

Dear six-fold editors: I'm submitting for your consideration 5 poems from a new collection in search of a publisher: Flight. They are "Rain out of Season", "Chaos", "At the Devil's Punchbowl", "Silence", "A Child is Born", "Light".

Here's my bio:

NANCY SHIFFRIN is the author of **THE VAST UNKNOWING**, poems, Infinity Publishing, 2012. She earned her BA at California State College, Northridge, her MA studying with Anais Nin. She earned her PhD at The Union Institute studying Jewish-American women authors. Her writing has appeared in the *Los Angeles Times*, *New York Quarterly*, *Earth's Daughters*, *Lummox Journal*, *The Canadian Jewish Outlook*, *A Cafe in Space*, *Religion and Literature*, *Shofar*, and numerous other publications. She has received awards and honorable mentions from The Academy of American Poets, The Poetry Society of America, The Alice Jackson Foundation, The Dora Teitelboim Foundation and *Lummox Journal*. She resides in Santa Monica, California, United States, with her husband the novelist Thomas Page.

Visit Nancy at <https://www.NancyShiffrin.net>

Contact info:

Nancy Shiffrin

3209 Santa Monica Blvd. #716

Santa Monica, CA 90404

310 463 6722 nshiffrin@earthlink.net

Rain Out of Season

cleansed air
daylight moon heavy
in the leaky sky
eschevaria in bloom
tall stalks reaching through tough round leaves
flowering bright red and yellow
horns sirens
city awakening

I walk to the doctor
dread
pressure cuff squeezing my arm
stethoscope cold on my chest
electro echo
dressing undressing
nurses handling my breasts
struggling to walk the stress machine
needle in my arm
watching blood pour into the vial
may I have a coffee now
eggs toast perhaps a muffin perhaps fruit

a woman shuffles by pushing a cart
broad-brimmed hat burdened
with plastic bananas
ragged dress trailing
she is me
at the moment of death
what will I see

Chaos

time before time
empty space before
the explosion that was the Word
came to be synonymous with
confusion disorder
apocalypse monsters hell
room tumbled with rocks bugs
sticky sheets underwear
drawer full of popsicle sticks
gathered from the beach
shells weathered glass
girl spinning in the undertow

Chaos now a
theory which suggests
patterns in apparent disorder
the present only seems
to determine the future
small calculation errors cause catastrophe

could that hummingbird
hovering above the honeysuckle
create a tsunami off Bali
can a word really evolve to mean its opposite

who allowed the bug to escape
who organized the disruption
somewhere between metaphor and science
this volatile universe

At The Devil's Punch Bowl

we stand astride the fault-line
listen to the Ranger lecture
about earthquakes and human evolution
how early homo sapiens seemed to prefer
friction of plates near rivers
how flooding births new creatures
to breathe the changing air

a tall slim woman with long black hair
sits behind us
she wants to tell me something
my husband doesn't see her
he hears my Beloved Departed
who would not have wished to know this
deep bowl of seemingly interplanetary stone

perhaps we are who we are
because of these eruptions
two terrible deaths
bring two grieving lovers together to marry
to ensure the grandfather's legacy
to ensure the grandmother's legacy
my husband misses Christmas in Munich
bright lights tinsel trees
as I sometimes long for my Beloved Departed's
celebrations of Isaac Newton's Birthday
uninscribed holiday cards adorning the walls

we live for the rifts
the cracks in the surface
the not-knowing and now
an adorable boy in an orange shirt runs along the rim trail
his grandfather's broad-brimmed hat not yet heavy
there is a new daughter we have not met

Silence

rats trapped in glue ingest poison
keen as they die
so like human infants begging for help

the mother duck rises in rage
flies across the pond
bites the nose of the little girl
chasing ducklings

Covid-19 Virus mutates to Delta to Omicron
adolescents with automatic weapons attack schools
travelers defy masking fight air marshals
freight containers clutter the docks
grocery stores refuse to deliver

engineers invent weapons to shatter asteroids
students construct a Mars habitat

I cherish early morning silence
wonder where the crows have gone

A Child is Born

a child is born
three wise men looked to the heavens
saw this infant
born to a woman free of sin
a man probably not his biological father
willing to nurture him
we are asked to believe the mother was virgin
touched by an angel inseminated by god
she nursed the infant
cleaned his shit..wiped snot from his nose

the boy will evict the money-changers
cure the sick raise the dead
embrace the prostitute forgive his betrayer
ascend the cross welcome
the nails pounded into his palm
he will be cared for in caves
resurrected to return as Holy Ghost
to say we are One in god's name

with children I've loved
I've hiked to the observatory
read Goodnight Moon and Goosebumps
chased away monsters
listened to critiques of
One Fish Two Fish The Emperor's New Clothes
we ride the Ferris Wheel
at Palisades Park we explore the Arcade
delight in the slinky toy won as a prize
decipher dreams

we commemorate Christ's birth
with song ornaments gifts
each child a miracle
each with a message
a new set of trials

Light

blinding light at birth
oxygen rush as lungs begin
separation from mother

rainbow after thunder
clouds part revealing
ribbons of red blue violet

sunshine through lacy trees
leaves turn
iridescent in twilight

half moon at dusk
haloed in mist
hint of rain

early evening walk
street lamp shows the way
a car's blinding beams

absence of color
black sky at midnight
satellite spinning

blue hour just before
pale pink breaks the dark
gold tinted clouds

matter or energy
measure of time
physicists wonder

the light within
hardening to diamond glitter
god's gift