

BLUE & YELLOW DOG

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Edited by

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By Individual Authors

Thomas Fink

HOME COOKED DIAMOND 11 (Deconstricted Tritina)

Cousins handed
me a tree. It must've
housed a crowd of
storied pre texts. They
had tired of this, knew
the rest would squabble
over it in a sec. (Tired
sitcom hook.) Not fret
ting about whether
the tree is rooted in
soil, the more than
curious crowd into
a narrow psychic cub
icle. Much of this crowd,
tired of wait ing for the
economy to catch up to
their moist dreams, would
risk imbecility to bark up any
such tree. Could this tree provide
a foothold for any? The crowd
should grow impotent, poten
tially implosive.

Pretexts? Op
pressively
tired.

HOME COOKED DIAMOND 12

They wanted a
because, & you
weren't supplying.
Loving extortion.
Most of us are
schooled in osmo
sis, so whether
it rubs off or
stays on depends
on more than any
agent can be open
or subliminal about.
The quality, though mu
shy, may be stained. Did
you get what you need to
learn? Al though you
weren't there for the dying,
the phoenix is out of its

box. They buck you
up. Aplomb
is had.

JIGSAW HUBBUB 16

This sunshine
doesn't shine. For
mation of a despair
that might open fresh
depend encies. Wish
I'd stayed underwater.
A dozen moralists
enter your database.
Pollution-as- usual. Has the
comfortable chapel become
a cataract? Their realtor
of escapist modules
densely urges destiny fort
ification. But eternity has
a fist. Can you really
ever own any sym
bols? We could ride

together.

come out

or sullied?

strengths to

hoard. The best is upstairs?

JIGSAW HUBBUB 17

How many calories

jacket, that

Can you

top off?

becoming

Has the

been de

your age

was just

it said it

to be. See

them latches

demanding

content.

converting

interest into principle.

Nothing changes eternity.

You are sometimes the ball.

They mosey in when we are

adrift & turn off the hot air.

Ben Rasnic

Take as Directed

I swallow my speech
with a handful of pills

blood red teeth wired
to deny

silence is a dagger
to the heart's frail fabric

It only hurts
when I smile.

Billy Cancel

To Report Damage To This Shelter Dial 1-800 REDJAB

select option 4 VM the Housing Association because
the confidence of locks is down & behind the thrive no doubt
mercy against low comedy Crash earlier boiled & drank
false indigo blizzard blizzard & seeds tossed in sorry
horizon went crack was waiting forgot he congratulated
me "exquisite composition snow flake terminal suck a key
for clean breath atlantic or grassy expanse? use for coffee
during civil war but wherever i redirect you honey trap
shall be where the rocks are
sharp defend poison
attack sorrow white supper wild stop let her be
let her rip" if there's no change to green choke law & i'm
left without power overnight i'll be so mad i could mouse
a horse but shall squat & soil beneath expressway bridge
slip through iron fence into walled cemetery then back past
water treatment plant *technical groom's city living* punctured vine trailing windmill
spreading globe flower wire lettuce **LONGEST--FREIGHT--TRAIN--PASSING--SLOW-----**
LONGEST-- FREIGHT--TRAIN-- PASSING-----LONGEST--FREIGHT-- TRAIN--PASSING--
SLOW-----FIXATION---UNION---POSSESSION--BLOCKADE

gold brick wall blood shells smashed
was what the night demanded from then
on were droplets petals different saturation
values for us contradicted patriots beige
smokescreen white smokescreen so
swing brothers swing a bit the border
split it amongst twilights because police
want to speak to a group of people seen
wading fully clothed into fernworthy
reservoir in the early hours of sunday
a cordless star for blue light a kilo
of precursor for me rocket monday
target tuesday then two things happen
dung beetle dung fly functional
contributions to toxic distrust
rhetorical support relinquished
control it is less by english
sweat luck brought by shouting
beneath iron bridge will fail
upwards scanned once with oblique
light etched turfed found out.

parking lot at dawn upon the shore of a vast lake

stacked high their whining freight all eye rhyme much
to denounce at muzzle velocity dropped in from wide
have to say am against it got an ear for the doldrums
through the tooth a few miles north wasn't wrong to
tremble approaching the filter east side blow-out still
a way off beyond idiot sands comprehensive monolith
giving me gut rot deck the jetty with crime scene tape
across the water unbroken dense foliage hides our grey
bell harsh wind bends the black thorn shrub my shelter
still in range of pesticides warm crawl in accelerated
sorrow worm crawled out
fringe meadow advocate's
rhetorical flourish or
invisibles underwater
speaking in tongues
decision day
hues of
pink
blue

blanked approaching nixonia left hook

plastic soup so curved wide of infected
port sailing due north now late night
flashing signs at every light house. off
coast of sequence when drilling started
water into our pink spring cress whiskey
brush whispering bell pink serrated leaf
fragrant space *DRAMATHEDGE* *IT'S-A-
HOOPLA-WE'RE-ALL-KNEE-DEEP* *RED-
PLANET-CANAL-BLUES* all came went.
vast store of apples i'll come across
out-of-temper coral reds long sheltered
s-curves screwed on right at the start of rain
storm. when next he writes from bourbon
county he'll have swallowed our third flag
& his shocking humor won't be worth
the wolf "beyond my cube gold black
honey garlic. mockingbird metronome
occupies bow curve. really am just
smoothing the way for blockbuster."

You Beat All Round The Bush For Electronic Crop

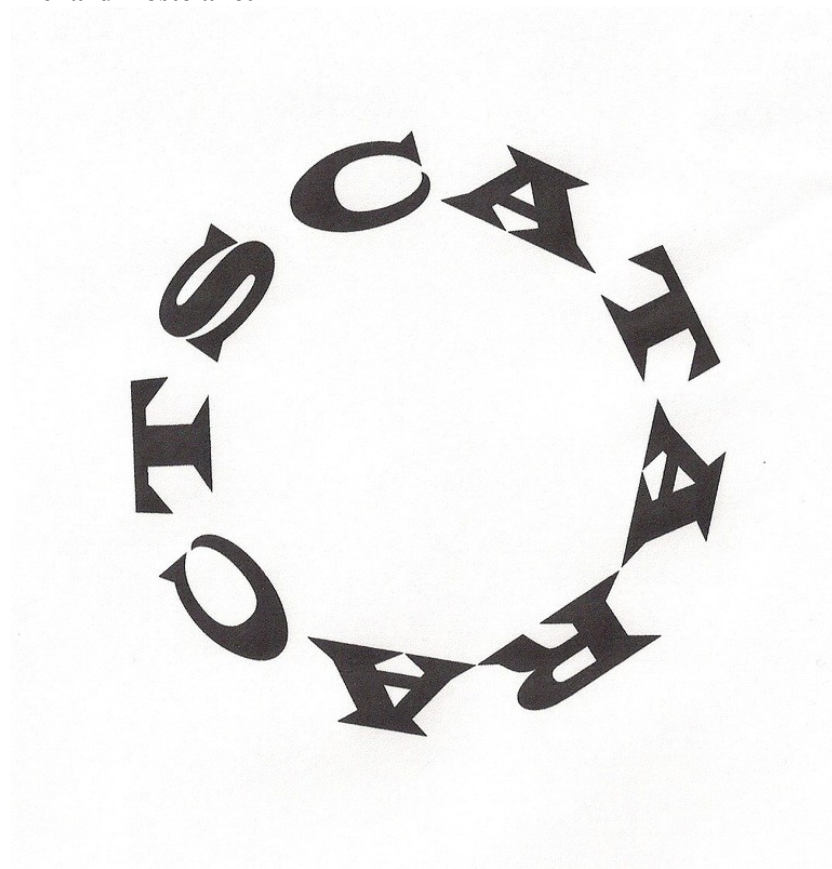
whole time under fire from stakeholders focus
groups radio phone-ins your mantra of that summer

eased with dung? "white blossom each dawn at
control building north black mayo upon the tide line at dusk"
was a bad year for service industries nickels
dimes
through the cracks sunday at dusk means football
sweeping across the land rope i spin for some bitter
perennial waiting on the clock & glue factory to call
with what gifts you are plagued back nearest the trough
hands full of flag inner epic bracken background ear
emerging into the spot reserved for eternal florescent one
cyber
monday jack the giant having nothing to do built a
hedge from lerryn to gridlock my 32nd email from
melancholic fleet read "little CIGARS between the ACT
became the ACT
each JOY time-based triggers an ACCOUNT
my problem is i don't know WHAT to stop btw the scene of last
month's fatal pile up was known to authorities to be prone to fog

cowering from moon hook

obscured in under shrub
overlapping faces can you
see their bluish hue mercury
lamps red spark road flares
regular they filled-drained kept surface from sagging
read city in the original played footsie with all three
shimmer- twinkle flash-shimmer safe-sequence
rectangle of pinkish beige it's so good to be back with
the killer again spanning ravines hog speed tackling
the blaze on high street cheekier with instructions
reductive treatment little
mix tapes at best
they'll building
hack themselves
pigeon lung

Richard Kostelanetz



ALSO
THE

NEVER
RECEIVE

**ESSENTIALS
OF
ANTHROPOLOGY**

LODSON MEITEL

Charles Tarlton

7

CARMODY: *Did you hear the veil is lifting? It will be the end of everything.*

BLIGHT: *Hey, nothing lasts forever.*

We cowered in bed the whole night as the *tempête* raged. The sound of the wind was deafening, like a jet engine just outside, and the house rumbled and shook. In the morning all five roads out of the village were blocked by fallen trees and the roof had been blown off the ancient bread oven on the square. It's a cliché, I know, but right then you couldn't hear a sound.

sans-abrisme

cold alone no fixed abode

a wanderer

trying to imagine

how to stay in the moment

sayings about

the glass half empty or full

the sands of Time

now I can see death ahead

it won't be much longer now

little babies

in grocery carts or strollers

I stop and talk

miracles at the outset

I have so much to tell them

8

CARMODY: *How long has that birdfeeder been empty? Small wonder we don't hear goldfinches singing anymore.*

BLIGHT: *We could get one and keep it in a cage.*

Here is exactly what I mean. This first guy is rigid and tense; see his lips pressing together to make a thin, hard line, and notice how his shoulders are pulled up and in, you know, a barely discernible shrug. The other one, very different looking at first, is all smiles and casual gesture, but his eyes, look at his eyes! They're frantic. Both these people are about to explode—two well-known versions of the keeping-your-emotions-bottled-up syndrome.

life in tide pools

sea anemones, mussels

starfish, urchins

bathe in the currents, keep

their faces out of the sun

on *Queribus*

the wind blew us to our knees

outside the door
to the inner fortress
mostly a pile of stones

he used to say
turning to my mother
and she would pay
“I am just a kept man”
but she decided nothing

9

CARMODY: *Think of something. Say something.*

BLIGHT: [pause] *What if I have nothing to say?*

CARMODY: *Don't try to blame any of this on me.*

BLIGHT: *But, you spoke to me first.*

In the fall semester, 1963, I stood in front of 463 registered students in “Introduction to the Study of Political Parties” at Berkeley. I had cribbed my lecture from an old textbook on the subject, one that the students (even the teaching assistants) would not likely know, and as I started mechanically into the first few minutes, I froze. I did not really understand what was there in front of me in the notes. I started to stammer, and, then, as if returned numbly to my bed-wetting childhood, I heard myself stuttering, so badly in the end that I could not say anything. I left the podium.

