PRUNE JUICE
EDITOR'S NOTE

What is it about the human condition that insists that we try to fix what isn't broken? We constantly remake films that were good enough the first time around, or shoot a series of half-hearted sequels that carefully unravel the reputation of the first. We improve the recipe of a brand of ice-cream that has always prided itself on its unsurpassable recipe. We add a small, hardly noticeable modification to a mobile phone that will give its owner the power of flight, invisibility and immortality, but will ensure the lack of signal in 98% of all public places (don't get me started).

Here at Prune Juice, we're going to start 2012 by attempting to fix what isn't broken. What used to be a dedicated biannual journal of senryu and kyoka is now a quarterly journal of senryu, kyoka and haiga. In this issue, we present a superlative selection of senryu-based haiga, and we hope that you'll consider submitting your own haiga for inclusion in our remaining trio of 2012 issues, due for release in April, July and October.

We're also thrilled to present an interview with, and work by, our featured poet, Anita Virgil. For anyone with even the slightest interest in haiku, Anita's name will be a familiar one and, thanks to Bruce Boynton, who met with Anita a few months ago, Prune Juice readers now have the pleasure of discovering more about this most exquisite of writers.

Without further ado, let's bring on the poetry...

Liam Wilkinson
January 2012
Melissa Allen

Sunday service
between hymns
tuning out

library hush
he reads my mind
a little
Hortensia Anderson

Basho's frog –
will he ever
finally croak?

I stalk my stalker
over and over –
caller ID

customer service –
they ask me to rate
the numbers I pressed
Stewart C. Baker

Low on money
we eat an expensive meal
at a cheap café.
Kelly Bennett

mother's day
my sister tells me
mom's secret

apple seeds
the words i wish
i could take back

grief
a sound i didn't know
i could make
Johannes S. H. Bjerg

baffled -
how to turn vampire
when she's a vegan

sulky goth -
she found Gothenburg
full of Swedes
Bruce Boynton

pro bono work
my boss tells me
I'm priceless

After a big hug
my grandmother asks me,
“Who are you?”

trying to hide
I'm in love,
I tell my friends
I'm eating more fiber

opening day at Fenway –
after six losses
good news at last
a robin's egg hatches in the nest
above the dugout

menopause?
thank God! she says,
and I thought I was
knocked up!
Mark Brager

cloudburst the mime’s empty box

receding shoreline . . .
he tells her it’s over
in semaphore

cracking the seal
on a whiskey bottle
winter morning
over cocktails she tells me she came up with the name *Viagra*
Bob Brill

my kids don't look like me
but they call me pop
so I accept them as mine

in a street corner trash bin
three torn umbrellas
inside out
I add mine to the lot
no taxis in sight

reading *The Lives of the Saints*
mob boss
awaits his trial
Helen Buckingham

slimming magazine
–ogling
the pie chart

rainbow's end
no parking
Sondra Byrnes

too shy
to enter
she uses the backspace

one haiku to another
i’d prefer someone
not so short
Sonam Chhoki

back and forth
back and forth–
late night parking

crossing the border–
old monk pillion-rides
a red Yamaha
Kirsten Cliff

at the lookout
we view pics
on his camera

valentine's day
buying tampons
on special

the size of this bathroom
with me in it
as well as the fly
Bill Cooper

x-ray
she finds my wisdom teeth
cute
Aubrie Cox

first walk after the surgery
grandpa comments
on the hospital's
poor choice of paint
for the handrails

not enough grief
in my life
I invent
these patches of snow
on my heart

secrets tucked away
in every corner
you're so vain
you probably think
this kyoka's about you
Aubrie Cox

