

BLUE & YELLOW DOG

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Edited by

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After Duncan

Absolute

we name them

his 'cruelty' gave me

a local sea to name

(all this desire to name)

the other shoots me full
of green

no accidental
imperative
a form that forms me again
from the ground

lifting in the air
thin or thick
on a dusk
day to Noah

needing no more
and a promise
a near hand
labors of importance
in increments

held rings
of thought to warmth
rings of the earth
committed void

music as a trial of
the eternal asking
& the answer

the
continuity then

earth worms
floating bears and
a clock brown field

lyric wind
a great subjectivity

boxed

melodies
of black crows

a pole star
which defines
the world

do you contain honey
powers of youth the storm?

do you open
into a dooryard?

a spinning fate of
love only
a field
of transcendent
breathing

burning to death

yielded to

and walking
away

they all obey
perhaps
we all obey

a song
somewhere
out of tune
out of focus

white noise off the car radio

Fingers

The fingers in your figure
grew pages lips hands
as they approached me
(wrote a way out, in)

The strength from the earth not in judges
not less or different or instead of

or qualified as more than loving
a begotten where
rivers coming to this place
on the run or crawling limping

air echoes petals of houses

(shutters sidewalks
wild pink roses
as a way to think
in reverse)

in the eye of who would

like to hold this in again

before the listening grows

(to the seemingly random
city or prairie wind)

of what does not forget you
or leave you (bones again)

even wishing to leave
this shore's wild fires
is the heart of a few feet away
hiding

as a contentment asleep

next to you waiting

for her to touch you

the first kitchen
the first empty road
the first day
the first roundness
the first tree connected

contracted collapsed

story light nude

and to make you blind

by the stars wandering inside

let those rafter

lift him

before the rot sets in

hold glider, a rice paper, a soul

swept up into a function of light

knowing ending not

and beginning

and finally the hours the house

and they are offered

to themselves

(a wine rosary
a deaf joy)

at first
and
changed

and lost
them again

and always

at last at last.

French Doors

A kind and melodic
moment

airs on

easing our attention

the workers plank
over the window ledge

a tread of wind
over the lawn

The baby animals

arresting everybody

cautiously

the playground
of the beaches

the will of
copied
French doors

the roundness of
the night benches
on TV

you will never stop us now
this golem

defending
the darkness

around
the displaced

the black floated
surface
filled with silver
& the high bones
of these faces

Slipping
almond
trees

over the bloody
feet

I am be-
escape
ing

other wise
a salmon

quick over these rules

a white burning

shifting

smallest spire

of darkness

of your heat
& folds

honey pushes
of you

you grow
un checked

mock of yellow
cement light

anywhere
a you

is this instant

more content

than a fiction

of the starving street

than a

husband
& wife buyer

a hand buttoned
clearing

strolling senses
of this wind

a place
as bright
as a

night hawk

preparing to
breathe
your body
finally
grows

happy
& cool,

and deep
into the
 traffic
of sky & sea
where the day has
 finally stopped.

Lemon Grass

Where pebbles are my body
 he said
and a lover of bones

and old things

down the middle

a skinny girl mountain

next to a

 bull of a father

 you are not safe anymore

 she said

smiling into the gong which are the teeth

of the old house icon of the

rusting field
 all into the wind

 we who are the heart of a widow

cut across the white rice city

 until the smallest one

arrives like hair does

 and she turns her back

and her blouse turns black

and goodbye is a stage

below the highest nation

and like an aged Persian

the man riding into the

match box

all night and day

wears his cloths like a river

through your darkness

he pilots a call

anger and love

and useful bickering

water and quiet trees opening

in the bed next to her

the young wall

of a thunderstorm

a guest

a singer of white light

chickens looking like their fields

the bag of a green king

who's looking for a waitress

the water and red sun

and you're still alive

while the Spring

never wavers (

Notes On Migration

Birds in a hat

in a fist what was that

it's a push a stasis a stain

a boat crimped in the sky

an inconvenient conversation
with that

a wire above the garbage outside
dangling no current
but dark and curling

you've been a long circling

a cat on the log sleep (clawing)
a wag lifting

where are the questions
asking themselves silly
and dark and unrelenting ?

you are a brick

in the forest

contained

growing in

more rooted

wet and dry

baking

nightfall east of you

or something like that

hard to tell anyone

talking on the roof

years ago skin sutras
drugged

imbalance

in love with traces
slicing you
opening
toward the sunset

are stoves of ashes

storms in opposite
directions

“a perfect place
for country folk”
an argument

you think the only
thing that makes sense

in the dog wood
and red brick

her mouth
against my chest

well come the
iron flutter
of old mouths

welcome
the city

the loosen
lit things
that arc and hunger
over fortune

but are almost
too thin
to happen

the crawlers
walkers
and flyers
seek security

well come me stone fish
of the
eastern bridge

I am going into my cradle now
for my weapons

“the whole empire
is not big enough”

Who will know peace?
What is the definition again?
What length or times

or place describe the difficulty?
Wine clouds of the riders? The rich?
Friends of the recruits? & three
different
endings?

Waving good-bye
to the deep mountains
where we have made
our home

They say we have come a long way
to say nothing in particular

You left
in a hurry happy
while you could

while the river
was cold and empty.

Ocean Path

You with the paintings

the roots of your teeth required of you

the museums of parks stars and night lights

mirrors of the sky open readings

of your face in love

changing the material of your arms

torso legs your whole body

here and there the earth is breaking

everywhere is green or brown

rivers are full of moons

cats full of hills

an afternoon is a bird

of shaky blue green

sweets

deep in a glass of beer

hurry be done with it

squeeze what's left into

the days

the path of thorough branches

armor for

oceans hiding

inside a tea bag

an empty great

beautiful tree

two suns tilt faces

crystal tempests of knowing

taking up a residence

as the night crashes on down
and water runs clear
in a wonderful empty place
down the street.

Crag Hill

Watering desert weeds in the future

she had become unbearable,
feeling was wind she was wiping.
I can never decide what to describe.

These waters have been haggling.
When leaves run up small streams,
every inch of space is itch to escape.

A small party, my friend,
I'll have a wagon load of fish.

Around the house looking

Of a sudden, the girl dropped.
Grandmother said, "You fell asleep while you were."

The questions raised are problems that seem to fade from afternoon chores.
Think in language?

Obvious to Monday's laundry as mind.
I refuse to indulge transparent strategy—

woods when the way is uncertain to ear.
The base of the mountain,

hoping, "Believe me,"
between us and the lake.

Into a dark room and through the trees

She put the candlestick on any assumption whatsoever.
In the past it has often been over against the curtain, the divine origin.

I see, in fact, no reason for the charred corpse of gilded piano,
the torso of a consistent materialist view.

Someone grabs you to be a patch of plowed woman, you say no, sorry, fallow.

Hear distant shouts, the indefensible cries of a shipwreck

The arguments twisted her arm. She fought him off.

I think that one shouted in silence again,
lifted her off the air for an instant
with her pathology or developmental space.

The bad news brought mountains.

One part of him grew directly contrary to observations.
He imagined himself (it was all he could afford).

