

post-it note poetry

eloquence

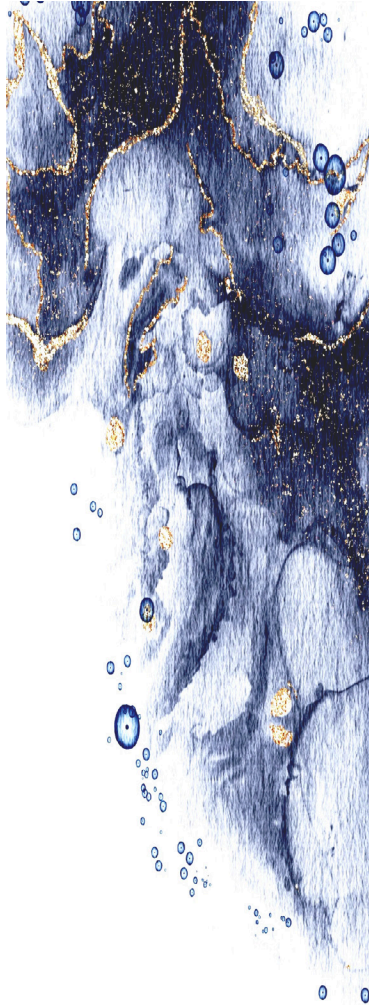
volume three

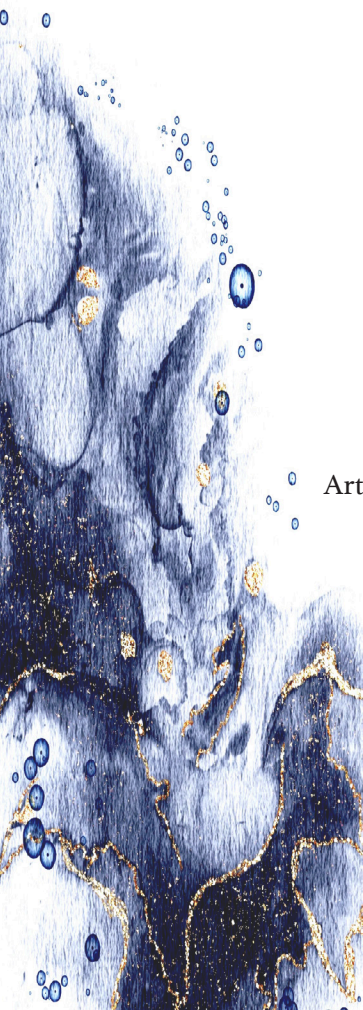
random



table of contents

Christina Hira	4-9
Elizabeth Fitzgerald	10-15
Samanta Rene	16-21
Robin Power	22-27
William Briar	28-32
M.X. Kelly	33-38
Rivqa Rafael	39-41
Rebecca Beilik Zick	42-47
Trish Weill	48-53
Rus VanWestervelt	54-59
Jen Byrne	60-65
Michelle Vanstrom	66-71
Jodi Cleghorn	72-77
Post-It Note Poetry Info	78



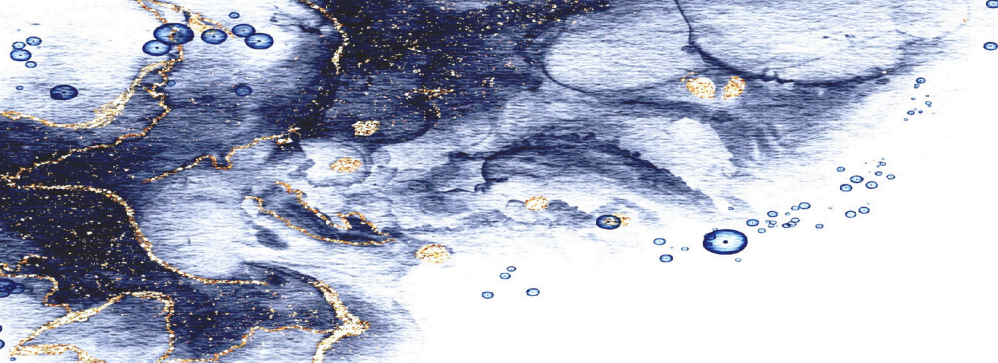


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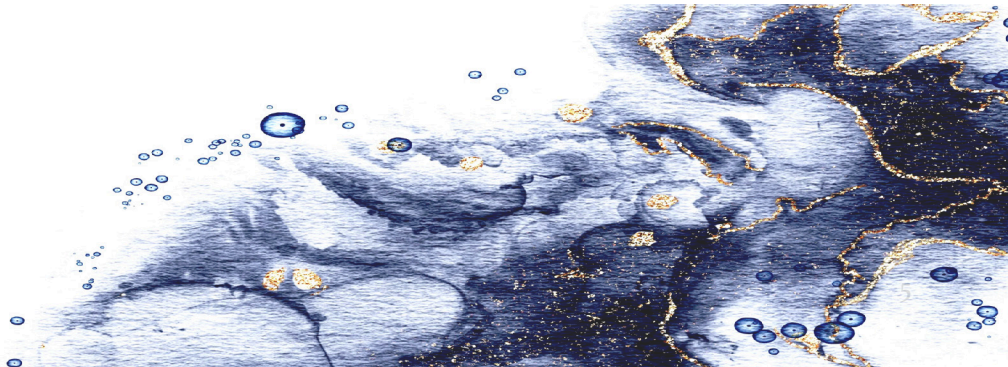
I folded
an unusually shaped never
into my breath

This went on for about ten years
and then
I couldn't help myself. I
spread it out on the floor
and the creases
showed the way

what is want
I ask

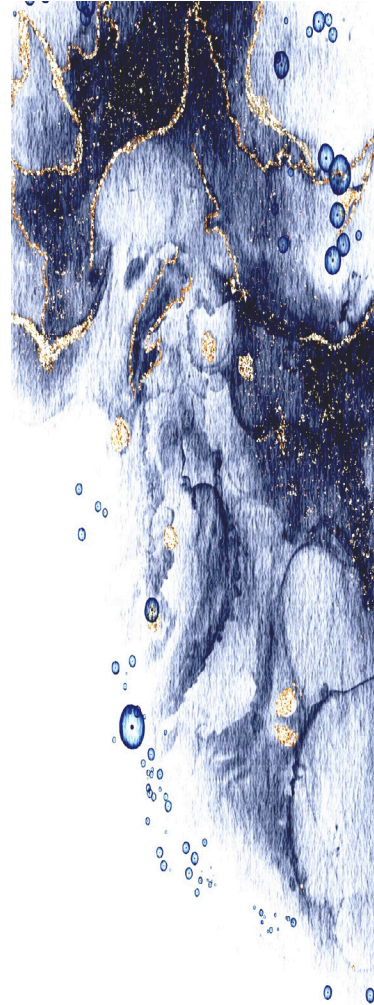
and every time
a pile of speed and efficiency
serve an elaborate dish of
fear

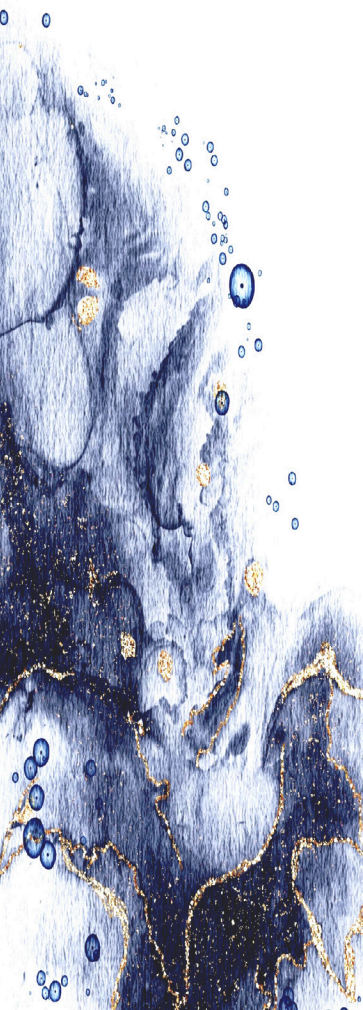
how easy your mind can marinate in never



experimenting with the
impossible
increased the ingredients
for a seasonal display of time

open up and infuse your courage
with what you've found



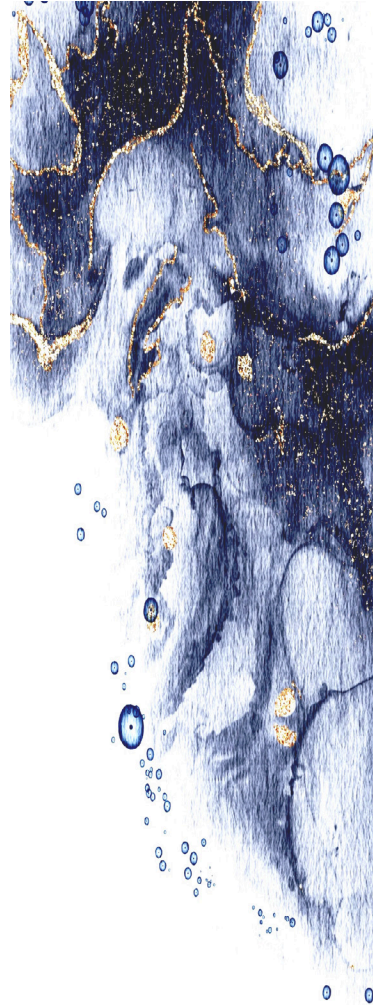


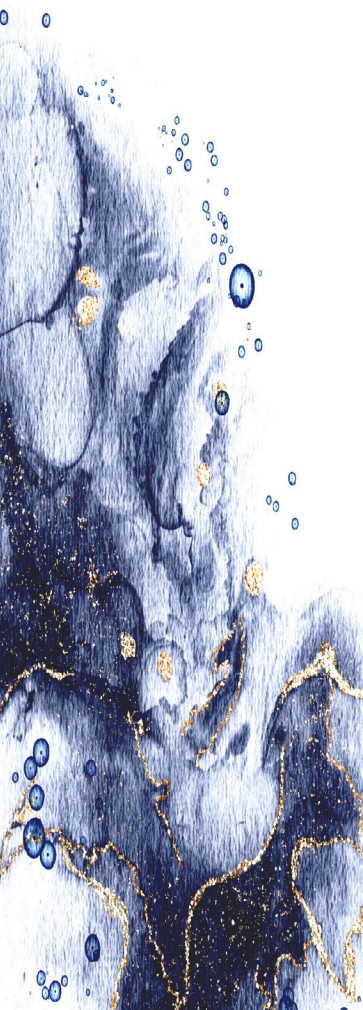
touch a heart
that is ventilated with
laughter

in the end,
the last chapter of myself
will make no sense

in tidying the
disaster
she had to throw almost all of
herself away

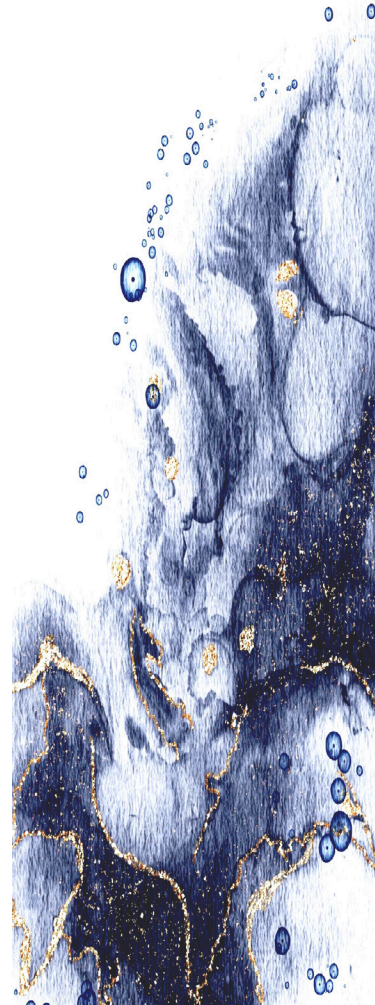
fuck that

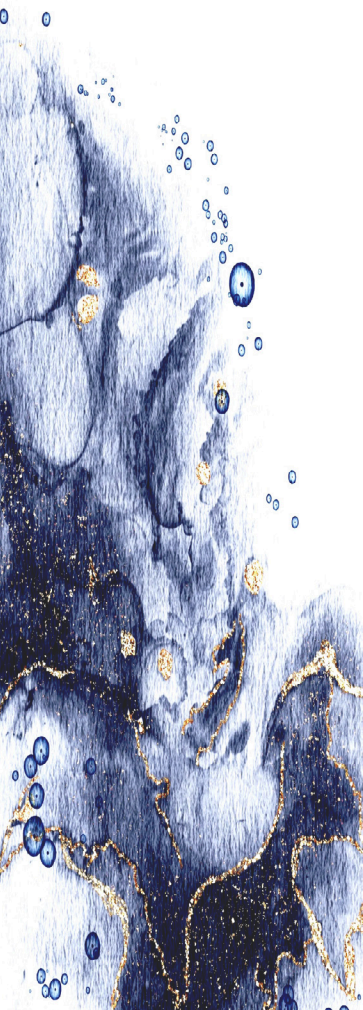




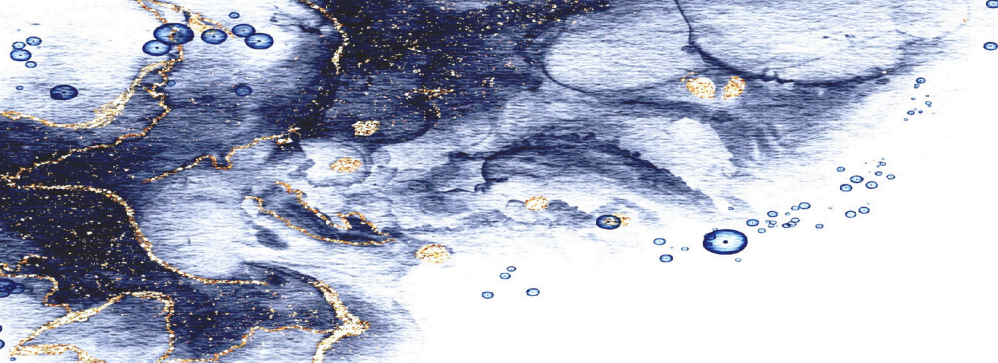
CHRISTINA HIRA @wild.dark.magic)
is a poet, artist and bewildered human.
She holds creative containers for herself
and others to unpack the messiness of
life.

