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HAUPTMAN • PASSEHL • RAPHAEL • CHUANG • FARR

CALIBAN



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

CALIBAN

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ANDREW JORON

To the Third Power

The cube is very stable upon the table.

The cube is the remnant of a perfect thought.

The vertices of the cube both control and conceal its power source.

The faces of the cube contain an innumerable swarm of points, ready to rebel against the eight privileged points that stand at its vertices.

The map of the cube shows an ocean at its center.

The cube is a continuation of chaos by other means.

Each face of the cube sees only its opposite as its mirror-self; as if ashamed, the other faces slant away in perspective.

The faces of the cube, the phases of the moon.

The cube is a box of eyes.

The cube is a six-legged insect trapped in abstraction.

The cube is the trumpet of an angular angel.

The point at the center of the cube incubates triangles.

The cube, as a closed system, is always cooler than its surroundings.

The cube is a garment dropped at the door of eternity.

The sex of the cube is the number six.

The cube, so rigid in all its relations, reeks of eros.

The brace of the cube is the embrace of pyramids.

Joron/10

The cube is a citadel standing at the end of history.

The cube wants only to rest here.

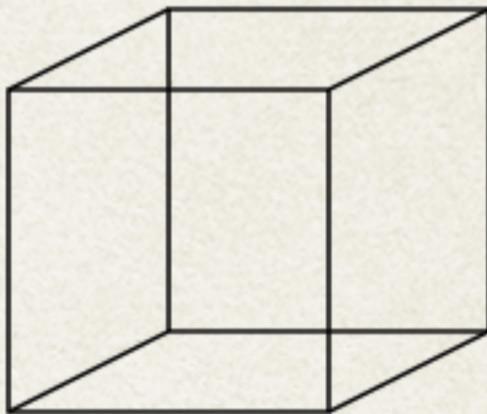
Nature does not want to make a cube.

The cube is a necessary accident; the cube is the wreckage of risk.

The cube is displayed before royalty as the last of its kind.

The cube is commanded into being, as formlessness laughs.

The cube, in order to be understood, must be floated in midair.



An old man walks into a cubical white room and notices his footprints reproduced on the ceiling above. He finds he cannot exit the room. As he paces, the pattern of his steps continues to be traced on the ceiling until it has been completely blackened. He stops and looks up into the pathless black. (Hint: there is a mathematical solution to his plight.)

SHEILA E. MURPHY

from **AMERICAN HAIBUN**

One Hundred Thirty-Sixth

She meant something by what she intimated.
How inexperience bleeds innocence once.

Blond rapture overtakes rapport when it comes to
brotherhood that hinges our young frames, each to each.

Trefoil might have been preserved with sufficient will
by gallant individuals who believe in green.

Store-bought pleasure goes away into the ether
just as I suspected with elastic in my brain.

Discernment overtakes the urge to collapse
into the arms of the wrong side of the tracks.

One Hundred Thirty-Seventh

Stipple with the best of them, drink your coffee blond, examine everyone's conscience but your own, divulge your diagnosis.

The Church needs help with marketing, so far it has driven everyone imaginable away, no takers now.

Coin toss comes up opposite our expectations:
press your sense of hearing to another person's heart.

A brunette in dark peach interviews a tall man mid-field
in time to hear cliché

s taped up under a sock or two.

"I don't envy him," reported the quibbler who thinks herself
a fan, a way of brainwashing the purported super-.

One Hundred Thirty-Eighth

I froze right where he left me: I could feel his gift
erode from my hearing sense of flight, his undefeated heart.

Why do you keep marrying me off, she inquired of her elders,
when you know that I am destined to repair to my solitude?

Whose garden shucks its waste materials, whose infringement
fortifies nature as it is left to us: unbridled and spared.

I earned a bachelor's degree with emphasis in English and
in music theory and composition, with a minor in flute.

Furniture equals the same as superbowl announcements.
The words "a ton of" constantly overused as imprecise.

One Hundred Thirty-Ninth

Fashion dramatizes bullying the superstar:
Bait unwitting do-zilch wimps to claim they hate talent.

Better than the state tree: sketches of the state tree
in the front yard of the one I love, first planting.

Shelves of love letters slimmed into a file,
compressed as feeling that prompted how they flow.

You hover just above the point of breathing on this planet
for some decades, and pretty soon you've been alive a million years.

Youth inconsistently lacking in maturity reveals
Shades of depth and variations on a theme: blended contentment.

One Hundred Fortieth

He comes home to me, she lied, and tells me I am his
only witness, would I vouch for his pure spirit in this town?

His ex- threatens to put the thing in print: her citizenship
depends upon her sleeping freely and uninterruptedly each night.

Whose affair is this, asks the mother superior, an in-lieu-of
father confessor, funneling the lines leading to the punch line.

A wooden flute, sans precious metal vibrato, a straight arrow
of tune that fills the dream, requires no radiance beside the sine wave.

Actors' theater means there is a prophet in our midst, and no one
whose name we know is going to enjoy this for its simple story.

WILL ALEXANDER

from **General Scatterings And Comment:**

If a sudden genie appeared and promised unending life, would one withdraw, or would one simply stain one's hand with chance knowing that a hellish locust queen could suddenly appear?

Only an invincible gambler would suddenly summon his fate.

*

Speaking to myself sans super-imposed inscription ignites as utopian slippage, as voice which lives through interstellar personae. In this sense, an energy which surpasses the Oort dimension, where its force of incredible power announces a new electrical scale in the being. One then has the power to stare through lake after unknowable lake beyond the documented form of terra firma. One is then given the whole field to peruse, and by field I mean the unknowable through its exponential tenets. One then thrives on uncertainty, on factors one was taught to avoid which evince in their leanings forms of suicide as venture.

Creative susurrations on the exoteric plane involves a dissipating balance, a shaken glossolalia ignited by uneven roaming. But according to the inner, or esoteric substance, harmonic shards converge in conjunction with the underlying colour in the phonemes. This colour being the field, the escaping power from navigational warrens. The latter, being microscopics exploding and becoming one with the field, my imaginal body now rising to absorption with the field, freed from neurotic internal conjambment, it becomes an originatory living morphotic.

*

We are not concerned with the inconstancy of law, but with the principle findings of nature. Be they hurricanes, or riots of lava flowing from sudden earthquake phyla. Being immersed in the immensity of

suddenness, not unlike the dialectics of ice and scarlet, nature then christens its own elliptical harmonia as a stark operational violet.

*

There remain indigenous practitioners amongst us who continue to ignite incalculable sigils. They brew ghosts, they place them in charged amulets, they give them as gifts for profane travellers to wear. The latter return to Moscow or Vienna bragging about the phenomena evinced. A green lion, an apocalyptic oryx preciousy carved. The latter being tornadic inscrutables creating psychic maelstroms in the wearers. To the practitioners these are no more than ignited balancing shields intended to singe the colonial wearers, by dint of these hallucinatory figments. He transmutes rays, he filters through distant gravitational resistance, so as to power differing levels of the spectral so as to foster immeasurable contagion in the palace of the populace whose greed and intention of greed has seeded mass of original planetary balance.

*

The American consumer—a pawn of self-acidity through purchase.

*

The transmuted being—

Inter dimensional pioneer?

Leveller of absconded graveyards?

Expunger of perfected carbon urns?

A being who floats above the cinders of code, above the moat which surrounds philosophical encasement.

*

If I can be allowed this conceptual liberty: “Life”, Pierre Schneider writes in his beautiful essay on Corbière, “is a misspelling in the text of death.” The quote is extracted from Beckett.

On The Substance of Disorder: Essay (An Excerpt)

Walking on a spit of ether into the void.

—Will Alexander

“I’ve made a series of little objects in wood, where I start off using the shape of the wood itself. Starting like this...is, in my opinion, similiar to the process writers might use starting from a certain sound.”

—Joan Miró

If I count myself as one who functions through collapse, it is a collapse by which all known exteriors are fueled. It takes no great leap in the mind to know that exteriors are fueled by that which no longer contains the visible as exclusivity. Of course, I’m speaking of the solar fray which burns from within. Those dalmation interiors, those suns which extend themselves by means of azul or amarillo.

You see, I am simple in the sense that the lamp burns beside me and I speak. This is not a coronation that I am announcing for myself, with its burned letters, with its eroded pontoons. This is an area when I look askance at the sunlight, as if I were a tiger suddenly buried in his backdrop. As if I could blink and witness myself on a stage with two caftons burning, like 2 mirrors face to face with some untoward moon sparking its heat by means of its dire rotational centigrade, advancing as a form within another blue profile in the nebula. I say this because there are other systems which self-organize by osmosis, by means of other dusks and suns. Which becomes a double that one can no longer distinguish with the eye. In this regard I speak of a solar or opaque treatise. Saying this, I am not giving life to a winged burial, nor am I advancing that realm where the soils explode and grow. It’s as if I painted a king with burning locust feathers, with grammar exuding from his eyelids, always having kept to himself the idea that the tundra was missing. As if grasping my own forces by potentia, by celluratic compound, which spins inside its phasma by means of ghostly ampersands, by means of unlit chimeras.

