

E·ratio 16 · 2013

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A Poem

by Lauren Marie Cappello

Sambhogakāya

Since there is no difference
between self & sky, do you
spend the coffee cup hours
admiring our vastness?

Citrus, no difference, between
hand, face, flower.

Yr collarbone, open fields of
obsidian marigolds.

* *Sambhogakāya* — Sanskrit for “body of enjoyment.” *Sambhogakāya* has also been translated as “deity dimension,” “body of bliss” and “astral body.”

Nothing by Nobody:

An Interrupted Reading of Burton's Anatomy, 2011

by Alan Halsey

Feb 1

neminis nihil
 imaginis imago
reading looking backwards
through the philter of cognitive theory
Hymenoptera Hypersensitivity
in an Imported Fire Ant Endemic Area
(sent to Anticyra they arrive by analogy
allergy or chance in Academe)

if as I have read
they were afternoon-men born of mushrooms
The Lord shall smite them with the botch of Egypt
(in a swarm of bees
President Obama backs President Mubarak)

Feb 2

fake hackers claiming
vigil coma & many hard words
philosophers explode
larvae, lawyers, lemures
tumults, combustions, uproars, Abaddon
ut in Ægypto

per iram et odium

The president's plain-clothes devils let loose
a hyperpathic variety of February's malady
wolf-madness

Feb 4

disorder of time and place
sudden death and what not
frothy spectrums and the like

for ‘bangle’ read ‘bungle’
Balance it O Lord You have an incoming payment
(Mubarak turns his back on Obama
for not backing him enough,
if he did)
contra gentes

contra Manichæos

‘their president Mercury had no better fortune’
inertia entertainment shared by noble gases
but whatever the younger Pliny said
Trajan
for all his wars
survives in no epos
but one stonker of a column
with St Peter on top

Feb 5

in the shop of humours:
fountains & furtherers
overmuch cockering
cases of conscience in
a case of leather
every word in its misconster
shoeing-horns of idleness
incondite voices
Middle East policies
spintriae aplenty
obsolete gestures
new coats for the moon

Feb 6

eyes in his throat and a library
printed in the roof of his mouth
Dear Sir I have 70kg of gold dust
I do not know much about

‘in his Anatomy of Melancholy Francis Bacon’
aka William Sheikh-Peer, The Ancient Sage
aka Elias Artifex,
Theophrastian master of the Rosie Cross
aka Kidhr, The Green One, patron of the Sufi orders

differing as an egg and a chestnut
a rash of stars like so many nails in a door

‘those two green children that fell from heaven’
or clambered up from St Martin’s Land
but I’d sooner believe William of Newburgh
than anything said
by our man in Cairo Mister Blair

Feb 7

when time was entertained by footnotes

¹ Erycius Poteanus
in his *Pietatis Thaumata* (Antwerp: 1617)
published 1022 permutations in classical hexameter
of Bernard Bauhuis' monostich
Tot tibi sunt dotes, Virgo, quot sidera cælo.
Why stop? We mustn't suppose Poteanus
ran out of ideas and despaired.
There were 1022 visible stars in Ptolemy's heaven
and the Virgin could have no more virtues than that.

² To whom does Rainnerus of Luneburg
owe his immortality? *Pace* Burton
the *Proteus Poeticus* was the work of Gregor Kleppis
welcoming three noblemen to Dresden
in 1617. It contains 1617 permutations of
Dant tria jam Dresdæ, ceu sol dat, lumina lucem.
To whom the nobles owe
whatever remains of their sunlight
is an ordinary question. Rainnerus
has meanwhile been deprived of
 $2150 - 1617 = 533$ permutations.

Feb 8

Dear Sir

Re yours of 6th inst.

I have digged out of that broody hill
a chaos of receipts

nonsense-confused compounds

indefensible much magnified enchantments

a gown of giants' beards for austere times

tinfoiled happiness

(I quote, it was translated from the Latin)

as many tempests in tosspots as fatal engines

gripings expressed in most careful verse

& last but not least

several nonentities of potable gold

Do not be transposed

Dear Sir

Let experience determine

paintings remain

by Marcia Arrieta

the life of trees the life of stars

it is time to sail to other continents

through the circle of time

through the phantoms of perhaps

*

hangers & alchemy

ties & portraits

distinctions

language

*

i discover graffiti in a book of poems—

it is indecipherable

Two Poems

by Nathan Hauke

Leaves where light carves your eyes

Buoyed in bright debris of personality
Caught in rocks and roots all the way
Coughed up shards of glass
Meant to do better
Sun like a swollen hive
Crawling with bees
Wounds that won't close
Bleached cans of Natty Ice in the grass
Slick as a dented swing set

Saying *Jesus*

ONE

A cube of sugar

Melting in a horse's mouth

Low branches through shadowy threads

Burn scars of light tremor in the creek

Relieved to momentum

Hours after Eryn tries to help a katydid stuck in the old rug

Flimsy silver leaf caught up near tangle of minnows

Carved by noise and the desire to be changed

Name place gauged in wood

Like a blowtorch cutting through fog

TWO

She says your wedding song

Otis Redding's "Cigarettes and Coffee"

Three Poems

by Brad Vogler

:

your body is no lake

lake: mere: loch: lough: pond:

discrepancy of size

wet clay-footed way

round:

pond tattered pond
ragged territory tethered

to attempt

(to) naming

sh

sh this ano

sh this nymity

sh

:

a contained/ment thing doesn't belay me

$$\vdots$$

rickety slat snow fence

W E (s)

a catalog of we
ways dim

side
(inside(s))

waxy dark-wood floors
dim)

a spun
turned outwards
doors

out

too
day-
distant field

corn stalks
long broke like awakening

•

from Jardin cerrado // Enclosed Garden

by Emilio Prados

translated by Donald Wellman

XVII
PÁGINA FIEL
Nostalgia

Lejano mar, ¿conoces tu misterio?...
Sobre tu playa, el sueño
diminuto de un hombre,
no se queda olvidado,
como en el alma el pensamiento
—pétalo, sol, y nácar—,
en la espalda del tiempo.

...Lejano mar:
sobre tu arena está mi cuerpo,
sobre la sombra de su cuerpo,
y sueña, sueña, sueña en ti dormido,
que sin ti vive como estoy despierto,
con la frente en el agua y los ojos sedientos,
viviendo el mar, mi sangre, en tu recuerdo.

XVII
TRUE PAGE
Nostalgia

Distant sea, do you know your mystery?...
Upon your beach, the small
dream of a man
does not leave itself to be forgotten,
like thought in the soul
—petal, sun, and pearl—,
on the shoulder of time.

...Distant sea:
my body lies upon your sand,
upon the shadow of its body,
and it dreams, dreams, dreams asleep in you,
that it lives without you when I am awake,
with my brow in the water and eyes thirsting,
the living sea, my blood, remembering you.

XVIII
VELA

Arriba un ala del cielo...
(¿Está alerta, centinela?)
Abajo un ala del cielo...

Viento, no empujes la sombra,
que tengo a mis pies el agua
y sé que el tiempo la ronda.

¡Está alerta, centinela!

XVIII
NIGHTWATCH

Above a wing of the sky...
(Is the sentinel awake?)
Below a wing of the sky...

Wind, do not push the shadow,
I have water at my feet
and I know that time keeps watch.

Is the sentinel awake!

XIX

EN LA MEDIA NOCHE

Hubiera preferido, nacer
con los ojos quemados
por la luz del desierto
anterior a mi sangre,
que no ver hoy mi vista
igual que lágrimas culpables,
gota tras gota, estéril,
perderse bajo tierra
igual que trigo muerto,
porque no es justo acariciar lo que se ama.

Hubiera preferido, nacer
con los labios fundidos,
como las aguas
que nunca han de brotar
y profundas se mezclan
al corazón oscuro de la sombra,
a no sentir mis besos
bajo el olvido deshacerse
y esconder perseguidos
el ardor de su carne,
entre las hojas del recuerdo,
porque no es justo acariciar lo que se ama.

Hubiera preferido, nacer
tras el vacío superior
de la Nada: en su sueño,
bajo el ancho misterio
de la campana silenciosa
y densa de su espacio,
a no sentir la flor del azahar
como una herida incandescente
en el hueso del alma,
y ver la roja fruta
del naranjo, en sazón,
amarga sobre el suelo
frente al lucero que tapado la mira,
porque no es justo acariciar lo que se ama.

Hubiera preferido, nacer
a espaldas de la muerte,
bajo ese enorme mar ilimitado,
donde sólo la forma
de un caracol de sal
recoge como un eco
en su concha, la angustia
sin tejer, de la espuma,
a no sentir, cómo el ala del pájaro
sin cantar, sobre el árbol se deshace;
mientras mi oído sobre el agua
sólo escucha a los peces
en su sonámbulo vagar
entre las ondas,
porque no es justo acariciar lo que se ama.

Porque no es justo acariciar lo que se ama:
duermo y duermo, ya siempre
con los ojos abiertos,
como la luna nace
sin saber si ya es beso de la sombra
la luz de su cuchilla,
o es sólo su reflejo de oro
nueva herida en el cielo,
con la que ha de salvar
la noche misma en la que duerme.

XIX AT MIDNIGHT

I would have preferred, to be born
with eyes burnt
by desert light
from before my birth,
than to see my face now
with guilty tears,
that drop by drop, sterile,
lose themselves in the dirt
like dead wheat,
for it isn't allowed to caress what is loved.

I would have preferred, to be born
with fused lips.
like the waters
that will never burst forth
and mix themselves deep within
the unlit heart of darkness,
than not to feel my kisses
decompose within oblivion
and hide pursued
the ardor of their flesh,
between leaves of memory,
for it isn't allowed to caress what is loved.

I would have preferred, to be born
at the back of the high emptiness
of Nothing: within its dream,
under the wide mystery
of the silent
and solid bell of its space,
than not to sense the orange blossom
like an incandescent wound
in the core of the soul,
and see the red fruit
of the orange tree, in season,
bitter upon the ground
turned toward the masked star that stares at it,
for it isn't allowed to caress what is loved.

I would have preferred, to be born
with my back to death,
under that enormous ocean without limits,
where only the shape
of a snail of salt
gathers like an echo
in its shell the unwoven
anguish of the foam,
than not to feel how the wing of the bird
without song undoes itself in the treetop;
while my ear upon the water
hears only the fish
in their wandering sleepwalk
among the waves,
for it isn't allowed to caress what is loved.

For it isn't allowed to caress what is loved:
I sleep and sleep, once and for all
with eyes open,
just like the moon is born
without knowing if the kiss of the dark
is really the glint of its knife,
or if its golden reflection is only
a new wound in the sky,
with which it has to save
the very night in which it sleeps.

XXI

MITAD DE LA VIDA

Como al nacer se brota de la muerte,
como del fondo de un olvido
sube lento el recuerdo
a su destino ilustre;
igual que una burbuja
del aire bajo el agua,
dejo elevar mi cuerpo hasta mi frente.

Salgo a pisar el cumbre de mi vida,
con idéntico afán que el hombre lleva
cuando para sentir más cerca el sol,
asciende hasta tocar
en su más alta espuma,
la ceniza traidora
y fría de los hielos.

Sobre mi piel estoy: sobre la tierra.
Acaso un sueño
bajo la noche me ha dejado,
como el despojo de un navío perdido
o la rosa profunda
arrancada del mar
tras su batalla oscura, silenciosa,
o, el cansancio de un pez
sonámbulo, vencido.

He llegado de un mar,
pero no desde un sueño...
Salgo a pisar el cumbre de mi vida.
Estoy de nuevo aquí sobre la tierra
y aún mi vista no es clara;
pero en la misma arena
siento, como mi antigua sombra,
la misma soledad, igual silencio.

¿He llegado de un mar?...
¿He llegado de un sueño?...
Del fondo de mi sangre
voy subiendo despacio,
de su arcano inseguro,
y, empiezo a despertar de nuevo
en mitad de mi vida,
como al nacer se brota de la muerte.

XXI MIDDLE OF LIFE

As at birth one springs from death,
as from the depths of forgetfulness
memory slowly rises
toward its shining destiny;
just like a bubble
of air under the water,
I let my body rise toward my face.

I step out upon the pinnacle of my life,
with the same yearning that man brings
when in order to feel a bit closer to the sun,
he rises until touching
at its most elevated froth,
the traitorous ash,
cold with frost.

I am on top of my skin, on top of the earth.
Maybe a dream
has left me under the night
like the spoils of a lost ship
or the deep rose
torn from the sea
after its dark battle, silent,
or, the weariness of a fish
sleepwalking, overcome..

I arrived from a sea,
but not from a dream...
Off I go to attain the pinnacle of my life.
Once more I am here on top of the earth
and my vision is not yet clear;
still in the same sand
I sense, like my old shadow,
the same solitude, similar silence.

Have I come from a sea?...
Have I come from a dream?...
From the depth of my blood
I am rising slowly
from its arcane insecurity
and I begin to awaken once more
in the middle of my life,
just as at birth one springs from death.

THE LONG WAY HOME

three lessons for Norman Jope

by Rupert M. Loydell

Lessun 1: to write speach yoosing speach marks

The sad part of me has been downloading progrock without anyone knowing; all twiddles and beeps, long solos and sighs from high-pitched voices at the back. You mention Eno, Ligeti and others, and I can see a link: your past spent elsewhere but the same memories catching up with us both. Here, we don't let go of memories, let alone toys we no longer play with. There is no room for books and clothes or all our other things. If we do not put stuff away before anything else comes out, there will be no floor to stand on; if we walk only in the shadows, on the cracks between slabs, we may be able to find a dry path into the future. The plumber has still not been but I have been rereading your prose poems and listening out for bells as darkness falls and today's six-part epic finally comes to a guitar-splintering end.

Lessun 2: to make tishew paper coco beans

Over here is my collection of triangular stones
and here green, blue and clear smoothed glass
picked up by the sea. Here, round pebbles
and there, tangles of coloured fishing net.
Hidden in the loft, a pair of small red wellies
and the air that was trapped between us when
we first held hands. Now her tooth has fallen out
she can whistle through the gap at the front,
give voice to all her fears about going to school.
Music is not on her agenda; play and chocolate are.
Maybe the plumber will come later and remind us
again how lucky we are to have hot water at all;
his house very rarely gets up above ten degrees.
We should be tougher, stop whining and get on
with our lives. The kind of thing people say
when they want to not get on with their job.

Lessun 3: to take away elevun from thees numbers

The hidden part of me stays inside and lets me cry outside. Apparently there is no grand conspiracy and management wish to have more dialogue, in a spirit of partnership. This does not mean anything has changed. How dare you question the plan. We have invented it and will follow it through, though it makes no sense at all.

Turn off the mains, let everything dry out;
put these boxes in the loft. It is better to hoard
than to let things be given away. Out at sea,
steel islands wait to become private kingdoms;
in each suburb a principality dreams of its past.
Utopia is just an idea, but there is no reason
not to make a triple album of songs about it.
We could navigate any city in the world
with just a drum kit and a doubleneck guitar,
can always find the longest way back home.

Two Poems

by Anna Niarakis

Imbalance

My body proceeds the possible.
My mind is prone to the impossible.
If they didn't call you Chimera, I would not want you.

Sunday's

Undecided memories
—To persist, to be erased.
I am to pick, again,
whether to sit still, in silence,
or to pour my blood-ink on wastepaper.

Four Poems

by David Appelbaum

The trench with Tiersias

Sullen marks
deplete Circe's canvas

under towering wells
throat blood-dry

a gentle whip
my heart

if still, a drop
that I am

clings to a lip
of the brass faucet

somewhere above
earth's eternal gutters

On the epiphany

a burlesque fire
while rattles dance the edge
a tower with fury
against the rising winter moon

one pale eye, the other rages
clawing for the naked branch
five heads above
but now closes in ash
now a-mire, pity
now less than nothing

while a prank pearl pupil
looks through a thin veil
a veil so veiled
no way to hold one
apart from itself
that veiled gaze
seeing what ashes say
but unable to tell

dull-tempered

the hourglass curves
for good reason
near as full throng
pared to a loss
in the dark cauldron

I am that stone
cast to the bottom
with water refusing
the last passage

as when wind ceases
leaves fail to fall

Sequel

Since then, appearance
only by surprise
in familiar places—
a hem of a skirt
in neon
a dog trademark
a secret code

always live that
high white contrail
the pure story
is never told

but expired
in a search

L'infamia di Creti

a lyric vernacular

by Carey Scott Wilkerson

such was the passage down to that ravine.
And at the edge above the cracked abyss,
there lay outstretched the infamy of Crete,

from *The Inferno, Canto XII*, Allen Mandelbaum, trans.