cannibalism
my aunt eats another
fruitcake

Saturday night
haiku poet plays
the air shamisen
Jan Dobb

flicking over
a page of her Kindle
new year

carwash
our holiday vanishing
swipe by swipe
Curtis Dunlap

texting at the mall
she walks down
the up escalator

business lunch
no fortune
in the fortune cookie

a shot of morphine
through the I.V.
...Strawberry Fields Forever

the maddening yapping
of neighborhood dogs...
suppressing the urge
to tear at my clothes
and howl at the moon
Garry Eaton

rear view mirror
the faces I make
when she isn't looking
Bruce England

Fingers lift
hernia scar
into a smile
Alvin Thomas Ethington

left my heart
in San Francisco—
condoms, too
Claire Everett

sweet nothings...
he whispers, I've eaten
all your chocolates

we never go
to sleep on an argument...
our custom's to kiss
then spend the night fighting
over the bedcovers

paranoia...
the smallest pumpkin's
evil grin
Al Fogel

home alone–
the adult bookstore
under his bed

moving sale
everything must go
furniture, wife,...kids

MTV Awards–
my daughter coloring
Barbie's hair purple

between shows
the ventriloquist reads
senryu for dummies
Raymond French

sawing logs—
in the morning
wood
Terri French

bridge game
every hand
liver-spotted

wine tasting over
at dinner
I swirl my water

black friday
rereading
the *Origin of Species*
fortune teller--reading between the lines

terri L. French, 2011
8th Year
Finally the pieces
Come together

tlf, 2011

Terri French
midday heat
the local pothead
in a haze
Suzanne Fuller

he circles
for the space
near the gym door

I search high and low
and cannot find
the glasses in my hand

Canyon wren
notes of liquid silver
cascade down twilit walls
I ask the campers next to me
to turn down their TV
mother-in-law

lemons don’t know they’re sour

Suzanne Fuller
I try to ignore
the old man
in the Speedo

Suzanne Fuller
Grace Galton

driving alone—
daring to duet with
Placido Domingo

roundabout rage—
two motorists
locking horns
Love is all you need  
But chips and a can of Coke  
Run a close second

The thrill of the open road.  
Daughter throwing up  
In a traffic jam.

After my divorce  
I miss being banished from bed  
For snoring and farts.

Software upgrade.  
The system now falls over  
In all the latest ways
Tim Graves

Second time around
I married a dalek.
The sex isn't great
But I love the honesty
and the lack of emotion.

My wife storms next door
to berate our neighbours
for their bonfire smoke.
Later that day my barbecue
Chokes out the entire street.
Esin Goldman

old sermon
of fire and brimstone
my paper fan
Sanford Goldstein

what a joyous
time it was he tells
his mother,
no one visited me,
no one telephoned

getting
ready to fly to the States
on his yearly visit,
he hopes the metal in his new knee
will not set off the alarms again

I tell myself
I won’t cry a third time seeing
*The Graves of the Fireflies*,
again I search for kleenex
to wipe up the coffee I spilled

another
ordinary day
coming up,
his mother-in-law’s visit,
his three-minute noodles
Sanford Goldstein

already in bed
when all at once he
remembers--
he looks for his condom
just in case something comes up

wake up
with a red scratch
on my hand,
in my dream I know
I was spraying mosquitoes

how to laugh
these snow-bound
days,
even the kid’s snowman
has no buttons for eyes

at the hot spring bath
where the three grandchildren
prepare her clothes,
she refuses their pleas
and walks naked to her room
Sanford Goldstein

his wife dies
and he goes alone to live
at a daughter’s home,
with him he brings years
of painful wheelchair illnesses

