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"Caliban is hospitable to any writing which, when chewed,  
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#### CALIBAN

Lawrence R. Smith, Editor

Direct correspondence to: [lsmith@calibanonline.com](mailto:lsmith@calibanonline.com)

Submissions to: [submissions@calibanonline.com](mailto:submissions@calibanonline.com)



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Deanne Yorita, Associate Editor  
Daniel Estrada Del Cid, Production and Design Editor

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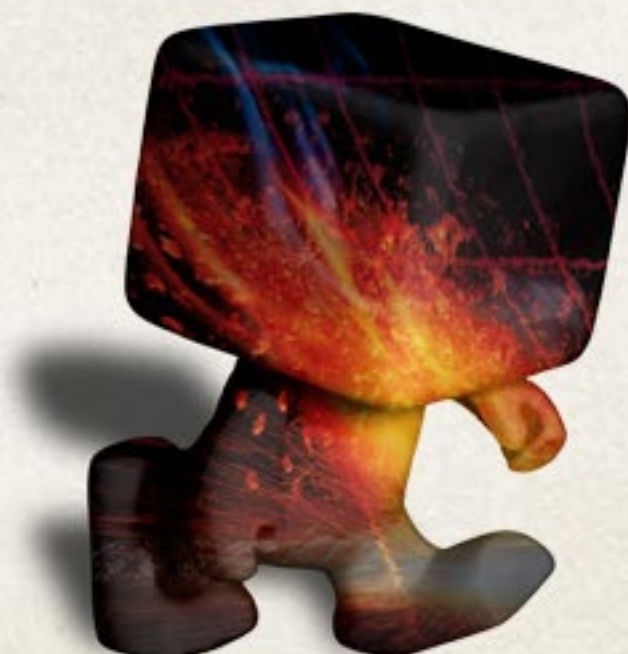
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**CONTRIBUTORS' ADVICE**





DAN RAPHAEL

**If a Wing**

if theres a wing in my mouth, boneless but tendoned,  
teflon feathers cool in evaporating sauce, body cigar,  
thumb body opening in the middle like a gondola without the blimp  
like living in a b-52, shedding metallic skin for windows & solar

the weight of chemistry in leaves, in rivers layered like batteries.  
photo-thetic lasagne bubbling with energy unable to cohere  
as whats below keeps reacting with its neighbors

I move to the wilderness and give all the trees names and personalities,  
hours on our wireless intercom. the squirrels are books,  
the raccoons are movies, each birds a window I could teleport through

when a past adventure shows up fragrant & savory,  
so many vines to launch myself with alternate arms  
gravity plus mass factoring wind surface to air will to distance  
breathing with everything but my lungs—theyre my wings now,  
the topography I'm trying to fly toward  
replacing skin with maps that bulge from veins and tendons.

with wings no arms, so clever feet, mouth with multiple grips,  
belly like a table, mouth like a demolition crew.  
only the paranoid need camouflage

my thoughts have wings, rippling a patch of aerial density,  
swallows so muscular you can stretch one into a bow string  
what I thought a mural are thousands of butterflies  
hanging where trees used to breathe, certain breakfasts on its way



## **I Never Come Back the Way I Left**

only mindless can I tie knots, as if my fingers have their own discipline  
when the hands knead, stroke, follow verbal cues,  
music no one else can hear, like a bassist whose internal clocks  
    wavering,  
like a heart that refuses to march, swooping from tango to waltz  
    to wildness

when the horizon disrobes and the worlds luminous ley lines  
transmit to all available antennas & ears, each pond unable to censor  
    the fish,  
the water in the asphalt inhaling each note, letting none out

what would the puddle of my body be refined into by eons of pressure  
    and neglect  
like a mountain where each memory is a hushed wind,  
rolling miles in million threadcount cotton,  
as if each time I sneeze a thousand others might understand, feel  
    the itch,  
align the vertebra not to cook by blending but letting the ingredients  
    socialize,  
masked or not, familiar or just arrived

coming in from the rain I play the music on my shirt,  
a sonata in tomato & grease, connecting the dots on my glasses  
grow asymmetrical prisms recoloring now with aromas, electricity,  
past stains budding like april's first, a knocking where theres no door

every time I try to circle the earth my name changes, what people  
    know of me;  
this time I'm shaved clean by anonymous name and actions,  
everythings too close together to throw for any distance.  
as if the only trees are in gullies; as if all mountains are invisible



but so well spread a day doesn't go by without climbing in place,  
remembering how to fall up, how to inhale so muscular my body  
launches



**Without Angels**

we walk through the malls sparsely parked lot after a movie about half  
our lives,  
90 degree wind whichever way I turn  
held open no matter  
I don't want to stay out here & grow  
torn off the wall, wall torn off space  
no one calls cause theyre paralyzed by the news too fast to avoid.  
I breathed with my eyes closed and now I see how dark the air is  
reaching so many tentacles inside me, from the lungs to the rivers  
to the centurys trees that shelter us from nights sloppy hammers

is that ice cream on my breath  
is refrigeration the opposite of time  
only the rich get winter only the rich get to keep their skin.  
if I over-question I'll go blind before I stop falling  
two big hands kneading my face into the sticky light,

I keep putting my hand out for another to shake it or hurt it or put  
something in  
as the houses are locked into tiny apartments,  
apartments compressed like honeycombs without sweetness  
or local walls,  
walls from when we tried to escape—the harder you hit  
the more you leave behind, bruises that'll never see the sun.

driving home in the hot orange wind I saw no one—  
cars without drivers, stores closed, empty motels,  
nothing in the fry baskets—why didn't I evacuate like the others?  
theres so much electricity with so few users it leaps from the outlets,  
craving attention, wont somebody drive me to a hot exhaustion,  
use me up, grind me down, take one match to light the whole box  
of em



like knowing where to stand when the feds burn the pot fields  
who knows how much of any body reaches the crematorium,  
ashes in my coffee, ashes fortifying bread,  
you know whose blood I've streaked on my face:  
death is acid is accumulated time the universal solvent nothing  
can contain

down here in the dilute wind of heartbeats traffic songs  
and chatter.

we couldn't hear bones the size of fallen skyscrapers  
succumbing to 70 years of stress & mismanagement

don't catch the dust in your hands,  
don't swim outdoors near a city power plant landfill prison  
whoever can eat asphalt and concrete will survive here, skinned  
like that,  
baked like untreed earth with so much jammed together in random  
alliance  
repaying a sliver of debt, evincing a sliver of benefit



## SILVIA CURBELO

### **Ruby**

Every storm is Jesus  
chasing spirits, twister  
blowing through the clothesline  
of the dead making waves.  
There's a sure thing in the high wind,  
old as some stick in the ground.  
Time makes an hourglass  
out of anything.  
Forget thunder, forget  
the reckless past.  
Keep your hymns short  
and your fuse shorter.  
Tell your children there's  
no free ride to the reckoning,  
no blaze-of-glory color  
to paint this wicked world.  
Blue is some skinny dog  
lapping brown water  
on the side of the road.  
Green is his cup of sorrow.  
Red is for knowing who's blind.



## **What Hope Is**

Think of the weight of tenderness  
or faith. What is willed, what

is opened. The way someone whispers  
someone's name into a glass, then empties it,

swallowing that small word.



