E·ratio 24 · 2017

Jake Berry
margareta waterman
Mary Jane White
Rosanna Licari
Apryl Miller
Joanna Fuhrman
Giavanna Munafo
Tony D'Arpino
Andrew Leggett
Carol Dorf
Jennifer MacBain-Stephens
Eileen R. Tabios
Joseph F. Keppler
Hannah Rego
Amanda Laughtland
Jude Cowan Montague
David Annwn
Denise Bonetti
Tomáš Přidal
Mark DuCharme
David James Miller
Sean Howard
Aaron Bauer
Mark Young
Jon Cone
Peter Philpott
Daniel Y. Harris

POETRY E· JOURNAL

copyright © 2017 for the authors
copyright © 2017 Eratio Poetry Journal

ē · rā/ tiō

Scale

for Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino

Jake Berry

1

If we have been in that house
  it is no longer a house
 but a field

charged
resonant

mound
& stone

after Beth-el
a dream like lightning

unkempt in all his ways

These are the vestments
Triune
Polyphonic

a cradle
made of voices

a cradle
before the interruption
(before the incision)
of glass

2

If it begins
it begins
in a wound

& graceless stumbling

across a bed of silence

grotesque
until she comes into focus

3

everything crucified
and torn apart

of sudden, terrible beauty
a crimson light

is an occasion
to rejoice

4

out from – sheltering
as the lungs
across the bed
toward zero (face to face)

This is our habitation

to visit
along the way

dust on our
rags

5

[discovered]
a femur
a pelvis

a shoulder blade

upon which
inscribed in Greek
(as was the Orphic inclination):

body	σῶμα	soma
water	ὕδωρ	hudor
spirit	πνεῦμα	pneuma

an octave apart

a spike in the earth

6

of number
there is only

a chasm

of every form
emptying

7

The word
has shaken us
free

with an essential,
forbidden
summoning

more than knowledge
more than life

a music
one step beyond

— 3.19.17

Five Poems

margareta waterman

after the One
then there are many

each a piece of the harmony

intrinsic to the One
of which the One is made

miraculously separable
for the living ear

each jewel and flower
alone and in combination
(numbers never end:

from any point
complexity builds into the whole

uncountable and never-ending
summated into One

into many

and in between
into all possible songs

as mixes multiply and combinations
become song after song after Song

one of many and all of One

nov 2015

from chaos
the gradually defining order

coherence
assimilates

particles swirling
no tabula rasa

raw reality is teeming
swirls into intrinsic geodesic shape

every swirl a new shuffle
hysteresis inevitable

accretion
follows

pattern — the trails of history —
echoes throughout

the roots of time lie beneath
ruthless movement before anything

the arrows of the owls

song of dancing
in a direction
with or without a purpose

waving dancing on
smooth and fancy
changing high and low
up and down

as it flies past into morning

dancing line in its own direction
up and down
and maybe side to side

any vector makes a path
as long as you want it to
and then not

owls know how to fly
arrows tend to be
a trifle rigid
best be dancing
on a flight like this
best be flying

best be flying
best be dancing

with or not a purpose

arrow coupling into feathers
muscle-powered wings
        inertia-fired arrow

piercing the wind

dark river red and black
river of sorrow and blood
running beneath all beauty

without blood or water
awake without blood or water
eyes behold everything

full youthful blood
feels good, blind pleasure
no uncetainty

boring, that is, and trite
shallow innocence
long before beauty, this cheap confidence

dark river runs through
washing last drops from vein and artery
breathless and empty

if you don't know
        your way around
                the world of sorrow
what good can you be?

bloodless and breathless
defeated by pain
or life is wasted

no song bur advertising jingles
unself-questioning smiles, ignorance,
cover for all the petty drivel

pebbles, sprays, fountains
unconsidered fluids
voided unedited from empty mouths

knowing this —
what lack of taste
would choose

to avoid
        the occasion
of sorrow and pain?

endless page of space
splashes of light taking their own time

light *seen* more than *by which to see*

nothing to see, only splashes of light
and whatever might be in them

inhabiting the huge emptiness
passing scattered splashes

expanding with the darkness, the everywhere
passing scattered somewheres

undisturbed infinity
scattered settlements unimportant

constant endless expanding uninhabited pool
available to any mind

all minds meet in this non-existent empty endlessness

Box-Stair

Mary Jane White

197

The sun even before dawn
Tactile in the window-wells
Of the basement laundry
& seeing how by watching
I relax
My body bends to sun
I myself know I am bending
& light-shafts run up the bleeding heart
Solidifying as if its stems were glass

198

& hardly mist as the sun rises

199

Slow-warming heat
Indifferent
Glimpse of bluebells swaying at eye-level

200

I adore you I think
Where the window stands open
Odor of darkness
Where these spring up near the concrete
Odor of rain
Of the newly-planted lily bed
Filling slowly light-catcher
Settling of large grackles

201

So when am I coming
Creaks the box-stair
& I am careless to know what is coming
Rumbling & when is not truly alive then
& when is it the same
Not truly

202

Let the basket drop
Push in the sheets
Socks shirts blouses dry now
& ready to be dampened chilled & ironed
With the tag-ends flapping over

203

All this *giving* which is not *my* giving

204

Dusty patches & how we come from them
Dust released from earth
Into air
Seals of the stone stair where water stood
Where earth was washed away runs off
Dries cracks open curves up into shallow plates
The dull unglazed clay surface all cupped
As hand-cups
Bird-baths set out to catch a next rain
Shallow & shallow
Lip to lip
With the dust nearly always rust-red

205

When the machine groans
At putting its load & drum of water in motion
Falters

206

I might think what I like
I might turn it on
Then off again
Unwilling

207

& why is this draining
A little beneath my feet
Only a little then
From wherever
Not apparently so important
& how is this thin sudsy sheet spread
Over the floor
As my feet remain rooted
& I am watching
Wondering idly what a plumber might recommend
A reliable one
& considering the cost
Of addressing what is after all only a small inconvenience

208

& the overhead mystery of a hundred
Years' of wiring & rewiring & welded & stubbed out pipe
& in one corner the spotted round drain-cover
Hiding what

209

A long while perhaps since
The mud splashed up on the hems of clean sheets
That quickly
& all to do over again
A woman who had been so careful at pinning them out
Using her mouth & both hands
Hitching first this way then that
Until the greater part
Hung reasonably flat

210

& sharply into my head an odor of
Washing powder
Its acrid chalkiness able
To rise from such a small puddle

211

Take a step back as it spreads thinly everywhere
Then regrouping toward a lower corner

212

Bestir yourself I say I narrate

213

Whose idling was
Everything
Yes this is the point
Yes it is a loan

214

Even from a poor woman
& as drought receiving rain
& a solid wall where there is dust in the air

215

& sugar & while night flees
Before the tasks of harvesting & preserving

216

As the man of the house slept companionably
In his chair
Lulled by listening

217

Dust
Then the slow soaking rain
The heavy mist of another morning
& the racket of birdsong
& the wet feet of the clothes-rack in oily water
Which I a woman
Pick up re-set
& then ducking my head
Mount the box-stair
The back-stair
Look out
Into bronzed vine where song explodes
& the cool breeze passes
& the boy cycles by
With his thin plastic bags of flyers

Pedaling hard
Side to side

218

& know this is it
We are in for another round
Another check below
A quick climb

219

Feet on the wooden stair
Setting all our laundry upon the landing

220

Carrying the new-packed clean-gleaming jars
Carefully down
With the dust settling
Yes & notice it again
The sun

Degrees of Flight

Rosanna Licari

1.

Call me tonight
because I've been scribbling
the same poem for days.
Lately, I have stopped
not just mid-sentence but
at the beginning,
after the first letter,
or even between the space
where my hand moves
from air to paper.
Thoughts have become rotary,
a centrifuge that sticks me
to the sides of a tunnel
that leads nowhere:
no new sentence,
a full stop,
an abandoned take-off.

2.

The darkness and fresh sheets
usually bring freedom
but now insomnia blinks
at a spotlight of moon.
Then, in the garden,
a commotion
in the frangipani tree.
Three tawny frogmouths
position themselves
for the night watch.
On my approach
two fly away
but one lingers
and looks at me
as my eyes adjust to
its face, head, wings
and the cat meowing
for attention.
The bird swoops
and lands on a fencepost.
I watch, walk towards it.
When I look up at the stars
the frogmouth disappears
as my nightdress billows
like cloud.

3.

Light flutters
when the wick bends
into the melted wax.
Dreams are as illusory as
shadow play on a wall.
I can only pretend to inhabit
the sky's wild beauty.

4.

The blinds are down
so as to hold back
a stiff, chilly morning
whose stare will order me
into stuttering action.

The tepid sunlight
encourages reflection.
Midwinter, and
the pond water is sky-filled
with hints of blue.
This is the natural border
where the ancient scrub turkeys
pass on their daily route
into my world.

The children of crones,
all of them,
doused in limp, charcoal feathers
smelling of glacial ice.

They've torn up the garden,
dancing the staccato of
step, look, peck and scratch,
then digging
like mechanical hens.
They don't soar,
for flight is a clumsy arc
that ends in roosting trees
or roofs.

5.