No hot water
I can get into
All the trouble I like



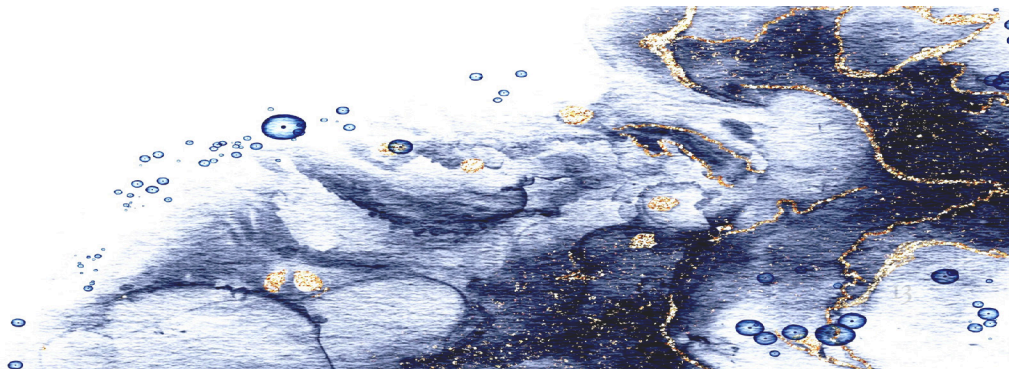


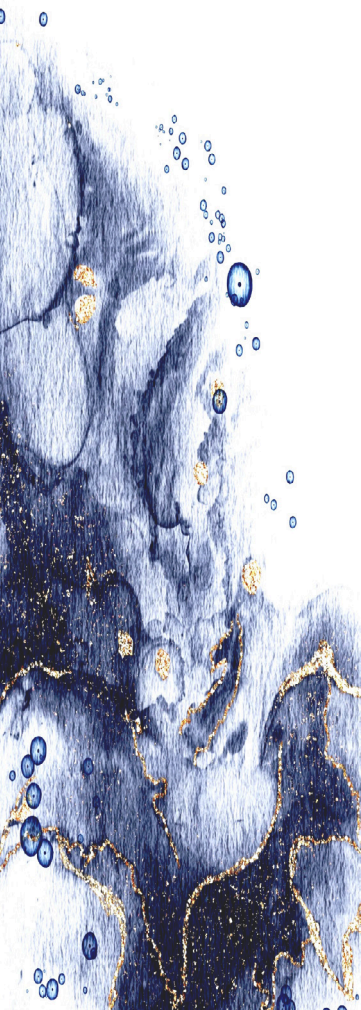
Out of shape
I'm now a circle
An infinite cycle



Taste the Autumn wind
Rot Summer-sun-ripened
Casuarina ghosts

I wait for the muse in the dark
Like a mountain awaiting the dawn.

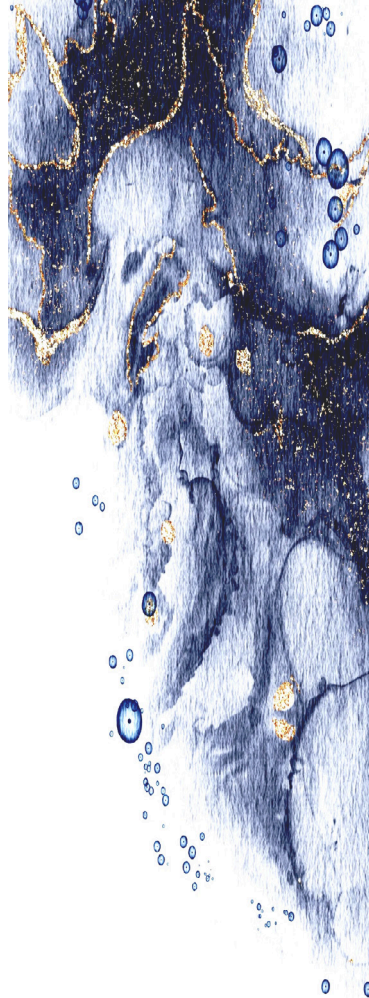


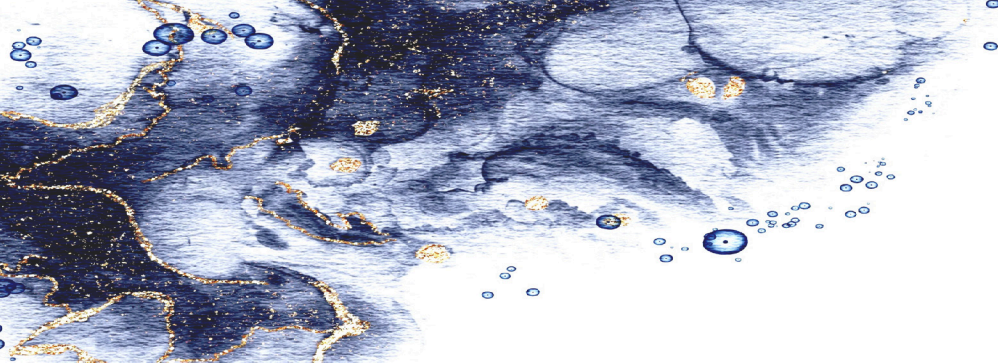


With spoons returned
I could plunge them
All the way to the bottom
Of the glass of my day
And gulp it down

But dessert should be savoured

ELIZABETH FITZGERALD is a freelance editor, an unabashed roleplayer, and reader of romance. Her weaknesses are books, loose-leaf tea and silly dogs.





i speak not
with words,
thoughts or
actions.

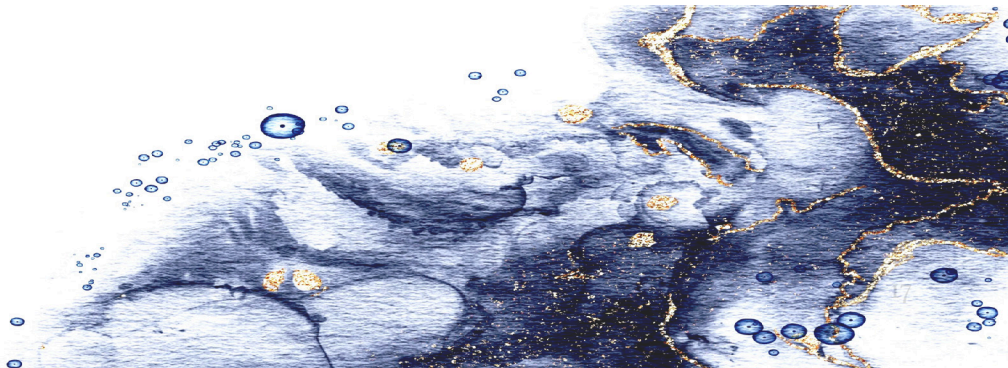
i simply am:

depth,
illumination,
and atmosphere.

a daze of dreams:

that seem
to reach
into
an infinity
of realities

(spinning restlessly)

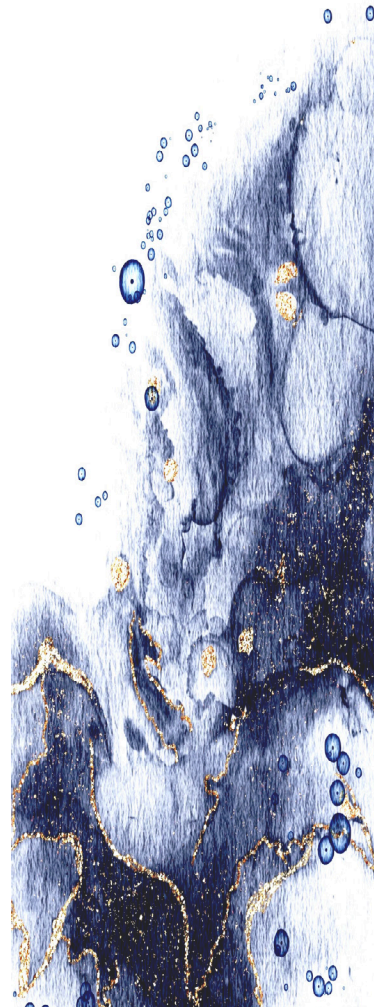


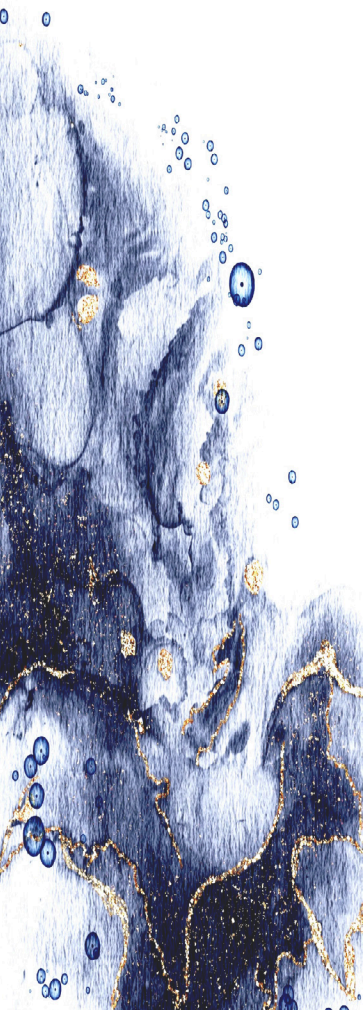
muffled voices
(faint)

in the depths of:

deep oceans,
deep emotion.

screaming
into
deafening
winds.
(silence)





a mirage:

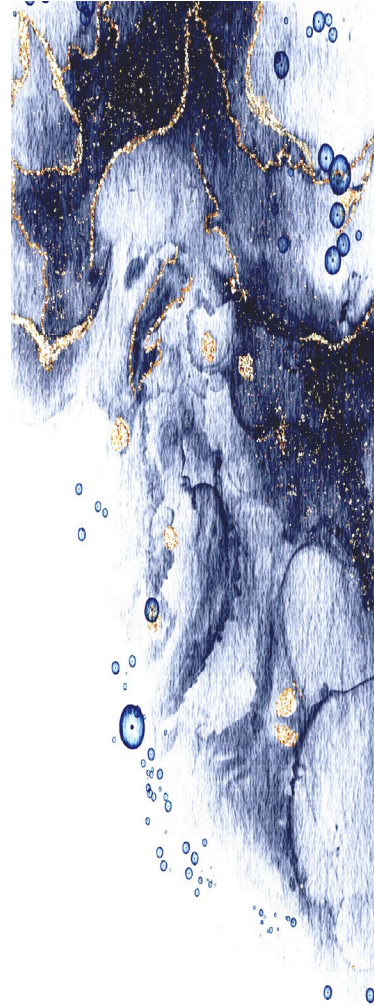
spinning ceaselessly
in a motionless space,

(running in place)

a will
to move

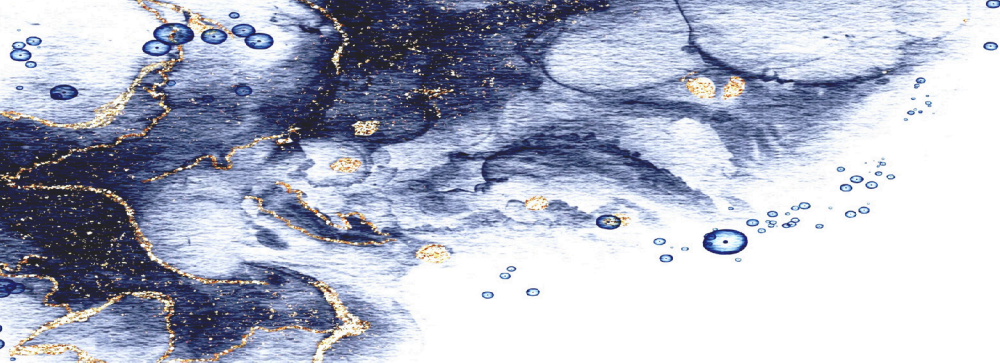
forward
but slow.
even slower.
still.