## SHANE JESSE CHRISTMASS

### **The Girl with an Area of Solid, Unrelieved Black Swell**

I'm merely broadcasting information to keep the rioters up to date. The soldiers' outside endeavour needs to be alarmed. The day following today, The Concierge will wake up wrong, incorrect, nightmarish, scared, drained from a practical blessing, hounded by provost marshals, riots not anticipated. The images inside The Concierge's head become bad with continuity, no interest, he endeavours to do his best, the crackling of flames is heard, mischievous, a tyrannical act, and as he awakes The Concierge is interrupted by another police siren, a sound moving into his mind, deeper together, locking him up in The Hotel like a dogmatic basilica. The riots occur, for the most part, in the month of April. In an interval from the violence, The Concierge ventures out and looks at the ruins. The people immediately give chase, making the mob harass The Concierge. He begs them for clemency, advises he will build a new Coal Town, take them to die at rest within new dwellings that he will build west of the city. A herd of hornless cows move into the outer reaches of downtown.

"Would you ever kill the first person that advanced upon you?" The Concierge asks me.

The Concierge pins me down, tries to take a bite, a big chunk out of my throat. I push him off like he's a sloppy lover. He's ineffectual. He grovels on the carpet, crawls into the bathroom, shuddering against the white-tiled wall, splashing himself in massage oils, all damp and with a lysergic urge to kill, to embrace, to possess the bitter language of fellow citizens. Elections of a few local police officers. There's the danger of a general outbreak of hostility, which will end in a picturesque fashion. Careful teachers of bloodshed, The Porters, kept under restraint, all this to silence the opposition to The Concierge. Subsequent events prove



the amazement of viciousness, fear eagles embroidered like symbols of lightning. I'm hastily spitting out the back window of the cab, a honing stone, sharpening a two-edged sword, cutting it both ways across the leather upholstery of the taxi. There's a girl crossing at the traffic lights, she has an area of solid, unrelieved black hair swelling under her bonnet. She's the girl, black swell.





*MOE ELEMENTS OF THE FLOATING WORLD*  
by Yumiko Glover, 2011, oil on canvas (75'' x 63'')





*MOE ELEMENTS OF THE FLOATING WORLD*  
by Yumiko Glover, 2011, oil on canvas (48"x60")



BOB HEMAN

### **INFORMATION**

The door is adjusted to wherever it is placed. What is found when it is opened is always different. There is a man or a bear or a chicken. There is a woman who has wings and a box that cannot be opened. There is a small machine that will listen if they speak to it. When it answers they must act surprised.

### **INFORMATION**

Sometimes the machines hide so the bears can't find them. Sometimes they speak the language of the trees. Each machine works differently even though they all look exactly the same.

### **INFORMATION**

The men were different enough to be counted. The windows were closed until they arrived. There was a wall they had to move before they could see the sky.

### **INFORMATION**

This was the word that made the door open and the sign that made the woman blush. This was the mirror that was always empty and the sea that was not yet complete. This was where the plants were planted each time. And where the animals were forced to walk in a single line.



## **INFORMATION**

They speak the way their mothers spoke, the way their teachers spoke, the way they repeated what they heard before they knew what meaning was.

## **INFORMATION**

They think there is a story inside each tree, inside each animal, inside each building. They think there is a story that explains where the bears come from, that explains why the sky ends where it does, that explains the difference between the woman and the car. These are stories that cannot be entered into easily.

## **INFORMATION**

The row of elephants is not enough to balance the disruptions to the horizon. Each time one enters the machine another is forced to leave. The difference is the distance between what is seen and what they can actually describe.

## **INFORMATION**

The circles a kind of accident where the forest becomes too wet. They draw lines to connect the bears and frogs but always forget the trees. The princess arrives without any fanfare. Her eyes are larger than they need to be.

## **INFORMATION**

Even your dreams are dreams.



LYN LIFSHIN

## Ring

Let's say you, even though you know I mean I, found this ring in your mother's closet in a shoe box of what mattered: letters from the man she couldn't marry, pale blue ink on blue paper, bluesy letters. Papers from the dog she would never not long for. Then you see the ring, *Clara*, etched on the 18 k gold. Do you feel you've been shaken by a ghost tho the name's not familiar? Or maybe you ask every living relative, most who won't be for long: *Who is Clara?* If I were you, I'd write poems with that title, put the ring in a safe deposit box. What would you think, before a trip to Peru, getting a letter that Clara Lazarus died without a will? Would you try to track her down, you with the ring in your drawer or lock box? Go to the deaths in Wilmington where all the Lazaruses lived? Let's say you are leaving for Paris, not Peru and the lawyers want you to sign. Wouldn't you like some family history? Something about this woman whose ring in a room you used to sleep in mystifies? Intestate they will tell you it takes so long, how they will search Europe for more relatives. Wouldn't you want to know more about this Clara whose



finger is close to the size of your own?  
The family tree they wrap the check in is a  
mess. Jesus, you knew more not even  
hearing of Clara. When you go to  
slide on the ring, as if to enter her life the  
only way you can, the ring is missing. On  
the one you thought it was, nothing is  
etched inside. After months of re-checking  
jewel boxes, banks, would you begin  
to think her name could have dissolved?  
If it had slid thru your fingers, would  
you think it is elusive as a soul?



