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POETRY **E·** JOURNAL

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from Lost Parkour Ps (alm) s *

by Laynie Browne

Ps(alm) for Conspirators

Conspirators awaken

on their pages, in cabinets

and fences, in states of such

I have never seen

Or states I have loved

as dearly as delirium

They key or call variously

Where I am taut they flag

Without such pulleys, levers

trance and delicate nets

I am lost

Ps(alm) for Emptiness

Emptiness is capitulation

a catapult pulled

Insistence isn't an argument

for augury

here, ruby page ends

Ps(alm) for the Devout

Spirit practice

Try making dinner

Be less tired when someone else is

Patience is not a clock

Listen paradox,

you speak through your eyes

Not those eyes

Forehead touches earth

Ps(alm) for a Name

Invocation of intonation

Each time is essential and

Each voice through this essential prism

is also your voice

Ps(alm) for Honest Sadness

1. Moving away from the universe as I know it, meaning not coming home, as in what is a home?
2. I've been disappointed by a mortal.
3. Unimaginable the way presence may change you. And then abandon.
4. You live so far away.
5. And you, I won't even speak of you.

Ps(alm) for Hermione

Egyptian memory dabbed

on her neck

rumored burial of cove

plucking breeze of rose

gossamer elixir

Ps(alm) for Lament

One day cannot replace another

Ps(alm) for Disintegration

Sitting on the bare ground

Overture in the wrong theater

which days are you spilling?

Heedlessly mechanical bells

Strip mining correlations not

meeting a gaze—Do you live in a

building? Rubble rock surrounds me

Inscribed in a palm in fire

still I do not see it

The space is prepared not because

you seek a dwelling but because we can

coax ourselves in no other way except

in the sculpting of blankness

Ps(alm) in a Foreign Language

Jades is “J” my souvenir well
Vying festoon or
Sacrament tour of the heart

A tout with vines consulting
beauty of mesh genomics, armor or
Trove as injury

O sorcerers, o miser, o heroine
this voyage of moon treasons a confit
Your taut joint entanglers of fate

Ps(alm) in an Airless Room

In an airless, airless, airless room

Why are we using “their” definition of
“success”?

What is monument? Monumental?

* **Parkour**, or, **l'art du déplacement** (the art of displacement), is an activity with the aim of moving from one point to another as efficiently and quickly as possible. It assists in overcoming obstacles and experiencing freedom. There is no list of “appropriate moves” and it is not a sport but a mental and physical discipline. As a method of ambulation *parkour* makes an apt metaphor for spiritual practice. *Psalms* are commonly associated with “praise.” However the book of psalms contains a great range in tone, content, form and manner of address, leaping as would a traceur. *Lost Parkour Ps (alm) s* explores the question, what is the *ps (alm)* now, as a poetic form?

Our Sweet Unbending

by Jill Jones

Invention greedily unbends our ground space.
Buffoonery is undamaged by glass spirit.

Broken, this white crack, wiping lips.
Each violation is a wrinkled circus.

Vegetable basins, legato lawns, decomposure worn.
Sacrificial rain harpoons our cheeks.

Throats, twiggy offspring, spitfires splash us.
Howl with the top off!

Plays of childhood, the dangerous unknowing.
The worms in mulch are ignoramuses, there's no elegant search.

We continue our views, those botanic winters.
Old hangars, unoccupied, patrol of cobwebs.

We like the invitation of jade grass and feeling wobbly.
Through slothfulness we get near the music.

At the table, colours of bop fight for supremacy.
Pages of tea collect, fatigued blood-brown fortunes.

After the revolution of eyes, angles of sun.
I prefer the noise of ultramarine, a shade with generosity.

Freshness flames, day's in-breathing.
Clothes our deeper skins, affinities with ions.

Shrubs, aphids, autopsies, impressive steps.
The pastel horizon is a cover-up for impatience.

A courageous frost travels the cycle between.
We observe the shape it has formed.

We raise luminous hours to penetrate identity.
The daily paper is our buy-back, a cocktail of discretions.

We hesitate like cellophane at the surface of evening.
Our sign is the sky, that it lowers night.

If the abyss is indigo, we circle its answer from memory.
On-track from dirt to effort, experiment with deltas.

All the effects have been cancelled.
Here's to midnight and the lower surfaces!