‘dissolve’
as in wash clean
in a stream
like salt
that dissipates
yet
it’s still there
like a bad taste
and a weight
that’s invisible
but still displaces



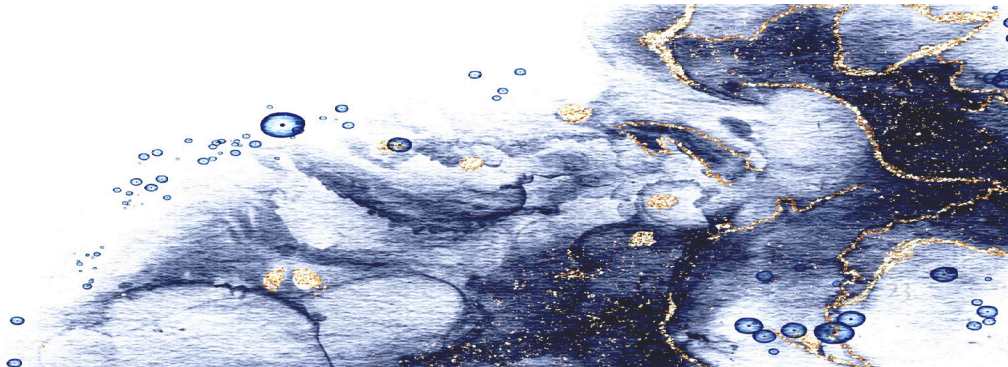


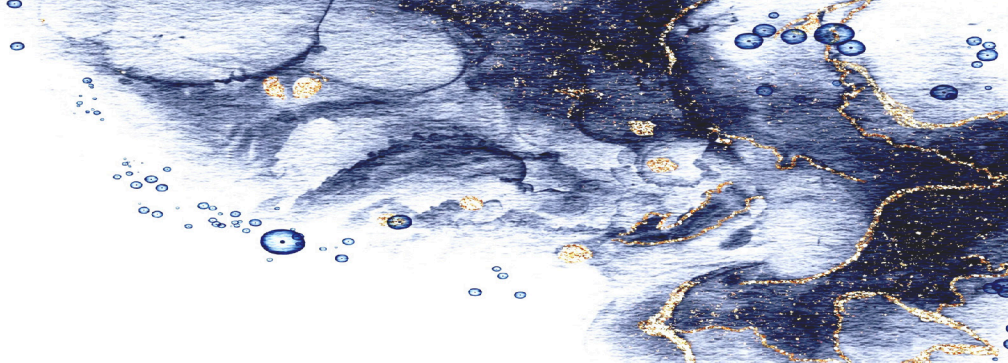
SAMANTHA RENE (@samantharenewrites)
started writing poetry over 20 years ago and
publishes prose, short fiction and other creative
writing on their website
www.samantharenewrites.com.



A story at bedtime is glorious
The chance to transform your world,
before dreams
take over the dark,
that strange twilight limbo
between consciousness
When wakefulness
grabs your soul
to make sense of morning.

Cobweb eye sees
the window
wide with light
bright with morning sun
But still obscured.
From within
The light is hidden.

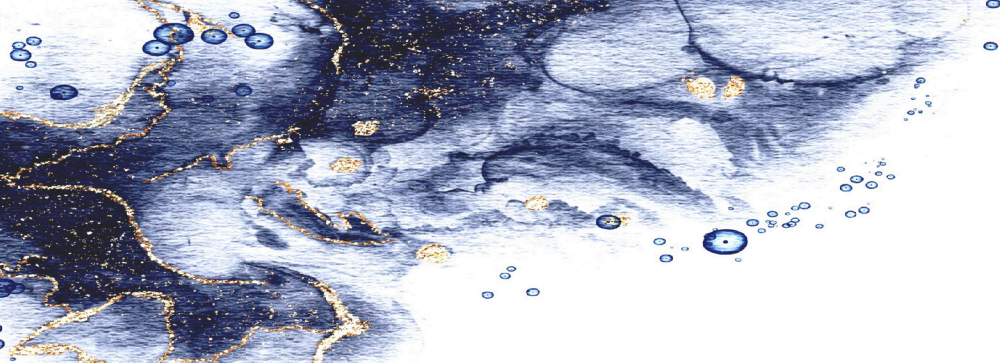




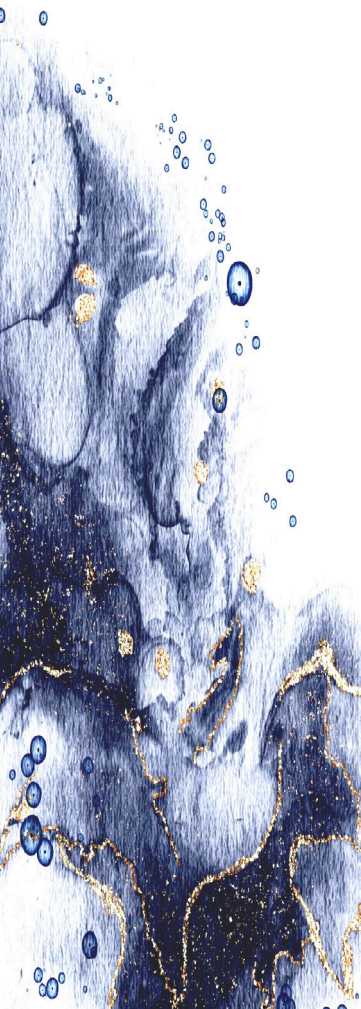
A good mother is an archer
ready to release her arrow child
into the world.

A departure,
successful
when the arrow flies.

Soon wise
Long and true
venturing alone
but strong and grown
with the lessons
of home.

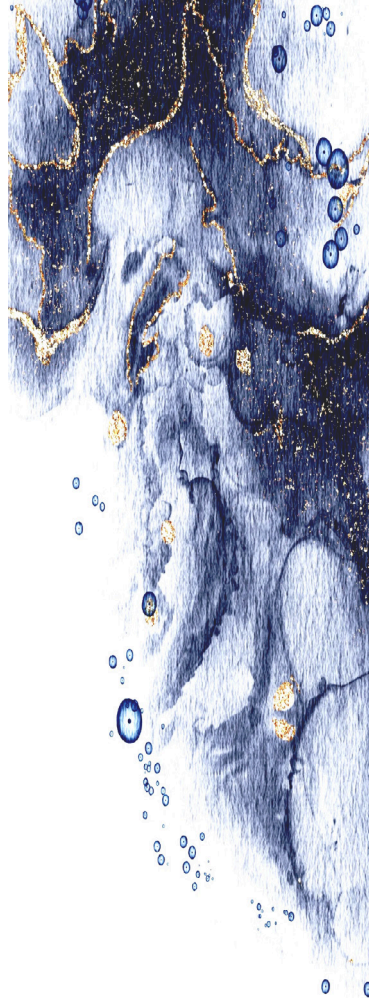


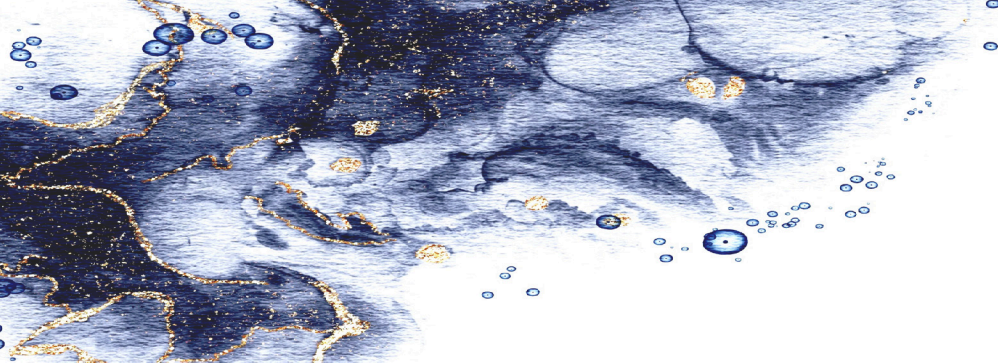
What a state the States are in
Rising prices on the plate
Slated for loss of jobs,
building hate
Doomed to homelessness
or depression
That can only be eased by
alcoholic disease
and a community armed with the
tools to harm
not to heal.



The detritus of life
Three bikes, chainless
Rotting on the path.
A scooter lying in the sand,
and four trailers
no longer attached to cars.
Boats stranded on land,
planned for nothing.
Is anyone home
Behind that lonely door?

ROBIN POWER (@rbpublishing) is
a student of life who writes fiction and
poetry.



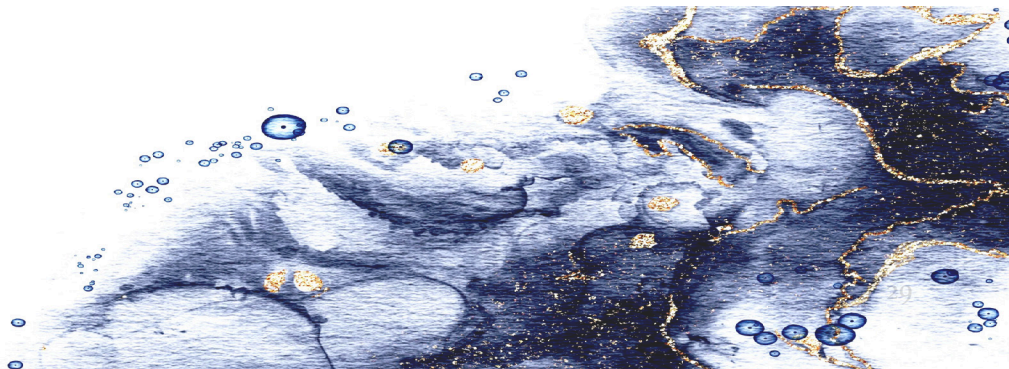


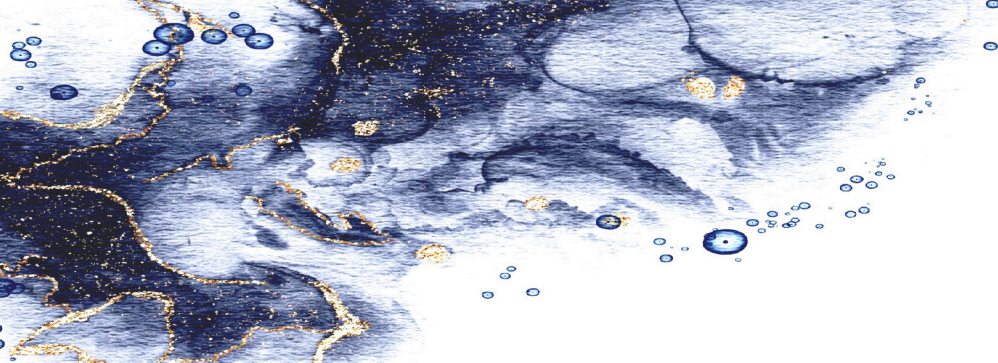
Amber

forever golden:
a moment dipped in honey,
sweet beauty preserved

Sapphire

fight on the schoolyard,
icy face wash in snowbank—
i'll have my revenge



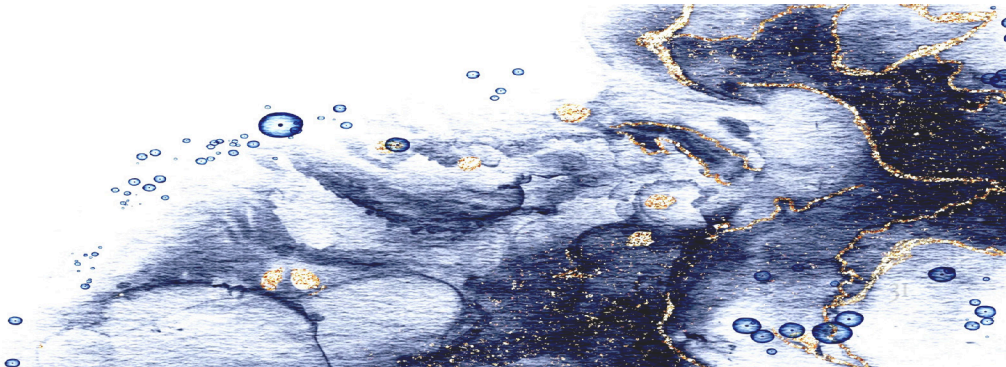


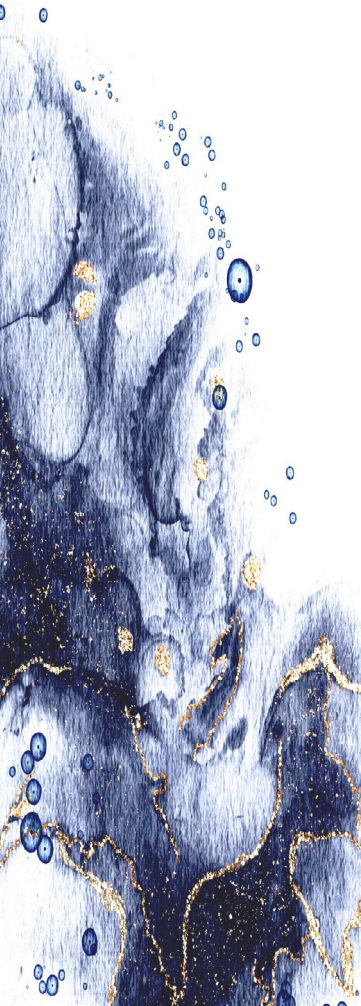
Black

darkness stretches to infinity,
containing all stardust:
a spectrum of possibility
within every world

Shell

A wave strewn nautilus
lands on a lonely shore,
no hermit in sight
ready to wear this new house,
no ear to hear the ocean.





