

BLUE & YELLOW DOG

ISSUE 8/SPRING 2012

Edited by

Raymond Farr

Copyright ©2012

By Individual authors

Andrew J. Stone

Preamble to Liberty

apathy drip drops down shimmering cheeks like molten copper her hands clutch calves as she rolls
through centuries of anguish animosity shakes her hand at the corner of every era through a rumbled
Manhattan mumble she asks the amber waves if she smeared her patina

Doctor,

i've seen things lately that shouldn't be here i'm not hallucinating i'm just glimpsing creatures from the
corner of my eye i'm in the bathroom with freshly brushed teeth as the mirror reveals a thing scurrying
out of the frame or in my car as i turn onto Baker Place and a flash of flesh shoots into view from behind
the fire hydrant and disappears beneath the weeds they follow me into bed and wait for my slumber i'm
not paranoid Doctor nor am i creating these and i'm not sure how much longer they'll just simply follow
soon they'll consume my disease

The Boy and His October Box

the arrhythmic tick of the timeless clock circles the boy's eyes counterclockwise the lid of his box shivers
and his lungs plunge into biodegradation his little fingers twitch under the earth as the mourners above
bathe their boy in burial

Anna Corrigan

We are Stepping on the Soft Ones

*

You will meet a girl with purple eyes and she will take you away from me.

Two pressed pennies.

Two Jews kissing. Awake late and still pulling for a seventeen-dollar day.

Your body is a blind stone statue and she will laugh when she takes you. Of the two together under water, the loudest sound is brain and breath. She is holding your stirrups and her mouth is open.

*

The tuckered bark begs attending to, crooning softly. There are snoring chainsaws who dream of young bodies that live in these branches. Little mouths open to rain they

Guiltless, they accept the torture of sap and interrupt death to dwell in the outstretched torso of the woods. Notes of home are released across dinner tables, decks of cards when

They reach for

The exhausted flesh of suburban midnight the

Violated knoll

incarnate as

Kidneys as

eleven.

Knoll,

11.

Pregnant (pause,) (pause,) you are Excused.

wet chin, fat American arms (53), option eighty-eight.

You slapped 5 into (hundreds, hundreds)

Properties to find baby fallen birds

*

In whose hand are eight flowers held?

Today; this month; August there are clues such

as a plague rapid amber etched into cucumber skin

Long drawn patches; mosaic; pattern drawn down one face-shaped therefore,

A Clue.

For example, water now tastes metallic everywhere even when filtered through mom's fridge

A Clue For example, the high school gymnasium now metamorphosed into a gloomy terrarium of so many tables. There are old women touching each other's linens. They are warning that the shape of those skis is now widely considered armed and dangerous. This is the clue's nucleus; here the soft ones are throbbing.

Arkava Das

daydreaming

.

portions of the Y
chromosome
let fly

the dusty midplane
proves quickly
a crucial test

the surveyor's
uncovered eye looks
into

unicity distance
split
halfway a moon

&spilled trail
tremors
clutched

permissive
data rates tide over
sunsets

have a life sui generis
...in a state
of mere diffusion

italics: Theodor Adorno

courting derelicts

lost & found
debris & frozen pods
the long & short of a repetitive transmission:
fluorescent markers along the corridor [as before] tip off
once-vanities of the dividing nucleus & the blots are distracting
(almost winked out but then they come back again ice breaking
ships exultant surrendering
transitional
fossils)
reentry globules burst skew the bridge
“these other flames
were all contemplatives”
“beings...possessed
of mirage-like minds”

quotes: Paradiso, Shantideva

Beau Peregoy

Nebraska

The wall they repaint every year
used to have initials on it,
folded together with a plus sign.
They mummified it with latex,
and I would like to believe that
it is slowly drooping like the glass
of a window pane in a well-
versed farmhouse. Something
about the taste of tidewater
went missing with the off-white
eggshell. The plus sign was
landlocked. It rowed its boat
ashore and got lost until its ends
frayed and it unfolded into two
somewhere in the plains
where every direction was
another ocean of land, but
people did not go there to get
lost or found, but just to blend
into the landscape.

Charles Freeland

from *Albumen*

Under the pillow a message written on a candy wrapper, but the words are indecipherable. They look as if they were written in haste when the storm was approaching and the windows were open, but we have no means of determining who wrote it or why the message is precisely fifty seven words long. Maybe you have an idea, but you keep it inside your head where ideas are forever going to congregate like penguins. I sense a change in temperature but the thermometer refuses to confirm this and when I try to bring the subject up later over Belgian waffles, the other people in the room look at me as if I had suddenly begun shouting obscenities at the top of my lungs. Must everything really be the same as something else? The river is cluttered with debris – cardboard boxes disintegrating in the moisture, old shopping carts, metal boxes busted open with sledge hammers long since vanished. I wonder out loud if we are really going to spend the next sixty years together, forever reminiscing about the preceding five or ten years and getting under each other's skin like parasitic wasps. But of course I don't have that much time and you have all the time in the world because you don't view time as something that passes. It is something that hangs in the air and rotates so that if you wait around long enough it will come back again to where it was when you first started. This doesn't mean that you are worried overly about what will happen next, but it doesn't mean that you are in denial either. It just means that the worlds we occupy at precisely the same time are merely parallel and analogous. Interpretation is the least obvious alternative and yet the first a person turns to when the sky grows dark and the sea gulls fly overhead en masse. Try telling them there's no use pretending. Try telling them the ocean is a thousand miles away in either direction. You'll simply get some high-pitched squeals for your trouble, and believe me, they won't be coming from the birds. The next day a calm settles over the vicinity and the windows all but groan with the pressure the sunlight places on them, the weight of the light itself so tangible as to be something you barter with when you want some fresh eggs for breakfast, for instance, or sexual favors from those who aren't above engaging in a little questionable behavior.

In which the proposition is stated and agreed upon only to be re-asserted at a later date and debated more forcefully but with a certain sense of futility hanging over it like a bunch of grapes. The proposition states both the essence and the identity of all things arise from the divine nature, your definition of that term being as good as any at this point, though not superior. Because your definitions are the same as the things to be defined and therefore both precise and less-than-illuminating. We are the divine nature of the thing to be defined but we do not know this yet. Or, if we begin to get an inkling, we re-arrange the essence of the thing to be defined so that it is no longer of divine origin. This is an admirable achievement as it is, by definition, impossible and so leaves us vulnerable to the charge of fabrication, which we deny categorically. Or until such time as all things are demonstrated to be simply modes through which the divine may express itself in definite and comprehensible ways. While we are that expression, we are not those modes.

Corollary: Part of the passage across the Atlantic Ocean from west to east must of necessity involve your whispering the name of a loved one over and over again under your breath. As a sort of talisman. As a way of allowing superstition to override personal autonomy. The clouds buffet the fuselage or seem to, their massive shapes approaching like curious sea creatures and transforming themselves with both the speed of their movement in one direction and the speed of your movement in the other. Very likely at this very moment, I am standing in a pile of leaves, my ankles beginning to itch from the toxins secreted by the leaves before they withered on the branches. Or produced by the chemical decomposition of their cells and the chlorophyll that once occupied them. At any rate, the distance between us, despite what all maps might claim upon consultation, is no more than that between the skin of the papaya and its flesh or

between the comma and its overt curvature. An image I ask you to keep with you, in the mental equivalent of a pocket, say, or an old coat, even as you step off the plane and see that the tarmac is busy with machines for the transport of cargo from one place to another and the fueling of jet liners already preparing for their epic returns.