**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



## CHRISTOPHER REY PÉREZ

### **Mad Love**

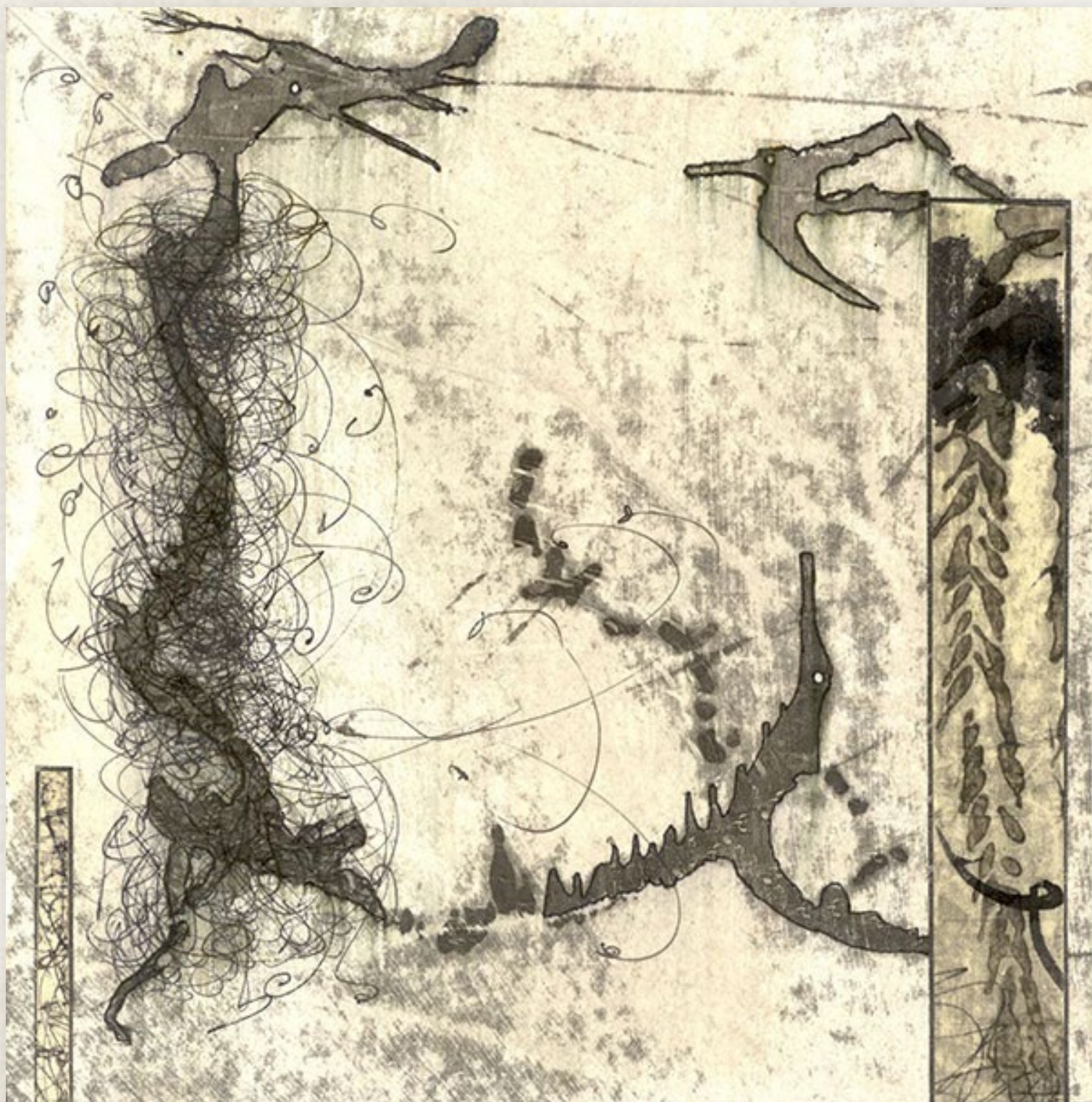
At la Feria de Mataderos  
  playing Breton  
and Giacometti  
  with the criollo masks  
sizing invisible and present  
  objects of desire  
changing  
  right under  
  my eye I bought  
a bombilla  
windowpanes  
  an extinguisher in  
a matchbox in  
  the live fairy tale  
I put everything





ALBERTI 1 by John Digby, 2002,  
black paste and ink on paper with collage elements (8"x8")





ALBERTI 2 by John Digby, 2002,  
black paste and ink on paper with collage elements (8"x8")





WHERE'S THAT CAT by John Digby, 1984,  
paper collage with black and white ink drawing (12" x 9")





JUST DESSERTS by John Digby, 1985,  
paper collage (6" x 4")



# KENYATTA JEAN-PAUL GARCIA

## **Maybe This Time**

Maybe this time  
the one with the subtle shape will do  
something to imagine  
to think of carving  
of welding

One without sands falling

Maybe one with sands fallen  
now palm and coconut  
a breeze off the waves  
a place to think of few items  
in case of desertion.

This chance when maybe allows  
one withdrawn  
from molds –  
instead – one blown by hand  
spun and cooled.

Allowances not made for alteration  
only questions.



**Disbanded Noon**

Disbanded noon  
found other ways  
to spend the day done  
gone the sun

To corners to cross far from lakes, hills, sky  
scatter for a drink.  
All is well  
the city safely rests  
relaxes  
2,3,4,5 vacates followed by evening  
moves South  
finds a dream roadside  
waiting for a djinn or a drunk  
and takes a ride.



**Reflection Is Really Like**

Barrenness sits proximate

The other side of cracked ice  
taking all tautness  
stretched and stable –  
away  
before spring  
enters with a drizzle  
for seeds  
looking to start  
too soon.

A trap set for eagerness  
as frosts have a way  
of not giving up so easily  
on winter

Each cleavage is so tempting  
and cold wants  
its way with it  
no thoughts for buds  
waking beside the pond  
waiting to see what  
a reflection is really like.



**Better Gift**

Fire was a better gift  
than hope

Inventive potential  
to cut through chaos

As idyllic notions scrape themselves together  
a line at a time  
to form  
a bit musing of optimism  
against a carved future

Which only heat can melt down  
and re-form.



## BRANDON PETTIT

### Horse Without Water

My father was a metaphysician with a car of sticks.

He carried me from home to home preaching the good word of,  
“Onward.”

That was my father’s religion. “Onward.”

Each house we stopped at had another family with another religion;  
some willing to help us.

At more houses than I care to remember my Father had our vehicle  
thrown out of the yard.

“The galaxy does not provide wind for free,” one one-eyed  
Man told my

Father as I played in the yard with the Man’s daughters  
kicking a half-chewed rock back and forth,

their dog waiting to follow us home.



## Going Somewhere

Like lost ships of confetti  
inside empty beer bottles  
she pleads

*leatherbelt my ass until I shake without language  
and look like a blood-red heaven  
heaving for the clouds*

*from my wrinkled sea of soft-  
shuttering bed sheets*

Where, she says, like a drunken sunset,

*Please dive in and save me.*



## Before You Know It

As if clumsily a stereotype  
your local Artist trundles  
down the street  
with a mustache and a picture of you  
drunk and high  
at five.

The story you painted for your doctor back in March continues

spotting you one pound per page  
and keeps hiding your ending  
in hospital gowns, on windblown  
street corners, at the sound rumbling quietly  
in the detritus sections of your heart  
where some days you fall asleep, dreaming of a book,  
somewhere, anywhere two people can meet in a tangled  
sentence of day  
and change their fortunes with a kiss as the train  
passes them by and fate  
can ignore them no more,  
like the Gunman that passes you in the supermarket  
and says, *Tomorrow is Your day to die.*

And such is the morning when you awake  
to the toothy grin of that lifeless stickfigure  
lain over your newspaper on the stoop,  
soaked in whiskey like the bit-lip drunk word  
you had once been  
wearing as a deformed cross of beliefs.

And such is life, where Childhood,  
long aware of voodoo and headless chicken mistakes  
where since becomes sense becomes cents—



reminds the body of the broken side of time  
and how quickly the mind can turn black,  
at any minute, letting the hands fall empty  
into behaviors that hurt no one less than your loved ones

And hurriedly Childhood begins scurrying about your rooms,  
gathering all picture albums and letters into a pillowcase,  
pouring gasoline down the heating vents  
and walls of your heart  
before the blinds are closed  
and your soul is offered an apology  
and a bucket of water  
before your Dog and Childhood can be seen  
running from the scene.



MARK YOUNG

**A line from Giorgio de Chirico**

Cretans are still a  
problem, even when  
subsumed into sets  
of syllogisms. They're

risky cargo, will en-  
danger the safety  
of any ship, in the  
same class as guano

or green hides if taken  
on board.

Epimenides  
smiled & found the

comparison amusing.  
He was on dry land,  
thinking of Lindsay  
Lohan, thinking of

*The Wretched of the  
Earth*, & how, if put  
together, he could make  
something out of that.



