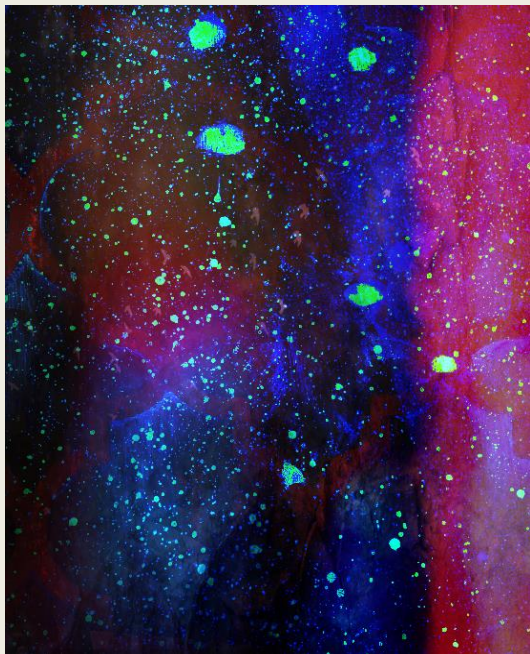


road to utopia



Susan Beth Furst

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Yavanika Press

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Prologue

I play it in the dark,
very softly,
like cats'
feet...
disappearing
in
the
f
o
g

and the clock strikes thirteen

my father says
I can be anything
horsehead nebula

thirsty I stick my head in the lion's mouth

the hole in my pocket falling stars

Dirges

When over the rainbow
is just another song,
& lemon drops dance
at the soles of my feet,
like rain
washing the red
from the poppies &
the yellow bricks
fade to black &
white like
home without you
& I don't
want to
leave you
behind
in the
cold,
cold,
ground.

bare bulb how many wishes does it take?

discussing our options dust motes in the afternoon sun

one red sock all it takes

collecting my tears in a bottle salt water

I write
a haiku
about God—
he doesn't fit

A sign from heaven

Her leg hurts
like the devil;
behind barrack 22
she hides
with Dorka,
between the straw mattresses,
with the lice,
until it is dark...

Bashert
the lines on mother's hands

white ash she tells me 'I'm your sister now'

rabbit holes
and you were expecting?

Déjà vu

Can I help you? he says.

My back hurts as I lean over crates of albums—LPs, 33s, vinyl—scratched, warped, and coffee stained, frayed cornered cardboard covered art.

He shows me the perfect ones, shrink wrapped and shiny labeled, stacked between the originals. Newly remastered vinyl—

Digital perfection, he says.

Really? I look at him suspiciously, *don't need a turntable for that. I want the real thing, that scratchy hiss and that voice.*

She stares at me longingly from the bin, long hair, white dress, and sandals...

I reach for the album.

I'm not ready for perfection yet, I say.

I turn and walk away, Karen and a couple of bucks in my hand.

not enough to matter moon dust

...road to utopia paved with dinosaurs' bones

finding out it was there all along milky way

in the secret garden
where I left it,
my red cape



Susan Beth Furst is a Touchstone Award nominated poet and author. She writes Japanese short-form poetry and especially enjoys writing haibun. Her publications include *Electric Pink: A Christmas Haibun*, *souvenir shop: memories of the highland park zoo*, and *midwinter moon: a collection of Christmas haiku*. Susan lives in Woodbridge, Virginia, with her husband.

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