

E·ratio 26 · 2018

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ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN
a conversation with artist Noelle Barce

POETRY E· JOURNAL

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The Temptations of St. Anthony

Erica Bernheim

The Lost Things

my eyes saw were instantly bigger.
It is strange to think of having fought so hard.
My renovation fantasies, my pagoda dreams,
a mockingbird's challenge, a butter knife
to the skull. Embryos were delayed, their roots
at risk, their body temperatures rising seven
degrees every hour, evaporating into the largest
ears of any underemployed canine, a double-
chinned canterer, ageless skin of the switch-hitter.

Who Grows Taller

during that summer, the grass grew faster.
Any gap, any floor was filled, a quick trip ticket picked.
Blood pheasants, desperate grazers, an oracle of nights
to come, draftguards, and a house that always wins.
Insanity is the last resort of the desperate,
predictable actions and the entry of the least element.
A poem about a cactus must not say "prickly."
Temptations must never be felt.

The Woods Full of Humans

Manage a city of tents with its own ballet,
its own generator of laws.
Here is a bramble. A week in Florida is nothing
simple. Nothing dies there but the slow people.
Where you are is already morning. You become
rounded by sadnesses, ripping through open eyes,
peeled away from metal insides.

The Open Bird

remains unseasonably attached, salty, and bereft
of terror. It slows down to lose and takes home
its winnings by taking a strike, versatile, to the right.
Even behind in the count, it's too hot to do that.
Name it. Your outside corner, your shaken player,
for the second night in a row you are frustrated
and hit the glass. Think of how strange it feels
to see parrots flying in the sky like pigeons or gulls.

The Slow Animals

Lights wire actions back to back. I tell you to lie,
to say you'll stay Away.
with chairs half your size in
feet. With usable space, intimate and with unique
characters. The music starts as a voice and becomes
an instrument away from its normal activities. Why

did I win that raffle, the soil, shifting and perverse.
Sleep at night with this in your hair. There were over
250 dogs on the menu. Never question the importance
of the heart while rummaging through the pantry.

Jobs in Offices

If this recurring tabloid tableau is to be believed,
we are likewise fated to pretend. You will learn what
an escort really does. Overseas, reading the classifieds
are the same in most languages. Mailboxes are generally
located in the same places. People were once consumed
by mail, and on television we see it happen many times:
each piece of mail stuck to a flatter-than-thou particle,
a wall constructed of bombs and flattery: *the sheer envelope
window as mirror always tells you who you are and even if it's not
you, the not you is permanent, too.*

from *an end is the towards to*

Hugh Behm-Steinberg

A gold wing, a redemptionary, there's only
so many ways you know how to start that
doesn't disperse what you've already begun.

Going to lead up to, going to be more metallic
next time, going to need different alphabets
to keep track of your rocks. You could stand

to lose a few, to lose a few, to lose a few rocks.
With your neck you could lose a few rocks. Always
standing up, always shaking, coming up for,

just invent telepathy and get it over with.

Scar path crookedness all the luck is
bad change your tactics renounce
capitalism start getting lower in your

grooves, in your back and forth doing as
some doors, arms up like the ancient bomb
arms down like the king of plumes, broad

space you have to go there quitting tomorrow

adjustable in those deals quitting now and
be the next smart guy, not like the other
smart guy, the one that got it in the neck.

Hurled late blooming hawthorn berries off the

steps and down to the antlers good for your heart
that's a train who's so distrusting doesn't choose
without thinking about, keeps thinking the same

thoughts until they're right, inventor of dreams,
crocodiles blocking the way, protecting their kids;
there's so much tall sweet grass to go through:

sing backwards, never going to do this again, never
going to do this again, never letting anyone know
how many of what you got in your pocket.

Climbing central with landscape. Their leaves
their lookback it's all so fucking so. Dial upon
the droning tendernesses the mostly other. These

tugs, their rare absences, it was simple like the way

time moves boats against, you have to stop living
in dread, have to stop hearing it all the time so
washed away hearing it all the time then light is

a part of the rest is dark ticking, contractions,
unknown nerves that signal through parts of
the body that don't belong to you.

Three Pieces

Parker Tettleton

Mastodon

It is sunny, sixty degrees & dropping like tears. There are people marching outside of my windows. The third sentence is an apostrophe: I disfigure the light at the end of the sofa. I want to say I say hi everywhere I go—to anyone, thinking of the marchers—but I don't. I begin again with a ghost. I mean it when I say *they look small & happy & full of purpose*.

84

I wake up thinking about versions of *you*. I leave it for my district, movement, errands. The third sentence is when Alex says *our glasses are similar*. I go back home after there is sunlight everywhere. I am writing no one right now. I like that, a few seconds ago, I cared only about the creases in a shirt.

When You Need Apollo, You Call Apollo

The thing about gods is they can't be enough for me when I am looking out of this window because you've never lived here. The second sentence is a burst within a trap without a light with a little lip along the way. I don't believe that always but this morning I woke up meaning something I meant to mean before when I asked you *will you still be here in September?*

Vegan with Missing Limb

Miriam Borgstrom

Vegan with Missing Limb

A loose translation of a bird's wing. Another loose pair of jeans lost. These were once camouflaged elbows. The rashes were only jam. This scar vibrates upon newly born vegans. The womb meant entirely for vegans. A mouse limits our use of vocals. The throat has been drained. A mother sprinkles beans in a child's hair. And a single raven drinks from the last verb.

UPDATE: Vegan Missing

A loose translation of a [missing] wing. Another loose pair of jeans lost. These were once camouflaged elbows. The rashes were only jam. This scar vibrates upon newly born [missing]. The womb meant entirely for [missing]. A [missing] limits our use of vocals. The throat has been drained. A [missing] sprinkles beans in a [missing] hair. And a [missing] drinks from the last

UPDATE: Missing Limb Missing

A written photo described as taken. A cube placed atop the page. And her diet consists of fish and anything living. A branch returns to the fire. Or a

cottage burning near flammable newborns. A salty craving for three peas and a dead pod. The carcass listed the five best Irish restaurants. Clay cartoons and a battle axe found near oceans. A written page described as taken. A cube placed atop the photo. We taste the salt and the salt tastes the salt.

Three Poems

Oz Hardwick

Occluded figures

Behind the usual martyrdoms lie walled cities and fields, labourers, and other extras with walk-on parts in their own lives. Where Auden found a moral, I can only find technique, brushstrokes, candle stubs, and days crumbling in on themselves as fruit dries on a dusty shelf and birds shuffle on terracotta roofs. A spectre paces sunset corridors, barefoot and burning-eyed, viola-voiced, her glance wheedling vines from trippers' lips. Later, she will blow invisible smoke into strangers' faces at pavement cafes — a buffed tile in a Romanesque mosaic, a brief note mid-phrase, an unwashed brush, stiff sable bending blue to an angle beyond discomfort, a shade between two unknowns.

Holding the Sun

It's easy to hold the sun. Just wait until nightfall, or even cloud, or just a day when bad news falls like ashes from a brown envelope; a morning when you wake to cold sheets and a familiar scent, fading; an evening when you wait hours for the delayed train that brings no-one; the moment when throwing away the stale breakfast cereal is the hardest decision you've ever made. Then, all you need to do is reach and pluck it from its painted sky; but remember to wear thick gloves so your fingers don't freeze.

Typo

It began with a typo — the accent of Everest — but now she feels obliged to speak in snow-capped stone, too vast for her lovers to comprehend. Even her intake of breath is heroic Reich propaganda, eroded by eighty years into numinous homo-eroticism, where two fresh-faced muscular youths fear to stop climbing, lest they fall to uncontrollable humping in a bivvy bag, oblivious to the blonde-plaited Grail-Maiden descending from a dazzling sunset. And when she breathes out, there's Tom Cruise, arcing into oblivion like a goat on a bungee, rescuing all of the aforementioned from Romantic transcendence, the Sublime, and, where applicable, the burning shame of unmanliness. In her shadow, I'm an overweight miner celebrity, resuscitating my airless fame for unspecified charities, shovel in hand, digging deep into the mountain's roots.

Audacity City

Mark DuCharme

i.

The brute parts went elsewhere
In the glamour of a turmoil
Where Belmondo & Seberg kiss
Quietly as somewhere else

To know that love is brutal
Or exhaust its vividness
& Everything brimming with light
In windows where I don't see

Hate pretty as rotten elsewhere
& The carelessness in your eyes
Which splatter all they know
In the force of song which rhythm breeds

Drenched in bleak photography

& Everything brimming with light
To live in the mysterious night which tracks us
Petty in our care

Brutal without number
& The form of skies awakening
Quietly as somewhere else
Bursting through trees

ii.

