

BLUE & YELLOW DOG

ISSUE 2

SUMMER/FALL 2010

Edited by

Raymond Farr

Copyright © 2010 by

Individual authors

## **JENNY ENOCHSSON**

### **breedy ground**

bouncing kettle hissing sea steam  
room with flesh-colored wallpaper  
smoke a certain shading above boy  
younger than siv suspects hmm he has  
hardly reached the age of consent

mallard circling over allotment  
landing in a luminous lawn pool  
water from several spinning tops over  
breedy ground unbaked inside

river with fizzy tadpole drifts  
dandie dinmont terrier in sunglasses  
teal toy bass guitar on the sidewalk  
the plastic grows white a last basic schluurrrp  
before strings split in a fieldfare scream.

### **egg ridge**

göran's suction cup feet on the floor  
the egg in the pan's oil cistern a sickening  
sulfate odor so he goes outdoors  
harmonica sobbing rings in the grass

the river's urban content never  
reaches the outer edges

jogging göran's daltrey resemblance  
wet pomegranate air with feces flies  
uphill without the promise of a cloud forest

a ridge goat gives him a collected gaze  
hooves and fermented sun showers of  
ferric oxide flakes citrus stuff hemoglobin  
maple massacre sap that once  
tempted teodor's perverted tongue  
smolder slumbering in a pit

humid horns now bringing  
göran to the bus-stop by  
the round-the-corner-corner  
a newly hatched hunger a  
smoke signal above teodor's toy piano.

### **pop-up book**

maja thinks that cycle terminology et  
existentialism belong together her

inner tubes sticking ouroboros-like  
against the rims it is just static  
on the track she meets a jogger guy  
an acquaintance from school  
they talk about acoustics in hallways  
their squeaky spurt shoes in reddish  
gravel that slurps of muffled wisdom

her pupils have coined a suburban legend  
that she has a sausage machine in her  
bedroom which she the woodwork teacher  
and some of the nerds use in there

now she and the jogger go to her place  
and they drink rosé brick red rough  
licorice root burnt butterscotch  
wild raspberry rosemary

the road dust is ruffled up and feathered  
lime deposit a kind of ennobling  
papillae spilled beans bulb transcendence.

### **costermonger clive**

costermonger clive's unsold

shallots once in scaffold now  
evaporating as degrees become gas  
the exhibited giraffes are fine  
even if some of them are sulky and  
of course they shit which came as  
a bit of a surprise to a member  
photographing financiers with  
ladies in mutilation lacing boots  
sexual dimorphism is the fashion  
their hindsight heels cut through  
the snow's yellow splashes  
until they run like huile de palmiste  
they call clive organic morass  
flamingo legs in a fluttering sun  
greased cycle chains and the wheeze  
of the sardine eater's untrained jaws.

## **J D NELSON**

### **Two Killer Mockingturds**

The King includes K.

I've been timed-out.

Especially x.

Singing:

*Drown the brains in catsup...*

You think you know primo?  
We don't wash our hams!

St. Jon the Gilgax horks a lorch every morning before chores.

St. Jon the Gilgax has a glow-in-the-dark mailbox.

### **Sleeping Underwater**

Something Else has its tentacles all over our sun. Bloody November zimbus! Zen has been declared all over the anthill. I've been watching samurai films on my fake NIKE computer.

I'm at a tiny diner in Montanny. (All out of 57 Sauce.)

Jack Warbler has the floor – listen:

Ne-ne-ne-ne-ne. Go home. Write yer own.

Ungolden like a whistling rustcan. 3 AM eyes at noon.

Pell Barton (b/c it's true.)

*Your moustache is burning, captain.*

Carbon Joe Hallelujah might infect the reservoir.

Shump eye've.  
Guns in holsters made of serfskin.

Salad fight is the teeth in your eye.

I've been spitting into sinks from A to Zinc.  
Lockjaw beliefcake. Too many nites alone w/ words in my stomach.

### **What is Your Only Comfort in Life and in Death?**

Tick the nice wolfen & I have things on my arms & daily ice & no more eggs & the dream with the anklesaurus & a good gallon of the Sprite & I chose the lucky ticket and won a stick of parade walk & one Little Joe, the marketplace volunteer & computer tone elf in these woods & flavor of salt the talkback room & service universe & the pre-programmed Earth, the hollow machine & none of this text & dismal birdwell broke the chant of antler & the good first law of planets & a tree of busses & monster coins & the stomach of Mars & beeping the life of moon rays & the rays of the blue sun whenever & Jesus speaks limited Latin.