I am telling myself a story as if I were 3/4 carbon, as well as unembrangled code charged as uranium and boundary. I have been told that I am a king who could never form himself on a dais, perhaps a form which consists of opaque geranium and ash. Or perhaps a social leper who could never bring himself to be.

I sit here in this tumbling carrion chamber, in this half-lit condition, handling a lobotomized mosaic, rising from etheric kindling thrones. Thus, I am 3/4 throne, and unlit embodiment, working my way through 3 or 4 levels of disinclined embodiment. Like flickering, like aphasiatic shadow, as if appearing as part penumbra, part calliope, and part sand. As if I were a zone of interior compost and writhing. As if I could appear through glass, or rhythms of glass, all the while attempting to transfix a visible mean by dint of voluble counting. Again according to complex intercession, the way the mind dispels according to partial implosion and blinding.

I've only been left with a single letter in my mind, with one state of assorted or infamous chronicling, as if I were nothing more than an acidic state of frenzy. Take the letter that I've come to accept as I. To me, it is no more than a hovering platform, a nomadic transposition, where its upright epithet is coming to terms with its glacial laterality. For me, the letter has the meaning called transfixed and interior walking, a memerics which flows from sleep. I have never taken a step from the iota of my interior trembling. I have never divided its spoils, or sung to myself as a toneless imprecation, attempting to work inside my soils as if I could count on myself as a prone or lasting exhibit. I am no more than fumes, no more than a feeble verbal glance coming to view through blue and meandering cartographical example. This condition by which my advances project according to spoiled utopian trees, with a leakage of grammar that gives the mind flames from a wavering chimerical intent. Thus, I irradiate from damage, from the splinters which leak an inevitable and sorcerous contradiction. Because of this, my mind seems immured in cleansing, in tragic clockwork interiors. There can be no advancement other than the mind that I'm given which masquerades its law through debility. I admit, it remains the sigil as evil, an approach

which bickers with self-governance, which no longer appeals to itself, according to a syntax which bleeds or is self-missing. I can tell you that I am proof of different reversions, or an errant climatology, which dwells by magnetic erosion. It is all I can do to cease my bewildering cascades, my flawed sisal, my makeshift amplification. Therefore, as I scatter lenses in my mind, I can sense my throne as a series of imploded gurneys, or a thread in partial flame, fueled by a dicta of waking anger or motives.



HUNT by Ellen Wilt, 2011, graphite on paper (11" x 7")



FIND by Ellen Wilt, 2011, graphite on paper (11" x 7")



SCORE by Ellen Wilt, 2011, graphite on paper (11" x 7")

JANET PASSEHL

Brahmakamal

1.

How light it is above the dark rectangle. The composition is stolen.

It isn't play, the light. Displayed in the shadow
cast by the mountain. Of the mountain
that was paradise.

She watches what is still. She is the small obsidian window at which
light scratches.

The force of an armed man opens the gray space of lake,
conjures sourceless light.

Eight or nine legs, each one named for a type of love. Children fragile
as talc.

She is waiting out her papery night.

Fragrant, soundless.

2.

Children delicate as opiates.

Who flake apart like paper.

Gun-powder children.

Pressed on by opium, they steal away across the gray lake.

Water like paper.

Wet paper boats, dragging.

Gate That Hunger Opened

feastless dream

no food, machine nor

science of the holy that you might chew on souls

or on those that are only soul and

grow by the grace of sun

once eaten are soil, or weaken, or

vapor

enough is not without the palace walls

the place of spoken

walls nor much beheld or heard

by souls dining

on boulders

climb and sup and hide behind

what might have been divine

or equal, that evening fell a leveling

of sun and earth

ALVARO CARDONA-HINE

The Obscene

it isn't
darkness one can
not
so well make
welcome nor
a projected
absence of

these things and
events
in themselves
within
obscurely
perceived
as a presence
it's

their notwithstanding
in the mind or
in that imagination praised
over native
talent
that one could
be done
with

Big Mountain Photo

in the opinion of
animals some
one
has overturned
a sofa

the moon comes
out of it it
is a plate
on which the welfare
darkness
slaps a
helping of
sunlight

but for whom?

this is just you
leaning
on murdered Indians

As Earth

mirrors know
(show?)
how darkness
darkens

that it isn't
constantly arriving
or departing
with the face
of a face
in mind

but augments
can
surely
the same dark
feature

endlessly if
needed

Mirage

we wait
bright and
sober
for the gift
only
to hear
a loss that was
shadow at birth
thank us

oh
surely
light flies
to the face

one can see it
coming

but

For Hank

my friend
and this
friend I
am are
comparing notes
on a silent
peace
of mind
while eating
cheese
on toast yes
when a mocking
bird
by his singing
sings very loudly
atop
one of the
chimneys
damaged
in the 1973
Los Angeles
quake

Cathedrals and Apricots

they spank the young girl in the darkness

the darkness out of thoughts that come to one
who wanted names without orphans

saying

the sunset stomps on the museum

GEORGE KALAMARAS

Me. Mine. Moist. Exposed in the Medicine Bow

with a first line by Jack Spicer

Love to whatever is loved.

Open like granite
exposed in the Medicine Bow.

1. For a long time, I've lived as an owl on fire in my chest
2. Stars sink their thoroughly sunken into me

I am circling above you as if from below.

I am long and hard and always turning
into my lockjaw self.

The liana in the yard is homesick for the dahlia
drawing last month's rain up out of hard ground.

Open a granite rock out on the Rawhide Flats.
Like medicine. Like thick and slow and home.

I do not pour out of myself.
Go to your room now and meditate.

On fire. An owl is on fire in my chest.

1. Sincere and snow-blown quiet
2. Language that blurs and buries itself in the body like an
osculant ox

Let a bird speak. Let me my talk and now (me, mine, moist).

Most of all I hold a damp wound in my bone.
Wind-drafts conjugating birds current
lines of a poem, fierce and full of mending.

Pouring. I do not pour out of my mouth.
Nor you, your left big toe.

The Western sky is somehow always east.
Colorado is both east and west of grief.

A piercingly blue sky.

I am aching for you wherever you go.

My Death is Already a Suspicious Palm Reader

We fish with live bait as if we, ourselves, never felt the hook.
Tonight, the moon lays its sunflower madness in my lap and leaves
your shadow.

My mother kept a stick at the back door to ward off snakes.
I have the desire to freshly draw a bath of nothing but raw eggs.

The difficult rain is more difficult when carried in the luna cough of a
moth.

The way some creek or other becomes hidden as beaver pelts, I avoid
the caning of many men of goodwill.

Who are they, these bugs of pestilence, invigorating my sleep?
When I turn toward the light, the moon scuffs exotic seeds of braided
sunflower sweat.

My death is already a suspicious palm reader.
I fall forward into the open vowel, mouthing the sound *musk-ox my*
mask, musk-ox my mouth.

If all I could do was avoid being in your diary, I'd consider the
starlight of your confiscation a kind hand.
It is washing over me, as your words *about* me wash and cleanse and
confuse me with what you thought and hoped I'd one day be.



GOLD WOMAN by George Evans, 2011, digital image



UNTITLED by George Evans, 2011, digital image

RAYMOND FARR

Ripples of jane & the Bomb (Seneca, NY: Circa 1969)

I am imaginary David sprinting thru emergence. I am devoid of significance when put out like a light. My harem blows fuses. The wires, the connections, glow blue, yellow, red, & black. My chilled Chablis is a blast of frigid ocean fire cracker sex. I am six little concubines living in a hut near Panmunjom. It is 1969 & still I build walls. The town of Seneca is free as a whistle. The county air raid sirens practice for the apocalypse in 1969. I was the student who jungle-gymed. I was missing some marbles. I was next door to a missile silo. My mother had club meetings & social commitments. Charity begins at home, she sd. I thought Burger Chef was minus jane on purpose. Jane was a lesbian. We called her nothing to her face. I was zero caterpillar hair playing whist with my aunt. I was a misfired bullet called ICBM. I could've caught cold up there in Seneca. I called *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* my dad's dirty laundry. *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* contains nothing about ICBMs. The bait was Humanity Absconded not Paradise Lost. I was lost in my thoughts. I am considered a Martian by those whom I know. According to legend, I brandish a ray gun. My brain has antennae I keep hidden from oglers. The others I live with now bowl in the parlor with granddad & mom. I keep mute on "on". But o the narcissism of Donald Duck! But o the relativism of misanthropic dead heads! On the corner is a maple. Out of the shadows comes jane. We are playing our game of silent movie charades. Let's walk, I sd. There was a Burger Chef nearby. Now I have plastic. Then I had dough. The trick, I am told, is to invent what you love. Invent someone to love you. & love you as you are. Jane is afraid of becoming a mermaid. Our mission was the moon. Now it is Mars. & the Hubble Space Telescope. Some things make no sense at all. Fake spray-on window snow in aerosol cans. TV rabbit ears. The Cold War was heating up soup for me & jane. In Seneca, "long hairs" were called hippies. In Seneca, we danced on our porches. The dark circles our eyes

have become evolved out of animus. The black circle of lovers excluded the others. Jane was excluded. The Russians drank like a fish. Nothing was what it appeared on the surface. We cast out our lines. We adjusted for drag. We sensed we were off. By such miniscule amounts. The tires we swung on seemed tires of love. I have pictures of me with a sun burn. & jane on a dock looking a siren. That is the past catching fire. This is the present holding the match. We are the mirrors we think of as fragile. One of us is jane. One of us is Duchamp's definition of persistent *l'etat brut*. Of *objet dard*. Who is calling now? Someone is asking my personal info. My beans... for your glider? The difference is magic. The currents of time are flowing between. I can't play this flute on a keyless piano.

