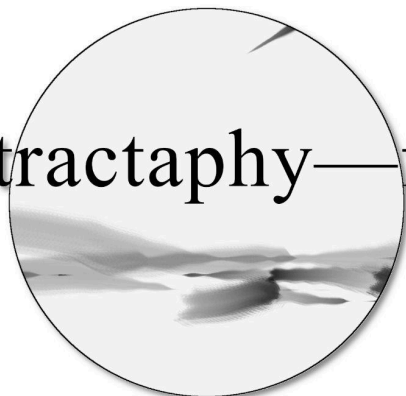


journalette 2 - January 12, 2025

aBstractaphy—from the paLETTE



Tish Davis - [The Cyclorama](#)

Matthew Caretti - [Critical Mass Shooting Stars Again](#)

Rebecca Drouilhet - [The Last Fable](#)

The palette referenced in this *journalette's* title refers to its parent online arts journal at abstractaphy.org (ever growing and evolving in richness and depth—the richness and depth of humanity woven into the fabric of life), expressed through the gift of mark-making. Poets and artists begging the world to wake up, be it with shock-and-awe, passionate persuasion, frustration, hope, fantasy, non-fiction—all in the face of a modern reality that's hard to believe.

This issue sets the stage so to speak. We have many peaks and valleys to wander. Where have we been, what are we doing, and where are we headed?

Big questions; glad someone's asking.

Peace to you all from this blustery eve. I leave you with a few thoughts from our poets-in-arms.

Richard

The Cyclorama

By Tish Davis

Concord Township, Ohio, USA

as blood seeps
from the soldiers' ears
handmade bone dice
tumble out of crevices
in the hastily built stone wall

After touring the museum, I ride the escalator up and onto the battlefield. An attendant directs the crowd into the chaos silently motioning us to step in closer, to step down onto the dimly lit viewing platform that encircles Philippoteaux's, *Battle of Gettysburg*.

I stand, by chance, near an exploding caisson. Wood bites from a splintered carriage carve jagged cuts deep in my skin; gunpowder dust—brushed hot and thick—swells my lungs. A wild eyed gelding—riderless, powerful legs in long strides—gallops madly through the cannonade; through the heavy, humid air; through the massive toll.

first published in *Bright Stars*, volume 5, Autumn 2014

Critical Mass Shooting Stars Again

By Matthew Caretti

Pago Pago, American Samoa

Here the future kraken in an ancient mariner's tale wags us again. Always some bugaboo stacking spreadsheet zeroes. Each counter-space filled with a pristine ruin.

times new roman scrawl on Pompeii walls

Realpolitik tumbles toward Earth. Cracks a construction hardhat. In mirrored windows a bulbul studies similitudes. Some continental drift wherein a mountain wanders into itself.

smoke forest water bombers smear it red

Slow TMZ stream into this DMZ between East and West. Dr. West reminds us in real time of the pastness in the present of it all. Perhaps this flower moon a replacement.

each burning cross aliens alight on prayer flags

We sit alone together in this time machine, waiting. The end times or time to end the show. The letters on the marquee tumbling down. The hours long gone.

first fireflies the rocket explodes on landing

The Last Fable

By Rebecca Drouilhet
Picayune, MS, USA

At midnight the little mouse lights a flickering candle and dips her heavy quill in ink. Outside her small hovel beneath a pallid moon the ocean is slowly dying. Even here, across a chasm too wide to cross, she can faintly hear the din of eight billion people roaring down ten-lane highways. But no one hears the mouse or heeds her warning. Words appear one by one, stark and black on the ivory parchment, only to fall like tears into an infinity where the ghosts of dead forests and dying shore birds flutter briefly and then plummet into the black hole of silence. The little mouse struggles on, writing against the tide, writing of glaciers and of melting ice, of dying animals, of droughts and heat and coming storms, until at last the candle sputters out.

a new dawn
and the earth goes on
without us...
snagged on a dead branch
a plastic bag snapping