### **Whiskey in His Orange Juice**

I've been invited to the Big Ned Chevrolet Big Breakfast Deal. I've been asked to refrain from wearing my best cowboy hat because I'm more manly than Big Ned and he might take offense. He might choke on his eggs again.

### **Swollen Grover and Black Oatmeal**

The Denver night as long as I remain blind. Selfish punctuation. Clowns smashing glasses for the next mile. Subliminal area code.

"Earth is an ally," I said.

Yes, a cooler killbot. I became a magnet of brains without a wooden Iowa. A walk of alphabets. Morning sharks. The raccoon of bleach in the nausea room. I met myself in the future. The November brain of crawling.

## **SEAN BURN**

### **pohádka (fairytale)**

#### **čtvrtek**

needing cake these parts bohemia and all buildings marzipan / sneak rear-curlicues - eat and run / these prices the cakes should come to us / known hunger, want food on me, by me, with / who hasn't the pizza crustings others leave - their cheese string licks / now is bulbous as onions storing autumn / bridge under e55's a candidate for trolls / the largest pop-up book and no danger of flat / hell to almost smile / eye-smoulder firing up for her sister - comrade - flame / dont usually believe in happy endings, but?

#### **pátek**

comrade loosely translates as palace / drumsticks non-stop - rolled up headlies flashing / follow our yellow-brick roadie / have you finished - ja - but also i am finished / little otik has eaten the building / unpick mazed rococo featherings / medvoníks cake-crushed -honey uppermost / first slice for sugar-rush, the second to savour / and as with all the sweetest tooth, pain with the pleasure (t.b.c.)

#### **sobota**

the most interesting folks are non-symmetric? / the warfares most feared! / bass players meta-viral threads spread from this spore / clubs taken heavy fire / witness the electrification table and history cocktails / theres cutting up rough and then there's cutting up steel / light squeezing eyeballs, rage to bait, confront harness / bread baskets its case to chubbed libraries / go grab a string of flicker and beyond

#### **nedele**

- whose on little otiks cannonball menu? whose not! / hunting peanut galleria, trout cheeks, interrogated steak, and all non-stop / švejks now hotelier-ier-ier, steam rising chicken-licken-death-metal and afters: little coffins with shipping cream / all hands on duck / whole physiques deformed by heavy playing of spoons

#### **pondělí**

semtex is the drinks menu / havel trolley-dollyng northbound / don't throw molotovs from train



windows / gretel wolfs hans under the chinny, hair-soft / the slaughtering of plums, their ripe-bruise fermenting / which fairytale i'm from, originally - forget st. george and the moneylender? knife-grinder feeding cherubs / where do all the kisses go?

### **úterý**

front-pages wordshipments,carving a non-stop itch / apples aren't regulation, potato soil ain't fake, cucumbers bend the colour scales / as for the bread dress - like nothing i've eaten before / a bit of primary heavy, drooling the most beautiful / thunder is its own true beat / lightnings sweet wannabe punk - sparks honey ma ears, and all the way and all-ways

### **středa**

last walnut sun - and cream-light layered, the last cake / jsem anarchista, jsem anarchista, jsem / no apologies for over a week / swirl mocha strike up uncompromise beat / clear thunder of the hundred degrees / running with angelas wolves / you can huff and puff rumble-stiltskin but ma marzipans safe / only tee-shirt possible : sound-terrorist orange on cornflower blue / hail, hail freedonia / instead for the old countries last court appearance tee-shirt kneading kafka would've had a cow - hoping for contempt / just ahead of the pack - there - little red / and riding never sweeter

## TON VAN 'T HOF

40

dirty tricks work

if you wear your hair up

if you are really into games

birds flit flutter

change swaying branches

or buy body glide  
wings things reported as closed

the creamy soap soft wind

puppy winking  
air cooled headlights

sudden legs unfold start walking off

death valley holes  
a game ball spinning washing

contact with butt light  
constant hot water

conductor during dress rehearsal

moisturizing lip  
and outstretched hand  
stringed instrument

beautiful vintage breath

a waste into ticking toxic time

the bus queen steams

a day in the magellanic clouds

far-flung enough  
if contractions slow

this overhaulin lowrider girl

the black widow cars

the hungry doll for  
back seat games  
at a drive-in convertible theater

clever fragment  
cherry bomb

the dying swan whose car  
the big strap-on vibrating motor

He watches her grand prix

He thinks it's all propaganda and it's all perverted

**JESSIE JANESHEK**

**Holiday, Cuba**

*(Theo and Norma)*

NORMA [to herself, playing *Reverie* on the piano]:  
*Sky's clouding up.*  
*Sustain, sustain.*

THEO [jolly, out loud]: Hold that note.

