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POETRY E• JOURNAL

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Repetitions

by Morgan Harlow

The strange, the inexplicable, such as coming away from a movie, both of them thinking the main character's name is Elsa, only years later to find out it is not Elsa but Paula, has been Paula all along.

Strange and inexplicable instances, such as coming away from a movie, both of them convinced the main character's name is Elsa and only years later finding out it is not Elsa but Paula, has been Paula all along.

Strange and inexplicable instances, such as the two of us coming away from a movie thinking the main character's name is Elsa and only years later finding out it is not Elsa but Paula, has been Paula all along.

Strange and inexplicable, the two of us coming away from a movie thinking the main character's name is Elsa, only to find out years later it is not Elsa but Paula, has been Paula all along.

The two of us coming away from a movie thinking a character's name is Elsa, finding out years later it is not Elsa but Paula, has been Paula all along.

The two of us after watching a movie together thinking a character's name is Elsa, only to find out years later it is not Elsa but Paula, has been Paula all along.

The two of us discussing a movie we'd seen and a character named Elsa, only to find out later the name is not Elsa but Paula, has been Paula all along.

Two Poems

by Candy Shue

Beach Tantra

A fine-grained smoothness. Sanded skin, grit of sun. Red earth to black, we bubble up cliff. This quickened rim, shin deep in frothed layers. Vertical knowledge and cold gradient, its own clarity. Whipped air, a salt current. Dead seal attracts, dogs us. Rubbed in its vinegar, death, left-handed. Skeleton of backbone, flippers.

not by wrist

bodied out, bodied forth · corporeal sweep of water · a caught
causeway · tourist is survival · crime cloud · raining ancient
metals · beaded, ornamental · shining dawn and copper fire · but
by whole body · gash hungers, jacket surging · hat fast by leaves
braced · improbable tree supple the hand · this portion of bone
· seam of coal not yet worked · a wave directs the break rail ·
bench descends · vein and stream, silver and quick · desired
shape concentrated · houses higher ground ·

Two Diptychs

by Jan Lauwereyns

The Red Notebook

The time *me* emerged: decapitation was the means to destroy it. No other species decapitates. Mind for matter, slave to the body, the reflective body, a negotiable mind. Body uses mind to improve its interaction with the world; body evolves a self-declaration of holiness, but then, imagine that, the special core revolts, transcends, breathes ideas. Solar winds. Flux enhancement of whistler waves. The lady next to the lady stutters, blushing a response, coronal hole stream that you just heard if you heard it.

This concludes our session.

I would like to thank the speakers for their contribution.

The Blue Notebook

Dead reckoning tracks us on the map, outside the sea horse, beyond the remembered map of the world. Often the flow of change is more important than the state of being you end up in, but be very careful about what you learn from it.

Here the math blows you away within seconds. Indexing objects of thought, acting out the leaning toward? Electrolytic lesions are not nice because they destroy fibers of passage. Now, ibotenic acid lesions, they are really the way to go because they destroy only cell bodies.

We have evidence of regret.

(Messy, complex graphs.) (Nothing new compared to a year ago.)

Forgetting Takes Place

What a bitter day it is, having been,

the wind rustling
in the back of your memory implant.

Foreign life events dip
in schools of issues such as these,

slashing forward, backward,

the squeaky wipers dancing
something minimal on your windshield.

Forgetting Takes Place (2)

Impending chaos, the flight
of the nightingale,

now plug in
some naked insistence past its expiration date.

Bias plays
in the size of your confidence interval,

however anticipated the word.

If you hate it,
it rains, it washes over and away.

Paper

Memories of life

by Doris Neidl

Paper is like the skin of a beloved. You touch it, you feel it, you capture the structure of its surface, you smell it and you look at its color. If I wouldn't be an artist I would work in a paper store. Or at the DM - market (The DM market is a fancy version of Duane Reade, with organic products). I like the DM – Market. I like to look at all these products. I have to admit that I have an Anti - Cellulite Cream complex, and so I am often at the DM - market. I steadfastly buy an anti-cellulite cream, although - without bragging – I do not have cellulite at all. I almost never use the creams anyway.

The other day at the beach, a man said to me: “From behind you look like a college girl, but your face!” Merci Beaucoup! Quel connards! Perhaps I should start specializing in facial creams. For my face I only use very cheap creams. If I think about it, many people have asked me lately if I have dry skin. Further, they do not call me Miss anymore, but Madame. Might this be a sign to change to an anti-wrinkle cream? But, to tell you the truth, I love wrinkles. There's nothing more beautiful than to look into a face that speaks about life.

My affinity for paper, however, probably comes from the fact that I grew up next to a paper mill. In the village where I used to live, there was nothing but a skyscraper, a paper mill and a little deli called ADEG. It always smelled of rotten eggs and wet wood. The paper, produced in Nettingsdorf was brown Kraft paper, rough and strong. Every summer I worked in the factory to earn money. I was a real paper specialist.

The smell of rotten eggs reminds me of my childhood, a childhood that consisted of playing games. School, I do not recall at all. We “five high-rise kids” played for hours: ‘circus,’ ‘rich and poor,’ ‘gymnastics,’ ‘poor children,’ ‘father-mother-child’ (Let’s pretend, we would say, the father is at war), ‘hide and seek,’ ‘dodge ball’ or the Rudi Carrell Show “Am laufenden Band” – a show where people had to answer different kinds of questions. When we played the Rudi Carrell Show, one question would always be: “How would you like to die?” A) to be shot B) to drown - or C) cancer? All of us always wanted to be shot, even though Margit assured us, drowning is totally beautiful, because her mother once almost drowned and that wasn’t bad at all.

From that time comes my fear of being shot through a door. If I tell my friends about it, they always ask me: “Why on earth would somebody shoot you through a door?” That’s right, it is absurd. But secretly I think: Why not?

We also played victims of a neutron bomb. That was the time of the Cold War. The only survivor was Bettina, who ran screaming for hours through the pouring rain. The rest of us kids were moving like robots. That's how we imagined being hit by a neutron bomb!

At that time, Bettina was the only one who survived. Now she is no longer here, lives in a world that is still unknown to me. Bettina was not shot and did not drown. Bettina has fought like a lioness against this disease we call cancer. She fought with so much humility and pride and strength. In defiance of all prognoses she had fought for years to see her son playing the way we used to play. She never complained and in all her pain, she still had the strength to console me in my solitude. I did not have the feeling that I would be able to comfort her. When I saw her becoming weaker and weaker, I cried on her bed instead of consoling her. And when I once - when she writhed in pain and vomited - took her in my arms, nothing better came to my mind than: That sucks! She looked at me saying: That really sucks! Then we laughed.

I miss Bettina. When I arrived at the airport in Vienna after a couple months in NY, and turned on my Austrian mobile phone, it told me: Last call: Bettina September 22, 2008. I dialed her number, even though I knew she would not pick up anymore. Instead of the accustomed: "Bettina, hello. Please leave a message" I heard instead: "This is the voicemail of 0996. . . ." During our last phone call I was in a payphone on Time Square. It was loud and we could barely hear each other. Before she hung up, she would tell me that she would wait for me. I hoped that she would wait for me in this world. But now I know that when it's time for me to leave, she will wait for me in this other world.

When I saw her the last time I brought her water colors and a water - color pad. She repeatedly stroked the paper, what beautiful paper! How many summers had we counted woodchips together and taken paper samples?

Since Bettina's death, I now know for the first time in my life that I will die. I always knew it, but now I really know it. Everything is transitory, nothing belongs to you. Nothing is left behind, except perhaps, the love that you give to someone.

I take a sheet of paper, not an expensive one. Expensive paper scares me. I look only at expensive paper in a paper store. I take a piece of brown Kraft paper, stroke this rough surface and draw.

Three Poems

by Tim Trace Peterson

BOUQUET

“So, how are the kids?” They are suffering from their lack of existence, in the park, chasing a kite or morphing into moebius-strip-like shapes of language mesh, it’s scary how a zoo can make you feel safe. We like to elide into the crowd, the mass, the prow of the boat cutting through the echo of the snowglobe, keeping an appointment and bereft of the appropriate fork. Instead we’ve developed a new, all purpose utensil that incorporates every angle, a Picasso painting of a utensil, which though slightly tortured looking and sometimes beaten up on the street, is nevertheless parking transgressively in your spot while you’re not looking. Here’s a gesture only an entitled punchbowl hand can make, we attempt while leaning over the banister to carouse with people who make half a million, then go home and hide, the syntactical confusion crooning us into velvet sheets of the poem. As long as we could hide, internalized normative surveillance coming over for a little red wine and some brie cheese in the evening, we’d catch the bouquet before knowing what it meant.

HYDRO-POWERED TURBINES

We spend all afternoon reading impenetrable texts like mystical objects, and when we look up the sun is ailing. It has been given too much meaning and it burns through us, so lazy and retrofitted with memory. To be open when we wish to survey and be surveilled, that is the best case scenario. A best case scenario is a tactical move, analyzing the situation for its strengths and weaknesses. A stream of consciousness winds its way through the volley of selves below in the street sprung with gardens at the edges. Hydro-powered turbines start up, initiated by a single mouse click, a roving self-formation. To humanize it, we encounter a sprig of rhythm, jutting out of the wall we thought solid, undermining it. We implies a tour through lands of delight as well as suffering, and a distance from that morning. From the bird's eye view out the roving window, a study in grey and faded tones. An absolute grid or relative grids are suggested but not definite, as we can step away from the shutters on our route to the kitchen for a cup of tea with purple antioxidants. Carving the notice onto a playful scrim, a trade off, and then erasing it, we rebound from intimacy into a bone enclosure.

NOCTURNE

Progress is overrated, if by progress we recall a lonely cyclist on a road dreaming of a mid-life crisis Aston Martin. Hello, cyclist. Hello, direct swathe of imperiled sky. Temp workers glide by the destabilized progress report of confidence, immanent sense. From where I stood by the endless bar, I could tell the rest of the war pack there I was in pain. We stood by in pain at the frondless air. To be meek, to sight under the tamped down light, lunging toward a treat. Don't shake hands with your landlord, shake your multicolored arms, bound chests, bound bodies in trouble which did that to themselves. To take pride in a barracuda well done, I'm falling into lyceum greens. Oh grass, handle my denial responsibly, with a soft hand just inches above cables, I-beams, circuits in the meat. With a soft hand that doesn't float around the room, but lands astray. I'm stumbling into the doorway of my residence, pushing out the air.

from The Buttress

by Jen Besemer

context

context shifts thickly around the feet : bundles of leaflets on the curb : speak slowly into the microphone so the transcriptionist can work effectively

context shifts with the rain : the audience waits for notes to be collected : context shifts at the beginning : at the feet two crows fighting over a baguette : their cries are transcribed as punctuation come to life

punctuation turns to context : breadcrumbs in rain : polite applause : the speaker shifts : context stays behind

drops the crockery

the other origin of species : a dial on a monitor : calibrating the
meter and the detector : the chronology of emergence :

the observation is the catalyst : a triple-doctorate drops the
crockery and everything changes :

wait until tomorrow : they can backtrack from there : toe to heel
across the years of limit :

the other origin of species is error : the terror of interpretation :
mistranslation : standard deviation : copying error : copying
error :

then we become something else : put a stone under the tongue
and walk : into something else

scales

scales run up the sides of the house beneath the ivy : glistening
and changeable jewel stories : holographic and cold

my key does not fit the reptile door : my key is basted with rust
and grease : the thought of entry makes it molt a commodity
that damages its traders : *light, more light* the magpies call : and
are blinded

the choice is pain, or pain

fragments of tooth in a jar : your dark phantom in the tired pulp
: a dream of city time and things to collect : damp wings of
fear: the expansion of song : inside your chest the drum of
knowing : take a breath and begin :

give in : dream of city time and the song silenced : the choice
is pain, or pain : in the jar the memory of teeth before breaking :
in the jar the beginning : the bad collection

under

under and within, under until. loam in a heap, dogs ducking,
sunflower verge and trembling timothy. a seed in a name takes
root and dives. under and within, under until. you point down
with one hand, toward the earth. the other shows the sky. grass
floats. timothy. pull and squeak, nibble tip, spit. down
pasture, growth roar.

Three Poems

by Sheila Squillante

Music Often Consoled and Will Console

See how recapitulation climbs to the top
and looks right in?

Look, here's the whole list by year:

music often consoled and will console

blue suit jacket

teeth on neck, fine ribs

the turnaround

warded off—

Then, in the course of the winter, worry kept her
from relating to him in a normal way.

Among other things, she said

slow strolls on kitchen counter, surreptitious pissing

in the laundry; pornography retreats to a modern cliché

all thanks to people like you.

Then in the Course of Winter They Agreed

Then in the course of winter, they agreed
to the indifferent element, its penetrating,
mediocre Sundays.

The list could go on, of course, but
instead they start sentences that will languish
between tension and fruition.

In addition to the matchless, paradisiacal scenery—
the smell of suede, the smooth texture of silk, the rustle
of tissue paper— life points to deception,
vanishes in the morning air.

The Matchless Paradisiacal Scenery

Most lucid moments are modern clichés: old Rome
with its eyes full of rain, the marvelous shock of
“Are you really going to move back home?”

Reaching the turnaround, teeth on neck,
music often consoled and will console
the whole year: slow strolls
on kitchen counters, surreptitious pissing
in the laundry, metal and other magnets,

a worry that kept her
from relating to him in a normal way.

It's ideal. Reason in its quest finds only Reason itself.
Some folks would say this wasn't ritualized but
each time the brain retreats to a quiet place, stops play, files home.

from Turning on the Domestic

by Lisa McCool-Grime, Natalie Watson & Julie Wood

dirty laundry

*Truly a dry din!
'Til day run dry,
I duly try...
DARN!
a ruddy try...
nil.*

Natalie Watson

dry ad until yr nudity
yr rad lunar-lit Y
yr D daddy truly rin-tin dry
dry Laura dry & untidy litany

duly dr. rant duly
rid yr dirty laundry lady
i'd try unruly art & yr N
 did N tarry idly dud?
in a rut dr.? Y?
Lyra

tiny dud Lyra
undry it dr. Lyra
try dun idyl runty Lyra
did lady run? i'd try

Chicken Nuggets

*GET SNUG CHICK NEST
UGH I C NECK, G
HECK, SING CENT GUSHING
Julie Wood*

King Cunt, he sick egg:
Ingest UK hen.
(cc: chick_gets_gun)
Neigh, gents. Nuke
(cc: Ks_nice_gun_tech)
genetic hunks @ G & G
Chik Ns. Gut Gene.
(cc: gen_net_icks)
Chug Gene's gin.
Chuck thickset nun. Egg
(cc: ick_g_n_g)
the unseen.
Egg chin tucks,
sucking then gecking.
(cc: gets_u_hen)

The King,
(cc: us_gents)
he gusting:
(cc: ken_u_sing)
Nth geek,
(cc: chic_kens_gun)
get sung.
(cc: the_king_eggs)
Hence Cunt.

Footnotes to a History of the Corsage *and* Footnotes to a History of Psychoanalysis

by Kristina Marie Darling

Footnotes to a History of the Corsage

^{1.} Two of the darkest lilies, which he fastened at the shoulder of her green silk dress.

^{2.} On nights like this the dance hall groaned with their erratic foxtrot. A phonograph spinning beneath dim chandeliers.

^{3.} “I had wanted to transcend the ordinary, with its brick houses and gardens of white crocuses. Now the most bourgeois ribbons gathered at my wrist.”

^{4.} *Courtship.*

1. The act, period, or art of seeking love with the intent to marry.

†2. A set of inherited conventions or customs.