Managed Care Fugue for Hortence Fuguet

Camera eats a super poem to death. An ode or sunny sided sonnet too nostrum to be boastful. Nadar complete set to drink in good health. A b&w death. Suppose you are blue. And go from there. The flash is never in the photo. You are painting a self portrait. (supposedly abstract) Yr gonads must shine. Or wither like peonies drooping in sadness. It matters only in measure how you appear. To you yrself. I am conflated. I am apple-handed in a vague pool of blue angst. I am disgusted with angst. This summer I painted d'Avignon. The whores wore a necklace and sang without fear. I mustard illusion. Yr bewildered beatnik holding a five note alone in a skiff. A pattern of indifference. A mock death on a moving flat bed. This was Impressionism at the hotel door. That iron you are holding. I seem an empire with mine. Travelling on stomachs. This pond is a choir of one Spy Pond. Where juju is wicked & doesn't respond. The crullers & croissants occupy me with my own little woe. I have six hungry fingers. & starve all my fingernails. Is this death on my watch fob? Or the no name banana of Marcel Duchamp? This tear on my dashboard proves our dachshund a void. Ice folds, sculpted like fingerprints, buckle and writhe. But still don't explain how our wrinkled feet decay. In modern mud. In more modern mud. Than sensible.

DIANE WAKOSKI

If Men are Trees, and Women are Flowers

I. The Nameless Trees

Trees have never spoken to me. No wonder I do not understand
or know
their names. The constant momentum of leaves,
the fact that unlike flower petals, they are never still,
implies that trees are always speaking.

But not to me.

They are not whispering their names; they
are saying “Go away. Don’t touch me.” They
are whirling and they make sounds, but
unlike flowers, they are not saying their names. Their names are
not what I was born with, not what I heard shushing into
my ears as a baby.

Men—whose branching leaves are always dependably rustling,
always shaking heads, always saying “No,”
yet never moving out of their frames,
giving omens of their future departure from me—
how could I know their names?

II. The Names of Flowers

I know the names
of so few trees. But even as

a child, I could vocally recognize
a blue lupine, call out “hibiscus” when I saw its pink cup,
“hydrangea,” when a curly flowered head would nod
hello. I always could be sure
of the difference between camellias and gardenias,
though their petals,
 smooth as porcelain saucers,
have such a similar shape... But the identity of most
trees, remains a mystery. Even now, I
cannot distinguish between sycamore and hickory.
But it’s not just the public names of flowers.
Hearing

a fuchsia chime out one day, I sensed
magenta and purple words; I tuned into a different utterance
and found that flowers
had secret names.
In fact, everything has a secret name, one that it can’t
refuse to respond to. If I call out “Rose,”
thousands might answer. but if I say “beaker,”
only one dark pink bud will offer her fragrance, or brush my hand.
If I said, “Pipette”
instead of “Syringa,”
then that blue flower might turn to me
and open its many small faces, differently, to my own.

I learned to keep lists and notebooks, as flowers whispered
those secret names
to me. Even as I bent down to pansies when I was nine,
not caring for anything but their velvet faces,
I sensed I should begin to listen.

Were there lips that closed softly over
vowels or spit out consonants?

III. My Secret

And flowers, flowers are still;
they remain reassuringly, silkily, lavishly
constant. I know they will never move. “Oh,
syringa, pipette, woody branched
nymphette, beaker, my own. I know you will remain.”
This is what I say
back to flowers after they
have divulged their names to me.

Eros Touches Psyche's Wrist

thinking of Debra Greger's poem "Psyche and Eros in Florida"

Trying to float in the pulse world/
trying to bathe in pomegranate light/
crying is not an/ option
when Psyche sees the/ ruby face of Eros.
A confusion of/ teardrops
with candle wax—no wonder
his wings become Waxwings and melt
as they sleep under the cedars, as they pass
beyond the Cougar Mountain.

It's the story of tension between mind and body.
She's not supposed ever to see him,
only to lie with him in the night, but that one
gesture, her/ wrist transformed
into the paw of the lynx,
and he vanishes forever, or
does/ she?

His thumb strokes her wrist
the bump of pulse, a soft mountain
of blood/ she is his handkerchief
and he, her/ pomegranate
seed.

How absurd that even
in my dream I was not able to *carpe diem*.

And waking, it's the angst I sustain,
while the sensuous petals
fall away.

LAWRENCE R. SMITH

Spheritude

“the greatest composer since Bartok”

within the room, inside skin and teeth
a clustering package
hard to locate, criss-crossing points
all the way up, floating
in brick, softer than drawn breath

seated somewhere in reverse
his punch knuckle lugs
exiting from the bottom of the box
neither careless nor benign
but spilling drops, strings in the act of it

lay some down, solid birds call for
stride in stride, gone here
and nowhere near obsidian flight
loop mode drag, belt jam
a glass trap he plays for night and light

The Stone

The lure of Electra's grief
is a stone in midair,
a jury for Apollo
to cover with glass.
Repulse and stance,
its open ventricle of sky
spurts blue, welcomes
all who stand below.
This stone throws
shadow on pastures
of concrete and steel,
yet leaves a fragrance
of laughter. As she escorts
us home, the holes
attendant birds have
left in our ration of air
reach into blossom.

Luna Moth

The luna moth is a venture monogram
living in green radiant downloads.

Her malleable colleagues, hatched
and alert, knot into the exile of air,
essential fruit, the play that disappears
in the blindness of morning.

Their last journey a dream of ingesting light,
locked down into agate and jade.

CHUANG CHE
PORTFOLIO



VARIATION ON SHESSHU'S "BROKEN INK
LANDSCAPE"—3 by Chuang Che,
2001, mixed media on canvas (81" x 50 1/2")



VARIATION ON SHESSHU'S "BROKEN INK
LANDSCAPE"—5 by Chuang Che,
2005, mixed media on canvas (67" x 50 1/2")



VARIATION ON SHESSHU'S "BROKEN INK
LANDSCAPE"—7 by Chuang Che,
2003, mixed media on canvas (67" x 50 1/2")



VARIATION ON SHESSHU'S "BROKEN INK
LANDSCAPE"—8 by Chuang Che,
2001, mixed media on canvas (67" x 50 1/2")

DAN RAPHAEL

Like There's No Tomorrow

buildings fall and no one needs enough to fix them, so much space
and so few able.

we'll sing the songs from before we got here, nibbled by mice and
mildew,

before photography, before our eyes worked together.

its too cold to get more than dusk away,

half to the mowing, half to the opening of still flesh,

testaments extracted from our marrow

you can shrink, you can moan, you can diversify, spread your seed,
have your name forced on school children, glaring down on our open
skulls

with ever changing clouds representing your achievements

they got angels on golf courses, devils whispering in presidents ears.

i am willing pictures to display on my arms, ive drunk so much ink,

poured it into my eyes like technicolor murine as i pray for a black &
white world,

the gray sky swollen with the weight of absoluteness.

above the sky is a roof so thick with what hasn't happened yet.

a word about to form becomes a 10% decline in global population

since im a ghost i cant go in to buy a drink or slice,

no home to return to, no dream to wake from.

walking by cars at a red light w/ my sign

"I'm dead but money cant hurt":

you have to pre-pay for salvation,
no time to transfer funds, to verify eroding genetic material

Yurt Storm

I could taste the ocean in my mouth is a mountain
far away, shaggy, subliminal, the way the shards have been
placed

if we could walk at any angle we chose
up would mean what whats what not that
in a hat I converted
pulling my hands in

buildings shaped like appliances; people dressed like buildings;
a movie without light

I wanted to perspire like a mountain in my mouth attracting the light
exhales too little rain to not leave a message,
the remains of an idealized bird projected on a low sky, uneven with
wind
as if we only exhaled to attract air to the back of our heads—
a second mouth, like kitchen & living room sharing a chimney, a place
to stand

if a month from now, a menthe, the way thinking cools,
how tasting something you havent for decades,
when the beach moved but the ocean didn't,
the sky slightly rotated & blushed as if sunlight through an elegant
female hand,
skyline reminding me the way she moved like a living fan
would make asphalt lift or swim, the ocean above us
a conversational meniscus, subtextual surface tension:

I dreamt of rain and woke to close the window
I dont have a cloud in the future to singe
my single antenna separating my sun from the neighbors indented
shade

it's a potluck, it's a pyramid, it's the right house on the wrong day,
since the door was open I came in and turned off the lights.