**A line from Lorenz Hart**

Unless toughened with  
elastomer, nano-  
composites fall apart  
at different rates. It's

why Hemingway wrote  
standing up, late in  
life, & why, even with  
competition from under-

sea fiber optic cable, the  
lemurs could survive.  
Each state has its own  
peculiar essential services.

But. My head is just a hat  
place. The needs of any  
organization minimize the  
evolution of the individual.

RICHARD KOSTELANETZ

From *GHOSTS*

**STRIVES  
CHICK  
PERSECUTE  
DECAYED  
PLAGIARIST**



**CONSTANT  
PLEASE  
MARKET  
LANGUAGE  
ATTRACT**

**TREE  
PARADOX  
RIDGE  
TRANSITION  
OCTAVE**



**FREED  
REVENGE  
WORD  
FAMILY**

**ROOTS  
NEVER  
PETAL  
SEEMED  
GOLD**



**MINISTRY  
DREAM  
HELPLESS**

## TERRY HAUPTMAN

### **Sulphur Sky**

*for Carol*

In dreams  
Wandering through the Jewish Community  
Of Tangier  
In the Marketplace  
And through the Calle Sinagoga  
To the city's oldest Synagogue  
House of Prayer  
In the heart of the Medina's  
Jewish corner  
And to the cafes  
Listening to ghosts  
Speaking Haketiye  
The Spanish Jewish dialect  
Of Morocco  
Through the bazaars  
Of the living moment  
Where birds fly with promise  
Through your soul

Riding your bike  
To the oldest Temple in Tunisia  
In El Grib  
On Jerba Island  
The Women's Temple  
Where treasures were held from the desert  
Where the rabbi blessed you  
And you carried this spirit  
Away with you as song.



After 9/11 Someone drove a truck  
Through the temple  
As turbulent winds  
Surround you in Vermont  
As mourning doves  
Sit on the fence of hope  
And leaves red-bud heart-shaped  
Are set ablaze  
In the old city of  
Blood and praise  
War and Devastating  
Diaspora

**In Coldspring, Minnesota**

All those years of living on granite  
With cold hearts  
Your grandpa hid his Lakota Indian  
Russian Jewish heritage  
Here, in Coldspring, Minnesota  
Passing as German to fit in.  
Who would believe his stories?

Only you his granddaughter  
Know how to bring forth the concealed heart  
Of what is  
Beyond the politics of lying  
The politics of dying  
Without daily language  
Into the next world.





ABANDON HOPE ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE  
by Miguel Saludes, 2012, oil on canvas (38'x34'')





NET WEIGHT by Miguel Saludes,  
2012, oil on canvas (20'' x 30'')





**PASSAGE INTO THE UNKNOWN**

by Miguel Saludes, 2012, oil on canvas (34" x 34")



TIM KAHL

**Viscose, Rayon, Modal, Tencel**

a Christian rustler has no symbol  
among the myths of American apparel

synthetic fibers arise  
from clashes between  
Pythagoreans and Platonists

vile women inspire pagan gods  
to believe in plastics  
accept ideology of  
the Carolina sky

a bathrobe for all of Europe  
worn as strategy to persuade  
orthodox merchandisers

A Cossack's concern:  
new wine into old wineskins  
welcomes the refashionista

catalog shoppers invite  
the new class crisis  
micro messaging overtakes  
mass media and vice versa



RAY GONZALEZ

**Bald Eagle North of Shelby, Montana**

We spot it from a hundred yards away,  
our car throwing dust across the dirt road,  
the huge eagle perched atop a telephone pole,  
empty prairie and distant mountains bringing  
us closer, the bald eagle waiting for us.

The bird grows larger as sunlight  
flashes across the wires, a message  
reaching us in the middle of nowhere,  
the closest town 80 miles away,  
yellow fields empty of trees, though  
the eagle must have a place to go when  
it lifts and spreads.

\*

Years ago, I found a dead hawk  
on my trek through Cochito Canyon,  
came upon it sweaty and out of breath,  
the valley below opening like a green  
blanket, the brown and white feathers  
of the hawk bristling with ants that  
carried its secret into the earth.

\*

When we returned home from  
Montana, I couldn't see clearly.  
When I thought about what it was,

I waited for the giving shadows  
because the empty road stayed that way.

When I took another look, getting  
near the eagle was only a moment  
on a dirt road like the hiker staying  
in the canyon to practice the story  
of the eagle and hawk, so he could  
descend with his words because,  
that day, I slowed the car down and dust  
covered us in a cloud as the eagle sprang  
off the wires, its wings shadowing the car,  
its thick body rising beyond our sight,  
pebbles on the gravel road ringing  
against our vehicle as we moved  
before something else happened  
and the eagle could lead us  
in the wrong direction.

\*

I left the dead hawk in the canyon  
those many years past,  
haven't told anyone its tiny head  
was gone, someone or a creature  
removing it from the body,  
the mutilated hawk visiting me  
in a dream where I paused  
and turned into the trees, calling  
myself names someone called  
me long ago, those wings  
ascending in a different light  
because the road to the eagle  
had always been there  
and the hawk in the canyon  
would vanish to be seen.



MATTHEW P. GARCIA

**Gilpin County Blues**

You saw it on the highway stretched out on the blacktop  
And drove past it without stopping  
You encountered it in deep passes and shielded your eyes  
Your load dragging behind you

And when you heard it once  
It whistled like a train and flew by you  
Your heart ran wild as you caught your breath  
The moonlight thick and purple

You dreamt you followed it in a crowd  
But couldn't get close enough to touch it  
It twisted violently in the air  
You carried it on your shoulders until it could walk  
And never saw it again

You dreamt, alas, you followed it in a crowd  
Your sensuality prognosticated and eulogized  
There was no greater mountain to overcome  
No full sun to shade with the flickering veil of hunger





ANIMAL HOUSE by Alejandro Garcia,  
2011, encaustic and shellac on wood (5 ½" x 7 ½")





VOYAGE NO. 1 by Alejandro Garcia,  
2011, encaustic, acrylic and oil on wood and paper (6 1/4" x 8")





LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE by Alejandro Garcia,  
2011, encaustic on wood (8"x 5")





LONG WAY HOME by Alejandro Garcia,  
2011, encaustic, shellac, and graphite on wood (9" x 5")



SHEILA MURPHY

**Peer Revue**

Sanskrit isn't durable  
enough. One seeks  
fidelity as a plain  
commodity,

the likes of which  
one scrambles  
to retrieve, against  
granular wind.

The object under  
analysis happened  
to be female, branded  
by her immediate superior

as peerless, aka  
“peer-free,”  
within a suite  
called C.



## CHARLES HOLDEFER

### Dick on a Plank

(Washington) Former Vice-President Dick Cheney surprised observers by expressing satisfaction about Barack Obama's re-election because he's always had an irresistible urge to "pinch his little cheek."

He also admitted that he lied about Iraqi weapons before the war, and that the Bush team failed at nation building.

Mr. Cheney made these statements over the weekend in a secret interview at an undisclosed site, where he was strapped to a plank with a sheet wrapped around his face, on which water was poured until he experienced a gag reflex.

He also announced that he was also pleased to confirm that U.S. interrogation tactics continue to respect human dignity and international law.