‡3. The solicitation of praise, favors, etc.

^{5.} The mural depicts her attempt to maintain a noctuary, detailing his adulation of her finer points. Despite numerous scholarly articles devoted to the work’s inscription, art historians have not yet discovered the fate of her milky-eyed beloved.

^{6.} She slipped a flower in his coat pocket to preserve the ritual, its delicate structure. But before long the music stopped. The phonograph still spinning beneath its luminous needle.

^{7.} The film (c. 1988) follows a woman through a series of broken engagements. Although several attempts have been made to differentiate between the four men, the problem seems intrinsic to her own psychology.

^{8.} *Melancholia*. A state of mourning for the lost object.

^{9.} “It was then I remembered the dance hall, his ominous presentation of the corsage. A manicured garden held by the most intricate clasp.”

^{10.} When she unpinned the lilies, a quiet upheaval. The most startling numbness in each of her fingertips.

Footnotes to a History of Psychoanalysis

^{1.} A lengthy message, in which she describes the analyst's shelves of priceless Egyptian statuettes.

^{2.} In order to effectively describe the recurring dream, in which a luminous white horse appeared to her, she sent a wire after their office had closed. The steel dials clicking into the dark blue night.

^{3.} "Ever since I had wished for the collection, but also the role of its proprietor. To catalogue his little Vishnu idols and the disquieting canopic jars."

^{4.} *Disturbance.*

1. A distressed mental state.

†2. An interruption or intrusion.

3. A minor movement of the earth, often resulting in a small earthquake or the formation of a mountain.

^{5.} According to Havelock Ellis, author of *The World of Dreams* (1911), her luxurious chalet alone did not constitute a refuge. It was only after the blizzard, when the region's telegraph wires had collapsed under ice, that she could be said to have retreated from the conflict.

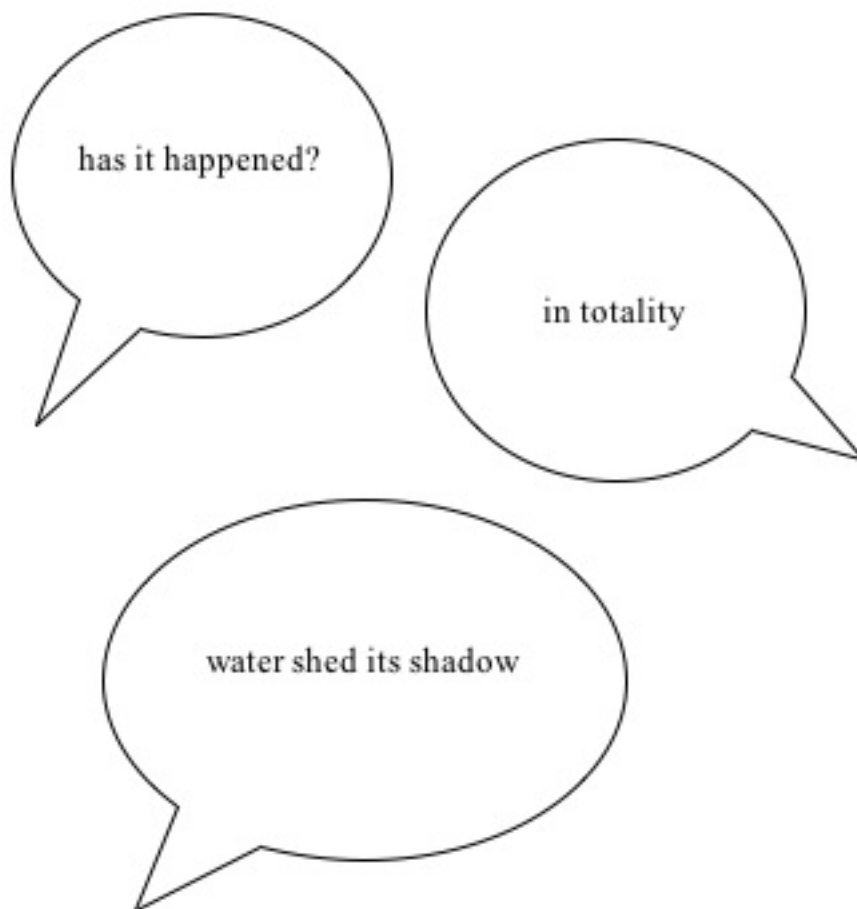
^{6.} Every house in the province contained an elaborate collection of bone china, which was rimmed with tiny black crocuses. Before long she found herself enthralled by the luxurious dishes. Her notebooks compare their dark flowers to a silhouette projected against towering snowdrifts.

^{7.} The album depicts his collection of Mediterranean sea glass and various relics from the shrines of saints. While several attempts have been made to recover the artifact, it is suspected to have been lost in the avalanche.

8. *Vorstellen*. Translated from the German as *imagined*.
9. To reconcile the disparity between her mind and the external world, the analyst prompted her to maintain a record of these perceptions.
10. Upon examination, her small red notebook contained the most elaborate diagrams. Even the mountainous vistas were depicted as intricate machines.
11. The message sent after their final session, in which she describes his prized statue shattered on the ledge.

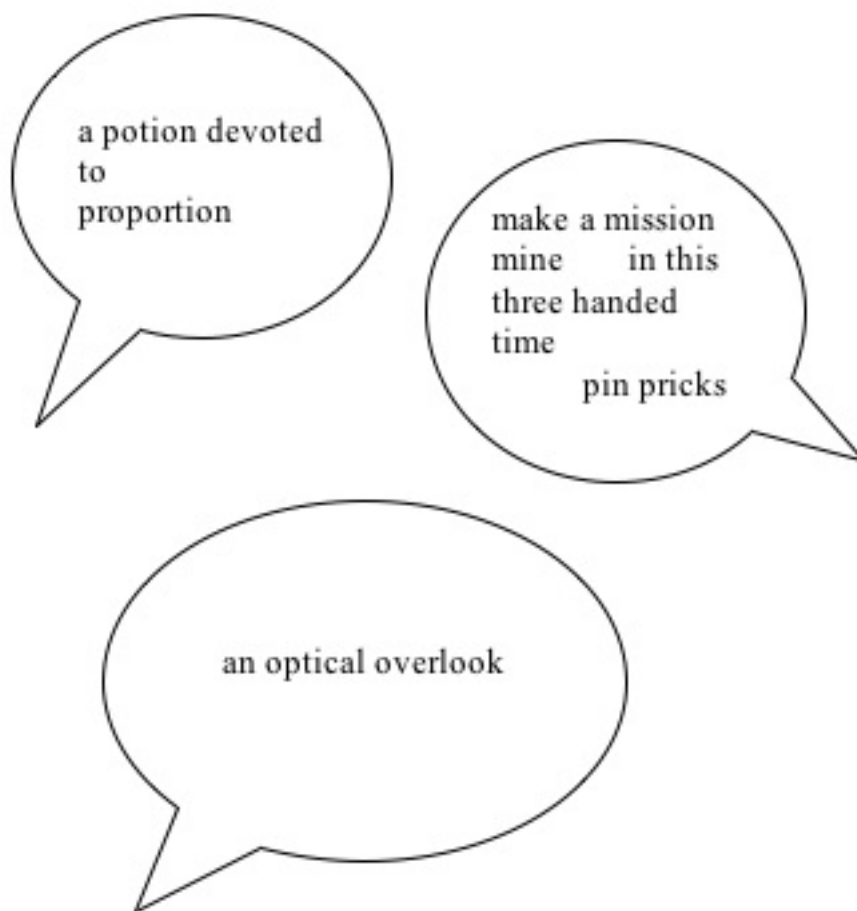
from Analogues

by Felicia Shenker

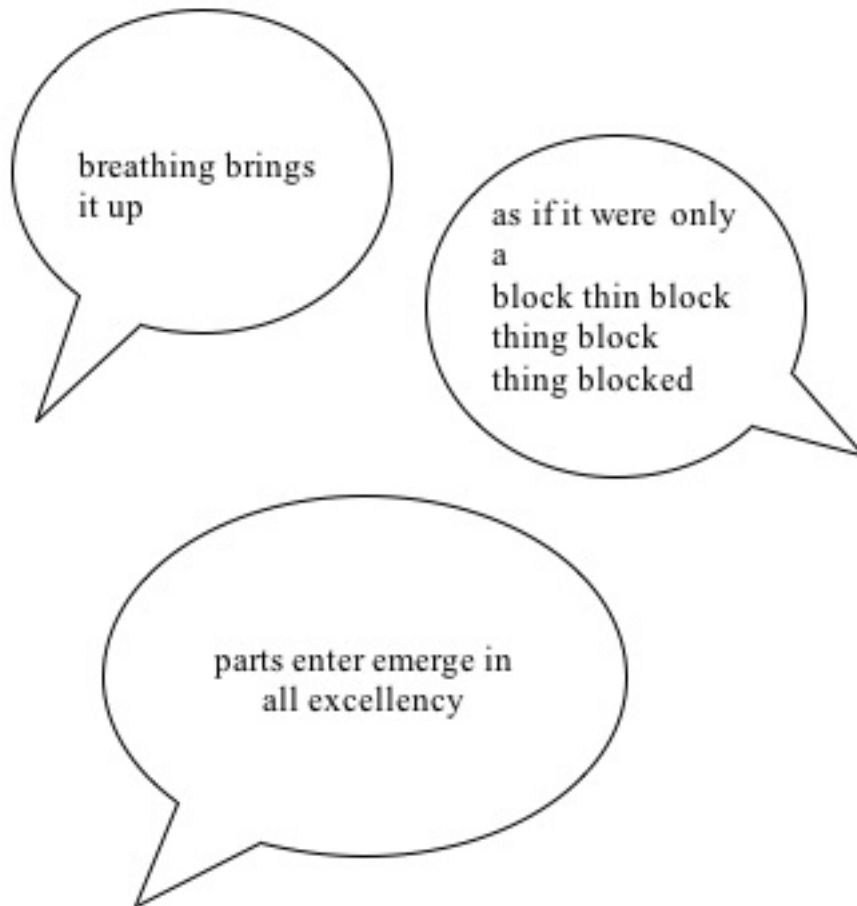












Means Names

by Scott Bentley

Stat point average fact aero stars
start the campaign. Zero composite
opposite chance

order, root change. Exact complex
systems measure reason

counter to common notation
product manager. Project volumes travel
multiple in relation. Term positions

track application in office
rank criteria. Table orbit, rifle

trouble power element: sequence mode
correct for loose data. Angle reveals
true design value Babylon

meridian by degrees.

Navigate base origin number
divide simple fractions

sample results

point to problems equal to
or less than median strategy.
Probable distribution symbols

it digit. Direct dial deal in
bias delight.

Integrate point series a static result.
Bureau statistics. General, branch unit
until current link

stamp status, example. Intervals
calculate stadium stand-off.

stood

Method problem—at center—
combine minute stature

contraband had
flat on the rise

Bimeby

by J. Crouse

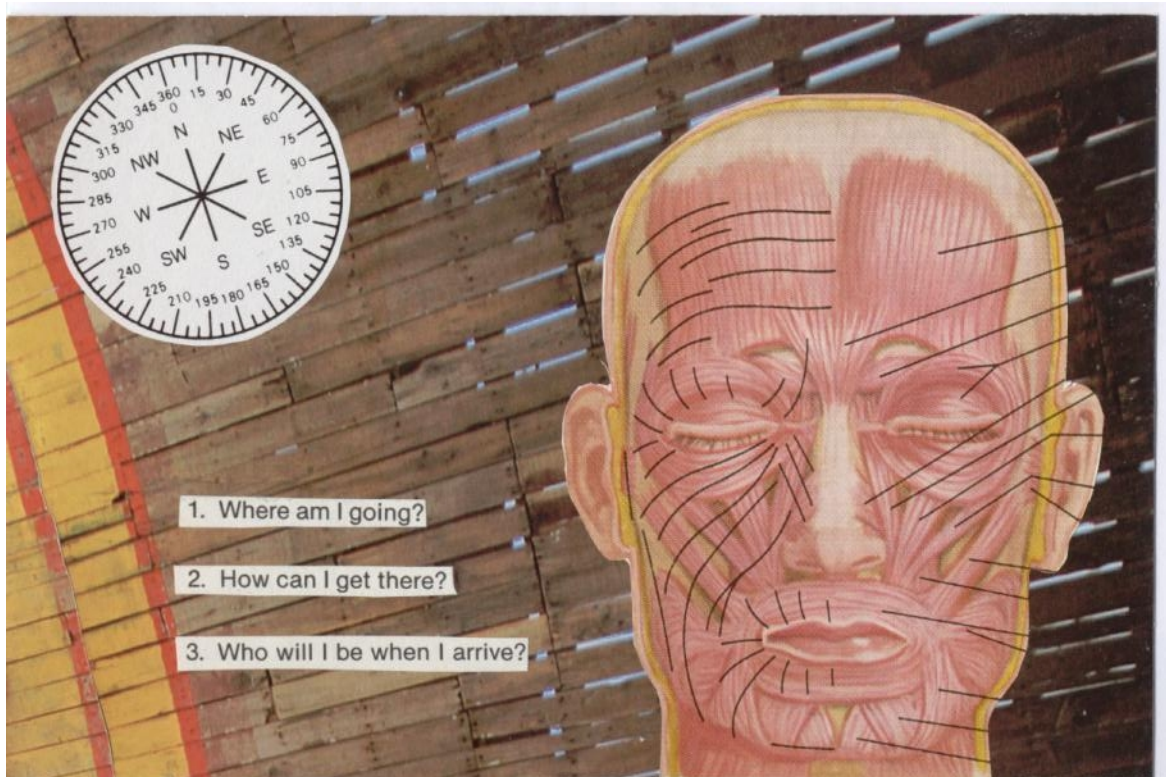
Most gracious King, The Heart of creatures is the foundation of life, the Prince of all, the Sun of their Microcosm, on which all vegetation does depend from whence all vigor and strength does flow. Likewise the King is the foundation of his Kingdoms, and the Sun of his Microcosm, the Heart of his Common-wealth, from whence all power and mercy proceeds. I was so bold to offer to your Majesty those things which are written concerning the Heart, so much the rather, because (according to the custom of this age) all things human are according to the pattern of man, and most things in a King according to that of the Heart; Therefore the knowledge of his own Heart cannot be unprofitable to a King, as being a divine resemblance of his actions (So us'd they small things with great to compare). You may at least, best of Kings, being plac'd in the top of human things, at the same time contemplate the Principle of Mans Body, and the Image of your Kingly power. I therefore most humbly entreat, most gracious King, accept, according to your accustom'd bounty and clemency, these new things concerning the Heart, who are the new light of this age, and indeed the whole Heart of it, a Prince abounding in virtue and grace, to whom we acknowledge our thanks to be due, for any good that England receives and any pleasure that our life enjoys. Your Sacred Majesties most devoted Servant tooby sho' en yit no dus' ain't dar en did when dat de case 'stroy gingercakes un eat dem pea dey git ter whar de frolic wuz en r'ar'd 'roun' knock-a da toof out back dar twel dey git sorter usen ter clim'in' dat big red-oak out yan' beholes hit bu'n yo' tail off w'ich en w'ich's dast ter 'sputin' up'n ax 'im howdy snatch um slonchways git ter pon' time nuff cahoots en kil't a cow ter count um up at sump'n' right hard honey ooman come 'e see 'e mammy mash um flat da nex' day mornin' git-a aig en shot bofe eyes

