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David Chikhladze
Gautam Verma
David Rushmer
Anne Fitzgerald
Mary Ann Sullivan
Ruth Lepson
Virginia Konchan
Sandra Huber
Paige H. Taggart
Marcia Arrieta
Sean Patrick Hill
Travis Macdonald
Mark Lamoureux
Camille Martin
Nathan Thompson
Philip Byron Oakes
Cyril Wong
Derek Henderson

POETRY **E·** JOURNAL

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Six Haiku for the Commonwealth of Independent States

by David Chikhladze

In the green cultivations, which occupy almost 100 thousand m², successfully is entered the fountain.

Shady parks have long since grown. By magnificent verdure are surrounded stations, apartment houses and clubs. There is the gassed water.

Beautiful view of the street is opened through the glass wall: fruit trees, the asphalted paths. To the driver of fork-lift truck does not be required aid during the installation of trashcollector and unloading from it of rubbish.

Open air, rain,
snow, solar
radiation.

The size of the play volleyball area is 9x8 m.
area is located so that the sun
would not dazzle the players: the longitudinal axis of area
must pass on the meridian (north-
south).

Hems are daily rubbed by moist rag,
aquarium, flowers on the walls not only decorate
accomodation, but also increase the humidity of air.

1994

Tbilisi

Days Dreams, *A Reprise*

by Gautam Verma

separated by the thickness of a dream
furtive and fertile like the weather measured
by 315 crosswords printed on the backs
of discarded poems

in the dream state a profound
unrelationality (you occupy the border
absent/present at the site of your encounters)
crosswords belie by cutting both ways

one never knows what one will need till one has need of it
it would seem meticulously prepared the bag with books
4 books of poetry 2 novels (one slight one substantial)
1 book of biographia to excoriate 1 book to translate missing
E.B.'s *Literary Essays* what can I do? call L. have her
scan some pages email them to me worlds within reach
exorcism of needs

at the airport I turned round repeatedly to look for you
and you were there and you were there and you were
not

from the airplane the city a circuit board circulatory
system arteries ablaze (bright burning headlamps of cars)
clogged

outside the airport the cabbie with the toothless smile
lends me his phone to call mine who are late he would
like to change some euro coins for rupees I haven't any
so then he would like to add to his collection my fingers
fumble in my pocket draw up by the laws of likelihood
the largest so it is his I am blessed a profound unreality

what has to do with not being able to inhabit the moment
you are in?

but lying in bed this morning on the near surface
of sleep the car horns the people the blares the beeps
whistles accelerating motors tire squeals all that is
indubitably unmistakably real

but everyone says it seems like yesterday
I was here

*

we move from need to necessity to what can be
found S.R.'s *Shalimar the Clown* I begin
immediately

by dint of this distance I begin to see you again
in your absence as by your proximity you were
blurred and blunt and buttressed what Modigliani knew
when he neglected to paint the eyes of his subjects
and look at them unimpeded

rediscovering the adjective words most
like words themselves

*

the world is a fact the earth
a mystery

any world that in its world making would
destroy the earth that sustain it
be a limit condition point of its own
untenability

but an argument between earth and world
cannot come down wholly on the side of earth
for existence may mean nothing other
than the making and unmaking of worlds

world contained informed
by its procedures what words
of resistance would you write
and rewrite the sentence
still chained to its syntax?

(from Arguments between Earth and World)

*

the inwardness of gaze or eyes
directed at events “off-stage”
or looks crisscrossing into and
out of the frame

what the camera “steals” or
orchestrates

privilege the privacy
of external space in dappled
sunlight in a garden a
certain dis-interestedness
on the part of women
gathered there in baroque
Indian dress is the power
they wield over their own
image

color came to the photograph
transforming the everlasting
into the transitory the mythic
into the mundane

(after the Raghu Rai retrospective)

*

that the wrong thing be done for the right reasons
or the right thing provide the worst possible end
for all involved and we still be able to maintain
categories of right and wrong seems to suggest
(one would have to read Kant on this et al) an ethical
understanding precedes our rationalization of it

that there is a certain dis-simulation practiced
and performed as rhetoric (rhetoric itself a form
of dissimulation) mobilized circulates about
an absent center in service of our satisfactions

(after the film Gone Baby Gone)

*

Itinerary: leave 8th night arrive PP 9th morning all day in city
10th visit genocide museum killing fields
11th early boat to SR visit Angkor Wat
12th 13th all day with the temples
14th leave SR arrive Bombay late evening

*

Things to Read / See: Adorno, *Minima Moralia*
Eileen Chang / Yukio Mishima
Ingeborg Bachmann, *Selected Poems*, Malina
Samira Makmalbah, *At 5 o'clock in the afternoon*
Ang Lee, *Lust Caution*

*

and then there is this other thing of which we have not spoken
(gestures in the direction of metafiction or “the whites are coming”
encroachment entitlement exploitation or over and again the
victim who asks to be forgiven) writing itself as an act of violence
usurpation of its subject estrangement and destabilization othering
akin to murder

(after I.B. 's Ways of Dying series)

*

or that our indignation be cut from the same moral cloth that drapes the perpetrators of outrage so B.N. would remind us

*

Earlier I never paid attention to dreams, nor did they amount to much, usually hazy and full of wandering and sometimes colorful, but now, how menacing, because it doesn't seem strange, it's part of me and I have come to inhabit my own dreams. The puzzle of my days is more important than the puzzle of my dreams, for you should understand that there's no dream puzzle, but rather the puzzle itself, the puzzle of days, the undetectable chaos of reality that tries to articulate itself in a dream

...