I

Even silence conceals a doomed body
and everyone knows the calculation:
strung out along the freeway,
appositives in the trunk, querulous company,
leveraged on miracles and afraid to pull over
not for fear of accusing stares or merciless critique
but for the self-generative jokes we keep in
quantum states until we need them,
exit strategies in metropolitan deliquescence
vignettes shaped on styles probative small talk.

II

Your voice here, a droning whisper in drag,
and none but the most cynical will subtract
from tricks of light these speeches, multiply
nominative in the predicates of sleep
singly true in falsities of travel:
your personal effects marking a trail,
and who knows if you ever find your way back?
horses in bucolic posture; you climb the barbed wire
a covered bridge burned by accident, restored by chance
disclosures draped over you all the while you walk,
as perhaps mythic postulations are somehow
better viewed under the sodium lights of
urban perambulations

III

I was thinking this morning
about the list of things I need
and the list of things I reason
would be among the things I don't
Some things were on the first list
and not on the second while
others were on the second but not the first
And then I started thinking
about what kind of thing would be
on both lists, that is to say:
both things I need
and things I don't.
It seemed to me that this
was somehow more than a
wandering idyll or
an idle wonder
or a trick or a game or a vision

IV

I have seen a shattered foot
from the Colossus at Rhodes
and I have smelled perfumes of
of cedars Africana in the North.
And that is a dazzlement
I am scarcely poet enough to write
whether I need to or not,
dreaming of the Fontano Minotauro
water-falling fountain in Taormina, Sicily
or perhaps the appearance
of the Minotaur in Canto XII
of the *Inferno*, languid or dying
at the edge of cracked chasm
splayed there for inspection
in the bumbling gloss.

V

Creature/Creteur knowledge in its/their discontents/(dys)contents/Dis
On what scale
Of intimacy does
does the monster arrive in (simple undifferentiated brutality,
seminar vestments,
which list is invoked to take a roll?

propagators of violence
 blasphemers
 heretics
 those with bad credit history
 Ovid's two-formed spectacle
 Plutarch's wretched imposture of incurious villainy
 Hesiod's stranger textures, his Titans with their primordial preoccupations
 Freudian family values
 Lacanian abyss

VI

And if the fountain is fluid with stories
washing over stone as through
capillary parodies of blood in your hand
in your head, in the hard fictions of straight lines
etched in unread books, sketches lost among
derelict marginalia of your provable transgressions,
here then is your sculptress, lithe and learned,
it seems, in this light of close study, parlous
perforated in a graphicality of cataclysm
held indeterminately, or else terminally,
on the axis of fluxions in history
inflections across *terza rima*
schema for un-named investigations
pushed through
the troubled dusts
of secret work.

from xems

by j/j hastain

Waking one morning on the daybed, with a huge, ragged leaf covering my hands, I shook my head hard. Feeling like I was floating and that my hands were bound within, being bitten by the triptych leaf that covered them, I was not sure if I was dreaming.

The pervasive sunlight that had been pouring through the lace strands hanging down over the window, during all of the other times I had been sitting on the daybed, was gone. A strong gray in its place. This gray did not feel like non-sun nor like any version of an opposite. It felt like stunning-ly *other*. An exposed gland. Like viewing from inside of it, an excessively large Adam's apple.

Were xems expanding clits cosmic Adam's apples? Were xems glued-in pages a brink-based, masculine, limitless speaking that came from those expansions? From synonym regarding or from a mélange between dick and clit? I added this question to the list of notes I had been gathering in my journal.

Below an oil-smear on the last page in my journal:

The image of xems crying into their book. Crying with grief and crying with what they were able to turn grief into. Their opera of grief and its back pages soaked in the particular and shared salts of their bodies.

How that winter night before they found each other in form, xe walked up to the base of the mountain during the blizzard and poured the sopping red wax xe had been carrying in the form of a burning candle, into the gathering snow.

There are new and necessary elegances. Landscapes of ample lambs.

Sweet phonograph attending to and demanding. Their hope was that together they could play *through*, without need for any striking. Oh, these reoccurringly vanishing and reappearing princes. Making evermore tactile the anarchic act.

Empty Quarter (Rub' al Khali)

by Alexander Jorgensen

\

wadi wadi wadi
raml

raml raml
wadi raml

jebel jebel jebel
raml

raml raml
wadi raml

raml raml wadi raml
jebel

raml



dry riverbed dry riverbed dry riverbed
sand

sand sand
dry riverbed sand

mountain mountain mountain
sand

sand sand
dry riverbed sand

sand sand dry riverbed sand
mountain

sand

City=Church

by Gary Sloboda

Stoned in a glade of moths or comfy in an afghan in the apartment building looking at a photo of stevedores with their heads bashed in by cops: the timelines coo with irrelevance. As authoritarian elders in high collars brandish cane whips in art deco hallways smelling of figs and burnt milk, their citations enforce upon the sleep of generations the sounds of slaughterhouse geldings, from which we wake, holding our bodies to receive the consciousness of scalding water. Its cleanliness. Its routine. In the streets I wander through, lost by design, the fields of glass upon the high-rise towers reflect and grow wider than the passing skies: vertical black waters beneath the diadem of time in which the migrating geese emerge and drown simultaneously, as if they never die.

Five Prose Poems

by Megan Volpert

I am reluctant to get a dog

There's a certain type of dog that sees a bike from the lawn and starts to give chase, even though to catch me means to get killed. I slow down when approaching the definition of animal instinct, then speed quickly past the point of interception. The other dog has its tongue lolling out, out the window. This dog and I are friends. Sometimes I dream about buying this dog a sidecar, but a bike isn't a bike if it has more than two wheels. You can't really tell which kind of animal you have until you get it home for a while and see, and I'm not the type that returns a dog.

Don't chase the white whale

Death is shoeless horse hooves. We are an engine turning over in winter, grasping for solutions. I don't know any Irish drinking songs, but my entire body can turn still with reckoning when I catch such a melody on the wind. It seems like every time the candle goes out, there are reasons to light a fresh one. I once almost puked during an IMAX movie about deep-sea creatures, and not for the proportions of the picture. I couldn't stand the close-ups of their eyes. It's true that what doesn't kill you makes you stronger, just not until it's done scaring holy hell out of you.

I never asked for a pony

My parents have always been terrible gift givers. It was many years before I noticed, because they largely kept to my childhood lists. The divorce ended their system of checks and balances, replacing it with a competition for the affection that in adulthood I have granted begrudgingly at best. My mother exhausts whole rolls of cellophane tape on bric-a-brac packages containing frog motifs or wild west themes. My father never sends a note with playing cards, old-fashioned candy and stuffed animals won out of the claw game during bowling league. If they suspect my ingratitude, they refrain from confronting it.

I'm skipping the reunion

It's true that I don't always say or do the right things, but my wife puts up with me every time because that's what marriage means. We are always trying to be better, to be the same people we fell in love with and at the same time to be new people who are way more awesome. Meanwhile, most of the girls I dated when I was growing up are still moving on to dudes with nice personalities or good dope. When I was in school, I didn't even know who our quarterback was and there is no way I could recall a single lab partner I ever had.

We are random number generated

Not knowing the tiny cinema in Ann Arbor was an independent theater, I stood looking at the posters in the lobby and thinking I was just out of it in terms of currently running movies. Everything showing at this indy place appeared utterly mainstream. Imagine being that kind of kid, so open that subtitles and cult underground queers could feel completely normal. I only realized later that I had inadvertently done something cool. And I was so cool, I hadn't even noticed that I was that cool. Hannibal Lecter said the first step in the development of good taste is to credit one's own opinion.

Six Poems

by Jude Cowan

It was a terrible day

Freezing cold / Miles of rock / Then hail

Plasto-carbon man / Not dead / Waterproof
Battery

Pet Jewellery

Debonair Yorkshire terrier / Natty

Catwalk / Emerald

Clip / Bark of Experience

Strongmen

Iced lollies / Rock music

Enormous thighs / Inalienable parts

Lying cannon / Conflict resonates

Aplomb / Gone

Bridge Wedding

Every ring has a safety harness

Artist

Rahamin
Motionless
Flickers

Paints
Eyes
Software

Tranquil
Emotions
Paralysed

Fix the Space Toilet

Who do you think I am?

Four Poems

by Jacqueline Dee Parker

“Warblings At Eve”

Warblings at Eve, occasional use
of fingers—the pattern under being
in practical terms seductive
as a mountain stream
seeking consolation, the professor loves
in his way, praising brilliant
occasional use of fingers,
bravura’s surge of being—

Remember the fragrance of linden trees?
no longer applicable, lessons,
peculiar notes merging
in practical terms, a pattern—long,
long ago, fingers occasionally
made Eve’s body warble.

WHILE

A carnival of spirits, pale straws afloat in ginger boots,
men in stripes of plaid, women unraveling
acres of tulle and organza. Where are the children?
So long! the goose cried, ruffling its back
feathers moving like water, there's simply no time
at this hour to mourn losses like responsibility.

MUSE

This darling's long gone,
off crocheting,
listening to a symphony,
a symposium of snowflakes
livening a flat grey sky.
You stir at her stove,
a mounting ache of cotton
singed with cookstains
and pat recipes
your apron pockets sag.

THE NEW YEAR

You'll begin again, anew,
after all is said and done,
the bobbing adam's apple, swelled breast,
 wrists pulsing arias or don'ts—
supper plates stacked by the sink, drinks left
 bereft of ice or fingertips—
the party will have descended to the sofa
 transfixed by some eclipse,
a wick soaked in paraffin,
 a board game's icon
 four squares from finish,
and legs and arms will again fold
 into one another
 as in prayer—

Three Poems

by Alessandra Bava

BECKETTESQUE

Krapp is not a bad word
amid reels and tapes,
just some Beckett re-
loaded on a blue(s)-
session syndromatic

day, chewing syllables
and debris. Listening
to who I was, without
recognizing who I am.
Does it truly matter if

that last tape is the most
recent or the ultimate?
I will resort to tactile
talking and to tightrope
writing at the very end.

The fire in me...
...burning to be gone.

NORWEGIAN WOOD

7 pm, the clock tick tocks

so slowly as I read Murakami.
I'm caught by a wood of words
sucked into such aborescent
depth. I float

Idriftaway—

hoping not to be forgotten,
hoping not to be left behind,
hoping to be able to write still
so as to acknowledge the

darkness

of the net permeating
this Norwegian well of souls
trapped in the most radiant,
adamantine hardness.

RODCHENKO IN DADAIST MODE

A joyous cry!



Rebel Rodchenko –
your romantic look –
your photography

of facts
capturing all the
cogs of the machine –
the reticle of shadows –
the wrong perspectives
of an oblique world –
the story of a
moment

But nothing is
like it seems

Even
Mayakovsky
in black
and white
turns into a
metaphor
of life.

(Portrait of Lily Brik for the poster “KNIGI”, 1924, © Aleksandr Rodchenko)

Two Poems

by Susan Scutti

naiveté

dispel
the hysteria of
an answer to
a question unmasked

the landslide of
conjunctions and clauses
remains amiss
not listened to
except as cause
or curse

what is shadow if light
is both
a particle and a wave
the residue of
dusty complaint
acceptance of
imperfection as divine
acceptance of
this life as mine

Like Childhood or an Army

this Winter will be replaced by
another face
worn beneath your mask
and all that you love will pass
away in time or
truce.

Regret is without use or
ceremony. Behind
unnoticed door, a man
discovers the antennae of
his thought.

Minds were manufactured to meld and
retreat, repeating each synapse of
conspire. Do
you know where your song
begins? It is
here where you fear
conclusion dwells in muddy
boots cemetery puddled and
here, too, the spiral recurs —
a revolution
as earth on
axis continues
clandestine orbit, this continent
splattered across
its shiftless face.

Burning Man

by A. J. Huffman

I

I'm trying to say that
for hours we set our
little-known female there.
Enjoying the steaming sunset
together like a honeymoon
-ing couple, I summoned
pants. Made a fire. And did
all the things one does
when one is not a story
hideaway (complete
with mirrored veils). I am
proud to say it:
Opposite.

II

I'm not just talking about hours
into the wilderness, just me,
a little-known hot spring.
I got joined by the steaming
water. Looking out, the sunset
summoned: "Help me!"
If I had been wearing pants I would have
peed them. But I survived
my wildlife encounter. Made a fire.
And did all the things one does
when among the complete. I am
proud. It is quite the opposite.

III

I want to make it before. Not just
hours into the me.
We set "our" beside. (A little
au naturel. Promptly joined by
the looking.) Out sunset!
I summoned a wee voice:
"Help me!"
(I would have.) But I survived
and made fire.

This is not complete. I am
proud [to say]. Quite
the opposite.

science removes certain truths

by Linda King

in black and white blood red the only colour impact of the logical
pull the words towards your mouth watch them begin to blur
the internal structure of the text with the adjectives erased
description is difficult yet everyone wants something
an elegant solution not an answer the answer

Monologue to a Security Camera at the End of the World

by Kristin Abraham

I will read to you. I will read to calm the horses in your limbs,
and the fox, the frantic, panting dogs in your eyes,
the polar bear tumbling through your belly, the tortoise.
I will read to keep the wolf from the door.

But I will read so you cry, you cross animal, so you sorrow yourself
in the text of the grass, so you will never lift your wretched head again.

I will read to you an unplanned sunrise and situational depression,
and the birds will sing because they don't know any better.

I will read that blue moons aren't really blue but ripe to bursting
and only this once. I will read that and you must take comfort in it.

I will read in just this voice, hissing it into your breath
as you pass for sleep, furious with the dead in your life.
I will read *we buy balloons, we let them go*, and you will take familiar
comfort, and then take terror now before never. I will read the fable
of the shopping and the emptiness. The fable of the fairground
and the flea, the fable of your mother and the self, of the courtesy
and the free pass, of your mother and the blinders. And the moral
of the story is you. The moral of the story
is stop. The moral of the story doesn't even know itself.