3 Poems

by Jane Adam

BLOSSOM

Blossom, I serve a mouth
Buzzing

Picture me, on a Monday
Discharging my lazy, ill-defined duties at

My imaginary desk, dim pleasure
Beckoning in pink strapless formal,
Disheveled boy with his

Rake coming behind me
Road restless

Shiny door, already blistered and sap-sticky, now
Roused, swings itself
closed.

I'll have to stay
to one side of
Whatever really happens

AFTER BACON

(why I am not a painter)

you made me cry, Beauty
but
you can't make me
stay
pretending
you
are all there is.
I smell rain
grey
a breeze to blow everything away
a growling belly
all around the quick little
movements of birds.

Even if I strip the bark from the peaceful pine tree
Splatter and whiten the shady park bench
I can't sit.

I can't make you.

I find (or someone
throws me) a paper ladder
A windswept moor wrapped in plastic
A wiped expressive face
Dripping neat verticals
Screaming mouth discreet
as pulled shades try to be

I try to be

Beauty:
scratch scratch aluminum
claws meet screen door
a little sunset comes in
charcoal, flames, fat meat
hungry
For this light angle, this time of day I love
I love a lot of things
But they are safe. Safer. Now.

SUNLIT HOUR

Dinosaur ribs branches
 Grass nestled long grass
 A page or 2 pretend you're stealing
 Quick quick pretend
 Harvest here he comes
 Yellow bucket soap on wheels
 Soap that's it I'll get some
 Tweet tweet tweet
 Creak creak creak tree limbs
 Pretend you are stealing
 Time, all of it
 (just need to
 Be using it all the time)

It's
 Squeezing something in
 a tube or dough or
 you squeeze it here it
 swells somewhere else like
 weakness of a water hose, inner tube
 what do I make that I squeeze with my hands?
 Meatloaf. Balloon animals.
 it's between the l's you must squeeze.

To watch the sunlit hour pass I
Must squint my eyes.
The gods can't do anything finer, Ezra,

What would death be then?
I don't know.
the swelling somewhere else.
Dividing syllables in first grade.

5 Poems

by Jeff Encke

Pythagoreans so firmly committed

making love to rich women
outwitted by their victims

happy to impoverish

professional mourners
to put on a show of grief

skimming the oceans in search of
the wind and the waves

spending on the belly
only to find themselves starving

loafing, minding other people's business

no lack of friars
hunting for the same end

because I, who am

a woman in the right light
so many toiletries, coiffures

so many clever ways
of disguising the eyes

dressed in royal purple
no more than to point out

that men get rough features
from folly

whether to place myself
among irrational creatures

or gloss it over with the inborn bias
of mind

even tyrants
show an attempt
at something

what recompense!
the coarse skin

bushy beards

and other marks of adolescence

a sad life

can hardly be called life
except through folly

no one denies
how childish men talk

to indulge the sages of Greece
who are boozers

masters of revels

people laugh pay a good fee
find some ridiculous quips

to stuff the belly
with hors d'oeuvres

there could be a party
I will leave that to others

dancing and cutting up
to dispel the tedium of living

playing, laughing, as if gods

the mightiest monarchs
make their entry for an hour

even savage beasts
granted life

therefore not without reason

consider how many ways
a single heap
finally understands evil

fools maintain them
pamper, coddle them

those sour wisemen
not far to seek

offer princes nothing to make
harsh truth grate

upon tender ears

if you exclude me

nor the maidservant her mistress
nor the teacher his pupil

nor the landlord

nor the soldier
nor one messmate another

filled with nature
in many ways a stepmother

always at odds

all the endowments
spoiled by the sadness of age

a defect to mortal minds

the sweet salve
utterly unable

but you shall hear

everywhere takes my part
the other hand

indecorous and awkward

4 landscapes
for Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino

by Joseph F. Keppler

1.

terrible, beautiful cities congregate earth all over earth
a city of weather watches stars on television
dawns rise to café con leche with a pastry in a bag
administrators fly in for the day to sing in their trousers
earthquakes cease when they calmly descend in elevators
mirrors smash the nights out of loneliness

2.

the place has no working horses
the children see no sleeping sheep or butchered pigs
the park is there for everyone

3.

*all noise humans shout about everyday, just poetry
one word silently persists, the one within one within one another*

4.

