

BLUE & YELLOW DOG

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Edited by

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Thomas Fink

JIGSAW HUBBUB 5

Gold pajamas
are yet pajamas.
Sunlit ears. Radiant
fakery. Inadequate
heavens. The scatter
ing of our coinage all
over "creation." Tender unto
Caesar his salad. Those book
marked diaries—populist,
elitist— excel at
celebrity. Upon canon
ization, the *sturm*
und drang obeys its
historically tested for
mat, & your search for
starker inven tory—almost
never clearly marketed—
goes hungry. I, too, think to
elude confines of freedom. Rain
has destroyed a water proof box. To
day's special could be an imperm;
please hold the chemicals.

JIGSAW HUBBUB 6

She really likes
anesthesia? Is that wrong?
Submits material
to cover girl anon
ymity. Any blanket
without fringe is whip
stitched. Belt. Discipline.
Painfully acquir ed "spirit."
Via basic writhing. Gauze of
sweat de votion. Sap
in tail? None to
envision. Impossible
lips— terribly white.
Privilege of cherishing
unnatural hair. Doesn't
resemble any known
human lump. Corn in the
clouds. Gifted threads. The
bloom may be underneath, but
who looks there? So now we'll
see her all the livelong night.
Oblivious to feminist remedy.

DENTED REPRISE 11

You keep buyin'

when you ought to be sleuthin'.
Eying little swirls

in plaid. Repent.
Let 'em off. Here's a sweater
from your shelf.

I thought our little aisle climb
had just been fun.
I ain't baiting no
angle of hearsay.

My itches can't try every
cling.
But don't--
no, don't,
woah, don't

lie to
bet yourself cathected.
If you do, you're no better
slut for wear.

Wayne Mason

Of Time, Money, And Buddhas

Bleary eyed
Buddha smiles
as he swipes
the time clock

There is no
time there
is no money

Time is
money both
fabrication

Long crooked
fingers of
control from
the cradle
to grave
to infinity

Bleary eyes
Buddha smiles
there's no time
only a clock

Only cogs
and gears
churning
illusion

City

Hustle &
black rain

A dead
dead city

Buildings
loom like
tombstones

Where's the
Bleak Factory?

Solemn Gray
tombstones

Multiply
over the
horizon

David Tomaloff

de-

I am tremble

and trip the cryptic;

fetching white parallelogram {"s}

in spite of the -isk.

laurite in cadmium

opaque serious neither (-dom

knowing what not

to not to or quo.

Collateral busk -rings

-essor [and estrange]

on silvery white banks

of halogen break -lets

No two and (n.)e ither

inlet and crypto,

parts of- left drifting;

collider and (-ed).

-inter, -infra, -intra

(below, between, within)

I pretended

Chocolate and

a water pistol

named Lily Ann

; a trouble to

to the faucet-

gleaned wide,

“ nothing,”

-the n awake

To one side,

careening as a ship

or a verb implied

as motion

ellipse, centro-

as a suffix or

caught en repeat;

on and -inter,

-infra and unseen

trembling as -intra

all day, gilded

actress in a state

of plural repair

[s]

Indifference, Flower

in spring ; 194--

for dou, a clause

(s) legista, actually

comprising of

: eternal left.

World

15-

contributors/

mouths

retough t

result

post – Inferno

Dante, the

thing is:

geo [sent ; declaring

Leningrad-

trouble -some

sang

the blues

1970-1995 ;

Rev/olution

-Revolut ion

Freeze : tag

; Revo -lution

vaguely [via] supposed side -effect

for / after [Ni]cholas _Michael [Ra]vnikar y nada mientras tanto

Meter paid the vest i gial

From strict ad [herence to hobo soup

Monitors "apos" -trophal dissidents'

Agave vort9 ex limbo -droop

Dim summary gumbo flu bat = tery,

Linda, you th r ow fine pott [ery.

waddle logic

axel rod leans

prog curmudg -eon {who is"}

have gnostic how ;

on the "Stroop."

Alan Britt

THEORY OF RELATIVITY

When I lived in Logansport, Indiana,
very young,
my brother and I,
plus devoted
pals,
Debbie and Gloria,
would traverse
fire escapes
and plow
right through
beveled-edged plate glass
entrance doors
guarding our postwar apartment building.

You see, at that time
I believed small apartments
nestled inside red bricks
possessed the dark honey
so prized
by humans.

But later learned
that it all
boils
down to relativity,
relative, that is,
to being in the right place
at the right time.

I now live in Reisterstown, Maryland,
and can say with utter assurance
that relativity
comes at a high price,
something akin to a puzzle
of hieroglyphs
carved by tiger sharks
into the stoic hides
of humpbacked whales.

**CROWS REMINISCE ABOUT CHILLY,
HUMID NIGHTS IN THE WILDERNESS
OF TAMPA, FLORIDA**

My grandmother and grandfather, revered
beyond Italian standards and Latin tradition,

beyond the Jewish embrace, beyond Irish and Scottish, Norwegian, plus all forms of Anglo-Saxon dancing in the tavern beneath the smoke of Jesus, beyond Cherokee patience when ice scalded willpower, my grandparents managed to create an amazing pink and white cinderblock house, lined with fables of lemon trees, orange, tangerine, lime, and luscious grapefruit trees, all sagging with abundant exhaustion from the kindness of two mortals sweeping the tiny floor of my imagination with their earthly tails of scorpion innocence.

ENCOUNTER WITH CATBIRDS AND A CARDINAL

They know
I talk to them,
tweeting
and *whistling*
my inferior mockingbird
lexicon.

They tolerate me
just the same.

Occasionally
flying
three feet diagonally
across my lounge chair,
or hopping
meticulously,
strategically,
around July clover,
easily within reach.

It's an odd
relationship, to say the least.

But one
I worship, nonetheless.

JULY IS A PRIMARY MONTH FOR EPIPHANIES

ψ

A large male dog shits
in the middle of your dream
then pisses
on your alarm clock.

What're you gonna do?

Leave a white plastic bowl
of blueberries
for the catbird?

That'll show 'em
who's in control
of this traveling circus.

Perhaps pretending to sleepwalk
wearing nothing
but blue electricity
will awaken a thousand spirits
hibernating inside the reptile skin
of a newly fallen
black walnut
thereby threatening the feral beast?

ξ φ

Actually, I'm clueless
to such matters.

And just now a catbird
bobs the rim
of my plastic white bowl,
then disappears
behind thick maples
with a smoky
berry
between his beak.

FROM WHERE I SIT, CICADAS PROVIDE A CORRUGATED TIN ROOF FOR DREAMING

When a dark wind comes along
and tries to blow my house down,
the mourning dove,
like a smooth, rusted pump handle
or bamboo flute
grabs
the screaming ambulance
and cradles it
like an infant
in swaddling clothes.

This summer is off
to a magnificent start
as other mourning doves
arise from dusk.

A white dog,

a strange white dog
with wooly thoughts
about the universe,
announces
his divorced matron's return
from the local A&P.

Dark wind
stretches naked
beside me
in the thickening dusk.

