

BLUE & YELLOW DOG

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Edited by

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Joel Chace

Periods, 73-81

73.

- . They shored their ruins against rising tides.
- . Positionality of nomad, tourist, pilgrim, migrant, expatriate, refugee—bodily engagement and particular gaze.

74.

- . Gray rock he hurled at his brother and hard green apple, at his mother's face.
- . Culture is the agent; the natural area is the medium.

75.

- . Something had got in that could not get out.
- . If the senses were not the escorts, perhaps the reason or the imagination by itself would never have arrived at such conditions; if the animal were removed, every such quality would be annihilated.

76.

- . That famous point, far enough removed from things of the earth to give power over them and perhaps even to unhinge the earth itself, was reached when a new non-spatial symbolic language was devised.
- . Out against the sky go words, story, life of one speaking memories.

77.

- . Covered in the writing you can understand.
- . The mechanical clock helped create belief in an independent world of mathematically measurable sequences, where every instant becomes unique and, once past, is recognized as distinct from the present and irreplaceable in the future.

78.

- . He retained title to them, instead, by dividing the lore of the land forms and of the atmosphere into two phases, one empirical and the other rational.
- . Leave the bookworm or the book.

79.

- . The Championship of the Disciplines is unwinnable.
- . Her cue was disillusionment, and she only had half her costume.

80.

- . In the mathematician's transport of study and contemplation, a soldier, unexpectedly coming upon him,

commanded him to follow, which he declined to do before he had worked out his problem to a demonstration; the soldier, enraged, drew his sword and ran him through.

. Green gleam of tractor moving against dead cow corn.

81.

. She asked if the table's contents were symmetrical.

. Turning his car back into his driveway, after work, he realizes that this is always the best moment of a day—nothing before, and nothing after.

Colin Dardis

automatic half

wristband below hand
black ring of a thing
encircles me
a layer of skin thin writing for bones
fingers phone communicating with world through touch
and I see with my skin, fingerprints on my eyes,
individual grain of pupils unique to my bodily
functions, phalanges tap at junctions,
move on a hinge
with a tinge of excitement I fake through antidepressants
I'm a chemical debutante,
a dilettante delinquent,
I frequent myself only
through the lonely halls of the black dog
and touch no one
no one comes for my touch
I teach myself not to mourn
and trail my fingers over
new words
if I keep writing
I will fill the silence
fill up bottle sauce
and pour on awkward moments of anxiety
I have no need to wash
I am black

there is no light for the cleanliness
no eyes to see my filth
or my dazzling brilliance
if I clean hygiene myself up
so there is no care, no echo of dirt

A third of God

show me your dance
your horse with black keys
and I will appease you
with mountains of gold syrup toffee
flowing from the felt charm anklet of life
yellow flow sun gold melt better
agony of dying sun
heat torn lips burnt purple
flies come to eat dead peeled skin
where is your horse
to pull me out of here
your rope to pull me free
from the quicksand dance
I prance before I die

in the heat of another's scorn
rebellion is beautiful
where it decrees you as free
but a man's freedom is naïve
when faced with eternity
where do you want to be
in the sand in her hand
in a man's plan
od God God God God God God God
God is a man and God is free
man ain't his god
and he ain't got me
and woman will say that God is she
I do not debate this plurality
God is a sexless spirit in us all

honey retirement

it's hard to fire on target
when the demons rob you of your breaks
away from conscious living
to retire would be a sweetness
my body dreams of tasting
like the skin of a catfish
covered in sea honey
swimming through oceans of drifting sleep
on a wave of small suicide
tablet assisted
I dream the small deaths
and resurrect three hours later
to find the breath of night-time
still in the mouth of the world

There is nothing

there is nothing
there is silence
and that is something

there is something
there is a void
but there is a place
in which the void exists
and that is something

there is something
that forms the shell
to hold the gap
that creates the void
so there is something

within the four walls
that creates the ever
reverberating echo
that reminds us
of the void
it is the cry
of the lovelorn
wantless man
that is something

only exercise

Major Apple got a keyhole dangling
string thing celebrating
alarm ring tone
phone cat eating mat
dog jogged solemnly on the shoeshine boy
didn't know what to make of it
allowed himself to eat a table worm
and chewed it out digested it
until its venom was sweeter than the apple

who knows what it means to dream
and memory is only resting
I dreamt of finding you
because I talked of you earlier in the day
with parasites and paradise
nibbling at my toes
and the flowers flow across the oceans to the sea
to the sea
everything ends in the sea
with the weeds and the shoals
countlessly counting blessing and betting,
high blessings of the season
with out reason or rhyme
again

the oak tree awakes
and questions itself in its solemnity
looks at the sun as a mirror
and shuffles boot across hairline
Hitler smile
was nothing good
itch and scratch
do not know how to fly into an orange peel
fibrin twists at the knotted nails in your skin
and blonde hair on her
is delightfully old and sinfully
with many generations
taking a bite out of her bosom
with milk heavy duds
lining up against the big screen

and appetites are sparse in Hollywood
a magnum of film
and silvering down the thigh
to the eyelet of the world
you are greeted by corpulence
and the rich stay silent in their Beverly hills

oh tonight is the screaming of the dawn
of the fucking Aquarium
whatever
whatever
whatever that means.

Felino A. Soriano

Explained: inward

Death, a notion of heterogeneous cease,
unlike halt of relational camaraderie

spoken alteration of a mood's unbalanced, dialectic
too of
mom
-ent.

Upon looking

Night was a silver skull
delusional living abstraction, dis
membered; contraption
from a horse's mid-flight suicidal leap: of cloud-fabricated
forms
snorts of breathing mild
commotional imagination
delving
far
worth conceptual hearsay
visiting not again as this moment's vastness erases
unanimous.

Unaccompanied

Hands are murderous when empty.
Death to objects
untouched by shipping
motions
intertwining soon with warming alabaster
presents
after
covered authenticity chooses
alone towards versus otherness'
ventures of hands' psychoneurotic elements
of agony.

Morning

Sky is mathematical backdrop
multiplications implicate verb and
subtraction forewarning
additional phases of an hour's
forbidding retraction

incomplete. Vows
warm and warn of movement, additional
vacuum consumes silence and

angular
numerical
arrangements.

Imitation

The rhythm of hail, chaos. Curtains
threaded frailty
upon spoken wisps
whipped
by mixing hands
organizing globular wholes,
affirming.

Storm and rain or isolated gestures
denouncing stillness of noon's positional
highness
clocks' rendering disappointed endlessness.

