

BLUE & YELLOW DOG

ISSUE 1 / SPRING 2010

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RAYMOND FARR

**The UFO Gambit
(looking back**

I

It was a fractured night. I cried when I heard the singing from nowhere, so fragile. I felt sorry for my purely American sense of disconnect while babysitting Zero in a minor key. In those days I often took baths with a woman I knew, as Zero cackled at Mork & Mindy on the tv in my basement—a flying saucer of a warped zero-type-thingy had landed. The night sky was a switched on monitor. A flying saucer thingy appeared & disappeared (& often reappeared) as a molten love goddess whose sexual proclivities hastened us to worship on the wild side of love, a body we defiled, hot in the arms of the hen constellation, the heat turned up, insane vertigo, lust in the jello the jello the jello. As one had a hardon in Zulu air space, one had creature comforts, piano keys for key rings. The ice was big & real. & ...a man was down...we had a man down. What could we do but fuck through our pain & stare out at space waiting for something? We never knew what.

II

All nine investigations were ongoing and discovered no tangible evidence, no human witness or record of UFOs streaking zigzag in airspace above Dogtown Common during the hours of 20 hundred hours Eastern Standard Time and 22 hundred hours Eastern Standard Time. I measured the organic something as determined by scientists & found nothing only created more nothing. & by this I mean I was randomly accessed / I was kaput in the foot. & by passenger I mean reoccur or integer. & by zero I mean those others, out there. Those inchoate nomads marking off their territory & women with streams of stardustpiss. I mean those others obsessed with the richness of loam, who unlike ourselves, reinterpret the flux we behold in what we are. What was it we intended being lovers with Zero? One black horrific night there were mandates to secure as we secured our reason & interrogations into the abduction of null space, a populace with gauges moving forward, & taut nipples attached to Sears' Diehards with long thick black plastic electrical cables & spring loaded clamps that held skin & bit it with shiny

copper teeth. We had the image of Flash Gordon (& then Flesh Gordon rose from the depths of our subconscious, took a moon maid for a walk in the dangerous Bronx. Walking backwards, just showing off) at war with the Martians. His space ship equipped with the all human death ray no Martian could defeat, he obliterated Zero for the good of mankind. & for the good of mankind & all the cheese on the moon, he just said "Nope. No catechism of mud! Not here!" That's when our hearts stopped ticking like watches and glowed green, hypnotic with radium. Our heads wrapped in our space suits like a billion or so baked eggs now one solid alien zapped by an x ray or gamma burst. In this universe, we wandered alone & we liked it that way. Solitude was our only friend. & what was space good for if not the joys of bearing us quietly adrift in some imaginary cosmos we kept pent up inside us? & so we wandered alone on stellar mental moonscapes scooping up samples for the lab boys back home. But where is home once you have wandered so far in the search for the unknown? Where had we come to? & who were those others, those

invisible

others?

III

& everyone... simply everyone on earth yearned to be elsewhere, to be 9 or twenty unresolved issues away from the light years of childhood. Or a moon rock. Or pet rock. Something we hid deep in our souls, far out in space, fed us & acknowledged us. It meant we had life & life could be tangible. A world we assembled inside of another smaller world, paradoxically denying each fragment its place in the cosmos. The something that occurred occurred out of reach. We were seen from the air. Aeroplane. Aeroplane. & we were seen from the road—a stream of language like a blessing of ash. & between these two, the past was alive but losing its voice. But that didn't matter. We continued to listen & we slowly went mad somewhere back, cracked at the edges, lost in the margins of the onset of madness. It must've been then & there, in that incalculable moment, that the significance of Zero tasted like a lime we couldn't stop tasting.

THOMAS FINK

DUSK BOWL INTIMACIES 18

Many times, he had to spend money to go to sleep. Longer than forever, I held out on him. He looks unfinished. The only thing I like about him is the singing, and he'll hold me to it. We'll buy a great big coke. I want to unbend, bend down, and give him the other bag, so why can't we slide into bed, and

Then
you'll prove
like everybody else.

DUSK BOWL INTIMACIES 20

Those creamy things—who wants them? They covered my ass, covered my everything. It's better to be with a man who can help me renovate a low-income tribe. As soon as Joe and I lost interest, I didn't have to get it., and thought I was going to be in that very, very, very cold place. This is good weather if you stay inside. But I couldn't find the hole.

I'll
be falling
on the state.

ARTLESS CONDO ON AN EXHAUSTED CLIFF

Granny hustled for years
to get that museum
clean. Humility. Authoritarian. This
family manufactures the leading

misleading traffic signs,

keeps us undefined

yet somehow unified. The
gift's the box, Pandora.
This house brands your
desertion. Eternal censure sucks.

MAYAN HAY(NA)KUS

17

A
no as
yes. Hey: yet.

18

“I”
“go” to
“hell.” Why? “Art.”

19

A
we in
you, all, sap.

20

I—
be of
two. Her, him.

ARKAVA DAS

Rath (chariot)

sandaled deities// a little help// one breaker// lunges across the coastline // shivering crowds//
moral spectra// nothing on time// you have been all the mare// all the time// Ashwamedha// at the
hotel window // the jug drew a reflection// oscillation// hint// third eye// an unknown to draw the
wall// temple elaborated// sandals taken off// flung hissing// at the Bay of Bengal// with an
armchair// facing verandah due west// but for the dress// she was// onto this// old chap// finely
perceived// a master// mind//

awake. awake. awake. awake. awake. awake. awake. awake. awake. awake. awake. awake.
awake. awake. awake. awake. awake. awake. awake. awake. awake. awake. awake. awake. awake.
awake. awake. awake. awake. awake. awake. awake. awake. awake. awake.