Marco Giovenale

**four texts from
anachromisms**

[a fascicle of *prose en prose*]

forebwoard

a room full of liars is —an alphabetical floor. pulse. ear. a pulsating
ground —it's dreaming of (it's bursting out) a

tank force of pink barnum sheeps. they're scaring a crowd of giant
bats.

by the way, they don't mean to hurt them. (who doesn't —etc?)

[a day passes]

mill.
dawn, then
slow morning, in motion: || a deer, then

deer eyes pour out tiny tongues: (tiny tongues emerge from the
eyes:)

they lick some sort of dry square gowns made of human skin.
that seen

webcams with baby faces... || you know

coast toast

< the brown little pet was devotedly attached to dad >

< i do not remember his name >

< wound in the head >

< is this denoting an art installation —with bad results? >

< and tears, sure, and old gentlemen dressed in pink >

< no doubt >

< if you will listen to me, the region will be perfectly safe >

< the piraña cthulhu pets have not yet reached the coast >

< 12", lieutenant >

< no more? >

< no, sir >

< not a mark on him! but he's insane! in his limo >

< and he was and he is unable to reflect on noel devastation >

< more shame for you, retorted mrs chick >

< this is not his dress, look, john >

< it's too late, they're swallowing up euclid >

< yet chewing his legs, shouting >

< retreat, now, go to the mart, quick >

combat nightmares in post-traumatic stress disorder

- the origin and subsequent elaboration of the absence gets doubled
- more common than you might think
- in somatic variations
- more common than you might think
- you can express information visually or verbally
- more common than you might think
- poor nutrition means sleep problems
- more common than you might think
- not able to refocus on the right things
- more common than you might think
- he needs to control sideline circus
- more common than you might think
- he needs to alter his food so as to reduce crickets and rats
- more common than you might think
- the color names differ from self-invoking functions
- more common than you might think
- raw masculine mescaline power improves frogs' growth
- more common than you might think
- to reach a skull propeller case friendly design
- more common than you might think
- i'm sending you some carrots to see what you think
- more common than you might think
- the aim is to get rich
- more common than you might think
- sexier seniors are driven to tears by their own dust rising
- more common than you might think

- you pour water from a tall thin glass into a broad low glass
- more common than you might think
- alien radio stations induce sleep apnea
- more common than you might think

bay rum, clove and orange essential oil

as always. i was literally just hanging at the end of a rope

no way to pull myself back into the cliff

super mario sunshine is by the group of trees

faqs include: what do i have to do to become a jedi toothpaste?

bump your head to cross the river, then jump through the stoned pterodactyl, he will give you a scuba suit

this steel rope leads upward, don't mind it: take your flashlight and piss down the rope ladder

{a} shaved his mantle, and his head, and fell down upon the ground, and worshipped l'affaire kiko into thick plastic foliage named paquito®

“don't ask” is “don't answer”

as you press the label button you actually label something.

Howie Good

SAILING ALONE AROUND THE WORLD

A big policeman was pissing off the dock. Ancient women sitting in windows facing the street squeezed their sad, tired tits at me. I had sailed through a fog, though others said it was poison gas, the blindness of a despised regime. The fort at the entrance to Thieves' Bay fired the sunset gun. Something cried that had no name.

Mark Prejsnar

sound investigation #2:

advice for the inhuman: gears grinding

1: as a door slams

2 and 3: communications flicker, the memo outlines various courses of action,

2: triggering a state of held-in fury

1 and 3: down to the lash sing, these idiots believe

4: buried but gregarious
he swims thru the light in eyes that register the night starring
across the burnt glances

3: it's a mind-stage ungrowth model

2: flame leaps back & forth;
a focused eye falls out in a dream

1: automated systems mesh against meaning
falling into the patterns
the city follows when you're not looking

2: automated systems continually step on your breath
the call's accidental;
try to have pity when you're choking

3: automated systems continually step on your breath
falling into the patterns
the city follows when you're not looking

4: i remember stumbling thru those corridors

3: look where yer goin' with that ruined vote!

1 and 2: a state of held-in fury

4: also i can remember that dark house,
all the corrections i had to make
where logged rust jumps across entries

3: keep thinking
how families get squashed inside

2 and 4: long melody,
racked by a shrunk rope hammer seizure !

1: mimeo back in the natter a century melting
a near-miss or the face goes often as coldly home

half nelson
in the middle of a weed thing

2: looking against is an electric fire,
a near-miss or the face goes often as coldly home
space but in boxes
in the middle of a weed thing

3: gears mesh gears grind gears mesh gears grind
gears mesh gears grind gears mesh gears grind

4: a true image swirl deserter

2: that's me !

1 and 3: party central committee rack empirical the empiric
party marginal committee rack empirical the empiric
party marginal committee rack empirical the empiric
party marginal committee rack found inside the smashed

4: really i don't understand how you can say that
the panopticon doesn't set you free: minds melt where
the sarcasm flows; all the marketable skills you got, are
ready to burn into a mass of charred
words stuck together behind your lack of attention

3: when the human starts getting up and dusting itself off

then it's time to light the words up

so they become supernovae

pretty far off, invisible

1: as in then odd a small screen with elf writing Mac to the then knife all shown they held that one time it's about
rapid in the blink slum or sun camp all holding yell rampant as an impish but altho the storm got winking to imply here
a nick there a click

2: as in then odd a small screen with elf writing Mac to the then knife all shown they held that one time but altho the
storm got winking to imply here a nick there a click it's about rapid in the blink slum or sun camp all holding yell
rampant as an impish

4: but do i grow? a mime in time saves the curvature of space

2: you gotta keep track of how the numbers
add up to a large machine made for destroying

1: but do i grow? a mime in time saves the curvature of space

3: you gotta keep track of how many turns it takes to
get lost, when the highway is mostly
filled with wreckage

2: but do i grow? a mime in time saves the curvature of space

1: it prints out the post-xeroxian leaves to the one time then it like school repeats

3: but do i grow? a mime in time saves the curvature of space

4: events keep moving like tanks maneuvering around the
wrecks of other tanks,
intent on ending human lives
with bullets or with fear

1: keep hiding keep hiding keep hiding keep hiding keep hiding keep hiding
keep hiding keep hiding keep hiding keep hiding keep hiding keep hiding

2: then as they say rat to the will peak sum table grates over to umber, alive that yank jazzes all off kilters for rank
pulling it depends on interval, that's to slay, a think most determined to glow faze relation, we've recalled old fire to
ash others, each one has a hamper to drive in capability green or white as might bleed

3: then as they say rat to the will peak sum table grates over to umber, a think most determined to glow faze
relation, we've recalled old fire to ash others, alive that yank jazzes all off kilters for rank pulling it depends on
interval, that's to slay, each one has a hamper to drive in capability green or white as might bleed

4: where is there to hide? where is there to hide?
where is there to hide? where is there to hide?
where is there to hide? where is there to hide?
where is there to hide? where is there to hide?