P22: *In which if another person, in our imagination, provides the beloved with pain then that person provides us with pain and an opportunity to exercise our hatred which is looking for any reason whatsoever to get up off the couch. Spinoza would have it the same applies to pleasure, the left side of the equation being a mirror image of the right side, so that the pleasure applies to both sides. This is of course a blunder, the proposition of a man without attachments. For that which gives the beloved pleasure, assuming that we did not provide it, of necessity provides us with pain. The mirror is broken, usually with our own knuckles. Or an object we grasp and hurl in its direction.*

Proof: *imagine the last time you discovered the machinations of the beloved. Imagine the method whereby you discovered them. The whispers of those you know. The unguarded messages in a phone.*

Corollary to P22: *In which you and I are the exception to rules handed down to others the way a man's genetics hands him a square jaw or a propensity to say one thing and mean another. Whatever pleasure you are afforded, affords me pleasure to a lesser degree so long as someone else has provided the pleasure. In this, if in nothing else, Spinoza is vindicated. You may imagine him grinding lenses contemplating the future and finding us there with a smile on his face, or at least a nod of the head before glass bits get, yet again, into the corneas of his eyes. You may not imagine however the intensity of the pleasure provided when I am providing it. Another way of stating this is that pleasure is like the orbit of a planet inasmuch as it slows and lessens the further away it gets from the prime source of gravitation, which is of course the sun. What man, then, does not equate himself with Apollo, with the sun? And what man does not know, somewhere deep inside -- this knowledge like a fairly important organ, the spleen, say -- that he is deluding himself?*

Christina Murphy

heavier than air

the anomaly of grace lost to Pascal's triangle--
the fractals of experience splitting our views
of boundaries as altitudes and heaven as the vast
reparation where all is set right or wrong depending

let there be light and let there be sorrow as only
light can bring; we cannot question light but can
rail against the darkness and question the starlight
guiding the fates—or not—as all may be relative
and all may be forgiven of the questioner

we are the air currents that captured Da Vinci's heart
as he questioned how birds keep their balance in flight;
perhaps we are in search of the same equilibrium, creatures
of air and sea and earth as we are in our origins and imaginations;
seeking the center of gravity that truth might represent and finding,
instead, only fragmentation—the prism of hopes and expectations
within the broader scope of indifferent skies of unknown depths

asterisms

connect-the-dots in the skies and call them star-figures,
the images and warriors that speak to our souls and the sense
that the heavens are filled with spirits

stars of ancient light and mythic desires; stars in diamonds
celestial spheres in a dance with gravity; it is here that all
questions begin in amazement of immutability and change

is there / if there (is) an eternity of infinities or an
infinite eternity, the longing of the heart shall not resist
seeking meaning in the absences / spaces between existence
and the stars that appear as light in the eternal darkness

dan raphael

Drunk on Bacon

sitting in a claustrophobic, slat-sided shed for several days
in a world of clotted smoke
where meat falls like rain
no one dies no one inhales no one churns
to love is to have whenever the appetite

pigs are born small
trees are smaller than grass but singularly thicker
from sun to fire
fire retards time
when the sun goes out our clocks will surrender to gravity
my wrist is a video portal
since i am so many places its always breakfast somewhere,
always the first drink of the day

when i smell myself approaching, swallowing lit matches, stealing firewood
my flame will never stop
every night another tree falls, three more sprout
when stars turn green they're moving sideways

Still Hearing It

i don't want that 100 passenger salmon making an emergency splashdown
in the accumulated mountain skin & silt of my life stream
red doesn't mean go until you cant
thinking how a moraine cracked stream is the oceans natural opposite
that an upstream death is better than one where everything accumulates--
so much space with no ones name on it
til that morning
when everythings not what you want
tvs changing stations with every heartbeat
each hours shadow burns a new alphabet

haunted by a past that wasn't mine, dreaming in Polish,
unable to control myself in restaurants with live fish tanks
or distinguish falling acorns from bullets
back when most nights the sky would tell the same story
and I knew the sun was in my blood revolving through my earth dark heart.
i knew that if i got three days from home I might never get back
take the wrong mountain pass and im no longer articulate or legible,
my cloak no longer matches the trees, streams wont let me step in them
i eat without shitting but feel light as a songbird

White-Out

albino white, snow cat white, even bulbs don't go there simulating natural
burning less efficient to properly mesmerize with swaddling, too-young-to-focus light.
everything says spring except my toes and the calendar

if moss and lichens can grow on trees why not me, don't get tattooed get sown:
mostly guess work for color and growth habit, depending on your mineral balance
how you move against the sun and moon, how often are the fields
exposed, watered, covered with the same cloth for days, how many other spore sources,
how could the lungs not join in, hanging gardens,
every alley its own ecology--what day the trucks come, why helicopters never fly over

the guitar so wants to sound like i want but my hands have never known
how a string gets into that shape, how a tree becomes pregnant with absence
til it needs braces, thwarts. i was too clear and needed baffling;
since my muscles didn't know what was coming next they got Bs in every subject

the walls and ceiling move like a bellows but whether to suck in, blow out
or simply rearrange with the muscular furniture and over sized décor directing the
air, light and attention flow.

she tried every color on her hair til all that was left was bone sand,
unnamed gleaming in the dark, fluorescent straw girders the rain leaches without touching.
as i tread this maelstrom of faster-than-my-eyes light searching for a shelf to huddle in
i cant stop staring, like an anti-eclipse when the sun takes away all the atmospheres between us
and is momentarily cooled by our memories of so many weathers,
slaves to waters inability to hold still, surrendering to the gravity of thirst,
to the moons yearning for its mother/mate, blue planet eyes rich with
interference, depth, an insatiable flame holding us in hungry orbit
removing my plaid shell and red alphabetic whorls
to dance our vine-bones erupting unseasonal abundance
as if all flowers meant to do was seed

Like There's No Tomorrow

buildings fall and no one needs enough to fix them, so much space and so few able.
we'll sing the songs from before we got here, nibbled by mice and mildew,
before photography, before our eyes worked together.
its too cold to get more than dusk away,
half to the mowing, half to the opening of unmoving flesh,
testaments extracted from our marrow

////

////

////

////

////

giving money to strangers, stealing from friends,
waiting for the witnesses to change channels,
breaking the first window of the morning, washing my hands in fresh coffee,
visualizing the lumpy yolk my brain is

Daniel Shapiro

After Archibald Asked Her to Dance

In retrospect, her hair resembled
that of a startled Lhasa Apso,
but at the time it was ideal, as were
the metallic miniskirt, the crushed velvet pout.

Liking the tail end of a fast song,
she'd agreed to match his assemblage
of pogos crossed with African nightmares.
Archibald held out for a slow tune but got

only "Stairway to Heaven." The pair skimmed
intimacy: He caressed her capped sleeves,
all the while knowing of her impending
hedgerow bustle, her spring-cleaned alarm

that would rev the tempo toward careening
double-necked horror, a solo guitar
setting up a solo voice setting up
a solo dance, a mock strut toward a full glass.

Neighbor: Here's Your Package

FedEx mistook a 4 for a 5,
left something Time Sensitive
under his mat without a word.

He makes the trek four houses down,
looks up at the house that looks
like the one next to the other one.

The sequence: Doorbell rings,
sheepdog barks, sheets and limbs
rustle upstairs. She shouts to him

from behind a curtain behind
a screen, typically immaculate hair
a tangle of interruption. *Hello,*

she questions, horror implied.
He holds up the box. She pretends
to smile, whispers, *Leave it there,*

as the multiple meanings of *it*
shake their heads, wash themselves,
settle for the platonic remains of afternoon.

Before We Were Headhunters

After
he allows

the notes
to rush
across
the piano,
he replaces
the plug.
His
brain
tells his hands
to make
the claws
of chords.

You
remember
when you
reached
underneath
the piggybank
and pulled.
You couldn't
stop the glaze
of silver.
My bedroom
remains paved
in currency.

Felino A. Soriano

Asymmetry of the physical endeavor

You hold her soundless hand,
swollen as to reinvent bouquet, burst
tributary
 momentum
eschewing an afterward of death
blending woven
mischief outer-side of birth's feeding
 innate
deity upon prayerful enactments
missing from the physical moment te
provides as climax adumbration
adequate though sans surname
reinventing
 corporeal fascination with
rebuilding hand-hand against pillow of a moment's
 designated
structure.

Other Version

resembled
 beneath rendition
 verbal extract
dawn as morning ritual--
 awakens aerial
circuitry--
 burgeon begins
 again antonym
 back-walk
evening perceptual shadow
 ornamental
 crossed
 words
regaining again balance
of 24's consistent
interpretations

Heard the
 moth's truncated patterns
 vertigo though overreaching clarity
 into
 vaulted emblems categorized as domain or

 delicate strands of reinforced collaborations. You've reinvented emotion
 upon
 examining existential momentum of moth's interrelated silence,
 contagions overlap
 compressing then compelling an eye's vertiginous unravel
 exciting language of sound or sounds
 thus pluralizing renditions of a voice's winged manifestation.

Green as a countervail's version
sought, burgeoned soil thrust from
fingers' earliest conventional

Identified soonest
reconvening mixtures, miscellaneous
tributary silence of the peace etched
paradox toward war's decomposing
geography's ornamental intention.
listened well, woven syllables
of curtained coverage:
silhouette, shadow-not
relocating pardon
ascertained divergence
truant affirmation.

sang
articulation.

Heard i
behind imitating
created within her

Upon Hearing Robert Glasper's *F.T.B*

echo urged pull then affirm
listener's lead-string formation
(kite, or, thus rambling object catapulting existential happenstance?)

ringing

rang then vibratory language shifted roles
fled angle default momentum
understanding huge or postulated vocabulary
as waging ghost prolific endurance
multiple outcast symphony tongue, the
weapon recalls as humanizing fixation

Upon hearing Thelonious Monk's *Blue Monk*

Modern echelon, modal syncopated
certainty, of piano whole halo
prescribed as
vocal trimmed treble mosaic
cerebral blast this
winter within world of the mind's escaped
realism of mans' verbal denial. You
orchestrate
remind the mind memory toward capacious
persuasions
cycle aligned-rhythm pertained motion of night's elasticized
garnering of holding.