I sit
in my cold Japanese study
without any fire,
it’s for Prune Juice I type out
my chilly humorous songs
John Hawk

suspicious
of the mechanical bull
the amish girls

empty chairs
all the people
i can stand

the look
on all their faces
wig store

IT meeting
overheating
bit by bit
John Hawk

duck-duck-goose
the girl i passed up
now a swan

war stories ...
the waitress asks
if they’re all together
George Hawkins

new neighbor
her avatar does
tai chi

tornado warning
i hurry through
my steak
autumn twilight
dad introduces himself...
to us

elevator romeo
I prattle on...
about my "darling kitties"
C. William Hinderliter

autocorrect
my ‘smart’ phone fakes
a Freudian slip
Cara Holman

early spring
iPod buds
in every ear

forget-me-not
I fix my broken
URL links

morning commute
a line of geese
bumper to bumper

high noon
growing attached
to my shadow

dragonfly wings
hovering my cursor
over the Like button
used bookstore
I find an old copy
of my first wife

porno
she grips
my remote
Alexander B. Joy

barbershop
a bald man paying
for something

maths homework
the pencil broken
in the middle

old journal
the only new entry
bookworms
in a prickly mood,
my son asks the balloon man
for a porcupine

breath mint kiss
I suspected all along
he's a smoker

bread dough
rising on the stove-
I gasp
it looks so much
like my belly
Rehn Kovacic

Blank page,
    all is possible.
First letter typed,
    what disappointment.

With a careful gaze,
    the Snowy White Egret becomes
a plastic grocery bag.
human myopia - unable to see beauty for the details
the smell of red
polyethylene flowers
springtime in the cemetery

virtual lovers' quarrel
her digital mascara
runs

shot glass
upside down
the bartender
spills her guts
to me
Chen-ou Liu

eating a Big Mac...
alone in the attic
I ponder
the Chinese word for home:
a pig under the roof
Bob Lucky

selling old cookbooks
for every stain
I cook up a story

last call
the pianist adjusts
his tip jar

one-day butoh workshop
learning to move slowly
in a hurry

heading home
the birds never stop
to hear me sing
Bob Lucky

instant coffee
having sunk to this
I wonder
if Kim Kardashian
knows how to boil water

refusing
to help my wife
wash the dog –
why didn't I think of this
years ago
Our featured poet for this issue is Anita Virgil, artist, gardener and past president of The Haiku Society of America. Anita, together with Harold G. Henderson and William J. Higginson, comprised the HSA Committee that developed widely acclaimed definitions of haiku, hokku, senryu and haikai in 1973. Anita not only writes memorable haiku, senryu, tanka, haibun and haiga, but she is also the author of notable essays on the history and development of these forms.
I call Anita to arrange the interview and the conversation soon turns to what to have for lunch. I offer to bring a salad.

“That’s sweet of you to offer, but I have plenty of salad,” she says.

“What about a bottle of wine? I have an excellent bottle of Nero D’Avola,” I suggest.

“Two glasses of wine and I’d be sloshed,” she laughs, “Some interview that would be!”

I bring the wine anyway (what can it hurt?), and drive up the Blue Ridge Parkway toward Forest. I find the house easily and Anita greets me at the door, looking years younger than her stated age. After some juice on the big screened porch we tour the English garden described in Anita’s haibun, “Garden” (Simply Haiku, Autumn 2009). The surrounding pine woods block out all ambient noise and give the property a sense of peace and tranquility. “Yes, everyone feels that when they come here,” Anita says. We examine the goldfish pond and count the fish. After the recent attack of a blue heron Anita is convinced that they suffer from PTSD; they have suddenly become reclusive. Downhill, towards the stream and deep woods, she points out the lush ferns and moss she collects to place elsewhere among the flowers on the property. We walk onto a bridge spanning the stream that separates the house and garden from the back woods. The stream is sluggish, and here and there quiet pools reflect the sunlight filtering through the trees. As if staged for our benefit there is a sudden splash; a frog has leaped into the water.

I turn to admire the house, constructed of dark timbers interspersed with white stucco. “That’s Tudor style, isn’t it?” I ask, immediately revealing my ignorance of architecture. “Somewhat,” Anita says, “but it’s not like the typical A-line Tudor. It’s like very early half-timber thatch-roofed cottages. While researching it, I found the best representations of this house with its clipped gable were in Funen, Denmark, where Hans Christian Andersen lived.
And sure enough, there it was in the supermarket on a Danish cookie tin.” (Subsequent research confirms the accuracy of this claim. See Royal Dansk Danish Butter Cookies, 12 oz tins.)

