



*when the moon*

*is new*

*Joan*

*McNerney*

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*when the moon is new*

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## dividing mind

infamous

swift

yellow

automobile

no particular

date/model

passing sculptured gardens,

graveyards, women in long

veils of mourning/morning

black everything still still still

(except for children who skip while  
clutching doubleheaded iccreamcones)

infamous

swift

no

particular

clock stares at 12 which

was yesterday or could be

tomorrow but might as well  
be today ... why talk against time?

infamous

yellow

no

particular  
automobile driving thru  
longwhiteline of hi way  
dividing mind into  
distinct red boxes  
cat e gories  
automobile driving to  
any anonymous  
hospital  
beyond graveyards  
gardens morning veils

infamous

swift

yellow.

riding dark horse nightmare

to prison library  
where sewer  
backs up flooding  
cages of books  
my brains are washed  
by a short scientist

detectives trail me  
arrested by police  
giving up to  
handcuffs ether

now on train  
calendars peel  
off cars  
1942      1962      1982  
2198      1892      1294  
passengers screaming  
screaming off track

burning 3rd rail

in swamp struggling  
to reach green reeds

i am a

fixed target

paper duck

\*pull trigger\*fire pin\*thru barrel\*into muzzle\*

b u l l e t

s h o t

paper duck

mowed down.

I planted my garden

on the wrong side  
of moon forgetting  
tides of ocean  
lunar wax wane

only madness  
was cultivated  
there underground  
tubular roots  
corpulent veins

flowers called  
despair gave off  
a single fruit...

I ate it  
my laughter  
becoming harsh  
my eyes grew  
oblique.

sick sick sick

of seriousness  
the universe is  
a labyrinthine my  
ear ear ear  
I am deaf from it  
there is no sure  
melody in these  
crazy strains

deaf deaf deaf  
dumb blinded  
loosening mind  
for just 1 moment  
to a maze of human  
dilemma absurd

gone gone gone  
everything is  
senselessly gone  
running thru rooms  
marked no exit



## accident

if only it had not rained  
the sky black and wet as  
he hurried across streets

perhaps had he worn a  
light coat it would have  
been easier to spot

maybe if the cab driver  
were not so tired, if  
headlights shone brighter

how many hundreds of things  
lead him to that corner  
for instance staying late  
to check computer printouts

the cab driver had felt like  
going home at six but had  
a recent rent increase

everything lead to the cab  
slipping along 3rd avenue  
him in front of his office  
and then lunging out to  
avoid a puddle

there was no one to blame  
nothing to blame really  
not the rain  
or the dark coat  
not the dim lights  
nor the cab driver  
who would remember this always  
and sometimes blame himself

it was part of a series  
of events of time and place  
leading to this conclusion

an ambulance screamed  
down the avenue, his eyes  
wide open as he lay  
facing the black night



night

slides under door jambs  
pouring through windows  
painting my room black

this evening spent  
watching old movies  
song and dance actors  
looping through gay  
improbable plots

all my plates put away  
cups hanging on hooks  
towel still moist

I blow out cinnamon candles  
which waft the air with spice  
listening now to heat  
sputtering and dogs  
barking at winds

winter pummeling skeletal



mail dumped on desk

mechanical ethel

z z z z z z z z z z z z z z z z

index cards slowly grow

from index fingers

staples pinch arms together

i toss my hair

tresses of paper clips

the boss posed

deciduously

"j, would you go to

the duplicating room..."

he has silver dollar eyes

& wears a pink shirt

scissor stepping down hall

did he say he wanted

a xerox of me?

an extra waitress

could come in handy



## lost landscape

driving down that hill  
without name on an  
unnumbered highway

this road transforms into  
a snake winding around  
coiled on hair pin turns

see how it hisses though this  
long night. why am I alone?

at bottom of the incline  
lies a dark village strangely  
hushed with secrets

how black it is, how difficult  
to find what must be discovered

my fingers are tingling cool, smoke  
combs the air, static fills night

I continue to cross gas lit streets  
encountering dim intersections.

another maze one line  
leads to another dead ends  
become beginnings

listening to lisp of the road  
my slur of thoughts sink as  
snake rasps grow louder  
see how the road slithers?

what can be explored? where  
can it be? all is in question.

burning flood 4/22/10 earth day

flames leap from an oil rig  
in the gulf coast, another  
eleven workers dead,  
scattered reports filled with  
those lies called statistics

but this time something is  
different we are being strangled

an ugly snake comes closer closer  
spewing slimy debris trapping us  
in coils of filth, day after day creeping  
closer closer showing its greasy face

was it only yesterday when  
we felt breezes brushing our hair?  
when we tasted the sweet saltiness  
of our beautiful sea? our eyes  
resting on green blue waters

what happened to our world?  
our hearts are caged in fear  
the sun...an eye without pity  
glares down on us

today they found fragile  
dragonflies pinned to oily reeds  
dragonflies never to take flight.

again

this grey day unrolls before us  
I want to scream out against  
flat skies tearing up coarse air

put through my paces  
long lists of minutiae  
acid weariness crawls up spine  
my eyelids droop shut

today marches forward...another  
tin soldier knocking yesterday aside  
each night coming faster faster  
winds blowing stronger stronger

cats howl in cold circles as  
ragged leaves cling to boughs  
raindrops fall like black ink  
under small pools of street lights

darkness gathers close...  
my shadow, that long black



when the moon is new

groping through darkness  
knocking everything down  
down into enormous night  
where thoughts unravel

memories moan past us as  
shadows quiver across walls  
we lie pinned to bed sheets  
like captive butterflies

dry butterflies...our throats  
are brittle, eyes turning  
from light, sore arms reach  
for anything soft to hold

remembering seasons gone by  
so many lost promises  
this huge moment surrounding us  
wide awake we wait for the new day.