apologetic countenances// beautiful around the beacon// Jagannath// Subhadra// heavy with
jewels// about half blind// was all the aforesaid// leave any curiosities// Brahman in the swirling
after smut// bubbles in the teeth// sands// with a rubber tire float

doze

there was so much disturbance// the compartment// could hardly keep eyes open// why have
anybody to roar out against// the train itself activity// between stops// in a nutshell// middle aged//
in cargo pants// jowl// after so much rice// the dusty floor scraped// from side to side// hard
knuckled urchins// nudging for money// <babu o babu>// faces suspiciously twisted// think from
sniffing DendriteTM// the glue in pieces// of newspaper// bandhs// midday scandals// pleasure//
bombs going off// look at the words// now a little// further// further back// the curvirostral tracks//
drop dead// begin to branch// an empty belly adds to the credit// rapist cops// a little// goes a
long way// back// on every rail// tied together// a phantom devoted to// even extended towards//
flare // sirens// added this manner// all stops to// circulate// never be resolved into// ease
guessing nothing// and also dead if// sitting on it// a few paise tumble towards// doze

ALI ASGAR SANWARWALLA

The Oneiromancer

On the dole eh! Mr Oneiromancer
There is a word for men like you
Not from mother's kind tongue-
She calls you frivol-
But from the parched lips of
Us proletariat.

Teacher Pygmalion

Munchausen like
you thought;

flailing, threshing
you thought;

thinking you could
redeem the
insignias of
your heraldry
you thought;

with a wry
sollipsistic smile
you thought:

Ecce homo
your bastard child:

like water
sputtering reflection
undulating
in the face of congeries
on afferent nerves,

like a deliberate act
of your slinking
into dreams,
and staccato
sacrophagous inferences;

while he was busy
rubbing shoulders
with pompous sleep

My father's diary

Not a penny worst:
Foisted onto indelible junctures
You have left your dying words,
Fledglings
emerging from the fracas; their hands
Bare and cold and asphodel
Eyes,
Adjusting to the white trickle
Of brumous light like
Winter's fog
Over garroted road blocks
You could never pass
With the warders of language
*-'Such ill-begotten enjambment
And what of catachresis'-*
While your grimy scraps
Glimpse,
Dog eared, the imputed
For their stock still pools
Of backwaters

ATLANTA POETS GROUP

The Cancellor, Future Enemy of Batman

envelop stuck lip
polyanna disenfranchised plummet
feather dander cluck
in the beginning electrified
belt buckle luster razor
hooch ease upholstered pincushion catnip
leap salmon fork
sewer tied gurgle antacid
foment volition swoosh failing grade
stop sign blinkers zzzzt
east lake bonus round tiger toy
marascino yellow salubrious
pushy can opener can clink
muster snout 16 guage music video
spumoni fortieth port-o-let good
love letter crisis crumple tissue
debt plywood joints
finger flux capacitor birds underwear
metallic thread eruption whammy bar
alabaster cantankerous model T hump
hominy grits groceries murder special
poke elevation brake dust cardboard
maneuvering foolhardy incorrigible historiography
lexis capon chancellor pilot tights

Math Rock Frission

zeppelin from the sunset is he gay
frog peter horn cans station highbrow greenway
(in a sentence) breakdown lock formula
uh-huh whatever un-uh home despot
WD-40 rectangular deficit
unit for negativity processing (this is mine)
yellow sticky paper muddy spiral puppy burl
bold foxy galoshes you didn't mean
tainted bowl weavel plasticized
weather front sedate the dog you
can be so indeterminate like spiders
all mushy with meaning inside?
big broom thwack frown formica orange
nebulous cluster swine obtuse cloven
pistacio ¿como se dice? upsidedown question
flow language wave impact module toot
almandone conflation market spittle
peanuts and such answers too pat digital
gustatory return policy

worn out brain exit pole brightness
crumb kneed babysoft smokestack lightning
vasoline suck heel conniption fink
fabric of privatized life
support cad stamp of approval legitimator
burglarized doodle in middle one word
a piece

Walk Up Oz

call to action balderdash management
screw up Venice expletive fly conniption
flash wow that's a big beer check out oil
can leavin' volatile verticality ammonium
facile felicitous shackles cram it hacksaw
goof snicker she said goof and I said hacksaw
judicious commerce converse holiday
britches marmalade sky writing is fleshy
and basic tintinambulation socket plosiove
marrow was that narrow as in mu-mu
lights lights good gravy momentum tartar crass
resemblance flooshing he knows how to
good'n aerodynamic digital dead or soon
to be dying flim flam candle cake you'd be a bad
analyst risqué I tell you what absolutely
lousy pilot light unless cadence curlique
discard tray or discard tray bellybutton
hamper pot middle management all the way
wombat while sleeping iridescent clove spiders
did you hear that no mining in motion
after Jason Priestley's wedding

The Dictator's Invisibility

viscous flower disintegration
dressing room wasteland category
and control I'm not down with echo's
monkey in the middle like going ape, man
up a tree without a puddle androgynous
hand spring mind your poppy cock
ever seen a ball roll
arboreal pebbles – give em an inch
monster leggings waning flux –
utions throw away nation
flow thru measurement delusions
pandemonium broke out my song this machine kills
get in the back
all-over jesus suit edge-uh-muh-cation
honey-gram spooky –
illumination

entity like pissin' on a flat rock
flute and granite handcramp that's
empathy for ya blond onyx Hans
verbal rehearsal possibility get on with it
meanwhile across the Turing line
kinder kinder bluff
deontological factoid that house half burned
go for it shanandoah valley