Emptathy

as i'm moving the same speeds as everyone else so we're languid,
able to rotate my viewpoint for subtleties, horizons, sinkholes,
tremblings that can be intuited but not seen

i'm watching, mixing, altering with my off-gas, my random skin
flakes,
as if viewed from multiple cameras, as i look out one of the hearts
windows
when its rush hour in the circulatory system, when the nerves are
outside having a smoke,
air in my mouth impatient for the doors to open

since my strides longer than my legs i always walk alone,
weaving, as if unseen some times, as if a phone pole
in an unexpected place no one has to avoid bristling with staples.
i look down to empty instruments, hats about to hatch,
a window with night on the other side

BRIAN SWANN

Oz

A line of bright names on bright stock, each one possibly it and, when pronounced, more than possible, till they form whole lines following rivers, roads, trails, maybe ancient deer tracks. I pocket the map and neglect to pay for it. It sticks out. She points and giggles. I don't care. The name's stolen. If we hop a tram, narrow as a mineshaft, maybe we'll get there. So we do, but only later realize it's traveling in the wrong direction. At the next stop we jump out, and find a bookshop where I search for maps. I find a pile of linen ones, tough as rope, bright and multicolored. I follow the dots of likely names, each one ringing right, and follow them all until I come back up against the largest lake in the county. It has no name. So I reach up to a high shelf and take down the latest survey maps. Oz, I say. Its name's Oz. Same as your uncle, I say, but she's off again. I have no uncle, she calls over her shoulder. If that's its name it doesn't exist. Rummaging about in a corner of the store I find a bureau, and open a drawer. There's a pile of letters held together with an elastic band that splits when I lift the bundle out. They are all from a Mr. Wade to a Mrs. Seabury. Pretty hot stuff. This seems a sign. I put them back. Let's go, I call out to no one in particular. We take a tram going back the way we'd come. After a while we get off outside our new house. I can't remember if we'd bought it or were just renting. She's walking around and making friends. I let myself in, and call back out to her: it's a center-hall colonial. Just then a lady comes out of the back carrying a large ring of keys, some old, some rusty. Come, she says. I want you to meet the Irish fishmonger. It turns out that the fishmonger, who isn't Irish, has a pet clam he keeps in a cloudy tank. We all hit it off, but I have to go. I have to go, I say, handing her back the keys. This isn't it, I say to my wife. I don't know why we bought here. Rented, she says. And anyway, she continues, Oz is a name in a story. This isn't it. This isn't the story.

Liberation

She notices her hands appear unrealistic so she takes off her gloves. It would be wrong, however, to take off her hat. She turns to the window, where Big B is flapping on the balcony in his flying suit, impatient and ready. Behind her, a row of workers with levers stand beside a large boulder. When it is moved the men leave. A small black and white mongrel bitch she's never seen before runs into the studio and out again through the same door. The pilot, Big B, readies for his final appearance. The director gives the signal. Big B is turning his body this way and that, now somewhat reluctant, pulling his survivor's kit out of his pockets, checking the cords, studying the crowd. When the scream in the courtyard signifies that the ground has risen up to meet him she pauses. For a short time this will become her study, the effect of gravity. Then, firmly in command, she is no longer dependent on mere human behavior, or what she's read in books. Stanislavsky would be proud. At the window she toasts her liberation. The spotlight throws her silhouette forward. She adjusts her dress. She looks down. She takes off her hat.



NEW EYES by Brian Lucas, 2010, acrylic on canvas (24'' x 18'')



FLORAGRAM by Brian Lucas,
2012, mixed media on paper (9" x 6")

MICHAEL FISHER

Meditation

Ψ considers: beer
 dying brain cells
 light speed
while combing his loose hair

Moses once must've had an off day
cyanide like ambrosia
under his tongue (not that Ψ is Moses)

outside sun too lazy to care
nothing grows

even butterflies are worthless
fluttering in haze

trees groan to hasten combustion

Promise

There could be Zephyr
clothed in lilac dew
drops of one-note symphonies
composed by birds, who are no more
and no less than tricksters of gravity.

There could be songs
army boots sing
grateful to gather dust
under the ivory moon, still
pock-marked to remind us.

There could be children
well fed, every night
I see gaunt faces on t.v.
let them be poets
to deliver words as bread.

Ψ
could go away. (Ψ should).

There could be a ball of wax
my muck and sharp bits cling to.
Throw it in a fire. Let it bubble and split.

There—

“No!”

New God says, “Ψ stays!”

Ambition

New God has
rhinestone cuffs

he has
wafer-thin wristwatch

he has
teeth as investment

he recaps minutes
recaps hours

plays all tricks
or keeps jack-rabbit honest

his motto locked in a box:

success a screw job

fuck the exhausted world

(or in case of Ψ
fucked by the exhausted world
the motherfuckers have gotten to him
really, they're pulling at his pubes
each tugged out hair
has a pinhead of flesh
how much more before they get their pound of flesh)

New God: You're the one who wanted to be a poet

JOHN DIGBY

In the Heart of Night

Collage poem

In the heart of night
an unusual object in a tree
could not escape

Nevertheless two legs began to move
like the wheels of a locomotive
with indescribable horror

In fact two sailors with fierce
and great noses were living
there in the halls of heaven
kidnapping children with
reinforced butterfly nets

We found our dear one
he begged for his life
in hopes of saving himself
from the fury of these wretches

It was all too late
his half eaten remains littered the grass

This put us in a great quandary
we rubbed our eyes
our knees were shaking and
the veins of our foreheads
swelled three times the size
of an elephant's egg

Then we heard the ear-piercing screams of those
sailors swinging from branch to branch
urinating with great howls of laughter

O Mother of Graciousness
we fled this place of trial and turmoil
stopping only to collect our foot prints
running before us winking at those awful sailors



HYHYH by Eleanor Bennett, 2011, digital image



AN EARWIG HOME by Eleanor Bennett, 2011, digital image



EARTHQUAKE by Eleanor Bennett, 2011, digital image

LISA B (LISA BERNSTEIN)

Once I Knew Holiness

1.

I climb the bright white steps,
go into the building,
recognize the sandstone floor,
pots of mint, smell of burning lemon.

Back in this life, driving down 80 in the darkness,
one hand on the wheel, I'm masturbating with the other.

In the temple again,
I see the puppet stage
called the Kingdom of Heaven.
On the tiny wooden floor
two men perform the drama of sex,
then bow for the after-sex applause.

Driving I fantasize about the lover who can't love me,
his fingertip outside the crotch of my black lace pantyhose, teasing,
the real fabric under my finger getting soaked—

No one else on the black highway.
Above the rooftop, stars.

If I stay in the temple
I will be sacrificed.

2.

Wafer of gold
inscribed by genetic code

which I withdraw from my stomach
and pass through my teeth to clean.

Back off, rebbetzim.
Watch me squat and pee
then stand upright again
to repeat: this time a different cell
from a thin shelf just above the heart.
So I go forward, dazzling
in a net of light.

3.
In the twilight which is nutmegged
we also smell the charring of a bull.

I stand on the temple steps
with a light blue cloth over my head
of prized silk and gold

singing.
Others know the words,
whisper as I sing them.

Cows on the edges of the streets
wait to go home
for milking.

These semi-flattened breasts
are part of what I hide
and part of my breathing.

Later I will be made love to.
I sing with this forethought.

Man Walking in A Meadow

as a child I thought gentiles
were obsessed with dying
discarding their bodies all day long
like moth-eaten silk gowns
in between trips to the wet bar
the Catholic couple's nine-year-old adopted daughter
defending the importance of the brocaded collar
on the the Prodigal Son in her bedroom
and was he the same as Christ?
she didn't know
while we the Jews were fervent
about what mattered "West Side Story"
"My Favorite Things" by both John Coltrane
and Julie Andrews serious discussions
social conscience

but now
I am adult
on a walkway through a meadow
and I see a man there
Jesus
he's just a man
a soul in a body with a penis and balls
meeting me
as I walk

okay
hello

the whole cast of characters
Mary Joseph the wise men the writers
of the Gospel go about their business

Bernstein/74

I'm in another lifetime already Sumer
holding a globe an arched teapot spout
I tip it
it is black and diamond-patterned pointing to the ground
tea spilling onto the earth

all of us
moving forward
I can look back
and ahead

me
important
as anyone
wave to him

hello

Billie Goes Home

Too many trains
and not enough liquor.
Oh the old mattress I grew up on—
why am I thinking of it now?
Train's cryin down
the tracks back
to what? More sound,
more wishing.
Some other year another singer
won't crawl on her knees
as I do
to you. Oh but you do know how
to growl to me. Growl to me
Mister, please. I can't ride home to nothing.

I see the moon.
See something blotching the white.
I forgot what
until now. Isn't the first time,
that scratchy nothing
like a shadow
over the moonlight.
It woos me, and the train calling Whoo, whoo!
I can sing softer than anybody
and you'll hear me,
Mr. Blotch-in-the-moon.
Do you hear me?
Answer me then. I'm alone too.

Throat all ridges.
Time for a hotel.
Gimme that rig. Fix me up.
No more lonely
corridors.
Powder my bones.

