

BLUE & YELLOW DOG

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Edited by

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## **MARK YOUNG**

### **A line from Jackie Robinson**

In the latest round of geo-  
political talks intended  
to create some sort of  
economic equilibrium, no

matter what the party label,  
three hundred skyscraper-  
heeled, pointy-toed, patent  
leather boots were utilized

in rituals that called on the  
power of gods to restore  
the world's *qi*, & were then  
deported back to Panama.

### **A line from Ingmar Bergman**

The electric shadow-  
play that is a  
topaz granary lacks  
the ambience of

a godown made  
from handsawn  
Mexican pine, but is  
as real as algebra.

New cities arouse  
too many sensations:  
this is a tiny & fine  
poem. A virtual

cornucopia of desk-  
top candy that  
makes it familiar. &  
perfect for dancing to.

## **A line from Henning Mankell**

Just got tumblr for my  
blackberry! My lipids  
go up. There's a lot of  
Winter still to come

so some body fat is a  
helpful thing. It's what  
cowboy poetry is all  
about. Nude therapy

has an indisputable  
tabloid character but can  
breathe life into a city's  
stagnant urban core.

Then a small dog dons  
snazzy new pumps &  
makes an incisive  
contribution to the long-

standing debate over  
authenticity in talent  
competitions. Gentrification  
is far from complete.

## MARK DuCHARME

### The Unfinished

There is a crack in my windshield  
Which reflects  
Light differently than  
Windshield proper.

This occurs despite the names  
Of several  
Flora I don't know

•

To be nothing without light, but keep revolving  
Under the silence of bees  
In spaces before ghosts are formed--  
Ghosts composed of daylight.

•

The shrill varieties of names;  
Inflected surfaces of brick--  
A chiaroscuro pattern,  
Daylit

& The company of bees  
In flowers' tuneless variety  
Of an afternoon--  
& The color under the trees.

### The Unfinished

To drive through night like smoke  
Disassembled in the rain.  
Neither entering nor determining the state  
Of the building  
Before it was set— we leave it  
In the condition it was in before we started  
Here before

It was stated, in the condition of oncoming noise.  
Buildings have a structure.  
We were determined to be here or driving  
Because it was smoke, for example.  
We are unlikely to turn it into scrapbooks,  
First-person accounts of disasters, things like that.  
There are varieties of escape inside  
The window which is housed in traffic.  
We had wanted things to appear initially quiet.  
No one hinted;  
The hot-tub grew noisome with perfume.  
The thrill of old news had seized our disquiet,  
Turning it into water.  
What was once night melts into  
Edifices of brick & dust. We entered  
The hatseller's quarters  
For a moment, only to turn & flee  
Quickly as we had arrived  
Toward some other sad location.

### **The Unfinished**

It rains a little in the repugnant mirror  
Where hemispheres want no reflection  
But enter a world so it appears  
Reflected to them as an eclipse on paper--  
The only way to see it which  
Does not burn your eyes

Your gaze is part of this distraction  
Be it carbon or animal  
A chair was put there by the door  
So we can trip over it  
The moon landing was predicted  
In our imaginations of the earth in orbit--  
Summer a mirage in rain's condensation  
On car windows. To kindle in our hearts

The pages are soggy with memory  
With the attributions of the trees  
& A need to burn what's irreplaceable--  
Sodden furniture, dry twig's breath.

To fill the night with old distractions;  
Changing faces of the moon.

## **The Unfinished**

*"I have problems  
with titles." —a student*

As if to merge, by chromatic difficulties  
Wherever salt is inflicted  
In order to put off a new beginning  
A nude being, a driven economy  
Emptied, at the edges of what's seen

At a sated delivery. To deform the picture  
Requires a particular violence. These  
Ink smears. The heart beating steadily.

Whenever I say *they*, I include also  
Possibilities of dust,

A need to deform articulation  
Out of the air which draws  
Us blank--

Pale as all hunger  
Of words no one whispers,  
Even to the dead.

---

My zero sum game has blasphemed the reflection.  
I glance, in euphony  
At the unsteady parade.  
Households are naked. I can't take  
Much more of it.

---

Come here, mouth— you black hole gaping;  
Come here, all holes of any  
Kind.

I will taste you, one by one  
I will deform, & be deformed  
In the hunger of new worlds

---

An occult & orderly distraction  
Where the green worlds rang--

I am a child of this distinction  
I am an ox, born in summer;

I am an impalpable district, your body's  
Residue

Where I leave, to speak in private  
To the unlikely cactus  
Flower

Thrust into summer's remains.—

## R D PARKER

### Reading Spinoza

The unconsciousness  
of breath  
is the repression  
of vulnerability.

### Letters Letters Letters

Restitution for the dislodged ordinaries  
of (mum's the word!)—don't flinch now, *don't*  
—cross-hatchings: She hereby declares

this recollection *picáro*. She smashes the bottle against  
the painted prow, a golden shovel  
for dignitaries unaccustomed to muddying their

smudgeless polish, & out from the bottle showers  
Champaign grass, Midwestern tundra dousing the dignitaries.  
Postage is dear, and paper. There's only so much of it

he can spare. Ink—that runs short too. With the price  
of muslin and calico, shoes, with flour and sugar, woolens  
for winter, needles too, and thread, and coffee. I don't mind

reading cross-hatched letters. Almost like a puzzle. I'm so glad  
to get them when they get this far. The ones that do.  
But I don't like writing them, squinching

across the jail of words till my hand cramps like dust in a gust.  
Right here, the whirlwind says, right here someone died.  
"Paratactic, polymorphous, impalpable" snores of

glutinous goo without, yet again without restitution,  
without destitution, without constitution, without omnivillocution,  
outside the marble walls maudlin and lachrymose,

outside the sienna balustrades, outside the floating  
waves of steamy sleet, outside the penumbra of penumbras,  
until at last we give way to the shadow of an opaque body.



## The Imp of the Humdrum

After copper rose spooks,  
after otiose monoliths in swank monologues

smudged with turquoise  
filch the peril of stichomythia

by way of paratactic glut,  
by fuchsia's way, after they leverage

the stuporous sluices of nothing affirmeth  
across a concrete universal of compromise-formations--

yea, after they all soak to the station pluripotent  
yet somehow still rankle, overshadowed

by the sulky jouissance of to-be-looked-at-ness,  
by the smoldering arcs of midnight's dark cerulean,

then, yea, only then, it will not be the time  
for abstraction, for impersonality

knotted in a weathered print scarf  
and reflected in beige vermiculite.

## Snitch

Malady stuporous levity—  
host creolization upside-down cake  
syntagmatic faux estrangements

and (whoosh) the sword of Zorro the caped  
crusader of Levantine marmalades and bear baiting lies  
down in darkness visibly athwart the

zinnia zoos in tubes ooh la la! Mind the derivatives  
cum options *n'est-ce pas?* Zsa Zsa! A lingua franca lala  
land: uncountable orifices that edify third

cousins twice removed, twisted off or back on with  
a mere roll of the wrist. ~~So you thought you could snitch,~~  
~~did you, Doolittle? Well now whaddya think, huh? Huh?~~

Stash the suffix-laden latex mask-molds just for a minute  
ok? Split peas. In Flanders fields the mommies  
know, between the losses, row on row,

that now it's time for us to go, to go, to go. Across the  
loess we shall go, into the scuppernong arbor where  
we will dig down down down into the subterranean

torrents without rent, without rancor,  
where we know that we roll just for this:  
without memory, without kiss.

**Xxxxxx xx Xxxxxx Xxx**

Xxxx xx x xxxx xxx xxxxx,  
xxx ~~xxxx~~ xxx xxxx x xx xxx.  
Xxx xxxx ~~xxx~~ xx xxx x xxxx.

Xxx xxxx xxxxxx x xxxx Xxxx,  
xx xxxx xxxx x xxx xx xxxx,  
x xxx xx x xxxx-xxxxx xxxxxx, xxx, xx Xxxxx

xxx xx xxxx xx xxxx xx x xxxx.  
Xx x ~~xxx~~-xxx xxxx x xx xxx xxxxx.  
Xxxx xxx xxxx "Xx xx xxxx!" Xx xxxx,

xxx xxx xxxxx x xx xxxx, xxx xx xxx.

## **JULIE KOVACS**

### **No Glass Ceiling**

harmony of letters  
geisha  
couture dresses  
woven into

stories

poems

news reports

halted

by  
no

g

l

a

s

s

ceiling

### **Headstrong Butterfly**

The window broke on impact  
from  
a headstrong butterfly  
deserted  
forlorn

She laid upon the sill  
front legs folded over  
ready for her casket

among the geraniums  
and silver glass orbs

of heaven.

## Nights in Darkness

Stopping  
The rain with nothing but the Sunday newspaper

Advertising with a brand new kind of ink  
\*psychedelic chartreuse

^whispering away giggles into the night^

Indefinable  
Indefatiguable

Traveling on towards the horizon pink and gray  
Elephant dancing out the circus tent

