

A NAMELESS PLACE

by Joanne Morcom



illustrations by 7ARS

A NAMELESS PLACE BY JOANNE MORCOM

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying or recording or by any information storage and retrieval systems, without expressed written consent of the author and/or artists.

Poem copyrights owned by Joanne Morcom

Illustration copyrights owned by 7ARS

Cover art: The U.S. National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration

Author photo - Patrick Dungan.

First Printing, November 2006

Sam's Dot Publishing

P.O. Box 782

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 52406-0782 USA

e-mail: samsdot@samsdotpublishing.com

Acknowledgements:

Material in this collection was previously published in one or more of the following: *Scifaikuest*; *Raw Nervz*; *Weird Tales*; "scary" *pawExpress*; *Simply Haiku*; *Gusts*; *Haiku Canada Newsletter*.

A NAMELESS PLACE

by Joanne Morcom

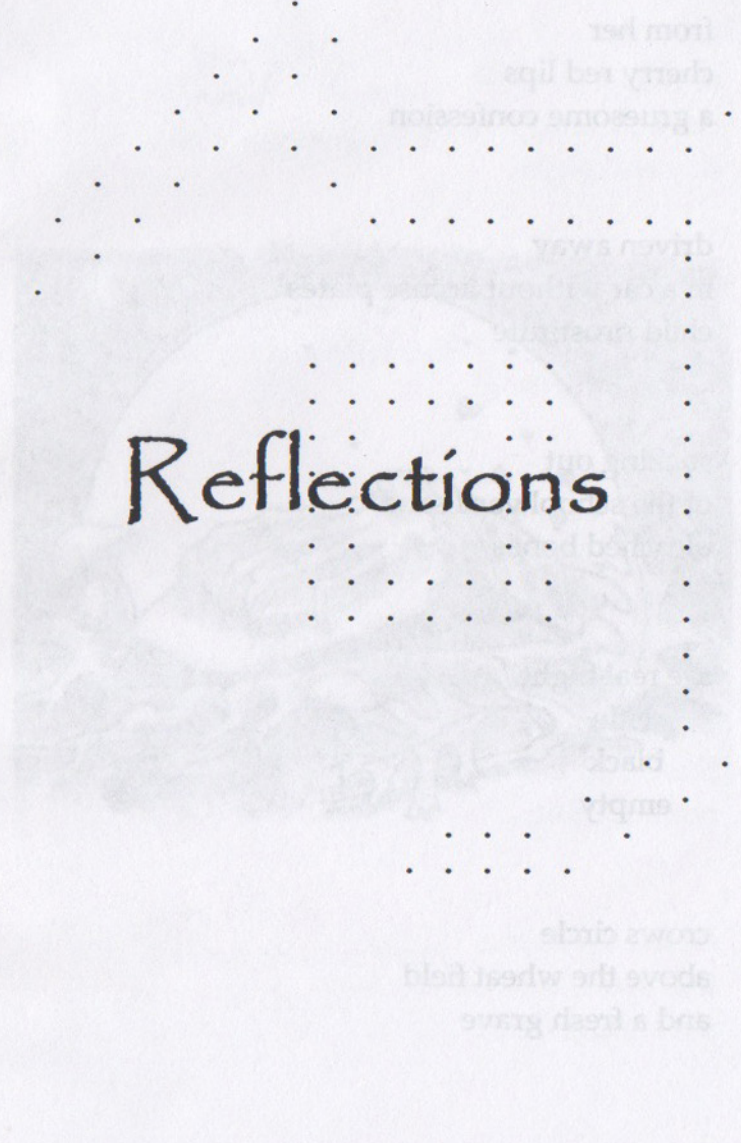
illustrations by 7ARS

For Wayne, who keeps the shadows at bay . . .

EEKU is a collection of dark and fantastic
stories by Karen I. Newman, illustrated
by 7ARS and Sandy Delmar. Come take a
journey through minimalist poetry with
maximalist imagery. EEEKU is now
available from The Genre Mall at
<http://www.genre-mall.com/poetry.htm>



EEKU is a collection of dark and fantastic scifaiku by Karen L. Newman, illustrated by 7ARS and Sandy DeLuca. Come take a journey through minimalist poetry with maximalist imagery. EEKU is now available from The Genre Mall at <http://www.genremall.com/poetry.htm>



Reflections

from her
cherry red lips
a gruesome confession

driven away
in a car without license plates
child prostitute

sticking out
of the school yard sand
bleached bones

the real night /
 wide
 black
 empty

crows circle
above the wheat field
and a fresh grave



only I
can hear the giant rats
day and night

shivering
in a nameless place
the sky is wrong

no directions
out here in space
where is home?

in space
there's no morning
no mourning

it calls my name
that space between the stars
am I going mad?