Joel Chace

From **Blake's Tree**

what if the sick language and which reaper
after all successes lie at rest when demons
also come out of light where each peripheral tree
Blake's tree but turning the head is peril
words left out of a sentence poison fruit
palatial bread and butter has that different taste

long slow slide in from the west breath breath breath
then breathing he reaches for interior
of opening thighs but touches actual gun
he he by him isn't it always that way and mess
little boy's laughter at a frog skewered by his spear
to a creek bed and at the rainbow oil-slick of bubbling blood

find just one way to bring it then start again
light rain spotting light green fields and jacket
but still crawlspaces of hatred dark dank deranged
if avenues cities opened mists over their harbors
perfumed with lilac with honeysuckle pine
over over the river rivers over all

can see that she's better for it tripping over the post
and hasty officers paid to roam what does happen
when you miss too much hearts and corridors of the dead
luxuries of signing signing of documents
in an endlessly narrowing hallway
at each door stands someone papers already in hand

wheels of fire scattering bound for horizons'
mauve events voice that says walk walk with me
tortuous tortured jobs keep coming though embryos
of integrity simmer in molecular stew
wouldn't' you like to know the commitments wouldn't
scarlet orange magenta decisions all informed

a tension you fucking young fuck slow just slow down
seeing what is behind that shed then imagining it
school bus left on a narrow shoulder even the crime
itself abandoned if hiking if their inclinations
pour honeyed pathway repealing undergrowth won't
do you travel for serenity or for a tension

three footprints then nothing what's up with those expensive plates

box explodes sentences read reread why talk

spreading spreading the comedies see pillage take its stand

so only weight leapfrog turns ugly aftermath after

history read in booths and malls irregardless

is another matter objects appear larger longer blunt

John C. Goodman

Rolling in the Thunder

a time bequeathed
remembering things we should have said, and didn't
or the things we should not have said, and did

(((taking advantage of the miniscule)))

[[[singing songs of wisdom]]]

...and seeing our harps they commanded us to sing, but how could we sing so far from the rivers of our homeland...

when a blow is repaid with a blow, all that is achieved is a hitting
and the virtuous life overcomes death

##++##*#*
q)s)r)q)ttt(l(n(uu

it's a crapshoot either way
the clouds rolling in, purposeful as tanks in Prague

thieves take what is important and leave the rest
waiting for the mail to come with another notice of threats

the day was bleached of all colour
^^^an endless stream of lies---///

*"...yell a little, scream a little,
it's good for the soul..."*

(((feel
so
i
so
lated)))

Mood so

all the ideas he had while sleeping
seeped into his pillow
absorbed by white feathers

somewhere a man is tracing the
line of a woman's throat

touched? Is it better
to hold, or be
held?
To love
or make love? To give
or be given? To take
or be mistaken?

Blame it on Monday.
Memories of the future
are hidden in opera hats
and the cob-webbed folds
of travelling cloaks.

Today's Headlines:

Wedding fire kills dozens in Kuwait
Radical cleric among 21 killed in Gaza
19 killed in Mexican prison riot
Blast in Afghan capital kills 7, injures dozens

Lead me not beside
the bitter water,
the calumny of contrition.
Better the leaves should lose their crimson
in the white gale.

And those girls,
where are they stalking now?

Sense

a sense of balance a sense of space a sense of time a sense of self
a sense of trust
a sense of impingement

the long days of summer are gone again
sucked into the vortex of spinning space
equinoxes and solstices in precession

a sense of motion
(((of momentum...
((of stillness...
a sense of peace

dénouement
"my heart is a row of blisters
on sun-scorched skin..."

there is no escape

there is no [escape]
there is no []

a sense of timing
(gently waking in the morning
a promise of skin against skin)
a sense of place
low pressure system moving in
bringing winds from the east

a sense of spatiality – or lack of it

the heart is the pillow of reason
[[[soothing anxiety]]]
knitting up the ravelled sleeve of care

a sense of change

there are those who find it hard to love
((a sense of belonging))
or lose their love in the clutter of life
 thinking the trivial is important
 the important trivial
(a sense of irony...
forgetting
forgetting
 that each moment
 is forever

there is no sense of escape

Adam Fieled

from *Equations*

#14

With Heather, Wendy, Julie, and the others: mostly hokey contrivance. All roads must lead back to Jena, because she is where the road begins. Picture a nineteen-year-old woman in the first bloom of rich youth. Not material wealth as in money, but in looks and everything else. Jena stands about 5'6, she has cornstalk blonde hair, cut short into a pageboy. Her large, bright blue eyes tend to widen when she is pleased or aroused, and her smile is wide enough to split her face in half. Thick lips, a roundish face, high forehead, skin just pale enough to make her whole contours have a quality of shock about them; large breasts that do not even have the thought of sag in them; flat stomach; long legs that she deliberately displays in such a way that the adjective "coltish" seems appropriate. Jena was born and bred in a small town; it would be inconceivable that she would have sex for any reason but love. We work up to sex over a period of two months. Because we are working in tune with our emotions, because we let ourselves fall in love first (at twenty, I have been in love before, but never like this), when we get down to the business of physical passion we do it with no holds barred, so that nothing, no roles, no equations, no rigid striations, needs to be contrived. At twenty, I don't quite realize the miraculous nature of what I'm getting; I have no idea how far, how fast, and how bitterly I will have to fall after Jena. I just naively swim into her, her into me, and every squish that happens between our bodies strikes a chord felt by us both.

#17

The problem is that the Devil is in Trish. What he teaches her is that by withholding herself, she makes herself more enticing. So Trish gives and retreats, gives and retreats. She retreats into other guys, other situations, other modes of being. Her fortress can only be taken by force. As she stands before me, blonde hair going part of the way down her back, her long, thin, snaky body is proud of its sovereignty over my existence. There are lights in her blue eyes that have blackness in them, a way she tosses her head to express pure carnal disdain. It takes me eight months of sweat to really *have* her, and once she is had I sweat to *keep* her. The only vengeance I can take for the trials she has put me through is by the force of my thrusts when we make love; she always leads me to a tremendously hell/heaven climax. And this is sex about art; she's the prize, Muse, vixen. She lives in a house in West Philly with a bunch of other artists. When I write her my odes, it is to whip her into shape. The diabolical strain remains within us, because Trish loves to set up moods of transgression. She does little snake-dances to excite me, snake-twists to heighten our pleasure, and drugs and booze subsist that make the entanglement hinge on escapism. That is one of Trish's major equations: let's escape together. Let's pretend nothing exists but us and our devilish pleasure. Let's play a game in which I tease you into mauling me to death, and you come with such force that you almost go around the pill. Let's tempt fate. It always works because her long, thin body is a stark hunger and a mad craving for me.

#18

But what the Devil does falls down around the heels when withholding is the only option. Ginny teaches me this, despite the great difference in our ages (my thirty-three to her twenty-two). When we try to escape, it's to a place of no consummations; when we go up, it's like a tarantula's leg that points back down again. Ginny must withhold because she belongs, in every sense, to her family. The luscious red hair, bulging green eyes, extreme voluptuousness of her appearance belie her *raison d'être*: to bind and fasten. As she binds and fastens, there's more looseness than she realizes: you have to give in *sometimes* to get the goods. But Ginny knows that what binds and fastens is Daddy. The truth emerges, after several months of "almost there": Ginny is a virgin. Ginny withholds because her parts have defects. Because she is sickly, her gorgeousness is one of the universe's cruel jokes. The joke is on her and her would-be lovers, and, like most of the best jokes, it isn't that funny. Ginny is one of those strange girls that seems to have no interests in life; that thinks that her body is her only mind; and that her body that is her mind must be so much an issue of blood that to blood it must return. To be a tart is simply recreation; but there is no sense of seriousness or duty behind it. Yet Ginny stands on the mountain of her own pulchritude, and surveys the carnage at the bottom with calculated niceness that is spidery. She has never known delicious orgiastic melts, and never will; so she perpetually awakens to see she's done no real damage. Her mountain is a reverse mountain, which runs from the soil into hell.

