

MY RUSTIC ACCENT

When I left my faraway Country
I grabbed my coat: my Accent.
A scent of Carpathian rock,
Black Sea sand and deep forest shadow!
I'm a Sisyphus carrying my
Coat over my shoulder; Its weight,
It makes me sound rustic
Like an old, forgotten serenade.
My accent, mixed with my Poetic Gene
Makes me also sound sarcastic, but
I hoping to bring its shine out
Every time when I write.

—Cosmin Soare

BREATHING IN THE SMELL OF INK

*For Max Flusberg
Born circa December 17, 1923, Rybin, Poland
Died March 31, 1982, New York City*

When the slamming machines pierced
musty print on paper and thundered
the morning's headlines, he'd cut
the volume on his hearing aid
shroud himself in the hushed hot
molten metal, on the matrix molding
letters into meaning.

The New York Daily News doubled
as Clark Kent's *Daily Planet*
spinning super-sized globes
in the lobby near Grand Central
where Santa would station
himself each year and I'd announce
clear and loud what I deserved
for Hanukkah, to the embarrassment –
or was it pride? – of my mild-mannered
father, who showed me how to work the press,
rest the dummy and offset sentences from metal
plates to blankets of rubber and then
to the tabloid paper where he'd fake headers
as big as Ford's "Drop Dead" declaring
me The Smartest Girl in The City.

In his own way Max –
the son of a rabbi – studied
how to apply The Word to life.
Maybe it's no surprise
I've come to place language
on recycled pulp, becoming
my dad's daughter decades
after his death, his printer's devil
stained with shadows.

—Yael Flusberg

Discharge

My mother's cloud followed
her like gum on a shoe, through
decades of singing Gershwin.
The living wasn't easy.
It hovered over friends floating
in heated pools, water licking
their aging locks, creating shadows
of light that could recede even faraway
looks. Try as she might, the cliff
called, its voice promising
what the stratus couldn't offer:
to become a nova, shooting
substance into mist, letting
her luminosity out
of its cage.

—Yael Flusberg