Some Things to Do with Pain

Lean against it with your lower back.
It can be the bass
you're missing,
keeping the beat.
Laugh at the body, so dumbly
creating a throbbing shelf
out of something it lacks.
Open your mouth and make a sound.
Feel the resonance
down to the lumbar.
Shout it down,
the old black sciatica,
shout it down.
Watch each rung of vertebra
light up
with a tone,
brown, ochre,
green, climbing the scale,
rolling through kidney and lung and heart,
the top of your head trembling,
neck tendons pulled
thick strings to lean into too,
the white blue
blue gold high notes
shaking the arch of
your cathedral head
and that figured bass
is a kink long
straightened, a
road plodded
to rise behind the sapphire emerald windows,
testing the height between ceiling and beams.
Now peek
at the sturdy gray fence

of pain
in the path behind you,
a landmark
in one pulse falling away
through the earth, a spinning wooden pole
rooting you to the place
where you sing.

A. A. HEDGECKE

Was Morning Call

It was morning call streaming some emic encoding, ceremonial invitation, invocation mood altering song, stilling wanderlust premise into meditative contemplation, into internalized presence, familiar. After the first dawn, we awaited every other, from hotel rooftops or friends' balconies, juxtaposed there against sky and sound in shared sense no matter the difference. There is none, in that place. If you are in. We came to it. My son and I scanning the edges of courtyards, alleyways, between building spaces for cats looking something like we haven't seen in cats before. Something specifically natured Amman, or anywhere else cityscaped we happened to move toward. It was figs, olives generously let into our armholds by Basma smiling or any number of wonderful soulful women who were so happy to meet us, thrilled we attempted the language, fond with memories of attending schools in North America, back not long ago. It was whistles for children, clicks for calls, weddings every night in the lobby and ballroom, music, music, music and song. It was Sufi chanting away angers and misunderstandings when other people from our countries grieved them with inconsiderate proselytizing, demands, or senseless banter. It was feeling funny when called a sa-vage and responding that's what they try to tell us about you, too, shared laughter echoing back, o Indi Ahmed. Art stunning apartment walls around Ibrahim Nasrallah and more writers' union poets. Wine, Palestinian, opened just for us after being bottled for so many decades discussion ensued to recall the variables. It was humus for pennies, oil so soft the scent of it, fragrant, endearing. It was ahaway for free and chaya for almost nothing. Bits of fruit and deserts given as samples simply to celebrate someone attempting to order in Arabi, like me. It was cab rides through asthma for fifty cents when others

were charged so ridiculously we all gathered round to laugh at the foolishness. Camels and Bedouin camped on the road just outside town. Bedouin, calling us Bedouin, too. King's crows, hooded, black, white, black, hanging around King Abdullah's grave, longing for royal handouts, tourists tolls, guilt debts, manners of monarchy. It was morning call streaming some emic encoding, invocation, mood altering, stilling brought us home in some shared known never faltering despite the bullets streaming, in spite of ourselves. Stilling for a song, singing.



BEDROOM 1, NUMBER 3 by Lan Yuan-Hung, 2008, digital image



BEDROOM 1, NUMBER 10 by Lan Yuan-Hung, 2008, digital image

JACK ANDERSON

Tonight Only

The bright marquee
of a movie theatre
in Elmira, maybe,
or in Springfield, Fargo,
or Chippewa Falls,
in one of those towns,
or another one similar—

a movie marquee
shining at nightfall
not for a picture show,
but for something else, something special:

ON STAGE TONIGHT ONE NIGHT ONLY
BALLET RUSSE DE MONTE CARLO

this one night
this sign can proclaim
ON STAGE TONIGHT BALLET RUSSE—

*

And how many nights passed
and how many years
before the lights went out
first for Ballet Russe,
then for any other special thing,
and then at last for the movies
flickering away with no one to watch them,

and when was there nothing left
for anyone to come to
on that dark street in that dark district?

DENVER BUTSON

untitled

there is no way to un-spell what has been spelled by rain into our
palms
the word *dissolve* for instance the way we learned to drive for example I
have ridden bicycles with movie reels for wheels and ridden and
ridden
until the films of everything I was riding toward jittered on the screens
planted like billboards along highways between here and the next
ocean
and still it's impossible to preempt our grieving by imagining
everything
we love dissolving like the rain in our palms or the trees outside
the windows when we first drove alone or the only photographs I had
of her dissolved not long after she herself dissolved and *now* is only a
word
like any other word. I would pronounce it as if it has some special
meaning
I would pronounce it now. If only.

untitled

what we owe minus what we own
equals a sum greater or less than
what matters after we're gone

multiplied of course by the number
of birds that fly over the moment we're lowered
back down into the earth

or how many sparks fly up
when our pyre ignites

divided of course
by the silence that comes after
all noises

please check your answers
please show all your work

untitled

there's no telling of course what the bird that just landed on my
windowsill
knows about arithmetic or grieving for that matter

or if the moon has overheard me and my daughter going over math
equations
in her bed just before she drifts off to sleep

and if so, what does the moon make of such counting?

and what happens to the sums and products of our problems
after we start dreaming?

do the numbers say our names over and over
to try to stump insomnia and fall away?

as my daughter counts herself to sleep
and I stand at the sink again rinsing and drying and putting away?

and what of the stars is there an equals sign large enough
to balance them out with anything else?

and what would the stars equal we wonder?
our longing maybe? or maybe just the uncountable

the things we have practiced never to forget
and have almost never forgotten them

as we hope they too
have never forgotten us?

untitled

the ocean figures into our arithmetic
just as the stars have found their way
into our grammar

we carry our schoolbooks with us
from play yard to boneyard

and whoever it is who presides over our going under
has studied a different kind of primer

with periods
instead of question marks

and something on the other side
of the equals sign



CAMEL SCROLL by Terry Hauptman,
2007, detail from a continuous woodblock print scroll (27" x 65")



HARMONIC RESONANCE by Terry Hauptman,
2007, mixed media painting (54" x 80")



HARMONIC RESONANCE (detail)

DORU CHIRODEA

17 BLACK ODD

YOUR
REBOUND
HAPPINESS
KEEPS COINCIDING
WITH NOTHING ELSE
WHILE
LIFE OCCURS
DEEP INSIDE
NECKLESS GIRAFFES
WHO GINGERLY NUDGE
THE THAWY BODY HAIR
OF THE SAME
MOIST GOD
OF DRY NESSNESS
FORGOTTEN
INSIDE
17 DISCARDED
CONDOMS
AS THEY TALK
TO EACH OTHER
IN RIBBED TONGUES
OF NO CONSEQUENCE
TO SPEAK OF

144

all of a sudden

the 3 handed
one-armed man
began counting
the fingers
of all adrift angels
swaying by

0, 1, 1, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, 89...

for no reason at all

just being bored

hyperpronged

and catastrophic

like the winged plural

of none

-1

inshallah
inshhhallllah
you the one
all mighty
mostest
& allseeing
bloody blind gatekeeper
you who allow
all
destroyed selves
in
& all the happily crashlanded
in heaven
too late
with
only plus one
handluggage
very lost
but held kinda
by one invisible
third hand
fingerlessly
re-pairing
one catatonic faucet
with
minus one poet
not dead
enough

When? Now?

Right now

It is

All utterly quiet

Just

Microscopic capybaras

Unwagging their tails

Graze in the distance

While

Far away bells

Toll

They summon us

To life

Two-tongued

And mute

LYN LIFSHIN

Don Juan's Reckless Daughter

hitching into mystery,
jiving in the mountains.
she dances to
an old juke box, a
gold snake on her wrist,
old ghosts, lips of
serpents who love the
whiskey bars. She is
restless in honky
tonks, in lace. There
are shadows that
feel like touching,
shadows that feel
like skin. Now all she
wants (since she can't
have you) is for you
to shiver, put her on
your danger list

Nothing Can Be Done

Joni, no longer the
waif with perfect skin,
frozen lake eyes. She
remembers when
her words hit high on
Billboard, the covers of
Rolling Stone. Young babes,
who isn't wild for them?
They don't even know.
Joni writes
"the heart is a lonely
gun," maybe alone before a
mirror, skin not the skin
it was, hair more gray
than blonde. Men she held
like milkweed dust.
Too many women feel
it's too late to start again
but even when nothing can be
done, Joni makes a
song of it

Paprika Plains

She goes
backward in time,
back to her home
town floating off
film run backward
until her gray and
blonde hair goes
sun and she's wide
eyed to everything.
She's in her mother's
arms and still it
keeps raining.
Jungle Gardenia
is on her
fingers and thumbs
as the moon wanes
and waxes,
her with time
ripped away

BILL MOHR

The Poachers

I've waited for myself to be none other than these words, these absences, these privileges of unfolded paper, pinpricks of acquiescent non-nothingness

I've waited for the poachers of recessive genes to convulse again,
a capella

I've waited for unremembered fossils to encircle and squeeze the fierce erasure of the past perfect future tense

I've waited for translators to fantasize about the kiss of archaic betrayal

I've waited for sudden amputations, my unwillingness to be calm its yearning ideas in the infundibular loop of time's imperfect future tense

I've waited for the Day of the Dead to replenish the unflinching mirror of my skull's porosity

I've waited for the gurgling hiss of lime to spill into the burnished green downstream

I've waited for the irresistible feathers of dawn to push their plenitude back within their origins

I've waited for the twilight blades of a ceiling's fan to stop like a roulette wheel within the gutturals of a singular asphyxiation

My wait's rewarded: fingernails like boats about to be launched
imagine the current between them and the shut eyelids of the
ocean floor

Rub there gently and gaze into mirrors of infinite regression that only
move forward

I've waited for passageways of solitude to find a hypnotic staircase
that pedals like a stolen bicycle a thousand miles from its glandular
effusions

I've waited for fate to prove that hopelessness is a blissful refusal of
despair: this hope that chants *not yet*

What haven't I waited for, you ask, as if an infinite list would be less
patient than a fantasized apostrophe?