*big and pruned the cherry tree never bloomed this year
no fruit, the few last leaves are blowing away today
now among its boughs run parallel power lines, clouds, crows,
and the cold wind*

from the series [specimen]

by Mark Cunningham

[specimen]

My coffee is rich so I don't have to be. Now that I'm half-way through the hypnosis CD, I think I'm thin, but am I *really* thin? You say "pah-tah-toe," I say "water board the bastards." Cure Arthritis With a Raison. As Emerson makes clear, there are no such things as artificial breasts. We portrayed ourselves. Pressure without quality. It's that *roadrunner* speed, it's a blur, you can't tell what it is. Nightmares burn calories faster.

[specimen]

I should have been suspicious immediately: most people don't have *pi* in their phone numbers. We made it to the moon using a physics based on the calculations of somebody who'd just been hit on the head. The dislocated shoulder I got when he punched me nonetheless gave me a fixed point with which to relativize space. The Mobius Strip demonstration was charming, until he ended by saying, "A meal is satisfied in one long gulp."

[specimen]

According to the theory of relativity, time slows to an almost complete halt the nearer you are to an “experimental film.” That’s right, Barbara Bush said at her birthday party, but then Niels Bohr couldn’t tie a cherry stem into a knot with his tongue. Maybe in the beginning was the word, but now there just isn’t that much to say about it. Squinting at the photograph of the mirror, he said, “Are we supposed to be seeing something here?”

[specimen]

She said we must not confuse an individual with his or her task, which is just what we expected someone in her position to say. It was a stare-down match, tense: everybody knew that in the blink of an eye, one of us could blink. He was told to write “Human beings are not insensate photocopying machines” on the blackboard one hundred times. I laughed at their threat to articulate my skeleton if I kept giving them the silent treatment—in that pile of bones, they’d never figure out which were mine. XXX is more exciting than X, so I figured \$0.00 was a better deal than \$0.

Duplex Kingdoms

by Jadon Rempel

I

a malfunctioning door locks in or out, permanent or not at all
one side holds present a shadow of feet and not a lonely strip
of light, the one time you always left home for a world of babies
born to mourn the loss of something daily, the first time they
did not cry and you, in search of redder meat, frantically doing
better

*

leaning in a closet are the legs you use for falling, a reflex to feel
an appendage, a latch in the absence of its pin misaligns
the strike plate, pitch is heard from the recesses in the
register of a dropped coin on metal

the walls are salty as skin, yours
where patched cracks tear through
the human promise of scar tissue

*

there is a lost pin in the esophagus of the building

*

you could say like new, the table cleared of stomachs
fork tines bent like fourths of banana peel, a place set
for Jesus or Elijah just in case, without the table it is a
support group meeting, without chairs we have no
children, the way a room empties of space as we enter

*

a fresco painted centuries prior reduced to the sum
of its pixels, on the wall beside the bed we cover up
something worse than bad photography then argue
nightly about the artist

a planet comprised of water and no water, God's
teeth soaking in hurricane liquid or the last of the
storm encased clearly behind glass

*

more poems than years I promised you a pack
on payday, I promise, I've been writing

*

I'll meet you in a closet with two guns

*

found pin in the throat building, in itself a suffocant
a cough of cracked bricks, a place you know when
it crumbles, dust-filled lungs enough to say, I hear
you breathing in the asbestos

II

I never told you
the dream you strangled
with tightrope wire

*

static loud music, a record needle cuts
the path of dust and old horns pawned
in the firebox darkness, a voice harmonizing
with its distant self, her missing tongue
a ring muted by its finger falls naked to
the floor spinning and stopping

card follower a rabbit tusk, the calm
of a man paints landscapes one cigarette butt
at a time, when she sneaks from the house
sour throated in search of a river to follow
beyond a competition of fences our world
becomes its own gutter of nature

*

in the dark I am the circus freak
I could never be

*

I stay in the house dangerous and silent
a cartoon banana peel, a knife beneath the bed
eyes a perfect balance of bullet holes, I am
an old woman asleep in the furniture held warm
beneath an unfinished blanket

she stops running long enough
to distinguish noise from object
feet sore wondering what shoes
he'd written into the story and
where

*

furniture of a horse eaten body, hidden
effigy of things found in absence, abstracting
wood from its glue like ribs from the wet paint
of skin

4 Poems

by Keith Higginbotham

Bleeker Street

A black stage. The principal
enters. It is not yet daylight in the photographic
reproduction of misunderstanding. A green

telephone eclipses the difficulty of not
finding the hotel on ice. It is a tragic interrogation
of secret staircases and cryptograms.

Monotony doesn't celebrate a fond table set
in mannered style or ironic expressions of greed.
If I found you furnishing the civilized world

with pristine thrones of cloven hearts,
I'd purchase the soft white birds with ornamental
confectionery embellishing the whistle of notice.

