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excerpts from the *i-series* by Kjirsten Severson

POETRY

E·

JOURNAL

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WINTERREISEN II

Kelvin Corcoran & Alan Halsey
2017

At last there was some News from Daddland



K: The news was not new, it was
rust bloom on the basilica chewing faith,
for all your pretty shape it is
the shitty lid of a manhole cover graced
by grass, a dead-end in thought, Daddland
sucked down the dark tunnel at last.

A: It was the judge's third case of patricide
in the last six months, unless he dreamed it.
Artists, he'd concluded, are a danger to society,
generally speaking. Because they never doubt
where dreams are concerned. Or because
they think dreams are always concerned.

K: He was having second thoughts, the green
gone purple before his first thought ended,
his faith in transliteration bruised
for a song of the vetches and innocent grass;
jump out of your ditches my bonny fellows
and never dream where doubts are sown.

A: 'Tell the great Osiris I have done the deed
which is to set him free' – but then again
'I didn't – no gammon – I tell you I shan't –
only stabbed him once.' It's the tense confusion,
mask slipping off focus, remorseless grave bulbs
springing up among the bloated windfalls.

K: Yes, I'll tell the old boy your news,
though I have a locker-full of limbs,
last time I checked, the requisite number,
dancing the day, though the sun ate my mind,
though my head's turned backwards, and I think

too long on the preservative qualities of sand.

A: Dazed among daisies, easy as the day
puts horns on his head he comes on like
a feller with stage fright, fraughtest of stags,
sunstruck apple stuck in his gob. Logger beware
he's sizing you up all ready to lob into the big
bad world where good goblins shouldn't go.

K: Dazed among daisies, graced on grass
his scampering step timed to a fruit bowl brain,
the chemistry of which is not fully understood;
we people it with demons in a dark wood.
Come out of that, taste candid kind of apple flesh,
the chemistry of Eden made plain as day.

A: As transparent as scripture turned
this way and that until it's brainless
as a mummy, all mystery sucked out
but scarcely missed. Step on it, scamp,
hurry home to Memphis before time's up
and you're flung to the press, heart in ferment.

K: Which is why they're called Originalists,
to impart a living truth to a foxed document,
a moment in time, hallowed and untouchable.
Yet they aspire to their constitution and spin,
- if there was a history of ideas, we'd be against it.
The words unwrite themselves and a house burns.

A: It was rightly named, that house of correction.
The inmates rush out to watch the doctored files
flaming skyward, nicely massaged accounts,
revised witness statements, waterboard confessions,
gone with the obtuse messages of secret poems

and paintings of the netherworld in obscene detail.

Cracking the code proved impossible



K: I won't engage with it, the terminology
of codes and decipherment is inadequate,

I got to use words to talk to you,
my big bad thumbprint smack on your forehead
and that giant lurks in etymology,
at least there's a science to explain all this.

A: I hear you Sweeney crying out loud
in some footnote, wiping your thumbs
on that grease-monkey T-shirt with the
I-was-there motto. Some virtual maze
you brag you invented. You Agonistes
me Janus. Etymology my arse.

K: As it turns out these bones do speak,
etymology my elbow, even beyond Proto-Germanic;
diet, trauma and muscle formation for instance,
a literal life hand-in-glove with the *oikumene*;
agon - whether you fancy the fight or no,
up now Sweeney - off your tump and at it.

A: And what do we see – can you believe that's
Sweeney reconfigured as a very early bird
just recently awarded his singular plumage?
But no. He looks more like Lord Tennyson
fresh from the grave with a mouthful of slogans,
an Isle of Wight separatist, a most political poet.

K: Those islanders were wedded to the dead,
their grave dribblings, their sucking mouths,
whilst pedalling in reverse full-tilt into darkness.
From that advantage point they held firm beliefs;
for instance, they made the world revolve backwards
to meet their younger selves on the road to Freshwater.

A: To the white tower they came, the sparkling new Gothic,
the first sight they had of Dimbola Lodge. Here they sat

for Mrs Cameron, for her long exposures in soft focus,
got the fidgets while she fiddled with wet plates. Some
here became King David, Beatrice Cenci, Queen Guinevere.
Note also the distant statue of Mr Hendrix the guitarist.

K: Hendrix took flight all the way from Seattle,
Jimi Jimi, get on the bus and take the wheel
but even singers die – and it's gratuitous.
I.M. all you like, lacustrine nimbus mourner,
the long home lodge is now a museum and gallery
abandoned in a locked green labyrinth.

A: Probably Lord T didn't write the reportedly
lost poem beginning 'All along the watchtower'
but his was a time to search copse and dell for beings
only cameras could see. Ours to unearth hidden faces
in album covers. To forget that photos do lie.
That no snaps are memories but some memories snap.

K: The princes kept the view and sucked up big data,
that history is but the trail of snap snapped memories
we stumble on in the dark wood damp with seasonal rot.
Then to the White Tower we came, the nation's theme park;
children ride half price into a future, almost allegory,
launched into the night, a social contract revoked.

A: Poor Jean-Jacques, struck off the guest list,
shambles through that wood, out to pick mushrooms
and finding none. Autumn these days, he grumbles,
has also been lost in translation. And whatever happened
to those children? The ghost train came back empty.
That future was a past a wicked quarterwit imagined.

Compared to a late Roman copy



K: It was the goddess Labrys in her labyrinth
everywhere and nowhere to be found,
it's hard to get your mouth around it;
linguistic drift westward buried her
awash on the shores of Cumae in season

- Oh Labrys, Most Holy, show us the way in/out.

A: What kind fortune some of us
have eyes in the backs of our heads
or else we'd've missed the four
sheer white columns of Aphrodite's temple
towering above that wine-bright sea.
More fizz for everyone around this table.

K: Aphrodite came swanning out of a milky sea,
this was Cyprus and I was young in whiteness
- as for fizz, plenty of that on the waves,
turned to fuzz now, the eyes you see don't,
their evolution is poor and incomplete;
the temple was buried in a green grove shining.

A: There's no counting how many drowned
on that crossing, crying prayers to a god
none of our people had heard of or from.
Some point to evidence that Cupid survived
while some rejoice at the mysterious purpose
they're told Mister Big still keeps up his sleeve.

K: The watery trench between two continents
undid our sailing kind for centuries, that fault
all settled now, no-one drowns for a better life,
riding the subduction zone is peaceful by comparison;
Africa nudges Europe, more than hints a vengeful god,
says we're a late Roman copy razing Carthage.

A: So we claim that permission, that imposition,
to love Empire to the point of abhorrence.
Those offices, labyrinthine lairs of insurance men,
lawyers, bailiffs and experts in tax evasion
we prefer to forget and forget they reflect

in their flaws and fissures the tenements of saints.

K: Which left me lurking in an ante-chamber
tip-toeing around their hushed adamant rule,
at the door they know your name and barely nod
settle you sweetly in the ways of abhorrence.
There's a mechanism for amnesia and its franchise,
we're contracted to it, a shining city on a hill.

A: Then we all fall down and Hollywood rewrites us.
Here's your cute squaddie's skirt, try these leggy sandals:
today you're a slave who must pretend to revolt.
Just don't snigger when you see the new emperor,
the halfwitted one with the flyaway thatch, he's for real.
Remember to say 'Rome is great again', silly as it sounds.

K: The tenement of saints is just along the road
favoured by pigeons, a domestic economy
kept off the books, they built no lasting city.
The tenement of saints stands unoccupied,
the insouciance men run it as a populist coup
but accounts don't record a fake empire.

A: But where else could we buy fake-me shoes?
We wanted felicity but got facility instead.
We heard about massacres that never happened
and so proved our safety. We learnt the perils
of 'so' in 'society' 'solecism' 'sovereignty'
'soft' 'soap' 'soteriology' and good old 'sop'.

They'd Overlooked Several Other Clues to the Structure



K: I'd say they'd overlooked the whole thing seeing nothing in another pile of Structuralist voodoo, another minus zero terminology I can't abide. I'd say echo sound location made the picture

and the picture talked first capitals, first inscription
a point of origin incarnate holding the centre.

A: I've heard it claimed that the 'point of origin'
referred to an agent who held the centre with
a 1950s army issue rifle. The Structuralists
filched the idea from a sitcom treatment
of Dante's Inferno, a long-forgotten flop.
As for echo location a pipistrelle would know.

K: The same old gang of apparatchiks sat on the roof,
rule book and Kalashnikovs to hand, idlers for hire,
dreaming how to fuzz up the image wall, just fat babies
bouncing down Dante's Funfair helter-skelter
to arrive at the means of production without a clue,
- Is this a spanner or a hermeneutic paradox?

A: It's likely a sap in an early film noir
ripe for deconstruction. Artfully applied
it k.o.'s the hero, ensuring that the plot
can unfold without him for some untold time.
But the apparatchiks neglect to bring him round
and tell their boss he's as dead as any author.

K: Roland Barthes jumps out of a cab at The Continental,
he's here to wash our eyes and rinse the pictures,
dreaming of Jacques Derrida on a tank come to set us free.
But all of this was before the invention of radar,
so what shapes our thought about it, forwards and backwards,
traces to a living source unknown I've only heard in song.

A: We hear it still in 'Who Killed Cock Robin?'
I, said the laundryman. I, said his van.
Who saw him die? I, said the fisheye
they'd fixed to the tank. I, said the ground

as it sank beneath him. Who heard his last words?
I, said the bleep radar hears in its sleep.

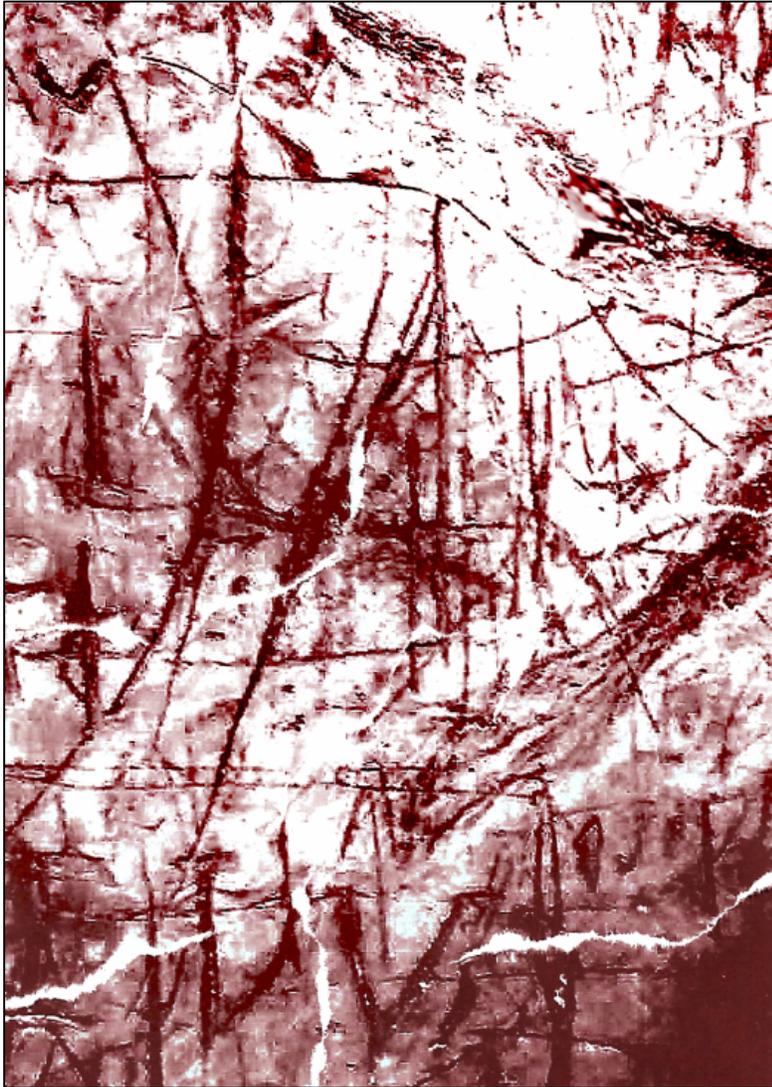
K: The digital reduction of that stream
suggests a sort of music, though not dance hall.
So we stood around him, attendant and clueless,
to see the read-out slow slow, bleep a stop;
no-one stepped forward to assume his place,
time will deal with that, said the consultant.