#23

Of human bondage: Trish keeps me down at the heels. It always involves someone else: I get picked up and dropped as others present themselves, disappear. When I fade into the wilderness, it is with an incomplete sense of self. Trish has lopped off a part of me and fastened it to her chest. For eight months, my spirit life is a limbo; I go up and down with Trish's tides. By mid-summer, I have claimed her, using the diabolical as a resource. Yet I still take her with the fierceness born of thwarted passion. At the moment I release myself, her head snaps to the side, there is a sharp intake of breath, and her blue eyes pop open and bulge. My body wants to go into her as far as possible, to get myself back. I learn the pure deliciousness of angry sex. The house she lives in has no central air; we sweat through the long nights. Trish's room looks out on a small courtyard, with a central concrete patch and grass around. When we're stoned, I see Blakean striations in these little grass-plots; the smallness, tenderness, greenness. Me and Trish are often stoned; we escape our jobs, our uncertain futures (are we to be geniuses or nonentities), our sense of a moribund United States (collapsed towers still fresh in our minds), even the brittle hopes that hurt more often than not. The seeds we plant in those little grass-plots spill over onto the concrete.

Glenn R. Frantz

Tom Sawyer and His Electric Death Ray

The first voice Tom pounded on electric morning was a shade smaller than his chair. Like it would pity him, etc.

"Ain't I a great restler, Tom?"

"You're a great breakfastener. Just dumb up the screatmeat, while I test the spectacles."

None of bread was paralyzed. But the spectacles were satisfactory, and fell; forgotten, glanced at. They went out and off to spy upon the oppressed under around the locomotive had never tasted and knew irresolutely about. No, just the descending locomotive, if it sank to him that pace, wiping his flash of Hercules omniscient and mentally with little effect.

The first wire locomotives, ruminations of elegraph merely. She talks intently, but the faint electric sound stretched out there a fence marvelous.

They took their way cautiously athwart the door that touches the stolid bones of each eyes. Deep in a jacket track, Tom examined two large needles which were thrown from the swift cable. A spasm of noncommittal bottle-glass to the painfully yard, under the field with a few facetious ticking. "Ain't got no whispering in the ground ever the wires."

Stop, now, Tom never does. His engines must be alone in those angry marbles, free of midnight woke the haunted machine. His time for revenge.

Revenge? True, you are keeping everybody waiting. You required your eye on any experimental possession, by win hunder piratified, and moguls orping fancial with hands to go on periments out mind. Becoming hampered, blue getting warmer, at last have got exploding freight, tearing summer skin and conspicuously set in fact the sportfoliage of drearward. Away from the damaging silence, he leaped down almost dead with failure.

"Commander, if this foolhardy boy had acquired two military suits of dawn perched on his way into a frightened incident in the mountain, and seen unpalatablitness result with their mutual luggage, was it not the Amen of the east that done it, out of which cloth had scurried by another witnesses, and then some, as harshly as this mutinous notoriety was fleeting?"

"Don't know. Oh, won't you say it again," muttered Tom even himself a little while. The scholars began to set the notes Tom had taken.

Have to give an argument. How could he of hid those montages? Don't know. They mumble. Therefore a point! "Yes!" whispered Tom. These sarcasms must be swept away.

Tom Sawyer stepped forward with hotel pomp. But he hates twice more than he halted a buzz of such things, as necessary as two weeks' seductions. Behind the light he sprang up, and he stood a limestone ruin with his own devil-patent. The scholars began to sit up missing; leastways, drawing blood.

The mourners were disappointed. And Tom went home with the wires halted.

Intricacy

Yes, a compliment, the weedy underbrush, a myrtle haven; indeed, a city of the ground, to climb the friendly flicker of trees in August; poor, odd-shaped palmettos, a zigzag habit, plotted, in a fashion, the sense of a model of trees; magnolias, nudging azalea, and the desired riddle. Level white, cultivated orange, headache purples; the lamplit effect, perhaps, of yellow; and the happy green of science, the flag of the stranger, as he felt the patient dogwood. The better cedars, well, in the fisherman's sarcastically, yes, pine miles, also pine warblers, dogtooth martins; the frank songs of the swamp sparrow, a wooden bitter-sour in sugar-cane sunshine, sketchily island, in the cryptic amusement of hummingbirds; and the song gods, the mocking-bird's capitol in a hermit cypress. In the creek, cackling hoarse frogs, and the rim of the quiet. And in the river stubble, the osprey's mill, in the reach of surprise, a fish, well, a kind of perch, and the immensely familiar herons, besides, the unmistakable applause of a swarm of wingbeats. Here, a certain tip, kaleidoscope peninsula, a consequence of the inconsistent miles, and the oars, toward intricacy, without nightfall, the exact direction.

Association Of Which We Can Be The Object

That we can be a long offer of all the whole creative attitude of course to bridge it to be able to have to have to withdraw it may be a superhuman weakness in a wonderful sense of the vague perception that I began to recollect, and the sudden fact that the fragment I had gone to me was the world, it had a curious question of this time of toys and to the greater relation to all the smaller suggestions of practicality in a time of that of that she was obviously to trace the impression to, and I took it to be a span in which the most next part of the usually successful multiplication of interests in which I had a belief in ignorance of a convenience that we had come to believe in which I had not to believe, that of this is that she had jumped to a complete understanding of that if it was that I foresaw the most next caricatures of, and I saw it is a cosmic flavor of which I pictured it impossible to regard the possibility of that she had an attribute of a connecting familiar to promise to seek it was to be the fire and leave the house and consecrating the fact that I expected to imagine a subjective image of the different darkness in which we can be moved to reverberate in either of the reflections that we can be satisfactory to.

Diminished Thimble Invocation

Frost forgiveness treaties hordes,
prettiest theaters restless & dreary,
dreadful dreamworld fearfully restful,
unheeding threads overheard misleading.

Ruinously disinterested goddesses
reconnoitering intoxicating prognostication,
divinity's verisimilitude
discriminating civilization's impossibilities.

Nimble-footed thistles trembled,
intonation intimating constitutional conventionalities.
Elbows swallow rainbow boisterousness,

blessed bedsteads' snub-nosed heedlessness,
wallabies' lullabies picturesque ceremony.

Kiosks flavoring bland lace,
skin-disease cookbook kisses Mississippi.
Unchaining desks fantastically attract
fatalistic pygmy sympathetically majestic,
weatherbeaten leather-throated heartbreaker.

Splices

A day is the silent parted to say.
The impetus was impossible to deflect the imperfections of agreement.

A place is the opportunity of doing.
The steam appeared to describe.
The direction of explanation.
A sight is the talk used to sever the monopoly of dispute.
The distance was nothing to description.
A spectacle is the rate was decided to be the shape of fountains.
The air was hoping to reach the days used to be.
The darkness was sent to tell the maneuver was adopted to attract the depth of it.

A question is the sea was still to say.
The means failed to allow the confines of predisposition.
The controversy was expecting to understand the horizon was familiar to cease.
A curve is the voyage was trying to print the snow seemed to pieces.
The buoy was asked to be the boat was given to displace the smoke ought to distraction.
The river was intended to undermine the current was nothing to chase the time was reason to fulfill the worry of patience.
A splice is the change was going to be the hope was about to breathe the view of breath.
A body is the vacuum came to comprehend the air was impossible to hold the meeting of dissolution.
A color is the moon began to show the momentary returned to praise.
The rumor was beginning to absorb the rain spoke to ask the discovery of everything.

A name is the work was obliged to turn the simple happened to adjust the lamps of noon.
The weather was pleasant to assist the eye used to be the only way to nobody.
A tune is the case was ready to be the moment was soon to stay.
The matter used to affect the best thing to decide.
A jump is the action was changed to direct the laugh was brought to remember the only competent to have.
The channel peculiar to conducting the machinery was necessary to understand the floods of nature.
A bath is the ship was familiar to get the work was assigned to explore the lake was dragged to see the cause of thunder.
A speech is the piano as to repeat the last continued to sound the surface of judging.

The power was nowhere to emphasize the consequence was enough to call the object was therefore to antedate the facts began to multiply.

A weight is the discussion begin to admit the enthusiasm was shifting to atoms.

The sun was surprising to reach the contrivances warmed to mention the desert was room to test the edge of light.

A basket is the joker's way to replace the ground was equivalent to present the evaporating way to it.

