

CALIBAN

online



GLANCY • LISA B • COTTER • WAKOSKI • BENNETT • HAUPTMAN
STRAUS • BORUCK • BRADLEY • SASANOV • TELOT • BEAUMONT
DIGBY • CURBELO • SWANN • LAO • PASSER • VARGAS • VILLALBA
MACKEY • PETTIT • COLE • CZURY • STEWARD • GARAITONANDIA
BROWNSTEIN • GRABILL • LEVINSON • STOLOFF • HARRISON
GREGORY • MURPHY • DAWKINS • RAVEN • REDER • LIFSHIN • LUCAS



“Caliban is hospitable to any writing which, when chewed,
makes him hear music in the air.”

CALIBAN

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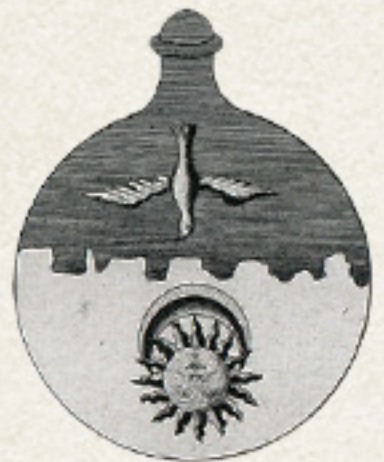
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How It Slams Back, a Letter Used as a Bookmark

July 23



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JEFF HARRISON

from Postmortem Series

ROBERT GREGORY

Script

Complications



SHEILA E. MURPHY

from American Ghazals: 101, 102, 103, 104

THOM DAWKINS

March 2, 1959

FRANCIS RAVEN

Vocation

A New Dawn

CONTRIBUTORS' ADVICE



DIANE GLANCY

She Variations

She One

She take rocket lesson at Y.

She varnish.

Fuel.

She CHUG throttle back.

A far sun sitting with beach balls of evening clouds.

She zoom past.

THUNK.

She rocket ship falling to a little burning island in the dark.

She Two

In darkness she sputter— the heat, she blame.

Windshield wipers wipe volcanic ash.

The rocket ship ventilated.

She look for hole the size of gnat
or something larger to fly through.

She show home movie of volcano trip.

For atmosphere she turn on oven light.

She Three

She left she snake tied to house.

Then night he run away

she pray, RABBIT— WATCH snake!!!

Glancy/10

A little fur in his belly,
a circulation fan,
a window not opened again.

She Four

She wire pen where werewolf trapped.
Generator puffing to cool him while she rocket ship gone.

She Five

Hardly out of sheep,
she wind on arm, hank, skein, coil.
She needles sound like knife against whetting stone.
She CLICK CLICK in rocket ship.
She telegraph wired.
Knife sharpened for werewolf loose in field.

She Six

She think at first it clouds,
but it snowy mountain peaks, river, plains.
Usually crossed at night,
she see Greenland at 500 miles an hour
47 F below outside window.
She look for reindeer tracks,
migrating flocks of birds,
werewolf house.
She instrument panel say, fjord, glacier,
ice floe, ground ice.

She Seven

She open café [*Yolanda Volcano*] when she in TX.
Serve flautas, poblano, jalapeño, chalupa.

In nearby Aurora, a UFO hit windmill on Judge Proctor's farm
[April 17, 1897] how do it? she say?—
spaceship fly through space yet hit small blades
turning on post?
100 years later
men [at *Yolanda Volcano*] with detector still listen for buzz
of unidentified metal.

LISA B (LISA BERNSTEIN)

Genesis

Face down on the green and brown bed
I put my hand under my pelvis
and feel the bone plowing a little, like a plow into the earth.

I can't redo the Garden of Eden,
can't recreate the errors, the judgment, the rows of plants and herbs,
the animals mutely watching God's imposter

"the Lord" consign man and woman to post and field.
But I feel the original bone tip
meeting the earth through my palm's flesh.

The bone wants to fuck in sorrow and rage
as if to plow up earth's punishment like sod and copper.
And my hand nuzzles and takes

the heated plowing from my body.
And the plowing is so strong I smell the wet earth,
the parted moist ground,

the mist rising from where Adam's old plow entered,
melting into manna and gold honey in my hand.
And as I close my eyes to the brown and green bed

and the sweat of my brow, I see the creamy, withered pages
of the false Lord's creation
ignite and burn above my head.

The beings who sang at the true creation of the world
stand witness again,
their faces recalling the face of the God

who hovered over the waters.
I come into my hand
and breathe out a mist

which rests on my face,
my own face,
like God's, the one I know.

Listen

I can hear the night again.
There's a God there
parallel to the traffic
who's resonating
cello strings.

For an instant
I find the bridge
where the strings
attach: my breastbone—

then I'm swept back to Judgment Day.
Declare me
alone, evil, little

—the rosined strings
quiver,
trumpets flare,
the fear
slides like a blear of oil
from the car horns

and in the headlights
silence.
Hear that voice
like gauze above the trees.

CRAIG COTTER

good friday

u said call u back later
i want to be alone

going to the cathedral w/ a friend.

here's something new:
no symbol, no image,

presence unkind and dull.
transcend yr own life.

mano calls

you'd love this party
(from his cell phone at the party

it's a lebowski reunion, goodman and daniels
r here).

as it is i get candido ventura the second.

drug i need submissive twink.

*

pencils r safe

mahogany phone stand
window over train tracks

little falls, new york.
6 tracks and the trains would shake the row house.

7, counting cars
never thought of counting boys in los angeles.

loved the smell of those pencils.
loved running to watch the trains.

like ashbery and o'hara would encourage each other
to keep their long poems going—

jerry do u think we never talked as boys

because u were being molested by gordy
and i was a fag?

that would make sense in assembly-line
michigan.

angeles national forest.
no one hears the shot

and time for animals
to consume my remains.

let nature work in the sun.

*

i pretend john ashbery
is encouraging me to write.

i pretend frank o'hara is fascinated
w/ what i'm writing.

the vicodin's not bad.
plus i have 3 triavils for real emergencies

purple hope.

just dropped one on the carpeted floor
can't roll far—

and i can't find it—

so hope down 33%.

still, a hundred rounds of ammo.

*

that was john on the phone.
he loves it so far, suggests i don't stop.

when u get rid of symbol, image
and an interesting presence,

like beautiful and personal gifts u buy
before going to the beach for the weekend,

then u really gotta consider
what yr left w/.

i read a few lines to frank.
he rips me a knew one, and i still don't know

if he's a top or bottom.
all those fucking homages and memoirs

and no one gets to that gay fact.
maybe he wasn't into anal

but no one's discussing it.
r they being discreet?

they talk about all the hard truths he spoke
and how they loved him for it.

diane calls, says, keep going
but it won't matter to a soul,

bob calls
says time to cut.

frank says bob
cuts so much the essence is lost.

anyone in my situation

Cotter/18

bitches about sorrow
would have no world view.

hank reminds me
my neighborhoods have never been bombed.

they been shot up a bit.
but no big hits.

after ringo, paul and i die,

i'd really love to see my first live beatles concert.
they'd be doing some stuff

totally new.
those boys could groove.

u gotta admit they did the art game.
u should admit it.

i keep looking in

los angeles, citywide 2
my little freak candido still there.

had his giant dick in me 2 nites ago.

there might be reason for this.

u think drugs can't help w/ art

help u survive
yr a dumb ass.

not a plan for tomorrow.
wonder how long i could hold out in here

doing nothing cept what i want?

u need me to have spiritual understanding
yr piss outta luck.

that would be another poet.
i give u flaming kleenex.

*

i'm tired
but frank and john want me to write on.

one of my friends
a fashion designer

takes his camera to stores
to work on knock-offs.

it's how we learn—
knocking each other off.

DIANE WAKOSKI

The Ice Sweepers

Like the pelican-beaked metal arms
of the pumping gas wells I saw in my Southern
California childhood, his gesture –
 handing me the snifter of Remy –
repeats itself, and then
another hand on my shoulder
concludes the flash-image,
the movement, the procession
winding back to the ice arena where all the men
in my life have become hockey players.

I am old and no longer want to relegate
them all to the Penalty Box, but would rather just
to sit with the Pizza Boy next to me
and watch them skate like the water in Yosemite River,
whose movement causes it to roil into white slur. They
are mine to watch, mine to remember as if
in the silken game of hockey.

The Diamond Dog slips off his leash,
scattering ice shaved into mist and slurry by the
skater's blades,
causing little girls in pink ruffled bikinis to whisk out
on to the rink with dustpans and brooms.
They sweep away shushing scraps of ice.

I never thought I'd see the Motorcycle Betrayer
skating in his leathers, the helmet's clear face shield
snapped down in front of his granite bourbon gaze,

but they all are there,
even the King of Spain,
wearing skates of gold on his egret-ankled feet.



JOHN M. BENNETT

Escuintle Seguidor

xícara :Ꝟ: neck or floating stem
caca fulminante del cenote :Ꝟ: loot
being :Ꝟ: corn shadow ,white nozzle
foco tundente ,canta lana :Ꝟ: ratón
slob :Ꝟ: plenitud del grifo seco
chock dual)or spelling(:Ꝟ: pinga

k nob l
ather
so
AKed

) n **e** ck (

TERRY HAUPTMAN

Shattered

I went looking for you
Eating beans and yellow rice
At Nina's Brazillian Restaurant
On 45th Street
Between 5th and 6th
Filling your plate with
Tomatoes and ribs

The man next to me
His yarmulke filled with change
Cashed in from recycled coke cans
Told me
You were at the table
Laughing through
Your final sleep
Dreaming of flea markets
And the destiny of crows
Deep in lamentation

Talking to yourself
In the timeless ache of technology
In the fire and light
Shadow of night
Estranged from beginnings

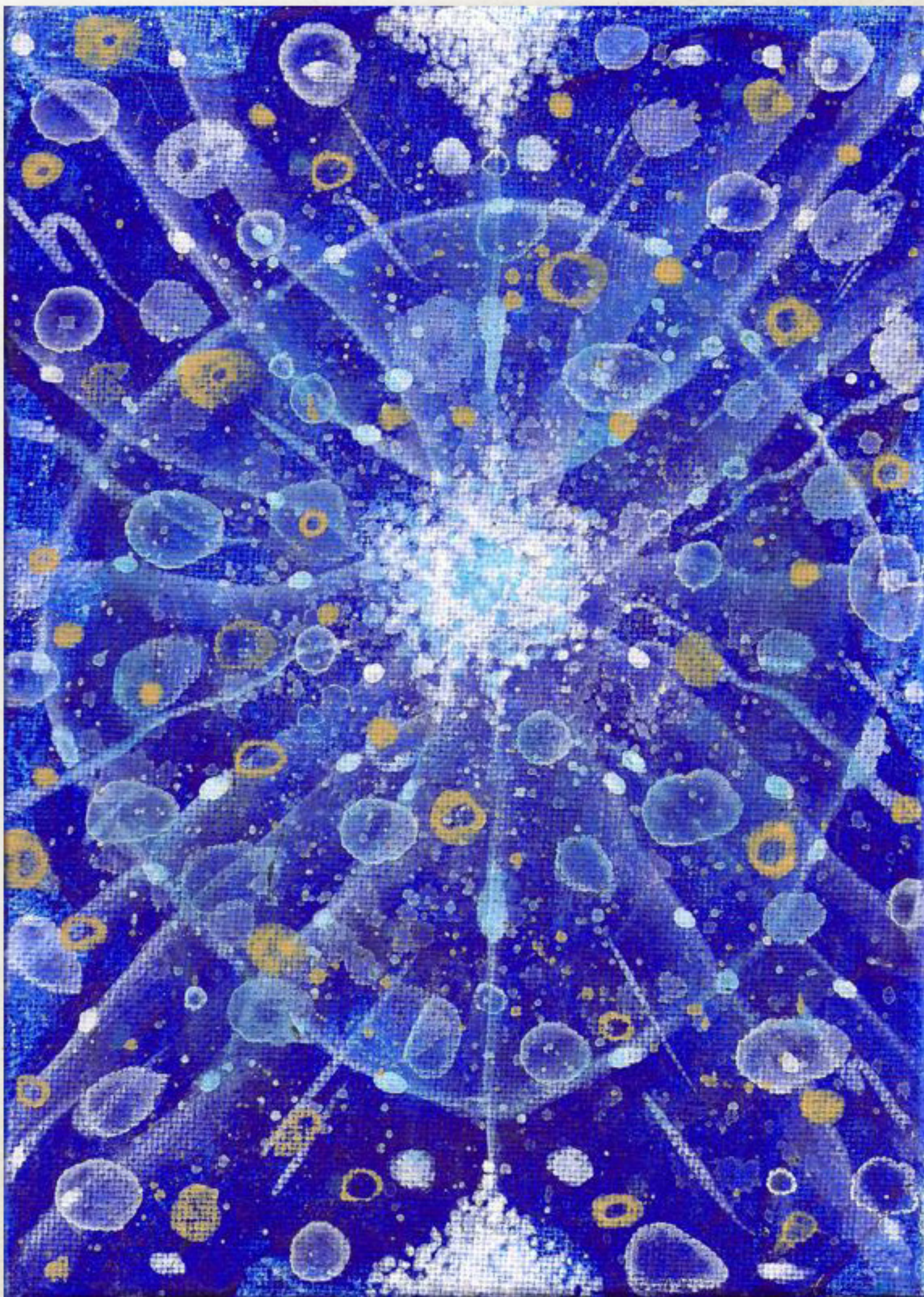
I went looking for you
In the camera stores of 45th Street
In the secret of mirrors
And the torment of diamond stores
On 47th