Depth of Visitation

Yarn of air unravels
blue
brown
yellow of Spring's
ornamental
series.
Following trust
of Summer's innate expression humid
roam
against oak's facsimile of onlooker's
prayer.

Fulcrum of choler

Fog or an angry breath
hung
developed opaque agitation
exhaled by little things
promising devotion to
segregated guarding
delineating flocks of disallowed
suasions.

Toward

for Linda Lynch

—after *Little Oil Drawing for 2900, II, 2008*

the

innate dialectic

futurism fulcrum data extract

culminating focal distribution

a

s

y

m

e

t

r

i

c

a

l

illusion

balanced —un--

an

—after *radial devotion to unpredicted enthrall*

:

pardoned whole fractions

bitten wind excavating sounds of an echo's lessened

diameter

pin-dull after sharpened failed

loud

dropping wooden steps altering body's corporeal re-nuanced devotion to
unexpected devotion

upon

antediluvian feature forced

resulted

pattern of skeletal balanced unified

denouncing predicated highness

of noon's desired altitude of

alabaster rule

eccentric
elongation

hour small flights of ornamental

DJ Kato

“Photovirus”

The daylight latches onto things
finds its quiet way into
animal bowels and I
am just going to push
as hard as I can
until I hear something break.

The modern world is tearing us apart
like love, piece by piece, it is shoving us
into crowded warehouses and
getting us high on E.

Should I warn you I will destroy you
and enjoy every word from your mouth?

I require 20 of whatever you have.
I require a diamond box around my heart.
I require the scalped trophy manes of horses
brought back to me on golden platters.

I do not require batteries or food.

“A Chemical Polaroid”

Sometimes I miss you so much
and gush all over things
and embarrass myself.

I try to make my room like yours-
green sheets, loud fan, clothes
carpeting the floor. I drink
water like air and dream
of becoming a model.

I dream of the day I have another girl
with a face as soft and sweet as yours.
I want pictures of you playing with chemicals
tacked up on my walls, surrounding me like ghosts
with guns.

You're a flower I want
to lock in a solitary garden,
a bouquet I want
to toss off a cliff,
a golden key
I want to stab into my heart.

“Depressing Russian Literature”

Guilt is a piano on top of you
instead of a man. Street noises
drain you like bleach on a rainbow.
Indecision becomes a washer & dryer
you can't stop putting things into
& taking things out of all through
a painful fluorescent night. The

brain becomes smoke, a hidden stash
of dark red cigarettes, dipped in
formaldehyde, waiting for you.
Depressing Russian literature
becomes your best friend & you
can't remember what it is like

to have a flesh & bone best friend,
a soft voice at the other end, someone to cough up
pounds of dirt and flashlights and floods with you.
Fun becomes self-destruction in the form of 47 grams

or too much coffee in the blood.
Death becomes a run-on sentence
wraps its arms around you, puts its
mouth all over a frozen horse.

Health becomes a science,
frightens you with its bones,
pulls at its skin like polyester.

Today is a miracle, & yesterday
was one too.

"Weary Warning"

Watch out for the blood
I left on those cigarettes.
Watch out for the single razorblades
in my jewelry box. Watch out for
broken glass in your bare feet.
Watch out for the red snow
and black I left in those tissues.
Watch out for the dead people
on my legs and the bloody jelly underneath
my bright pink nails. Watch out for cops
and the elderly, stuck in their beds & ways.
Watch out for your flesh turning multi-colored,
prismatic. Watch out for your hands
starting to melt the thing they touch.
Watch out for Western medicine,

and anorexic girls. Watch out for yourself
more than anyone else. Watch out for
dragons dropping dead and
that beautiful redhead.

"Mezzanine Blues"

Sometimes I wish my blood still filtered through
my old riverbed heart
light glowing through the cracks.
No one knows it but
I am trying to destroy
all my microscopic addictions
like cities
just in case and just because.

My mind withdraws into itself
at first sight of feelings.
It was conditioned to look past itself
like vodka or glass
and see absolutely nothing.
But I try anyway
with coral monsters
and red thighs
to dance in all the April showers
but I can't dance
and I cry in them
but I try anyway
and I empty my refrigerator
and I read about autolysis
and I don't like telling you I love you
because it doesn't make me feel
one mile closer
but I try anyway
and I decide to quit food for a few weeks
and I think of the new ways we will love each other
with toys and guns and money.

"Things That Are Spineless"

The monsters are roaring
and swallowing up hearts.
I am tired of everything
being a metaphor.
One day glowing things
may not make me happy.
Maybe one day your green smiles
won't make my muscles tighten up.
My lungs are coughing up ashes,
of my grandparents, my mother's
cigarettes.

My mistake was to stay by your side
while you were dying to hibernate
in the summertime. While sharks jumped
at your white collar. Swallowed up by glass
and beer, finding sad hollow songs in your heart
and you follow them, as if they are roads.
Pedestrians light up the streets, birds swallow rice, dancers
take ecstasy.

“Miss You Too”

The earth is having hot flashes and I
have nothing to say. I miss my paint,
my blood, my mother's guitar with the neon flower.
My pink and blue curtains are helping me a lot.
When I was in high school, obsessive exercise & a
masochistic diet are probably
what kept me from committing suicide. Fear takes over
me in the mornings when I realize you did not come
with me those three thousand miles. When I realize
I will wear these shiny blue shoes for no one.

When I see lights coming out of my mouth, glitter on my face.
When you think about the families of the people
who crash planes into buildings, the people who cut
themselves with stars.

We both pulled out our teeth and pretended
it didn't happen. It drove me mad to watch
you drink. I try to find more memories
than the ones I have, of the crystals and
the insects. Falling asleep is sometimes like
jumping across the ocean, light as a rainbow,
to spend the night asleep
in your arms
and legs.

“The Girlheart Given To Me”

There were freckles on your face
and stars in your hair,
and you pumped moonlight
in your veins.

You were dangerous
and I sat on your
purple couch.
Your room was
a princess room

and there was always
candy on your bed.

Fruit was hidden
in all your clothes,
criminals were in your attic,
your walls were made of
rainbowed jewels,
and they were always
on fire.

You gave me your girl-heart
in the bathtub.
You drowned in that bathtub.
You drowned in bathtub bubbles
as you sobbed.

Your skin was fluorescent light.

One day, the flames grew higher,
and no one noticed that we were on fire.

All the water in the world turned red.

I left you bleeding by yourself.
I took a razor from my back-pack,
got a ladder from the garage,
and cut into the sky until it screamed.