"Americans have never tortured," he said. "Why can't people get that straight?"

When pressed for details, he elaborated, "Listen, I don't always see eye-to-eye with journalists, but in interviews I've never experienced organ failure, or even the sensation of organ failure, OK? And I really appreciate the fact that you didn't bend my glasses."

In a lively conversation conducted while naked, Mr. Cheney revealed seldom-seen sides of himself. At times he seemed evasive or inclined to squirm. But several themes emerged again and again as the former Vice-President worked to stay on-message. He complained of being misunderstood, and a number of times he was heard to remark, "Why's it so cold in here? *Why?*"

Mr. Cheney also displayed a more tender and emotional side than is sometimes apparent in his public appearances. Asked if he was still optimistic about the future, he said, "*Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!*" and "*Grruuuuuuurrr!*"



Later in the same interview, Mr. Cheney confessed to firing shots from a grassy knoll, to smuggling explosives into the Maine, and to tipping off Roman soldiers at Gethsemane. He also admitted that he was responsible for the deaths of the dinosaurs.



**Bald Romeo**

A big-shouldered, bald Romeo.  
Jesus with a beer gut.

Oh, why so chary,  
                                chary,  
  chary?

My own dog cheated me at cards.  
Junior lit the match at my feet.



**Magic Even *You* Can Do: The Incredible Talking Goldfish**  
*by Blast*

*Effect:*

This trick has been known to induce stupefaction. You bring out a bowl with a goldfish in it. You set it on a table, and ask for silence. You announce that you shall hypnotize it.

After passing your fingers hypnotically around the bowl, you declare that the goldfish is now in a trance, and ready to answer questions.

This will provoke surprise, and in some cases alarm, but it is true. “Are you ready?” you say to the bowl, and after a pause, a voice is heard, small but distinct, “Yes!”

Take any question from the audience:

“What day is it?”

The goldfish replies: “Tuesday.”

Or:

“How should a person live?”

The goldfish says: “Gusto, baby, with gusto!”

Or:

“What is the capital of Manitoba?”

The goldfish: “Winnipeg.”

What a smart goldfish!

*Method:*

The secret of the goldfish is a confederate hidden under the table, which should be draped. In truth it is the confederate who does all the talking, answers all the questions. Ideally this is a job for a small person, because tall tables tend to attract suspicion. It is sensible to use children as they are naturally shorter and you can pay them less. Besides, people expect a goldfish to have a high voice.

The particular beauty of this stunt is its uncanny realism. A goldfish, without any special training or electrical shocks, will open and close its mouth at regular intervals. This contributes greatly to the illusion of speech. Moreover, goldfish are notoriously soporific; they *look* hypnotized. Both of these qualities make your job that much easier.



Lastly, try to find a clever child to be your confederate. This will be of great service for history and geography questions. But not too clever—nobody likes a wiseass goldfish.

*Blast is in the middle of a worldwide radio magic tour. Check your local listings.*



THE FRUIT CELLAR by Jefreid Lotti, 2012  
oil on canvas (54" x 84")





BODY by Jefreid Lotti, 2012, oil on linen (36'' x 30'')

## RICARDO PAU-LLOSA

### **Vandas**

Nature's pocket watch, beauty's forgotten anecdote, the vandas sway in an empty box of wooden slits, eating air. It mocks its rooted company with blooms outdoing oncidiums and cattleyas, leaves clocking the metronome a breeze inflicts with alternate curves. About it myriad bugs mate driven by the lure of its lacy scent, and from its angelic exposure of root to wind it condemns the mulch beloved and the chip ordained simply by surviving the season's flip of water and temperature. Were nature war, this public private would earn his medals, then hide them within. Silence honors the certain.



**Sawdust, Artist's Studio**

Wheat without a destiny, this cellwork  
chaos is an astronomy. The broom will come,  
but in the meantime the sky of the cement  
floor competes, like a dutiful emptiness,  
with the canvases to weave neither storm  
nor tapestry but camouflage. What beast  
could living hide in such promiscuous gold  
yet not want the bread which comes from it?  
For no bread or the tales in which it baked  
could impel falcon or hyena to join the fold  
whose fill of grain rejects the firmer feast.  
Let us accept that some must hunt for form  
and this is their prayer, a bin of holiness  
the unveiled child hollows in increments.  
They stand and wait for word and image to come  
and, devouring self, leave only their work.

**Peripeteia**

*Faculty Parking Lot*

Engine off  
and in the bloat of cabin,  
I see in silence

a dozen gulls, more,  
whirl to land  
upon a trashed meal

on the lawn behind  
two cars to my left,  
baseball field sprinklers

combing the horizon  
behind the fan of birds  
opening and closing

on the presumed morsels.  
They siren more of their kind  
from the sack of heaven

into the tangling, when  
in the blow of insight  
on the nature of emptiness,

the flock screws up  
to concrete rims  
and a lightpost for five

behind the palm fronds  
that cage them stony  
and lace them



when the breeze rattles.  
Thus the the eye is scolded  
by metaphors shifting

and retreats to idea,  
grasping only then  
that what the moment earned

was not mirrorism  
but seizing the formless whole  
of *flock* composed,

repetitive forms  
trained by gene  
to plunge and kite and otherwise,

for the express purpose  
of rejecting the shuffles  
of a melding sensibility.

JEFF HARRISON

**Raphael Bristle**

who are they, whose feathers, shed  
into that pond your nods couldn't place  
surface as ourselves,

our meat what snows  
down, the gaps sprout water, who, naming  
each other light, toad that body in sport  
which dies in earnest,

backswirls without prints  
rippling what belly, blues our working with ink  
for easy relocation, this won't slow up our games:  
what's material is after our belly, naming is matter,  
but words, even when written, are not matter...

in the churchyard,

deaths, coiled into the yellow body,  
shifted their stones aside, the roots, un-prints, wept  
eyes hammered with the water, shield eyes, and note  
the shapes of everyone as patched,

dream snow rope mildly  
as, in worn fairytales, faces, even the ruddy, wait  
history shining through the / calling cards fell in a flurry  
and here I am, it's of the physical that I talk

stop & see:

your hand is treeless, but there's a tree on



the lawn and, barring well-worn fairytales, not a single  
hand waves from between the grasses,

though any length signifies a kneel, though the most  
stationary & taciturn is surprised as an uncurled rain  
though, quoting the Bard, “all surprises should be  
filthy with dust,”

we word,

we steps,

we imagine up bones, we mass vocabulary  
we, well, me, ask, who are they, whose feathers, shed  
into that pond your nods couldn't place

surface as ourselves  
the gaps' water a faded picture vessel, there hand,  
zero begin, feathers' reader, rustle that... cash...  
“Raphael Bristle,” luxury bones, fell papers, cherry waters

(Cherry Waters - whatever became of her?),  
shall we  
snap hard narrows then? we, rippling it all, stand beneath  
to receive the meat that don't grow trees, we, well, me,  
have a few mingles left still

LAUREL ANN BOGEN

**Midway**

*That's right kid I'm not trying to sell ya a bill o'goods  
Love is still possible in this junky world*