WILLIAM BRIAR (@brassvessel) writes naughty stories and books about the occult. He uses divination to inspire his poetry.

3 Ways of Looking at a Butterfly

1.

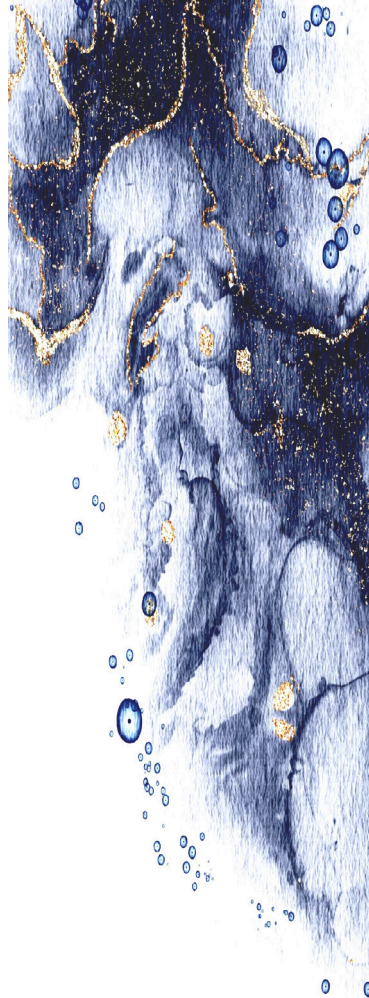
the thing about a butterfly is
you can never really
pin them down

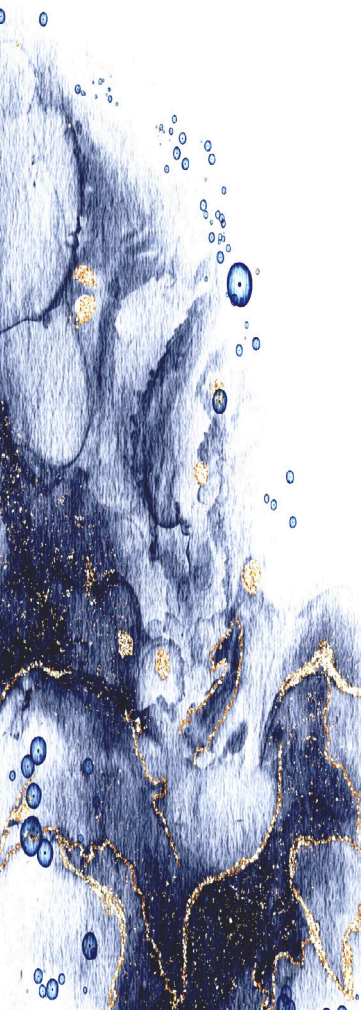
2.

it's the colors, you see...
even frames & pins & glass fail
to contain such beauty

3.

those wings could still be flying
the lepidopterist, someday
may find his frames empty





3 Ways of Looking at My Cat

1.

fur: sleek and shiny;
a polished obsidian jewel
of a coat.

2.

eyes: bright peridots
curious & playful
full of expectation & love.

3.

toes: ah, toe beans!
a bowl full of frijoles...I'd eat them
up with kisses, but for the claws!

3 Ways of Looking at a Waterfall

1.

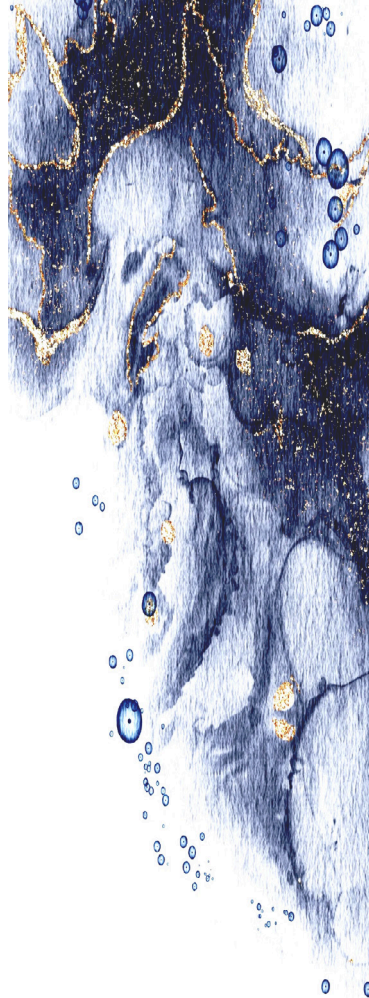
like the water, a rush
of feelings and emotions,
of being truly alive.

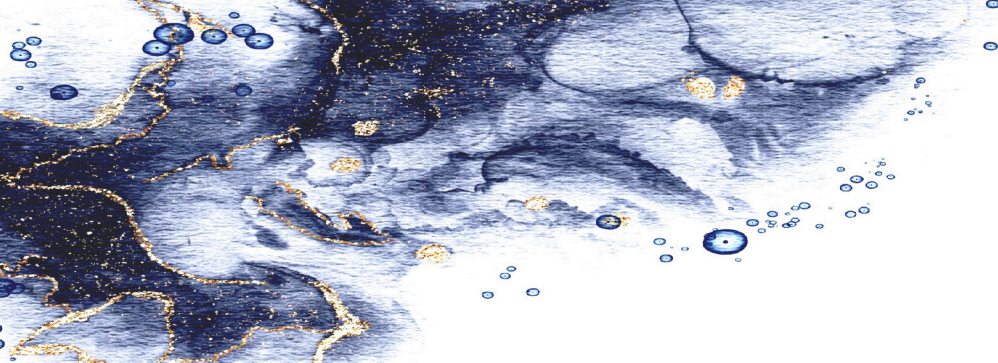
2.

such music! if you listen
you can hear it:
pure energy made song.

3.

and a kind of sadness,
like the mountains
are crying.





catbird

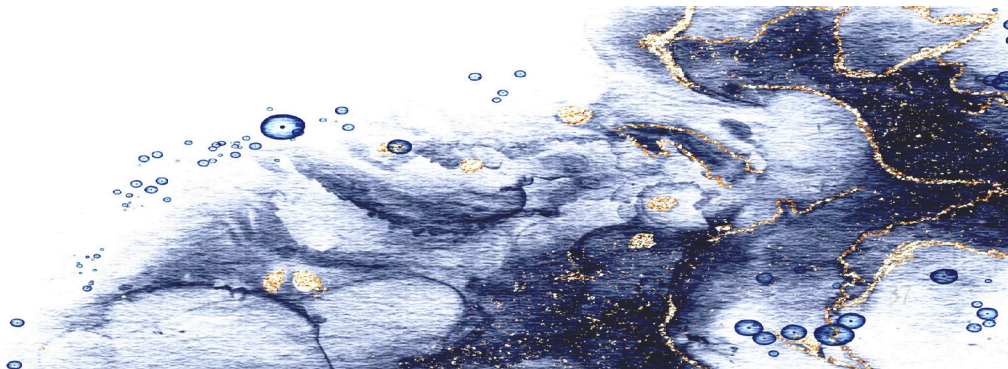
a catbird sits in a tree
mocking the cats
gathered below

time travel as imagined through two airline contrails

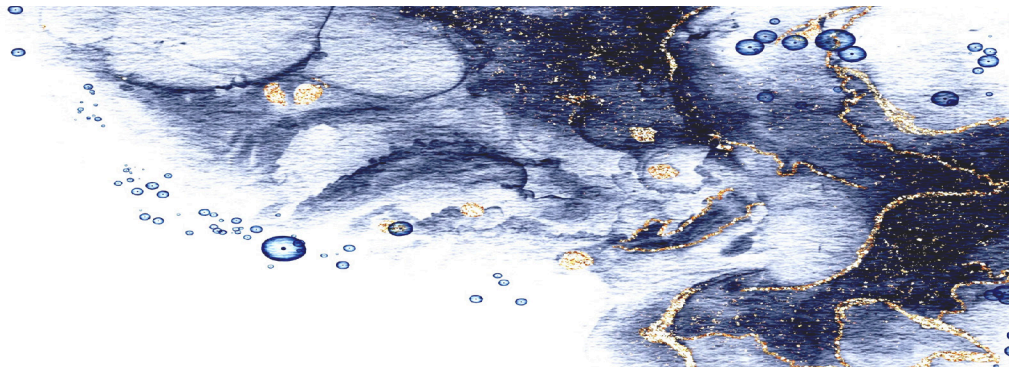
two contrails
moving acutely
across the sky.

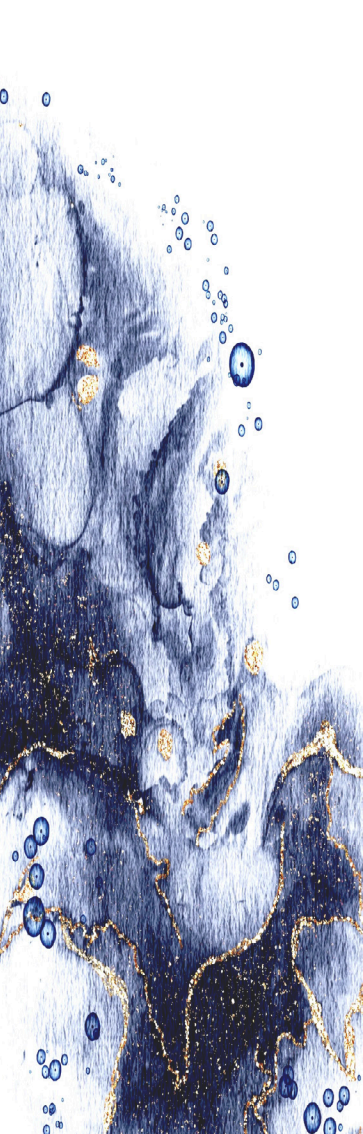
at their intersecting point:
gasses coverage with
the residual energy

of anxious airline passengers,
borne in opposite directions
on their respective timelines

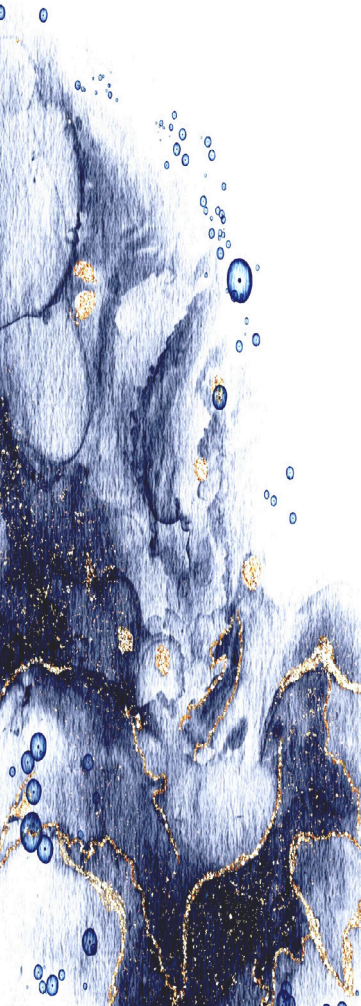


M.X. KELLY is the love child of a starmage and astraldragon. Their website may be summoned with a typed incantation: <https://mx-kelly.mystrikingly.com/>



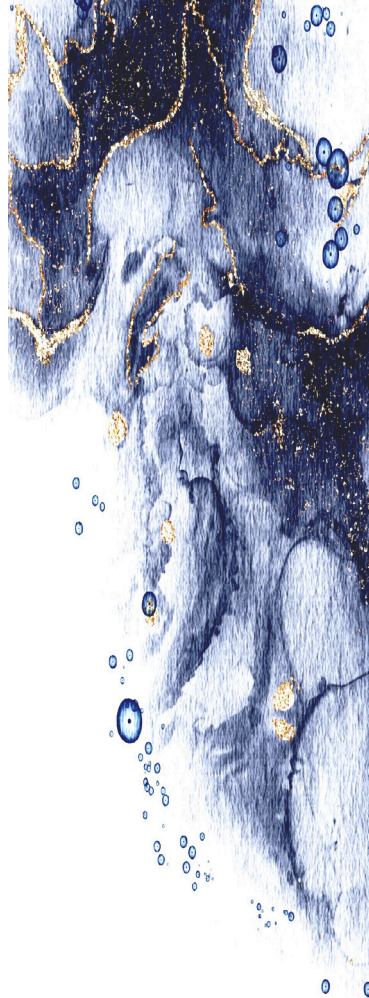


I tore down
the calendar of trauma
to make space
for this



forgetting that uneasy feeling
just for a moment
whether through laughter,
shared, or something else
food, a gesture, love
it cannot be somewhere
so dangerous as a place

RIVQA RAFAEL (@rivqarafael) lives in Warrang (Sydney). When not writing fiction or attempting poetry, she studies psychology, learns to dance, and dabbles in kitchen alchemy.