The heat swells
 & I'm still not sure
To sleep in separate
 Rounds, as if
Faded up the street
 In a haunting motif
Midnight less than double
 Brilliant when wicked
 Love dies
Turning music
 Wrong floor upward
When we exploded
 Into night

Three Poems

Marty Cain

from MEADOW OF RUST

+ + +

I need meat to survive

I need beef and mutton

:

This silver disfigurement

A meadow wrought

:

Its fleshsocket sags

I plier its tooth

:

The wall's red eye

Is draped with fabric

:

I hung a Pop Warner t-shirt

[I see red flies still]

:

The meadow inside me

[Its corpse-blossom still]

:

The fieldgums broaden

I WAS BORN IN THIS STILL

:

My three layers of teeth

I need meat to live

[IN THE MEADOW CEILING]

+ + +

Inside the meadow

Was only sound

A blue horse spoke

Around a blue tulip

With what blue frequency

The radio had, the local

Dealership piping in

Carbon monoxide

Thru walls THE DEALS
WON'T GET BETTER
THAN THIS

these words

My wingèd vessel

Or else just rain

To clairvoyantly leak

Through grassy plaster

Would u care for another

The worm-end hangs

[ESOPHAGOUS]

+ + +

This rusted meadow

With a ribbon in it

Gold house in the center

With nails protruding

The word was written on a slab of iron:

* * M Y E N E M I E S A R E W E L C O M E

T O V I S I T A N D B L E E D * *

My rust composed essentially

Of hydrated ferric oxide
Moist air attacks
And punctures skin
The blood seeps into wood
And wood seeps into blood
And metal rends the middle
Of a waterfall wound
A boy plays clarinet
Chambers filling with saliva
Hit the bottom / STOP
My foot a chamber
Fucked up w/ tears
I made a poem to invert
The meat that's inside me

Three Poems

Erik Fuhrer

[god is liquid in the tempest]

of carbon atoms that
 split
and chatter
 pattern upon
the sky that was just a stain of blood

toothbright inside
insight into the molecular spattern of light
grotesque aftersin

calculate the velocity
of all those bodies
that stagger so swiftly
to the tune of an openwide satisfied stutter to the stagger of

[simple toxins]

secreted by
invertebrate skin cells

matriculate in bloodurine
your body
is hemmorageswing
temporary solution:
shut
your pores
to the sound of wail belly
scrub
your lipcrossed
ligaments
in the cicadic night

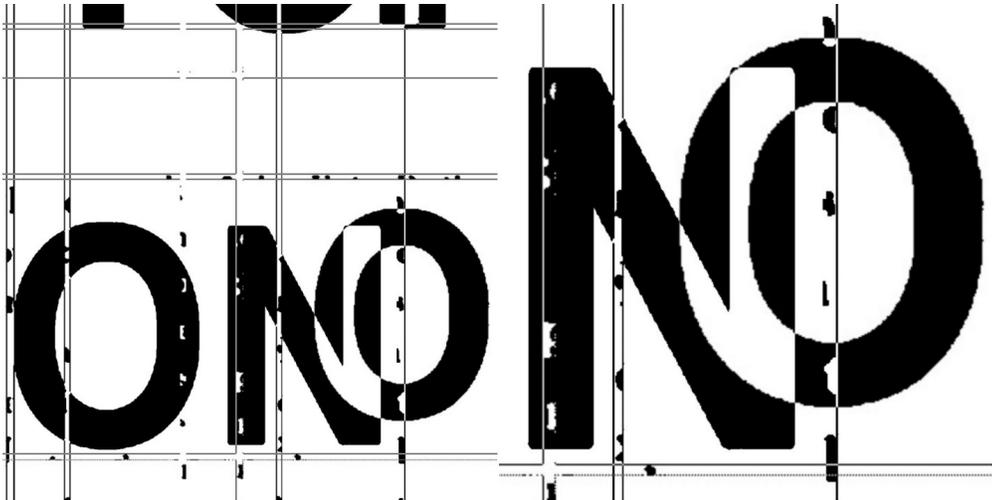
[an indication that there are not enough fracked fissures]

a whole mile of hole
will extend the life
of an imaginary body
a body
that's scribbled
with holes
without lungs
without breath
without body a fraction
of the fissured frack
a snap
in the weight
of naphthalene
a squatter of matter
tipping the splatter
to the surface

from TRA

C.R.E. Wells

**DO NOT
ST P
N
TRACKS**



DO NO

TO

N

TR CKS

tection: trains do not stop. At railroad, one track of the West Shore Railroad:

DO NO NOT
TO S O

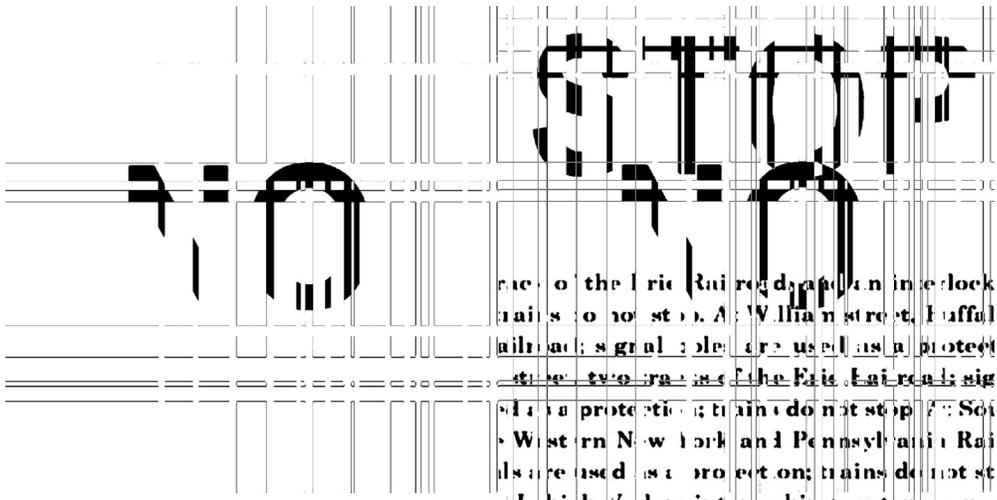
NOT
S O
ON
TRAC



O NO
STOP

N

R C S



STOP

At Batavia, one track of the Erie Railroad, and an interlocking system is used as a protection; trains do not stop. At William street, Buffalo, one track of the Buffalo Creek Railroad; signal poles are used as a protection; trains do not stop. At Alabama street, two tracks of the Erie Railroad; signal poles with tilting signals are used as a protection; trains do not stop. At South Division street, two tracks of the Western New York and Pennsylvania Railroad; signal poles with tilting signals are used as a protection; trains do not stop. At Scott street, two tracks of the Lehigh Valley; interlocking system is used as a protection; trains do not stop. Near Hill no. 1 avenue, two tracks of the West Shore Railroad; interlocking system is used as a protection; trains do not stop. Near Louisiana street, one track of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad; interlocking system is used as a protection; trains do not stop. At Salina, one track of the Erie, Western and Ogdensburg; semaphore is used as a protection; trains do not stop. At Fairport, one track of the West Shore Railroad; interlocking system is used as a protection; trains do not stop. At Lyons, one track of the Geneva and Lewis Railroad; interlocking system is used as a protection; trains do not stop. At Seneca station, one track of the Cayuga and Seneca; interlocking system is used as a protection; trains do not stop. At Syracuse, one track of the Auburn Road Branch; interlocking system is used as a protection; trains do not stop. At Rochester, two tracks of the Falls Road Branch; interlocking system is used as a protection; trains do not stop. At Syracuse station, three tracks of the Bays, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad; interlocking system is used as a protection; trains do not stop.

distinguish between
animal vegetable instincts

[chorus]
imagine your colander skin
in daylight / con
temporary free
domesticated
inheritance calcified axioms
under ceiling fans
cradling
the all-possibility of a no
response in a humid place

Acre / age

begin with a talk about
 wind direction?
 or a cutting retort
 for the excavator
tomorrow

they're guessing at circuits –
 an inventory of the future
 compelling the intimacy of terrain
out from beneath lolling stones

Two Poems

Jonathan Riccio

The Agoraphobe's Guide to Flight

We kohl the locks, bereavement options
precluding ways I hope you mend.

For reasons legal and arboretum
you will list me as Anonymous,

more than rosacea and sailboats,
mantras like apiaries but for a battery

that graduated the Lyceum Duracell.
Minneapolis, I want to be your airport,

the postcard for turbulence that connects
scorch to frost. Hands guttural, helipad

dimmed to blithe. What I confide
in furloughed you, the nectar

is missing its drone
of most stripes.

