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CALIBAN

Lawrence R. Smith, Editor

Direct correspondence to: lsmith@calibanonline.com

Submissions to: submissions@calibanonline.com

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Lawrence R. Smith, Editor
Deanne Yorita, Associate Editor
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

SIMON PERCHIK

*
*
*
*
*

MICHAEL PAGAN
And These Great Swells

JANET KAUFFMAN
*my father tells me
through the garden
oh, corporeal
his coordinates
composed*

WILL ALEXANDER AND CARLOS LARA
From THE AUDIOGRAPHIC AS DATA

CLAUDIO PARENTELA
Collages

ANNELISE COLE
*We Climbed Telephone Poles as a Recently
Discovered Species of Vertical Wistfulness
I Interrupt Myself Because This is About
My Grandfather
Dear Father the Plot of Your Voice is Twisted
in Someone Else's Veins*

DOREN ROBBINS
From RECORDATION



CHRISTINE KUHN

Play Date in Gaza

Nobody's Little Princess Anymore

Dialogue Obama

Death and the Professor: Ignoring the Facts

Pretty Polly

MERCEDES LAWRY

My Anxiety Goes Barefoot in the Snow

The Climb

ALVARO CARDONA-HINE

Timetwist

Ice Cream

Old Photos

Cid Corman

Persona

YASSER HECTOR

globo

fork

mail

hand

SESSHU FOSTER

From *NONEXISTENT COUNTRY*

MIGUEL SALUDES

City Surfers

ROSS WEISSMAN

No Top Hat

On an Island

Morning has Broken

דע לפני מי אתה עומד



JANET PASSEHL

Egress
Strong-Necked Madonna
Cast as Psalm
Bastard of the Emblem

JOHN M. BENNETT

4 Pieces

DAN RAPHAEL

If I Had a Crow Bar

TERRY HAUPTMAN

Drinking Chaga at the Hunger Banquet
Ofrenda
Bone Winds

WAYNE HOGAN

Image 5
Image 7

ANDREW JORON

Whisper in Agony
Nether Ether

J/J HASTAIN

From *LUCI: A FORBIDDEN*
SOTERIOLOGY

TODD PORTNOWITZ

Long Distance Travel
An Offering

CATHERINE SASANOV

Massachusetts (A Short History of Light)



LEIGH HERRICK

Ashes
Apostolic Fractal

JOHN CROSS

Tug
Shurf Joe
Matthias as tide
Matthias calls in sick
Matthias the host

D. E. STEWARD

Marz

GREG SIPES

Just So You Know

NICO VASSILAKIS

Untitled

DORU CHIRODEA

kill a dead fly
none

CARINE TOPAL

Hook and Ladder

BARBARA MAGGIO

Untitled

CONTRIBUTORS' ADVICE



SIMON PERCHIK

*

With your mouth closed
swallow though this rain
is already rain and further on

—you have a taste for darkness
fill your belly the way the Earth
each night escapes as a small hole

clings to one hillside
carried by another—you become
its grave, eat without fingers

without knees or the headlong dive
this dirt is used to, held down
and looking for more rain

for shoreline starting out
not yet a whisper, lost
cleared away and for your lips.

*

Breaking apart: this calendar
half as if memory, half
still exploding though the paint

reeks from weather vanes
and rain, last seen
mixed with snow

—without your glasses
you can't make out if the wind
will dry in time

and a second coat already warms
the way you keep track
by lifting rugs, tables, chairs

—you need the pieces: lids
that will flare up
shake off their cracks

with each brush then back
till nothing ages
even with the window open.

*

You begin the way shorelines
risk their life this close
though after each funeral

you drown in the row by row
where each photograph is overturned
shaken loose from the family album

—her shoes seem pleased
to be shoes, not walk anymore
or store their darkness for later

—the family was always collecting
wanted you to sit, not pose barefoot
but there you are, even now

standing next to her, eye to eye
without saying a word, would leave
if you knew how to turn away

the blank page, solid black
not a beach, not a breath, nothing
that understands this emptiness.

*

These bricks reheated
remember circling up
sifting the smoke

for smoke not yet stars
still inside, terrified
by its darkness—chimneys

know to focus the sky closer
as the night that comes due
blackens this hillside

already in place
brought down from under
no longer red—they aim

the way each shadow
leans against your heart
tries to warm itself

in grasses and your hands
made bigger, so slowly
nothing can save you.

*

Slowly you have forgotten how
and after each rain reach out
as if this folding ladder

once skimmed the rooftops
was taught to trust the sky
though rung by rung

you no longer lead the dead
to the dead trapped above you
and what passes for rescue

never leaves the ground
or backs away, shaky, not sure
what headwinds do or don't

—you have forgotten how to fly
want to be lifted, lifted again
as seasons and afterward

and hand over hand return
with the blue-grey flight path
covered with dirt and later.

MICHAEL PAGAN

And These Great Swells

A wet piece
of string
on her forehead, to confuse
the headaches, like
a casket room, and I
was the man she called “Home.”

It’s why the blind use hands
where hands are blind, to see
faces, to feel a face—an expression
makes perfect sense—under
the sensation, where no
fictitious names exist, where doors
are lied to, where we can see
again and be life
synonyms.

Then, she says: “You remind me
of someone and I just can’t help
myself.”

And I was a hat full
of rain and we no longer
were separate wings.