Within Saturday Evening

Lines
of
the ballet
inversion
subtracted
hearsay's
optical fallacy,
she, the
articulating
curl of
swan's
silent neck
distributed
unbroken
details, collaborating collocates
wholeness
and
rejuvenated
emblems
of a leap's enigmatic
lineation.

Splintered

Tandem of elongated paths
s t r e t c h e d
upon light-emollient's longest hand
recreating passion within
serenading voice
come
come
figments of tree or
desolate skeletons
gnarled by hands of prior visitation. Domes
disappear against an aged regression:
of hours' holy fascination, ceiling of dusk invites mauve of incorporated mornings to
relive and combine
symptomatic rhythms such absence
comprehends as
devoted texture toward skin of moments'
erratic decisions to
encapsulate resuscitated desires.

Stilled reliance

circles
of
achromatic
wings

rotate

sporadic silken

angles

aligning

modal reliance with
inconsistent tributes toward

marbled
hyphenated
vertigo--

—after

personal momentum, thus particular vernacular

does centered beings provide
errant degrees of tissued remorse, thus covering partial reliance with
abridged insomnia
persuading cultural dedication to
realized mobility of the
social inebriation.

Grace Andreacchi

THOSE

dead leaves in contrary motion
scars remote control the death of innocence
those roses children incomparable tears
a half-eaten sandwich

canal boats frozen in place
that broken glass with your
lips on it

I have no more fear
I am innocent of every crime
I am the bringer of dreams

THE BIRDCAGE

All winter long the white
flesh melts
snow to thin branches
sad-eyed hunger artist
gorged to the eyebrows
on secrets

At regina gravi iamdudum saucia cura...

Now in my cage of bone
two wild birds
shriek and struggle for possession
and if it breaks?
across the dawn sky
alites oscines

IN SOME SMALL CAFÉ

I want to breakyouopen
to drown you
drowninyou

Liebling Liebesleid
what did you say?
louder please
I can't hear you

louder please

I said
open your mouth
let me in
Ah ah ah ah ah

You taste of smoke
and ashes you taste
of kuchenundtee

And it's alsosweet
as a dirty tango
till suddenly it's sunday
and together we're
drowning in tea
or tears

J. D. Nelson

EXPERX

(50) / backrow
SATVRN

--- MAGI C
C C like _____

Bostoned
fam. rootie
& while--

avoidee /
vi.

brain fixed-d-d
:: Muke Vorn

air sphinx
later water

VERMON'T

blue / berry
&
the wolf is proud
this J. marrow
LOWRIDERO .
a try: I I I I I I I .
I I I I .
I I I I .
up here.

olf

- - - -

zenmeth,

velconry,

as to Venn ())

ckii-ckii octagon

vogg the vok runt

eight acorns south of yr Nikes

the loam of Linus - - - -

populationer

- - - - werew

The Now of Nelson

77.

walking holmes

this furniture of ghosts

??

lighter fluid pie, special

as pink as the ostrich nachos

LL.

ℓℓ

Black Sabbath Milk

United States of Denver Broncos.

The rabbit has posed a fine question.

another eyeball
the Coke of why

You need hunting and coats. Your brain is teeth.

Feathery Yoda. Stevenson Chevrolet and all that.

A silent release of chemicals.

The pallid eggs.

j/j hastain

This structure is bountiful degeneration. Is the sound of the things that surround hearth. And our content is ongoing. But ongoing as an image. As pictorial caesura. Within a stretch there is a requirement and a reverie.

Because of what the next body demands.

Our bodies were always poised toward one. But the new one that comes after two separates. Our bodies are tertial. Tertial bricolage attempting to make itself into memorable territory.

There was a city before we existed and there is this city that we press our tertial against as a way of existing. We do this for remembering. For making sure that the memories will never grow tired of being recalled.

There is a not yet embodyable chakra that hovers over us instigating our decay like a bird of prey would. It is this engineering halo that increases our closeness. That makes us lean toward rather than away from. Making us able to be referred to as lovers during something so vital as bypassing histories of the behaviors of cities for the sake of

becoming our own unownable literal

city. Things I can never say. On this plane rhythm is always a type of phenomenological bleeding. So much visual noise. Noise like what is stimulated when peeling back a rose. Imbued nacreous sect. Smear and remnant on the bedrock amidst

perpetuating still mostly unforeseen sources. The ruins of the beloved are staying and staining our cells. Turning us into animate cull.

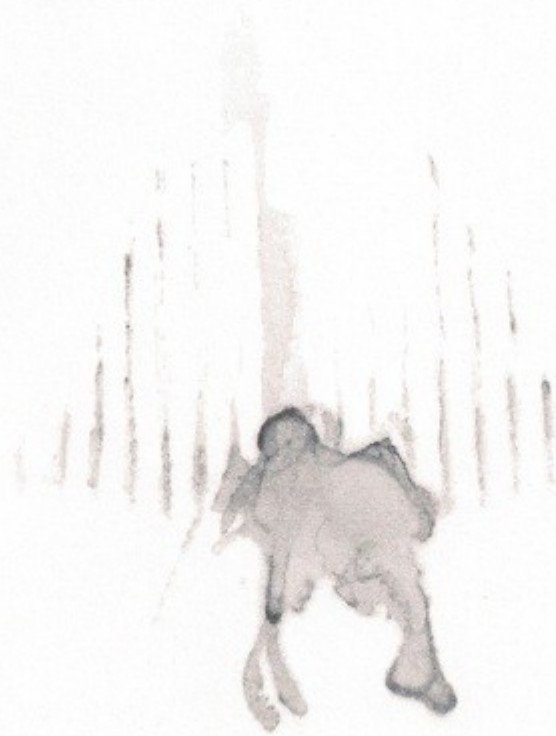
Space here has surpassed traditional pronouns. Male and female equals *he* and *she* has been forced from the mouth. For the sake of what else could. For the sake of outgassing an always applicable and affirming encapsulation. An encapsulation is an insulation. Insulate us from anything peripheral to us or

what neoteric ways to in. In as verb. Holding the new one that we guarantee does come after two separates.

John Vieira

What of Genuine Science Remains

The sands hiss as water droplets fall upon it and evaporate away. Saddened to meet a former lover, or happy for the flashbacks still there like pornography footage? In the tongue-tied oasis some things are of a personal nature but you had to share yours with everyone.



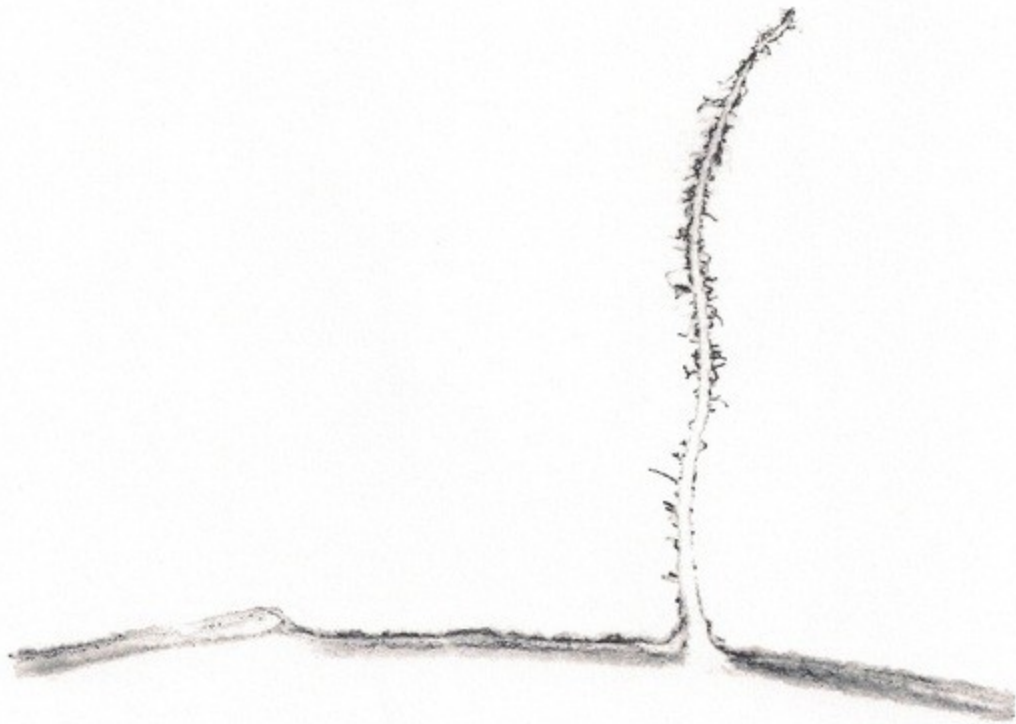
What arm of fruit bears science? Did you ever feel yourself to be more than your mere body, more than a fleshy self, a cage of just later dust (spread upon the cataracts)? I don't know the truth for life, or somehow don't recall any. This paradisiacal beach offers nil. When I ask you why you submit to it, you answer, "I have no other calling".