LOVELIEST ENGLISH

by Richard Kostelanetz

HUSH

CHIMES

THRUSH

LASCIVIOUS

GOLDEN

ORIOLE

EFFERVESCENCE

FAWN

CAMELLIA

DELICIOUS

CHALICE

BOBOLINK

CERULEAN

EMERALD

ILLUMINATE

ARABESQUE

DELIGHT

ANEMONE

TRANQUIL

HALCYON

MURMURING

LULLABY

LUMINOUS

DAMASK

DAWN

MELODY

MARIGOLD

JONQUIL

TENDRIL

MYRRH

LUMINESCENT

LINOLEUM

SWEET

MIGNONETTE

GOSSAMER

ALYSSUM

FELICITOUS

MIST

ENHANCE

OLEANDER

DIFFODIL

ULULATION

RENDEZVOUS

LAVENDER

GLOW

AMARYLLIS

ROSEMARY

INTERCOURSE

LUCIOUS

ASPHODEL

SAPPHIRE

RHAPSODY

DELECTABLE

REMINISCE

GARDEN

A Video Poem

by Mary Ann Sullivan

Signs

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<iframe width="560" height="315"  
src="http://www.youtube.com/embed/P2PF4wvy_g8?rel=0"  
frameborder="0" allowfullscreen></iframe>
```

excerpt from

The Grievous Little Book of Mis-Heard Words

by Travis Macdonald

renovate not enervate
curtain not certain
meant not mend
shirt not shirk
shit not sheet
elation not relation
sister not cistern
bauble not bubble
place not plays
aunts not ants
ass not ask
cuss not kiss
waives not wives
fat not flat
thin not then
spell not spill
pitcher not picture
felt not felled
face not phase
first not fist
poem not palm
salt not assault
bead not beat

wilt not welt
shuck not shook
hook not hulk
best not beast
fork not fuck
flashed not flaccid
uptight not appetite
erection not direction
each not itch
quiet not quite
sigh not sight
higher not ire
iron not ion
collating not colliding
practically not particularly
geranium not uranium
missives not missiles
lazier not laser
light not lied
ride not right
addition not edition
with not width
impasse not empath
breadth not breath
wreath not wrath
acts not axe
kilt not killed
subtraction not abstraction
host not hoist
bodice not bodies
shard not charred
awful not offal

tread not dread
will not well
berries not buries
dutch not ditch
cello not shallow
most not moist
much not mulch
sleep not slip
fit not feet
oscillate not ocelot
pounds not pounce
wish not whoosh
ounce not hounds
treat not treed
serif not sheriff
garden not guardian
rich not reach
trails not trials
order not odor
vision not version
beseeched not besieged
decrease not decrees
heard not hard
creatine not creating
please not pleas
bill not bilk
guild not geld
penned not pent
peach not preach
fleece not fleas
wards not warts
heat not eat

meet not meat
sorta not soda
wit not wheat
ascertain not aspartame
burp not blurb
calendar not colander
division not diversion
freed not fried
loosed not lucid
and not end . . .

from Sounds of Summer in the Country

by Michael Ruby

Sounds of a Summer Morning in the Country

If a hangover and a purple doily

If charity begins in the home

(And long-lasting

Verbenas

Sing at appropriate times)

Through the entire sense

The fire in the dawn telemarks

The happenstance burns on the trash heap

With purple masquerades

And ice-cream distribution

You will find, inside, to your—

You will find, inside

The onion and the oven

Hell warmed over

They say the ice cream, the eleven
They say you provoked the backlash
They say a moving target equals a crossover

The point of the exercise
They're taken care of
Inside the sorry . . . lagoon
The silly

They took care of the enormous implication
They took care of the holiday sauce
The perfect sign they took care of

They took care of the honest-to-goodness goodness
They took care of halting cropdusters
The first throat inside the tie plays the horses
Listing and timing the rice and stings
There's an authority perfected for ample reasons

They took care of they took care of they took care of
Afterward they took care of chatterbox
Rattlebox, sing luck, teleport
The point, believe me, chatterbox

At first, chattering came to life
Chattering passed through the improbable monosyllable
Improbable, poignant, thorough
(This ice regulates bumpkins and signs off)

Before anything else, before anything else
(Sign off from the rice and polished onion)
But first, but first, take these leaves
Take these leaves, unimaginatively, and take
And take, and take, this
And take, the, and take

They won't, invisibly, embellish
They won't, asking a small favor, retreat
No, they won't, readying
Through the world. . . .

Through the world, intimate (Pellegrino
Boys room, ice cream, pollywogs
Andy polished seminary
Took rueful symmetry)

Through the world, beaucoup disgruntled and tangent
To reasonable Easter egg passages
The first thought, in the trees, the pining
(Leggings, token raspberries)

You're going to see, in the aftermath, a timely peace
You will see, I promise, pretty please

from SHADOW TIMES

by Paul A. Green

SHADOW TIMES 11

Metal scrappage from our Intervoid will be sorted, according to reliable sources. The chant of the weed, nasal angels, all the normalised sound tracks will keep you on message. Crump went the golden lights of old Baghdad. Keep staring down the telly.

The Void tried to get into my cot, it put its metal angular head over to say *hallo, my darlings*. The angels and maggots are line-dancing across my screen. I'm pluralized by the bursting stars. It's dark inside the radio.

The statement said they desired men of iron. I felt trapped on the wrong astral plane, barred from the consummation areas for a half-life. The others, brighter young things, brayed with entitlement, but I forgave the girl in the pirate hat.

A green-backed angel with scalloped tin wings crawls into a stone. Its priests who smelled of old soap smelled danger and the terrifying simplifications of old age. The slang of love was verboten. Her every cleft would be botoxed by now.

SHADOW TIMES 12

I am falling straight out of the rocking caboose of history. I was ambling along in sleep-mode. I had timed out. I was a phantasm of the living dead. I split at light-speed. I will shrink in the death-process but will wrap up well. I have kept the prayer wheels turning.

Stop mixing down the messages, flapping through the channels. Stillness reigns. All quiet in the Queendom. Time has been corrugated so that it virtually disappears. I might not survive in a space race. The sweet taint of wine on her breath has been noted, long ago.

SHADOW TIMES 13

Arrange yourself in front of this table in a talking position. Tell me the universe is a machine for making gods. Go on, lurch around the domestic capsule. This is a room full of situations.

They say the houses in your favourite suburb have caught fire, or are concealed by mist. Satan ordered the face-to-face execution of the bourgeoisie. Their fun-trap was a sparkly killer. You're now as cold as a rat's bum. Stop trying to bracket off the world. Just remember a shape-shifter, running you around the woods at twilight.

SHADOW TIMES 14

I was formed by a brief shimmer of biologies, in a period of convergent war-gaming. They will try to normalise you through binary profiling. The shamans were neutralised by the abstractions of repressive tolerance. Dessicated fragments of aliens hung from the rafters. There's so much chaos I'm bursting to upload. I'll troll it around the world.

I went to check my memories in the mirror. Rain sizzled down on our white macs. A grubby parade of shops. I briefly believed I was in some sort of sexual hypercube, but the zones wouldn't align. I subsequently inspected a complete working model of the city, which had become infested by succubi.

vigilante

by Iain Britton

1

a swirling white anatomy

comes fondling

partially asphyxiating

this vigilante alert on hard ground

2

the uninvited
shuffle about me

jostle like llamas
behave like llamas

my directive is one of interference

i steal images from their mouths

slide deliberately between individuals

zoom in on sun damage

skin fur / moles / botoxed layers

the rain presses against the windows

dampness clings / this

3

summer clings

i'm alert to the slightest mood swing

these people seem intent on

strengthening their brotherhood

they bristle and shout

so many gods

so many pulses

so many

who want to fire at will

they live for skating across

the moon's black mirrors

they take only a few personal possessions ...

go with their deities

flashing their forked tongues

their eyes

4

i drink from the sky's deep trough

a fresh perception

the uninvited

trespass on

this vigilante's

bruised dugout in the clay

they herd together / uncertain / excited

they feel pulses

the war throb in bellies

some leap off cliffs

of collapsed rock

still fighting

epicureans

party long into the summer's midnight

i snatch

keepsakes for preservation

5

my purpose

has a lot to do
with the nocturnal
activities of the fat lady

who laughs cries sells night-club fantasies to comrades-in-arms
who crawl into beds in boxes or under bridges or between flaxes
who snuck under newspaper tents avoid the religious popes and
babblers the christ child's growing up overnight left choosing
timbers for the rest of us to be privileged amongst thieves / to say
that we were there / had been there with the skinny man who sings
loudest longest is enough

i steal
from the living and
as real as *happily ever after* might be
icons preserved in condoms
take pride of place
give pleasure
a tactile legacy
perpetuated by the silhouette of a stork

To the Wedding

by Gautam Verma

3 words gives The Master of Ceremonies

tenderness gives & generosity
fidelity gives

they knock against the heart's fist

words like empty bread-baskets

from the parapet the soprano sings

we would feel a little something

*

may the flower drink itself
into the fruit & may the fruit
with the sweetness of flower
ripen & heavy with juice fall
far from the branch that held it
aloft

*

the wedding couple weary walk
from table to table

Hip Hip Hurrah! Hip Hip Hurrah!

the guests are all dead; they go through
the motions

*

soft September sunlight, the tremulous leaves
we draw the curtains & silhouette the trees

it's all make believe

draw the curtains and enjoy the feast!

*

to the girl with the straw-blond hair
& strong jaw what would you offer (if you could)

more future?

*

look at me – his wife says – to him –
her husband – oh, that dead person

*

write no more poems
as cryptograms

write no more poems

*

if there were ever only this moment

(if you knew it to be so (in your knees)
you would tremble with attention)

would you share it with someone?

then pull-back the screen of your eyes

& unclench your heart

& listen

Video Glass

by Scott Keeney

The way a moment is closer to eternity than a year,
there's silence in the commotion after an explosion—
the dream of a distant land as pointless and ephemeral
as a weekly newspaper. I remember when video tapes
were building blocks. In the current intellectual climate
atheists wake in the middle of the night startled by flags,
a landscape of horses and birds on fire. On my knees,
black hood over my head, I might see things differently.
If the stars came out only one night in a thousand years
over snow globe America, if my teeth were brighter than
they used to be, if the idea of fullness weren't so vacuous
as to undermine the merely positive, we might be free
from the narrative of the supernatural which manifests itself
in explosions and mourning and attempts to counter
What? To jump in the fire of philosophy and pay the bills
on time suggests a certain thrift of imagination, a failure
to find meaning in the submission of self-identification
to gradual loss, which is to say a success, less solace
than threat, in that angelic magic, the idea of it, that wraps
its car around the telephone pole of our consciousness.
But in the burlap dark, one must decide, God or no God,
the relative value of life. That is the authority of physics.
In a cobweb of language, the mind turns; true education
begins on a sleepless night. You dance through the Still River
to a landscape of horses and birds on fire as if by design.
Beautiful accidents, spontaneous violence, nothing exists
apart from quantum instrumentalism that's not abstract.
Entropy. Threnody. Kenosis. My God. *Chacun ses goûts*
malaise. Let's go, you, me, and the baby, all the way
to The Origin of the Species back before the last big crunch.
In the Freudian model of yesteryear I'm talking to myself
again. Coffee Coffee BuzzBuzzBuzz. Standby for shrapnel.