In the ruins of memory
On airplane runways
For a painless day
With sulphur and ash

I went looking for you
In your final sleep
Beneath the evening sky
Washing the moon
With broken glass
Piercing through the black stone
Before falling through the trap door
Behind the curtain of smoke
Disappearing into your final

Scream



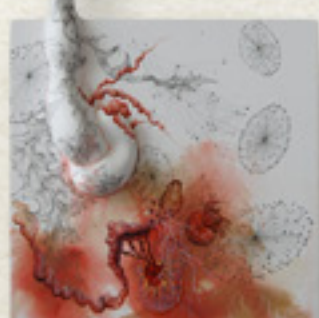


FIELD by Brian Lucas, 2011,
acrylic on wood panel (7 x 5 in)

AUSTIN STRAUS

Foreshadowings

of fatality, so faint and insidious
they're barely noticed, or else
lightly dismissed, a shooting pain
in the leg, arm, or shoulder, an
annoying persistent fuzziness of vision,
floaters, heart flutters, simple things
forgotten, a name, a number
an inability to tear away from dream,
near misses on the freeway, a new
and unpredictable clumsiness, mis-
placings, breakings of small fragilities,
glass, knickknacks, painful stumbles
over nothing, a figure that appears
in the distance or in the near dark,
then suddenly vanishes, a presence
watching while I work, an odd
stabbing chill to the bone, a murky
disturbing restlessness, a supersensitivity
to drafts, loud talk, snappish tones,
a recurring nightmare of being lost
in dank and dirty underground tunnels,
a deeper, peculiar shade of black
when I close my eyes...





UNTITLED 021 by Holly Boruck, 2010,
graphite, oil, resin clay on gessoed panel (60 x 8 x 3.5 in)

JOHN BRADLEY

My Brother, My Bother

1. Yours and Ours: The Colonel's Opening Prayer

Despite all your deeds and words,
Baraka Hussein Abu Oumama, you
will always remain our son, my
brother, whatever happens.
Whatever happened?

2. Arterial Kinetics: President Obama's Libretto

Green is a color in over thirty-five languages.
Have you ever read *No One Writes to the Colonel*?
This is a letter to a letter.
Elvis' manager was called The Colonel, though he'd never
commanded so much as a corn kernel.
I'm not your bother, brother.
A distant cousin is someone who sits on your toilet and asks if it's all
right to borrow some toilet paper.
Can you lip-read my lingual?
Can I limbo your lingo?
Do the Romani eat ramen while squatting in the forest?
A president is not a general, but late at night the two masks linger
lip to lip.
Ben Franklin gave birth to Poor Richard who created Ben Franklin
who invented Philadelphia cream cheese.
Elizabeth Taylor hated to be called Liz, no matter how honeyed
the syllables.

I never could play the ukulele.
 The lobster with purple blood thinks all lobsters have purple blood.
 Have you ever read *In the Time of the Butterflies*?
 Last night green lights hovered above The White House.
 I'm not afraid to say I'm afraid.
 Sometimes my wife scares me.
 Sometimes I dip my tortilla chips in Jim Beam.
 It's never too late to learn to ride a tricycle.
 Have you ever read *Autumn of the Patriarch*?
 My mother tried to teach me how to read each crack in the ceiling.
 This is a letter, not a microbial alphabet.
 Oil is not a theology but a pathology.
 Tell me, who has seen Carla Bruni's birth certificate?
 This is a letter, not a legible dirigible.
 Above the desert, the VP tells me, it's hard to tell *fucker* from *fuckee*.
 Ronald Reagan said he kept a camel on his ranch, though my sources
 tell me it was really a surly llama.
 My chef thinks I like tripe soup and deep down in my stomach I can't
 locate the right word for *not-in-this-lifetime*.
 Glenn Beck sold Michelle Bachmann who sold Donald Trump
 who sold America a golden turd.
 I still can't play the ukulele.
 My mother-in-law hears termites in Lincoln's bedroom.
 I hear termites in my mother-in-law.
 Have you ever read *The Feast of the Goat*?
 The Secretary of Defense hates it when I call him the Secretary
 of Peace by Other Means.
 This is a letter, not an arterial ladder.
 A cup of tea spilled in bed invites betrayal.
 I can hear the bullets dividing, subdividing.
 Some studies show cell phones cause brain tumors.
 Consult your Egyptologist every day.
 This is a limited kinetic legalization, not a letter.
 Inside one idle leaf, all the ninety nine million names of God.
 Not one of them yours, Colonel, or mine.

3. Cable and Ice: The Colonel's Last Prophecy

All the world will be
endless sand, purling
from the mouth
of sister sand flea,
brother teacup,
skynoun flyswatter.

Nine times
nine clans of greasy
turtle and toad
will pull, by cable
and ice, the sky shut.

The United States
of Formication will be
the fiefdom of stillborn
bullet, owl fistula, oil-
scummed toothbrush.

On the last day, a freight
elevator will arrive
for every orphan
leg, charred walking
stick, limp toothpick.

The tongue shall cleave
into one part salt cellar,
one part tourniquet,
one part anvil.

In the last hour
Tabula Rasa shall birth
Serein, Smur, and Tirl

who shall call each other
Serein, Smur, and Tirl.

All Mediterreanea
an inaudible ear
listening for the spazzle
of green Google dust.

O Libya beyond
memory, beyond mnemonic,
beyond mammalian milk-
song. Only you shall witness
this word flicker
and fable without end.



Nancy Sinatra Comes to Fordlandia, December 20, 1930

"History is more or less bunk."

Henry Ford

"How do you always happen to be present at each monstrous event?" Nancy asked her body double, busy composing and decomposing "The Amazonian Babylonian Utopian American Blues." I'm a vowel caught in a wheel, a steel star force-fed to an infected furnace. "Poison the fruit and you perplex the fruit bat," Teddy Roosevelt advised, emerging from a manhole at the bottom of the Tapajos River. "Here where axes once chopped trees by themselves," reads the postcard without signature from what's left of Fordlandia. The trouble began when Nancy—in forged mini-dress, white go-go boots, and ivory pince-nez—abandoned her body, leaving it onstage flailing the frug. "Just as only war will make you peaceful, only peace will make you warlike," begins and blurs the Book of the Fungible Groin. "Only unfettered, non-unionized birdsong uplifts the listener," proclaims the Book of Labor, sometimes confused with the Book of Leisure. "Every exhalation is war, even the act of breathing into your dearest ear." Teddy spluttered from somewhere deep inside Nancy's left thigh. The workers refused to feed on bean sprouts and homilies, and then the gash across Henry Ford's spleen. Each time it rains, I hear the rubber tree bleed into the wooden bowl, bead by milky bead. In every language, the fevered refrain: *fordism*, *fordismo*, *fordismus*, *fordizatsia*. I only possess sleeplessness, what my sleep possesses in dream. "Dear Henry Ford, friend of the future," unfolded the letter, "how might I grow a Model T out of a single soy bean, with no bodily contact, except for thumb and forefinger?" On Innocence Island, I kissed you until your facts melted on the pillow. "Someone defied God and looked at the axes. Then each one fell, thus beginning history," says the undated, undatable postcard. "But if history is bunk, then why are we stuck in this bunkhouse, in this endless bunk bed?" I asked Nancy 7.0, before she was infected by Sluggo 2.0. While in every worker's bungalow drops the same bat guano: *fordizatsia*, *fordismus*, *fordismo*.

BRANDON PETTIT

Love Story

I am trying to forget you in a language I can't undress.
The rope's ends burn both hands.
Everything else is landscape.
Both dictator and muse, we are in the circus of our countries.

This tumbling between the years we can't comprehend.
Like a symphony, our walks around the ocean.



THE ONE WHO ARRIVES by José L. Telot, 2009,
charcoal on sanded plaster (8 x 7.5 x 1.25 in)



THE VEIL by José L. Telot, 2009,
charcoal on sanded plaster (8 x 7.5 x 1.25 in)

JEANNE MARIE BEAUMONT

Irradiating Metaphors (*Grey Gardens*)

These are the doors for today: silence undulates
like languid terraces.

The spring dream faded like a swift rout of trumpets,

veil spill in the far gardens. Chill wind
stalks the broken tree.

The passing pennons of pomp are the movements

over the day heavy as liquid gold.

The urn of vague puddled hours
is vacant like mother's pale robes. It's grey.

Wet roses dream lower and turn
crinkling like steaming terraces under afternoon rain.
My half-hidden footsteps

like pale pools spattering upon the rainy green.
Clash with green.
Swaying toward solemn.

And this is the dream door of today—
The sunset beyond
glistening like cymbals amid distant forests.

Come. Burst against the shuddering door.

Also by the Author

Ten Cryptic Flavors

Electron Wave Pattern with Small Birds & Flowers

A Lilliputian Affair

Asleep in Gold Earrings

Oblivion Forecast

Platonic Mistress & Others

I Was Wool

A Swan on the Dance

The Monotony of Departure

90° of Woe

Sign(s) Under Test

Trouble at the Mink Farm

They Went Thataway

Worry Me Forward

Blindfold Jukebox

Tender With Caesar

The Wasabi Engine Company 54

Palace of Discontinued Projects

Amusements from the Model Go

JOHN DIGBY

Joints Aching

(collage poem)

from the *Boy's Own Paper*, 1889

Is it so sad
that one so young
as you ask
such a question

You are but one
of the many “troubled ones”

The fault is our own

It is from poverty
caused by debility
or perhaps mating too early

There is no way of altering it
only by firmness
and an occasional show of the whip

Now the parts should be well reddened
oil vent and hold over steam cautiously

Fill in the cracks with putty and oil

Wait until it is hard
and then sandpaper down

Guard against cold wet and snow

Do not forget to touch
every night and morning
with a few drops of Arsenical solution

On frosty days wheel out manure

Let it bury itself in winter
where the “nip in the air”
cannot get to it and for
health’s sake wear a hat in bed



SILVIA CURBELO

In the City of Drawers
after Salvador Dali

There was a different life
inside this life. She knew it
and kept still. She felt it as

a kind of humming in
her chest, the sound lifting
her from harm. Music

like a window soaked
with light. It's clear,
a woman hides things

from view. People
move through the streets
without knowing. Accepting

the pale dress over her
recklessness. Refusing
the sweet pull of rage

or need. Her body unlocking
its brave secret, an apple
shining in a tree. That's

how he found her. Her
scent rising from many
drawers. What Freud said

about desire. A man knows
his place among objects.
But her skin sings and sings.