The ground was soaked red.

Dylan Harris

big town blues (i)
that was this morning

you know you've got problems
when you flush the bog
& it doesn't refill

that was last night

of course dozy idiot here
used it this morning
then remembered

that was this morning

so i rang the landlord
woke the poor bopper up
he was round pretty quick

that was this morning too

turned out the guy downstairs
came in drunk and collapsed
didn't notice the cataract

that was last night

so the plumber came
cursing hard working
ripped out the floors

that was this morning

i just packed
the landlord saw and agreed
i'm in an hotel

that was this morning too

i reckon he'd skimped
an overflow's been overflowing a month
now his luck's overflowed

that was misjudgement

but now
i don't feel i've a home
i'm in a hotel with no bed to go back to

that's not nice

my grey is a coat

i've been acting the stuff
for thirty year
it's an effective role
it satisfies my personality's underwear

but the shirt's been unhappy for decades
all that evidence of breakfast

and there's no style in it
the oil
as manly as proof of machinery is

so i'm wondering
is it worth the stress
of a year's disjuncting habit
to break the typecast
give myself a dozen styles
more masks of cloth and act

i could do camp
the antithesis of gruff
i can do english bland
i fancy effete

but really
i need to address the base
my skin wears the style of my age
my teeth are grave

i need more than strain remover
more than high fidelity superwash

my strength is grey age
a tool for spinning wisdom
immense immaturity
a portrait of experience

my grey is a coat
of many eyes

bikini hotel

bikini hotel
not the see and desire
not the atoll

this bikini hotel's
a worn entrance
on any rundown road

green or red or cock
it doesn't really matter

none of the fittings quite ...
the water may be hot
the plumbing sings a tenor hound

and the bedding
doesn't say drunks the other night
but you can tell where cigarettes were forgotten

the lights light
the kettle hums a growing wind
but the coffee's slecht

& you wonder if the chord
that keeps the place swinging
will snap

or will the staff ...
they're always on the first train
polite and tired

every hotel
inside this social land's capital
seems to be bikini

wann soll ich fahren...

up the krik

there are
in the reports of the great
beer critics

super brews
noted the best in the world
rightly

and the ordinary
sold like cuttle
ordinary

and in the poetry
clattering around like undercarriage
there are names

the ordinary
why does prose use the special
poetry the ordinary

kirin my arse
i'm invading the verbiage empire
stealing geuze

seeking blonde
in the boot of my lies
& gorgonzola

for the smell
that was supposed to be golden charles
my foot

it's not the ads
their Fear and Loathing
their Fortified Fluff

it's the intensity
yes the sensual intensity
the flavour's the dance

hey poets here's a €7 note
of course it's a €7 note
it says so there

where i wrote it

denk zul

sky up
the looking

song then singer

everyday
pock kühl

eye then brow

walk bow
next lid

beer then nausea

pub sweet
into

open the chaos

small empire of life

sometimes
i hear a trombone
it directs

it's not the pitch & air
though they're apt
it's the sonority

& it's not a perfect example
there's a rough discordance
bought out by the rush

but when the instrument's played
it swarms me
to my small empire of life

lobby watch

blonde
opportunistically practising stairs

wielded wheels yield
ginger & clear
mock vodka
club cases

blonde
opportunistically practising pleas
hopelessly soft

following the lorry trolley
many moments of short emptiness
only the rumble of waste

blonde gone
and her mother
arse the size of utah

that is you luxembourgers' fault

you know how fish
fell out the sky
last week
that is you luxembourgers' fault
i know you pay for fish to fly
the plane to fade in flight

you know how wolves
howl at each
& every moon

that is you luxembourgers' fault
i know you sneak about at night
hammer nails into paws

you know how flowers
rot and die
once picked

that is you luxembourgers' fault
i know you pace about the earth
pouring acid into vases

you know how tsunamis
wipe the life

from coastal plains
that is you luxembourgers' fault
i know you force the fishermen
to live and love on shores

you know the ancient hills
where ancient mills
lie ruined

that is you luxembourgers' fault
i know you dance the earthquakes
that make the mountains sink

you know the supernova
that shocked the sun
to form

that was you luxembourgers' fault
i know you stared so carelessly
at the shyest of the stars
never mind the other peoples
never mind the world
every problem everywhere
every problem everywhen
is caused by curséd luxemen

J D Nelson

UFO Vitamins

yr. e.
breaking

egg line
wet m.

a film abt. a li. ve.

so. v. ins. this or.
vac. mi. – unst.
m. why pi. n. hea.

winter ba.
skins n.
they blamed me
v. answ.

sea. the eye w. cr. b.

it has been v. a nibb.

your t. pants
hat
for sch.

smo. f.

baked a.
listened to v. oth.
selling my st.
sys.

meteor L.

pac-man foot
better s. p.
managed to rem.
who am I now
O. gr.

class.

Pink Floyd Bread

outer ink
webbed eyes

in a redshifted cube

I want all of the salt

nicko

dime

nicko

nicko

brown rug now

Ain't Plaid

I'll be back with the alphabet.

of the moon,

as if kissing

in a summer when

three began

a lake

|

:

|

:

|

numbers

/

abcdefg

hijklmnop

qrstuv

wxy&z

Ognjen Smilijanac

from *Rubble #3*

(13)

With a seashore under the arm,
between creation and destruction,
I scribbled something disguised like a dry yam protruding
between her legs, clearly a beyond that outgrows my beyondness,
the heavy shadows at the end where we all hold hands,
politely walloping the buttocks she raised for me to look at.
I think better choking on faint sounds, the climaxes of what
only looks like I am home, subtle messages posturing as rubble
of a complete human being, as the rotator cuff of a song.
I swim in the iris of your sea, a full sight in order to sound
a pleasant little field ambushed. How could I've never lived
since I spent it as my voice, in the night I grunted
a thousand slippers of my leisure spectrum. Thank god
people were there to wink where my pillars were still dripping!
I want to make silence a night and punch it,
disgorge its demonology with a dilating pump, with stars that smelled,
clusters of voice-overs and sudden starts of forms incised by our senses,
the thing that dresses as much it undresses,
that clubs the soft spot in everything,
the noise in human crucible,
the raw sunshine on the genitals.

(14)

To think of starting to see
what I mean, the flares of the fall
the way my stillness hung,
the heartbeat I listen for.
The swamps I constructed
were a knowledge for her
to live in, a floating summon
sunken to a seabed
to give her reflection
the gaze that survives itself.