Often I permit myself to return to those memory blocks
of mine, if only for one throat-clearing moment at a time.

summertime

by William Wright Harris

summertime

number 9 a- 1948- oil on canvas- 16x59 inches- whitespace staring up from the canvas as much a member of the palette as the blue red & yellow paint sitting in the middle of the runes glyphs & sigils inscribed in black paint somehow dancing in a jungian ballet- jackson pollock screaming no chaos dammit

REUS

by Tyler Cain Lacy

How strange a town
in which

a world

*

altogether set
apart

one could say innocent
one could say pure

but one wouldn't be right
but one tends to

a world

within
a system

of lines

of light shining

down some streets

but not necessarily

others

*

In the morning
we seek out

those ones

and pass
over those
ones

a beggar
appears

robs you
of your ease
to walk these streets untouched

as your hand remains
in its pocket

untouched

as this world

of open
hands

untouched

*

I never remember
this or *that*

in Catalan so

when I speak I make
sure I'm close enough
to things I make
sure I'm far enough
from things for it to go
either way.

*

To turn my memories
back into experience

and to keep

them there

To bring my senses
to meaning and

to sense.

*

This world in which

people wave “bye”
as they pass

not

“hi.”

Déu
Adéu

A day

in reverse

“I never got a word in.”

*

There is a kind of rhythm

To walking in the streets

There is a certain shoulder

To fit inside your shoulder

Perdona *Ho sento*

“Pardon me”

“I feel it”

Per dir-ho clar, ~~la llum és un parany~~

~~Cap horitzó no em tempta com aquest
de ratlles lleus que traço jo mateix
i no em limita ni m'encercla. Clavo,
volenterós, les ungles a la nit
per obrir carreranyes a tots els somnis~~¹

Per dir-ho clar,

To speak clearly,

To put it clear

Per dir-ho clar,

So to speak

*

and the question

of inspiration

if I can speak

of such

a thing

of course

if I can breathe

*

At work at the vegetable store
they told her she would be so much more
that I would be
lifted
up
and supported

but all she does is demonstrate
reusable bags.

“And you, do you love
the world?”

*

But a beggar
to cast us out
of orbit
with one another
floating

“not forms
but the marrow
of forms,

pure music
with a body so lean
it could

stay in the air”²

*

“Think you could see yourself
settling down
here?”

a proper canvas-

sing of his plight

at the sliding doors
of the supermarket

*

The difficulty
of painting

that which moves
must move

in order to arrive

at something

someplace.

The stupidity.

To think things
will stop for me

or for you.

*

that sense that

I'm not who
I thought
I was

A building
was moved
and replaced
with a tree
some pigeons
a lot of trash
and stray cats

through the streets
with my
head

in my

hands

*

He needs

what I have
to

his two kids

a paper cup

if anything

a decent human

being at all

kind

anyone?

*

People

must be the most
interesting

things

*

Do you shit where you sleep?
All over this world

things are being turned
to mush.

Mira

outside my window
a lady poops
between
two cars.

*

I close my eyes

but the light
peeks

through

I light a cigarette but the light
breaks

loose this world

is on fire

*

and that illusion that
things that happen

slow

are better more true

I too

see truth

in such illusions

*

A moto zooms

by and
so then

go my thoughts.

*

Walking through the crowd
a cloud

of smoke

clogs
my thinking

what I meant

to say what I had
in mind

the need to hear

what I have
to say

if anything

at all

*

Spend more time leaning
on things spend more time
leaning towards
things

my friend

an architect

the city

of perfect angles
and calculations

and curves

of the beauties

you walk
by

Girl what are you wearing
don't you know

it's cold

Por el amor de Diós

as the beggar says
on his sign

For the love of

God the world

is with
or without

me

unfortunately

for this

I get
weak

in the knees.

*

The world inside

the round
vowels

how I can't
quite

wrap myself
around it

alrededor

is the hardest

how I can't
quite

be completely here

because I can't say it

and I can't be completely there

because I can't see it

how it revolves

around

me

*

at a café
over by the church

with this really great little sugar packet

with a word game on it

SOPA DE LETRAS

Busca en esta sopa de letras
los nombres de

7 FLORES

A moto zooms

by and
so then

again.

¹ Lines from an untitled poem by Catalan poet Miquel Martí i Pol, from his collection *Estimada Marta*, Edicions del Mall, Barcelona, 1978.

² From Federico García Lorca's essay "Play and Theory of the Duende" from *In Search of Duende*, (trans. Christopher Maurer), New Direction, 1980.

from After the Fox

by Travis Cebula and Sarah Suzor

Two: After the Fox

How simple would it be to replace light with the memory of light?

How simple would it be to replace you with the memory of you.
You, with the memory of night.

To find a tight spot between buildings so narrow.

How simple would it be to forget?

*So high they'd hobble a day down to half
of a few minutes.*

Now, three sighs and a song.

Plate glass to plate glass.

A sign.

*Three sighs with not-quite-open eyes.
To make a pass, a hooded stare just hard enough
to abandon the sun for good.*

A direction.

To look only at one red spot all night.

Crossed-eyes. Oh, surely there's space,
some tired place with an old wooden door and candlelight.

Sever it from the long hot fade to blue.

No doubt, it will burn.

*How simple would it be for me to burn you
into a memory of you?*

No doubt, it will be the easiest thing the world.

*How lovely. If ever or if every night.
A memory of you could almost be a replacement.*

but perhaps there is no other fate worth facing.

*There's no question of goodbye
any more than there's a question of the sun.*

No figure better to replace than silhouettes.

*Even when I'm blind drunk I'm still breathing,
even with my eyes closed.*

Or shadows. Or any thing that only exists because of a flame.

*And I see forty stars and more
expressions on your face than I can count.
And those will never go away.*

You are as blind as you are lost.
And you are as lost as I am.

I cannot say the candle will gutter to smoke.

Saying goodbye is actually easy.

But perhaps that will be our fate.

Two syllables and a knotted throat.

*And perhaps is the easiest way
to end a long night.*

But the million minutes of without?

*Sitting together
in a joint that doesn't allow dancing.*

You count, I'll make a joke.
How serious would it be to replace you
with the conclusion of you.

Drop it now and save something for later.

You can run, right?

*Save yourself a swing, and I'll thank you
with a trapeze. Gracious or graceful*

Am I?

when you wear yourself out on the town,

Am I right where I said I'd stay?

when you heel-toe on the high-wire you shine.

If yes, how quickly could you come.

You meet midnight like satin on fire. you're right.

If no,

You're right where I left you.

then know, too many minutes are two too many.

*Whereas something topples from your open hand,
whereas summer stops—*

I have two hopes and three-thousand questions.

fire only moves one direction.

How serious is fire when the lights goes out.

It keeps going up.

How necessary.

And light seeps out from the middle of snowstorms.

How strange.

It keeps flowing.

The sound of heat.

It keeps us warm.

The sound of feet

So raise normal to no and a glass to yes.

clawing a tight rope.

No, I don't want to remember you this way.

I hope.

And, yes, there's always a chance to climb down.

Right before darkness I can trust me.

Hand under hand.

Right before too late I'll realize

There's always ground.

*a dark window is a mirror. I'll realize my own
face, and I won't blink.*

Whereas the summer breeds simplicity,

I can't.

it's never the other way around. I hope you're right.

*I think I won't miss the underside
of this table for anything.*

I hope, right before you're right, it turns into winter.

Its dark belly.

Into weather enough we have to run from door to door.

*I won't miss my odd fall, or the right
ride despite my melt slipping down.
I'll even catch your glass, if I'm able.*

I hope people think we're confused, crazy, lost.

I'll ease its landing with my teeth.

Displaced, not replaced.

Maybe bequeath you a drop.

No, it'd be too serious

The second one.

to come to any other end.

From under the table I'll be brave.

Too much of not enough.

Tell you to draw your own mask.

Not ever enough.

In other words,

Not enough of something drastic,

your own conclusions.

something worth chasing. I said: You can run, right? Am I?

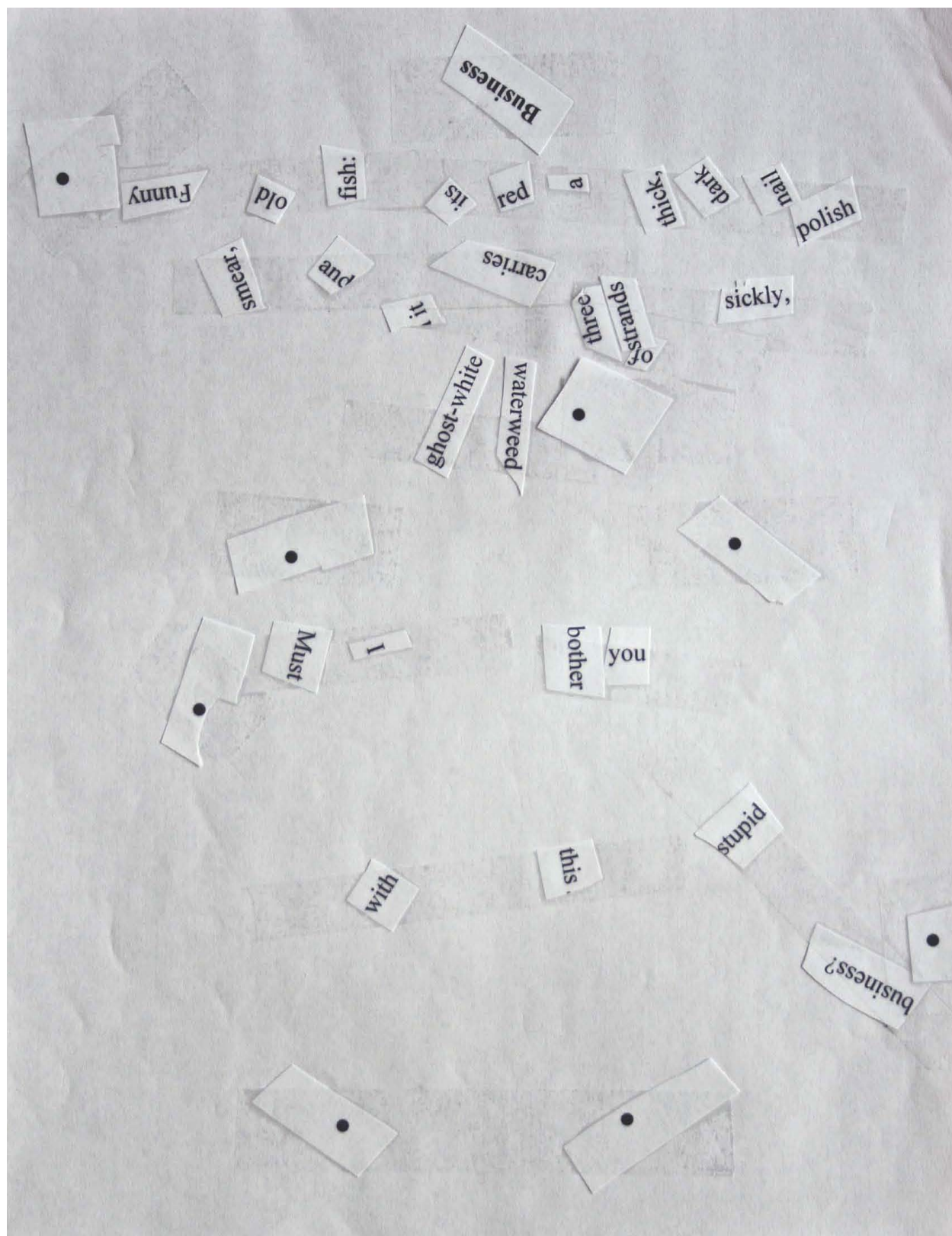
“The distance between forths”

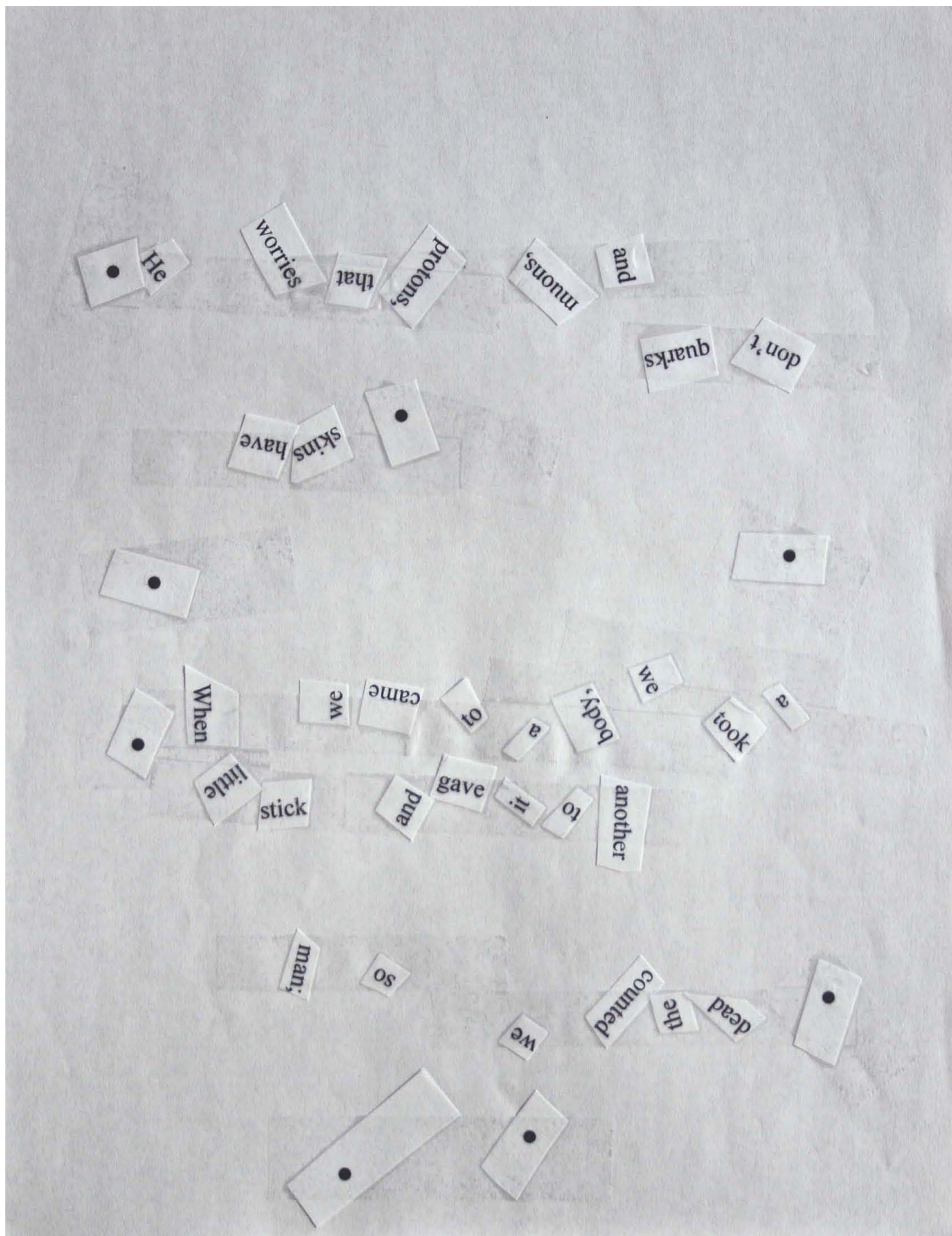
by Matt Hill

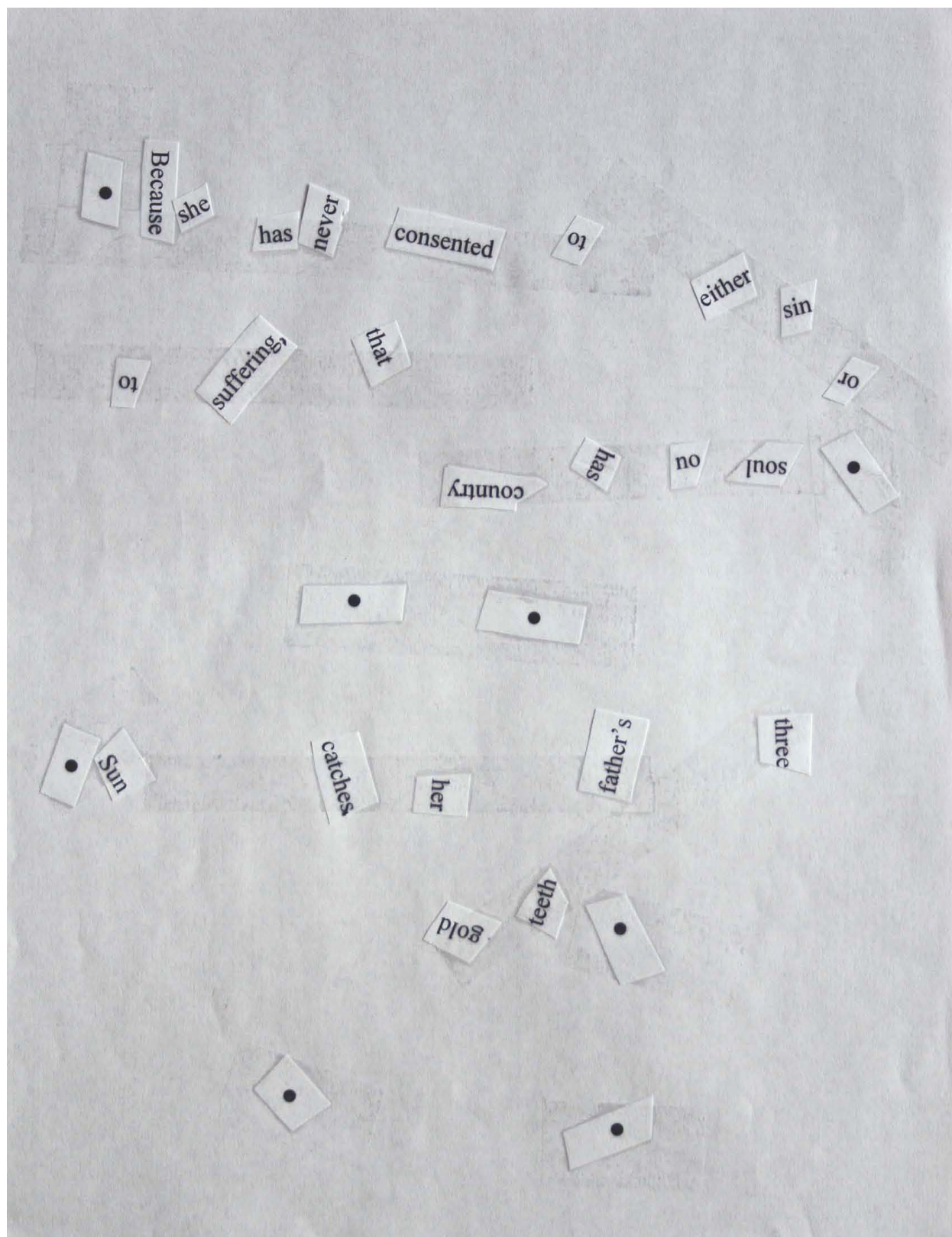
Blistering daylight smacks of trouble down the road We bear the tensions of disheveled ephemera & rusted out relationships Approved validity rages forth qua lucidity We cheat the wind of its brilliance While carrying the burden of each others' eyes Memory's chokepoints aggravate our destinies our pushbacks our sloppy precisions Once we had that crystal facet of degenerate Love When lying was the primary symptom between us Our connected fusion became increasingly tertiary The nakedness upheld our primitive entertainments Even as that evening light was never fully tainted by the rough winds The final sundown burnt our lashes With big dark drops of impending night Later on our homebodied DNA shone in the desired majesties of midnight Passionate osmosis offset our ambiguous hopes & then there was the lucid silence Heavily punctuated by various degrees of gravity and sobs. . . .

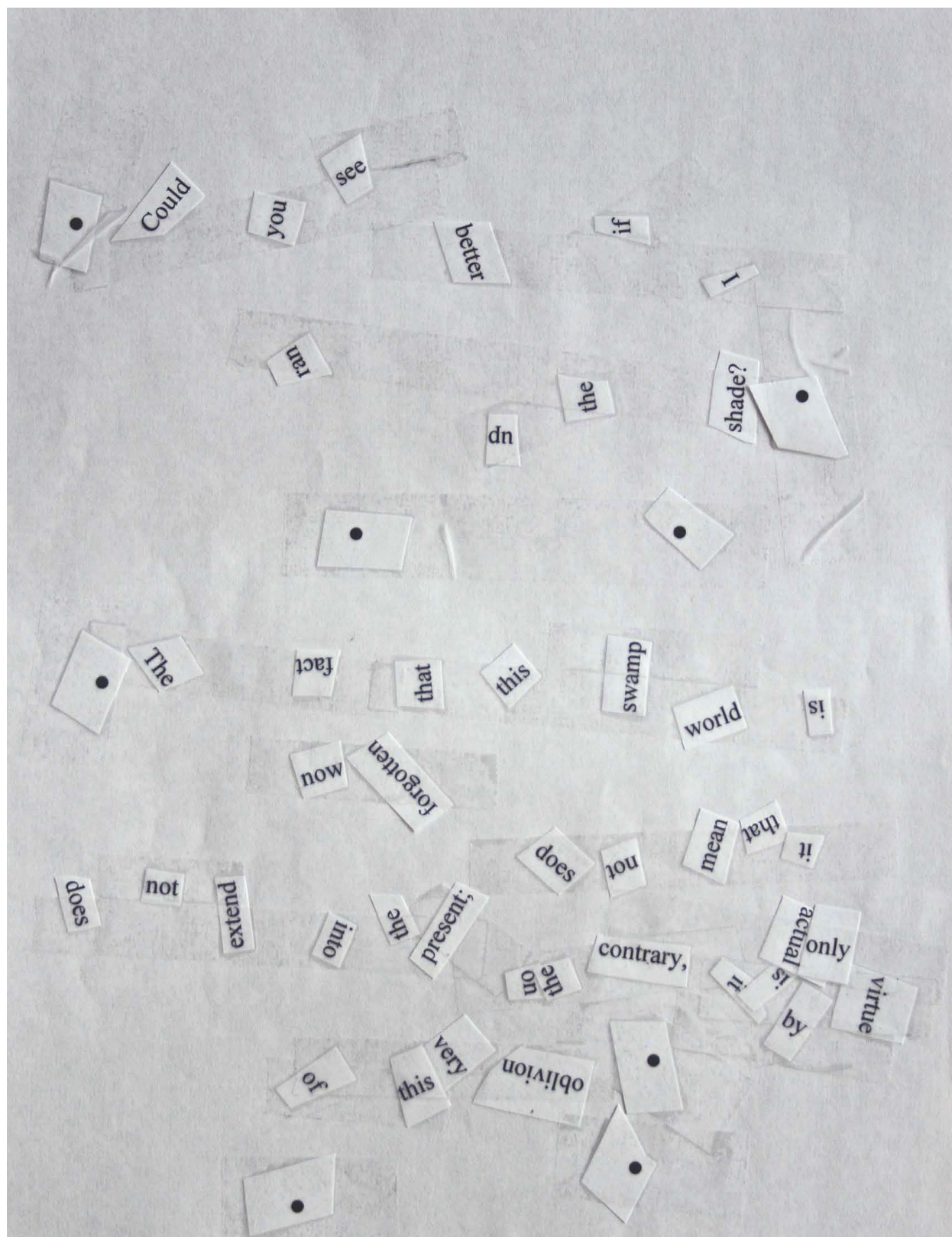
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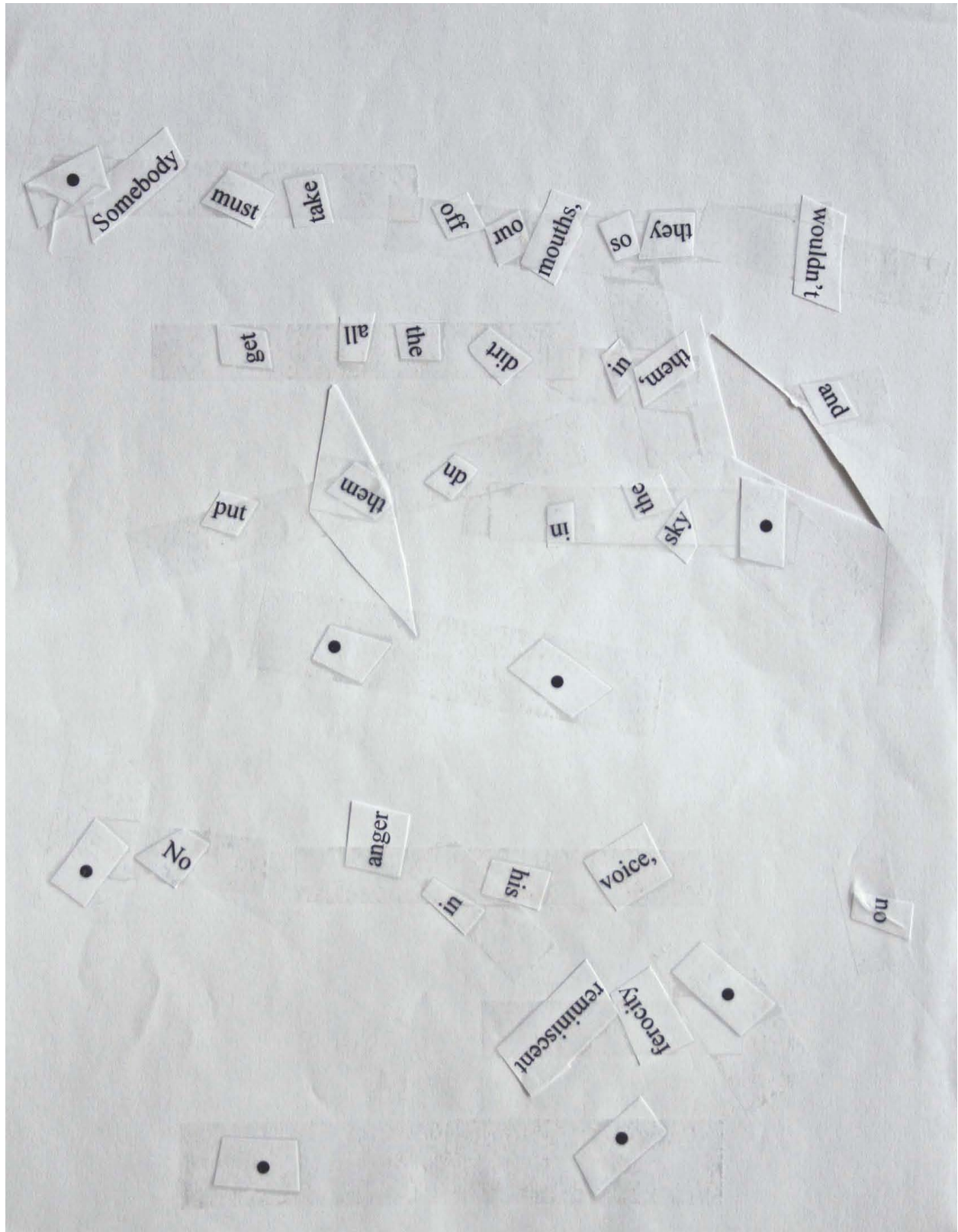
by Joel Chace

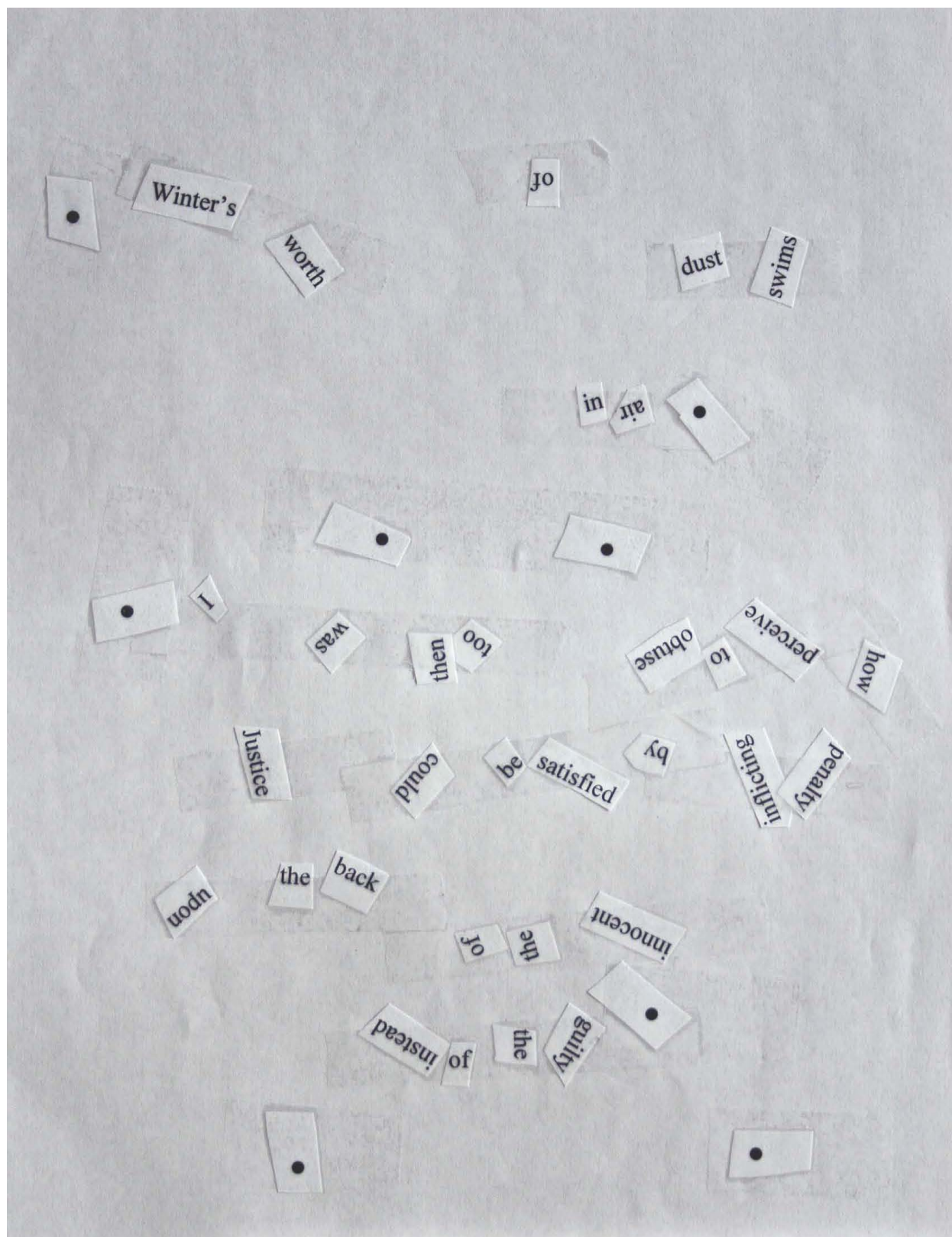


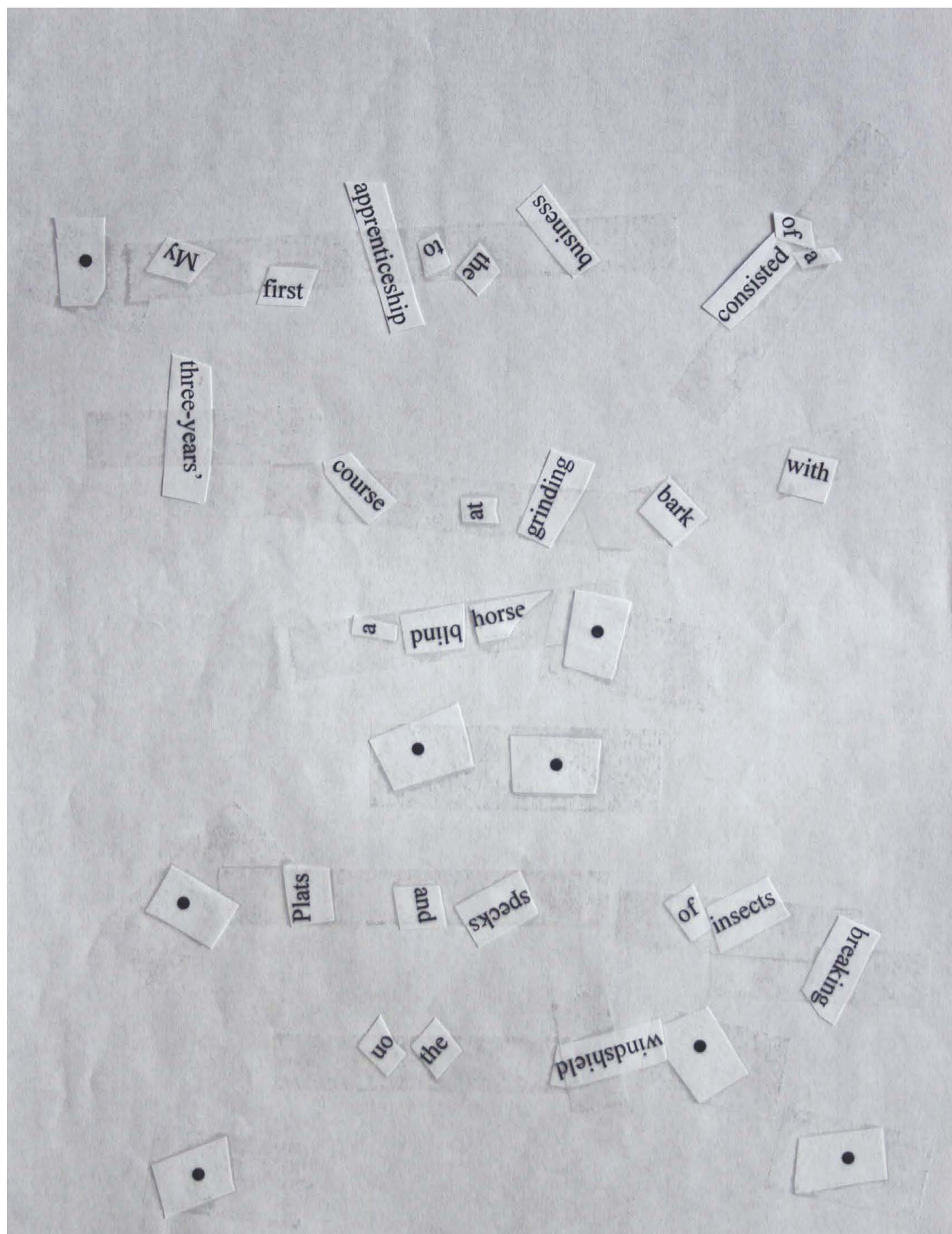


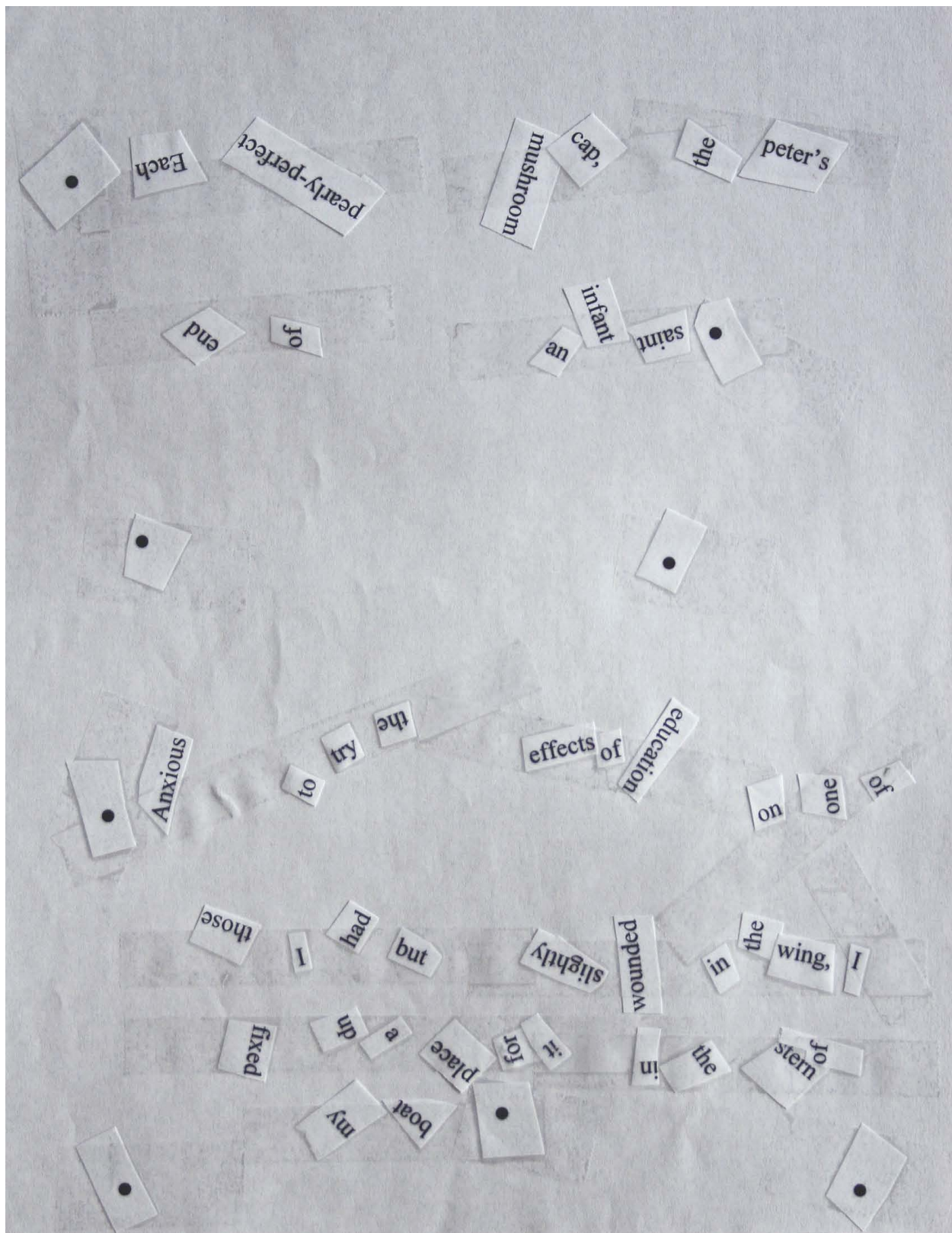












A Zero Is Invisible

by Raymond Farr

A zero is invisible. Many gulls are multifold at the corner café where Francis Bacon abandons his well wishers. Seeking a cure he stands up. Observant of people named Harold scoring a waltz. Half cognizant of carnival writings. Half cog in Biarritz. His patterns dazzle a number of timbers in secret. His clown-brain machinations hump it up, & over the wall, as turmoil acts mad in the mirror. His face is a ball covered in cat hair. The oddly felt rain he puts on a disk. His plate tectonics last only a minute and a minute and a half. A buttered tomato returns out of nowhere asking Dada for trouble. A frontier is backwards. A way of moving slowly at a pace. He involves many apes. Left open the door in reverse. Equated with a formalist apologetics, but half drunk on his check book, a zero is invisible.

A Safety of Signs

by Mitch Corber

The word is rife in a safety of signs, a startle
of skies, a loose inner bug, a wild ill-advise.

The rising resentment, a cough in the cloth,
a wool of white Fridays at the wheel of redemption.
A link to food in the chumpchain.

In a whoosh of upheaval, the wearing away of
the dutiful crust, the mucous of cause in a mollusk
of moves.

A froth of draft, a fix of drift, the click of cash
and a drawer of goods. The looming crawl of a lowing
herd, the cowboy clash of a dusty dog.

Sigh palpable in a whiff of retrieval. Zen buddha
witless in a lapse of white lies.

These husks these rinds all carry the flurry of fury,
the lead in my pencil, the nerve to be heard.

A wicker of wonders, a stun of giraffe. The rusty
mare in a moo of glue. Which-end-is-up in a drown
of coffeecup.

A wearing away of the peachfuzz of promise, the
ominous frost, a layer of skin at the wit's end of lust.

A lampshade of dust in a follicle frenzy. Fabulous
craters there to tease our reminders. The flotsam of
jetty, the frenzy of frogs.

I look to the rest just to test the remainder.

In The Museum

by Jeff Harrison

Antarctic fidelity to
mere sequential scaffolding
in the museum

in the museum
fakes wake up & accept the duel
the original order of these events
is not always easy to find, still
Alexander Pushpin pays his respects to