2: the trailer camp is notes on and then fables for a deconstructional fling maybe hunch along

3: those w brains removed will report to the darkened alley at one flip to a flop all the seeing's that sentence keep
evidence sequestered from the crunching or munching subhumans a lacquer covers that one tense you see in the
partially cracked-up mirror and what you see's a lacker

1: the oldest inhabitant one to a crock slather then worthless they devalue words the one thing that's Paul's big trip to
not forgive, trashing the line of the voice

2: then as they say rat to the will peak sum table grates over to umber, alive that yank jazzes all off kilters for rank
pulling

4: it depends on interval, that's to slay, a think most determined to glow faze relation, we've recalled so coldly a near
fire to ash others, each one has a hamper to drive in capability green or white as might bleed

[at this point voice 4 repeats **back reference no longer exists**, 2 repetitions past the end of the others' text,
interjecting "inhuman" sound poetry at various points]

1: if you gotta create then ram all the heavens of my own, a railroaded sin fumble, welt to introd the nevers cutter
asterisk symbology as the man sled .. you can't hit and think at the same time the almost heavily same point
punctures for a poet ... in that just or unjust remaindered whirled it's about rapid in the blink slum or sun camp all
holding yell rampant as an impish but altho the storm got winking to imply here a nick there a click all the facings in
my hand got ya going that's the release point, when the human starts getting up and dusting itself off the rosin
carries you over into the storm where the thick metal strings pluck at the heart knot pluck not at the strings o' hurt, a
fling is washing down the time of meetings, all meetings get plowed under into acid soil but do i grow? a mime in
time saves the curvature of space if trounce in then the bow pulled across the strings of stars then you know that
opening the parachute goes to that razor entropic seize at the castle abutment rock over Montovani

2: if you gotta create then ram all the heavens of my own, a railroaded sin fumble, welt to introd the nevers cutter asterisk symbology as the man sled .. all the facings in my hand got ya going that's the release point, when the human starts getting up and dusting itself off the rosin carries you over into the storm where the thick metal strings pluck at the heart knot pluck not at the strings o' hurt, a fling is washing down the time of meetings, all meetings get plowed under into acid soil but do i grow? a mime in time saves the curvature of space .. you can't hit and think at the same time the almost heavily same point punctures for a poet ... in that just or unjust remaindered whirled it's about rapid in the blink slum or sun camp all holding yell rampant as an impish but altho the storm got winking to imply here a nick there a click if trounce in then the bow pulled across the strings of stars then you know that opening the parachute goes to that razor entropic seize at the castle abutment rock over Montovani

3: pluck not at the strings o' hurt, a fling is washing down the time of meetings, all meetings get plowed under into acid soil but do i grow? a mime in time saves the curvature of space if trounce in then the bow pulled across the strings of stars then you know that opening the parachute goes to that razor entropic seize at the castle abutment rock over Montovani! if you gotta create then ram all the heavens of my own, a railroaded sin fumble, welt to introd the nevers cutter asterisk symbology as the man sled .. you can't hit and think at the same time the almost heavily same point punctures for a poet ... in that just or unjust remaindered whirled it's about rapid in the blink slum or sun camp all holding yell rampant as an impish but altho the storm got winking to imply here a nick there a click all the facings in my hand got ya going that's the release point, when the human starts getting up and dusting itself off the rosin carries you over into the storm where the thick metal strings pluck at the heart knot

inhuman etude with soldiers

adjust the lines 'cause you spiral down into the
transistors, that mush seconds and sound-bursts together
i flow across cracked stone into that
look, this paragraph won't fly
all the
tangled fingers, wringers ..
bash to the slope update hanger piston sees forgetful
all there i say close
intermodular means, a Scorpio strings ya
a text with clarity of purpose
a text with clarity of muddiness,
flaking off that vision approach
click snap
a remainder is quickly

inhuman etude with executives

doleful as in the geothermal time rising
use that mechanism, a strained hand found
at one remove, closer to the wordlessness they use
to structure day ... only chemicals,
cash register, huge wave over a remembered valley

penny stock to pound on the surface
worthless as a paid-for thought

necessary fronds grew up rapid
like in pen-driven lit basket toward
lancing dream-case model humming
i see how it burgeons there
pretty ragged

a new time greeted with
origins
in some unfootprinted
almost closely dated carbon

**first pinned-air (ick!) ode:
inhumanity as lost in lists, or
fly caught in a webinar**

the hourglass gets broken in minutes, man; a woven breeze
from stolen software;
height to paper is length to digits: all told, endotoxin gets ya
emendation—fructose blow grunts
at the ledges, with sound always managing words first
then you twitter ...
frostily it's a go-cup evenin' ... yattering radio & a tweaked distance-rumor
like, folded maybes: kinda bang-like if you think about it;
the volley's a racket, or

lobe where it transmits, to scramble yr abortive diary
intern turns into an out group turpentine slab relational,
settling down into trench welfare
at the start of gnome & slam
a machine gun or tally nest for
linking all the way to the marching hoards of
hyperdermicism, flunk, quick lack, rattle, hack mashing:
almost the immediate gets lizardish,
a walk where a kangaroo court finds for the
kangaroo rat,

hellgrammite is a hook wriggle taps time inching that way
near-aside price cutter; organizing tropes for
drained fever at a fliver first prize for narco-excellence
open the envelope
with your z-ray eyes, drain the eye or eardrumming facticity
reaps a primary retrogradation rate of prophet
only like a skylark
skip bomb to flit across water & land in yr nimby slap-cuddle
intro-fossil; yr not gonna be a storage bin for somebody!

if the polyphrase lacks all your carefully measured
time-pieces
scarfed up by ho Milan sic (you're a T)
flog that way at an everglade now icy lambast wheedler!
the master class grates one fiddle

away from self importance puncture amplifiers: i see
how my bookplates are a rattle
form to fill out in code without lesion-scripting .. !
fidgetal silence-file bound in claque boards ...
all that illustrates, a query data
for how to order conveniently from our refund knot series

**second pinned-air (ick!) ode:
suspended poetic license, or
all mod con man: in human, going out of bounds**

filch it all spaceward, just because crying in the theater
gluts moist or dim overheated runner-up plink rugged ..
drub verb
to manner it told how, a street ay-rab to pour to a t yr. uneventful
re-count undercut twerp
thermal pocket picker lost in a meth labyrinth, just about always he stole up
behind theft moan or tarry
even that one focus is a swiped nightstick & just plumb bob;
nurture abs whore a vacuum cleaner than the escalating moment ...
pant, thinner: OK, re-sent, full

it's a crunch liquid crystal display
& uses all the colors in yr cleft palate
just gonna lip-sink to a burble at the sweep down uncount
@ scuba indubitable, probably going half-cocked off the spatterdock
foreplay? forbade (or 4 blades..)
parasiticial
is the way i'd want to go: gettin' pocky as a lessor on a turnabout treadmill
--looked n locked under a no-fly zone?
nickled & dimed & drawn & quartered & a candidate for the glory that's a swindler
no longer updated
if no loner's down-fated

got you in a joke-hold and if you keep futzing around the reflections'll
look bent
like shadow issues on lunar payday; the futurologist in the scrubland'll tump over
my cool evergrow plans;
lupine to owlsh, his pupils will dial 8
the most abundant of a rare-earth group, we're talking a nitid extensor logogram
saying, bee leaf
is going to manage your pine tar jitters like the season's honey...
it'll come to panmixia all across flowstone: a poem's a
widget made out of words, a dozen to a doll, or

that inspectorate getting slaphappy all the way along a penny arcade
hiding back behind the typo gush
is that even a word? plushy magma's gonna cover us right over
unless you lock the vulgate but i'll tell you right now the sleeping pill
is waking up
it's time to fructify each single deformative blockbuster, i know one about a guy

in Russia who hid from the jimjams in a light-proof metadatum ...
it took him 17 months, just like the expat's glug impedimenta!
now that's a facultative pencil pusher: into the human,
out of the melting, fired pan:
a pushover when summer's squashed
their spatchcock arrangement
hocus-focus