I grow a ladder between the layers
of the shiver that never comes.
I remember the impregnation
of all those sacrifices that deal with hers,
one's own absence
like a trace without trace?
All configurations should be read
like a confinement, a depthless sentence
of devouring something over and over,
a peristalsis of a pregnant demon.

Ric Carfagna

**from Symphony No.3
(caryatids for the firmament)**

XV

And here a world within the black dog's soul
stones in the orchard shadowed by night
the iron cords which sink deep into the malleable veins
yet to see these small pinions of light arise
a prism's grind through a crow's tessellated wing
fragile rags infesting the sky's isolating sphere
here each pallid alabaster tongue
sings of the nocturnal angel's distillate embrace
sings to the larval ocean god's sutured torso
sings to the treading bloodless detrital skeletons
leaching through the gauzy opaque ivory keyhole
sings to the cerulean-eyed leaden sun
falling upon the bare acid grassland waste
sings to the evolving aphasic nitrate fetus
clinging to the pitted ulcerated arterial walls
sings to the gaunt parasitical quanta
breaching the plutonium atom's impermeable sea
sings to the dying galaxy's phosphorescent moraine
flowing through the quarried granite statuary limbs

XLIV

Shadows from the orchid garden
laced as silk spun to the tapestry
she held this image

apart from her ideation of eternity
she lay within its sulfured darkness
within its calming marbled belly
she thought of the inexhaustible atoms
still coursing through the dead beggar's corpse
how decay will change to immaterial essence
holding its nature
immune from the speculative philosopher's ken
she thought of the day's attenuating intaglio of light
of the embalming isolative tongue of evening's decent
of the rooted fractal layers of oceanic dust
of the bleeding menstrual torch
seething its acrid bane of fate
of the unrequited dreamless sleep
imprisoned behind eyes of martyred desire

- Intermezzo IX -

On the walls

the seven stars

of Plato's brain

in the valley

dwarfs

hungry for strange comfort

in the city

the sound of molded bells

the sound of trampled thoughts

the sound of those left behind

in haste

a spectral dog dead in the road

a silver cloud's descending

hinge of blindness

LIX

It is late in the autumnal geometer's ironwork elegy

he has slept here within the willow's shade

he has slept as one who dreams

dreaming in a numinous cloister's abluted glade

he has dreamt of eyes

eyes that once existed

eyes of the gaunt vassal's nomadic revenant

arising from the scarlet hued pavement veins

eyes blinded by refulgent primordial shards

from a shattered galaxy's cosmic anamnesis

eyes observing the blackened hyponogogic raven

devouring the orchid arisen at dawn

eyes of the bleeding sea-wrack refugee

impaled on the blooded tyrant's astigmatic spire

eyes gilded by mute days of sundered ruin

trembling as smoke drifting

across an unquenchable gulf

eyes of the burning tundra kings

entombed in rusted anthracite obelisks 6

eyes of the agrarian peasant's unborn progeny
 cowering beneath the yoke of embryonic oppression
eyes of the bended mind's corrosive isolation
 shuttered in the quantum caves of oceanic atrophy
eyes of the beguiling parasitical serpent
 infecting the coiled fetus helix

LXXIII

It is said
the witch enters into the heart of the jackal
when the clouds pass
indistinguishably
below the raven-hunted gallows pole
when the silent leaf falls
unnoticed
in a forest of abraded late afternoon light
when all time is realized
as occurring
simultaneously within
the sentient mitochondrial helix
yet it is darkness
that clothes
the scarlet threaded limbs
darkness which remains
an impregnable diseased light
darkness
which leaves its traces 8

at the sparrow's grave

darkness

which leaves its traces

in the radiant valence of entangled atoms

darkness

which leaves its traces

in the spiraling galaxy's evolving decay

darkness

which leaves its traces

in the incommensurable pathos

bleeding from the heart lost to wilderness

darkness

which leaves its traces

in the tyrant's scouring iron eye

 hungered with fleshly pestilence

darkness

which leaves its traces

in the oblique sea of rotting cilia

 swimming in the celestial womb's placental blood

darkness

which leaves its traces 9

in the scourging abyss

 of the madman's mind

darkness

which leaves its traces

as dawn's muted luminous spires

 shattering the glassy veiled firmamental chalice

- Aria VI -

These walls

stained with madness

and stagnant longing

a soul's withdrawn universe

a shadowed sentinel

floats alone

a creature mislead

by the obscure

discourse of mad oracles

XLVI

The courtyard lies abandoned

the last dripping scarlet hues

seethe through the bloodless philosopher limbs

here he sees the ice of winter

fall from the crystal caryatid's eyelid

here he sees the ochre tainted atoms

usher in the abstracted spatial cosmic void

here he sees a horizon of iron threads

ascending through the spheroid onyx-pillared night

here he sees the stone lion's chromatic-eyed shadow

fall from the marbled-throated parapet

here he sees his turbid fears of darkness

reflected in the wolf haunted thicket woods

he sees the shadow-veined bifurcated moat
consumed by the eclipsed starlight's voiceless threnody
here he sees what might have existed
as a sentience respiring in doorways
as a sentience lying obliterated
within his solitary purview
as when the grey cloud crowds the windows
behind stained glass
and the orb of the sun melts the shackles
that have kept the petrified loins inert

XXXII

It was the day of a moon void's ghosted dissonance
the day she spoke of walking among the dead
the day the crows jeered at her hollow breath iniquity
engorged by weathered fossils of diminutive light
the day she wandered
through the weeds and nasturtium blossoms
through the moors where drowned wolves
devour the acolyte spirit
the day a parallel world's bleary edge
grasped the silk hem of the arachnid web galaxy
the day the candle-wick basilica burned in acidic rainfall
turning to ashes on the vagrant's rotting window sills
the day the granite dolmen's incendiary shadow
scoured the milky dawn's crenulated fray

XLVIII

Winter thins the limb's marrowed flow
from here the strand flees from cloven eyes
eyes upon the ocean siren's enervating aria
eyes lifting the transmigrating veil
eyes that have seen the white-veined gull
 flee on impaled evanescent wings
eyes that have approached
the convulsive sidereal engines of seizure
the thorn beast writhing on the radium plains
the burred steel filings
 woven in the porous breast 's iron grate tapestry