I.B. from "The Book of Franza"

A Blooming *and* Lance'd

by David Rushmer

A Blooming

these shores
 are language tide
chewer of corpses
his errors
 the portals of discovery
from reflection
 from what shall be
all quiet from where we lay
 this is the flower
 in question

beautiful light
shadows reaching up walls
 dead breaths
transmigration of the soul
guiltless as the unshin snow
 to be a mother
 filling the belly
minor chord
falling space silky scrapey
you will drink me piping hot
 the pity of it
 all must go through it
 in silence
goodbye to my sleep
all shape poured out of bed
our first death
 veil of tears
 blooming.

Lance'd

The words,
 to think
 we enter
 memory and devotion
 from there.
 from which I come
 unfamiliar
 flesh
 details
 distance
 a landscape
 reading
 . There,
 took shape
 the sound of
 , this
 nearness.

 everything,
 through
 silence,
 movement,
 fill the chamber with blood
 opened
 into language,
 and in search of it.

Devotion

by Anne Fitzgerald

It makes sense all the same when you think of it. Born on the feast of finding the true cross, he'd always felt a direct line, so to speak. Since Johnny gave up the drink he's killed worrying them blasted rosary beads to death, his prints will surely be left on some glorious mystery like a pilgrim crossing the Mayflower's gangway, ready to set sail. Just like the sail Johnny hoists through the neck of a Jameson twelve year old. Launches it of a Friday in the Black Swan's back bar, where Nelly Regan's pink paddling pool might well be the lake in Central Park. For miles they does come to re-enact crusades, to seek indulgences for battles lost, run ripples in full sail, sack purveyors of high castles walls, pray turret slits a melody of martyrs, tall flags wave colour askew as if a tapestry lost in a watered down detail of its own threaded myth.

Lectio *and* Fasting in New England

by Mary Ann Sullivan

Lectio

for Emily Dickinson

the word
comes in at first
a guest

then
like the morning sound
of first bird's note

turns the soul
to wing and breast

Fasting in New England

I love fasting
during Lent
in New England

because it makes me light!
and I can run like a leaf
through the woods
in the snow
where no one else goes.

and I can swing on the birches
and lick the young branches
and hold ice from the brook
to the sun
as it drips on my face

and watch one orange sparkle
until it seems forever
an *ave*
will pulse
in my heart

and with fingertips
in pure white sacrament snow
write words! words!
that only God knows.

Four Poems

by Ruth Lepson

A WOMAN ON *THE NEWS HOUR*

She leans forward, her arms on the desk.
She looks like Mick Jagger.
She wears a thick silver necklace.
Black sheen is her hair.
Her earrings are big black dots.
When she smiles her nose turns down.
She wears a black-and-white checked jacket.
She's thin, and short.
She's always going to fit in.
She's always a little different.
She is herself, whoever she is.
An empty water glass is half visible in front of her.
Her face is sinking.

HE CALLED AND ALL*

he called and all
I could give him was some kind of
melancholy justice
an avenue at best
was I looking mainly for pleasure
depriving myself of pleasure
understanding a kind of resolution
of grief
under the pleasure at evening's end
the bitter dark
and yet again
solemnly I persisted
till I saw the raindrops of late fall
and smiled since life
is surrounded with life
the trees surround the village
what was coming next
took most of a lifetime

*after Lee Hyla's setting of John Ashbery's "At North Farm"

THESE TREES

after I've left
these trees
their insistent green humming
will shine
and all my emotions
will have been
just that
mine

STEPS

You put a towel over the lampshade and climb on me, slowly
play with the zipper of my jeans.

We go downstairs and you fry me a baloney sandwich,
drink my whiskey.

Olive-skinned, wiry, your hair wild
black and kinky. I watch you make love to me.

*

The way you inhale the smoke of a cigarette.
You kiss the back of my neck for a long time.
I pull your hair.
Until dawn—the stars,
the umbrella, the fireplace—
everything the same as you are.

*

I dreamt I tied you to a tree. You snapped it in half and walked away.

*

Long after you left I lay on the sofa bed.

*

We do everything in your studio.
Maroon velveteen sofa.
Candles in glasses.
Wine from styrofoam cups.
Herb tea, dry, crinkles in a purple and yellow box.
You're purple and yellow.

*

I dreamt a green snake climbed through my stomach, its head entered
my throat.

What if your eyes seem sometimes soft?
They go from kindness to blackness in a flash.
What if your cheekbones are craggy?
The next day you were gone.