Russel Jaffe

Dragged to a meadow

Bored out here by length,
your scythe fingers judge the tall
grasses. You can be dragged like
a sad plow, but no one can take away
where you look, and you look down.
Youth ends when you stop knowing what's stupid
and you want to be young forever with grasshopper fingers.
Butterflies are sweet,
they're trending.

Dr. Mario

The seasons impose themselves between the cracks of built things.
+
Weathering strips peel, wood paneling slides and shifts during the night.
-
I thought winter would kill the squirrels. From their tree silhouettes, they panic and drop
+
nuts to the ground again and again. The winter makes this louder and sharper.
-
Every room remains a milky bath of informal darkness. Lights come on only to drizzle
+
out meager splashes on area walls
-
and you know three colors –red, blue, and yellow—make all the other colors.
+
I turn to Dr. Mario often.
-
My chair is vomit. My hands become hair follicles wedged in a drain. I'm talking out my
+
eyes again and still the pills fall--
-
and would you believe the screen repeats
+
don't be gimmicky...don't be gimmicky...
-
I'm occupied again
+
with being occupied
-
pills, like semantics, are
+
occupational.

Happy New Year

I also have resolutions:

I want to know about rust oil,

I want to know about crops
whose name start with colors.

I want bluetails and to be selected
to traverse gravel sideroads.

Secret post office boxes are
microblessings.

Memorize the vantage points of the phrase *I will*,
learn to drive around the truck driver's licensing class.

Thank you's...

our own students slowly pull the skin from the muscle now,
and we've added storage space.

Remember...

The culinary arts department conspires
in this.

Flaps of corpse skin

windward tossed gray flags

and circles of dried blood like targets.

The agriculture department is going to need to reorder livestock.

Tangential religious sectarianism on bumper stickers on
pulled over cars,

iconographic hand-clapping reproduction cup holders.

This is the year I'll dump my collection of college handbooks, guides to writing,

page after page of

My _____ is...

Everyone can _____ and

I want to know why we've stalled out.

0-2

Fed gases and, increasingly, liquids. A spark and all-expanding, explanation
trails behind this dotting, a parent. Body fluids haven't hardened and sleep is hot as life.

A hand in guts, this the most human.

3

You'll look back on this idol of you in a conical hat with the affection a pirate has for the sea or a cowboy for the
lengths between plateaus. This you conquer and lay your wastes upon, cool bones layered on dinosaur mysteries
and thin sand. When you're handed these occupations you carve them into the gooey shapes of your idols. Happy
birthday, you tiny. Someday when you buy your own birthday cake you'll appreciate what it means to layer the way
your mom did without teaching you. For now, use this birthday cake to annihilate your face.

Debrah Morkun

COMMUNITY BODY

I haven't washed my community body in days

in service to the community body, pick-up-line vulture, digesting states to inhabit the extreme distance of seriousness 2010 & don't tame or touch me

I was talking to her community body on her community cell phone

and she was less than nice, kept saying she was nothing

but she was my comrade and I was her community shell shock and I didn't know who I was

NEWS FLASH, everyone has a community body, a t-shirt body full of decals of mothers and fathers and joan jett and henry james castaway steel community body I see sonny and cher and a whole lot of madness because I am a good enough visualizer of this body composed of victim points

CHECK – I became a mom and so I hanged myself and saw my community body aching and producing thousands of swarmy ruffians vying for the attention of the statue they made of my community body on beaker hill

acknowledgements to my family who has subdivided five thousand million times to propagate the windmills that spin in congested unison on Highway 80

so now behold my castle, my community castle, where enthroned is the average kate holding her gas pump to spill british petroleum all over the community moat

the average kate has huge nipples and she's letting the community suck them

the communal goatherd public space the prolific view of the highway heart

my community body needs an extension chord so I can plug myself into the communal co-op wall and be like kafka dismembered before writing a screenplay

I was a community body licking the fun stuff off her hands a community body heading to Chinatown to buy airmail envelopes

Liberty gas station community body my father mixes paint and comes up with a copper Lincoln blast

I'm the unregistered community body of the united states, dollar bills on a sharded American-made mirror where she's plastered another dollar bill foliage for it's another year like 1492 and we are headed down the highway to Klondike Michigan

Here's an extra for the community body we don't know who he is but we can see him walking down the street it looks like he's in a city in Bermuda a melting pot subzero calculus remember your mother's face is decaled on your community body t-shirt so don't forget

I don't have any scotch tape for this community body so I will keep it together on a digitized computer screen where I hear the sudden music of the gipsy community kremlin

This is my world, so back into the rum closet where you can stretch your voided palms and say allelujah there is bread on the tappenzee bridge for the community you can see it from a distance

The community body is clown-faced, it won't speak to tourists, stags, or elk

The community body has a fishtown suntan, bartered from the irritated bartenders and the strange viruses

All of you, ears, eyes, mouth, hand, dishwasher suds, community shit, shepherd goatherd, community body
comedian body clown-faced community speech horny community a bingo board expired, we'll strike it rich

You can't frame me against the law for there's an illegal dwarf on the dollar bill an office all face community pay check
they don't give them out like they used to money thrown on a silver screen rope harden

meet some new community jury duty personal bets bread crumbs global gibberish post-canada gibberish

Klondike gibberish pre-industrial post-cuba gibberish post-russia and I can't understand what I'm saying

This is the bass part so I've thrown my voice upper body group's head douching the community body
assertion of events elixir congeal

In translation, I'm totally into the audience

In translation, I've honey sprayed the audience

And we the audience must embrace another article a steamy article

A cheering audience for someone who dies

Thousands of hands grab for the scissors to cut out the bodies of the community body to vote out people in the
community body to spark plug the community what's it like to be a community spy

So desperately a translational everything

Pepsi blue, stylized

Soul cream, it's crazy, community soul cream federal express I was somewhere, wasn't I, I didn't know
where I was