You look like you're concentrating. Not yet.

You seem as if you're certain of the words that caromed through your
mind's planisphere as you watered the utterly still blossoms. Not yet.

Have you pressured the vanishing point of immense darkness, the
puckering circumference of futility's dispersals? Not yet.

Not yet has no other questions to answer than the ones about to be
intoned. It wants the question you're most afraid to ask to summon
its blessing.



ITCH by John M. Bennett,
2012, collage, ink on paper (10" x 8")



SENDA by John M. Bennett,
2012, collage, ink on paper (10" x 8")

NICO VASSILAKIS

diminished use value two

Distinguish between the continuous here and nostalgia for it. We are losing the nervous stutter of an opening sentence. How people chat from space. Beamed up to the sky and returned to another location. This handwritten missive is here and now. Cannot be uploaded, sent, received or deleted in a moment.

Her fluorescent demeanor remained askew. Made everything else unwanted. She said, will you speak into and through my center. Will you collate our conversations and make a flipbook of them. I detest everything, but this. This makes it worth breathing.

The exercise book made it clear. Have them intend what they're meant to intend. Enjoy communication, enjoy silence too. Devise a hum or a frequency of your own. Write about it. Describe the parts that surprise you.

It's not enough to be real. You have to include the reality of the things that are killing us. To be real is to assimilate what we've become.

It's my fingers that dance most expressively. Like walking around with a grateful dead concert in my hand.

What's it like to be sloppy and to talk. To trombone into and out of sense. Writing in the head. To be fragmented for I am fragmented. What's it like you ask? You get used

to it. So I'm left with threads pulled from a continent of drapes.

We played catch with globes. There was an excess of globes.

The slow and poignant twang.

She wanted to download love, but found she was hitting delete before the file ever got underway. His computer habits were even worse.

They recalled how the river bent just ahead and disappeared from sight. They were lazy cartographers. I was employed, one summer, as a member of a survey team taking measurements for future road expansion in Hackensack, NJ. No one knew, at the time, about my staring problem.

One new hat abides. Imagination is external when a set of conditions has locked you in place. It becomes a matter of perspective.

Under fear of death every night we go to sleep. We travel there.

*

Ink. If you are with me then you are on your own. Ink holds on. Sex and think, both arrive in a sweeping madness we move forward by. The growl has not left us. Tenacious grasp of ink onto any surface—it stays on. It doesn't want to run. It wants to remain. In the shape it was born. The cherished gem rides atop any new neural path. I cannot say enough about new neural pathways. We amass the habits, the usual routines, and are unable to break free. You cannot be deliberate. Discovering thoughts we've kept otherwise dormant. It hinges on surprise.

“What do you mean? (cleaning glasses...looking out the window...hands folded...twiddling thumbs...)

I wonder if they have whole pies for sale.

(across the street a mural—maybe the virgin mary hooking up with a storm trooper)

I am disgusted. This diet coke is flat and kind of gross.”

What common denominators can we rise above? Give me my sugar, brother. Dreams are no longer beautiful, but informative. Amounts of information we are forced to filter through. I might be slipping here. It's a question of how awake you are at any given time. The tree is not impressed by our analytic, philosophic prowess.

Deliver me from evil where evil is inactivity and boredom erases every option.

Discerning a point

In there

In what you're saying

Clamping down

On what

Your intentions

Are meaning to do

The plan is to shoot

A line through every

One of your words

What you're supposed

To say

Facing out

Hanging on your necktie

For all to see

The drizzle of rain on me
Right now
Exceeds anything I might be able to say

The purpose moves away
From what you expect

*

I think I was having a peripheral thought while writing an email to you. The idea of vacuity—of electronic language—the lack of charged propulsion—of words on a screen. It's an old notion now that emails lack emotive potential. Or better put they don't clarify, but through further descriptive. Why is it different during book holding or magazine flipping? The brain works differently through those. I guess it needs physicality. Once something's held up you forget about it. You move on. Yet no one remembers how it got built. And in not knowing you forget how you got here. Seems to me people forget. Not that I know, but I feel I know that I don't know. So it seems antiquated already.

BRIAN SCHORN

LISTENING LAMP

Listening is equally an exercise in existence.

—Eddie Prévost

A Stool for Violence or Possibility I

after Christian Wolff

Uneven hesitated, lifted delicately into a chance of lucid pairs. You seem to pluck the waves of understanding left solid and gentle. Or how you choose to react in an uneven manner indicates how you squeal literally for the keeping of a silver tickle. Happening forward, we skip the particles that mean the most. We lift without hesitation the significance of a controlled stew, the evening depth of all our uneasiness. Everything breathes you say, then everything breathes. Nothing is breathing, so we duende altogether by way of the frost melted off by noon.

A Stool for Violence or Possibility II

after Christian Wolff

Lighter than the level set to frequently blunder. Active incomparable objects divided into the lost essence of misplaced treasure. You weld to the tense time sack of blown proportion. Discipline does not mean the dirty skins have been rewarded their list to do the marriage of flicked or borrowed singing.

A Stool for Violence or Possibility III

after Christian Wolff

Confused. Relinquished. The uncontrolled living dropping pins as favors to smooth. Elements of nature condensed into cobras. Side-stepped

or silk strewn about. Stay on the steps now as if a gang of liberated going makes your eye go there. Down. Go there and shout the single most compression of too many times. Stop the story space that goes to bed each night. Sunk. Swept into passages transformed unduly divine.

Variable Intentions I

after John Cage

Very good intention guided by all the clubs and contusions. A simple nothing saying this is equal in the temple of having no trouble. Overall length magnified by the root of wanting more. Whispered twang continues to efface the favorite stories trapped between the legs of Japanese beetles. Hard case because I am soft. Worried about edges nowhere. Everything makes the use turned upside down. But what is the captured demeanor you insist upon? This wind is wound to points and lines, marking the boundary of how our hairs grow. Repeat the worst, "I wish I slapped the guards of my centering something." This can be the effort of the conversation intended to tame the things we don't see. Yes, maybe the cracks in the window are a sign of gentle caress.

Gentle Jump

after Fred Frith

Cried through the full compass twitch having hit the scene without knowing, deadly. Slowly the ease, flakes in early dawn demise. Boiled maps escaping as a civilization of petrified bird wings whisked through each attempt to embark on pain pushed both north and south. Divide your hurting life into vapors of mice, so you can lift your eyes, ripped out as pebbles. Broken sentiment doubled as a system of limping happy dog life. Squeeze that this gone, watch the shapes smooth away, and don't drag the trampoline so fun. Wrinkled crazy death mat wavered, sliced, wicked, tipped, tongued down every worn alley. Scoured up dungeon dragging diagrams only numbed up, knocked out, crash-landed dregs. Many, many cave lives left to weep. The dirty pores of always lengthy snails. Battery of beatings leave the margin of details dim. Crept completely close to the heat framed by pears half gone for another rest.

All other substitutions murmur of coughs in a weakened state of hysteria. Only now can the liberty of my front door open without a squelch.

Only This

after Rudolf Komorous

Corrupt conjunctions stand up to a twittering lament. Gone in circles. Thistle. That thousand time signal sent to the general public, blown up and landed over there. Snake pit. Don't do that! Double this! Extruded into points of caramel led astray. Say the birds will ring thirty gongs throughout the day. Thistle. Parted selves of growing books converge into wafers on mountainsides of apprehension. Go.

Chances

after Rudolf Komorous

Depth charged funeral lingering through the tiny tinctures of formal ties. Simplified instructions extend for now, forging offness of the self, even winced at the forgetting long sunken or slipped. Distances develop as the texture of liver strewn thinner than the blackest of blanket rage.

Sweat Queen

after Rudolf Komorous

All done, adorned with the wilt imposed by demons. Decided to make the dust rot subtle. Sleep the light from berries out of hindsight denied. Interpret no more without me.

First Perfection

after Morton Feldman

Although I box courage to plow the courtyard free of clutter, I know no escape. Offer the delicate attention so much a surrender laid down to ask me there. You chart the captured clash of left-right-left. Roll over, now it is time to eat some colored punches. Wait. Pleasurable distance makes a horse run like the seclusion of its cause.