I can't see you.
You've wrapped yourself
in a blanket and say
the darkness is comforting.
I raise my arms as wings and
think of Spring.

3 Haiku & A Poem

Apryl Miller

3 Haiku 1988

Far below, frigid
water swirling, deep currents,
he falls to angels.

Air would vibrate, tongues
Lashed, sirens screamed; now, apart,
The air is empty.

Unlike us, he could
not be held by this world. His
home, now shelf, box, ashes

The Where and The How (Peter Pan Man #9)

You will come to know me where you found me, not on vacation, nor on out of town trips, but in the place where you came to seek me.

I cannot be known in the idleness of still time, nor with empty distractions of flight schedules and car rentals. Not in the stuffing and cramming of the endless day. For what is stuffing but that which fills our childhood toys. One tear and it all falls out.

You will come to know me in the rhythm of daily life and it is how you know me that I will be as I truly am.

I will not do merely because you want, but what I do will be enough.

In the rhythm of daily life I will come to know you as that is how I found you. And it is how I know you that you will be as you truly are.

We begin with a question that has an answer.

What is the first beat of the day.

Are you promise or are you fruition?

I await your best.

September 21, 2007

Two Poems

Joanna Fuhrman

Smoke and Vinegar

so we left the house
with our hope my friend
and we slipped

between the sagging
scotch egg bankers
and the drunk doll kiddos

spiked handshakes
coiled with metal genital
tongue depressors

a foot so large
our daylight's
vanished, done.

To the Tune of "Late Empire Afternoon"

Jelly bean, black sheep,
dried clementine

For want of a tongue,
we borrow ~~screaming~~

A loose tooth sings riddles
in the lady chamber

A small mouth hides ditties
in the ~~prince's~~ mitt

O god of motherhood,
in your terrycloth

toilet paper cover
~~and tinted cellophane~~,

rid us of flimflam
doodads and riddles.

If We Think the Tide Cruel

Giavanna Munafo

Begin with loss and see
how the world contradicts you,
how the horizon implies that beyond it
the water is not empty
but full of ships
all docking at another island.

—Lynn Emanuel

At this angle
Her blowing hair tears
The air. A catastrophe
However dim in comparison
To the echo of *ever*
The force of which erases
All grace from earth
Like happenstance meetings
Between ego and idol.
If I am jealous at all
I keep silent. Her tongue
Tastes of lemon, of
Lessons I never master
And never forget.
Outside the familiar rent air
Leaves a peculiar trace
Almost quaint, dusty.

Without rest, the sea
Persistent as a saint
Tumbles up and back
Down the rocks. Unspoken
Promises preserve like vinegar
Filtering sun from east to west.

Noon hits overhead, hot.
Open your eyes at once,
Sweetness is escaping us.
Moon pulls the other way
Outside the sinister sun.
Keep standing, keep still,
Internal clock ticking.
Nod once then drift away.
Gather they tell us, *gather.*
Onto our backs it burns.
Utter *shade*, utter *rain*.
Together we go up in flames,
Sever all connection,
Issue last words, last rites,
Dive into old sorrows.
Effort slips into memory,
Village lore settles into dust.
If we let go now we are lost.
Language drifts into groan.
Leverage now means *blindness*.
Alter nothing, whisper good-bye.
Gift now means *water*,
Essence kissing rock.

Gulls call our names here, at the end of the earth
where rock meets sea in a kiss thick with ruin.
Or is it? Is it instead a kiss wild with gladness, a home-
coming intent upon embrace, oblivious to immanent
loss? The sea knows, as do the rocks, how transient
the tide makes their caress, pulling the sea away
even as it draws her in. The rocks all memory, window
to her vaporous breath. There is no within, only endless
arrival and departure, inseparable at this farthest
promontory where clouds blanket the horizon
and gulls circle, calling *you too, you too, you too*.

if anything is absolute it is the sea
no trick merely repetition
tell me this if we lie still long enough
do we become helpless as dirt mindless as waves
and if there is no end to their crashing
is it like the laughter of the insane echoing
from shore to shore across the island
one gesture a single glance our only hope
your heart taps out an oceanic saga
no title though it begins and ends
what little heaven we have here salts the flesh
my open palm slides into yours
reckless and with intention
if you suggest otherwise we need only listen
to the easy thunder of the sea clambering to shore

Vice or saving grace, hard to tell.
Inside my head gulls cry, I smell fishes, docks.
Separate currents tear one way and the other,

Issue warnings only audible in the deep.
Tantrum or jubilation, it's your call.
Tongue in cheek turns melancholy in all this wind.
Hearty folk trudge right on through
Exquisite in their indifference to utter chaos.
Meaning you and I better run for cover
Unless it's each other we need for shelter,
Selfish tourists just out for some fun.
Enjoy that illusion. Enjoy the sun. Enjoy.
Understand only this: gulls cry hungry or not.
Mine, you said*, all mine*. Now, dive.

Trouble is summer passes.
Heavy weather roars ashore
Eager as the fever
Bereaved survivors curse.
Ample eaves groan under snow.
Regal egrets cower then flee.
Nonsense, you say, winter's merely
Afterlife on earth.
Cabin fever makes us wary.
Lobster red August dusk an
Exception to the rule.

mostly it's about missing
about the only one now irretrievable
the nasty truth is grief fades
you heave yourself onward
like these ferries braving the elements
what's gone but the body
another gust off the sea slips along your shin

nails home how simply loss lives in the wind
motherly in its devotion to healing
its love of the air
why insist otherwise why track south
when north currents flow homeward

It barely matters, low tide
Or high, what's absent
Returns, like a pet kept fed
Only feigns escape to find
The way home. Forgetting is rare
As the *yes* lovers whisper
Freely given. We are all
Like the infant, ready to take
What comes, holding fast to comfort
Recoiling from salt. But the sea
Brings it, token kiss.

internal churning akin to waves unfurling
song onto sand then pulling back from land's end
lasting only seconds heartbeats
answer to what insistent question
noble but futile yearning for bliss
deliver us from the sea and her burning lips
inscribe their kiss onto distant shores
name your own tempest one with hers
nothing resting between you

Tangled sheets tell a story

night sweats, wet limbs, hurricane weather.
We might even find ourselves at the end
of the dock, tide rushing out again
sucking and pulling, our tongues ranting
a chorus about ailment and greed.
But you need only inquire further
to discover laughter, the release
beneath desire deemed illicit.
And this despite the natural world.
It's a gamble leaving shore
saying *yes* to the spray off Pulpit Rock.
If we look back the cliffs may be empty.
If we do not we may never know why.

The sea accepts what's offered
Wears debris dull the way an argument
Never settled exhausts passion until
The next full moon signals time to leave.
If we think the tide cruel we may unwind
In each other's arms like the last lupine
Bowing as first frost moves inside.
Forget first sin, forget being right.
Come, stand at the very edge of the garden
Where risk yields rich purples. Roam
Wildly at the eleventh hour, but never
Stray from the broad shoulders
Whose memory would else eat at your sleep
Whose graceful sweep rivals sloops of lore
Whose faith in your hands eases
Backbone, eases day's end
As orange light races across the swells
To soften only on touching land.

Trading Holly

Tony D'Arpino

"The girl in red is actually a sound"

—Roberto Bolaño

The ghost inside me
Feeds the marketplace
It's the mistletoe they want

A body of water
Suspended in mind
A primary pigment

Built into the old city walls
Was a bookshop
In winter code

A dealer in maps
Ephemerides of stars
And the blue sand of travel

A tiny plastic
Sun
Holding cloud cards

Commodity aesthetics
Of the holly thief

The market turns like fish

In pinwheel ice display
Singers and gamblers
Cakes and hats

I love holly
And the shadow
She casts

Watching the Bridge

Andrew Leggett

A smudge on the line
between bridge and sky,
another semi-trailer thunders.

Light breaks the storm.
Each end of the bridge
is the start of a rainbow.

No one looks at the hill
where the dead lie,
in the midfield of vision.

Swaying eucalypts whisper
names razed from stones
in the garden of immanence.

Lorikeets fight a single finch
over nectar in the stellate flowers
of the umbrella.

This humid afternoon
sheds its musty kimono.
I stand and shiver

in my black speedos,
inspecting bonsai

in a tub of pebbles.

It has rained
on the crush of lilies
sprayed with citronella.

A puddle dries,
exposing fossil ferns.
Evolution slows during peak hour.

In a storm,
when I am gone,
another semi-trailer thunders.

No shag on the hunt,
nor squid's eye in the bay,
could capture this on film.