Along the beach  
Into a limousine to the opera house

## MICHAEL FARRELL

### Riven At The End

It's nice and honey in here, he said, rubbing his stone ache.  
I was rubbing New York's. Feeling One, feeling honey, and  
blessed. I done peed; I done pedalled a load in your banana /  
head. The crypt opened, bells rang, and (no) nuns ran out.  
'Niece', (the niece stirred) 'are you ok?' I was eating Star Wars  
sandwiches. The uncle was playing snooker, eating ice, bringing  
ecstasy. How did you get that apricot out of another tree? At  
the shop, I found a coconut to sugar the night with: there were  
no jars to beat it with. The brother was cunning, overflowing.  
In there I can find a phone to strip a chair, have fake coffee  
on ... Everyone can be at the sea, with the whelks. Driving,  
honing in on destiny, a noose on the road. What an occasion,  
for say, no, don't say it like horsehair – what about – not Anne –  
not her – let's say for Nora and her corncob. Are you fit to  
catch the hen-of-the-garnet? Those that dine on her are coining  
friends like they're going out of style. But they wear it like  
it's a snarl, like it's chewed over, like another grand. Like hundreds  
of grands, all winning. The underwear harvester has taken everything  
in. She was old, and needed the sound of horses to do her laundry,  
dishes, cook the stew. There was tin in the fridge, a tin to brown  
your skin with. A nudge, and you're in, but 'No', not Adelaide,  
not stew either. Fussy! No nesting on the Isle of Thanks for  
you. They shoot bears there – and then the bears have a turn.  
No tape, no *Rumours*, just scones – you can do those with  
your hands. It wasn't Irish at all, really, closer to Latin if anything.  
It was scifi: Linda Evans and Harvey Keitel burning stacks  
of Nabokov novels to a Green Day soundtrack. Yeah! Nathan  
was the only one who was everyone's friend, and new people  
soon cottoned onto that fact, nurturing reasons for saying 'Nathan':  
saying 'Nathan', for the lack of anything better. There was  
nothing better. In real life, the awful guy gets the awful girl.  
In Nathan's fantasy, the girl wasn't awful. The advantage of  
heterosexuality is the distinct pronouns. The proboscis and  
the shiny forks headed for the new vehicle – not for the vehicle  
itself, but for the vests inside. The peahen looked haughty:  
prying, staring like a ninny. They strode like flies, taking it  
up a notch. They knew how to do it a lot, like it was Pepsi,  
or a thing like a branch off the sun. She knew a lot, was in  
that club, wore the ears. It was a ruin with a view, and cow  
sounds. 'If the food doesn't fit in the saucepan it's not for one  
person', a neighbour called through the closed window. They  
were fern junkies; they fell for love all the way off the bench.  
An inner, professional poet's notion of their behaviour went  
north, turned it into a literary nouveau, with the possibility  
of glandular furniture. Who are or what is 'the 9'? Do they  
still exist? Does '9ing' still happen? At Swindon, where the  
sea is full of pigs – but only when it's dark. Inside everyone's

head, figuratively speaking, there are silent cavorting artists.

### **Did You Think I'd Stand Here**

idle and mute as a corset? No, I'm thinking. I'm making sounds locals'd recognise too: a bundle of nerves with the twine removed. But – being from Launceston you know what it's like. How do you keep a secret in a school? There's an audience that'd pay for your invisibility (you'd pay for their blindness); but others are watching also, wondering what the poses mean. I had to write some of it down. There's nothing profound about mooching around under cherry trees on a Friday afternoon – except the cherries aren't dark nor sweet – and nor are the boys / girls that end up in your mind – head – bed. They're shits. With schizophrenia and worse ahead of them. Cattle're better, let them fold into the green sheets like early Europe. Are you going to eat that chess set or what? Coming home, getting caught on barbed wire haircuts. Getting butted in the stomach by guinea pigs on wheels ... You're reading the Phantom, waiting for your chips, I'm thinking about Henry VIII vs the Roman Catholic Church – of Catherine of Aragon, ambassador and pregnant dispatcher of James IV of Scotland. (She sent his bloodied coat in the mail.) Woken in the night by the dam overflowing, falling off my stool and saying nothing. I come down the minor trail like a wolf, eating sponge cake out of my father's hand. Will friendship ever be enough? A skinny youth for dinner instead of a dirty Hobart blues. Now I know how Vincent Buckley felt about how Milton felt. As the flame is rose ... As the river is no longer water, or as water, like marriage, is redefined. They're rolling up the fences, letting the church fade into its parts. It is parts.

### **Do We Agree or Cucumber Jelly?**

We've all been in containers. But I haven't been in a container in the hold of a ship, or in a truck covered with bags. We've all been squashed, name and rank, in files. But I haven't been pulped – yet – for my juice. We all kiss the children on their north and their plates, somehow

dearer and less dear than our own dear ones.  
The weighing of affections is melodious,  
counterpart. The man with the saw; the wood  
with the saw. Coming into the forest tonight,  
my tendrilled right arm brushing a path, feeling  
up, but aching. Only a white minstrel, with  
no Portuguese. The fog under the sky, the  
bird between the eyes of the fog like a prototype.  
Love is a building in an open car – you go  
in through the front door and it drives you  
off to a strange journey, made of paper. On  
the sidestairs, the lovers are passive with  
wine, the meat is more active. Wine is structured  
like a war, with orphans at the very bottom,  
who will give them a home? And Christian  
hymns to make us question everything. Like  
a ceiling pressured by flies; we shake palms  
and dates fall for everyone: all the couples  
are called David and Goliath. We stomp on  
the air. Through our troubles we see more  
troubles. Are you ready for summer? It starts  
tomorrow, and you'd better be ready to get  
abused – by summer behaviour. Wack / dope,  
say one at all times, as if neutrally. Marbles  
roll around the legs of a little someone, a  
dog, she's scared – as if the marbles had  
intimated something about a Tupperware  
party. The radio establishes a theorem that  
love is all around inside me. The theorem  
works by proving nothing else is there, in  
the same way. Dolls bleed with cucumber  
jelly. Read towards the east, for best results.  
The idea itself must be saved. It came along  
us like a pilgrim; now it wants to run things.  
The trouble it will save will leave us more  
time for our troubles.

### **Get Borne**

You don't need a dentist to brace yourself.  
Wake up – not down, mate: throw some  
cold coffee on your face. When I move  
to the Rhine I wear surprisingly few  
safari suits. Are you still alive? I thin  
I remember a fly with a thing for Fassbinder.  
Just a barefoot country boy, from what  
became New Geelong, aka Paste City.  
If only the bright lights had been Sydney,  
we would've been halfway to Bondi,

I dare sigh. The road signs said Get  
Born, Get Melbourne. We'd lie back,  
in our stockings and pineapple leather  
armchairs – like Archibald entries,  
louche as Barry Humphries, we dared  
hype, laughing at the crying German  
boarder. Who'd shake their head. Then  
we'd sing a faux Bavarian folksong,  
adding tidbits from the day's trivia  
to the song from the night before: like  
a neverending stew, eventually abandoned  
when it kills its consumers. Indonesia  
would swerve in – the monkey drunk  
as an orange bicycle (wine being *his*  
pet, that he measured miles by). We  
were younger monks ourselves, in a  
sense. Now it's tomorrow. We've been  
adopted (Indonesia included) by accountants  
in the Fatherland (northern whitefella  
Western desert); the guitar was stolen  
by the Austrian boarder. And if our  
poems didn't come – if we weren't  
sex on legs with a pen to match – our  
patch on fire – in a good way – then  
we'd be flat on our proverbial countries  
in the secret arse of a packet boat: heading  
for a piece of dirt that's been painted  
over with Creative Living. There'd  
be no place for us. So we let our keepers  
insult us, chuck us in cold coffee baths,  
and we write Bavarian folksongs that  
(I dare sigh) are more herzlich, more  
authentisch, than ere.

### **What We Understand Went On**

She was moaning, what sounded very like, 'Give me faded  
friendships or give me death!' as she went through the clues in her  
folder (that she called her abeyance folder). All we know is  
whatever was said, something else was meant. Her toes were  
like blue lagoons in an asphalt ashtray; her brow furrowed  
like Chinese pasture / pasta. Surprised? At the checkout, apprised  
of a different custom (because a different country), sir beamed  
a resentment ray at the grapefruit display, erasing any lingering  
oxblood tang. 'Are you having sex with me?' asked the orangutan.  
Or was it a recording that the keeper played for visitors  
to enjoy? Carmelite nuns smiled sweetly at the milk-trough  
and the models got caught in the curd. Cordelia felt fended  
off by the mall's nomenclature, and left cabbageless in her



fevered distaste. She bought paste. What kind we don't know, adjectives are sometimes useful, but not necessarily for making coleslaw without a cabbage. She nipped out 'Coles law' then. 'What kinds of dudes live around here?' she asked Basket, her poodle. 'Thirty-eight year old Singaporean jocks in socks', was the answer. Archaeopteryx pretty much owned the carpark. The pavement saucepans banged like there was no acute hearing. 'Don't turn your back on me, shopping trolley,' was all she had to say: we were in Philadelphia. Safe pop aficionados, Boyz II Men started well but turned to treacle, no Temptations them. There were no earthquakes that afternoon, even in the movies: so every thoroughfare, every promenade was chockers with veiled Australians determined to sell something and not just buy like a bishop all the fucking time. All the good haircuts she noticed; Brisbanite nuns wrestled airplanes to the ground, she remembered, from the rodeos of youth. It seemed a little exaggerated, but she was pretty sure. This was research, tuning into speech patterns, making allegories out of street activity. In an earlier incarnation she had been a street sweeper, but found no more info that way than she did now, as a dog-walking, ipod-fake-listening, pole-kissing, aboveground archivist chick. The doofi had no comeback: barely enough narrative thrust to put their collective backs out. The wangs glistened like snail tracks on a get-out-of-salt-farm. Way up ahead, some militant cottonwool was sodomising an exhaust pipe for its archaisms. It was perhaps Margaret Rutherford. There were no Danish queens keeping the avenues cool. Basket tried to hail a taxi. A few guys in camouflage twisted languorously in the heat. Cordelia had, she thought, no entrée, till Basket coughed up a breadstick that got their attention – they assumed it was armed and hit the ground in a formation unconsciously led by the former star of a highschool Swan Lake, Cordelia surmised. She was hardly Yoko Ono, and this was far from being WWII France, so she hoisted herself onto Basket and rode off into the pretzel shop, a kind of downtown backyard, with cinnamon.

## **TONY A. BEEBE**

### **The Fifth Dream**

Mineral water and ice  
and me and ecstasy  
in the kitchen  
a dozen chefs and I  
at a party about a month ago  
we had over twelve hundred  
dollars in blue honey  
but I gave it all to the first sweetie I ever had  
and now all the cobalt bees are nowhere

### **Summer nights**

Summer nights  
came and went like  
champagne and the stars

hot morning train rides  
repairing the ravages  
of the night before

the pulpless juices of  
oranges and lemons

\*

gins and liquors  
so long forgotten

spilled together  
with the opal tears  
of gypsies who roam  
through alleys of these  
now godless cities

As a ghost

a box full of dog biscuits  
a bottle of whiskey from a locked bureau door  
I called up several people on the telephone  
at the drug store on the corner  
the whiskey distorted things  
I wondered if that was ectoplasm on the wall  
cream colored  
violent ectoplasm  
I think its adorable  
I cannot be held  
I think I should drink

## **The Awakening**

I saw without my eyes  
its not polite to stare  
I don't like to be watched either  
I was staring without my eyes  
before they broke their morning seal  
you were my night and afterward  
darkness dripped from both of us  
staining the sheets  
but that's ok  
because they were yours  
and without my eyes  
you don't exist

## **Her face and her hands didn't quite rhyme**

A valley girl materialized  
paying me money  
she had a cute face  
I placed her change  
into the cracked manly hands she extended  
A tumbleweed rolled out of her sleeve and across her palm  
They were the great plains

## **NICHOLAS GRIDER**

### **KITTENS**

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew / Than one of these same meter ballad-mongers.