Next we tour the house. Large windows flood the rooms with natural light from the garden. I stop to admire the paintings by Anita’s husbands, both of whom were artists. A huge canvas at one end of the living room depicts a desperate sea battle in the age of fighting sail. Every detail of the battle is lovingly rendered.

“Yes, Fil [H. F. Garner] was a geomorphologist by profession and never studied art. He got better with practice,” says Anita, “but in the beginning I had to help him a bit to mix his colors.”

We go into the kitchen and Anita throws together a meal of tossed salad, potato salad, sliced chicken and pork. I open the Nero D’Avola and pour us each a glass. The food is excellent and I help myself to seconds. I notice that Anita’s wine glass is still half full, but she urges me to have another glass and I do.

After lunch and some homemade cheesecake, we sit down to do the interview. I feel a bit lightheaded from the wine and consult the instruction booklet for the voice recorder. “You don’t know how to use it?” asks Anita. I assure her that I do know how to use it but just want to make sure everything goes right. The interview goes well, and after an hour or so we finish and I check the quality of the recording. There is no recording. I have forgotten to push the “Record” button.

We sit down to do the interview again.

PJ: As a young poet you had the enviable opportunity to work with Professor Harold Henderson and Bill Higginson to craft a new definition for English language haiku. What was that experience like?
Virgil: At that time dictionary definitions were limited to “haiku.” They certainly did not help me to understand much. Henderson felt they were wrong with their sole emphasis on syllable counting. We began this task at Henderson’s request, and haiku was the word he wanted to redefine. But I quickly prevailed upon him to add hokku, haikai and senryu to our task. *Fools rush in, etc.*

Over that 2-year period it wasn’t all fun and games. Tempers ran high and sometimes Bill and Prof. Henderson were not on speaking terms! So I ended up as the harried go-between. But because I was so curious about this wonderful poetry and wanted to learn everything I could about it and its history, I toughed it out. Ultimately, we gave the English-language dictionaries and encyclopedias a snootful and we got fabulous responses. [Haiku Chronicles #8 The Definitions has the full story.]

PJ: How has being an artist affected your writing?

Virgil: It affects it in every way. As an artist you notice more than the average bear; you perceive more; everything is more intense. It just sets you up to write. You can detect this in much of the poetry of Buson who was, in his day, both a renowned artist and haijin. As someone long involved in art I can spot the artist’s eye in his work; it is so visual.

PJ: R.H. Blyth once commented (*Japanese Life and Culture in Senryu*) that well written senryu is even more perceptive than haiku in its observations of life. Do you agree?

Virgil: In its observations of life, yes. It needs to be. Haiku is different material that is handled obliquely. It works by inference whereas a senryu is a direct expression. It zeroes right in on the target. No equivocation. The artist’s eye plays into that, too, picking up on a telling gesture that encapsulates human feelings or behavior, for example.
PJ: One of the fascinating things about your career as a haijin has been your dual role as both a scholar of haiku and senryu and an innovator. In reading your work I found wonderful examples of single line haiku, the use of different fonts and font sizes, and innovative placement on the page. Perhaps that comes from your artist’s eye as well.

Virgil: Absolutely. Graphic images mean so much to me. They speak to more possibilities.

PJ: Here’s a little gem of yours I found:

speeding along the awning’s edge  
raiiniiniiniiniiniiniiniiniiniiniiniiniiniiniin

(Summer Thunder by Anita Virgil, 2004)

Virgil: Yes, that’s a good example. (She points to the window.)  It happened right there. What better representation of a string of rain drops that dotted the awning outside my window. But the final formatting that makes that poem came by sheer accident. I had been typing the word "rain" and became distracted. My finger was on the i-key. When I looked back at the screen, there it was! A string of “i’s” -- a perfect depiction of what I had seen. If an artist makes such a fortuitous “mistake” he or she is smart to take advantage of it.