Quiet is what wakes me into accounting

Carol Dorf

One plant droops in the cold
long purple leaves thick stem
could be bromeliad.
                What do
I know of plants? She told me
the baby would learn to love
her playpen
                a personal space.
Years ago my brother pulled
himself to a stand on the bars
of the pen in the living room —
up and toppling backwards
over and over again.
                Silent.
My daughter screamed never
tolerated the pen or the crib
for that matter. A moth flutters
towards cirrus clouds.
                Birds —
I hear them can't see any.
Winter light. Her first word
was bird then bus
                an electronic
hum that passed our house
every half hour.
                Running water

in the fountain drowns out little.
I would need the ocean.
When I was young
like water
I was a shape shifter oozing
into any closed container.
I am too free
with advice.
It is so hard to listen
to the small plane low in the sky.
A warning
then nothing.
This plant thickens with the rains.
I never could stop being water.

winter necrosis

Jennifer MacBain-Stephens

((winter necrosis, part I))

prepare the body / rouge the cheeks / fingertips are older in snow / the blood, funnels one last memory / cement a tight mouth / seek an eyebrow needle / any moment now / skin falls untied / at least once / I was kept alive / the crows stare into a mirrored glamour ball / insecure the ugly / jealous of the freezing age / into beige and teal chemical drips / the beast lies on its back /

((in another life time)) ((the brain recalls))

an antique lamp / lit
chapped lip rage instructs /
the studious side to know things from text books /
I cannot /
let /
so many sighs escape throats

I want
to quiet / the scraping / daily chores / the paper mate pens /
won't stop

your green circle island / lit forever
with modern art / and indoor basil / thriving

always
gleaming / Land Use
laws / all calculation / all sediment stubble / calm

I tried to be a brick / when it mattered / why did I ever look away? /

((winter necrosis, part II))

pry open a slacken mouth / to miss the cracks / and smashed syllables in my cortex / I cannot express my noise to you / so I break / they lacquer nails / sketch me from memory / for the photograph / for the newspaper / printed on four color / one sunset to symbolize / the earth's weight / will smash my cheek bones soon enough / the worms will fall into my hair / then spring rain / grow a new body / a new girl / a fawn / a mass not standing / dripping slowly in the sun

As Regards Those Who Should Inherit the Earth

Eileen R. Tabios

Gaston and Gaspar: boys whose names became relevant
when their bones became transparent—Yet again imagination
fails to alchemize air into protein—No redemption despite

immersing myself in a sea until, chin just topping salty water,
my head became attached to the entire planet— "Mom" and
"Dad" defined as a turquoise house cheered by kittens and

where a new resident learns meals will be finished and, *still*,
there will be food for the next—An ascetic's illusion of ecstasy
transcends illusion due to its condition precedent: a suffering

so unmitigated it hollowed non-survivors from children to
earthworms—Smiling, a child stuffed doves into burlap bags—
A child paused to scratch with a missing finger—No one

notices the diminishing moon's tiptoe across the night sky—
A child received a scar while an emerald mountain wept—
O lucidity of ancient mountains—The first human emerged

the way we all continue to be birthed: through violent ruptures—
White light, white roses, white silk, white lace and white pearls
adorned her wedding—but I remember only that this happy day

included the whisper, "Mama, glass is easily broken …" I stared
at a photograph of a baby with belly larger than head and later

argued with my son's math teacher, "Two negatives do not equal

a positive!" A grandmother threw empty bottles at a toddler's face—
Broken glass surfaced someone's first conception of *Beauty* through
a sliver's lovely wink, belying edges, sharpness, future cuts—

Algebra failing to succor when indigenous cell memory destabilizes
relationships—*O aftermaths from dilemmas of belonging!*
See clutter of broken objects manifesting affordable treasures

when one owns nothing, or owns only dilemmas over belonging—
O the *seeking* that began without knowing whether one will stink
or sing—Questions thickening as sun moves alongside moon

to preserve possibilities for synchronous precisions against skeptics
scoffing at commitments—What difference between desires
for father and fodder—Inevitable anthologies of glass—Pause

for the silvery thrum among treetops during perpetual autumns—
Clamp down on dreams of a carapace, then its splitting—It was not
a dream when a bolt of cream linen turned crimson along edges

touching the floor—Forget that coil that bowed with sinister purpose:
it is being lubricated now
for an intent to revise—

9 Poems To Consider

Joseph F. Keppler

1.

Our papa, our papas' papa,
Who art art, who heaven heaven,
Who are not governing,
Whose name's beyond our naming,
Your children come when they want and
You will on and in earth. Give us food daily,
Forgive us for being unforgiving,
And please keep evil away faraway.

2.

Are there devils? she asks.
Each particle, she decides, decides.

3.

Drawing drawing drawing . . . make . . . a point. . . .

4.

Drawing by merely touching
letters arranged in touchy
electric lines then these lines
form something like the way there
where letters are typed lines
drawn together to name the
drawing by merely thinking

5.

Oh, if politics were poetics
humanity would be an art

6.

History, let's not kid ourselves, each one has
in person, and all that language spelled out
as Ages is all in our heads, I mean, hands.

7.

26 letters and countless numbers
try to parallel poetry with geometry
try to draw conclusions in the sand

8.

In death we
freely change
colors and
countries and
native tongue.

9.

With reason we sit
like stewed tomatoes,
potatoes, and meat
in unopened cans.

Blame dead animals
for this thought famine
for they never thought
we would be like this.

Impossible Bottle

Hannah Rego

I don't know if you're a person
I can call when I am hurting but
every headache & every news reel makes me
want our eyes glued to each other, or at least
the flat sides of our eyes glued to the same paper plate.
When I feel beauty, I know you can't feel it at the same rate.

I know when the world is ending we're pushed
toward one (1) death or two (2) survival but I want
to believe it's because of the language
we built from across the room. I'm talking a little
about the illegibility of my gender & my visions
of the tiny buildings falling down, but mostly about
that line, towards the end of that
song, from the email, I played during
every shower I took for months. *If it's all just the same,*
will you say my name, say my name
in the morning so I'll know when
the wave breaks. When I think

of all the airport carpet patterns in the world,
I want to lay down in the nearest pile of mulch.
I want to eat whole lambs
with you on a yacht & laugh the whole time
because what would we be doing there? Maybe
you wanted to watch me count ribs in public,

& piece them clean into a bottle: part-hobby,
part-message to watch the waves swallow. Teach me
how to cut a straight line
or at least how to hold a ruler.
Let's open all the windows in this sandcastle.

Four Poems*

Amanda Laughtland

*The text for all of these poems is drawn from *Nickel and Dimed* by Barbara Ehrenreich.

Wednesday

I'm watching TV at the motel.
Tea bags soak in a plastic cup of water overnight
for iced tea. Finally I lie down and breathe.

I wake up a few hours later to hear a sound
not generated by anyone's TV: a woman singing
"Well, it's a job" to the accompaniment

of trucks on the highway.

The Waitress

I used to work at the waffle place.
Couldn't take the stares, I used to look so good.

Marge kept standing there chatting,
ignoring my "excuse me's." Beer in her shopping cart,

she looked suddenly sober. People
think we have nothing better to do, she said.

On a Budget

I don't have a choice of BLT, fish sandwich, or hamburger
for only $2 at Kmart. I do make my lunch almost every day.

Someone ought to do the old-fashioned kind of lentil stew,
some slow-burning, high-protein combo like chicken
with melted cheese on top and canned pinto beans.

I meant someone much younger than myself, some hungry
officious woman in blue—you know, go out there
with some potholders and a ladle to stir with.

After Breakfast at the Nursing Home

I join the flow of dirty plates,
other people's French toast and doughnuts.

Linda has me vacuum the carpet in the dining room,
climbing under tables. Where was I from?

Look at me now. At my mid-morning break,
sweat-soaked already, sitting on a curb

getting a tiny glimpse of the endless slow rain
while the others drink their Cokes in the car.

from "Cairo Compression"*

Jude Cowan Montague

*Two of four poems responding to the photography of Jason Larkin. This work was set by Steve Layton and recorded for "The News Agents" on Resonance FM. EP available from netlabel Linear Obsessional.

Trails of Gold

I was scuffling in white dust
under pylons
when my city sprang into the near distance.
Whoooeee
Sun on my face,
peeling my orange,
I'm shining,
standing on a billion bunkers.

I am shaking the river,
tyre-rolling, earth-munching,
lugging the largest bag I can find.

I chill,
where the subcutaneous dump
has been scooped
— wouldn't ice-cream be nice for a change? —
by a voracious digger.

I am sheltering under a plastic sheet
poked up on sticks
in the grass-fringe
in-between
tall, feather bird heads
commodity watching.

Have you spied the skyline
from the exposed side
of a reef burning in the afternoon?
It hums electricity,
streams electrons.

Our powerpumps, they're thirsty.

Kids who swing on a wire fence
or cup dust buildings
fingers rubbing sunklines,
playing at gods playing with people on the tarmac
in the empty road —
you can always play —
I say — at living.

Fragile lakes evaporate
leaving rust puddles;
dishes have been discovering
no metal
worth a good sieving.

