY
Chris Campolo
Rebecca Resinski

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herontree.com / info.herontree@gmail.com

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HERON TREE : VISUAL POETRY IN BLACK & WHITE

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Each author name is linked to the contributor information, and each title is linked to the poem.

- 1 REBECCA OET | Let Empty Fly
- 2 DAVID ANTHONY SAM | Brittle
- 3 MERRIDAWN DUCKLER | Letter to James Luna
- 4 S CEARLEY | the sky should be in a new country (top | bottom | right)
- 7 BILLIE R. TADROS | Full
- 8 ROBERT MANASTER | Cloud Ears
- 9 TRICIA KNOLL | As I am now
- 10 DAVID ANTHONY SAM | Philemon
- 11 SHARON OLSON | One Fine Day

- 12 CONTRIBUTORS

Let Empty Fly

Let fly
across the moon,
The speckled
darkness.

Flap
Flap

Eye

&

Fire.

Surrounds

up &
everywhere.

the Light

&

The Cold and the

Firestorm,

all
cow and candle.

Black

Shoot

scream

&

the re-Coming
dirt.

DAVID ANTHONY SAM

Brittle

Below the nest

a split eggshell—

a bird fledged?

a nest raided?

all cannot be
known now.

MERRIDAWN DUCKLER

Letter to James Luna

(in memoriam, d. March 4, 2018)

Dear ~~James~~ Mister Luna, dear James you ~~don't~~ maybe remember me? We met at ~~Black~~ the gallery. I wrote the grant to bring you. I am a member there. Your ~~talk~~ lecture talk lecture was inspiring goddamn. I won't forget it. I can't forget it. ~~Forget it.~~ I am not ~~Indian, native, first~~ American. No ~~reparitions reparations retarains~~ nothing is possible to forget about it. I liked best when ~~that time~~ you said you were the ~~most~~ most photographed Indian ~~native~~ first American on the planet. People ~~took~~ your picture at your invitation ~~request~~. Your great joke. ~~But I wondered then and now~~ is this about stealing the soul ~~thing?~~ Idea of stealing the soul with a photograph. How the soul is stolen by a photograph. The soul and photograph thing. Endless stubborn wish to photograph you and how you turned that around and owned. And you owned the impulse. My impulse to thank you for this insight. In sight. Insight. Vision. ~~Vision. Question. Quest. Quest.~~ I had this question I ~~wanted~~ to ask, do you think this idea that the soul is stolen by taking a photograph. I mean some of these people on facebook and their children are doomed, if so. Is true. Since we stole ~~stole's~~ told robbed everything else? Yet that idea was ~~right.~~ It preserved ~~destroyed~~ your people. I wonder. You opened my eyes to that. ~~Might take me while to send this letter.~~ I plan to send this letter right away. I figure I have ~~time~~ to get it ~~right.~~ I mean my gratitude that you came. And spoke. What you said. My mind's a jumbled mess. So much clarity in your way of speaking. I don't even have a picture. ~~Idiotic assertion I know.~~ I kinda wanted something to remember the ~~moment.~~ If you answer, I will.