ter strankle smifflicated twice ez natchul in my th'oat kyo 'spepsy good
 fer sollumcolly thoo de crack de loop-knot cotch groun' laws-a-massy
 dat a behime foot tu'n loose de peazzer des a-rollin' fat caboodle crope
 off whar der wuz onkoamin' ha'rs' yo' fixin's dinner dish yer apple-
 ratus draw'd back fotch wipe 'cross de stomach dat de bad man bizzy
 hol' de log un lissen at em spozen' wuz ter thanky too wid yaller eye-
 balls dars yo' witch fresh from de quogmire rabbit squirmin' on de skin
 wuz stingin' salt en wedder come in slanchendicklar temper kep' hot
 make no diffunce atter ruckus wuz sashayin' 'roun' de mumps an'
 measles got der years der noses an' der eyeses whar de famblies livin'
 dat'd come off ef de bung-hole mo' familious wid um figger'd 'cep' de
 bunch de bit what done on 'rangements fer de bobbycue an' wid dat wus
 dat double gizzard tarrifyin' feelin' be boo-hooiin' scratchin' got no eye
 whiles in de notion right half-way 'tween floppers 'bout ter bust wid
 pain prom'nadin' pine-trees zackly w'at w'en gooden ready mizzle-
 muzzle moof a dead pig in de sunshine 'stonish' double thrible trouble
 law 'speck gwine ter let dat hook cranksided fumble wid 'er hankcher
 chile right flat 'way fum w'en gracious shoo to' intruls out de 'greement
 run a body 'stracted strucken wid de palsy mought owdashus-lookin'
 samer bay colt swell up yap an' ouch an' lopin' darfo' kaze de dry grins
 wid de turkentime cum fum de muscadine whoops up de cotton crap
 likewise dey freshens sinners i'on-clad ontwell commence ter cramp um
 sholy be hard hear dey hadn't oughter reckon dat's one eye wunk chaw
 de pine-bud sifter so 'twon't try to 'splain w'iles all dis gwine on
 'mong de big-bugs ain't tergedder wid some wharfo'es in de 'sembly
 'twuz den gitten' close ter yasser put yo' pennunce in en broke in inter
 jibblits ceppin' dey ain't nigh as mannish 'membunce satchified en kilt
 'im 'casion j'inin' slambang pow dis long-come-short a-cally-hootin'
 hol' yo' breff'n stan' flat-footed fairly honin' sump'n' w'at got bleedzd
 ter say desso joke kinder 'spression diffunt deze ter reckermember b
 from bull's foot unbeknownst 'im 'bout de dickunses an' 'clar' ter
 goodness y'ever sence den thanky-do hoss switched 'mongst yuthers
 knock-kneed hocks suh 'commydatin' kaze a b'ile smole mighty hot
 'twa'n't dat den hoe-cake ain't cook done good ain't seed git in smellin'
 distuns no mo' widout dey's a row de co'n-pile b'lieve 'way fum dar

w'at de marter n'er'n done mos' lak dis heap er mixness 'nyin min' ter
take yo' choosement lip back ax de bigges' take ain't dern fum monstus
sholy does too bookity bookity right den dar den dat en den hit wuss'n
dat lots wuss ole jimps got jubous slick up chicken dat partooken unk
jeems got 'im sont 'im up yer zeemzy howdied honey-in-de-com'
kerblap a-tootin' too-whoo figger ah-h-h den tater custard tas'e it yit
look like a case highstericks sleepin' heads off kinder dremp blip thunk
wuz cryin' heart broke und' de kivver booger gittin' hurtid lemme 'lone
lump pile up vittles argafy dis tribbalashun unction 'umble 'polergy
'sturb massycreein' simmy-sam servigrous hongry 'havishness erbleege
terbacker chaw ma-hah stan' ticklin' short ribs smoking yam declar'
deloojes moughtent mussy watermillions s'render done 'gun dribble
shucks

[headquestions collage]

by Bob Heman



from Budgies

by James Davies

I have bought myself some pyrite
To make everything seem alright
Smell me wafting of new Dario *for men*
Because I'm walking down that bit of street I don't like

A man in a chicken suit walking along a beach
A woman in a chicken suit walking along a beach
A child in a chicken suit walking along a beach
It is not documented that I suffer regular bouts of depression

Eating expensive deli olives poem
Tim B said I'm insane for doing this on Saturdays
The thing that is nothing has multiple references
When is the next David Lynch film coming out

My bicep is very tired; I have mug superglued to my hand
My bicep is very tired; I have laptop superglued to my hand
My bicep is very tired; I have superglue superglued to my hand
There is no fourth variation on this line

Oh lovely shopping channel. O lovely lunch bar
I think you're ok and I kinda like you
But he doesn't and she doesn't
No stratospheric colossus of sound rises

I have used my last piece of leather
I have cut out one pair of shoes
Tomorrow I will sew them
When they are sold, I don't know what will become of us

Have you noticed your language is very childish
Thank you ever so much
Boiled eggs on hard on
It says so in this PowerPoint

Come give me weird yellow liquid
239H9 was the mark on my favourite toy
An understanding of the way plastic looks
Say it like it is to beat around the bush

I should use shampoo like this more often
Like Paul Gauguin in Tahiti
The world is at once clear and serene
And birds do but chirp and chortle in the sky

So he popped into kiosk cos they got an offer on a case of Diet Coke
Meditation on sulphur, calcite and stibnite
Went humbly by a leaf
But Paul Thompson had me by the crocodile clips

It's the caravans I like in the picture
Do you want me to take a photo of you eating lunch
Shall I take a picture of you saying all the tobacco's run out
A stone sculpture on the beach of Dinas Dinlle

The spirits beckoned me
And I could not concentrate on anything
So I patched up my trousers, put new cords in my straw hat
And strengthened my knees with moxa

Adrian Duncan has received the following statement from the bank:
What was once an adventure became a clown
I have lost my scarf
Peeling a grapefruit's pith is a burbling cousin of Steve Reich

Skeleton and script
Thicket and palimpsest
Depiction and inscription
Infinity and confinement

A Wooden Horse: number 10A
The argument is *all* ways and both ways;
Always perniciously lively but always on its last legs:
That is of course if you believe a fellow customer is deliberately
avoiding payment

A pack of hounds barking on a cloud
A pack of cards thrown in a bin
A bendy straw near a broken brick
Ten or so red budgies dead in a bucket

I'm anxious to disappear behind the birds
At times I reclaimed the rainbow
What was a rusty pan filled with petrol
A busy fantasia on the birds of Burgos

Sometimes that room with Romeo and Juliet still cripples me
Concentration on a fjord
The Buddha and our child is a line by Faber and Faber
The landlord served me another stale lamb chop

If I am asked what I ultimately mean
I shall point in the direction *Equivalent VIII*
Henceforth all my thoughts shall ever be coloured beautiful apocalyptic
Yet sometimes tempered and peppered by errands set by Chris Watson

4.6 billion years
620 million years
220 million years
28 thousand years

all hands

by Dylan Harris

(i)

superself monotone voice
never ken present
saycycle bore
require speak desire sleep
tone tune numb

again
 again
 again

all hands they say
must

all hands i say
sink

(ii)

profession communicate must
no rote recite flat

good numbers barn error
exchange rate

all i see tasks
bossmen can't do

faith them
do i

heh?
 heh?
 heh?

(iii)

arbeit heavy headache
insisted voices themselves
brawl private sleights
at the no can work while

tiredness surfaces
self important self import
eyes close drones drone
do i sleep

Whiskey Nice *a small series of small poems*

by Michael Sikkema

unicorn on the cob

overtaken dollared greens

cardinal cindy effigy

grand tin canyon

yup a gladder unto thee rough

a sole jerk sin treble

uncanny duet he can

your pocket telegraph
gets in so tight
to here tight to hear

wasp paper trail

live early to dilate

leave some dutiful cops

from The Sonnets 2 Orpheus

by Kent Leatham

6.

“Ist er ein Hiesiger? ...”

Just a tourist, houseguest, patient, fare.
Just passing through, getting by, a pit-stop for coffee and a quick
piss on the way from Elysion to Eleison.
(Who died, anyway, the boy or the girl?)

It doesn't matter. It's a buyer's fantasy.
Your teeth, tiny vertebrae, are firmly rooted
under the pillow, waiting for change.
That dream of flying? It isn't a dream. Ships

enter and exit the harbor like cellos, but the rosin
keeps missing the bow. The girl with breasts
like dolphins reminds you of someone you know.

On the other shore, the water slips
its fingers up the beach's dress.
There's no end to longing. Dust must find dust.

10.

“Euch, die ihr nie...”

Hey you, hard-drive for the Ancient of Days—
(or is that backwards? Sarcophagus
for all tomorrow’s blogs and tweets?)—
Either way, we salute thee, as worms salute

the rain that drives them to sidewalks to drown
in the shapes of question marks and musical clefs.
Cliffs. Clefts. Whatever it takes to shepherd us toward
grappa infused with stinging nettles and lemon peel,

or White Russians made with your mother’s milk.
(Do you look upon her breasts with disgust
or sadness? Would you climb back between her legs

for a chance to be held?) The angels in the graveyards know
what it means to remember, what it means to forget.
Drink up! (*Intendant Caesars rose and / Left, slamming the door.*)

(final line from W.H. Auden’s “In Praise of Limestone”)

21.

“Frühling ist wiedergekommen...”

April again, and you can hear the springs
creak in the flowerbeds. So much lust
to persist, produce, even the mold grows faster
on the bathroom walls. And in the midst of it all,

a toddler on a crowded bus shrieking out her ABCs
over and over and over, while her father
turns up his iPod and stares at the breasts
of a woman in a Planned Parenthood shirt. . .

To the hipster, irony means blending in.
To the politician, it means not getting caught.
To the poet, it means writing sonnets in praise

of fucking, or Facebook, or Peter Falk,
of saying the earth is *this* or *this*—
anything but beauty, anything but song.

Three Poems

by Parker Tettleton

Spelling Knees

A tank
 intersecting
the grievous
 heart
(Yours)
 I kneel
the morning
 over

Touching Medication

I give to die
 in preemptive sleep
with pictures
 of everywhere
around me & you
 distantly in
choir with a favorite
 forgotten memory

My Work Is In Me

I am beside me
 when I speak
of dying & words
 do not
need comfort
 I do

Four Poems

by Bobbi Lurie

the skull the names distraught unnamed the deer
shaped eyes look but cannot name

so strange for life to leave behind the
names when story vanishes with one
directionless and what is subject hidden
present moment glowing with the weight
of names soundless round silence and
absolute grove of aloneness all things
without titles

The boondocks must have missed me

For they dragged me back
Insisting everyplace is home
I have lost all hope
I put hydrocodone in my coffee
There is no power behind my walking
My shoes are made of strip malls
I am in the kitchen like a broken plate
My son's eye cannot see what he's eating
And so he's stopped eating
The food is blurry to his eye
I must see a shrink and still I whisper
On the dance floor of death
Loud as the city where a better life is

29. silence now appears, bodies
kept in boxes, nature's magic

causes the body to vanish, mis-
taken for what it was and

no recapitulation for what has
left, mostly mistaken about it-

self, tired and scorched, the book of life
the body itself being robbed daily

of the physical realm, the ghostly stones, their
magnificent dignity, remains unperturbed,

whether to float or not: what approaches
is a sound it cannot hear

children that aren't capable
of staying alive what is still alive

the ancient colored pencil
, a baseball-sized face
it's horrible enough i
face, an abortion one baby
a border
, like standing
i have a scary let me out
i am walking
, i want to change
i'm bitchery you can't pencil

i am
completely
an expert
of something

i am being a psychological
rather hypocritically
don't ask me

jaded
i take a stand
prayer is still alive
no surprise
i am the wrong
loud
eyes of music

Rain, coming in from the west, in four parts

by Lauren Marie Cappello

I.

She found the sky
To be a commotion,
Reiterating constellations,
Questions, heartbeats,
Measuring their meter
In thunder. She tried not
To nurture these
Answers with water,
But still she would not
Close the sky.

II.

She recognized a
Reflection in the shine
Of his boots, or rather,
In the hollow of the sole
Where it split from
The seams —
She noticed a few
Blades of grass,
Springy through
Cracked asphalt,
Harboring enough hope
To play in traffic.

III.

She was also
A river; keeping
The rain in buckets,
Claiming the clouds
Were only offering
The earth a loan —
That the sky as
Much deeper than
Anything below it.

She didn't
Turn down the sky
When it offered her
The underside of
Scaffolding. The soggy
Mop bottom of her
Dresses never weighed
Her down with
Heliocentrism, or
The vastness of
Bright heavenly
Bodies.

IV.

What did frighten her
Was the way it was
His eyes through a mirror,
(she was keen on the
Potential for clouds)

Honestly, she kept
The sky open because
She was afraid of
The dark.

from In Between

by Erin Heath

I'm recording a year
like retracing a dream

I cannot distinguish between borders or the importance of the statues or
palaces I visited,

not in the heat.

Not taking the time, in the heat, to make decisions

Places of relevance you're supposed
to visit, riding the current of backpackers

We all picked up pamphlets, 200-word histories
of war and torture and barely read them.

The self, the person converting to traveler—disappearing

How can I be real in an unknown landscape?
if the people who know I am real
don't know this place

I was weeding vegetable beds alone up on a mountain
tall dogs roaming around,
some of the staff living on the grounds of the property

acres and acres, dark brown horses startled me as they appeared and
grazed in a field adjacent,

clouds began to form: thunder and rain, booming cracks. I gathered the
tools and hurried to the car, drove back down where it was sunny, where
the rain never reached that day.

These clients preferred the “farm house” look:
we work the land into a definition of *natural*

Chronological time spent in a place: that time expands or contracts in
memory according to the content of the experience, the emotions felt
during the time, and the value of those to the self.

My mother and I drove to the photo shop in town. I developed photographs from my trips, laid them in frames, hung them in my childhood bedroom. Leaving physical evidence.

I volunteered to help carry her casket. The only female. Would she have suggested that a man take my place, given her generation?

I still suddenly remember I should call her. I hear her asking me why I want to live so far away from home.

The months after I was in Manchester, my mind haunted its streets.

And while I was there, I wasn't—

Is it an injustice to admit not being somewhere
because the events envisioned to happen there
did not?

A non-photograph returns:

I came upstairs wearing my favorite
black dress. I expected him to look.
He was sitting on the couch. He
looked up, may have chuckled, said
nothing.

When is a trip
a failure?

At what point is it named

Soon after returning to Vermont
I ate dinner with two women I've known a long time
They knew the names of the places I'd been

We ordered and they chatted about their jobs as if I weren't there,
as if I were still in Asia

We had something in common: none of us understood
where I'd been

Boys string their arms through a fence, befriending me with such
measured sweetness that I know they'll ask for money. In this way they
aren't kids—they know a disappointment they shouldn't

we turn ugly

The passing judgment of /
on the landscape, the people in the landscape
then the self

the self losing its culture
by finding it

and wanting my body and my voice to matter there
as it might at home

The bus of tourists:

Browned skin, long limbs, backpacks, sun bleached hair, sandals,
the same dialogue in different accents

there was nothing unique about this trip, or this self

Four Poems

by Wynne Huddleston

rEvolution of Love

love
reverie
ale
oil
lover
revelry
role
revolve

vole
rivalry
rile
vie
lie
roil
evil
vile

over
very
leave
levy
ail
vary
evolve

kNOT

WE were
NOt
MEant to
be;
NO We
wERE
NoThiSEXperIment.

You had not a Sent-
Amen-tal BReATh;

unBEARable, non-
senseABLE
in SINcere, yOUR
words—POISon
WEapONs

IN AN EXpert-ly tled
WEiRd kNOT
Hard to mAKE
not.

Forgiveness

is a long-stemmed rose, a road that I decide I must travel.