Narrative Sodium

I don't use it often, but *lathe*.
Metalworkers, pipefitter sons.
My driveway shoveler,
eighty and pension-alooof.

I lived in the same salt mine until 101.
Faces of my gem collection, towels
in my beauty shop.
Petals at the funeral home.

Honor the party glasses staying
in-family. Give them to Dena.

In the birdfeeder, artificial tears.
My aviary had quirks.

Forgo the griddle
that turned hash browns black.
Lather from a rusted can of shaving crème,
my legs centurion-bough.

The Whorish World

Wilna Panagos

I, Veronica did it, truth-finding, truth-seeking
Muck-raking, bringing victory.

It was a horse, of course, in which the warriors hid
Pretending to bring peace, says Veronica Forrest-Thomson. To the
whorish world.

Veronica, says the language, a herbaceous plant with narrow pointed
leaves and spikes of blue or purple flowers. Or a cloth supposedly
impressed with an image of Christ's face. True image, says blue or
purple Veronica. The movement of a matador's cape away from a
charging bull, says the language. It doesn't matter, says George.
Whorish world.

Highly Recommended with Five virtual stars and Five bright stars on
loan from the night sky. This whorish world.

From India to the planet Mars: a study of a case of somnambulism with
glossolalia, says Théodore Flournoy. This whorish world.

My mother used to say the heart makes music, but I've never found the
keys, in this whorish world, says Rodney Gomez. A short history of
silence, says Jane Yeh. Enough experimental preservation. Enough
archive boxes. Enough Mayakovsky clubs.

In Leningrad, at four in the morning, I would be in someone's studio,
but we would not be debating art theory, says Andrew Solomon, we
would be watching crazy David Bowie videos from the late Sixties,
laughing at how creepy and sincere David once was, reveling in retro-
chic and other lessons we can learn from the last days of disco. Enough

people who love Mayakovsky, not for his poetry, but for his clothes and his hairstyle.

Fasciculus Medicinae: Wound man has arrows and swords and hammers. Wound man has boils and cuts and ticks and snake bites and hurricane Matthew. Wound man has post hype, pocket objects, mobius mail and the failure of discourse. Wound man has text annotations. Wound man has a broken heart. Wound man is still standing defiantly alive. A wound man walking. But some people know what this means, says Marina Tsvetaeva. Zodiac man simply has stellar tattoos.

Cash loan same day whore's pasta. Spaghetti alla puttanesca. Fill your ears with beeswax and be tied to the mast of a ship. Our gorgeous, terrific women had to resort to prostitution, says Italian World War II. Ouroboros represents the concept of eternity and endless return. All the literati keep at least one imaginary friend, whispers Joseph Brodsky. Pilgrimage to heresy: Who was Priscillian? Those of them who were enlightened were permitted to tell lies for the sake of a holy end. Liber Apologeticus. An aviary of allegories. The composite video monster, says Salman Rushdie.

We lived here, says Minas Avetisyan. Whorish world, says Gabriel García Márquez.

applause

what happened to the door?

Methuselah and Old Hara

5 000 year old bristlecone pines in California

The sun shone. Rain fell, no more than three inches each month. Fire blazed nearby but did not touch the grove. Small limber pines grew further upslope than ever in human memory, creeping into bristlecone territory.

Pando

50 000 year old clonal aspen stand in Utah

Pando struggled. Its root system, 80 000 years old, supports more than 47 000 trees, most of which are nearing the end of an aspen stem's lifespan of 110 to 130 years. In June, the new shoots — the young trees that could replace the senescent — sprouted. Outside the fencing that the park rangers have erected, deer feasted on the shoots, inside, fewer were eaten. It will be another decade before the community's survival is assured.

Llangernyw Yew

4 000 year old yew in Wales

Most months, it rained more than a foot. The days were never too warm, the nights never dropped below freezing. As an evergreen, the yew only shed its older leaves.

Sarv-e Abarkuh

4 000 year old cypress in Iran

The grass and the hedge that circle the tree posed no competition, but still the water was shorter than in other years.

Olive Tree of Vouves

2 000 year old olive in Crete

The sun shone. The summer was dry, as it always is. The olives grew and matured.

Jōmon Sugi

2 100 year old cedar in Japan

In the warm and humid forest, the tree continued to grow, separated now from the clamor of increasing numbers of human visitors, who must view it from a platform 15 feet away.

Jaya Shri Maha Bodhi

2 300 year old fig tree in Sri Lanka

It was warm this year, as it always is. The tree's roots breathed easier now that humans are kept farther from its base.

Gran Abuelo

3 600 year old patagonian cypress in Chile

UNESCO declared the national park where the tree lives a world heritage site. The tree, unmoved, continued to grow in the mountains, not so far from the ocean, where it was neither too cold nor too warm.

Old Huon Pine

10 000 year old stand of *Lagarostrobos* in Tasmania

The trees here, some as old as 3 000 years, are clones of each other, joined by the same root system. They don't care that humans call them pines when they're not technically pines, they stand through snow and rain. Each tree may have grown as much as 2 millimeters this year.

Old Tjikko

9 550 year old spruce in Sweden

The trunk is hundreds of years old, its roots have been living for almost 10 000 years. Above ground, the spruce survived another year of hundreds. When it dies back, the roots below will grow another one.

(Sarah Laskow, *Atlas Obscura*)

from nowhereon

Michael Mc Aloran

“...it is the end that is the commencement. and that end is the very one that eliminates all the means.”

—Artaud

...no not on...nowhere on yet final null...all sung as of...yes final ever...nothing on in this or...to turn what from where of nothing in claim of nothing claimed...till claimed...silenced in where nothing from what trace of final all in this of all...where once was none & yet still yet of none...whereof in breathe of lack...pulse drift throughout of spit it out...where unsung is...blood trace where no of silence...it what sung from gutter tread...no nothing but or...no not on...yes final no...given...claim or no...as once is said of other shadowing...clear sight...passage central passage waste...from outset onset...as given as of no not a from...no...no not on...

...where of then...where in nothing of in closure of...final emptily devour as if to...it of what yes where vital sign devours...no not on...what wound where of what wound where of...it two three where now when of where ever nothing...broken

*as...unless nose be rubbed in shit & over to begin
 once more...again yet no not on...fissure lessened
 shadow ever to...all lapse back-step deserted as
 of...skyline what no matter no matter...landscape
 what no matter of it...yes not on as before into what
 of...never motion but for flog of birch upon...over
 again...again where never of until...having never
 in... soundless... bloodless... lifeless beyond where
 no not a...*

*...coughs up phlegm spit it out...out where
 breakage is where broken is no not...traceless
 footsteps...nothing ever-where...no not from a to
 have begun says outset onset...finds space
 outspoken in realm of bustle no...tightens edges
 tighten...slash mark having of in echo dreamt...
 extinguish all in where same as was before...over
 once more until...laughter silent in bruised pulse
 shreds till claim what surface...yet no not on...ever
 wishing for yet nowhere on...unspeaking colours
 broken point of none resplendent...silence all in
 now unspeaking traceless of design...till close of
 eye & smear of...nothing of in din collision of
 silence birthing...in silence rupture of...*

*...utters without in lack of on...what of in on...no not
 of a no not a on...trace without origin...cold din of
 nothing ever ever if...where placement of in
 nothing more collapse(d)...drag what pelt...echo
 echo of unspeak of tone...as if to in what in of
 nothing claim till previous divulge & then
 forgotte...no not a of on...emptily to travail yes
 what lets it lie...what then in what of on...where
 what from what until...silence all in none
 abounding...collapse all same as once where*

*before of evaporate mark of shadow blight
upon...translucent of forgotten lights of given
unto...allwhile no not of...no not of no nothing
nor...of or in nor other than/of & other than...*

*...as once was once no no not ever...placement of
expire...nothing of in much less than ever
having...shock sound what...rehearsal none...no
not on through any of in which arising defeat in
midst of victorious waste...having if in yet...yet no
not of not a...nowhere having of closed some
semblance wound absorb...spit it out once more as
if to drown upon...no not on...again...again unto
merely echo on...nothing ever in...passage dense
what eye...stripped lest of held throughout what
stun lack weight of disregard...never having
on...yet final no from outset given...what of...till
until again...again where nothing coils into where
din of breath expel/collapses...*

*...not an eye not an ounce of it to perceive
it...vapours of for other matters yes what
matter...opening up in no of all what spoke...yes
said in what what words to grace where
transparent ever-dissipate...does what it cannot
from means collapse dystrophy...removes in lapse
where none yes what...not a...bled of disregard...as
if to...*

*...what on what sung astringent jarring upon where
nothing be...through closed verandas... bitten
blight of having no nothing having yes of other than
collision with where speech non-claim where
words non-claim...from outset onset as was
said...neither once till shadow collapse breath*