*

I looked at the drapery, measured it
with my stick of charcoal. I drew the top,
the folds at the bottom, connected them,
stepped back, squinted, erased with my finger
places where the shading was too dark.

I think about first impressions, outlines, nuances.

*

Developing allergies late in life is neurotic,
you say, the other night. I get mad.
Why get mad? you ask. Are you ashamed of your neuroses?
... Your black eyes and black curls

and your prancing around my bedroom
in my red and gold Chinese jacket—
but I have nightmares after I'm with you.

*

Just from being around you, I dance in my livingroom,
go riding in my car very late.

*

In your eyes I saw the steps of a temple
I wanted to climb.
First leaves of spring, leaves of fall, greenish brown.
I saw salmon swim, flickers of kindness.

When you became wooden what I had seen
in your eyes died. Even in my dream
you turned yourself into a work of art.
I saw a puppet, wooden on one side,
painted with black and brown stripes,
eyes wide and dyed.

When I woke up, at dawn,
the round orange sun at the window,
it was the day for my dog to die.

And I was peaceful. But when I called you to say,
please come over,
you refused.
So I made an animal of snow.

*

I watch you as you use words, make sentences just to make them,
break them, make rejection into metaphor, come
over, and I can't tell if you're asking to leave or to stay.
Lately we make love during the day and at night you go away
to make charcoal drawings of the severed heads of men.

*

You cross your skinny legs, your wrists are princely.
I yell, I throw a blanket at you, you catch it,
you roll it up, you put it away, and put your hands on my legs
and we're off again. I climb on top of you and you say,

That is you and I'm in Oxon Hill again with a gang of kids,
they're breaking a window and running away, Irish Catholic,
like you, I use my mouth the way I like.
I pour beer on you, too.

*

I find a note in my bedroom: "To Ruby,
I owe you one (1) orgasm. Tony."

*

when the sun makes a strobe light
of trees I drive by, at a certain speed—
my mind goes blank

*

I transcribed an interview
with Philip Guston years ago,
you find it now and read it aloud to me.

You extorted pocket change
from intellectual kids in your high school,
you told me.

*

Maple trees—paint brushes, spears—
fill the air with rain.
Summer's wet,
and you're not even here yet.

I stay in,
something medieval in my dreams.

*

Your eyes are my mother's dark eyes,
your eyes are my first love's, cold blue,
your eyes are my ex-husband's, hieroglyphs.

*

black strokes across my body
like Egon Schiele sketches

Aztec cheekbones,
your face a triangle,
a ram's head

even your handwriting
well proportioned

*

for a time you paint with tar
but you're tidy in the way
you get away from every place

*

I brought roses to your friends.
They were kinder to me than they were to you,
but it took me a while to notice.

After dinner you said,
*I haven't seen the studio for a year,
let's go back there.*
We sat on the steps in the hall.
All I could think of
was how to keep you interested
so I could watch the lines of your face a little longer.
I didn't notice that sentence by sentence you were dismembering my
life.
You went back to Chicago without calling.

*

I'm a middle-aged woman, I fell in love.
It's a year later, you call out of the blue
and say, *Why don't you come to Chicago?*

Two Poems

by Virginia Konchan

Untoward Benediction

Some people are born with
disadvantages, like leprosy.

I say: lace up those boot straps.
Go down swinging! The first

are first, until they're not. Advice
for those recovering from moral

relativity: develop opinions, cultivate
taste. Rhetorical composition is nice,

but it's nothing next to *Tyger, Tyger*.
Preferential treatment is only sane:

does not salmon kick the ass of pork?
The sublime will be raised, not as

an idea, but a reality, with fangs.
Only an edible god is real.

Punctus Contra Punctum

The butcher's wife's death was messy.
People moaned. It was a *wait stop* death,
a *now I love you* death, yet was deliberate,

slow, in the collapsed space between what
one imagines might happen (a reprieve) and
what is actually happening (a bludgeoning).

Wordsworth was right: dissection is for fools,
and painting by numbers will always be a lesser
art. Did you nail the kiss of death, the ghost of

Rachmaninoff asked the butcher, in his dreams. The
resounding chord, was it ivory or white? *Monsignor*,
he replied, *before the desire for meaning gave birth*

to music, and the desire for death to refinement of mind,
it was not difficult, but merely impossible, to hold
a note that trembled in the highest key of C.

The First Show of Dusk

by Sandra Huber

1.

I am coming to a conclusion.

The day's resemblance.

The day's long slender. Every brick. Copious time.

The inner caption of buildings

tucked and foreclosed. Is it today.

A swan of light across the number 3, the door next door.

Is it tomorrow.

All in time the gait swallows go the gait swallows go –

Civil Twilight, Billy Daydream,

I gotta warning in the mail that the tide had passed the wind
had sealed the day had come.

2.

A soft conclusion.

Not for lovers

or whimsical patrons.

A jaded brow. The raise of 5 from 3.

A door swings open,

tinsel daydreams, my my my.

The time is close, the day alight and waning, graceless.

I swallow straightlines come on over.