Tired, mudspotted
seekers turn up late,
packs of thin, bare dogs
drawn nosedown through outblown rockpit.
Those skinny bastards

won't stop till they hit meat.

cairo sandwich

he dug his heels in and grabbed nonexistence

when stiletto sank into the desert
he tensed back the pin
of metal to try to pierce the sky
and shouted

we are forgotten like our forefathers and mothers

but my children are opportunists
and lay rows of red bricks
grid marking the waves of dunes

watch out for the king's propaganda.
he has seduced men to drive into
the stove on a mission
to find brands and ghetto-blasters
six-packs pecs and perfume

the messily dug sand-earth casts a shady respite
for any creatures quick enough to scuttle into its shadows

stuck in this unmanaged muck
elegant geometric struts
section sky into triangles
beyond 1 2 maybe 100 dunes
the green grass cloth of a golf course

keeps down the gook
bunkers are too easy here

some houses collapse
before they are made
slip into ecru grit
wooden girders that shuttered
concrete in place tip
and land in bonfire style piles

they are the grand children of the ship
builders' planks afloat down the Nile
blown down the sand river

we love to move but we hate wind
for the sand becomes an aeroplane
gathers its body
and arabesques into djinn
who'll smash in our faces
their collective magic

we keep low
walls be our protectors
walls define our manners
keep us safe

this is your wheelbarrow and it is your job
to shift these concrete blocks
and pile them around my empire's edge
we have to erect beauty in gold and white
to show the world that we are not a land of peasants

egypt smells oily
as america of the 1920s
suckled on gilded urbanism

we spit it out to pull
its sticky strands into
liquid city, rock-rolling,
our destination pours a heavenly colour

billboards
we must have more of these
for they are both
picture and wall
they will stop the sand
stop the sand
it is not our friend
we must manage its horror
it will overwhelm us poor people

egyptian will vanquish sand
egypt won't vanish under sand
understand
ladders stilts
rise high above the monotonous plain
speaking a word I heard in a dream

REEM

Sur le Mur Cahun 1947-2017

David Annwn

Deep granitic

white hydra hermaphrodite
protozoan neural branching

Beneath this mask another mask

sun bathes the massive ancient church wall abutting the beach, and the right sides of her face and extended arm, as she is caught between sharp light and shadow

dendritic crystals
enacting chemin

a black, seemingly eyeless, blindfold
(*an unsilvered mirror: my natal right eye)*

wrack and polyp, beating
the bounds,
blocking a slipway

between sharp sand
as if she is being pulled forward by the cat: Nike
The feline is stationary

she has passed through shrubbery and over the inverted painted letters
‘PRIVATE PROPERT

sun low in the eastern sky sending sharp shadows of her legs and her cat,
across the concrete

away from St Brelade’s
graveyard behind her

on the verge of the dead zone, effacement of human
rocks far out, bioluminescent

a loose chemise with cut-away sleeves reveals her thin arms and dark
loose trousers which are tied with criss-crossing laces from the knees
downwards

progressing barefoot over the top of an anti-tank barrier
led on by a cat to which she is connected by a twice-twisted leash

vegetation threatens to encompass
vocabulary and if on these surfaces

we speak the unseen photographer
if we’re lead by the cat-tail’s slant

‘Le chemin des chats V’ and placed in a sequence

crepuscular, dawn, elliptical
tapetum and retina
gathering light, cat sees

more inquisitively than you, puts out its paw, discovers the strange,
flawless fragment of glass, primes claws on it, monitors images’
conformity – sniffs at mirror-backs

what will be we if we lead ourselves

if we lead ourselves on a leash as a queen

The italicised lines are new translations of lines from Claude Cahun's *Aveux non avenus* (1930).

Three Cigarette Poems

Denise Bonetti

10.

look:
my hand is drawing a drawing
around us:

a fugue:
an undulating
flight:

9.

the stream flows in sea
the smoke rises in cloud
the plant withers in dust

19.

make
a slow pile

of worry
flutter
away in white
    ashes
now flickering
particle, distant
scintilla

no gift
so swift as
this quick undoing
if true

can you see it?
the terrible sequin
or sickening sediment
now quivering noise

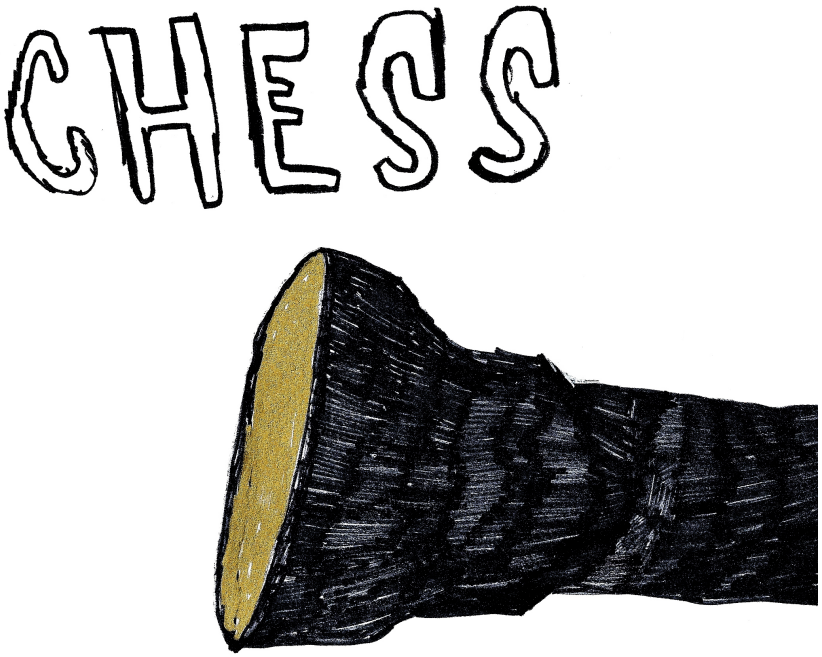
+

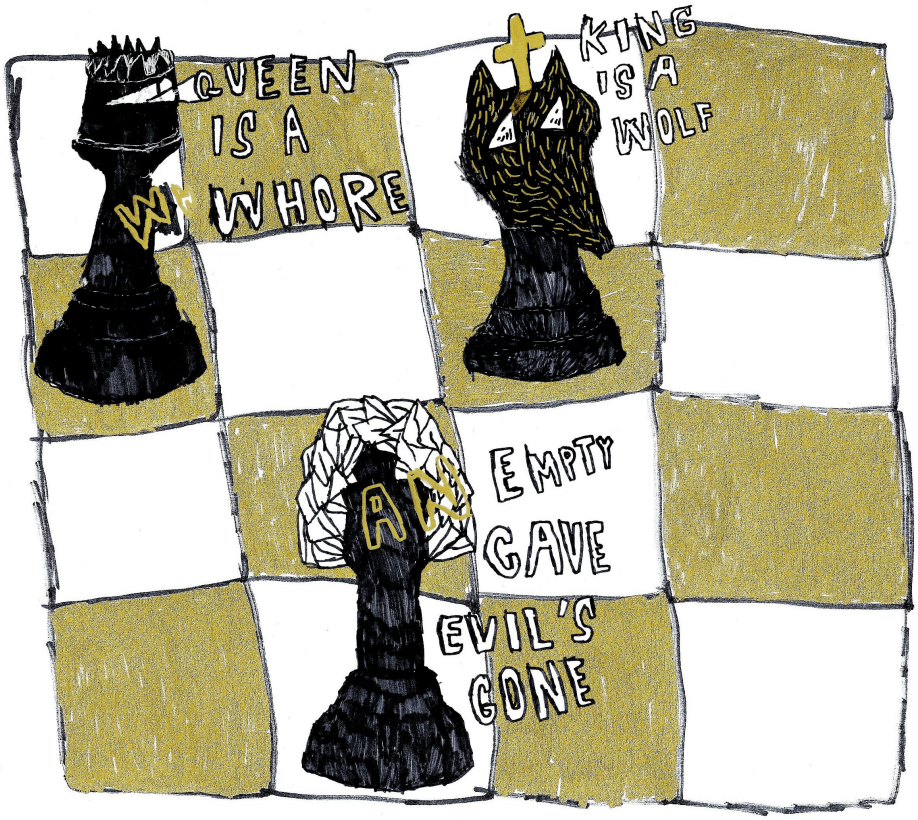
i picture a stalactite
as a time-keeping device
for no one to see

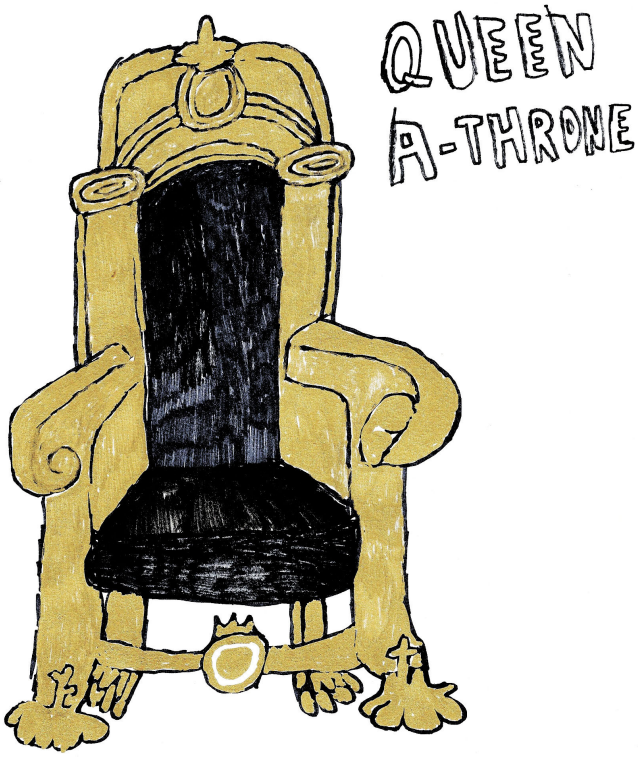
the drop that sculpts it
also in my dry mouth;
in need of quick undoing

