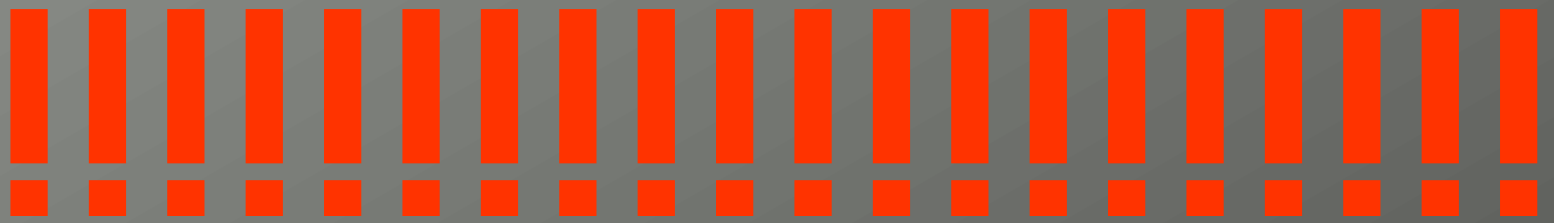
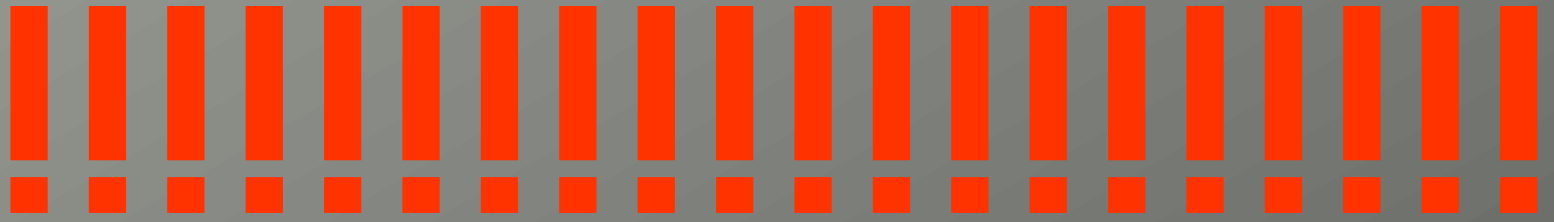


EXALT!!!!



POEMS BY TIMOTHY E.G. BARTEL

CONTENTS

To Sunset

To Game Night

To The Mammoth

To The Donut Shop

To Headlights

To Raindrops

To Japan

To Moonrise

Reprinted with revisions from
The Martyr, The Grizzly, The Gold.
Damascene Press, 2012.

“These things
were here,
and but the
beholder
wanting.”

g.m. hopkins

TO SUNSET

Smolder, you golden
Garland, floral flare,
Immortal mortar
Lobbed from god-helmed guns.
Taurus' holy nose

Sweating wet
Neon—you
Root earth's air.

TO GAME NIGHT

Shine our brittle steins
With lager, charge our
Shouting mouths with light,
Loose a red balloon
To rise past splashing

Fireworks up
To summer's
Storm-dark heart.

TO THE MAMMOTH

Let limber light
Unslumber your tar-
Slung limbs, reHINGE each
Socket to ball-joint.
Lumber up, all tusk

And lobe—hulk
Broad above
Black earth's blood.

TO RAINDROPS

Belly-fetch the dusk
Won from fog-sopped eaves,
Spool her silver cold
Within your swinging
Bulb—swerve, wobble, splash

And plume these
Blooming mercury
Streets.

TO THE DONUT SHOP

Sell me 50-cent
Cigarettes, Lotto-
Boasting host—drip-brew
The early dawn dark,
Glaze day in maple,

Noon in pink,
Evening in
Thick slow sleep.

TO HEADLIGHTS

Such life-like brisk eyes
Winter-bright but blurred,
Pixeled with slurring
Tides of mist—you dip,
Slide, and rise just as

Two herons
Bear their curved
White bulks high.

TO JAPAN

Bob in throbbing waves
That frame famed Fuji,
You June-rain renga
Chain—lay your ink gaze
On my horizon.

These stanzas
Are stones for
Your islands.

TO MOONRISE

Up! Swollen shadow-
Scape, orange flushed face,
black

Browed, yellow chinned, past
Shimmer-dim ribbon
Haze—rise, brighten, blanch,

And blue, you
Silver mouth
Exalting.

The typefaces are URW Gothic L and Oranienbaum.

¡Exalt! began as a limited-run, self-published zine in 2011, and then formed part of The Martyr, the Grizzly, The Gold published by Damascene Press in 2012.

Timothy E.G. Bartel is a poet from California.