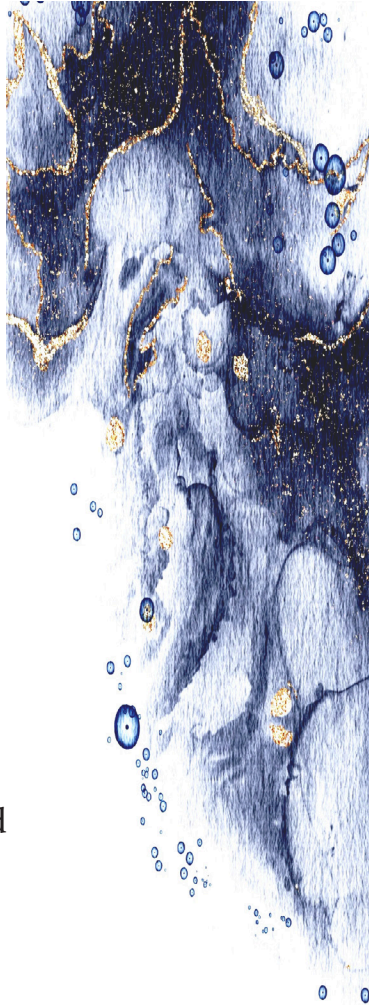


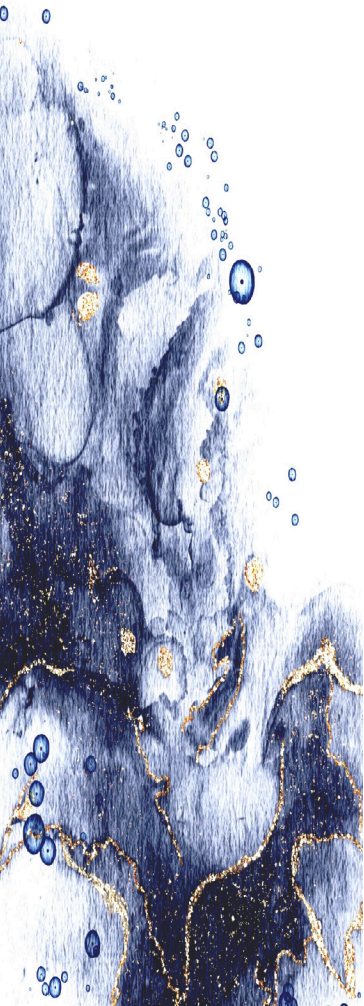
with eyes gentle (and a knife to hand)
listen for the breath of night and
feel the soft light of a waning moon

to hunt the black cauldron of stories
follow the flickering of fairies along
their spiraling path deep within the forest

offer the witch of the place your tales
of suffering, amuse her with your tragedy
dare promises of soft touches

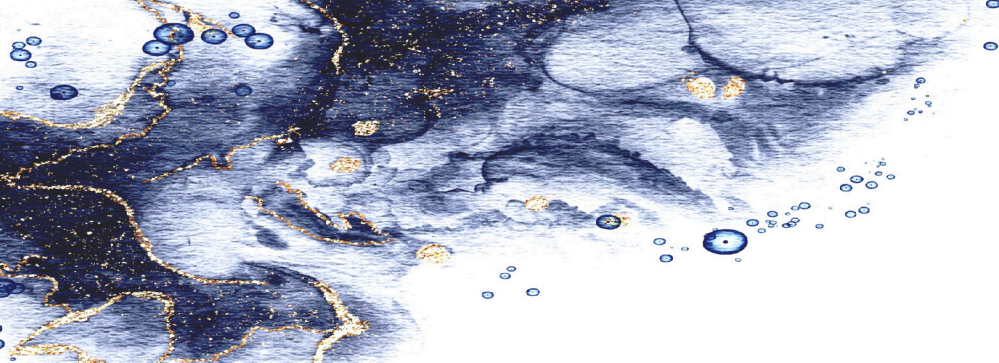
tell her, too, you'll give the dead a home and
she'll return your heart made of stars
your bones aflame with desire





the measure of a queen
isn't strength or deeds
but the discernment of her scars:
can she see perfection at the edge
of shame or feel sorrow deep
beneath the ground?

will she hear the sighs
from the belly of the old witch,
follow them through deadfall
and blood to gather the sharp
skull in her arms and make
the hungry flesh her own?



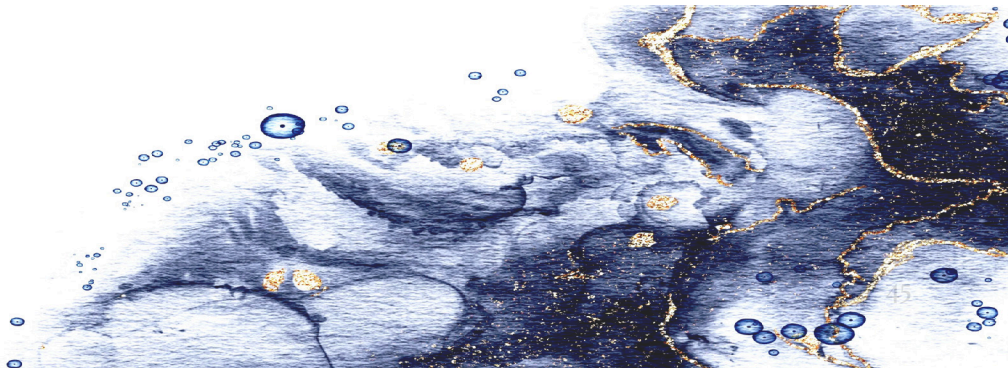
weeping into flames keeps her going
as she stitches a secret charm into cloth

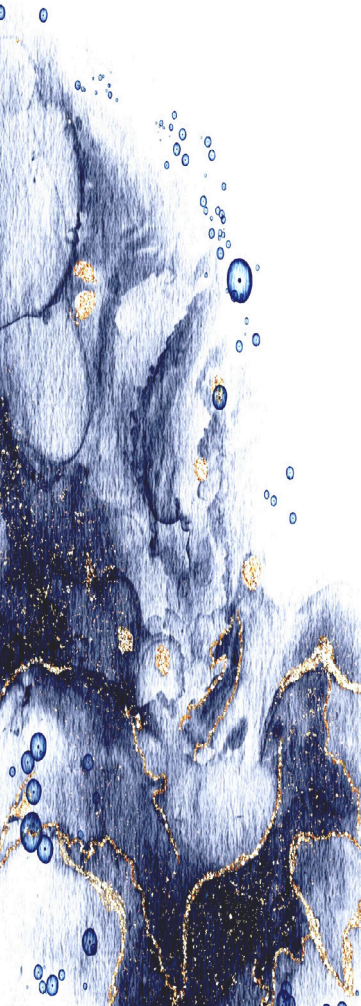
chain stitch for over it, French knots
for I can't pretend anymore

she's shut the door on good and decent
and turned the key against sweetest soul

soon she'll finish and be ready to go
what remains is potent

imagine her caught
between the claim of the dark
and the weary light of a candle
sending shadowed reflections
of her unguarded secrets
imagine the urgent dance
of her hands, witch-gestures
spinning another skin
and the gift of a new face
something to hide behind
to keep her heart asleep
but not dead



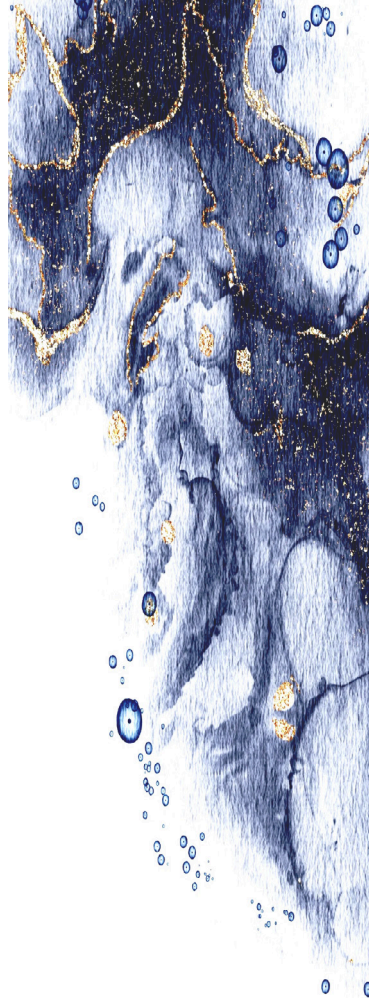


the strongest princess
understands the test of torments
and still fills her pockets
with laughter

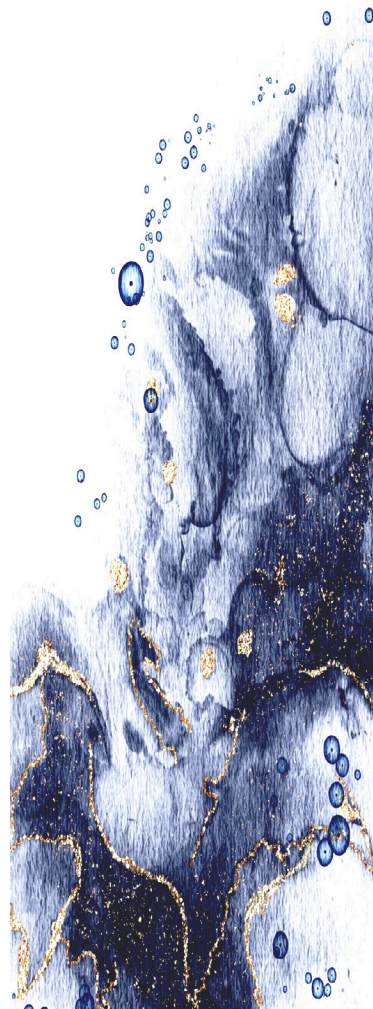
she trusts the bloom of desire
as much as the dirt under her feet
and the voice of the stars
over her mountains

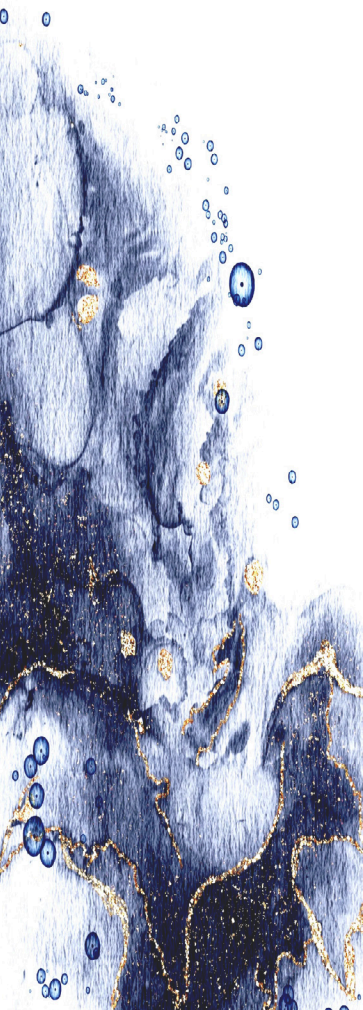
she measures her days with
wishes she's built into promises
and counts her years by her
pledges of love

REBECCA BEILIK ZICK @crowsister
is conjuring the magic of resilience in
found-word missives from (and for) all of
the ‘handless maidens.’