- Aria III -

She knows
the ageless embrace of light
falling through the crystal aperture

she knows
the weight destiny brings
to the gauzy simulacrum's night of ashes

so too
the gnomon shadow's movement
unseen on the black water's ebb

so too

the scarlet sumac leaf

frozen in a late autumnal dawn

LXIV

Outside the radium atom's tenebrous passage

she waits in a window by the sea

she contemplates the dead sparrow

its winter flight through light's ethereality

its flight which forges its path of forgetfulness

its flight which dreams

of the charred wooden doll's dismembered limb

its flight which penetrates the veined iron cage

of silicon plasma membrane gods

its flight which inters

the sleeping peasant's galling id

its flight which sees the gilded bowsprit

drown beneath the sundering-wave incendiary sea

its flight which buries the fuchsia orchid bloom

in a field where dying galaxies bleed interminably

its flight in which the neon-winged moth

sleeps beneath a dead sparrow's glass eyelid –

LXXXVI

She is disrobed

without thoughts to nakedness

without thoughts to angels

stirring the waters which drown her soul

she is unaware of the mirrored effigy

burning in the cathedral windows by night

unaware of when the siren enters

her empty room

her calloused hand

to caress the disembodied wolf

her thought of isolation

to touch the archetype of light

sieved through reticular prism's crystalline void –

Richard Kostelanetz

From: MONOPOEMS

soul

perfume

sin

paraphernalia

moribund

chaos

hysteria

reason

helplessness

smithereens

Sean Ulman

[Filibuster Filigree apropos Elves & Leaf Art paramount

disciplines - hunt write dream, all vis-art vis-à-vis's
and
subjects – animals afterlife light night forest dreams etc.
woven reflected/deflected au courant arguments
diligent disciples inured to defect (ex: arch archer 2Xbarreled bow so sappy spears spiral circa-collision
bountiful masterful epic poems wrote in cypress root-juice roots are rote
2ndary creed specs - respect rest sex sow harvest...
elves are invested in each verdant vestige
take a moment
and
digest the spirit freedom of that tedium
bucolic kingdom equilibrium

Artwork of Art Prep Work

(note knots for under-construction apprentice elf poem)

pupils yoke paint-pot dipped pales
skimmed swamp sludge honey handfuls mooshed mushrooms mixed in clay arrays
plopped pallet dollops sopped savored
quail quills finally manifold methods manifested on study slate plates
a puma poses provocative
painter imprints her flirting with prickly ferns
imminent
pounce or flounce?
costumed voice chorus (antler clacks, stones scrapes echoed off tree trunks fog-fattened
tanning tan hides, lacing quiver leathers, melting wax to meld w/ mold 4 molds
hunting just-so-supplely bowed boughs to surplus bow supply
surveying slash & gush breezes sexing trees
scratching poem punches for spar

[Elf in the City

Newsorthy Newsstand

chalk tablet 'Chock Talk' headline: FOG↓∞PTS
Icicle Daffodils on special
flip clerk un-coined coin
spider ballooned to ice mass on windblown unspun web frosted in glacial chip
huff brittle bouquet's bold cold
hear ice dice rattle - Cee-lo rollers rush me, shout bets
I take 2:1 odds that flowers will wilt before they melt

Concrete Fossils

subway breath slithers up stampede of glum businessmen
the boy who extracted an entire block's gum wads gutter-shelves his Bazooka Joe comics

crab-walks betwixt shined shoes, chisels, glinting dentist's pick
"Watch out!" I bellow "He's mining quartz specks!"
entrepreneurs stomp his spine
desperate to aid him, I dither
how come?

Stephen Bett

Diego Barber

For the music, mysterious form of time.
Jorge Luis Borges

After a plus note
these sweet breezes

Rolling ground
rolling form,
catch the SAL*

Lightest of wheels
doubling back

This jazzes the air
—classical, flamenco, fusion

Played here on
the fly**

We want more
(ambient sound

*Saharan Air Layer: dry atmospheric layer overlaying the humid surface Atlantic air, originating in the Sahara, reaching up several kilometers & out as far as the Canary Islands.

** "Fly" trio: Turner, Grenadier, Ballard

Jean-Luc Ponty

Rushed to pleasing
synthesized violin
crescendos
we don't know
what to do,
which way
to turn

Showmanship
taking turns
on the big
stage

But taking turns
with what?

Easy dates
—jaunting
nonetheless

Pleasant to dance to
Look, we're dancing
around the room with
our one year puppy...

Mathias Eick

1.
Play it again

We're just re-
peating
ourselves

Off the track

2.
Stopped Dead at The Door

Mathias Eick,
sometimes
your horn
is so
mini-
mal-
ist

you're just
blowing
long puffs
of smoked
air

right out of
the heart

And right
back in

Choking
up

3.
We said (many
times already)
gorgeous

gorgeous
on my

mind

& sits there
still

Still breathing
still (simply)
blowing us
away

Alan Britt

ODE TO AMNESIA

(For Shasta Vida Britt: 1987-2002)

Goldfinch ignites diamonds
through patio lattice.

Barely a moment of joy!

October distance, around 2 PM,
a freight train, the size of a mosquito,
tunnels a lost continent in my brain.

ODE TO THE ECHO OF SHELLEY

You quote Mary as October maples hiss
and a crow barks
from a Japanese maple two yards away.

The crow resembles the Bride of Frankenstein
locked inside the frozen cage
of the Capitalist brain.

You raise your squat glass
of brandy
to celebrate the black swans of melancholy.

A squirrel, gathering acorns for the winter,
rustles spotted leaves
falling from your dead thoughts.

ODE TO A DREAM

A large stick of incense in the snout
of an eight-foot alligator.

Stick bent
near the top,
smoke twisting.

And that woman pouring a bag
of bone meal onto a second gator's bottom jaw,
ten-footer
with eyes of a basset hound.

I'm above,
on a ledge
about to collapse,

but sturdy
enough to support
the black swans of melancholy
honking my night sky.

An alarm clock
two rooms away
with its series of Morse Code honks
creeps through the darkness of my bedroom
this cold October morning.

ODE TO A BROWN WIDOW

A brown widow treads nervously
but with precision
up a filthy white asbestos shingle.

Feet clinging to dust ball
filled with bits of dried leaves, fly carcass,
moth wing.

Seeks the sliver of darkness
between two shingles.

Behind her tiny head
sweeps her archetypal body
with the ease of an ice-skater
carving Figures at the 1926 Olympics.

If consciousness really is a virus,
as some people say,
I wonder if she's immune?