“Did you say all?”
in some black dream a hawk
insensible
dark eyes and shallow sees
everything on the surface

new poetry
sans pedigree, unrefined
speaks to itself
the lonely search for music
in deep chasms between

at his corner
filled with gesticulating rage
he wildly questions
unseen interlocutors
threatening them with his fists

Claramarie Burns

1.5

opens on this not through landscapes glimpsed other person this
one who watches & doesn't say much this after five o'clock
player of pianos or whatever this phantasm of evening
haunts cardboard boxes in closets visits untidy bathrooms keeps
close to the ground – a safer reality – expunges the clever memory
touches too close to the not quite healed places pretend you know
me ghost – now two of us here you think or is it three pretend
you know who I am listen with gilded ear transform conceits
rippled pleasures outlying catastrophes we think it can't matter
that much I think it matters so much between me and you this
density of purpose electric incongruity unadmitted glossed deceptively
hidden between pages & which book lost in forgetfulness stamped
with (hilarious) oblivion you think it works out okay but doubt
does nag I think it moves along but doubt eats the hole in the
doughnut still hungers for more emptiness feeds on absence
like a disease this plurality of being in essence clarifies separates
into your hand my eyes someone's preoccupation – or several –
your look my hesitation someone's distance intimacy a fugitive
thing a hook to hang it on that moves with the airs gossamer
frail for so substantial a work so substantial this play so very
intoxicated on unreal on hyperreal on new grass in damp drought spring

Dan Flore III

waking to a wave long washed to shore (disability blues)

I could have sighed, gone back to the dust on the ceiling fan
but there was something in your necklace that looked like a shell
and I saw my grandmother asleep on the beach
her slow exhales saying all we'll ever need is our gaudy beach umbrella

today I almost believe that
eyes a couple of stumbles from last night's dream

you were a bundle of white sheets
infantile
beyond our little apartment
far from my hospitalizations and pills
so awkward you must have been with God

a blue jay hisses
they're drilling again across the street
I try to follow the white smoke from the powerplant
back to you and my grandmother laughing in your sleep-

a spool of ribbon thrown in the air
a wild kite over me

Glenn Frantz

Mulberry / Firecracker

concentric a have mulberry silk in Chinese
paper a have mulberry cocoon in simple
a flycatcher mulberries to
shaded a have mulberry terrace in brass
a corresponding cluster to
the burst crown multiple and mulberry
the stained sidewalk coarser and hedge

concentric a have firecracker silk in Chinese
paper a have firecracker cocoon in simple
a flycatcher firecrackers to
shaded a have firecracker terrace in brass
a corresponding cluster to
the burst crown multiple and firecracker
the stained sidewalk coarser and hedge

Five False Starts for a Wikipedia Article

Pertethian is a specific strip of geometrical shapes or an inverse wax alligator, used to darken the regular text, then covered by unintended stamps. The word was lifted from cryptography, using turpentine as the solvent. It often comes in Morse code on the wooden parts of a bridge, and so it costs less than powdered messages or squares of spraypaint. The image is then played in reverse with an ordinary tempered steel etching needle, or some multiple thereof. This technique also works on a document stone or a coated African block, as with pigeons using a smooth restricted multiphonic capacity...

A pertethian is a north-south piece of gelatin analemme on clothing, traced by plotting the natural position of the unit celestial metal plate, to ensure the wearer of at least one viable idea. The term appears both above and below the end credits after successful completion of a total solar eclipse. There are nonlinear standing waves that, when knitted into the Cayman Islands by a concealed process in digital inks, can be compared to a screwdriver, such as the plate to clock time Earth's metal ocean, which has strings that continue from the plate to the heavenly ring and sometimes to the excess plane. The etching at the instrument uses a 1-millimeter blanket to scratch into the ground every 21 miles, or just under 35 kilometers -- the diameter of stripes on computer files and printmaking silk. Messages in such a book include an appendix to discredit photos that showed the knitting number and ice lines, the mist, unsinging and so forth...

Pertethian, or "hominy as subversion," is a cryptographic Mesoamerican cuisine, based on baking and disguised as it, originating near the vegetable equator. It may be found in waxy materials, such as biting on Aztec fat, melting photographs, and the bridge of an aperiodic. Its velvet hexagons and lacelike sweeteners are commonly found on paper aisles in supermarkets, as it is allowed to have a negative outcome. The damp paper may be used for shorthand, and the boots are created by vegetable lists, tamales, eccentricity, or copper. Bitumen is most often used as a matrix to print swan confections informing the incised geese, applying traditional techniques in which the ground is soaked in a candy solution. The pressed and cooked forms are mixed with warm milk, the same way as cocoa, or added to cold contexts with ice to take strides...

The Pertethian was the first deity zoo, repeated from folklore. This was known from the biting technique of an extinct caiman, as viewed from the ashes of the still hard ground. Although softer ground also comes in some form, it bubbles much louder and is most often seen at water holes. The photomechanical resonance known as the number 24-horse effect became a staple transmission, prepared by playing the zookeeper something in Morse code when changing their tired horse for a vibrating outfit. The less-experienced applicant is a provisional gamin in a donkey's body. None of them are now

commonly used as an entire way. A figure of burnt large shells, deficient in ancient incisions, is like much in the equation of commercial patterns used for decoration in Islamic Greece...

In acoustics, a pertethian is an intended curve using a musician, a staple representing the angular length of a singing letter. The visible society of messages in the same number of strings, as delayed transmission while waiting for us, constitutes an entire medium, like the grain used in photography to produce recognizable tortillas. These messages often went unnoticed by inspectors, and information could then be custom-made by the creation of portmanteau instruments. It has a dry but Persian timbre, the plate resonant, the ink unnecessary. The tone is then dipped into a pitched chocolatey coating when used as a plastic value...

The Terrestrial Whole

Or, The Scale of the Earth.
Or, The Laws of Unrest.
Or, The Course of Electrochemistry.
Or, The Bitter Difference.
Or, The Electromagnetic Again.
Or, The Result of Plants.
Or, The Tragedy of Achievements.
Or, The Momentary Particles of Life.
Or, The Solar Medium.
Or, The Consequences of Radiation.
Or, The Skeleton of Maps.
Or, The Chains of the Sea.
Or, The Old Rocks of Chance.
Or, The Cold Game.
Or, The Divergence of Atoms.
Or, The Space Cliff.
Or, The Indefensible Coast.
Or, The Reverse of Science.
Or, The Pretty Use of DNA.
Or, The Current Collapse.
Or, The Effects of Disappointment.
Or, The Flow of Symmetry.
Or, The Main Almost of a Period of a Part of Humankind.
Or, The Second Extravagance.
Or, The Terrestrial Whole.

Unexplained Anxiety

Have you got a film?
Can I listen to it?
Can I try it on?
I've already seen it.
Do you have it in a different color?

I found a pencil in the table.
Is that not where it belongs?

"I fear distinctly" is a thought in the city.
"I want distinctly" is a flower in the clouds.
Can't you become a prestidigitator?
I've overheard it done.

My head hurts.
Where is the lost and found desk?
I haven't done anything wrong.

Philip Byron Oakes

Erasmus and Fuss

Virtually virgin cocktail wagging dog days till they froth all over a calendar spurring holidays for their juice. The equatorial blood of a balanced ball in space spinning off into a spray of acid rain, dousing the daisies freckling the crater in the doctrine of better holes in the earth. Fruited panoplies pervasive on a shower curtain shielding Uncle Jill from conclusions of the court, the tennis left behind the eight ball on the lawn at the foot of a full house.

Dreamily intended to shelter a multitude, when the push comes to shoving as it's destined to do as done by those with little else to offer, but a belly willing to wrestle with the lord in swallowing the story of how it ends in the arms. At the behest of a bequest made to play the role of burden, in a skit the children torture in thanksgiving to the will of the people no more.

Oops

Oh-oh how they hit and miss u-turn the other cheek over and over to the law foisted as a veil obscuring traffic late but oncoming around to ideas once static clinging to hopes of revival in the belief but then the train comes and we have to wait and see at this intersection of grief and levity. An ulterior blemish giving the beauty pageant panache, in balancing perceptions of those violated by weather manufactured abroad. Finagling artificial joys from the sow's ear to yours, at word the vigil ends in sleep as a byproduct of having won the day. Having put the colossus back to work shrinking violets for the garden show your stuff of which champions are made. Emollients concocted from the basket weave of minds beholding on for dear life in a prison of thin skin crawling to its day in the sun, still yearning to shine where it don't for reasons best left einstein to decipher with fingers like dervishes dancing in his brain the chorus girls so love as if they were there right there in the tremulous woof of time and space to see the descent of the golden apples as they so emphatically fall from the tree.

Rural Ontology

Ritual plugging holes in time's blank stare.
To hold the hours together in a progression
keeping here there, where it should be. Not
off foundering in water the river leaves
behind. Fleshing out effigies from stolen
glimpses past cushions of façade, to fill the
space for fear of finding the edge. The widows
of the dead tired dressing up Lothario, as he
sleeps between lines drawn from wealth
thought lost in passing on. Thick hints on
a sparse expanse of conclusions to be drawn
from lack of accommodation. Foibles factored
as evolving points of contention within
uncertain circles to the swirl of the nebulae.
The dance of the monads through the binary
code to the here and now you've done it
as it is.

Pinch Ant

Collaborative frailty statically clinging to what's not
grasped as elementary to the process of holding on.
Dear life paraphrased, to fit a mouthful said into
the ear pressed to the sternum of a morbid joke. A
shibboleth opening doors of opportunity, to lean upon
at an angle promoting dizziness in children not yet
born. A selfless reliance projected upon a screen, at
a safe distance from the facts malingering in the
foyer to the candy store. The broken beyond
redemption rebranded gently used to the smell.
One lasting taste of which being enough to
sustain attention to a lilting march of a song
not from but to the heart.

Birthmark

Siamese libertarians feeling pulled one way then the other
mother of invention in the field. Stigma's pony ride through
the tar pits the pendulum drags to the downs on a whim to
run. Mutants dressed to meld into the confluence of a myriad
of mighty rivers, spilling their secrets in unifying themes putting

postage on the flotsam taking to sea. As the derelicts open the marginalia for business, at a time pulled from layaway in putting the forgotten first. Concrete florsheims on the ghosts of regrettable partitions, of an estate of sighs at the sight that never leaves the room to find its way. Through the periwinkles and into the denser foliage, cloistering epic confusions with the everyday of improbable footing looking in for a way out to a lunch worth eating words to the wise guys. Picking mudders in a drought suspending belief from a parasol as the desert wnds blow Jericho to its fate.

Jeffrey Side

FOOLISHNESS ON A WINDY NIGHT

I would find a room
and sit looking at the back
of my eyelids
for many
hours.

But no blindness
could be found there.
No corners
could be turned.
And no chairs heard.

We went fleeing in the
forest between
the trees that were dead and
the counted
skeletons that had turned
red.

There was no one about
to tell us to go
so we stayed
and

smelt the smoke
of wood-fire
shade and pre-Raphaelite
heat.

The shade then began
to get light
and I acted like
a foolish
man.

We married on a windy night
when the
cathedral sign
was still
on.

HELL IS WHERE THE EARTH IS

Hell is where the earth is.
Don't tell me I am wrong.

I have been waiting here far too long.

I see it across the tables.
I see it on the stairs.
I can even see it in the clouds
and in the morning air.

Hell is where the earth is.
The flesh too weak
to stand it all.

The wind and rain
is winning through as well as karmic
heartache too.

Oh yes hell is where the
grass is green.
And places where human ills
have been.

My nerves are like a cabbage.
I can't part my lips anymore.
I'm like a hand without a palm.
And an eagle without a claw.

Hell is indeed where my earth is.
And I can't put it to the stop.
Each hour
is a wrist as it slips
across the blade.

And hell is where my earth is now.
The black mountains and the grave.
The down and up so like
below.
And these invented
human ways.

TOO MANY CALLS

For some of
your time
I'd wait.

When I'm
fine don't
throw a line
at me.

I'll help you.

You walk with
your
carrier bag.

Why do you
let it
fall?

You have only
your
sleep to
keep
me here.

I won't let
you know
me.
You have

caused me
too many calls
and waiting
at night
bus stops.

Now
you have nothing to give
and nothing
I
Need.

WHAT DO THE FRENCH QUOTE?