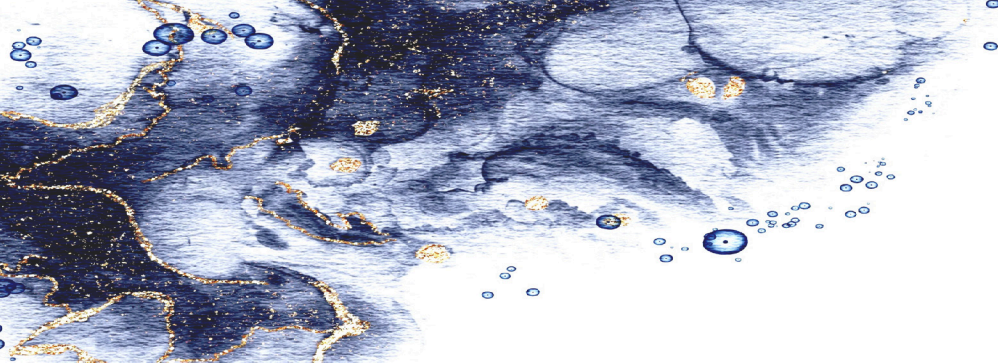


you didn't choose, fervor found you
allure completely out of the blue
the intensity of feeling, a moment
that seems it came passionately
straight from your dreams



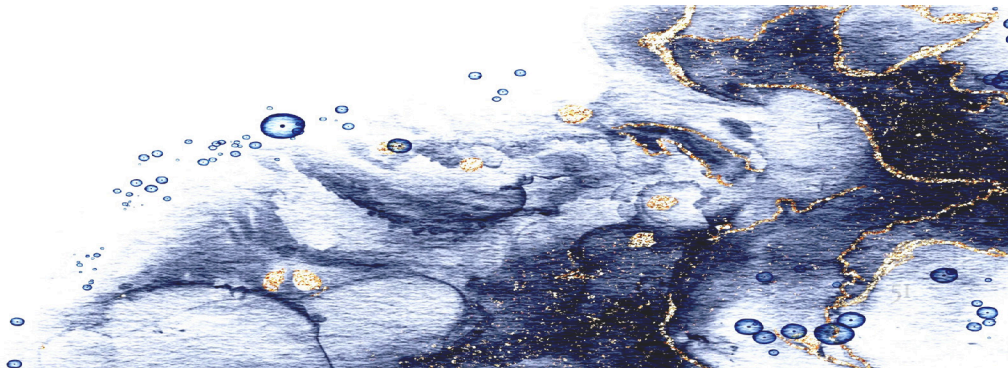


discovering sensation
edges of darkness and light
intertwined, embraced, entangled
known is never unknown again
contact is infinite

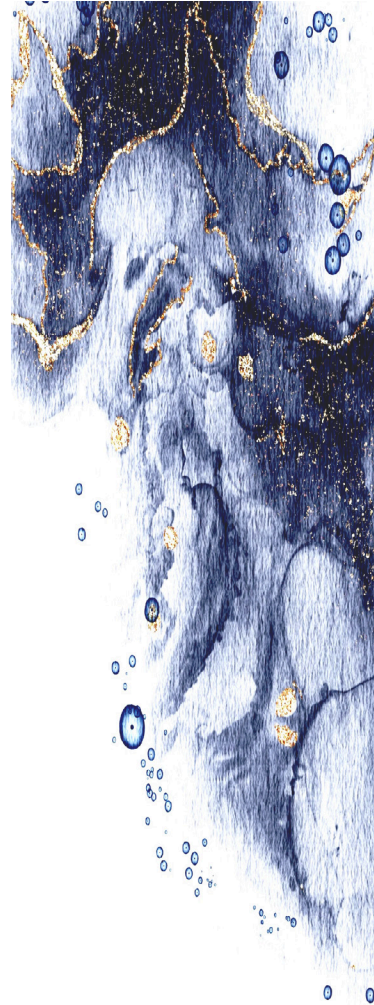


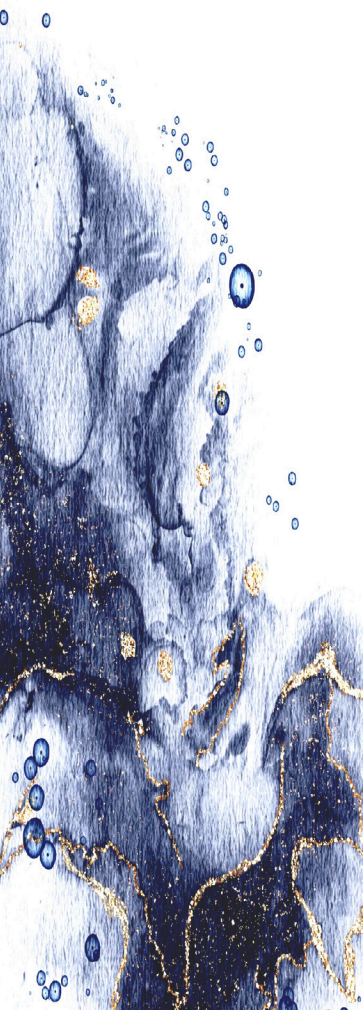
sensing the space of you
pure electricity between us
is felt not seen
how delicious that
only we are captured
by our rapturous dreams

when you gonna come clean
with all those feelings you feel
thinking no one sees the fire
under all that chill
wonder if you'll pop
or simply spill



love has to give
picturesque possessor of
a genuine soul of the artist
a beautiful bit of human
driftwood
the master who has lived life
in all its fulness..
express the love,
the longing, the passion

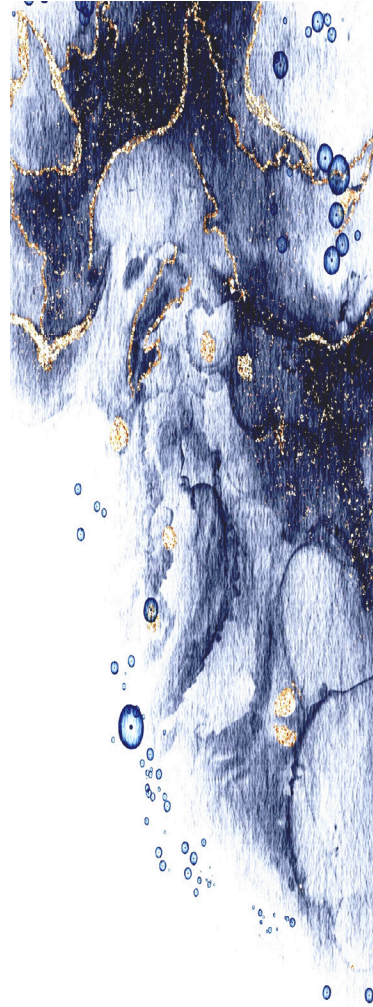


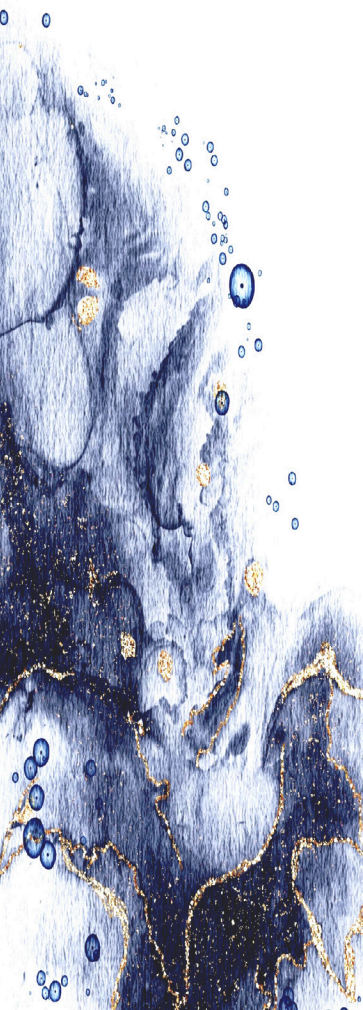


TRISH WEILL (@trishweill) is a passionately curious artist, professor, digital designer, teacher and student of art, movement, life.

Everlasting love,
'Tis very strange.
Heaven and earth would melt,
And yet, hell itself should gape.

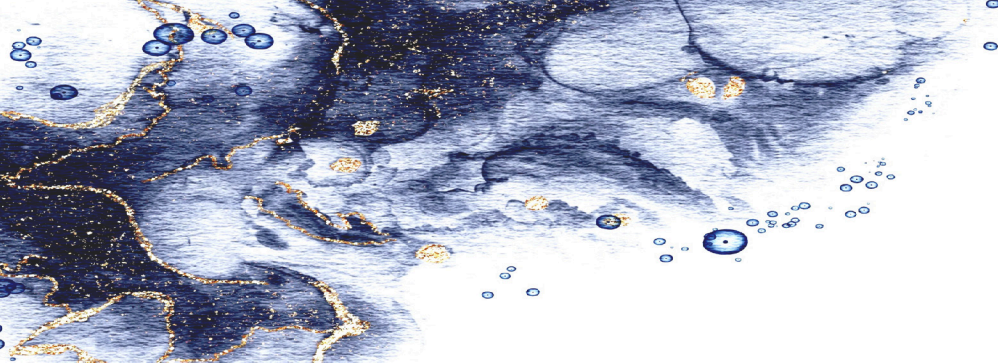
Let me not think on't;
For I am too much in the sun.





I cannot dream of
Pleasant young days
Living our dread pleasures

Whereon your presence
Is the very cause of my lunacy.



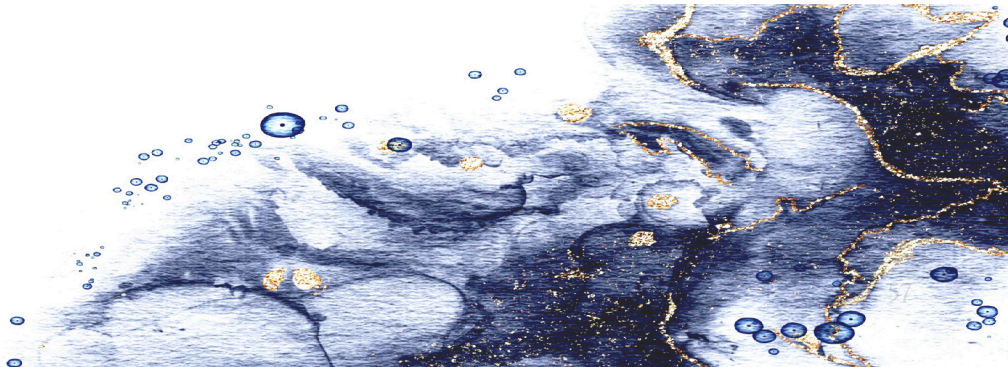
I have the shadow of a dream
Where I conceive honest words
Breeding secret kisses
Powerfully
Potently.

Words, words.

A dream itself is but a shadow
Of love's conception
Delivered in Fortune's infinite space.

I have remembrances
When I did love you once.
The native hue of the undiscovered country,
Words of paradoxical resolution,
The power of beauty,
The force of honesty translated-

Let the doors be shut
For time gives it proof.



Quite, quite down in my soul,
There's something most deject and wretched,
Whereon melancholy sits.

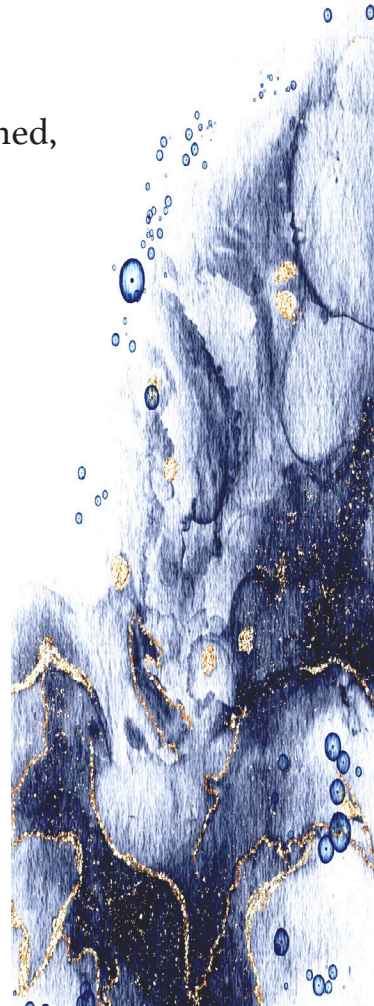
Ecstasy sucked the honey harsh
Out of time.

T'have seen what I have seen,
And it hath made me mad.

Love?

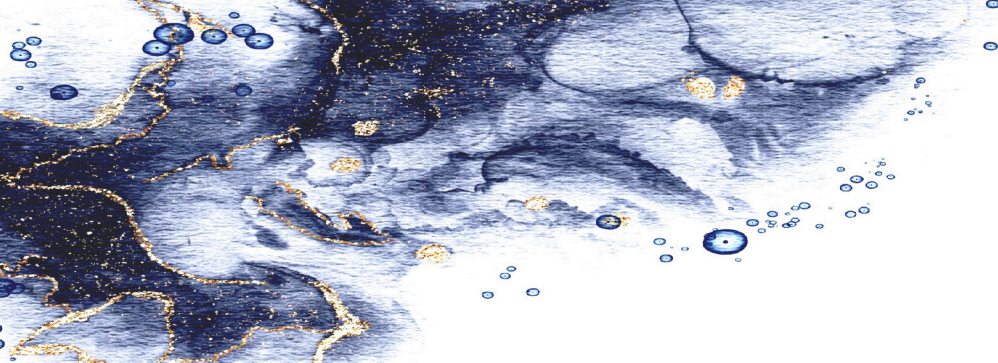
Madness shall live in great ones:

Unwatched.