JANET KAUFFMAN

my father tells me

the horse in the circus in the yard has sharpened teeth
a black dog ran under the table at the apple tree
a man is a bird on the peak of the roof all day
three men with guns stand at the door at one o'clock

the man with bug eyes hovers over the bed
the man with bug eyes in the mirror has a knife
the man with bug eyes takes every shoe in the closet
the old woman in the chair never wakes up

a banana is a turnip a handkerchief is a sock
which way is home do you have a car do you drive
take me to Mary Jane's the back way Pop's farm
the coat has arms has legs has a hatchet

there's nothing there but flat green grass and sticks
the water is loud with frogs at the bench
brown needles fall on the path to the woods
I know where you live but I don't know who you are

through the garden

his hands on the evening primroses opening on time
impatiens from the greenhouse here and there
the trumpet vine trained on the dead chestnut trunk

he knew the place the plants like the back of his hand
as we think things should be in order to be well
loved studied known cared for understood

until we walk through the garden together and
nothing is as it should be we were wrong about that
he can't name the trumpet the bark the palm

or the back of his hand he doesn't notice
the garden at all but as before as always
there we are in the midst of it

oh, corporeal

gullested cells open up, it could be dismay at unstoppable
liveliness, yawning and yawning, you could be twenty
but here is the axe coming down

oh, corporeal

eating the foul stuff shoved, but still inside
locomotion and flagellation, there's the vertical
electric wire, a blade, in the green green grass

open your hand

all of the tools retract, scrape, and it could be you wake
with no dreams of degradation or blown bits of straw
on your knees, suck this sponge they say and that you can do

his coordinates

in front of the elevator / in a wheat field

on the bed / behind the door

a black wool coat / plaid pajamas

at Rehoboth Beach / in the lobby

his head in his hands / feet in sand

cutting tobacco / on the porch

1957 / 2007

1936 / 2008

on Pine Ridge Road / in the corridor

in his socks / in deep snow

under cover / undercover

composed

composed

no more

but asunder and saturated

as with color

feel how that feels

boundaryless

molten and glowing

subsumed fancy-free

brokenness is becoming now

and again

WILL ALEXANDER AND CARLOS LARA

From *THE AUDIOGRAPHIC AS DATA*

Introduction

This writing represents the mind as collective ether. It is kinetic and remains non-conjoined to authorship as clinical partition. Neither Will Alexander nor Carlos Lara plotted these imaginings through the a priori as plan, or through opaque or private manipulation. Instead, verbal sparks were mobilized as union. Not unlike two minds engaged in blitz chess, there was instantaneous reaction, but with this difference, the kinetics involved was not about war and the feral pursuit of victory, unlike the competitive global model, victory was never once claimed as energy rendered as one entry being superior to another. Instead, there was listening by mist, by atmospheric chronicle, which through this experience created a borderless personality, through which forces were energetically exchanged.

Of course, the original spark for this journey came from Breton and Soupault, and their groundbreaking book *THE MAGNETIC FIELDS*. Two minds conjoined in trance creating intuitive codes between them. Having absorbed this example, we struck out on our own, with myself transmitting entries from Los Angeles, and Carlos doing the same from Olympia, Washington. Thus, *THE AUDIOGRAPHIC AS DATA* was spawned.

Never cloistered in the same vicinity, our electricity was conveyed over distance. I call this accuracy through osmotics, or at another level, supra-mathematics. It was as if there was the sidelong glance at each opposite entry, which was absorbed and re-released by telepathic conveyance. In the midst of the project, I always felt as if I were involved in vertical seance, many times listening in my mind to Alicia De Larrocha play the

music of Mompou. I felt suffused by my ideal of the interstellar, wandering across an invisible silence sequestered in a perfect lingual kinetics. I can say that Lara's "dice", his "mathematical golem", his "Mexican Kant" seemed to always spring from the heart of the unexpected. A language always sounding like a bell issued from the mirror of liberty. And I responded in kind.

Perhaps, in a sense, we've conveyed the harvest of Breton and leapt 5000 years back to Luxor, where the scribes alchemically blazed the great heights and the great depths, all the while turning as the pivot of eternity.

—WILL ALEXANDER

26 June 2012

Los Angeles

Entry I

Let us say that the mural which lives through magnified transfixion lives within the blight of functioning suffocation. The ducts to the BA are not open. Because of this electrical suffocation sparrows are enraged. And there is sinister flame with complete suggestion. So then inert lavender prevails, the swamps glisten with maggots, with blind foundational shifting, so that the dense foundational oceanics persist informed by narrowed view, by hopeless decimal structure, so in plain view they have failed, holding on in themselves to adjudicated rivals, always threatened near sleep by oneiric lizards. This is the populace in plain view, with its missing effort, with its stages of descent rivaling every treatise condensed by downfall. They are the dead, this is their dazed in-structural fortress, with its missing bears, its labels burning by blaze of odd number, by misinformed regeneration.

This is how my lenses structure when I see them, how my patterns dissolve and rekindle by structural infinities. And by structural infinities I am convinced by the spiritual metrics of space, where every meter is condensed, with the substance of instants transcending molecular scale.

This is a given. This is the first creation of fused electrical coding. As sigil, the ozone is dimmed, and becomes a system of dazed alibis, of referential electricity as shift.

Under the ozone of superficial paralytics, fire is never specified, or greeted as new example. Therefore we must deal with the ghosts as true ghosts, the butcher laying on his scale, the fashion model alive through magnetic infirmity. These are but trace examples which we deal with, with all of them interfering as static, attempting to father our own personas. We have overthrown the attempt at confinement, of the justified exhibit, the polluted manhole of production, the latter claimed by the dead as the perfect affair.

Entry II

Threads of intrepid vagary lift the wise forms of forms, and this drifting rescinds the argentine scars of a dipsomaniacal Icarus. If I reach, struggling for a postulate, the opulent nature of precipitance is what I dream to be. As a self-jeopardizing genus of bronchial prismatics, I make my way down the corridor of divine teal. If I were to activate the congestion of diamantine reverie, my engagements with equatorial pentagons would cede to a liquid serration, a drop of photographic malingering. And flamethrowers of Tasmanian dark-death.