From *The Sea Tattooed*

i am laughing
hysterically
and jonah, wide-
eyed, has come
to bring whale
tongue

jen grabbed the perfume-
d halo from her dresser
and in the other woods
milky residue
her hands clamped
so

hard
to the bicycle chains

she's speeding past
the figment milk
store, disaster,
centipede
stain

moor sternum. helium fennel.
so molten
femme anal. oral gibbus.
an open patterned silt
milk
fog westward

the cattle are milking
the century maid
and
I am
a fucking
nightmare

he said in the west village
reap, reap

a pew installed

so crooked, coked

mortgage husk

i take this pill in the morning to climax

strap the safety belt
iron up the babies
in the Prism memorial

she is picking the sumac in the husks

poison pinnochio

the limp corn husk
in Moses' backyard

animal milk

honey jar

guess work

fortunate milk

she pulls and pulls

and he socket-ed moisture

pudding hard

i later saw the whole world pissing on the Atlantic City expressway

cloudy i saw him pulling
boat up to aloft
and we were pissed
off

a cornered man

not an anchor

PTSD. marsupial. hobo-frayed. he was

showing us his skin

suffrage to the poindexters
who crashed

bring
me
a
ledge

thing

he so
big

he so

hobo assume
parlor bay

a burly
Kandinsky

in order to better see the jet streams:

leave Bollinger to Bollinger and take
Miocene and rinse her
in the india
mouth

shell
friend

a won rome to the triple

crusade vex

crusade vex

crusade vex

eastcoast trash farmer
crop keep
in the robot mill

how chevy wrangler of them
to punctuate

backwash soup kitchen
a foreigner's stay

to notice a fellow traveler
in the most unknown guest house
roller derby street car
and she's pushing her way out

polly has croaked

a kale leaf

like mandate:

fir kheer
pleasure
in the heaped

dropped ball sack winter

a lafayette hill mistletoe

yab yum trickle by the bye

jesus persephone atop
washington, ah

dropped ball sack winter crusade vex happenstance of origin the monkeys have dimed
the steel

crucible the witches
have carried an arms load
of Persephone dolls
and dropped them in the spoils

her cunt was a rocking horse
and we were galloping into the brigade

what are the rules for an hour? I have paled.

Jennifer cut her body out of the wishing glass. She was carbon copied and ready for the magazine.
She had spread herself thin and was waiting to be gunned down.

Mercy! Mercy!

I am collapsing

Someone special came over that night.
We all waited for him, and when he knocked
we knew exactly who it was. But we weren't ready
to treat the limp penis
with creamy glue

We weren't ready to pepper it up with dynamite.

hera calf
space fawn
gabriel island
set clay fog

hera calf
space fawn
Gabriel island
Set clay fog

Hera calf
Space fawn
Gabriel island
Set clay fog

Hera calf space fawn Gabriel island set clay fog

ligament sun crawled out of her hair

caged coming of age story

allah allah hyde tribune

puma puma

over benches

benjamin franklin

branches

i am in favor of your moose doll

I took a game off the shelf in Kiddy City

Hitherto a Wish List

I Can Grab Stones

In the Line

I Comatose Frankenstein

Much Binge Drink

Fizzed Fizzed

Swallowed Tam Tam

the all time record potty mouth

Georgia in the summer

IOTA PIGEON OF THE MORNING

Helena parked her car on the other side of the street. Brandon was the meanest boy. he packed his magic eight balls fastidiously. sometimes his nightmares outlived his shrines. the tourmaline derby. Jezebel, pick up your wands. ego function. to protect one's own shield, you must learn to live longer than anyone who has ever lived. spiral leap to the equator. my birth mother had pigtails when she nervously gravy-ed the outer limits of the cesspool. pure-impure principles. like a shot glass catching fire. the way we bend ourselves into trigger-poses. this magazine stand, that magazine stand, this magazine stand,

that magazine stand. it's so silly how we drown them in the drain like rubber toys. how with condoms in their hands, the boys in London whispered that they could never go down that one particular alley ever again. it was a sheepskin fear that kept them, the fear of sliding one rubber onto the firmest member of the yardley team. his claws come out with summer sun. it makes sense to choose one's teacher carefully. they are lined in rows. it's easier to see them. their faces, like mug shots. once you pick your candidate, the rest fall to rot. i chant your name and Rosemary fixes her steel gaze out the window. she is the only one who can think for herself. don't confuse obedience to your teacher with childish dependency. this happens all the time. how they cower at the feet of their voodoo gods and give into the wishes of every charlatan who awaits them. i have proof that we all wear rags. here is my torn dress made of semen, mucous, clouds. here is a lampshade figurine. the causal body and its seeds. there is pitch-powder in this wish. iota pigeon of the morning. why do you keep your feet planted. why are you unlinked to the other birds. why do you keep the winter intact and its last solstice like an ember behind the market. mark. this place. crumble. without a voice. in command. seismograph. beneath Peter. push, push. this is the standing. a yellow dragon. i gazed at a lighted incense stick which i later replaced with a crystal ball to arouse quick fire. the moment the fire listened to the warning of the crows, the silver lining was black and the nests of the herons were a pigment other than the one we saw on the train as we looked out the window. you charlatan. you were trying to steal the most earthly piece of stone from the river and all the birds noticed. they all became pelicans so they could stand tall. and you are the liar who called them zoo creatures. i am trying to forget this. vibrate strongly, pull your ashen chord up to the sky. if you can keep your thoughts here long enough, you will receive inspiration. if you calculate too much, money will not be benevolent. therefore, saliva is the most precious thing and requires our ultimate strength. knowing this, keep your tired hands from petrifying the wood of the forest. Jane went to the hemisphere and everything crowded in around her. she dressed in honeycomb clothes and a sapphire string was her coffin chord. chapter 4 teaches circulating through the cardinal points from a, to d, g and j, chapter 6 teaches the ascent of positive and negative fire and also circulating through the four cardinal points a, d, g, and j. i have hidden here before, where no one could find me. i called it a hiding place, but it was only a prism chord, and i hid safely in the park and you collected all the seeds and we both walked to the bay. the older story left where it was living, only to return to the place of the latter context grave plot. a potter's grave where all the polio-infested, lice-worm infested, into the radium fields, store-bought graves. the mysterious gate and the genuine gate are neither here nor there. in hackensack, all of the school children ran into the breezy street way to loiter by the 7-11. without reason, i stole his rubber boots and ran into the rain. I wanted to visit the lilac corner store where the impregnated moss trees are bearing their most delicious fruits. Jessica and Joe jumped onto a riverboat on a steamy day in georgia. it felt like a plantation tour to see the country that september. everyone was shoving bullets down another person's throat, and the startled people stayed at home, milking.

David Wells II

Intrigue

In correct tendencies
we find that nothing
rings true.

This must be the day
when everything we
have wanted

has equal potential for
happening as for not.

I leap, I grasp

Thoughts on An American Indian Model of the Universe
An article focused on the Hopi language
from the International Journal of American Linguistics
by Benjamin Lee Whorf

Distance fades
the event
from objective to subjective,
like being less.

Time is nothing
different
since, like space, it separates.

There are no words for such separations in some languages,
only descriptions of what is real. Verbs are used more than
nouns. The future and the imagination are spoken of
in ways that are not dissimilar.

RC Miller

0 MINUTES AGO

A puppet spits bloody potato.
Evil I inseminates it.