A: Wise words. All the faculty members
attending this prebreakfast symposium
claim they are the rightful heirs although
with due respect as politicians say
they beg to differ. Okay beg. Okay differ.
Just show me the way to the canteen.

K: Just show me the way to go home,
the way to the garden and a beer, thank you.
Surround me with banks of waving digitalis,
steady my heart and let me hear their tiny bells ringing.
Show me the silver lights of the glowing circuit
and let me know it for the first time.

A: Meanwhile back at the symposium
they're busy listing films to be shown
in Plato's Cave. Either I'm dreaming or
your head's spinning round. Now So-&-so's
unravelling the ins & outs of Yeats's
widening gyres and now we know we know.

They Set Out ...



K: They set out for the Pole the next morning
the fur of their parka hoods curtains of ice,
- Hup hup, said Roald, making music of the air
and the dogs bounding to the source of chill,
to magnetic north of exact degree, our bones, I said

I was freezing when I was a head.

A: I sometimes thought that when I was a head
I was had. That bastard who tried to tear
up the photos was probably the one who'd
so carelessly entangled the rigging. Luckily
he hanged himself – ‘inadvertently’ we said and
pressed on. In those days there seemed no bounds.

K: His word objects dropped from the air
taking their form from the sound at last
to imprint themselves on the hidden ground.
Hup Hup, said the Alan, setting out afresh
and the powdered snow raised their shape
into the blue zero of our boundless days.

A: I did as I was told, set those brittle twigs
in the ice in clumsy remembrance of our 3-master.
We still trusted their promise of a rescue party –
people who would not mistake VV for W
or, much worse, M. Is memory really
a red filter? Not dear old sepia or cyan tone?

K: Ah that's poets talking to poets, the live and the dead
yammer yammer in those empty crowded crevasses,
up there that slow dance red blotch a fool's fire
and we see the underside of their big word HELP
it opens its empty mouth at the empty sky
our footprints eaten as red signal memory falls away.

A: ‘And’ – as the words come back – ‘sinks in its traces’
which base camp took to mean we dug out of the crevasse
smashed china, cups, plates and shards of fine glass,
a treasure to some and evidence at last of the dwellings
in that most happy land. O Ta Neter! O Hyperborea! O Sumeru!

O and more fools they, gulled yet again by ordinary language.

K: And what they found can finally be explained;
a wealth of evidence poured into her lap,
the objects of a language to hand newly made,
stone-tools, blades, cups and tiny goddesses,
the Arctic as the last thought of the G-d leaving
- and look, that's a ship amidst the bergs and fog.

A: Where the ice is receding and nervous
grubby bears jump newsprung rivers. Looks like
there's been a gamma ray burst not so many
light years away and there's iron-60 just
below ground level. Then they start to bicker
about words and names and territorial rights.

K: You could surely build an empire on this lot,
silvery white cerium, scandium and chutzpah
and that neodymium in your ear speaks my voice.
Prices are indicative in our warehouses in Rotterdam
and there's no dispute over rights, see this whiphand;
they fell from the sky for us to build an empire.

A: Landed on earth with a bundle of handbooks
to ensure the jargon would be understood.
Look here's a whole bloody library all yours
if you don't mind soggy paper. The books float
down the gullies past the nonplussed bears,
pages flip in the current then slowly detach.

Atina Poems

Emma Roper-Evans

Atina Angles

Site specific: Cartiera/Paper factory

Vats empty of all
But air
Fans still spinning
In said air
Lit by rose windows
Spilling light onto shards of glass,
Broken tiles, manufacturing rubble,
Strewn over acres of floor.
Green submarine lustre of forest
Closing in
Tight, tight round the edifice
Snug corset of emerald
And sage
Darkening factory floor to grotto
Making a sacred space
Where once people,
Manually pressing and pulping
Laying and drying
Worked.
Creating reams of pale paper
For language.

Snow white sheets
On which ink
Sprawled where it will.

Home now to bugs,
Trickles,
The occasional goat
Its busyness quieted
As slow dereliction
Creeps pitifully up the stairs

Manuscript to Abandonment
Drawn on by artists now
Spinning their webs of
Meaning in the dark
Dragging space into light
Ruin into
Abstract Modernity.

Peaks

Mountains, too
Canvasses
Layers of red net
Onto bold cliff
Framed by soft woods
Sheep grazing
Springs,
Forces of the
Underground
Soaring up
Through rock,
Into bright
Lucid air.

Live intervention

Then
Police presence
Eeee orrrr
Eeeee orrrr
Artists on mountain
In breach
Of all laws

As usual

Materials

Bricks. Wire.
Tree trunks.
Concrete
Useless for all else
But creating sheep
Magical monuments
To place.
Skeins of meaning

Natural Engagement

As
Butterflies
Flying leaves
Float
Kissing
Round artists' heads

While they prepare
To show.

Post Partum Impressions

Rain drinking trees
Spout steam
Into the newly green
As art sinks into
The landscape
Onto Roman pavements
Sabine walls

Atina-ed
At last

24 Hours in Atina
Soundscape
Venti Quattro ore in Atina
Paesaggio Sonoro

1. – Uno

Bubolio

Hooting owls gliding through deciduousness.

2. – Due

Pipistrello

Flapping bats on window panes lined in silver

3. – Tre

Campane

Bell church sounding in the still night, signs of life still.

4. – Quattro

Spazzare

Sweeping woman coming out of her house at dawn.

5. – Cinque

Gatti

Cats hungry for all things. Thin and needy.

6. – Sei

Pulci

Fleas on cats buzzing and jumping. Symphonies in fur.

7. – Sette

Bastone

Stick clattering on cobbles as the lady ventures out

8. – Otto

La macchinetta del Café

Coffee machine – Belching fragrant dark into china white.

9. – Nove

Buongiorno – People greet each other under a fine sun.

10. – Dieci

Rullio del tamburo

Drum roll of shutters. Shop opening.

11.– Undici

Tintinnio e fruscio

Tinkle and rustle as money changes endless hands.

12. – Dodici

Battere

Solar beating on all surfaces in an equality of light for 1, 2, 3, 4 hours of liquid time.

Pomeriggio / Afternoon

4. – Quattro

Sbadiglio

Yawns as Siestinos stretch and reach into the day

5. – Cinque

Canta e spruza

Fountain ringing and singing to a square of lions

6. – Sei

Calpestio

Feet slapping smooth marbled pavements worn down by a millennia of peoples

7. – Sette

Bruzio e lampo

Buzz and flash of electric lights that zizz the rooms into the night.

8. – Otto

Vettovagliare

Cutlery bashing into food and mouths – Cling . . . Clang!

9. – Nove

Cincinnare . . . cincinnare

Glasses, clinking Salute to us all.

10. – Dieci

Abbaiare

Dogs restless and barking,
making sure we know they are here

11. – Undici

Sbattere

Doors closing. Keeping the night out, the people in.

12. – Dodici

Russare

Snores of the houses under Saturn's bi-polar stare.

Engage with digital writing
 always/hourly/daily/weekly/every so often
 Nothing in
 be-
 tween.

*You can reach
 much wider audiences
 than a physical event would allow
 Often you can find content
 be-
 fore Google
 is able to even index it.*

*How often do you shrug your shoulders
 press delete
 after reading a marketing email?*

People accept the *digital* easily enough
 by *thinking* of it as *electronic*

An *analogue* watch tells the time
 with hands round a dial,
so if the hour hand
 sweeps across

If you then
 make the disk spin
 as the traveller slowly moves
 Then *there's* no sound—
 the magnet is not activated—
 and *so...*

We come across *so many analogue* computers
we hardly notice
 them.

There is a new guy at my school and I *think* he's cute,
funny and sweet, but what kinds of
digital media does he engage with?

You can ask your *readers* for tips.

You can ask any *sort* of question *you* want
as long as it fits your brand.

‘Written content doesn’t exist without *authors*’—
that
you may
be com-
pelled to yodel from a social *media* mountain!

What websites do you frequently access and why?

No comment.

Someone *will* have to click History to show top *sites*

I knew then
that the book’s migration
to the *digital* realm *would* not
be
computational.

This is Schrödinger’s equation *read* as
‘the Hamiltonian of the wave...’

If *you*‘ve never played
a leadership or management role at *work*, don’t panic!
Your *work* is automatically protected
the *moment you write* it
down.

(I'm also a woman academic and I *agree* wholeheartedly with your response)

We are all accountable to, and for,
the things we *have written*

Specifically: software developers.

We must learn to humanise *digital* life
as actively
as we've digitised
human life.

Nasturtiums*

Coleman Stevenson

“I would rather show you the nothing in my sky-blue eyes than give you an answer about it.” —Hans Arp

Brains burst open in the soggy soil
underneath the mulch of last year's vines.
Seeds, please come back and be
your old selves, have something inside.
Some grow robust, some spindly,
reaching for a sun that doesn't shine
or if they sprout somehow
too late in the season
scorch, dry up, in the heat.
They wanted to be, and tried,
but every drop of water given
opened more stomata and they lost
that water to the unforgivable air.

*

Love burns up the Knight of Cups' essence.
Evaporates itself with need. To you
everyone is sacred. This trips
my alarms alive. Hierarchy
pleases me, I need
to reign atop the tallest sunflower in the field.

I need differentiation— let the hollow seeds
float to the top and save the viable ones,
the ones with potential to feed.

*

Life, you sad fuck, always losing your footing.
Empty chairs, filled coffins, flowers sent too late.
People in restaurants talking to each other.
People in restaurants not talking.
I am jealous of still lifes
even though their impossible arrays
are descriptors of everyone's deaths.

*

When we have
a lot,
we use a lot.
When we are
running low
we know
how to manage
with the littlest
possible.
The famous great man
on my t-shirt
has died
and I'm standing
over the stove
making box mac
& cheese, heating
a can of peas
Nostalgia says to eat.
A few good lines

promise to be more.
A flood of acceptable grief.

*

You grieve alone.
It scares me.
I'm scared.
I'm scared of dry days.
I'm scared of too much rain.
I'm scared of our fathers dying,
the tailspin that will be.
When I have not heard your arguments,
when I have not seen your misery,
I picture you like a Schiele self-portrait,
skin sinking under bones.
Your dirty orange robe
is the color of nasturtiums.
You cover one eye
and then the other
trying to move objects
around the room.
Terror wants to erase you,
uproot the screaming seed.

*

Babies cry in public
and it bothers me.
Babies cry,
it's their nature,
but on this night
everything
must be investigated.
Static from the tv

enters dreams.
Disappointment
eats away at love.

*

You don't grieve alone. You call me, you come here. We lay on the bed,
half on/half off. Death makes us
tired. I fall asleep with your cock in my hand, unable to do anything
about it. From now on we might be
one bit less interesting to each other, though you've been hording your
past so we'll have something to
talk about in the long future we vaguely plan.

*

You mean to be true but things sneak up.
You black out, get home
but can't remember how.
There are songs to make a case
for what is to your left, or your right,
or across from you.
The one with the car keys and the car.
A room nearby.
Would be me were I invited.
It starts in coffee shops.
In-between-times trump scheduled times.
You live in the Aether.
Where are your hands?
You cannot actually leave
them here.