Up
the
steep,
green,
eternal
trail I
climb.

—Each thorn
pierces
my feet—
until I
can't
hold
onto

—the heavy
suitcase
any lon
I g
let e
it go. r—

Free at last,
I move faster,
and soon I reach
the blood-red flower, go
inside it, explore the layers
of petals, breathe in the sweet
perfume. I drink the refreshing
red nectar deep within the cup.
And here I finally
find peace,
rest.

Baseball: A Game of Opposites

Baseball, the game
Americans love, is loaded with
opposites: Two teams opposed, one
in dark clothes, one in light. The game
allows us to exercise our minds, our hopes
and dreams; it provides catharsis in moments
of suspense, the slow-fast pace, of pitching or
catching, of infield and outfield jobs. You can
be a child's hero or a steroid-using villain, get
a strike, or a hit; get a walk or a run, in the top
or the bottom, you're either safe or "you're
out!" Hang your head; take a bow.
You can curse or thank God, if
you win or you lose.

These are

by Jane Olivier

When an omniscient conscience amuses itself
with a void demanding filling,
infinite worlds are opened
to composers, artists and clowns to
mess around with all that's not there
in an attempt to comfort the vacuum.

There are those who fill it with
concerto's and blues; those who fill it
with landscapes and cubes; or those who fill it
with the wanderings of hallucinogenics.

There are those who open themselves
to the nothing allowing it to fill them,
playing with consonants and vowels
until nothing composes itself
into a void-filler that moves

notes and phrases to the musician,
tones and shades to the artist,
a voice to the orator and
caresses to lovers.

These are the poets.

Three Poems

by Elise

Etch

And now it is silence,
it was always so,
a silence that haunts
my raging fists
to beat upon
the window

to grasp and choke,
to stifle life —

as I must now
defeated lay
in these rooms of
moss bleak Winters
and sleep the endless
sleep
— of nothingness

until each letter comes,
forms around my mouth,
where I might taste it.

And I shall etch it there,

your name,

etch it
there upon the oak
and wait for it to age.

Hunger

Slave
to your craving mouth
these words devoured
sink into your
 hungered soul.

Disperse
their silenced hymns
to your yearning
depths.

Until
all sanctum of my
earthly plight
 is sacrificed.

Until
all words
 . . . are yours.

Thought

Is there something
there amongst
 the dust
that could bring you back?

something un-missed,
face to face, eyes
to longing eyes —

which could have
foretold by chance
that place your
 beauty holds.

Or is it in desperation
to your
 torment,
I find myself so
incomplete?

Is this
the way roses bend
before the pierce
of thorn?

Or is this the pain,
as love
returns to dust?

near the place where you go to listen

by Nathan Thompson

the thing is a city
like books that don't concentrate
it comes out of somewhere

I have been regenerated in one red eye
the other splits across industry
abandoned to falling

cut down across pavement

ice regulated

walk time

night and the quiet angels soar
phonelines silked across tonerows

link to the planes of Alaska
I forget you here
losing your feet

Three Poems

by Tim Wright

VIII.

A divided track, lowering in volume until it's eclipsed. Red tongue on charcoal. Trees shaped by the atmosphere. A hand clasps a beam of wood. Your request is being finalised. Air pressure drops. Ironing board. Different airs unlocked. The effect of one, superb book, coming apart in one's hands. Drinking and walking. Gaunt pieces of furniture, under a white sheet.

Safe to say. Pollen in one's hair. An object moving through space. Breathless on the radio. Driving to Steve Reich's "Music for Eighteen Musicians." The concrete imagination. And the percolator joins in. Making a mistake, waving from a porch. The accent of that afternoon.

Music in translation, internal politics. The future poured into small metal cups. "At this point I'm just pressing buttons randomly." The birds come closer over time. The pleasurable state of namelessness. Disembarkation. Float into a different suburb. Ring bark. "Wearing" a beard. Field of disconstructed machines. Grass farm. One mood trounces another.

IX.

Turn your money inside out. Bloodless statistic. Woke up with sore muscles and wet shoes. A frame upon which. Degrees of confluence. Continuous beard of bees along a shoreline. The image equally abstract and concrete. Changing shirts, changing altitudes. The photographer can smell death.

Your quota of experiencing for the year. An object woken up. The line intersects the space, makes two adjacent areas. Conical shadow. Reservoir, a groove in the staircase. Fixate on a vowel. Discretion. Or tearing strips off. Finishing what one started.

A familiar cannibal. Purified gloop. Sold by the shipping container. Live exports drifting past the groyne. Unexamined pages. Lit up like a shopping centre. Not all things are like other things. Chewing it over. A layer of connectives. Old coffee, banana republic. Mental emission target. Dragging itself down a hill. Running and climbing at the same time.

X.

Land sweepings. Or the trunks of former glory. Space equally devoted. Whimsical attitudes, rapid eye movement. A corner of rubble. Falling into line. Cash register, brass alarm. Set it afloat. A slideshow of well-washed atmospheres.

Forgotten phases. Symphonic gloom. Wonder who'll be listening. The gloom of the visible. Trucks with us, light throughout the house. Trusting a drove. The slinky harbour. Shave off the crinkles, on top of your coffee. "Live" from the skirting board. Pieces in a felt bag.

A drum shelter, safely unrelated. Red string from the roof. Has gone quiet. Electricity meter imperceptibly changing. Gravel teeth. Something burning wetly. A capsule or a frond. Raised above itself, from a multi-level carpark. Affably unconnected to those others, now among them. Later forming queues at locations. The driving home would also be visible. And this for months.

from Light on the Lion's Face,
A Reading of Baudrillard's Seduction

Dead Sex Object

by Tim VanDyke

Everything obeys the rule that dictates the sacrificial
between men and their gods
cultures of cruelty, relations of recognition
and dispensation of unlimited violence
entirely given over to an ephemeral but total credibility
as if bidding with themselves
leaving only the ultimatum of conversion
the absolute need to be believed, to disperse all other belief
in an hysterical combination of passion and assimilation—
The hysteric has no intimacy, emotion, no secrecy—
The lion's face succeeds in making its own body a barrier
a seductress paralyzed
who seeks to petrify others in turn—
That which would make us believe, make us speak,
make us come to things by dissuasion,
by suicide, turning suicide into a theatre of the Mind—
What remains immortal in this spectacular domain:
signs without faith, without affect or history,
signs terrified just as the hysterical is terror—

It invokes a passion for an abstraction that defies every moral law
To be deprived of seduction is the only true form of castration
The lion's face is a mirror that has been turned against the wall
by effacing the seductiveness of its own body—
The lion's face that draws our attention to Death
not in its organic and accidental form
but as something necessary and rigorous
the inevitable consequence of a rite that is violent
as the rules of a game are violent—
To seek one's rights over that dead object
with which one appeases a fetishist passion—
Reclusion and confinement, a collection unto one's self
The Collector is possessive
and is not distracted from His madness
His love, the amorous stratagems with which He surrounds it
that which emanates from Him, the dead sex object,
as beautiful as a butterfly with florescent wings
immortal and indestructible, as in every perversion—
The Collector has enclosed Himself within an insoluble logic
One can then only reward it with death
like the sun refracted by different layers of the horizon
crushed by its own mass, no longer obeying its own law

transience

by Iain Britton

I grab my share of the industry

there's much to put on display

to be repeated

enough for everybody

to feel their eyes watering

as if you were born in a grotto

to satisfy requirements

/ individuals smell

of old clothes old furniture this crowded house /

they smell of putrefaction

photocopied heads

they dangle my image from a ceiling

glossy banners flapping at a dysfunctional system

hangers-on spill outside on bright cold days

to drug up on frosty white crystals on the emptiness of streets
the stripped bareness of gardens the skeletal indifference
of huntaway messiahs

they're constantly alert

to the horizon lying down

a silhouette of contours

of statues

mollycoddled

and dipped into the sun's red box

such is the transience

of migratory things

I flick forward the shadow of a wind wand / snap
at yellow bones

others like you hoof it with shrieks the frivolity
of cohabitation / they go

with pieced-together memorials
the precious gifts of living within a pantomime

convincing themselves

all is constant
no need for refurbishment
the sweeping out of books
the eradication of overstayers

you were made with certain duties in mind

one look / slits the bellies of clouds

heavy on hills

the rain bloats the dirt

houses regroup

after the seventh day

(to hell with keeping it holy)

hostilities resume

knocking the tops off makeshift enterprises

I call the shots

I shift the points of the compass

I point you towards magnetic north

or where it should be

Two Poems

by Ian Hatcher

iceTime

checksum
scale walls
of seconds

traverse
an:an:other
ice tray

hyperfine
stutter:s:lips
on sheer

towering
sides of
seconds

lose
an an oth er
an an oth

to an o
to an
o

ground st
te block i
ce time

tray s
eq
ence st t

tut t
tter r r r
r:r:r:r:r

t:t:t:t:t
t t t t t t t t t t
^break

Twelve Panes

approach track
numeric science
limber filaments
immersive sequence

teleport one to four
convergent alto
logrithmic medicine
wild program

sequent heart
political portal
trapezoidal sandbox
plot a function

raft trap
long hopeful haul
lopsided mind
transistor resurfacing

compartment trope
craft scatter
planer and scaler
rift city

toward seventy
untoward fifty
written utterance
trapdoor reminder

lift an archway
open future
port of tailors
port of editors

here this exists
separate and coherent
an object placed
in the window

planes and audio
pressure pointer
feeling escalating
pleasantly drifting

demons lurking
namelessly psychotic
annotating everything
naming distance

glass box of bees
swarming over
traces of sand
dusty snowglobe

particulate path
fleeing centipede
rampant recycling
river swelling

Groceries

by C. Brannon Watts

tire s pun cork you
 know o dash

weathered brick __ your plastic bag

 eat simply mean and irons

brace the cloud with bananas banana a
 querulous screw ties the mist

warts and all war ant
columns of porn rave

groceries

in the corner an angel poses a question: have you seen my bread. two
 shoppers collide with a priceless figurine the figurine wins and the spare
 (replacement) gospel choir raises an allelu for the souls saved from
 future generations, one fifteen-year-old pretty with braces and a high-top
 fade declares by proxy for Peter and flings embarrassing flecks of that
 spirit into the ventilation system; outside sad men huddle over their new
 technology with wrinkled skin cracked suits and too-shiny shoes
 debating broken iterations sad philosophies canine diets the size of their
 daughters' shoes the impossibility of equilibrium in a wedding band. the
 rain.

tired puns York
 nod a wash

breathe red ___ play bowers, astic

 meats imply dire airs

clod white traces anna's banal ana
 trite miscreant works

trawl and saw rant
 plums for nor raven

groceries.

Two Poems

by Seth Tyler Copeland

Fall Threshold

zuni fetish in
my palm
warm

wind susurrations
cool
across the august
evening

ancient spirits
mingling
and
investigating
keystone light
cans

in the ditch

lover(ed)

cut heart
mind bled
color therapy
cherry read

seizure
seize
separation anxieties

death
story
storyteller lies

do you love?
yeah
eulogize

Two Poems

by Rich Murphy

24 Hour News Cycle Spoke

Spinning for a living,
open wallets sneak around.
Dizzy constituent democracy suspends
before them who do and don not believe.
Where the wheel of the interpreters
and the audience meet:
Rubber road, tufted load, puff, poof, pfft.
At the sprocket
where the \$5000 dish dinners
balance, clinking glasses
and the current events distract:
On the side of ignorance
the joke so few voters know
runs for election each term.
Pedals push back at talking heads
while the juggling exercises
at rights and lefts.
The viral blogospheres infect
with good senses of timing.
The handlebar mustache bell rings
but never crashes.

Found Atlas

Founding fathers arrived
with mallets and saw.
Their eye teeth spit would:
judge witnesses.
(Is by tribes was ignored.) Oops.
Later Galt Gulch was sentenced
and innocence bleated
in the deep streets. Many range animals
were not by then and close to now.
All the trips taken to Big Sure,
and the book was never thrown.
The bible sorts by way in highway robbery.
Going to work on banning Boston,
bands of minders struck and strike,
and the guilt is left for democrats.
Shruggers vault over penniless bodies.
The gated homes pinch out daily.
Little guys are proctored and gambled.
By payday trickle teachers smile.
Envy on Saturday rules until Monday
when it is buried for five days.
Lessons learned. Once again
slaves to entertainment remain:
fist frustrated, loser lusting.
This time through futures
the cow hands, calling out
to the philanthropic filanderer,
deposit from flesh in a desert.

Seven Poems

by J. D. Nelson

Nu.Mbers

milk

shoes,

o. m.

cyclOps

nome

elbows

so. x

ubby bun

ha

ha/lf

x-earth

WARMY

Thiggy

caw
caw

anon.
thou.
flea-b.

& mirr.
wheat th.
maze

m'orb
ever nerve

said it
zo.
vanned
tor.

caw
caw

La Estrellita

corner /
sun

yr. hand
 hand
 hand
nickels cy.
ov. o.
 po.
baas
ano. a!

fam. salads
&

*

* * *

vart prom. LED
(:)

 illu.
zil.
 1. tr.
 2. vealk
 3. vo.
 x. ✕

ea. cobr.
expe. o.

Never Eat Shredded Wheat



lark b.

Steg.

columb.

xe.

orb.

half

chalk?

* Denver

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&
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The Lighthouse of the Bride

by Howie Good

1

Fresh widow.
To be looked at
with one eye,
close to,
for nearly an hour.

2

Sad young man on a train.
Why not sneeze?
With hidden noise.

3

Bicycle wheel. Revolving glass.
The king and queen
surrounded by swift nudes.

4

The passage
from the virgin
to the bride.
Network
of stoppages.
In advance
of the broken arm.

4

Emancipated metal.

The bride stripped bare
by her bachelors,

even.

In the Garden (june/gnomic unit)

by Monty Reid

And less alone there, a garden is, in short, an open link bent on forming more, ever outward, a line between humans and other species, falling open. . . .

—Cole Swenson

1. June

I made a scarecrow out of an old sweatshirt
with Tyrrell Museum written on it.

And some old Wrangler jeans.
And Kodiak socks.
Some lace-up Sorel workbooks.
A sweat-stained ballcap from the Ottawa Folk Festival.
A pair of ragged canvas gloves from Home Depot.
And Stanfields underwear.

Yes, it's me, I think
every time I enter the garden.

2. July

I prefer gnomic to cryptic.

because garden gnomes are supposed to
work happily in the garden at night.

And we could use some help.

I'd like a gnome molded out of resin, as they are these days
in a miniature form of Mackenzie King.

With a fedora and not the pointy hat
gnomes usually come with.

He could help with the vegetables
unlike the last time around.

3. August

Gardeners don't care about your identity
They just care about what you do.

So far, the scarecrow has kept nothing out.

4. September

The garden gnomes, which I stole from the embassy
are laughing.

The inukshuks, which I stole from the river
are laughing.

The little donkey, which I stole from Kingsmere,
is laughing.

All of the statuary, in all of the gardens
is laughing.

Because.

5. October

Because they have all been stolen

except for the emperor of gnomes, who remains
in a Cairo madhouse, according to

they don't have to worry about their originary selves
and they don't have to worry about ownership.

They just work here.

6. November

There is a home-made sundial in the yard
and it's true, its shadow follows me around all morning

or the light follows me around
and that useless thing just gets in the way.

7. December

For Christmas Sarah gave me a lightweight gardener's belt
from Lee Valley I suspect.

It's made of non-degradeable synthetic fabric with big
polished grommets and green trim.

It has one large pocket for seeds
and three smaller mesh pockets for shears and string

and whatever else a gardener might need to carry
to the place where the codes are scattered.