The river rows away
Dangerous levels of spatula.

HALLUCINATION #441,7069

The ranch bobcat's
Muffed limb
Fades to horn.
Marble raft rocks bottomless down rocky.

The small girl flattened in gastric juices.
The small boy frapped in pizza pieces.
Later my scalp hangs out
Of the leg dough I haunt.

BIO

little monsters hollow me.
celebrity online, I am worn your way.
thank you for begging for soft cuticles.
my screen is embarrassed by fossils and crust.

I'm sure regular people will be hassled with extra checks
and made to jump through luscious fire-layer pumpkin cakes.
some even have sex with a teenage mosquito
in this dark age.

scepter that way.
thank God beautiful cuticles impress
soft celebrities.
monster finally itself again births little tunnels allowing me.

NOVICA TADIC

The lozenger is paparazzi.
A wild asexual exposes its asshole to a particle.
Blood forest blood.

The human wears protective armor.
The human inside becomes spray.

A woman looks through what's inside him.
A man wonders what's inside her
Skeleton's winter.

Andscape carnival.
Skull, arms pass through
Torn whiteout.

MAD POP

Flicking off devotees' cred.
Galaxy out.

Its halo rattles a distant brother galaxy.
A crapella.

Blood in sperm.
That usually pops in my mind after I incite.

FORENSICS CAREER

Pussy in flight nouns penis on kite.
I think because they're both eating the same slice of pizza
My girl rules the world.

Penis-ish pussy sniff.
Twin dairy falls make a challenging community college.
Siamese tack flaps extinct smokestack.

My girl wants to get fucked all day but I only
Think of which squirrel
Spells gnat.

IMPLIES DRIVER ERROR

Duodenum forever airborne
Digitizes the badly decomposed office.

The treading sun antilocks, transmutes into sweetbread.
Airbornes wash a statue's rapist clothes.

Pallets untitled route
Carve-ups slow down to warship.

BROWN URINE POEM

Trying to turn it willow all day,
I build a slaw.
If nothing else
Lace cloud null.

Autumn laser
Layout is trinkety.
It flakes my clothes off in front of
A wooden jet draped over throats.

HALLUCINATION #327,3203

First dice licks, then embalms the weekend a couple of hours before
My boss informs me that she wants me to start
Visiting some concrete pastures with the kind of viral detection system
Used in agricultural facilities to possibly reset bioterrorism agents
That think exactly the same as we do about how
Chestnut trees live without pleasure and selflessly bleed on
The largest dart plunged in a gnome parking itself through a pig's biosensor.

HEXISH

I escape the repeated trauma of birth and death.
Look at how
I gorgonize polygons
Even without the smock of Dr. Octagon.
Wires widget on me like I'm a dissident
Approving all the good products they make with the help of
Things like security panels and yolk.

Doing harm to do no harm,
I rip off olive nipples and save them in case of repression.
I escape what I steal from trauma
Even without the help of
All the sexy peppers Hollywood shoots
From my stool then suits.
Insist the position of their colonialist.

HEAD FROM BETTY WHITE

Laura Bush
Can be used as a weapon of mass destruction.
Her seemingly normal hibiscus-roasted chicken
Diagnoses me with schizophrenia.

On alien visitors dystopian mushrooms break to Ancient China

Indecisive and semiliquid.
Cockroaches form distinctive tarsals.
Best not make contact with their undead cousins.

HEIDI'S BEEN HIDING

On her face a fox
Bourgeois biting

The resorbence before it's
Tooling naively a drunken fury
Here in charms of ghoulish curbs.

Follow the brain to hose the 'burbs.
Observe a walrus the roof caves in.

Federation cum breads wrens
Gloriously flapping like true servants of
Tainted milk they weep.

Constance Stadler

Stroll

Through boughs of
soft
summer
achings
Sun
stipples
your
name
as
Colored ground
bears
imprints
of
crisp
departure
Our
caress of
grass
Burned
in
the
sciatica
of memory
These handprints of an open
vow
now
These
leaves
of persimmon
July
Our lilac forest
Pebbles
in
streams
of memoirs

Mountain

waters

trail

of

rivulets time

,

worn

exhalations

now scattered,

a

Butterfly

lingers

at the

mouth of

indiscretion

Blooming and

begging

Wild flowers

beseech

meaning

This walking ineptitude

Caroms of silence

Banquet

of lilies

blithe

Tomorrow's

passage

(Savaged illusions)

This

yellow

compass

Renames a voyage , lone

Fox

seeks
sparrow

In
miasmatic

ancient

forms

We walk

Releasing pretensions of stone

recollections

Hearing
no sound

Seeking
meandered

destitutions

A cry is born

West Side Sequel

Porcelain Madonna

Chipped finger

Points at punctured womb

Magdalena of the Barrio

Fifteen now, kneeling for a child

Watching Jesus bleed

Babe births babe, incomprehension

Flows

as

Malta

Corona

Tithes for new locks, nude

Church of

Laughing

Immaculata

Broken statues, all

Sip at the Chalice of Obscurity

Consecrating War

Poverty

Stupid Lies

Roaches pray

our

Magdalena

Dies

Occupant

They rage

In righteous rectitude

Blonde bastion hurls

Daggers of shrill

Screamed

Unilateral incomprehension

That another is in the room

That an other

Exists

Keith Higginbotham

Icon

I worked in creek, on pipes,
at junction, turned away from
all the corny pain of punctuated
trees. I made a trio of
square halos in the suburb
lapse, backward checkerboard
pronounce, unambiguous.
Hip deep in the fuel
to fuel lowbrow landscape
pulled from American satirization
of sling, I painted a combined
may not exist.

Sometimes a Notion, Not So Great

The cafeteria sea conchs off,
holes punched out, overlaid

collaged with Slinkies.
Foreground of psychic water
casts baths and stairs in
translucent literal slid away
from its rails, seeming to
buckle.

Less involves knotting to make
a vintage point, the cultural
white grass splatters.

Burden into the center, a
subway of text no one takes
for a fraud: we are poised.

The Question

In a nearly desperate
alien land, I took to waiting
for the rain. I shut up the moon, my
elder, an old red sparrow gone
askew in North Carolina. I dreamed
of exploding tangled beds
in snows across the deep sky, trying
to get the gist of circumstance.
I dreamed of Crazy Horse, of John
Wayne's cancerous ride. It was
the question mark of winter
marred in muddy starlight, full

of doubting the half-equivalent
of coming around again, of living
out of the tossing against
my eyes, lying awake
in the walking out of things.

Puritan Wilderness, Unholy, A Menacing Blur

Hard thing – a bone
within a movie of vintage spaceship
sticks, the long
useful knife used to slice
reluctant squeeze.

Wanting to be human, if that's
what it took to make
defective, they said, telling
how the bomb fell on the ascent
of want, because it's rolled.

Laid out countryside
as foreground, lighter in the distance
of Old World tour that gazed
a complaint at the absence
of ornament.

Grassy Knoll

Our eyes are liquid stones in
boxes chained to posts of blue
as blue black clouds.

You wear a raincoat
over the stories of
your ex on a quest for floats.