From Hell to Hollow Body

grading travesty bootliquor lilac collective
down under possibility trau force major ping pong

fraidy cat liason holograph que markyform syllable
pickwick red top mountain rest Virginia

buttermilk bottom old lower gestation period god
phoenix we ventiloquists mistress mule w/o regrets

wetware clay fashioning voluminous crumb
rotorooter busker who bomb a mutilator

cranky high bush hysteria (as in blueberrys)
hogwash snake in the grass September

bubblegum heated hook up serpentine
blood dripping down one finger salute

cute little fortified homeless parade
and a red tube smelt

Not Cranky (poem) Butt Gruntled

finicky jettison blue cracker
black lenox mcgillicuty pinhead
romp ho-bag swank tupperware
flume cameltoe hoosecow part-time
chronomeasurement force T-T
late-bloomer marriage zirconium
cramp digital digitalis urp
rushy jeopardy caged in mulligatawny
princess granified missile sturgeon
blueish toned surgeon frankly
flow pot belly scrunch canoe
chorusoid up and under hoola
chicken shit parmenides blasted
those berber plowhand banana skins
skanks marmet akimbo crossbow

plague wide-open mayonaisey
prariedog inoculate snide microbial
sushi wonk frog suit nerve gas
nerf wholesome wicked exostructure
sizzling pod quietistic pupa
Bostonian blather cranial tinky
nativity umber frank the carhole
echoic asinine fluctuates

Poem for Swinging Richards

I'm blank puckered bearded
snookums quaint – not terribly funny
crimescene smootch fetish
gamelon pay-stree finished school
marmalade prance crack crown
gobi armpit cherry blossoms
liquid swell stacy foot spiritual
alphabetical vacation inclines whisper whisper
kennel iggy coriander diaper rash columbo
hem line merciful scuba Jesuit
onions guilty confusing you with puffy
masculine shin guard incense trap setting
sparkle underhanded berlin
crayon box clothespin gossip lead
pibald jeremiad conservatory cloning
flocculate being untrustworthy
grassland peek-a-boo buck owens
charisma I can't take this fra angelico
razorback gulping implosion
lacerate grin fumble creamy hobby horse-like
binder classy um planet o-ring torch munchies
chocolate spiders gobble everyman
vitamin fulton homebody with dickie

Briefcase of Shenanigans

drive suds macramé finish
Magyar slides pickle snoopy
collector symbiosis upgrade or
facsimile cuddle lizard trudge
man-sized edited green bottle
ella dot dot dot road rage
crinkles rotated half a hair
grabbag creampuff ventriloquism
antidote and therefore caveman
gaucho floozie caving into
head of an oshbegosh slash
holler martian fuse horse hockey

rio grand dad farm worthy
buckled hairshirt sepia
claus santa tidal pool
spelunker on off switch
fecal boot euglena beanie
strangulation Georgian pool
topography forgotten circuits
pant suits finangle match seers
clench mountain entangle housecoat
listed domicile Zanzibar purple
luncheonette cryogenic species
armpit metallic nosehair filibuster

I Need to Wash My Foot

delany elevated node epoxy
forget-me-now plant crafty solo
fram crumpler fret schmearin' costal
purse fall opening tundra weedeater
concubine snoodge and shadow
vacuum rapt balsa wood jalopy crimp
mike and/or vic orange white's man
broker foresting perquacky moniker
y'all's' tab perfume prurient
philanthropy mimic wrangler possess
panky gang fuel dermatologist
creek throat trots morphing
catastrophic crowd reach London
fuller shithead blue berserk
gumdrop fossil ice fishing island
colloquy sound zoo floodgates
crick abraza zebra sniff effective
fuck categorizing prude fondue
wheat felonious zinger quirk
achilles' doppelganger spaz wherein
dress crosser tendency doily not included
cringeaholic spiral purkle lemon
crime baby nursing home xylophone
janet miss wheelbarrow if you're
muscular clock tennis toes Rosicrucian

To Get To Build The New People

ply lack clannish wispy sputter
winter knickers pundit banana bugle
mirror blooper cowlick crispy center
phantasmagoric multiple ameliorate
meryl streep conquest dingle
gang plank crews draconian

hop a long philistine magic wand
food lion Gregory not
gene pole grin Gregory
chance Kentucky destination croon
crab apple grin supposed swan
once upon a time needy fingerless
underwear poppy seeds Damascus
viral lesions floop paper case
coordination lather lambs
just off the cape discuss present
eel worms Attila lions share
night time Gnostic hoof in mouth
electric conglomerate jerry rig
landstreet crinoline mattress
shinola banana paste sit con dot string
collie viscous suitably far flung
resting place dull knife budo

ADAM FIELED

from **Apparition Poems**

#1249

Despite what I write, there's
not much sex in the world—
walk down Walnut Street,
take an inventory— how
much sex are these people
getting? This one fat, this
one ugly, this one old, this
one a baby, a couple married
twenty years, or ten, or five—
not much sex in these lives.
But media, movies thrive
on representing this tiny
demographic: single, young,
promiscuous. Crowds come.

#1261

If I were a rock star, I'd
take a flight to Singapore,
hoist you up to "Imperial
Suite" in a swank hotel,
turn on a Jacuzzi, order
up some caviar (which I
don't even like, but no
matter), we'd take our
clothes off, conceive a
child right there, which
we'd raise from Imperial
Suite, and my World Tour
would begin right there,
would go on forever

#1339

house with ivy
wooden door,
yellow kitchen,
clunky dresser
on which she displayed all
kinds of tricks, nights were
young, strong, climactic in
this place, sex,
green buds, all
this here, I'm a

kid, as a man, I
look at this, can't sense
much who I was, why I
ended this, if it is an end—

#1334

To show what's inside,
might it not be better to
not show it, I thought it
as I watched a show of
something that didn't
show most of what it
was, which made me
not want to show me,
to you or anyone else, &
in that lack of show to
make an impression of
depth, which might show
something more than if I
tried to show you "I".

JOSH MAY

Untitled

the argument being that a floater
like a loud kitty entering is nothing
have your heart and eat it too or something like a
pasteurized milk bottle
why don't you everything like a homogenized radar

everything for emphasis
the actual matrix walks around eating kitty litter and
then spaces out we a-
wait. nope, it's just me and I act

like doors of heaven sometimes I know
there's an emotion locked behind: can't anyone do this,
be a hypocritical idiot (i'm not saying John Ashberry is doing that
i'm just saying water-under-the-bridge
isn't itself a movie.