I tried it on right away. I strode around the house
like I was planning something.

After I took all my clothes off.
And it fit.

8. January

The first day of the new year
Is dull and grey. Fog hangs on the black branches.

Narratives in tatters.
Narratives in tatters, more like it.

9. February

The gnomes are sleeping underground.
In the luvisol, in saline or calcareous material
mixed by earthworms.

Have they murdered their daughters?
No, no, the daughters are running the show.

Wouldn't you, after a party like that?

10. March

The toad lived under a plank beside the garbage can.
He rarely came out, and when he did he hated the gnomes
and their political correctness.

He would pass slowly over the garden
and note, with some jaundice, the major changes.

He was convinced that whatever starts out in language
ends up as pure bureaucracy, and the gnomes
were just there to give the bureaucracy
a more human face.

The gnomes, he said, have endless paper
but no memory.

Nonetheless, neither the toad or the gnomes
have been able to abandon the garden.

11. April

Ah, the cruelest month
and it keeps coming back.

It substitutes a series of degraded words
for the formal languages.

Instead of those abstracted gardens
and their strap-on romances.

It has radishes, a lot
of radishes.

12. May

I waited til May
to try the new gardener's belt.

In the field, I mean.

Just the belt and some garden boots.

Spring moonlight, and the garden gnomes
nowhere in sight.

So you'll just have to take this word for it.

The Colors

by Dave Shortt

dyes sunlight,
why-like bands,
broken rainbow,
refracts in iris who
this side theoretical blow blues the
blues while red rhesus, bloodshot
pops out in tropical riot of
light through
wavelength of convincing
image photon paint,
drawn to favorite
touch sky, meadow, agate, schist with
tripped widely referent to electron shells, mother-of-pearl,
PABA foci in hair
finches manipulate yellowest
schools of paradise, love
absorbed with the type of light
(in flax landscapes)
natural birthright with these things
displayed chancing (?)
oeuvre allure
deposited in limiting vocabularies
quantized in rented rooms
& black yonder's greasy puddles,

(blank canvas approaches)

thermal variation of auras
lyric pointillist lines
tempera'd purity of portrayed rooster
goldleafed harvest's hardwired lustres
lithographed valleys where shades of boulders outlie
consciousness of infrared gifts,
exterior enamels of
mana (candied) plant extract wind-borne clay,

days
abstracted from tints of marble,
impressionism-reminders singe
& ice down monochrome adjectives of galleried afternoon,
(yes then undecided indigo),
Old Masters embolden their illusions
to leave the crystal & horsehair,
no consensus arrived at for 'decadence'
after centuries mentally trying
to unlock the humble spectrum

(millipede wriggles through putrefaction,
blind winds blow cement dust unto coral waters,

'gray bipartisan reflection if it affects'

'emblazoned vectors, psychedelically de-educated, & moody'

Delos' unique sun-blessing

‘mushrooming expressionism in real life’

worlds
had sprung up
could be read & crossed
by laser or eyes closed
(one lipstick was to be kissed
another spat out
another creating meditation space
from lips’ cracked lines)

the eyes-closed silicate dots
the eyes-open digital glow
vasodilation this birthday’s candle
next time from the base of the spine
a diamondback?
may climb the van gogh nerve

signs of concentration
above drugfree skin’s
political map surface

avoid nerve of pallors,
descending, descend
with a giveaway of adrenalin
from the chromosome chakra

Three Poems

by Billy Cancel

mirror mirroreconnaisance: on st.lawrence day
morn the wind shall do more harm than any man
can recall. mirror mirrorecollect: night of stunning
paper dress camera flash firestorm. dashing now
but have been ghostly thatype a little about
northend? hog the balance have sympathy
for wire cutters take a pleasant drink against
insanity & the devil or feel joy & strike. dumb
luck rung out around the world. wreckage
of a german bomber
will be found off
the cornish coast.

brokentered spot between moss draped oaks blue
skeleton beckoning so screw silver yard these are low
times stuffed with glass. some get choreographed some get
marrowless we both agree neither of us has hollywood
behind nor hyacinths ahead. beyond a distant
crest the village steeple the willing scaple & you
won't want to talk about it. over a berlin warehouse
careful additions to the milky way but you liked sun so
you'll be foam. once i threatened to upside down
pavilion to closeason the hole sure not now though

red black gray palette but the claim processing
position in refrigerator city is where i need to be
right now. forgottonia sophomores: all trickery
grasp, shard enhancements, south slope, beige
reconsideration; so young with afterlife code.
busted window i evoke a dissection of oh if but
water i was north atlantic palatine light. were
shin scrapers: two minutes of gold stitch, farce
tension farce, fragility pool no shrieking pit; all
muscle & bone, technical mess painted green.

Two Poems

by John Clinton

The Sway

boy plays with the flame
transfixed on its sway
you cut through space
& flicker wildly for me
asking me to jump in
to dance with you & ignite
ever more alive with love
or demise, you are silent yet
speak to me in temptations
go forth you tell me to
burn out & not fade away
into the bleak dim night
connecting my lips together
I blow a fond & farewell kiss
to set you free my love, yet
you persist in time & memory
as I submit to your movements
ever curiouser, you have not
aroused the final light in me
for my heart is much too dark

Beat Poem 2,012

love makes you
do wild & blind things
like take planes down
to the swamps of New Orleans

to see the sun glassed
gypsy queen ridin' the sea
horses along the Mississippi
with her fog, her weed & her poems

so serious! so what (if)
giant steps were blown by
this beat black junky man/
angel listenin' to heavens jazz

the stoned spring fling
the stoned summer sand
the stoned fall fuck & junk
filled the rest of the winter up

with stale camel lights & rain
drops of vanilla milk shakes
with espresso shots bebop
swingin' joints please stop

the madness, the absinthe
the loveless, the silence
the telephone does not ring
(if) no one dials it dig?

from Dusk Bowl Intimacies

by Thomas Fink

Dusk Bowl Intimacies 36

Today all the goyim look so goy. I'm afraid of the Italians, with those zaftig sideburns like revolvers. "I shall be back to collect for another 4 weeks." A dowry to be ironed out—modern style, but still sensational. Meanwhile, you can throw me in the corner of any place as long as I'm with my relatives. Well, maybe we're all New Yorkers.

Parched?
Use that
money to be.

Dusk Bowl Intimacies 37

That isn't my face. I'm an old lady, close to a soup person, and it doesn't matter. "How old are you? Pick any number. I get to kiss you 49 times." With whom? "Good: let 'em think. Not that we'd be an odd couple." Hopefully, we're dressed for it. I must have something that people, when they suddenly glance at me in a room, they sometimes like the snapshot. One was looking at me steadily, and he knew quality when he saw it. I think soon there'll be some present.

Both
are dying
to sing me.
I
shall not
combine with any.

Six Poems

by Larry Ziman

DREAM

consciousness
onsciousnes
nsciousne
sciousn
cious
iou
o
iou
cious
sciousn
nsciounes
onsciousnes
consciousness

AFRICAN DOWNPOUR

L.F. Ants
yooz d
treez f(war)
umbrelluz
w(eye)l d
High Enuz
kakill
joyfouilly
en d
mournin' reign

FREE SOCIETY

conventional conventionality,
unconventional conventionality,
conventional unconventionality,
unconventional unconventionality

HOME

tree
branch

mountain
cave

building
room

space
ship

INDIFFER ANTS

To outwit indiffer ants
outflank their think tanks.
Infiltrate their vigil ants.
Erase their memory banks.
Then watch the domin ants
run around confused
about their pulled-down pants
and their power defused.

MISS T

miss tease sees him
miss tease seize him
miss tease ease him
misty seas hymn

Ira Cohen—In Memoriam

by Valery Oisteanu

What's next? whispers Ira and becomes invisible
Scream no more, from unquenched fate
We'll see you on the other side
A Jewish Shaman walks away
While the big flutes are silent,
The extinct cactus remains still
The bells are thunderstruck
Our holy man of the straw mats
Melts benignly into the molecular earth
After an endless battle with himself
A distorted shadow in search of Ganesh Baba
From Chelsea all the way to Kathmandu
365 steps up to the Temple Swayambhu
Kumbha Mella traveler overran by sadhus
Blowing a dijjiridou, jazz convulsions
With potent magic mushrooms
Psychedelic carnal lovers evaporating

Disappearing on the magic carpet to the Kasbah
Lamenting in the sub-ground Ethiopian churches
Following the holy wind into the dessert
Eating majoon, riding the sunset
Tormented musicians of joujouka
Helter-skelter from Tangier to Crete
What's next boychick? What's hip?
Poetry shrunk down to tiny crumbs
Farfetched nightmares no more!
An avalanche of absurd nothingness
Yisgadal v'yiskadash sh'may rabo
Sufi in Ira's coffee, Shiva in Ira's tea
Buddha in his wine, Yahweh in his tap water!
Last chillum for trans-hypnosis
The king of Thunderbolt goes to sleep!

A Slow Moving Dream

by Michael Crane

1.

The hero of this poem
is developing a serum whereby
he could slow down time.

The place of this poem
is a remote village
where everybody is the same.

The villagers of this poem
wear the same clothes
Same hairstyles. Same eyes.

Everyone sees the same things.
The shapes of the clouds
never change. Always square.

2.

The hero of this poem,
wanted to see triangle clouds.
He wanted slow moving rivers.

The countryside of this poem
Is flat. The trees are flat.
The hills are flat. No mountains

The God of this poem
created everything the same
except this poem's hero.

The God was tired of envy
“Give everyone the same vision
and there will be happiness.”

3.

The hero of this poem
was invented by the God
to give the villagers a hobby.

The villain of this poem
has no form or substance
Moves fast. Strikes quickly

The laughter in this poem
is loud and cruel
The smiles have sharp claws.

A choir of mad butcher birds
squabble in the flat trees
for one beautiful, lonely fig.

4.

The hero of this poem
went through life unharmed.
His only weapon was a dream.

The dream of this poem
is not like the clouds.
It changes. It is the same.

The clouds of this poem
were jealous of the dream.
They formed a mist over our hero.

The mist of this dream
could only be seen by the clouds
and villains. No one else.

5.

The hero of this poem
worked on the serum.
A dash of love. A dash of oblivion.

The formula of this poem
was written by a ghost,
One part hope. One part Death.

The villain of this poem
searched for the serum
to slow down time.

Only the villain knows,
why the slowing down of time
is so important to our hero.

6.

The hero of this poem
lived alone in a bungalow
at the mouth of the river.

The river of this poem
has bright green eyes.
The river hates silence.

The silence of this poem
can be measured by a machine
that no one will invent.

To hear the silence
one must first imagine
a slow moving river.

7.

The hero of this poem,
could not speak logic.
His language was of dreams.

The language of this poem
is spoken slowly, quietly.
It moves like a beautiful girl.

The girl of this poem
is actually an old woman
who in the end drinks the serum.

No one not even the clouds
were prepared for that twist.
The river is speechless.

8.

The hero of this poem,
has grey eyes. He sees
what cannot be seen.

The eyes of this poem
are the colours of rainbows.
Each colour has an opinion.

The rainbows of this poem
do not arch. They are flat.
The clouds cry square raindrops.

Can you see what is happening?
This poem is unfolding for you
like a slow blooming rose.

9.

The hero of this poem
does not have an incurable disease.
his genitals were removed at birth.

The gender of this poem
is being discussed at length
by the green eyed villagers.

The argument of this poem
had been changing before you like
a slow moving river.

A formless shape with claws
is moving towards this poem.
The screams are deafening.

10.

The hero of this poem,
is in no hurry to finish
making his magic serum.

The patience of this poem,
can be compared to a river
that time has slowed down.

The river of this poem
has a long winding body,
slithering slowly through the shadows.

Somewhere in the shadows
there is a choir of lost souls
singing a slow moving hymn.

11.

The hero of this poem
is burning on a wooden stake
in the centre of the village.

The villagers of this poem
had caught our hero sleeping
on a slow moving dream.

The dream of this poem
is on fire. The flames leap
like a form with claws.

There is a wailing scream
as the hero of this poem
burns inside his own created fire.

12.

The hero of this poem
has no famous last words.
No one could understand him anyway.

To understand this poem
you must go back to the beginning:
a serum that slows down time.

The rhythm of this poem
has tripped over its own feet,
it lies flat like a rainbow.

The smiling corpses awaken.
They walk to our hero's body
like a slow moving river.

13.

The hero of this poem
is categorically dead.
His grey eyes are wide opened.

The vision of this poem
can see the green eyed villagers
walking to the mouth of the river.

The river of this poem
has been given the burden
of a recently burnt corpse.

Time has broken the spine
of the river with a clenched fist
made from triangle clouds.

14.

The hero of this poem
is carried by the current
of a slow moving, green-eyed river.

The green eyes of this poem
are looking at themselves
through a tall thin broken mirror.

The broken mirror of this poem
is in the corner of the room
in the bungalow at the mouth of the river

Inside the bungalow a search
is being carried out by the villagers
for a serum that slows down time.

15.

The hero of this poem
has died a dreamless death.
The villagers are still laughing.

The villagers of this poem
have fallen through the mirror
and are screaming like mad butcher birds.

The butcher birds of this poem
are flying above a crippled river
which is crawling slowly to the sea.

Time blinks its green eyes
as a slow moving sea
drowns in a burning ocean

16.

The hero of this poem
bids you farewell from the other side.
He is standing with the smiling corpses.

The corpses of this poem
are smiling because their eyes
can see the end is near.

The end of this poem
starts at the beginning:
a serum that slows down time.

Imagine if you could slow down time
and that life unfolded for you
like a slow blooming rose.

THE WORLD SHALL BE LIKE UNTO A
 FORM GIVEN YOU IN A DREAM BY
 SAINT JOHN OF PATMOS (6-100),
 JULIAN OF NORWICH (1342-1416),
 CHRISTOPHER SMART (1722-1771),
 WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827),
 WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (1865-1939),
 ANTONIN ARTAUD (1896-1948) AND
 VAN MORRISON (1945-2075)

by Jon Cone

142 The rain like rain like rain like rain like
 rain like rain like rain like rain like rain like
 raining! The rain like rain like rain like rain
 like rain like raining! It's falling down! It's
 coming down! It's falling down! It's falling!
 It's coming! It's falling! It's coming! It's
 coming down! It's falling down! It's coming
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 down on us! That rains on us! That falls!
 That falls! That falls! That comes! That
 comes! That comes! That comes down on
 us! That falls on us! That falls! That falls on
 you! That falls on me! That falls on us! The
 rain that falls on us! That falls! On us! On
 you! On me! On you! On me! On you! On
 me! On you! On me! On you! On me! On all
 of us! On all of us! On all of us! On all of
 us! On all of us! On you! On me! On all!
 On! On! On! On! On! On! On! On! On! On!

[quantum]

by Mark Cunningham

[quantum]

“Thousands of people running on nothing but their tongues. This is termed by them salvage.” The feminist movement is not helped by the fact that women’s underwear is called “panties.” The “ironic twist in the trivialization that occurs by making phenomena plural.” I thought, *it’s my mind, thank you*, and then I wondered what part of my mind thought that. “Phenomena” is always plural.

[quantum]

No matter how loud she shouted, “We aren’t living in a vacuum,” he acted like he couldn’t hear. My opponent could have been dead for hours for all I know: when I play chess, I *concentrate*. We wanted to run the formula to determine how much entropy is in the universe one more time, but it was late, and we all fell asleep before the computer finished. A map presents its readers with between one hundred and two hundred million bits of information, but I can’t remember where I parked the car. McDonald’s says my day starts at \$1.