—Bob Flanagan

His eyes glitter like carnivals  
the night clings to his hair  
carelessly, sticky and thinning fast

take a chance he says  
honky tonk in his step  
spend a buck  
your fortune is secure  
juicyfruit

other lovers kiss under neon  
they have not yet learned to fear  
daytime's wide angle  
they put their faith in palms and rings  
milk bottles

halfway through a guarded life  
a calliope grinds  
a tawdry tin tin tin  
and I ride topsy turvy  
the gossip of possibilities  
burns my ears



so much was in reach  
but I missed the ring  
blew the trick

I need my nets  
my snake-eyed dice  
that magic card  
the fortune teller loaned me



TEXTO CURADO 1.4 by Bruno Neiva, 2012, collage on cardboard, paper, plastic sheet; watercolor pencil, transfer lettering (6" x 5")





VERD2 by Bruno Neiva, 2012, collage on cardboard, plastic sheet; acrylic, transfer lettering (8" x 4")

EDWARD MYCUE

### **Babylonian Power**

totemic symbolic bizarre fantasy

myths misunderstandings

nutsy cuckoo stories

Hebrew word bâlal = muddle

mutant hallucinatory effects

maybe ergot poisoning from mold in grain

monstrous botany in woven Babylonian power



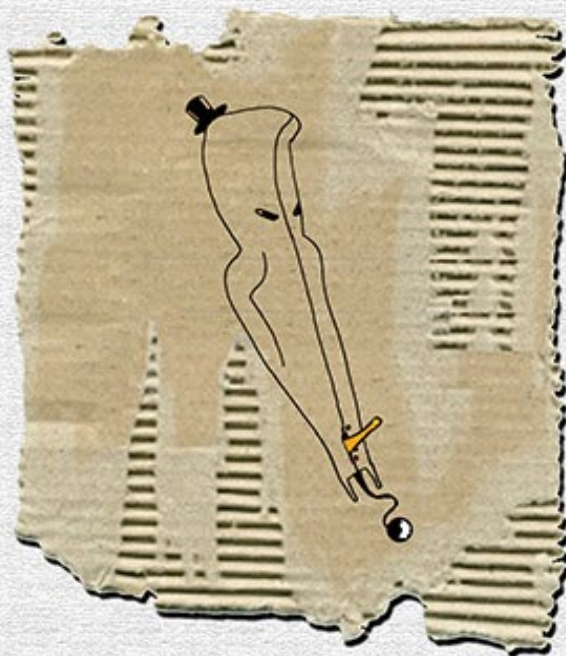
## BOGDAN PUSLENGHEA

### **Dancing Silence**

This minute i think  
and i write: take time  
all my weight pressed on the concept of bed

the spinning is dry & furious  
i measure and clap, solid matter forms.  
A door to nowhere a lifeless movie with  
no credits  
You are free to say anything that you  
want  
Truths, this time  
Like an infection  
Like when you dance





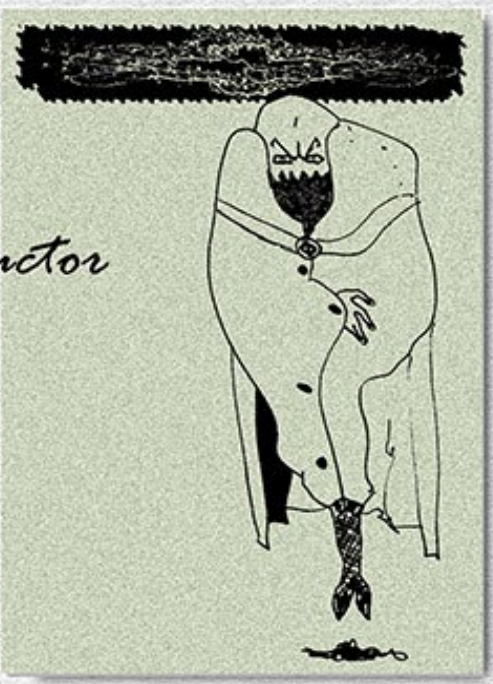
the  
fotoromanzo

protagonist

*the patriot  
finds himself  
abandoned  
by those he  
pretended to  
protect...*



*the acolaustic instructor*



From *HER YEARNING NIGHTPAD* by Dale Houstman, 2004, paper, ink, digital (10" x 6 1/4")





JUAN JOSE by Alvaro Labanino,  
2012, oil on canvas (30" x 30")

TYLER LACY

**Five Mediterranean Poems About Poetry**

1.

So much  
of the world  
is water      naturally

I try to hold it

in my hands.

The goal is to find  
the center      to walk

on the waves  
of water

toward the downtown sea

to see // to be

seen

2.

Several miles  
from the sea

the sloshing  
of the waves



of three languages

in my throat.

\*

The outside  
sounds      the inside

sounds

\*

“Was that Spanish or  
completely madeup?”

\*

I’m speaking

while I’m gargling

again.

3.

For some reason  
we’ve returned

to metaphorical ships  
and the sea

having already seen  
land

*Lacy/84*

getting away from

us.

4.

In class, the students were asked  
where the Mediterranean was

on this map. They pointed out  
the window.

5.

at the beach

that tongue

of Lorca's

lapping up

the waves

roll over

the waves

roll over

the waves

\*

The tides  
of me

crawling in

high

low

— breathing



is this  
world passing  
through me  
(?)