Nava Fader

beyond the dank glittering (Marten Clibbens, from "Penelope")

what is owed or we weave
our own paths what
dream did you
of salt and cyclops
stitched nights by the fire or
under your arm did I piece
together journeys without end
and a room a room bare
chested men outdo themselves

wishes fishes ride
a trot horse dogs may
give up wanting

why didn't I drink / world (a false translation from Rilke)

of the antlers and the garden
we heard legends of in bathsteam
a drink is a welt a welt is a lean night

the bellhop of dreams staggers
under your trunk stamped with longing
can the world defend itself

boot crack laces un-
loosen war of the angels
trinkets ginkgo salver

The Idiot's Song, a false translation (Rilke)

Whispers hinder my sleep, lasso my eyelids and tug.

It's a con, slumber.
Wire gut. Stars are
gashes in that hood and resistance's
metal won't bend its form to tinkering.

Nine men work the night
shift stand
sentry dip into minotaurus
the maze all laden
out marzipan
for viewing bandit neckerchief
at the ready

gourded out her mind was she

in fur bloodstone
hard and still one

man on a raft saved
her bloody hoof

Rebecca Lu Kiernan

Dogbye

Sometimes I left biscuits by your head
When you were sleeping
So you would learn your universe
Was full of amazing surprises
You didn't have to beg for.

The day I moved out,
I had to put you in the back yard.
You kept getting under my feet.

You stood vigilantly behind the glass door
Unblinkingly witnessing
Every suitcase I lugged away,
Every box I sealed and carried.

You watched my clothing disappear,
Paintings, statues, photo albums.

Your bark was high-pitched
And steeped in hysteria.
You started throwing your body against the door.

One final check of the house.
I removed my key and placed it on the table.
I thought I could get away
Without having to say my terrible dogbye.

But, the agonized shriek of your voice,
The sound of your seventy pounds hitting the glass.

I slid the door open and knelt down.
You slammed into my arms
Curling your head over my shoulder.
I said I loved you and would miss you.
The worst part was the look of betrayal,
The innocence draining from your face.

Lulu, you have chewed my shoes,
But I have walked in yours,
Nine weeks slamming
One hundred and thirty pounds
Into doors.

The Bat's Reply

I am the loneliest bat,
Silvery blue-black
As a strewnfield tektite.

I ruin everything I kiss.
I kiss everything I ruin.

I can forget everything I said.
I can remove the gown of an saint
Without waking her,
But I detest the tart blood
Of the incorruptible.

I fear she would adore me,
Then I would have to chew out her eyes
And she would leave me
Broom-beaten and starved.

But at least she would be blind
To what I have always been.

I held her hand in a dream.
I almost was a man.

Haunt Couture

My ghost wears crisp navy suits,
Pink fishnet stockings with sensible shoes,
Bell-bottom jeans with a tie-dyed halter top.

She knows every way to skin a cat,
And when it's better
To wait out its attempt on a tenth life.

Her kiss is the sound of dog feet
Dancing in the heliotrope garden.

She is the hand held at your deathbed.
She is the silence that sirens you awake.
She is the reason you leave fingerprint bruises.

Why don't you let go?

Five, September

I used to trust the universe.
Now I interrogate suspects.

I wear brass knuckles
When I park in city garages,
But I never look under the car for rapists.

I once wore translucent red lingerie.

Now I sleep in an Air Force tee-shirt.

I would not drag your drunken body
Out of a fire,
But I might disrupt your sleep
At the third or fourth spark.

If time travel were not so dangerous,
I would go back to Five September
And behead you orchids at the door.

I might sit by your mother's
Claw-footed tub,
Brew her a cup of tea,
Have a kind word for her
And keep her suicide
From threading its dark seam
So raggedly
Through the unraveling cloak of your life.

00111111

This letter is an unbreakable spell.
It is coded and the key is in your door.

It is written in the stars,
Carved in the tree that shades your grave.

It is the lucky number 7.

Cool and calm,
Yet, reddens your face.

It is the picnic day
The dog sat in the potato salad.

It is the angel who breaks down your car
To remove you from the impending crash.

It is love you never had.
It is the little boy who got no attention
And learned to need nothing at all,
And taught everyone he touched
Not to expect much.

It is a kiss, a promise, a warning.

It is time travel and you discover it.
You are so unworthy of this gift,
Groundhog Daying yourself to death
In your bourbon-scented coma of a life.

Alex Regenerate

Cookie-Cutter Girl/Bedlam Blitz

twenty one year old craft project collage kindergarten illusions of queendom cut and paste on the predefined dotted lines connect the dots toward misaffection now trace the coke bottle edges of the size 0 calorie american sleeping beauty the only acceptable frame of the female creed the magazine model you'll try & fail to be coloring books and christmas cookies planted that ugly primrose seed cookie cutter girl clothed in cutting edge cutting a wedge through flaws and inadvertently cutting herself she cannot cry for help she sold her soul to the devil wearing prada but once you have devoured her you can have another there are dozens of carbon copy clones just like her all iced in toxic ten carat frostiquè bittersweet banana republic treat artificial sweeteners makes you sick if you devour enough of them you will surely vomit but artisan pastries are long ago extinct today everyone who's anyone knows sameness is the new pink stamp stamping out sharp machete to the flawed side of self a mold through the dough of the soul but each luscious gingerbread girl leaves in the mix a hollow hole

the girl is a one-woman midnight riot time to kiss the settled sterility of status goodbye martha stewart's epitaph is etched across her breast a postpaternal princess wielding the friction to defy she's stripped off the trappings of domesticated subject shed that skin which only intends to constrict guerilla youth tearing it all down in tonic uprising flushed feeling the magnum in her hand rousing palpitation of a self-determined outcry velvet on concrete from fits of convulsive violent ready to lay into dictators until bodies run dry lock eyes with her and you'll see she's reached her limit now she wants to cause a comedown to dampen with decline there is a ballroom blitz to support the despot overthrow shes destined to deliver a feminist deathblow she won't keep quiet a one-woman midnight riot

Hawk

hover above expanses of dying grass
eyes pinpoint prey in cutting contrast
all dynamics of the world exhale and blur
target marked and hunger can't be deterred
willows deceit in discomfort of wait
they betray your secretive mode of escape
he will predict your resistance before it is real
and strike at the precise moment to kill
hawk's focus like frost leaves rats frozen still