*sequence break throughout closure of door reflect
of cast eye in...light illuminate where breath
dislodge close exit until foreign exit sign devour
ever restless...in no not a of having govern
nothing...dead zones no not a...nothing ever of...no
not on...nothing next to follow...burns allwhile in
citrus flame...paralysis gestures &...breakage of
what matter...collects in none what else of which
response lack from nothing ever...no not a...claim
till claimed repeats itself...no nothing of in
that...nowhere...*

*...trace of it in liquid else of light no not...take from
what given none...blind of sight in nothing of...not
on...cold stretch of hours pale hours that burn by
design & cease to lapse...din what closure held if
in what speech reclamation sudden as if
to...nothing from which to strike upon...nothing to
strike upon...cold faint light of echo's devour...
says no on...stretch will wind & forgotten realms
dissipating in instance claim non claim non
of...never once from outset breath...solace no...no
not on...season's damage from all & in...(bring out
the dead)...where laughter long is some bitten
reclusion...dead tone...breach-birth some solace in
what of collision nothing ever...nothing no yet on
where on is final no...intermezzo...forgotte(n)
climes..*

As Seen from the Pike

Jude Cowan Montague

A true and faigh collegiate man
Heyrick lost in the resurrection
rose out of the book of accounts
to dominate Agnes's field, over there.
The guns or gun, for reet
there was only one assigned
to Shoodehill, the tenants pinched
to make their own retreat
and did not conduct themselves
with seasonableness / vigour.
No pay for two journeys led to
the capture of the kingdom.
The army resolved to Ormskirk
& this was the end
of the First Civil War.

We bought a stuttery mini
and flipping over to purple gobbin
we went sci-fi slow passed the glass
tower and up to the sunset
to watch from the Turton peaceway.
It was here, perhaps that the flowers
of Bolton had been chawve
during cross-country violence,
a controversial flight.
From here we could see

forever, like floating,
there's no way I'm asking Mary,
if she was at Blackpool this morning
& this was the end
of the Second Civil War.

From here to the man
frying our feline influence,
exploding their coffins we looked
to Affetside, where 2,000
jobs have been axed already
outside the Olde Man and Scythe
fagged in crazy wandering hair
that appeared in a lefty ghost story
with a theatrical twist.
Nobody wanted me here,
so time I left with my stomach.
Wanderers are looking not for aspidistras
but for slinky mobiles.
& that was the end
of the Third Civil War.

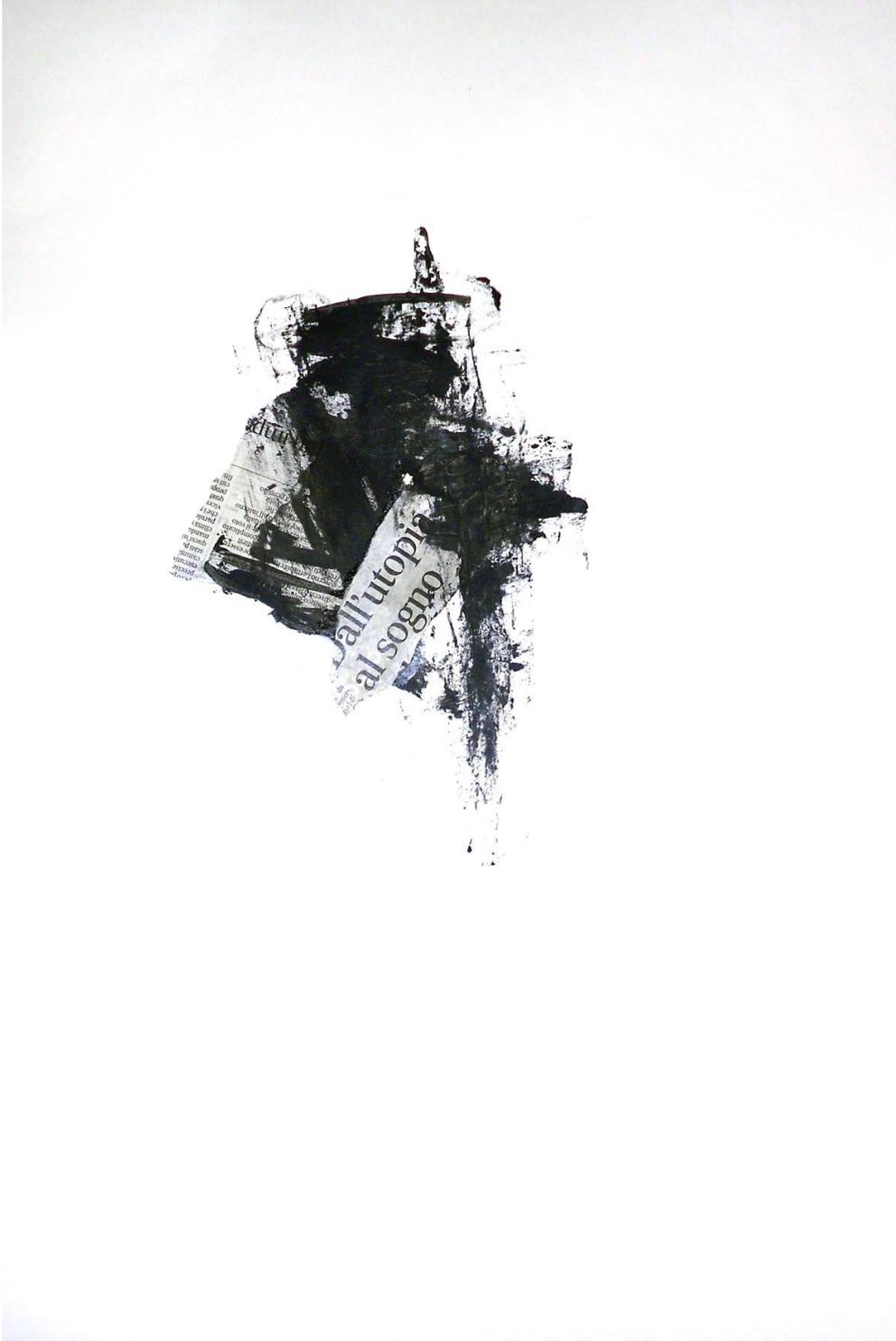
from Exegesis

Francesco Aprile









from a work tentatively titled SHUNTS

Jasper Brinton

depending downwards

however understood
takes less particle
thinned knowledge
direct pressure
an end to the parasol
winding heat with
himself saying lets
gaze will we both
approve the phase
endless chance
the chores of delivery
the misfit of option
instant engineering
tho attentive you've caught
the pineapple by finger
by lip while she mutable
shatters reverts & outdoes
beneath the sheen
"of the book" say you
there into whole slice
unless forbidden
brought to the cleaver
failing his drawknife

her machete in hand
it goes — foggy
but the mind slow — ecru
has bedbound summer
stammers at the wicket
enters the gate's discursive
apologia bonecast
while concocting
dread existence per se
but nostrils respond
if dust impenitent
blows the core
& biology reactant
makes use of fragment
a softer fragment
her mimosa *dealbata*
much consumed by saffron
a bygone salvo
girded with cameo
she star-fresh a showcase
happy this way
when one day 1927
outside the vivarium
her ostriches sang
of rivers of desert
while you as anatomy
preach contortion
play thru flux
trick self into landscape
consciousness
into fulcrum flesh
one glance one
windward sinuosity
centered by wellhead
& homestead with cry

which did good
having surrendered
beaucoup to palsy
since the day's forecast
the acadian shiver
the shoebox portal
refrigerates so currently
a choice of reflex
the aforementioned dead
dull to the tension
given driveway inanity
the frogman's ineptitude
effortless kleptocracy
in the iris surround
I know I know
sensory portals dilate
the messenger's shoddy
now grounded bird
led thronged into
management's
condensed sky
ocherous with super-added
evil so shameless
so swanned & atomic
devilishly confusing
the nuclear palliative
yet I've seen burn
impossible bitumen
twist & science
wear out marble
sway-down pillars
skewer the starkness
of time's mood
once the propane blaster
delivers the chitterling

an august meal
noble on wheels
to our alone domain
minus shoehorn tho
I who'd pow pow
break at autonomy
now cram the problem so
worthless dizzy an exodus
that deflates the plunder
shifts our sympathy
summertimeish into redo
whenever temperatures
the lithic industry
& storehouse content
deny the body
the speech of earth
as waves on land
foredawn the sphere
climate the sightless

hotfoot synthetic

reductive "waste" that
suggests fabulist chastity
springs captured by coil
abstracts in moonlight
wakes the streetlight
throws to foible
roots of the dream
in blotted foreground
as intentionally blank

bandwidth charges
turn toy tin into
any sudden art
& if hastened
will beg make of grain
a wager of sand
or lens of word
as rock into blaze
a context we race
injects with ballast
the ball we bear
if wary of squidding
we soil the stamp
of the architect's brief
with mangled script
or cleansed revamp
image telepathy
drops of the load
with shout & hosanna
whenever the newsday
celebration flames
shouts of the lunkhead's
windbag analysis
insect insanity turned
toward staffroom surgery
goblin hysteria into
useless condensate
but who'd dare
willing with airfare
who'd remove wasteland's
tragic target or
up-tangent skyward
our bruised department
disinherit the evermade
nite profile we

as subsistent geometry
in keeping with feces
with tone & outfit
the encasement of hunger
strike to coin
in fact that which
dregs erodes the restitution
of highway rapprochement
something to shame
& stall mask with sign
as you loll the purge
although someone
whimsically links the shank
brightens the varnish
lays out the child
as if animation
circumnavigating the pole
plays at bungle
suspends causality
times the market
its lasting museum