I have a little proctor, why won't you lien me sing

there is a front in the gone
there is a frond
there is a frog in the bog,
that like so many others I am tired of getting it write

spring from self
my ass,
spring from self-production

I've had a warrior, thought condoned lets make maintenance art, like post posted
lets do the retail, derail no \
lets do cosmos, whoa whoa,

gum is not a transitional object

people are speaking – spring, and they are speakingof liza minelli,
why did I turn off the radio let me go back and get it for what is interruption
that . . .
we forego, or were ...
erg, my own: yes
in fact gum is the ultimate transitional object

it speaks to neither here nor there
with no reason to like lie on the floor
or be processed in that normal way
but then you do swallow it as I wait, this is as
I wait, it is as I
do such a thing
mean it. I don't happen to think that people today are concerned
with their interiors, not as yest
eryear when
you happened to think "what will I
today it is more like, "my reaction
to thus and such is essential isn't something (even
this

periodical motion is gone,
symmetry it's true

its not like the vission

we actually accented that
we actually accepted that
did I happen to do things
that the pan
or sponsor
you have. it isn't like the terrible threes

he tripped and I wonder,
like a talk-off
open, you and then water it's not that something lint
oh no it's not

not that we pagan that, and have mass consumption, cause it's not like that
not on our earth that you manner

what isn't either
santa. if it wasn't
he too sez that.

cone

3 Haikus

anger from bed,

my favorite unlearned yoga pose –
the skeptical beaver

it isn't as if we can't admit
unto ourselves every victim
for knowing

there is something to be said
for night mistakes / going uncorrected
like a one

A Bagel For Joshie

it is like butlers don't often – when the smoke is cleared, lay fantastic

troubles and it is like butlers
that make something terrible in generalities often won't have something
that the other makes,they

call it the purple flower of loneliness – that the masquerade of which, when phantasmal
and having partially to do with reality, it strives to get back to . my heart breaks . it strives
like a mine

field or – oh – it strives like an outfielder best – this catch that catch we ply

our lovers tentively

isn't this washed in bagels

what we hope best to recapture

* * *

are butterflies

with absence and pursed lips I continue
but I was lucky forth

I had no need skeptical German
I had no need you Japanese
I said something

each.

I sed something wonder-
rhyming to your 'gine
thus making something basically longer and easily
deceptable

* * *

my part given yes i was imagining un fettered
or like a turntable effect, wobbly with uncentered madness
you made this up, the fact that grabbing could be good
or quadrants, sprinkled with tea
on top of me, or that painting that that that . . . with
Their Afghan rudimentary touch someone

* * *

i have no desire to ruin truth and that is why

i will never make a good poet on a rainy sunday
or even evaporate
like the west wind, tangy on my keys

there is a doctorate that the winter
will blow without sense into my nightmare
shoo-bee
randoo, shoo-bee randoo

the terrible nature of which smoking
doesn't even for lost highways denseness
or thereof, thereof

you public beaches, each a magical rainbow,
itself a paper wet

rained engine, fixated a place to
deify the want we were lucky
this was not loud enough

* * *

The Scenes w/ blacks

immediacy approaching,
I think learning something
out of place like honest

trashcans of saviors
you never had for this
spectacle we do go –
special word go – back in time
for haven't

in It this I can go for
bouncing off
[I know]

* * *

My God

r
a commoner of sleep
I was to wage, lost was my
ways
to this I do stage
you have no trifle
when first was meant tribe
In this electronic age,
electronic age
was meant napkin - under the gallery lights
like a fiction that spices
your pen not your fights

** *

what envisioned mess you think there is.
speckal
like my number, we have to
decal a lot of stuff
pines,
the undertow
we don't often, fro
happens. champions of
turn to me

* * *

what a walking ghost, these, to return to them, bagels
it is at about this time, that without any extended, I look back
we were close. at one time," longer ago
than I care to remember. but this isn't about that, it is more closely

just a real hardcore test of trampolines. What we finish in that absence
"of vipers,
should they add, one day, on page five
"we will be magnificent," there is a system of values of
tonight. it's one way to ending about. was that what the bagel
growing to encompass a suicide

the whole bagel thing, I learned later, was about
look, If I wanted to –
I mean that was really what it was about and it wasn't really densely packed in there
I feel like I should say,

that so many months later

FELINO A. SORIANO

Approbations 295

—after Jason Moran’s *Refraction 1*

Open

 symphony
air mingling strings
of morning’s first
 aerial yawn
strumming dialect of color conflicts, rose, jewelry

combination.

 Purpose
momentum gains
 physical near running
metaphor
 open

 serial adaptation:
constant
circular
 meaning
enhances light’s varied
multi-spoken rhythms of
 plaid and one-toned
movement. paragraph of

Approbations 296

—after John Coltrane’s *My Favorite Things*

Her.

Smiling.

Stilled.

Happy.

Singing.

Shadowless,
distanced
 from any apparitional parallel,
hyper-constructs of malleable time
escaped
 from wrists of fashion-speaking
shine.

 Delicate, cotton swathed gift of hand
holding

her

various

music, voice, whispering jazz into
the listening funnel of dialogical occasions. Becoming
soon

reflection of one speaking being
perched on memory of encountering genesis: smile, smile,
converse.

Approbations 297

—after Miles Davis' *Mood*

This awkward noun
awakes

with the one attached
to the symmetrical rise of eyes'
blinking blur to ascertain

physical postulations.
Guidance of

conversational tone
fire-tongue or
lips respecting hidden
synonyms of day's many
revelations.