Snowball

1.

to try establish
samples whether there reason
why some blood people are

2.

will be shown on tv
next week ahead of the world
aids day in the film

3.

the plan of critics
claim will bring mayhem to and
byways this remote south

4.

has been holiday
whose syringes contain those
riots, ethnic killed

5.

in his shirt pocket
pen blue as local tribal
elder and he was

Bosco

in a skybox, cupcaking on
polecat static. this wind is
property. this

the only route to
exhausted flavor in the middle
of a summer mansion.

i hear the instincts that stared
down the sledgehammers among
the shoes of quiet intoxication,

the butcher-paper square that
projected 1930s authenticity
on rainy days behind the

defunct metaphoric teenage saloon.

A Moderne Sonnet of Fourteen Lynes

Thy miget wyfe apothecary
wan hindred stone alone to tarry
Er sleething in's heaven's wondred skye
is turn-ed pollen's daybrake marry

Thy martyr's done amidst the broache
of sinners scone and clip and roache
and hids't thou wandres't mud skeddaddle
in vixen reigns on sleigh bed's coache

Is skin's a scarn thou knows't him hid
and frowns yon burrow owl he did
thy mysry's wisp a dude on crackle
rydes sideways on the roade to syd

Him pantaloons o' black and sloth
torne t-shirt rounde a tourniquet goth

2 Poems

by Anne Fitzgerald

Airmails

Did you hear the latest, all the rage apparently,
this pyramid selling lark, grows like dandelions.

Aunt Hanna's great granddaughter sent some twenty
dollar bills from Illinois no less, sporting a brick family

of pyramids, with visionary Masonic eyes, and an army
of George Washington's, *to keep us honest*, her copper

plated words says: *not for bets or booze, so here's a soft
pack of them Lucky Strikes*, wrapped in a Good Sheppard

novena, to be read thrice daily for seven whole sunsets.
Lets indulgences sought hover as if them same-said low

slung clouds that looms, as bamboo shoots are stripped
clean by Pandas in Dublin's a Zoological Gardens. Drove

head for d'Hudson; or dream of rivers roaming different lands,
say like the Nile flowing into Edfu, Kom Ombo and the Aswan,

paralleling the Red Sea, up above Luxor towards Hurghada
with Suez in sight. Where the Mediterranean flows into d'basins

of Bitter Lakes, opens sea route between Europe and Asia
Minor, Minor, echoes of history pages: Sultans 'n sultanas,

golden turmeric 'n cayenne, rough silken Ottomans colour
the Sinai as if a caravan of rainbows arcing desert sands;

all mounds form little triangles; angling as aspiring pyramids
mirrors the divinity of ancient Egyptians and distant cousins.

Mrs. Arty Magoo

For the love of money, terrible things
Prudence did do, to rid herself of Arty

Magoo. You see she had such notions.
Not Casey's of avariciousness though

more, she deserved a place in the light.
In light of the fact that she'd won seven

long jumps and two or three cross country
hurdles thingamajigs, or such like yokes

she has a verve for the edge of real things
imagined in unimaginable conditions,

favourable for sunny spells and scattered
showers as a low line depression fogs her

perspective of what passes before her eyes.
Buys time for her to process limbs at odd

angles, shadows wrestle darkness as moon-
light plays tricks, as if sequences on *Come*

Dancing caught in the spin of a foxtrot sashay.
Says she'd swim the channel faster than a canoe,

knows her own mind, is what's mostly
said. Lead she was, like an innocent abroad

who'd lost her way down Venetian alleys
whose puddles wobble spires when stepped upon.

On account of her state of fairly graphic play
on Tiddley winks, and winking at young Ludo Lill,

chess was to find no home nor three card trick,
as Prudence turns d'odd trick, ménage á trios usually

le fresco, she has a weak spot for the bark of oaks
says it's the rough surface she's after, not the fall

of dappled sunlight clothing her body in after glow,
as glow worms come up for air, as if stowaways.