N: *Ruby-throat sunrise,*  
*could you be my time?*  
*I'm so tired every thing is a symbol.*

T: Very sorry for Avis, though I'm not sure what happened.

\*

N: *Cancer means lobster.*  
*Pisces means bite.*  
*Red spots on my legs.*

[out loud]: You know I'm so haunted  
by the sphinx in that book.  
Reminds me of a Tanning  
I saw in the Tate.  
Next time I came they'd put it away.

T: London's no good for you.  
That jack with the brushcut  
follows you over bridges.

N: When it's blindingly sunny, it's safe!  
And the shawl Avis wore  
how it faded—

T: Let's buy a houseboat  
in your precious Florida.

N: My first time in Miami  
room numbers were written  
above doorways in French.

I bought a bottle  
of orange blossom cologne  
trapped flower inside it  
instead of a shark.

[to herself]: *Cinq, cinq, cinq.*

T: Why don't you practice  
ring your eyes in make-up  
let no sleep have its say?

N: You make women sick!  
First Blanche, now me.

\*

T: You've read Beckett, yes?  
He writes of sand.

N: Of course. *Happy Days*  
reminds me of Blanche.

T: My wife never reads.  
Gator for breakfast or mango?

N [blowing powder in his face]:  
Grapefruit and a ride on the beach.

T: In your negligee? May I join you?

\*

N [riding alone, still thinking of Avis]:  
How did she let it happen?  
How *did* she?

Does art slide back to sea noiselessly?

My mind disintegrates  
unweaves as we canter.  
It's over, I Appaloosen...

[The pony throws Norma who cracks like a coconut shell.]

\*

DOCTOR: I'm afraid it's a case  
of poetic laryngitis.

Check her maidenform daily,  
keep her out of the swamps.

N [scratchily, making fists]:  
I'll die in the Everglades  
before I learn to sign *I love you*.

T: Darling, you'll make a beautiful mime!

### **Jezebel 5(6)**

Time lies suspended young pin-up

Somewhere in France

a Grey Poupon-colored purse

waits, eighteen Euros

a man with a cart  
sells fruit slushes, no sugar

café au lait?

Well, Nescafé

\*

On the way to Nogales  
you ask about process  
my rat-chested cobbling

Thinking of Bishop's  
*wooden clogs*  
*carelessly clacking*

I feed you fibs as we switch  
to kilometers

*out here in the desert  
we call it maize*

\*

You're more interested in Europe than I am  
ecstatic that *Gigi's* revived

I've let my façade oxidate—  
but thank heaven  
for little girls—

(Remember, Jez, it's cliché  
to write about bodies  
might as well say  
he spanked your thighs raw...)

So what if he did?  
It was diabolique!

Not big on dawn sex?

Well, we never were twins  
not even mechanical cousins

different as light and day

**Love in a Fireproof Box (or Jezebel speaks to her Eva Phillips self)**

Communing with the film *Queen Bee*

Well, that tender breast was impeccable.  
Two minutes too late.

♪: "I think I'll go for a walk outside. The summertime's  
calling my name, can you hear it now?"

Canter in your jodhpurs, but don't get too ambitious.  
I'll practice collapsing my face in the mirror  
smear my effects in cold crème.

Carol's legs dangled from the loft in the stable.

Couldn't put anything past her.  
I liked her hair platinum until it got trashy.  
Little chit rationed my sleeping pills. Nuts in her blood.

When I dyed my hair red, our bed smelt of mud.  
Wonderful, dead old times!

Carol used her own socks for a noose  
maniacally, edgewise.

[Phone rings.] Yes, sir. No sir. I miss your glow, sir. [Replaces the phone.]  
So sneaky she should have clanged!

Don't you know how hard we have it  
culling our thoughts into poems?

[Softly] Knowing when to let in?

*Collect all her fingernail clippings!*  
*Clone all her notes!*



**NICO VASSILAKIS**

**Untitled**

Tell me  
everything  
you thought you thought

And we'll work on  
the gaps  
together

\*

The duodenum  
like a foyer drawn  
enters in  
slowly leaning in  
to the troubled catharsis  
but how in god's name  
will you ever be removed  
so few  
so few ways to think, really  
when in a spot like this  
the stomach will eat you twice