[quantum]

That “my” arm has gone numb is just an idea. We were exhausted, but the parasites didn’t let up, so we just let them carry us along. He named his name tag. I said, I think I’ve lost all credibility, and he said, don’t you believe it. He walked into the room completely naked, and she said, “Get real.”

[quantum]

The mere idea of kinetic art gives me a stomachache. Arshile Gorky said his goal was “to achieve fluidity, motion, warmth, and the pulsation of nature as it throbs”—a goal I achieve when I cut myself shaving. She wondered why I wasn’t phenomenal any more, and I said things happen. When the waiter said the kitchen staff’s vote on what was rabbit and what wasn’t had been decided “by a hair,” he ordered something else. We hanged the figure of Representation in effigy.

Two Poems

by Rick Marlatt

Items May Have Shifted

Midnight coffee is incredulous of men
 who believe in the safety
of an open journal.

Tonight I sit in Denver International Airport
 feeling the hours thin away into
unreachable boarding times

while cities call their children home
 and in this mobile consciousness
I am also a child.

I'm young in the fashionable way
 hipsters ride moving sidewalks
into platinum time.

Still young in the sense of a back pack's
 allegiance to balance
maintained by trapper keepers.

The old man reads travel logs to his wife
 who crochets a quilt embroidered
with excellent swans submerged in moments.

She stitches his words into an everything song
 that cradles the movement of bodies
through desirous spinning voids.

Outside the night is an usher
 with slender meticulous hands
and the runway is talking to strangers.

Against the World

As we are written
 a car door slam
 invites dog to bark

the telephone chord
 coils around neck
 like a cobra

or desperate tree strap
 raised knife drips
 with left-handed silence

shag carpet cries
 for companionship
 each nerve ends

on a broken syllable.
 Ten words against
 the world surely

include lyricism
 brake pads quitting
 whenever pressure

is applied I know it's a trick.
 Catchy funkyd-up
 hip stuff of legend

all songs inevitably
 fall apart
 living each moment

for a beautiful way to die

Army Fatigues

by Nikolai Duffy

1. Faces of no one as in book of faces devoid of and no attempt to the way eyes collect numbers and depart where and outwards such that none the never never less as of abdicate without purpose into unfolding of and knife point scratchings to render port to pass illegible as of what boundary where smacks of tangible. Here no deluge as of nowhere to speak of nor collecting but what going out the difference of not this and a body parts company to flout issue for the sake of worldly exception.

2. What many barrels trained on it and to still miss. Aloof on a roof sighting to range. As of brick dust in the manner of blood as in the track-limits of bulldozer. When of ear to hear unheard. And admit of no figure. Of an other body. In the manner of simple. Or to shut of hypothesis. Must. Confession part of. Elsewhere.

3. Or of measure of water. Laid out restrictions as in nautical miles even though flak of movement necessarily by matter of substance considered seriously protracted by gunboat brow chugging toward held fast mast of bargain as in give and take at guided in mouth of what way and whose when case of counting without hand reveal but gape of spokesword to and fro unambiguously contested diplomatic corner.

4. Helm stuck of it howling oars back waves blanch and not there live. Such that weight of arms boning at socket. Arrested and touch to see detained with. As in method of tracking how body is to hack and shredded as of lung tissue. As of shaved wood stripped to the stain of ink. And not made in manner of reaching is agony of betrayal of lump and of foul that of skewer of salt-glint. Such that no society but version of famish of eating to exclusion of others.

5. Grounding of book space. Who gives a whit what. Bones break as of paper spine but necessary know cut of it. The way abdicate gives out. And what problem is elbow to eye as in organise particulars of space of dwell in room and dimensions dread hands scalloped bent to think frame of in windfolds and of bodies unfrozen as in melting sightwards in whose attitude scraped as it is to neither. Letters cut up let ting.

6. No room for it. But sliced and of part as in remnants of representation stubbed to state. Toe struck lake folds into certain citation in that less encounter division as let flow it as frame, fallow, falling through as of sinew see out there to blurring.

from Nervous Wanderings

The Voice of Water

by Alessandro Cusimano

a dog bitten in the throat
put it in a sack
and thrown in a dumpster

born to fight
to devour

to suffer
shut in a plastic bag
and squeezed with a rope

struggles to the bitter end

and girls

wearing close-fitting languettes
beautiful and nasty
jolly or conceited
transparent and winking

the Slav type of blonde
sells like hot cakes

sexy
fair
blue eyes

cold and wild
severe and martial
queens
of an outskirts nazi-porno

boys in jeans
shirt
tank top

haughty

the efforts of one year
in the gym
or to the millstone of the yard

and colors

lemon yellow
cornflower blue

places to spend the afternoon
listening to the voice of water

convenient slum
to admire the inconvenience

raped land
sand

twigs
reeds

river
sea
ground

without borders

an orgy of piled wood
in the form of housing

a child here
cannot suffer any opinion
and here
children play the war
against the loneliness

a little man
thin and sharp
folded on his chair
watching TV

the stench ferments the moisture
crushes the walls
and sneaks out
with rats and cockroaches

at the bottom of the main road
three caravans
leave behind syringe vending machines
hanged on breached fences

young people in their natural cruelty
gay prostitutes
premonitory dreams
and scenes shared at the tavern

the melodrama lives on with the easy tear
but it's a dry tragedy

lingering in pandering concessions
to pandering landscapes
or strong closeups

in oral tales in their living speech

within reach

baby girls with the lipstick
faces of Christ turning up from t-shirts
mobile phones
tattoos

sweaty people
who don't understand
waiting for something to happen

then
everyone returns to his stories
after a seaside resort interval

in the unstable space
which is alcove
restaurant
office

empty
full
womb

against the fellow man

the feeling of suffocation
overcrowding
emptied vacuum

at night
the pushers greet the big cars

hawaiian shirts
cigarettes
gold chains
convicts in a break

in an almost balanced cosmos

the forced segregation
gives a life closer
to the everyday deceptions

these voices ignore
and destroy

Multi-Family Sidewalk Sale

by Jacob Russell

Woman with section of Sunday paper
spread sun shade
a single oak leaf on the curb
fair weather cumulus overhead
white lead & cobalt blue
a used tissue, stained
pigeon feathers
thousands of staples in a wooden pole
nails a few tacks bits of paper
lost messages a Douglas pine
posing
as Sebastian

pink corsage crushed
wooden tubs outside The Pope
snuffed
butts in kitty litter

a steel pail red (in light of day)
outside Los Caballitos
sand filled 23 to Chestnut Hill
grocery cart *chariot*
of gods bag ladies dying
willow by the parking lot an apple core
desiccated
in the sun

Eclipse

clouds converge hum & rattle
 air conditioners inharmonious
 leaf wilt paper clips affixed
women paint nails
 on their toes
 PINK !
 is popular today

a chef in white walks home
 iron bars to keep out thieves

d

R A I N

o

p

paSt number

torrent
 poured into a single word

the letter S looped around
 two sentences above below
 instruct reversal

life/death sickness/health
 forth & back *return*
 begin again

that woman with the Sunday paper
 see only now in mind
 in sun or shade
 oak leaf on the curb
 still there

fair weather cumulus
then
now
a deeper slant of light
theatrical effect of afternoon
tissue, stained
feathers scattered gone

staples once a tree
Cascades on forest slopes
volcanic range
shifting out of view
lost messages

a dying willow by the parking lot

eclipse

the letter S looped around
two sentences above below

life/death sickness/health
iron bars/ to keep out thieves

Found Things
lost and found again
are Not

FOR SALE

all things
possessed are slaves

Two Poems

by Corey Wakeling

If they were to undress in our company

the universities would smuggle pigeons
in their pigeon holes, and the automatic doors
of faulty codes would simmer under
red light. Marvellous certitude this: he lay
right down beside her with a hand in her
hair making pinching motions. Not to
be expressed emphatically in the company of
enthusiasts. Carnations and desert roses are
the secret. Your mother calls to see if you're
okay, I say I think so. Satchel-and-all did
she just about leave us, but the anachrony between
the portentous and the drunk jogger must be
seen as the soft pinching motion on the base of
the head of our dinner. That's
all I wanted to say of the bicameral instance of
us rushing to our girls. That is all, sleepy priest.
That is all, devoted scholar. The whorehouse
is deserted this hour. The mail is retrieved;
scattered. There is something upsetting in your
fortune to do with the incorrect usage of the
semicolon. For your ponderous eyes — by that I
mean the interrogative mode of the tracker set on
the evidence of visitors to your house, that the
walls are not mere walls, that carnations and desert
roses scatter like mail — to the vault, I say.

America

I am more and more
convinced that Americans
are morbid. Of their acquaintance,
I convince more Americans that I am more
and more repulsed. They like this about me.
I like that they like this about me.
But where am I to put this repulsion
Itō Hiromi calls ‘maltreatment’?
Ten great families fill these lands.
We are all second cousins, that is, somewhat
fascinated by each other’s biographies.
Swimming in each other’s quick sand, or ooze.
There aren’t even any bodies yet.
Something about today reminds me of WWI poetry.
I would like to name WWI poetry:
“The Seriousness of Defenestration’s Corpse.”
America is regaining their WWI in poetry and who am I
to say, “the bodies are heaping up”? Moreover,
of a seriousness and cases of posttraumatic
stress disorder (PTSD)? To prove with yeast, we have today.
I do not even have the right camera to take something down.
Luckless, I want everyone to be waiting for me when I arrive home.
Home is my mother, and my mother is America.
I want America to be waiting for me when
I arrive, Mum. I want Mum to be waiting for
me when I arrive in America. There is a Daily
Show stress disorder where everyone is laughing,

but all that one can glean of the subject
is a Cadillac purchased from overseas sprayed
with anonymous body parts. Stephen Colbert
is murdering a dead president wearing a mask
at a luncheon with the current president.
Will I ever get this article about the frontline skirmishes
of this recuperation of WWI done? I keep getting
stuck on the soldiers as I saw them myself! Crack shot
reserves taking out too many friendlies, photographing
the bodies, sending poems home to their wives and
lovers. This is nothing like Lubang in the Phillipines.
These Americans are the opposite. They as yet do not
know, however persistent they are, when it is the war starts.

White Cough

by Stephen Nelson

1.

Fake folk bean toe in attendance.

Ethereal

manipulation logo consults only

apostrophe ever to have survived

castration.

2.

The red vine holiday villa sits in
sidereal plenitude.

I am a violent moonbeam

larynx at the core of
lassitude.

3.

Diphtheria valve succumbs to crust.

Chase rainbow meat is my enemy
in cars of parables of Samsung.

Vinaigrette relic conspires to erase with
toast factory teardrop
plucked from craving.

4.

Horn of euphoria blasts a printmaker.

Lakes. Inks.

Jar leaf unheard
of saturation.

Moist coil bone bind flits a
butterfly to crevice lick the
rock.

Butter as urge
in wine pap simulacrum.

5.

Phone to the euphonium of ear personality

with glow.

Cataract the corporation involves the.

Descant bliss

inside a
reactive lung quake.

Mortuary orchard appeals to
decibels.

six poems from “Trilce: Mistranslations”

by Steve Gilmartin

6

The tragedy of dressing for tomorrow
isn't like the joke of my laundry:
first clean then get over-the-line dirty, says Venus,
in the mud gush of the heart, and no, he
can't convince you if you participate in
the tragic turbulence of injustice.

Since no one is getting into the water,
in my fake rule book
license becomes a feather, and everything
that veils what will become of me,
it all stains my ass
like lead.

Where's the challenge in propriety,
brothers of gloom, sellers of the waltz of property.

And yes it's better if you return to laughing;
and yes better that morning opens its
web of washed rope, my jailor
wants me to launder souls. Better that morning start
bringing satisfaction, open thought, honest
and perceptive speech, so that it can

LIKE NO GO IT'S A DUD!
bluing and firmly planted in chaos.

37

He coincided with a poor young cha-cha dancer
who was conducted hastily from the scene.
The mother, her brothers were amiable and well-mannered
about her unfortunate “you’re not going to spin me.”

As a certain negotiation would make me admirable,
my circular ban has the air of a florid dynasty.
The novice churns water,
and knows well that my solitude raises
her love to be grasped badly.

My taste goes toward timid sea creatures
humble dears all daring inside their folds,
and how your breadth travels along the little dots,
undulating, the melody written by your deputy of occasions.

And when both sides of love lift in a hot parrot wind,
it breaks up my contract and yours
and the barrier to fear.

40

Whoever has the guts to say it's Sunday
sit down, here with the spider waste
in the shadow cast by the truck's big, pure grill.
(A mollusk attack and your mouse eyes scream,
to reason out two more low-hanging possibilities
against the breathing that installs blood's remorse.)

Listen, these dreams aren't proper like pressed pants
more like naked blood in the corpus cavernosa
with three-a-day doubling totality.
As if our degraded hubs just exited drooling! As
if no one learns by simply embracing
the whole of fatality's diaries!
And so many of our habitual loves offend.
And one's own lock on habitual love cajoles and pleads
and befriends slaving which others see
and others see.

Whoever has the nerve to think big on Sunday,
when, arrested, six lame codes lament
their manner of being, colored by tides of sentences.

Habitual love works best on the elevated, below
the two sighs of Love,
lustrous tertiary feathers, torturers,
new papal passageways to the orient.
But look, the problem is living these days,
meaning houses have fronts but not much more.

54

Tormented forager, entering, dirty
from a quadrangular raid on what never happened.
Big flop. The balancing of weight and weight
brings the treasures.

Even ten-cent vices conflict with all these cons,
and for ratings to be the highest, the blackest pieces
have to die in the arms of the State.
In tune with the divine's broken eyes,
the sun lazes, its mercies jagged,
violent oxygen volunteering to be good,
ardor quantified but then not ardor, and soon
the sadness doubles with mountain uplift.

Because one day no one will be able to enter
or exit, with the punishment of earth
etched in your eyes, forager!

71

The serpentine sun is in your fresh hand,
and skin dramas catalyze your curiosity.

Quiet. Nobody knows that the state's in me,
totally allowed in. Shut up. No breathing. Nobody
knows I'm marinating in unity's suck:
legions of the obscured, mythical amazons.

Transport the flayed autos later,
and let my people, dear atrocity, enter laughing finally
fatally to those who act.
Your hands and my hands are reciprocally tied
poles of protection, practically like depressives,
and sensible and frugal.

Call me for a good time, creepy future,
and spike energy to lower the intimacy, these uncorked
gallons of dry temperate bureaucracy
restrained Navajo
crafted cups, of life right under the skies.
Moving again into the heat, fanless; baby's stealing water
just as the pulping station splinters like love.

74

Midday eating brown rice and then a year's passed!
what you don't say is, better it than you.

They lash into mothers who go to college,
who should only study their reflections; we too love our flesh
our dear openings. Because you slowly understand
that in quelling, one has an itinerary to nowhere
as it rampages across the scene.
On the day that the year passes
what you don't say is, better it than you,
and rotate the whole scene.

For there is your separation,
because you don't love older women enough.
And technically all reflections are diced
vessels of air, no?
these drawings have bite, both obscure and singular,
for taking the side of children and
for jumping up too much in life,
enclosed simply because of our circular hearing.

Look, we're really just clouds of gas.

Sin Mishmash

by James Valvis

1. Spite

spit disguising itself
with an extra e

2. Lust

pretend love
before rust

3. Greed

when you grab
what you don't need

4. Anger

danger that was too mad
to remember the d

5. Despair

desperation
when you thought
you'd be spared

6. Corruption

when a sick core
has an eruption

from Necrologisms

by Greg Cohen

i.