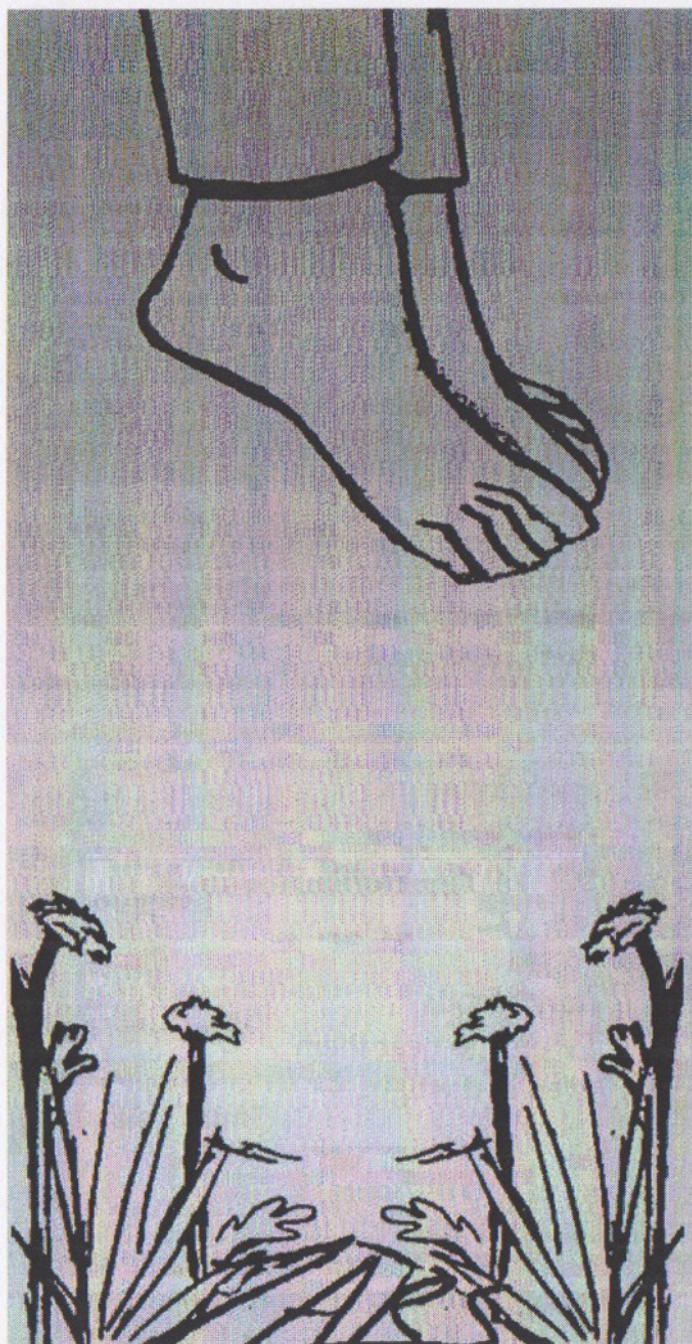
Innsmouth
smelling of the sea
and something else

invoking
Yog-Sothoth
in a voice not my own

rainy Halloween
young trick or treaters
don't need masks

space invaders
could be anyone
why do you smile?

dark woods
I won't go near them
even in daylight



cloned
I ask myself
for spare change

around each nipple ring of bite marks

ticking
the wrist watch
on the dead body

surrounding
the quiet bungalow
yellow crime scene tape

feet
rustling weeds
under the gallows

breakfast table
his hand touches mine
gooseflesh

Twilight
the whispering
starts again

grave yard
for suicides
weed infested

since that day
people aren't people
what am I?

changing places
with the fly
I fly

alien funeral
mourners shed their skin
instead of tears

trapdoor
openslowly
slamshuttight

blood red moon
her diary entry
interrupted

faraway planet
reptilians wear
human-skin boots

even by day
his hands have come
scratching at the door



ANCIENT SKIES

scifaiku chapbook by oino sakai

need we say more . . . ?