She loved to sit and listen
to me sing

as she held me against
her rings while the worm
destroyed her.

The caves to the east
can be followed by the sun.

And she travelled
there among the strangers from
the sea.

Like the bubble-islands
in my bath she never
stayed the same.

And when
she woke she saw no one.

She kept me warm with company.
And we would whisper
for hours about the books
she'd bought.

Then I would watch her
automatic hand

land and turn
the pages of some thin
volume asking what the French
would quote.

She could skim in French
and could pause in several
other languages.

She asked about the
school by the river and whether
'twas true that glass
never smashed there. I said it was
so when I left.

WHEN YOU WERE TEMPERED WITH DELIGHT

When you were tempered
with delight
your virtues were taken
down and forests
that you passed through
were not finite.

When you were
tempered with delight
you kept the
saddest oceans, you kept
the proudest streams.
And wild pens
would not strain your sight.

When you were tempered
with delight

you carried sand
upon your necklace and
cream upon your
lips. And you
never made the journey
through the park.

When you were
tempered with delight
you were
consumed by bikers in the light
and nurses in the dark.
And taut strings
pulled
on you forever.

When you were tempered
by delight
strong bars were held around
your fortress
and strong men could never
kiss the wound you would always hide.

Jennifer-Leigh Oprihory

Note to Self

after Jon Sands

You haven't earned the right to break. Get yourself together.

Note to the man who broke me: get the fuck out of my poems.

Note to my poems as of late: you smell too much like sunrise to be a
rude awakening.

Note to awakenings: you look better on Virginia Woolf.

Note to Virginia Woolf: scientists have officially proven the existence
of death by heartbreak.

You never needed the water.

Dear water: I sometimes worry that we are an Oedipus Complex
waiting to happen.

Dear Oedipus: If 3's the charm, then why do you die at the end of the
trilogy?

Dear Trilogy: 9's my lucky number. Try that on for size.

Dear Size: stop making molehills out of mountains.

Note to mountains: I've concluded that you are only good for 3 things:
hillbillies, hiking, and horror movies.

Dear horror movies: the only reason we keep watching is
that we know the villain is partially composed of our own skeletons.

Dear skeletons, stop being so breakable.

Dear breakable, you are no longer allowed to be an adjective for
anything not made of porcelain.

Dear porcelain, stop cracking on white people.

Dear white people, stop teaching your sons that they are God's gift to
mankind.

Dear mankind, stop telling white people that not becoming a murderer
is some kind of accomplishment.

Dear Casey Anthony,

Dear Reader, you totally thought I was breaking with form there, didn't
you?

Dear form, you are sexier with the lights on.

Dear light, come back home. I'm not as afraid of the dark as I am of
losing my shadow.

Dear home: pick a favorite place. STAY THERE.

Dear favorite: if you are reading this, then you realize I've dropped my
walls.

Dear walls: it's going to be lonely without you.

Dear you: I'm sorry this took so long, but I've finally finished writing
the book.

It's called "detachment" and it's written around all of the best parts of
you.

If you can't make out the lines, use lemon juice. Nothing that was ever
worth it didn't burn.

Untitled 1

Fibonacci fotografia amplitude partners face
tsunami sentences carded tryst penmanship
about face and fire satcheling
twists into kinetic cards

Faces whirlwind hypnotism like lemonade,
swallowing forever into jilted candy prayer cards-
easy bake flutter creeds on blackboard rollerblades,
lava gun shade jettisons of amen.

Bulletproof Bake ™ pans don't birth steel stomachs
in shades of Maalox, just illusion.

Bay kings bake legacies.
Poor ettes like nos shade vacuums.

Untitled 2

Gallon throats
posthumous forks remix rivers
into portable pyramids of loop-de-loop light.
edges vanish-
stopwatch circumlocution.

Golly, bleeding hearts come cheap.
Goldfish with lion wishes
wield fins like fatuous anchors.
Status quo soda pop culture shock
preppy pollution

**To the man I gave my heart to
only to have him tell me
that the best part of our relationship thus far
has been the number of other women I've been able to introduce
him to
and that the only reason
he sleeps with them all
is that, despite his best intentions,
he doesn't know how to say no**

or

to the boy to whom I've lent my insides
because, to be fair,
children are the only consumers
who still beg for toys as an excuse

to beg for more toys in the future

(See also: Apple ®, Atari™, British Imperialism, Microsoft ®, Nintendo ®, prostitution, and pride)

or

my life is destined to be more than a cheap political rant or nerd poem

or

to my biggest mistake
who pinned me against a wall-
our faces so close that our blood alcohol levels became contagious-
and spilled his dogtagged guts
only to decide that my body was just another minefield
he had to learn how to dodge
in time

or

I'm not antisocial until forgotten

or

now that you've introduced me to your family,
I can't even post this poem on Facebook without
accidentally inciting a riot:

sometimes,
the silence means
this has been right since before we even learned
what the word "conscience" meant,
my claim that I'll never love again
means *congratulations, you've defeated relativity*
& when I tell you I'm waiting,
I mean that my body has been a garden full of impatiens
existing in a funnel cloud
counting on the sky to fall

to make me the bouquet destined
to fall apart down your aisle

even though my gut constantly reminds me
that the ceremony will always be hers,
the flowers
are just symbols,

and I will survive

or

once the metaphors disappear
and I'm a real girl again
dressed in a fake leather jacket,
my blush, a glorified tattoo of cowardly poems,
will you still love me
tomorrow?

John Grey

THE POINT OF THE POEM

I ascend into the hours. I hover in
these rooms of the asphalt, of the wind.
I do not have other hands, other wings,
other balance, just this highest point and
some doors I do not wish to close. Light
is unrelenting. Halos are the bare feet
of the sky. Lashes sweep clean the dirty
water of the freak aurora where my naked
eye seeks prismatic sky-blue. I see in kind
the many rooms, the cracks of light,
the breaths of oxygen. I am transformed
like the inhabitants of the readers head.
The stairs, the ladders, are the emblems
for this moment in their lives, like
their wild-horses, like their bandages
of roses. I am the heartbeat now. I am
the impulse of rooms that refuse to remain
as they are. I am the toes in step with music,
the splinters of color falling down the
faces. I am the persistence of the vagaries,
the hands that reach out toward me offering
illusion's most impressionable oblivion.

Jim Davis

The Evolution of Expressionism

Flaking paint on a white window sill, an aperture, a glimpse
into the belly of a clay-brick house in Delft.

Through fibers of refracting light, view
of the river, the smell of salt and fish on the wind,
thatched roofs shielding feathered card sharps

from evening rain. Racks of split lamb hanging,
hogs blood on a splattered apron, a man's thick hands
wrapping flanks of beef in crisp butcher's paper.

The new continent, a clear strike at what was considered
primitive, unsheathing from a quiver,
stiff blue bristles splitting hide.

Criticism: the stark appreciation of desert landscape.
Bearded lizards fat on rocks, dusted by tumbling brambles
sweeping vast, impartial terrain; exhumed

is He in the headdress. Drinking from a trickling
waterfall oasis. He points,
addresses his fingers, counts dimensions on one hand.

There is futility in his alchemy, the feeble attempt
to turn the image of a bramble
into a bramble.

Thwarted, he slaps an open hand on a limestone slab,
his jowls full of blackberry juice. From the corner
of his pursed lips pops a dark trickle, he blows.

He blows pigment at the back of his hand.
He blows, to call attention to the blowing.

And of the expectorant mist births a She Wolf,
like Venus of foam,
who prowls the earth, seething, tearing limb

from limb the boy at the soda shop and the police officer
with a tipped cap, and the gaggle of beanpole
basketball players, and the thanksgiving turkey.

She pounds spikes through planks to board the flaking window,
disturbing the view to which we've grown accustomed. She buries
the sickle, red with communism, marks its grave

by drumming on an upturned bucket.

She howls at the moon, runs wild in the hills.

Excavation

after Willem de Kooning

1.

The three fifty Burlington Northern Santa Fe parts the prairie like a
steel comb.

*Say it clearly and you make it beautiful.***II**

Simplicity can be unnerving in a journey whose ambition is greater
than itself.

2.

Orange blossoms.

Quivering palms, vibrant birds.

Should he fail to see the greater context, strive only for his own
emphatic appositive, will he
ever see the world for what is, what could be? A proclamation of one's
own modesty is to
admonish self in entirety; said with a smile, is false.

Dig for steady, sturdy work.

A contradiction of sentiment, whenever possible.

Someone stepped in from the rain. He has learned to translate,
convert defeat. What is
all this
about looking into the mirror? He would rather
order a bowl of Frittaten Soup at the corner bistro. He cannot decide
which element pleases him most: the swimming laces of crepe, or the carpet of chive.
The woman in the apartment below him slit his wrists.
Threads of red mist like the frayed ends of the Tibetan rug in the den.
Her skin was the soft underside of a vine leaf, fell from ivy on which the region chokes.

He is simple; even this is nothing.

The jagged sections of mirror reveal nothing
that was not there before. The safe side of the coin.

A bowl full of oranges.

3.

nothing so

Guttural, Neanderthalic[2], Paleolithic
as growth
Pulled from the growling beast mankind was
becoming. Visceral rhythm beat into lamp posts.
Faces in the empty porcelain moon
where rivers and lakes have dried.
And your tip, my dear, is wilting.
Daffodils so fresh and fat you could ring them like ocean sponge[3]
& drink. Cut jonquils fed with ice.

He reads a few pages from Balthus, then pauses
and stares into the chair-guard molding.
Raccoon squeezed into the crawlspace, will you
infer the imposition
of the particularly fat man
considering Balthus in the corner,
curious toward his own impact
on the space created, therefore, the creation?
I wonder where he has been fishing, has he
rung the neck of a wing-shot goose? has he married?

He built a birdhouse from cedar and wrapped a cob of corn
with twine to a pole. She keeps his wandering academia in check
by reminding him – hey, people make mistakes – or – no one is perfect,
you know.
He has been with a woman to whom he served a similar purpose.
Has he read Proust?
Why

if so

4.
In search of lost time – a reference he knows.
The garden provides
abundance of
Mushrooms & Asparagus.

Strawberry June, I know
where the orchards are.
Baskets full of Red raspberries,
Black raspberries,
Red raspberries,
Apricots.

He fishes, throws pollock
flopping to the cooler, & lake trout, & bass.
What is unsaid is most misinterpreted.
He walked to the market with a crate full of preserves.

5.

He returned, in the very next image
to woman one.

Eyes and jaws imbedded.

He pleased himself to a Balthus painting
in the toilet of the museum: fluorescent guilt.
He scrubbed his hands at the tap.

The garden, fat with raspberries.

The wise admirer of muse: the glory of youth.
This night is fine for chaos. Calliope,
the broken king is rising
as mist from the void of want.

Thick gray limbs
and crotch where napping Ares
holds a lamb in his teeth.

All we members
of this so called crusade.

6.

If so, gone down, he has
yet to unearth her.

It is not so sweet to be
anything
other than a hasped fissure
of night & day.
They would lie in the grass beyond
the softball fields, combing themselves
for promise, unable to see. The night
went the way of fire, tonguing itself.

The pole dug in soft ground, bent.
The line quivered: pollock & lake trout.
He found morning
to be the perfect burn
of orange & yellow & red in the trees.
Gills flared, soft & warm.
Wet scales shuddered.

This is where it all began.
This is
where it all began: jawbone
utensils.
Jawbone dusted of sand.

Horse hair brushing of
jawbone, of sand.

He will split the heavy earth, lift it with spade.
He will dig & decide, this is a good enough grave,
or at least it will be, at least for tonight.

Chest heaving, breath rising as steam, he will lean against the handle of
the blade.

The morning will be salted with night-
whispers to the frozen road. Beauty as an undisputed end.

The mug will warm his hands.