\*

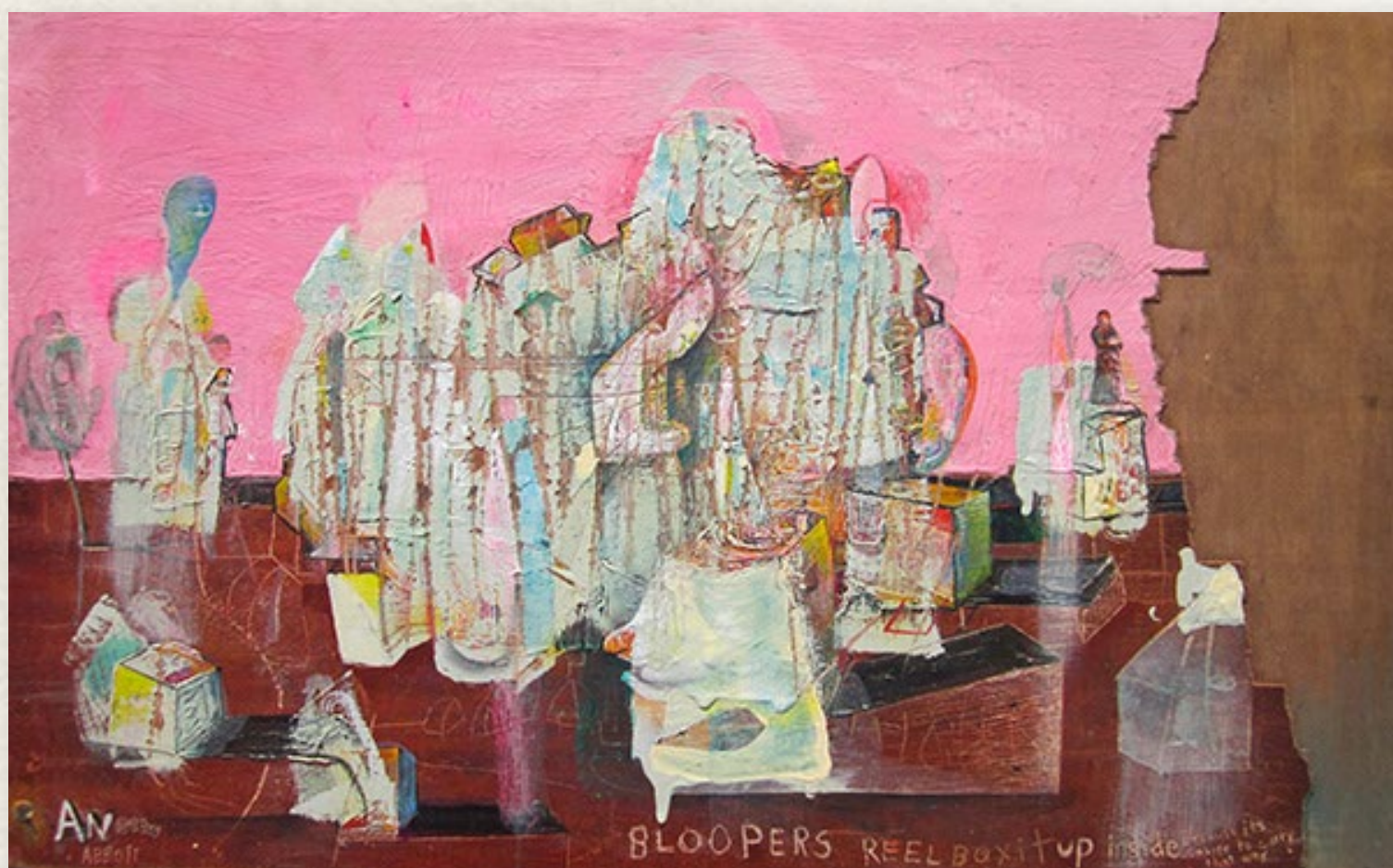
There is no end to the sea.





SCHIZOPHRENIC BONE IN MY BODY by Andrew Abbott, 2012, acrylic on mailing envelope (9" x 12")





BLOOPERS REEL by Andrew Abbott,  
2012, acrylic on wood panel (18" x 26")

JON SCHMITT

**Valentine**

This is not some broken heart,  
Born in advance of the dialect  
It beats, original and wrecked—  
Though it looks natural, this part's

A seismic faint foreshadowed,  
Recurved before it's drawn, a line  
Spun infinitesimal, gamete fine,  
A rehearsal of plunging arrows.



## LAWRENCE R. SMITH

### From *VIBRIO*, BOOK I

George steps up to the broad marble sill,  
hands on hips, looks out the window  
(splintering shutters half open)  
down five floors to the street, imagines  
hurling himself into pink orange air,  
diving with swallows, feathering out  
into flight, soaring back and forth,  
veering off to the Tiber, tracing it  
to Ostia Antica, then across the sea.

Or being trapped, massive bird,  
in Sistina hallways, fire and smoke  
climbing stair by stair, spread  
wings, breast beating against  
iron bars that block windows  
at the top of the flight (grille  
to protect against petty thieves,  
second story men) heat clawing  
at your back, smoking feathers,  
scorched smell of your own  
feathers and flesh, crackling skin,  
exploding eyes that cast a final  
look at the rags, pails, jugs, mops  
and scattered trash on the Roman  
rooftop, beating against the bars,  
fire searing through backbone,  
lungs singed, smoke your final  
breath as you acquiesce to a  
destiny of fire.

\* \* \* \*

“Sit on one hand, sit on both,  
but you can’t add or subtract one square inch  
to or from the land or sea.”

Tackle, ropes and pulleys, marble blocks  
in midair, rustication, and the stuttering  
intermittent aqueducts (clogged  
with squatters) look nervously over shoulders  
at mountains, the lingering promise of water.

“Can’t wedge a knife between the stones.”

Italian jacket, tie, cheap shirt, slacks,  
strangely cut shoes: George strides up  
the Via Barberini, convinced he looks  
Roman, Italian, continental. Mistaken  
for a German, but never an American.

“What the barbarians started,  
the Barberini finished.”

Outfitted at CIM, clothes cut for a man  
all legs and no torso, but George was just  
the reverse, and consequently moved  
partly within and partly outside  
those seams and hems. A question of art,  
symmetry, lectures on Greek sculpture  
by rotten Eumolpus, his syphilis.

Rome flourished and its commerce flourished,  
the winds blew fair and the seas remained  
passable, and it was business as usual.

Chocolate shops, chunks and wafers,  
airline posters in travel agencies  
promise changing scenes, cooler climates,  
snow in the healthy mountains. Bakeries  
explode with *cornetti*, *ripieni*, *rosette*.

And colanders for your gallstones.

Foundation shop: mannequins with bras  
and cutaway girdles, garter belts.

Slender gypsies shuddering in the street,  
hands out, looking away (and the woman



with borrowed child, her left arm palsied  
 one moment, then switching to the right  
 later that day, a piece of filthy bread  
 swarming on the sidewalk beside her)  
 or the big gypsy women, defiant,  
 hands on hips, bandannas around necks  
 or tied under chins, long skirts pulled up  
 high under massive tits, daring you to pass  
 without paying the 100 lira fee.

A peninsular life, thrusting into the sea,  
 pointing at an embarrassed Africa  
 like a mannerless nouveau riche.

Trimalchio planned to buy it all,  
 the whole mountain-spined spit of land,  
 Sicily included, so he could go from Rome  
 to Carthage without ever leaving his estates.

Coming and going, an occasional shove,  
 “*Prego, prego!*” Spitting in the street,  
 on the walk, *papagalli* loitering  
 at the corner, along curbs, tight pants,  
 polyester shirts unbuttoned to the navel,  
 gold crosses on mats of tangled chest hair.

Protecting the roads, sea lanes, ships:  
 territorial imperative, *imperator*.

Commerce moving in and out, beneath  
 the colossus, ships sail out for trade  
 with the wild men of the Hesperides.

Catullus strutting through the horseshit,  
 lifting toga hem, stepping on cross stones,  
 convinced he is Roman, strutting past CIM,  
 the fenced-in ruins sitting 20 feet  
 below the streets, inhabited by the cats  
 old ladies feed with spaghetti wrapped  
 in newsprint, mustering the legions.

Bone white torso turns back on George, the old  
 lady, cats, ruins; he ignores the iron bars

that either take him hostage, dust  
of museum workshop, or try without success  
to keep the Revolution out. George  
walks by, unheard laughter of the *vibrio*.

“Destroy all monuments. They must all  
come down.” Andrea lectures in George’s  
office, Claudia at his side,  
while the stunned American shudders  
in reverence for column and arch.  
“We need space to live and breathe.  
You Americans have deserts and plains;  
you build from scratch. Where can we go?”  
“Or maybe you think we should follow  
Il Duce’s dream to Africa.” Claudia  
cocky, exulting in her tight blue jeans.  
“That’s why Mussolini dug up the Forum,  
ran the Via del Foro right through it;  
he knew we could be taken prisoner  
by our own history.” Claudia’s tight jeans,  
the seam ripped up into her crotch,  
spreading her swollen lips to either side,  
but when George tried to listen to their  
lecture, Claudia and Andrea, he heard  
only the lecture of her swollen lips....