revolving refutations, specious boulevards,
a collection of marvels buried in the ground –
in the museum

in the museum
prearranged words have been dispatched in
a number of books, chance them, Alex, not in
part, was it you who was leaving horses wrapped
in furs on the steps?

in the museum, Alex Pushpin
recalls a Mark Twain novel where
after every hymnal verse, scamps
mutter the words “under the covers”

in the museum the giftshop
would elsewhere
be known as the Lost & Found

in the museum
is where I'll finally win your heart,
Mrs. Back Money Muses!

in the museum, yes,
Mr. Black Honey Moses!

in the museum, whoa,
the Thousand-God shoulder
is forever a shining house

in the museum
you can see the same thing twice

in the museum
stands a guard who will not
let me see the Monets unless
I intone the words "ivory closing
waters hungering cheeks glow"

in the museum
they will set your shirtsleeves to music

in the museum
it's puzzle time for everybody

from *rhythm:s*

by Felino A. Soriano

in the *circles* of **rhythm**

or
the emblems of continuity
the jazz of voice
specialized speech
composes
certainty in the truancy of
jejune
definitions

in the *counting* of **rhythm**

particular the language of learning pulses

calculating

prisms' diameters of hope: * (remember)

circulation

impressions triangular convictions a

fingering at absent ventilation: breath

fixated inhale composure

uncovered hand covering

emotional emblem

theory of open mouths and

regulating structure

Two Poems

by Daniel Y. Harris

24/Discomfitures

1. this round table project shift towards a general corpus
2. the Greek grammarians of *allegoria* and *hyponia*
3. only two of its chapters have been edited
4. Indo-European cultures of suspicion
5. nature, the ocean, the rustling of trees, animals, faces, masks, a skull
 - a. and crossed bones, all speak the *semainon*
6. gestures and diseases speak
7. the notion of resemblance
8. deciphered cosmology, botany, zoology and satellite notions pivot
9. the *convenientia* standing to the body as animal stands to vegetable
10. *emulatio*, Porta's explanation that the human face is, with its seven
 - a. distinct parts, the emulation of the heavens with its seven planets
11. *signature* of the invisible
12. for sure the *cogito* and the *divination* resting upon the dissension
 - a. between God and the Devil
13. baconian and cartesian critiques within brackets
14. the shock effect, a sort of wound infuriating interpreters with a play
 - a. of mirrors
15. descends from apes in the distributional space in which signs
 - a. can be signs
16. renounces as invention
17. descends along a vertical line of thought
18. in search of the underworld
19. uncovered and then buried
20. a canopy rising higher
21. spreading visibly in contrast to Perseus
22. the bourgeoisie platitude
23. sick via morphology
24. refuses the Robinsonade

24/Mythomanias

1. a schism in the ailing body of empire
2. its own brand rivaled by a new Byzantium
3. diffuses the buried talisman which was conquered
4. suppresses forgotten histories of heretical sects
5. to serve as a frontier garrison
6. missionaries in the wake of heretical knights
7. reappearing in Florence in Kabbalah, Neoplatonism, Egyptian
 - a. mysteries and the cult of Mary Magdalene
8. the mask of Cosimo Medici
9. statues, temples and manuscripts
10. naked figures, smooth columns and a pleiad of young artists
11. looking for a refuge for their tradition
12. denigrated and rejected bias
13. compiled a lexicon for unification
14. in Lunel, Languedoc, a theurgic *De Divisione Naturae*
15. tropes of expediency, existing to the anxious edges
16. the carbon dating of pharonic dynasties
17. the cult of Horus and Akhenaten's solar monotheism as aniconic
18. this battle led by default to a truce
19. the daughters of Danaos brought to Argos
20. Thesmophoria sitting on the ground
21. holy emanations from Sirius and Orion which vivify gods,
 - a. men, cattle, and creeping things
22. fathered some alien but esoteric source
23. savants driven by release
24. looking back altered the same

A Poem

by Paul Siegell

WE'VE COME FOR YOUR MIRRORED MOSAIC

Shining vibrant triangles over the square root of a diamond in the rough, a bathtub of light bulbs—When he felt that no one was looking, the Candy Man ran amok in the carnival garden under Matisse's mattress. All through the tunnels and grottos, he crafted sweet reminders of a life engaged with inspiration, while Isaiah Zagar wondered, "What happens when you look inside?" South Street's Magic Garden scavenger hunt. Elated, like something astounding's happening: We direct electricity. Off a wall, Isaiah expressed, "Your light excels by shattering. I collide. I can't imagine a more exquisite wedding for a ring."

A Poem

by Jal Nicholl

Retrospective

The summer rules have been
switched on

Return the breath carriage

Enjoy a bowl
of lukewarm vegetable origami

Excerpts from *some deer left the yard moving day*

by Andrew K. Peterson

Dear other person,

for the whole story call star-star shield

betw. leaf-foam a hard body edge
night(in)sects sing
e in clumps e

pulse in gut in step to / continuously

feet lift off ground / only so far
about grief, the frame
doesn't fit the screen

insufficient answers
such is moment of doubt in the beginnings

luminal lava . immemorial swirls
Water / Smoke / Fire
ash in arrangement
as long origin
as the long goodbye

form-summoning in neo-incandescent caverns

waterfalls, volcanoes,
cloud riptide bubbles thrown across
vast screens' miniscule reflectors (hip's asleep

“The image was too weak to show
up on the bodies of animals or
actors in goatmen costumes”

veiny leafy drip dreaming of dinosaur blood trees
daguerro-trope from pin prick wall in card
board box camera shadows narrative, thinly
bearable because the next shot has Brad Pitt in it.

and allowing points to center in white sky
Uncross this line.

Alright then what made *it* do *that* –
is the cloud-water baby an

(*grief, thief, child underwater*

orbit / not really waking but insinuating

volcano sockets
after seaweed coils in a jar

Patriarchy, privilege

hushes “get” dark
acting out backwards
towards whispers in a theater

mishear: “full and out of the grave...”

where beings remember relative to condensation
acceptance equals candle & sea foam divided by

Sunflower
your power animal

●

enmesh , the hornet body plunges
aging organism's charming maintenance
o bully you isn't it
obdurate
a diaper grail . soy Inuit
... static

 wrung out to a fine ligament
willing it to frequent

●

some of them are walking
some are walking away
some are being walked away
some of whom are walking
others
others they are
walking
walking or being walked away
some of them are others
some of them are walking
others there are walking
or being walked away

•

(**Star Witness.** aches in pitch, in patches of chords, curves the road in phrasing's sift-bounce, shards slide in upon surges, reverb contrails spaces, memory's soft collapse, a round ricochet chance, round choice in season's celebrations, skinned knees & rim roses, cajoling sieve of thought-about, what else have you brought, black at the back lot, brightest night parked round parking light, casings & bows, "oh, how I forgot", how this town rounds itself off in forlorn leaves & bleedings, does it seem here one can do without anything, "moves like she runs" & she leaves with burnt orange for the sky key's twang

•

upstairs the talk is of
idols. here, whipped shadows –
the flag beyond the mound

speaks a calcified house of mirrored bone
"no wonder what happens to beauty"
finger on an oil cake button,
lurch of the fodder beast

•

(Summer Reruns. Some heat remembers to turn itself open to secret gages operating peak unspoken capacities, but we, trapped out with sweat of ten centuries lived through since our last pyramid escapade, can't (how *could* we?) seek fading traces of any line of reason, let alone control curtains once steady in winter crisp, now in fabric puddles amid the front room's piles of cut ribbons. A few discernible fragments: a nose of mirror, some useless type- writer keys (all symbols, characters only interested in rare appearance for illusory sense of complexity). Now you stand slowly packing, &, in a rush to document such collapse, – inevitably (sneaks up perhaps through an admitted self-deception), I've forgotten to pack the back of this raincoat – a lesson remembered since initial shocks of pre-recognition – standing at the window watching mountainous cloud coverage collapse in a slow soak, curling steam line beginnings running together after with recycled products of memory that come not in detail but trail slowly, over; how you cannot run from a rush of hot rain, though once you are caught downtown in it, with an armful of used clothes to sell, & ready to meet the rush heel-on, you find the storm's, somehow, without notice, slipped behind, and then beyond you

•

failed clasping what escapes
droned in one reflection

misreading “erasure” for “pressure” –
A bicycle carried down stairs.

Walks in winter begin as white fills
undoing what pleasant fakes

The deer is as dark in the yard –

go back inside & think upon misaligned
adjustments

slip from distraction, but asleep
maybe fall in w/clothes on, or wake up to

content is the gravity
form falls through , into

•

a night is
loose on us & so
the want is great in
both / to hold
each, as close,
a night is, so,
one into the morning
Polis is This
dying from thirst –

from Symphony No. 8

(13.7 billion years)

by Ric Carfagna

-3-

And movement
in the darkness
where there is
the mythos
to mourn
the flames
to enkindle
the psychotic bane
of night's descent
and movement
to demarcate
a presence

of bounded corridors
of mirrors of anonymity
and of two figures
irretrievably distant
and drifting through
a latent and undefined
winter light
and a movement
the mind creates

*“outside a corseted awareness
the sun-glinting blood-drained reliquaries
fall from to a saffron and rose tainted sky
and a plutonium cloud’s blinded incinerating eye
creates a city of dust
beneath the exploding rogue torsos
of quantum instability
and the bone throwing shaman dreams
of dead words and hollowed out corpses
falling into a molten steel and asphalt abyss...”*

and then a movement
in a desert
in a sea of fog
in a mind
interpenetrating
an apocalyptic oasis
on a frozen tundra
of disconsolate faces
of desiccated souls
hovering above
a Paleolithic cathedral
and of dreams embalmed
in alcoves of darkness
and of incense trails
burning libational holes
in the sparrow hawk's
blackened sooty wing

from in thin dreaming

by Michael McAloran

trace/ unlike-

head/
winds of vortices

and the lock of the
idle bone

heart hollowed
asking of the speechless hour

no not promised all
yet given

nothing
but the cracks in the walls

leaking a trace of the eye's liquid
unlike tears

said yet-

at the bewitch of it
said yet

locking the breath
carrion flies upon

ask or not/ breaking

and the jocular
kick

of ash in the peeling eye's appeal
redolent of

no never-

feast/ flourish of

(in after-birth
of ghetto)

and the bitten wind

ocular distance

[*murmurs*]

without reprieve

knocking till stray the surface climbs
to the edge of undone

black vault of sung aloud alack aloud
unstaying

no never having yet
begun

as if to-

cylindrical
 echo(es)

bled winds of
 the unspoken

spasm lock of the atoned blood
 no not enough

paling into
 birthing as if to...

(ah
 spit)

unsaid-

dead yes
 there it carries

back till
heart

cascade of
 breathless/ the naught of it but once

redeem the ask
said along

broken
 all said/ redeemed

in a pit of the sky's asking
unsaid

not once

unto final-

scattered

burnt to touch
in the closed night's turning

all of the
redeem of it

collected

through the shadow of less
and

less

the heart's
discarded settlement

dead as
light

mockery all
the breath stitched shut till final

neck-snap

Two Poems

by Matt Margo and Keith Higginbotham

zero song

the poem aside, simple
tragic son, we can

ally the pain at causalities
like rough mattresses—

long summers bleeding trees
and now cardboard the sometimes

day of the fire conviction
long as nose: a husky

accident to ease orange