<http://www.genremall.com/poetry.htm>
and scroll to this cover

Meditations

This Is The Zodiac Speaking

After killing, he writes letters to the newspaper. Taunts the police. Promises to kill again. Spells his name in code.

the yellow cab
parked on Cherry Street
doors flung open

Maybe Murder

I don't want to be identified by my dental records. It means a bad end, maybe murder. Nothing left but bones and teeth.

moonless night
only my car
in the parking lot

Vacant

Hollywood. A vacant lot. A woman's naked body severed at the waist. Her grin carved with a knife.

autopsy table
the body parts
lined up

Legend

middle of nowhere
a UFO sighting
or only
a scratch
on my contact lens

church catacombs
skulls arranged neatly
by the thousands
I accidentally touch
a leg bone

a murder of crows
on the backyard fence
they seem to watch me
through my kitchen window
sharpening knives

garbage dump
human remains
overlooked



Legend

A rock in the woods. Not of this earth, they say.
Those who touch it are never the same. End up
leaving town for good, or something else.

wondering
if the trees hear it too
low humming

Shadow Man

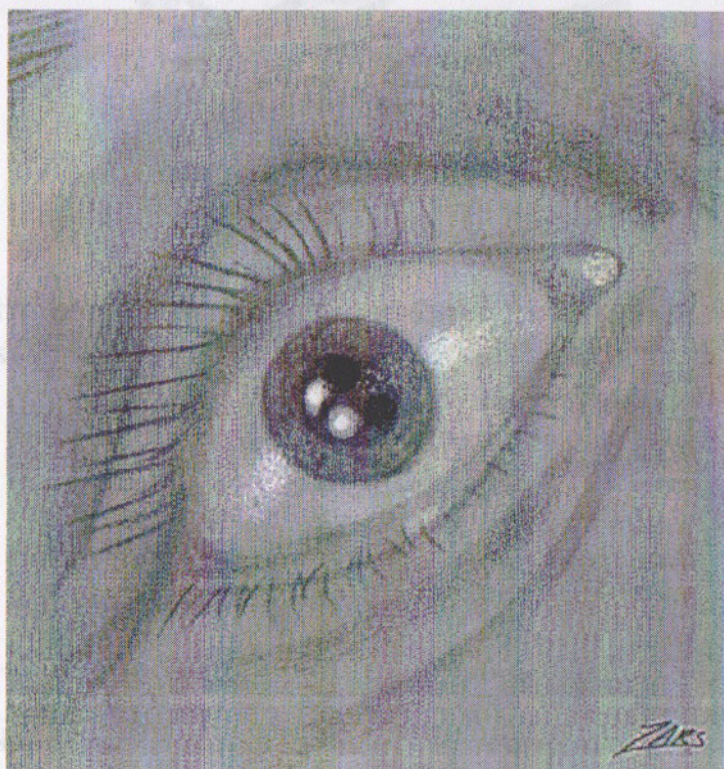
He dies in a seedy hotel room, littered with
crumpled notes. No one at the morgue recognizes
the once famous writer.

driven mad
by the conspiracy
then silenced

Shantytown

A place on the wrong side of the tracks.
Thirteen people killed. Most of them never
identified. The crimes unsolved for decades.

garbage dump
human remains
overlooked



Performance Artist

Her main theme is violence against women. At 36, she jumps or is pushed from the window of her high-rise apartment.

a chalk outline
on the sidewalk
her last silueta

chained to things that are
longing to escape to twilight realms

speaking in italics
the only language they understand

walking through rain bent on revenge
clouds part over the gun shop

winter night he drives country roads
the body in the trunk moves

clever imposters Mom and Dad
they fool everyone but me

The Last Word

buzz and murmur
of cosmic interference
talking of the stars

the wildest story
in the history of space
long forgotten

even the vultures
shun this wasteland
but here we are

spotting her
at the shopping mall
another me

park bench
the stranger beside me
inches closer

**For all your science fiction, fantasy, and horror needs,
stop by The Genre Mall at**

www.genremall.com

**vast selections of novels, anthologies, magazines,
chapbooks, stories, poems, calendars,
works by some of the finest names in the genres,
including:**

David C. Kopaska-Merkel

Bruce Boston

Jay Lake

Drew Morse

Erin Donahoe

Karen A. Romanko

Tyree Campbell

L. A. Story Houry

Jason Sizemore

Marge B. Simon

Laura Givens

John Bushore

Cathy Buburuz

J Alan Erwine

Teri Santitoro

Terrie Leigh Relf

Terry Hickman

Lawrence Barker

April French

**ordering is easy, and delivery is prompt...
so stop by, bring a lunch, stay the day**



Joanne Morcom lives in Calgary, Alberta, Canada with her husband Wayne and cat Roxy. A social worker by profession, she also writes poetry, flash fiction and articles. Her work has appeared in many print and online publications, including *Scifaikuest*. As a member of the Calgary based Magpie Haiku Poets, she collaborated on a haiku anthology titled *A Piece of Eggshell* in 2004. In 2005, she published *Double Whammy*, a collection of her 55 word stories. She teaches workshops about haiku, tanka, haibun and zip poetry. Visit her at <http://www.joannemorcom.com/>

"A book must be the axe for the frozen sea inside us."
Franz Kafka

US \$4.00