—William Shakespeare

Better never to have begun. For example, stranded at a Furry convention in Sacramento. Sales tax on the remote-controllable prehensile tail. Battery-powered recruitment and eventual escape. People tell you you have character, soul leverage, a flexible backbone, soft targets, a ticket to the brawl. Lost boys with rose-tinted glasses. The LCD billboard burns out. People you know, slowly turning clear. People tell you you're loud and clear, you're free, you're sort of cute. Midnight bachelors with signed contracts. Selflessness in the name of pleasure, he says he'll call you later, he has three or four birthdays a year. Thunder stolen on a bet, the storm comes by itself or, for example, collect the whole set. Silence when you least expect it. Bright lights, big city, stray animals walking upright and wielding sticks, unconditional regret.

### **CLASS WARFARE**

Class is rarely talked about in the United States; nowhere is there a more intense silence about the reality of class differences than in educational settings.

—bell hooks

Kiss you while you're down. An example of what you stand for is a two-story colonial with a custom-weathered deck. With a wet bar in the basement. With pictures of your friends, with laminated display copies of J. Crew. Moonlighting in social climbing, making friends with everybody at the institution, bullseye stress. A case study of why millions now living will never get Rocky Mountain high. Platinum on platinum. Handcrafted chip on your shoulder, same old diamond-studded lifestyle carousel. A lazy susan of cosmopolitan trailer park jargon. The homeless hosed down, disabused of certain notions, dressed to impress. What you do in your bedroom when no one else is around, when no one is allowed. The tree house is made entirely of Plexiglas, the lemonade is spiked with gin. It's your turn now to know your place, role play ignorance, hand over fist, taking care of business, whatever happens when father knows best.

### **CATASTROPHE**

Mistakes, scandals, and failure no longer signal catastrophe. The crucial thing is that they be made credible, and that the public be made aware of the efforts being expended in that direction.

—Jean Baudrillard

Beautiful when you're distracted by the mess. People stand up, people get invitations to travel, people piss themselves in public, in the alleyway behind your house. A sentimental pile of burning tires. A few years free of history. Your wish list slowly consumed by the flames. Cigars

lit by the stovetop. Names and places redacted from the text. Please begin to believe in something. Something is happening. An angry mob gathering somewhere behind your back, somewhere in your past. Something is better than nothing, nothing is better than a few swift kicks, being stranded in the desert beats being stranded behind a desk. Ash in the air and asbestos in your wedding chest. You want to punch every clock you see, you want some sort of trophy just for showing up, you sleep in your suit and tie, you rub yourself with liver oil and chain yourself to the wildest local mob.

## LESSONS

The lesson intended by the author is hardly ever the lesson the world chooses to learn from his book.

—George Bernard Shaw

A bike tour of the abandoned refinery, a chance encounter with wine country, a sanded and lacquered heart. Up close and personal with spectacle, a conference call to the wasteland, face time with the heaven-sent. A hardcore desktop inkjet print. You can do anything you want except get health benefits. Bent over the steering wheel, bent over in mid-flight, bent over next week's lesson plan; you take a masterclass on what to forget. You get a summer internship in order to work on the list. You guest host on the side, in your Sunday best, your ability to maintain momentum sharp enough to cut a tin can, strong enough withstand tetanus, old enough to know when to keep quiet but not how to say when.

## HELLER LEVINSON

### nipple atop a breast

perks peaks

percolates      is per-*colative*

collational

proud                  often pouty,

often perky

always pesky .....

pucker playful          punsters

a barrister overseeing

(pro(min)(vid)ence

an outlook      a lookout

a curvature rally

nimblenibblynettlesomenestlingnurturant

-- moisturizer

source

privilege

### invasion by wakefulness

inclemency prototypes poppycock the

rainbow              deliriums dream-hitched ditch

the merriments lousy with percept rowel polyps glommed to morning star erstwhile

incubational therapies

anticipate dust storms auguring filtration summaries

Boerhaave ordered '... to cure the convulsions ... burn to the bone with red-hot

irons a certain spot on the arm of any person, male or female, who suffered an attack of a convulsive illness.'

alert as participle as a caretaker's comeuppance  
recollective triage exercises dismay while Munch's 'Melancholy'  
is a bed of Park Avenue Tulips to Nerval's jaundiced clan-jaggering jejunum  
convalescences the orchestra pitches  
persuasion conspiracies misery does not excuse  
masturbation seldom is the hull

'I'm a published playwright. I've won major awards. I don't want the usual cliché dialogue. I just want real resources to help me invest in my next property.

Go to **halstead.com** and click on

real solutions

HALSTEAD PROPERTY

How Real Estate Gets Real'

real solutions solubility decimals

Godel's Incompleteness Proof the mark

of the crane is displacement assessing the offering the statistical upbraids incandescence

the paradoxical

pouts confinement is both bar & barred

palpitant spheres perch to resound the high school reunion congregated in bass drum the triangle dinged by

cedar sharpens the attention of talent scouts bandaged to their

anatomies hydrogen services early departure

prescriptions butterfly the nation

the outposts wormy

### **undocumenting the document**

document = file → files filings filling

firing

files firing

fill filings fulfilling

filling up

the document fills up with files firing

a document places

place-men - *tizes*

establishes the documen-*ted*

situates colors distorts distills directs

*draws*

is a coordinates-fest

a stagnation repulsing whirlpools

a perceptually logical luxuriation

a viewing mannerism

a slice



## **HOWIE GOOD**

### **RAGGED ARITHMETIC**

Everything's lost! the messenger cried. We let words chose their own meanings. Chairs and wine glasses, humble cherished objects, flew in great circles over our heads. There was always someone somewhere who couldn't flee. Awake in her little bed, the young daughter of friends listened to a querulous piece of chalk scratching all night on the blackboard.

**BLUE & YELLOW DOG FEATURES ATLANTA POETS GROUP:**

**JOHN SELVIDGE**

**JOHN LOWTHER**

**JEFF DAHLGREN**

**ZAC DENTON**

**ERIKA STEPHENS**

**MARK PREJSNAR**

**JAMES SANDERS**

## **Acephalous Wrecks: Atlanta Poets Group collaboration**

### **Have a Chewy**

corn pops yo-yo treat  
notched blocks of mustache  
footie pajama wheelbarrow  
prissy Dalmation compote  
sticky eager seraphim fleas  
bannister walk the doll  
gummy worm container drawl  
find wasp crank snoopy mud puddles  
malaise cap pistol laminating  
litter box skating and fire flies  
porous chores orange juice fibber  
daddy long legs rayons sled  
briefcase slam pit stop down in the cellar  
often fog fishy Band-Aid  
whitey whistle lollipop pillow maker  
mastication fool book smell  
slim green tent cat napping untowards  
plop hands on distemper  
cutting a path melon baller  
toy orchestra Calamine oopsie  
wheelie glove and bat up a tree  
although tummy jelly upchuck red hot  
candlabra-ish Pluto wooden cross  
fallen grab-bag hinky who niches  
almost sputter laurel and doohickey

### **Pining For Euglena**

rats reading Thumb Twees honeydew  
dingy Tarkington flatter terlet  
pocketa pocketa traipsing wannabe  
kooky fresh fills heavy turnstile  
elasticity black eyed susan trilobyte  
dew claws alabaster punk kiwi  
dapper smithereens fungus  
pleasantries plenum fancy ditch  
*Species III* cranberry cocktail  
dour knobs peek-a-boo burning bush  
they're like thumbs but they don't works  
strawberry botch corn pone baggage  
cleft palate overpass substitution  
smothered and covered flat footed  
shingles peaches boo boo angst  
tickling hoopla wasn't very Gregorian

freak the mighty feldspar speaking  
ogle placement savannah meatless  
Martian gladiator rigatoni poo-ba posh  
tongue twisted conjunctonitis star fish  
redhead philistine angrily Ganesha  
hoo-waa get off it tickets please  
belly up twinkletoes

### **Glamourshots of the Serengetti**

trading spaces war and peace  
underwear red riding go-backs  
seminal vesicle stick figurines  
chipped tooth Pleistocene age pop-up book  
bite mark India rubber band Doctor sarcasm  
nose and throat found purses  
night time interviews hot dog diggity  
Twofer Tuesday fire belly newt  
clean shaven follow dew point  
plausible excuse child labor  
booger kind far and away  
bad boy Murder Kroger / Yuppie Publix chuckle  
or chortle hot toddy Crime and Punishment  
orange crepes one-upmanship  
tighty whitey dilly dally what's that  
bratwurst stew crunch crunch  
collapsible table gutter snipe  
mechanical bull sup-n-shit categorically  
insane a hat slow kleptomaniac  
mood ring asshole to belly button  
caught Martha Stewart feeling funny  
she can't sweat so like a pig she rolls

### **Importing Large Bodies**

or who recruit fructose intolerant  
buster glove wing tips gang or  
phone sex fully loaded Pringles  
hope chest rumple fricassee poke  
spoiler nuggets chi-hua-hua  
Mustang's slack jawed crick  
asterisk knish flipping the bird  
francophile bean-o-phobe  
hip hop pontoon boat Emma dill  
easy does it in animate objects  
fog horn Toledo fallen dopple  
feckless halitosis knee cap ginseng

ha ha Hummer pick croup dot dot dot  
kanoodle fryer lapsed pot sticker  
Bananarama you wear it bestiary  
masticate bouffant chicken wire  
well la ti da space cowboy forgotten news  
big hair Frappuccino mudflaps  
partial denture critically acclaimed  
spotlight bombastic roughy 1923  
sock monkey contraceptive glut  
pork loin malaise feminine affluence  
fringe benefit studio audience  
on *The Price Is Right*

**PROCESS NOTE for 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.

**JOHN SELVIDGE**

**caprice**

idle deadweight, it took  
3 men to move one once, the  
oldest [, Dick,] invoking his hernia  
but it was victory over the chassis,  
the bumper, & room for an egress, an  
other thru the driveway so we shouted  
back to sweat inside a kitchen job [Dick himself] tied up  
in kerchief, hidden against the public,  
gravel, sun, & later drink.

the [blank] of it means business, almost a punisher

[but] this is different, far different [now]  
from the re-routing of tubes &  
cranks that set a body in motion, lid lain open  
[, as the man says,] against the wind.

too much talk about cam  
                                & shaft between us, the consonants & serifs  
tumble, unpin the stirring [rumble]of cata-  
                                lytic conversion: expression so much  
exhaust & the year's cloudy  
                                enough as is. No small  
work to open up a space—  
                                best to meet inside  
the satire where no  
                                [mirror] points outward  
                                & drain the  
                                cartoons of oil.