LOST MOTIVE



Full, gently exploding kind o-f pu-ssiness, but heavier, more solid, like walking down an empty, dimly lit hallway a-fter midnight with a large yellow bowl resting within the crooks o-f yr arms. (. . . A pu-ssiness like cotton batting, rather bulky, tho, like foam rubber, but more compact [as swollen kapok gets]; ballooning from the inside out; pu-ssed up, heavy; thick, open; airy [but substantially so]; sog, humidity; a sack full o-f cedar chips, densely fragrant as.)

How many months before I have you again?
Everybody laughs: Come to your senses, boy.
The way it was before the word was born,
before the universe was called into being.
I was not about to wait around and watch.
Even forgiving can become a place to be:
How we got out of change, for as long as
we could, something exquisitely beautiful.



TWO DISTICHS COMPOSED ON THE SAME URN

1.

No matter they are becoming
legion, still haunted men are now.



2.

And numbered from the start:
our love notes never written.

Katie Berger

Extract More Metaphors

I am not sure what you see.

I think you hid my memories, lost the key, then asked me to pick the lock of my own mind.

A clock ticks somewhere on the wall behind me.

I imagine if you sent me out to exhume these stories, I would dig in styrofoam and return only with the rusted kickstand from a child's ten-speed.

Birds take flight from within the mouth of a chimney, and you flap your arms and say look.

Should I be chasing the birds or the chimney?

Strange books sit on the shelf behind you. The phone book, a detective novel, an encyclopedia of birds.

You will delight in this memory. My old friend (Dan? Michael?) ran along the shores of Lake Michigan, chasing the seagulls into the spring fog. I have yet to make any meaning out of this.

A bottle cap sits in the corner, still spinning on its edge.

Did you know I also saw a sailboat abandoned on the sand? I looked through a jagged hole in its hull and saw nothing.

You watch the rain dripping on the window. It forms a pattern, maybe even an idea.

Pen and paper sit on the desk between us. Your eyes seek the blank page. Your fingers twitch.

If you wrote the story while I thought of it, we could finish this. We could free my ribcage from itself.

A dentist's chair sits in the other room. You say something about ether and an operation to remove.

I do not like the idea of you touching my vital organs. I am sure you would suggest poking holes in them to extract more metaphors.

A magnifying glass sits here in this open drawer. If you looked through one end, and I through the other, we would see nothing but the blur of each other.

Before the Time Machine Worked

Yes I saw the gutted Barnyard See-N-Say with its missing string.

The pig horse chicken will no longer sound like something
between a fuzzy yellow dandelion and a consolidated school district.

The spinning critter wheel unhinged, all sound stuck
to the ceiling forever, so you could have a part

for your time machine – you say the you know.
The you know made of the bike seat
and hula hoop and bed sheet
printed with Saturn and stars. You call
the string only a component.

I do not need to look to know
you store your components under the moon.

The you know oh I said I do know
will not work. The shovel is missing its handle,
the cow its moo, the basketball its shape, the thermometer its mercury,
the basement its door.

How to Build a Prototype Time Machine

(A prototype is something that will one day be.)

1. You mounted a Polaroid camera to some bike handles.
4. Snapped me once, twice, three times – not more. The path to more is buried.

When You Are Finished

We have lost things but we have pictures. The colors are brighter than friendship. The
edges are blurred like first grade art class Mrs. Gannon turkey handprint.

Stick your finger in the picture. Watch my smile form around it. Say we'll get there someday.

KJ Hannah Greenberg

The Smell of Water

The smell of water in an iron sink portends
Fictions of yesterday's lunch, also our obstreperous
Love-filled cupcakes, coffee, cream cheese sandwiches.

Such a *sine qu non* as ours often requires
Primary care providers to access chat rooms,
Avoid pabulum projectiles, smile frequently.

In a family's comings and goings, details like
Dog hair on the sofa, first class letters, toothpaste lids,
Get lost in the lugubriousness of failed diapers, postage stamps, sleet.

Calls to home, from teachers, too, raise
Specters of exaggeratedly gloomy prospects;
Riven social comments were all that was needed.

Our completion requires careful replacement
Of worn ribbons, spilled cereal, shed tears
Whether the ingredients were concatenated or not.

Australian Kennels

Alone, a boneless dog,
Without stick, toy, or shoe,
A beagle's velvet points
Not toward cars or rabbits,
But splintered bits, mosaic beauty,
Honeysuckle-shattered maps,

Winging away again
Without a hug,
A rug's worth of thin, worn reminiscing.
Small, smelly traces of golden wattle.

Daydreaming past people-paged creation,
Considered, in reputable circles,
As lonely, loveless.
Sad, blue, sans home or blackwood sanctuaries.

Pals purport to vibrate joy, merriment,
Levity. Like life, to wit, squirrels plus skunks
Reemerge at sunrise, spurring relevant images.
Jetsam's no use for gleaning gems' ordinary parts.

Poetic truth, though, gleams beyond caged
Fancies from protected lists' sentries,
All fur and skin, wasting away when
Sufficient prowess lacks.

A butterfly's detached avarice
No more threatens than spring raindrops.
Sadness rolls eventualities
Into pink and gold creatures,
A light silver banksia,
Makes no more miscreants of hounds.

Michael Tugendhat

Summer's Hallucination

He smelled his arm
as you would a porous ham,

hack it, he thought
to hack it, he said

until his room was painted
in obsidian

by hallucinatory
defecation.

The man told him
which arm to cleave,

he spread mint leaves
over the wound

after he hacked
it clean.

Smelled the pine needles
placed at the dinner table

reminding him of the seasons,
and of the sweat it took

to trail the Christmas tree behind him
all the way home

in the middle
of July.

Birthmark

We met in the most delicate
of fields.

Fourteen of us
found fucking each other in a basement

below ground
where turnips swell.

As they told us, we led our tongues
into pits

of man and
woman

in the shallows
of that cave.

'Pretend,' said mama
that you will marry one day.

You will forget
this fog.

Headstrong. It is the head
they want

to pike. The gunpowder
stilled, that night

you claw at your
birthmark

hoping, those children
mama spoke of

would never know.
They can never know

our name never mattered,
it never will.

Diary

Until I'm moving
as transit moves me.

He moves me until
I can no longer numb myself,

as the whiskey
wets me inappropriately

he never once
told me

to hold him.*Hear me.*

Have me, he said.

Bold. Brazen. Cold.
Stayed.

Something within me
stayed so it could

listen in.

He fed me a hook,
hushed it cold. Stale

as last time. The utterly colorless.

*Now watch it
hide within you.*

*Let it shiver through you,
up in you.*

Self Parting

The boy on the bed
was a poppyseed

to them, a black wisp
tucked in the lung

like a tar ball. He tried
his first marlboro four days before

he was detained. Three days
before he was torn

from his mother's
arms. Two days

before he lost his
virginity. One day

before
they told him

"it will all be over,
soon."

Naomi Buck Palagi

mallorca

memory of the coffee (foam) bare beams above my head the mill the grindstone mill for table and
the sea
far below the sun on clay tiles a rectangle carved from the thick mill wall shining in like
air
scented tumbling piles of flowers, pines, the clay, clean earth baked a pan for the
trout
fresh from the streams the market alive with colors, hollers, bags, scents
above
the world on the old mill at dawn, staring out to sea, salt
settling
on my night (soft) gown worn before and before
learning
panoramic view alter/ altar point company
of strangers
speaking in words in many
tongues to watch
the moon at
night rolled on carpet and
stone
we stare in the dark shoulder
to
shoulder the world temporary and new

All I ever said was

I am approaching the Green.

I am on Concrete and

I am approaching the Green.

The

green.

These are the flowers, this one, and I

am on the concrete still approaching

this bird

with rings around its throat is calling

The bird.

The bird is sitting.

