

Segue

online literary journal

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Segue is published once a year in August. We accept submissions of high quality fiction, poetry, and creative nonfiction between January 1 and April 30 (closed May through December), and writing about writing year-round via email. Before submitting, please read past issues to understand the sort of work we publish, then read our submission guidelines.

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Why Am I So Afraid of Sleep?

When I close my eyes, I see you so clearly

You are eight monks in colorful vestments reading

sacred scrolls beneath a naked eve tempted by the devil

One of you is looking in the wrong direction

Seven are looking in the correct direction

When I open my eyes, where do you go?

I hope that you all pray for me and that

only one of you turns around

I hope it is the right one

The one pointed in the wrong direction

Please keep praying

in my sleep

Cellini

I try to imagine you
and I in the bathtub.

Your back is against
the front. My back
is against the back.

Suddenly, I remove
a broadsword and point
it at your golden eyeballs.

Why golden?

Because somehow, when
you weren't looking, some
joker, probably from ancient
Rome, painted us gold—
from head to toe. Cabeza a
pie. Think Cellini. Or
Goldfinger.

You almost cover your breast.
I practically hold a fig leaf.
That's how much in love we
are. From bow to stern.

I can hear the ocean. It is an ocean
of love. Quite unusually, here in
the bathtub, it is quivering like a
baby.

Yesteryear

In the very old days of Old Japan,
when a charismatic royal prince
chose to follow his destiny, he
would often have an affair with an
uneducated daughter of a peasant
fisherman in a rural village faraway
from his kingdom, and he did so,
with impunity, accompanied by a
royal servant who followed his
bidding without question, such was
his loyalty and faith in his charismatic
young prince. Such was the order
of the day.

My day begins with a chocolate bar
from the convenience store. It doesn't
matter if the cashier is uneducated,
a peasant, a woman, or even knows
how to fish: if I follow my destiny
as I see it, there will be a rumpus.

Author Notes

Ricky Garni is a graphic designer and musician who gave up his instruments a long time ago and then made the sad decision to look at pictures of the sorts of instruments that he used to own, found them, looked at them, and wept with longing. Now he writes poetry (Amazon and lulu.com, various www.), seldom plays music at all, and tries not to weep with longing so much.