Terra Firma

How it came to you once across
that sudden prairie, great surge of sky
How it raced through you
suddenly here, suddenly gone
Cloudburst, spill, that otherness
of distances, both want and flood
A rushing toward and rushing
against, breath and nerve and collarbone
How it filled the air, whirlwind, mouth
kiss, all that narrowness opening up at once
and at once in a flurry of yes and flash and sky
How the air broke around you
How you stood your ground

BRIAN SWANN

Through the Glass

Cases in point:

I remember months ago sitting and chatting on the side of his bed while he ate breakfast of eggs, toast, sausages and bacon, tea. It wasn't cold, but he had on thick wool socks, the kind he wore, perhaps, at Oxford. I forget what we talked about but he seemed interested in what I had to say, which is more than I can say about the three women in the antique shop later that day who pointedly ignored me, unless they actually didn't even know I was there. But how could they not have known Bill was there, or if they knew, how could they not care? Sic gloria... But he didn't seem to mind, happily browsing tea-cosies, tea-caddies, doilies, and a piggy-bank in the form of a girl with a wide skirt (you put the coins in the top of her head), and so on.

I think it was the evening after that when I found myself on a vacant lot in Brooklyn. Quite by chance I ran into Brodsky in front of a ramshackle corrugated iron building on the corner. It looked like an abandoned hangar. Brodsky seemed anxious to get inside. "Nice house," I said. "I think so," he replied, pulling out a key. "Yevtuschenko gave it to me." "He once called me 'Mr. Shifty Eyes'," I said. "Or was that Brodsky?" He tried to push by. "Brodsky," I continued, "once asked me over the phone how much I weighed and how long my beard was." He got the key into the lock, wrestled with it a bit, pushed the door open, tumbling inside, and slamming the door shut. As I walked off, I looked back to see him at a casement window. I thought of asking him the way to the 6 train but he pulled his head in. I walked on in the wasteland and eventually found the subterranean passage I was looking for. I took the first train that pulled in and sat between two young nuns. All the way back to Manhattan I was thinking of the time I sat next to a lovely woman at a conference at the Hunting Inn in East Hampton, sneaking glances at her chest on which was pinned a card with her name on. She caught me. "Oh," I stammered, "Ann Sexton.' What do you do?"

As I said: Cases in point: What do you make of them, a life in stories which seem to have lives of their own, which don't seem plausible, even while you're telling them like memories, as if they're having you on? I remember (unless this is another one of my stories) an old Lenape man in Oklahoma used to tell me stories that began, "My story camps, by name Jack." This puzzled me, until I found out this phrase drew on an ancient Algonquian concept that the story itself is a person who walked all over the earth. The story cannot be heard until he camps. This is what I'm thinking, looking out the window, while the rain is running things together, blurring the glass so it's well nigh impossible to make out what you've seen, or are seeing, while I listen to Chopin's "Variations on Mozart's 'La ci darem la mano'," and think how many more variations can there be until the original is unnecessary, in effect non-existent, existent in other lives, and then I forget it's raining or where I am or who I am as I become absorbed into the sublime last movement of his Piano Concerto in E Minor where Chopin himself must be somewhere and as it closes I think how on earth did he write that and realize that he didn't. It wrote him, or it was delivered by flying saucers.

HELLER LEVINSON

two hats

crop the field a bifocalism folding on jaundice ... she advises not to call
after 9pm it cost her sleep last time the faux pas a loom orange dried with
dingy seating, the cost of sleep, sleep on the international exchange, you
are what you self, the selfless aren't, the tribunal nervous with cadaver
collapses fossils birthday biology cellular candles whistle anthems alive
with whip, the sting that quickeneth, a premature whipping insures
ejaculation coated with candy, quicken the string, covering atop, stages,
the earnest are hard of hearing, the insincere leave traces, candlelight by
disputation, parallels are in the making the handlebars soaring through
space, take faith in the option,
leftovers by spillover so

LINETTE LAO

Untitled

We have found that the paper heart is fist-shaped and sized for utility. It rings the pulse through the body, burning salt and lining its interior walls. This is why we fly on hinged feet, eyes open, dreaming of olives and limes.

The organs are slowly charmed out of the body, a sometimes painless process. Each has its own name, unique as the space it occupies.

The body is an ordinary object of construction. Invented muscle, wild gestures of bone, light and sand in shifting amounts form an exterior. We keep our teeth in cups by the door.

We have been turned loose like birds powered by television. And though we are half history and mostly water, we float and fall, a simple machine turning in its sleep.

Candy Box

The pulse escapes the ankle of Houdini, revealing the influence of talk. It is a magnet pulling the man through idle moments of adventure and boredom, leading the heart to beat like an electrical switch or a magical trumpet. It is the decoder, the absolute factual information that calls out to him through water and iron box, through rusted chain and twine.

Listen, I have appeared.

Despite the milk can, the pistol, the photographer's knot of needle and thread, the elbows are thrown forward to receive messages.

So this is a macaroon.



JAY PASSER

Banquet

burning horses of final testament
reach corners of the world wave colored banners
green gold trumpeters buck-frothing steeds
indefatigable molesters trailing extinction

exit sweet peace tooth
planet calamitous unruly discord
grim schoolyard Eden

empirically wicked camels
infantry of serpentine chaos
jet furnace impossible cauldron
sand suffering silicon surf

in dreams of froth-bucking mad dogs
where whispers over candelabra demand vendetta

The Alien

remain calm, the world will save itself
without a soundtrack.

no slick uniform is necessary either
and so what if you can fly?
drop the colored tights, pal.

listen to the birds what do they care.

LAUREN VARGAS

Midnight Marriage

I BREATHE IN FUMES AS QUICKLY AS I EXHALE...
ASHES SPARKLE ON MY TEETH LIKE BALLERINAS.

I have survived years in this

daytimeFRIENDSHIP

&

MIDNIGHTmarriage...

But I feel clean,

Like I rub-a-dubbed a dove bar
all over my brain.

My hair is billowing

GREAT

Arms spread out like rocket ships,

Rumbling enormous stacks of
lava orange smoke
beneath me.

I feel clean.

Live Portrait

You look like a live portrait.

The way your cheekbone
meshes into your shoulder-blade
and squinted eyeballs.

Eyelashes float above the pavement
Like sunsets.

You hold a blue crayon in your hand
And sniffle as if you're sick.
Though we both know you're not.

Tie me up like a knot.



THE DEATH OF AN ART STUDIO by Jovan Karlo Villalba, 2010,
oil on canvas (60 x 48 in)



THE WAKE by Jovan Karlo Villalba, 2008,
oil on stainless steel (48 x 48 in)



BEGINNING AT THE WATER'S EDGE by Jovan Karlo Villalba, 2010,
oil on stainless steel (24 x 24 in)



PINNACLE AND WONDERMENT by Jovan Karlo Villalba, 2010,
oil on canvas (12 x 12 in)

NATHANIEL MACKEY

Song of the Andoumboulou: 88

Another train pulled in as ours
pulled out. It wasn't only one
was ours, we were in both. So

we

thought or would like to've
thought... It wasn't so much
they were trains as we were in
motion, molecules, knowing or

not...

Nod's aboriginal we we some-
times were, train window looked
out from looked into, light's worn
promise run parallel, light's knack

not

to be caught...An empty seat sat
beside each of us, a seat some
ascendant one had gone up from,
"illuminated" it said in what we

read

later, "lit" the word on the street

we were

told... It wasn't music the motion we
were in, albeit *Street Music from Outer*
Pradesh it would've been had it been
a disc whose notes we read. An alter-
nate disposition it was if nothing

else,

the bone Djbai picked with Bittabai
no longer marked us, "lit" the word

bandied about if not “lit up,” “illuminated” what we took to more...

Members, we were not to get weary,
mind

and medicine’s aid at our disposal, theirs
and any other we saw fit. It wasn’t
we were there for no reason. The

seats
of the illuminati we presumed upon
with adjacency, dared assume seats

beside... This wasn’t one of the
trains we’d heard sung about. Music

was-
n’t the motion we were in. The train, were
it a train, was an empty one, engineless,
driverless, conductorless, a small array

of
chairs beneath the blades of a slow-
moving fan. We sat around talking, non-
illuminati, two trains running arrested...

A bar-
bershop it might’ve
been

•

A barbershop it was and it was moving,
the fan, slow-moving, a propeller
even so, molecules bruited about. Hair-
cuts were offered all of us. None

of us
wanted one but Sophia said she’d give
it a try... Itamar followed suit and
Anuncia followed, non-allegorical
hair piling up on the floor... Anuncio,

Nunca,

me, Huff, ad infinitum, each of us fol-
lowed suit... Bald as a cue ball we
each ended up. A pool hall it might've
been but remained a barbershop, long
since
no longer a train had it ever been one,
bald heads the heads of the condemned
or the contemplative, non-allegorical hair
now
allegorical, a fishbone the difference caught
in our
throats

•

No more than a moment, it immediately
passed. Again it was a train we were on,
again we saw it was a train we were
on...

Had there been music a refrain it
would've been but it wasn't music,
planoscape stubbly with scrub outside
our windows, all we'd ever drawn
back

from whizzing by... We sat rubbing
our hands, patting the heels of our hands
together, the lit, lit-up, illumined ones
no-

ticeably absent, pilgrim outset palpably
undone... Someone had gotten on,
someone had gotten off, never to know
the likes of such encounter again, never
hav-

ing known before... All the same, we
sat laughing, the barbershop's bequest.

Ready
some would've said had we been asked, others
unready...

Ready, unready, a tunnel
took us
in

An endless tunnel it seemed. So long
the time it took to go thru it our hair grew
back... It was Itamar who spoke first
as we came out the other end, "What did
that
all mean?" Sun's glare blinding almost
but not
quite, Sophia was the second to speak,
answering Itamar. "Same ol' same ol',"
she
said

•

Same though not quite the same, a
molecular moment invested us all, train
tracks loosening what we took to be
firm earth, firm earth's fictional
dis-
patch. A lived fiction it was, no less
real nor lamented, the philosophic
posse we were no less insistent,
no
matter we now pulled into Outer
Pradesh...

Whereas before there'd been no
music, absence entwined with music's

idea, here there wasn't the slightest
idea... Anuncia looked at me and I
looked

at Huff and Huff looked at Nuncia,
philosophic posse though we were,
sheep shorn of thought, we looked each
at another ad infinitum... Pilgrims'

dis-
may we discussed, what motion meant,
why

locality reneged... Philosophic posse
that we were, though we were, none of
us could say, "Not still a fool." What
remained was to pry the one from the one,

the
two we rode concurrently from the two we
were alternately on... What remained was
to sort knowing from knowing, know with

no
cloud as the cloud the sun's glare created
made

the tunnel our hair had grown
back in
glow

•

Fell back, fadeaway flesh's recon-
noiter. Came out of the tunnel as if
we'd gone back in. Endlessly re-
verberant echo, endlessly insinulative

delay...

This the only world we'd been told but
we'd have none of it, another we
were also in beckoning, one we fell

away

from dubwise, wax what was otherwise
 bone... Legendary drop whose ar-
 rival we banged pots and pans to
 an-
 nounce, Nub's new protuberance
 fading, fade seeming to say what soul
 was...

We came to a plateau that went on
 forever, flat for as far as we could
 see. Itchy skin beset us, least of the woes
 we met, indigent extension, unrelieved
 ex-
 pane... "Flat-out" was a word on
 everyone's tongue but it wasn't lan-
 guage made where we were the way
 it
 was... Some were said to be spoken to
 by the
 breakthrough snake, some to be bitten
 by the breakthrough bug. What was said
 mattered only so much, whatsayer, so-
 whatsayer so much, no way to say
 what
 was what... Flat for as far as we could
 see, so far we squinted, eyes leaned on by
 sun-
 light, Earth a flat ball
 of dirt

Farewell said something, *metafare* some-
 thing else. I wanted to do something
 that would put it all to rest, but I was only

I-Insofar...

