Janet Kenny

Janet Kenny was born and educated in New Zealand. She went to London and made her operatic debut at Glyndebourne Festival Opera; she continued as an opera and concert singer for some years until ill health ended her singing career. After relocating to Sydney, Australia where she worked in the anti-nuclear movement, she published a book about Chernobyl and an essay about Nobel laureate novelist, Patrick White. Ms. Kenny’s poems have been published in *The New Formalist*, *The Raintown Review*, *The Susquehanna Quarterly*, *Nectarzine*, *Writers’ Hood*, *Mi Poesias*, *Pierian Springs Poetry Journal*, *Beyond Borders*, and *Del Sol Review*, among others. She edited *Ironwood* poetry journal until stepping down recently for personal reasons.

Am I allowed to say this yet?

Chernobyl was just a sign, an indication of the crime.
Collaboration by the human race in a malodorous disgrace.
I don’t speak of the lies about how safe it was
but of the game that despised living things, the foul
infiltration of mendacity that bleated maxims,
mantras. No side was innocent, all implicated.
Patriotic sacrifices were expected. Nothing
visible leaked out until those babies in the Pacific
but that was later. *Every Australian home is a fallout shelter*
said Titterton and we hated him. From the Urals
to Ohio we were saved from each other. Polynesia
sacrificed for three competitors in the Pacific sea
and now the subcon, as the smart set call it,
may be the next for some nuclear fallout and babies
arrive as though no threat was down the wind ...
not yet, not yet ... we will forget, we will forget.

The Queen Shops

Across the harbor, towers loom misty
in the humid air. So much is promised,
but illusory, on close inspection, nothing there
means much apart from stage sets for
my daily play. And yet that sense of city
spices dull suburban ways. I walk with groceries
in fabled Babylon. Erect and graceful,
with sandaled feet I tread tasteful streets
and shed the years to sway with regal steps.
Today, subjects acknowledge pulchritude;
imperiously I push the button as the lights
change letting royalty proceed. Through leafy boulevards that roll towards the view, cats do obeisance, mew respectful greetings. Dogs of standing bow-wow, meeting me at gates. Across the harbor, ships slip past, one in, one out, and helicopters putter round about. Small parrots speed and shriek. Nothing collides, not parrots ships, copters nor shopper. Bright through cloud the sun sleeks unifying light on unimportant lives whose archeological potential is inconsequential. Dullness relieved by architecture inspired this lecture.

follow the intensions to minimalist poets

follow the intensions

follow

the
dots
telegraph

clues

messages in bottles
allusive  elusive
over horizons

something vague
happens

maybe...

Noises and stink words snap and bite.
Lewd landscapes loll against oceans.
Volumes of matter intrude. Famine, fornication, fire, diesel oil and filth, shout speed
and rapacity as motors rev for death.
Vines throttle trees in an excess of life
and fear murders love repeatedly.
In mirror images, small gestures ignite imagination. Nerves stupefied by drums seek pallor, cold meaningless gestures.
No emphasis to punctuate peace.

do they
remember
the sistine *fingers*
not touching

and hope
for a
divine

*SPARK*
?