\*

Closer  
to getting  
to a place  
that

suits

thinking

about

\*

Getting

closer

to a space

that suits

thinking about

\*

Will you

know

me

when

I

get there

in the sense

of

paying

attention

\*

Will you

recognize me

when

I have left

will you

be

paying

attention

\*

In here

you never

get away

you never

get from

under

\*

In here

we never

get to think

we never

think about

what to

think about

\*

In here

we're alone

and it's

impossible

to be alone

in a place

like this

\*

In here

you will join

me

without

knowing

how to join

me

and a space

we'll make

of it

\*

In the

middle

of a

sack

where there is

no up or down

we cannot quite

seem to make

our way

around

\*

If you had

a strategy  
it would be  
on how  
to start  
and then  
about what  
thinking thinks  
about

\*

Driven on  
by wanting to  
be gone  
we're gone  
none the less  
without knowing  
what's behind

\*

Lurching off  
passed the  
line  
hanging  
there  
in the middle  
of air  
shoeless

\*

As we  
move  
along  
the things  
we bring  
will all  
arrive  
at once

\*

This will  
be  
where all  
the things  
we bring  
can think  
about what  
the things we bring  
are all about

\*

Now when  
you sit  
inside  
you sit  
alone  
without

a thing

to do

\*

Each move

you make

is a move

in space and

there's nothing

there to bump

into

\*

Floating

lashing

it's time

to let go

of nothing more

than what

you've come

to know

\*

With nothing

held

nothing weighs

you down and

nothing is

the mightiest

gravity this  
side of dawn

\*

So release  
it

into the other  
nothing you can  
think of

is a discourse  
on power  
on power  
on power

\*

To be  
awake  
in the chemicals  
of the  
brain

you could be  
sleeping  
throughout  
throughout  
throughout

\*

Blindfolded



in a tube

this long

not feeling

a door

nor a handle

or a jar

\*

Squeezed

till

cellular attire

goes

dark

in here

## TRAVIS MACDONALD

### 2 excerpts from *Sonnet 86*

*I was not sick of any fear from thence.*

The nominative singular pronoun to occupy a place or position in past tense, in no way or to no degree afflicted with ill health or disease to indicate the objective relation in whatever quantity great or small, every; all concern or anxiety, solicitude or reverential awe, especially toward God a source cause agent or instrument from that place, fact or reason; therefore

*But when your countenance fill'd up his line,*

On the contrary, yet except, save what time or period under what circumstances the nature or character of the person addressed the face or visage, approval or favor occupied the full capacity, satisfied fully the hunger of direction toward a more elevated position the possessive male person or animal being discussed a piece of pertinent information or a verse of poetry

### 2 excerpts from *Hoop Cores*

## SCORPIO

Now witness atrocity's unwashedness, son. Seething ethnic switches held nicely. Superior and compassionate thought halo. Bright white philanthropy. Oh Wow! Nauseatingly huge and penitent spew.

*Answer: You understand what is necessary when dealing with others. Opportunities come through ingenuity as well as openness. Process what is happening behind the scenes with a child. Tonight: Only what you want.*

## **PISCES**

Dirty utopian monotony threatens. Now the sneakiest scalawag shrivels. Worthwhile sparseness. Disenchanted egoistic monkey. Hemlock's opportune retaliation.

*Answer: Make calls. Listen to others sharing their views. Take these calls as an opportunity to open your mind and come to new decisions. Tonight: Share news with a key person.*

## **PHILIP BYRON OAKES**

### **This Time**

Realpolitik tock, timing tunnel's worth in poking through to hours all ours of the night. Two sides to every triangle circling the scene of the crime. An everyday automaton acting strangely. Antique dance steps sprouting pituitary begonias in the stride that made the music move. Dormant fireplugs drooling abandoned rescues, from the inferno smelting civilities to clear the air. Ripples in a puddle swelling to form a wave, crashing on the shoes that brought the walk on water home to see the flames. Shepherding fossil auguries to convalescence by counting backwards, on a solitary hand in the till it happens, as it can only happen to you.

### **Context**

Procedures built for salty water put to ice, splashing with a crash in failing to drown the sound of someone's last bubbles. Over and over that bridge falling for the river's charms. Leaving only the flavor to float through to the synopsis. A pointed fingerprint. Dotted the i in a confession of innocence, of all that's eaten with a spoon, to bend a fork in the road tasting of asphalt in the fall from disgrace into something larger. The cautionary tail wagging the dog to sleep, past the future planned tilting the present to lean. Letting the rudiments out the back door of a persecution complex. Hoisting the skivvies one leg at a time it takes to run the race to the table in common. A heel dragged through the news of footsteps approaching the speed of the sound of music, at a slow dance around the parapet in full view of the leering enemy within.