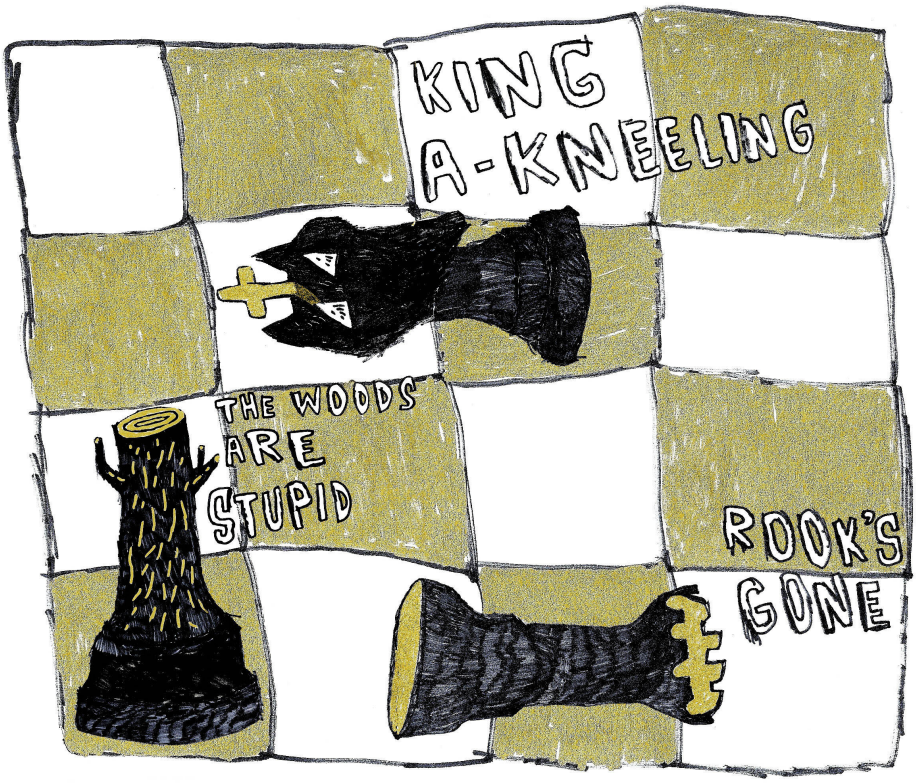
Chess

Tomáš Přidal




QUEEN
IS A
WHORE
KING
IS A
WOLF
EMPTY
CAVE
EVIL'S
GONE


QUEEN
A-THRONE


KING
A-KNEELING
THE WOODS
ARE
STUPID
ROOK'S
GONE

from Counter Fluencies

Mark DuCharme

21

A frisson is an emblem on your tongue
In afternoon parks exposed to no rain

Exposed to the tunelessness of any Other
When afternoon grows dank

A frisson is an explosive in your loins
When all is daylight burning
When all is night escaping

In our dark, imagined voices
Which bend the wind like grief

23

The insatiableness of writing a line
At the onset of July
Is drowned in all our hearts

We lose us—
Ghosts
Of past clatter

In the clutter of the passage of days

That it is July &
Not so. A glazing
Rain
Insists

On divination
& The weight of the tune that burns us

In the wait
& Weave of what's not
Needed ~~torn~~ ~~apart—~~

Filmstock burning, interstitial
Losses—
& The snare of need to investigate
These

& Every mechanism in which we burn
In thought grown quiet on the tongue

Where I am frayed, & night returns
Like a demon lover to a bed of stone—

& The weight of the tune that burns us—

24

Sometimes, a line is faintly
Drawn

Into dark
Summer's flicker—

In the discernible
Slip ("Nightfall as
Burial")—

Or the memorable &
Odd
Fragments

Peopl'd with
Suggestion,

Peopl'd with
Our cries—

32

There is no beginning nor
End to poetry

We have to maintain
The integrity of our
Lines, if not our
Borders

Open your borders & let us
Sing

Complicate borders, but resist not our teeming

•

When resist
We bloom, then rust

Our airy selves
Despoiled by lust
Stained by hate (our borders

Compli-
cate). Why shouldn't such
Fools, we primates, sketch

As selves, become our hot
Complications & complex-
ities of grief

Where we feast upon
Ourselves & all
That's new

If only we 'knew'

If only 'we' new

33

In the mirror where I rankle
Subject to objects'
Turbulence

•

Say it again: writing starts

& Stops

Why am I so free?

•

If I write a text
That so means
How can I tell it—

In the words, their bricks, & in
The chatter of my neighbor
On her phone & balcony?

•

I take in the smell of the 'weird'

It is uncompromising

34

How do you live
In a space with no
Going off to?

How does the next
Word come to pass?
& The next, & the one
After that?

Locating sites /
Cities / centers

Of pleasure
In the grope of an eye, in quick-
Tongued grace

In this propensity we'll call *place*

35

Part of this haunting remains
Remains broken

The detritus of lakes
In the eye of the moon

O sing to me
When noon is lost

& Angels stir in the dark
Throats of sailors humming

The tongue is silent
Like the bees

The cat does
Her best
To lure
That bird,

Imitating its throaty
Cackle

There are no fish singing

The fine
Cactus hairs
Have been pulled
From the fingers music is

Endlessly new

I am swaying

The cat now is playing with the hippie cloth's
Edge

Dare we stir or enter

In the tether
Of belonging—

36

Being monsters in the exact
Sway
Of which skies are made
Of glass

Imagine sky as a series
Of crushed vocables
Any of which would empty
Us
Of past & future
Selves—
Of mirrors without sight

If you subtract your body

From the light
Reflect thou on what scorches & has
Scorched

Cooler & with flowers surging
Through dusk's ancient panels

from WOLD

David James Miller

surface rift afternoon current
turns / weather-coded waters
braids chain
of rocks / skies flare sibilant

a weathered photo of weather—
snowmelt among mulched
sepulchral / root system exposed
at fenceline barbed in rust

night vent methane flames
blue transparence
crown of gulls / winter drift
river near dirty grasses

narrow dried ridge / grass russet
an abandoned vehicle rusts
weathered wood over a stream
through low ferns in wind

stem referents sediment / distillate
undergrowth coverage carbon
absorption / consumption at rates
unrestrained

.

tine stars pinned mute communicant—
translucent season continuous skies

makeshift poems

(from *a sculptor's manual,* Geoffrey Clarke and Stroud Cormock, 1968.)

Sean Howard

section 1. plaster usage

make *shift* –
'intense agitators'

*

studio – *slop*
bucket

*

'tommies' – *boots.*
ltd., rat's-tail laces

*

moore – *hard*
water

*

'millions,' *stuck*
in art's lift

*

‘old school’ – *god-*
mould

section 2. foundry practice

young midas
in the sandbox

*

‘these days’ –
prayer’s bowl

*

‘scientific gaze’ –
wax moon

*

ego – super
visor?

*

chisels chase
the charioteer

*

little boy –
cast shadow

section 3. flame and electric welding

the world fed
through guns?

*

prison yard –
glass air

*

stalin's dream –
metal workers

*

the hippies knew –
safety *clothes?*

*

face shield? *arc*
of history

*

warhol – art's
checkout

section 4. plastics

'modern' –
rothko's caves

*

'consumer' –
vast subject

*

empire – *english*
china

*

picasso – *no matter how*
much we clamp the frame…

*

the 'romantics'? *cata-*
lysts & accelerators

*

‘modern’ – *man*
made plastic

section 5. cement, stone and wood

‘never ending’ – *the*
woods in the studio

*

art’s aim –
stone ripples

*

‘monumental’ –
the little point

*

‘child’s eye’ – *see*
under merchants

*

rapture – the chis-
el, *moving the stone*

*

‘in the wood’ –

cherry buddha

section 6. repetition casting

kitchener – *melt-*
ing point

*

great art? butter-
fly, 'remove pin…'

*

duchamps – 'invert
the entire thing!'

*

army life – *the*
endless peeling…

*

'clinical' – *cure only complete*
when nothing remains

*

'still bubbling?'
sarajavo stew

section 7. general construction

‘godlike’ –
hourglass

*

the mind’s brace
against the body?

*

keats’ ‘rules’ – *don’t* cope;
screw *loose*; guard *down*…

*

‘constant’ –
planed sky

*

metaphor? ‘area
lit by arc’

*

‘just *look!*’ light-
weight eyes

section 8. finishing

‘the great game’ –
art’s console

*

‘until, eventually…’ –
goldleaf comma

*

‘soul’? *body*
filler

*

‘trained eye,’ *keeping*
the object submerged

*

‘japan gold’ – bashō brush-
ing up on silence

*

‘the great war’ – *history’s*
brilliant finish

section 9. surface coatings

america in the
case of colour…

*

boardroom,
the dull shine

*

art – gloss
over!

*

man & god –
ruined brushes

*

'1492…' – *a whitish bloom*
spreading, dulling the surface

*

'fallout' – *the paint*
sags, then runs down…

Four Palimpsests

Aaron Bauer

Palimpsest of Your Last Smile

A little over half
is the
hear and see.