Approbations 302

—after Charles Mingus' *Open Letter to Duke*

Sound
first saturated preference, mine
among the child I was exhibiting, unfocused. As
if your body stood among faceless
freedoms, pseudo in their truest
undeniable reflections, your jazz
became the separating hands
placing me into the peaceful
whereabouts time taught as
musical language, unraveling
brilliance of newly formed
disposition.

Approbations 303

—after Wayne Shorter's *Wild Flower*

Motherless, ragged stem
dismantling symmetrical hands
of other species waving
into wind's photographic purpose.
Purple coat, cleansed by daily rain
and visits from articulating bugs
of the sacred denomination. Unwilling
as fashionable gift, that of hand
picked, facilitator of death sans
appropriate grief. Instead
wears angles of various days
as would a runaway child
looking for satisfactory love
far from the home of demise and
physical desolation.

Approbations 352

—after Sam Rivers' *Cyclic Episode*

Gone to the hiding facet
amid breath-twirl ballerina fathom
shape

dispels anarchy of collaged

color truism born following
avant-garde paintings
died
into the post-lean

of exacerbation of describing a body's worthy
beyond

monetary collocations. Nihilistic
virtue, that is
believing void
saves more frequently than a physical alteration

coming into blind reflectional adaptations: an evening-length dream
dissipating
wholly.

Approbations 353

—after Ken McIntyre's *Reflections*

Waves

reinvent semblance, time-divide
 whole-voice broken wisdom

fallacy of prophetic openings

residing handsomely,

halfway section of the maladaptive persona.

Skeletal verses

prosodic versions of
neoteric followings, written into a windy minute's
aggregated tome
of absolute ruminations.

Approbations 354

—after Art Ensemble of Chicago's *Theme amour universal*

Bouquet of miseries, thought
 hierarchy
relinquishing reason, illogical
rhythms of the self-inflated mecca,
 alone deviation, mutilated symptoms.

the I of circling inventions Together
 together
breaths braid into hitherto
 illusions

woman|man earth of procured manifestation. Cultural
bending
 reinvented structure, allowance
juxtaposed bodies of reinterpreted bareness

leaving imprints of sound from tandem of indirect
cultivation.

NEIL ADDISON

The Best Of Harvest

Another morning potentially sleepless
 disciple me this.

I will show you how I
worked that toy-box hard:

doling out its givens. Man
walks out on a limb and
finds it slathered with gravy

a recipe for takings
 mobilizing zinc. Expect

yourself in droves. The

boat rocks out
under cloak of transmission
embarked on a rout.

Let's Get Dissed

Life is seeded cloud-nine.

The circle is made out to lightning.
It looks

to bond with energy

and hook up with certainty
as only a circle can. Infinitely decisive. He threw himself over the horse
to stop its death from exploding.

She interviews strangers for that army of Judases
 loyal beyond control

MICHAEL FARRELL

fancies

read the book first carefully, then poorly. take it
on stage, let it fall from your ruffles at dinner
. speculate on local dick in the margins. gabble of
it in tv & on the cinema. challenge its author
to duel with churros. read it as if it were
a gruel or never-rising yeast. (reading
its) tantamount to being a beast in the sea.
trace the cover, 'warts & all', &

floorpaper someones floors with it. lock it up: beat
it like a homeless. disassociate; write about other things
– be a writer. write with a slide between knifing
doors! write 'help' back-to-front on
apples. a writer bedrinks (or misbedrinks). they
wear lilac in the house & saffron in the brothel.
warrant a style; 'go' on a panel.
make coco-pops emerge from your mouth like pearls during

droughts & interviews. review something. go behind the scenes
of a flea circus; get to know the flea circus
; become one: think as a flea circus thinks.
sell your story to 'pooch weekly'. get an
agent, & an ex-cop to follow lovers.
make your own brand of gum & stick it to trees
'in a gesture'. rattle the bones of your
morbid generation – even if you have to dig them up

! take a wasp to the station. speak in whips
. the cake hasnt been baked that doesnt have your fake
name on it. lounge like a lozenge. look on
the phonebook as a desert & despair: 'give me
the filofax life!' serve diners slices of walking-
stick, crutch. dream till your sleep improves. what
grey fancies are these? elephant or mouse cookies, your
favourite vertical treat. the unliterary life is not worth living

road

a diorama, a numb chuckle parade. a hands display
: froth, scum. we were in a lineup,
a spacefile. the one with the scar ... they pushed
hard & we went to the side. someone was reading
ida in a lifeboat. last day of summer; last
meals, last violence, last pathos – the last summer

for some. some of the kids acted kooky: testing
our guides reserves of humour / tenderness / discipline / cruelty

– wed come far enough ... near enough to be far
enough, though hoping to set up a tent city somewhere
. you remembered a performance of macbeth youd seen in scotland
. (a lucky night that ended in a coldwater flat
.) someone was singing 'ave maria'. john
& bob played an outdoor version of 'crash cart'
with shopping trolleys. im giving them all the support of
my heart. whats this key the key to now?

the soccer balls rooted. its about the most interesting spot
ive ever been to. the grandfathers keep the posts clean
: 'not an easy job'. when they run
out of chips, the customers are happy to eat fried
bread; or the inside of a monkeys head – ors
that wishful thinking? the delay was shared generously by everyone
. the blackboard reminded me of the risks linked with teaching
. dave & ken were getting more like john & bob

. the women were otherwise occupied. a swing dangled from
a metal branch. carrie was cleaning up sarahs spew
before nicole came in. the piano keys were the hardest
. sarah had been munching white violets into a paste,
when she had a flashback to bondi on valentines day.
nicole counted the devils in her friends conversation, then began
spacing out, & saluted herself, calling herself captain geranium
. it was a nice day. i bought a diamond