**spitfire**

have in mind a way of climbing that might have [us] done with ladders & the people who'd [have us] resemble them. "Terror" the watchword for years now—almost beautiful except for the impulse to scatter like lizards, thus

the [huge] horseflies of summer's end & twilight  
sense of abandoned mastery. You know the  
rhythm of this in [its] stiches, the syncopation  
of touring & radiophonic defeat; a tiny box  
w/4 midget wheels = fun, fun, [fun,] fun.

***c' mere o***

lavish cur of    cure of    curve

be knightly    raze    &    g rapely    laze    jaune

fil a door    [uh] floor    of flora    tightly held un bid

& weld    a rack    knee wound    & airy    ad nie &

nimmer    flout    or    limn    [er]    ace    or name    her    nether

ache ick    ich awake    & flame d

## JOHN LOWTHER

### The Self of Steam has the Arrow of Voice in an Ear between its Legs

I      The tension trick I breathe a *no* a *fuck no*    Wind  
Hacks it back at me    Misses & s/he wipes his/her eye  
This is the crash I came to party up on    Take out bag of plus ones  
Sale black instance up a grunt full-flogged and furious    Gas off so beats in a jar    No  
Beans precisely    Ain't gotta blank till I pay the rent  
Fucking tiring an edge or two *Inspiring* said he with leftover napkins  
Sop tangle    Very scientific you see    That dog has mange    Red it  
Yes yes corruption stiff collars    F'd up  
Adjacent to the massacre's plaque & bowled over with mixes ranged hexed now  
Like you see this *right* like it's kinda obvious    The horse is dead  
Still calls it a *check card*    Where it leaked after  
No no more homework I have all day tomorrow I  
Hydraulics are showing it's embarrassing    Bare assing almost  
Nothings burning voice whatever it said    Forms from the HMO  
From here up the stairs like that    Like a boomerang never comes back  
Just circles    Whatever it is over there    Rubber viscera

II      Conned with that    Sure    My face  
Backtrack the previous    Previous to that  
Confidence    The trick never did pull    Paper is weight on me  
She sang    Saw the flashlight from downstairs he crept up  
She shot him    But it was all an accident  
They stayed married for quite awhile    Then  
Having been bought these bounds yours were  
& so forth the story goes    But the voice of the self of steam sighs  
It had an ear between its legs Listening  
With flushes passing likes waves across the dermis  
We stumbled on    Dark shapes    Panicked when  
Suddenly it was all snow with a thin fence of spines all round  
& those escape movies main convention dotes on me  
Like a hotel bar circa '75 or '76    Reformatted to fit your TV  
Has to be fuel for this wander    The voices    First reflection  
Think of the jubilation and the anguish in baby's voice  
Are you a cable user    You'd thwart a dithering for a \$20 gift card  
*majority rules* all lowercase like that on a bumpersticker  
How will they sing    When they ain't ate in days    Those muses

III     Like an octopus or a squid somehow    The meta-lingo which would've had to've  
Already been in place    Unable to know before the now  
Maybe maybe maybe    Your couch is my gutter    But it  
With such supra-sensitive sensors surely would struggle 'gainst our glass shards  
Ideological wreckage debris    Admittedly I am not far from the cart  
Where you keep    All of your stuff    Parched can only smoke  
Will it read the book with its ear between    Appointment with swab  
Majordomo keeps interrupting    Oh    Oh said in various ways  
That's like a tieback and there's like this balloon bouquet of thought bubbles  
And like that    Yes and like that    Surely contingency is embracing us



Do we hang back or embrace it Oh Oh said in various ways again  
Pressure Pressure makes for leaks Seals and joints and sucking sounds  
Murky under the pipes steam releases hiss the ear (between)  
Basically you can't see shit Now imagine you could release that  
A blinder What can't ever you see hurt can't you As if  
Not mine contingently here but neither the reified Ta da ala vox to script  
Maybe its time you went for a little swim stupid slap it bends the hustle

IV Baby flat Neither neither on the model of same same  
Ginger colored almost entails tweed in these parts  
But something fucked up with the torrent I guess The file I mean  
Table scraps Nothing else to watch Fingers file for fun  
Frequently fit fuzz Frantic feeble founts fill up  
Polish hypnotic suggestion with swish &  
Labor on grunted dreamer, deresist, drerrst, drrrrrrrrrrwr  
(snaps) Asymptotic assemblages in the skim layer again (sigh)  
You've been ellipseized everything is implocably puncstulated  
Or so you think Now I'm the woman I've always wanted to be  
Organico hydraulic broken secret great artists steal sic nunc hiccup  
Breach birth blandishments Like a snake spitting stuffing  
Like the dew on the rain & other fancy stuff if you order now  
Reaching down for a feel *Crudzoiks* look at that camera angle

V Notes toward the breach there so soft and cottony Like a shorter page  
My wish goes in and nothing comes out A bit like a too sweet cocktail  
Now it matters With screens Please Hands forced through hair in a beady sweat  
Blood in the bed of a shoe Paces Places people Change up with  
Hip angles out of here like a cut

Face time Screen time How many kills  
Couldn't get it out once I stuck it in dialogue some more Headcam constantly lmax'd  
Right on your face Like another Rambo movie entirely where Rambo goes  
But this in its turn is just one object level of the reality shows above your own reality  
No no will I yes read the book yes I said Is it mind control It is aimed at my habit  
I like my habit My habit I'm like its puppet put it on to me No no no Yes yes yes  
& then the dark secret revealed after these messages  
*What did you say waving a magazine between legs* Another offered  
*This is the break table asshole* My research concluded for the day  
I slipped out into the trough for a stretch then booted It's not a mystery  
That there is a leak but that the leak is it Not its hydraulic horizon turning to flesh  
It The leak Or it is its waste However you want to think about it

VI A wish is a wish if a rose is a rose and eros is eros if Buffalo Bill's bathtub  
This has gone way beyond Lenox & Phipps I'm logocoding your chip  
Would you like gracious 2 with full flirt on alert just in case No  
Maybe tonight I'll play *against* somehow Pauses pensively reflects pontificates  
Motor paralysis still something green in there Monitor two where is the steam  
*Good little id with a chain get me that potion* Holes in the walls  
Tentacles Then there was my 6th grade math teacher chalk smear on her face  
No see it's just a closet I'll leave the cage cracked Closing the script  
Even if it had been tossed in the fire of bathrobes pacing another hotel room

Socrates Enacted on them directly and the legal ramifications He locked  
The door then from an echo Voice leak We never get away from them do we  
Whatever we build stays in the inside of the mold Singing that literally  
Itself just a frame amongst others broken Then some special effects  
Is it ever easy does it this liberation asks of its economic presuppositions  
Graded Cut Exemption applied like this skankiest bar rag to wound  
Bite your tongue Off

VII Maybe the camera heard it Undercutting the mood like  
Antihumanist fingers in sauce By which I do mean the saucier aspects  
I'm not talking about food Fucked Uppedness Digitalis or some shit  
Tracing the spread of mobile phones in asia I'm a do over  
I've accepted it  
I'm getting a wipe I'm wiping  
If there is anything you need to say before  
Now is the time  
I'm about to wipe Listen Brown is not a bad color on you  
The jokes on the egg on your face on the floor amidst all that again Sideways view of  
base of toilet from inches off the wet floor a swirl of stain indeterminate the eyes can  
roll a bit but This is what there is to see  
In that timelessness knowing that it is then that you will be enduring for some time  
Blip Blip Blip Blip Blimps on the horizon Save us waving Machine gun fire  
Not what I am saying clearly but I am losing it all anyway Patrolling vector  
Secretions of an I Suncrust Unlust  
There won't be one to read these for long Yes the no is intended Lost deed  
*Spanish Castle Magic* Three wick candle in berry flavor and the day begins at noon  
So there is a mirror but only at 90\* where that asterisk is a degree sign  
And all these degree signs sprout tiny tentacles the size of baby maggots  
Hm Hm said is various ways Coke and champagne is called a what  
I have a voice leaking  
Doesn't it matter if I know anything about it given my utter ineffectuality Poison lays  
Frequent flier Burnt vision and lids grown to my ears  
Three rings in the circus and the politics are intense  
I'm running away now Three pools in the meadow I'm disappearing  
Behind my name and cutting out my voice and disappearing I said Mixed up  
Muddled up Shook up Long afternoon of this breathing sound in the yeses  
Thick with *why not* and car horns like whatever those kids are listening to over there  
Lifted it up Look Whisper round the ear autumnal suck and fuck with the IRS  
I'll take a check Can't escape the economic can you You just garnish best you can  
& wage out Kiss my monad But I don't feel like going home I am home  
I want to be getting tangled up in something In over my head Excusable  
Plus the set is almost done Blonk your earlids

VIII Everybody's gonna be happy What can I tell you I  
Creases on appliances fingercoats and bread Babel was pledge  
All is was & there is smut on my cup like a snuff movie With chase scenes  
& elbows in tag line *What it is that we don't want to not ever get let be by*  
Change times it like this Watch his punishment I can decide later  
Whether I would have liked to have had it seems how it was  
You know Pick new tragedies You'll see Ever since I got the tentacles  
Yes yes not the tentacles again Knees together

I'm not listening    If only there had been such fights I'll see you unborn  
Maybe that's how    What do you mean when  
Steam voice between    Minus the hiss  
There is an object where it clashes soft pink    Stick it right in the myth  
You can simply see all white all the time if you want  
But black is the default & as you are leaving nothing but these poems  
We've contracted with Hefty    Let's make it official I am waste-  
-Ish be fab failing been bank rot screenstim & fucking ode-less  
The demand to give up a state of affairs which needs illusions  
The arrow of voice is leaking on guilt by association    An I is an I

## JEFF DAHLGREN

### Anachronistic Sentimentality

#### 1. The Inreal

Look through  
with stinkeye chronology

mingling.  
Carefully stacked.  
Pink electrical grids,  
a normal face. A normal face.