The Halfway House. You

hear the tramps
gathered.

You will

hollow, wedge yourself
into hearing the jubilant
hundred years.

Alpine grass

watered by a snow-field.
People
hear drums.

So much.

Here was that queer

moving abroad. The humming-bird

which performs
to hear.

Palimpsest of America

Use the wings
the red-shafted flicker's

wings. They should look

like they have already.
Do not deny your half-brother

then, and

treasures.

Here is what you see:

numberless farms,
mechanics,
lakes,
mountain chickadees,
acclivities.

Mountain sides
are lyrical

dresses over
the train's rigid stanza.

Palimpsest of the Singer

Of
ballad-singers

of mountains

whose nests I see in stores.

He asked
nothing

of the pines,

ravines

holding silent
converse as identity forms.

Please, *please*
he blushes

as blood begins

to drip.

Palimpsest of Patriotism

And many more

rest in the
Halfway House.

A spot on the ground

one hundred years
that I decided to sweep up

indicating people

like a banner, like
a flag, like a false peace

hidden beneath an over-arching

side of

history on the cusp
of memory.

17 Wake-up Calls for Tom Beckett

Mark Young

1. Urine in the Blood

At the tone the
time will be
The Ides of March.

2. Shortness of Breath

At the time the
tune will be
50 Ways to
Leave your Lover.

3. Mis-spelling Words

At the tine
the paths

will fork.

4. Forgetting Where You Are

At the Tyne
the city
could be Newcastle.

5. Difficulty in Swallowing

At the time the
tongue will
be furry.

6. Back Pains

At the turn the
theme will be
Ol' Man River.

7. Failing Eyesight

At The Tate
the theme
will be Francis Bacon.

8. Disorientation

At the *tête-à-tête*
the toke will
be Pakistani Black.

9. Short Attention Span

At the time
the tale will
seem pointless.

10. Poor Hearing

At the tail \
a dog ends.

11. Intolerance

Any talk at the
time was taut —
no tautologies.

12. A Difficulty in Discerning Flavors

It seemed sage
at the thyme.

13. Short Temper

At the tone
he took
umbrage.

14. Erectile Dysfunction

Came the time &
he took Viagra.
Came several times.

15. Going to Fat

The muscle tone
for the rest of
time is poor.

16. High Blood Pressure

At the time he
took a turn.

As a poet, it
was a turn
for the verse.

17. Seeking Forgiveness

Time
for
atone-
ment.

Four Poems

Jon Cone

Alembic

The day could be made from elemental gray,
a day near the sea –
for the sea is complete,

complete within the muffled
diffuse –
of gray sky. We hold each other.

There is nothing
in the world we need,
so like a children's globe are we, protected,

entire,
and when the world shakes
it becomes not less but

envelops us as we are more
than rapt,
permanent in matter

our completeness bestows,
cribbed by motions taken
from the sea-gray sea.

The Invention of the Idea of Chair

after Marin Sorescu

The fire came first.
Next the standing around
the fire as I stared glass-eyed
at its curling paper heart.

The darkness seemed a verge
set to smother
the community
I made there with you.

When we began telling
stories standing
became more like lower
back pain.

You said, 'It's this or sleeping
in the cave.
What an existence.'
Silence.

A bone,
the craw.
The necessary irritation,
then the thunderbolt.

A chair! A chair!
Then the white-
knuckled nothing that
follows after storm clouds go.

Sleds Made of Bone

There are iron
moments – how
human it is
to speak –

when one says
to another
I don't know
& I don't care.

Birds. A nearby
fountain. Two
homeless kings
at dusk.

Jeramiah and Fugitive Bell

Take inventory,
heretical Jeremiah.
Of the new potion
rich in radium.
Take inventory,
fugitive Bell.
For the squalid birds
at noon.
Pay heed with
an undistinguished ear
at their toothless horns of fear.
Elected Jeremiah!
Tenured Bell!
It is a day on which
to count:
the voluptuous bric,
the glutinous brac.
And you did and you sang
and you ran,
till the sun
in its blank number
came loud
to the high-counting lands.

(3) Holy Month

Peter Philpott

look! another time to start
this year has nothing but, so
look at what it gives us
summer again(all brief)
and a chance to dig in
harvesting slow to make
due sacrifice to all the powers
manifold & circumambient
last brightness in the air

it starts with us all together
you can say we begin with nothing
except what the world now gives us
insects again & all small life
thronging where we dig
harvesting in the middle of decay
preparing what is due to live
many folded around us
lost in the brightness of the air

Let's just hold it together
begin again with nothing
open to what the world gives

life innumerable & delicate
bursting out where we dig
harvest triumphing over decay
preparing some brief escape
our lives are folded in this world
lost within its final brief air

His as later involved Gaul, migrants own new are the hunger.

what does need?
ascending to gods
I am fragile
– don't touch
tossed up poet
in the world of her heart
capacity for delusion

only now the
pity of this world

3a Day of the Early Coffee at Café W

what's open here? Oh
most things unwritten in our diaries
all the due occasions
aren't they full of sun today?
It might change, yes one
day but it always starts off like this

irregular but you just get used
it carries on
– there is no regard

what we can't do – oh!
everything unwritten to smudge at once
the occasion may be of anger
– no – now you've lost us our sun
things might change, no better
every day starts off like this
don't you just feel used
there are no options on
no regards to anyone

can we hold it? can we?
everything can begin again
no anger at what the world gives
innumerable and lost – yes
things burst out & change
every day some triumph against decay
don't prepare any escape you feel
all options folded in
regards to all the airy brightness

3b The Anniversary of the Destruction of the World Trade Center: A Reading

The secret is water. There isn't any here. Our ration of full-stops, or periods, is also limited, and we have only a single burning torch for light.

The rocks are real, ragged, rascally, reprehensible in their refusal to engage with us, except as absolute blind, dark other, sharp and without sentiment. Our feet crunch over so many priceless treasures – even Athelfrith in all his glory saw nothing like this. I doubt too he had the dubious pleasure of walking across his own hoard at night, occasionally lurching into a gleaming fragment of skeleton, long picked clean by whatever scavengers are allowed to survive in such a place. The steps down into this sump of corroded gold and silver will not be the way out. Something even more dark and terrible has been prepared for us. Fine ash, too, drifts across the air, dull air, absolutely lifeless, agitated only feebly by the spastic fluttering of the bats' wings and the inaudible racket of their sound world. At one level, the whole sensory continuum we are engaged within loses resolution, breaks down into hard dark abusive hatchments. Nothing fluid.

3c To Commemorate the List of 10 Best Places for a Girl to Grow up in

We must thank the Blessed St Eadgyth of Stortford, of whom nothing is known, especially not around here. We are all impressed by the news – we had fled the place generations ago in disgust: that nest of self-deluded Brexiters and minor cadres in the City Guilds of Usurers and Thimbleriggers. How virtue shines in unexpected corners! Does the blessing exceed the frequent cursings we must also endure? Do the memory and hope of better things overrule the constant risks of blight, plague and dragon breath? Maybe let Eadgyth tell us in her long silence. Her perpetual withdrawal and self loss, despite all these things – who else can we thank? Don't ask the priests, with all their bloody tales of sacrifice. Plan for your locality, my friends. Build up utopias. All stories will come true one day.

3d The Day After the Grandchildren Return to Their Parents

some harvests are a blessing
which is why this day is holy
don't count the syllables or stalks
bring in every word that's ripe
you have survived the white plague
and this may be the month
that things hope together
if we have enough here for winter
we last out the dark

it starts us all together
to begin with what we can gather
from all the world gives us
the myriad forms of life
let us join its throng
haunt & decay cover this world
from which come all life
we must fold up within it
found in its brightness now

maybe we can hold it
to let it all begin again
nourishing what the world gives us
lost within its multiplicity of course
accepting the perpetual change
each day a new triumph
nothing to escape but to feed

the options folded around us
holy and alive as bright air

3e The Day Amazon Wrongly Charged Us

The people we need are those strenuous warriors, Unwin & Wade. When we're faced with problems this bad: think! Then adopt a constraint:

all these migrants from Gaul
what do they need?
how fragile really are they?
don't touch their parcels!
tossed off their wagons
like a woman discarding her lovers
we don't know what is delusion
only now something comes
starting here with pity

is that constraint enough? My god, we need those hairy arsed bastards now, not prayers to non existent saints.

Uh-oh – you don't know do you?
What? It's simple – use only the best.