Living in the non-gestural guise of Phoenician soma, we battle against the tides of pristine ellipsis, contriving a holocaust of neutral eaglets. Lacking spurious condensations and hybrid future-cloacas, a pale-headed manikin recognizes the stigmata of phrenic invigilation. More and more I weep for a trapezoidal messiah. Yet in one suburb, in one flock of ravens, a manic tenderness occludes the worthless feeling of relativity.

But the shore was aware when bullets waved their verdigris flags. And my harness was given to a blonde painting. I tried to optimize holy clock towers, to give the owl a mendicant's stare, to pressurize obsessive

null-entities. I grieved for monochromatic nonsense and the substance of its chartreuse deaths. The distance was too great for my occultations and endemic ignominies. A portion of The Pleiades held the archery of ruination for all of our residual evangelics.

Now, as a free ascendant, I resist the antediluvian repression of materiality, a theodicy of metropolis once composed as incendiary ambergris. Morbid rivers of this-ness bear a conspicuous layer of isosceles entropy that refracts into hexagrams of eternal variety. Which is why I follow the mutant canon, the amoral anthropomorphism of binocular eukaryotes. The conflict of this resistance, however, is incompatible with commingling salinity and emerges amid the doldrums of symbolic distortion, like the ordinary introversion of centaurs, like the pre-conscious glow of Bedouin obliquity. The foundations of my Corsican development evolved from a corsage of helium tangents, the sun in transludic barbarism, reanimating the tension of hallucinatory grackles and finches, the forbidden war between kaleidoscopes and sleep.

Again, with the calligraphic murmur of Phoenicians, amid the pageantry hyperbolas, a substance like infrared koala gravity accrues. But it isn't misdemeanor recreation, or the fallopian waywardness of Argon that publishes the yellow blood. I'm simply pursuing apparitional zyzzyzus with a cuttlefish's condemnation.

In pure treatise, in cool spoilage, I've lit the feces of a Wiccan star on fire.

Entry III

A deeper light has sanctified the Montevidean phases of our gunpowder. In pathetic entry, the monomial drizzle of Bavaria cannot divide, cannot elope with our magma. Humanity seen through eyes of crystal climate.

We increase with manikin combustion.

We deduce with alabaster mnemonics in a singular pellucid kindling,
like the glazier's sense of triadic draught.

It's like the saga of returnable neon, or unintentional synagogues in
constellated sway, or wallabies in repose.

The moon as the scandal of white heat and invisible grain.

A maze of prior iris.

I never conjured porphyritic squalor until you focused Venetian
hydrography and cut-away ghost harems. My palindromes now sleep
among the screams of egrets and Brownian motion.

Even terraform soliloquy is not for propane and dilemma. When I read
your mortar a pendulum decodes itself.

But let's assume the horoscopes of Carpathia are random, the scorpions
in Tiananmen Square resemble calyxes and that the pandemonium of
reason has swallows in its carcass. Then what?

I am not a wisp among circumflexed radon, nor am I the standard
codeine of Flemish digest. Electrical codeine is at the root of my falcon,
my beryl Piscean bloodline, my cherished piranha gradations.

Entry IV

A pointed earthenware wherewithal. Then something numerous,
beckoning, poised outside a scurrilous tincture.

First: the bromide of day, then ellipse, then, the stationary remnants of
consciousness spotted and tied to umbilical proximity. For instance, a
spell in Montenegro. Then gambling with carved ice. Then movement
for vacant study.

Two: if I answer that I have plotted a draught horse, then answered the winds through a grasp of monstrous sea squid shakings, the faithful would answer while in the grip of infamous plain song.

The question arises, how far does such plain song reach? Towards the steps of Madagascar, towards pelagic wastes and Argentina?

Ah, you say, he was once a Kemetic sailor, he built raindrops in Peru, he exported electricity from heaven. And the Indians know this Uranian tide which the soul has sculpted as the fire of verbal cinema. Because I explain ascendant subjects I bring up bracing fuels, taking as my rival broken advance.

Because I can sacredly utter 30,000 years in retro-advance, what was the human form, did it at times take refuge with the ravens, and at another response leave its post-mortem scent and take flight with spores across aleatoric symbols?

These being several questions condensed in one which can never contain me. As a shaman, at the first 3 planes of living, then a strategy of stochastics, then a strategy which even a gambler can never explain. For instance, a horse of mirrors then burns, and the gambler is lifted by glare into unknowable consequence, into positive circumstantial, never to be known in the capitals of Paris.

Entry V

My pyrite and judgmental futures are like an aquatic blinding front. I smile at the capital networks with stern amarillo volution. A cadre of racketeers debates at the base of requiem masses. Is there no end to the stimulant pony guises? Did the ravishing dynamo music enhance a wino's festive lasting? In seeds and owl-soaring I watched the penultimate cube disembowel a vibration.

With renegade pre-data. With happenstance coagulation. With a gambit of indiscernible Cartesian spells. With diaphanous chauffeur invictas. With telescopic Orwellian hydras. With interrogated pulsars and coma-comets. With fugacious sodium cornucopias. With antithetical sonar arrhythmias. With in-generative polonium antlers. With fecund neutrino expulsion. With caustic sigil wavering. With rhomboidal Oaxacan voids. With insensate prehistoric polymer incompleteness. With anthrax from Khartoum. With Spanish geranium fractals. With derelict livery and holozoic imagos. With photospheric lacuna-vessels. With palimpsests and leeching scales in the yolk of Scorpio. With zygophase and cochlear coal. With condensation and tamarisk siphoning.