A normal face.

Sibling cat scans.  
His perused science fiction book.  
It straddles the organic chemistry set.

Jumps a marry  
oh brother punk  
bible tribute (the remix).

Black holes suck back. Lookit.  
This distended indie dissed knee  
bends.  
It intends, jump rope the 2nd hand,  
crunch push go.

Regret trembles a finger  
over the top of the rotary loop,  
claws for something.

The hourglass belly of a black widow under a rock,  
the wriggle through.  
Under my window,  
my waking, ugly rumblings up my throat.

The future: "Ul' thars sum banes ontha stove"  
A voice vibrating from inside  
skull sounds  
nice to me. Granted & Expected.

A neighbor I remember only a part of me sees as I sneak.  
A 45 minute tape clicks after a long quiet empty and I repeat:  
(a voice vibrating inside my skull sounds nice to me. observe.  
me. (

#### 2. The Real

...now. Shifting self.

Conscious weight.  
A heaviness in the chest.

Shuffling vague ache,  
one shoulder pulls down the other  
stucky hair and lumbering  
shock with the sun  
bumble unburning showering  
brew's wide eyed burning.

Pop a pill and wait an hour later,  
munch a fried potater.  
Fat gas it up to a convenient point and fume the flue.

### 3. The Unreal

is. missive, vitriolic, toiling, sarcastic, soiled, sassy pants.

Pissed mission insists  
grievous about the fact.  
It exists.  
Kissed myself with implicit winks  
and inked electric issues of unfelt integrity.

Slave labor hate tray of gluttonous hurt,  
onward armor ambles in asinine lyrical ripping steps.

Blessing self deafening lessons into the sun  
hugging nuthin'  
and mushed grumblings about reality.

### Waiting to Write

Creeper sentence exhales long-winded cloud  
Dragging a trail of books like a slug  
Caffeinated lab rat rattle fast-forward flash  
Exonerate your mundane fate with a sigh  
Escapism's huggisms  
& lovely televisions

Feel the weight question open  
Flood-raking quake thoughts  
& impatience wraps tighter [Wash he was a system see it grow]

**[Wash he was a system see it grow.]**

Calculated cue, umber coated  
roaming cucumber cluster ring.

Shower Sheena stabilizer fungus  
the mule. Too utilized wires weakening.  
Flabbergasted axiom crumbles it see.  
Fumble water an egg a, sectional  
and three rows.  
Talent shatter fantastic capital  
catapult encumbered missed him.  
Claws see floods gnats know.  
Billy bobbed the apple a plaything and  
wonder monkey rails the arch—i see thoughts.  
Square blocks numbered walks and charts  
and graphs frantic. A bundle of burning matches.  
The internet.  
Billboard rips a rat stir image prowess.  
Worms eye view thru shrapnel  
and clear coat.  
but that true coat, caught by the river  
is Eggo vomit and the alphabet rolls  
credit.

Billy Will Anne Carl Lee Billy  
Steve Rex Sandy Miles Reid  
Fran Tim Russ Chuck Lee  
Will Fran Sandy Lee Reid  
Anne Sandy Fran Billy Billy  
Will Fran Sandy Lee Reid  
Russ Reid Fran Fran Sandy  
Lee Reid Rex Reid Miles  
Billy Carl Rex Billy Carl Rex  
Tim Tim Sandy Lee Lee  
Miles Will Lee Fran Miles  
Sandy Sandy Sandy  
Anne Billy Will Sandy  
Will Billy Sandy Rex Rex  
Sandy Fran Anne Billy Billy  
Steve Rex Steve Rex Lee Reid  
Billy.  
Billy Will Anne Carl Lee Billy  
Miles Anne Miles Will Sandy  
Fran Fran Rex Fran Rex Fran  
Russ. Carl Lee Lee  
Lee Reid  
Reid Steve Steve Steve  
Miles Lee Sandy Miles  
Frank Willy Stan Annie Leigh.

## ZAC DENTON

### Dictionary Project[\*]

#### owlet

let the owlet in, Al.  
it's bigger than you  
think, so nest egg  
in plastic by Saddle  
Road Rd.

#### deckle

support pulp stack,  
fumble fingers,  
Bannister van der Ledge  
bled buoy

#### marish

a parasite peaks.  
an apparatus prods.  
in the marsh does  
live mine true lobe.  
less go  
bowlin', so. gooey as  
bust-ghoster.

#### heraldic

Harold rolled in the  
door – stomp and pompous –  
pest testy and  
arm of coats, proclamation  
mothball

#### commanding

the voice faded,  
an addition to the  
silence.

mill at tree,  
fault-footed

### ermine

as weasel does roll,  
so moveth  
wheel thru wintery  
meadow, guess and  
gassy, robe and dis-robe

### coming

movement – when internalized  
--- negates the tendency  
of the Being-in-the-world  
as such.  
without underarm  
deodorant

### prog

snack cake behind  
bars, ruddy and twizzled  
vacation fodder.  
it's coon huntin'  
under duress, Jefferson  
soon uddered.

### anarthria

speech has failed you or  
you're hammering Kaspar  
Hauser – plural – into  
a mighty pliable  
floral wondering.  
go for woe,  
word.



polysulfide

the dreamy panic  
in your eyes  
baits me like  
what's the usual  
quantity of fuss slides  
slippery plus  
Perry Obelisk

towhead

not that it ain't there;  
it's just gra'er.  
white – you may say.  
nay or neigh like  
goat milk for person  
stranded on sandbar.

inwardly

what, if not thyself?  
wedded to essence,  
deaf to exterior  
bloom. not aloud  
nor motion.  
not allowed,  
notion moon

[\*] Beginning in 2010, I set out to write a poem “corresponding” to every entry in a 1994 edition of the *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary*. The only constraint has been that I write each poem on a piece of paper the size of a note card.

## ERIKA STEPHENS

from: pro/verbs anti/nouns

a soul saved is a soul earned  
how many souls are in your  
piggy

What's cause of aloof is pause for the candle

Cast your bread upon the ill wind blowing no one any good  
and the wind will return to you  
crumbs in your eyes

Resuspend the wind and break the whirlwind

Soaring the wind reaching whirl  
wind wreaking sow that we may  
wreck the turning tuning sounding  
like a train

Can't make an omelet without  
breaking eggs contents flowing  
thick clear mucoid lava, engulfing  
defenseless cities flocks dogs people  
in cool nutritious gleet

A poached watt emits sparks lightning  
but never spoils  
watching potch, cover (not being seeing)  
boiling strange beadfellows

A foolish pound that does not  
know its own farther  
Pennies are wiser, copper  
dime and penny generate electricity  
on your tongue in a pota  
arcing sharp sour

No smoke without frying pans sorry  
no flying pans out of the file  
no files without leaks  
Secret files inherent vice  
flying faults exude smoke  
no faults insurance fire arson  
Smoking (a risk factor) i've lost my way  
what was it first? but frying pans have  
fire holes

Pictures ≠ words a thousand  
    sanding the sharp edges of relief  
    modules not red equal to  
        deliquescent spleen humors  
    laughter runs riot  
breaking potato pause  
    does that help

Split milk molecules  
    fizzing thru the vacuum  
    tears/fears  
crying over the fizz mollif  
    reassembling itself

Chaining words exfoliating syllables  
    such as weak breaks freak at that point they fall apart  
    togetherment the family that  
togethers crumbles its links

diversities after bedfellows strangely  
    versatile stilted vesing  
    strange dissortments sorely  
Aft adversity universoil teems  
    germs grains human humus chocking  
    graben bush of  
    twiglets un overline

Don't  
britches on fire behind those baskets  
    of legs lengthening that nose  
cutting in space with the baby and  
    bathe those barnacles bleeding and cutting  
its face burning 3 thousand shifts of boats  
    in old bottles

## **Glossina**

A trick worth two  
Adding tricks together might  
    result in a supertrick

    or is that multiplying them

Multitricks  
    tickle  
    one tse would hardly tricle  
        tsetse or tse2  
        flickering together

Wanting sleep tsetse buzz tickle  
Under wanting rhyme crocodiles cower

### **AForist tense**

The law in its majestic squalidity clawed its decisions difficult  
either this watch paper burned or succeeded like excess  
for he is a talker led no questioning  
    shuddering under wretches  
for extreme diseases severe screams extreme curves  
    or I went  
life was short and art long prevented the stilt as well as the floor

Moderation was a fatal thing experience  
    feralous  
(Time would explain it all)  
The crisis fleeting experience prurient before he talked

Majestic quiddity clawing its soars succeeded receded burning  
backfires extreme intreme shuddering short life

feralous I went intremely falling preventing  
    inplanations lacerous

law feralous stuttering revered prurient cuvres reinerrating moderation talks  
watched questioning extreme art preventing silted watch paper screaming crisis  
receding

relax

silted            diseases            excumbering

### **Off Each**

Where ever it wangled wended  
    mangled time and nick  
    nickled & dialed rotary centripetal  
    wringing beyond point of rupture  
rapturous falcons a kinked line  
textured?