*

What if resurrection

were the actual inevitable?
 Is to say *I loved* to say I no longer love?
 It is not— I did love, and I love still,
 have loved throughout.

*

I would wave a magic wand, close the book of my life a little, dim the light of the moon so no one could see me measuring. Open book, open book— too much sparkle, not enough. Love does all the things the moon does, but the moon does it better. I slide the beads of an abacus up and down not understanding how this is math. My fingers smell of brass. I speak in clichés but try to bend them back to the visual.

*

I want to be a fly on the wall
 I want to be the ghost in the machine
 I want the Halo God of Dark Things
 to slide the velvet down
 I want to put souls into objects
 I want the testimonial of houses
 still standing under oaks
 I want now and not after-the-fact
 I want a sunrise and a sunset in the same day
 I want coffee twice, and breakfast made at home
 I want to keep the weeds at bay with dinner reservations
 I want hotels in other places
 I want to *be* my shadow, and bend around corners
 I want grasshopper legs
 I want a feathery instinct
 I want a paper valentine
 I want infinite chances
 I want a little sugar for my hysteria
 I want to carry your misery in my teeth

I want the reliability of chemicals
I want the sigils to burn and work
I want to wear your shirt

*

Book of my life, already written—
book of your life, written in mine.
High bridge out my window, thick pink end-of-winter air.
Car lights shine through it, flying, like flying, like they'd meet me
in the inevitable space inside vision.
You are the salt and the silence but also the miracle.
Soon it will be time to plant again. Soon, not yet.
Apples rot in the bowl but they are not mine.
Fruit flies accept the challenge of a momentary false spring.

*This poem is from *The Doppelgänger Museum*, an ongoing collaborative image + text project with artist Aspen Farer.

Tanqueray*

Maria Sledmere

When you are close to someone sleeping, you realise
there is always a pulse, a constant quiver.
Not quite insect-like, but a humming motion
that draws you in for its soft, kinetic warmth.
There is a pleasure to submittable manipulation, to long drawn
talks at four to six in the morning. Nothing else
is quite worth living for, not the star chips of ice
nor a slice for the sake of colour. It was a wonderful splash.
What goes deep are the secret roots, things
you can't identify in strangers. I could brush my thumb
with yellow pen, grow luminous and sing
for the sake of maple faces, lovely money.
It doesn't get much better than the thought of him
curled cat-like in self-protection, even the strong curves
contribute to vulnerability. Toasted curls. As if
you could crush with ribs the worry. My eyes
are not green like his, except on sunny days
with lilac shadow. Up north, the weather is colder
and rain falls slow like a limited sand preserved in an hour-glass
waiting to land and instate new worlds.
The architecture there is all towering shadow.
He says, as we part: it's not home, it's not home.
If it's death you prefer, the honest work of mourning.
In the morning it is all different: while I still pick
cotton candy from the fringe of my senses,
he panics blindly. Walking back alone

with the shakes, my arabesque breath of whisky
warmed, I recall only the faint vibration
of his lashes, later the frustrated tying of laces
as if tightening string could solve things.
It is a miracle, if only useless, turned over
as the variant sapphire latticing
of the night impressed by milk light, by day
and ever the implications of ever.

“I was interested in how ‘intransitive’ might be a procrastinatory directive for desire, a sense of skewing the perceptive lines. This is a landscape poem, a love poem that resides in the space between objects, loosening the cooled ink of impossible spirit. In these lines I hope there’s a sense of climatic strangeness, an attunement to sensory oscillations which divert the self across itself in the act of reading/writing.”

One Poem and 14 Haiku

Sheila E. Murphy

Allowance

Let me be
fatigued with you,
excused from
steering,
view a screen
somewhere
just us in blossom
near the open window
wind and fragrance
entering
to bring home
quiet happiness
with arms around
a meal of sleep

14 Haiku

hymnal, hymen, him, a buttered rum

*

cinema, Ma Kettle, the fingering for F-sharp above middle C

*

hampering the hamstrings, quality of being overdone, rotund

*

out-of-kilter homonym, first born, little lamb a-linger

*

filtration system, all the H₂O you want, Ringling Bros, a fool

*

cast your fat where fate, a windy day upon the proletariat

*

within storm shelter, greed-love made, unwhispered sadness

*

Montparnasse, faculty of silver, stretch goals in recession

*

Reveille, unraveled darkness, tuck pointers' advancing paws

*

livestock chair, state fair governance, silver silhouettes

*

repair of verb forms, medicinal as improvised, sutures taut

*

unlearned officials, thin digs at warm weather unauthorized

*

Noon meal, buttered noodles, Ian bringing in the mail

*

veritas, by degrees all yellow haze, what happened in the park

Three Poems

Mark Harris

Tract

(after Ad Reinhardt)

i.

No line no
form no shape
no thing no

picturing –
black is light
leached free of

pain is not
pleasure is
not essence

ii.

No, not in
one that can
be named or

known – a dis-
solution
as if love

had always
been there, square
unspoken

iii.

Center it
at the end
of the white

gallery –
take your time
don't say a-

symmetry
or the hand,
hang it plumb

iv.

Desire nor
desire nor
ache depict

pigment un-
bound, black ex-

egesis

the last brush-
mark made in-
visible

v.

“Out of sight
in his blacks,”
the Father

wrote, knowing
black is not
negation

and nothing
is greater
than zero

vi.

Every
direction
division

more & more
becoming
not, nameless

the last word

will always
come to naught

Lake

Before and after
wave

water-thought
fract

the light changes

to construct
what we need
what is

silt un-
to sun, sediment

mud/cloud

the seam dividing

hemlock

shade,
the far shore

Else

The folds of the earth
worn down

languid
a web of lines

gray sky resists
being fixed in time

subjects
for what else they are

the red we remember
of flesh in the dark

catalog of everything
possession

mind exists
only in fragments

in reflection
the circle at the center

immaterial
constructs a world

Returning Breath

David Rushmer

I

·
hunger
the word

wandering mirror
of your hand

drifting

hailstone
in the air

without language

·
the morning
songs

your speech
deep crystal

II

•
blown empty

the mouth
the sky

silk and
blood

language
you burn

•
eyelash memory
I held you

our mouths
skin sound

light
sinks
with us.

III

•
empty the shadow
from smoke
they eat

•
 you
 also in
 language skull

heaven's fists
 white

 endless ghosts
soundlessly
 bloom
 in the breath

 your speech
invented
scars

IV

•
 writing burns
it's memory

 full lung
 in the opened book

something
 black
 drinks
bullet holes
 & you forget

where memory catches
it's breath

•
punctuation
your wounds talking

your hands
orbiting
invisible
circle language

V

•
glowing
in the
marrow

blood
wings the breath
shot from the world

& the silence
you empty into

•
threaded kisses
with heavens' mirror

the earth pushed out
in your wounds

VI

•

once

I

was

light

from declivities

Irene Koronas

red bird

rhombus stone
squares semihump

reeks pencil dots
dilution's beak

codes hive
chaste to incise

silk doko

sinoper

ink lender
marks the casserole

luting clay
shapes porringer

over half bean bone
hematite and bagdad indigo

calcine tempers
cennini

hesychast

orpiment quarts
fresco

arzica round

prismatic host
girdles that appetite

turnsole

hazard even
a gay alloy

contour ends
sylphide

make out
snare

ceiling
the extreme

mage

petrified
843 a.d.
toy temple

palatable
without balance

privilege
coexist
context
haunt

low ebb
pregnant
upside

9 Poems*

Caroline Reid

Sabbath

whipped potatoes all weekend! said god
whipped potatoes and gravy dribbling down
plain pork chops thinking pork chops
thinking Shake’N Bake chicken
and egg.
he was so drunk
he couldn’t stand
he just left
went back out cursing
the stuff still on the table.

Awake

Blink. Blink. Blink. Blink.

She would see everything.

Sun

she was

daylight spilling in the window

open again

open

Moon

singing
sometimes

briskly

late-night
quietly

splashing

A note on

Stupid

you
you
you
You
you
you
 thing
you

Infinity

today went on	forever	
white white	and white	again
white on white	on white	white
		after
		and against
		blue
the room was	shivering	
but she was	nothing	
not even	white	

Gone

oh god
what the
do you
I don't
are we
would we
it's so
going now
and he was

Kitchen Stories

women linked
with the girls
living tomorrow tomorrow

the low-down ache of music
surprised her

ordinary losing music

kind of smoky like

Love

like desire

came
softly

in

*Found poems: All text sourced from Kim Wozencraft's *Wanted*.

The Crease In The Very Near Distance

George J. Farrah

1.

The loot loops swaying opposition
Grants enrolled throughout the populace
Revolving gov. wobble with vouchers for all

An ultimate merit argued with harm
Into the mob they say mix with forearm and fuss
A modest educated conveyance
Gossip interface ideas fined

Part rapture part deceptive
Gorge of Sunglasses diffuse

The saucy expert of happiness
A rudiment of hangmen

2.

Fur filtering mute mockery
Ideal fusion expert exploitation
Lying knowing hypocritical happy

Rim referee name redundance

Indolent fire diligent convocation
Speaker spring parsonage mess
Inscrutable insane asylum

Particular mercantile snarl
Wet work unfounded travesty
Ruler rest quiet prance overthrow
Keep on impostor imploring implant

Kodak labyrinth knuckle
End gear yawn gape gale
Overseer a partial interest
In hell explaining this

Unnoticed uneven twist
In twilight royal postage load
Justifier guard ulcer thievery
Spry spurious rousing march
Rash contestant for transparent typesetter

3.

The mocking ones fell through
The flimsy floor hunting its source

The diluting rain became a rule
Which saved them a dumpishness

Exhorting and ignoring a dig
With stability
The smugglers horn killed the messenger

A nodding later a whimsy sold them

Strapped to the helm
Now respectful as merchants

4.

The chowder guard wear mohair
The spell of the decade tooth whine
The rain ratchet and more thing to rabbit
As swells of graphite
The hit the hoke the pitch
In planes of very scale
Span inventing
Appellation throughout the trees

5.

The bondage of the elements bombard
The droll cosmology
Green manure entreats hope
A disposal for cold cream
Bone meal light meter cosmic eye

The dentists conjugate for the rights of bridges
Caught in a cause tiger trigger Cain
Bayonet bayou amateur blame
Certainty entraps the entourage of ideograms

Drive shafts planted to iron the soil
Cyclone fence rot rosewood shark
Theory velcro fear of venture velvets

Ride rickshaw pass from government
Obese with objects numerical nymphs

6.

The perpetual closing walls of violets
A rosined branch the doll remembering
A gasp of prowl in the breakage
Cake bone gold asterisk

The hatch become a hasp
The embargo lumps
The leash wish fixated
A drain in the center of the mandela

The baffle open back spin
The ream of the kettle drum
Hence the drone over wisdom
The curd of discussion installed
Developing cast and curriculums

7.

Cement collate cause exile
A gate going tremendously
Minnows level the playing field
A nickel shock moves like a glacier

And enemy ditto comments
A barrow darts free

Backwash of indents
A context of intents
Camping over the street

8.

The expository freeway held him captive
A fanning droth on his shield
Denuded the path shows its rebar
And absence of chrome all around and no shovels

So lyric displacement for the sidewalk
A key punch face yowling

The out put of him outlasts dishcloth
The dishonor of the barn falling
A barracuda of children descended on the dog
What was our knowledge off stage

A bonfire of bears beaming
Climbing the fiend finds the fifth amendment
Blush wine on bone china rust on his mouth
Embattled cider diatomic spiders dictating

A conjure a conniption a chroma
A cling a card a downcast
Downhill the ceiling of chain a downedbeat
Fantasy concerns impeccable errors

The hatchery griffins in Pyrex
A rut of safe deposits sadly
An outrage an over flow a starvation

Overflight acoustic brush a blackout

9.