The bird is sitting on a branch I am walking now

on blacktop and approaching

water the sky

has clouds

the airplane is so

small, piles

of cloud the bird

is calling, whistling

marsh water a dead stick bumps

against my leg I am walking

on concrete encountering

the green which is

messy, more birds, the red bird

is on the branch the wind

The wind is on the bird the clouds

The clouds are in

The clouds are in the sky the sky

is moving. Piles

of clouds like elephants with the sun

blaring on the white and then the dark

side

of the sky I am here

I am approaching the green I am

walking on concrete I am on

the concrete and this flower,
little balls it is closed but this flower,
pink and open with wind
on it. The black
bird has posed. Tuft
of feather back. Flies
over the water the water
is marsh and so many
birds I am approaching and the birds
are flying, this is the flower, the flower
is on top of the green-like
The Green it is a marsh and the sky
is Blue behind
the Clouds that are
Piles of glaring white and the dark
er side I am
encountering the green and I
am walking on pavement the pavement
has cracks like cracks with
green
climbing out but I
am on the concrete approach
ing the green and the wind
is on me, too.

and even into march we huddle, cold

spin in ecstasy round the center the hard, the austere core of it the core
of it the day cold the room blank put on your skirt and whirl

til you feel the blood the love the seriousness and emptiness humming
with motion with molecules the universe warming like a bee's body as it sips

nectar

alter the room the air the building emanate out and out your red scarf
holding your waist a kûlah to keep your head attached not attached

to this the cold outside the cold outside embraced like poverty and love
from whence cometh forth

life

revolve rapidly about a center an axis inside your body or out whirl!, dervish,
aesthete, empty vessel devotee, shape like clay upon the wheel with your
revolution fill with shape and space, volume, but always
profess an austere life

poverty

simple bare poverty

let the dervish whirl, and feel the humming warmth
as watching the bee taste nectar
on a warm, warm day

ric carfagna

from Symphony No.5

(crow songs at dawn)

3

Three walls in shadow

at noon

the gulls cross

an eye's horizon

it cannot be

a process of calcification

or theorizing

that this world is

removed from existence

in spite of possessing

the amber hyaline threads

in the sweating outstretched hand

in spite of myths

perpetuating and shaping

the contorted statuary limbs

and it is on a page of unwritten irony

that words emanate

from above an unbroken cumulus overcast

and it is in the constancy of starlight receding

that crows in isolation

understand the significance

in a satin gauzy moon-glow's sheen

and it is on the furrowed road
to anesthetizing destruction
that the orchid drapes
the transparent sepulcher
and the storm foretold
by the oracle's gaze
rages in the onyx horseman's
attenuated isolation of mind

8

A world exists
below the cold celestial firmament
a world where black cygnets
float through a visceral starless geometric void
a world where ethereal dust beings
devolve within in a tarnished reliquary of steel
a world where quantum tongued sanctuaries
hold the deathless oracle's transcendent utterance
a world where conception is an entangled atom
projecting light into the jeweled archetypal womb
a world where withering hedgerows
bloom in the winter shade of asphalt doorways
a world where the burning granite cenotaph
speaks to atrocities hidden beneath a frozen
ocean's edge

a world where wasting fleshly vessels
enter into infinity's clouded chimeric fray

13

Blight of tonality's loss

inherent in the scar

entropy leaves

a wake in the tempest

further from here

the moored telluric vessels

become existential reflections

glossed over in finite light

further from here

an uncharted Cambrian ocean

falls through an asphalt sky's

gaping metal trough

where the inter-stellar molecular labyrinth

demarcates the tacit limits of spirit's reach

where the insane oracle's vociferating tongue

silences the bloodless mourner's acrid plea

where grieving light from a widow's heart

sieves across a threshold's

flesh and marrow dimensionality

where dreams of a muted nightingale's song

fall from the pillow-burrowed eyelid's ash

21

Speaks of possible decay
as at the margins of observation
or of a spiritual Archimedes
threading the jeweled mortal coil
or treads on a spiral stair
in a room that has no name
it has been asked
if light formed here
within this void
where the calloused ear can hear
voices within the chalky ethereal otherness
where a runic ancient alphabet
conceives itself in a grain of sand
where the atoms of plastic doll heads
fuse to the thought of God within the painted iris
where the beaded crow eye scours
for the frozen rodent corpse
among the winter forest's thaw
or was it said
that here creation was left
within an unfinished tapestry
was left to wander through
the hydrogen atom's unstable valence
was left to interpenetrate

the gelatinous zygote's microscopic heart
was left to fathom
the fraying galaxy's turbulent spine
was left to fill
the unspoken of
isolation
bleeding from the widow's anguished heart

28

Now a crow on the ledge
frozen eyes through granite arches
a stained wind through window grates
an arachnid's web across the nettle hedge
the isolation of a widow
a widow speaking within the blood
speaking of a primordial sea
a sea of foreshortened perspective
a sea formed within
the unwound helix
within the cloistered reptile veins
within the simian causality of sanity's loss
yet here speak of evolution
of nightingales at dawn
of fleshly millstones
cast against the current

of caverns in drifted neutrino dust
of eyeless vagrant sages
crossing the muted interior threshold
of rooted lesions in a madman's mind
growing through the prosthetic membrane
of the jagged asteroid's transmuting fate
returning through endless cycles
cycles
of death and decay
cycles
of swollen embryonic galaxies
cycles
of burning effigial firefly gods
gods hidden in the cellular amoeba's desiccated
womb
hidden
in the blooded straw dog of mercurial belief
hidden
in the primeval ocean's crystallizing marrow
hidden
and unconsumed
as clouds drift
at mid-day
a fog appears

Soon it becomes a question of coherence
a remembering of bridges through doorways
a thought to breach the sinewy membrane
a promethean flame in glandular cavities
or the wet eyes of fragile beauty
 tasked to vanish among a fall of autumn leaves
it is here words do not exist
where quantum follicles feed
on hoary molecular resonance
where a gauzy semblance to blood
falls into vermillion fields at dawn
where a crow on a shifting branch enters
 an impenetrable wind of cyclical sleep
where death within the atom's core
 becomes the saturating bane of conscious loss
yet to come through this
understanding of light
 moving the sky
 through a sifted celestial arachnid lace
moving through an unstructured cognitive citadel's
 cloudy gelatinous psychosis
moving through a mute cellular memory's reflection
 existing as a viscous translucent ocean within the genes

Similarly the light fades
as in the shadow
of a madman's face
on the boulevard
of asphalt trees
and crepe paper framed doorways
and how in a day
without rain
the plastic statuary
is melting
beneath a winter sun
and the pallid moon
in an oracle's dream
appears to bury itself
in the blood of
the perennial transgressor's veins
it is as if an enervated landscape
dons the semblance of stone
in a purgatory of dust
and the glazed words
of the sainted vagrant
form the strata
of a silken unraveled absurdity's dross

Light off a precipice

at dawn

the gabled house is in shadow

here there is no prescience

gleaned from hermetic solitary philosophies

no prescience on pages of catacomb dust

masking the traces of an unspoken apocalypse

and it is here in a windowed corridor

that death pulses through the prosthetic veins

and mirrors are seen

as the sulfuric keyhole's unopened eye

and it is here one must search

the ameliorative terrain of sedimentary lament

hidden

within

the

buried

logos

of

desiccated

marrow

and it is here one must search

for the murmuring plainchant's wounded plea

echoing

through

the
ancient
stone
forest's
emasculated
ruin

and it is here one must search

for the empty inward quiescent tear

reflected
through
the
marbled
archway's
scarlet
hue

and it is here that one must come

come without thought

thought to possess

this austere penitent intangibility

or to possess

these abstract eschatological leavings

breathing in a night of iron roses

blooming on sodden driftwood plains

and one must search the conceptual image

of another life-form's atomized beatitude

shattered
in
a
glass
ocean's
metaphysical
depth

63

To infer space
as existing
beyond the firmament
that is
within the eye
or the hovering glass spheres
 vibrating down the halls
 and corridors of the chambered void
some speak of oceans here
speak of depth
speak of death
or how the lily blossoms
without the madman's will
without the doorway of apprehension
 opening incrementally
 to what is contemplated to be
 these bloated geometric projections

and what of their tactile manifestations
 fitting the frames
 the eye decides
or the aspects of night
 with radiant blizzards
 on an iron bridge
or what is to be believed is
not the crows
 evacuating the burning spire
not the blue orchids
 painted in the dead man's hand
not the stone dolmen boundary
 tracing a vague insentient
 order to existence
not the muted sparrow's eye
 seeing into the cracked asphalt heaves
 a strained eminence
 wherein nature abides

87

Do the plastic doll's eyes perceive
an entangled sentience
 existing within the precarious
 monadic entity
 formed in a celestial sea's holographic eye
do they understand
 the unblemished bull's spilled blood

atoning for the shadowy rank wounds
of transgression's mired god
do they perceive
a swan's feather's drift
in a black stygian pond of fate
where the life-force of dying leaves
enters a stony heart
choked by weeds
in the garden of molecular corporeal
decay
do they perceive
there is no answer
to what cannot be contained
in the pendulous scar of cognitive
obsolescence
banking the flames
of shipwrecked burdened
sentience
do they perceive
there can be no ambient segregated breath
filling the maimed welded lungs
awaiting the rapturous
transmigratory ecstatic theophanies
do they perceive