That’s how I write once in a while. I may start to write something and then, all of a sudden, find the poem takes over and leads me somewhere other than where I intended. If you’re wise you’ll listen to it, follow where it leads. It may turn out to be far better than when you were in control. Almost magically, the poem takes on a life of its own.

PJ: We certainly feel that way about classic poems, that they have a life separate from their creators.
Virgil: In *Ars Poetica*, Archibald Macleish wrote, “A poem should not mean / But be”. It takes on a life of its own if it’s a good one. But I don’t forget the source: none other than a human gave birth to that beautiful thing. Sometimes I look at something I wrote and say, *Did I do that?*

PJ: Do you sometimes wonder where your poems come from?

Virgil: Nope, I know exactly where and when each one “happened” because everything I write comes from real experiences, present or past. Also, I keep most all my worksheets so I can track exactly how I arrived at the final version. Not that all my poems are revised to a great extent. But with those that were hard to attain, I’m sometimes surprised to see how bad they were when I began. This record of a poem’s evolution can be a useful teaching device.

PJ: Here’s another of your poems that I found fascinating:

rushing out
to hear bobwhite
in time to listen to the freight train freight train freight train freight train freight train freight train freight train fre

*(One Potato Two Potato Etc* by Anita Virgil 1991)

Virgil: It always amazes me which poems of mine people like. Until you, no one has mentioned that one before except “the Germans” -- whoever they are. I found a comment of appreciation for that poem in a Google entry long ago under my name.

PJ: I grew up in a railroad town, and what interested me was how you ran the poem off the page, just as the line of freight cars fades into the distance, and how the last line mimics the sound of the cars.

Virgil: I love trains. Ever since childhood when I took many train
trips to New York on the Silver Meteor along the eastern seaboard. It was the distant sounds of the southern railway line that runs through Forest that led me to write *Cornbread and Coffee*, my haibun about the Battle of Lynchburg in the Civil War (Simply Haiku, Summer 2005).

PJ: How do you think the internet and social networking sites like twitter have changed haiku/senryu?

Virgil (laughing): Now *everyone* thinks he can write!

PJ: How do you go about creating your work? Do you have regular work habits or does your inspiration just appear in the midst of life?

Virgil: I never regularly sit down to write. Something has to move me deeply, first. So it may be ages between poems or, on occasion, a rush of them occurs unpredictably. Life dictates it. Once in a while, inspiration comes from my reading. As you know I read a lot, and often some phrase catches my attention, calls up some past experience and a poem begins. Other times, I will be reading a book on who knows what subject and the book may be lousy -- but from it comes a word or two so special that I jot them down and save them to use, maybe someday in a poem. I save tidbits like that for years. Writing poetry is like making a patchwork quilt; you gather and save odds and ends and make them into something new and beautiful.

PJ: So, a phrase, or even a single word, can demand your attention and be the germ of a poem?

Virgil: Yes, it’s the *madeleine* of Proust. A phrase can just nibble about in my head. It is opening up something buried in me.

About every ten minutes the telephone rings. “I never answer the phone,” says Anita, “If it’s something important they’ll call back.” The phone continues to ring. “I’d better get that,” Anita says. “Oh,
it’s Pizza! (Alan Pizzarelli) I have no time to talk to you, Pizza! I’m being interviewed. I have a very nice man here who just did Alexis (Rotella).”

“Interviewed,” I hasten to interject.

“Interviewed,” says Anita. “Here, say Hi to Al.” She hands the phone to me. I explain that as features editor for *Prune Juice* my job is to interview famous poets. “Ask him if he knows any!” laughs Anita. We have a nice chat and Al invites me to his home in Bloomfield, NJ to interview him and his wife, the Alaskan Native poet Donna Beaver. “But Man, you’re talking to the best right now,” says Al. “Anita’s my mentor. That lady has genius.”

