

### **Mele Hula**

*John F. Sherry, Jr.*

Scuttling around blow holes  
After hours on the scarp,  
Sounding the boil far below  
As we sidestep jagged  
Basalt clefts and bevels  
Sharp as obsidian,  
Scoria grabbing sandals,  
Edging closer to feel the jet  
Or taste the salty spume,  
Knocked on my ass by  
Apprehension on occasion  
And by awe,  
Creeping to the cliff in  
Stiff breeze, leaning past ledge  
To flirt with vault or flight,  
The vista stills our patter  
As I realize the sea,  
A calm cold cobalt  
Carapace far out,  
Kinetic closer in,  
Battering the craggy  
Rockface base below,  
Waves retreat apace, regroup,  
Race on once more to rifts  
And shelves, to shoulder pumice,  
A backdraft churn of  
Creamy froth, translucent  
Milky turquoise left  
In wake of constant carving,  
Fading back, not drained,  
Not madly pumped,  
We linger one last moment,  
A limpid tidal pool  
Reflects your face, refracts  
My fingers as I trace  
Your image, the corona  
Wavering on the ripple.

### **Be Larger Than You Ever Were**

*John F. Sherry, Jr.*

People laugh at you,  
Don't be the laughingstock of your friends,  
If you are not a chicken  
Go get this magic pill right now.

Your wife will be cooking you food,  
Hot stuff for you  
So you can have her right,  
Trust deeper and longer into her.

We need something big inside,  
Bigger, longer, thicker,  
Monster size, monster action  
Magnificent thing!

Dreams start, stop acting,  
Make her moan for hours,  
The sexual life  
Can be better.

Get really big package!  
Enlarge, expand  
And strengthen like sportscar -  
Natural manhood enhancement.

More  
Oorgasms . . .  
We meet after work  
Ok?

### **Curating Barcelona**

*John F. Sherry, Jr.*

Just off  
La Rambla,  
Where hordes of  
Jocund tourists  
Taunting mimes  
Give way

To quick  
Rivulets of wanderers,  
The pulsing cobbled  
Capillarity  
Of Catalunya,  
Stemmed only by displays of  
Shop glass or scrawled walls,  
Or the smell of market tapas,

Beyond young taggers  
Shilling for a  
Festival of brands,  
Sponsored spray-painting  
An aerosol attack on art,

I watched an old man  
Fingering the grated walks,  
Installing an efficient  
Playful comment  
On the commons.

Drawing lengths of toilet paper  
From a clutch of rolls,  
Tying tissue to the bars  
And grilles he trudged,  
And to itself,

Launching inverted mobiles,  
Fantastic paper sculptures  
Dancing in the updrafts,  
Festive as Sagrada Familia,  
Serious as Casa Batí,

He never seemed to finish

### **Sylvania**

*John F. Sherry, Jr.*

Sprawled on damp needles,  
Propped on my left elbow,  
Feeling the current slowly numb my forearm  
As the rain tattoos the ragged poly tarp  
I've strung across four trunks,  
My novel swelling from the backslash  
At the lip of this limp shelter  
I should have quit for my tent  
An hour ago, before the dark cloud  
Of mosquitoes seeking sanctuary  
Settled under the blue fly  
And began to batten,  
On the verge of nodding off again,  
At the edge of vision,  
I discern the Green Man,  
Himself recumbent,  
Looking past me to the lake  
And smiling.

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Edited by  
Roel Wijland  
John Schouten  
John F. Sherry, Jr.

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