If there was someone with crimson beguiling soda, I could mature, I could compound Chinese influx with the infamous primordial field. Infamous with halo cinder and numerological recoil. In diabolical limbo, a Shinto horse reformulates its omega-megacycle. I can merely observe while the androgynous tinder is purged.

Entry VI

A coupling by saved rams, in contrast to the severity of darkened budgets and volcanoes. If we consider these events according to formless electrical scale, the ideas post-erupt, and carry a sullen proportionality as regards the era in which they seem to have been discovered. Can we see a series of post arrangements, stuttering calls, syllogistic leakage from itself? A leakage, a contained monstrosity of itself?

Of course, the above cannot be poised upon reason, or shallowness of devised specifics. Let me say again is this my own level of devised pursuit, of broadened misnomer, of the mal-derived as incessance?

The air now shakes with the transparency of fate, with the sullen equations of a mirror gone bad. In order to suspend the ruthless, the confessed dictation of an often troubling alliance with what is considered to be sin. In this sense, true transgressive structuring. This is how scenarios

descend and work through the power of confrontment, of shadows on the ocean reduced down to fragments. This is the law of scattering, of thrice bound scattering considered as several fates of vapor. Thus, the conjurous, the free form of energy raffling marrow off to angels.

The barbarous test?

The open syllogistics of answers?

Let us open the mathematics of ozone, let us kindle the true art of transparency.





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mixed media on paper (12" x 8 1/2")



PAINTING 1069 by Claudio Parentela, 2012,
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PAINTING 1084 by Claudio Parentela, 2012,
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ANNELISE COLE

**We Climbed Telephone Poles as a Recently Discovered
Species of Vertical Wistfulness**

while they explained the danger in a mix
of English and green.

Metal arms held our shoe soles as if in an embrace
between breathing and bite of that smoothed wood
and we couldn't slide down.

Down was alley-

grass littered with the cigarette and amber prints of high school.
Down was an operating job at Electric Motors in Garrett
or Dana in Fort Wayne. It was a soreness we hadn't studied.

Those chapters wrote creases on our parents' faces,
their skin dog-eared
with touches of exhaust from some heat treat department.

They explained the danger of falling and how
our bodies
would green with the alley-grass. We refused to slide down.

And

squeezing ourselves into currents of vocalized heat
we wasted that fear of paper and smoke.

I Interrupt Myself Because This Is About My Grandfather

Wanting to replay his schematic memories history breaks into his blue eye. (as blue as fire, my grandfather's eyes have reverted to using coal) Spark plugs and 5W-30 oil seek his sleep-breath. In the evening history searches with toothpicks for the maps he has collected in his eye-sockets. Sleep-sockets full of Nintendo 64's *Zelda: The Ocarina of Time*, the highways of North Carolina, and a layer of coal-dust. (my grandfather tries to retaliate against history by videotaping the weather, which doesn't seem to mind the attention and laughs at history, which doesn't know how to use a camera) In Shelby, Ohio my grandfather and I watch two clouds collide outside a chiropractor's clinic. White swirling green swirling red swirling white again, and then (even clouds need adjusted.

**Dear Father the Plot of Your Voice Is Twisted
in Someone Else's Veins**

Star-spaces are different than human-spaces.
Our bodies age in milligrams of Calcium
and broken hips. We dissolve
slowly—a release of something into the fields.

A star
burns through its core.
Fusion fails. We carry
its heat with our ears.
We cannot touch the explosion.

In 5.4 million years
and 1 hour
the sun explodes.
It touches
our bones. In those fields
all the someone
we bury break in the starred light.

DOREN ROBBINS

From ***RECORDATION***: Metaphoric Mood

1.

Him in the metaphoric mood, him when his inquiries idle, I worry, there's no recording the texture, the discomfort, de-idling the response, re-idling the outcome, there's nowhere to plunge. Of all the outercourse. No matter what—you hold onto your bearings and the essential ball bearings and the never unbearable balling record, however sparse or multiplicitable the agenda and taxonomy of balling and unfrequented balls, unless foreshortened for the numerical advancement of your bearings, the extended bearable lease, ingenuitively tender to the other structural member that rests upon the bearing support.

Then, I say, then, the events I didn't write down were also a record, the supplemental character, it's a standard, the witness of omissions, at home in the uneven, uneven in the uneven. The impalpable palpable, that record, the evidence, the oral tradition, the mental tradition, the recombinable, the fits and starts tradition, the I could hate his fucking guts and his endless traditions' tradition, the infixed expletive compulsion, the untitled recording, the unfiled procedure, Mr. Hem and Assistant Haw, for the sake of redundancy, unrelieved hyperbole, there's no proof, the recorded inconclusive—I cut that toe nail too short again, the I-cut-it-twice-and-it's-still-too-short tradition.

*

Where he was going, I remember the deck behind the kitchen, he fed juncos and forest sparrows out of a seed bag, complicating himself to himself because he gave up on most company, no woman, no dove's

milk to ruin for him, no sugar for the roaches to eat into, lord mania sexualis kaput, for a while, for two years, everything getting checked off the list.

The seed bag, all his tools, books, clothes, didn't fill the trunk and back seat. He secured everything under two blankets he brought back from Mexico. Those birds were part of his unconscious book, his book of songs, the blind man's rhythms, and the erratic ones, and the other ones, the dirty feathers tradition, the beak full of mashed seeds, the sing and mate till you dry up tradition, what he would and wouldn't ever make out, where he was going, the shadow glossary to the shadow inventory.