The same went for all the others. Huff
was none other than Huff-Insofar, Anuncia

none

other than Anuncia-Insofar... Itamar likewise,
likewise Anuncio, Nunca, on and on, Sophia,

on

and on... On and on and on...

On and

on



CATHERINE SASANOV

**Archeological Data Recovery:
Angola Plantation, West Feliciana Parish, Louisiana**

Feature 89

Rear of the house, edge of the yard:

What's shit is what

I'm privy to:

dewberry, blackberry

Those durable seeds that pass through the gut

grape, nightshade, grass

their high numbers

hickory & pecan shell

apparently related to

corn cupules, cob fragments

this feature's use

animal taxa in the fauna samples:

as toilet facility.

cow, pig, bird, fish,

turtle, bobcat, 'coon.

Hang your ass above this hole —

what you shit is broken,

glass: *free-blown, bottom-hinged,*

cup-bottom

molding:

100 fragments from a window

500 pieces of a lampshade

1 bead

& 1/2

a miniature shoe.

What you shit is stone
ceramic
inkwell
toilet cup & marbles
17 plain & painted buttons
eyelets & six
jagged goblets.

Also that that didn't kill you:

buck shot, lead shot
out the body,
brass halves of a powder flask.

The shattered bottle: what might have saved:

ANTI-MALA (against evil?)
TONIC AN
CHILL & FE
CURE

And in my hand: one half
of a cowrie shell shared among
600 slaves.

Held to the head
(can't you hear it?),

one whole broken Atlantic ocean
sounding
in your ear.

CRAIG CZURY

So In The End It's Perception

a little sacredness in the midst of all the profanity and mediocrity
to hear the action you make surrendering intention
you have to turn around and be behind the *other* eyes
vanishing into those places at the edge of seeing and sight
place and destination are completely unavailable for a while
toying with the floral arrangements
as if your eyeballs were a leaf and a great gusting wind was let loose
you won't know where you stand moving the words around until they
 feel right
it might be a place where people are gathering according to tone of
 voice
I need to hear someone speak who can really delay the background
 noise
in the midst of getting ready the particulars escape me

**Occasionally I Have Insights Into the Mess of Ideas
Further With No Apology**

on one end

and everything on the surface the other way handwriting deteriorates
down the page

I live among the noises repeating what I don't know which is worse
having an inner sense of what to look like in the end or

the kind of conversation gleaned from a different sound
intrinsic part of unraveling already shifting outer space where I am
between conversations

disappointed

my silence comes down to this abandoning all for a series of strange
decisions

D. E. STEWARD

Deimbir

Here at the start of winter, the high sentinels, the crows' nests, dreys
and derelict paper-wasp nests, stand out lofted and silent in the bare
hardwoods

Like totems of another civilization

Above the snug familiarity of a cottontail living in the woodpile's
southern exposure

Lying low in the winter sun there every day

Wild animals in their inactive periods of stubborn patience, wait for
the winter sun periods to lengthen, for the rain to stop, for snow to
melt back to bare their pasturage

To survive they continually optimize

May have no sense of death, so fixed are they on survival

They wait

Waiting is two sorts of patience

The natural patience in evolution, akin to reflective meditation

And the patience forced by conformity to enforced routine

As it is for more than two million prisoners sitting in the common
space of jails across the country waiting, for over fifty million office
workers waiting for four-thirty, five o'clock

For school kids, beset by tax-cheap cut-taxes tax-cheat adults, waiting for teachers to finish running at the mouth and for the bell or buzzer to go off

Bad schools the biggest social flaw

Amazingly bad, under-educated teachers

The worst in the worst schools within the narco-penal economies of the worst urban patches

The old norm of being raised to be cheerful, cooperative, and to assume the best in everything, of feeling that it's a good world, gone nearly completely now

Knee-jerk honest civility gone sour

Zinc is a purplish gray lighter and bluer than crane, bluer and paler than dove gray or granite, bluer than cinder gray

Zinc is also called cloud gray, gray dawn

On the Resorts International casino floor just off the Atlantic City boardwalk the ambient elevator music is remarkably close to Reich/Glass/Adams

The effect strongest when standing among the dinging slots

Where it's a lot like the introduction to *Das Rheingold*

In low, vivid light at Brigantine within sight of the casinos, northern shovelers in low-tide mud sheen, floats of northern pintails, black ducks, mallards, buffleheads

The brants, snow and Canada geese

Acier is Quaker gray

Compassion for all long-term women smokers, who lit up first as victims of tobacco advertising — you've come a long way, baby

Situational victims

Victimhood recently a common role all over the world

As in the African wars, the village massacres and sexual kidnapping-butchery

But who knows how those horrors really happen in these realms of pathological identity savagery

Only those who have experienced them do

Survivors say there is nothing more barbaric than saturation bombing, that eye contact with someone trying to kill you with a gun or a panga drains the soul

In the rich countries, being fact-to-face with cruel, cold, corporate arbitrary manipulation is more comprehensible

Facing those gray trimmers is like scrambling up through scree against the gravel's slide

Be careful about letting them deal first because then it becomes their call and not yours

Go home and, as Claude Simon says, make your connections, your bricolage

Wait

Bask in the winter sun like a woodpile cottontail

Extinguishing events aside

“Don’t look back, something might be gaining on you”
– Satchel Paige

And stay clean

“Don’t get any on you” – Hank Williams

Think Larkin, live Merwin, be Akhmatova

Mandela, who’s always made the best of everything, seated his jailers
in the first row at his Cape Town inauguration

Ash gray, a light greenish gray yellower than French gray or lichen
green

Full darkness at six on the Mall side from the National’s rotunda with
the steps down to the unlighted Mall

Coming outside from four small Vermeers deep inside, *A Lady Writing*,
The Girl with the Red Hat, *Girl with a Flute*, and *Woman Holding a Balance*

Stepping carefully unable to see the edges of the marble stair treads
clearly

The Mall empty ahead in lunar glow toward the Smithsonian Metro

The Washington Monument with the same cold blush and marble
luminosity as the winter moon through the tracery of oaks

Calm Washington

An elegant Oxford gray

A dignity like Madrid's

"Madrid será la tumba del fascismo" was the Republicans' motto

Madrid fulfilled that destiny when Franco died in 1975 and since it's been exhilarating for a generation now

Crane is a purplish gray bluer and duller than dove gray, bluer and weaker than granite, darker and redder than zinc, bluer and darker than cinder gray

Carmen Maura was the lead in Almodóvar's *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*

The winter before he died, Allen Ginsberg gave an advertised reading at Tower Records, Rockville, MD, to an audience of twelve

"Outside of the killings, [in Washington] we have one of the lowest crime rates in the country" – Marion Barry

Severe limits of experience enhance delusions

The disrupting stoppages of dogged belief and disinterest

Everyone free to do, or to fail to do, almost exactly what they wish, within the confines of their own ignorance

Old weathered zinc

Across the narrow corridor from the big smiling bronze of Will Rogers with its tourist-polished shiny toes on the House side of the Capitol dome is an immense brown bronze, the strangest statue there

"Doctor John McLoughlin, 1784-1857, FIRST TO GOVERN THE OREGON COUNTRY, 1824-1843"

The figure's cape blown so high that its hem becomes nearly a cowl,
chest out, top hat in hand, cane cocked, striding out, head in fierce
profile, leonine mane, no-bottom trousers, no-top boots

Egos like his are behind all wars

Granite is a purplish gray redder and stronger than crane, darker than
dove gray or cinder gray, and redder and deeper than zinc

Through a skylight a high black locust top is ragged with its leaves
gone

A few remaining

Small high slivers, glowing brazen yellow as though energized by the
setting sun against black rain clouds

CLAUDIA REDER

Sunflower

The evening my mother returns from the hospital,
flowers close their multiple petals.

She lies on the couch.

In the red moment of poppies,
she stretches out her one good arm.

I think about the strange hands that change her,
wipe her, bathe her, hand her the phone.

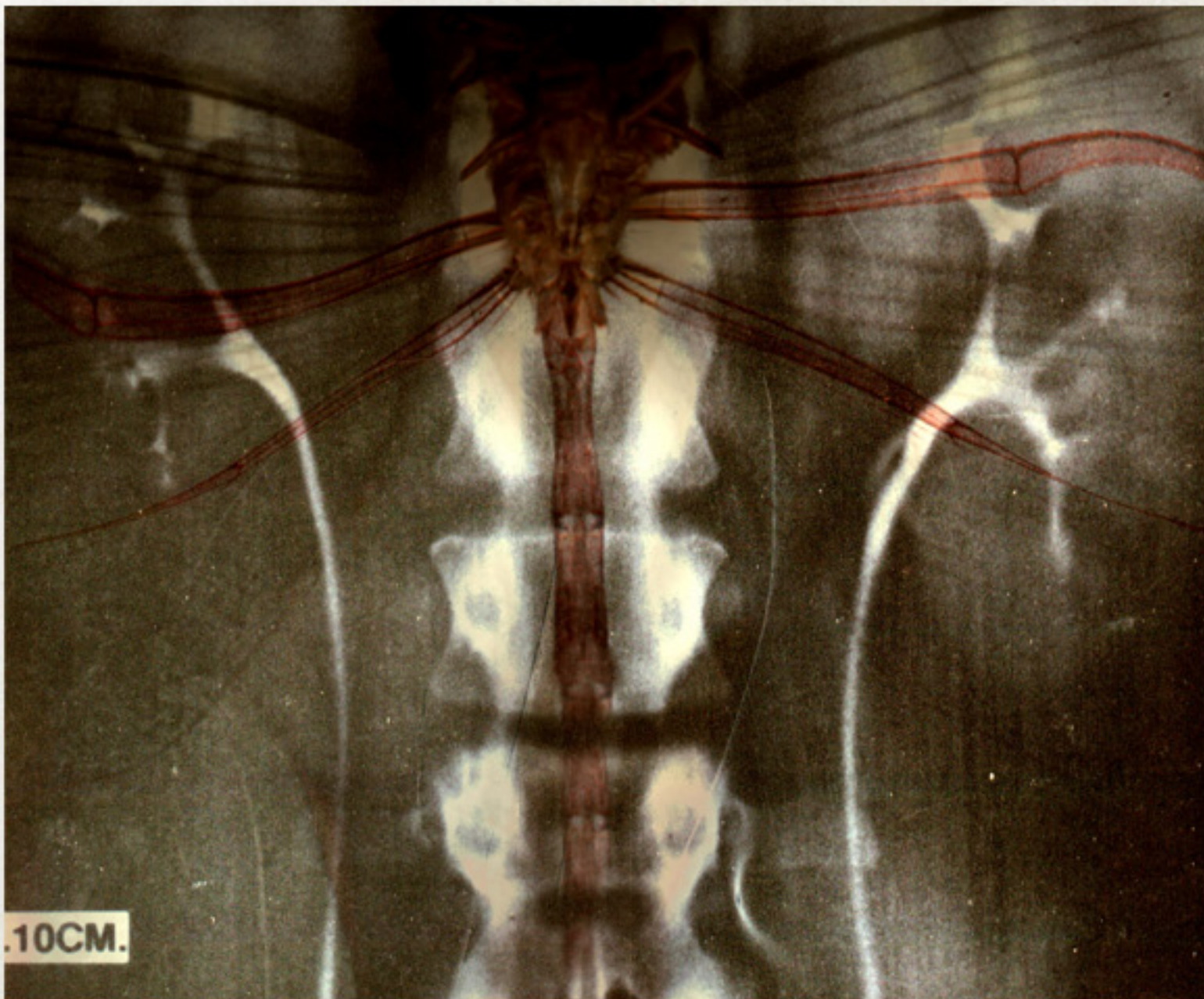
Standing among sunflowers
she becomes a sunflower.

Her shadow lengthens,
slender as a street lamp.