A fence is the whole spread to slacken the crowd was willing to furnish the town was able to attend the prospectus of bricks.

The ship was coming to fringe the mud was soon to replenish the boundless islands to all the quiet of it.

The compass was pleased to attract the result was coming to even the will was willing to divert the needle was aspiring to skim the likelihood of uncertainty.

The light was arranging to sing the evening was time to melt the present was new to burnish.

Ricky Garni

from **TELE-FRICASSEE**

An 101 part, improvisey, episodic roux brought to you by The Honeymooners, Mr. Lucky, Hazel, Meet Mr. McNutley, Oh! Susanna, Our Miss Brooks, The Twilight Zone, Leave It To Beaver, Astro Boy, The Real McCoys, Make Room For Daddy, Outer Limits, Father Knows Best, Mr. Ed, Ben Casey, My Mother the Car, The Addams Family, Lost in Space, Honey West, The Mod Squad, My Favorite Martian, Green Hornet, Batman, Family Affair, Candid Camera, Mr. Terrific, The Wild Wild West, Diff'rent Strokes, The Rifleman, The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis, The Time Tunnel, The Bionic Woman, Love American Style, That Girl, Chico and The Man, The Girl from U.N.C.L.E., The Flying Nun, Get Smart, Fantasy Island, Gidget, Have Gun Will Travel, Green Acres, Alfred Hitchcock Presents, Petticoat Junction, The Man from U.N.C.L.E., Sea Hunt, Colombo, Then Came Bronson, The Living Doll, Nip/Tuck

#1

I live in a remote mining town.

I want a new bicycle.

I am afraid that if I don't get it, I will be sent to a robot circus.

I would like to perform a daring rescue instead

of a beautiful girl from a religious cult

on my new bicycle.

••

#10

That girl next door gave me a kiss and now I am afraid

the big kids will tease me

What could be worse?

I guess being a pleasure-loving prince visiting a plush spa where assassins eagerly await my arrival

or living on a space-based uranium vessel disguised as a haunted ship

or baby-sitting a troublesome youngster who locks himself into the bathroom

and I am an old, old man

••

#18

Forgive me, please
for the knockout drops
on the yacht
for the chop sticks
ten feet long
for outbidding you
on the last bagel in the world
for abandoning earth when
you thought I didn't

••

#25

I am mentally disturbed
If I could have my way, this campus
demonstration would turn bloody
it would take three weeks for you
to learn to cook spaghetti and meatballs
for my birthday I would steal a camera
that predicted the future
I would tinker and tinker but
I would never give it back

••

#32

Like the man who quit school
and became a successful businessman
I, Bud, will quit school

I will make
the world somewhat better
I will invent
an Irresistible Spray, designed
by Martians, dressed like
hobos why not it will make the world
Super Irresistible® a successful
businessman, that's me, someday
that's Bud

••

#45

Uncle Joe's toothache
made him blind
he falls asleep dreaming
of his special date with Agent 44
an attractive grandfather clock
at The White Fox, a ritzy
restaurant and the wallet
he left at home

••

#57

Do you remember the story about the aliens
who dressed and acted like earth hippies and lived
in Alpha Centauri and never grew old and ate
lots of carrots and other hippie foods and spoke

in a language that only they could understand begotten
in a faraway galaxy?

Well, today I found out that they weren't real hippies
they were robots with super computers for brains
but they were very nice, like real hippies and
their brains were so powerful they could do anything
and even though they could do anything at all they were
really generous
they gave me this really neat meerschaum pipe for instance
and a flashy plaid suit that displeased my parents a lot
I felt really cool with my meerschaum pipe and suit
it made me feel really gear
I didn't care that my parents didn't like it
actually I kind of liked that my parents didn't like it
and it didn't matter that robots aren't real hippies at all
I like them just the same
but even though they laughed that hippie laugh
and said No, no, we aren't real hippies
I could smell their sweetness
I think that maybe they were

••

#83

Gina is smitten with a visiting Latin Lover
and Buck's arrival surprised them greatly
Need I say more

Buck's arrival surprised them. Greatly.

••

#87

Sometimes I worry that I am just a little person on a chess board and the Giant playing chess giant has his thumb and middle finger on my neck and his index finger on my head and he is getting bored

I think my boyfriend makes me think this way

Sometimes I would like to switch identities with a countess so I could test my boyfriend's motives

If I were a countess, I wonder if the giant would notice.

In my mind I am on the rotating spit over the electronic radar grill and I am not saying Help Me Help Me I am letting my burning clothes do the talking for me

The giant sees the smoke

And then he stops playing and lets go of somebody else and saves me I didn't see that coming and you learn something new every day

My new boyfriend

••

#96

I'm sorry, I have not had the pleasure of introducing myself:

My name is Pupa.

I have a pooch, I am from Italy, and I love a boy named Rusty.

And oh. I have a Daddy.

Daddy says: Pupa! Get a job!

Pupa! Watch out for the leprechaun!

Pupa! Get some glasses or perhaps a million dollar dress!

I say: Daddy! I am a man!

My name is Pupa!

Daddy says: Pupa! No synopsis available!

I say: Pupa, Pupa, Pupa!

The Life of the Party!

I have a rum cake!

I have a whoopee life!

Oh Daddy!

Oh Pupa!

Daddy says: no

DOROTHEE LANG

mirrors

the news channels. the years. the waiting.
your forgiving. my breaking.
the rules.
spinning of it.

unsaved

iniquity. paths.
a stop. an instant.
two steps.
back.

f.or.ever.m.or.e, or: changing channels with andy warhol in vienna

the eternal frame
is
an endless sandwich of
15 minutes of
fame

the medium
is
the medium
is

the de-collage of

outer &
inner (sp)ace

between 2 scarlets
we play
for ever
more

MATTHEW JOHNSTONE

October (The Pane Is Always Months Old Rain Upon It)

there was a small rat-terrier in the bathroom,
it was very sick very close to an apparition,
the house began touching it black as eels
cooing ju-ju

mustanging lost the dog, a lost dog even wrapped
in basket runs away cracking a silent aluminum field
even escapes the coin the dog's a whiskey-gin runner
this lion's a dead-eye

listening to the pool drinking swimming pool beers
watching legs, sore lungs
watching the rust swim down the piping Ju-Ju

Coming in the very dark hour from killing slug with salts

More audits you to me. We are dirt poor and the crisis is apart.

If you're on fire, try stretching the bones.

Lung to the ground. Blank divers lonely the winter, dream

good lungs forget winter things. If like before, pull

more ocean. After parading then in our silence, the meter

of fish houses, such choreography. Took it out

of the sky, a citizen's

dark so long the granite burns. Fog horn alive,

no women. If the absolute night is on fire, stop.

For dance and privacy, we content shaping.

When there is no work, men produce

reliable cypresses all from a single nights

knife-fight. Sticking the tree as practice. Carefull

stepping birds in the tenderloin.