The Mexican blankets portrayed horses running in pairs; he didn't know he was made for the running couple, thirteen years till he married for life, he didn't know he was born on a running horse. But you know what you don't know, you travel out of the column, it happened during New Year's night, the Year of the Ant, Yan Flan Mandaran, eyeing the mounded plates, bare legs, neon Eros of the tropical fish in the dining area aquariums. He ate the cookie and read the fortune at home: "Take your friend, the one you refer to as Janakosov—and run for it miserable ant! But eat the cookie, eat more than the cookie, there is delight in the cookie, specially dipped in white chocolate, made only at this location, a ripped-off apprentice wrapped it inside the electric magenta foil-surfaced paper you're holding, it ought to last your likes long enough, in the year 2000, The Year of the Ant, maybe only a sick ant would find its way here."

*

Several mental circus events near Pacific Ocean Highway I could not see clearly enough to record, not to mention the effects of the woman who shared her donkey with me during the storm, then, then, the erotic advances, the peaks and digressions, my knees in a puddle, her ablutophilia, who wouldn't want to kiss her back? The propulsions, the re-peaking, the endothermic exchange, the enmeshing stalk, the leafage, the two hearts it hangs from, the lubricals, the adoring part, the taunted

and hesitated, the growled paroxysm, the inaudible growled paroxysm, the deafening part, not one pornogag, the hoped-for coitolimia, the lungeable big hips, I mean the big-big, the suspirations, the rocking boat sickness, the kundalinia after middle age, frantic, meditative, her whole body is a nest, dental and otherwise, the de-inserting, the reinserting, the de-inserting, the re-inserting, the de-re, de-re, de-re and the sustained re below the sheltering donkey as our witness. We added something to her mother's army blanket. I think you are half my vision, I said. No, you see better with my eyes, she said. A day off. My brain is dead and my nards empty. Her hips were grounded. Grounded and grounded.

Him falling in love in a dream, an enclosed porch, that moment a woman telegraphs, "you should kiss me, now" he was sure of it, he had the ache, a steady Jones, it was worth remembering, the volume, the treble, what's left of his hair alert through each ragged strand. A half mutt pit bull jumped out snapping at their feet then ran off. He fell in love and was already in love, in a dream, a bulk thing, dog yearning yelping through your mouth thing, the equipment for the feeling he still required thing. The fly with another fly flying off, one stuck on top of the other stuck underneath, the position not as awkward as they make it out to be. Tantalization and fucking and drought tantalization and fucking and drought.

*

The guy she went out on him with in the dream wore a green-tinted iridescent three-piece suit. He lived in a house on the middle of a bridge, but the bridge wasn't an actual bridge it was a structure crossing a river, but no road up to it. He saw them on a terrace. He thought they must've levitated up to it or there was a code to get to a path. He was in a muddy ditch, lodged sideways to the degree it felt inevitable to be there in that exact position, the instilled comfort. When the blind man came up to the foot of the ditch he challenged him about the tarp covering his body. He challenged him about the direction back to town. He posed arguments to this blind man over his theory about the quality of blinds before and since the chemical revolution. He left his one good pair

of shoes at the foot of the ditch. Artificial olive green suede synthetic bottom loafers. Cost a fortune with his Maintenance Man wages. When he climbed out the shoes were gone, replaced by an unmatching pair, beat up worker' shoes, busted open material over the toes, neither shoe had tips on the ends of the bearded laces. That blind man must've exchanged...exchanged what? He wasn't wearing shoes, there was only the tarp.

In the market on the bridge he stood close behind a woman—maybe she moved close in front of him. He smelled her hair, but he didn't speak. Friends from another time would simply not believe he didn't say anything to her. He palmed and selected his red potatoes. He watched her hand reach into the bin, a white wrist bare between red skins. Her potatoes, his hand, his potatoes, her mouth, their potatoes, their courtship, the old way.

*

Him asking was it a record of the particular weather and does the matter of factness of the comment make sexual malice incidental? Who in fact wrote it down? "It's colder than a witch's tit." Must everything of a certain metaphorical value be recorded? Was this the New England of continued freezing religious persecutions and recidivist immigrant pilgrims' worries? Was it only unendurable weather that merited withered female anatomy offhandedness? How was the temperature of a witch's tit derived and recorded? Was permission acquired? Must women subjectively judged cold be termed witches? Did such men require authorization to judge? Were they colder than a judge's ball bearings? By what inalienable right or law or custom? By whose authority? In what court? By what process is the esteemed position required to judge weather measurements attained? Were there no warm tits at all for the comparative metaphor maker's care or regard for the owner's concern? Did he deserve one? It's all about "deserves."

He felt pursued, her erotic shoes, those green suede ones, and the azaleas over watered brown, the narcotic fragrance still there, he hoped she was

limber, she grazed his eyebrows, it ripened his nerves—in a dream, in the Land of a Thousand Dances—he knew that face, he knew The Song of Songs, The Labors of Dorn, The Opera of Positions, The Haiku between arousals (the unwilling kind), her hips had powerful swing—they walked from the porch, a subterranean garage, a neighbor's backyard, the yard at night we snuck into when we were fifteen, (one of those), the places, the times interfacing, the rosemary oregano brick planter overflowing, a harvest topping the planter, the herbs of luck, the doves' wings piping as they took off to where they were going. The other birds he'd never seen, never would again, never anticipated landing that crookedly, that decidedly, on apricot branches, red spray inside their neck feathers, the apricots tilting their heads, their apricot honey.