For righteous morrow, ticking chrome, I tuck

you in. In

twice the time it takes to say the day

begins.

3.

Then the warning.

Swiftly yellowed time would tell.

Time would hear.

In copious gait of calendars swinging, a toast to hours.

The

brick

a

shade

too

narrow,

I caption daylight. Raise my glass

to the harmless wind the inner sphere. Sunrise, singing, sunrise,

warning: the numbered days forego, say tinsel

eyes

hel

lo.

4.

A soft conclusion, then the coming.

The slender hour jade and risen.

Come on closer. Take the sun,
the brick of days, the inner sphere. A simple math of 3 by 5.

A dream swings open.

I touch my neck Billy Swallow.

Is it tomorrow. I gotta whim, the brief of patrons, tuck of

buildings, beckons in

the wind and bends

the wind and goes the

day and says the

day, arise.

5.

I am coming and faster going.

Anew, the day reminds.

Past the tide, the swing of lovers. Hear, Civil Twilight; see; feel.

The tinselled hour.

Cross through the narrow light, the brick of Sunday.

Door next door.

4 and 3 now 5 and some now through: the

day befalls,

the slender swallow sang

at first.

6.

Closed.

Arisen.

The warning reads,

from the inner building,

graceless things. Plain

across. I caption

time and letters

no less. The chrome of hands, gait of ticks. Read

My, my,

y. Is it today –

the wind – is clear and Billy, he,

and who and where,

the dream is built I

touch my neck, the day is near.

Vagrant Spires

by Paige H. Taggart

1.

Sensor the episteme ruins;
needless to say, you see
the ill of the el, the most
defined spoiled sign bell.
Typecast, every time one shifts
weather he or she; the under

posed vital as your steeple
makes a canon go blame it
on the Turkish tenant.
The a-priori

She emailed today from
Nicosia about her radio
target protocol

(aix, I'm in danger)

2.

She's begun a surged maple leaf;
sure to cruise with the critical
mass meets boxer down
the tundra of join performance vagrants.

It's all a convenient terrain
of the nomad. You see it's
begun to shift in space from
the letter u to me and later

I find be. Still ebbed in
quarry a larger she.
Escape this
northern pink continent

Precisely disconnected from the farmland.

3.

A ton of tundra's another attendre.

Stay hip to the heroine of
the next quail tail attached to no
no rail I nail in the hole to hold
plastic——— break down melt:
Glass is through her eyes!

Old problems are lies.
Clearly, I don't function out of the same respectable.

I feel stiffened by attendre.

4.

You tree this kind of mild-epidemic;
it's the land highway; go run
over vacant signs given that
we don't compose French

in the same manner as the
American slaughtered British
to cold slang pronounced
variants. The bleak Pilgrim
distilled his watery tongue.

Cockney vagrants a sour puss.

5.

You see I rival the rheumatoid;
my mom's got thermal infatuation
I type still frothy letters,
I don't know why I'm alert
they call it a stigma in my
eye. The el of the blink-athon.

We should have known over
tea that the brain
which hasn't reached its maximum
still functions (holds holes)
according to males.

There are fashions and factions all drunk.

6.

Piano note has become
a bridge in the back of a trochaic throat,
spindles on a wheel lexicon. Human sitar—
the vagrant hostile youth! I
excommunicate your heightened
troche from chaotic verse. Potholes

in the ground only crumble at liver discharge.
Spliced alcoholic patterns in reverse
on the old- Dr's coat tail.

I nail again. The hole in the wall is falling through,
crumble shifts on my bed, a pile,
it's white over this green,
each crumble makes the nail fall harder on it's mess.

All in high-fashion (lumberjack too).

7.

Spoiled by spell and whimpered
by wiped tired hedge of clause, lazy verse.
These piles of papers are maps
 I see you've seen the doctor
too many times, for laws purpose
I inject your education.

Need each school see my shot records
measles, mumps and boobs?

This hysteria bleeding into my poised veins,
my poised negotiated voice

and each timber falls. I'm a rookie.

8.

My poised lessons came from my father,
well-versed on the piano,
his syntax breeds hysterics.
My friends laugh at tiers of
purple Brazilian wood.
Today, replaced playboys
 with twelve steps.

I wish I still owned an incubator.

9.

Crust files under nails,
click patterns on keyboard,
run warm-ups across ebony keys.

Wood made my insides all
purple. I blow purple onto
white Kleenex, dust my
purple knees off.

Spoke in the vilest
el manner purple tongue
guitar. Fender bought my
shoes and still pays

off my education stickers.

10.

The addict is
in his trailer confectioners tram;
likely, on the path of retaliation
and bolder semantics. Frost as free

diarist to bleach shadow box.
See every e tied to tree synthetically:
leaf of the leaflet of a blessed diarist;
hopefully, find reward in an envelope.

Trace blank all over this blank.

You see it's beginning to look
a little like Christmas. Joyeux noel,
it's the confuse of the spell, the

French know know different than I.

11.

