



kissing  
the  
stitches

in the  
fierce  
funhouse  
of poetry

with ayaz  
daryl  
nielsen

2018 chapbook

scarsuope3jqqnd

ayaz daryl nielsen was born in Valentine, Nebraska, attended schools in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Colorado, and Monterrey, Mexico, has lived in Bonn, Germany, and now lives in Longmont, Colorado, with his beloved wife, poet and psychoanalyst Judith Partin-Nielsen. A veteran and former hospice nurse, he has edited the print publication *bear creek haiku* for over 27 years and 145 issues and is online at *bear creek haiku poetry, poems and info*. ayaz daryl's poetry, published worldwide, includes senryu chosen in 2010 and 2012 as "best of year" by the Irish Haiku Association, chapbooks *Window Left Open* released by Prolific Press, *unique conversations* and *a dog barking somewhere* by Cholla Needles Arts and Literary Library, and *Sophia's Crockpot* through Presa Press. Among other deeply appreciated honors, he is especially delighted by the depth and heart of poets worldwide whose poems have a home in *bear creek haiku's* print and online presence.

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for Judith

And I've fantasized I'm the  
leader of an outlaw gang  
we never get older and  
never get saddle sores nor  
toothaches nor bullet holes  
nor fall off horses  
hangovers are unheard of  
and we're the best ever  
romancing night-time ladies  
and holding up banks  
that don't exist.

evening path into the country

an owl hooting in a maple  
apple and cherry trees in bloom  
monarch butterflies on milkweed  
a murmur from wild geese  
grazing on these stilled fields  
the squat pines in the swamp  
holding up a flock of blackbirds  
a brown squirrel watches quietly  
from the limb his nest rests upon  
today's journal entry written full  
and sometimes my life opens  
its eyes just a little bit more

in our unkempt garage  
a wasp humming as  
she builds her nest  
and I without a  
word of reply  
it seems we're both  
just fine  
with everything  
just the way it is

late evenings's fireflies  
thinking of ancestors as  
they flicker and dim

together, we grow  
into wizened children  
this festival of us,  
something so true, it's  
often taken for granted  
holy to defend, a  
sadness worth dying for  
and yet, and yet  
nothing stops ending  
here comes the night  
look, the cat wants out,  
how like a cat.  
kiss me.



waiting for blossoms  
we wait as if rose petals  
are long-lost friends

new boots  
polished from  
top to bottom  
a path I've  
never walked

an unplanned nap  
awakening  
to bed time

my wife's footprints  
in newly fallen snow  
their own beauty

middle of the night  
a thoughtful, radiant wife  
what might you say now  
years so quickly passing by  
in this festival of us

meadowlarks  
singing meadowlark hymns  
and morning comes

autumn's roses...  
and I thought I  
knew all  
that's needed

Forget the ugliness the purse-proud  
the petty bureaucrats lacking inwardness  
there are those to whom these things  
are unimportant  
5,000 year old pinyon pine with  
the hardness of stones on  
our highest and most rugged mountains  
bend down and bow  
whenever you walk among them



the world's steady hum  
her lovely mountains and shores  
even garden weeds

words for this page  
just seem to appear  
in my mind, this mind  
of stored antiques  
genuine existence  
within one-sided  
conversations

our rancher uncle  
as his cancer advances  
I drive the pickup  
on a last outdoor errand  
checking on newborn calves

someday, surely,  
someone will pry open  
the closed doors or the  
sealed window frames  
and write  
the translation  
of you  
and I

this evening  
cat  
thinks of cat  
a light, drizzling  
rain  
spider web  
flutters  
from a corner  
of the ceiling,  
a web  
I could remove,  
yet, was  
here with  
grandmother  
a web  
my grand-  
mother knew...  
so, just this  
cat, rain,  
and web  
the poetry  
of an evening

further down my road  
Quixote's windmills  
laughing out loud  
as I decide living  
feels good  
even when  
making a  
fool of myself

scent of honeysuckle  
through an open window  
mother's last breath

a graying world  
colors of our unfolding  
touched by changing times



grandfather's old shed  
puddles of fresh dampness  
as if the roof weeps

his reason for  
a frozen smile  
dying  
he undid  
death

kissing the stitches  
in my reattached finger  
it still tastes like me

morning, riverside

may the loon's cry end  
it's all about loss  
and this goodbye  
because I was wrong  
the sun, giving some warmth  
yet not enough, noisome loon,  
it's only not enough

six feet under  
in my final resting place  
worms come a'knocking

lost in what we have  
the nighttime  
has its own light  
we're awake.  
kissing.  
yes

next to a burrow  
on this wooded bluff  
beside the Mississippi  
singing hymns of well-being  
for that which lives within  
perhaps even a goddess  
yes, the goddess of  
some small creatures

at fourteen thousand feet  
frozen beard and short of breath  
bowing to the wind



## Day and Night

The days, so cold  
The nights, so long  
Another tundra  
wind from  
above timberline  
Wild geese and  
blue heron  
gone  
months ago,  
black bear, deep  
asleep  
Mule deer and elk  
hiding  
among pine and  
leafless aspen  
The clock ticks  
toward mid-night,  
the year,  
about to end.  
Here, beside this  
glowing hearth,  
you gently  
place your lips  
upon mine.



# kissing the stitches

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**ayaz  
daryl  
nielsen**

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