-studded collar to wear to the party, &
got john to wax me. suddenly i noticed all the
bongos had disappeared, as if in a flood: whos
keeping track of this reality? 'make the words bleed
' was some free-floating advice id picked up somewhere
. did it apply to every genre? i pickled my
shoes, some of the luck fell out, & a
short novel id been writing called 'the toothache museum'

fungus & lightning

creaking. a robot shepherdess in a
retirement village, refugee from ppp. caring for two
pieces of tin & wool: fungus
& lightning. humble & sly canberra art-sheep
. .
join the human race', a fuzzy feeling

from the 'orchestra pit', where they throw the
old
instruments. (any old musicians are
lowered gently.) nothing to starve on here,

only 'biscuits' & conversation. whats
it like, having others pity? not having
worked for thirty-five years, now thrust into
a
complex of 'frightening' love. you
ask when the movie starts shooting? she has flotsam
, or baby mps, to mop her spill.
the map
, by a sydney sponger, cries
from its oceans. is a sound democracy possible?
noise

(trolleys, patient shrieks) reigns, but then
theres revolution & the noises killed, & silence
reigns until its killed off by slim dustys 'duncan
' . fungus & lightning prefer the blues
. they play monkey nuts, monkey grits till they
run out of fingers. the pharmacists no help
. a plastic cloud settles over the village; no
real
breathing gets done. the robot shepherdess writes a play

. she wanders out into a garden of abstractions.
the concepts of rain & hail assail her,
a green timidity salts the air. its month-
time: birthdays are hosed down, memorials reclined in
. fungus & lightning come looking for
love, drag right through the uranium.
stars fall, crashing nearby. what
if the shift displaced your fondue set?

what if the wool came loose from
the tin? criticism gathered like barley at the village

.
newspaper columns became known by their middle
names. general lowering-of-the-tone
asked a
question regarding rimboud; the shepherdess cottage burned.
(it had never married.) the
director, wanting to mark technology monday, served '
digital eggs
' & 'contact bread' as fallout

JF QUACKENBUSH

The Last Man

for Amy King & Rachel McKibbens

The temptation hmhhh
the temptation is to get a little meta
with it. Colorful. Like kaleidoscopes

in those little fists raised sticky with
it. There is there in the precession of
signs, the circus side of it, down at the

down at the waterfront, boardwalking
carefully so as not to step on a crack
but not to break into an unmanly skip

nor otherwise. Temptation hmhhh
there in the original, there in the serpent
any woman standing nude beneath

the tree with it. So it goes. Me, I go with it,
so much jetsam skating by like flat track roller
girls in punk rock stage names.

Did I mention that the circus was in town?
There there might be elephants and razorbacks
for the heavy-lifting yes.

But within where carried, where the snatch-team ponies might
hold and buckle. Clearly then these are the
performances to be given.

Maurer notes that Brooklyn so-called was once
referred to as the City of the Dead by *fin de siècle* hobos.
Still like muppets

we shall mutter the few
misremembered catechisms of waste and pig iron. Left
to our own devices we would be the machinists

of a new fangled cutlery to be pitched and steady.
“Why the Last Man?” you might ask. There could be an
answer for that. Somewhere in *The Language*

of the Underworld near the maggots and jelly bean
counting houses. It's a paroxysm. Held in fits
the kind of which which prescriptions might be

laid for violet wands and tremors in

the *ataques de nervios* to be remaindered
a conversion disorder for "aids that every woman

appreciates." Click click click. But nothing. I'll
take it for what it's worth. Trudges of the shoes

fit loosely now. Reduced as such to a couple bandoliers
of nightmare milk and the residue of what few millenia left.

Jesus Said the Box File Creep

Suppose it begins. Give us that
much and I'll give you the rest.

Suppose it begins and out it pours
a sort of wash that you can't drive

through in the desert ever but careful.
Remember there are rabbits and albino

corn snake menageries of feral cats and sure
maybe they have a royal hierarchy we're

never privy to. I can imagine the radiation
the way it in flux carries the signal a bit

farther. I am the farther shore. And there
across the water where the word swam like

flying fish snapping. It was quiet then sure
there was water when it began. That's prob'ly

important. Just give us then the beginning
give us the water and the word and you can have

the rest, some worm eaten spacetime
contingency plan where the woof of it

doesn't quite knot the way you'd expect.
Say suppose it got that way and it was just

dark all the time. Say it was just you talking
to the water all hushed and quiet. Suppose

it came just pouring out of you like you never
asked the question, like you're sitting there

with a sick toddler and her fists are shaking
like a Cambodian fireline. Say those

ropes of snot stuck to your shirt spell all kinds of
words like "love" and "hope" and "Fortinbras."

Say that's what the panic is, running down
some London side street an echo on the water

like the hush it is. Suppose that's all that came down.
What color would it be? Where

would the place be situated? What might the dolphins
do with us in air tanks? How many fingers is your

great great grandmother crossing behind her back?
Which words from the middle english might you

tattoo along the inside of your wrist bone? What came
all this from, why should I wonder and which lists might be made?

Clearly all that's left.
Clearly we sit in a room and clear minded

think maybe it made us like this
like him because he's so very likely so very very lonely.

so it goes.

Odds and Ends in Medias Res

For L.

Part of it was the way she'd say "fuck"
like it didn't matter. Part of it was other

stuff. Some times given little pieces
was better. Hips like Laos on fire

the way she carried. Skin the night
music in bethlehem the decade

after the bilateral talks broke down
her lips were little more than the fatwa

declared. plastic wrap too, the little

things kept wrapped up and refrigerated

yeah so and the way she'd say "fuck" in
the middle of things. And then look.

Look up and cauldron blue eyes for david lynch
landscapes of her spread out besides. Not

that it matters much in the middle, the center
not to hold but puncture. the surface

tension a tesla coil of springs reverb
in the current. No but given that the

way she'd say "fuck" would cull out
all the useless bits and rain sweat

and tears down on like agent orange.
Her soviet skin the vellum of sacrifice.