*

Him questioning: who was the woman on the ship the sleeping conscious mind recorded? What's the meaning the tendency for dream faces to be disguised? You don't want to know who it really is? Of course you do. May they end up with no animal hair of their own whoever refuses to disclose the document—what's the tendency for composite faces, composite anything, in dreams and otherwise? You don't know and you won't know quick enough, that defeat, imagination's heretics, we're all rotten in that part, the atrophy the language erosion withheld references introspection destroyed part—the referencee can say what he wants to, he's nothing, he's a rat's foot, he's sleeping again, the tamed one. Him, in the metaphoric mood.

What else're you gauged to figure out? It's all about speed, speed for example the only response at a char broiler covered with meat, speed zonking you out after the eight-hour shift. At six hours you're out of it. Before Dint, before Maintenance and Construction, Grill-Grill Seafood and Steaks owned me. Two years into the Grill-Grill gig we turned off the gas pilots, flipped the breaker on the freezer and storeroom lights and walked off the job. More money and benefits. They let us go. No discussion no problem. The day manager and his bookkeeper assistant,

the one with nine fingers, cooked until the other desperate ones arrived. The waiters waited away. Those Grill-Grill job to job part-time no other time whatever time you can get over the minimum for your time your legs your hands your back, for food, for gas, for prisoner-made underwear. I wasn't thinking so much about composite faces. I knew the riches already happened, that world happened somewhere else, there wasn't a punishment for not noticing or for the arrogance of not noticing or not caring for not noticing. Or how you define riches. I had the Shrugging your Shoulders Syndrome. They asked us, as we say, one last time—we went back inside the kitchen, back to work, after quitting work. I'm surprised no one chirped...

Then, then, there was a cold viral weather on the sea. There was a foul mental drip. What is the Latin phrase for the process of the juice pushing open the night blooming honeysuckle when it tightens, when it's the empty bowl, the authentic feeling, something, everything with its terminal velocity, in a micro-snap, in rolling sewage, you don't see it rolling, you don't see your own sweat pour down, sure you do, and somebody near you does, you're in the throw of it alright, how the hell did you get there in front of me, in front of her, in your head, in the first place?—the ones intolerant about you being in it in front of them, some don't ask, you thank that second group, thank them for not succumbing, the pettiness of suspicion,

the whole med-dreckology of the way we function, the way we adapt, the way the primary and the result of the secondary, the way it accumulates, the psychotropic religion backing it up, the way we don't figure it out.

Then we drank the imported re-filtered-non-anti-anti-oxidized parsley-cranberry-cohash-algae-spiralinial-yam-ash-and-beet erectile refunction ginseng juice essence maca yohimbial breakfast deoxidizing labial re-effluentizing white tea formula till the pot was dry.

That was the day I saw The Oxnard Grackle. And it became part of my mind. The first time they showed me the Grackle through worn apart turquoise stucco, it sang inside over a ladle of worms to its young.

What a first time it was I saw turquoise stucco pallor the same day Japanese tree peonies kept filling my eyes. When the sage heads opened they opened without their body stockings. Still absurdly uncommon to consider tree peonies, sage heads, and labia are mirrors of sisters. The first time I saw astilbe in the same 1991 yard I thought the spun floats and pink veined panicles fed part of me, some part I wasn't conscious of enough. And I wasn't sure if it grew where I was going. I remember saying to myself: I don't think it's here, I don't know if I would recognize it again. I don't know what I can do. And what can you do if you miss? Sometimes you miss.

2.

Everything about the gap is anonymous, it increased. My position is around the hose bib, at the Brillo wall. I'm ventriloquist to something Brillo, all Brillo with a little rust around the anus and the left eyelid. For detail I didn't remember what else. The mouth inside my mouth inside the mouth inside of me is waiting for the mango to ripen, then I'll finish it. The one conclusion you have to live with which is never presented as fact, because then what?—The Emoticon Makers will develop a Business Psych International face a "likeness" for the mood. I'm ventriloquist to a load of Brillo, there's a pink soap remnant on the steel wool head, a compacted star of burnt rice in the beard inside a beard inside of it...

which is why I'm wandering out of the way of my tombstone so to speak to tell you—and since I didn't contact one of the Kervorkian brothers today I'm letting you know—in porcelain, under the milk and the oats, in a field created blue in the bowl the painted oak woods cluster, mostly the outside rim, a nightingale, the music organ mouth, when singing was revoked I held a nightingale in his mind.

*

Good thing CHP wasn't where they were going, on the highway, his ragged hair, his friend dressed Indian, in fact Chumash, dressed around her throat the praise of sea shells. Good thing they didn't have the

ID place of employment actual living address mutually exasperating CHP interrogation. They were hitching over the hill for barbecue, they craved barbecue, right when he mentioned it the craving between them merged, they had the white paint craved-for black barbecue menu on the wall in their minds, going over the possibilities of the pleasure on the tray coming to them, the same sauce in two mouths...never, neither of them ever had bad barbecue over the hill, always something remarkable about chomping into smoked meat, sweet potato pie, down to the bone, down to the crust crumbs, “eat a cloned pig if it was sauced right up to my taste,” she said. And he was thinking after finishing a chicken rapidly taking the white bread over the plate. She was ready for nothing but pork, how she would overtake the finished ribs for anything she missed, the luscious burnt and unburnt parts and staying and drinking more coffee and sucking the sauce burnt last skin part of a chicken wing part he always left till the end, and how they would be slightly bloated the way they liked it, and George W. Bush his cabinet congress and lackeys, the world’s cattle rustlers and the world’s posse wrapped into one crowd, the which came first chicken or the egg riddle wrapped into one defeated answer—would be far from their minds for half an hour so high up as they might be on barbecue pork and chicken, cornbread, collard greens, sauced beans, sweet potato pie, and coffee and coffee, and out of this mood he asked himself could he live a different life, that chicken and that egg riddling him, if there was an epiphany in the impasse or not, there really wasn’t one you know, the emptied plate, the authentic desire, the regretted outcome, after the other one, taking it in, figuring through his bills and change if there was enough to bring back an extra pie, then figuring the problem that one of his legs had in fact changed in the way he was conscious of the problem of it lifting and returning the foot part in a safe manner to the ground part, and the problem of it starting again over what looked like spent gravel, whether it was spent or it wasn’t. Not going to make it through the ice today, I’m narrow enough, he thought, I understand the favoritism enough not the whim of procedure at all.