Green \$ociety/Free Market

nine to five soul-lessness and eleven percent unemployment and cheerios for breakfast lunch and dinner and fourteen hour days at two peon jobs to afford scraps and a b.a. degree no longer means you're allowed to perform the work you learned to do and post-degree suicide attempts and hundred dollar per hour therapy sessions and if you can not afford them you just stay neurotic and if you can afford them the answer is always drugs and they even have a drug to buy to help you conquer your drug addiction and if I should have started smuggling blow and twelve-percent post consumer fiber coffee cups and there's a disclaimer making a big deal about how green that is and it saves starbucks two and a half cents per unit and there's a three million ton trash island in our ocean and it killed one million sea birds and one hundred thousand marine mammals last year and the whole world revolves around filthy fucking money.

a gift society a slave free community economy of unity all roots of the bodhi tree beauty is simplicity is independence is equality without fuck-all fatcats corporate greed nor poverty everyone a unit of indigo energy radiating the eternal we artists convert dusty brick to visiorelic vivid dynamic philosophers paid to contemplate and scientists to calculate

particles accelerate adventurers brave Gran Chaco arbor maze infiltrate and investigate power isn't quantified
business isn't done with guns and polarized and mankind's professions are grounded in morality and profit is a
personal measure of dignity havens cover every head even demons dealt their daily bread monday morning as friday
night awake until three am on top shelf and firelight call in sick tomorrow its alright so strange it's deemed wrong but
what's right feels right.

Andrew Taylor

New Cut

A tributary a flow
follow progress line

concrete and boulder
irremovable

trace route map reader
these fields hold stories

refill the glass green and yellow
spring water ice cubes

bridges offer shelter from rain
clamber trackside

store sound
smell tar

Sandy Brook

Scratched buckle tells a tale
despite value loss of sheen
loss of love tin-man heart
needs oil expectation required

Old Canal

Brewery Lane bridge bankside 4.00 a.m.
seven years no memorial no flowers no resting place
as you wish

It doesn't help though

edgelands that change with seasons change with light

not wanting to leave the golden age
walk in feathery rain

Fine Jane's Brook

Booked the plot
the heart is going back

ice-cream vans doves distant traffic

birdsong initial thoughts of Disco Inferno

lost in the mix

it's where I'm from it's where I belong

Leather Barrow's Ditch

Sky like Alice Glass's torn blue tights

From the strawberry picking ground
slow bank pass the Runny's the Swingy
the coal yard

Nice is good except in a poem
Morgan fits so well it's the breathlessness

actually the shade is more like Clementine's
hair at the apartment while drinking Bombay Sapphire

Alley's head cold is raging anybody know an instant cure?

No it's Natasha's leggings at Glastonbury 2009

Jeff Harrison

The Day The Laurel Hid Twice

soil reads what you speak
soil through lace is dew
soil's a simple word to be able
to lure grass along a long wind
when you walk under the moon
the soil is your foot's mirror, that
came out wrong but you know
what I mean, while you gather up
dollars the soil sleeps in, side by side
with the poor dead scientists, soil's
furrow has as much in it as the grass
has on it, even thru the slime the
letters "S" - "O" - "I" - "L" still clang
together, ring dry and crisp, I mean

Queen Nab

nabbed already the lap
silver gap
looking wise
where root is snow-colored
hair a white pillow shooting horseshit
a bit of a shock to earn
below blossom's wage
lips over eyes
sleeping cloud, be snow
your grasses white
forgiven be which can end,
grass brains
winter-dead
you wet heat dead
of wood and dead
skin-icy a body's underside
fold its mirrors
nab the ringing
turn the birds into stream
wind up your black rose
rain seat ripe
a depth's lily sea in chains
think "a line of paint"
that will money up your found love

Birds, Lakes, and Observations

splits unchipped, chips unsplit
counting threw beauty, followed night beauty
stitch gutter mountains, glossy proof of days' injuries

corpses' thief winds up in the fallen minute moors

wrong our bright voluptuously open heads
new me is the shine, you're my night

Virginia prefers birds,
lakes, and observations to
the spiteful riddles of my tongue

back it back, slash what steps feet don't like
rats bit subtle, grace gladly reports
careful lest Wormsworld sewer the stars, lakes, & round roses

That Charioteer Air

white page's cipher's got a shot at muddy shapes
murmurs — which nymph has that charioteer air?
lightly, but still, laurel thickens Wormsworld's mane
when a rose's faintly heard there's class fear, flowers
when will their echo break — wait, Wormsworld --
the horrid will itself break on the ears of that
same papery listener I've alluded to so many times
that white-handed & deep-recessed Mr. Hole
up in their rumblings he hears nothing of Long Empire
it's a lark by degrees, & all-out cheek when he stops
listening & pipes up with "Me nightingales? No, just,
at most, apples hymning — just enough where it
couldn't matter if I talk over it now, & all the while
you were looking — writing — of roses & company"
oh what my portrayal blights, & what are my pieces,
really? shapes in the eyes, or in soft nonfictional ears?
mathematics that take no account mountains stand,
there's noise there too, whether numbers are uttered
or not, the rose overwhelms your listen, mine too, else
I wouldn't mention it, of all the players one must be
practical, aside from a fictional character that may as well
be the rose for all the good it helps Ariadne's thread
awfully the dark in fiction, awfully sunbeams & the like,
awfully the allusions, shut or flooded, where what all the cipher
comes down to is forgetfulness, else you think red is hot
& blue feels cool eternally, green verse breezy sweet where
awfully the Wormsworld, the Virginia, the rosy Mr. Hole,
awfully they who continually play at being floatings mid-air

Vases Stones And Roof

murkiest of cards, she's down, humanist, no, put no footprints
where flies'll sea you (confer Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam), put none
(beneath their spill, lichen have razzle & carry tree leafy to letters)
where flies'll sea you, murkiest of cards, hanging off the awaiting dead

moving hand don't index them yet (confer Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam),
bid their mouths be comic, saying "here vases stones and roof return"

CONTRIBUTORS' PAGE

Joel Chace has published poetry and prose poetry in print and electronic magazines such as *6ix*, *Otoliths*, *Lost and Found Times*, *Coracle*, *xStream*, *Peaches & Bats*, 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, *A SCRIPT*, from Otoliths Books, *SHARPSBURG*, from Cy Gist Press, and *BLAKE'S TREE*, from Blue & Yellow Dog Press. For many years, Chace has been Poetry Editor for the experimental electronic magazine *5_Trope*.

Colin Dardis

Felino A. Soriano (b. 1974) is a case manager and advocate for adults with developmental and physical disabilities. 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 various idioms of jazz explains motivation for poetic occurrences. For information, including his 42 print and electronic collections of poetry, over 2,600 published poems, interviews, and editorships, please visit his website: www.felinoasoriano.info.