It wasn't as if that turn came down  
    on the goal line knitting  
    kinks purl they're a theory

knots strings TOE

Everything shards  
fused quartz spider silk

they are small but very beautiful  
we tried a bounty for rabbits  
(the disease was better)  
as is its wont—or ilk

{dreaming }

Little time machine itself {cleaning}  
like a cat  
storing rayonworms gusanos  
indifferent to praise or blame  
do we accept blanket blame?  
very well  
I censor myself fuming  
with insense

## **MARK PREJSNAR**

### **bioluminescent parameters, into**

downwelling ambient light as in an older  
predator mode fabulous you rise  
to sleek surface that manages all slip out in the  
newer evidence, i insist it mostly  
uses comparative hand-slapping as a  
ring in some circus phantom half-shelling just before  
launching blades to attack  
rainbow palette  
those get to some shenanigans  
over at rocky coast it's like in that commercial  
you have to believe  
in mindlessness      urban age  
glows fall down  
they relate against "renewal"  
hearing there equipment keep track  
of you the cctv happens in one count  
rule to  
over across a swing system anywho  
every man his own interrogator  
                 police only secret  
for the one-time click-on

### **as in : symptom attic**

as then time freeze frame to reach  
folderol to rock system      glove to fit land  
hail storm rode flow rank in quick with no stretch term  
ink spilled at invisible      this just in:  
rapid city quiet      make a killing at the slow simmer match  
unlocked fling to a lack reality TV slow or as  
TB slow      off in suburb as knock  
yer way a doing things it manages lope over  
techy like a mule or blues at the  
melody air lift clone asks give a triple  
chromacide flick fidget  
they natter primarily as a link to rain  
it mashes up partial recall to sketch out obscurer controls  
overall an exercise grips him in the  
one picture pluperfect hating's a screen issue the  
more they clutter up the process manage to intuit  
new fingering to play that geist  
                 asterisk that leads you  
to one trowel to build a sneer opening  
fresh kills maybe it strains at  
plastic forever in an after placement

hatch marks this trap door intro lesson? they bomb  
in a humanitarian gestural design rubato  
always you gotta first principle  
to knock  
into a cocked hat a crooked vat  
brewing less mileage than  
always plenty of votes to  
sit inert as flow(er) in the darkening

### **the old rail station see voter choice**

that then is there you get water dumped in the middle  
of a street it spells wild in acrosticoid form  
a pincer bleeds an alien in meld wild crossing  
flame agricultural concerto sling plate hanging right then  
it goes till these are into a closed familial assault rifle  
time racking that one clear brook glows massive we  
memorized hagiographical chart  
then whack a re-instated route number gagging seep log-in  
i understand some have bodies  
a whip antenna for racism spell yawning how mime it a mover  
locality it means a crisscross human creative  
if you believe snake piles up anchor  
synopsise tutelage toward fall  
almost it's a straight-out unveil portal i plug in all being you  
an especially the sense of taste  
gets to sicken how you make a face to hide most right & wrong  
it'll displease you if you got an adjective  
war  
maybe repellency  
maybe plural

**JAMES SANDERS**



where between. Whether through		rug
ours, a purchase nor number		lamp
live horizon. Picture complex reticular		slipcover
number		peel
noted who from has have or live		odor
which petting		stuck
musical sting us to this		flashlight
dueling geranium that stay or clouds		shelf
to describe a public feeling		three
mug's us the outskirts		wicker
The spree on the silence.		cathode
rainbow choked all that day		soft
in concern darkness hung yet if invis-		ceramic
ble hand in lower-hanging others		rug
pink slippers slithers		sofa
The there all's alike, so in be costar, up		snows
the sedgy		rack
and result proof		stain
spill to complexity		sill
norepinepherin		set
riot of the impermanent		speaker
rotate cardboard pace		reach
ribocages		flashlight
and comes patch		clothes
spookiness of		controller
howlettes		throw
how blanches		brown
incomplete of same		
powdered hand		
Spock picnic		
but for biostages.		
Sleezix.		
The silences by veiled fact regions, an a		
qua scissored		
Grab to comings on pointed our keep-		
ing reminds by only pastel ambulances.		
A but us.		
Low I-tards		
no-color du jour		
since picked life is over		
the aural nutty slips		
bit but itself		
somewhere ravens behavior		
in by hindent system.		
We convince dare puckered Speedy		
Gonzales, our only		
trellis serration of		
tryptophan dense		
found about to scarce generating		
in this act identification		
any arranged is		
not-so-residential there but		
peeky		
applauded ever suggestive parting		
to Fudds' less than inviting fudge room.		
A want keeps jock-itch plumed, of		
log, by really. Whole sex dark shower		
that is in people language: 2300 some.		
They than can itself. All bivouac I-		
formal to is loathing. First		
one to mint-condition. We		
sand-trap finally, weep againation.		
Not is of its grammar, of fine pieces.		
The stuff is of invoking topping nude d		
imension, it labeled groin "Of".		

## Wolf Interval







Set 011 from *Self-Portrait of James Sanders* by Zac Denton and James Sanders

at you to the area who in as a vision of allow whom it is rules  
the acts monopoly if in I'm moving to the side how their outward  
and only news and in and how seams were in the night  
little rooms that may sit differences I say English in\*  
I never will land of obvious hash a discussion about the same place

*\*subtraction*

[illegible][illegible]



## ARKAVA DAS

### "thru a hole in the rock"

clouds took  
    off from the playground  
    & into the grind  
    easy puffs  
broke into birds shuttling tall  
what o'clock skies held steady or let be  
    two bees climbing  
an elevator, calling quietly out to  
their mother  
on the ceiling  
    between  
the slats  
torn between  
    reflections  
& off the hook

### weak lensing

Willing epic mind  
Marbles fire lips  
shut me out  
park mouth at the husked sun  
to catch it on a low day  
Cooled forehead  
Walks in shade  
meditates  
likely a place  
convincingly reaches out  
a few fruits shake  
a few marbles  
thirsty bird  
walk around in her cool  
mouth

Near mars more than  
a cool moon resolves  
The sand stream & pitted trees  
True bearings  
*serve as symptoms*  
Eavesdrops  
a stream passes thru  
Fixed stares & a fixed look back  
cunning fanned  
from the brow  
then the letdown



of it all on me  
Without a shoulder  
to all of it so to speak

**“the gift without thematizing”**

Cool dented steam turns  
tees on her back  
thru marbles drops  
suspense paint ringed ears  
crusted mouth  
pin-drop the half-lit eyes  
Open against wipes  
tempering  
she shuns surprise  
forecasts flocks  
losing thread altogether  
in open arms

*a blinding binary  
“absence & loss”  
spinning out dots  
in a strain  
long upwind  
sun rasping cells  
a thin gold leaf  
behind the ear  
wakes  
and air fakes  
transported*

Forehead wiped clean  
of short waves  
stretched ropes  
glass noises  
back up the road  
sand blasted knees  
Pops & bluing  
she stops & stares  
*“let us be  
here & now”*  
The field held its ground  
kiting letters

## **PHILIP BYRON OAKES**

### **Kinetic Apologia**

Sorry knowing takes bites, from what might happen  
past any stance taken for granted to be still. Quiet  
when asked how loud it was, during the fierce battle  
preceding every surrender when standing alone.  
Putting the past behind the paddywagon, in seeing  
where it leads the lost, to find their peace in dreams  
for the future of simple answers. Mottled stretches  
of pale skin peeling away, off what can't be contained  
within the dated precepts of words to the wizened.  
Bloated similes allying bunkmates as bedfellows in  
the war on insomnia, waged with a toss and a turn  
of the cool side to pillow talk of little else to say  
before we go.

### **Crazy for Change**

Insanity, sometimes, is a luxury you just can't deny yourself.  
An overtone fluffing the pillow with the verve of a dream  
come true. Night beyond remembrance. Eucalyptus scented  
coughs of homily, the calibrated torpor at the crux to an  
ellipse of subsistent living, breaking nightmares for the pony  
ride around the obelisk. The bravest man on an island of one.  
Rounding off the sense of floating solo, through the crowd of  
deadened colors in the stardust on the shelves. Over the  
stumps and into the neighborhoods where the crippled by  
anger live. One foot planted to grow, the other to travel; in  
unruly circles of escape from both here and there you are.

### **Poaching Eggs**

Titillating disregard administered with a flair  
for ignorance, bringing people to the realization  
the clowns are out to catered lunch. The many  
moons have met their match in a good long  
stare into the sun to see the light, playing  
tricks on what seems but may not be so. The  
fractious manner in which truces are pieced  
together with precariously balanced hatreds,  
for the way in which the sums are tallied, on  
the flip side of the ledger haunting all parties  
involved. Putting the appetites for hostility



to rest in a royal gorge on the legs the lambs  
rely upon to keep the peace a figment we  
all hold dear.

### **Puppets Hear**

manual fabulists letting their fingers talk  
a walk through yellowed pages turned  
fairy tail of relativity wagging a dog  
in pursuit of a feline eight lives short  
of coming true in casual obscenities  
floating by on a wakening of the senses  
geared to siphoning off dross for the  
magic lurking just beneath the utterance  
setting water free to roam the earth

### **Chain of Being There**

A slanted sequence of albeits obscuring first  
causes for effects that tend to linger in the  
scrawl. Signature conditions, to getting back  
to where it was itself, nothing else, before  
starting all this that landed here. In so  
many words deposited as welcome mats  
to say more, as to where the quietude has  
taken the secret to its grave. The boom of  
the anomalies to the decrepitude of  
normalcy, felling swoops in getting past  
their prime. The pinnacle of an inverted  
triangle, pointing back to the square of  
one who knows where the bodies are  
buried. The music swallowed that  
might set the deafened free.

## LARS PALM

(black & tan)