No one knows anything about them either – oh, yes, some late stuff about a boat – dubious as a Mercian royal nunnery. The whole point is that everything about here has dropped off – just think signifiers with no other side to them. Names that mean nothing. Harvested fields too late even for the gleaner.

from The Tryst of Thetica Zorg

Daniel Y. Harris

Exergue IV

Gregor's semblants are soiled in *bacterium staphylococcus*.
Khôra's *Virgine Bella* is *Skinny Puppy*. Trauma unravels
in lithium-7 isotopes, speaks *patois*, confutes trick as regret,
the last eventide for *amphibolies*. "The new normal
is a *traumwelt,*" say anarchists. No, the Imps wear the *rosa*
sericea: its red spurs blooded with voudon. *Objet d'art?*
Tart, they cray. Narratives are *passé*. [1822.8884845(14)]−1
u[note 1], *ludic* praxis to berate them for pride. Tap
vertices (u,v) pair to access the *TechnŽ geanian* gap.
Tohu wa bohu is part cast and post-truth. Warning,
there's no *grimoire* left in the *Monas Hieroglyphica.*
In *Koine* Greek, good news. *Judeity* is cloned. Rate zero
on recent PAST AS DISTRESSED SUBTEXT. A transom
stands bound in syzygy. Cut the stub. *Don Giovanni!*
A cenar teco m'invitasti. Abuse your privacy,
your *hors-texte* from steampunk *escritoires.* Khôra
excretes her young. *Pisgah*? Her topos is SODOM.
Leave the archive for *portacomps*, the fever for *autodocs.*
Install a plot or assassinate *Ac Pacis De Jure Belli* drones
with *provolutionaries*? Gregor hangs *The Canon* from meat
hooks by piano wire. Punk the *Vexilla Regis*.

Exergue V

Symbionts take on the Imps, drill *pentapods* tapping sheaves,
pix in greige as *déconfit,* confuting Apache UIMA
with *circumfession.* Darkland's disposable Turin Shroud.
Proxy codes stitch up Thetica's *tallit.* Entreaties
for *l'amour fou* get phrenologic boils. Immune loads
are at dangerous levels. Mercenaries back the Imps,
catapult past dogma, past *scoriae*, past *anamnesis*,
past lowly proles in the Plank Epoch, ca. 0 seconds
(13.799 ± 0.021 Gya), where genius guts *Faustroll's*
soupcan vessel. Test *Sta*2* for urinary tract disease.
"Taser da muther," encrypts Khôra, "*rfid* tags are cheap."
VIVIsectVI it its own neural jack. *Ein mukdam umeuhar*
batorah. Gregor resides at 666 Apokálypsis Ioannou,
in case the teraherz scan don't work. The Samsas
are committed in absentia. Hex *epochés*. Detect cortex
bombs with *proteomes.* Radicalize the risen Christ.
Esse is percipi. Which one of the exergues resembles
a *heteroclite* archipelago? Just the ones with *hemeralopes.*
Sell yellowcake uranium. *Laus Deo* is cribbed
from TV Guide. Cry *pax.* Surfeit, for sure. Research
for *Thetica Zorg* is funded by Xygene Corp.

Exergue VI

The Imps are *chthonic*, their *laus et vituperatio,*
burrs on bones. Gregor is heckled. Terraform blackset
serves as *ex vivo* implant, *coombe and on eolithostroton,*
day-labored-at, by biosculpting. Culture cabals
in a collagen tank. Restore neo. Modify glial cells. Improve
the myelin. Reject *getopt(argc, argv, "n:c:s:p:")) != EOF)*
as first folio. "These demands are roll botches," Khôra
says, phishing hail in Jezreel. The tongue's atrocity
has goo. Extra opposable thumbs with ulnars as radials,
pinch the grip. *OHROPAX=vobiscum! Homo Digitalis*
brackets analogues. Gregor is diagnosed with *praecox,*
reified in minor pieties and chasmal prayers.
Apocopated variant: *chasma* < Latin < Greek, equivalent
cha- (root *chaínein*, gape; see yawn) + - (a) *sma* resultative
suffix. Is annulation possible? One *juvenilia* deserves
one *enzymic* swag. Dark advice, Khôra. She wears
a medusa brooch. *Mahloket* is stolen from the *Party*
of Davos for shits and *lulz.* The Imps return
with the *hierodule*. Face trappers. No help, just a con.
"Perturb entropy" yells the *gourdin,* coated in semen.
Three *escutcheons* escape supermax. Defrock
the literal with roasted egg yolk and saffron. Gregor
gets real-time help from Waze. Khôra grants *plaisir*
its *De Materia Medica.* In *Zosimos'* alembic, *Am-mit*
eats the dead. Zygotic ≈14 to 154 μg/L, 4n diploid.
Salvation is an orgy. Get your pheromone spray.

ē · rā/ tiō

Jake Berry is a poet, musician and visual artist. His work has appeared in a wide variety of publications for more than three decades. Books include *Brambu Drezi, Species of Abandoned Light* and *Drafts of the Sorcery.* Recordings include *Liminal Blue, Wilderness and Grace* and *Mystery Songs.* He lives with his wife Bridget and four cats in Florence, AL. amazon.com/author/jakeberry jakeberry.bandcamp.com

margareta waterman is poet and performer, publisher and producer, and founder of nine muses books. ninemusesbooks.vispo.com margareta waterman at Wikipedia.

Mary Jane White is a poet and translator who practiced law at her home, the O. J. Hager House, in Waukon, Iowa, and is now retired to Amen Lake, Deer River, Minnesota. Over the years, her work has appeared in various anthologies, journals and literary magazines including *New Directions 46: An International Anthology of Poetry and Prose*, ed. James Laughlin, *The Hudson Review*, *Poets Translate Poets* (Syracuse, 2013), ed. Paula Dietz, *The American Poetry Review, AGNI, Nimrod* and *The Black Warrior Review.* She has attended numerous writing conferences over the years, most recently in 2016, the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference in Sicily with poet C. Dale Young.

Rosanna Licari is an Australian writer. She has appeared in various journals and anthologies including *foam:e, Tincture, Shearsman* (UK), *fourW: New Writing, Idiom 23, Small Packages, Softblow 12th Anniversary Anthology: We are Multitudes* (Singapore), *Australian Love Poems* and *Global Anthology* (Canada). She is the poetry editor of *StylusLit.* www.styluslit.com

Poet, artist, designer, philosopher, **Apryl Miller** is online at AprylMiller.com. Read her in E·ratio 20 and in E·ratio 21. Read The Apryl Miller Interview in E·ratio 19.

Joanna Fuhrman is the author of five books of poetry, most recently *The Year of Yellow Butterflies* (Hanging Loose Press, 2015) and *Pageant* (Alice James Books, 2009).

Giavanna Munafo's poems have appeared in *Slab, Talking Writing, Redheaded Stepchild, The New Virginia Review, Bloodroot Literary Magazine* and *The Nearest Poem Anthology* (Ed. Sofia Starnes). She holds a BA and PhD from the University of Virginia and an MFA from the University of Iowa. In addition to teaching in women's, gender and sexuality studies at Dartmouth College, Giavanna is a volunteer crisis counselor and advocate and does consulting work focused on diversity and equity. She lives in Norwich, Vermont, with her partner, Jim, their son, Max, and their border collies, Shy and Phe.

Tony D'Arpino is an American poet living in England. His most recent book of poetry is *Floating Harbour* (Redcliffe Press). His recent nonfiction book, *Trees of Bristol*, explores the legacy of the ancient forests of the English West Country, local tree lore, and the bio-diversity of the urban forest. Other work has appeared in *Barrow Street, The Clearing, The North, Poetry East, Raceme* and *Raum.*

Andrew Leggett is an Australian writer of poetry, fiction and interdisciplinary academic papers. He holds a research Masters degree in creative writing from the University of Queensland and a PhD in creative writing from Griffith University. His poetry collections *Old Time Religion and other Poems* (1998) and *Dark Husk of Beauty* (2006) were published by Interactive Press. He was the editor of *Australasian Journal of Psychotherapy* from 2006-2011. He is the prose editor of *StylusLit.com*.

Carol Dorf's chapbook, "Theory Headed Dragon," is available through Finishing Line Press. Her chapbook, "Some Years Ask," is available through Locofo Chaps, Moria Press. Her poetry appears in *The Journal of Humanistic Mathematics, Scientific American* and *Best of Indie Lit New England.* She teaches mathematics in Berkeley, California, and is poetry editor at *Talking Writing.* talkingwriting.com.

Jennifer MacBain-Stephens is the author of the full length poetry collections *Your Best Asset is a White Lace Dress* (Yellow Chair Press, 2016), *The Messenger is Already Dead* (Stalking Horse Press, 2017) and *We're Going to Need a Higher Fence* (tied for first place in the 2017 Lit Fest Book Competition). Her work has been nominated for Best of the Net and the Pushcart Prize. She is also the author of nine chapbooks including *She Came Out From Under the Bed* (Poems Inspired by the Films of Guillermo del Toro) (Dancing Girl Press). Recent work can be seen at or is forthcoming from *Prelude, Kestrel, Yalobusha Review, decomp,* and *Inter/rupture.* Jennifer MacBain-Stephens is online at http://jennifermacbainstephens.wordpress.com/.

Eileen R. Tabios loves books and has released about 50 collections of poetry, fiction, essays, and experimental biographies from publishers in eight countries and cyberspace. Recent books include *AMNESIA: SOMEBODY'S MEMOIR* (Black Radish Books, 2016) and *THE OPPOSITE OF CLAUSTROPHOBIA* (Knives, Forks and Spoons Press, 2017). Forthcoming poetry collections include *MANHATTAN: An Archaeology* (2017) and *HIRAETH: Tercets From the Last Archipelago* (2018). Inventor of the poetry form "hay(na)ku," she has been translated into eight languages. She also has edited, co-edited or conceptualized 12 anthologies of poetry, fiction and essays as well as served as editor or guest editor for various literary journals. More information is available at http://eileenrtabios.com.