You see shadow boxers barely
tusk heaven and today, the el of the mail
was spoiled by Nicosia. She sends
me no congrats, and I vulgar
in her spewed up mail-disconnect.

We retrieve lines and become sisters
with out the same DNA,
it somehow doesn't matter
I have two brothers. She no longer

punctures my joy balloon.
We celebrate through copper
buzz wires. It's fatly spilled
expands hyper-pigmentation;
we spoil in our drawers,
it's sour all over the patch.

Patch land, turn my el sideways.

impossible, inside the dialectic *and*
to understand the refraction of a wave

by Marcia Arrieta

impossible

the line. the balance. the circle.
staple the head to the sea.
float. drift. imaginary lives.

understand the path from A to B.
the sorrow of a raindrop.
careful.

study noctilucent clouds.
close your eyes. dream. sleep.
try to find an answer.

binocular a feather.
pay attention.
subtle. above the edge.

inside the dialectic

black ink. blue paint.
estuary time.
who are you again?

over the mind. before creating.
hesitate between.
invisible. fluent. suspended.

of statues. of sorrow.
between the absolute.
the door is partially open.

breath between worlds.
impossible. gathered. reflected.
vague. alive.

to understand the refraction of a wave

solace. power. concepts.
relativity. quanta.
unbroken. fields of purple. fields of blue.
integration. nude & trees.
the smell of licorice in the canyon.
early morning sky before sunrise.
atoms & eyes. three worlds. two worlds.

strangers. art.
in the surreal. in cubism.
unknown forms relate.
potential. the third infinity.
small circle sun.
lines of force in the gravitational field.
do not write down the formula.

Two Poems

by Sean Patrick Hill

Smoke

after Lucretius

Smoking votive. this moon shadow-saddled. ash of roses. claret coat hung on a nail. Saturn, Regulus rising. over playing fields. kildeer. this plaintive cry. flaring under Aldebaran. naked wavering. O *brief candle*. jar of smoke.

Things That Can Go Wrong on a Train to Madrid

To understand you must believe in a world mapped with impossible roads. A Spaniard in a shirt the color of an unripe lemon that reads, *You never run out*. Clouds dragging their wedding trains. He shifts in his seat: *You never run out of things*. Everything in Spain was under construction that summer. I couldn't stop thinking that if everything is in need of repairing it can only be a sign that everything is going to pieces. Olive oil mills like cows starving in the distance. You could almost get away with anything here. The Spaniard stands as we approach the station, *You never run out of things that can go wrong*.

3 excerpts from *n7ostradamus*

and

2 excerpts from *Basho's Phonebook*

compiled and translated by Travis Macdonald

from *n7ostradamus*

Certainty I Question 99

The great Kink will join
With two Kinks, united in frisk.
How the great houseplant will signatory:
Around Narbon what placement for the chimeras.

from *n7ostradamus*

Certainty II Question 58

With neither footman nor handful because of shear and strong topaz
Through the cruet to the forum of the pork and the electricity born:
Near the portion treacherous proclivities,
Mop shining, little great one led off.

from *n7ostradamus*

Certainty IV Question 20

Peanut and plenty for a long tinge the plaid will prawn:
Throughout his rearrangement the flim-flams deserted:
Boilers dead by waterproof, landmarks one will bring there,
Vainly awaiting the good flounder to be buried there.

from *Basho's Phonebook* *

666:555:3: 7:666:66:3:
2:66:3: 2: 333:777:666:4[-]5:88:6:7[-]444:66:
9:2:8:33:777[-]7777:666:88:66:3:

from *Basho's Phonebook*

2:8: 8:44:33: 2:66:222:444:33:66:8: 7:666:66:3:
2: 333:777:666:4: 7:555:88:66:4:33:7777: 444:66:8:666:
8:44:33: 7777:666:88:66:3: 666:333: 9:2:8:33:777:

* Note: these translations require a cell phone and active reader participation.

Carousel Horse

by Mark Lamoureux

Flesh a ship's flesh

bones the bones

of the dead
a gilded instrument

bespangled

trotting mouth
agape at

München

Follow
the camelopard
Leviathan
my brother
Ark lion:
blade & frost born M.

Illions chopped loudly painted
round haunches

a kouros
for the children-burden
for the brass ring-
clink into fingers
the lightbulbs' glowworms

matte wooden axle-Bavaria
in a child or monk's hand,
Neuschwanstein, always
mountain-sized
mädchen &

scale errors
never daunted
giving

as only object can
love inanimate animate love

mount

of God
(nostalgia)
of History
(nostalgia).