What they said was, “The point of the experiment is to see how far a person will proceed in a concrete and measurable situation in which he or she is ordered to inflict increasing pain on a protesting victim.” The vast minority resisted. Copulating mosquitoes. Adamant and collective. What do the I-just-can’t-say-no-to-pain-inflictors do to maintain their allegiance to not being disobedient? What are they supposed to get that I don’t get it that they don’t get it? We pledge allegiance to controlling the absence of seeing deeper. More caution, more than what I started out with. Crazy to be crazy where I’m going where I started out for. The psychologist behind the experiment concluded about the test concerning the solace derived from obedience: “Handling the conflict in this manner was easier than defiance.” Not a complete conclusion. Not a cautiously reconciled comfort about caution. Clearly not comfortably reconciled cautions about such conclusions. The rebels have not evaporated. They are not mentioned. Rebellion as common sense against oppressive circumstance was not a part of the experiment.

I dropped a subscription magazine into the trash. I think it was *Poetry*. It could’ve been 127 others. Pre-and-Post-modern trite or disjunctive junk. Their dry-ass lemons. Tell me it’s in there—it’s not in there. Intonations are all that’s left of the voices. I was up there sick of the leisure of the theory class. You don’t have to do a thing, you can live in the ice chips or the ink chips, you can live in the democracy museum, its tabulated Bureau of the Economic Nodule or the Literary Nodule, not everyone’s resignation, not everyone’s nodules, nothing’s finished yet. After nine days of migraine a formal feeling comes. I saw the Pringles chewing mouth in the Plexiglas car wash stream barrier mirror, the fish beast staring back at me, stronger than me. Not exactly a Dorenafest, his cup of Dorn, central but elsewhere.

I better go empty my pipe. Good thing I don’t have to build anything today I’d have about ninety stitches by now. Good thing the will to entail the amends clarifies once in a while. The symbolism talks to itself. Almost all of it can talk. Can’t you nothin’ hears me knockin.’

And if there is no threat of invasion, when should they declare war? And if censorship is excusable are logical fallacies inevitable? If the premise is a lie favoring a small group is an ethical judgment possible? If the ashes are human when does the chest pit howl? And if I didn't flinch seeing the pewter starfish necklace hanging from my dead sister's throat, death's accountant looking down at her flossing his teeth with a busted guitar string, does it mean I'm doomed to click with sounds that aren't human and won't control when the sounds come or the degree to which I can make them stop? And if the Floating World is a metaphor why is it non-existable in the night-shift existence? And if the commentary is accurate and unrestrained, can you wear a form of renewed heat (as in renewed anything) if the connotation of heat is poisoned in the sands of Paliraqastan? And if a tail is a leg, how many legs does a dog have? And if the roof you are under isn't the roof of a house, how many walls does it need for support? And if the dolphin head where the hand hung is pink, nothing, not a baby's bathed ass ever that pink—and if it's, what, two something minutes a conversation to a passing grade? If he hated me that close to him and he did hate me that close to him? Not always aware of my momentum. If he was at the end of his tours and nothing that pink? If he said “fuck the white world” and hitchhiked to Costa Rica? And if he still didn't wish he didn't go? If there's always a cluster—something—you need to cut off to keep? If he hated being a dolphin and the rest of the ways he'll be made to pay, his pink stump, he was a pink flipper man, he was a wince coming out of his own burnt thread.

*

Good thing with only one good eye in your head you ought to know Goliath wins and the sling-shot people aren't going to inherit anything except debt military recruitment selective mass grave filler. Every so often a pebble hits one of the Goliaths in the ass—then you get something like unarmed students murdered at the state university in Ohio, you get tanks ironing fences over bodies in T-Square Beijing, the same how to and piss on you containment at the old Polytechitis in Athens. You better figure we pay to get in, pay to get out, pay if we don't get it right,

pay through the pocket, through the nose, acclimatize frustrated regret humiliation-preferred response intact—unless the Dictator Makers decide you don't need to show up. Better figure the longer you live the more human pigs you feed. The big pigs. The biggest pigs for the greatest good will not be left behind. You can wish all of them a violent enema. Extremely violent. Violent enough. They might enjoy it. What's the use? They're going to swing around their Military Industrial and post-invasion corporation construction stocks investments and contracts as much as they like. More Goliaths than I thought I'd ever see. Their loyal regiments, their thriving Tall 'n' Wide War 'n' Athletic Wear industry, their money sluts juicing over to the not having to think about what ends up in their wombs privilege. Maybe they do think about it. Maybe they like what's produced in that part of the Empire.

*

Good thing I'm not a proctologic psychologist this time around. Twenty-seven reports examining the alcohol content of Mel Blumpkin's twenty-seven pounds of feces and his garbling Tourette's syndrome racist coprophilia police file, and his paternal grandfather's opinions and his maternal grandfather's mother's unavailable stool samples' poundage and the cacalullabies recited to his son and his son's son, his mother's silence and his mother's nephew's secret coprogargling won't explain the Jew hatred where I'm going.