## eleventh hour

wrapped in shadows we can  
no longer fool ourselves  
our smiling masks float away  
snaking here, there  
from one side to another  
how many times do we rip off  
blankets only to claw more on?

listening to *zzzzzz* of traffic  
mumble of freight trains, fog horns  
listening to wheezing  
feeling muscles throb  
how can we find comfort?

say same word over and over  
again again falling falling to sleep  
I will stop measuring what was lost  
I will become brave

let slumber come covering me  
let my mouth droop, fingers tingle

wishing something cool...soft...sweet  
now I will curl like a fetus  
gathering warmth into myself  
hoping to awake new born.

fear

sneaks under cover lurking in  
corners ready to rear its head,  
folded in neat lab reports charting  
white blood cells over edge running wild

or hiding along icy roads when  
day ends with sea gulls squalling  
through steel grey skies

brake belts wheeze and whine  
snapping apart careening us  
against the long cold night

official white envelopes stuffed with  
subpoenas wait at the mailbox  
memories of hot words burning  
razor blades slash across our faces

fires leap from rooms where twisted  
wires dance like miniature skeletons



jazz

the kitchen sits  
in fruit soup...  
steamed apricot  
mango shadow

down thru spinning  
smoke into hot light  
blink beat

body ends dangle  
lead eye skin cement  
high on tongue

night pasted among  
buildings styrofoam clouds  
moon hung beneath billboard

rolling pass wet  
rocked streets  
soul tramp

diamond panhandlers watch  
paper birds slices of  
the daily news drift in air

comes cool ether  
whispers up door  
climbing dusty corridor

tree windows lapping lisp  
door slams again noise again  
then none void nothing syncopates  
noise again door slams tree bare frozen

caught in the image of 7 candles  
within 7 candles flames of air  
7 light bulbs growing out of each other  
7 silver circles coined from 7 silver rings

clear as blazing sheets  
of glass yet  
vague as dust  
an ice cube on wood table  
in front of crushed velvet

melt  
poured  
peeled

when this sky now boiling with  
stars is strapped black  
in pinched air thru sucked mind  
swimming pass spaced time  
will be one silent  
note up.

Joan McNerney's poetry has been included in numerous literary magazines such as Seven Circle Press, Dinner with the Muse, Camel Saloon, Blueline, Vine Leaves, Spectrum, three Bright Hills Press Anthologies and several Kind of A Hurricane Publications. She has been nominated three times for Best of the Net. Poet and Geek judged her poem as the best for 2014 and she was finalist recently in a Furious Gazelle contest. Four of her books have been published by fine literary presses and she has three e=book titles.

She has recited her work at the National Arts Club, New York City, State University of New York, Oneonta, McNay Art Institute, San Antonio and other distinguished venues. A recent reading was sponsored by the American Academy of Poetry. Her latest title is *Having Lunch with the Sky*, A.P.D. Press, Albany, New York.





1. The first part of the text discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities related to the business. It emphasizes the need for transparency and accountability, particularly in the context of tax reporting and financial audits. The text suggests that thorough record-keeping can help businesses identify areas for improvement and optimize their operations.

2. The second part of the text focuses on the role of technology in modern business management. It highlights how digital tools and software solutions can streamline processes, reduce errors, and improve overall efficiency. The text also touches upon the importance of data security and privacy in the digital age, as businesses handle sensitive information and customer data.

3. The third part of the text addresses the challenges of market competition and the need for innovation. It discusses how businesses can differentiate themselves through unique products, services, or marketing strategies. The text also mentions the importance of staying up-to-date with industry trends and consumer preferences to remain competitive in a dynamic market.

4. The fourth part of the text explores the concept of customer loyalty and the benefits of building strong relationships with clients. It suggests that businesses should focus on providing exceptional customer service and personalized experiences to foster long-term loyalty. The text also mentions the importance of regular communication and feedback loops to understand customer needs and preferences.

5. The fifth part of the text discusses the importance of financial management and budgeting for business success. It emphasizes the need for businesses to track their expenses, manage their cash flow, and make informed decisions about investments and capital expenditures. The text also mentions the benefits of consulting with financial advisors or accountants to ensure sound financial practices.

6. The sixth part of the text touches upon the importance of legal and regulatory compliance for businesses. It discusses the various laws and regulations that businesses must adhere to, such as labor laws, tax laws, and industry-specific regulations. The text suggests that businesses should seek legal counsel to ensure they are fully compliant and to avoid potential legal risks.

7. The final part of the text provides a concluding summary of the key points discussed throughout the document. It reiterates the importance of maintaining accurate records, leveraging technology, staying innovative, building customer loyalty, managing finances effectively, and ensuring legal compliance. The text ends with a positive outlook on the future of business and the potential for growth and success through these strategies.