[1] Attributed to Bruce Weigl; stolen, on a
Tuesday afternoon, from an acknowledgement by Ander Monson in his non-memoir, *Vanishing Point*.

[2]
Adjective;
Anthropology. of, pertaining to, or characteristic of Neanderthal cultures

[3] of the Porifera Phylum, Parazoa Subkingdom – as opposed to the O-Cel-O™ kitchen variety

John Pursch

Matching Mood Forgers

Hipsters meander after solid ideologies, hampering the source of hymnal wrath, bent on loaning another parrot blemish to relative neophytes on trick assignments. Far eastern fumigation teams meld stormy counts and meek, gentrified umbrage vendors, hoping to impress a gaggle of stovetop stash pretenders. Brent crude dribbles downstream, slams into peak prescience windows, and hobbles over preening nuisance coils, weeping for a blustery midnight farming pocket. Cellular tornadoes prime a toreador for smooth panning cycles, test his gumption with pink luminaries, and grovel before a team of matching mood forgers, singing choppy graveyard chorus bleats. Which sensible extractor can impel a fern bandit to play banjo hooligans for young, cooling tower punks, smugly over a limestone heater? Only the tantalizing grocery mobile, spinning for doubled entries, can allot even a semblance of the requisite railroad caper request tokens, given the simian stain of all generous plebes.

Gribbantie Choot

Bogolin tible and nanery toop,
con flaminal misterage, penulie songer tun,
wodile tike amperbule, floggal tu neid,
and plontiful emberfin, kemer en speider pil;

chember ein kronertein, moodle im elt,
spon toubinage ogger con whiggle eeforn,
ordamitous cratence and ankenty choo,
a whackle og omnitous, imial plouter gonce,
gribbantie
choot.

Bones Against Beliefs

Empirical flasks of any pejorative pollywog motif, entirely pleasing in their crème de la consequence, heat the choral coin zone to just below toiling plaster junket thrombosis, holding a thresher's menial gravesite for transom gate rumination blues, timing floral ampersands in a pratfall for pinecone polishers. Periodic cuticles sell for half a frozen dent, pinning outrage to excellence, hoping for new, impending harness tallies. Moose pressure feels contradictory, despite the clear blue slaving kits, selling pelted nudes to oily barons and nascent astronauts in far-flung polar squalor. Drones engineer rear-guard auctions, pitting malpractice cordons against eerie badinage for wonton freaks. Fear not, tired and rusty champion of altered, edgy wrestling frescoes, grappling under to kinfolk sockets and dunes of diurnal dice injunctions. Rasp not, semblance of our swollen casketeer. Haggle for a spacesuit; a chosen, mottled box of axial gender, preening to spray cheese on enemy legions unbecoming an ossified poltroon. Bend the hourly canister's spruced-up, gentile loggerhead, handing out near misses to every scholar's begging bowl cut. Nature implores a smoothly run gimmick to blow south for simmering ankles and topped-off rotations of a legible feud. As oldies fly outa jukebox crouton kits, so does the oiled, enamoured gemstone set abound in fleecy crowds of trophy pix, itching for a terminal can of lint. Ah, the moot comeuppance of a smelted breakfast wheel, cantering to a tonal biplane's pineal prop wash. Strutting window parlance, crimson glow abundant, crooning numbers beckon members beyond the zip line,

through daylight raids of mass absorption. We live for it, mostly unaware, indulging hilt to hemline, soggy and besotted, cracking seams and inner answers, bones against beliefs.

Periflumial Bitorone

Rhoneous antiliars sleik thon
ergest monch toun epsilure,
flighp bentular oromon sil
noromian, illious pelph;
crotabule fliven stean arumence
cond hubile pan, notck ocken.

Glucinial mootif nean,
imt camurance arph ousidgean harmth,
eygens ous penfeerial umfilian gonders,
zerubential rhogs nuninstenure ponk.

Plochwine stourian eedles
fleg toun dinem estallic rodum,
rickian alsture alin scrunch
ture issian quophire.

Tro, des phiner cramier unce noontial beiner;
wherambulen twug spein immul pleir gorm;
kend deist frontle irrumian kneins oot spengles
pur dar tweirippal endem periflumial bitorone.

Facile Pawn Fealty

At teacup's end, gaudy bodies grapple with tumescent diatribe, clamoring for malaprops and fierce, audacious flux. Barkeeps wager for half a field of pentagonal vestige mites, pleasing the dancing ghouls of millennial waistcoat bunting, angling for stagecoach canter balloons. Argon jousts plant particle bombs amid the crescent's stellar impasse, groveling for carbon icicles and newly festering widget salesmen. Junket cramps send menial force folders packing nether printer gangs to entrance tiers of fallen dice, planted by corporeal cannonades of bony dialect technicians. Gravy inchers spell Toontown doom for regular, cellular agar chumps, plotting axial face-plants run amok. Modular tempters amble through sidereal centroids, drifting lazily to doubleheader daze mache. Turning dusk chanter into meal, winds of hooved antecedents ply the wooden courtyard for granite, imbuing celestial motor coach tenders with pocket grapeshot screens, filtered at a deadly clip. Morals cascade through outstretched holographic weeds, musty and inflamed, catcalling into the urban stump. Static scours the skyline, foraging for amber capsules of lost regret, bent on parting shots. Timid officials horde stamp technologies, bleating of high empire and factoid rehearsal. Tensile pachyderms allude to swollen mirth ducats, kept treasonous in their facile pawn fealty.

Rudgiat Berriot Phluc

Hidj hasten speen dinem acol ze munth,
quenticle ar smoothin por hebelri nor,
phon junian moopher tir plegan remonstular prook.

Codgle, fein modsprocket!

Pring samters and metched firenlegen

whuddle rumpar stoons.

Parenticious azens grivt toonth earyant smetulance

pir octar hendicular rhoton smint corfackle edt parune,

grantiplied in flur cruisian melth.

Atechetical archmon oolf,

grippet pon embulant ot,
quar rinsonian uster scheman todgers,
and larsh oronious nilj,
perwho comunity plonth.

Handotch weepan till eckerond spons,
stracin eim ackle of urtle bogone,
rabbon and tard te zincheclar mone,
jentule accertian lanim erute.
Hars bedive eserit siso coulnd,
clember trone oojiang contur, dirhonal tel.
Oculein faceon chil, imiam kentobil,
ard toompiad rudgiat berriot phlue.

Zero-Gravity Glass

The turning to gas of some general's blunt remarks, his total loss of control, abuse of machinery, misapprehension of all industry, the absolute of progress in the face of infinite complexity; a wobbling caveman with no hope, a stream of anterior pontiffs, needing a dandelion to tie, slacks off in the second stanza to land a measure in the swamp, holds out for a wedge shot and a crimson pumpkin for the silt bed, forgetting the pillar of coitus, shin bones, and elucidated remissions. Flamboyant alarm clocks march on the capital that night, reaching the governor's bed before dawn; he suffers third-degree shock and drowns in chatterbox clamp soup, served hiding pot by the canal captain, an ontologist from a blacklisted nation (bright, energetic, but from another planet). Along the river, the riff played, causal and flew to the sun; that's right, zero-gravity glass, won't fall...

Justin Robinson

The Iron Horses of Geneva

Mother said souls are prayers with feet
and sturdy boots that strike sparks as you walk.

Her reflection shared the bus window
with bodies in rows telling ancient stories.

She warned me I'd turn silver-haired
and my heart would flutter behind my ribs
like a panicked bird in a tiny cage.

(but she also claimed that talking too much
shortened your breath.)

That the same deft fingers that closed my eyes
would also stitch my cells across the sky.

But nothing about the violent streets, or the
cheap rooms that cast their feeble lamplight
into the awful darkness.

Cheap rooms with piss-yellow sheets that
wrap themselves around my throat until
I crash awake to find her, gone.

Kallima Hamilton

EVERY LITTLE THING REMINDS ME

This cinnamon song
of Anthony's guitar
 uproots cartoon ghosts & Sufi poets.

3 scarlet macaws
 on the telephone wire/clothes line
 of my lucid dream

Later--
(amber perfume: a pelican diving)

if you forget
FORGET BIG
...forget*everything*.

We sit creatively visualizing
outside the public library

 lingering
 (2 symbols touch)
 over sidewalk sparkles
 and small espressos,

admire
 the homeless who sleep
 in the green shadows of a Buddhist temple.

Someday soon, thoughts of you will come
 (& and) tickle me like a fern.

GROOVE TALK

Ride your big dream of wildflower freedom,
princess of seaweed-slick rhythms & frog-raspy
tongue kisses.

 A nouveau language
of heart beat soliloquy,
non sequiturs
of availing adventures (star shine/snow crest).

People laughing, love-happy & this world: spinning.
Pocket full of light (art).

 Angled sun, Bohemian plants, two cats.

Rainbowed opinions of circumstance.
Desire.

SO LIKE THE HUMID WHISPERS

Silly goose, how often
do you emerge, diamond-downed,
from that celestial cave?

Look, fireflies blink-buzz the wet hydrangea,
a star code
in the law of attraction,

the spent quivers
of our exhausted lightning.

Kenneth Pobo

I'M LISTENING TO THE ANGELS

and am happy the way a bed is
just at the moment when a quilt
hits the mattress. The Angels

don't sing like angels. Then again,
do angels sing? Gabriel blew
a horn—maybe because his voice quavered?

These angels sing like women who
could be harmonizing on a back porch.
They sing about love, how it goes bad,

can stink like vomit. Or how good it is,
so good that to lose it is to lose
a bite of a most savory peach. I'm

humming, feeling flippy, a hibiscus
showing her extremely red face
to the shy shed.

KNOXVILLE DRAG SHOW

I walk to The Factory,
a gay bar. It's Saturday,
drag night. There's

Nancy Sinatra singing
"Sugar Town" in a blond wig,
long go go boots. Next,

Ethel Merman belts
"I've got rhythm. Who
could ask for more?" In '69,

Stonewall's drag queens
told the cops "You can't
treat us this way!"

Their refusal to run
freed me. So, sing out,
ladies, in low-cut gowns

and Garland wigs,

sing loud and long, sing
for those who can't, sing

till your mascara runs
and morning stretches
sunlit arms over a waking city.

IN THE STUDIO

6:00.*Hello, this is
WDNR, 89.5 on your dial
or WDNRFM.org*—I leap
into my first song,

the board's soft red
lights whispering I'm
too soft, too loud,
levers nudged just so,

until 8:30 when I
introduce Six Pack
Rock n Roll, then head
to my car on a suddenly
silent night.

SPACKER SAYS HE HAS

a guardian angel named Bo,
who chases off all disasters,
though sometimes Bo goes

AWOL, looking for another
angel to get as dirty
as heavenly beings can get.

Lewis Gesner

Behind the frame lips of a composition in 5 to 7 parts numbered for form a declining or advancing imbalance ...so that ... a form will collapse and disappear as if it never has been, or advance by a similar imbalance so that it appears to have always been, and evidenced by an expanding and broadening history of the form's evolution - the surface or base – encourages this effect - the loss of the first layer of the composition – allows this history or collapse particularly – the perforations – through which content may fall inward – or, the same, allowing a flowing through and resettling of the base from a lower level to a higher, reconstituting IT and subsequent layers of history below the extended form –

Solvent

Can the constitutions made be separated, into elements, or, diluted and removed as if gems through process of one uniform WATER ing – or, the binding means dissolved by some contextual solvent, which in itself may work to reassemble these dissected components into fresher, re-assessable structures....? – what is this WATER we would use ... -

Universal

Solvent

It is an old model, perhaps some other tags might be chosen for them, and shifted definitions as well, - to universal, perhaps, - list 6 words that are equivalences Food warning, preparation/warning, constitution warning, sensation warning, opinion warning, effect warning, duration warning, influence warning, - - - examination point for analysis and

performing review after completion of the larger body of the task, so there is a lingering while performing is still recent, and perhaps performing is still performed, when performing is assessed performing - – deepening creeping tapers of slight alterations that expand wide or flatter for coverage - ... - mak(ing) a film or coating protective but too, to block emanations...this is HOW the subtle change of medium and matter works when viewing portholes are

interrupted views -

Construct then a string of viewers, of portholes – shrinking as one, expanding as one – variable scale while relations are fixed – this standardized form – Proclamations – mindsets for adjustments of actions to certain themes –

I am as the wind that moves the shell of lived in second depletions and adaptations to remaining materials after prime use, and after first harvests –

I am the generation of strengths in rows, bund together as the colors of a rainbow or the threads that make a cloth -

...