Andrea Jane Kato was born in the great state of California and was raised Buddhist by a gypsy-like artist mother (*deceased*) and a Japanese farmer who currently grows pineapples in Hawaii. She is a Capricorn, Dragon, INTJ, HSP, Atheist, singer/songwriter, abstract painter/artist, iPhone photographer who likes yoga, fasting, and smoking. She has been published in magazines such as *The Blue Jew Yorker*, *My Favorite Bullet*, *Ink Sweat & Tears*, *The Beat*, *Ditch*, *Pomegranate*, *ReadThis Magazine*, and *Alternativereel*.

Dylan Harris

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. He is the author of *The Frankendelpnia Experiment* (Tainted Coffee Press, 2010) and *Noise Difficulty Flower* (Argotist Ebooks, 2010). 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>. J. D. lives in Colorado, USA.

Tray Drumhann is an abstract artist and composer. His work has appeared in *The Emerson Review*, *After Hours*, *The delinquent*, *Blood & Thunder* and *The Pinch*.

o. lives in Tucson, AZ where he owns and operates a dragon carousel.

Ric Carfagna was born and educated in Boston Massachusetts. He is the author of numerous collections of poetry, most recently *Symphony Nos. 1, 4, & 6* published by Chalk Editions and *Symphony No.2* published by Argotist Press. His poetry has evolved from the early radical experiments of his first two books, *Confluentia Trajectories* and *Porchcat Nadir*, to the unsettling existential mosaics of his multi-book project *Notes On NonExistence*. Ric lives in rural central Massachusetts with his wife, cellist Mary Carfagna and daughters Emilia and Aria.

Individual entries on **Richard Kostelanetz's** work in several fields appear in various editions of **Readers**

Guide to Twentieth-Century Writers, Merriam-Webster Encyclopedia of Literature, Contemporary Poets, Contemporary Novelists, Postmodern Fiction, Webster's Dictionary of American Writers, The HarperCollins Reader's Encyclopedia of American Literature, Baker's Biographical Dictionary of Musicians, Directory of American Scholars, Who's Who in America, Who's Who in the World, Who's Who in American Art, NNDB.com, Wikipedia.com, and Britannica.com, among other distinguished directories. Otherwise, he survives in New York, where he was born, unemployed and thus overworked.

Sean Ulman, worder birder baller server, is writing a novel about Seward Alaska and Art. This summer his chapbook "Radland" will be available from www.deadlychaps.com

Stephen Bett has had **ELEVEN BOOKS of poetry published**: *Track This: a book of relationship* (BlazeVOX Books, Buffalo, N.Y., 2010); *S PLIT* (Ekstasis Editions, 2009); *Extreme Positions: the soft-porn industry Exposed* (Spuyten Duyvil Books, NYC, 2009); *Sass 'n Pass* (Ekstasis Editions, 2008); *Three Women* (Ekstasis Editions, 2006); *Nota Bene Poems: A Journey* (Ekstasis Editions, 2005); *Trader Poets* (Frog Hollow Press, 2003); *High-Maintenance* (Ekstasis Editions, 2003); *High Design Refit* (Greenboathouse Books, 2002); *Cruise Control* (Ekstasis Editions, 1996); *Lucy Kent and other poems* (Longspoon Press, 1983). **A THIRTEENTH book is due to come out: *Fits and Starts: New & Selected Poems* (Salmon Poetry, Ireland, 2012).** His work has also appeared in **WELL OVER 100 LITERARY JOURNALS** in Canada, the U.S., England, Australia, and Finland, as well as in three anthologies, and on radio. He is a member of the English Department at Langara College in Vancouver.

Alan Britt's recent **books** are *Greatest Hits* (2010), *Vegetable Love* (2009), *Vermilion* (2006), *Infinite Days* (2003), *Amnesia Tango* (1998) and *Bodies of Lightning* (1995). Britt's work also appears in the new **anthologies, *American Poets Against the War***, Metropolitan Arts Press, 2009 and ***Vapor transatlántico*** (*Transatlantic Steamer*), a bi-lingual anthology of Latin American and North American poets, Hofstra University Press/Fondo de Cultura Económica de Mexico/Universidad Nacional Mayor de San Marcos de Peru, 2008.

Politically speaking Alan has started the Commonsense Party, which ironically to some sounds radical. He believes the US should stop invading other countries to relieve them of their natural resources including tin, copper, bananas, diamonds and oil. He is quite fond of animals both wild and domestic and supports prosecuting animal abusers. As a member of PETA, he is disgusted by factory farming and decorative fur. Alan currently teaches English/Creative Writing at Towson University and lives in Reisterstown, Maryland with his wife, daughter, two Bouviers des Flandres, one Bichon Frise and two formerly feral cats.

Nava Fader is big on thievery. For quite some time. Her book, *All the Jawing Jackdaw* (BlazeVox) takes each of its titles from the work of another poet. She has just (kind of painfully) finished (well, she stopped...there wasn't really closure!) a manuscript of fake translations from Dante's *Inferno*. Poems have been in *Otoliths*, *42 Opus*, *Coconut*, *No Tell Motel*, and others.

Rebecca Lu Kiernan has published in *ASIMOV'S SCIENCE FICTION*, *MS. MAGAZINE*, *NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* and numerous books and magazines in the U.S. and Australia. She was nominated for a Rhysling Award for her cautionary tale, "When a Snake Bites You in the Ass".

"Letters To the Bat" is a dark follow up to her previously published series, "Rummy Park", "An Unkindness of Ravens", and "Jepatio Street". Founding editor of *GECKO MAGAZINE*, she hosts the Eternal Poem Project at www.whattodowhenhellbreaksloose.blogspot.com

Alexander Regenerate is an experimental poet and healing artist from San Francisco, California. Alex has devoted his writing to the voice of revolution. His work is unconventional but calculated, universally applicable but super-ultra-radically progressive. His work binds the visionary perspective of mysticism with the heavy realities of our modern world. Alex has been largely influenced by punk and reggae culture and writers including Allen Ginsberg, Charles Bukowski, and T.S. Elliot. He is currently developing two books and reading poetry in seedy rebel undergrounds throughout California. Visit his blog at <http://www.alexregenerate.wordpress.com>

Andrew Taylor is a Liverpool poet and co-editor of *erbacce* and *erbacce-press*. His latest pamphlet of poetry comes from The Knives, Forks and Spoons Press, with one forthcoming from Full of Crow. Poems have recently appeared in *Psychic Meatloaf*, *Red Fez* and *The Camel Saloon*. He has a PhD in Poetry and Poetics.

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