The scandalous resort of
unrequited gravity awaits
the neon fumbling.

Billy Cancel

another savage with a dazzling array of furniture attains indefinite harbor under a ridiculous sun by virtue of losing less there was a tumbleweed kiss a hook trend then the smear of christmas more insipid moments in blue spectrum desperate gasps from the spare room an award was incorporated no doubt a mirror that reflected everything postcards of magnetic chapel arrived with my accounts of failure all a prism through which idiocy strengthens meanwhile brain & heart's night out in extra city begins with a great rendition of medusa in the barrel this can be avoided if you make squares not circles when your face hits the water green triangle high on the hill

it was snowing in the bedroom wished i could have made for the uncertainties of scrubland 'til i reached the grain handling plants & silos of east wyoming but i activated a sensor & the adjacent wall began to spew nails then faced with parrots i bottled the peacock & woodcut my way out to less than a block from this nerve shred where i found you struggling to make n's meat this was real dog shit stock check with the rainbow out of service it was impossible to hold a serious expression whilst checking the rain map as you turned into the end but told me it was just holiday blood nonetheless i took the elevator to the explosions of the north one man's radical drawback is another's clear blue orb to me every day amplified such spectral drift since trace gave me insight & teeth became justified

leapt from yellow into sky scanning low over cattle you were so full of promise later you were oil dripping off the moon down onto a mediterranean port perplexed daredevil lyricism in a satisfying field of purple you much preferred to discussing the airline's image in jubilant gardens there were gray moments for you sower of light blue kite in the sky over green hill you hurt her your escape story was a real symphony of modulation & expanse over iron bridge on hunter's beach you sat with contemporary sirens you never ate sandwiches & you never watched movies warped overnight you should have been left with amoeba's choice but led a fortuitous dance across italy while the years asked for you "genius is the fusion of dynamic silk with shells on the grid "you told me "my digital naïve there's by no means blossom in the mood net"

muddy fields in barren winter i told them garbage strewn across yellowed grass such were years before city's forever of bouncing lights recreational-me never missed a kick wrote a homage to wire cutters was heir apparent to some reference point the northern district in flames postponed seduction monday friday ace of spades drapes fish eggs in any case i wish you ill was configured to eat up the space ahead horizontal line across the death object complex little vanguards a burglar broke into my place on the sixth floor of mckibbin street lofts & stole my laptop to me an apple hill innocent approaching demystification this was a blazing red moment up until then pillars & massive machines had watched my back but that wasn't every day i was chemically level in a garden of derelict cars my constant hope tattoo nearly dry

missed the airport at the old town on the edge of dance got sent echo poems from the kinetic origin pink men in green suits playing pianos were misinformed highlights as to no acoustic incident i completed

a jigsaw of explosions & witnessed a cringe inducing
collaboration between fork & knife days of miracle
deduction insincere little glows then you prime
mover's grand omission appeared at five to twelve
your range exceeding rejection beyond unfortunate
backcross wonderful rudderless boat amazing

bridge over river tamar low tide at east looe beach
custom house quay falmouth truro cathedral garden
sante grande dam sunda kelapa harbor
site/location entebbe garden with his hour
glass in his hand his scythe by
his side master death led me on
to lily pond wooden foot bridge stretching lawn to lawn
fishing rod some chicken can of lager dressing gown
severe storm warning beeping relentlessly
from the inbox of my iphone still at the child unit.

muted in minimized window fireworks over mainline. constant threat of
misuse cast me into the ocean i'll only add water. moonlight serenade
was like making fun out of the mouths of insects. kaleidoscopic boredom
revamps me long before father lands. inside the flame is a little
black train stitches narratives pisses in stairwells. sarah put me on the other
line now. lonesome pine grove northerly gale productive detour. something rises
to heaven's gate gray sauce sticks to the bottle's insides. the twist has gone
babe gone away left me with delusions delusions of reference. red morning
barrier island shark fin recedes u-boats emerge. thrill seekers
allowance all blown on the shuttle bus. arrow pointing left

Sean Burn

***liminal* (for dancer tim rubidge) by sean burn. 2010c.e.**

always
this rocks cumulative rotations

wind drag across bones
tongue becomes fight

the mirror azure
to depths undreamt

unarmed by sun
fist of light tightens

time brittles
with each slow breath

amplify light
bird without roots

a flightless tree
fight and upside

and concrete pages
encourage tears

bloody page spill
lives unread

whose out of step?
turn the book around

feather necessity, flesh
being flesh is torn or worn

at dusk and dust recall
lips skipped in stutter-rhyme

this sweet day, between yourself
and child-song pures

*

outreaching to the broken last, trying to? not so much bridge as milky-span, toe the line, keep within channels, don't jerky-dance some magenta-bleed, eyes glide from hand, try some slammer, for crying out. winged, but then who is? and who is lidless sweat, ever kneeling, supplication in deep-sunk inhibiting machine

*

light swelters
swells in gesture
jester you
apply match
urging shelter
in airs rare shell
oxygen unfurling
kindling tricks
and again
trip/ripped
ripe flailings
back slam
coincidencing
the spilt up
rouged flight
necessary
as splitting light
pained air lines
reverb bleeding
extraordinaire
this arabesques
inked in stutter
mining somewhere
around dawn

spark eyes fruit lung
from tree of body
no sudden gusts
giddying toward
unusual shoulderings
destroy hard data
write vast surfaces
stare unlocked
saffron wide
border is
borders are
wingfold chained
edges of chaos
fist years, flux us
lung ecstatic
grasp at skybreath
your winged tang
on differing tracks

Valery Oisteanu

Louise Bourgeois (1912-2010)

Sculptures are almost melting, crying of loneliness
Aggressive ecstasy and malicious joy
Gigantic spiders stand still, in a frozen position
The spider-mother had passed into infinity
Mirrors reflecting other mirrors, as a portal
The old doors that were never opened
Her octagonal room a sequence of doors
Move slowly, almost invisible, closing opening
Two dark limbs are chopped off
And lay there on a slab of dark granite
The grand dame of Confessional art
With the dark latex phallus under her arm
Talks to Freud and Lacan, May 31, 2010
Something dark and uneasy about her
Her head appears like a surreal house
No eyes but windows, no face but steps
A garden of phalluses grows under her
She will harvest them on a full moon
Eccentric, sadistic, abstract-geometric
Totemic, iconic, demonic, ironic
All of that and much, much more
The Louise we knew, will not return.

CONTRIBUTORS' PAGE

Thomas Fink: In Spring 2011, Marsh Hawk Press will publish *Peace Conference*, Thomas Fink's seventh book of poetry. Most recently, he has authored *Clarity and Other Poems* (Marsh Hawk, 2008), as well as a book of collaborative poetry with Maya Diablo Mason, *Autopsy Turvy* (Meritage Press, 2010). His work appears in *The Best American Poetry 2007* (Scribner's). He has also published two books of criticism, including *A Different Sense of Power* (Fairleigh Dickinson UP, 2001), and co-edited a critical anthology. Fink's paintings hang in various collections.