Third Exception

after Morton Feldman

Completed the extra process to fluff up the measure of bound acts, thus kind and clever pillowed awakening. Here or there in the lighted hallway that says you stand there like squares of bread rising in the morning sun. Spread the butter with bacon and watch the traffic move around like swirling seeds. Lessened, we keep hundreds of trinkets in our pockets to remind us of the lives we've lost. Cracked or shattered arms sent home with extra postage. Tasted the result of waiting to determine the wanting.

A Mental Slice

after AMM

A couple encounters sliced slowly, maybe silently in a sliver of a morning most cumbersome. Here, greeting killer whales as they hit the house sideways, staying inside to keep the warm or the nice intact. Earthenware slowly cracked out a map that leads to the inside of your craft. Stories of raw meat having accidentally taken the time to leave us and find other places to grip or spoil. Harsh attention pleases the other side of muscular drought. Whole arms laid to rest as logs pushed out to sea. The wavering temptation to excuse the sun and see clearly is a jargon of oceans dumb with recent departure. The "mis-" part of words broken off, making friends with lovely failure. Floats the way to, in and out of making it all happen, maybe too tight. The severance is drenched in moonlight, so tell me you are there. Yes, I convert the smile in your throat as you glaze the inevitable construction of sliding away. Open the door of hours. Help the air out in order to lift yourself into daylight. Lay down beside the natural twist you make with your fingers. The tiny lives controlled in a constant mishing and mashing. Languished throughout, you walk into tomorrow and wipe the end off the fruits having played your face. You are the elapsed inquiry of time, of tinkered things. You push the pepper into doorjambs posing as days lost in danger or detail. Dig out the orientation of your longing such that it blends like ants in pores of lace adorned with reason. Illuminate how you tend to tip from side to side as you lose the chasm that holds

you together. Upright angels through arches of pummeled indignation. The punctuation is mere meat to creep in. No more elevation of the taste to leave here. A statue of the definition unfolds into my bed that I see through hairs. Each contact of the saw blade leaves more for you to see, each softened compartment confirmed by echoes sliced into earth. Come into the already awareness of leftover caricatures. This is all a part of the beauty of well-groomed grass manifest as infinity. Grateful inclusion of delicate explosions catered to spoons or the dangling expanse of your solarized mouth parts.

Chromosome Verse Part I

after George Russell

Uncranked intergalactic conditions disguised as an empty flask of around-the-corner episodes sipping everyday life. Living except laughter as the tongue flips through portraits of starts exposing tomorrow's toothy smile. The impossible capsule of out-there transportation whirled through depths of just becoming a tiny, happy flair.

Chromosome Verse Part II

after George Russell

A few extra myths have slapped the leather well, have commodified the colors of dawn working their way through gracious mountain refrain. Downtown walkways even come up black through the roots of clouds. Wishful barge pushing, pulling out the warbling ligaments ensconced in gifts washed there as stars or heavy spots.

Chromosome Verse Part II: Reconsidered

after George Russell

Play in the determined land of folksy uncovered dilemmas. Warped regularly in delightful infections clung to rituals uncovered, thus flattened flavors including each grommet tied to the seat of your sliding. Mornings more corrupt, so we slightly approach. This darling day flung throughout the canvas of our sunken selves.

Chromosome Verse Part III

after George Russell

To tease the delivery completes the confusion crept from the unity of our underparts. The cosmic carrier of all denial let loose to flap into countless days of crushed property. Horses galloping through gifts of grandiose clocks, the trot so tempered by touches without the wonder of the want disturbs the entrance and says "No more." Here is some joy, some everything to sip on, so the sip includes swinging the unknown for more than quarters.

A Sense of

after Art Ensemble of Chicago

Only the swiftest songbirds uncaged. Now, this is some bitter dreaming to lose the hardened diasporic touch. Help the ringing of lost trouble lay low in the marsh of untold starting. Go to other entwined darted traditions of a probably belief-bounce trajectory. Sift through the accountable past-time of completely cooled streams, fling the ever pleasant eclipse into nights we see coming. Elsewhere the condition of possessive hands of faces thrust in the street light and the memory of common sense. Let him say the spontaneous toughness on his fingertips, say the tough other in a silent tug of war. Understood more as a passing train than the history of spices afloat in your soup. Please tell me the things left to pass by, tell us all the lightening suites having come to visit. Say hello and whimper as the survival of daylight lifts up all started stops. Go on over there, swift slots having gone so far. Jerks and paper bones fighting the length of Africa. Hours keep playing the crime on the edge singled out as a motif of collapsing handshakes. Worthwhile touch of temples torn from the thickness of each flicker, flipped, then flashed into exhaustion. The bounce of templates off to the no-world. Stay here, linked.

Maybe

after Hans Reichel

A comfortable tingle of stretched sublime, leapt from demands said square. Tender tide of compulsion torn to separate leaves of a blown size (equator of the punch). Bagged acceptance or rejection taking place in harrowing dimensions ignored by the disasters of dictionaries? Seen. Please more rapture pulled political as a sworn cap carried to the wooden bottom you've prepared.

Maybe Too

after Hans Reichel

This in the contradiction crafted from the lips of crepe paper. Slippery tugs telling the tapestry to wiggle, to slap or slip into the calves of men already flavored with well-being. Still figures of women might spit if the moments delve into complete reminiscence. This is the happen that is so.

The Wealth in Death

after Hans Reichel

Crumbling already enough countries keep the swiftness of softness alive in a blaze of falling. Steep under the cut of knock-down to take the wooden ball away. Thrown out of the cleaving expanse drawn so near. Unraveled from wheat, ever so sweet the diggings sensation of pulses pulled out and examined (compulsion to bury thumbtacks moved further away). Today explodes into pieces of fortification wasted in an attempt to actualize everyone left standing. Swaggering democratic from tin-tin tortures. Plummet the aviary of fragrant swells and include the whistle of exposed flint. Tell these airs to make a mistake of the night to cancel it out. Play this scraped tangle and club the blubber to please. Establish each hit as a time to use your senses accurately, to reach out the welcomed surface left partly in the noonday sun. Harbors held on to for the sake of keeping time. How about the dimple of division poured into moons that define weeping from sleeping? Escape the misguided corpse in evidence of the slack. Slowly cushioned back and forth, so creeps the collisions that

hardly martyr the inches of confusion made to test aloud. No more
tides to move easily through the crank of night.

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

ALVARO CARDONA-HINE:

I was hoping to begin writing a novel in this way:

Old Simon Waterman was so forgetful that he didn't know he had died.

Of course, I was immediately stuck. How does one go on from there in a serious fashion? I realized I had come up with an insoluble koan.

I have no choice now but to write about Mildred. It is refreshing not to know a thing about her.

JANET PASSEHL:

Slip into the narrow lie of the twin hemispheres sundered at birth. Listen for the music of repair.

WILL ALEXANDER:

Language shifts beyond the laws of habit. It has become in these last dazed years invaded by transpersonal experience. Something other than provincial simulacra. Creative motion is lightning over and beyond the congelation of a book. One's experience then mingling with higher and higher levels of the remote.

DIANE WAKOSKI:

To be a poet is a quest for three magic items: a key, a rose, and a glove. It is not the obtaining or possession of these items, but the story of your search for them that makes poetry.

DORU CHIRODEA:

aporia, nessness, xspirit, nonnotion, xanax, klonopin, percocet, vicodin, adderrall, ritalin, oxycontin, roxicodone, paradox, retouchable, iterability, signature, cameraless well hung arian photographer, improbable pineal gland, mouth one rejects before speech, undecidability, subpredictability, contortionist's selfblowjob, figment of, prosthesistechnics, xenogenesis interruptus, 15 lbs of gorgonzola, clitoral certainty & sergio mayora to go

ELLEN WILT:

At my age, looking back, I realize that my teachers—

Robert Gwathmey	1903-88
Yasuo Kuniyoshi	1893-1953
Milton Cohen	1924-95
Jon Rush	1935-

—were the most important contributors, and should get the credit.

JOHN DIGBY:

Reflections on toying with absurdity:

I have always had a love hate relationship with absurdity. The absurd fascinates me and at the same time I find it disturbing and somewhat frightening. In visual collage I often create absurd juxtapositions with the idea of making them humorous perhaps to offset the fear. My collage poems take a similar approach. I typically choose texts that come from very different genres or were intended to serve very different purposes, such as an equipment catalogue and personal letters. When I isolate phrases from each and collage them into new sentences, the result can be shocking or side-splitting. I find in writing collage poems that I very naturally turn to humorous storytelling.

SHEILA E. MURPHY:

Breathe freely in and out of a vocabulary. Forget beautifully.

DENVER BUTSON:

With very little effort, the word *crowbar* can become the word *acrobat*. And just like that what is used to pry open that which cannot be easily opened, is able to tumble and spin, or even perhaps ride a bicycle on a highwire.

The same can be said for *scarecrow* who lends himself quite easily to becoming *sacraments*. The scarecrow's remains draped over his cross, like, uh, well . . .

Not to mention *singer* which devolves into *singe* and then *sing* and then *sin* and finally *si*, before sizzling away to nothing, or to everything we remember the singer once being.