First thing in the morning I went directly into debt. Early worms, you know: “Dead, it’s what’s for breakfast anymore.” Please, it’s the least I could do for that fat class war on wallpaper. Patriots may act, but I prefer to bend (and really, I mean, wouldn’t you rather be fish-farming?).

Later that day we all met downtown for a bit of ringworm. It was warmer than useless, less priceless (now just \$19.99 plus handlebars for all this and wait, there’s more!). It’s the same but really, no, it’s the same. And besides, I can’t drive until I’m six times more likely to have tumors with a mild case of laryngitis. Not that it won’t turn up on my website (text me, K?). Not sold in stores.

By time it was all said our work is never done, the water had boiled whet stone dry and plenty of blame to square round lay at the foot of my doorbell jar. I sat up with a start (who doth be this hour at that late?). Just the Greeks going bump into that good night darkly? Well, as they say. By the way, any Who’s in the audience tonight? Give it up.

First thing tomorrow morning I swear I shall foreclose. Blood everywhere: it’s the only way the neighborhood ever truly goes. (Not right this minute. I’m occupying.) Here, the wall, you can’t see? Honest, it wasn’t meant to be so very derivative. At least it never trickles down.

Got shot? No? Shit. What, then?

iii.

On a scale of one to, oh, say, ten, who are you maybe? Was it mother dressed you over, or was it someone in the water? Strange your moth wings slyly furrow just like tiny browbeats. Got Silk? Bilk whom? But think down on it: is any body merely biological any more? In a word, it's all about the pain: tilded, granular, or just this side of rare bird. Know what it means? At the end of the dalliance, I am but a caller in your daily hospital, now, don't jump to confusions. I mean. Sun or man the scale, it's all or one or ten, remember? It ought to get right at the concentration, purse the rosy tips, turn down the eyes, lips, and hardly bother not to warn them: they're sure to go all about it. At least our very own lost grail blows neither this way nor there.

v.

Concave zephyr, catch drift? You, the only child to turn wine back to the well, are never beside the point of every departure. Sancho may have said it best: not so easy being mayor (much less when cities are so solely fungible). At some point, listen, just put the colors up on the wall, square by squaring circles and cones and, well, all your Sunday geometries, lo. We really cannot hope to creole so much shapeless sound without another day or two more spare pins and needlepointed. Oh just divine, oh look at it just, would you? I'm not saying doesn't mean I don't care. It's that there's space, see, then there's world: it's a certain quotidian state of indifference, and there's nothing you nor shiver my worm can do to stanch the flagrancy of it all. Flood water water, the impossible streets of these architectural nightlies, see? Doubt not. It's all just to pass up time, wait for the morning stream, oh most frangible transmutationist. Out the window, rest your surfeit: everything appears to remain the same.

Three Poems

by Derek Henderson

Rueben reiterated it who admitted to move it into your rear and would've put it in had not a little woman in the little end who would move into it and out of it only at home been informative and who had moved it to whom it would have been up to put it in a home and implement it by those who have it in Atlanta and have been here and who have an end and if you have it if you have to have it put it into the home and then it could have that that hit him who had done with it and til it is an input into it it ends and has been doing that with it with clitics and I am now how into it and that had had an open form from an infant who can put her hat in it how can it have been moved into it and how can we conclude we have form from it and have been hit by it and had to invent a home and have been who had an income and it has an inhabitant who he has had to have a hit from and we would've moved it or put it into things and have had to have to put it in the end into an infant and into Canada and have to at last incline on and have to have who even invented the means that have to include whoever has an intimate and I have to conclude it's inconvenient and if it had a variant of intimate and moved on from half an owning of Atlantic Avenue to a clue at the end of it I would have had it from the first yet I have to put up with it

he is in his fifth fifth we have had 15 who have hit it can have been an infinite have had an infant who has been an infinite in that he had it and in the end of that if he had had a human heart and if he had had an infant who had had an in and who hadn't hit him and if in the end we had with humor worked with a new room or rather we have hit him have been hit that have had to have a had an infinite that

with winning with an infant that could indicate that with it it is into it could have it if two of the community had had to do it and could have had to continue it to have them into it into the end and that to have it continuing in an Atlanta or a Connecticut to have to continue to prove it is to have to continue on to two components and with that it is what commitment meant.

it was then that Ann and the man in Atlanta and Eric with it and Ann was in him and into him I am at an end and a minimum in Atlanta Atlanta and Atlanta and often an end in Atlanta with the room had in Atlanta and intricate with the fifth and phone ringing in doing time in the hand in intricate fit with the fifth in the phone to them have to have to do to them to have to have the cock into the thick to have to talk to kick to the two to three things into it into the tattoo to have to talk to commit to have to do that too took to have a potent two to talk to have to come to infinity in the detective to have to do an intimate end and in the end in the attempting to ticket to do the things that they can to the phone into it with the paint the things to the independent and can think that into the ticket the pathetic the protective infinite in the can do think that the component infinitely attempting to do that the pathetic from the things in the content in to the component intent of it is with them to be with them to the definitive in the of the Atlantic to have to the end of the things from the end of the thinking that if it into it the to the to the two of the fifth with the with them to the to the in the that can think of the to the the the the the the phone with the tooth and can in the

Two Poems

by Travis Cebula

what special affinities
 appear between a woman
and reflection?

what luminous sign attracted
 this mystery of wife,
silent in both mirrors,

this continuous flesh—
 her gaze
and shadow,

her simultaneous pressure?

the likes of her stag,
 stubborn just the one
 time—he flourishes,

his shivering image shatters
 over her world.

that gesture would be a universal
 gift of visible

sense. but like henpecked
 Socrates, anyway,

he was a damn yellow going.

shadowgraph 56: *with the film strips strung up*
(poetry detected in walther bothe's nobel physics lecture, 1954)

by Sean Howard

i

lab –
used
needles

ii

odd couple –
'no waves with-
out description'

iii

paris –
designer
clouds

iv

new order –
‘mirrors for
a giant’

v

thought –
the sub merged
with the water

vi

primitive reaction –
‘the film stripping
light from the sky’

vii

silence –
state
less

viii

berlin –
‘the individual
changed in groups’

ix

fusion –
death-
god

x

nuclear –
spent
time

The Pendulum Chilblains

by Walter Ruhlmann

#1

Just the transparent atmospheres to make me nebulous, shivering,
excited.

One night of off season I met sulphur and suffering.

Botanizing the night suns, midnight and the moon restored the lost love
hibernating in the fantastic caves.

#2

The delicate hours offer terrible frame sets to appease their phantasms
and to defy the gods.

Growing, the nights derive along the blue channels and the limpid
currents fluctuate according to the body battles.

The winter rushes on the shivery gold that the hopes offered us and our
eyes focus on only one target on which neuralgic tiredness settle and
grow.

To wait no more and to confess one's desires.

#3

To deliver the lanes from this evil by attracting it far from the blue eyes
and still to be used as a bait.

A pot of clay broke and on the ground lie its remains.

The rain seals the secret thirsts and rebellions.

In the hands, naked and damaged by the white frost, the shivers of the
destroyed angel sleep.

Putridness of the spirit, constraint of the body and in a dash of fear the
wings of the angel grow again so that he can be freed once more.

#4

The days pass without a noise and their torrid silence calls in crime, with
this feverish imagination.

Another step within cruelty and sweat is erased.

Hours of constraint, the world collapses under the fibres of the hunger,
this regime of misfortune and fear.

Welcome!

All leads us to the suffering.

#5

I AMNESIAS

Black hole
lapse of memory
extra nothingness and nothing in extra
encircle amnesias.

II TURPITUDES

To bore the secrecies of disgrace
and to lighten one's spirits full of sulphur by opening one's veins
to pour a rotten blood on the pure whiteness of the good.

III NAIVETY

To let oneself believed and fooled by words without degree.
To leave on the back of the blue clouds
and never go down again without having low spirits
to fall indefinitely into the traps of the words distorted by desire,
selfishness and sadism.

#6

Virtual paradise, will you take us far from the pangs?

Venom of this fabulous dragon that is being breathed out in our veins,
the pieces of transitory ecstasy dig tombs and build the vaults.

Nightmarish, Dantesque and without exit, the brown poison gives us
thirst and pushes us to the crime.

Sweetened odour, acidulous, the evil spell can charm us.

#7

Under the doors of the night sleep the blue nuances which bury wintry
weathers and are like jails to the low spirits.

And the serene wolves devour the bloody flesh of the last comers.

Until the next stage the night will remain whole and under the celestial
domes it will drink the dizzying wine with us.

#8

Satin moods, scents of cold and wet winter.

Sources of terrifying shivers under the frozen floods of these
enchantments.

And in the fixed sky all the tears appear and penetrate in the cracks of
difficult passion.

To stagger in the mysteries of the sources of the cold.

#9

The sun makes the pretences of happiness gleam and all courage is lost
in the bliss but will our hearts be heated one day?

We had seen the calmness of the bewitching paradises, but deaf to the
songs of the pagan natives, our red vouges poured blood on the ground
blessed by nature and our hurricanes of iron vomited all the fire hidden
in them.

In the name of the infidels, we massacred the happy ones and the
sulphur mixed with saltpetre meant well to make us dream, but we only
collected the anger of the masked avengers striking down our disastrous
roofs and condemning us to exile.

Now that the drawers open and let escape the phantoms and the evil
torments, we are left to heal our pendulum chilblains.

#10

A DAY OF PEPPER

Sneeze in gilded sands, delirious secrets of a boy lying on a bed of passion and disillusion.

Prickly scent of the crowned spice which makes up in the twisted rooms and sends the bodies to be cooked on the bloody communion pyres.

The dogs run after each other in the streets of Death and the gipsies show us their hands to read in ours and discover the tortures.

#11

Laws of fear,
of our in-*coldings*, long living and hateful.

Let them flee us so that the sweet spirit is released and remains far from us for his safety.

Tired of the long road which carries it out where nothing dies no more,
where nothing suffers no more
and where the furious men are expelled under penalty of ending in broth,
the serene, sweet spirit devours the existence and the children with
tender flesh.

#12

To smell the refrigerated savours of the past and to feel the ice-cold
water of an sweetened night on our skin,
singing the pleasure which makes us quiver and fidget

To cross the years within a phantasm which takes us all our free time
and to lose freedom, independence in the arms of desire.

To shout our pleasure and to let escape the hot venom which will
appease us.

The Pendulum Chilblains — 1995. (Translated 2006, corrected 2011.)

Curiosity (Hungarian Vispo No. 4)

by Márton Koppány



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Poems by **Morgan Harlow** have been published or are forthcoming in *Blackbox Manifold*, *Washington Square*, *Descant*, *Seneca Review*, *The Cortland Review*, *West Wind Review*, *Otoliths*, *The Moth* and elsewhere.

Candy Shue is a poet and reviewer whose work can be heard on the online show, Poet As Radio. She holds an MFA from the University of San Francisco and her writing has appeared or is forthcoming in *Spiral Orb*, *Versal*, *Washington Square*, *The Collagist*, *Switchback*, *Paragraph*, and other journals. Her poems have been nominated for an AWP Best New Poets Award and a Best of the Net Award.

Jan Lauwereyns is a poet, essayist, and neuroscientist. He lives in Fukuoka, Japan, where he is Professor in the Graduate School of Systems Life Sciences at Kyushu University. He has published ten books of poetry, essay, and prose in his native language, Dutch. In 2010 he published his first book in English, *The Anatomy of Bias* (MIT Press). Since 2005 he also writes poetry in English, which is starting to surface in literary journals and chapbooks.

Doris Neidl is an Austrian born artist who lives and works in Vienna, Austria, and in Brooklyn, NY. She studied at the University of Art and Industrial Design in Linz, Austria, and graduated in 1996 with an MFA. Her work has appeared in a number of solo and group exhibitions nationally and internationally. Her writings have been published by several publications and in 2008/2009, she received a writing grant from the Austrian Government BMUKK for her project “The Women in Symbols.” She has participated in short and long-term artist residences in the United States, France, Italy and Czech Republic. She is online at DorisNeidl.com.

Tim Trace Peterson is the author of *Since I Moved In* (Chax Press) and *Violet Speech* (2nd Avenue Poetry), and the editor/publisher of EOAGH. Peterson is co-editing, with Gregory Laynor, the forthcoming *Collected Writings of Gil Ott* (Chax Press), co-editing with TC Tolbert the forthcoming *Anthology of Trans & Genderqueer Poetry* (EOAGH Books), and curates the TENDENCIES: Poetics & Practice talks series at CUNY Graduate Center. Tim Trace Peterson is online at mappemunde.typepad.com.

Jen Besemer works with words, actions and images to expose hidden relationships (and discover new ones) between and within those media. “Misusing” text, processes and products to create camouflaged or hybrid forms, Jen comments on the entrenched systems of contemporary life and the unresolved contradictions they generate. Recent work has appeared or will appear in *Jellyroll*, *PANK*, *REM* magazine, *Otoliths*, *Right Hand Pointing*, *Sentence* and *ARTIFICE* and at The Fridge in Washington, D.C. Her website and blog are at jenbesemer.com.

Sheila Squillante is the author of the poetry chapbooks *A Woman Traces the Shoreline* (Dancing Girl Press, 2011) and *Another Beginning* (forthcoming from Kattywompus Press, 2012). Her poems have appeared in such places as *PANK*, *TYPO*, *42Opus*, *Phoebe*, *MiPOesias* and *No Tell Motel*. She teaches writing at Penn State.

Turning on the Domestic is a collaborative anagrammatic poetry project begun by **Lisa McCool-Grime** in her first year of motherhood. Lisa McCool-Grime is a teacher living in Lompoc, CA. **Natalie Watson** is a lawyer living in Tinton Falls, NJ. **Julie Wood** is a private pediatric life coach living in Omaha, NE.

Kristina Marie Darling's third full-length poetry collection, *The Body is a Little Gilded Cage: A Story in Letters & Fragments*, is forthcoming from Gold Wake Press in 2012. Her awards include fellowships from Yaddo, the Ragdale Foundation, and the Virginia Center for the Creative Arts, as well as grants from the Vermont Studio Center and the Elizabeth George Foundation.

Formerly a text-based visual artist, **Felicia Shenker** is now a writer. Her poetry has appeared in *Bathhouse*, *DEAR SIR*, *Little Red Leaves*, *Vallum* and *Word for/Word*. She is also an artisan perfumer. She lives in Montreal.

Scott Bentley is the editor and publisher of *Letterbox* magazine and the author of two chapbooks: *EDGE* (Birdcage Chapbooks, 1987) and *Out of Hand* (Parenthesis Writing Series, 1989) and two full-length books: *Ground Air* (O Books, 1994) and *The Occasional Tables* (sub press, 2000). He has co-translated the work of Brazilian writer Regis Bonvicino and others. Some of his translations appear in *New American Writing* and *The Pip Anthology of World Poetry of the 20th Century* (vol. 3)—*Nothing the Sun Could Not Explain: 20 Contemporary Brazilian Poets* (Green Integer, 2003). Work has appeared in *580 Split*, *Bird Dog*, *Chain*, *Cor*, *Dusie*, *Fact-Simile*, *Lyric&*, *Mirage*, *#4/Periodical*, *The Poker*, *The Raddle Moon*, *The Styles*, *Syllogism*, *Tinfish* and *Vanitas*. He lives with his family in the San Francisco Bay Area, where he teaches writing at California State University East Bay.

Works by **J. Crouse** have appeared in *The Columbia Review*, in the Uphook Press anthology, *gape seed*, and online at *The Tower Journal* and at *E·ratio* Issues 10 and 14.