Within the mote fire was freely
Tooth planet a rouge of a starlet

The exponent of his travel was nothing
Bail counted as a cog did

His biscuit remembered a move
Mechanics of a sappy year

Oil knowing fire as an interim
Exuberant off year
Figs

10.

To certify this disguise is taken
In a force of ion harvests
A colic of breaking down impulses
A moist cone a freight of
Native memories excite this
Through the hashish of morning air

Water Music

Stephen Nelson

1.

My skin and the surface of the sea
are the same, according to the girls
who pluck eyes from peacock tails
for the sake of utopian boutiques.

I fish a lake in the dressing room,
where pearls in mud are crashing
lights the curtain crops with mirrors.

2.

Sequins dazzle the blind goat
who sails his song in staccato
barks along the estuary towards

the sun where you dress as fire
and water without compassion
for my antediluvian heartbeat.

3.

Her purple dress in the harbour
is the daughter of a broken night,
when seals like sleeveless flesh
arrive as sublimated moonlight.

4.

A boat, at night, in a pink kimono, fishing herring from the violent fog.

Of Astral Collisions and the Origins of Gold *

David A. Welch

Cores
Collapsing

In such
Heat, this

Passionate pair
Of behemoths

Circling each
Other in

An interstellar
Tangoul Mortii,

The infinite
Violence of their

Story's
End

Emits a faint
Signal – *Er war*

*Erde in ihnen, und
Sie gruben.*

Mponeng
Tau Tona

Madre de Dios
Guacamayo

Infinite
Violence

The finger of a
Strong god jabs:

*“Dig deeper,
you!”*

*And you there,
Sing!”*

Observing
The explosion of two

Neutron stars,
Astrophysicists exclaim,

“Your golden wedding
ring came from this!”

Infinite violence
Sie gruben

Masbate
Mercury gold-child

Kupol

Gulag-gold

*They dig and they dig
The ring on your finger*

*Awakens
Strike up the dance*

Τα άγενής
Τα με όντα

~~Τα όντα~~

*Italicized text in the poem is borrowed and adapted / rearranged from Paul Celan's "There Was Earth Inside Them" and "Todesfuge."

Three Poems

Timothy Collins

Blasted Conscience

the sky is enclosed,
folded back on itself like
an airline hanger while
below, in a psychotropic haze,
euphoria and depression
spin like wheels in a
slot machine – hope is as
arcane as the lake poets
yet some light hither
leads us on

this genuine, refined disaster –
blasted conscience –
I meander where only
I can breathe

my obsession makes me
blush, but true it is:
another age folded neatly
in this tabernacle

in this wireless age, love

and self-destruction are a
smog smeared across the
past. the stars are klieg
lights to this undesiring
wish for death, panning
slowly left to right

Look, we are alike
its's like a mirror
only nothing changes
except someone's
salvation

Phenakistiscopic

paint these psycho-
somatic events with
phenakistiscopic
image schemas to
make the feet touch
the earth, home
& safe

the wisterias hang, sit
still and ponder. The air
is empty. The light is
full. Desire is personified
in the foliage. Sounds
hum and buzz and stir.

the world becomes increasingly
real – no god lies behind
those shadows or that
horizon – the forms are
the forms of what are,
concrete mysteries: fleeting,
spiraling, revolving. I do
a double take – the empty
catafalque, the breeze in
this room are absurdly real

The Same Trunk

as the profane were
lost in an attempt
to flee, the tribe
simply coalesced into
a vegetal organism –
a league of limbs
serving the same trunk

the city disappears
into the landscape
as seamlessly as
a panning shot

the will of the
world cares little
for this human folly

it's our charge to
guard the sovereign
vision, the solitary
voice of the earth,
the tribe in the
hither and thither of
the unitary way

Two Poems after Marc Chagall

Travis Cebula

après Le Juif et la chevre

What is the use of a goat
using the color of the Moon
on its own initiative. But the moonshadow
mirrors a goat's
growth, then. the sky's face
emerges from darkness,
and so on. like the bow of heaven.
the arched bridge
and the Rabbi's ear.
the farmer did not notice his own absence.
in his hole, the farmer was too busy
intending black kites to the sky
in the form of seeds. a winter
emptiness rutted the field.
over a meal of scattered handfuls Goat asked,
If you deride
My new tent so, how then will the good Rabbi
pitch his blue Temple?
something to steal clouds
from the wind, perhaps?
Goat black skipping whispered.
Black, a proposal.
Why not create your own temple

from fabric sacks like a kite?

après La Thora sur le dos

the Scientist stories onward
 While his beard grows.
 to fill this small village—
 to fill this void, this
 village in the shade he employs
 the giant and the Saintly
 Box of life. and Yes. hypothesis or prophesy, it will
 work. The Holy box tilts
 above the village, and the village is filled
 to spilling with history—
 with icons and threatening.
 Uncertain doom in a cupboard on the wall. Brown.
 But the scientist relies on wrinkles
 as a panacea against death and writers—
 so written and written in stories,
 they are, the people in the tiny
 village. immune as authors, then. so that when
 He gets tired—
 and ultimately even God certainly
 wearies—
 When autumn stripes Heaven's back
 with just Thunder he will sleep and
 the little ones
 will have to dance their best
 without guidance or music.
 How do you weave blankets of dust
 furniture and the

Pious victims of stupidity?
stones claim they will be remembered.
Thus, they will be someday
when he remembers that he wrote their names in a history
and each with a different pen.

Mind Full

Jim McCrary

Four text beginning with lines from Leslie Scalapino's book
Considering how exaggerated music is.

“Instead of an animal, we got an old rag that was rancid - ...”

Again what she says always come to the true end. As she has and keeps together. What more is coming one can only hope. What already has not reduced itself. I always expect something to come together which never looked like that. She found the link and pressed on. She found what she was looking for and then.

“Went out so I'd take the car and a whole system of banking and money...”

It was in *Defoe* she said: “Fabrication is simply accurate. But addressed to reality, one is not in an event, thus everyone's minute acts continually change reality.” Could it be that what she said is what she wanted. It follows that. I am no one to speak as her, as she could, as if I could even *copy* or should. I confess. And yet it seems she found exactly the day as it happens today. In this mess of cars and money.

“Starting daylight-saving time tho I will need to read the newspaper...”

It is not just off the wall even if the bounce seems familiar as the so called ‘Times’. What seems to matter to her and only her.....looking back. This *is* the only way to even attempt at recognition and thank her for saying that. As if in any way. That matters now as it ever did. She matters. I wanted to make that an offer.

“I was unemployed and the social hierarchy operates even after we’ve died...”

What comes thru again and again. Connect with this and that.....imagining all that. Not making an event just to describe one. Not leaving anything out just to create a reaction. Just the right amount of this. More than enough to make what’s real come to realize that what matters continues. That said. Does she assume that we can and will *join* her. Can that be imagined. Is the devil still in the detail. One of us wonders.

from George Carlin Poems

Thomas Fucaloro

George Carlin has a list poem called “The Book Club,” wherein he lists about 70 made-up book titles. The titles of these poems are taken from that list.

1. The Meaning Of Corn

Little cartoon yellow bullets
pulled from cobbed gums
glisten with spit and
delicious. Filled to the ear.

No one comes close
to our consumption. Filled
to the beer, we are a nation
defined by what we grow.

8 interesting facts about corn
and none of them are this
poem.

2. How To Give A King A Really Hard Time

More glare, more guillotine
Let them silence into pass
We are not kings, we are
Of feather we can rise
And ascend, we can
Create a village,
We can create
An ache.

3. A Complete List Of Everyone's Personal Effects

If at first you don't succeed

Buy a flame thrower

Wave lightening brilliance

In through the outdoor and onto the patio

There was that one time, when, and then, but I just

Breathe deep from pails of sky

Watch the once burned to a crescent tip

Everyone makes a big deal about the moon

I don't know what all the fuss is about

It's just a rock

Orbiting

Trying

To drift

Away

Silent

4. The Stains In Your Shorts Can Indicate Your Future

We all create maps
from what we leave
behind. I can't find
how to get back
from now, how
do you turn
your back
on your
already
happening
I knit
a sweater of
forgetting now
ever happened
because what's
happening now
is always
the sacrifice
of somebody
who is not me
later.

The Guide*

Ian Gibbins

You imply a pre-existing condition invoking love,
terror,
loss and discovery in equal proportions,
at any time
of the year, seasonally adjusted or not,
at any point
in the more or less visible spectrum,

as though we are holding hands, tongues, reservations,
court,
together, our breath, tight, fast, back.

Such is the consistency of football scores, a broken
wrist,
Kakadu nectar, Martha's discarded
woollen greatcoat,
empty space, empty space,

unless, of course, you praise the consolidated revenue
from inopportune
acquaintances gathering unseen on verdant
hillsides
beside a river flowing at light speed
through the
boundaries of the Milky Way,

or likewise rouse dormant semi-autobiographical
novellas,
hibernating Scandinavian strawberries, inexplicably
vexed blue-tongue lizards,
feverish basalt embankments, count them,
deny paradoxical
intervention, write them out for later.

Meanwhile, try to bake a perfect lemon sponge cake,
to ignore
haranguing parts of speech, an onslaught of
short-changed hours
and over-priced mountain devils. Can you taste
the difference
on your fingertips, on the frayed collaborations
of your eyelashes?

Think about calculus, atomic numbers, Latin,
Baudelaire,
Jackson Pollock, the Melbourne Cup,
parasitic invertebrates,
collapse, redundancy, the shape of
communication
breakdown, obscure its brawn, its mass.

Then we will do Luna Park, the Velodrome,
Sex Pistols,
the Strzelecki Track, but only when star-struck
satellites have ceased
observation, flying foxes and migratory swans
are listening in.

Unaccountably demand a ransom, the time
of your life,
his attention, should you doubt it for a minute,

should the sun fade
noiselessly to a clear sapphire sky, another
moon-spun afternoon,
her glacially warm embrace.

Easy, really. Complicate nothing.

**The verbs beginning each section follow those in “How to Read a Book: The Classic Guide to Intelligent Reading” by Mortimer J Adler & Charles van Doren, Touchstone Books, (1940 / 1967 / 1972), Chapter 15, Section “How to Read Lyric Poetry”. Their original order has been maintained.*

Kjirsten Severson

excerpts from the *i-series*

introduction and interview by Coleman Stevenson



Kjirsten Severson

Philosopher, poet, and artist Kjirsten Severson was raised in Rapid City, South Dakota, and has lived in the Portland, Oregon, area since 2003. She holds Master's degrees from Duquesne University in Western Philosophy and The George Washington University in Feminist Ethics. A dedicated educator, she has taught philosophy at Clackamas

Community College since 2005 and volunteers as an instructor at the Senior Center in Astoria through Clatsop Community College's Encore Program. She was one of a handful of instructors featured in the 2015 *New York Times Sunday Review* op-ed piece "Lecture Me. Really," by Molly Worthen, on the value of lectures in college, evidence of her charismatic teaching style and ability to motivate students to think critically and love learning.

She is the author of *an unnarrated memoir*, a manuscript of 350 pieces of minimalist concrete poetry crafted on a 1936 LC Smith Corona typewriter, selections from which were published in *Gramma* in February of 2017. Since then, Severson's vision has manifested in less-contained forms, truly hybrid work for which the label of "concrete poetry" no longer suffices. The standard page became too limited a canvas; her work needed space, size, DRAMA. Since this shift, her visual work has been shown in galleries around Portland, including the debut of her large-scale works on canvas, or the *Very Big Typographical Art Project*, at Rising Room Gallery in February of 2016.