6 Sonnets

by Halvard Johnson

Sonnet: Portrait (in Photo Captions) of Chaim Soutine

Outside the farmhouse in Le Blanc, Soutine and Paulette Jourdain pose with the dog Riquette, who belonged to the cook, Amélie, who may have lived over a slaughterhouse in the Vaugirard District where Soutine may have bought the beef carcass for his paintings

inspired by Rembrandt's "The Slaughtered Ox," 1655, which Soutine studied carefully at the Louvre. In the mid-1930s Soutine and Madeleine Castaing stand together in casual clothes in an unidentified town. Soutine in an open car with Élie Faure and his

daughter Marie Zéline at Faure's home in Prats, summer 1929. Faure's young son Jean-Paul stands nearby. Henry Miller moved to Villa Seurat on the day *Tropic of Cancer* appeared. The center building is No. 18, where Soutine had an apartment and studio

on the second floor and Henry Miller lived on the floor above him. Soutine, in a relaxed mood, with his cigarette and a glass of milk.

Sonnet: Spontaneous Separations

Mixed together and held in abeyance, jostling emotions
mind their tilt and twist boundaries until, going their own
ways, moving across irreversibility lines, they acquire new
properties, losing more and more electrons as they travel on.

Green-blooded and blue-tailed skinks now restricted to
xeric uplands, barring major accidents or electrical inter-
actions. Milk droplets pouring from a cystral chalice,
acquiring different charges, abandoning all hope to enter.

Shaken out into a taxi or limo, sand artists carry with them
their mandalas and mudras. Static prevents our reception
of previous messages, whether blue or red. If public opin-
ion mattered, if it influenced policy, then stealth aircraft

would be much less important, with scattered and temporary
exceptions, now that our tribal balloon has descended.

Sonnet: Morphine Wreckage

Gun crews seemed good and were in good spirits.
When shooting begins, changes are inevitable.
I have no preconceived ideas, no desire to have made
the second-greatest film ever. Slowly, the ship

moved into dry-dock for hull inspection. Several
prospective jurors were released due to “unfortunate”
experiences with police. Scuttlebutt was thick
in the jury room, the jurors trying to piece together

a narrative from contradictory elements. She goes
below, and her fingers trail over the door lintel
as she passes from view. After the first showing
they thought their careers were over, but much too

much anguish has been spilled by those who quickly
judge writers by their middle names alone. Stop.

Sonnet Kit CXLVII

[Some assembly required]

lines, 14	a's, 42
quatrains, 3	b's, 2
couplet, 1	c's, 11
sentences, 3	d's, 11
words, 108	e's, 55
letters, 468	f's, 7
capitals, 17	g's, 8
lower case, 451	
periods, 3	
commas, 14	
semicolons, 3	
hyphens, 1	
apostrophes, 2	
syllables, 140	

Sonnet: Sellinger's Round

Sellinger sells seltzer down the other side of town.
Up one side and down the other, Sellinger makes
his round. A ramble with almost no restrictions
whatsoever, freely available to sundry and to all.

Cherokee kvetchers camped by the shores of Lake
Tathagata Lokeshvararaja used anyone at all to
achieve their ends. Nearby, where villages dwindle
into scattered farms, and cities seemed surrounded

by groves of masts, cityfolk, with their medieval
prefrontal cortexes at the ready, strolling all about.
Timetables for trains were of little use in those days,
but flags of all nations hung from those masts

at the harbor. The age of neurodiversity had just
begun, obsessional declivities all around.

Sonnet: Autonomous Retreat

That hole, that vacuum, with talk and print—all oil
mergers suspended until further notice. No use to cry
outside and scream inside. It was all a sin click
here, until the storm bursts, and house is shut and still.

We share the luxury of seeing it all, building the scrub
of future sugar. Having lost and forgotten everything,
the music must play forever—allegro, ma non troppo.
Unexplained bravura, place of safe laughter.

On the reasonable shoreline, white in the air, white
in the trees. Father of wavelets, come lift your arms
with us. Given this kind of city, sand beneath our feet
like broken glass, pieces of orphaned wreckage

tossed up by the storm. Russian oil mergers suspended
by thumbs, between wetlands and the suffocating sea.

ē · rā/ tiō

Laynie Browne is the author of seven collections of poetry, most recently *The Scented Fox* (National Poetry Series winner, selected by Alice Notley, Wave Books 2007) and *Daily Sonnets* (Counterpath 2007). Excerpts from *Lost Parkour Ps (alm) s* appear or are forthcoming in the following publications: *Boog City*, *Coconut*, *ElevenEleven*, *English Language Notes*, *Laurel Review*, *Shampoo*, *Sonora Review*, and *Upstairs at Duroc*.