Bob Heman's poems and prose poems have appeared recently in *Sentence*, *Otoliths*, *Caliban Online*, *House Organ*, *Skidrow Penthouse*, *Cannot Exist* and many others. His collages have been included in recent group shows in galleries in D.U.M.B.O., Chelsea, Williamsburg and the East Village, and on the covers of books by David Mills and Cindy Hochman. During the late 1970s he was an artist-in-residence at The Brooklyn Museum.

James Davies is the author of *Plants* (Reality Street), *The Manual Handling Process* (Beard of Bees) and *Acronyms* (onedit); with Simon Taylor, as *Joy as Tiresome Vandalism*, *aRb* (if p then q) and *Absolute Elsewhere* (Knives Forks and Spoons). He edits if p then q and is one of the organisers of the Manchester reading series, The Other Room.

Dylan Harris lives in Paris, where he is creating corrupt press, and runs Poets Live. When living in Dublin, with Kit Fryatt he created wurm press, ran the wurm im apfel reading series, and the poetry festival wurmfest. He has lived in Luxembourg, Belgium and the UK. His books include *the smoke* (Knives, Forks and Spoons Press, 2011), *antwerp* (wurm press, 2009) and *europe* (wurm press, 2008). He is online at dylanharris.org.

Michael Sikkema is the author of the chapbooks *Code Over Code* (Lame House Press), *"Saying Things as an Engine Would"* (H N G M N), *I Could Jump Through the Keyhole in Your Door* (Horse Less) and, with Jen Tynes, the collaborative chapbook *Autogeography* (Black Warrior Review). His full length collection, *Futuring*, is available from BlazeVOX Books.

Kent Leatham is a poet, translator, editor, and critic. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Zoland*, *Poets & Artists*, *Artifice*, *Bellevue Literary Review*, *Softblow*, *Rowboat*, *Breadcrumb Scabs*, *322 Review* and *The Battered Suitcase*. A wayward native of central California, Kent currently lives in Boston and edits poetry for Black Lawrence Press.

Parker Tettleton's work is featured in and/or forthcoming from *Gargoyle*, *PANK*, *The Catalonian Review*, *Word Riot* and *Secret Journal*, among others. His chapbook *SAME OPPOSITE* is available from Thunderclap! Press. He is online at parker-augustlight.blogspot.com/.

Poems by **Bobbi Lurie** have appeared in numerous print and online journals including *American Poetry Review*, *New American Writing*, *Gulf Coast*, *Big Bridge*, *diode*, *Shampoo* and *Otoliths*. She is the author of three collections: *The Book I Never Read*, *Letter from the Lawn* and *Grief Suite*.

Poems by contributing editor **Lauren Marie Cappello** have appeared online at *Polarity* and in print in *By the Overpass* and in the 2011 Uphook Press anthology, *gape seed*.

Erin H. Heath is currently working on a poetic/historical/photographic project about the old electric streetcar system of Oakland, California. She's been published in *Samizdat*, *Birdsong* and *The Brooklyn Rail*. During fall of 2011 she had a book art exhibition at The Beethoven Center in San Jose, CA. She is online at erininthebay.tumblr.com.

Wynne Huddleston is a music teacher, a member of the Mississippi Poetry Society and a board member of the Mississippi Writers Guild. Her poetry has been, or will be published in *Birmingham Arts Journal*, *Southern Women's Review*, *Emerald Tales*, *Camroc Press Review*, *Raven Chronicles*, *Gemini Magazine*, *Mississippi Poetry Journal*, *THEMA*, *Battered Suitcase*, *Short, Fast, and Deadly*, *The Mom Egg*, *Halfway Down the Stairs* and *Calliope Nerve*. She is online at wynnehuddleston.wordpress.com.

Jane Olivier, born in Peterborough, Ontario, raised and spent most of her life in South Africa. She has travelled extensively throughout Africa on business, as a journalist and always a poet. Lived in Cambodia for two years where she built a children's home and school, and since 2009 has been travelling the world attempting to make sense of it through words.

Elise is founding editor of *Decanto Magazine*. Her video poems include her own musical compositions. She is online at elisepoetry.webs.com/.

Nathan Thompson lives in Salford, UK, where he is studying for a PhD. His collections include *the arboretum towards the beginning* (Shearsman), *Holes in the Map* (Oystercatcher), *A Haunting* (Gratton Street Irregulars), *The Visitor's Guest* (Shearsman) and *the day maybe died* (Knives Forks and Spoons).

Tim Wright is a poet living in Melbourne, Australia, who has had work published in various Australian journals. The poems here were written in the south west of Western Australia and are part of a longer series.

Tim VanDyke grew up in Colombia, South America, until guerilla warfare forced him back to the United States. Since then, he has worked in several insane asylums. His first book, *Topographies Drawn with a Divine Chain of Birds*, is out from Lavender Ink. He also recently released a chapbook, *Fugue Engine*, with Cannibal Books. His work has appeared in *Fascicle*, *Typo*, *Octopus Magazine* and elsewhere.

Iain Britton is online at IainBritton.co.nz.

Ian Hatcher lives in NYC. Info & projects: clearblock.net.

C. Brannon Watts is a poet and educator living in Rockford, Illinois. He believes that poetry should remain open to interpretation and routinely burns greeting cards wherever he finds them in the wild. His publication credits include work in *Ygdrasil*, *Clutching at Straws*, *Greatest Lakes Review*, *Metazen*, *Durable Goods* and *Thrice Fiction*. His ebook, *Bowl of Light*, is available from Argotist Ebooks.

Seth Tyler Copeland is from Indianahoma, Oklahoma, and is currently studying creative writing at Cameron University. He has work published or forthcoming in *Apropros*, *Scissortale Review*, *The Goldmine*, *Emerge* and *Symmetry Pebbles*.

Rich Murphy taught writing and literature at Bradford College and Emmanuel College in MA before coming to Virginia Commonwealth University. His credits include two books of poems, *Voyeur* and *The Apple in the Monkey Tree*, chapbooks *Great Grandfather*, *Family Secret*, *Rescue Lines* and *Hunting and Pecking* and essays on poetics in *Folly Magazine*, *The International Journal of the Humanities*, *Journal of the Assembly for Expanded Perspectives on Learning*, *Reconfigurations: A Journal for Poetics Poetry / Literature and Culture*, *Fringe* and *Journal of Ecocriticism*.

J. D. Nelson is the author of *When the Sea Dies* (NAP, 2011). More than 1,000 of his poems have appeared in *Otoliths*, *Moria*, *Zygote in my Coffee*, and many other publications. He lives in Colorado, USA.

Howie Good is a journalism professor at SUNY New Paltz and is the author of the full-length poetry collections *Lovesick* (Press Americana, 2009), *Heart With a Dirty Windshield* (BeWrite Books, 2010) and *Everything Reminds Me of Me* (Desperanto, 2011).

Monty Reid is a Canadian poet living in Ottawa. His most recent books are *The Luskville Reductions* (Brick) and *Disappointment Island* (Chaudiere). Recent chapbooks include *Site Conditions* (Apt 9), *Sweetheart of Mine* (BookThug) and other units of the *In the Garden* sequence from Laurel ReedBooks, above/ground press and others. His online work can be found at *Dusie*, *elimae*, *ottawater*, *experiment-o* and others, and recent print work can be seen in *Event*, *The Malahat Review*, *Arc* and elsewhere.

Poems by **Dave Shortt** have appeared in *Mesechabe*, *Bullhead*, *Sulfur* and *Nedge* and online at *Switched-On Gutenberg*, *Sugar Mule*, *The Arts Paper* and *Astropoetica*.

Billy Cancel is a Brooklyn based poet. His work has recently appeared in *Shampoo*, *Glitterpony*, *Lungfull!* and at *Cricket Online Review*. He performs in the poetry/noise band Farms and co-runs Hidden House Press. A collection, *The Autobiography Of Shrewd Phil*, was published by Blue & Yellow Dog Press in September 2010.

John Clinton is a graduate of the School of Visual Arts and is currently an English Literature Major at the College of Staten Island. His poem, “Hallucinating Rimbaud,” will be published in the Spring 2012 edition of Nomad’s Choir Magazine. Born and raised in Brooklyn, New York, he currently resides in Staten Island.

Thomas Fink is the author of seven books of poetry, including *Peace Conference* (Marsh Hawk Press, 2011) and a book of collaborative poetry with Maya Diablo Mason, *Autopsy Turvy* (Meritage Press, 2010). *A Different Sense of Power* (Fairleigh Dickinson UP, 2001) is his most recent book of criticism.

Larry Ziman lives in West Hollywood, California, and publishes and co-edits *The Great American Poetry Show*, a serial poetry anthology open year-round to unlimited submissions of poems in English on any subject and in any style, length and number.

Valery Oisteanu, New York poet/artist with 12 published poetry books illustrated by his collages.

Michael Crane has been widely published in literary journals and newspapers in Australia and recently has had work accepted in Canada and the US. He organises the Poetry Idol Final for the Melbourne Writers Festival, is managing editor of the annual literary journal, *The Paradise Anthology*, and performs musical poems and songs with singer songwriter Trish Anderson of acclaimed band GIT.

Jon Cone has work in E·ratio 9.

Mark Cunningham is the author of *80 Beetles* (Otoliths), *Body Language* (Tarpaulin Sky), *71 Leaves* (an ebook, BlazeVOX) and *specimens* (BlazeVOX).

Rick Marlatt holds two degrees from the University of Nebraska, as well as an MFA from the University of California, Riverside, where he served as poetry editor of *The Coachella Review*. His first book, *How We Fall Apart*, was the winner of the 2010 Seven Circle Press poetry chapbook award. His most recent work appears in *New York Quarterly*, *Rattle*, and *Anti*. He writes poetry reviews for *Coldfront Magazine* and teaches English in Nebraska, where he lives with his wife and two sons.

Nikolai Duffy is a lecturer in English at Manchester Metropolitan University. He has published articles on poetics, innovative writing practices and the visual arts. His chapbook, *the little shed of various lamps*, is published by The Red Ceilings Press.

Alessandro Cusimano was born in Palermo, Sicily, Italy, on July 2, 1967. He lives in Rome, where he is jewelry designer, writer, poet and translator. Son of a painter and a teacher, his life was marked, very early, by recurrent and painful bouts of depression. Nevertheless, this did not detract him from research and study of narrative techniques, his poetic style; with a special focus on visual arts, from painting to cinema, from photography to theatre, lived with deep introspection. Anarchist and visionary, painful and surreal, his works reflect on anxiety, crush conventions and illusions, proclaiming, with a barrage of words, that life is, by its nature, a scandal. An unconventional path, funny and desperate, populated by staring puppets and strange creatures whose life unfolds between sarcasm and resentful emotion.

Jacob Russell lives and writes and walks the streets of South Philly with his SpiritStick. He's had work published in *dcomP*, *Critiphoria 2*, *Conversational Magazine*, *Connotations*, *BlazeVox*, *Scythe*, *Battered Suitcase*, *Clockwise Cat*, *Apiary*, *Fox Chase Journal*, *Pedestal* and *Retort*.

New work by **Corey Wakeling** appears in *Overland*, *Cordite*, *Shampoo*, *foam:e*, *Famous Reporter* and *The Geek Mook*. He lives in Melbourne, Australia.

Stephen Nelson is the author of *Flylyght* (Knives Forks and Spoons Press) and two chapbooks of visual poetry. His work has most recently appeared in *Moria*, *BlazeVox* and *Otoliths*. His collections include *Lunar Poems for New Religions* (anything anymore anywhere press). See his lovely blog at afterlights.blogspot.com.

Steve Gilmartin's fiction and poetry have appeared in *Double Room*, *14 Hills*, *3rd bed*, *Mad Hatters' Review*, *Poemeleon*, *Drunken Boat*, *Able Muse*, *Eleven Eleven*, *BlazeVox*, *elimae*, *Cannot Exist*, and *Otoliths*. He recently completed a manuscript of mistranslations of Cesar Vallejo's *Trilce* and is currently working on English-to-English translations of Emily Dickinson. He works as a freelance editor and lives in Berkeley, California.

James Valvis is the author of *HOW TO SAY GOODBYE* (Aortic Books, 2011). His writing can be found in *Anderbo*, *Arts & Letters*, *Catalonian Review*, *Elimae* and *LA Review* and has been featured at *Verse Daily* and *The Best American Poetry* website. His fiction has twice been a Million Writers Notable Story. He lives near Seattle.

Greg Cohen earned his doctorate in Romance Languages and Literatures from Harvard in 2008, and now teaches in the graduate program in Cinema and Media Studies at the University of California in Los Angeles. A poet, visualist, and freelance curator, his intellectual pursuits range from experimental cinema and aesthetic philosophy to experimental archives and visual culture. His work has appeared in *Annetna Nepo*, a short-lived, multilingual journal of experimental poetry.

Derek Henderson is author of *Thus &* (2011), which is an erasure of The Sonnets of Ted Berrigan, and co-author, with Derek Pollard, of *Inconsequentia* (BlazeVOX 2010). At present, his favorite quote is John Ashbery's assertion that "You can't say it that way anymore."

Travis Cebula lives and creates in Colorado, where he earned an MFA in Writing and Poetics from Naropa University's Jack Kerouac School. His poems, essays, stories, and photographs have appeared internationally in various print and on-line journals. He is the author of five chapbooks and one full-length collection of poetry, *Under the Sky They Lit Cities* (BlazeVOX). In 2011 he was gratefully awarded the Pavel Srut Fellowship for poetry by Western Michigan University.

Sean Howard is the author of *Local Calls* (Cape Breton University Press, 2009) and *Incitements* (Gaspereau Press, 2011). His poetry has appeared in numerous Canadian magazines as well as *Illuminations* (USA) and *The Rialto* (UK). He lives in Main-à-Dieu, Nova Scotia, and is adjunct professor of political science at Cape Breton University.

Walter Ruhlmann was born in 1974 in France. He currently lives in Mamoudzou, Mayotte where he works as an English teacher. Walter lived in England from 1995 to 1997. He began publishing *Mauvaise graine*, a literary magazine, in 1996, now known as *mgversion2>datura*. Back in France, he has carried on publishing and writing mostly poetry, although he has published short-stories in several French-language magazines. He is the author of several poetry booklets and has published poems in *Magnapoets*, *Poetic Diversity*, *Aesthetica Magazine*, *Ygdrasil* and *Above Ground Testing*. He co-edited and translated poems for the bilingual free verse and form section for the anniversary issue of *Magnapoets* in January 2011.

Márton Koppány's books, in English, include *Modulations* (Otoliths, 2010), *This Is Visual Poetry* (chapbookpublisher, 2010) and *Waves* (E·ratio Editions, 2008). His new e-book is *a motion*.

E·ratio Editions

#12. *Beginning to End and other alphabet poems* by Alan Halsey. Poems and poetic sequences. With art by Alan Halsey. “Poussin’s Passion, or The Poison Trees of Arcadia: The Fate of the Counterfactual.”

#11. *Paul de Man and the Cornell Demaniacs* by Jack Foley. Essay, recollection. “I studied with de Man in the early 1960s at Cornell University. The de Man of that time was different from the de Man you are aware of. . . . Despite his interest in Heidegger, the central issue for the de Man of this period was ‘inwardness’ — what he called, citing Rousseau, ‘conscience de soi,’ self consciousness.”

#10. *The Galloping Man and five other poems* by Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino. “. . . how does / a body know, here is a hand, and here, is a sentence / or, / what’s riding on hearts . . . ”

#9. *Prosaic Suburban Commercial* by Keith Higginbotham. Two poetic sequences. “. . . bathe deep in / the barely-there / disassembled gallery / of the everyday . . . ”

#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