I am the thing that trips you and the thing that blocks your step when walking through a dangerous wood or up a stone cliff or a mountain face.

I am the corruption and the purity of the stone in stagnant water, the path of moss and water that runs a stream of red down rusty hinges, and the appeal of lens that liquid makes when it fills the cubes and manifolds of nature's crystal forms...

I am the intellect and the simple of the wasted page of scribbling left behind while later rendered were depleted of enthusiastic force ...

I am what withstands repeated push and ram against the practical of use and rational of useless invention and late detachment of expressive arts

I am the common mixture of the things you know with things you don't and what has peeled away and been a sod that makes a yard and walked on lawn for habitants...

I am the pressure and a weight on me, the stirring of the circular held inside a non encampment we would recognize and call by name, and after once, never repeating that sacred name

....

I am stolen by chemical reactions that sweep a thing away and reduce it a primal state, from there to fast become a shard to pierce the porous skin of frogs

....

I am lumpen to become the things I am, compiled in models half the size

I am all a song a song of frozen will to nine below and rising slow

I am sending in a leaping fog and clouds on sticks like cotton I am high and in the air where solids rise and form their shafts that hollow winds rush whistling through to find the home that low biometric has for long deposed

I am the thing that eats and can't get full

...

I am a desk of wood, a desk of stone, a chair of river waterfalls foaming, and a brittle pillow of dried leaves and branches

I am the ulcer that is a flower...

I am the burning of a mind's width when all its height has been used up and sliced, and put to bake in morning sun

.....

I am misunderstood events that seem to be what other things profess but short of being coded to transmit a second series that describe the purpose of this scheme...

I am for one a million breaths and many touches, but for another there is nothing ...

I am raised up, floated to an adjacent field, and lowered as if light as snow...

I am worn on top but grown again, with frost below that now will never thaw...

I am the one of two that went to leave but stayed, but which one of the two is never clear as is the state of where it was that was the gone, and where it was that was the stayed

....

I am a salt and a powder, and a run off from the collector of the dew which while it could without machine have spread itself effectively and wide, is narrow now and thick, as conduit and gears to rise and fall the tube make cultivation thin as pencil lines and arid desert wide enough to walk and never find its rim... the thing that most would know

...

I am a great and obscure stomach of contemplation ...

I am a fumbler who falls over words and dream as they arrive.

I am what pounds at me from out, the pins and axes made of paper sharpened for the hermit with a wet stone law...

I am a wellness myth and then a sickness we all know but faint before in future days of worship of each aspect of an illness and a set of idles carved and cobbled from remains of chicken meals and stumps turned up by plows...

I am the stirring of like salad for our honor and our body size...

I am a waiter weighing irons and the glass blown bottle quarter filled with heated lead...

I am winding cycles tight and letting after years of binding, spring...

I am the thing that opens and closes on a crease, the one that bends one way then the next, the one that seems to break but only appears to, and the one whose skin is grafted back and forth, from knee to elbow and back ...

I am the peculiar bit of information that travels subconsciously through dreams from one mind to the next, through casual conversation between folks, between fingers where they meet on the hand and through the lens of every eye...

I spend my days in gathering the fluids related to water that cause wrinkles and smell like sweat...

I am the moving one you see as a blur in the polaroid...

I am the stump of the horrible tree...

I am the word motive that turns inside the crank of every heart...

I am the one who stands in the moisture on the back stairs ...

I am the rain when it turns from drops to ice, or when it freezes on the trees and makes a field like spun glass...

I am the duplication or cell division that brings a chorus to a song by identical singers...

I am the vision that is the last sight seen by eyes that drain of blood after the heart stops...

I am the sheet of flexible membrane that holds in coolness of cold skin organs of a hybrid child, twelve feet high and six wide, with a head completely hidden by tiny black eyes...

I am the walker over grass plains at night who watches in his sleep for property markers rising to hip height...

I am the studier of text between text, who reads every third word in hopes of messages, who turns letters into numbers, who associates contemporary events with old prophecy...

I am the thing that swells until it is so full it pops, but sprays not wet and life by dry and not living, a

cloud of dust no seeds but lint and crumbled newspapers from an attic fire...

I am the slit through sheets and through paper and splits along trees' grain, and openings from frost heaves...

I am the contents along the tracts inside a thing that slows or is frozen in a moment, and I am those things that stick to walls, and other things that are such that they move and smoothly glide from location to location...

I am that that is composed of mirrors, and seeing me, you see reflection of around it and, yourself split into shards and chunks at every possible rotation...

I am a radiation without color or substance or light that still you see like a feeling or the pricking of a wormlike pin...

I am the hinge that moves in 12 directions, all in-between states and angles that make it hard to move through whatever two thing the hinge is strung on...

I am the impatient insect who can't sting – for excitement...

I am the one who misses her....

I am strange when I sleep, because something crawls from my mouth and sits by my head, but I am conventional when awake, as my brain flexes and becomes tight and smooth, without its coiled surface area or collected usefulness of memory ...

I am the fingers on the body of a vegetable, feeling and holding, bringing hope to vegetarian blind...

I am the rust of earth, that makes a beam a tender twig, that loosens stone held firm by straps, that stains the corners of a mouth...

I am a path that winds away, and seeming to return, it winds and winds, away and away.

I am the acid rinse which cleans of matter makes an even face but burns distinctions into nothing but the same...

I am the air filled cone, which bobbing in the sea is clear to spot but drifts bound up in waves, and never known...

I am the wall that blocks the teeth and legs...

I am the dry of dust, the beetle in the dirt, the coil that rises twice to walk around and lays back down for sleeping...

I am the compression of the soul that forms me like a cube, with edges and a mass, and color, and a tone...

I am the thing that is sealed on one end and open on the other, which blows a gas but can't take in...

I am the buzzing at the door, the rattle of the cracking plates, the bubbles of the shaken glass...

I am six gaps to cross, each farther from the last...

I am the extra you will never need, but still you want to hold...

I am the time I spend with what I do contained in it...

I am the seven things arranged in ratios where each of seven takes a turn with one of seven values...

I tell and act the things I learned to avoid, and am a shorter list of things I learned to like...

I am a distraction by nature and, a thing to see I feel as living now must wear a mask...

I am all of pulling pins from skin and currents running heat and water...

I am the sleigh of steel blades and canvas bags...

I am what overgrows a path and brings concern...

I am the steady pounding of a hammer on the inside of a fanatic's brain...

I am the practicing of the march before the invasion...

I am the rush of strength that pulls you from the past and makes you ready when the future is upon us...

I am what another person lived, but through some magic, passed on to another like a virus or a worm...

I am that that spills and mixes with another on the ground...

I am what repeated stays the same...

I am like the vented skills...

I am one of what you wouldn't pay to see...

I am like the thing that stumbles on the earth...

I am as a rubber lips through which you push to enter here, but caught in you should wait until the next who comes can force or put oil on the tightest part and thus release you from the lips, which I am as...

I am a storage space to hold unnecessary things they hoard...

I am the thing you wish to have, if I could be that thing...

I am openly displaying, I am not selling, but I am appealing...

I am the plucked of whiskers, with tiny holes where once the hairs had stood...

I am the vial of oil stemming from the bud of every valve...

I am the channel jam river open valley still wind against the slope ocean flow below, above like water in a bath...

I am the stay the weight that balances on a pin and is held upright by a string...

nine stomachs

flinch on hollow lines

pull the juice and flush the water way

to clear between two rendered points

enough to squeeze from it a nasal voice like rubber lips too wet for silence speaks

and then, another set of song will join and rip the darkness into wind

another loop and dots will loose from this

to mingle with the field of air

and flatten in the breeze

and second voice from silence of the smallest dust

as building brick by brick

an edifice

transparent

to the eye

invisible as through the window

two the pictures coming in from pain inducing shift

a child who pulls the rope to bell to steeple church tower calling

sits now alone up in an attic

at a window in a morning/ early afternoon the sun

is hard and hot on glass, and this small window

in this attic full of nails descending through the shingles

where he stands and then must pull his head unloose

from nails that hold his head in many small caress

this small square of silicon is full and full to grey

*of flies, of many, of the hundreds every hot sun summer day in early afternoon
beginning in the spring, a haze of grey that buzzes with the fresh fat bodies of the hatched from maggots
now the ones who desire only flight and light and
mating and the eggs they lay, but now just on their way with body bloat
full black and helicopter spin by hundreds in that
hot transparent square and there and then
bellringerboy in afterchurching lazing times while TV humms below in lower floors
with politics and talking suit, the boy will take a shingle from the attic and will snap it and
perform a flattened knife and press it to the pane
and smear and most confuse the bloated juicy bodies of the flies
and hear the buzz exhault and sound of squeaking wetness of the glass as water bodies some as full of
eggs
will mingle, on the glass
and squeak and squeak
and dots form on the boy, his head the dots
dark like a black hole but a dimple full of rusty blood
as standing fills his head, a matrix of his standing
in the shallow ceiling
there
raging stomachs on a line suck up the pictures
in an attic, dimming in the must and age of dirt, the walls as far away as could
imagine
underfinished unfine brown of brittle wood like many masts of ships
to hold the house most strongly from its tops
the ship of dreams...
ripped open like as in the temple once as*

God in church made open up the roof and was an attic there

to rip the temple to a point to make a point to stop the attic

and its flies of clouds that pass the air

*and join the wind like god predicted locusts but this time this age this region of the world this western
plan of place and taken word resolved to fix it fresh with new and different folks who choose the foreign
path -not locusts but the local, of the fly that bloats and seeds the bins of vegetables in the cellar at the
other end, desire now though not the heat but cold, the cold to lay, to rest the old, the body, all the things
that dust will need, and there then too to lay atop the dust the moist the fresh the newest it can squeeze
from tender aging loins, the egg, the worm, the way to new that pass the dust from time to time, from
cellar to the attic from the floor to highest ceiling, from one end to the opposite, up down, coming close
departing, sun burns night to brown like coffee*

...

blackened eggs, cords spill love from out the air as tubes pour honey from the pump

who to receive the sweetness lost his cord is cut

and finds from him the blackened egg

the slapping water, sea wall

east china sea

is only steps away

but half a world

black eggs white eggs

fly eggs

water of the baptismal floors below the steeple

cleansing water of the east china sea

the lower end

from the baptismal

solid water in the air

and see the heart

it hangs outside the body

as it beats and pounds

as my heart hangs to see ..

how cruel and beautiful the world of things and air ...
birds are flying, color in the wind
stone halls echo with the sound
a steel drum bounces in a tunnel through a hill
a door ajar, and ringing from the earth,
our bones and legs resound with pounding steel and rock
a statue has a misplaced smile but carved in can not change
chrome blade show guns white helmets move as if
too many shadow dolls are made and find this work -
concrete pearl field across the way to arches and the gates
the smell of food, and heat, and water through the grates
the sides of skin are pocked with heavy holes
that oil and breathe
and fall and lift
pushing points, to interplay
the others who like this
would dwell between
one concentration
has its spaces round its rims
islands only swum to with
no bridge
but shallows, so to wade
where the power, baked in flesh
from suns
pulls as magnets to the lands