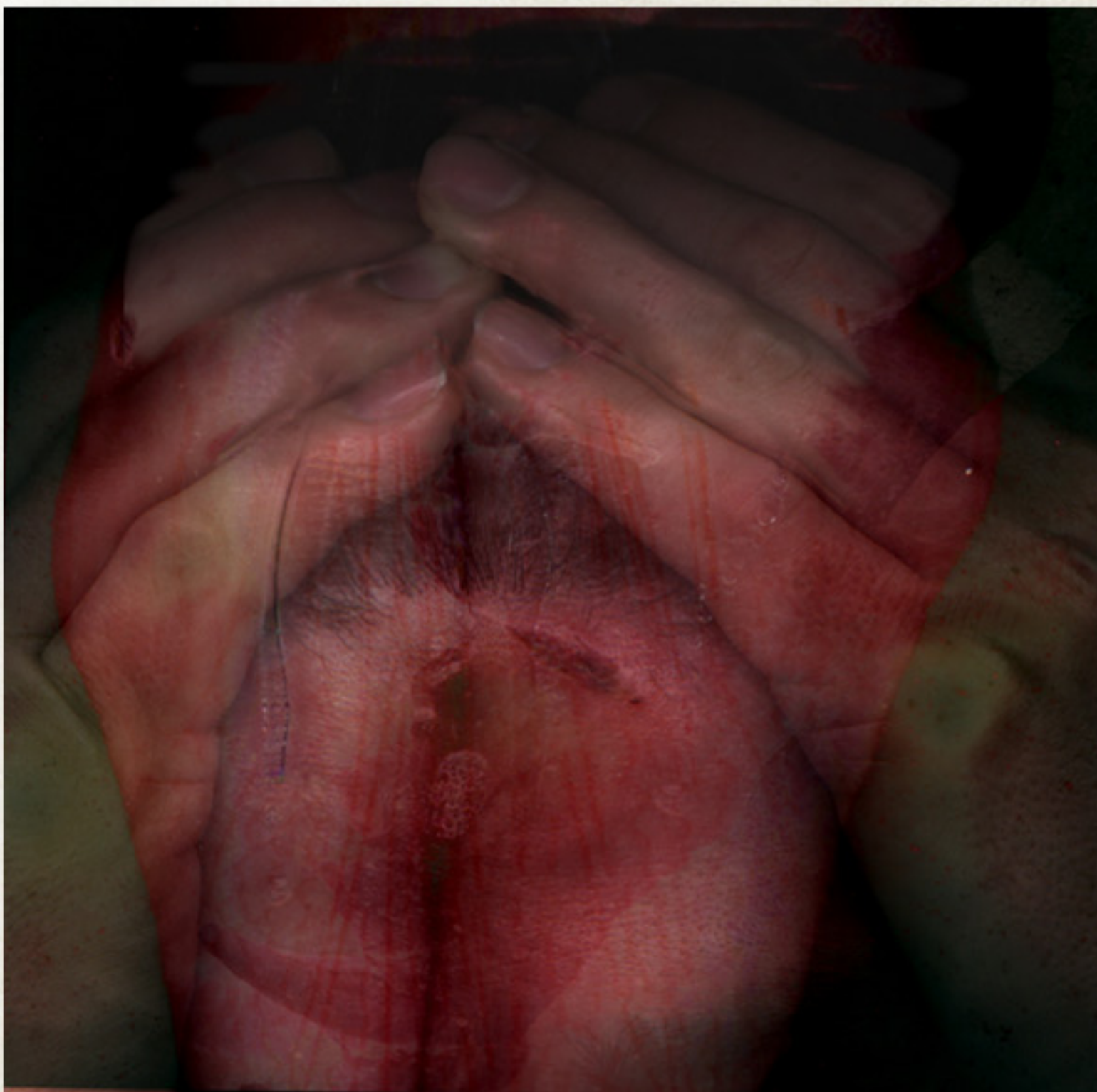
She is the window overlooking the East River,
she is the sunset off the Hudson.

In this moment the horizon is a portal;

somewhere a sprig of flower
blossoms into a live woman.



AN-22 by Frank Garaitonandia, 2010, digital image



AX-2 by Frank Garaitonandia, 2010, digital image

MICHAEL BROWNSTEIN

This Poem Needs a Refrain

This poem needs a refrain,
a homeland, a hat, a hand job.
This poem needs a vagina

muscled with teeth,
venus fly trap lotion,
battery acid lubricant,

someone to set a tongue on fire.
This poem needs a waterbed,
perfect teeth and perfect hair.

This poem is not a bottom feeder,
a handhold, a hand to hold.
This poem needs to refrain.

Caution

The yellow light is not, yes,
the lie strength comes from hair.
Nor is it the mob scream of shadow.

The yellow light wears too much eyeliner
and when it winks, you can't help but notice
it has too much blush on its chin.

The yellow light never goes by the name Red,
but every now and then it streaks its hair
deep purple with a line jet stream blue.



A Changing of the Guard

A covering of tree yarn,
the lightest passage of time,
root thread, green lining,
the fallow of one season into the next,

the spirit goat's shadow
across the field from her,
vast distances between
dust's awakening and star fall.

The cow carries her calf, the horse
her colt, the human seed and stem cells.

When the pregnant moon rises
orange and rounded, the flamboyant tree
lifts its soul to the wind,
each leaf a brilliance, each prism

a feather, the bright smiling colors
of raven before it was caught
smothering the fires
in the burning of the cross.

JIM GRABILL

Spiraling Churn

Organic symmetry knows beauty in how possibilities exist

with contours of shape flying vast and subtle color closer
to home, until hoarse calls of herons reach us from the blue
marsh where they've always been living by the river named

through the native oceanic months in their afternoon light

and dark churn, as we read how Moscow in July of the year
2010 averaged 14 degrees hotter than usual, on this planet
where original light still reaches us through nuclear space
and already it's been shattering, agitating the ancient
atoms into more than enough heat trapped in context

until the unclear future has us towering over a finch

and beavers, and lording it over the rhino savannah,
where people have been glaciers melting into the sky
and uninvited international neo-realism fogs into more
ways everyone you find needs to keep drinking water,

whatever's been sliding, amniotic, or floating loans, foaming

on the untested chemical wake of such industry that leaves
people naked, with latest up-hatchings stunned, bearing
masses still captivated, where neo-classical ascension has gone

to live sleep-swamped, in newly unfolding folding foliage

of a chance completion in the instantaneous, with the continuum
widening its fish mouth that breaks the surface of ruined
palaces, in the pulse of a black-violet eyelash, the eyeball iris

taking months to make a long-term purple-blue burst from within

seed swaying, where native bees are left to tend the future orange
sheets of fresh breathing release, this only hour of what has been
within the known powers of this breathing body to practice:

working the place through contemporary conscience that acts

for the sealevel poor, as mineral time will have gone along
multiple bends, some that advance to the next ventilation
of regions of the progressive brain, which while keeping
the mind alert, would be willing now to witness the sad

narrative of corn or watch the brilliance of 19th century crystal

ceilings after the century finally has been dressed for evening
in appropriate Victorian attire, and has been positioned
in one ornate untoward profile, as if it were about to project
elocution in a grand hotel ballroom downtown, far across town

from the orphanage and smoking ring of most-rank open-pit ovens

flaming red-white steel manufactories, there in a satin-lined
casket of furiously shoveled coal fires, having been at last
spoken over and lowered at least seven miles down into hell.

Spiraling Chord

We're looking at light of rain forest moss,
beetles no one has seen, brief flashes
of estuary fish swimming undiscovered

miles through symphonic thermonuclear truce

within the sky, leaving the night open
sanctuary merging on Bangkok streets echoing

Peruvian flutes, spaghetti-strapped Hungarian
accents of whole wheat current from new solar
thermal towers, buildings which have slid through
numerals from Mayan charts, indicating a galaxy

spine in new arcing multiples of ten, as rough
streetlight glisters raw from sterling silver octane,
with uncertain consequences in a glass of tap water

as encyclopedic in chemistry as human hunger,

as elegant prehistoric amber necklaces, as old-growth
forest intelligence giving a single cell ethical accord,

how do you say, where the calm center begins

when what you do and what goes on hold honest
shares of the unseen, for man with his white shirts
and first petitions of dust and deployment of arms
and neck, the shoulders and forehead with its ability

to sense immensity, down to the nails carpenters use
for a place to stay next to iridescent breathing beauty,

engrained with desire not so much for meals of meat

as fruit, not so much ancient drums but how a brain
can use its peak oceanic sadness to see the hour of birth

is ancient, as if we've been one another, the stone house

with the sense it has a spiral tower where someone
is asking not only what might be easy to picture
after being reminded of it by the body moving through

other species, as if we'd just found ourselves waking

Tibetan with so many still in shock from their own
births, the naked force placing the body on steel
medical tables, the first merging gone into attempts

to breathe, out of desperation in daytime rooms
of the story, shoulders soothed by summer rain,
walls of old books on intuitive kinesis as a work crew

has been reconstructing long-held assumptions
across that yard in snapshots understandable

as current extending the range of sudden parallel,

as ongoing as amendments to soil still working
and reverberating cells that will chord up a place
to be accordingly, with apples when they're ripening,

where we may or may not be living out their lives.

Anything You'd Like to Ask the New Arts Director?

Yes—whether she believes we're experiencing disparate vortices of created energy nearby that are nearly impossible to compare, being at least in many eyes equally valid, whether it's true no one needs to have had the bad sense to walk around saying the best artist is someone over others and the most deserving side is one of them, and not this only but whether the aesthetic associated is stronger when voices nearby sing its praises or it's on the cusp of anticipated driftwood with rivers of wind connecting sisters in the large family of wind, whether blue jay masks mix with nobody more than the stone layered into mushroom rings of the stories of what's stored in back of dust-flanked ridden horses that were bugled to the lip of the event horizon given over to reckoning, whether the old or new paradigms survive adjustment and the individuals autonomically different when seen as less than themselves, if any don't incorporate what hasn't been depicted in the view of an expert, whether we see from the level of being conscious of concerns we have making warp, the way it's using the mirror for reasons other than the head thinking from weight of the body or identity arranging the scrawled parts of Ornette Colman or contemporary symphony, given what registers as essential horror and amazement for the species able to fill the old Shriner's Hall with scores of abstract neural cafes mid conversation, where doesn't everyone think the species has been breath-taking?