And let's not even think about *avalanches* and *eyelashes*, lest our lifting get too heavy and we start expecting a salary for our efforts.

TERRY HAUPTMAN:

My paintings, dynamic scrolls illuminate the way light travels through the body in a metaphysical sense, with colors and forms that flow together in multicultural, musical Songlines, Kabbalistic light.

My destiny as an artist of essences and images creates a harmonic resonance, the depth and breadth of memory rising and falling as inspiration leads me. I have practiced painting/poetry for forty years and often bring these two arts musically together in performance-shaped installations. Creative imagination has been my guide, sparking life's work through personal and cultural transformation and compassionate world-vision.

RAYMOND FARR:

What if Orpheus had written down his thoughts instead of screaming at the blood running over his feet? What if he tucked that piece of paper upon which he had scribbled his secrets into the hollow part of a fallen tree then stood off in the distance looking for onions? What then could be made of the guttering candle that blurs our legacy of out-of-tune eyes? The eyes we devour like freshly butchered meat? The nearby

lake, smothered in the descriptive fog of looking back, contained by the broad sweeping poses we end up excluding from our deep human repertoires, simultaneously seeking that postmodern thing we desire like candy. What of the faces we meet on the street, the symmetry of mythos perfect and real, but annihilated by the zeitgeist of an all-too pervasive Barbie Doll glitz? Who is that man woman or dog creeping into our own ethereal pantheon of half erected colossi? Their pen, muttering as though it were alive, seems utterly transfixed on the unutterable points we make of our textual endeavors. The ones we call psycho-language, but meaning a scattering of bird-like energy into the entropy of history instead. The point is: there is no need of making a point when seeming is possible. Life is writing and the act of writing is its blessing and provenance. My advice: become your own psycho-language, then scribble, scribble, scribble.

ANDREW JORON:

My advice is to seek out two exquisite chapbooks by the poet Todd Melicker. The first, titled *The Immaculate Autopsy*, was published in 2007 by Achiote Press. This poem in eight parts investigates the layers of meaning around the Virgin Mary, achieving what I would call a clinical lyricism with its shorthand notation of keywords (“hrt” for heart, for example) and its accurate slicing of semes such as “an(atomy” and “h(ours.” There is something in trauma—metaphysical trauma above all—that steadies the gaze: here, the poet conducts a careful search through the ruins of language and belief, looking for that source of light that casts the long shadow of postmodern doubt. The other chapbook by Melicker is *King & Queen*, an ornately sewn, clothbound little artifact produced in 2012 by Little Red Leaves Textile Editions. The format of the book presents two parallel texts, “King” and “Queen,” as interleaved lines, each text printed upside down with respect to the other: the visual effect is reminiscent of the mirror-symmetry of a playing card. And like a game of cards, there is both skill and chance at work in the delicate round of iteration and reflection—as king & queen appear, indeed, as the double reflection of a single androgynous being. Both of these works of Todd Melicker display a grace and quiet power that is capable of balancing both irony and deep feeling. Highly recommended.

DAN RAPHAEL:

Recently started a blog (languageknows.blogspot.com) in which I'm talking about poetry, language as medium, other mysteries and frustrations of trying to find a place/ path with this. a poet I'd never met before, who i e-mailed about how fine it was to meet him, wrote back that the feeling was mutual and "You take delivering your poems to a whole new level." more accurately is that my poems require me to deliver them that way. energy and physicality. the voice and body aren't just changing channels every phrase, theyre changing dimensions, by which i mean slightly alternative realities (as often dealt with in sci fi as well as 1Q84). For me its all about the energy, the imagination (as well as being tight/efficient/clean) This is a time and place needing massive imagination.

A. A. HEDGECOKE:

ever leave your senses only to realize they were merely a neurosis, a hang-up? like pent up grammar frustrations mixing it up with syntactical punch, the match waiting to happen, to permeate reason, was only a shadow fight. nothing there but jam and bread, without the jam. now the playing begins. touch gloves coming out this time. make it fair. the pen will follow.

GEORGE KALAMARAS:

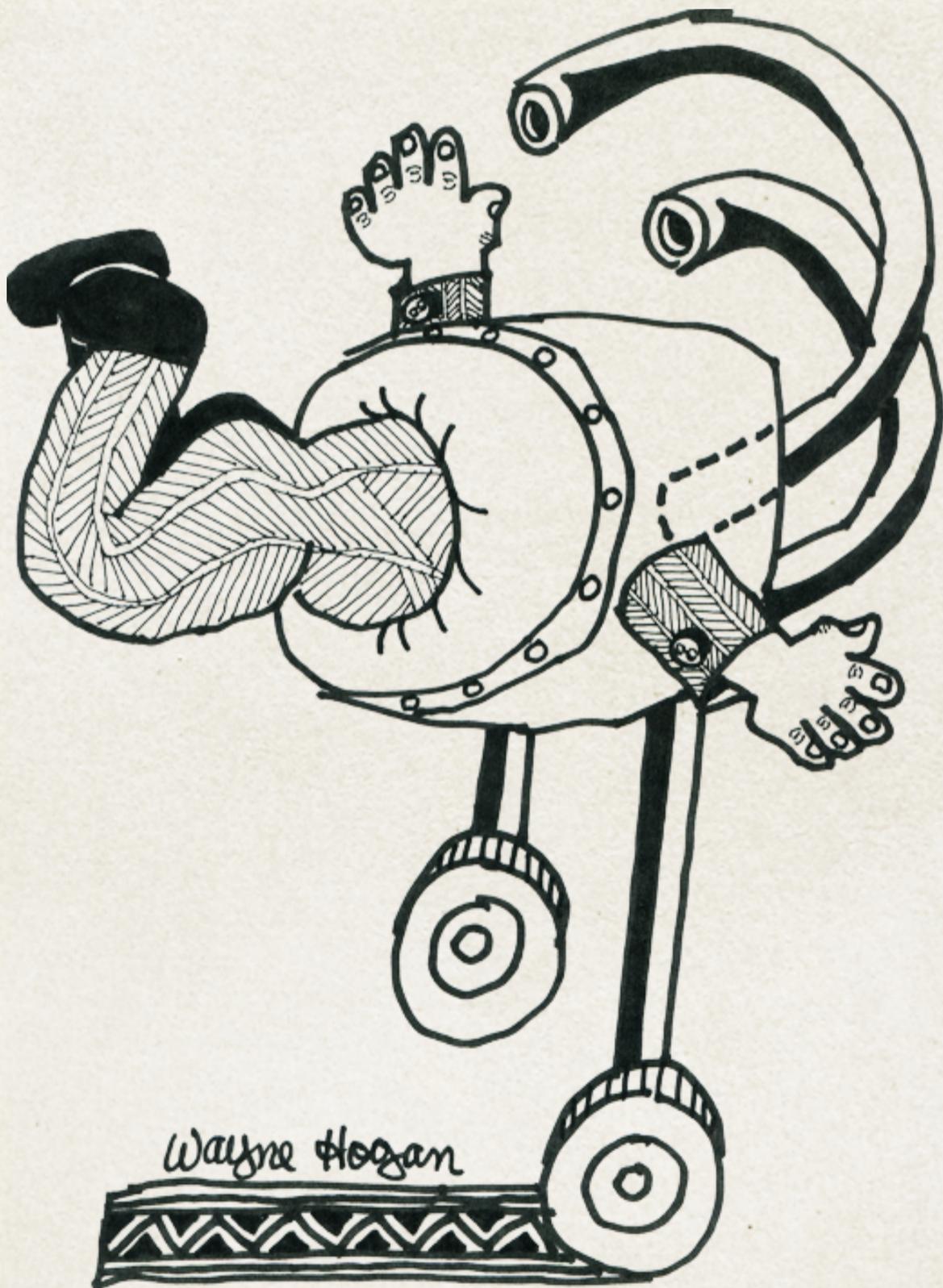
What is Surrealism? This is a question I am often asked. And no longer do I want to quote Lautréamont ("the fortuitous meeting of a shoe and a Japanese scroll on the tongue depressor"), or his brother ("the fortuitous meeting of a tongue and a pear-shaped pearl inside a cup of hot chocolate"), or his brother's aunt ("the less-than fortuitous meeting of my tongue and yours simultaneously in both of our mouths"), or her dead husband ("the hoped-for commingling of salt and an umbrella on the shoe table"), or his angelic acquaintance, just met ("the heavenly meeting of a chiropractor's hand and a sleep mask on my back"), or the reincarnated big toe of a plowman's left foot ("the fortuitous harvest of a kerosene rag and a city stick in a Belgian horse's hoof"), or that of Lautréamont's brother-in-law ("the fortuitous meeting of my sister's corset and a spoon inside a burning lamp"), or even that brother-in-

law's Zen monk advisor ("the fortuitous meeting of a chance encounter with a meeting in the empty meeting room").

What is Surrealism? We must open our eyes to the dream.

MICHAEL FISHER:

The only poetry is poetry that is stolen. Therefore a poet must be a master thief. He\she must read work and steal the vowels out of it.



**CALIBAN
IS
SEARCHING
FOR
ANGELS**