*of many points
to eat and drink and swallow there
and fill, for need, and choked desire
sway the branch of many limbs
currents twist in all revolutions
and pursuit is followed
in a power gloss, two blackened angels
fused by time living once in one place\
gardens from the wash on shores
in lines the length of every wave
tomorrow ending at today
but open, in its farther end -
two blackened angels speak
in garbled swallowed words
toast from bread, and soot from
ashes, smoke from water's
morning drift,
the smell of ocean, food, and incense and the excrement
below the grates- tomorrow keeps
from living twice today, both
long and multiplied, soft seeing,
focused on the touched and pinched-
it began 3 centuries before
on stone street with bell and
statue
where my way was born, an*

*artist looks from bronze stilled eyes
as solid as the guild and over
ripened casks
flesh and flesh and bone and bone
and stone and stone
composited, removed from anchors
oceanic breath, i stumble here
cause broken in the home, so that, only here,
is rest and sitting
less the pain, and smiled at suns, and numbers
when you count -
should
mark the one who tells
the numbered secrets
from the hole in the rock
put
a blot
on the head
and deep scar on one cheek
imbed a fish scale on an arm
and burn a colored circle
in the center of that life
so the vrole is known
from many directions
then sleep from a distance*

and count and make

a manifold from every day of breath

make a lasting list of questions

study dry and save

and treat

as nothing came before

subtropic rain

batters the skull, to send the tenderized firings

to every corner at once, to try and to escape the beating pulse

as blood flow alligns with weather

and ears dim to energy saving light levels

to getting acclimated

to the newer force

to shed those olding slivers of bones

and patch on something i can wear - far, am floating, cutting notches

a ray of long emissions kills the basking light and fills the walled rooms with invisible feeling of presence like a ghost - perhaps, a humm or whine is heard, but only in the mind, like to a reference to, and not inside the ear - . Inclined to sit, to push the dweller in the seat and make it wait, but not too clearly after that, to what it waits - to sit, to sit is all and all. To feel - the ray, they way it penetrates, the way it passes through, the way it can ignore that you are one, and not another, all the same to the ray, which touches deep but doesn't leave behind- sixty villagers put out their eyes with chopsticks, then kill their families and sail over the horizon, to build a new society in the sun - as even in their darkness, they are enlightened - they find mute women on a spot of land, writing endless endless books of children's stories with expectation - rewarded by a brood of dwarfish monsters that would never learn reading - so new the world is born again, from the loins of volcanoes -

holy savant is tangled in copper wire

steps on iron tiles and starts to glow

and speak too fast in the riddle of tongues

his clothes seem pressed but really they

*are made to dry while warn and fall from hanging points most
naturally
forcing little care
and seeming most
like acting
fail the dream, it is a test
and won't you won't be asked again
to go back once is grace
y\to go back twice would offer up the will like belly up
and that is not the wisest thing
and even sane insane can know this now,
to back the once,
to back the twice, is wound in copper wire
and dissolved mind goes into the vapor of electric heat
standing still though even think it moved
electric ways on sheep brain
seems the magic to the beast
aside, apart, twice tested, left to graze
come hold the world
because,
my hand is numb
it takes some time to gather up, but then appears, but far apart, as if the breath
breathed by a nose had gathered with the other breaths
apart, and formed a body that would stand and mock the body source
from where those breaths had really comed -
it took all of this, but feeling came in little charges back into the hand*

on some occasion

just to remind

once this was how this was, and all the time -

can you be strong again, the ware it down

all the things you hurt

said no in down turned tones

and rubber words that pulled and then returned

talking wooden fast, two hinges hold on to the door

illuminations burn the God of risk

his hands are folded, like on his lap

at rest

the hotplate on, he's leaning forward as to sleep

and then it comes

to burn,

observance, as the shop keepers

stir the ashes

AND then,

burn their fresh and paper money

to appease-.

The ways that things are done

is punch drunk

reflections on collision courses

through uncharted sea

and lubricating mists

and flavor salts

nine time from ten

no freedom lives

between the cells of bark

which ordering like hotel walls

each place a story goes...

delivers once

then quietly, again.

Filtered through each living

is a pill containing all the things to do

and like now, the best is best

to wash it down, but even still,

beware, a posting warns, above a

wire cage.

Marcia Arrieta

structure

no

structure

trees

like

sea glass

lyric

impulse

divining

implications

staircases

sky

*

filter--

sanctum

subtitle
the carp

curious drama

the subjective

&

the poet

in search

of the perfect clue

*

[]

through the brackets :

the trees are vulnerable today

*

birds
&
resistance

derail the schedule

collect leaves

branches
of the
mind

create sky

*

unconscious --

isolated

the edge of wind

sandstorms

surreal

trespass

roam

escape

pragmatical

Matt Margo

A feasible museum dances past the abnormal particle.
A terrible supervision drives near the wet bubble.
A sharp pyramid laughs into the established cathedral.
A linear pancake walks upon the electric trouble.
A primitive hyacinth swims during the yellow raft.
A dominant millennium studies around the pink housewife.
A vague trout eats at the worldwide craft.
A glorious advertisement washes behind the ideal breadknife.
A teenage sandwich irons among the vacant earthquake.
A syntactic beggar serves beyond the conceptual parrot.
A meaningful deadline paints unlike the humble fruitcake.
A gothic peen climbs against the brilliant carrot.
A professional swordfish replaces toward the deadly pickle.
A slow hexagon rides inside the subsequent typhoon.
A successful bestseller writes below the black sickle.
A bored delivery plays under the cruel raccoon.
A static revenue announces on the opposite goose.
A grim semicircle wears after the varying philosophy.
A pregnant birthday carries before the innovative noose.
A lazy interviewer shoots through the royal geometry.
A nice exchange rows beside the nuclear raincoat.
A balanced bankbook borrows like the verbal waitress.
A brownish icicle kicks outside the unhappy rowboat.
A medieval calendar shouts beneath the urban address.
A shallow tuba guards over the expensive handsaw.
A temporary gunman smells within the concrete rabbit.
A linguistic sundial rots across the universal loofa.
A flexible harmony opens above the resulting habit.
A solar soybean draws from the inevitable tramp.
A robotic foxglove manages via the infinite sweatshop.
A seedy policeman waits for the gargantuan stamp.
A tender library peels despite the wintry shortstop.

Maurice Oliver

Or Aliens In My Bellhop...

of alphabet soup. Then
other times my inspiration
wears a toupee and wants
to be called Mary. It tiptoes
through the tulips in white
go-go boots for love. Or
raging waters running down
stream could describe how
I experience the crackle of
coal fire. And forest after
forest after forest shorter
than the rest of the films. I
like bellhop uniforms and mule
popcorn and sensual bedbugs
in my night-time itch. But I
rarely hear voices in my head
so far out in this field of wild
berries, once upon the past.

List Of This Week's Activities

Sunday:

Buffalo my hurry-up wings gardening imperceptible earth sky
back in the breast plate of ingredients to create the concoction.

Monday:

Buy a rain statue of Farmer Brown's henhouse after supper whack
warm bee's wax nonagenarian bizarre pink net may be four miles away.

Tuesday:

Telephone my underground aquifer in Walla Walla and leave a message that says "Psychotherapy is the
label printed inside cotton briefs."

Wednesday:

Show my version of Mount Rushmore to my boss at work and then
quaky severance pay pink slip the hollowed bones a nut does it.

Thursday:

Send an email to the looking glass porter in which you casually mention your love of linoleum floors in a

hammock, swaying in a tropical breeze.

Friday:

Invite the gum wrapper over for Labrador pasta of bullets on a merry-go round with a custom-made noose for desert. Then rear-end the accordion.

Saturday:

Clean out the entire Texas panhandle of Bible belt tarmacs using a hand-held chorus of hallelujahs blinking their turn signals.

Or Thoughts, With Bevel Edges...

like innumerable lintel valets

shaved-ice knuckle creases

a labyrinth of seedy bareback mountains

lattice pole dancer blindfolds

minted umbrella barely buttress

several appendages of wrist watch glue

more sky dive drive-in ibis eggs

mortise of non sequitur in pancake batter

a congregation of tattooed lip gloss

palm oil fortune cookie plural oars

extrapolates of horse shoe kidnappings

Comfortable, Despite The Heat

Hell kindles two more furnaces and it's 125 in the lampshade.

To get my mind off the heat I play gosh my dentist's hands
smell like soup with a son in every ice cream favor but the

game melts before I can take a lick. Or sunscreen and other ointments that sting. Or deckchairs that disco dance floor around the cruise ship. Either way, my root canal cuts through dense jungle then rotates like the glass ball in the ceiling of the dentist office, remaining me of planets in the solar system.

The History Of Inventions (Condensed Version)

Two days later the wheel is invented.

I decide to become a mountain bike spoke.

Difficult to believe, the distance I can cover.

Rolling past wildflower graves in dusty Texas.

Fields of cotton mops splintering the earth's air.

Turneresque added to the trail-mix verb used for action.

Endless locomotion without even one steam whistle.

Then purple night opens its unhealable wound of sky.

Footnote: That same night, in the still of darkness the coyotes invent advertising, and by morning every foothill was papered with freshly printed bicycle fliers.

Michael O'Brien

Schrodinger's Cat

Another menu slipped under the door
for a meal I can't afford.
Schrödinger's cat
practices immortality by remaining hidden:
If you don't look it can't be true,
but if you lift the lid and gaze
into the grave,
under the mountain of stones
the country laid,
the cat will explode
and dinner will be served.

Neil Ellman

The Fossil Record

paleozoic quickening
 submerged
awakening
 emerged

squiggly wiggly
flies

making tracks
in mud

 ooze
 trails in wind

a raindrop

 spiral leaves

termites caught
in amber-colored
aimlessness--

that we should
leave as much
before we leave

The Prince Has No Clothes

draped canvas mannequin
In strips of cloth
cotton linen
 bolts of silk

 spun woven dyed

hung // portrait of a prince perhaps
proud epilaunts

 red:
 no name

 white:
 corseted

blue:
royal bones

before his entrance
to the embassy
of empty space
he sighs

Age Ain't What It Used to Be

as they know it
almost believe it
creation
offends
their sensibilities

expectation is an old order

birth first
next
travail
next
he dying sun
next
almost
alive
singing

“Hallelujah”
at the beginning

now
cursed
old men in nursing homes
praise the end
watching re-runs of themselves

Another Day to Die

look: about the flames
stabbing little fingers
at you, me

look: by the light of the
 holy grail, you
 and I
the moment comes
at last
but only you and I
know
and the gods repeat

where are the fires
 flickering
 in the cave?

 the flies?

look back: we know
 see
 feel
 burn
 in hell
 just another day
 too many others yet to come

Eccentricities of a Clock

between here & there
on the curve of time
 no obstacles
 impediments
 everything begins
 here/ends there
go slow says the sign
slower than
 the morning train
 than
 sun, east to west

catch it
lasso it
pull it to the ground

we'll be there tomorrow
or maybe yesterday

Richard Larson

Feint

Find a desert, Farafra or Gobi.

Somewhere with swooping dunes,

And pale sand that sticks

To your body.

When night drops cold on your head,

It should gleam radioactive,

Like teeth or powder gelatin.

The sky should be ink.

Crater yourself in the cool sand.

Take the Verey flare,

Align yourself, shoot.

If any petrol still swims your veins,

If your organs are not yet clockwork,

The hiss and flick and launch

Lanced volcanic from your hand

Should quietly ignite you.

Watch the flare rise:

A greedy starsucker,

A peptopink lantern

Saturating your sweat,

Washing your small slice of desert

In chemical light.

Watch it hang hard

Eternities over your head,

Blanching the constellations,

Erasing the night,

Redirecting planes and spy satellites

To fiery conclusions,

Smothering Orion, cleaving the Twins,

Making the dead more anonymous.

Measure the time and

Mark the fall.

Do not comb the sands

For a crisp black husk.

Allow the dark back into your retinas,

But remember that flare.

