

ROBERT CHIARITO

Sicilian Trilogy Panel 3, 2017
Oil on canvas, 72 x 64 in



C.W. BUCKLEY

All Things New

What's that place you see?
Is it far? Is it real?
Is it red like grandmother's heart-stone
or icy blue?

Move to one side, will you?
I thought I saw it scamper
past the window
right behind me

Objects in that mirror
are closer than they appear
so keep your hands and feet
inside, OK?

Whatever it is, we moved away
from it, see? So it looks
strange now to everyone, depending
on what we fear

But it reeks of the past
That's what gives it away
Belittling silence, for instance, in
Dad's beery voice

Or for those with no choice
at all, the coyote's metal heat, boiling
hope till it's gone, like the water
that didn't last

Keep looking. Remember the reason
we all left. Don't let anyone
settle for less, or make
theirs an idol

Above, and beside all
is that place, calling beneath
and always for you, that only
we can enter

Together, confused, uncentered
but whole, and loved, and finally just, now
it makes me yours, you mine
and servants of us all

Christopher (C.W.) Buckley lives in Seattle, Washington, where he reads regularly at the Easy Speak Open Mike in that city's northeast. His writing explores geek culture, conscience, faith, and fatherhood and has appeared in *Timberline Review*, *Raven Chronicles*, *Tiferet*, *Rock & Sling*, *Lummox Journal*, *POESY Magazine*, and the *Bay Area Poets Coalition Anthology 23*. His chapbook, *BLUING*, is available now from Finishing Line Press.