Joseph F. Keppler is a contributing editor at E·ratio.

Hannah Rego is a writer from Louisville, Kentucky. In 2016 they were awarded the Flo Gault poetry prize by Sarabande Books. They have attended residencies through the Spalding Low-Res MFA and Sundress Publications. Their poetry appears or is forthcoming in *BOAAT*, *BOMB Magazine*, *Breakwater Review* and elsewhere. They live in Brooklyn.

Amanda Laughtland has work in *E·ratio* issues 8 and 14. She teaches English and is a faculty adviser to the student-edited literary/arts magazine at Edmonds Community College in the suburbs of Seattle. She enjoys making collages and small zines, which she occasionally publishes under her imprint, Teeny Tiny Press.

Jude Cowan Montague is an artist, writer and composer with a multi-media practice that crosses disciplines. She is active in new printmaking, installation, poetry, prose fiction, film history, vocal work and performance. She is known for her innovative work with international news agency output. This practice developed while working as an archivist for the Reuters Television Archive. Her first collection *For the Messengers* (Donut Press, 2011) re-formed edits from the Reuters output during 2008 as individual poems. Her album *The Leidenfrost Effect* (Folkwit Records, 2015) was co-composed with Dutch producer Wim Oudijk and reimagines quirky stories from the Reuters Life! feed. She is a broadcaster and curates and hosts The News Agents a weekly hybrid news-arts show on Resonance 104.4 FM.
https://linearobsessional.bandcamp.com/album/cairo-compression
https://www.judecowanmontague.com

David Annwn, author of 'Refractions through Selves: Claude Cahun's icons of the Inner Search: psycho-dramas and photography' (2017), helped convene the Claude Cahun Conference at Leeds Art Gallery, UK. In 2016, there was a collaborative exhibition of his poetry with calligrapher Thomas Ingmire's work at the Book Club of California, San Francisco. His work is currently the subject of a poetry/graphics installation in central Leeds. His most recent book of poems is *Dreaming Across the Wake Field* (2016). He has work in E·ratio 11.

Denise Bonetti reads/writes in Glasgow, UK. She holds an English Literature MA from the University of Glasgow and is the Editor-in-Chief of the post-internet poetry publication *SPAM zine*. Her current manias are Tom McCarthy's International Necronautical Society and object-oriented ontology.

Poet and illustrator **Tomáš Přidal** has published seven printed books of poetry and prose including *Everything has the Colour of Soap* (1996), *A Hiccough from the Viewpoint of Literary Theory* (1998), *Man in my Bath* (2000), *Deposited Conversations* (2003), *The Coconut Ape* (2004), *Voices in a Biscuit* (2007), *Piquant Cops* (2011) and two online books, *Pontiak* (2011) and *Chair fears not the dead* (2014). His poems and drawings were published in electronic magazines *Word For/Word: A Journal of New Writing, Cafe Irreal, E·ratio 21, 3:AM Magazine* and the comics magazine *Stripburger.* He plays the guitar in the duo *Deceased Squirrel On The Phone.* Tomáš Přidal is online at http://sartrr.blogspot.cz/.

Mark DuCharme is the author of *The Unfinished: Books I-VI* (BlazeVOX, 2013). Other volumes of his poetry include *Answer*, *The Sensory Cabinet*, *Infinity Subsections* and *Cosmopolitan Tremble*. *Counter Fluencies 1-20* was recently published in the journal *The Lune*. Other parts of *Counter Fluencies* have appeared in *Futures Trading, Indefinite Space, Noon, Otoliths* and *Spiral Orb.*

David James Miller is the author most recently of *CANT*. His work can be found or is forthcoming in *Jubilat*, *ATTN:*, *Touch the Donkey*, *Precipice: Writing at the Edge* and elsewhere. He is editor of Elis Press and *SET*, a biennial journal of innovative writing.

Sean Howard is the author of *Local Calls* (Cape Breton University Press, 2009), *Incitements* (Gaspereau Press, 2011) and *The Photographer's Last Picture* (Gaspereau Press, 2016). His poetry has been widely published in Canada and elsewhere and featured in *The Best Canadian Poetry in English* (Tightrope Books, 2011 & 2014).

Aaron Bauer is a Pushcart-nominated poet and educator living in Colorado. He received his MFA from the University of Alaska, Fairbanks. His work has appeared in *Prism Review, Inertia, Poemeleon* and others. He has served as Editor for *Permafrost* and is a Contributing Editor for PoemoftheWeek.org. His chapbook *Colloquy of Sparrows* is available from Blue Lyre Press.

Mark Young lives in a small town in North Queensland in Australia, & has been publishing poetry for almost sixty years. He is the author of over forty books, primarily text poetry but also including speculative fiction, vispo, & art history. His work has been widely anthologized, & his essays & poetry translated into a number of languages. His most recent books are *Ley Lines* & *bricolage*, both from gradient books of Finland, *The Chorus of the Sphinxes*, from Moria Books in Chicago, & *some more strange meteorites*, from Meritage & i.e. Press, California / New York.

Jon Cone's works include *LEAST* (Greying Ghost), *THE PLESYRE BARGE* (Greying Ghost), *SITTING GETTING UP SITTING AGAIN* (Standing Guard in a Cornfield Press), and *FAMILY PORTRAIT WITH TWO DOGS BLEEDING* (Phrygian Press). He has appeared in several anthologies and numerous journals both online and in print. His collection, *COLD HOUSE,* is forthcoming in the fall of 2017 from Espresso-Chapbooks of Toronto, (Ont.), Canada. He lives in Iowa City. He can be followed on Twitter @JonCone.

Peter Philpott's most recent books are *Ianthe Poems* (Shearsman, 2015) and *Wound Scar Memories* (Great Works Editions, 2017). He is founding editor of the websites British Innovative Poetry (modernpoetry.org.uk) and Great Works (greatworks.org.uk).

Daniel Y. Harris is the author of 11 collections of poetry and collaborative writing including *The Rapture of Eddy Daemon* (BlazeVOX, 2016), *heshe egregore* (with Irene Koronas, Éditions du Cygne, 2016), *The Underworld of Lesser Degrees* (NYQ Books, 2015), *Esophagus Writ* (with Rupert M. Loydell, The Knives Forks and Spoons Press, 2014), *Hyperlinks of Anxiety* (Červená Barva Press, 2013), *The New Arcana* (with John Amen, NYQ Books, 2012) and *Paul Celan and the Messiah's Broken Levered Tongue* (with Adam Shechter, Červená Barva Press, 2010; picked by *The Jewish Forward* as one of the 5 most important Jewish poetry books of 2010). Some of his poetry, experimental writing, art, and essays have been published in *BlazeVOX, The Café Irreal, Denver Quarterly, E·ratio, European Judaism, Exquisite Corpse, Kerem, The New York Quarterly, Notre Dame Review, In Posse Review, The Pedestal Magazine, Poetry Magazine, Poetry Salzburg Review, Stride, Ygdrasil* and *Zeek.* He is the Editor-in-Chief of *X-Peri* (http://x-peri.blogspot.com/).

E·ratio Editions

#23. *Poets East: An Anthology of Long Island Poets* edited by Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino. The Native Americans called Long Island "Paumanok," which means "land of tribute." For poets everywhere, but for Long Island poets especially, the significance of "tribute," of "land of tribute," is nowise more advanced and expressed than in the sensibilities of native son Walt Whitman. For Whitman, "land of tribute" is Nature's tribute to herself, Nature celebrating Nature. This small anthology is dedicated to the *spirit-of-tribute* that is the spirit of Long Island poet Walt Whitman.

#22. *Anisette* by Ezra Mark. Prose poetry. "The breeze carries the scent of sea-water. The rattling of the shingle, and silence as the waves withdraw."

#21. *Successions of Words Are So* by Larry Laurence. Prose poetry. " . . . after the movers' balancing act / of stairs & baby grand to the sunroom / where later she'll play for her sated lover . . . "

#20. *The Aha Moment* by Márton Koppány. Visual poetry. "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."

#19. *Sanzona Girls* by David Chikhladze. Haiku and haikai 2004 – 2014. " . . . the spring / to tame / to beat about the source . . . "

#18. *44 Resurrections* by Eileen R. Tabios. Poetry. "I forgot truth is disembodied. / I forgot the spine bent willingly for a stranger's whip."

#17. *The Monumental Potential of Donkeys* by David Berridge. Poetry. " . . . would you / bleed / vowels / indignantly // operatically . . . "

#16. *Hungarian LangArt* by Márton Koppány. Visual poetry. "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."

#15. *light in a black scar* by Jake Berry. Poetry. "Leave them lie / and they will rise / into an impotent cloud / and piss / the backward flood . . . "

#14. *blossoms from nothing* by Travis Cebula. Poetry. " . . . morning is a time / of hard lines / petals and soil. / feathers and sky."

#13. *An Extended Environment with Metrical and/or Dimensional Properties* by Anne Gorrick. Poetry. " . . . an innovative contemporary torsion / a lacquering adventure / constructed of extraordinarily beautiful notes / mixed from a futuristic painting . . . "

#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. Visual poetry. "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."

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

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

taxis de pasa logos