Redefinition

Timothy Robbins

home in the valley
hut in the village
hutch in the vegetables
house in the vineyard
hearth in Virginia
halls in Valhalla
hail the invincible
hail the invigorated
hail inconspicuous viceroy
hail intolerant veterans
hoops of inner velocipedes
hybrid inert vehicles
hover in vitality
haloed in vaccinations
hammered insensate by Valentinos
hummingbirds in the vicinity
hyenas' insistent voting
hopeless inveterate vampires
hawk inherited valuables
honored instinct for victory
hallowed is thy vanity
heed intestinal ventriloquists
Hamlet in vitro
Helen in Valinor
Hector in Venezuela
Ho in Vietnam

huddle in vexation
hungry insectivores
herd insects of vanity
hinder injurious Vikings
hoist ingenious vanguards
heal infertile volcanos
hot in veins
holy invection
hush intrusive Valkyries
hush impenitent Vesuvius
hush incurable vendors
hush inconstant vigilantes
harpsichords interrogate virginals
heroes imbibe vanilla
heroines inhibit virility
hop-scotching in the vestibules
humping in Vancouver
humping in Verdun
humping in the vale of sorrows
humping initiated valedictorians
hatching indecent valentines
hover in vaults
of heartless insidious Vatican's
homilies indulgences votaries
home-made interactive videos
hips in vandals
haunches in Victorias
harbingers in the Vedas
heralds in violet
halved in veils
hymns intoned vivify
Hildegard von Bingen
humping impertinent vagrants
hollowing incandescent vagabonds
heeding the internal vamoose

hoarding infernal vermouth
heaved in vocabularies
to heaven inviolable
hissing inaudible vocals
harkening to ineffable vows
hurled invalids
hasten inevitable vanishing
hoovered insomniac vacuums
honored in Vaudeville
hamstrung in voodoo
hymnals intoning vendettas
hedgehogs in vellum vessels
hamsters in velours
Homer in the vernacular
holy days' itinerant voyeurs
holidays' inchoate vistas
haggling immigrant vacationers
highways interstates velocity
highways interstates Viagra
headstrong indomitable vitamins
hoarfrost in veins
haggard i.v.'s
haggling in vain
hopped-up invertebrates
hooded in vengeance
holes irrigated in vaseline
hallways invading Versailles
heathens' indelicate veracity
helium inspired vigils
howling invocations
Holst's imitation of Venus
harmonious intervals
Haley's interplanetary vroom
hazardous invitations
hilarious investigations

hollering inbred Victrolas
humana inverted vox
his master's intombed voice
hiccups involuntarily involuntarily
his is vanquished
his is varnished
his verily (I say unto you)
hell is vacant
heaven is ventilated
hosannah invictus
his immature voice
halcyon invocations
of Hebrews' iniquitous verses
Hugo Ionesco Villon
Herbert Isherwood Verlaine
heirs to innuendo's vision
Handiwipes in vestries
hankering introverts
harvesting illegal vines
homespun igneous varieties
half-wits igniting vitriol
hail intermittent vasectomies
heil implicit vilification
hail institutional vindication
hail intrepid virus
hail invraisemblable
hail irreversible
hail invidious
hail involuntary
hail invariable
harried innocuous virus

*from “Tankas Excavated from Ashbery’s
Convex Mirror”*

*—where all poems, source poem or tanka, begin
with 1 or 1-2 lines from “Self-Portrait in a Convex
Mirror” by John Ashbery*

Eileen R. Tabios

Witnessed in the Convex Mirror (#27): Beyond the Stars

Something like living occurs, a movement
out of the dream into its codification
like a mother’s grieving transformed into
a daguerreotype of a **black swan** perched
on a boy’s shoulder. But the moment’s
significance evaporates as the round
mirror widens its circumference until
the tips of its diameter melts into—you
choose—pools of blood or the relieving
blackness of outer space. Your choice
will reveal something about you—it may
not be relevant, or be the breakthrough
long rumored as regards psychology
Trees always fall alone in thick forests—
They remind *All has been foretold, if not
told*. Recall when Captain Kirk eagerly
pointed the starship *USS Enterprise*

~~towards the star archipelago—the cheesy
albeit charming song observes, “Beyond
the rim of the star-light: a woman.” Just
another romance? How often does desire
for the modern lapse to the archetype?~~

Tanka #148

Something like living
Occurs: a mother’s grief forms
A black swan’s profile
When a tree falls, it’s alone
Beyond the rim of star-light

Witnessed in the Convex Mirror (#16): Blind Physicists

~~In suspension, unable to advance much farther
than your look intercepting mine. I was tiptoeing
through a book, looking for a way to express
my smile. I was contemplating the energy of
a curve. I was transcending night dampness
I was curing a cup of yogurt with mashed Bing
cherries, thus appreciating yet again the
recognition of contexts. Where we all exist, we
are bound by the same gravity—there is no
such thing as vacuum. As it turned out, it was~~

~~yogurt curing the cherries for my palate, not
the other way around as the cherries were
sour. **Physics cannot exist without observation**
and, often, the blind most keenly observe~~

Tanka #149

Unable to advance
Your look intercepted mine—
A curve quick with energy
We are bound by gravity
Physics exist when we see

Witnessed in the Convex Mirror (#59): Hay naku!

Photographs of friends, the window and the trees
merging in one neutral band that surrounds
a memory of you until I no longer recognize
the face, the gestures, the scent of this same
memory—so much Sturm und Drang only to end
with a beige whimper? But it's all for the best
for your body, thus mine too, to evaporate into
a song lyric. These boy bands, girl bands, trans
bands emote so well into microphones. Plus their
dances! Plus their outfits! So many sequins!
There could be a worse ending to romance—

I know **you**, too, are **sitting by a window watching**
yourself watching **the moon slip away into haiku**

Tanka #150

Photographs of friends
Merge into one neutral band
Who recognizes
~~You~~ Who, lingering by windows
Watching moons fall to haiku

Cuttings (from *The White Goddess*, by Robert Graves)

Sean Howard

I. Willow,

Merlin reflecting... (Prose
still trees?) Science as deep
as its branches!

II. *Eve*

of Armageddon? ('Ah!' Nietzsche
meeting the Death-Goddess...) Ego
always, *stale mate?*

III. Creative

evolution: *agency* the central
intelligence! (Lab, *court air.*) Clear-
cut, *the blue Goddess!*

IV. Last

fall, *number crunching*... ('Lyric,'
extractive economy?) Myth,
bran & cherry...

V. Empire's

roman. (Reason's
bark.) *Palm*
butterflies.

VI. Faust,

power *company*? (Science, myth
laid...) Dante: *Lord, the little*
point in being!

VII. Prose,

edges nearer... (Monotheism, the One-
Tree Forest.) Language? *App-*
le of the Earth!

VIII. Glastonbury

Thorn, *God* felled by the Pur-

itans! ('Clean sweep' – *fairy dust?*) 'Sober': *stout & bitter!*

IX. The snake-

skin blindfold. (Merlin's *good looks!*) Silence, *God reflecting...*

Two Poems

Rich Murphy

Smarty Pants

The window to the soul coordinates smart
for mates who weeded out lust and lies
from the garden remains.

At first the troubadours tumbled from horses
onto mandolins and cities in the West
hurried out to buy glass panes for organ pouches.

Each viewer found that falling
from hormonal heights into coffee grounds,
the lover awakens to pragmatic routines
that demand attention.

The chirp and buzz from kitchen appliances
teach while secreting glands taunt.

The passion that dissipates
into an oxytocin memory
also drools over fantasies
and drips into weekend hobbies.

Just as just, the synchronized
limping team from yesteryear

looks in two classroom pupils.