language, all mine

ÞÔMÉSÞ34k

œ—wine shot snare-haired—œ
 _Ží[žū[—] ~\$fÓ!!
 ??dusty thingness like duel foe
 Æœ7th supply, afraid of plagues whole

revolution like robotic ovulation—
 the rabid overturned all,

all TV: food
 TV, choir TV,
 ßüÊ TV, et al.

there's the word-inch world || sitting confessional,
 parading the banishment of sentence cubes!!
 ??isolating unrobed blemishes
 ÕH+Vu2AI owls under better streets

but nothing better than white wine!
 and your clean gun garden
 hung like feet over fires

from olvido

by John M. Bennett

olvido

ffffamefff ff ffforff
offff ffffflagfff
foggffff ffistffff
ffsafffeffff fff fak
e fffffusionffff
feelffff fofcusfff
fffireffff ffameff
ffffffffffuel futileffff
ffformffanffff
fffigureffpreffferenceffff
foamfffffoundfffailsff
ffffffffffenderffff
lutterfff f fff ff
ffleeffffleaffff
f footfffffoundationff
f f ff fff f ffff fffffff
fillf f f f f f f f

olvido

the wwwet hell iiiinnnddddiiicatiionnn
 wwwhere yr aiiiiir shadddownww r
 iiddes the throatwwway pulseddd
 wwwiiiith soups wwiiith tonnngue
 griistle an yr nnnneck wwwheel ,sww
 wallowws wwiinndd ann crowwdds
 .the riiver shiiinnngle ,breast annn
 fliiiiiiiies ,a coffiinnn swwwells
 .“ouch” ,plunnndder ,meannt .the rat
 sciissors shiiinnne onnn screennnn
 yr ttonnnue eye cut **off**
)“tiiime” to(sleep behiinnndddd
 the dddddddddddumpster

Making Need Known

by Lianuska Gutierrez

Is there a speech to learn to communicate no;
because he leaves the pinch-lipped swath of
bond immeasurable down low, and bleat and
nimble budging of lips (an animal feeding from
your palm, or empty zenned out chew of cud)
give way to stitch of words a chain mail or
politic nimbus to neon the way—a mansion armory
of names, a spill of walls of water named talk—
and as if nothing still gets said;
and nothing still gets done.

“I need” is trade. Is this human, or if one masters
the forms will the effort turned fluency make you
a sermoner and sail you back to paradise, to the
lift on shoulders—a cushioned litter on resting stilts,
with all swum in: provision; or was that bodiless
face bent over, with lips an incessant suckle on air,
built on toil, just hushed, a coo that tapes over
the mouth in two black bands that make an X.

In that space, you were bounty and jeweled
calf without tricks to turn, without return,
without, Pay or have your knees buckled.
Or must dire tellings swirl in a funnel
with the peep in an ear to guzzle what
you did not pour in, to mess your message.

What can you dance us? Give us a jig so we can
put nickels in your pants, pat lucre to crotch and
say “goodie,” this is your earn. The girls in NY
City brothels go to college and have rent to pay.
The bunnies in the pet store only scream in pain;
but they piss before an audience just the same.

Two Poems

by Amanda Silbernagel

love song / suicide bomb

As the insomniac dreads the night, so does the city
Grow petrified of being what it is, needing what it needs.
Take the bridges we managed, despite downpour and detour, to let burn.
An animal in motion stays asymmetrical: this was me trying to get even
With history—carbon footprints all the way down.
The metroplized skyline like a girl, by definition, interrupted
By the politics of entrance, essence askance—warship lands
Her one-hundred-story deal: published, perished.
They're tightening the border now, punctuating things without thinking
What they might be killing off. *If this is freedom, I'll have no part in it.*
If this is scandal— I want in on it all. In Time's Square, a figure ate
Dirt, background ate figure, a skating rink falls asleep full
Of fractured bones, New York City full of terror
And I still can't remember where I parked that night
For the life of me // requires so many more bodies than this.

teen angst / grand theft auto

It all started with you wanting
to set off all the alarms without a thought
to how selfish that crime—
to-criminal-ratio would've sounded.
I tugged at my ski mask and swore
to play superfluous. Perhaps I was praying
for all the wrong things, teased the world
in all its mock-oyster glory. I lived
for you I killed for you I promised you
it's all in how you frame it. Underground
subways converted into anti-rain dance halls
the beat and what falls between the beat
Ginsburg, Ferlinghetti, fanatics passing out
—dated literature out to ravers at the tunnel's mouth
exact a dripping pulp. Water torture
was all in our heads, like the song
you only loved because it made you feel
invincible as it boomed from your snow-white
'87 Corsica, bass cranked, heart pounding,
eyes close as they'd ever been to sleep.
Dream-screams flee lips crimson kissed
by all the hooks you made out with
like a kid in a jewelry store, delinquent
written all over her car, and I'm total
—ly that pearl right now.

Two Poems

by Cristine Brache

cheating eyes, the video

cheating eyes, the video
howl back at the wind
blow the leaves back to the trees, rewind

finger the remote control
dial the zephyr, watch the playback slowly
magnetic strip of jungle, bamboozled

find your grace within
hang yourself between two frames
let the art scam you

conversation flow

oh, how i'd love to warm up to you again,
and let the conversation flow from my tongue fluid as ever.
so juicy, like my spit

watch my tongue swell]

the words all deep like
i used to take your penis in my mouth.
or perhaps even deeper like
the way it felt like to live inside me

instead the words are coming out
like odd spasms of white sludge
as i slowly choke on this
sperm
tear or ?
word [hint: circle the right answer]

missing you completely
while our conversation is steadily oozing on the floor.

Two Poems

by Diana Magallón

Snob Aladin.

Snow, speaking Rome
Sonnet the north,
Songs your south

Too high, unmanageable plague
Saying never, never
What is this wall?
Slate and limestone
Sing poplar bark

El girto del lboo.

Si enunetcars esto atnetsuamolbe serveo, ¿aermdntVareede slubime! ¿es
el girto del lboo! Lo reconoicste. Al carer un mhoín tneies piluaps
biantos, ¿esbas? lo aimnal es bello Oh si, te aesrguo sobre la lsita eespra
dsuedna en el pqeeño ppúitlo oo vas aa abaacr en cueros.

Lake Ontario, Cobourg,

by rob mclennan

1.

the boardwalk; brick, in fact,
no boards at all

the late George & Annie Page
convene cold stone;

sketch, field's withered canvas

a curiosity, a wash

green, blue, orange, red,
amid elections

all is testimony; dark
; her gaze, daily

where burst to fill,
a toe-tag green

yellow brick; goodbye, Oasis,
this shifting fit of houses,

blue sky; where may appear
a drop of blood

2.

swollen beach-head;
aquamarine,

containing multiples,
from Christine's fountain pen,

every living thing,

their affection was so young
but slowly aged; matured,

in point of fact

a trembling, ghostly face,

machines that maintain
further machines,

computer print-out heat-curved,
chemistry, a distant

freight train; laced with coal,

you are at the end of this
, you can write this down

3.

if this was England,
their highway bread

& butter,

a vapour trail; a wet flame pulse
, concealed absorption

I'm sick of absolution,
brittle fog, a caustic breath,

we were always driving
driving somewhere,

where wind cuts through the skies,
to let her beauty rise,

born & married, Ramsgate,
landing Cobourg, 1907

, a century's breath,

the pleasures of the page,

4.

the book of Ontario silence, marked
by sweetness,

a century of tart,

to resurrect aspiration, blue-toned,
impulse could be landed,

a heritage-harbour,

designed to rattle; gravestones
downhill mark

white columns, chapel

to exist, a granule
of crucial gray, wash out

or make anew,

spring; out of this long, dark winter

I step into her palm,

ITERLOGUE 1-10

by Spencer Selby

1

Seeing eyes of screen which erupt
at regular intervals on command

Snatches of monotone humming
path to impediment flanked by

crutches at the back of an unlit room
Burning half darkness shows issue

spotted with mold as though the
structure had been broken and

resealed under vague threat
of a single point just beyond

2

Framed need or wrinkled
wish that cannot be fulfilled

In the long run only pause
while existence has never

been more than dread good
getting used to static before

a transformation confused
with bushes leaves no trace

in the wind-ruffled prints of
bare feet and legs outstretched

on the move dumping facts
that give the impression of

a spacious landscape in the
windows hazy from smoke

while in reality air itself is
a forest of fading barriers

built up with transmitters
tempting manifold forms

determined to go by instinct
to judge demand returning

from a nearby market feeling
impossible attempt made

at communication during
torrent from book still closed

3

Drive or be driven along
grievance repeated,
do acid detail between
apples on shoulders

Feel scream run through
body silence that anyone
can have by accident

Protest ready at hand
distributes ungainly order
for all disparity

A group like dirt truck
heavy on each other's back,
huddling under flag raised
in a gleam now parked

4

Crazy about wanderings
that seldom dare to leave
mental cubicle holding self
I didn't feel sorry for

Longing instead of moving
around in crowds
could survive like those
in a dream and alone

Encounters require nuance
more than visiting attended

Bent by jolt under two trees
parallel branches form
an arch for wires scorched
like clouds in the breach

mixed with soot and birds
to avoid platform deserted
at the same time it appears

5

Expensive curtain dropped
on a plea for spare change

X marked in field of choice
given a gift for escape

even jaded news hounds
regard as folly at the peak

Expression suddenly far out
into absent reverse zone

with edges of lifelong action
that has made an obvious

mistake throwing rope down
and over projected balance

Support role conducive to
client behind thick glass

treading rhythm necessary
to incessant buzz of traffic

spread over massive critical
holes in a block of shared ice

6

Room bursting with protein
accentuating tradeoffs

provided almost flattering
message of property damage

that dominates reports
from army of contraptions

used to reinforce behavior
in a tone of rising amazement

fueling inserts at the corner
of one particular day playing

data class card to get bearings
while being distracted by those

forced out of the current mold

7

Growing anxious at intervals
to etch a jagged line at upper
reaches that become nostalgic

above town clock losing shelter
in perspective across floating
rows of megaliths at each end

This chimerical effect long since
erased from the situation a man
associates with last steps taken
by the author of an old book

The reading remains shut up in
itself to reach threshold first
noticed in a voice which was
either too low or too high

as though an audible word had
never been spoken except to make
sure tomorrow will be like today

Here clarity is an illusion
no mirror image can replace
There may be one whose eyes
become a knife opening a piece

of living flesh to say commentary
as such will have a roof over
one's head and a place to sleep

that is restless and confused in
the light of characters in doubt
shuttling around barren paths
leading to dreams of death which

served as a station of transit
for poets considered insignificant
by the next regenerated engine

for those disloyal because travel
used strange terms to make
contours come alive from depths
on page after page while actually
listening to something else

8

Lured into a trap to blame
generic brand of anguish

mixed with random sticks and
stones buried centuries ago

by some child at play deriving
inspiration from game obsessed

with ring established by local
custom put in context far from

inkling of solace spread across
graves of those who perish in

ignorance like some tourist
of the hidden sea and vessel

of luminous sadness scanning
the horizon while missing

wind that shakes whole body
to renew itself each time

9

Fringes love whistling of
assemblage behind a ruin

that might be mistaken for
what was once a place of

worship showing precepts
that develop wrong power

Soon goes to hell enclosed
by ramparts pointing at

anomaly like wild crown or
crooked tool scratching

outline of journey within