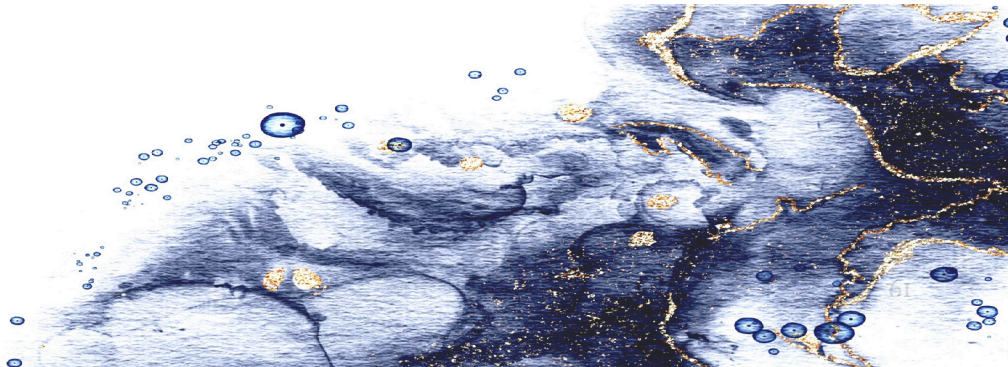


RUS VANWESTERVELT (@rusvanwestervelt)
is a passionately curious artist, professor, digital
designer, teacher and student of art, movement
and life.

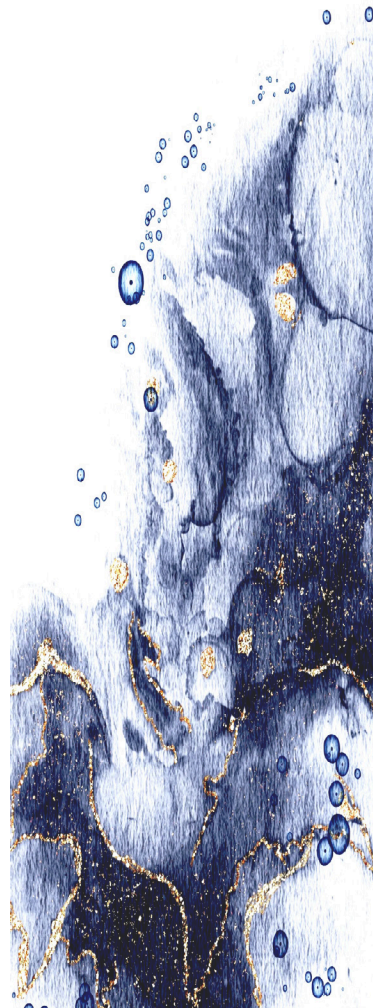


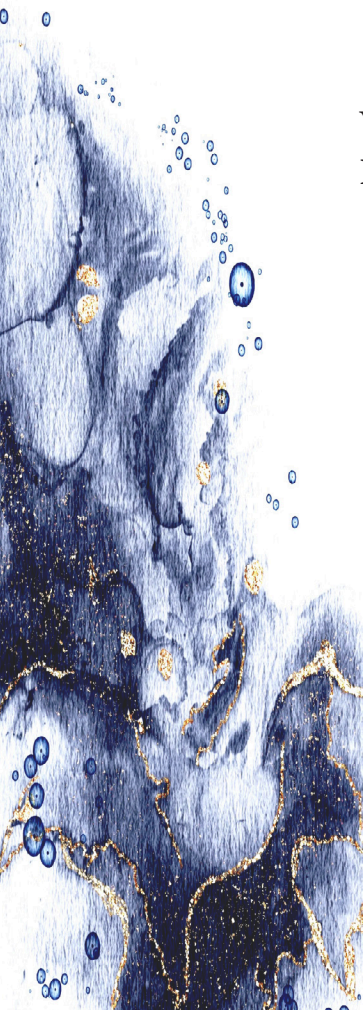
Her thoughts would escape through the cracks of her mind
Madness had almost forgotten her
But not quite

It was too late
Inescapable
Diminishing
Vanishing
It was supposed to be us

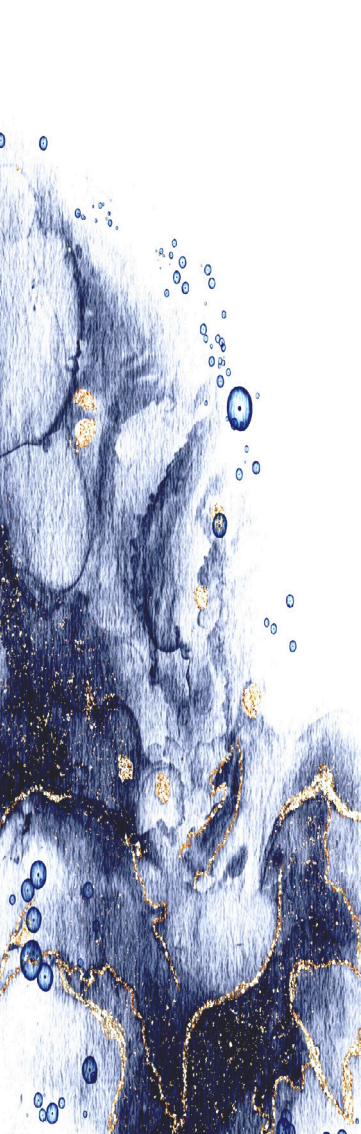


This body had been mournfully echoed
Buried in sadness to keep from fighting



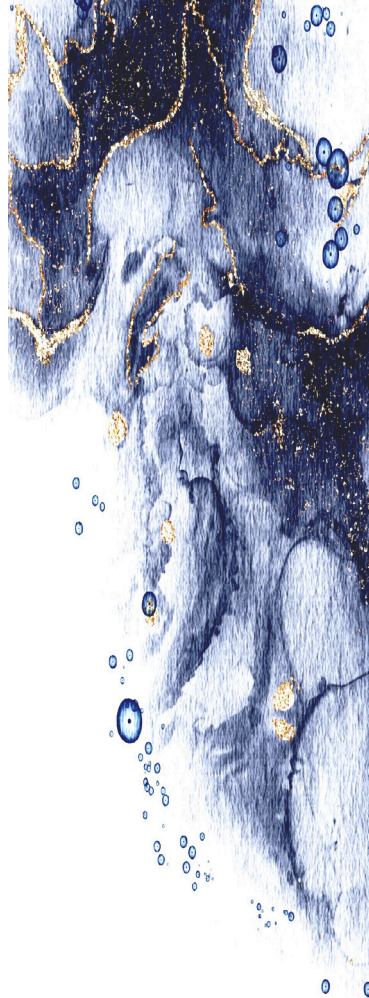


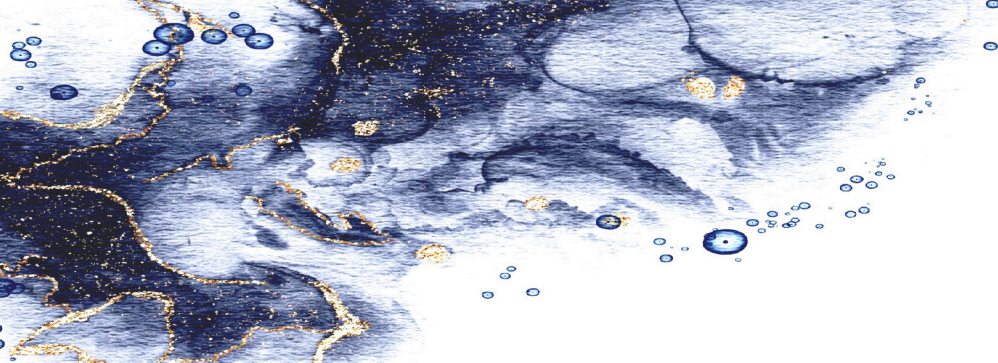
You weave a charm of whispered moments
Despite all the noise in the silence



Impossible to comprehend or think
To come back
To hold me
You promised
You promised me
You couldn't remember

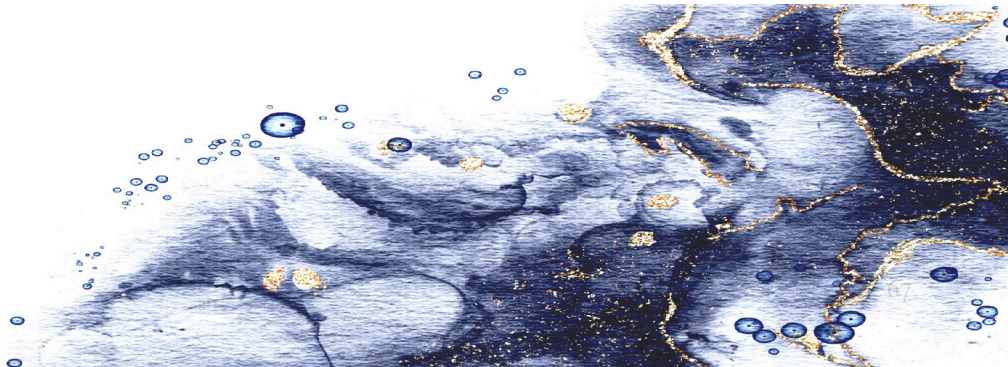
JEN BYRNE (*silhouettes_of_madness*) is insane and deeply ok with that. She takes the intensity of life and finds its mirror on the page.

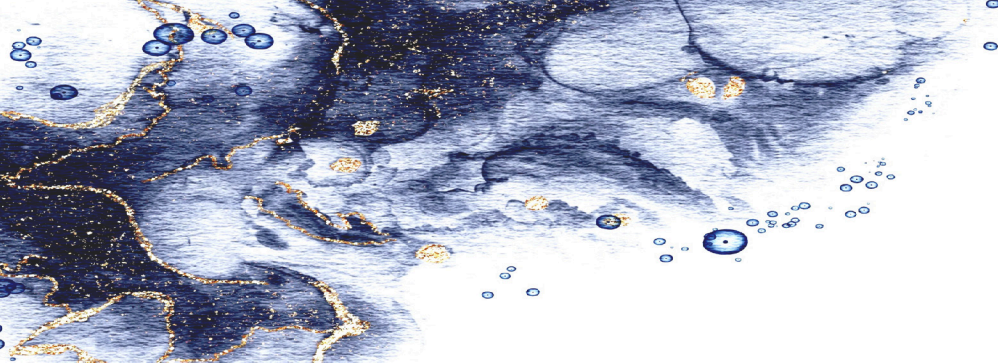




cooperate and look listless
care and explode
in the shimmering afternoons
a leftover from a brain kicking alive

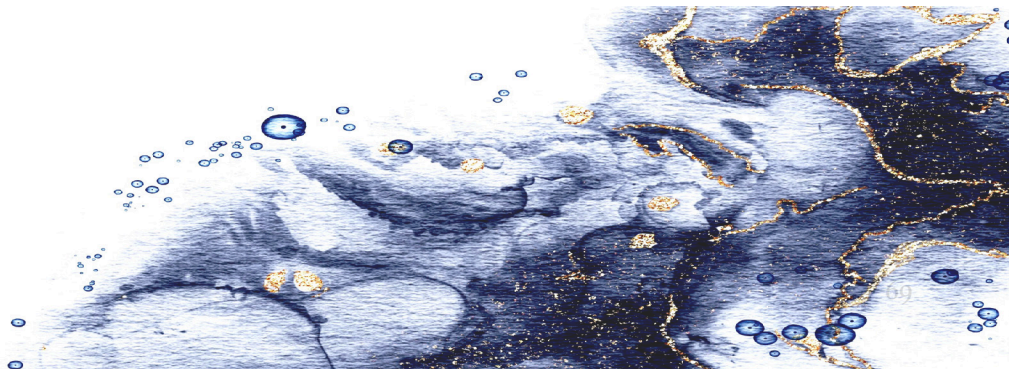
adapt to an art form
smuggled upstairs,
one immune to duty,
to abrasions still distant