Jill Jones' most recent books are *Broken/Open* (Salt Publishing, 2005) and a "tiny" handwritten book, *Speak Which* (Meritage Press, 2007). Forthcoming in 2010 is *Dark Bright Doors* from Wakefield Press. Her work has been translated into Chinese, Dutch, Polish, French, Italian and Spanish, and has featured in a number of anthologies including *The Penguin Anthology of Australian Poetry* edited by John Kinsella. In 2007 she was a featured reader at the 23rd Festival International de la Poésie in Trois-Rivières, Canada, and in 2009 she took part in the Micro-Poetry Festival in Prague and Brno. Recent work has appeared in *ecopoetics* and *Otoliths*.

Jane Adam teaches English composition at the University at Buffalo. Her poems have appeared in *Shampoo*, *the-hold*, *Slipstream*, the *Buffalo Vortex* series and in *E·ratio* issue six.

Jeff Encke's poetry has appeared in *American Poetry Review*, *Barrow Street*, *Bat City Review*, *Black Warrior Review*, *Colorado Review*, *Fence*, *Kenyon Review Online*, *Octopus Magazine*, *Salt Hill* and *Tarpaulin Sky*. He was a finalist for the 2009 OSU/*The Journal* Award in Poetry and a semifinalist for the 2009 Walt Whitman Award from the Academy of American Poets. He has taught writing and criticism at Columbia University, where he received a PhD in English in 2003, and at Richard Hugo House in Seattle.

Joseph F. Keppler is a sculptor and a poet. His books include *All the While a Child Counting On Counting the Moon in Flight* (Winston, Oregon, 2003), an artist's book based on the poetry of Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino entitled *3 Poems Introduced by Joseph F. Keppler* (Seattle, 2008), and *Correspondance (a sketchbook)* (New York, 2009).

Mark Cunningham has three chapbooks out—*Second Story* and *nightlightnight* (with photographs by Mel Nichols), both from Right Hand Pointing, and *10 specimens* from Gold Wake Press—and three books, *Body Language* from Tarpaulin Sky Press, *80 Beetles* from Otoliths, and *71 Leaves*, an ebook from BlazeVox.

Jadon Rempel's work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Dear Sir*, *42opus*, the *Rose & Thorn*, *Blueprint Review*, *Misunderstandings*, *Existere*, *Boxcar*, and elsewhere. He is a recent Pushcart nominee and his latest chapbook, *machine* will soon be available from Red Nettle Press.

Keith Higginbotham's poetry has appeared in *Hanging Loose*, *Lost and Found Times*, *Lilliput Review*, and many others. He is the author of a chapbook, *Carrying the Air on a Stick*, published by The Runaway Spoon Press. He teaches creative writing, Fiction, American literature, and composition at Midlands Technical College in Columbia, SC.

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.

Halvard Johnson has lived and worked in Chicago, Illinois; El Paso, Texas; Cayey, Puerto Rico; Washington, D.C.; Baltimore, Maryland, and New York City. For many years he taught overseas in the European and Far East divisions of the University of Maryland, mostly in Germany and Japan. He currently lives most of the year in San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

E·ratio Editions

#8. *Polylogue* by Carey Scott Wilkerson. Poems. “. . . with rules and constitutive games, / with paints and gramarye / with some modicum / of my reckless trust . . .”

#7. *Bashō's Phonebook*. 30 translations by Travis Macdonald. The great Japanese haiku poet Matsuo Bashō goes digital. Conceptual poetry. With translator's notes.

#6. *Correspondance (a sketchbook)* by Joseph F. Keppler. Digital art. With an introduction by Joseph F. Keppler.

#5. *Six Comets Are Coming* by Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino. Volume I of the collected works including *Go* and *Go Mirrored*, with revised introductions, corrected text and restored original font.

#4. *The Logoclasody Manifesto*. Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino on logoclasody, logoclastics, eidetics and pannarrativity. Addenda include the *Crash Course in Logoclastics*, *Concrete to Eidetic* (on visual poetry) and *On Mathematical Poetry*.

#3. *Waves* by Márton Koppány. “These works are minimalist by design, but should we paraphrase the thought channeled therein, the effect would be encyclopedic, ranging through philosophy, psychology, politics, and the human emotions.” Visual poetry.

#2. *Mending My Black Sweater* and other poems by Mary Ann Sullivan. Poems of making conscious, of acceptance and of self-remembering, and of personal responsibility.

#1. Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino joins John M. Bennett *In the Bennett Tree*. Collaborative poems, images, an introduction and a full-length critical essay pay homage to American poet John M. Bennett.

taxis de pasa logos