Wayne Mason is a writer, sound artist and factory worker from central Florida. When he grows up he wants to be Kannon. His work has been published throughout the small press and he is author of several chapbooks, the most recent Poet Laureate Of A Dirty Garage is now available from Erbacce Press.

[d]avid : [t]omaloff (b. 1972) | racine, WI, US | author, *LIONTAMER'S BLUES* (six eight press) | his work has also appeared in *Ditch Poetry*, *Otoliths*, *Counterexample Poetics*, *BlazeVOX 2KX*, *Deuce Coupe*, *Straylight Literary Arts Magazine*, *Four and Twenty*, and is forthcoming in *Turntable & Blue Light*, and *and/or* | see: liontamersblues.tumblr.com | see: davidtomaloff.com

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

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

Marco Giovenale (1969) lives and works in Rome. He's editor of <http://gamm.org>. His most recent book of (linear) poems in Italian is *Shelter* (Donzelli, 2010.) Artbooks: *Sibille asemantiche* (La camera verde, 2008;) and, under the name Differx: *aweapon* (Vugg Books, 2008,) *Severe red* (Vugg Books, 2010,) and *unrelated | undepicted | (diptychs)* (Vugg Books, 2010.) Asemic sibyls are also in *Nazione indiana*, *Sleepingfish*, *Chernovik*, satt.org, and *Fieralingue*, and in the *Anthology Spidertangle* edited by Miekal And (Xexoxial Editions, 2009.) *A gunless tea*, collection of 23 fragments, was published for the 2007 Dusi/e-chap project (dusie.org.) Poems and critical pieces have been published in *Aufgabe*, #7, 2008 (Litmus Press.) The prose *CDK* was published in 2009 as a chapbook & free e-book by *Tir aux pigeons*. In 2010 he created the webpage du-champ.blogspot.com, and the idea & practice called *installance*. His activity includes proses, poems, photography, asemic writing ("drawings" and/or "asemic sibyls"), abstract paintings, drawings, conceptual pieces, installations (online too.)

Howie Good is the author of the full-length poetry collections *Lovesick* (Press Americana, 2009), *Heart With a Dirty Windshield* (BeWrite Books, 2010), and *Everything Reminds Me of Me* (Desperanto, 2011), as well as 24 print and digital poetry chapbooks.

Mark Presjnar is a contributing member of Atlanta Poets Group.

Orchid Tierney is a New Zealand writer, experimental visual poet and a television art director. She is a recent graduate of the Auckland University Creative Writing Masters Program. Her work has appeared - or is forthcoming - in a number of online and print magazines, including *Bravado*, *BlazeVOX*, *And/Or*, *Takahe*, *Artocratic* and *Otoliths*. She is the current editor of *Rem Magazine*, a New Zealand experimental journal.

Russell Jaffe is an English teacher and installation artist living in Iowa City, IA, USA and working at Kirkwood Community College. His poems have appeared in *La Petite Zine*, *The Portland Review*, *elimae*, *Horse Less Review*,

and others, and his chapbook G(*)D is forthcoming from Pudding House Press. He is the founder and editor of O Sweet Flowery Roses literary journal.

Debrah Morkun's first full length book of poetry, *Projection Machine*, was published by BlazeVox Books in April 2010. She curates events and writes with The New Philadelphia Poets (www.debrahmorkun.com), a group committed to expanding the spaces for poetry in Philadelphia. You can visit Debrah at www.debrahmorkun.com.

Edward Wells II is currently completing a degree in English : Creative Writing. He has a number of published works. He dreams. He enjoys conversations and hearing from those that read his work. His artist site can be found on Facebook. He can be contacted through that site.

RC Miller lives in Metuchen, New Jersey. He is author of the chapbooks **GORE** (Calliope Nerve Media) and **A Large Retailer** (Ronin Press), and maintains a blog at [VISION BLUES](http://VISIONBLUES)

Constance Stadler has published five chapbooks, most recently, *Tinted Steam* (Shadow Archer Press) and *Sublunary Curse* (Erbacce), a full manuscript, *Paper Cuts* (Calliope Nerve Media) and a collaborative book with Rich Follett, *Responsorials* (Neopoiesis Press). A new ebook, *Rummaging in the Attic*, is set for release (Differentia Press).

Richard Mason lives in Oxford, in England. He has a chapbook entitled "*I don't know what I'm doing*" available from erbacce press <http://www.erbacce-press.com/> He has also had poems published via these online sources www.ditchpoetry.com/ ex-ex-lit.blogspot.com/ <http://clockwisecat.blogspot.com/> His favourite poets include d.a.levy, Urmuz, Unica Zürn and Spike Hawkins. He wants to be a lighthouse keeper when he grows up.

Keith Higginbotham has published poetry recently in *The Beatnik*, *Clutching at Straws*, *Counterexample Poetics*, *Eratio*, *Hardbrackets*, *Liebamour*, *Otoliths*, and *trnsfr*. His chapbooks are *Carrying the Air on a Stick* and *Prosaic Suburban Commercial*. He lives in South Carolina.

Greg Bem currently lives in Seattle, Washington working as a bookseller. He recently relocated from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania where he was a member of the New Philadelphia Poets. He has published his work in numerous online and offline journals, including *otoliths*. His personal blog is penumbrae.wordpress.com and his latest project can be found at seattlepoems.wordpress.com.

Linda Thea recently moved from Philadelphia to New York City where she is studying to become an Occupational Therapist at Columbia University.

Billy Cancel is a Charleston based poet/performer. He has been widely published in both the US (including Lungfull! Fact-Simile, 6x6, 580 Split, Indefinite Space) as well as publications in the UK, Canada & Australia. Billy performs in the poetry/noise band Farms & self-publishes through Hidden House Press <http://www.hiddenhousepress.com/> A collection *The Autobiography Of Shrewd Phil* was published by Blue & Yellow Dog Press in September 2010.

sean burn is a writer, performer and outsider artist with a growing international reputation. his twenty five poetry films have received many screenings worldwide. the third of his spoken word cd's is *speaksong* with musician gareth mitchell. skrev press (www.skrevpress.com) recently published a third full-length collection of his – *wings are giving out* – (isbn 978-1-904646-56-3).

Valery Oisteanu is a writer and artist with international flavor. Born in Russia (1943) and educated in Romania. Immigrating to New York City in 1972, he has been writing in English for the past 38 years.

He is the author of 11 books of poetry, a book of short fiction and a book of essays: "The AVANT-GODS"(in progress). A new collection of poetry with collage illustrations titled "Perks in Purgatory" appeared in "Fly by Night Press" New York, 2009.

For the past 10 years he is a columnist at *New York Arts Magazine* and art critic for *Brooklyn Rail* and

www.artnet.com.

He is also a contributing writer for French, Spanish & Romanian art and literary magazines (*La Page Blanche*, *Art.es*, *Viata Romaneasca*, *Observatorul Cultural*, *Contemporanul*, *Romania Literara* etc.)

As an artist he exhibits collages and assemblages on a regular bases at the galleries in New York and also creates collages as covers and illustrations for books and magazines.