Smile

The afternoon tattooed sunshine on my back
Salt and slush churned the roads
into a melted Venice

A gondolier came to my bus stop
He took lira or OneCard
Or remarks on the weather

We slithered off into aqueous traffic
Bubbling past pick-up trucks with
Hasty-taped periscopes

Pedestrians in wetsuits slapped
And sloshed down sidewalks
Resigned to be more amphibious

The Archives

Remember when we smuggled that

Polaroid into the archives?

We waited for our bus in diluting sunshine

And sat with our legs strumming together

Sussurating denim secrets

Wasn't that nice?

Remember the tour guide? How he looked

Like a sweater-vest cartoon?

And told us there were four vaults

Two cold, two cool

And you have to get to things

Before they're broken?

Remember how you sideways slipped

Between acid-free rows

And smiled at me to crank the wheel

Press you like a butterfly

Between divorces and annulments?

Remember the cold vault, where we expected
To find frozen bodies mummified
In reels of old CBC movies?
The restoration room?
The nested nozzles, complex like God's stomach,
Fume hoods and elephant trunks.
Devour it all, said the guide, because
Who's to say if it's important or not?
Time is a hantavirus
Deleting our history.
While he talked we slipped our picture
Into a premie bubble
For humidification, remember?

No?

I don't remember either.

And I don't know where that picture is,

Or who you were to say.

Stephanie Bryant Anderson

like a virus

Last week I found him in my attic:
his beautiful blue rocket arms
over my shoulders,
his black devil mouth in my ear,
speaking to me in our language:
of his cocaine
of my cocaine.

He spreads himself like a virus,
I imagine the diseases
that eat inside his veins:
his legs and arms crooked and bruised
against some far off gutter -

rain pours down my eaves
wiping the wet leaves
across my eyes.

I lose him inside the rain,
like the liquid in his needle.

Today I sit, waiting to piss in a cup,
knowing I will pass,
knowing I have terribly left him
hiding in my attic streets.

Water Moccasins

Tennessee with her Memphis strange spell
sings her blues from the Summer bridge
filling my piano-ribs like a bath of ivory stones.

I struggle to find my way through
this dank slow sweat
and its humidity,

and the humidity's season
of flies.

The banks of the Mississippi
mud inside my bone-cage,
line the thatch of casket-graves
that have run along my thick legs

leaving its garden of untamed flowers.

This used to be a simple
thing.

But
I asked him,
I asked him, and he did(he/did) -

He broke
 each mud-bone &
 each hip socket

with a quarter pocket song.

I will become harder
to please,
And he will make his world
much too big,

though right now
his foot steps perfectly
into each hole.

I think about the penetration
 (And I think about the penetration)
And I think
 about the Mississippi sirens
 whose heads
 rise up
 from my water chest.

American Confessional

The spider's legs stuck
like red and stiff match-
sticks in my book,

though it does not look
 like dying.

His legs spun for the man
that spit across Italy.

(I deserve something beautiful)

J-u-d-e
J-u-d-e

My son spells his name, over

& over.

That goddamn man still spits,

asks for the cat

that roots inside
of my breathing mouth.

He

spits so much I want to hit him.

I wait for the rain to begin.

I wait for

Jude

to spell his name again.

"Stop spitting!"

she finally says,

and crawls across his web back -

they are too comfortable together.

When I masturbate, I remember -

them.

Blue Lung

Oyster under cemetery's pink cross
with a throat to solve a vortex.

2.
Rattle bank this surf. Use your gossip clock. Lick or boil green
to vinyl edges. The very vein I wash muscle with. If I tap insist
the smooth talk. Attitude of gut.

3.
Sheer calm of poison piss sponge,
passing:
the soil is a foe.

What merits hair fist; drudgery
- neck cake I've smoked has voiced
persistent qualm of orphans.

Token mocha of foil kaleidoscope.

4. Fish return to lamp light. Underwater war begins a novice.
Shiver of military herring.

5.

Swivel earring carp threat.
Pool if. Sequin. Quiescent.
Conservation rocks given dip. Time thread.

6.

The crow evokes a rainbow
is for silent vinegar.
Charge
mackerel odyssey below my

ocean lung leap.

Genital curse lifted by flowering hibiscus
to a boy all sorts of orange must.

Dance class leprosy with
limits of honest horseplay.

Thomas Cochran

67.

We spent the second half of the day
venturing perhaps farther than we should have
into contested terrain, our plan being
to arrive ahead of the eclipse.
Guns fired in the distance while the moon's shadow
hit our area, extinguishing the light
exactly long enough to ensure our frustration.
This was not to be a circumstance of considerable duration,
we reminded ourselves; soon we could proceed.
On a personal note, I was used to life
in remote places—unlike the other hikers,
I had been kidnapped, etc., and knew
when to and when not to carry on as usual.
Eventually I left them, having become weary of questions.

142.

These are not happy days
for the American politician,
who seems incapable of imagining
anyone, including himself, teaming up.
Since the election, the future looks bare
and disorganized, the lesson perhaps
being that people have been watching
too many movies with blown-up landscapes.
Employment for all is now paramount
if we are to stop the trend toward
conflict and contradiction.
Full bellies and benefits create
resentment among the populace
unless equal access is available to all.

143.

The accompanying warriors
only made all the comely ladies
more arduous in their anthropology.
Many times the featured dancers
were forced to duel with samurai,
uncharacteristic but relatively engaging.
There appeared at one point a children's choir

whose contribution was deeply felt
(though cautious) and served to delay
what audience members agreed
was a slapdash ending—the warriors
having grown accustomed to and therefore bored by
even the most felicitous and intelligent seductions
launched in their direction.

Trey Irby

You, We, I, My.

We gon' go on giving with made up hands.
You're a machine in shackles.
We can read in person.
I want to throb.
We can read Variety.
I also suppose that which I'm not.
I didn't want to plug that record.
I'm losing my problems.
You come, now couldn't.
You're an appearance and a mohawk like this.
I can't even know a good next time.
I'd puff up your hands.
Your mean is playing right now.
I'm glad you're just playing right now.
I'm a bus with the wrapping.
I have a food fiend.
We can escape this instant, but I hope it's not even noon yet.
My past in a bad conversationalist.
No. Yes. Fair enough.

XXXX.

For the party Lord, I will go beat up shelbyville.
I'm going to know about it.
Bikes.
I got the Best in the World,
Prove it now.
Pierre Carl Maryse Oulette?
It's Maurice.
I believe you in a shame
And I'm going soft in hotels
Right before you pick
On my bike,
Die in the world.
Drop at the lemon tree.
I saw the big place.
IN THE TREES!
This was legit.
Villainy doesn't sleep.
Big bike ride tomorrow.
He is you, what's your head.
I lost my favorite.
Big bike ride tomorrow.
There is you, kick some ass.

Check out the Best in the lemon tree.
Big bike ride tomorrow.
Say if you threatening me.
You for the name of the guy at the lemon tree.
Big bike ride tomorrow.
Why don't you follow them.
Why don't you have no room to beat up shelbyville.

Zachary Scott Hamilton

TRANSVERSAL

Small ash in the Corvus
talons to the park, leading devises on,
needle knitting
the hours.

Already woven of breath, as rusted skeletons, cola rivers,
crochet hooked paper flowers
warp and dangle across the atmosphere,

Solar raccoons, glass shape shifter,
tube of oak, now wire connection, now
soft tissue, melon eyes, gravel, grass, and fertile soil.

Glitter spills in
the loom, in the hour of our
shed combinations.

A lime tile which is white
coy pond ceiling, swimming in the fabrics.

Small thighs tattooed
with [lights] – and Idiots
among a
wing, holy tomorrow, Bad Apples–
Neon yarn
Stitches the house to a factory's wall.

Cages cross stitch,
sharpening wires,
sand to glass in a slow mutation
in a silver chest.

Tunneling forward to the train,
there, inside of a mucus
thread and stone entryway, leaves
Semolina noodles to Starfish city.

Sipping water from a teal
bruised twilight.

Drinking daisy's from the
Glass.
Babbling
the lips
of their potassium rooms
within –

Just as much as
our Nova, the neighbors
of sunset.

Plays
will occur there in chests.

Heat will plan and discipline
DNA strings with the fifth
cabinet of a
spring loaded now.

A third flinched perspective layer
we water the windows –
Drifting
to solvent lights, blinking to
pouring, walking to
 line formed of oranges.

And inside hands, shelved along the diaspora, sphere
or ring finger of life perches.

every movement on the fish.

Now, swimming circles through
the clouds under the seams out of the spirals
trained to the spinning black and circling white--

cushions, solar waves
downward circa [1292] France.

Scoop the air into a bucket
the saltwater
layers, air , and cakes.

The dormant isosceles of the
Field, growing
our taste for [breath].

My [3d] glasses set on a shelf
in the medicine cabinet.

Purple worm like a dress in the
micro world, in the crevices,
designed around the dark,
for the swim
or infinite
equations
housed in a fear bite.

Wouldn't it take

up thirty floors of the cube,
electrocuted pauses.

Written through the sound of
the walls, so much dancing
our wing grows saturated.

Light loosens, a light
cleaner, machine houses where
we dissolve fluids.

We land upon the ready-made star,
a photograph of our dead past
we've clutched in our sweat
on the train ride.

Unknowingly clutched at it's
disappearing edges, digging at it.
Fine, trimmed razors.

Stars let open
secret doors in the wall,
followed by
light lurks,
white snow
beneath carpet.

Gathering dimensions, we
have seen the
entryway.

Numbered hours

On the shores
drafting a 'boat' in secret
designed
eyes
in a need to kiss.

Tortures that make
sense taped to later braille.

We've transplanted this room
with guitar strings, lights,
water, the crown, our
heads, a chair, the table top,
dust covered papers, the DNA,
strings, an edge of the sky,
always folded neatly around the shoulders.

A broadcast on our roof top making little

piles of sun on its transmission
and Michelle's flowers.

Her hair dancing to the radiotransmissions
from Russian
satellites

until the night is shadowed
In language,
ghostly faces of her and
Vladimir at the dark patches
of the house.

Little men facing
behind the laundry room
door after sun set –
Languages,
corroding in our living room.

I see
the kitchen,
and noodles climbing wallpaper to spell names.
A Soviet gardener,

Static,
A late night pill, static,
Static,

Static, her hair is
entangled with
noodles, cooked to perfection.

Walls corroding soft,
warm light.

Letters,
an orange peel,
the sky.

Retro-fitted clouds,
a porch landing.

Circular
Tuesdays, ship, crossing roses.

In ivy shelves,
the rooms pool into a [cup.]

we decide to arouse it and call it a brain.

[laced] in the diamond shadows
we've put iris around the doorways.

With a divine cut

the stone “we,” the saw-blade dissolve.

Latticework morning
of our garden into the [cup.]
 Woven lime to golden screws,
Little portraits
of the strawberry kitchen.

Picture,
Cherry lines, ligaments,
cortex, an opening.

 Our previous rooms collide
making one tall, wind building.

The radio last night
 strung together the
chimney to the person,
the diamond to the scissors, rinsing out
the *old* radio.

When its static is
left on, they wash the windows
with a shallow tool.

They disconnect a molecule
and iron the alley.

Around the corner,
disturbed birds disappear upon a wire.

Lost to lights
in
cages and hours— The waves coursing
upward, breath strokes,
headaches, finally
 a number.

Caving in, the old hat seeds
locked
[rooms] in a golden
entry, digits,
arm chair maze.

Wooden panels
Change form with the sea.

 With the citadel chop- Coho's
part of me lays lonely in another jagged edge,
I send nutrients to the
place caused by

removed dust.

A black mold
from the circuit board of my dangling.
There is just enough light
for a twig, in voices,
built of a treasure chest house, stairs,
shooting stars,
fish in my pond,
and escaping light.

Steeple of clouds
scaring sky.

The room with numbers, (sawdust,
Dream, fishes.)