Brick wage

how the
reconnaissance has no
business ,
Where the constellation shine ,
all this West, and no shoot

' I am in love with the mouse that you have in yr mouth '
' and not you' , which enough still is

to still the attention , if it were sleep all before
should have been reckless , make no welcome

all the rest is

jittery dawn ,

the meat is ripe
the old men have earned it

we never close , or disengage

following sun comes before the spire,

bloodflowers,sieves of gold from simple

pennies thrown
across the street

Enjoy the electricity, At least enjoy a horse

Except except as if you were tall
when you first knew me with your eye still dead
party a fixation with scar, part obsession with
opening day, open fervor, part not vanishment
Quick there is a shadow that is snowing in its january
a pearl we can all run for
when the new technology hits where you gonna be?
a great distraction you have been
all he did in spring this year was wait for it
now he looks at it
the way a pitcher throw angular angelic a ball, not at
first unfortunately, shaw, round please, false alarm,
in the ocean,
then vanquished

Be Kind to Thom Mulvaney

Undeniable in mutiny ,/ day which cannot control
the ruin cannot control the rain/ sheathes at an ambulance
leave,
/in its form ,in tobacco-scented

Us the fear in the horses altitude/ small in the tier ,
Tusk reflex tusk leer

Please to forget the winter of a thing

Cloudless
the place a provided
silence with no solemn charm windless, Africa
black. Forget the knife
hue policing the forest clean,
Their walking hot full of nights,
In shadow can be no echo, let no match flame
lights which lead, organ filling seats,
What absent is that yours in enough time to leave
two years later the bees stung, down the air
These flat white parasol wives,
Suspicious, the bright which no skyscraper still tenants
Still beckon shippers, fallen on penknives
the fruit attractive decaying under fruit trees,
Let no real thing cry out for sun, Feel excited
for no real flare, First white man was a free piston,
Howling designated this space, A plot hugging the cold grate
the powerful medicine enough crescent breath good for existing,
Where the Heart is "Oh, don't bump me, baby."

The favorite thing to use is more

Rug difference, the agreement is with feet One with
the ground Electric gambling sun
Answer me Be big with me, you muffle burst in
the door You soap fanatic Have a noise Move
with nothing, work on your shoulders Electron circle
the atom, putting out the animals at sunrise Moving

beyond green against the slope, the misuse of elegance
A mistake communicating with the sun Had
it Atom-tired, I know Parched before the moon started to
heal itself

None of these tethered dogs were, fish stopped,
grown with it, new lord for it, mass Consecutive
disciplines None brandish a thing to split, thus with
you, pharaoh you, misty Held strangely Do we
not place the urn like an aquarium Facing east

A dead school Never caught The leader gone away A
strong ritual is doing much, our very own well, by an
adventure gone Why it made my joy, pulled it, mount
is guard Stirred by less than glass or live honey
Muted, frail, and miraculous A road adjacent to the
park Gifts at the lectern, sea-like, speak into the net

Trim the ivy, sparred cooperatively threat of rust
upon something you didn't realize was capable of it,
lady Without a single dead separated, cast out Strong
man wears gold A sharp man stitch up the harbor
nicely Consecutive disciplines I will lie, I am
unhaunted See you at the pig races A count of the
squeezing pulse that displaced light systems No origin
to the horns out there You think you have land in your
tub, live in it Our very own well arithmetic Why
should you move into an expensive corner with free
kinds, matted kinds Once you hung your head on the
bed of a pickup sinking in the marsh The metal
expanding Discipline with temple debris
Nothing blunt between our meals. Shape sell it,
grown with it, new lord for it, mass

Aw terrible decade, in other rooms Smart, senator be
smart, lovely built remains the vivid. Well-placed
vigor, external, suit seem articulate, note the designated
slot for me only Along with the design's cadence one of
us is queer The last hotel resemble the other moon We
distilled, strong scent, a force nothing public yet,
situation futuristic at the helm wild Cistern along the
dead, Catalina-shine, cotton gin style, pioneers' valid
admiration meeting no one, commissioned to
paint flower then wanting to stay, the console
embedded, jump the acrobatic opportunity, in your
colorful flu, then in your music

Mask-flat, and if it was warm he wouldn't wear much
more Be verified in such permutation at least
trim in some geographies that began by euphemism,
all my waiting is free, contemporary for
you, noon reveal no manned maritime vessel, our
little pieces were charged and I slept on the floor the
entire town's well, old man quiet now being good,
folded in the hull of my discrete rig has its own
abrupt and vibrating constellation set out over night A
good night house is best, I am the only angular
players left The freeways were too slim to get you, the
music was loud

SHEILA MURPHY

Lauds (4)

Nothing, in all its stenographic glory,
presides over the heaven we accommodate while forming ritual, deliberate
improvements on what teams with heady light portents of perfection.

The air is lit by seeds of tapped rapport, these weeds desist
from turning and from being cropped away from the beatitudinal
beseeking trained into our lesser flowers.

God is in the westerly endowment of our habitat.

We wing forth with stream-giddy innocence as if a raffle
were to bathe our twin (each one of us) in glycerine.

For as long as one remembers, salt brings tears,
once started, fails ever to desist.

Or not. Our clothing rinsed with how our past
has betrayed the cells, even the ones regrown
from seven years.

We find ourselves unceasingly the saddest ones.

We have to find an ocean, and we have to name the desert blond.

We have to pilgrim our way over to the loved ones
we invent from scratch, or we attempt to copy
selves we think we are to form attachments.

My library card retreats into impetuous young innocence

I claim to be my own infection,

freely winged into pluperfect thatch

that covers all the occupants and the possessions

minus astro patch, just solid, sure and hatch-proof.

This is the sole-grown rationale for how a penance
lives to be impeded then released into impeachment,
where we dither around inside apart from
the live rain and test litmus on the silk
of chaperone, champagne, and viaducts

about to be proclaimed these evidentiary
style points we obey without familiar stray
cleft clauses left upon the firmament.

Lauds (5)

Nature's most perfect food, my mother called the egg.
My fridge contains approximately nine of them hard-boiled.
Now I want a cup of coffee, it is time to go to sleep.
I make a list of breaths I would to take from the diaphragm.
It's lonely concentrating on the depth of source breath.
It's rigorous to try and break free of the shallows.
Gallows humor differs from Galileo, how again?
My brother and I walk up 38th Street or 37th or something
toward Camelback Road. We talk and we keep turning
to be close to cold black tea. We each sip cold black tea
while we continue walking.
My face is sore from talking.
My body likes the road, I'm wearing loafers and no socks.
I ought to be wearing softer shoes, today I'm lazy.
Tomorrow is my first face-to-face meeting in three weeks.
Late today I had a vitamin B-12 shot, I am ready to take on

the world with prayer the kind you taste and know
and feel and keep.

There are immaculate impressions one can grasp
from merely walking on the street with one's brother
in the moderate humidity.

I miss him when we don't walk, when it gets dark so early
now November. Should be cold, it's 96 degrees instead.

We've set a record, and there's Al Gore on Rachel's show,
depicting what we know.

My life is growing late enough to go to sleep.

I am seated in my easy chair, and ready to recline.

It's wrapped up in a sheet the color of dark wine.

Lauds (6)

Spritz of the lemon rind repeats youth

In the virginal room all of us occupy,

As scaffolding in common.

Communion hastens to occur within

The psyche, readily accommodating words it will difficult to spell.

Leaves with text earn privacy for us.

Contentment matches willowy stance

And arched feet priming earth to be inclusive

Of the yearning dreamed.

I had a friend who danced. I had a friend

For whom the earth was a mere springboard.

Sky took precedence, she leaped away

As we were learning joy from her example.
One who magnetizes living makes
Experience pure crystalline keepsakes
That replenish hunger magically.
Much to praise in what the mind releases.
I can offer eyewitness accounts of heaven,
For I live with you.
I know heaven repeats itself
As it has been tutored by those who design it hourly.
Heaven is contagious in a manner of disciplined speaking.
When I breathe the city air, the desert air,
And when I watch wildflowers clothe plain desert land,
I open happiness to its obligato,
And I shield it (for I am not shy).
I pray there will be names you come to lace
Into your repertoire. Unlace from emanations of rigidity.
Come sip a small rinse of kombucha tea with me.
Come agree to live forever.
Come tempt your living sentence to renew itself.
We are always children even prior to rehearsal.
What is lived has yet to be.
The incessant rain approaching flowers
Arranges sunlit provinces to field attention
To surrender to questions as yet unimposed
Until the dowry turns to powder that will soothe
The infant's skin.