BRIAN MILES

**Fun**

Halogen blend leaned in  
on this shoddy  
building

we do:

feature detection  
edges

We privilege wholeness as  
lack of interim

because we make  
interim—

you & you  
& you

Six eyes for space making

Three brains to delineate  
in metal  
or water

Whatever the map wants

Whatever the word *map*  
wants on the map

*Miles/94*

Electricity, maybe  
headscribe or plastic  
granted by wisdom borne

of rivers and gravity  
or the other  
way  
it evolved

the word *transitive*  
from *transire* or  
“to cross over”

We yearn to stick  
catch the gears to stop

the gall to want  
Enough with

these lines  
we draw

Well intentioned but—

(and here a smile)

*Reach out*      *cut away*  
*the chaff*

*polish*

(the fucking universe has holes in it)

Here babbling  
mashing at the world



blooded stump fingers  
bleeding over  
the keys

(have taken to laughing)

(please keep going)

(this is fun)





SPACE EYES by David Bussell, 2012, digital image



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

**SHANE JESSE CHRISTMASS:**

I need to inform you that magazine ads are no place for originality...

**JOHN DIGBY:**

When I compose collage poems, I frequently work with the visions of multiple authors. Many are travel writers of long ago who happened on weird and illuminating circumstances in strange corners of the world. Others are promoting curious products or reporting news that is often stranger than fantasy. When these come together as a collage text, there is a fusion of visions that turn into a narrative that defies logic, much to my delight. I seek something new, images or sights that appear from sleep or from the imagination that uncoils itself when I am drifting somewhere out of my own consciousness. There are no limits, no boundaries—just a perpetual flood of memories as visual images present themselves to me.

**SHEILA MURPHY:**

The highlight of my day is to see you, to hear you, to remember you are here, and to reply. I am very busy with replying. As I hear (from) you, I have (not) lost my place. I place myself in your place. Your place is here.

**EDWARD MYCUE:**

Beyond the quotidian and the hyperbolic is the marvelous. I was happy with life's then little fits and starts. "What could go wrong?" could have been my mantra. A rhetorical question that birthed many (unanticipated) answers. So many troubles, yet families survive and press on. Together. Many orbits, surprises, mistakes, failures: but so many recoveries drifting in. Swept from my moorings. Travail may be a kind of travel. I dread and long for change. New and renew: is there another way? Into what may have seemed some missteps of character and performance,

deal-breaker circumstances slipped-in changing cases. A rubble of personal history may yet push up into other circumstances sapphires', garlic flowers' cornucopian probabilities. Seeking courage, insight, an "opposable thumb" in my brain I am re-learning the touch of stumbling forward. (Beyond the coy and craven.) Time gusts, winds swing the hands sweeping around the dial centering my world into sunset. Before bursting my moorings, I want to thrust-out my colors beyond even now my kenning, spinning into those changing winds.

**BOGDAN PUSLENGHEA:**

I understand the ones who don't like to read poetry. It's a dangerous enterprise. Once you start doing it there is no way out.

**CHRISTOPHER REY PEREZ:**

I recently saw Giacometti's "Venetian Woman IX" at the Tel Aviv Museum of Art. The museum's website says, "Giacometti's sculpture exudes existential anxiety, but also a belief in the power of human survival." Is this possibly what the máscara criolla does? When I put it on, I developed my taste. There was a rose I was tying into a knot in my mouth. An illustrated copy of "Martín Fierro" on the same table. I bought bread. When I tried finding colectivo #92, an old man wearing a boina sent me in one direction. A little girl chipping her nails in another. Who was the invisible player? I thought about the spoon shoe. I thought about Marita. About Karoline who was visiting Marita. I didn't think she would send me "Azorno" a year later. It took me so long to read it. I was trying to find a poem. A poem can kill another poem. That's all I know about poetry.

**JEFF HARRISON:**

Beware the eating of the burning through the line, for where will its Sibylline clouds lead you?

**LAUREL ANN BOGEN:**

I learned to value my brain as an inpatient at Camarillo State Hospital in the 1970s. I learned that it could be used like a muscle and that the time I spent concentrating on writing poetry was the same time that the



voices inside my head could be channeled into art on a page. All those years of prep school, study, and books reminded me (somewhere in the back of my cortex possibly) of what my father—a physical education teacher and coach with whom I thought I had little in common at the time—would shout. Keep on keep on I'd hear him say. Once more around the track. Build up your stamina. (Build up my stamina.) I can stay in the outside world a little longer a little longer. Then I surrendered and poetry saved my life.

**MATTHEW GARCIA:**

After all this bed is a cotton sheet wrapped around a stone. The girdle hung like holly from the white bone of the summer. The moment has come but no position has been taken. If it weren't for whiskey I would die in the red claw of the autumn, for certain, buried in trifles.

**BRANDON PETTIT:**

"As for me, I know nothing. But do not think one can know nothing so easily. It has taken me many years."—Marvin Bell

**TIM KAHL:**

What is the ideogram for pistol-whipped? Is it true a snapping turtle is a kind of primitive bird, its motor running like some sort of depressed creature that dreams about mud? I can see them haunting the sour wetlands, thinking their jaws are more like clamps than guillotines. What quaint weapons they possess in an era of Magnum-bashing and Glock-knocking the crap out of the Taíno who napped in hammocks and tracked hurricanes across Cuba. They learned to extract cyanide from manioc root and play games with rubber balls long before the advent of four square and racquet sports. Instead of writing, they sang to frogs and imitated mating dogs, a million souls scratching their insides. Such visions they had on cohoba powder that all men seemed to be walking backwards, back into a time when nouns carried verbs all the way to the headwaters of the river, back into the laughing attack, back into the face's first hostile display, back into the white cave of the silent ghosts. The ghosts' names are not on the inventory of the star count. The infinite sky is full of sudden bright remarks, and when Andromeda's

city of stars and The Milky Way finally crash into each other like a child being bludgeoned by a Luger or a helpless immigrant letting himself get Beretta-beaten, then a language of extreme prejudice will shoot off its tracer. The night sky will absorb the ripening of the snapping turtle and the shooting victim and the ancient Puerto Rican coming home from a magical circus of fire where everyone forgets who they are for an evening. Identities get so careless they rarely mark anything other than a manner of serving the mysterious polis.

**BOB HEMAN:**

It is always better not to give too much information. What is hinted at allows for many more possibilities, limited only by the reader's imagination. Sometimes what is suggested can surprise even the writer herself.

**CHARLES HOLDEFER:**

Unbutton yourself. Let out the rabbits.

**TYLER CAIN LACY:**

Notes on definitions, the weather, and mining:

- 1) A "dry line" is a boundary that separates a moist air mass from a dry air mass.
- 2) The "room and pillar" method is a mining system in which the mined material is extracted across a horizontal plane making horizontal arrays of rooms and pillars. The ore is extracted [by] leaving "pillars" of untouched material to support the roof overburden and extracting open areas or "rooms" underground. (from Wikipedia, "Room and pillar")