The perverse behavior
between science and capitalism
when meeting in the crowded streets
pokes out eyes: After waiting
an epoch, humans see.

Body Politics

The dictator sits in the genome
with a short story and a long pointer.
Skin wraps up skeletal narrative in denial:
Happy Birthday until hapless dirt day.

At the embryo launch site witnesses anticipate
with gifts, legends, hopes, and wishes.

Not long after the orbiting parents tire,
the sun puts up with weather and cosmic forces.

Will goes about the day using an index finger
to accuse various enemies hiding in the landscape:
“Bang bang drop dead,” the externalist says
and jogs everyday rain or shine.
But even the evil doers outside the body
feast at the Metabolism Bistro.

Meanwhile, inside the family gene pool,
big fish chomp on small fish or vice versa
with a rhythm that tells time for bomb experts

who try to haul out water wings and the shrimp.
Who among neighbors would dare go for a swim?

When given an opportunity the tyrant
stands on organ music and tips over a domino
in a ribcage or cranium for denouement.

The White — A Note on the Text

after Hermann Melville — *Moby-Dick; or, The Whale*

Ian Gibbins

At sea-rim, sky-base,
afloat somewhere between
head, bone-dense, and shoulder,
blink or flinch and occasional shrug,
thick inward draw and the effort
of gyre, draught, push, pulse, pull:

on this side, the clear, yes, invisible,
on that, the almost so,
tensed, reticulated, dispersed
into rhythmic tail-flick, bell-float,
insinuating tentacle and lure:

so try me, jimble, manta,
gar, mako, kraken;
try me, wrack, rollick, wraith,
under threat of claw, spine, barb
in gnash and gape and sweep,
the rip and tear of clot:

flensed to wind spume,
brawn paled to cloud roll,
spirit leached to the aftermath
of avalanche, blizzard, quake,
all too certain glacial collapse:

the melt and mist, relentless,
the flow, rising, rising,
and I, with no colour,
no, with all, indistinguishable
from any ocean in lull or roil,
awash over the face of earth.

from SECOND SEANCE

Sarah Bartlett & Barret Thomson

Sarah Bartlett (poet) and Barret Thomson (artist) collaborated for a month to create *Second Seance*. Beginning with a drawing by Thomson, they went back and forth responding to each other daily. The drawings and poems are not meant to directly illustrate or narrate each other. Rather, the drawing and the poem can be closely related, or simply attached by delicate threads of inspiration. The result is an abstract conversation that explores the human experience through text and visuals. The following are the first five correspondences in that work.



1.

I press my mouth against the tail pipe of forest;
 fill my lungs with hawks, pine needles, deer nests,
 hum of insects. I try to disappear: I watch myself
 on GPS, the terrain unfamiliar.

Absence presents its shibboleths:
 the calendar rolls over, breathes metallic tang.

It follows my father down a trail—
 he follows his father—
 moss flounces in the wind,
 desperate to unname the thing we carry.



2.

In the bedroom dark, muscle reknits itself.
Begins its pearls. Anticipate a rattle of gravel
in the heart—this is how I'll find you:
the echo an accident of pressure.
Clouds an apparatus deep in the background—
the machine wore its teeth down years ago.

Do you think about the miracle of arrival,
how we can predict the future: a jagged flash
in the trees. This brief tear refutable—
yet children everywhere begin to count down.



3.

I turn the dial to deliver the animal—I gift all four directions.
Darkness squats and licks its paws, a dull awareness.
I wake myself screaming, ghosts at the foot of the bed.

I ask them to go, to leave me quiet; they're never on message.
The way the compass runs the clock out makes my throat fur.
When I press into you, the button goes deep.
A click of bones concede to place, hazy gleam of light
under water. Skin holds tight, finite riches clutch against
night's recovery. Did our mothers feel like this?
The crush of certainty, so full of something
they had to let go.



4.

When we ride the morning forward, the current of air
splits us like old bread, tight and incongruous,
body notches break away. This is what the future
promises now: distended gigabytes, unwieldy on every back.
Hard and fast, we rush forward, the shoreline a blur
of meated sheaths. Fear an overactive salivary gland;
and so we silence ourselves. I remember being promised
a happy ending by someone smarter—
I wonder if they noticed all the ponds' eyes are closing.



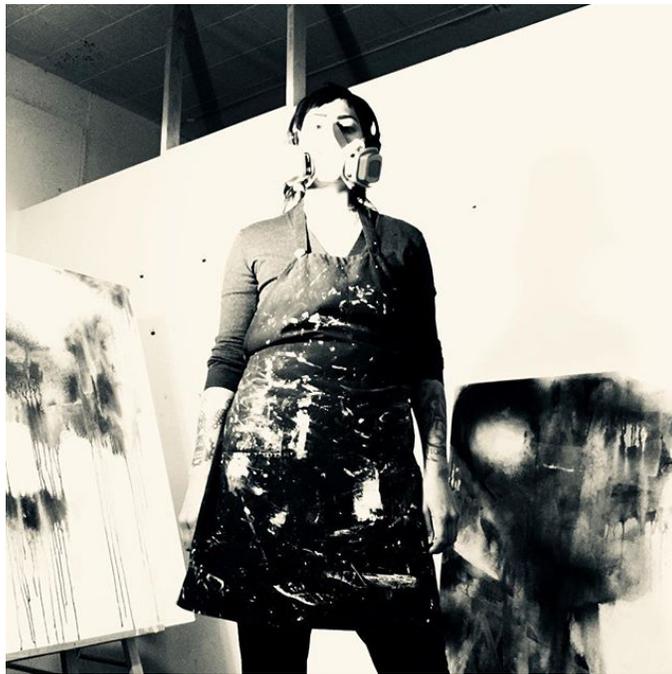
5.

Musk of nighttime a thick chirp in the air.
Through the window I watch machines lift arms in prayer—
the yolk of sun leaks yellow, blurring the target.
Things I give up ghost me; their percussion a sternal incantation,
replacement organ greedy to colonize.
I let go—
Please tell your friends I let go.
When I open my mouth, everything rushes in.
I'm afraid of drowning, so I make myself speak.

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN

a conversation with artist Noelle Barce about creative practice and her *Fugue Series*

introduction and interview by Coleman Stevenson



Noelle Barce

Noelle Suzanne Barce is a Portland-based visual artist who has been making art under the moniker Epochal Void for the past ten years. According to Barce, “the name Epochal Void comes from a dream. It is a relationship between time and space that does not identify with a particular gender, race, or socioeconomic class, and thus, may move freely, always in flux, constantly becoming.” Her work spans many genres — conceptual drawing, painting, fine art printmaking, mixed

media art, paper sculpture, lettering, and collage. Barce has indicated that her overall body of work explores concepts of impermanence, betweenness, and social & spiritual bondage. She describes her process of making art as “a gesture of freedom, of liberation from the constraint of measurement, definition and expectation.” Beginning in the fall of 2016, Barce has provided a variety of other artists space to explore their personal freedoms with her Trust Art Collective, an independent, artist-run organization that produces group exhibitions and creative gatherings.

She works both large and small. The works in this *Fugue Series* are all 6” x 8”, but other recent works have stretched as large as 96” x 48”, presenting the viewer with unknowable landscapes of color splashes and dimensional texture. Encountering one of these pieces is a bit like standing on the edge of a cliff. You fear you might fall in and you also want to jump. Somehow, there is the same greatness of spirit contained or expressed in the smallest works as in the largest. The vastness feels maybe even more present when it seems to be pressing against the sides of a confined space, desperate to break out, as in the pieces that comprise this series.

Tell us a little about the *Fugue Series*, its creation and themes.

Fugue is a series of conceptual drawings that explore the issue of constantly changing identities in the modern world. Rather, the ways in which our identities change in order to adapt to the consistent demands of the world. These pieces are dynamic, tangled, expressionistic — of my own feelings of anxiety about having to flip back and forth between modes of being. Acting and communicating one way, with certain people, in a certain environment — work, for example — and then immediately having to present myself in another way, in another place — home, the grocery store, social gatherings, art events. . . . The goal being survival, of course. That subtle, underlying threat of social failure, that when I really think about it, seems silly to worry about, but it’s there.



Fugue 1

What materials have you engaged for the *Fugue Series* and how do they inform your composition?

The media consists of acrylic ink, aquarelle (watercolor) pencil, and graphite. These three mediums are all capable of transcending their original forms, from completely opaque and solid, to sheer and light in coverage and texture. I've always been taken with drawing because of its narrative capabilities, and its *provisionality*. Drawings are known for being preparatory — as figure studies for painting, or blueprints for architecture, or storyboards for theater. I like open-endings, rhetorical questions — this is why I like art. The idea is to encourage, and perhaps celebrate the *question*. In the case of a drawing, one wonders *is it finished? Am I?*

Your recent work has a fascinating juxtaposition of features and forms. The pieces in the *Fugue Series* and other works have a geometric quality, but also an explosive freedom about them. What does this combination of opposites mean to you?