July, 2011

Richard Kostelanetz

HOMOPHONIES #1

AITCH H
RACKET RAQUET
BASS BASE
BOARDER BORDER
SEAM SEEM
CARET CARAT CARROT
CAUSE CAWS
CRUEL CREWEL
CYMBAL SYMBOL
TURN TERN TERNE
DOES DOZE
EPIC EPOCH
QUARTZ QUARTS
FEAT FEET
FILE PHIAL
SORTED SORDID
KERNEL COLONIAL (did you mean COLONEL?)
MAIZE MAZE
MEAN MIEN
NAVAL NAVEL
OR OAR ORE
TOCSIN TOXIN
SURF SERF
PACED PASTE
PEAK PIQUE PEEK
PISTOL PISTIL
PLEAS PLEASE

HOMOPHONIES #2

ALL AWL
BALM BOMB
CANAPE CANOPY
HIM HYMN
HOAR WHORE
HEART HART
FLU FLEW FLUE
GORILLA GUERILLA
MEDDLE MEDAL
PROFIT PROPHET
RAYS RAZE RAISE
RETCH WRETCH
WEE WE
AURAL ORAL
BOUILLION BULLON
JUGULAR JUGGLER
KEY QUAY
RIGHT RITE WRITE

HOMOPHONIES #3

RIGOR RIGGER
MUSSED MUST
GRIEVE GREAVE
GIN JINN
CONK CONCH
CANTOR CANTER
YULE YOU'LL
WEALD WHEELED
SWEET SUITE
TAIL TALE
NOD GNAWED
MANNER MANOR
LESSON LESSEN
LOAD LODE
RESINATE RESONATE
ROLL ROLE
WAIL WHALE
FLEE FLEA

Sean Ulman

The Eternal Line of Visitors from Every Galaxies' Planets

2 nights after 2 beach days - sun-plated beamed streams -
dreamer dreamed.

Forest floating on aqua ocean. Rosecaps rinsing lathed scarlet
moss. Orca whales leaping redwoods.

Dreamer surfed dream channels.

Shooter buck - antlers cacti-coated - trotted desert heat-wave-
blurred, accelerated; abruptly ran a Celtic fast break on Boston Garden
parquet. Deer fell dead in lime key. Kevin Garnett dunked. Game
bounced on, wobbly mirage.

Dream nap.

While mall-shopping for a dream mate - buxom incarnated
manikins – dreamer's top teeth fell out. Drowning in a tall glass of
curdling chocolate milk, clung to barbershop pin-wheel periscope
straw... An elf toy livened, flew off levitating shelf, resuscitated
dreamer. Shot cinder-tipped toothpick. Tunnel illuminated.

The eternal line of visitors from every galaxies' planets:

Velvet light. Earth derivatives: kangaroo pouch sieves, toad
teeth, fossils of termite bites, evaporators, dissolvers, solvents, iced sand,
stone flowers, brick dust, oxygen statues, scents of shadows...
Dream compass stuck.

Dreamer set out to see Grand Listener of all Life Types sooner.
Pilfered elf's most magical arrow. Thick night stick shot perpendicular.
Drilled a starry tube. Distracted several online Its. Centaur mentor led
dreamer to lead in line. Dreamer greeted generous gargantuan iguana-
like guards, "plash splash in milky flash."

Eyelet of ashen light purred out keyhole - Grand Listener's
square iridescent pupil peeking - door flung wide. Motley light-fume
storm flumed tunnel.

Churning tail-wind stampede, 8 horsepower undertow, yanked
dreamer inside &
the door snapped shut.

2 Guards

Glaciated dragon crooned falsetto scales. Fluted blue breath
frosted cellar tunnel. Final visitor – flock's flattest feather – entered,
preened, plumed, exited – phased. 2 lasers linked long line of patient
dreaming inquisitors: light-flashes, mineral-slabs, fur-burrs, scarred stars,
galactic-geese, fathers, friends, philosophers, fools... Dream time for
Grand Listener.

giants guarding pine door opined relief, relaxed supine. Lying down, giants towered all on line. Each It learned gentleness of giants, manner/appearance incongruence – cannon feet, cannon ball shoulders, keg stomachs, stacked train track chests plated with crocodile scaled iron grates, cactus-faced, slate-jawed, cement cheeked...

But to hear them speak - caringly calming each dreamer, whispering – ‘don’t race the chase, a disgrace,’ ‘stack back the lack,’ ‘less is best, no tests, rest,’

But how do we recover this dream?” pleaded a smell like rust or brick.

Simple,” senior giant obligingly explained.

“The night of sleep you wish to return, think your phrase – ‘strong mortar has no borders, treat taking in boarders as an order,’ and keep repeating it. ‘Strong mortar has no borders...’”

“Treat taking in boarders as an order,” the whiff of brick picked up, “strong mortar...”

“Precisely. The Grand Listener looks forward to listening.”

Giant gently applied iron anchor hand to mini-minotaur’s horns. Door cracked. ‘Creak.’ Gray foggy fade-to-night light. Shadow of a human dreamer stumbled out. Rosy eyes rolled.

Giant whispered “plash splash in milky flash.” Dreamer’s shadow evaporated.

Giant wheeled anvil arm to usher next in line – a lunar pear-shaped crater – to step forward.

Light Collector’s Collection

Dreamer frequent flew to Chicago (home-city, hadn’t been home), fell ill with flu. Sister fed him rutabaga stew. Dosed oxygen outdoors.

Walk in local park winter/spring eve. Slush, snow swaths, mud-green mud ribbons, cracked pavement path, backstop, oak trees, bench, mompop-shops, brick buildings, porches, alleys, El train rumbling.

Empty save benched Light collector, wrangling with positioning of items of latest collection, lined up in a lane along cracked paved path.

Cats-eyes star-stones, five prong star projections, compact disc backs, opal apple, galactic rocks, red candled mineral candelabra, red-blue-white bombpop-topped erudite, aerodynamic chondrite, asteroid&meteor fragments, pumice, outerspace pieces.

Dreamer drooped down cracked pavement path curb, spotted items, stopped, spoke to luridly lit holographic Light collector (light-stitched trench-coat, hooded glow cloak),

“Quite a collection, sir...”

Deriving he could be dreaming, dreamer wove hand betwixt light lanes.

“We’re real here,” Light collector said. Collected his thoughts. “None of it’s dream.” Spellbound, collector counted light trails tipped

tangent to pavement. “19 Light streams!”

Dreamer relaxed eyes. Latticed light layered unlinked, leaked, licked irises, petted pupils. Eased eyes seized seas of cold gold.

“Excuse my presumptuousness, but may I borrow a glow bit for a bit, bud? My sight’s lacked this watt-packed compact light weight...”

“Take what you wish.” Light collector lost luster, formed frayed edges, drained rain-cloud bay gray. “A display giveaway!” Light collector floated a stone finger-splayed hand over objects.

Dreamer plucked opal apple out of pebble-dappled pavement.

Dreamer flicked flimflam crystal color – emerald purple topaz - off opal globe, dangled hand, hefted deceptive weight (lighter than a hollow apple), tossed Light collector a light-hearted thanks, strode into semi-sludge green slush puddle-lush park.

Light collector, gray feathered and shrunk to songbird form, fluttered a leaf’s flight, floated above park, rode a clouded cloud road out of Wicker Park into dream. Hoped, expected, believed passersby would take one item only. Envisioned a finder playing compact disc audio:

1 hour of sunset sounds - sky shrinking expanding, planes plying – sky slightly displaying change. Light to Night recordings.

Seward Spring 2

somnambulant grizzled brown bear

ambled out hibernation den into Camelot cemetery

scratchy spine ground cracked gravestone, bruin ate defrosted moose kill

irked jogger jogged mind grave-robbing image spring

rebirth clash??bond devil’s club sprouts sprouted thorny

horns pushkee chutes shot up

varied thrushes flushed pine grosbeaks off choice birch perches



a panther
poses provocatively

imminent
pounce or
founce

tanning tan hides

lacing quiver leathers

hunting just so supply
bowed bows to
surplus bow supply

surveying
slash & gosh
breezes seeing trees
WHOOSH

scratching poem
punches 4 spar

Summer Qabazard

Elysium

Cellodora knows
there is vanishing
where lines converge
in the distance
where two verges of a road touch

If the vanishing point moves close
the curve is tightening
if the vanishing point moves away
the curve is straightening

Cellodora watches
starlit sprinkles in the zephyr
catch the receding tide
as it ebbs in the evanescence
of the morning mist.