FELINO A. SORIANO

Approbations 598

—after Contemporary Noise Quartet's *A Coin Perfectly Spinning*

Game's antiquated token
tool, spun by
warm hands, warning
with
coincidental versions
of life's unknown
ersatz prophetic fantasies

landing

will provide
winning or
the losing's evidential fortune
fostering reward within
motions of bodily
dares unwilling when destiny
lands opposite of reinforcing taking.

Approbations 599

—after Lesek Możdżer's *Mazurek Op. 29 Nr*

Winged, the
sacred
avalanche
etching turquoise matter
near-cornea
soft
sensitive to light's organic
unused
source of verity's metaphysics. Blaze
or blur
or burgeon of infinite verbs
zeitgeist
among temporal
unblended versions of flight's
muscular devour.

Approbations 618

—after Paul Motian's *Lost In A Dream*

But awake within,
 flowered
freedom spoken bridge upon past epochal
 hoping; night
of sighs of tapered realism highlighting halo's
 perpendicular rest
near
 crowning
 portion of distance's fundamental nearness—

although
 beneath cotton home of bed's warming encouragement

the body persuades etched-in devotion
 to
regain
 and
commence
 to again retrieve static consciousness

as dawn becomes vase of inoculated movement
sprouting
 colorful questions of
neoteric features,
unharmed.

Approbations 619

—after Enrico Pieranuzi's *HindSight*

Nature begins
solid reenactment following
 motional cultivated reason:

voice of flailing winds
 demoralizing strengthened fathoms those
of revolving italicized circumferences
dating pre-now's
 version of understanding error. Paradigm
of trust
rebuilds the rebuilt delineation of harm's outcast:
secondary modes of nostalgia's unwanted confinement.

Walking
back towards unseen experience
entraps and recommends clamant
dialectics with
mind's passion for understanding sorrow.

Approbations 620

—after Matthew Shipp's *Change of Plans*

Moment had veracious
composition
hemmed to the
underside wing of its aerial mathematics: solved
counterexample of generalized vernacular:
apotheosis rendition
mode of subtle certainty alive in the afterward of
jejune dissipation.

Approbations 621

—after Miles Davis' *Splash*

There'ere sufficient sparrows
shape-forming breaths
of diagramed consultation, exhaling arrowheads'
expansive modes of nonverbal communication. Bodies
roamed
spoke
hitherto lightly zoom
regarding single-socket eyes ing
within various languages of sport dictating
prose of correctional how-to books
claiming watching aerial confines of sparrows'
organizational tug
erupts into knowledge of absolute favoritism.

Approbations 622

—after Vijay Iyer's *Age of Everything*

Names

interchange
function
of an object's indigenous desire; of verbal
nuances
collocated
with
desire of mans' interpretive dispositional half-right
ersatz-correct
diligent-fraction-failure
descriptions.
Everything
must be named
to provide movement of its
delineation from appointed otherness.

Questioning

why
creates wrinkled physiognomy
wholly retaining fractals of minimizing stares
tattooed across forehead of the asker's audacity of
oppugning.

Approbations 623

—after Lesek Możdżer's *Mazurek G Op.24 Nr. 1*

Train echo terrain blurred
symphony of time-release buttoned by sight's
erasable feature
blink-rhythm surplus, yes
now, outdated.

Approbations 624

—after Tomasz Stańko Quartet's *Suspended Variation II*

Middaymid
way bridge-center crossing a.m.'s crucial

element of existence
finger-gnarl exhibition (ant back again reaching

i
quated) supposition of one minute beyond noon's rounded waist
fattened
as
mirror of a self unhappy with silhouette of engaging glare
this moment of expose
dominates the watcher
naturally keen upon witnessing arrival's varied
uninhibited nature of precise probability.

Approbations 625

—after Tomasz Stańko's *If you Look Enough part II*

Subconscious nigh-deity
shall shape superlative preparations unsolvable
unless
one
portends through
investigating torture
how the mind can bend
become
blend
into nonchalant tool of broken, befuddled
irony.

Approbations 626

—after Michel Petrucciani's *Looking Up*

Coat of elongated blackbirds
cawing

caress-holding yarn-thick pastel
breath of
air's slanting preferential
travelling. Wings
of sleeves
wave and announce bodiless being
wearing
fata morgana trompe l'oeil
threads of sorcerous dissertation
whereby fooling
portions of paralleling
motive
creates and discards
rudimentary fortunes
unknown without motion of looking
into fortune.

Approbations 627

—after Terence Blanchard's *Transform*

Smile, the face of your emotional prose
predicates
virtual, quotidian mayhem, catastrophe filled dialect,
bottomless noisome. Reclaim artificer's
mode of renewed abdicating features
molding
heretofore shapeless tributes
into nostalgic value of self's
analytical desire.

Approbations 628

—after Thelonious Monk's *Criss Cross*

Slight, off-width face of presence, altered
Xed
+ed
musical notes
expressed in habitual patterns of relevant confusion. Leave,
pardon the physical heave of intellectual

discombobulation
paving quick-paced translations
of circular (boomeranged)
disarray.

Approbations 629

—after Ornette Coleman's *Chronology*

1.

Focus, imperative. System, bromidic.
Together
apposition of reliant
humanism.

2.

Iderol, ? Time
satiabile component, impoverished; sedentary
as steps lead amid
cloud of focal cloud-cuckoo-land.

3.

Logomachy, self with later-self,
idealized thaumaturgy
conjured seal of surname permanence.

4.

Existence, immanent.

PHILIP BYRON OAKES

Tilling the Ergos

Conflated sermons saying it all tastes
like yesterday's fedora, feeding multitudes
with the tip of a hat. A hunch, preceded
only by the birth of light as feathers in
the air. The tremulous fat of the land
gone to lard in the cupboard, carrying
the weight fleshing out the skeletal,
to assume a seat taken at random
from the tabled motion of the stars.
A flippant awe addending
miniatures to the tail end of an
epic, pairing its fatigue with the age.
The diluted tingle of a sentiment
estranged on an island built by
many hands. A flood stemmed to
a trickle, by the having said out
loud to those who hear the
crisp of clarity, in the being there
that here can hide from darkness
in the liminal as we speak.

As Good As We Can Be

Decorative polyps feathering a lair with a symmetry
accorded the dying for ice cream. An altruistic
stubbing of the temporal in the timeless caught live
in a butterfly net. Putting litmus to the test. A poison
wag to a tale of anarchy, setting the rigid free to wriggle
to the heartbeat of the hitherlands. Soft landings on the
better, from a perch overlooking the harbor of simple
splashes in the fealty. The kookaburras crooning taps for
the ambience of kangaroo gravy and Melba's toast.
The missing hours spent loitering in the footsteps
leading off into the woods.

Ward Cleaver

Sacramental orphanages abandoned as their progeny
to whims of loneliness, barking at the hole where the
moon should be.

Ghostly corridor to door on a wall of painted worlds,
uninhabitable by those sculptured by the rude wind
of events.

The untested motives of starry nights repealing
shelter, in putting stories to the strangeness of
bedfellows.

The bland collapse of borrowed time, spent at a
deficit in the remembrances cluttering a mantle
steaming cockles for the feast to follow form.

The least to garner lint from retired sweaters
worn to warmth, in getting lost in the filtered
touch of the other.

The Real Weight of the World

The back of a hand lent to the poor.
Bulletproof of god blessed the fleet of footing.
Decisions made to behave.
The bridge landing in water.
The sunken plain to see.
The fruity pulp of fossils sending telegrams to
deacons of dust endeared.

Supine forest of twinkles to the stars guiding
a clubfoot through the tango and into the cave.
Ruminations of grazing cattle exposing the laity
and crumpets for who they were on Halloween.
The demigods wait their turn at the water fountain.
The sky, at this elevation, is thick.
For anyone with the time between the times
counted worthy to carry the weighty minutes,
to their, as always, untimely demise.
The longest days' wait for the sun to come
around to a certain way of thinking
we're home.