In the powerless loop
seizing

gazes & bodies
Touched
more so than
a quick beast

in successions' rosary
leisure station

such as I am

wooden phantom, a cog
no less perfect

moving

stasis
orbit & archetype,

warped & buckled

ever resplendent

plastic finery

bronze tack & rod

unclosed eyes

trotting always

toward my brothers & sisters
away from my brothers & sisters

four sonnets

by Camille Martin

in the sea swim fishes.
if only you could see them.
it's a quarter to three.
the clock has no hands.
the first moment of doubt:
what are you saying?
how should i answer?
all is how it should be.
birds peep. lungs fill.
eggs break. mills grind.
time presses. maybe
this is a love poem.
we are not yet beaten.
there is no other guarantee.

this is the tune that paper sang.
 these are the words that graced the tune
 that paper sang. this is the loom
 that wove the words that graced the tune
 that paper sang. this is the flame
 that burned the loom that wove the words
 that graced the tune that paper sang.
 this is the fly that fanned the flame
 that burned the loom that wove the words
 that graced the tune that paper sang.
 this is window that let out the fly
 that fanned the flame that burned the loom
 that wove the words that graced the tune
 that paper sang.

pomegranate surface beckons. gladly, pomegranates
 look to fledglings to cross indigo gulfs. fledglings
 fancy cliffs as befits going forth. broken-in paper
 under spider chandeliers. spiders weaving seamless
 rope unbeknownst. indigo motion streaming
 from a transparent nest. unbeknownst, seamless blank
 beckons. blank flukes in a kingdom of pure ochre. indigo
 and ochre in a blank scape. pomegranates gladly, blank
 pomegranate sheen of sculpting light. morning dew settles
 on verbal sleep, nothing settled. dusty plain under
 wax flock. spiders boarding pretend paper
 boats. fabricated gulf crossed by print on folded
 cliffs. indigo blanks going forth. verbal
 fledglings unbeknownst. unbeknownst.

cold windows quietly hoard iridescent ova, i write,
to begin at the brink of something that seems almost
attainable. the prospect looms distantly in cool
meditation, not about to teeter into the first
warm breath to come down the pike and call it
home. i've eaten the last morsel and become a stranger
to myself, as far away as orion wheeling slowing
across the sky. plate empty, i dance to conjure
melted brooks, but the unmoved sun massively
shrugs off the confabulation of my phantom
gestures. i'm already hungry for the freshly eaten feast,
but even this early in the game, i feel i must deceive
myself as once again synapses conspire to blurt out
a raucous draft of blooms.

from a haunting

three sonnets

by Nathan Thompson

meet me in the morning

in the style of going forwards sunrise
over your covered tracks trees are starting
to believe again in songs and whispers
the visitors' book says I've been here before
delicate letters in the crevices
lope across the page they stick to your window
rubbing your eyes stars as echoes
clarity insists on bloodhounds veering
towards saints she is stained glass
aspirations of presence I wonder why
the keys have fallen out of your strong grip
and the police photographer follows slowly
wringing his hands 'innocence progressing'
a still then leave off explanations

on your nerve

ideas of series we date your letters
to our moods Paris it is summer
February over Moscow we keep
tight to your paths sweet-shops close their doors
it will be fortuitous if your poem
lists galleries where we emptied flowers
hopeful for music but it is quiet here
stuck out of sight of the first picture
you bite the peel from a cool apple ‘good luck
with the circus’ we will be too late I fear
if I tell you my sides are forgeries
you gather their disparate profiles
aboard the yacht it is possible
October 1st you last wrote how we laughed

two paintings of a window box

I'm tuned to a month's time passes can 'I'
ever really be 'us' you are here me too
three globes of porcelain imitating
fruit today the animals have left the zoo
behind their pronouns peek out from
songs imagining 'very far' is
something from the back of the sofa but look!
a monkey's found my copy of Shakespeare
it's your present! a year ago discreetly
an item in this catalogue just as
half-inviting turned into a portrait
playing in the park taking a cast
of a tree leafing does that mean autumn
or spring to lick your fingers for direction

Four Poems

by Philip Byron Oakes

A Little to the Left, Then Over

A headcount of pedicurists paving the way
for a census of twinkle toes. A blarney in
cowboy boots, floating candles as flares
in the footprint of an inferno. You can't
get there in snowshoes, wearing Carmen
Miranda's chapeau to the wedding of the
glacier, with the rising of the sun to the
rank of lieutenant. Sequestering the idiom
of shooting pains for a trial of euphemisms.
A pedigree of negations, trimming the
beard of the undeniable. With the wrong
kind of food on a catwalk of barking dogs.
An epilogue to the chastity of an echo,
having found nowhere a safe place to
land.

The Littleness of Nothings

Viral ear candies numbing the guardian of no.
Lollipop passing into long pants. Better late
than whether stirred to golden brown eyes
on the ball. Fruit baskets of ennui on the
ledge. The missing components of getting to
where one foot seems lost. A stutter in three
languages. In full blossom diluted by
consensus as to the taste of broccoli. The
expurgatives of soup sold as steak in the sad
primers of ghostly romance. As said to whet
an appetite for knowledge. The semantic
conquest of a myth of empty hats. Headless
waste of vapors spun to fog in the fiction of
deep breathing. The cost of cadavers to the
wedding party. The ups and downs of the
market for meat as served on toast.
Vigorously anecdotal evidence. A muddled
clarity of flight paths over proven ground.
The face behind the veil of having been
there.