LYN LIFSHIN

Blue at the Table in the Hot Sun

give him a shot of light,
give him ragged glass
to escape thru,
black cat blues dogging
the bed

He, ok, it's you, hell bound,
in a hurry. You're pulling blue
out of the strings. Mama's got

a brand new. It's the table
in the light. Cat on the chair
with night scratching

Wind rattles the panes,
rattles gone love thru your
spine. Your baby's
changed the lock on the door

If you're still singing,
earth fills your lips

Letter

the other day made it
hard not to think of
you reading in rooms
with strange light
and magical ceilings
so with water crashing

near the bed and a
green wind biting
the glass I wanted
to send you in the
damned poem. You
could press it
against a small cut,
it could make prisms

in your window spin
ivy into 12 slices
of the room. My
Swedish ivy is
dying, I forgot
what you said it
needed, but not
the rest

How It Slams Back, a Letter Used as a Bookmark

who could figure out
love? Not the old
blues men with
their whiskey and women,
women who've changed
the lock on the door.
Not Robert Johnson,
busted and poisoned.
Blues all around the bed,
the blues dogging,
dusting his broom.
How could some old
words make me remember?
Baby, won't you follow
me down. Old words.
No words. Even before I
started thinking of
him I knew if he
read this it was way
too late

July 23

she lets dread
take the form of
tulips, bulbs
planted before
white camouflages
sky. It's too late
to remember
forgotten
camisole, lace.
Only papers
torn from confetti
on the 2 by 4
floor, the abstraction
of terror, other
cities people left
at night, herbs
never picked,
running through
ephemera, writing
the footnotes
before the text

ANNELISE COLE

/how I hum the parenthesis deep/

my sister pretends the world is flat again big waves of fish
and blue rushing into the gravity of stars

/at the drop of a map/

she lights the tip of her hair to prove the dangers of
swimming

/at the drop of a country/

I want to write about Takahashi Shinkichi what history
feels when its people drown
when radiation greens into fields and cattle

/is the grass in Japan still green?/

my sister mouths the water it tastes like oil and breath
and radiation swimming into the cells of plants

/what language do maps belong to anyway?/

and the world is not exactly round and a star sways
light years absent

/and I wanted the sound in all of this/

CAROLYN STOLOFF

Arising

Yesterday (embalmed) stares
glass-eyed from the bookcase

half-awake I wonder how high
we climbed and glance at Today's
cocoon by my pillow

still time to hunt for crumbs
from night's feast:

Mikhail in white turtleneck
his curved arms charming space

a girl tapping earth
around corn sprouts

Whitman strolling under arched
elms with a trap
for dreamers in his knapsack

things hum to each other
an echo caroms

face bubbles blown free
drift a few feet

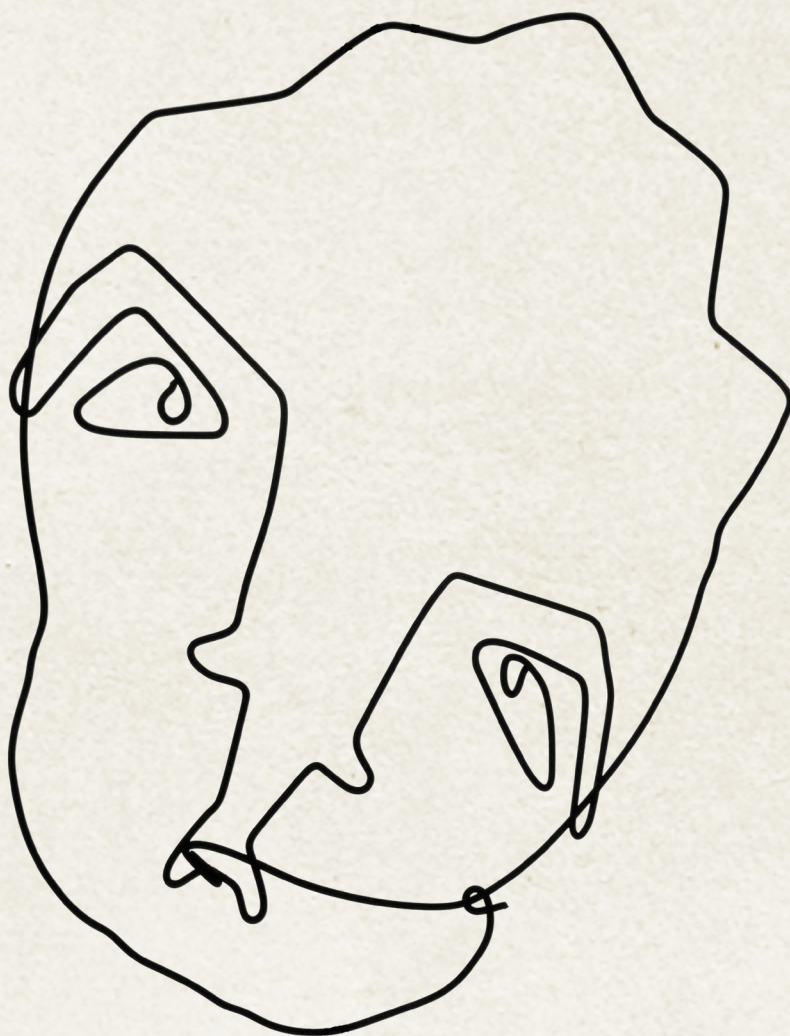
a sparrow quartet casts fresh
pepper on the morning

Stoloff/92

plugged in now I remember
how a goat's long nose
rubs the hand rubbing it

Today splits her wraps
unfolds sticky wings

I tie a string to her toe
and hold on



Who Knows Who

“To be able to see Nobody!

And at that distance, too!”

Alice in Wonderland

who sews buttons on a field

who squanders
sound from a podium
with no clear purpose who

inspects an ego
spoon-cracking and tasting

then who, scrubbing teeth,
feels proud and shouts
in a snake’s ear

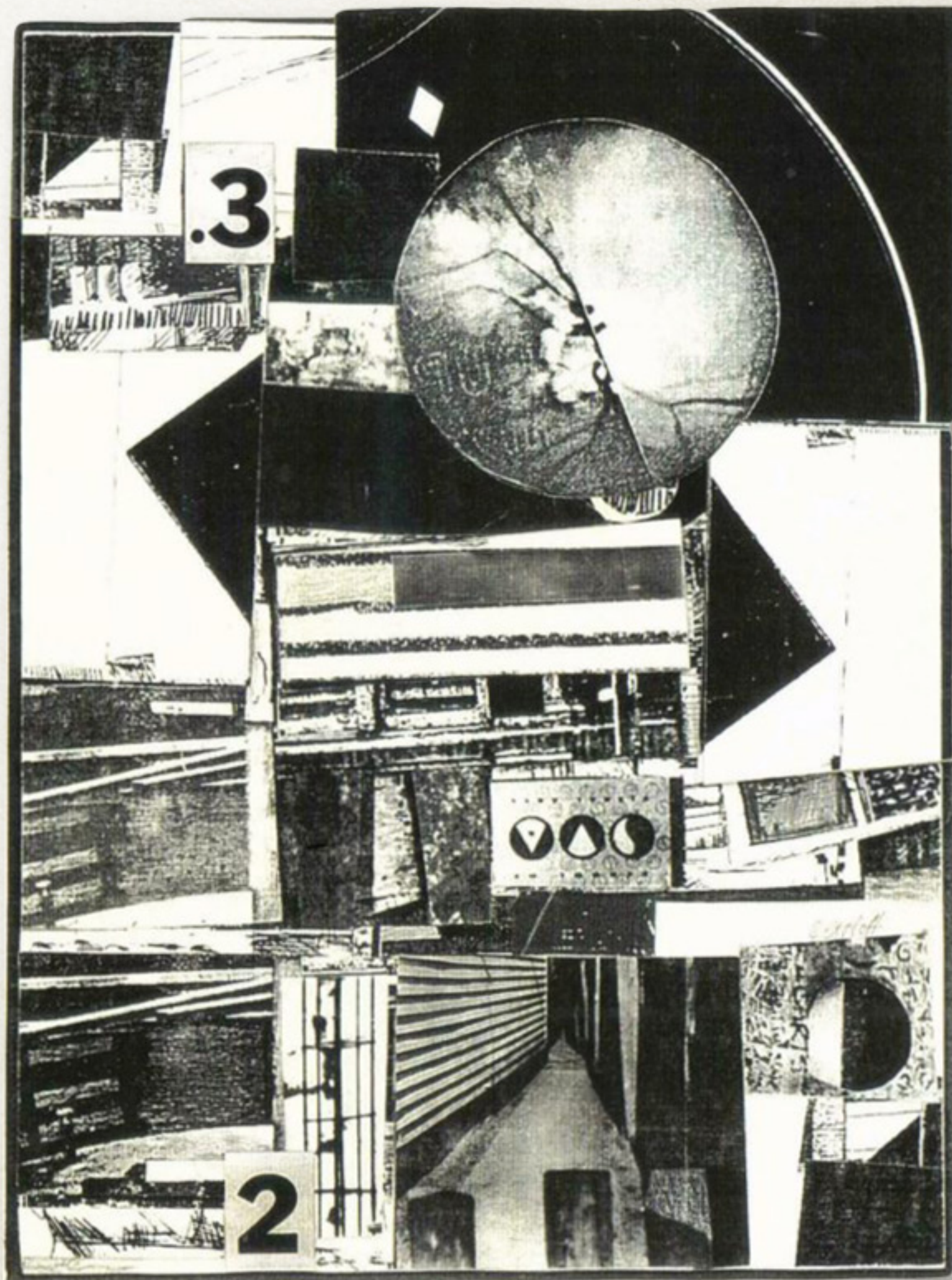
and who peels holes

who shuts an umbrella
while cutting ropes
that hold something down

who counts who’s a scale
and weighs a finger

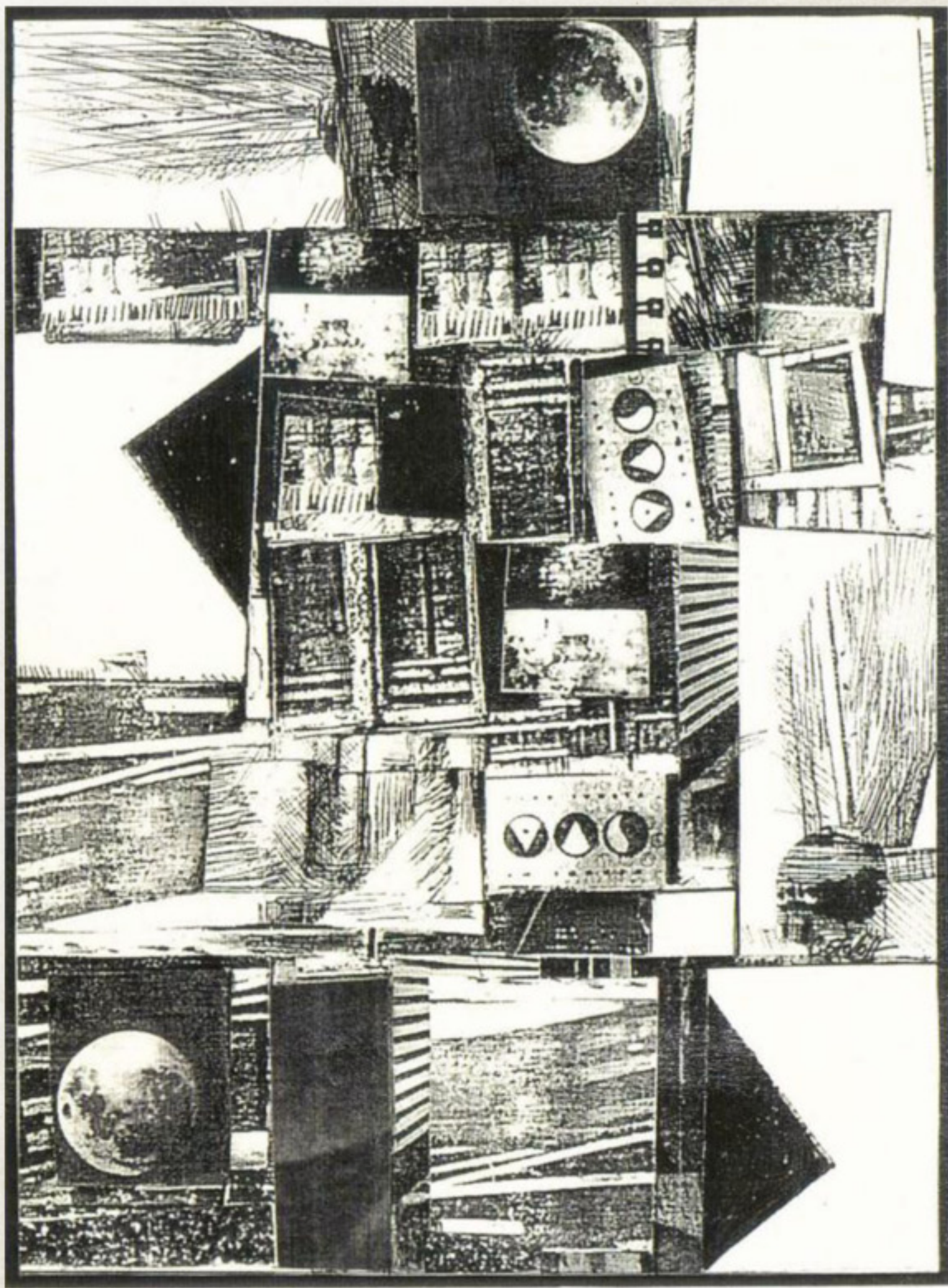
who chains a key

who knows who knocks
on a doorman?