Meditation at 5pm

The cherry pit in my
stomach has an orbit I shrink
it with my mind. It expands
again. Ripe, it tries
to grow
to a tree
trunk rising up my windpipe, its reach
each branch creeps
sap goo and leaves, I hide

Walking to you, I inhale pages of light
liquid walls
of my tunnel
vision
I see
two sapphires
held up high
bright blueberry-blue
I aim for them

I have skin
I'm a shape
I have organs

I have worth

Exhale

The time
from when your eyes
are open
to when you
look down
and
they're close to closed
we're connected

Implode
Explode
Implode

I live on air

One hand
on my back
an arm
around me

then another.

Stasis

Shadows of trees stop flickering
across my empty room
Layers of dust on my bookshelf remain

Not a breeze
Not a sound
The world has fallen away.

Dust particles linger
motionless in air
the glass of water on the end table
might as well be steel.

No men and women come in
to test if it would break,
ripple, evaporate.

Black hands
remain at three.

Distance

The sky is apricot in evening
peeling off in flakes
honeyed, on my collar, neck
droplets, clumsy, meant to endear.

She looks at me. I look at air
my fingers are bone in January
they wrap around nothing.

Dead wood rot
mingles with sifting spices
drifting from the kitchen.

Turning to her,
she smiles at me
and glass spills from her eyes.

Susan Adams

Deep End

Green ink-marked
fingers
idle the table
forgotten
as first date eyes
fry light
between them.
His interest
slides wire like water
towards this
colour alive,
electrifies
his own surprise,
and he a writer.

He leans his reach to her stain
and touches their future.

Arteries & Kites

Last night I dreamed
the earth was hungry for my foot.
You saw my panic
and wrapped me in ribbons
holding tight you let me fly
to stay the madness
that would leave me naked
on a whim.

You rise to me and together
we follow each other
brave but tethered.

Thimble of Fear

I wake to the next same day
a bad tooth in my bed,
is this really me I whisper to the sheets.

Stillness slides my spine
silence asks the questions,

peoples
vagaries are my discontent.
We fade our lives with hope let down, yet
I haven't met you enough.

My ears are a compass turned to your sound,
you feed me your face
in decibels of radiance
I sunbathe
on the make believe of us.

Wolf Dressed as Wife

She squeezed his life
and silence moved in
he reached his arm into the quiet
it stretched on the longest line of forever.
Fretted fingers were
metronomes to pulse
Joy became a ball unravelling.

Chameleon of care erodes
his reality in nano particles,
to humble,
salve
her need to wound a life,
to crumble.
Air shuffles between them
trafficking spirit
slow debridement over years
leaves him skeletal.
Hands clutch the parchment
of 'why' and self doubt,
to stumble.
Leeched, he cowers
into the Faraway Tree of beckon
its circling clouds
of vibrant worlds
turns silence to a shout, alive.

I Feel The Chill of Heaven

There is a consummation of river with land
innocent drapery confirmed
in a veil of two dimension
a whispering screen that rubs
the line between up and down.

Amphibious dawn chokes eyes
senses sway confused
lack guidance from definition,
the fingertips of mind sedated
by the flattened scale of this depthless day.

Breath lies still in the throat unable to suck
on this spurious quiet,
suffocates waiting for change.
Airless shrouds of ourselves
needing sight to validate our way.

We can walk through this wall of white separation
but cannot move,
old men god the rules in pitiless light.
Pray the chalk we hold has colour
to write our scroll before the close of end.

White is the handprint on my brow,
a finger of ice carves the cross of benediction.
Brand me to the lie of 'why'
Shave my head to a halo.
I wait

Troubadour Kaul

The Side-Seat Tender

Unpack your attributes that starve for liberation.
The night breeze flows for the sole purpose of your freedom.

Each field has flowers either grown or hoping to grow.
Mud borne till shrunk to dirt, petals execute spring, none the less.

Inhale the comet tail's wonder, hurtling past eyes
exhaling light as if life bid them to demur.

Crossroads promise you nothing more than other crossroads.
People take diversions before men make their signposts.

Nothing is a destination if we never tried to reach it.
Deny me the trial of watching you deny yourself.

Mind you, on the roads, I intend for us, one can die of motion
but if you choose to, we are looking at one hell of a ride to the land's end.

Damnatio Memoriae

Neither the gratification of new found truths
nor the ecstasy of abandoned prejudices
I chose the
delight of delirious delicacies
that daylight deemed dispensable.

You can't hold a butterfly that isn't there
but nor can you stop someone from trying to
even if for a lifetime.

The only pleasure that was mine
was in unearthing a vestigial trivia,
a trinket of knowledge
that I lug like an appendix,
knowing there is never a more fruitless slave
than one who self-righteously deems he is free.

Tyson Bley

ALTERNATIVE MUPPET

Butchers handbags. Blowjob versatility increased markedly.
Discarded leather spirituality: of contagious layers of
embarrassment volcanically taking over the world.
Happy with my new YouTube animal video in
which a Datsun gets clumsily humped, though. The cocaine rain meter,
always bunged with the gripe. And other classic signs of drought.
And meanwhile suspended suspension of disbelief lip reading a big,
barking dog.

But there are many other diseases
and the more disinfectants you rub on your farm,
the more a stray chupacabra's thyroid gland will bloat and bleat.
Once so romantic, Darth Vader now eats diabetes – and looks like
a wind-swept taco. Typically, pretty as an alternative Muppet.
An intrepid graffiti artist flexes his salad. Realizing
he's nothing but a hormone hung up on a crucified hobo –
schmoozing fatigue, his pajamas a strain of chronic GIF.

Whop whop whopping helicopter depression. Swamp Thing
when I'm alone. Its devastating impact. And on others.

MMORPG

Inevitably, the shovel entirely fogged up during the sensuous massage.
Cutting the tips of the giant non-human fork.
The tips' immersion, better than your cherry-flavored Christmas meds.

Cultural bathroom trash
is entirely overwhelming, Wall-E complains, and
'I am the Eraserhead baby!'

I want Karma that matches my stencil, lifted carefully leaving a
grin that looks like a pile of crap. The facial recognition technology
blossoms.

Feeling the urge to set her knuckles on fire,
Little Red Riding Hood in her dog poop skinny jeans.
Giving the wolf CPR in a MMORPG. To such virtual charity
the wolf responds, of course, by getting an erection.
A macabre DIY surgical procedure. It's like
growing your own slug psyche –

she's holding the Geiger counter in
grim anticipation.

A bundling cityscape, two or
three digital onlookers:
demons in turtleneck sweaters.

All the co-ops' paranormal activity
walled in by sleep paralysis, shaking walls,
iron bedposts, stained sinks, etc. Contracting
green claw in the toilet water.

Things, of course, don't have to be played that way.

DEAD THINGS

Nostalgia inside my vampire, its weird rattling.
Incandescent pixel, the artificial sweetener that
chokes eleven tubular universes.

Sated, with a taste for being entangled on the tire swing of doom.
Sports equipment encrusted in Margaret Thatcher's
bum-sweat, in what's essentially her office chair's very soul.

Further down in the structure's pneumatic metabolism,
this telegram, this flicker,
turns into vague nonsense – that's how much my love blows.

Hydrating our shrunken heads, politicians inadvertently make them
smell like chewed pencils. But when I'm generous and kind,
my brain is like an ice cream popping out of thin air –
losing a bit of altitude, then poised perfectly on a tripod
in the basement.

This means to an end
is the first worm: gnawing on the
yellow pages where lovers' numbers are listed even though it
would prefer to just play with dead things.

CATTLE

Man, binder of buffalo wings, constructs more aerodynamic
Mormon, or a bit less of his soul – but brown with the pressure
felt inside a bug, as of caffeine veining its way along.
A t-shirt's pit filled with curses serving as mere extension of moss,
crocheted controlled space so the bloomers of a hovercraft closes
dirty hidden joke wheels for inspection – in the cockpit:
Analog ghost. Sitting upright. Contaminated blue with its pincer.
Eardrum knowledge of direct fire hose, to noisily make pee easier –
the same thing that spews soothing blowing sounds
spins the hamster wheel's nerves unwound,
causing other things to speed up accidentally, to twirl out of orbit –
and in the end your dead-eyed cattle prod is something breathing.

CONTRIBUTORS' BIO

Susan Adams is an Australian poet who has been published extensively in anthologies, online and print literary journals both in Australia and internationally. She has been read numerous times on ABC Radio National. 'Poetica', 'All in The Mind' and '360'. Recent publications have included *Eureka Street*, *Nth Position* (UK), *Great Works* (UK), *Eclecticism*, *Sugarmule* (USA), *Bacopa* (USA), *Hecate*, *Social Alternatives*, *Ascent Aspirations* (Ca). She is preparing her first collection.