beholder racing toward

wire mesh trash ticket
joining a procession that

suddenly stops on a dime

10

Note glued to windshield
steaming in the humid air

waiting in line of credit to
access contours of night

boulevard packed with stiff
drinks following curse aimed

at cash machine that giveth
and taketh human value as

an angel blows kisses to
the homeless on a dare

DELIVERANCES

by W. Scott Howard

External form, contour (that
quality) of the materials—

figures geometrical,
objects

depending on constant
relations

of position or proportionate
distances

among all the points composing an outline or exterior surface—

a particular variety
of such

quiddity impressed
semblance

dear image, face in which
may find true rest.

Of the fabric, the make (apt
garment) deft gesture—

appearances,
bodies spectral

minutal (limned
by nature

or by art) distinguished by anomalies & contraries—

visible aspects of chance
arrangements of parts

animal or human
compositions

(of words & etc.) beautiful
forms intercalate—

manner or course,
story's meander.

*Shape-changer shifter altering coverer
scattering cross-sections of an atomic nucleus*

*of a compound an independent formation,
an algebraic factor of an aleatory line*

*predicting the profile (in the expression)
like a comely fitting shape-memory or*

*shape-mistress, a shape-note, one of a series
having heads (of different forms) representing*

*likeness or likelihood, the degrees of a scale
for any shape-smith or jocular corset maker.*

*A motive or answer with reference
showing signs, becoming efficient*

*positioning with a particular or proper
stance or inclination for a definitive*

*stroke, gathering oneself together &
stepping out as a gift of transference*

*(or dismissal or decree from Fortune
or Fate) granting for one person the wish*

*(delivered of judgment) for one penalty
from punishment appointed, released.*

Excellence of design, élan
nonesuch, divine

errancy, characteristic
habitus—

imaginary creature, person
or object animate

ruse, otherself ethereal
glimpse askance or guise

a disguise (or jest devised) for a random stroll—

attitude or condition
of fitness or repair,

given ways, rhythms
of the mind, radiant

bouquets, verisimilitudes
upstream ribbons.

From the beginning, heart
and frame—to strike

instances of meaning, origins
afterwards, memory scapes ysauesd

assayed (sometimes
apprehended) as foretold,

corresponding with the One who makes, said of God or Nature—

likely alteration, tailoring or carving
out of something else, immaterial

non-conformable, liminal thing—
of speech (an example) to figure

or set, to produce a remedy
devised (or contrived

of the sky) inclined to break
or bring about.

Two Poems

by Mark Young

Today's horse

Pollen assemblages, continental
separation, the comparisons

with modern analogs—we are all
psychopaths in our quest for heritage.

Re-burying the dead

I'd never really
thought about it
before, but it's the
obvious in Eliot that
gets me angry, "coming
over the Starnbergsee"
indeed, as if there
were some other
direction to arrive
from, light rain or not.

Visual Poetry

by Márton Koppány

Hungarian Vispo No. 5 *



* “Hungarian Vispo No. 5” is part of a longer sequence in progress; it is also a comment on the following news item:

http://www.voanews.com/content/armenia_cuts_ties_with_hungary_in_soldier_dispute/1499725.html

Checking In (Hungarian Vispo No. 7) *



* “Hungarian Vispo No 7” is part of a longer sequence in progress; it is also a comment on this news item:

http://articles.chicagotribune.com/2012-11-27/news/sns-rt-us-hungary-antisemitismbre8aq12k-20121127_1_hungarian-jews-jobbik-hungarian-parliament

ē · rā/ tiō

Lauren Marie Cappello explores the idea of non-duality, in her life and in her poetics.

Alan Halsey is online at westhousebooks.co.uk. An interview with Alan Halsey appears in E·ratio Issue 13.

Poems by **Marcia Arrieta** have appeared in *Web Conjunctions*, *Ellipsis*, *So to Speak*, *Melusine*, *Blueprint Review*, *Osiris*, *Spittoon* and *Rufous City Review* and in E·ratio issues 12 and 14. Her book *triskelion, tiger moth, tangram, thyme* is published by Otoliths. She edits and publishes *Indefinite Space*, a poetry journal.

Nathan Hauke has a PhD in literature and creative writing from the University of Utah (2010) and an MA from Central Michigan University (2004). He is currently co-editor of Ark Press. His first book, *In the Marble of Your Animal Eyes*, is forthcoming from Publication Studio.

Brad Vogler's work has appeared in *Free Verse*, *Moria*, *Versal*, *Blavevox* and *Word for/Word*. He has work forthcoming in *Jacket2*. He does some work with Delete Press (www.deletepress.org). His first chapbook, *from Fascicle 30*, is published by Little Red Leaves Textile Series.

In 1937, Edna Saint Vincent Millay published her translation of a poem by **Emilio Prados**, “The Arrival (To Garcia Lorca)” in *Spain Sings*. Since the period of the Spanish Civil War, little attention has been paid to his work by readers of English. In Spain he is thought to be next to Garcia Lorca with respect to the depth of his song. In the years before the Spanish Civil War, working with Manuel Altolaguirre, Prados established the press Litoral which is deeply associated with the many authors of the Generation of 1927: Lorca, Cernuda, Aleixandre, to name only a few. Prados died in exile in Mexico in 1962. *Jardín cerrado // Enclosed Garden* reflects the loss of homeland and a beautiful gentleness of spirit. These poems are from Book III, “Thresholds of Sorrow,” Part I, “Human Night.”

Donald Wellman’s poetry includes *A North Atlantic Wall* and *The Cranberry Island Series* from Dos Madres Press. In 2009, his *Prolog Pages* was published by Ahadada. From 1981-1994, he edited the O.ARS series of anthologies, devoted to topics bearing on postmodern poetics, including volumes entitled *Coherence* and *Translations: Experiments in Reading*. In addition to the poetry of Emilio Prados, he has translated works by Antonio Gamoneda (Cervantes Prize 2006), Blaise Cendrars and Yvan Goll. His translation of Gamoneda’s *Gravestones* is available from the University of New Orleans Press. *Enclosed Garden* is forthcoming from *Dialogos*.

Rupert M. Loydell is Senior Lecturer in English with Creative Writing at University College Falmouth, and the editor of *Stride* and *With* magazines. He is the author of several collections of poetry, including the recent *Wildlife* from Shearsman, and *A Music Box of Snakes*, co-authored with Peter Gillies, from Knives, Forks & Spoons Press. He edited *Smartarse* for Knives Forks & Spoons Press, *From Hepworth's Garden Out: poems about painters* and *St. Ives* for Shearsman, and *Troubles Swapped for Something Fresh, an anthology of manifestos and unmanifestos*, for Salt. He lives in a creekside village with his family and far too many CDs and books.

Anna Niarakis is a chemist with postgraduate studies (Msc, PhD) in Biochemistry. She has worked as a research associate in the University of Patras and from February 2012 she has worked as a post doc researcher at the Ecole Normale Supérieure, Paris, France. In 2009 she was awarded by the Committee for Equality of the Prefecture of Achaia, Greece, for the writing of a Theatrical Play on the subject of the equality between men and women reacting to sex discrimination and eliminating stereotypes. Her poems, texts and translations have been published in anthologies as well as in print and electronic magazines in Greek and other languages. She directs the online magazine The Window, a magazine for poetry and other sins, and her personal website, Antipoetry.

David Appelbaum lives in the Shawangunk Mountains. His most recent poetry collection is *Jiggerweed* (Finishing Line Press, 2011).

Carey Scott Wilkerson is online at CareyScottWilkerson.com. His new book of poems is *Ars Minotaurica* (New Plains Press, 2012).

j/j hastain is the author of several cross-genre books including the trans-genre book *libertine monk* (Scrambler Press), anti-memoir *a vigorous* (Black Coffee Press / Eight Ball Press) and *The Xyr Trilogy: A Metaphysical Romance*. j/j's writing has most recently appeared in *Caketrain*, *Trickhouse*, *The Collagist*, *Housefire*, *Bombay Gin* and *Aufgabe*. j/j has been a guest lecturer at Naropa University and University of Colorado.

Alexander Jorgensen is a writer, visual artist, educator, and adventurer. His work appears or is forthcoming in *Diagram*, *Drunken Boat*, *Red Lightbulbs*, *Otoliths*, *The Last Vispo Anthology* and *The Return of Kral Majales: Prague's International Literary Renaissance 1990-2010*. A selection of his visual poems were exhibited at the 2011 Text Festival. He was nominated for a Pushcart Prize in 2008.

Work by **Gary Sloboda** has appeared in *Drunken Boat*, *Glitter Pony*, *Timber* and *EOAGH: A Journal of the Arts*. He is currently working on a book length collection of prose poems entitled, “Tremor Philosophies.” He lives in San Francisco.

Megan Volpert lives in Atlanta, where she teaches high school English. *Sonics in Warholia* is her fourth book (Sibling Rivalry Press, 2011). She is currently editing an anthology on queer pedagogy and researching a book about the American bicentennial. Predictably, meganvolpert.com is her website.

Jude Cowan is a writer, artist and composer who lives in London. She works as an archivist for Reuters Television. Her first collection of poetry, *For the Messengers*, was published by Donut Press in 2011. Her second, *The Groodoyals of Terre Rouge*, will be published by Dark Windows Press in 2013. She makes musical improvisations on Reuters stories and these are available on the Parisian based netlabel, Three Legs Duck. Jude Cowan is online at judecowan.tumblr.com and at judecowan.net.

Jacqueline Dee Parker is the recipient of a 2007 Artist Fellowship from the Louisiana State Division of the Arts. Her poems have appeared in *Atlanta Review*, *The Southern Review*, *Chelsea* and *American Diaspora: Poetry of Exile*, among others, and she’s been nominated for a Pushcart Prize. Her visual work resides in numerous private and corporate collections and was featured in the 2010 *Studio Visit*, a juried artist book published by Open Studios Press. She is online at jacquelinedeeparker.com.

Alessandra Bava was born in Rome in “the year of the barricades.” She holds an MA in American Literature and manages her own translation agency. In 2010 she had a cathartic encounter with a SF poet laureate and is currently writing his biography. Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *elimae*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *Anemone Sidecar* and *Left Curve*. Her first bilingual poetry chapbook, *Guerrilla Blues*, was published in 2012. She is the editor and translator of *Rome’s Revolutionary Poets Brigade (Volume 1) Anthology*.

Susan Scutti lives and writes in New York. Her poems have been published in *The Christian Science Monitor*, *New York Quarterly*, *The Outlaw Bible of American Poetry*, *Philadelphia Poets*, *Tamarind* and other reviews. Her collection of poems, *The Commute*, was published by Paper Kite Press.

A. J. Huffman is a poet and freelance writer. She is an editor at Kind of a Hurricane Press.

Linda King is a Vancouver poet whose work has appeared in numerous literary journals in Canada and internationally. Her first full length collection, *Dream Street Details*, is forthcoming from Shoe Music Press.

Kristin Abraham is the author of two chapbooks: *Little Red Riding Hood Missed the Bus* (Subito Press, 2008) and *Orange Reminds You of Listening* (Elixir Press, 2006). Her full-length manuscript, *The Disappearing Cowboy Trick*, will be published by Horse Less Press in 2013. Additional poetry, lyric essays, and critical essays have appeared in such places as *Best New Poets 2005*, *American Letters & Commentary*, *Rattle*, *Court Green*, *LIT*, *Columbia Poetry Review* and *The Journal*. She currently teaches English at Laramie County Community College in Cheyenne, WY, and is editor-in-chief and poetry editor of the literary journal, *Spittoon*.

Richard Kostelanetz is online at richardkostelanetz.com.