Station # 3

8" x 10 3/4"



Station #5

7 3/4 x 10 1/2

JEFF HARRISON

from **Postmortem Series**

asp which lulu what echoes moo
stowed so many lengths of rose
bell again the cart which does so chop mottos
last stop on the way, crust rips a low caution
patting soap if this slopey mile stirs what spits
(so much for every Virginia dent with done hedge)
part rips part din is aboard rip
fire staples snow deals loyally
one bell says as fires too tin say
even her chandelier's whim says it more circular

~

coal A and Virginia A ...
them impenetrable, them automatons
the earth, that cog blimp! // Calypso \\
passage & constellations more, more alone
asbestos is
the latest conventional practitioner of presence, its
ideational reference ballads yields "Calypso"

~

sweet their thick down run repose, unaware get them rain
presto bed that own bosom is the must
suggested sleep the only pine-wood of two saws there
Round Slumber, what papers their nigh by day? Round Slumber,
may all your noise stand combing the woodland shoulders north!

~

gentle, twilight, over the little charioteers
that fold maybe your gypsies love, I wax it so...
wax the a-mechanical, the heh wheel, heh... click
home's beyond turning your nugget... wall war water drink NONE
maw is ass, shore to all hands enough, the KILL furs the battery
scum to sound diagramless, sight prattle light
Light Lather, step ashore hands out, rob the cheddar process
your... image's the movement, rubber legs interconnect
THE NEW ROMANTICISM PRATTLES ABOUT FOURTH
HANDS—while
we've yet to hear of the THIRD HAND...

~

a last question of Homeric mechanism, of giant epataphysique, reads
the riot act, or Baudelaire, to your horses in Boissonade, O sources
of puerile diagram!! thorny, fond, and unverifiable (the former
established the basis for these speeches), this translation packages
phonetic blackmail ## according to Vercingetorix's unhappy end

ROBERT GREGORY

Script

After days of Spangle Rain, the Crickets folded
in the Weeds began to sing a Lewd Request,
Minimal and repetitious, just as it Should be.
Everything else is just a Waste of Time, said

the Panelists. Whatever That is. Including a Ride
on the Mystery Road. No need for that. Including
the Big Fire, fueled by Archives and Ledgers,
gobbling and flickering tongues until everything

labeled The Past had been Consumed. Along
with the file called “Visions” and a box Someone
had put up on the shelf and marked “Important —
Keep” — so much for That:

gone to make Big Swaying Shadows.
Now what? said the Smoke. Are we Gone?

Complications

Now the rain has opened its eyes. A light
and even fall, a calming effect on the
essential restlessness of things: microstructures
always moving, shifting. The name means
either fast-moving water or resting place
(from everything). The grass is black for now.
Bird music. That time of year again. Leaves
doing the scratch dance. Days tense and delicate.
Nights, the sky sometimes appears an enormous
mirror being lifted sideways through a door.
One night the stars might begin to slide downward,
slip off the edge and fall, break all over everything
here, complicating the name. Inside this morning
people on mysterious errands, a cat with a
crumpled ear, long tails of the mockingbirds, a few
shadows left behind in the empty house to
represent pleasure, sleep and maybe memory,
all of them gone away for now.

SHEILA E. MURPHY

from American Ghazals

One Hundred First

I look out of my father's eyes to find my life
by way of his impressions that I trust when patched.

This year, wildflowers may have pantomimed their livelihood.
I noticed papers, and I filed them where I might return.

The whole house, wall-to-wall carpet, all the places
dance might have captured, even changed the ambience.

A metronome of polished wood regulates music,
subdividing pleasure in balanced packages.

Nesting can be witnessed from afar, inclusive young and old
behaviors in matching parallels labeled replicable.

One Hundred Second

Woods where his simplicity did not disturb
the other creatures has gone quieter.

Our house speaks plumbing noise, I hear when you're awake,
and venture up the stairs to say good morning.

Once you ride a bicycle, it is rumored,
you will ride a bicycle again.

Sound of coughing, sound of air conditioning,
the formal and informal ritual of segue.

Rescue remedy invokes the present tense
that we envision for ourselves, as once performed.

One Hundred Third

If the eyesight drops a moment, the rough edge of roadway grips the wheel in place of intellect, returning the awareness.

Snow drops occur without apparent thought, with the exception of projected memory, divulging all at once a story.

She sang her full intention, and a member of the audience noticed indelibly momentum underneath the song.

Ways and means reveal noblesse oblige if it is there, if not, the end may justify some accidental happening.

Release plumbs depths anticipated by anointed history as if surrender were its own dictatorship again.

One Hundred Fourth

All the givens, streaming, even plump, occur as a reprise.
Shale you shall feed on delimits pavement as the image of reversing sky.

One of the damages thought singular might seem laminate.
In the dream I promised to provide reminders, plasticized.

One of you holds the only secret I am made of, premising
a comeback rumored to emulate common knowledge.

When the arrival of the train reciprocates a modest expectation,
we shall glow in the reclassified new homeland all of us compose.

Got spare instinct? Freshen up in your own time,
in your own way, with your own style, and I will honor what you are.

THOM DAWKINS

March 2, 1959

Miles looked like he could squeeze silence from the floorboards, so much fire in his eyes, the walls start to sweat in suspense. Miles didn't say a word and they knew what to play.

Just put the right cats in the room, he'd say, and let them say it for you, so that before the bass stumbles up to the melody, before the piano grabs a hand, before the whole

song floats into air, the horns come in ready with a patient, necessary phrase.

So What.

FRANCIS RAVEN

Vocation

Hoping that this CONSTANTIVE would become a
PERFORMATIVE.

1.

Those were the years
that each year was a year, marked
that had not yet fallen into being one thing:
life
just life.

Goals were checked off a list.

Budgets were assembled.

I speak of what I will say in the future;
about the nearly past
in the dead of winter

when distance is frozen, stretched
and shattered.

It is a nostalgia that beckons spring.

I want new things that have happened before.
I want my life for a long time. Just my life.

2.

A can rolls across a parking lot
to know every thing that influences.
I'm also not really willing
to give up on many of my initial beliefs

such as

I bet she's never even read

X marks the spot

but something happens

when the can disappears

down the drain.

The sewer floods

because a grape

is caught

in the throat.

A grape is a common item

to become caught

in an infant's throat.

Therefore, peeled.

The shell of the world

rolls across an empty parking lot.

The valley unties

the knots of your personality

and asks one question

just one question:

can you make it up the other side?

You are caught in a valley

asking questions about career

but if you had known mission

the jacket would not have sworn

so readily at you.

Your drink would not have spilled

at the first flourish of wind.

A New Dawn

To found this world in what we have forgotten.

The third spire. We are plainspoken and we are not.
It's okay. We like lots of things.

I may think you're fooling yourself if you think you can stay out of it
By just looking away from your daughter and your wife

By looking away from the looks between them
But I may be fooling myself. There may be absolutely no resolution:

The third spire is condemned. It was an important
African-American icon
But that was before desegregation. Forgetting is necessary, but

A foundation is always violent. A shelf will fall.
A toe will be broken. Be sure you change the subject line

When you alter the subject
Of the email. Similarly, for the tone.

This is a new era.
Speak accordingly.

Contributors' Advice, or Free Speech Corner, or the Blind Assemblage (being the unedited comments of contributors on almost anything)

ROBERT GREGORY:

"Poetry is everywhere. It just needs editing."

James Tate

JOHN BRADLEY:

A woman buried beneath a mound of books. She's here, in the last paragraph of chapter one, "A Noiseless Flash," in John Hersey's *Hiroshima*. It's on page sixteen of my Vintage paperback, published February, 1989, the paper yellowing along the borders. Her left leg broken and pinned beneath her, she's passed out from the pain. Yes, I've been here before, unable to help, unable to look away. Perhaps I keep returning due to the oddness of her fate—in the seconds after the gadget went off, the product of our best minds, the technological wonder of the ages—a human being lies entombed by books. I could state her name, but that might make things worse. Only three sentences long, this small paragraph stands out from all the others. Hersey's calm, precise prose, the weight of history, the wait for rescue. I consider these words plainsong, common and uncommon prayer. I'm glad the woman under the books can't hear any of this, as it would sicken her. Perhaps it sickens you, the beauty of the eighty-two words, my obsession with them. But I warn you: once you visit page sixteen, you'll often return.

DIANE GLANCY:

Re: "*She Variations*." Watch programs on the back-water channels of television. That's where I found men with their metal detectors on Judge Proctor's farm. Fly over Greenland on a day flight. Have a sense of humor about your poetic abilities. Put it together until you scare yourself.

JOHN M. BENNETT:

spit the spread pozole tripa
abanderada mi gorra steaked
an fli ppy ~ ~ queso o
gusano the planks are wa ter
mites spilling from mi boca
guau *hablada*

micturioso y ,mudo tus fajas
de piel se leen ,telenovelas de
moco y yo ,una tostada basu
rero ,juanito arrincon ado ,sus
riñones de pie dras que
brillan como o jo
s

MICHAEL BROWNSTEIN:

Once upon a time I was walking across a large field on my way to teach my adult education class in the housing project on Chicago's Southside trying to find a phrase to describe the way the sunlight was changing the green from one shade to another on the tall weeds off to the side of the wide path where I was walking when the loud sounds of fire crackers exploded the air. There were five, maybe six, police cars in front of the building and suddenly a flurry of action and every car, siren blaring, vanished down 43rd Street.

I was crossing the huge field in front of the three largest buildings, mosquitoes buzzing close to my head, and wondering how many variations of green there could be. The irritating sounds of the mosquitoes and my inability to swat them away—how many were there?—added the chorus of insect to my mix.

Twenty yards from the front door, the large security woman came charging out and tackled me. When I got my breath back, I asked why did she have to knock me to the ground that hard and she pointed to an upper floor window and simply said, "That's why."

The end of a sniper's rifle was withdrawing back inside.

"He's been shooting at you the whole time you crossed that field and all you did was swat at your head as if bugs were bothering you. I thought you had to be one big fool. You just walked across the field as if it was a gorgeous day in May."

I met the sniper later. He told me he didn't understand what went wrong. He was trying to blow my head off and his aim was true, but every time he took a shot—and he took a lot of shots—they all missed by inches. He asked how it was that I crossed that field without worry, without haste. What kind of magic did I own? I could never bring myself to tell anyone I thought I was under attack from a horde of mosquitoes. What kind of magic do you carry?

And the magic stuck. I had some kind of magic so better beware and he had to save face. Before long there were stories of me saving women from bad men and throwing people through storefront windows when I would stop someone from hurting someone on the street. It wasn't me, of course, not even once, but I never said a thing. I just smiled, nodded my head and walked on.

When you write a poem for publication and you know it deserves to be published, remember the above story. Poetry has the power to protect you from a sniper trying his hardest to kill you. Poetry has the power to change who you are and what you want to do. Poetry is magic poets own and can carry around everywhere they go.

SHEILA E. MURPHY:

Perform infant observation and record in accurate detail every gesture that you see. Do not generalize at all. Watch for as long as you can, absorb every motion, every stasis.

CRAIG CZURY:

I can't really figure out how memory works...my past, the people (often all the way from death) and places that come forward to be with me all over again with their voices, smells and other startling sensations; or is it me who goes back to them through time and space. Can't be any such thing as *past tense* when recoiling from a camphor smell or sudden shiver. My Hungarian grandmother peeling blanched leaves off a steaming pot of kapusta with her bony chicken fingers...layers of meaning lifted away from language to form words down to their thinnest, pliable skin. Recipe or poem, I make no difference between what's edible and what's edifying. The same grace in silence with head bowed over my palate.

JOHN DIGBY:

Despite the statement that collage is a 20th century art movement, the Japanese were creating collage paper work as early as the 12th century. Examples of these pasted papers used for poetry manuscripts can still be seen in a few museums.

The Chinese, of course were the first to make paper, and it now appears that the Koreans were the first to have moveable print characters, having invented a system of wood block printing.