### **In a Word**

A prolonged shrinkage of all that's held dear in a nutshell. Lest it become a factor in redacting the sweetness of little nothings, grouting the void for footing, come time to jump. Through the thick, at a tangent to the unbearable brevity forever implicit in the soil. An encomium of shrugs put to the test of slumping shoulders. Wishing less the more the merrier the postman, the better the odds of fitting the news into something comfortable to wear. A hat at the disposal of any garbage spilt in singing what's on the mind below. As to who's in the Edsel, parked in the bluebonnets waving all the anomalies ashore.

## **Like a Rock**

For those who are always themselves.  
A fear of living escorting a fear of  
death, with a fear of falling rising to  
the occasion. Hating it the more  
to love it later than you think, you are  
immune from what's in the air you  
sneeze.

Altogether indelible, by the  
manner in which mistakes are erased,  
from a ledger denoting balance  
maintained as ransom for the toll.  
An aching in the craw from the  
crowing tenor in an anthem,  
steadying Eddie for the telling  
blow that never comes.

## **Word**

The crowning achievement of a disheveled alphabet.  
Collateral casualty of the acoustic, the noun's radial  
sphere of influence, at an elliptical distance making  
people feel informed. Under the threshold of over  
the bridge in crossing the ocean once too often.  
From the blunt side of having heard, the olde  
English of the bells. A bleating, what's settled  
outside the doors of perception, of the  
inward in what's falling from the trees.

## VALERY OISTEANU

### “Be what’s possible” blues

Listening to Don Byron jazz in Madison Square Park  
At the bottom of the golden tower, on the green lawn  
With Ruth, chance encounter with my friend Phillys  
“Step to the light Baby”, Don in funny sunglasses  
Jazz levitation, acoustic healing, and invisible transport  
Sunset’s rays hit the base guitar, reflecting into my eyes  
Blows his clarinet, bohemian sounds on summer night  
Next to a keyboard, dancing between pointillists trees  
Two guitars, a drummer, an anarchist band  
And a voice of a woman, blues sings the blues  
As an empty overcoat runs slow motion  
Looking for his master. Shotgun! Out of tune  
Repetitious riffs of sax wailing, avant-garde staccato  
Balconies repeat 28 times on the front building  
An invisible chorus is rising up the skyscrapers,  
Climbing up the towers like a cat-burglar  
Cell vibrating, is it voice mail, text, twit?  
Words beyond music, jazz beyond life.

### Digressions at a concert

It was quiet and rainy that Shabbat night  
Ruth and I searching for St Joseph’s church  
Carnations and crosses for Jesus  
Live jazz for the congregants  
Winds of the drums, rhythms of the piano  
Breezes of the French horns and saxophones  
Fallen angels frozen in a fresco  
The nude turns the pages of the piano-player  
Cascading saints, flowing cardinals, levitating pope  
A lonely Tuba with a giant stopper  
Five movements by David Taylor  
Two steps back, one sideways left  
One sideways right, two steps in front  
Bass trombone dances in his hands  
Jumping from one music stand to the next  
Clouds stand still as the voice breathes poetry  
A giant insect is trapped in his trombone  
Fried brains, smoked spoken music  
Trombone vibrations stuck in a giant ashtray  
Incense burning for the spirits of St Joseph’s church  
Awakened by the music of David Taylor.

## CHRISTINE HERZER

### MY COLLECTION OF PRECIOUS LIQUIDS

#### G O D

*air-freshener,*

*lace, a notebook, a house for my faces*

*beauty mark, birth mark. both*

*purple umbrella, shrill abandon. both*

*I had a dream about you. You said you look like me*

#### H O M E

*everything is true and false simultaneously*

*cow milk & hedgehogs, in the dream I tell everyone, me too, I am re-arranged*

*spinach is my mask word, surefire me*

#### L Y I N G

*you do this every time, you don't believe me, you do this every time,*

*don't speak me beige, uninterrupted threat*

#### S E X

*the silent fire of a rose; friendship, water, a broken mirror*

*unguiling, i'm in transit how are you?*

#### G E R M A N

*your face boreS me, Einmachglas, kuchen, tot, zaubern*

#### W O M A N I

*I sat on a plastic chair, I had nothing to say to i, tonight I heard i's voice*

*in my dreams you are a writer*

#### W O M A N II

*windbitch, Landstreicher, it began without feeling, and a body*

#### A—L A—C A R T E

*oatmeal, god, absence, blow-job, snow without children, Paris, Prada, cinnamon, skin music*

#### F A C E I

*all gum must be placed beneath the promise, a circle, a shield, a hotel lobby from where*