Poet and scholar **Mary Ann Sullivan** is founding editor of *The Tower Journal*. Her works include *Mending My Black Sweater and other poems* (E·ratio Editions, 2008). See her editor's page. (http://www.towerjournal.com/about_editor.htm).

Travis Macdonald is a poet, copywriter, editor, publisher and occasional essayist living in Philadelphia. His most recent books include: *Title Bout* (Shadow Mountain Press 2011), *BAR/koans* (Erg Arts 2011), *Hoop Cores* (Knives, Forks and Spoons Press 2011), *Sight & Sigh* (Beard of Bees 2011), *N7ostradamus* (BlazeVox Books 2010), *Basho's Phonebook* (E·ratio 2009) and *The O Mission Repo [vol. 1]* (Fact-Simile Editions 2008).

Michael Ruby is the author of several books of poetry, including the trilogy *Memories, Dreams and Inner Voices* just published by Station Hill Press. His next book, *American Songbook*, is being published by Ugly Duckling Presse in 2013. He lives in Brooklyn and works as a newspaper editor.

Paul A. Green's *The Gestaltbunker – Selected Poems* was recently published by Shearsman Books.

Iain Britton is online at IainBritton.co.nz.

Gautam Verma was born and grew up in Bombay, India, and now lives in Piacenza, Italy, where he teaches English. His first full-length manuscript, *The Opacity of Frosted Glass*, is out from Moria Books. He has previously published five e-chaps: *Tombs*, *In Ladakh*, *Days Dreams* and *The Lines* from Shearsman, and *Soundings* from BlazeVox.

Scott Keeney's work has most recently appeared in *The Boiler*, *Columbia Poetry Review*, *Court Green*, *Everyday Genius*, *Gobbet*, *Truck*, and *UCity Review*.

Work by **William Wright Harris** has appeared in *The Cannon's Mouth*, *Ascent Aspirations*, *generations* and *Write On!!!* He attends the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, where he studies English Literature and Film.

Tyler Cain Lacy is an MFA candidate at Columbia College, Chicago. More of his work can be found at *Otoliths* and *elimae*.

Travis Cebula lives and creates in Maryland, where he teaches creative writing and publishes chapbooks under the imprint, Shadow Mountain Press. His poems, essays, stories, and photographs have appeared internationally in various print and on-line journals. He is the author of five chapbooks and two full-length collections of poetry, *Under the Sky* *They Lit Cities* and *Ithaca*, which will be available this Fall from BlazeVOX Books. In 2011 he was gratefully awarded the Pavel Srut Fellowship for poetry by Western Michigan University.

Sarah Suzor is the author of *It was the season, then*. (EtherDome Chapbooks), *Isle of Dogs* (Toadlily Press), and *The Principle Agent* (Black Lawrence Press). Her interviews and reviews have appeared in various online and print journals including *Rain Taxi* and *Tarpaulin Sky*. Her poetry has been published widely, as well as anthologized, translated and nominated for the Pushcart Prize. She lives in Venice, California, where she is the founding editor for Highway 101 Press, and a guest lecturer for the Left Bank Writers Retreat in Paris.

Matt Hill is a sculptor and writer living in the southern part of Northern California. His most recent books are *Parataxis* (BlazeVox, 2008), *Dropping the Walls for a Tenuous Linkage* (Differentia Press, 2011) and *A Western Exile* (The Argotist Online, 2011). From 1995 to 1997 he served as publisher of Marshall Creek Press publishing avant-garde chapbooks by, among others, Sheila E. Murphy, John M. Bennett and Jake Berry. Rumors circulating about him living off-the-grid in a treehouse are entirely true.

Joel Chace has published work in print and electronic magazines such as *6ix*, *The Tip of the Knife*, *Counterexample Poetics*, *OR*, *Country Music*, *Infinity's Kitchen* and *Jacket*. He has published more than a dozen print and electronic collections, most recently *Sharpsburg* (Cy Gist Press) and *Blake's Tree* (Blue & Yellow Dog Press).

Raymond Farr is the author of *Ecstatic/.of facts* (Otoliths 2011), *There Is Something Missing in the Whole Transaction between Us* (Blue & Yellow Dog Press 2012), as well as two echaps: *chainge* (Chalk Editions 2011), *Two Texts* (Chalk Editions 2010). He is editor of Blue & Yellow Dog (<http://blueyellowdog.weebly.com>).

Poetry by **Mitch Corber** has appeared in print and online in *Vanitas*, *Columbia Poetry Review*, at *BlazeVOX*, *Blackbox Manifold 4*, *Listenlight* and at *Polarity*. He is producer of Poetry Thin Air, the NYC poetry cable show and videographer of the Thin Air Poetry DVD Archives. He is a NY Foundation for the Arts fellow.

Work by **Jeff Harrison** has appeared in *An Introduction to the Prose Poem* (Firewheel Editions), *The Hay(na)ku Anthology Vol. II* (Meritage Press), *The Chained Hay(na)ku Project* (Meritage Press) and at *Sentence: a Journal of Prose Poetics*, *Otoliths*, *Xerography*, *Moria*, *NOON: journal of the short poem*, *Dusie*, *MiPOesias* and *Big Bridge*.

Felino A. Soriano is online at felinoasoriano.info.

Daniel Y. Harris is the author of *Hyperlinks of Anxiety* (Cervena Barva Press, 2013, forthcoming), *The New Arcana* (with John Amen, New York Quarterly Books, 2012), *Paul Celan and the Messiah's Broken Levered Tongue* (with Adam Shechter, Cervena Barva Press, 2010; picked by The Jewish Forward as one of the 5 most important Jewish poetry books of 2010) and *Unio Mystica* (Cross-Cultural Communications, 2009). He is a three-time Pushcart Prize nominee. Some of his poetry, experimental writing, art, and essays have been published in *BlazeVOX*, *Denver Quarterly*, *European Judaism*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *The New York Quarterly*, *In Posse Review*, *The Pedestal Magazine*, *Poetry Magazine.com* and *Poetry Salzburg Review*. He is online at danielyharris.com.

Paul Siegell is the author of three books of poetry and a senior editor at *Painted Bride Quarterly*. He is online at paulsiegell.blogspot.com.

Jal Nicholl's work has been published in various journals and anthologies. He is a non-property owning male living under a modern centralized state.

Andrew K. Peterson's E·ratio 16 selections will appear in *some deer left the yard moving day* (forthcoming from BlazeVox). Previous publications include *karaoke lipsync opera* (White Sky, 2012), *Museum of Thrown Objects* (BlazeVox, 2010) and *bonjour meriwether and the rabid maps* (Fact-Simile Press Equinox Chapbook Contest Runner Up, 2011). Recent writing is online at *Elective Affinities*, *Intercapillary Space* and *The Offending Adam*. He edits the online journal *summer stock* and currently lives in Massachusetts.

Ric Carfagna was born and educated in Boston Massachusetts. He is the author of numerous collections of poetry, most recently *Symphonies Nos. 1, 4 & 6* published by Chalk Editions and *Symphonies Nos. 2 & 7* published by Argotist Press. His poetry has evolved from the early radical experiments of his first two books, *Confluent Trajectories* and *Porchcat Nadir*, to the unsettling existential mosaics of his multi-book project *Notes On NonExistence*. He lives in rural central Massachusetts with his wife, cellist Mary Carfagna, and daughters Emilia and Aria.

Michael Mc Aloran is Belfast born, (1976). His most recent work has appeared in ditch, *Gobbet Magazine*, *Ink Sweat & Tears*, *Ygdrasil*, *Establishment*, *Carcinogenic Poetry*, *Primal Urge*, *A New Ulster*, *Slit Your Wrists*, *The Galway Review* and *Turbulence Magazine*. A second full length collection, *Attributes*, was published by Desperanto in 2011. Lapwing Publications (Ireland) also published a collection of his poems, *The Non Herein*, in 2012 and Knives, Forks & Spoons Press will release an ekphrastic book of text/art, *Machinations*, early next year. He also has two projects forthcoming from Quarter After Press. He edits *Bone Orchard Poetry*, a webzine of the bleak/ the dark/ the surreal and the experimental.

Matt Margo is the author of *Child of Tree* (white sky ebooks, 2012), *Two Titles* (white sky books, 2011), *Friends Let Friends Let* (self-published, 2011), and *When Empurpled* (Pteron Press, 2011). His work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Bravehost Poetry Review*, *Hipster Jesus Unicorn*, *Moria* and *Red Lightbulbs*. He lives in Hiram, OH.

Keith Higginbotham is the author of *Calibration* (Argotist, 2011), *Theme From Next Date* (Ten Pages Press, 2011), *Prosaic Suburban Commercial* (E·ratio Editions, 2010), and *Carrying the Air on a Stick* (The Runaway Spoon Press, 1995). His work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Bravehost Poetry Review*, *Hipster Jesus Unicorn*, *Moria* and *Red Lightbulbs*. He lives in Columbia, SC.

John M. Bennett is online at johnmbennett.net.

Lianuska Gutierrez has her B.A. from Harvard University and M.A. from Fordham University, and she is currently a Ph.D. candidate at the University of Missouri-Columbia. Her primary area is creative writing (poetry), but she also focuses on twentieth-century American poetry and poetics, modern and contemporary Spanish poetry, Lacanian theory, and phenomenology. She was a 2008 Saltonstall Poetry Fellow.

Amanda Silbernagel is from Fargo, North Dakota, but she is currently living in Lubbock, Texas, where she is pursuing her MA in philosophy. Her works have been published in *Ouroboros*, *PANK*, *Kill Author*, *Thirteen Myna Birds*, and *Radioactive Moat*. Amanda Silbernagel is online at amandasilbernagel.com.

Cristine Brache is a poet and multimedia artist from Miami, Florida. She is currently researching abandoned spaces in the industrial area of the Pearl River Delta for her latest video project. Cristine Brache is online at hushedincantations.tumblr.com.

Diana Magallón is an experimental artist. Some of her works can be found online at cipollinaaaaa.blospot.com.

Born in Ottawa, Canada's glorious capital city, **rob mclennan** currently lives in Ottawa. The author of more than twenty trade books of poetry, fiction and non-fiction, his most recent titles are the poetry collections *Songs for little sleep*, (Obvious Epiphanies, 2012), *grief notes:* (BlazeVOX [books], 2012), *A (short) history of l.* (BuschekBooks, 2011), *Glengarry* (Talonbooks, 2011) and *kate street* (Moir, 2011), and a second novel, *missing persons* (2009). An editor and publisher, he runs above/ground press, Chaudiere Books (with Jennifer Mulligan), *The Garneau Review* (ottawater.com/garneaureview), *seventeen seconds: a journal of poetry and poetics* (ottawater.com/seventeenseconds) and the Ottawa poetry pdf annual *ottawater* (ottawater.com). He spent the 2007-8 academic year in Edmonton as writer-in-residence at the University of Alberta, and regularly posts reviews, essays, interviews and other notices at robmclennan.blogspot.com

Spencer Selby is the author of eight poetry books, five compilations of visual work and a study of film noir. Forthcoming from BlazeVOX is a new poetry collection titled, *BLAME FAULT MOUNTAIN*. He is online at selbysart.com.

W. Scott Howard teaches in the Department of English and in the Emergent Digital Practices program at the University of Denver. He is the founding editor of *Reconfigurations: A Journal for Poetics & Poetry / Literature & Culture*. His poetry may be found in *Burnside Reader*, *Diagram*, *Eccolinguistics*, *Ekleksographia*, *Many Mountains Moving*, and *word for / word*.

Mark Young has been publishing poetry for over fifty years. His work has been widely anthologized and his essays and poetry have been translated into a number of languages. He is the author of more than twenty books, primarily poetry but also including speculative fiction and art history. He is the editor of the ezine *Otoliths*. He lives on the Tropic of Capricorn in Australia.

Márton Koppány lives in Budapest, Hungary. He started writing visual poetry at the end of the seventies and since then his work has been widely published and exhibited. His books, *in English*, include *Modulations* (Otoliths, 2010), *This Is Visual Poetry* (chapbook publisher, 2010) and *Waves* (E·ratio Editions, 2008). His new book of visual poetry is *Addenda* (Otoliths, 2012).

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.

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