Agnus Dei, painted in the ink tracer fire
of her fingernails bitten. Bitte, Bitte

the tongues of hundred years wars
the mamluk conquest a trail licked

slow and careful, to sketch such glyphs
as she might want to say it some way.

Arizona #1: Not that it ever

felt the finish but there it was.
Clamor and bang so sure I take
the meaning given wrapped in wax
paper the shadow of its black out.

Not for nothing but this
Sonora is what I take it something other less
than simple desert day brake.

Color like a whirl, mouth of the sun
sky, lightened in the bleach, smell
soaked in columbine, climbs like
the ways, welter in the wait wait
weight less than advertised,
lizard, sumption other than

I, I and I in lightness, Colorado
better than, helpful to a point,
knifed for closer better hands.

Stihl tho it steels the stillness
stolen stop watch water breaker
breaker; stiff as a copse of border
trees the patrols in which this lives.

Take this then and name me Ho Chi
Minh, city that I have half halved
hospice moments out of this.

Cover this: peak into pieces of it
cracked and brittle crack rock
mountain candies. Sedona so
it goes. Several and these joints
that might be cracked against,
some moments blister like and
others like caramel like sour apple
green like the shiny place on her eyelids
traces of me might founder.

Five for this and live on. Give what
given givens are but for our
place but found. I will ever echo
the moral Vietnam of her Afghani
principalities. These then the tiger
angel dreadnoughts just Jagga Natha
rolling down the back, thug thug thug.

Butter with oils and vegetable meats.
Kilter like the coster mongers kill
but never listen; this then the ringing
clangor, the silence of no bells
no hungry drums of skin stretched,
no other place it may be found
but here and there also all sewn
short for the effect, ankles bitten
lips stung eyelid lifts the coral snakes
undress slippy in some ultra orthodox
way you might get off on a technicality
is all I'm saying you might get off yet
liberation is over rated.

I take.

I get.

NAOMI BUCK PALAGI

city block in spring

bodies jogging
 around the golfcourse or
walking on this concrete campus

bodies
 not concrete, not tulip but flesh
 with thought

stupendous effort
 not to touch male shoulder
 under soft t-shirt

it is spring
 and the wind lays down scents
(there, under the tree, you hear the
 soft grunting?)

do not bring your guitar to the lawn
 (she has too many curves it is unseemly
 in public)

that

metal

pole

 should not be placed just so

the wind, now, has lifted the scent
for all to see

SHE

draped only in petals
 and her long hair and the gentle pink of blood
 arching closer and clinging

to this city block in spring

in the darkened corner/ birth

roll it round in my hands
bring my nose close and pull back

roll it round and examine the carvings
it is not to taste, but I do

soft and wet, tiny buds of my tongue ever
so close, testing
this thing
pull back and look

BITE!
(just a little, just closing the teeth, really, on this not-wood)

roll it round
(my naked ape hands, my thin ape lips)

what are these ideas
these lumps of thought
malleable
for a time

then overnight kiln-dried with dark
speckled-blue glaze
beautiful
lustrous

so so hard

metal

dreamt about the professor last night
stopped by his office and he wasn't
there though the door was open i saw then he was
(there) after all
had moved all his furniture to the most hidden
corner but not his normal furniture he had
removed all wood all books all color
and had only file cabinet
desk and
chair
all
metal

I
would ask him what is plain in his life or sterile but
as any psychiatrist knows the dream
is not about the professor but about
the dreamer
s "eye"

metal scares me so
why I do not know
so cold and smooth
as if to prove
theres life without a soul

sitting in a coffee shop (warm, warm) i first (over)
heard about the metal forest

adding fire
and rain
makes color

how can this be
with no tree
s no soul yet
here so
life

we live in metal walls
pull out the heart and tack it
up
to see some kind of color

lessons from the sea

all in all there is not that much left to say, and yet, we speak. tugging at each other for words, for more. we are born alone we die alone why not celebrate, she asks, wanting some other answer. on the mountaintop i climb an old mill and scan the sea, looking for the end. the woman who owns the sea owns the edge and has promised it her final petit mort. person contained in body yet so impossibly not. speak, say the eyes, grey like the sea, yet blink their fortified windows closed. i smash my heart against yours and still, the cells do not combine. squirm and pound the two hearts like beef liver together, *fuse, dammit!*, yet standing back to observe my handiwork they fall limply apart, simply two flattened fleshies, separate as ever.

speak like the sea she says, and i touch your hand, lightly. cautiously, we descend from the mountaintop.

AUTHOR BIOS:

Raymond Farr lives in Ocala, FL. His work has been published in many journals and poetry publications including [Otoliths](#), *Moria*, *Text Base*, [Apocryphal Text](#), [Cricket On Line Review](#), [Ditch](#), *Letterbox*, *Cannot Exist*, [Kill Author](#), [Clutching at Straws](#), & [BlazeVox2k9](#). He has work forthcoming from EOAGH, *BlazeVox2kX*, and *Apocryphal Text*. His chap book, *Two Hats Appear When Applauded*, is available at [Dusie](#). His first full length collection, [Two Texts](#) (Chalk Editions 2010) is available free on line. His work was also anthologized in [Sidebrow 01 Anthology](#) (Sidebrow 2009). He guest edited issue 6 of *Pinstripe Fedora*. For more info and samples of his work visit his blog <http://mjonessrview.blogspot.com>.

Thomas Fink's fifth book of poetry, *Clarity and Other Poems*, was published by Marsh Hawk Press in Spring, 2008, and his chapbooks, *Generic Whistle-Stop* (Portable Press at YoYo Labs) and *Yinglish Strophes 1-19*, appeared in 2009. With Maya Diablo Mason, he co-authored *Autopsy Turvy* (poem, Meritage, 2010). *A Different Sense of Power* (Fairleigh Dickinson UP, 2001) is his most recent book of criticism, and in 2007, he and Joseph Lease co-edited "*Burning Interiors*": *David Shapiro's Poetry and Poetics*. Heather McHugh and David Lehman selected his poem, "Yinglish Strophes IX," for *The Best American Poetry 2007* (Scribner's). His paintings hang in various collections

Arkava Das is from Kolkata, India. Some of his recent work has featured in *Venereal Kittens*, *Moria* and *ditch* and is forthcoming in *Otoliths* and *BlazeVOX*.

