

CHRISTINE HANLON

Going Under the Gate, 2012
Oil on panel, 6 x 6 in



COURTESY THE ARTIST. PHOTO CREDIT: ARCHI DAVENPORT

NILS PETERSON

Scheherazade, Book II, Tales of the 100

One way of thinking about Shakespeare's sonnets is that they are word mechanisms consisting of 140 syllables. I've created a series of poems using the form of 10 structures of 100 syllables each. Here are two of these 100-syllable structured poems from the title series of 1,000 words. The titles are included as part of the count.

Nils Peterson is professor emeritus at San Jose State University, where he taught in the English and Humanities Departments. He has published poetry, science fiction, and articles on subjects as varying as golf and Shakespeare. A chapbook of poems entitled *Here Is No Ordinary Rejoicing* was published by No Deadlines Press, and a collection of poems entitled *The Comedy of Desire* with an introduction by Robert Bly was published by the Blue Sofa Press, a collection of poems entitled *Driving a Herd of Moose to Durango* appeared in 2005, *For This Day* in 2008, *A Walk to the Center of Things* in 2011, and a collection of poems with watercolors called *Earth Fire Water Air* in 2015. Wordrunner Press published a memoir in 2014 entitled *Talk in the Reading Room*.

Being in Time

Scotland, St. Andrews—cricket chirp of electric watch, cry of waking gull. A far church sounds a sweet bell seven times. Quiet. Now the near Presbyterian kirk's seven—

up, up,
up, up,
up, up, up.

no going back
cliff-face-climb in front,
beneath, the indifferent sea

Sitting backwards on a train—rain, low gray fog. Distant cathedral resolving into stand of poplars. Smoke from a sudden stack disappears into low cloud. Now stack gone along with hedgerows, houses, and field, field, field of sheep—the where you have just been unknowing, always unrolling before your eyes.

At Sea

Once on Mongo, Flash Gordon fell into the sea. He was saved by an underwater princess who, in love, had him turned into a water-breather. This was in a Big-Little Book now gone to join the odd sock, lost watch, left-behind beloved toy in the Land of the Lost, an underwater kingdom visited by radio on Saturday mornings.

I remember, or do I make it up, a picture of Dale, Flash's true love, staring down into the water while he stared up. Such longing on their faces, such male and female longing, such elemental separation.