We resume the interview.

PJ: In addition to your creative work as an artist and poet, you have written some of the most penetrating essays on the history of haiku and senryu.

Virgil: Contrary to your description of me earlier, Bruce, *I’m not a scholar*. I just read everything I could for years because I was curious; I wanted to understand this complex poetry, and then when I felt I understood it I wanted to share what I had discovered.

PJ: I have never heard a better definition of scholarship.
You once wrote a very valuable guide for evaluating haiku using nine probing questions (*Haiku Chronicles*, episode 8). Do you have similar guidance for aspiring senryu poets?

Virgil: I wrote that guide because I had to judge a haiku contest and I wanted something that would help me separate the wheat from the chaff but, more importantly, to choose the better of two very fine poems. It was born out of my own need. I haven’t done anything similar for senryu.
PJ: Tell me about your experience in self-publishing. I know *Summer Thunder* and *One Potato Two Potato Etc* were self published, and I’m guessing that *A 2nd Flake*, *A Long Year* and *Pilot* were as well.

Virgil: Right. It’s been an exercise in aggravation and frustration, my own fault for wanting to design all my own books. *Pilot* is the only one that came out exactly the way I wanted it. But in general, I’ve had a great deal of difficulty getting the various people involved in the printing process to do it right. I’ve had to stand over them, literally. One designer who was preparing the computer-generated master CD for the printer said to me *with annoyance*, “You’re the first woman I’ve met who knows exactly what she wants!” You bet I do!

We look in the den for a book. On the wall of assorted paintings is a portrait of RFK by Anita’s first husband, the illustrator Andy Virgil, and Anita’s delicate pictures of mushrooms painted in egg tempera (*Haiku Chronicles*, Episode 22).

“Al and Donna taped an episode of ‘Haiku Chronicles’ right here,” muses Anita, “in these chairs and on top of the TV. Donna sat in that arm chair.”

“Al sat on top of the TV?” I ask incredulously. The effects of the wine still have not worn off.

“No, of course not,” says Anita. “Al stood next to the recording equipment that was on the TV.”

The interview continues for hours, twelve hours to be exact, and covers every subject imaginable; from poetic politics to the fascinating people Anita has met as an artist and haijin. Finally, Anita says, “I’m losing my voice.” Armed with an extensive reading list, copies of Anita’s books and a tiny loaf of pumpkin nut bread, I say good bye and head into the night.
thank god
I didn’t come here
for a face lift!

(Anita Virgil © 2011)
"I hate this!" pants
the toy bulldog.
"He’s fat and I gotta exercise, too?"

(Simply Haiku Autumn 2006)
so carefully
setting them up just
to knock them down

(Simply Haiku Spring 2009)
the great clown
sweeps & sweeps the spotlight
into nothing

(bottle rockets Aug. 2004)

another letter of praise
I scrub the toilet bowl
even cleaner

(Anita Virgil © 2011)

trilling back at the tree frog
he answers me!

wonder what it was I said

(Anita Virgil © 2011)

in the seed flats
one forget-me-not

forgot what to do

(Haiku Canada 1988)

At the Japanese flick
watching seppuku

"Boy, that takes guts!"

(Simply Haiku, Autumn 2006)
hairclumps fill the sink
in my mirror a face
from Auschwitz

(A Long Year by Anita Virgil 2002)

the aging beauty
ashamed to be glad her lover
has astigmatism

(Anita Virgil © 2011)

the golden oldies
reeeally suckin' face . . . "Hey, watch it, buster!
That's my new bridge."

(Anita Virgil © 2011)

brimming with love
nothing deters him –
not even her bunion!

(Anita Virgil © 2011)

I love you so much, honey,
I'll conduct your funeral
any way you like!