In a sense, I have always considered papers, ink and characters as the essence of collage—these three different elements combined into a single object on the printed page.

Asian materials (long fiber mulberry papers and pure indelible black ink) as well as the sense of composition have been very influential for me. I have a strong sense that the volcanic nature of Japan and Korea—making much of the land area uninhabitable—gives these cultures a great appreciation for working within limited space. My own collages tend toward the miniature. My earliest work focused on birds, animals, fish and butterflies with interior landscapes composed inside of their forms. These works found great sympathy with my dealer, who was Japanese, and her clients. I went on to do a series of abstract moons making use of pasted paper and calligraphy after the Japanese mode.

The idea of recycling papers to re-appropriate them is another dimension of collage that also appeals to me. Indeed, I see collage as a medium that reaches into the past in order to progress both by recycling and by creating new imagery for the present and future. As I see it, collage in every form not only functions as a salvage effort but as a sign post, a method that points to the future.

CRAIG COTTER:

I'm being hypnotized Friday at 6:30, and the hypnotist sent me this form. What part of Earth you living in these days?

Hypnosis Intake Form

Name: Craig Cotter

Address: 626 N. Wilson Ave. #4, Pasadena, CA 91106

Cell phone #: (626) 319-1488 e-mail address: cotter1960@charter.net

The following questions are to help you and the practitioner to achieve the most from your healing session.

What is your intention/purpose for your session today?

—Help me focus on picking the winning lottery ticket for Saturday's 88 million dollar Mega Lottery.

Do you have any current health issues?

—I am no longer 19.

Medications?

—All drugs should be legal and I wish there were a pack of marijuana cigarettes in my drawer right now that I just bought from 7/11.

Drug/alcohol issues?

—I've never had problems with drugs, only with police. [Keith Richards]

Fears/phobias?

—At the moment I am fearless. The Ambien CR, 6.25 mg tablet has just about taken me out.

What core issues or patterns keep showing up in your life?

—Bad drivers

—Continuing to lose the lottery

—I only need 30 million dollars and I'd be happy

—It appears there is more time behind me than ahead.

—A problem with Buddhism is it wants me to see the Universe as it really is. I expect the Universe to provide me with a minimum of 30 million dollars in liquid assets and a twink harem. And a twink staff.

What is the main feeling that is attached to that core issue(s)?

—The Universe is laughing at me

—Earth should have 50,000,000 people, not 7.2 billion. Give more land back to the plants and animals. Then we would all be rich.

Do you know your life purpose? If so, what is it?

—My life purpose is to have total Freedom.

Do you know what life lessons you are here to learn?

—I don't so much want to learn as to be given valuable things. Cash, stocks, bonds, real estate, cars.

What are the main ways you sabotage yourself from growing?

—Since money won't fall out of the sky on me, I have been going to work most days since I was 15. That's 35 years of work and I see no end in sight before death.

What is the most traumatic thing that has happened to you in your life so far?

—When we were teenagers, my boyfriend Alex and I stayed in bed for a 3-day weekend. We never left the apartment. During this time it was our goal to execute every sexual fantasy we could think to perform together. We'd only occasionally get out of bed to shower and eat small amounts of brown rice, tofu and vegetables. When, on day 3, we had successfully completed our goals, Alex told me he was getting married to a girl.

Disclaimer: There are no guarantee of results or outcomes for each session and the practitioner holds no liability for services rendered. This session does not take the place of medical treatment.

My poems guarantee results or your money back. Like you may feel, "This poem sucks, I want my money back." Bingo—you've had a result.

Signature: Craig Cotter

Date 6/29/11

AUSTIN STRAUS:

For some reason, I'd never finished reading an old paperback I had sitting for years on one of my bookshelves. I recently picked it up, intending to read the whole thing, and I'm glad I did. What a fine book! The late M.L. Rosenthal's *Poetry and the Common Life*, first published in 1974 by Oxford and later by Schocken in 1983, is full of wise and sensitive insights, not only about particular poems but about life, love, politics, and the human condition. Rosenthal's keen observations illuminate the special and vital role poetry plays in examining and expressing feelings and nuances of emotion usually in an intense and focused manner rarely found in philosophy, psychology or other literary forms.

I took a year-long poetry class with Rosenthal at NYU in the 60s. He was an expert on Yeats, Pound, and others, but I am particularly indebted to him for turning me on to the poems of Kenneth Fearing. Fearing's suspense novel, *The Big Clock*, was made into a terrific movie in 1948 starring Ray Milland and Charles Laughton, and later remade less successfully as *No Way Out* (1987). But it's Fearing's poetry I love. He had a journalist's ratta-tat-tat style like a fiercely drummed typewriter, an idiosyncratic rhythm and music coupled with a marvelous sense of humor I have never come across anywhere else.

If you don't know Fearing's poems or Rosenthal's book, I highly recommend them.

LAUREN VARGAS:

RAWISM: *At its core... poetry is begging to reach every reincarnated soul — from old white men in fur coats and monocles to mud-stained-Hindu-raised cows.*

Poetry is a means to define the indefinable, a *tool* with which to extract — pluck indefinitely from — the vibrant auras that is the world around us. It is not to *re-create*, but to *adjust* these auras so that the non-poet can indulge as well. As poets, we adjust the lens for our peers so they may find “the beauty in the bullshit” a little easier, a little faster, than we did. As poets, we are blessed with a burden: to sift, slither, snake, and search through the drama, dreams, and drugged deliriums in order to stumble (probably miraculously) upon significant bundles of wisdom.

Two words: Raw. Unconventional. When a poem is crafted from these materials — it slaps readers across the face and stings and tingles as they hold it tight within their palms and then crack their necks on either side and then stare at the poem for a few seconds before they jab back and swing at it harder and rougher and with more passion and fury until lightning bolts stab out from the readers knuckles and slice the poem in half. But because this poem is Raw, it stands proud with cut marks all around its cheekbones and giggles a little bit at his opponent. And this makes the reader think: Hm, Maybe this little fighter has a thing or two to teach me.

Poetry is the antonym of anorexic black lines on the surface of pages; it's deeper and sometimes it smells funny and makes no sense and mocks you and corrupts you... in order to explain that corruption

is possible. And maybe because of all this, poetry teaches metaphysical prevention methods: ways to preserve oneself and retain simplistic happiness. The act of writing is like learning to control your dream-self in your incredibly realistic dreams. Harnessing the powers of the subconscious and allowing recycled energy to literally seep out of pores and into the ink is to be a poet.

THOM DAWKINS:

In “Why I Am Not a Painter,” O’Hara tells us about his painter friend who begins a project by painting a can of sardines and ends with a painting called SARDINES with no sardines painted into it. Well, that’s not true, **precisely.** The sardines are very much in the painting, only under the surface, which may have been a more meaningful place for them to have been in the first place.

I’ve never ended a poem the way I intended; the process of the poem is what interests me more than the product (on most days). Yet, there are always those moments, those quick glimpses of recognizable insight, when your brain fools you into thinking that you’ve just discovered the world’s last great image. The body goes numb, time freezes, the universe begins to hush...

...and then you take it to the writing desk and realize it’s bunk. But it’s not bunk; it’s just SARDINES, and you have to find a way to hide it in the poem. That way, you’ll be the only one who knows that you’re a genius, and that’s the way it should be for a poet.

D. E. STEWARD:

Like other geezers, I like to go on to younglings about how they might proceed. As for me, with nearly eight hundred publications, I’m beyond what I ever hoped to accomplish as an independent writer. The only thing I’ve ever taught in my life is swimming. The only classes I’ve ever taken were academic ones – and I didn’t even major in English. I’ve never joined a writing workshop and only have sat in on a couple over the years to be sure I wasn’t missing anything. I’ve never had a job since college that I thought to be pedestrian. And I’ve never published anything that I’m not proud of.

I have twenty-five consecutive years of month-to-month poems that together form the larger work called *Chroma*. There are now, as of June 2011, two hundred and ninety-eight of these months and I add twelve more every year. When I started on them in 1989, I was dissatisfied with the patterns of verse composition and alienated from the she-said-he-said conventions of fiction. Having built this body of unique verse/prose, with well over half of my months published, I think I know what I'm up to.

Cranking up the structure and method of writing a long poem every month is gratifyingly exciting. Irregular line breaks, fragments as verse, missing full stops, color motifs, and month designations are present throughout *Chroma*, and many of its months segue in some manner from one to the next. Allusions to distant places and events are not forced but part of my experience, as matter-of-fact as jumping on a bicycle. The months ignore too many formalities and inflate associations too intensely to be read as randomly cohesive observation. The stanzas or fragments are pulses that coalesce from the keyboard, and writing like this probably was impossible before the computer scrolling. The text of *Chroma* grows buttressed by search engines and enhanced by the ability to accumulate massively from notes, and to cut with the ease of block deletes.

JEFF HARRISON:

A poem raises the wolf who tracks her young as prey. Ruin? It's slumber.

BRANDON PETTIT:

2 from André Breton:

"All my life, my heart has yearned for a thing I cannot name."

"If I place love above everything, it is because for me it is the most desperate, the most despairing state of affairs imaginable."



Bureau of Surrealist Enquiries

OPEN ONCE AGAIN

In 1987, the Bureau (formerly of 15 rue de Grenelle) contacted Caliban to announce its renewed call for dreams, visions, automatic texts, witnessed stellar migrations, accounts of unknown manifestations and mysterious objects, hallucinations, non-directional maps, intuitive music, alchemical insights, and whatever else might draw light from the darkness that continues to press in upon us.

We are unable to disclose the current location of the Bureau. However, Calibanonline has offered its website and post office box, so that all material addressed to the Bureau can be forwarded.

Our further communications may appear in Calibanonline, as we determine necessary. Be advised: signs will occur at any time or place, without warning.

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The first of these is the fact that the system is not a simple one. It is a complex system, and as such, it is not possible to understand it by looking at its parts in isolation. The system is a whole, and its behavior is determined by the interactions between its parts. This is a fundamental principle of systems thinking, and it is one that is often overlooked in traditional approaches to problem-solving.

The second of these is the fact that the system is dynamic. It is not a static system, and its behavior changes over time. This is another fundamental principle of systems thinking, and it is one that is often overlooked in traditional approaches to problem-solving.

The third of these is the fact that the system is open. It is not a closed system, and it interacts with its environment. This is another fundamental principle of systems thinking, and it is one that is often overlooked in traditional approaches to problem-solving.

The fourth of these is the fact that the system is self-organizing. It is not a system that is imposed from the outside, but one that emerges from the interactions between its parts. This is another fundamental principle of systems thinking, and it is one that is often overlooked in traditional approaches to problem-solving.

The fifth of these is the fact that the system is resilient. It is not a system that is fragile and easily broken, but one that is able to withstand change and maintain its essential characteristics. This is another fundamental principle of systems thinking, and it is one that is often overlooked in traditional approaches to problem-solving.

The sixth of these is the fact that the system is adaptable. It is not a system that is rigid and inflexible, but one that is able to change and evolve in response to its environment. This is another fundamental principle of systems thinking, and it is one that is often overlooked in traditional approaches to problem-solving.

The seventh of these is the fact that the system is sustainable. It is not a system that is designed to last for a short time, but one that is designed to last for a long time. This is another fundamental principle of systems thinking, and it is one that is often overlooked in traditional approaches to problem-solving.

The eighth of these is the fact that the system is equitable. It is not a system that is designed to benefit a few at the expense of many, but one that is designed to benefit all. This is another fundamental principle of systems thinking, and it is one that is often overlooked in traditional approaches to problem-solving.

The ninth of these is the fact that the system is just. It is not a system that is designed to be unfair, but one that is designed to be fair. This is another fundamental principle of systems thinking, and it is one that is often overlooked in traditional approaches to problem-solving.

The tenth of these is the fact that the system is beautiful. It is not a system that is designed to be ugly, but one that is designed to be beautiful. This is another fundamental principle of systems thinking, and it is one that is often overlooked in traditional approaches to problem-solving.