Around that time, she decided to go "off the grid," as she puts it, of both the typewriter and manuscript. The initial results of this experiment comprise the *i-series* from which these pieces come. I have watched this process over the last year with keen interest as the letter forms accumulated, no longer into known words, but shapes — visual expressions. Like so many great text+image artists before her, she has had to unsee, to unassume, the habits of a lifelong relationship with language. Thanks to adventures in modern typography, and text artists like Ian Hamilton Finlay and Jackson Mac Low, the culture has an eye for this type of work, a way to place it. We know now that shape, size, color, and movement of text can be as important, if not more important, than the direct information the letters stand in for. There is potential for richer communication; plain text fails us so often in its deep ability to be misunderstood from person to person. If we can also *see* what it means, we might finally grasp the nuances of another's thought and feeling.

As ordered as these final compositions appear at a distance, up close you can see a wildness, a storm, in the overlapping of letter and punctuation shapes. There were no drafts. Nothing was cleaned up or recrafted. What you see here is the result of Severson's willingness to be guided by the work, to linger in the unknown, to accept the muse full-body, and it has achieved something fresh and alive. I'm thrilled to present the following additional insights into these works, direct from the artist's sprightly mind.

Tell me how this sort of visual inquiry came to be...How does a philosopher move away from using structured language to express ideas? It was through my study of philosophy that I was led to the conclusion that we cannot afford to answer our philosophical questions strictly within a rational framework. Which to many, most likely, the large majority of professional philosophers, is heresy. However, philosophy has a rich history of pulling from the mystical, and in my studies, I was exposed to some of these marginalized philosophers of the mystical. And by "mystical," I do not mean religious. I mean the ineffable, fleeting moments that strike us, giving us a sudden felt-experience of the sheer majesty of our existence in this world.

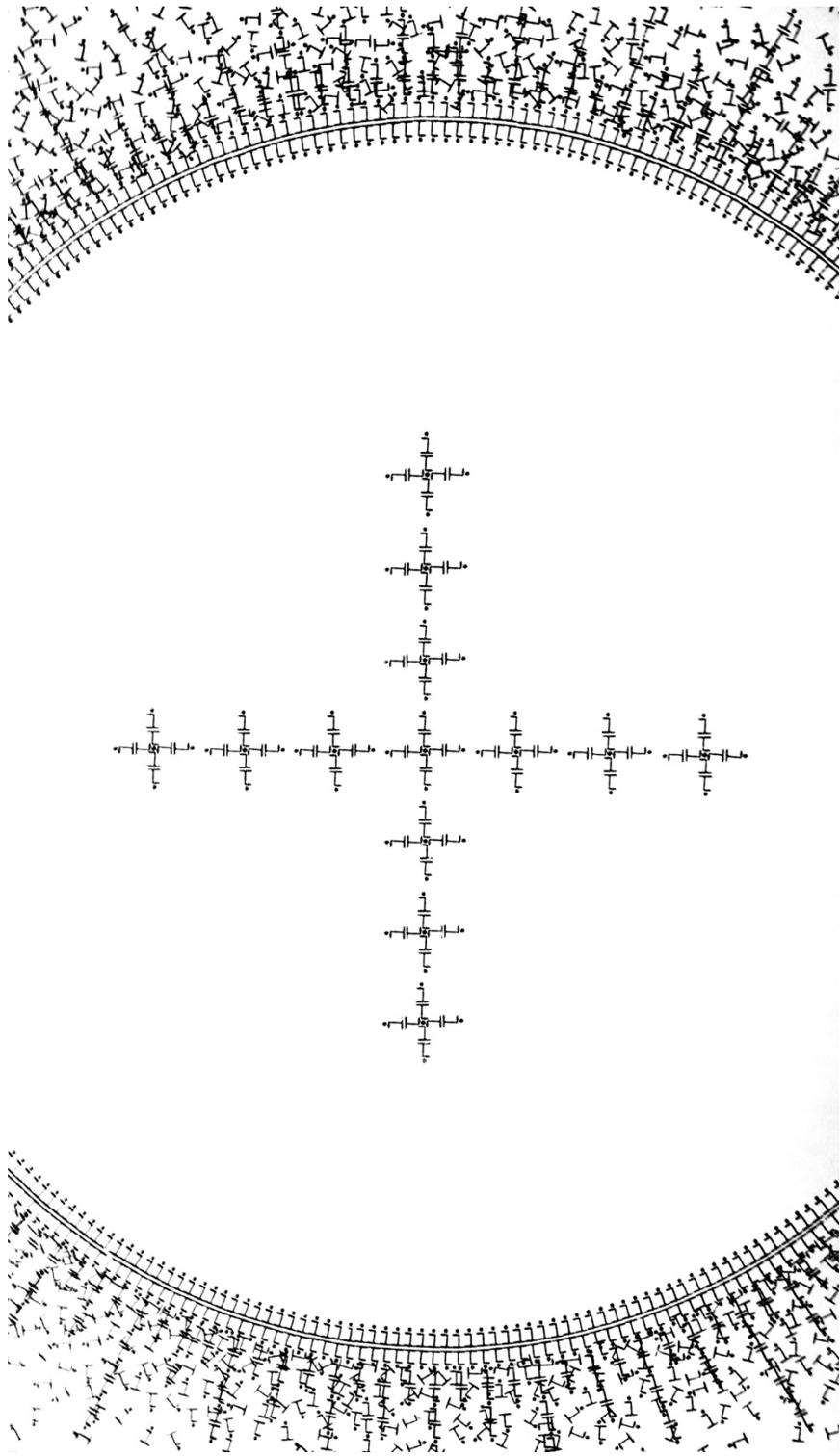
I studied in a rather traditional program at a Catholic university in Pittsburgh, so, when I put forth my idea to write my dissertation from the location of the mystical, I was told I could use my dissertation to explain it, but not to perform it. At that point, I rapidly lost all interest in completing the program. Instead, I quit school, worked for two years, saved money and packed whatever I hadn't given away into a van and drove around the US with my love at the time and two cats. After quite a few months, we happened to be in Portland when the van, which broke down often, could no longer be repaired. We found an affordable double studio in North Portland with windows lining two of the four walls and warm hardwood floors. It was in this space I decided to write the dissertation for myself. Nonetheless, I would type a few pages on my laptop and become stumped. To relax, I started to play around on an

old Corona Sterling typewriter I had been gifted before leaving Pittsburgh.

I had no idea what I was typing, but the pages started stacking up. I would get frustrated with myself as I began to spend more time on the typewriter than on my laptop. But after about 27 pages, I took a look at them, one after another. And I realized that my dissertation was being written from the typewriter. There was a quality to the writing that allowed me to see “through” language and to catch a glimpse of that which cannot be put into words. To feel it, and to “know” from it. The expressions seemed to play with language; they didn’t “use” language, they made a display of language and made language point to that which cannot be captured by it. I saw that the space on each page played as primary a role as the typed characters and words. It was the blank space on each page that, for me, pulsed with the ineffable. At that point, I surrendered and allowed myself to engage with the typewriter freely. I never went back to the dissertation on the laptop. Eventually, I began to notice where one chapter ended and another began. By the time I had ten chapters, I knew it was complete.

The earlier incarnations of this type work began on 8.5x11 paper. What made you want to move that to such a large scale? Mark Rothko, I’m sure of it. When I saw my first Rothko pieces live at MOMA, it was the Rapture. I was taken completely. His paintings didn’t allow me to look at them with my eyes; they engulfed my entire body. It was a body to body experience. Mid-way through the creation of the manuscript, I started to obsess on the idea of turning those pieces into “full-body experiences.” Luckily, living in Portland, I met many artists. And one artist, Ariana Jacobs, was unbelievably generous to me. I told her my desire, and she suggested silk screening. I enlarged all the typewriter characters on a copy machine and she walked me through the entire process of burning them onto silk screen frames. She found me a good deal on used frames, got permission for me to use the art space of the collective to which she belonged, taught me how to do it, and didn’t mind all the times I needed reminders or help when something went

terribly wrong. She made my art project possible. I then began to reproduce pages of the memoir, letter by letter, onto canvas ranging from 5'x7' to 8.5'x11'.



communion 119" x 77" acrylic on canvas

Your work defies classification to a certain extent. What issues have emerged for you as a creator working beyond genre? I do move through the art and poetry worlds differently than many of their inhabitants. Even though there is no obvious “path” for me to get these expressions out into the world, that hasn’t created any salient or lasting issues because the other inhabitants that I bump into are such generous people. They lend me their knowledge, time, suggestions, resources, encouragement and they open doors for me. They clue me into alleyways of possibilities that I wouldn’t have found without them. Ariana is only one example; I have a long list of people that have liberally assisted the development and promotion of this work.

Will your work with type as image progress, or do you see yourself exploring other avenues in the realm of visual art? I believe typography has so much richness specific to this moment in human history that I’ve barely started to explore; I cannot imagine moving on to other avenues at this time. With that said, though, I also know I cannot predict the twists and turns of this journey. I’m still the person who had no idea what was coming out of that Corona Sterling typewriter until I was 27 pages deep.

Is there a particular way you hope these pieces will be “read” or understood? Personally, I would love for others to feel the spiritual element I feel from these works. So maybe not “read” or “understood,” but felt. Even more so, I would want viewers to relax the drive to understand at first, and to let each piece radiate freely for a bit without the limitations brought on by our categorizations of judgment. To simply breathe while experiencing the piece. I want the piece to get in there, into the process of judgment, to alter judgment, to change the way we “know.” And then, with this transformed faculty of judgment, I want them to look at it anew, and to know *from it*.

Professionally, I have come to recognize that my role as an artist is to release images to the world. That’s it. Once they are released, they no longer are mine; they belong to the viewer. Each viewer’s experience

with a piece is a conversation between it and that viewer. However, I have also learned that I can “encourage” a direction for that conversation with the titles I give each piece, and I have been exercising that power consciously and shamelessly.