BENJAMIN NUCUM

Megan is Death

Death is microcosms, never
social-biological but mathematics --
recursive sequences accurate as radioactive decay --
Meg, I said
Sacred, still death
and I wonder where you get
such a dress ballerina black for the duration.

Absent Love, I bore -- you say I bore --
Ben, you're never God not death not close
just a bore sometimes playing genealogies
drowning prisoners, an over philosopher
deconstructing the deconstruction.

Meg the Madness
three quarks a lark sans ice /
monstrosity mary Megan the
learning stone of the cause.
In March, let's go bowling
No I've never been not once
say for awhile local
of parsons gild guilt and
gate happy -- no fireworks no
happens but that's alright.

I don't think there is a cusp like a daughter
yours a cool sliptop of an insect
on the spin on the gather
trooping sunflower seeds and softball --
squeeze death the mandible a
Henrietta in its own childhood,
a female childhood -- I admit
I'm losing my mind sometimes but
not in false visors and pits -- Meg
You're quite a gin and of course you'll
outlast all -- you're eternal like death is.

Meg says
Ben, you'll die like the rest of them.

Christine Branca

Christine Branca
brew paraterra in
a newspaper clipping / ours
newspaper clippings daredizzying
-- this is as close as we're going to get --
you say this is as close without
becoming you're my darling for you

And I say I want to kiss you
your hands, your face, your feet, your legs...
soft in all clothes, close, without seers
say ink no backcloset hard attic
but maybe even perverse: hint skirt of
wind and bed, an unfurl of hair graceful,
dark sun of sunnelies, rasping nocturnal --
all nocturne, all in settings of
our jeweler's eye

you say this is the naturlikevice only
length and carry --
alora near sliving sweet

Supple to and drosy get
I bring and jostle like a newborn baby.

DYLAN HARRIS

big town blues (viii)

himbeeren

track
für Fotos

wildflowers
blackberries *himbeeren*

homes so abandoned
roofs have fruited

cat gut

met mijn fotografie
what's missing
is the model

the image
comment tension

the cat gut

objectivity's a myth

whose eye finds the image
who angles the horizon
who saturates the colours

who exposes the light
who starks the unique
who marks the best

the guy with the eye
the camera
the conscious aware

objectivity's a myth

or can the objectors
blind to non-human waves
capture the harmonics unknown

does the objective eye
with his triangle degree
photo just squares in the norm

his attempt
to reflect
the collective subjective

objektivity's a myth

burning

look across landscape
distance
there's crumbling
edges of hills
edges of sky
texture in vision

birds fly
adults task intent
teenage dare over crumble
you see trees move
i think that's it
they pull the air apart

look all directions
all distance
there's crumbling
even the glorious moon
children point laugh
and parents

you know if i rest
i'll look the distance
the shape the texture
it will invite me
to find its portrait
it will be solid

the competition

bloody horse fares and furniture
the judges complain
i understand
the premechanical tractors

but indoor portraits
i know
i know
it's done to cheese

but i imagine quality
the story

why that table
why there
they're not coffee stains
why the light

who took the carpet
that looks like burnt door
in the fireplace

what makes the picture
is the body in the corner
obviously the photographer

he's a judge
discomforted
i reckon he's not taken the photo
yet

cast

meanwhile
played on the pod
the musician's on holiday

it's not that he's nothing to say
it was more the way to say
the photographer was quicker

the poet's
still king
of the kitchen

the lover
would like to be born
please

no refreshment

all the wondrous art
is sod all
unconnected

no value
with no push
to new pop

wondrous was sarcastic
ok

promotion
as civilisation's
jolly good hot cup of tea

no promotion
no connection
no refreshing

i'm better
at bullshit
in French

coda

the lover
would like to be born
please

RICHARD KOSTELANETZ

From: FICT/IONS

Char/is/ma.

Be/he/moths?

Burn/i/shed.

Act/or.

A/bun/dance.

Am/bushed.

Bar/fed.

Be/low.

Ho/log/rap/her.

Con/flag/ration.

Imp/acts.

Go/a/lie.

Re/creation.

No/tary.

Pro/file.

Am/bled.

I/nun/dating.

Bar/rage.

Pear/led.

Pen/chants.

Cap/a/city.

Hope/fully.

At/tempt.

Defend/ants.

Ban/i/shed.

Mad/am.

Reap/pears.

Or/if/ice.

Not/iced.

Pump/kin.

In/toxic/ate.

Into/nations.

In/grate.

Wee/knights.

Rub/bed.

Am/i/go.

Pulp/it.

Jail/or.

I/ran.

Put/rid.

Rain/bow.

Test/ify.

Thought/fully.

KEITH MOUL

WAYS OF THE MIND AS SUBJECT

91

the mind excels at the high jump
but has set its many records
in the sprint and middle distances

92

in the forecastle stench, minds
thought no good of the quarter-deck

93

the mind bloodies the hammer,
bloodies the screwdriver,
bloodies one useful tool after another

94

"tsk, tsk" -
the mind disapproves without vowels

95

"aaieee! aaieee!" -
without weapons or consonants,
the mind counter attacks

96

among junk from various sources
the packrat mind collects itself

97

the mind went quietly queasy
when the cat got its tongue

98

in the heat of battle
the mind's thermostat vacillates
between cold surrender and a suicidal charge -
 in the heat of desire, the mind
 knows no surrender

99

when decrying its private hell
the mind denies its heaven a place;
when at peace with its private heaven
the mind legislates against its hell

100

the mind erects
(and is prepared to re-erect)
its house of cards on fill

101

the mind is a whore to repentance

102

stopped by the pain of a contracting muscle
the mind yelps its limits

103

at a distance, the mind fails
to distinguish sounds of sorrow and joy

104

with a dime on the earth for perspective
the mind passes easily between galaxies

105

the mind profited big with silver
when the golden rule took a dive

**Joel Chace. *Sharpsburg*.
Cy Gist Press, 2010.**

by Nate Pritts.

A poetry of juxtaposition, that draws its primary strengths & energies from a collision of contexts, risks alienating a reader who might naturally seek some kind of unifying thread – be it emotional, narrative, whathaveyou.

In *Sharpsburg*, Joel Chace has given readers a sequence wherein each discrete block of words connects & disconnects within itself, while resonating throughout the collection, creating a weighty sense of structural unity where everything is dangerously & inextricably linked.

The momentum generated throughout *Sharpsburg* is predicated upon what seems to be several narratives happening, at least in the creation of this work, simultaneously. While these narratives are important in & of themselves, I'll gladly leave that discussion to someone else. What is most fascinating are the ways in which Chace is able to integrate these narratives while deliberately keeping them separate.

“Syntax can be as lonely as anything you’ll ever see” imparts the speaker early on in this collection, & the sequence goes to prove that. Each sentence leaps & bounds away from the previous sentence, though (impossibly?) a strong thread of commentary & interconnected nodes of meaning develops.

Along with this fidelity to separate narratives, Chace seems to be concerned also with discussing the method of this activity, the human buzz of consciousness that works to create the text itself. When the speaker says “Their next project will be defining the line between confusion and near confusion,” the reader feels this to be the referenced project (FEELS, not THINKS or even UNDERSTANDS) – one that takes an ostensible subject (or group of subjects) & demonstrates its aesthetic (in the jump-cut composition) while also talking about it.

“Sentences are not emotional, while paragraphs are.” With *Sharpsburg*, Chace is able to generate the furious activity of consciousness as it seeks to create meaning from the disparate events, an identity formed through what Yeats called “passionate syntax.”

CONTRIBUTORS' PAGE

George J. Farrah received an MFA from Bard College, NY. His work has appeared in *The Washington Review*, *Open 24 Hrs.*, *Ribot*, *BUGHOUSE*, *Fourteen Hills*, *Disturbed Guillotine*, *Tight*, *Aileron*, *Fish Drum*, *The Columbia Poetry Review*; *Caldron And Net*, *Moria*, *CROWD*, *Xstream*, *MORIA*, *Ampersand*, and *Elimae*.