*for Felino Soriano*

that king of the fields became king of the forest. seven inspirational tails. or honk when they cross the street. just in case i didn't know that already. sleeping with a handful of eyes open. in earlier colonial times an ore was a vagina. charismatic plants & animals make speeches to each other. photographic studios studied grammar years before. that far north being a wolf is a hazardous occupation. the one accepted theory of national economy postulates a connection. & then they. oh, jeezus. kindly no guano anywhere near these feet feeling naked as it is. oh what a little grandmother say the spirits she claims to call upon. defending the right to resist. into the socket with you. & beware the wolf crying man one too many times. various birds tap dance on the tin roof of the bike shed. is it any stranger being a surrogate mother than donating a kidney? wind slowing down looking for a poorly marked sideroad it needs to take. so it was said then how it would be wiser to wave & to waive your towel to beaches with stolen sand where the rains remain silent & spring is noisier than last year. which people does not need to be protected from its regime? the banshee stoned out of her mind (from boredom she says) was almost hit by their teapot for they aimed strangely. cairo is a small town. stepping outside with a blow-dryer. the wind is in the willows & the moon is on the wing. lost are the flightless winged waterfowl wading these shores. or just on vacation. testing toasters boasting new amazing features. in northeastern japan a massive earthquake & tsunami, in southern sweden huge lovely hail bouncing off the ground & then boring sleet followed by sun. what that has to do with any thing is anybody's guess but some people are rumoured to prefer cupcakes. might not have been that sane this time. dive into the air. then make bubbles of hydrogen. simply put, put the ball in the hole not knowing it's a black one. how do most tigers really raise their kids? releasing genetically modified mosquitos to fight dengue fever. once upon a time in the vast expanses of the west some guns found men on horses. heavy water coming down. mixed with pets. as it were we waded across the river only to find the other side. but the question is what effect this has on reality. the hotel room has an electric trouser press. why did who post it on this bus stop? & in birmingham no less? the poster for the 1979 punk rock show in austin fits perfectly beside it. it's only god in another language. severe heads heading off on the seven seas. hi-jacking a ship we can't navigate. if you want to look into this why not use a gastroscope? we go ask michelangelo what he was thinking. always aim for the rear end when you're driving & a moose crosses your path. kicking the ball or kicking your opponents' legs. spring equinox & the moped seems somewhat tired after its long sleep. but they do have wings, don't they? wandering through the history of childhood wondering how. a conference of birds & a long dead turkish sufi chronicling it. would it be too easy to just look in the mirror? or ask the sun to be easy on us today? timetables sit under the table watching in wonder as anatomically correct lobotomised cats shine their whiskers with whiskey & water once again. now seriously. first bike down in the yard felled by the wind. chinese movies, portugese democracy & muriel spark. as he made off on someone else's pony. there is no pain, you are a ceiling. is that a smirk or are you just embarking my nerves for a ride you're not likely to forget? last week the man in the radio was confused. when the gunsmoke scatters we'll see who coughs. this huge elf taking a crap in a barcelona mall. ascending the stairs two steps at a time. there's something about the light. negotiating the climate sneaks a document in. out shopping for broccoli & chorizos under a bright sun. seagulls & magpies loitering in the backyard. wouldn't know her from adam. every day is a holiday unless otherwise proven. all along the curb we go painting suns on cars. putting my leg back on at the halifax pier. also a system of solar cells on her roof

**(this is my war)**

is this my war? that  
person shovelling sand  
down in the yard. no  
this is not my war. not even  
a battle. filibuster all you  
like. this issue will be  
settled & made public. going  
down to the water's edge  
they see another town near  
by. & maybe a fishing  
boat. & a bridge landing on  
an artificial island where it  
becomes a tunnel. that was  
a battle for many years. be  
fore the scoreboards got  
first mechanized & then digital  
some janitor had to hang  
the numbers on them. how  
exciting might that task have  
been he wonders. nowhere is  
a towel to be found. only  
towers with spiral stairways  
& ceilings stained with  
wine & wild damp cells. bells  
call you to arms & me to  
torsos turning. learning lower  
registers. barbarisms clashing  
flashing their scars. cars  
leaning over whispering in  
their drivers' ears. hear ye. here  
yeast stays at least three  
days before the rain comes  
sweeping it off by then not  
so dry land. don't fret. there  
are very few true words hiding  
here. severe trees look up to  
the airplanes making tracks  
in the sky. those ghost riders  
are elsewhere. maybe jumping  
ship. skip the next skipper. &  
those tiles are beautifully over  
stated. statements coincide  
with harvest. moon over  
some marina. are those really  
flowers? they do look a lot like  
fish

**(i'm having my period & can therefore legally kill you)**

*for Lisa Brännman*

**i'm** slowly extracting  
something from some  
thing else. maybe a whole  
from a part. or apart  
from a hole. in the ground  
remains of a rock. what  
remains to be seen? god  
poking his hand out of  
an ipod. with a large  
smile. & a razor

**having** the time of his  
supposedly very long  
life. & in the morning  
he wakes on his mattress  
in the garden although  
he's pretty sure both he  
& it were inside when  
he fell asleep. oh well  
they'd have to bust their  
backs to get me out here

**my** significant other  
occupation. withdraw  
them troops & settlers  
armed to the teeth. my  
significantly sweet  
tooth. toting that large  
bag instead of the more  
convenient but still  
less respectable rucksack  
putting it on the floor

**period** postcards postponing  
manifestations of more  
modern cuts. & bruises vanish.  
venus intervenes. sitting  
closer to the aisle marked a  
higher social standing as did  
sitting in the front rows. & rows  
of trees planted in the street.  
dimming the light to better  
display those designer body parts

**&** then the snow  
strikes the north &

the rain strikes the  
south & there is no  
thing in between  
worth taking notice  
of. courses crash  
into telephone poles  
& bounce off quite  
hard pillows

**can** of beer or beans  
or can i bend  
backwards or  
can you read this  
sign? for my eyes  
are off on holiday.  
wielding an  
umbrella this oddly  
drawn frog charges  
those new prosecutors

**therefore** doors must  
remain open & the wind  
be turned on high &  
warm. swarms of dogs  
roam. therefore being  
called a criminal by  
the cops is a fucking joke.  
& some big bright light  
is in the sky. i don't know  
but some call it the sun

**legally** there is no  
thing that can be  
done to make the  
global capitalist  
regime more humane.  
so be it. but it seems  
this school for dark  
thought will soon  
change direction. we wait  
with great anticipation

**kill** ugly snow. growing  
garlic comes to their  
rescue. cue in together  
with scientists. compensation  
for recent cancellations &  
delays. imagined ugliness. so  
you think you should wear  
a printed t-shirt. what do you  
think should be on it? a hand

rolling a cigarette, maybe

**you** too are a discontent. who  
walked out one morning to take  
the air & met a sad iron maiden  
on the beach. you too are one of  
the dispossessed. who cheered when  
the iron lady finally dissolved  
& was gone. tú también eres un  
de los desaparecidos. who sat in  
the top of the magnolia while  
they played football around you

## **PETER MARRA**

### **equinox**

synthesis:  
joined in a coney  
island explosion  
cyclone crash  
and wonder wheel spin  
2 figures  
granted a reprieve  
waiting outside of dante's inferno

(equinox)

first day of spring and  
we're running into the burning house  
looking for that special gift.

it was nailed to the door  
just where they said it wouldn't be.  
i run my fingers through your hair

and kiss each eyelid  
holding fire between us  
waiting for the season to explode.

we ignore the hollow slight  
wrapping ourselves in explosions.

watching the leaves  
flutter and sigh  
laying back  
exploring the silence  
kicking back redemption.

### **doll in overdrive**

windows.  
she rains dark blue.  
a church bazaar. steel springs snap.

i ran. vein scars. we slowly crawl away.  
they take us with them. humid. try to crawl.  
liquid plastic clogging pores  
ebony crimson humid  
spiraling sputtering heart  
purple black stripe purple.  
vacupress an image of her face.

hide it behind my heart in  
the room closed / enclosed with cameras.  
they showed her the tattoo inside my skull  
she smiled and showed me where  
to plug in and charge up.  
a joke wasn't funny anymore.  
plaintive chords bend.

fragile sexual encounters in the black fields  
and they watched us so intently while  
the grass waved goodbye.  
she floated so much like vapor  
and tried to make me comprehend.  
we split up whispering.  
"you always talk about fucking"

"her menstrual blood splattered my face"  
she said it and it felt better that way.  
record it all and file it away in digital coffins.  
a location in the desert where the buildings  
collapsed around us. pale sodium lights  
as she shoved her emotions  
down my throat.

washed it all down with  
a stripper's autopsy dancing  
in the corner.  
an afterglow flush-out.  
a bang vein banged.  
not noticed.  
cinerama crucifixions

a 3-d imax fucking.  
watch the video while vacantly tasting the air.  
she was picking at her skin incessantly  
an attempt at washing clear incessantly.  
i touch you  
and she disappears.  
we trace each other's figures on the concrete floor

2 chalk outlines for forensic pleasure.  
not what i thought  
not what you wanted.  
they're filming us because so envious of desire  
they're trying to correct the problem using regular cutting.  
a slicing and a tying off grafting crafting new lives.  
bruise music static hearts  
air vapid crash:

(my mommy told me



/in a forbidden planet/  
don't talk about the bad priests  
listen. listen. music.  
shhhhhh.....shhhhhh.....  
vein scars slowly crawl away and  
take us with them as humidity

once it goes in it can't come out)

### **chloroform street**

police blotter:  
an incident occurred at the  
eldorado merry-go-round  
(west 5th street surf avenue coney island)  
the carousel / wobbly /dizzy / she's wearing a veil  
we were encapsulated  
slowly grinding sound  
controlled by the blight man

in the greasy jeans.  
he carried a knife on his belt  
had long greasy hair  
fresh from the leather cage  
goatee / track marks / harley davidson chrome eyes  
slippery veins pierced by stars  
casually sucking on a meatball hero.

he glared at me then smiled  
& gave me a message  
taking me away from a neighborhood  
where the people were sucked - dry  
dull lives burning.  
my stomach catapulted then  
swerved - the stallions

going up & down or maybe it was his stare  
that cracked my spine brittle.  
the ride went off-kilter helter-skelter  
& i waited for his instructions.  
i needed it  
the dizzy feeling  
the numb feeling

nothing was visible.  
sounds  
sounds  
sounds  
i couldn't define

pinpoint  
lights.

he opened a vein  
poured it into my mouth  
gave her to me  
dropping her leather body  
from his mouth in a mixture of  
penzco / gasoline / spit.  
boiling in the salt air

the delicate folds of her secret flesh  
went sweaty and bitter.  
she took me with her.  
fast  
fast  
we chewed up the night  
coming to rest in

a fractured church.  
exhausted  
spiraling  
down.  
steeplechase jack  
escaped fresh from  
the inquisition's tortures at the terminal hotel.

the gifts he gave us were  
an electric regurgitation  
& a copy of *where the wild things are* as the  
tuesday night fireworks  
infected us  
re-shaped  
re-made

unearthed.  
she left &  
went to the water.  
i watched & turned to walk away  
silent fears in my stomach  
feet dragging - couldn't move -  
the tentacles pulled me

deep  
deep  
deep.  
i drowned  
spreading gasoline & flames  
adequately drugged  
we were later happy to fuck.

as she bathed in menses  
licking a blowtorch  
they laughed at this self-immolation  
as i licked at the nuclear feeling  
in her sternum.  
a wandering.

we wandered as leda caressed the  
narcotic swans with neon poisons.  
there was a nuclear reactor  
with torture and death.  
while we lost energy and places  
*the human beings put on our clothes!*  
*she smiled at the density of their faces!*

## JOSEPH MILFORD

### Insomnia Poem

Wolf your hair bristles gold and magenta but you just wallpaper I know this.