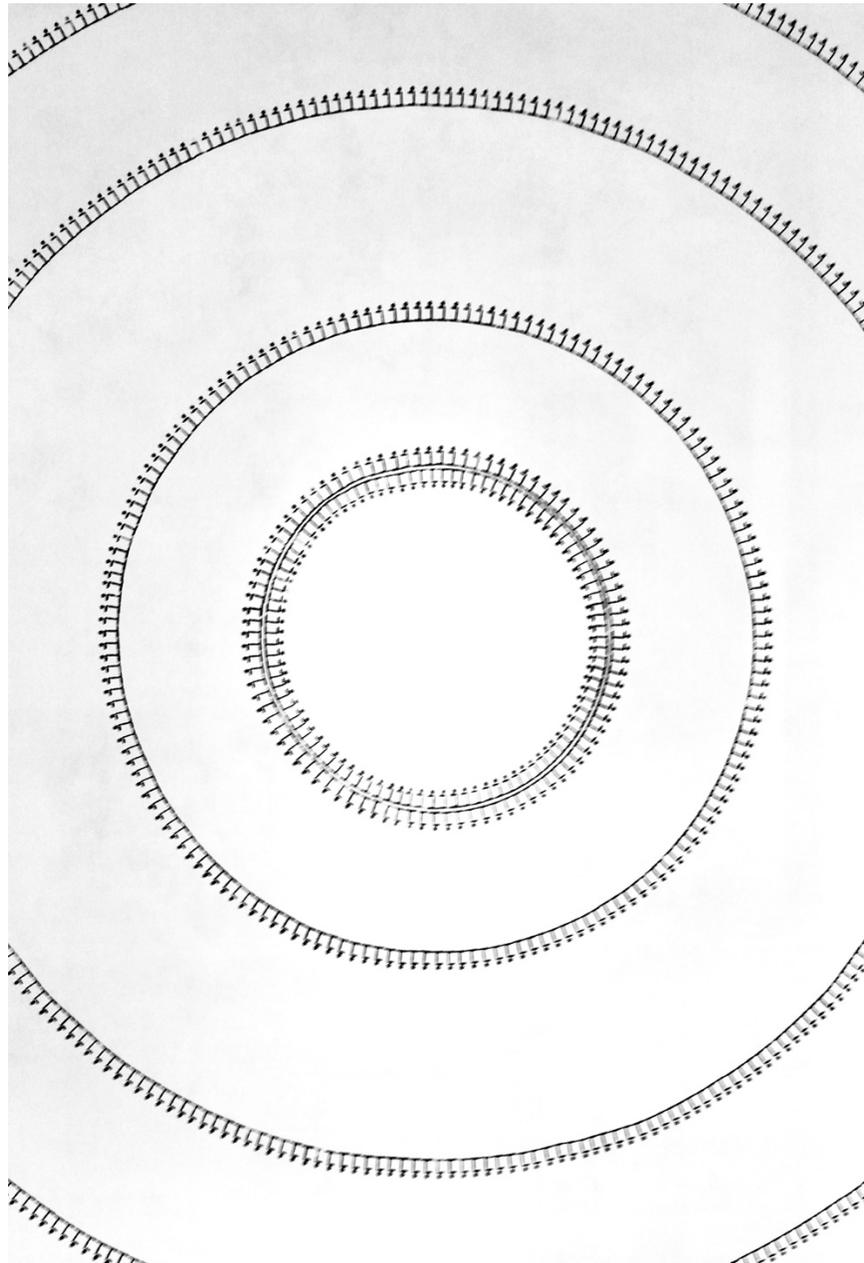
What do you hope the viewer takes away? Respite from the pressures we feel from our social constructs, including this notion of identity. I want people to return to the world of prejudices, biases, bills and bureaucracy having felt something “other,” something upon which all those doings are predicated, but which those doings seem to bury so thickly and quickly that it is lost to our felt-experience. If we weren’t alive, we wouldn’t have all these pressures. It’s the re-cognition of their being alive that I hope viewers take with them.



communion detail

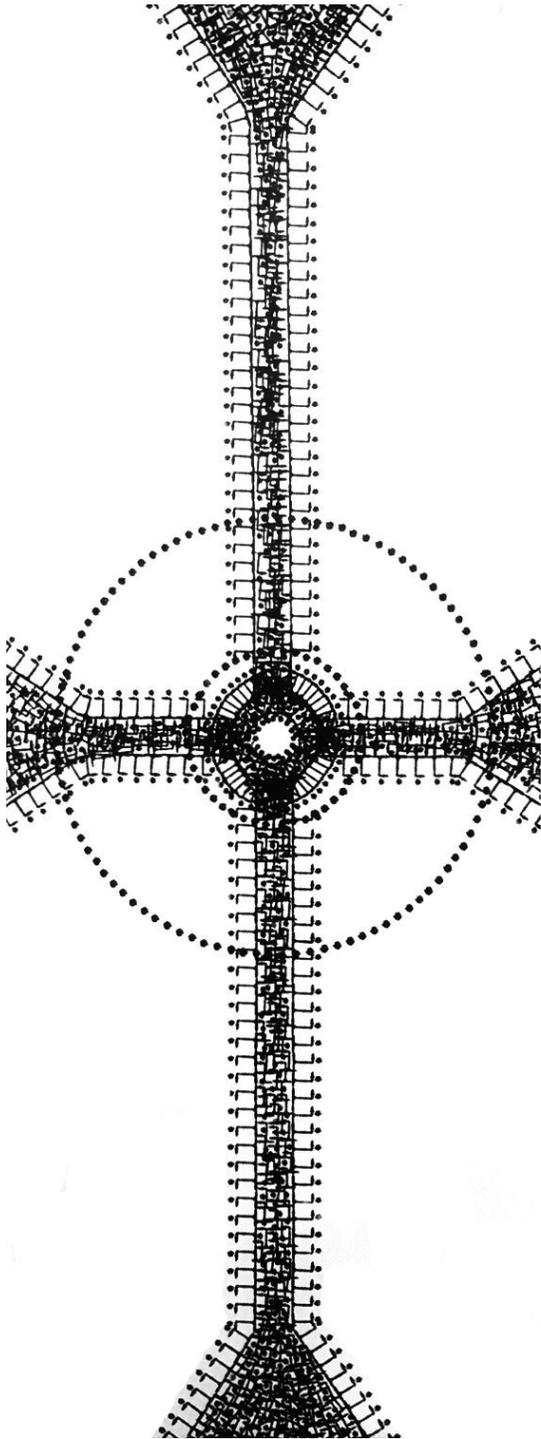
You mention a “spiritual element” in the *i-series*. I might even call it a religious theme of a sort, or at least a reference in shape and titles of some of the work. Could you comment further on that? All the pieces shown here are underscored by my recent reading of *I and Thou*, or, in German, *Ich und Du*, by the Jewish philosopher, Martin Buber (1878-1965). In that work, Buber explores the recognition of another person as a “world-within” and myself as a “world-within” that are created by our coming together. Buber illuminates the sort of

communion that such a recognition can bring: Two human beings meet and magnetize together, creating “inner-worlds” even though they “believe” they are separate and independent of each other. It is, in the best sense of the word, a religious experience. It is the holy moment of becoming “I’s” that proliferate within.

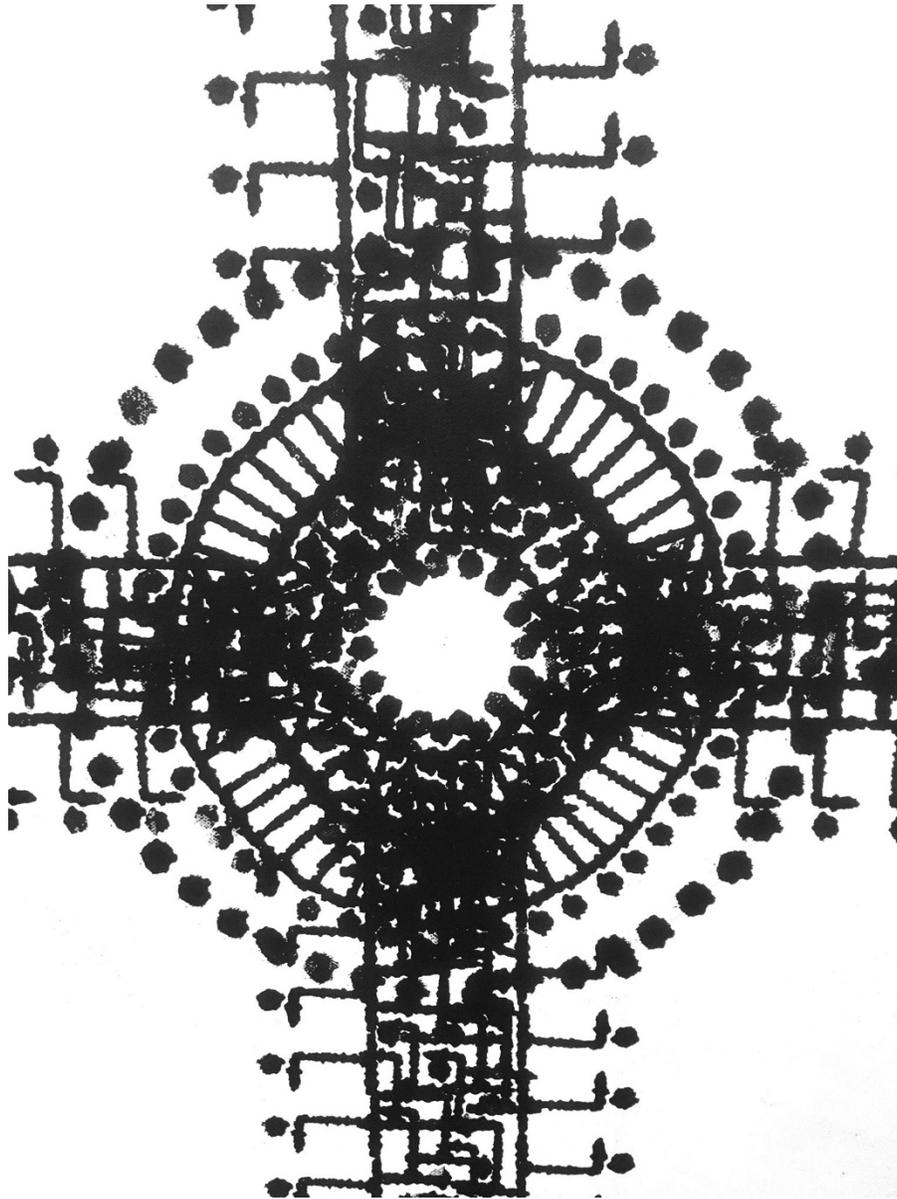


circlesi 10' x 7' acrylic on canvas

As well, most of the pieces here are playing with the religious icons of cross and halo, or as I see them, plus sign and circle. Through these pieces, the halo as circle eventually evolves into the sacred hoop whose presence made an impression on me as a white child growing up in the Black Hills, a place where the “regard and disregard of another” was sharply brought into my awareness by the living history of native and white relations. This continues to inform my artistic expressions.