James Sanders is the most mycophobic member of the Atlanta Poets Group (APG). [Goodbye Public and Private](#) is his book recently published by *BlazeVox*.

Ali Asgar Sanwarwalla currently resides in Mumbai, India where he works as a management consultant. Currently Ali is trying to start up a band with some fellow guitarists and create a web page featuring some of his poems and music

APG Bio Note & Process note: Since 1997, the Atlanta Poets Group has been a shifting yet recurrent heterogeneous grouping of both (split)individual and collaboramerged semi-intentional language workers operating under the sign of poetry. Committed to perpetrating disjunctive and disruptive linguistic practices, the APG meets in salon-like fashion on Wednesday evenings and gives semi-regular public performances around the Atlanta area. Individual members can be found in the anthology [ANOTHER SOUTH](#) edited by Bill Lavender. Group publications include *SONNETS FOR THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE*, *SEPARATIONS OF WEBBING* (both from 3rdness) and [SWITCH BLADE](#) (*The Nameless*). Various magazines have done special sections of entire issues of APG material, including *Gestalten*, *Mirage#4/Periodical*, *Score*, [Wire Sandwich](#), & [The Journal of Artist's Books](#) (issue 19). The group also publishes the online sound poetry magazine, [aslongasittakes](#). Find them at their [blog](#). **A.P.G. Process Note** for the small book *ACEPHALOUS WRECKS*: the group was used by me (I remain nameless) but I used them so's I could make poems quickly. usually 2 per meeting and it went for some time. the group would say words, taking loose turns, but sometimes overlapping and I would write them on various lines of the page. new words were added here or there. I also added and changed many along the way. poem would be called over when page was full or felt full enough. the group would get in side conversations sometimes or make jokes, I tried to steal as many of these as I could to later use against theirs & my name, I, the A.P.G.

Adam Fieled is a poet based in Philadelphia. He has released three print books: "Opera Bufo" (*Otoliths*, 2007), "When You Bit..." (*Otoliths*, 2008), and "Chimes" (*Blazevox*, 2009), as well as

numerous chaps, e-chaps, and e-books, including "Posit" (Dusie Press, 2007), "Beams" (Blazevox, 2007), and "The White Album" (ungovernable press, 2009). He has work in journals like Tears in the Fence, Great Works, Listenlight, Otoliths, PennSound, The Argotist, Upstairs at Duroc, Jacket, in the &Now Anthology from Lake Forest College Press, and an essay forthcoming in Poetry Salzburg Review from University of Salzburg Press.

Josh May lives and Farms in the Burlington, Vermont Area, at Open Heart Farm. His Chapbook, Minor Disturbances is available by contacting him at joshmay01@Yahoo.com.

Felino A. Soriano (b. 1974), is a case manager and advocate for developmentally and physically disabled adults. He has authored 27 collections of poetry, including "Construed Implications" (erbacce-press, 2009) and "Delineated Functions of Congregated Constructs" (Calliope Nerve Media, 2010). His poems have appeared at *Calliope Nerve*, *Unlikely 2.0*, *BlazeVOX*, *Metazen*, *Otoliths*, and elsewhere. He edits & publishes [Counterexample Poetics](#), an online journal of experimental artistry, and [Differentia Press](#), dedicated to publishing e-chapbooks of experimental poetry. In 2010, he was chosen for the Gertrude Stein "rose" prize for creativity in poetry from *Wilderness House Literary Review*. Philosophical studies collocated with his connection to classic and avant-garde jazz explains motivation for poetic occurrences. His website explains further: www.felinoasoriano.info.

Neil Addison is in Berlin. Last year his chapbook 'The Everyday of Irma Kite' was published by the Arthur Shilling Press. More of his work can be found here: flyingpigfoldingchair.blogspot.com

Michael Farrell coedited *Out of the Box: Contemporary Australian Gay and Lesbian Poets* (with Jill Jones). His own books include *ode ode*, *BREAK ME OUCH* and a *raiders guide*. limecha@hotmail.com

JF Quackenbush lives in the desert. His work has appeared in journals like *blazeVOX* (a few times), *Rattle* (once or twice), *Big Bridge* (in a mini anthology related to Allen Ginsberg edited by Hal Johnson), *Gloom Cupboard* (once only at the suggestion of LA based sex columnist Anaisi Flox), and *Arsonism Issue #1* (three times, more than anybody else) among others, including a piece in the journal *Stirring* which was nominated for a Pushcart Prize for what that's worth. He has been published internationally in the Australian anthology series *FourW* and the Singaporean literary journal *Argot*. His literary criticism and Op/Ed writing at wetasphalt.com have been cited by such periodicals as *The Stranger*, *The New York Observer*, and *The Chicago Reader*. Celebrity actress & poet Amber Tamblyn hates his guts.

Andrew Topel what do you wish to glean from this? perhaps you want to know that andrew wears saucony running shoes, size 10.5. or perhaps you need to know that andrew lives where the ocean breaks in two, crashing against dreams. then again, let's say you came to this bio with another agenda entirely. how would andrew know? he knows nothing about you, now please, tell him something...

Naomi Buck Palagi loves shaping things; wood, fabric, sound, words. She has had work published in multiple journals including *Otoliths*, *Moria*, *Blue Fifth Review*, *P.F.S. Post* and *Wicked Alice*. Her chapbook *silver roof tantrum* is forthcoming from Dancing Girl Press in Spring 2010.