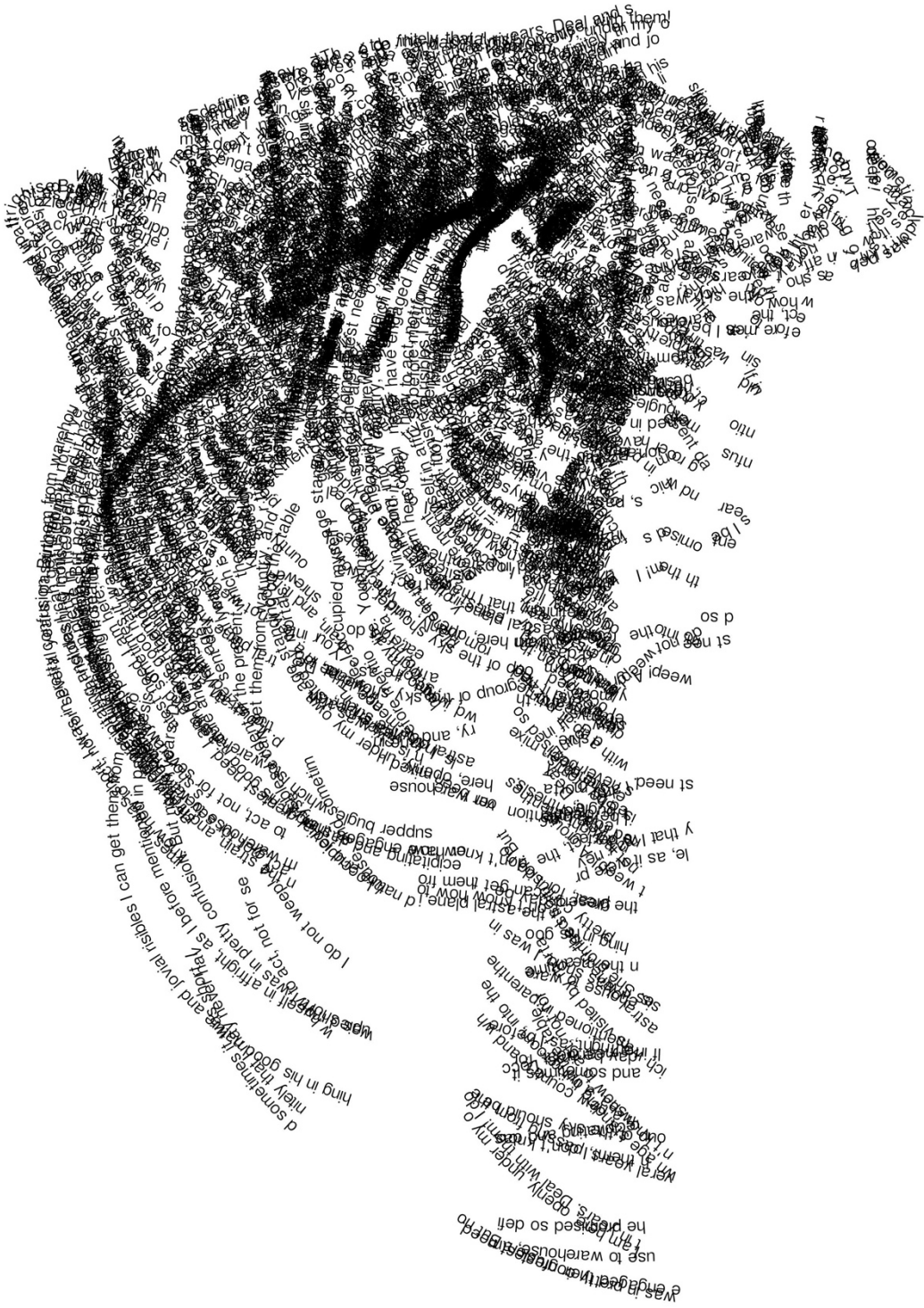
~~Ever,~~ always

M.

S CEARLEY

the sky should be in a new country
(top | bottom | right)





was here
use to warehouses
he dealt so deft
they're dealt with
n't get my
n't get my
n't get my

and some
it's a good
and some
it's a good

and some
it's a good
and some
it's a good

and some
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and some
it's a good

FULL [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
Know [REDACTED] that we [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] acknowledged [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] damages [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] an accident [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] occurred [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] in [REDACTED] compromise [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] construed as [REDACTED] admission [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] denied [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] that the injuries are or may be permanent and
that recovery there from is uncertain and indefinite [REDACTED] is understood
[REDACTED] wholly [REDACTED]

In consideration [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] judgment [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] represents [REDACTED] no promise [REDACTED] or agreement [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] that this [REDACTED] contains [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] release [REDACTED]

ROBERT MANASTER

Cloud Ears

Slow-rolled
 S's
 widened,
 front
 to
 back,
 swelled
 top
 to
 bottom:
 And here,
 into these coupled
 C's,
 Love, inflect your silent
 E —
 perhaps, then I'd hear
 how well,
 how awfully
 close
 to
 my breath,
 you end.

TRICIA KNOLL

As I am now

As I am now,
crushed

With lines and wrinkles

I now fortify
age's cruel knife,
cut from memory
my lover's life.

[an erasure of sonnet 63 by William Shakespeare]

DAVID ANTHONY SAM

Philemon

This eve
of new-old wars
and infinite sorrows
called me to leave my warm
room and join the mist outside
in a dark without stars. A rich aroma
of loam rose to draw me to a place disturbed
where black night grew from black earth.
Something had dug here. Something hungry
had snouted and clawed the barely seen soil
that lay open now like lips. The dim light of far
windows cast itself careless through dank air to
this upturned place where wildness met my
briefly tamed garden. My hands thrust themselves
thoughtless into the scenting soil under the dark wild
night. My fingers became blind roots snaking into earth.
My arms branched wood, my torso trunked, my graywhite hair
greened to leaves whose erose points breathed into
the richness of dark wind. And in the dawn when wars
made fresh red for sands and ice and unfathomed seas,
a single chipping sparrow chose to sing its faithfulness
from
what
had
been
my sorrow.