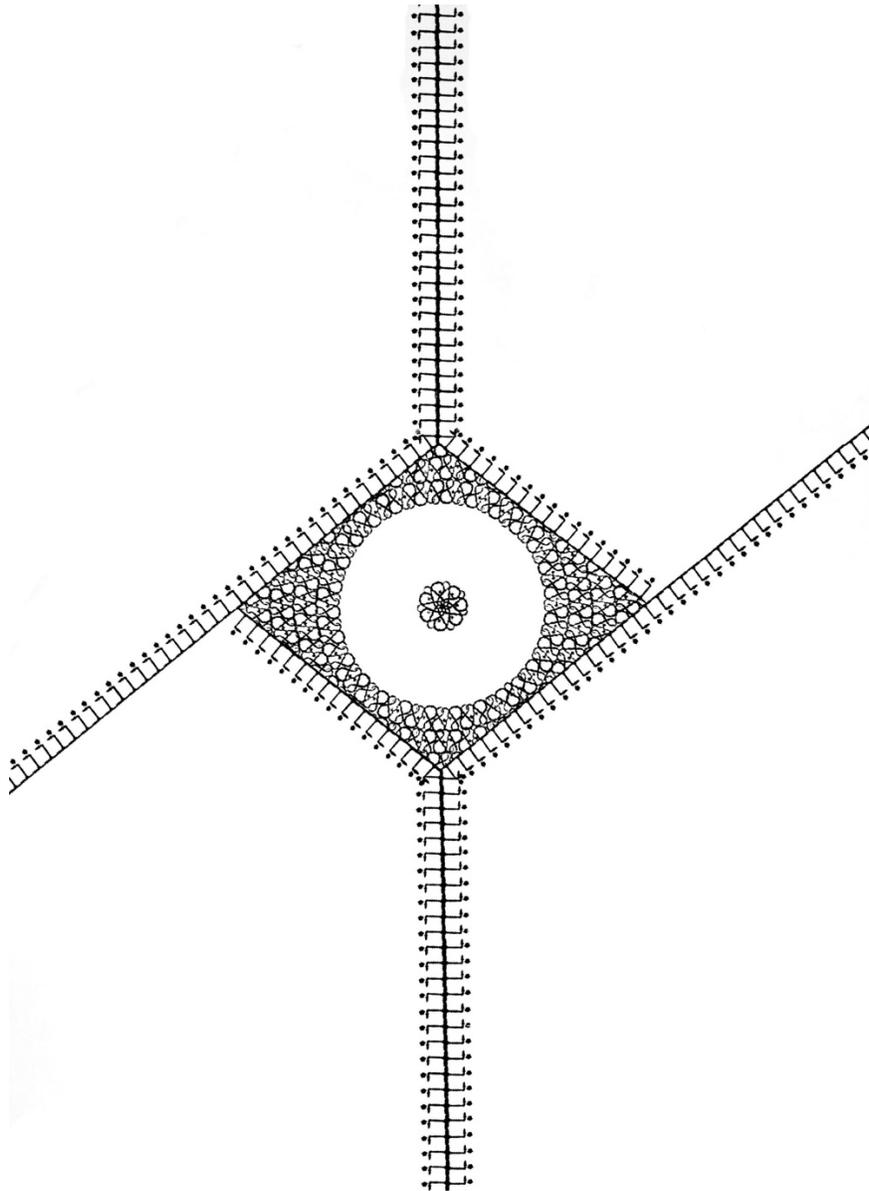
crosspluss 80” x 31” acrylic on canvas



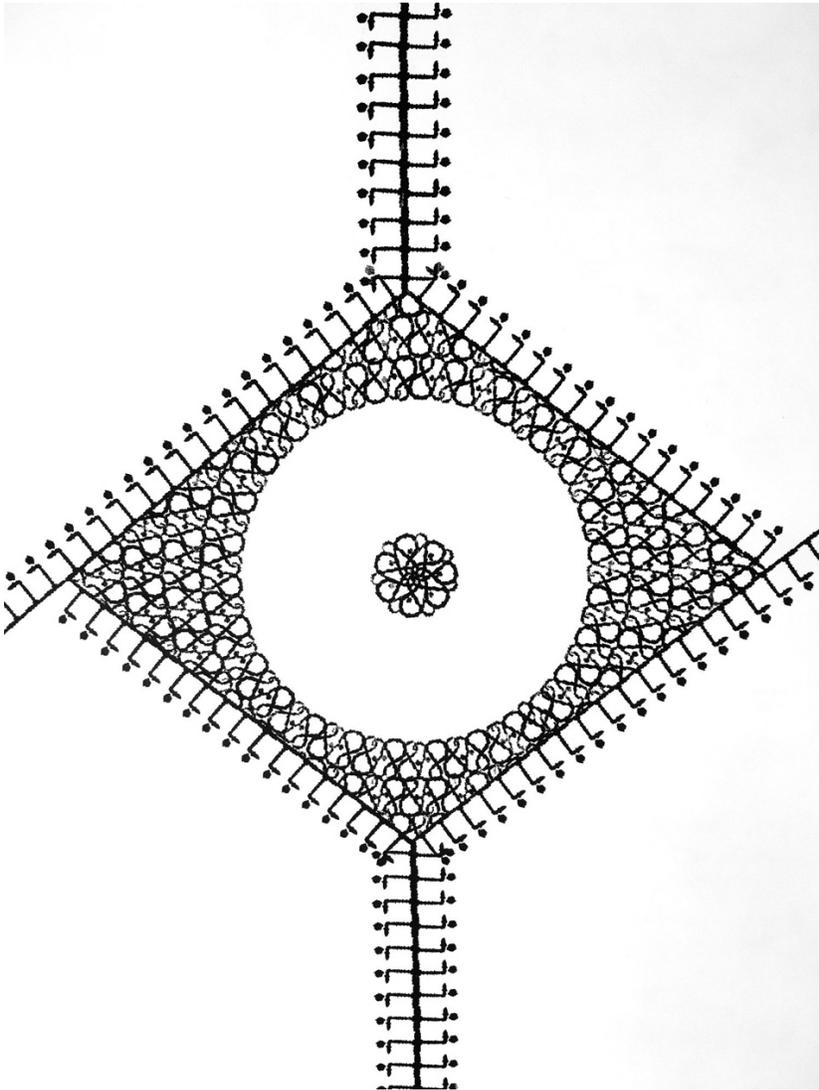
crosspluss detail

Meanwhile, the plus sign, in math, symbolizes “and”; in logic it symbolizes “either or both.” These pieces seem to use the plus sign to symbolize how we experience and regard each other: either or both. We can locate ourselves “outside” each other (either). Also, we can sense that we are the blood of each other (both). We can experience another human as a threat, a competition (either you or me, positioned to erase or

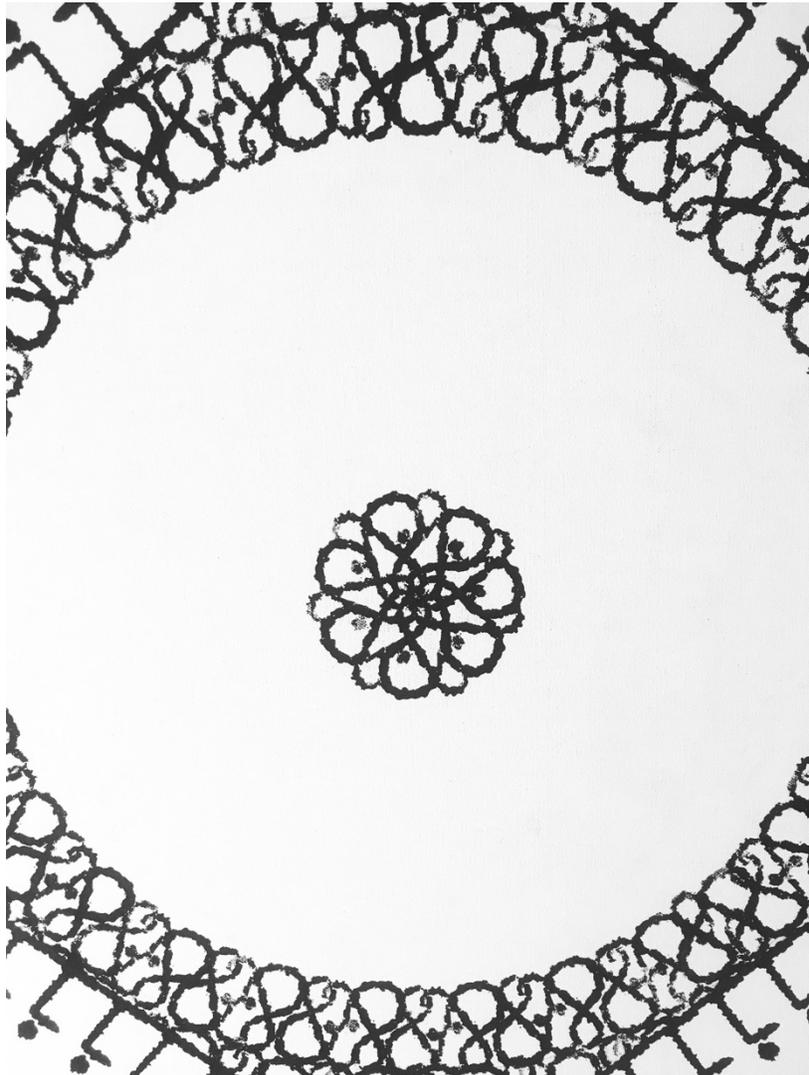
consume the other). Also, we can experience a communion (feel ourselves through the “us” and step into the “and” between). In the two most recent pieces here, “ampersandsbetweenus” and “us,” the plus sign evolves into the ampersand.



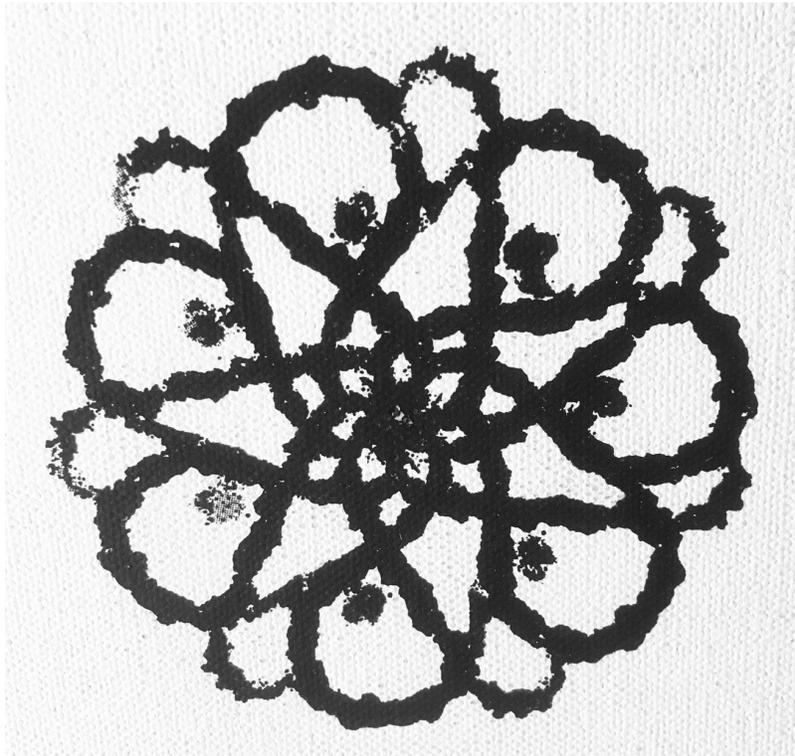
ampersandsbetweenus 78" x 57" acrylic on canvas



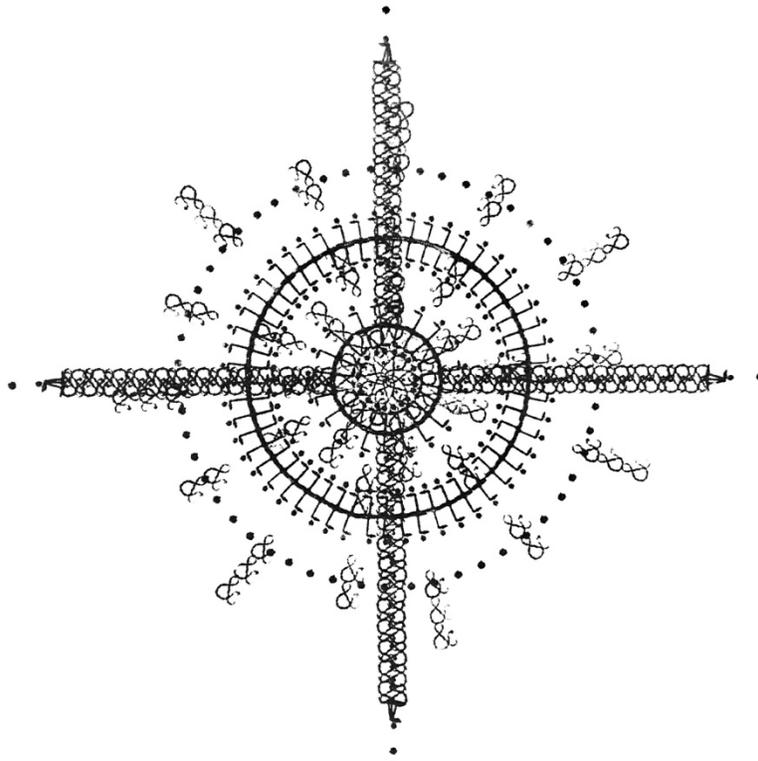
ampersandsbetweenus detail



ampersandsbetweenus detail



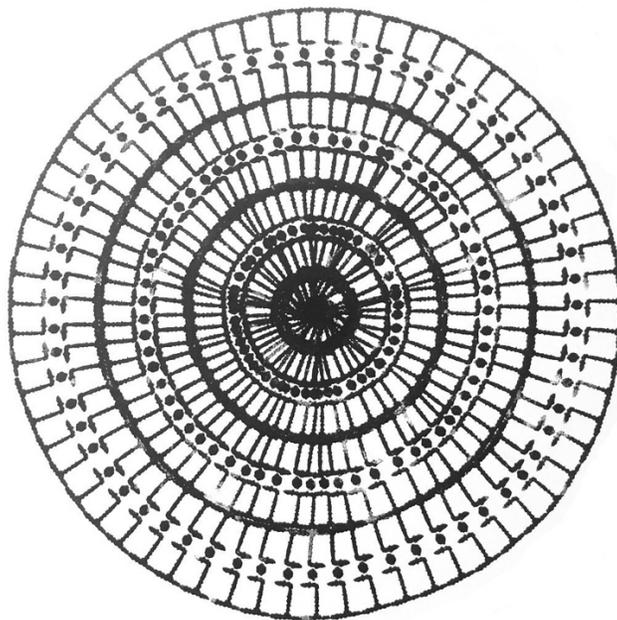
ampersandsbetweenus detail



us 52" x 52" acrylic on canvas

The final overt religious icon that stands out to me is present in every one of these pieces: The “eye of god,” depicted on US dollar bills. I was unsurprised to find this image repeating in this work. Not long before I turned toward the *i-series*, I had a dream that was so impacting, it shook my every cell and atom. In the dream, I appeared quite small. It was as if I were in space. It was dark all around me with purple stars barely twinkling their presence in the distance. My eyes were marveling at the endlessness around me. Something in my peripheral vision caught my attention. I turned toward it. Just as I was beginning to recognize the faint outline of an immense sleeping eye, it flashed open! It beheld me and I beheld it. And suddenly we shared a simultaneous epiphany: I was that giant eye/ I, and it was me. We were both so startled by this