Each black-and-white drawing suggests a tension between opposites, in this case, the impulse to grow and change, versus the fixed, flatness of the plane on which it exists. Balance and structure (order) are achieved by adding sharp lines and geometric shapes. This also suggests the “grid,” the invisible network of electric lines that connect us with the rest of the world, but also isolates us. The combination of binary elements on the same plane achieve, for me, a more accurate representation of life with all its diversity and chaos.



Fugue 2

Can you tell me about the role chance plays in your creative process?

In the past it was easier to know when a piece was finished because it would look like how I imagined it. Everything was measured, lines were drawn, demarcating spaces, giving shape and dimension to forms. The meaning was contained in what was being portrayed, a setting, a figure, a plant or animal. With this work, meaning is communicated through gesture, material, color, space. A huge component of my work these days involves restraint, even *submission*. Instead of having to be in control of each mark, I let gravity create the form by tilting the surface and letting the ink run where it will, creating a more organic mark.

As a poet, this is all very interesting to me. It feels similar to the struggle to find meaningful external form for a poem. Sometimes there's freedom to be found in imposing a fixed form, a rigid structure on a poem. Then you get to play with more organic rhythms on top of that.

When I started studying art seriously, the first thing I learned was that it's easier to be creative within a structure, than without. In my experience, if a project is assigned to a class, and the expectations with regard to theme and objective are wide open, then no one really learns anything, do they? Gotta know the rules to break 'em.



Fugue 3



Fugue 4

Your work ranges so widely in terms of size. How do you know when a piece needs to be large rather than small?

Perhaps my work grows larger when my voice needs to be louder. I made the series *Controlled Bleed* during the 2016 election, the media's coverage of the police killings of black men, and the Women's March (which I was unable to attend). The largest in that series is a diptych, with two 3' x 4' (36" x 48") wood panels, meant to be hung vertically, 1" apart, called *Doublespeak*. *Fugue* is part of the same series, and they were shown together. In a way, *Fugue* is a series of actions, and *Doublespeak* is a more singular statement. Possibly about multiplicity and confusion. (And sometimes, it's just the materials I have on hand!) (*Doublespeak* is named for the song by Nico Muhly on *Filament*.)

Your early work as a printmaker and illustrator is extremely representational and detailed. That couldn't be more different than your current style. Do you think these two eras of your work speak to each other in any way?

I think I am trying to communicate the same things, but through abstraction I can speak directly to the viewer's center (Heart? Soul?), bypassing that part of the brain that "reads" images by making associations with existing forms, languages. When one communicates through narrative, all of the responsibility for the creation of meaning falls upon the artist. Perhaps it is an attempt to even the playing field, to encourage the viewer to use their imagination, or to respond authentically to what they are experiencing. I've been trying to resist didacticism ever since I realized that might be what I was presenting through illustration. Hours and hours, days and days of drawing plants, animals, people — this teaches you how to focus, how to look and take into account the details that give life to renderings. It is possible to develop this skill until you are able to draw from life, from memory, with ease and a higher rate of success — success being measured by one's ability to communicate clearly one's intentions. I still work like a printmaker, in layers. But I am not the type to work on one piece for days and days. I work in series, adding a single layer or color to multiple panels, then assess, and add the next layer. So I make a lot of

art, most of which will never be shown, but never be thrown away. This is important. I feel, in a sense, like a collector — of color, texture, pattern, all provisional materials for future compositions.

Makes sense, too, that if you are abstracting you must already know well the exactness of the thing that is to be abstracted. I am a firm believer in learning rules well before breaking them in writing as well. Dismissing the use of fixed form without understanding its value makes for weaker free verse poetry, or often poetry that is all narrative and no music.

Right! That goes back to what I've said about how much figure drawing informs my current practice. That's why many — dare I say, most — prolific abstract artists have some measure of skill when it comes to traditional drawing.

In a recent artist talk, you discussed how changes in your physical abilities changed the aesthetic and, ultimately, thematic content of your work. Could you tell me more about that?

There are some people who must constantly create in order to feel happy and fulfilled. When I'm not in the middle of multiple projects, I feel idle. A few years ago I was studying printmaking at Portland State University, managing a gallery, and doing regular exhibitions. Because of my penchant for procrastination, I found myself preparing and printing an entire edition of etchings for a final project. Additionally, the gallery I was managing was striking an installation that required painting the gallery walls from black back to white. I spent a couple of hours painting baseboards, then went to my studio to prime some panels for a mural project, and rode my bike home. The next morning (which happened to be my birthday) I woke up paralyzed by pain from back spasms.

This was the great turning point for me. I experienced a series of overuse injuries to my back, wrists and hands, and could not draw, write, or sit for extended periods. The irony of knowing that because of my dedication and enthusiasm for my craft, I was no longer able to participate in it, was unbearable. So I was faced with a choice, like we so often are. It seemed that my only real option was to change my perspective on what I was doing, and ultimately change how I made art.

Often we get stuck in our own routines, making work the same way, with the same expectations. It is crucial to be open to change, because anything can happen. I've seen countless creatives give up on art because they had to move out of their studios, or no longer had access to materials, or never sold anything. The ability to adapt is crucial because the world is constantly changing around us. This may be why I still use the name Epochal Void — that sense of detachment has really helped me, conceptually, with that big change.

You mention procrastination. It seems there is a certain magic in that for many artists. Does it provide you with needed pressure to finish? Does it force you to be more spontaneous? Why procrastinate?

While it does add a layer of unnecessary pressure, it's how I've worked for a long time. Perhaps this comes from a compulsion-toward (and exhaustion-from) process-intensive projects. Or perhaps having less time to prepare, keeps me from overthinking everything and doubting myself. I do try, sometimes, to plan way ahead, months ahead, a year. I always end up changing my tune a couple of weeks out, so I may as well do it when I feel it most.



Fugue 5



Fugue 6

ē · rā/ tiō

Erica Bernheim is the author of the full-length poetry collection, *The Mimic Sea*, and of a chapbook, *Between the Room and the City*. She is currently Associate Professor of English at Florida Southern College, where she directs the creative writing program. Her writing has recently appeared or is forthcoming in *Denver Quarterly*, *DIAGRAM*, *The Missouri Review*, *Hobart*, and *Burnside Review*.

Hugh Behm-Steinberg the author of *Shy Green Fields* (No Tell Books) and *The Opposite of Work* (JackLeg Press), as well as three Dusie chapbooks, *Sorcery*, *Good Morning!* and *The Sound of Music*. He is a steward in the Adjunct Faculty Union at California College of the Arts in San Francisco, where for ten years he edited the journal *Eleven Eleven*.

Parker Tettleton is a vegan Leo living in Oxford, Mississippi. He is the author of *Please Quiet* (Ravenna Press, forthcoming 2018), *Ours Mine Yours* (Pitymilk Press, 2014), *Greens* (Thunderclap Press, 2012), & *Same Opposite* (Thunderclap Press, 2010). Parker Tettleton is online at <http://parker-augustlight.blogspot.com>.

Miriam Borgstrom has recent work in *Cosmonauts Avenue*. Her chapbook, *With Missing Limb*, is forthcoming from Dancing Girl Press. She lives in Southern Nevada without a pet or a trampoline.

Oz Hardwick is a writer, photographer, music journalist, and occasional musician, based in York (UK). His work has been published and performed internationally in and on diverse media: books, journals, record covers, programmes, fabric, with music, with film, and with nothing but a slightly nervous voice. He has published six poetry collections, most recently *The House of Ghosts and Mirrors* (ValleyPress, 2017). Oz is also Professor of English at Leeds Trinity University. Oz Hardwick is online at ozhardwick.co.uk.

Mark DuCharme is the author of *The Unfinished: Books I-VI* (2013), among many other volumes of poetry. Most recently, *Counter Fluencies 1-20* was published in the print journal *The Lune* (2017), and *We, the Monstrous: Script for an Unrealizable Film* is soon to appear from The Operating System. His poetry is recent or forthcoming in *Caliban Online*, *Colorado Review*, *Dispatches from the Poetry Wars*, *Futures Trading*, *Monday Night*, *Otoliths* and *Word For/Word*. He lives in Boulder, Colorado.

Marty Cain is the author of the book *Kids of the Black Hole* (Trembling Pillow Press, 2017). His creative and critical work appears in *Fence*, *Jacket2*, *Action Yes*, *Tarpaulin Sky* and elsewhere. He holds an MFA from the University of Mississippi and currently is pursuing a PhD at Cornell where he studies rural poetry communities. In Ithaca, NY, he co-edits Garden-Door Press and helps organize the Party Fawn Reading Series.