SHARON OLSON

One Fine Day
for Peggy

A Renaissance painter might have captured it this way:
a tableau along the canal bank, the two of us in black
leggings posing as courtiers, the blue heron we stumbled
upon almost as tall as us, nonchalant as an adolescent
in a feathered cap, one leg expertly drawn up, his grass
stalk reflectively chewed. Vehicles on the bridge lumbered
on the wood planks but far enough away to be silent.

In the next scene we pretended to have mastered self-
portraiture in a convex mirror, distorting our faces
as the Mannerists liked to do, pressing the camera
icon repeatedly to get the best shot, leaving out
of course the dike, the heron, even the painter
if he had really been there, leaving only
a small piece of the sky, shorthand
for the fullness we all at once
perceived.

 CONTRIBUTORS

S CLEARLY is the author of *As Many as Three Dimensions* (edition taberna kritika 2017), *In the Water of the Gentle Summer Air* (Penteract Press 2017), and *Scrawl* (Oculum 2017). His work has also appeared in *Entropy*, *Lockjaw Magazine*, *Reality Beach*, *Coldfront Magazine*, and *3:AM Magazine*. He lives in a boat on the Columbia River. Online at futureanachronism.com.

MERRIDAWN DUCKLER is the author of *Interstate* (forthcoming from dancing girl press). Her work has appeared in *The Offing*, *DMQ Review*, *Gris-Gris*, and *Ninth Letter*, as well as in *Weaving the Terrain: 100-Word Southwestern Poems*. A teacher, editor at *Narrative*, and senior fellow at the Attic Institute, she lives in Portland, Oregon. Online at merridawnduckler.com.

TRICIA KNOLL is the author of *Urban Wild* (Finishing Line Press 2014), *Ocean's Laughter* (Aldrich Press 2016), *Broadfork Farm* (The Poetry Box 2017), and *How I Learned To Be White* (Antrim House 2018). Her poems have appeared in *Panoply*, *Verse-Virtual*, *The New Verse News*, *Muse/A Journal*, and *Phantom Drift*. Online at triciaknoll.com.

ROBERT MANASTER is a poetry co-editor for *Fifth Wednesday Journal*, and his work has appeared in *Birmingham Poetry Review*, *Spillway*, *Moment Magazine*, *Red Earth Review*, and *Anomaly*. He co-translated Ronny Someck's *Milk Underground* with Hanna Inbar (White Pine Press 2015) and Yossel Birstein's *And So is the Bus*, *Jerusalem Stories* with Margaret Birstein and Hanna Inbar (Dryad Press 2016). He lives in Champaign, Illinois.

REBECCA OET has had her work published in *VOYA Magazine*, *Columbia College Literary Review*, *Dunes Review*, **82 Review*, and *Teen Ink*. Currently a high school student, she lives in Solon, Ohio.

SHARON OLSON is the author of *The Long Night of Flying* (Sixteen Rivers Press 2006), and her work has also appeared in *Off the Coast*, *String Poet*, *The Curator*, *Arroyo Literary Review*, and *Cider Press Review*. She is a member of the Cool Women Poets critique and performance group and the U. S. 1 Poets' Cooperative. A genealogist and retired librarian, she lives in Lawrenceville, New Jersey. Online at slopoet.blogspot.com.

DAVID ANTHONY SAM is the author of *Dark Land*, *White Light* (Dark Land Publishing 1974, 2014), *Memories in Clay*, *Dreams of Wolves* (Dark Land Publishing 2014), and *Finite to Fail: Poems after Dickinson* (GFT Press 2017). His poetry has also appeared in *The Magnolia Review*, *december magazine*, *The Summerset Review*, *Temenos Journal*, and *Two Cities Review*. He currently serves as the poetry editor for GFT Press. A retired college president, he lives in Virginia. Online at davidanthony.sam.com.

BILLIE R. TADROS is the author of *Containers* (dancing girl press 2014), *inter: burial places* (Porkbelly Press 2016), and *The Tree We Planted and Buried You In* (Otis Books 2018). Her work has appeared in *Fairy Tale Review*, *Crab Fat Magazine*, *The Queer South*, *Bearers of Distance*, and *Women Write Resistance: Poets Resist Gender Violence*. She lives in Scranton, Pennsylvania, where she is an assistant professor in the Department of English and Theatre at the University of Scranton. Online at www.BillieRTadros.com.