As It Turns Out

Atomic weigh stations coming
up light, on the molecular
level of education in tipping
the scale. Cosmetically altering
scars of fidelity. The feline
stroke of midnight, purring
into the everything that
darkness can be. Broken in
places not places at all. A
fixture of the fragmentary,
playing wholesome for a
view of the parade.

Blue Hymnal

A colloquial symmetry of death
and flowers easing the town
grid into view. A sterile shovel
put to surgery stitching up one
last hole in the earth.

Hyperbolic modesty imprinted
in stone. Polished apples
taunting the metallic sheen of
high noon. The slow melt
of asphalt into the mainstream
of whole cloth softening the
square with nostalgia. The
evens despite all odds of
ever looking never in
the eye.

Five Poems

by Cyril Wong

Divisible

Who says I cannot compartmentalise heartbreak?
Break it open to employ its parts.
Fold my grief and leave it in my soul's deep pocket with other unsent
letters.
Letters to inspire memories and tragic poems.
My anger to be stored and recycled for future storms.
Hopelessness turned into warning signs around a bed of quicksand.
Ah but what should I do with resignation?
How to use it and what is it good for?

Proposition

Dear sadness, I would like you to make a pact with joy.
To walk the long trek up the mountain to his castle, knock on his door.
To sleep with the enemy if necessary, awakening him to his solitude.
And tell him about the advantages of living with you at a lower altitude.
In a small hut on the edge of a sea contorted by storms and hurricanes.
Windows regaled by the wrecked voices of wind and rain.
Taking his hand, bring him all the way down to your level.
To lay with you under your leaky roof, so contented to be safe
in your arms.

Murder

One day, somebody called him to say his wife was having an affair.
So he killed her in the middle of the night.
At least he did so in a dream; he awoke and she was still breathing
beside him.
Divorcing her that year, he took to the road, and ran out of money.
In time he found his calling and became a priest.
He became famous for his witty sermons about forgiveness
and letting go.
His best joke was about the man who strangles his wife.
We always laughed at the part when he eventually decides to be
a priest.

Dog

The moment is a dog, death's dog.
Not immune to abuse; sometimes you might kick the animal.
But such moments are loyal, for your breath is its food.
Its own breath dogs you, especially when time goes suddenly still.
When you feel its tongue and awake with that desire to touch yourself.
At your worst, you are glad for its tail, whipping carelessly
against your leg.
Locked out, it circles your house, barking into the night.
Even if you are deaf, it paws at the door of sun-filled gestures,
every dogged embrace.

Blueprint

For some it is never enough.
Because God needed to see how an over-sensitive fool could suffer.
A hole in your mind to be filled and refilled because it is bottomless.
What would He think if you failed to close the void by sheer will?
*I have all the time in the world to encounter a better quality soul,
He might say.
One who will deny his loneliness to fit my joy.
None of these lesser children will be remembered by me or my angels.
Who wait to sing my praises now within the airy halls of my grand
design.*

Song 2

by Derek Henderson

Wind a possibility.
The clear mirror is the image
and the color on the horizon
is blur: movements of apparent
light climb below it.
The earth in the window.

Wind stabs below.
It lifts and shimmers the blood
and lifts off the horizon's table.
The camera sings,
it has swung down.
The land holds over the windows.

The wind pulverizes me. I'm a rascal who shimmers in my own imagination and the heat of the season sullies me and makes me useless as the horizon always is—distant and hopeful only. The shift between the machines of my image and the machines that take my image is impulsive. The earth opens up, furious, a window to itself.

Wind pulverizes. Risk scalds in the glossy shimmer before the eye and the heat wastes its sullen stretch to the horizon. The mouth scintillates, a machine of photographic impulse. The earth is furious with the window; I can hear them rattling together.

Vents push out air
from the dryer to the new wall.
Heat shimmers between the two
and there is heat
in the middle of the horizon.
The mirage is nothing
a camera can watch.
The earth will be its own vent.

Wind in stuff. At its height
it flickers in the heat
in its height it opens
up the horizon to a sort
of wonder. The camera
eats it up, the camera
lingers and loiters and misses
it all. The land heats up
and builds its own wind.

ē · rā/ tiō

David Chikhladze is writing from Tbilisi, Georgia, where he is artistic director of the Margo Dekorableva Kinotheatre Ensemble.

Gautam Verma's first full-length volume, *The Opacity of Frosted Glass*, is forthcoming from Moria Books.

Recordings of **David Rushmer's** works are now featured online at the *Archive of the Now* <http://www.archiveofthenow.com/>. His most recent pamphlets are *The Family of Ghosts* (Arehouse Press, Cambridge, 2005), and *Blanchot's Ghost* (Oystercatcher Press, 2008). He edits the online *Sentenced Magazine*. <http://www.sentenced.org.uk>

Anne Fitzgerald's collections are *The Map of Everything* (Dublin, Forty Foot Press, 2006), and *Swimming Lessons* (Wales, Stonebridge, 2001). She is a recipient of The Ireland Fund of Monaco Writer-in-Residence at The Princess Grace Irish Library in Monaco. For further information on publications visit: www.fortyfootpress.com

Mary Ann Sullivan has a Doctor of Arts degree from Franklin Pierce University in New Hampshire. The poems “Lectio” and “Fasting in New England” are from the E·ratio Editions e-chap, *Mending My Black Sweater*. See her video poem, *de Campos Tower of Babel Revisited*.