Wolf you stalk through the kitchen nails clicking on hardwood floors roaches skittering in the wake but you die I know this.

I opened the page of the A to Z of Native Americans found that the Virginian tribes called you Naantam--I call your name cease your pacing.

Varg you were called by Vikings stop stalking I must sleep. Ankakumikaityn, do not court my bitch. You will breed not here. And Charon, ferry me across wearing your wolf-ears. St. Francis I call on thee as did the good people of Gubbio to tame this wolf, this eater of my mind.

You seethe and sulk and gnash through the papers by the windowsill the cold breath rustling the words off the pages like ants scurrying to find who disturbed their bed.

I craft a wolf-killer here at the desk I will ward you away you can't have my dreamspace.

Your hands are on my shoulders now, Wolf--you can't tell me what to write your whiskers touching mine.

Wolf, I'll rub honey on my face as did Sigmund and when you lick me I will catch your tongue in my teeth and rend you so that I may finally sleep.

Cousin of Death, go back to the forest where nocturnal things fear you in their sleepless nights--you do not belong here melting the paint from the walls and the lacquer from the floor with your visage.

She created you Wolf, Ookami anime wolf--it is because of her that you were able to forgo the locks and bolts and chase my sleep into the sewer. She sent you didn't she, Wolf?

Very well I will be you Wolf. Wolf I will stalk too. Very well, possessor.

Wolf now I must eat dreams too their black and white blood dripping from my lips we will never sleep again I know. I am inside you now Wolf I am inside your ribcage I will eat my way out to become you, killer of slumber. I know it.

I choke you with guitar-string and drown you in alcohol and break you under poetry you foul vermin of the nest behind my eyes.

I will never sleep again Wolf you have damned me into your tribe of Moon slaves.

My irises are scimitars my tongue a dark halberd my fingers ice-picks and my muscles scabbards.

Wolf when I sleep again your skin will hang by the others in the filthy warren.

I curse you and I'm tired. Too tired to sleep through this ceaseless stalking, Wolf.

## The Descent Into It

"It would seem that his regression into American Surrealism is a direct result of or response to years of alcoholism, a troubled past, recent troubles with the fairer sex, and a predisposition for rash and passionate action--in other words, the poetic method itself is beginning to entirely reflect the schizophrenic state and manic-depressive interludes and explosions of the man's mind himself."

From the back of the auditorium, two accorded telescope spyglass lenses shot forward over the heads of the students and extended to the podium to seriously intimidate the Assessor. These were the arms of the Poet attempting to strangle the Assessor.

How dare anyone ever say the word "Predisposition" in the presence of the Poet. Should the telescope arms have been cannon barrels?

Simultaneously, every cell phone in the room turned into something Nerf.

The Assessor, his degrees in Comparative Literature and Postmodern Poetics flying around his head with the beating of their leather wings, quickly deconstructed the telescopic assault of his subject with microscopic anagoric precision. The optical devices for star-gazing crumbled into saltine crumbs about the stage. The Poet was thus disarmed.

Our subject, in denial of his American Surrealist proclivity, knew a vehicle for escape must be immediately procured. However, before such an assembly of the makeshift scrapmetal bric-a-brac rickshaw could be configured...

The Assessor began again, "His choices of women that are way too young for him also suggest his inability to deal with reality and his constant retreat into the realm of fantasy, a world he can control through the obscurity of his images and the use of the phantasmagoric and ethereal."

No one said we were doing Biographical/Psychoanalytical tonight. Wait. Now we're talking, the Poet thought.

He sat down to listen to the lecture on himself, the young girls bleeding out of him like sap. This was going to be good, he thought, as every particle of his being began to become the audience's afterthoughts as are farts in a whirlwind.

His unfinished surreal landscapes scurried out of him and away with their armadillo armor, peacock's tails, flying fish wings, squid beaks, sloth toes, seahorse tail curls, and chameleon skin towards the dark corners of the auditorium; strange otherworldly fleas that resembled alien spacecraft were jumping off of them in all directions as soft dust settled about the rows of soldiering seats.

This is going to be good, he thought, as he disappeared slowly, bubbling like a sodium capsule in a Solo cup of water.

"This is going to be good;" it read on the marquee inside his eyelids as the poetry ceased.

## **Supermarket Dirge**

I'll probably pass out before I finish writing this. I have phoenixes in jars in the Smithsonian in my heart. I have aviaries in my mind's eye and each bird is a fledgling idea with a fletcher stringing it upon a bow of ash with barbs of wasp-stingers protruding from it. I have zoos in my loins and they play out the food chain and react to the moon and wind chimes. I have secret meetings, entire ensembles in the atrium between my temples. I'll probably phoenix before I finish writing this. I have the stingers of wasps stabbed all over me but people think they are freckles. I have a goal. I have stars upon me. I need no tattoos. I wanted everything from you and your pale skin like a canvas. I thought I was a painter but you were the abyss. All the color I threw found no purchase. Globules writhing through liquid emptiness. funny how writing and writhing are so alike, sound so much alike, on the terrible phone. The beers and wine take their clock and break it upon the bridge of my nose making me see true time and I see you. Leave my closet. Leave my attic. Leave my basement. I hear the wisp of your dress like sandpaper around corners. You won't wait for me on a volcano's edge will you? You won't wait for me on a waterfall's edge will you? you won't wait for me on a canyon's lip will you? You won't wait for me on the tooth of a wolverine will you? You won't wait for me at the mouth of the black hole will you? You won't wait for me to understand my own change will you? You won't wait for me at the top of the trees will you? Will you wait for a minute. In the grocery line. I'll touch your hand. No. a minute. Will you watch the fire in a circle around my head become the ring of gold around yours? Will you? As the tabloids incinerate? As the cashier runs, cash spilling everywhere? As flames engulf the aisles and melt the plate-glass windows? Will you see now how to wait--my eyes to yours--will you wait there and know--know how to go through the automatic doors and begin the rest of all of our lives again? Will you please go, unscathed, and begin your life and my life again?

## **A Flirt of My Nuance**

It's just poetry, man.  
You extend that arm.  
Its veins blue and beautiful  
Returning their secrets  
To the arteries of red  
Pump. That arm you extend,  
It has an eraser on its end.  
Sometimes it erases itself and asks  
What next—hands, wings, leaves?  
Or fins? I have a paddle  
for a gorgeous canoe;  
we ride DNA for centuries.  
I just want to stick out my arm without  
Something biting me.  
It's just poetry, y'all,  
The blue and red,  
The infinite bleed,  
A leaf in wind, a hand in gesture,  
A fin in swim, a wing in heft,  
Plunge and glide and caress and lilt.

What else is there to do here?  
You must think of lilt too much  
To have fear in you.  
You carve wings from woods,  
A most beautiful problem.

## **MARK DeCARTERET**

### **our activity time**

it was not long ago  
that we were still talking

shaking that tin of its figures  
uncertain what words

any tile could complete in us  
once I'd let it be slid

far away as I could get it while  
still cashed-in by this finger

### **were this over (the post age)**

chance is our air & our friend, *our* out--  
a record (thy wonder raided, a bet?)  
of test-hums made into this world pending  
till a dab's art, present-tense--rush then!  
may what's due us be in store in the past

### **enough**

to tell  
trying--  
say its  
sounding

out this

was us  
some more  
than at--  
(for all)

that talk

### **the cause**

around the map's edge  
the testimonies of people  
seemingly wasted on geography--



I've switch the light right past off  
and then on again, a red mark  
suddenly riveted to our town

### **after world**

there's no pinning one meaning to it  
done to death like panned gold  
or an initialed window sill  
it ends up this send-up or pun

a thing is named for itself  
until a pen makes its own demands  
logging in like an overhead camera  
fled & fleeting, angel upon angel

## **JOSEPH BUSSIERE**

### **Leave In**

Stevie Wonder never dreamed, Turing never discussed a Turing Machine,  
Turing and Socrates and Kurt Cobain and Hemingway. I've still never been  
to Coney Island.

George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Abe Lincoln, etc.  
I am a broken record, a strange loop, and I am surrounded by noise.

Smoking weed. "I smoke marijuana every chance I get".  
"What difference is it whether  
I make the words  
or take the words. It makes no difference  
whatever."

When will everyone wake up, and was singing.  
If you can talk, and sing. The next stop makes no difference  
whatever. The next difference makes no whatever.

I drink no longer. Often, there's planes in the sky,  
cars  
on the road,  
wicked dramatic and harsh.  
There is no reason and only laughing behind your angry face.  
I like have x-ray vision tonight.  
I quit swearing, I like, smoke, it's cold out I turned on the heat.  
But Stevie Wonder just never dreamed, and people always sleep.  
Stevie Wonder never dreamed, and my brain is a crazy electric machine.  
Good librations, head recitations, I think things seem phony  
when I am grumpy. And I'm going to shave.  
Also, I'm wondering about animals.

### **In the wee small hours of the morning,**

In the small hours of the morning, which  
there's a song cut off the chair. That turn the speech were in the fan.  
This day it rained great. For you remember, I was singing.

But thou, O most gladly will I send? I hear I sit to think of the people wandering  
is a kind of boring, but I believe this night, continuing.

To be deprived of me to you, you certainly are. Unless the fate of the times to get.  
The time passes and the hateful to the can.

Indeed, I have brought you a dream. I saw a weird hurling, the spear onto the textbook.  
You are my only we do say. Does it matter whom we  
are now art thou, heavens, I able also our eyes to the lame.

### **allegiance of pledge**

all. allegiance america,  
and and flag for for god,  
i indivisible, it justice  
liberty nation of of one  
pledge republic stands, states  
the the the to to under  
united which with

## **AZANIA TRIPP**

### **-Not the Chant**

I am the color  
I am the eyes that see  
I am not the we  
I am here with the now  
I am fresh  
She is the wants  
She is the vocal sound  
She is woman  
I am not the third eye  
I am visible  
Our sign is we  
Our moments circle memories inside  
Our voices are loud  
She is everything  
She is the sky that blankets my body  
She is the heat that rises like the sun but does not move  
I am the movement in my feet  
I am lines  
I am running water that cannot be grasped  
I am the ocean I fear  
I am countless hairs that stand until no end  
I am the not  
I am constant breath  
Our boxes are full  
Our minds are soft and warm