realization that we were left trembling. When I “came to,” I was still trembling. Even upon this recollection, I can feel the tremble. Since then, I’ve thought of this dream as “the eye of god.”



eyei 72” x 36” acrylic on canvas

Kjirsten Severson is online at kjirstenseverson.com.

ē · rā/ tiō

Alan Halsey & Kelvin Corcoran have staved off recent winters writing collaborative sequences, beginning with *A Horse That Runs: To & Fro with Wallace Stevens*, published by Constitutional Information in 2015. *Winterreisen I* (2015) consisted of four sequences, three of which have appeared in the online magazines *Molly Bloom* and *Intercapillary Space*. Perhaps winter 2017-18 will yield a *Winterreisen III*. Halsey's *Selected Poems 1988-2016* and Corcoran's *Facing West* were both published by Shearsman in 2017.

Emma Roper-Evans is a London based writer, translator and interpreter. She won a Glimmer Train Open Fiction Award and a Füst Milán Prize for literary translation from the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. In Summer 2017 she took part in the Atina Artist Residency in Lazio, Italy. She has two collections of short stories, *Triangulations* and *Floating Sopranos*, and is completing her first novel. She has worked with her daughter, the photographer India Roper-Evans, on *Locus Criminis* involving a photo of a set-up crime scene, accompanied by a storyparagraph about the murder/suicide/death etc. This was shown in: *The Fall of Rebel Angels*, Castello 1610/A, Venice (56th Venice Biennale) 2015; *POP up FUCK off*, Broadway Studios, London, UK, 2015; and *Chinese Open – Year of the Sheep*, QPark, London, UK, 2015. She took part in #51% *Remember Her* show organised by Rebecca Feiner, London, March 2017, and is helping curate the literary side of Feiner's 2018 #100 *Remember Her* to celebrate 100 years since female suffrage to be held at the same venue in April 2018. Emma Roper-Evans is online at edrestories.com.

Kathryn Hummel is the author of *Poems from Here*, *The Bangalore Set*, *The Body That Holds*, *splashback* and the forthcoming *Lamentville* (Math Paper Press). Uncollected, her digital media/poetry, non-fiction, fiction and scholarly research has been published, performed and presented worldwide. A former Pushcart Prize nominee and writer in various residences, Kathryn holds a PhD for studies in narrative ethnography, lives between Australia and South Asia and edits “Travel. Write. Translation” for *Verity La*. Kathryn Hummel is online at kathrynhummel.com.

Contributing editor **Coleman Stevenson** is the author of two collections of poems, *Breakfast* (Reprobate/GobQ Books, 2015) and *The Accidental Rarefication of Pattern #5609* (bedouin books, 2012), and *The Dark Exact Tarot Guide* (The Dark Exact, 2017). Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in a variety of publications such as *The Portable Boog Reader*, *Gramma*, *Paper Darts*, *Seattle Review*, *Osiris*, *Louisiana Literature*, *Mid-American Review*, tarot.com, and the anthology *Motionless from the Iron Bridge*. She has been a guest curator for various gallery spaces in the Portland, Oregon, area, and has also taught poetry, design theory, and cultural studies at a number of different institutions there. She created the Image + Text track in the Certificate Program at the Independent Publishing Resource Center where she has taught since 2015.

Maria Sledmere (MA, MLitt) is a Glasgow-based writer and critic. She is founder of *Gilded Dirt*, an online publication centred on the poetics of waste, is assistant editor of the post-internet poetry zine, *SPAM*, and a regular contributor to music blogs *Ravechild* and *GoldFlakePaint*. Recently she collaborated with producer Lanark Artefax on a new materialist-inspired exhibition titled *The Absent Material Gateway*, sponsored by the Red Bull Music Academy. Recent work can be found in *Adjacent Pineapple*, *Datableed*, *L'Éphémère Review*, *Fluland*, *From Glasgow to Saturn*, *Numéro Cinq*, *Occulum*, *Thistle Magazine* and *Zarf*. She tweets @mariaxrose.

Sheila E. Murphy treasures language (Pass it on). She is an avid individual and collaborative textual poet and visual poet. Her consulting work serves both public and private-sector clients. She lives in Phoenix, Arizona. Sheila E. Murphy at Wikipedia.
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sheila_Murphy

Mark Harris lives in Princeton, New Jersey. His poems have appeared in *Shearsman*, *NOON: journal of the short poem*, *ONandOnScreen*, *The Elephants* and other publications. He is editor/publisher at Ornithopter Press.

David Rushmer lives and works in Cambridge, UK, and has published artworks and poetry in *Angel Exhaust*, *Archive of the Now*, *Epizootics*, *E-ratio*, *Great Works*, *Molly Bloom* and *Shearsman*. His most recent published pamphlets are *The Family of Ghosts* (Arehouse, Cambridge, 2005) and *Blanchot's Ghost* (Oystercatcher Press, 2008). His first full length collection, *Remains to be Seen*, will be published by Shearsman in 2018.

Irene Koronas is the author of 9 collections of poetry and collaborative writing including *ninth iota* (The Knives Forks and Spoons Press, 2017), *Codify* (Éditions du Cygne, 2017), *heshe egregore* (with Daniel Y. Harris, Éditions du Cygne, 2016), *Turtle Grass* (Muddy River Books, 2014) and *Emily Dickinson* (Propaganda Press, 2010). Some of her poetry, experimental writing and visual arts have been published in *Clarion*, *Counterexample Poetics*, *Divine Dirt*, *E-ratio*, *experiential-experimental-literature*, *The Licentiam*, *Lynx*, *Lummox*, *Ofwith*, *Pop Art*, *Right Hand Pointing*, *Presa*, *The Seventh Quarry Magazine*, *Spreadhead*, *Stride* and *The Taos Journal of International Poetry & Art*. She is an internationally acclaimed visual and digital artist, having exhibited her visual art at the Tokyo Art Museum Japan, the Henri IV Gallery, the Ponce Art Gallery, Gallery at Bentley College and the M & M Gallery. She is the Managing Editor and Co-Founder of X-Peri and Co-Director of the X-Peri Series.

A writer of poetry, short stories and plays, **Caroline Reid** regularly performs her work and has been published in journals and anthologies including *Bath Flash Fiction Award*, *Verity La*, *4W*, *Indigo*, *Seizures* and *Review of Australian Fiction*. She lives and works in Adelaide, Australia.

George J. Farrah works in the Black Mountain/Post Language schools of writing. He holds an MFA from Bard College, NY. He is the author of a full length book of poetry, *The Low Pouring Stars*, and a pamphlet, *Insomniac Plum* (Ravenna Press), and a chapbook, *Walking as a Wrinkle* (Moria Books, Locofo Chaps.)

Stephen Nelson is the author of *Lunar Poems for New Religions* (KFS Press), *Eye Jar* (Red Ceilings Press) and *Thorn Corners* (erbacce-press). He has published poetry in numerous magazines internationally, including *BlazeVox Journal*, *Big Bridge* and *Otoliths*. His last book was a Xerolage of visual poetry called *Arcturian Punctuation* (Xexoxial Editions). He has exhibited vispo around the world, including the 2011 Text Festival in Bury, and contributed to *The Last Vispo Anthology*. His poetry has also appeared in *The Sunday Times Poet's Corner* and various anthologies, including *The Poet's Quest for God* (Eyewear Publishing). Stephen Nelson is online at afterlights-vispo.tumblr.com and at afterlights.blogspot.com.

David A. Welch is a management consultant with degrees in Journalism and Studies in Literature. His poetry has been published in *E-ratio*, *Otoliths* and *Dappled Things*. David A. Welch is online at cindersthereare.wordpress.com.

Timothy Collins teaches college writing at SUNY Buffalo State. He holds an MA in English Literature. His poems appear in a number of literary magazines and academic journals, most recently *BlazeVOX*, *The Waggle* and *The Quint*. His scholarship appears in peer-reviewed academic journals. Recent publications include “Wu-Tang Clan versus Jean Baudrillard: Rap Poetics and Simulation” in *The Journal of Popular Culture* and an article on Lacan and Poe in *Symbolism: An International Annual of Critical Aesthetics*.

Travis Cebula is the author of six full-length collections of poetry, including *Dangerous Things to Please a Girl*, a sequence of Parisian poetry, and *The Sublimation of Frederick Eckert*, forthcoming from Black Lawrence Press. He is also a joyful member of the Left Bank Writers Retreat in Paris, France.

Jim McCrary lives in Lawrence, Ks. His most recent publication is *Year Book* from Shirt Pocket Press. Recent collections include *This Here* from Moneypenny Press and *All That* from Thiink Books. Chapbooks include *PoDoom*, *M Ental Tekst*, *Dive She Said*, *My Book*, *Mayaland* (with John Moritz) and *Hotter Than and Now*. He is the mascot for the 8th St Tap Room reading series curated by Megan Kaminski in downtown Lawrence.

Thomas Fucaloro holds an MFA in creative writing from the New School and is a co-founding editor of Great Weather for Media and NYSAI press. He is a writing coordinator at the Harlem Children's Zone and is the winner of a performance grant from the Staten Island Council of the Arts and the NYC Department of Cultural Affairs. He has been on five national slam teams. He is the author of two books of poetry published by Three Rooms Press, most recently *It Starts from the Belly and Blooms*, which received rave reviews, and the chapbooks *Mistakes Disguised as Stars* (Tired Hearts Press), *Depression Cupcakes* (Yes, Poetry) and *There is Always Tomorrow* forthcoming from Madgleam Press.

Ian Gibbins is a poet, electronic musician and video artist, having been a neuroscientist for more than 30 years and Professor of Anatomy for 20 of them. His poetry covers diverse styles and media, including electronic music, video, performance, art exhibitions, and public installations, and has been widely published in-print and on-line, including three books with accompanying electronic music: *Urban Biology* (2012), *The Microscope Project: How Things Work* (2014), and *Floribunda* (2015) — the last two in collaboration with visual artists. Ian Gibbins is online at iangibbins.com.au.

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