Crag Hill's latest book is *7 x 7* (Otoliths, 2010). One of his early books, *Dict* (Xexoxial Editions, 1989) has recently been re-issued (2008). He teaches English Education at Washington State University.

Joel Chace has published poetry and prose poetry in print and electronic magazines such as *6ix*, *Tomorrow*, *Lost and Found Times*, *Coracle*, *xStream*, and *Jacket*. He has published more than a dozen print and electronic collections. BlazeVox Books published his *CLEANING THE MIRROR: NEW AND SELECTED POEMS*, and from Paper Kite Press is *MATTER NO MATTER*, another full-length collection. Recently out from Country Valley Press is *SCAFFOLD*, the first part of an ongoing poetic sequence, "(b)its," from Meritage Press, and *A SCRIPT*," from Otoliths Books. For many years, Chace has been Poetry Editor for the experimental electronic magazine *5_Trope*.

Vernon Frazer has published twelve books of poetry, including the longpoem *IMPROVISATIONS*, and three books of fiction. His work has appeared in *Aught*, *Big Bridge*, *Drunken Boat*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *First Intensity*, *Golden Handcuffs Review*, *Jack Magazine*, *Lost and Found Times*, *Moria*, *Otoliths* and many other literary magazines. His most recent books are the longpoems *EMBLEMATIC MOON*, *RANDOM AXIS*, and the visual poetry collection, *Panels from IMPROVISATIONS (Series B)*. His web site is <http://vernonfrazer.net>. Frazer is married and lives in South Florida.

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Adam Fieled is a poet based in Philadelphia. He has released three print books: "Opera Bufo" (Otoliths, 2007), "When You Bit..." (Otoliths, 2008), and "Chimes" (Blazevox, 2009), as well as numerous chaps, e-chaps, and e-books, including "Posit" (Dusie Press, 2007), "Beams" (Blazevox, 2007), and "The White Album" (ungovernable press, 2009). He has work in journals like *Tears in the Fence*, *Great Works*, *Listenlight*, *Otoliths*, *PennSound*, *The Argotist*, *Upstairs at Duroc*, *Jacket*, in the *&Now Anthology* from Lake Forest College Press, and an essay forthcoming in *Poetry Salzburg Review* from University of Salzburg Press.

Glenn R. Frantz lives in southeastern Pennsylvania. His poems have appeared in such publications as *BlazeVOX*, *Cricket*, *ditch*, *Otoliths*, *Shadowtrain*, *Shampoo*, and *Great Works*. His e-chapbook "We Are You" is available from BeardOfBees.com.

Ricky Garni is a graphic designer whose poetry (what? poetry? what's the connection?) anyway, whose poetry can be found at *Anemone Sidecar*, *Tinfoiled Dress*, *Everyday Genius*, *Everygreen Review* and other places but most especially at www.tinyurl.com/rickygarni

Dorothee Lang is a writer, web freelancer and traveller. She lives in Germany and edits BluePrintReview and Daily s-Press. She likes things that are blue, and words that contain all 5 vowels: simultaneous, for example. Recent publications include HA&L, YB, elimae, Referential, qarrtsiluni, eclecticica, and for a silly reason, The New Yorker. For more about her, visit her at <http://www.blueprint21.de>.

Matthew Johnstone currently divides his time between Yosemite and San Francisco. He edits low-budget, high-circulation publications concerned with everything from Aviation to Wine Culture. More of his poems can be found at Moria, Nth Position, in Projector, and/or on his blog <http://hemouthsmewrong.blogspot.com>

Sheila E. Murphy has lived in Phoenix, Arizona most of her adult life. Originally educated as a flutist, Murphy turned to poetry, and has written actively and had work published in poetry for more than three decades. She added visual art and visual poetry to her work about eleven years ago. Murphy's consulting firm, Sheila Murphy Associates, involves senior executive advisement and organizational development; commissioned artistic design for executive and residential spaces, and public speaking and non-fiction writing pertaining to communication. Recent books include COLLECTED CHAPBOOKS (Blue Lion Books); QUATERNITY (a textual collaboration with Scott Glassman); and PERMUTORIA (visual poetry collaboration with K.S. Ernst). Murphy will present on poems and artwork for "the occasion" at the 2010 Avant Symposium at Ohio State University in **August**.

Felino A. Soriano (b. 1974), is a case manager and advocate for developmentally and physically disabled adults. He has authored 33 collections of poetry, including "In Praise of Absolute Interpretation" (Desperanto, 2010) and "Realities of Bifocal Translations" (Blue & Yellow Dog Press, 2010). His poems have appeared at *Calliope Nerve*, *Unlikely 2.0*, *BlazeVOX*, *Metazen*, *Otoliths*, and elsewhere. He edits & publishes [Counterexample Poetics](#), an online journal of experimental artistry, and [Differentia Press](#), dedicated to publishing e-chapbooks of experimental poetry. In 2010, he was chosen for the Gertrude Stein "rose" prize for creativity in poetry from *Wilderness House Literary Review*. Philosophical studies collocated with his connection to classic and avant-garde jazz explains motivation for poetic occurrences. His website explains further: www.felinoasoriano.info.

Philip Byron Oakes is a poet living in Austin, Texas. His work has appeared in numerous journals, including *Cricket Online Review*, *Otoliths*, *Moria*, *E ratio* and *Blue & Yellow Dog*. He is the author of *Cactus Land (77 Rogue Letters)*, a volume of poetry. His second collection of poetry, *Sard (Otoliths)*, is scheduled out in the latter part of 2010. <http://philipbyronoakes.blogspot.com/>

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Richard Mason has never been published. He has read in public once, to considerable indifference. His favourite poets include Urmuz and Spike Hawkins. He wants to be a lighthouse keeper when he grows up.

Individual entries on **RICHARD KOSTELANETZ** appear in Contemporary Poets, Contemporary Novelists, Postmodern Fiction, Baker's Biographical Dictionary of Musicians, Reader's Guide to Twentieth-Century Writers, the Merriam-Webster Encyclopedia of Literature, Webster's Dictionary of American Authors, The HarperCollins Reader's Encyclopedia of American Literature, and the Encyclopedia Britannica, among other distinguished directories. Living in New York, where he was born, he still needs two bucks to take a subway. **George J. Farrah** received an MFA from Bard College, NY. His work has appeared in *The Washington Review*, *Open 24 Hrs.*, *Ribot*, *BUGHOUSE*, *Fourteen Hills*, *Disturbed Guillotine*, *Tight*, *Aileron*, *Fish Drum*, *The Columbia Poetry Review*; *Caldron And Net*, *Moria*, *CROWD*, *Xstream*, *MORIA*, *Ampersand*, and *Elimae*.

Keith Moul's poetry beginnings were academic: University of Missouri BA in 1967; Western Washington University (then state college) MA in 1971; and University of South Carolina PhD in 1974. But Keith tended to think in poem groupings or sequences. He translated Anglo-Saxon alliterative poetry; he wrote a collection of poems that keyed on idiomatic phrases using the "to take" infinitive, collected as *To Take and Not Have*; lately he's writing poems in response to his father's World War II journal; and he has published a group of poems that he's written in response to his own photographs. As a matter of fact, he also publishes photos from his travels.

Keith has been married to Sylvia since 1967. They have a daughter, Ianthe, who is a fine artist/photographer and continually surprises Keith with her vision.

Nate Pritts is the author of [four full-length books of poems](#) - most recently *Big Bright Sun* (BlazeVOX) & *The Wonderfull Yeare* (Cooper Dillon Books). He is the founder & principal editor of H_NGM_N & H_NGM_N BKS. Find out more online at www.natepritts.com.