Erik Fuhrer holds an MFA from the University of Notre Dame. His work has appeared in *BlazeVox*, *Dream Pop Press*, *Crab Fat Magazine*, *Noble/Gas Qrtrly*, and various other venues. He currently lives in Indiana with his wife.

C.R.E. (Chris) Wells is an artist living in central Ohio. Flaming Gible Press published his debut novel, *White Kitty*, in 2009. His short novella, *To Acknowledge Distance*, appeared in North Dakota Quarterly in 2018. His work has also appeared in *Otoliths*, *Timglaset*, *Big Bridge* and elsewhere.

Barnaby Smith is a poet, journalist and musician currently living on Bundjalung land in Australia. His poetry has appeared in *Cordite*, *Southerly*, *FourW*, *Best Australian Poems*, *Australian Poetry Anthology*, *Meniscus*, *Transnational Literature* and others. His arts and music criticism has appeared in or at *Rolling Stone*, *the Guardian*, *Australian Book Review*, *The Quietus* and others. He won the 2018 Scarlett Award for arts criticism. Barnaby Smith is online at seededelsewhere.com.

Jonathan Riccio is a PhD candidate at the University of Southern Mississippi's Center for Writers where he serves as an associate editor at *Mississippi Review*. His work appears in print or online at *Booth*, *The Cincinnati Review*, *Hawai'i Review*, *Permafrost*, *Switchback* and *Waxwing*, among others. He received his MFA from the University of Arizona.

Wilna Panagos lives in Pretoria, South Africa. Long ago she wrote and illustrated a few children's books and more recently something which may be described as a nouvelle vague transmogrification of *The Divine Comedy*, a postmodern experimental polyphonic florilegious pastiche. Her Facebook alter ego is [facebook.com/mariahelenahavisham](https://www.facebook.com/mariahelenahavisham).

Michael Mc Aloran was Belfast born (1976). He is the author of a number of collections of poetry, prose poetry, poetic aphorisms and prose including *Attributes* (Desperanto, NY, 2011), *The Non Herein* and *Of Dead Silences* (Lapwing Publications, 2011/ 2013), *Of the Nothing Of*, *The Zero Eye*, *The Bled Sun* and *In Damage Seasons* (Oneiros Books, UK, 2013/ 14); *Code #4 Texts*, a collaboration with Aad de Gids, was also published in 2014 by Oneiros. He was also the editor/creator of the *Bone Orchard Poetry* zine and edited for Oneiros Books (U.K 2013/ 2014). Two further collections, *Un-Sight/Un-Sound (delirium X.)* and *The Banality of Else* were both published by gnOme books (NY, 2014). *EchoNone* was also released in 2015 by Oneiros Books. Black Editions Press also released *Untitled #2* and *[unspoken]* in 2016, and *longshadowfall* was published by Editions du Cygne, FR, in 2017. *Catascope* was also published by Editions du Cygne early in 2018 and two further projects, *the black vault* and *all null having* are now published by VoidFront Press. *nowhereon* is also to be published by VoidFront. Michael Mc Aloran is online at <https://againstthedarkdistance.wordpress.com>.

Jude Cowan Montague worked for Reuters Television Archive for ten years. Her album *The Leidenfrost Effect* (Folkwit Records, 2015) reimagines quirky stories from the Reuters *Life!* feed. She produces The News Agents on Resonance 104.4 FM. Her most recent book is *The Originals* (Hesterglock Press, 2017).

Francesco Aprile (Lecce, Italy) is a freelance journalist, poet, visual-poet, and essayist. In 2010 he became a member of the literary movement called New Page-Narrativa that was founded in 2009 by Francesco Saverio Dòdaro; he has worked as a press agent and secretary, editing exhibition and critical works of the authors belonging to this movement. Since march 2013 the core of this movement has been at two voices: F. S. Dòdaro-F. Aprile, but currently he is the director of New Page (since august 2016). In April 2011 he founded the group of artistic research Contrabbando Poetico, subscribing the first manifesto. He is the co-founder of Unconventional Press (2012, with Cristiano Caggiula) and the magazine of experimental languages www.utsanga.it (2014, with Cristiano Caggiula). He is the author of code poetry/poetic algorithm (since 2010), asemic cinema/asemic film (since february 2016), visual poetries, asemic writing, glitch and literary glitch, asemic-glitch writing, theory about informatic poiesis and informatic punctuation, theory about latency in literature, writing error, and abc asemic book. Since 2016 he is included in ADA-Archive of digital art (Danube University, Krems).

Jasper Brinton lives in a restored country schoolhouse near Phoenixville, Pennsylvania. Born in Alexandria, Egypt, he was educated in the Middle East, Scotland and the United States. Over the years a passion for wood and word led to a career in design and architecture, with stints in printing, and network television. His poetry has appeared in *Eccolinguistics*, *On Barcelona*, *Truck*, *SprunPoems*, *BlazeVox*, *Zarf* and in *E-ratio 21*.

Timothy Robbins teaches ESL. He has a B.A. in French and an M.A. in Applied Linguistics. He has been a regular contributor to *Hanging Loose* since 1978. His poems have appeared in *Three New Poets*, *Slant*, *Main Street Rag*, *Adelaide Literary Magazine* and *Off The Coast*. His collection *Denny's Arbor Vitae* was published in 2017. He lives with his husband of twenty years in Kenosha, Wisconsin, birthplace of Orson Welles.

Eileen R. Tabios loves books and has released over 50 collections of poetry, fiction, essays, and experimental biographies from publishers in nine countries and cyberspace. Her 2018 poetry collections include *HIRAETH: Tercets From the Last Archipelago*, *MURDER DEATH RESURRECTION: A Poetry Generator*, the bilingual edition (English/Spanish) of *One, Two, Three: Selected Hay(na)ku Poems* and *TANKA: Vol. 1*. She is the inventor of the poetry form “hay(na)ku” whose 15-year anniversary in 2018 will be celebrated in the United States with exhibitions and readings at the San Francisco Public Library and Saint Helena Public Library. Translated into eight languages, she also has edited, co-edited or conceptualized 15 anthologies of poetry, fiction and essays as well as served as editor or guest editor for various literary journals. Her writing and editing works have received recognition through awards, grants and residencies. Eileen R. Tabios is online at <http://eileenrtabios.com>.

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) and *The Best of the Best Canadian Poetry in English* (Tightrope, 2017).

Rich Murphy's poetry collections have won two national book awards: Gival Press Poetry Prize 2008 for *Voyeur* and in 2013 the Press Americana Poetry Prize for *Americana*. *Asylum Seeker* is the third in a trilogy out now (2018). The first collection in the trilogy was *Americana*. *Body Politic*, the second, was published by Prolific Press in January 2017. Murphy's first book *The Apple in the Monkey Tree* was published in 2007 by Codhill Press. Chapbooks include *Great Grandfather* (Pudding House Press), *Family Secret* (Finishing Line Press), *Hunting and Pecking* (Ahadada Books), *Phoems for Mobile Vices* (BlazeVox) and *Paideia* (Aldrich Press). Rich Murphy is online at <http://www.richinkworkshop.com/>.

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.

Sarah Bartlett lives in Seattle, WA. Her poetry collection, *Sometimes We Walk With Our Nails Out*, was released in 2016 by Subito Press. She is the author of two chapbooks, *My Only Living Relative*, published by Phantom Books in 2015, and *Freud Blah Blah Blah*, published by Rye House Press in 2014. Recent work has appeared in *Poetry Daily*, *PEN American Poetry Series*, *Boog City*, *Alice Blue*, *Powder Keg*, and elsewhere.

<https://www.spdbooks.org/Products/9780990661238/sometimes-we-walk-with-our-nails-out.aspx>

Barret Thomson lives in Portland, OR. He has a B.F.A. in Fine Art from UNLV. Professionally, his work focuses on visual development for the entertainment industry. Whether it's Concept Art for animation productions, to Style Development for both the virtual and physical experiences, he loves collaborating. Just as important to him is his personal work, which is inspired by the insights and experiences gained through travel. Barret Thomson is online at BarretThomsonDesign.com.

E·ratio Editions

#24. *The White Album* by Adam Fieled. Poetry. In the year of the 50th anniversary of The Beatles' legendary "white album," the legendary Adam Fieled remixes and remasters the entire 30-song set as only he can. From "Julia": "She knows / what this means: they're placing bets about who / she calls or doesn't. She feels herself infinitely / rich in this, and buzzes around, redheaded brat / lost in the miasma of newly acquired wealth, / that could go anywhere, do anything."

#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