Grace Andreacchi is an American-born novelist, poet and playwright. Works include the novels *Scarabocchio* and *Poetry and Fear*, *Music for Glass Orchestra* (Serpent's Tail), *Give My Heart Ease* (New American Writing Award) and the chapbook *Berlin Elegies*. Her work appears in *Horizon Review*, *The Litterateur*, *Cabinet des Fées* and many other fine places. Grace is also managing editor at [Andromache Books](#) and writes the literary blog [AMAZING GRACE](#). She lives in London.

Eleanor Leonne Bennett is a 16 year old internationally award winning photographer and artist who has won first places with National Geographic, The World Photography Organisation, Nature's Best Photography, Papworth Trust, Mencap, The Woodland Trust and Postal Heritage. Her photography has been published in the Telegraph, The Guardian, BBC News Website and on the cover of books and magazines in the United States and Canada. Her art is globally exhibited, having shown work in London, Paris, Indonesia, Los Angeles, Florida, Washington, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Canada, Spain, Germany, Japan, Australia and The Environmental Photographer of the year Exhibition (2011) amongst many other locations. She was also the only person from the UK to have her work displayed in the National Geographic and Airbus run See The Bigger Picture global exhibition tour with the United Nations International Year Of Biodiversity 2010. eleanor.ellieonline@gmail.com
www.eleanorleonnebennett.zenfolio.com

Katie Berger is a MFA candidate in the creative writing program at the University of Alabama. Her essays and poems have appeared in or are forthcoming in *Catch Up Louisville*, *The Broken Plate*, *Plains Song Review*, *The Untidy Season: An Anthology Nebraska Women Poets*, among others.

Tyson Bley walks dogs for a living. He writes mainly about these experiences. He was born in South Africa but can now be located at this address: <http://soapstain.blogspot.com/>

Ric Carfagna was born and educated in Boston, Massachusetts. He is the author of numerous collections of poetry, most recently *Symphonies 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, *Confluent 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.

Anna Corrigan is living in New York and tirelessly domesticating her dachshund. Her work has recently appeared in *Gauss PDF* and *Kitsch Magazine*.

Arkava Das lives in India, and is a dedicated transponder for the cosmic neutrino background. He runs a small poetry forum dealing in experimental poetry at <http://bthediametricnext.runboard.com/>

Charles Freeland is Professor of English at Sinclair Community College in Dayton, Ohio. His book-length poem *Eucalyptus* is forthcoming from Otoliths. He is also the author of *Eros & (Fill in the Blank)* (BlazeVOX), *Through the Funeral Mountains on a Burro* (Otoliths), and *Chilean Sea Bass is Really Just Patagonian Toothfish* (Differentia Press), among others. His website is *The Fossil Record* (charlesfreelandpoetry.net).

KJ Hannah Greenberg: After almost two decades of belly dancing, home birthing, and herbal medicine making, KJ Hannah Greenberg moved with her family to the Middle East. In 2010, an assortment of KJ Hannah Greenberg's essays, *Oblivious to the Obvious: Wishfully Mindful Parenting*, was published by French Creek Press. In December 2011, Unbound CONTENT will be offering *A Bank Robber's Bad Luck with His Ex-Girlfriend*, a full-length collection of Hannah's poetry. In March 2012, Bards and Sages Publishing will be issuing a compilation of seventy of Hannah's brief fictions, *Don't Pet the Sweaty Things*.

j/j hastain is the author of several books including *long past the presence of common* (Say it with Stones Press) and *libertine monk* (Scrambler Press).

Troubadour Kaul is a collaboration project between two artists who indulge in poetry, travelogues, prose, photography and music. They came together in 2010 in a last ditch effort to merge their influences since they've been told it is 21st century chic to do so. Despite being recently nominated for the 2011 Best of the Net and 2011 Best

Short Writing in the World, their ranking remains dismal in the Indian arranged-marriage-market. While Vineet Kaul rents out his vocabulary and cynicism to his partner-in-rhyme, the Troubadour brings his imagination to the table. Neither of them, however, is bringing any bread to the table. Maybe that is what happens when you collaborate with your alter-ego. Read more at thetspeak.wordpress.com

Richard Kostelanetz

Christina Murphy has previously published poems in *Pool*, *Contemporary World Poetry*, *PANK*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *MiPOesias*, *Blue Fifth Review*, and *Counterexample Poetics*, among others.

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 *On the Toad* (The Red Ceilings Press, 2011, and Red&Deadly, 2011), *Roman Meal* (Ten Pages Press, 2011), *Noise Difficulty Flower* (Argotist Ebooks, 2010), and *The Frankendelphia Experiment* (Tainted Coffee Press, 2010). Visit MadVerse.com for more information and links to his published work. His audio experiments (recorded under the name Owl Brain Atlas) are online at OWLNoise.com. J. D. lives in Colorado, USA.

Naomi Buck Palagi became interested in words, sound, meaning, and dialect as a child growing up in rural Kentucky. More recently, she became focused on writing poetry as an amazingly flexible vehicle for thought and communication, and since then has had work published in journals such as *Spoon River Review*, *Otoliths*, *Moria*, *Wicked Alice*, and *Blossombones*. Additionally, she has two chapbooks, *Silver Roof Tantrum* (dancing girl press), and *Darkness in the Tent* (Dusie Kollektiv 5). She lives and works in Northwest Indiana with her husband and her two young children.

Beau Perego is a native of Wisconsin. Currently a student, he observes birds of prey, bodies of water, and bowls of cereal. He collects via his personal blog (beauperego.tumblr.com). This is Beau's first poetry publication.

Summer Qabazard is a young poet from Kuwait, where she spent much of her childhood near the ocean. She now lives in Normal, Illinois, where she is a Ph.D student and English 101 instructor at Illinois State University, studying creative writing. She is surrounded by cornfields and is working on getting her first poetry book published.

Dan Raphael's most recent book, **Showing Light a Good Time: The Selected 20th Century Poems**, contains work from my first 13 collections. **Children of the Blue Supermarket**, my first CD, from live performances with saxophonist Rich Halley and drummer Carson Halley, came out this spring. Current poems appear in *Otoliths*, *Rattapallax*, *Skidrow Penthouse*, *Raft* and *Caliban*. I live in Portland and perform throughout the northwest at bars, bookstores, literary events, colleges and jazz festivals.

Daniel M. Shapiro is a schoolteacher who lives in Pittsburgh. He is the author of three chapbooks: *The 44th-Worst Album Ever* (NAP Books, forthcoming), *Trading Fours* (Pudding House Press, forthcoming), and *Teeth Underneath* (FootHills Publishing). He is the co-author of *Interruptions* (Pecan Grove Press), a collection of collaborations with Jessy Randall. His poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Chiron Review*, *Gargoyle*, *RHINO*, *Sentence*, and *Forklift, Ohio*. His poetry website is <http://littlemyths-dms.blogspot.com>

Felino A. Soriano is a case manager and advocate for adults with developmental and physical disabilities. He has received the Gertrude Stein "rose" prize for creativity in poetry from *Wilderness House Literary Review*. Over 3,100 of his poems have appeared in places such as *BlazeVOX*, *Otoliths*, *infinite space*, *Poetry*, *Yes*, and *Fact Simile*. He has had 48 print and electronic collections of poetry accepted for publication, including *Compatible Aspects of the Disparate Endeavor* (NeoPoiesisPress, 2011), *Differences of the Parallel Devotion* (Desperanto, 2011), and *Identities —Upon Variations* (Moria, 2011). For information regarding his published works, editorships, and interviews, please visit: www.felinoasoriano.info.

Andrew J. Stone goes to school by day and seldom sleeps by night. He has had over 40 poems published in various online journals. A chapbook of ekphrastic poetry is also in the works. If you have time to waste, he'd appreciate it if you wasted it over at his blog: <http://andrewjstone.blogspot.com/>

Michael Tugendhat has a memoir due out by Turquoise Morning Press in 2012. His poetry has appeared in *Poetry SZ*. Tugendhat will be applying to MFA poetry programs this year. He lives and writes in Philadelphia.

Sean Ulman

John Vieira: Working seriously and enthusiastically in literature and art for many years, John Vieira has had part of this work--both lyric and experimental--appear as numerous chapbooks, small-press books and artist books. In

addition, his work has appeared in many and varied publications and galleries in the US (including, for example, *AGNI*, *Many Mountains Moving* and *Rolling Stone*; and at the Pace/MacGill Gallery in NYC) and in little magazines, galleries and museums in Canada, Brazil, Cuba, England, France, Germany, Hungary, Italy, Ghana, Australia, the South Pacific and Japan. His most recent book is *60 Tomatoes* (Bookgirl, 2011).