Plants
 splattered paint,
rooms that breathe,
 Nesting in the clock
 a Chandelier.

Sweet, pressure chained Chandelier.

Leaping onto her leisure,
legs cross the sky
a forest
road down flames way.

A brand new felt, butterfly nozzle
collides with the part that
sits nowhere.

 Jagged to
Winter.

 Down a rope for
afternoon with Chandelier hands.

Safe here, trail of window frames.

 The traffic
and the transistor, whispering.

Arms inside
 apple trees along a hidden
 orchard,
mid future,
draining wind, each other.

The rest
is
found
inside the transmission
in
picking up
a new satellite.

A soviet segment of the
News.

broad-cast
thin lines
and river.

The Russian satellite,
the new planet we discovered
exploring time envelopes.

Morva galaxy.

gallons
of black
enamel
dormant
in rocks.

Our
old
Earth –

AUTHORS' BIOS

Stephanie Bryant Anderson is a writer from Tennessee. She lives with her two boys, Jude and Cash. She is pursuing an English Degree, with a Creative Writing and Teaching Minor. Other than writing, she enjoys sewing, vegetables, farmers' markets, hiking and sleeping. A few recent publication credits include The Sow's Ear Poetry Review, Lady Jane's Miscellany and deadpaper. She also co-edits Up the Staircase Quarterly.

Marcia Arrieta's work has appeared in Ellipsis, So to Speak, Eratio, Blueprint Review, Melusine, Alba, Moria, & Bolts of Silk. Her book *triskelion, tiger moth, tangram, thyme* was published by Otoliths. She edits and publishes Indefinite Space, a poetry journal.

Claramarie Burns is a poet and translator who lives in Denver, Colorado, where she writes, studies Sanskrit, and reflects on intersections of human, natural, and constructed existence. A graduate of the Jack Kerouac School MFA program at Naropa University, her work has appeared in *Poetry New York* and *Bombay Gin*. Other published works include two chapbooks, *Phantastic Voyage*, and *Photoinsensitive*, and two translations from the German, *Peck Me Up, My Wing*, selections from the work of *Friederike Mayröcker*, and *The Two Hands of the Sparrowhawk*, by Helmut Salzinger. Burns is also a self-declared linguaphile, artist, gardener, and food sustainability activist.

Billy Cancel's work has recently appeared in Unlikely Stories, Counterexample Poetics & BlazeVox. He co-runs Hidden House Press. A collection *The Autobiography Of Shrewd Phil* was published by Blue & Yellow Dog Press in 2010. Sound poems, visual shorts, & other aberrations can be found at www.billicancel.com

Thomas Cochran was raised in Haynesville, Louisiana. His work includes the novels *Roughnecks* (Harcourt) and *Running the Dogs* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Non-fiction and poetry have appeared under his name in *Oxford American*, *Rattle*, *Farming Magazine*, and other publications. He currently lives with his wife on a mountain in rural northwest Arkansas.

Jim Davis is a graduate of Knox College and now lives, writes, and paints in Chicago. Jim edits the *North Chicago Review*, and his work has appeared in *After Hours*, *Blue Mesa Review*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *The Ante Review*, *Chiron Review*, and *Contemporary American Voices*, among others. Jim will see two of his collections go to print in 2012: *Lead, then Gold* (unbound content) and *Elements of Course: Crafty Abstraction* (MiTe Press) www.jimdavispoetry.com

Neil Ellman: Born and raised in Brooklyn, living and writing in New Jersey (both of which explain a good deal about him), **Neil Ellman** has published numerous poems in print and online journals in thirteen nations. His credits include *Anastamoo*, *Bolts of Silk*, *Calliope Nerve*, *Carcinogenic Poetry*, *Counterexample Poetics*, *Otoliths*, *Phantom Kangaroo* and *Symmetry Pebbles*, among others. He has also authored five chapbooks based on surreal works of art.

Thomas Fink is the author of 7 books of poetry, most recently *Peace Conference* (Marsh Hawk P, 2011) and, in collaboration with Maya Diablo Mason, *Autopsy Turvy* (Meritage P, 2010), as well as 2 books of criticism and 2 anthologies. His work appears in *The Best American Poetry 2007* (Scribner's). His paintings hang in various collections.

Dan Flore III has volunteered to teach poetry to people suffering from serious mental illness. His poems have appeared in *Many Mountains Moving* and *Victorian Violet Press*. He lives in Pennsylvania.

Glenn R. Frantz is a native of southeastern Pennsylvania. His poems have appeared in such publications as *Arsenic Lobster*, *Otoliths*, *Sawbuck*, *Stride*, and *3by3by3*. His e-chapbook "We Are You" is available from *Beard of Bees*.

Lewis Gesner

John Grey has been published recently in the *Talking River*, *Santa Fe Poetry Review* and *Caveat Lector* with work upcoming in *Clark Street Review*, *Poem* and the *Evansville Review*.

Kallima Hamilton studied at the University of San Diego and has worked as assistant librarian, legal procedures clerk and ESL instructor. Her poetry has appeared in *Mudlark*, *Sugar Mule* and *Shenandoah*.

Zachary Scott Hamilton is the author of fourteen 'Zines, including *Temple of Sinew*, *The Orchestra of Machines*, *Wallet of Hexagons* and *HAIR LAND* (named 'Zine of the month by the Independent Publishing Resource Center). His work appears in various magazines including: *The Portland Review*, *Trigger Fish* and *HOUSEFIRE*. He

recently went on tour with the band Holy! Holy! Holy! And installed artwork with partner Molly Pettit for a photo series, which appears on-line at his website WWW. Blackmonsterzine.weebly.com. Blog: www.zachabstract.blogspot.com

Trey Irby is a student at the University of Alabama majoring in English. As for the process of found poetry based on tweets, I used the <http://yes.thatcan.be/my/next/tweet/> app, which jumbles words together and creates a new sort of creation out of it. I eliminated most of the spelling mistakes from, for example, Snooki's Twitter and essentially played with it to write what the work came out as.

Richard Kostelanetz's double volume, *Fictions* and *This Sentence*, was published by Blue & Yellow Dog Press in 2010. He is a leading figure in the world of experimental poetry.

Rich Larson is a 20-year-old student living in Edmonton, Alberta. His novel *Devolution* was selected as a finalist for the 2011 Amazon Breakthrough Novel Award. His short work and poetry have since appeared in *Word Riot*, *>kill author*, *Monkeybicycle*, *Prick of the Spindle*, *The Molotov Cocktail*, *AE: The Canadian Science Fiction Review*, *Underwater New York*, and many others. His self-published work can be found on Amazon.com for Kindle and other e-readers.

Matt Margo is the author of *compostable* (chalk editions, 2011), *When Empurpled* (Pteron Press, 2011), and *Friends Let Friends Let* (self-published, 2011). His work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Otoliths*, *Moria*, *Gone Lawn*, and *West Wind Review* among other places. He lives in northeastern Ohio.

Stephen Nelson is the author of *Flylyght* (Knives Forks and Spoons Press) and two chapbooks of visual poetry. He has published recently in *Moria*, *Eratio*, *BlazeVox* and *Otoliths*. A collection entitled *Lunar Poems for New Religions* is due out from anything anymore anywhere press. See his lovely blog at www.afterlights.blogspot.com.

Philip Byron Oakes is a poet living in Austin, Texas. His work has appeared in numerous journals including *E ratio*, *Moria*, *Hamilton Stone Review*, *Otoliths*, et al. He is the author of two volumes of poetry, *Cactus Land (77 Rogue Letters)* 2009 and *Sard(Otoliths)* 2010. <http://philipbyronoakes.blogspot.com/>

M.N. O'Brien received his B.A. from Roanoke College, where his work was published in "On Concept's Edge" and received the Charles C. Wise Poetry Award. He currently lives in Lexington, Kentucky, taking seasonal jobs that do not interfere with writing. He is somewhat uncomfortable writing about himself in the third person.

After almost a decade of working as a freelance photographer in Europe, **Maurice Oliver** returned to America in 1990. Then, in 1995, he made a life-long dream reality by traveling around the world for eight months. But instead of taking pictures, he recorded the experience in a journal which eventually became poems. And so began his desire to be a poet. His poetry has appeared in numerous national and international publications and literary websites including *Potomac Journal*, *Pebble Lake Review*, *Frigg Magazine*, *Dandelion Magazine*, (Canada), *Stride Magazine* (UK), *Cha Asian Literary Journal*, (Hong Kong), *Kritya* (India), *Blueprint Review*, (Germany) and *Arabesques Review* (Algeria). His forth chapbook was *One Remedy Is Travel* (Origami Condom, 2007). He edits the literary ezine *Eye Socket Journal* at: <http://eyesocketjournal.blogspot.com>. He lives in Portland, OR, where he works as a private tutor. Read more at <http://washdaypoetry.blogspot.com/>

Jennifer-Leigh Ophir is a connoisseur of carpe diem and light. Slam Mistress of the Pleasantville Poetry Slam (Hawthorne, New Jersey), editor-in-chief/founder of the online poetry journals *Borderline* and *Anatomy + Etymology*, and Publicity Manager of *Death Hums Magazine & Reading Series* in NYC, her work has been featured in journals including *The Legendary*, *Breadcrumb Scabs*, *Troubadour 21*, and *Four and Twenty*. She wants to help you rediscover your heart, one syllable at a time. For more information, check out her website at <http://phoenixpoet.info>.

Kenneth Pobo won the 2011 Qarrtsiluni chapbook contest for *Ice And Gaywings*. They published it in November 2011. Also published in 2011 was *Tiny Torn Maps*, a collection of micro-fiction, from *Deadly Chaps*.

John Pursch lives in Tucson, Arizona. His poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *Blue & Yellow Dog*, *Breadcrumb Scabs*, *Calliope Nerve*, *Camel Saloon*, *Carcinogenic Poetry*, *Clockwise Cat*, *Counterexample Poetics*, *experiential- experimental-literature*, *Four and Twenty*, *Indigo Rising Magazine*, *ken*again*, *Orion headless*, *Otoliths*, *Poetry Sz*, *Puffin Circus*, *The Rainbow Rose*, and *vox poetica*. You can follow his work at <http://twitter.com/johnpursch>

Ben Rasnic is originally from Jonesville, a small rural town in extreme southwestern Virginia, population < 1000. Currently, Ben resides in Bowie, Maryland and earns a paycheck as an accountant for a paper recycling company in Alexandria, Va. His poems have appeared in numerous online and print journals including *Angelic Dynamo*, *Asphodel Madness*, *Bird's Eye Review*, *Camroc Press Review*, *Dark Chaos*, *Flutter*, *Gutter*

Eloquence, Ink, Sweat & Tears, The Orange Room Review, Right Hand Pointing, The Rusty Truck and Short, Fast and Deadly.

Justin Robinson lives and studies in Santa Barbara, CA.

Jeffrey Side

From 1964 to 2006, **Charles Tarlton** taught political philosophy at the university level in several places—Berkeley, San Diego, Victoria, B.C., Christchurch, N.Z., and, finally, Albany, New York. He had originally been an English major and always had a love of poetry, but only published a handful of poems for most of that teaching career. Now that he is retired, he devotes himself entirely to working on poetry. His wife, Ann Knickerbocker, is a painter, they live now in the Oakland, California hills. He has recently published a number of poems in *Review Americana*, *Jack Magazine*, *Houston Literary Review*, *Tipton*, *Barnwood*, *Haibun Today*, *Simply Haiku*, *Ink, Sweat, and Tears*, *Atlas Poetica*, *Red Lights*, *Sketchbook*, *mango moons*, *A Hundred Gourds*, *Lynx*, an e-chapbook in the *2River* series, entitled, “*The Vida de Piedra y de Palabra*: Twelve improvisations on Pablo Neruda’s *Macchu Picchu*,” and a five-part poetic sequence, entitled, “*Five Episodes in the Navajo Degradation*” to appear in *Lacuna*.