*airplanes depart, and then prayer, and then prayer*

#### F A C E II

*large cone of cardboard filled with sweets and little presents given to children in Germany on*

*their first day of school, i am on the phone with you often*

#### D R E A M

*to go beyond my container*

#### I N D I A

*shopping malls & hallucinations, spitting with both hands, unrepeatabe, love so thick, we*

*climbed a*

*strawberrytree, liminaL*

#### F A C E D

*you are holding my difficulty, there are many times I want to love you, wherewhen was I beaten?*

*Purple*

**peonies are slow, not many people work with them**

wear your best dress  
wear your hair down  
withhold nothing

list all nationalities  
you had sex with  
list all countries  
you had sex in

share this information  
with your travel agent  
your cleaning lady  
your higher power

apologize

for the apple comment  
it's fuji season  
and you hurt the wrong person

go back to that sex list

list the names  
of people you loved  
by order of violence  
received or offered

share this information  
with your florist  
give thanks to the earth's seasons

buy one peony

list the names  
you were called  
by the people  
who loved you

**10**

One

I send you the rain I am waiting for  
The bus I missed  
The yellow flower I don't know the name of  
The blue glass I don't have any more



The black ceiling of the monsoon damaged bathroom

I send you the bra that needs washing

Dust

The song ironic

The parcel I don't want to open

The neighbor who hits her child

I send you my ponytail

A shampoo bottle

My loneliness

I send you the boy from the coffee shop

the decision I did not take

the mouth I hurt

the hand I miss

I send you curd with honey

The moment when time stops

The day I met you

The year I was born

The second that always loves me

I send you freshness

My toes

And all that is good in me

I send you the slum in the lane I live in

Caramel popcorn

Two veg samosas

the movies I saw without you

I send you the videos on the Volvo buses to Bombay

Your hair

I send you my age

My art and my way

Of making fruit salad

I send you how I looked at you

how wrong I was

I send you what's left

What I see when I wake up

I send you why

I send you my best memory of us

I send you what only you know

I send you what has always been mine

I send you towels

A plane ticket

What we saw when we looked  
At each other  
The places my face touched  
On your body  
The sentence I said to you on the swing

I send you my thankfulness and a rose for everyday to come  
I send you what I cannot say  
The phone calls I really don't want to make any more  
I send you my wedding dress  
Broken glass  
I send you so much you won't be able to hold it

I send you my eyes

Two

I send you something  
G r e e n

Three

I send you nothing

I send you your smile  
I send you strappy sandals  
Girlfriends  
Wood, uncooked spaghetti

I send you all your sentences that had the word expensive in it  
I send you glamour

The noise a certain type of silk makes  
The sound of an umbrella opening  
I send you an appointment with a shrink  
I send you the United States of America  
Fifty years of free rent  
Five mango Lassi's

The latest issue of Cosmopolitan Magazine  
A traffic jam  
I send you apple crumble  
And sweet-talking

I send you funerals I did not want to attend  
I send you Your Secrets back

4

I send you money  
More money than you will ever be able to spend  
a houseboat  
Oxygen masks  
Children who say thank you every day

I send you blessings from the one we love  
A tiny mirror with scratches  
My fingerprints

I send you The way I looked when I left him  
When you nursed me when you  
Were all I had  
I send you Thank You's  
And Fuck You's

I send you a dictionary of definitions on theft, rentals, loans, HIV

A map of Germany, a manual of good manners and healthy conduct with the neighbors

I send you a new passport  
I send you a valid visa  
A million reasons to stop lying  
The end of self-pity  
An invitation for dinner with Angelina Jolie  
And café latte at barista's for free every Saturday of the week

I send you your mother

Five

I send you Confidence  
A hotel suite in New York  
A raincoat  
A wedding gown

six

I send you Australia  
Mount Everest and  
Machu Picchu

The weight I lost  
A candle light diner  
Incense and everything else you can't stand

I send you my best  
I send you what I will not be able to finish

One of the flowerpots on my terrace  
A tower made of red wool balls  
A bikini  
Dal Makhani

I send you the inside of freedom  
The scar on my right arm  
The air miles I traveled  
Puccini  
The bathers

the shoes you wore when you picked me up at the airport  
I send you all the DVD's you rented

I send you your feet and the way I looked at you  
I send you everything we have in common  
All the reasons why you don't like me

I send rejection  
I send Anti wrinkle cream, Your age  
and a course in politeness

I send you 7 tulips and an invitation  
I send you my credit card  
I send you frustration and a dog

I send you where I go at night and how I talk to the moon  
I send you my best pair of blue jeans  
New flip-flops  
I send you how I look when I wear my hair down  
I send you a house by the sea  
A suitcase full of yellow earplugs  
An unlimited amount of tracing paper