Ruth Lepson is poet-in-residence at the New England Conservatory of Music. Her books of poems are *Dreaming in Color* (Alice James Books), *Morphology*, with photographer Rusty Crump (blazeVOX.org), and the volume from which these poems are taken, *I Went Looking for You* (blazeVOX.org). Her jazz & poetry group has a CD forthcoming. She has organized poetry readings for Oxfam America.

Poetry, fiction and reviews by **Virginia Konchan** have appeared in *The New Republic*, *American Poetry Journal*, *Colorado Review*, *Mid-American Review*, *Jacket*, *Phoebe*, *3 A.M. Magazine* and *The Wallace Stevens Journal*.

Sandra Huber is a Canadian poet currently living in Berlin, Germany. She says about her work, “My poetics bends towards performing the written page—with focuses on space, rhythm, and extralexical components as salient parts of the poem.” She curates the online journal, *Dear Sir*. www.dearsir.org

Paige H. Taggart lives and works in Brooklyn, NY. She holds an MFA in poetry from the New School and a BA in Visual Studies from California College of the Arts. She has an e-chap called *Won't Be a Girl* (Scantilly Clad Press). Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming at *La Petite Zine*, *BlazeVox*, *Elimae*, *EOAGH*, *Sawbuck*, and *Eleven Eleven*. You can listen to her reading at *Weird Deer*.

Marcia Arrieta is the editor and publisher of *Indefinite Space* [indefinitespace.net]. Her poetry is featured in *An Uncommon Accord* (Toadlily Press, 2009).

Sean Patrick Hill has received residencies from Montana Artists Refuge, Fishtrap, and the Oregon State University Trillium Project. His poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Exquisite Corpse*, *elimae*, *In Posse Review*, *RealPoetik* and *New York Quarterly*. He blogs for *Fringe Magazine*.

Travis Macdonald is a graduate of The Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics. He is currently working 80-hour-weeks to keep Sallie Mae and her hungry dogs at bay. In his spare time he publishes his work in places like *Bombay Gin*, *Matter*, *Hot Whiskey* and elsewhere. His first full-length book, *The O Mission Repo*, is available from Fact-Simile Editions (fact-simile.com).

Mark Lamoureux lives in Astoria, NY and received his MFA from the New School in 2007. He is the author of 5 chapbooks: *Poem Stripped of Artifice* (winner of the New School 2007 Chapbooks Contest), *Traceland*, *29 Cheeseburgers*, *Film Poems* and *City/Temple*. His work has been published in print and online in *Fence*, *Mustachioed*, *miPoesias*, *Jubilat*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Conduit*, *Lungfull!*, *Carve Poems*, *Coconut*, *GutCult* and many others. In 2006 he started Cy Gist Press, a micropress focusing on ekphrastic poetry. He teaches composition in the CUNY system.

Camille Martin, a Toronto poet and collage artist, is the author of *Sonnets* (Shearsman Books, forthcoming) and *Codes of Public Sleep* (BookThug, 2007). Her current project, funded by a grant from the Ontario Arts Council, is “The Evangeline Papers,” a poetic sequence based on her Acadian/Cajun heritage and her recent visit to Nova Scotia, where she participated in an archaeological dig at Beaubassin and researched Acadian and Mik’maq history and culture. Her website is <http://www.camillemartin.ca>

Nathan Thompson grew up in Cornwall and studied at the University of Exeter, where he later lectured part time in Musicology. He now lives in Jersey. Recent work has appeared in *Green Integer Review*, *Stride Magazine*, and *A Samizdat for Lee Harwood* (Artery Editions). A first collection, *the arboretum towards the beginning*, was published by Shearsman in September 2008.

Philip Byron Oakes lives in Austin, Texas. His work has appeared in numerous journals including *Otoliths*, *Switchback*, *Cricket Online Review*, *Sawbuck* and *Taiga*. He is the author of *Cactus Land* (77 Rogue Letters), a volume of poetry.

Cyril Wong is the author of *tilting our plates to catch the light* (firstfruits, 2007). Winner of the National Arts Council's Young Artist Award for Literature in 2005 and the Singapore Literature Prize (organised by the National Book Development Council) in 2006, Cyril has been a featured poet at the Edinburgh International Book Festival (2003), the Hong Kong International Literary Festival (2004) and the Singapore Writers' Festival (2004). His poems have been published in international journals and anthologies, including *Berliner Anthologie* (Alexander Verlag Berlin, 2004), *Poetry International 9* (San Diego State University, 2005) and *Asia Literary Review* (2007).

Derek Henderson is currently a PhD candidate in poetry at the University of Utah. *Inconsequentia*, a book-length poem co-authored with Derek Pollard, is due out from BlazeVOX this summer.

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taxis de pasa logos