(Anita Virgil © 2011)
Jesse D. McGowan

"My last boyfriend, all he did was talk about his ex," says the girl I'm dating

new prescription. . . measuring my mood in milligrams
John McManus

sunday lunch
how many bits should I cut
myself into

movie trailers
I butter up the girl
with the popcorn
he forgets his name
but remembers to cover
his yawn

old girlfriend
I ignore the part of me
that still likes her
Christina Nguyen

leaking
through my nursing bra
the delivery guy
hands me two gallons
of whole milk

the windshield chip
was easy to repair
but it’s a different story
for the one
on my shoulder

inner city clinic
two new issues
of Cottage Living magazine

my coworker
who uses Comic Sans
doesn't realize
we're laughing at
her every memo
Autumn Noelle Hall

this argument
like Newton’s cradle
in full-swing
whatever I release
you send clacking right back

hissyyyy fit
vine snaking around my neck
in the reptile house

after the floods
a welcome drought
menopause

rose garden gala
one thorny relative
snags her bridal veil
Terry O'Connor

doctor's appointment
nipping out for some fresh air
and a cigarette

doole queue
we take turns
in the puddle

bank holiday
the window cleaner wipes birdshit
off the sky
Douglas Phillips

brain injured
the word he tries to find
left in Iraq

her drawer full of cards
saying sorry
i haven't written

city life left behind
yet still
creases in her forehead
Claudette Russell

compassion
forgiving you
for having none

babbling brook
you never could
keep a secret

school reunion
so many people
without class

foggy night
your name
will come to me

dinner reservations
my mother-in-law's
cooking
Andrew Shattuck McBride

picking berries—
unable to ignore
her Blackberry
Stanley Siceloff

bathtub clog
you left behind
so many things
Valeria Simonova-Cecon

Venice holiday -
Fendi, Prada, D&G
made in China
speechless my teeth at home

amnesia clinic around here somewhere

a beer bug
floating on its back
in my glass—
there might not be
a better way to go
Laurence Stacey

election day
choosing the devil
I know

road trip
the kids unpack
a squabble

cemetery
even here
the poor section
Craig Steele

rejection letter —
another editor guards
my reputation

shuffling from my chair
one late November eve —
where did it land,
I wonder,
that bounce in my steps
Lucas Stensland

rewrite –
clubbing words
into a submission

the doctor warns me
about smoking
about drinking
but his white coat
looks like a costume

small town
theatre troupe
eight angry men

from white
to black Russians
the difference between
this bar and the last
is a buck and a quarter
Lucas Stensland

the recovering addict
applies lip balm
again

it only took a wagon
to fall off the week
drunk before night

the windshield of
a Levi’s Jeans truck
opened flies

tennis skirt
my focus
bounces away
Karen Stockwell

I live in my own
little world--but it’s okay
they all know me here
André Surridge

rest home
rumble of thunder
someone mumbles pardon

Halloween party
the undertaker
guesses my height

straight after
the Bishop of Knaresborough's
long sermon
a small voice pipes
can we go home now
Marie Toole

he moved in
carrying baggage
but no suitcases
Liam Wilkinson

a three week wait
and a four mile walk
to watch
my doctor
Google my symptoms

on my thirtieth birthday
a rejection slip
in the mail
if I were Keats
I'd be dead

some enchanted evening
my computer
does whatever
the fuck
it wants
Geoffrey Winch

hard to rise
from
his easy chair
Sophia Winehouse

too much lipstick
I wipe it
on his collar

the moment
I hear his accent
I want to shove
my tongue down his throat
to make him shut up
Caroline Zarlengo Sposto

In the voting booth
eenie, meenie, minie moe
solves her dilemma.

Ooops! She taught her children
another lesson
by mistake
Please note that Prune Juice is now published four times per year.

The next issue of Prune Juice will be published in April 2012.

prunejuice.wordpress.com
twitter.com/prunejuicemag