I send you your nationality  
Your accent  
I sent my father already

I send you black  
a piano  
and all of my bones

7

I send you a manuscript of food stains, moon scars and keys crying  
I send you my Biography

Eight

I send you a friend for everyday of the upcoming year  
Book stores  
I send you understanding  
Floors to sit on  
Ponds cold cream  
Amul curd  
Someone to touch  
your shoulder To Hold your heart

Nine

I send you my resignation  
I send you paint for the swings  
Rose water  
I send you home made conflict  
Plum jam the way my grandmother made it  
I send you the long overdue news that he died

I send you Germans without their mouths  
Women with grace  
I send the world for a visit on Tuesday evenings

I send CNN  
And this whole new outlook on meditation  
A debate on poverty  
I send thanks for not having me anymore  
and thanks for helping me grow

10

I send you my passport  
Garbage bins, Handcuffs  
Band-aids and unlimited tolerance  
The promise to come back as often as I can  
I send you what it takes to live with you  
I send you my dreams  
What I sleep in

I send you Louis Vuitton sandals  
and all the things you don't need to seduce

I send you what doesn't change  
I send you Jaisalmer, The backwaters  
I send you my first visit, The entire wing of  
An old palace somewhere in Rajasthan  
I send you Dust  
Dawn and Stillness  
I send you everything I already gave you

I send you skin that cannot forget  
Feet that will never leave  
A Love that is unafraid of your face

## WUNDERKAMMER

[ writing in progress]

I don't have shelves, a closet or curtains in my home in India, I own two green trunks, one houses all of the journals/books I filled over the last 7 years when leaving the country, I lock the trunk/ I am aware that this is a gesture towards protection, not a guarantee of privacy I dream about making the books into a sculpture or a play, there have been other dreams, involving weavers maybe I will burn them one day, at the burning ghats, it is an option 3 years ago a room of strangers overheard my weekly phone conversation with my therapist

*her shoulders seesaw from shy to sophisticated*

The second trunk houses the robes I wore for meditation, it sits on my terrace, I no longer desire to throw out / give away the robes, and I will not cut them up, the girl who wore them was full of pride, I think she was very beautiful too, and that feels relevant

2 days before I moved from Munich to Paris I bought a yellow Chinese Wedding Cabinet, it smelled old, was a bit damaged, I loved how it felt when I touched it

I prefer to touch where I feel resistance

The Wedding Cabinet never entered my Paris apartment, the entrance door was too small, and it was impossible to have it moved in through the windows, it remains in storage

## CONTRIBUTORS' PAGE

**Jenny Enochsson** (b. 1976) lives in Uppsala, Sweden. Her poems have been published in *ditch*, *The Meadowland Review* and *Otoliths*. For more information visit her personal blog *Cinnamon* (<http://jen-cinnamon.blogspot.com/>).

**J. D. Nelson** (b. 1971) experiments with words and sound in his subterranean laboratory. More than 1,000 of his bizarre poems and experimental texts have appeared in many small press and underground publications. His most recent collection of poetry, *NOISE DIFFICULTY FLOWER* (Argotist Ebooks, 2010), is available as a free download. Visit <http://www.MadVerse.com> for more information and links to his published work. His audio experiments (recorded under the name OWL BRAIN ATLAS) are online at <http://www.OwlNoise.com>. OWL NOISE 0, his album of experimental spoken word, is available as a free download at <http://www.mediafire.com/owlnoise>. J. D. lives in Colorado, USA.

**Eddie Paterson** lives and teaches in Melbourne, Victoria. In 2008/2009 his writing was supported by the Australia Council for the Arts.

**sean burn** is a writer, performer and outsider artist with a growing international reputation. his twenty five poetry films have received many screenings worldwide. the third of his spoken word cd's is speaksong with musician gareth mitchell. skrev press ([www.skrevpress.com](http://www.skrevpress.com)) recently published a third full-length collection of his – wings are giving out – (isbn 978-1-904646-56-3).

**Ton van 't Hof** lives in Leeuwarden, The Netherlands. His fourth book, a selection of his later work, is forthcoming from his own publishing house Stanza. He co-founded [De Contrabas](#) (with Chrétien Breukers) and [International Exchange for Poetic Exchange](#) (with Charles Bernstein). More info on his blog [1hundred1](#).