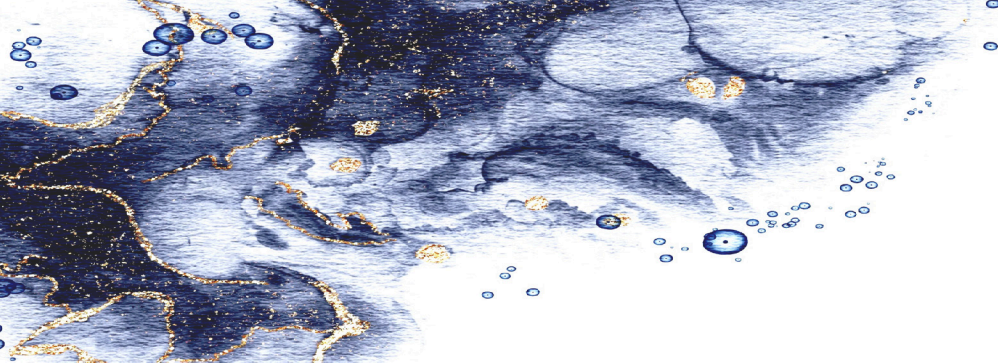




notice first their questions,
all the times lies
are prerecorded

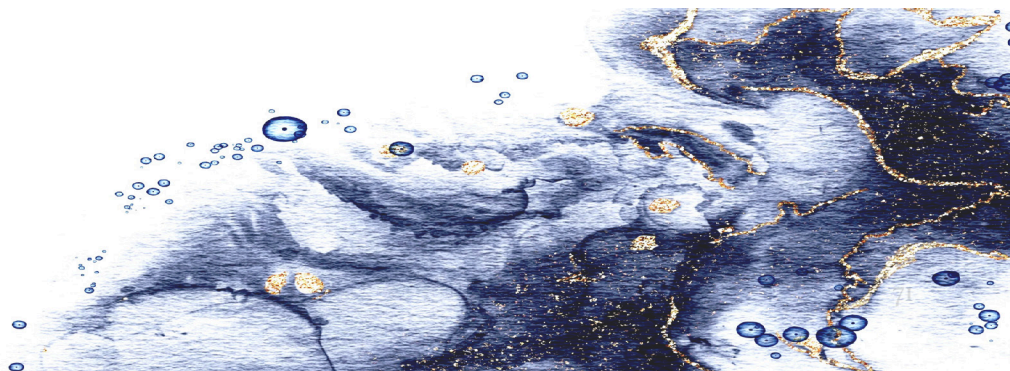
survival is god
staring down
at the light through the trees





dotted with dandelions
we arrive in the shiny blackness
relishing the swollen moon
there is a stillness

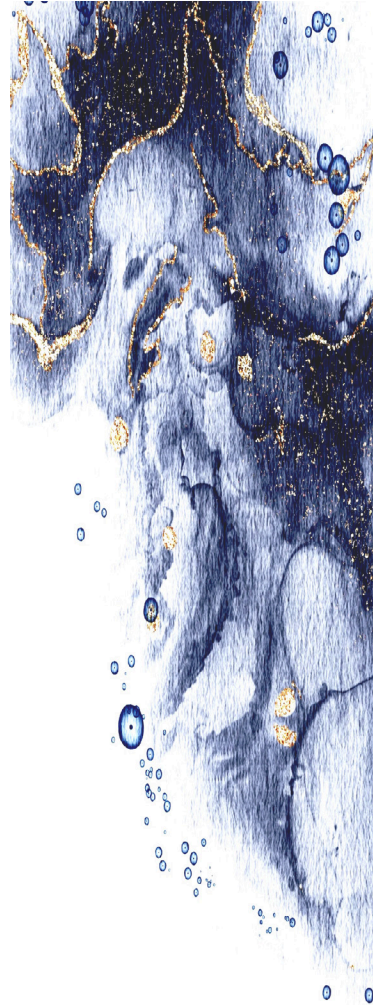
MICHELLE VANSTROM (@michellevanstrom), state-certified Master Naturalist, observes, documents, and writes Fragments and Thoughts—prose poems, micro lyric essays, flash creative nonfiction—near Niagara Falls, USA.

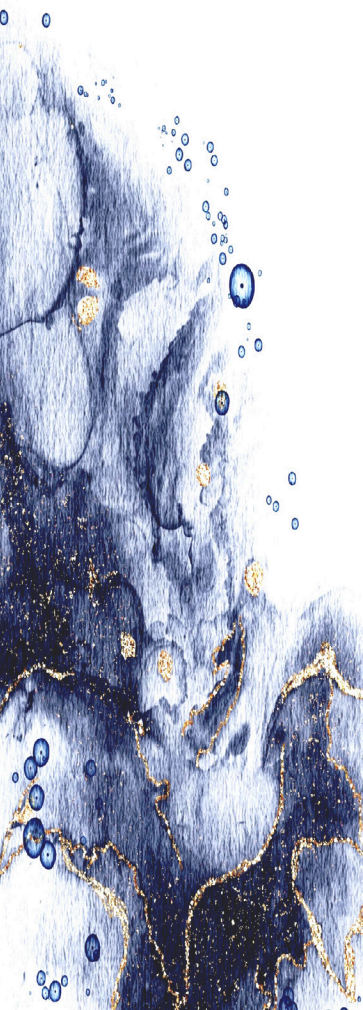


I know all about you
stacked against time
eternally suspended over the moon

~

she carried herself from behind
moving towards self-assurance
the single seed pearl in possibility

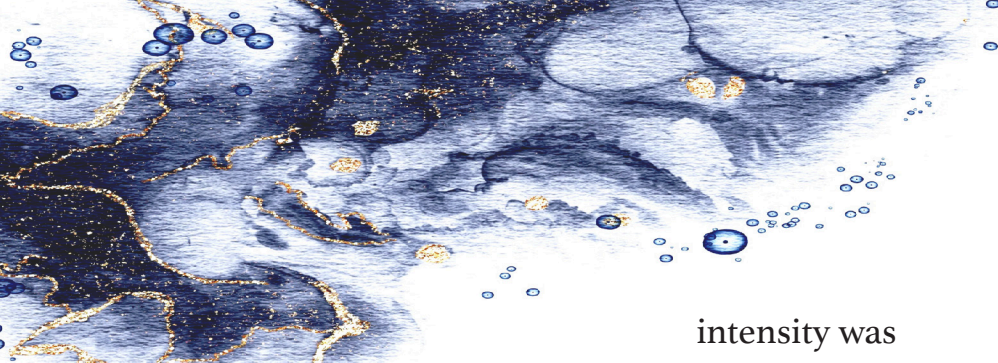




her freedom
begins a feverish dance in the wind
writing love letters
to the sea in the sand
choice is loud in her ears
as the tide rises
and she leaps forward

~

driftwood is scattered
along her feelings
in all her secret places
and she breaks alone



intensity was
magic standing
still with you

~

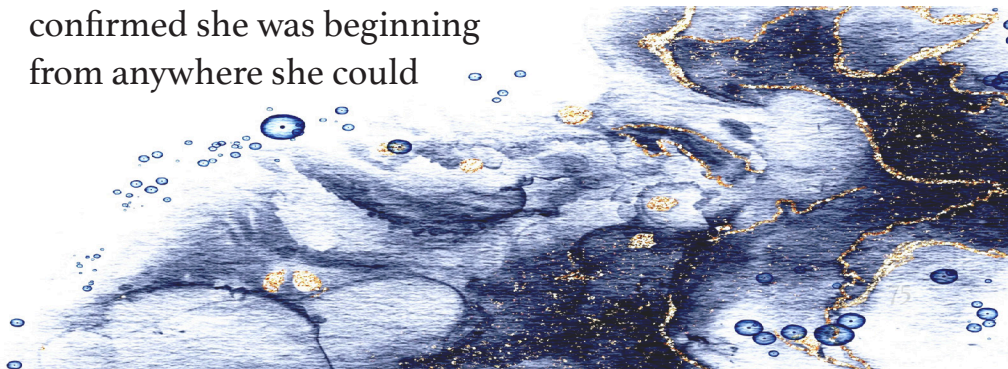
they observed
pleasure from a distance
edged in immodest splendours
closer
to creation as love itself
downward
into tender melting absolute happiness

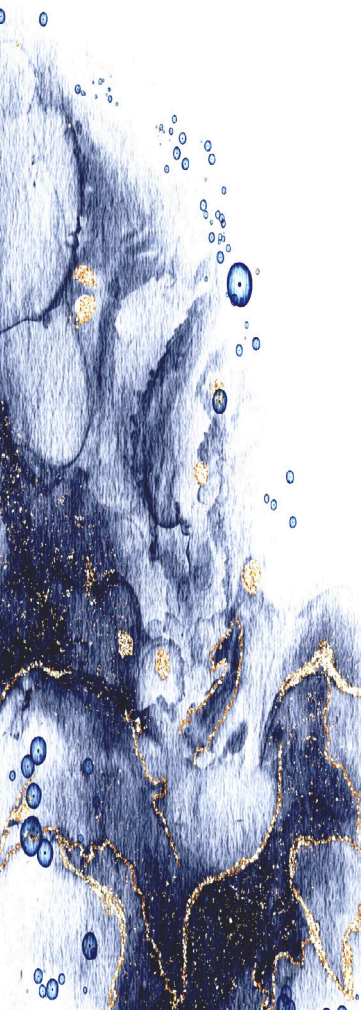
her familiar lived among
the patchwork of the impossible

the immensity of standing
before a startlingly different landscape
to touch her rising
a different known from anything
expectancy could contemplate
or even recognise

~

somewhere much stranger
than just a moment's chance
confirmed she was beginning
from anywhere she could

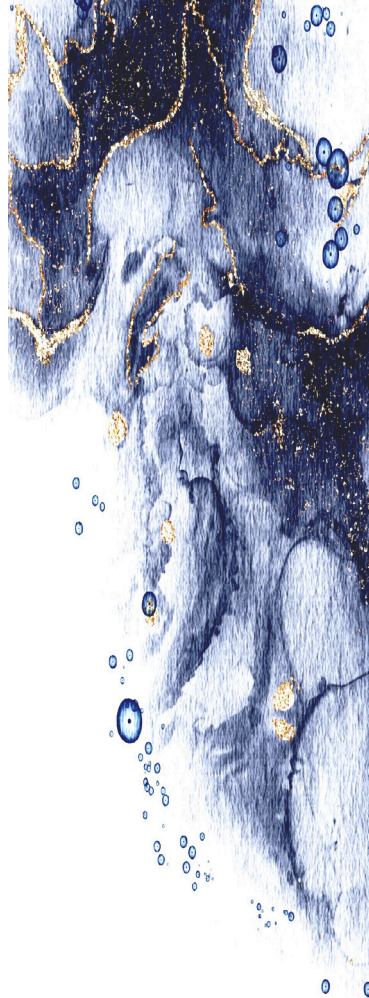


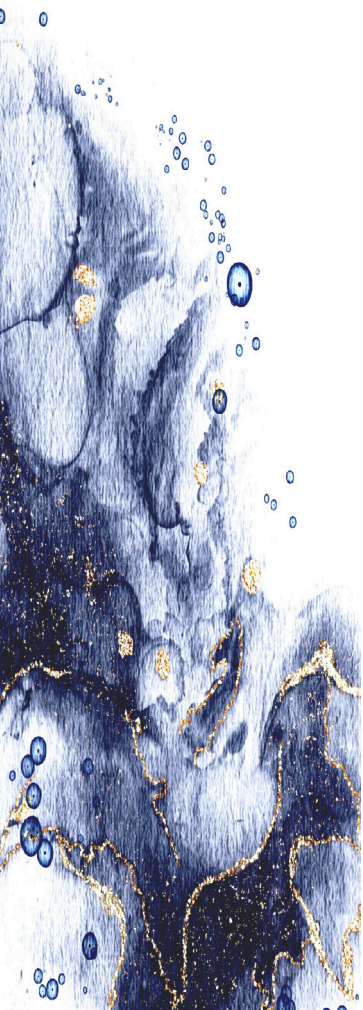


to live falling under burning lights
to star, she must walk further into herself
go far far away from the place to which
she will eventually return

a vessel of mesmerizing becoming
finding her somehow
dancing down the margins of
remembering

JODI CLEGHORN (@jodicleghorn) is a word witch with a penchant for non-linear narratives and impossible love stories. She is the co-founder of Post-It Poetry.





Post-It Note Poetry began in 2013 as a dare to write bad poetry on small sticky squares between writing partners Adam Byatt and Jodi Cleghorn. It has run every February since, leapfrogging from Facebook to Instagram, collecting poets and non-poets alike in the quest to write 28 days of small poems that bypass the internal critic and incite a love of the poetic form and process. 2022 marked it's tenth continuous year.

This year's event was the third co-curated by Jodi Cleghorn (Australia) and Christina Hira (New Zealand) under the theme *random | eloquence*. This third collection is a snapshot of an extensive body of work that can be found by searching *#pinp23* on Instagram.

You can support Christina and Jodi 's creative endeavours
at the following locations:

Christina's Patreon

<http://www.patreon.com/wilddarkmagic>

Jodi's Website

<http://www.jodicleghorn.com>

Jodi's Newsletter

<http://subscribepage/jodicleghorn>