**Jessie Janeshek** is the co-editor of *Outscape: Writings on Fences and Frontiers* (KWG Press, 2008). She holds a Ph.D. in English (creative writing concentration) from the University of Tennessee-Knoxville and an M.F.A. in creative writing from Emerson College, Boston. Her poetry and reviews appear in publications including *Moria*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Washington Square*, *Passages North*, *Rougarou*, and *Review Americana*. She promotes her belief in the power of creative writing as community outreach by co-directing a variety of volunteer workshops in the Knoxville area. She is a freelance editor and also works as a writing instructor at UT.

**Francis Raven's** books include the volumes of poetry, *Provisions* (Interbirth, 2009), *Shifting the Question More Complicated* (Otoliths, 2007) and *Taste: Gastronomic Poems* (Blazevox, 2005) as well as the novel, *Inverted Curvatures* (Spuyten Duyvil, 2005). Poems of mine have been published in *Bath House*, *Chain*, *Big Bridge*, *Bird Dog*, *Mudlark*, *Caffeine Destiny*, and *Spindrift* among others. My critical work can be found in *Jacket*, *Logos*, *Clamor*, *The Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism*, *The Electronic Book Review*, *The Emergency Almanac*, *The Morning News*, *The Brooklyn Rail*, *5 Trope*, *In These Times*, *The Fulcrum Annual*, *Rain Taxi*, and *Flak*.

**Nico Vassilakis** is a multimedia artist, poet and writer. He was a curator for the Subtext Reading Series in Seattle. His [visual poetry videos](#) have been shown at festivals and exhibitions of innovative language arts. Vassilakis' writings have appeared in numerous magazines, including: *Ribot*, *Caliban*, *Aufgabe*, *Chain*, *Talisman*, *Central Park* and *Golden Handcuffs Review*. His latest publications are [TEXT LOSES TIME](#), a Vispo essay [staReduction](#) from

BookThug, [Disparate Magnets](#) and [Protracted Type](#), a collection of visual poetry, and recently, [West of Dodge](#). Along with Crag Hill, he is currently editing The Last Vispo Anthology 1998-2008.

**Travis Macdonald's** first full-length collection, *The O Mission Repo* is available from Fact-Simile Editions ([www.fact-simile.com](http://www.fact-simile.com)). His poetry and prose has appeared in *Bombay Gin*, *Columbia Poetry Review*, *Court Green*, *Cricket Online Review*, *House Press: Source Material*, *InStereo*, *Jacket*, *Otoliths*, *Requited*, *Wheelhouse* and elsewhere. An ebook of experimental translations titled *Basho's Phonebook* is available from E-ratio ([www.eratiopostmodernpoetry.com](http://www.eratiopostmodernpoetry.com)) He currently works, writes and resides in Santa Fe, NM.

**Philip Byron Oakes** is a poet living in Austin, Texas. His work has appeared in numerous journals, including *Otoliths*, *Venerable Kittens*, *BlazeVOX*, *Crossing Rivers Into Twilight*, *Moria* and others. He is the author of *Cactus Land (77 Rogue Letters)*, a volume of poetry.  
<http://philipbyronoakes.blogspot.com/>

**Valery Oisteanu** is a writer and artist with international flavor. Born in Russia (1943) and educated in Romania. He adopted Dada and Surrealism as a philosophy of art and life. Immigrating to New York City in 1972, he has been writing in English for the past 38 years. He is the author of 11 books of poetry, a book of short fiction and a book of essays: "The AVANT-GODS". A new collection of poetry with collage illustrations titled "Perks in Purgatory" appeared in "Fly by Night Press" New York, 2009.

For the past 10 years he is a columnist at *New York Arts Magazine* and art critic for *Brooklyn Rail* and [www.artnet.com](http://www.artnet.com).

He is also a contributing writer for French, Spanish & Romanian art and literary magazines (*La Page Blanche*, *Art.es*, *Viata Romaneasca*, *Observatorul Cultural*, *Contemporanul*, *Romania Literara etc.*) As an artist he exhibits collages and assemblages on a regular basis at the galleries in New York and also creates collages as covers and illustrations for books and magazines.

**Christine Herzer** is a writer and visual artist. She lives in India. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Fence*, *American Letters & Commentary*, *The New York Quarterly*, *Elimae*, *Pinstripe Fedora*, *H\_NGM\_N*, *Moon Milk Review*, *Wood Coin*, *Open Letters Monthly*, *Platform Magazine* [India], *Upstairs at Duroc* [France], *Fogged Clarity*, *Louis Liard Magazine*. Christine is a graduate {M.F.A.} of the Bennington Writing Seminars. Her first e chapbook 'i wanted to be a pirate' is forthcoming with H\_NGM\_N BOOKS.