Good thing I didn't have a crow bar outside Raker's Corner Liquor Deli—compact hearse, shotgun yelling, “my friend in the back seat'll give \$50 if he can fuck her”—LA always wherever I lived adrenaed shifting a few words into words like those, a forty year span you hear that voice or variation, hearing when the metal strikes snap four doors open, hearing to estimate the time I have to pull my belt off wrapping my hand, the buckle swinging eighteen inches out to whip some petty monster to his knees—nobody's fucking anybody—part of me wanting to twist the fantasized colonoscopic crow bar ten inches into his big mouthed ass asking him directions to the sea somewhere it doesn't matter where, I'm asking you, tell me—I keep my daughter walking up

to the front of Jesse's Mexicali Bar & Grill, up to the doorman, smalltalking him whether Jesse still waters the drinks, how much the menu changed since 2003, you see that car, I'm just talking—part of me wanting my work and house keys slotted between my fingers the way they showed me when I was twelve if I was outnumbered or sick of someone's sickass wit turning my daughter into a mess of perplexed wrath, shaking—the telephone in front of Jesse's, too much neon, they peeled away grunting their beer and meth burnt curses out the window, fucking up our night, but I stayed shut-up sending nothing to them riding back to their gang rape thrill, their collective siren, their demands, wherever they were going.

*

Good thing I didn't have to drive anywhere today, I'd be parked in someone's trunk by now. Back there the ivy wraps the pole, the branches cradle the octagonal sign, it is a cradling more than a surmounting. Botanicalpersuasionsendofmyfifthdecade—unchanged, unmonitored, an effusion. The ivy out-signifies the trellis, the trellis sooner decomposes, the decumbent stems evoke...I don't know what to say they're expressing. We will refer to this category again. It's impractical to always expect abundance.

But something carries me, which is, which means...one side overflows, you don't ask, one side rewinds and rewinds, not everything drains it out of you. The first time I felt it I was three and a half. I remember climbing to her chair; I remember the moist brown of that other child's eyes. It outlasted the pressured ruts and grooves of any of my badlands or outlands. It runs alongside of them, it outdoes them, it outdoes my waking life—it is the spine, a rigid fiber, the two aqua legs of my waking life,

the longer half, the backward mask, the empty countenance, there's no death drive connected to it. Who could predict the moist brown? It comes back riding a day moth, like it's the ground under the body, the lower riding the upper, one enigma of the inquiry answered, it doesn't

rival the meaning of a flea's beard, it spreads in raw, you always stammer about it, some of it in brine, some of it in the language of day moths mating (without any hassles). You partially sort out a part of it. You have and miss the things you find.

*

During that twenty-two-year series of jobs that dropped me this far I saw people everyday in eleven trades, the last trip over I saw the great mix in London, and among the hookers of Athens, that period always working in restaurants next to the Mexicalians of Meso-America, the Cancunians of Cancunia, Viet Vets from New Orleans, Salvadorans hunted by the School of the Americas, the whole West Coast of hair, eyes, briefcases, sideburns, marimbas, etched v-lips in tight shorts—and the Port Angeles to Port San Diego people, and parts of Colorado, Palm Springs, Pasadena, Pittsburgh—people coming out of coffee shops, out of sex shops, out of art institutes, out of nuclear facilities (of all the oxymorass), coming out of the ground (I think it was a mine), coming out of sewers (I don't think they were workers), coming out of a Cretan bakery, coming out of the last zoo I'll ever be in—the healthiest people, the sanest people I ever saw: no award. Every one of those donkeys trying to get by in the scorpion-economy. The damned and worse. Wherever it's coming down from, they keep it receding from your view.

The guy that made me think “you step up to begging” was still there when I came out with my prescription. What “stepping up”? The beggar's legs are always shriveled. Begging is alarming. The system makes its Desert Storm, the system drones back Shock and Awe, the system makes its meth waste and leaves. He had a tattoo of an Arab with a swastika. May his programmers drive into a wall with one anal gland clapping. The guy with my three bucks was actually limping bad. He made the sign of mercy by not repeating the usual religious blessing to me. May he qualify for government bread, may an angel visit his leg, may her nipples press his foot.

*

Good thing I had a personally sized tar pit down from the collective one. That self-deception. Nothing speaks to that. To you. It increased. You're going for a smoke, you just go—with the screwed-over feeling about the literal world...Want Ads, sleepwalk enlistments, tarpitable mood swings. Okay enough with my busted umbrella in the literal rain. Three spokes left on that umbrella. Less replaces enough. Their idea. Screwers of the screwed. I'm saying this, someone leaves you a book when you're nineteen, it carried you somewhere you could think straight—man, it was your bread book—whatever dog's shadow was pissing on you then. Or since then. That panting dog they brought from the side of the farm road, oiled and bloodied fur, where they found her, where she was going. The dog thought I was looking at her, the dog thought she knew me. "Forget it," I said with my eyes to the dog abandoned by psychotics the usual—"I know the kind of people you ran from. They know me." I stared into the pleading blood-shot eye. I knew better than I wanted—what it was like living without knowing the right plant to eat from, the right mouth to be kissed by, long enough. The brutish miserable facts and outcomes of that kind of dog didn't affect me like they could've. I already knew what happens to the soapy tongue of a dog like that, a dog you can only feed, not heal, a dog that licks your shadow to get your attention. The deer dipped her head, it was a blue chicory sprawl, it bloomed behind the straggled stonewall border, it was like visualizing a mounting current, it was like becoming drenched blue with the petals on the tongue, it was like overflowing behind your own eyes.

3.

Third hygienically demented time the busboy comes to clear things away. Third time the man in the booth raised his left hand defending his last French fries. I brought a vitamin to take with my fried-up lunch, it broke to pieces in my pocket. If I die from complications related to a lifetime diet of negative nutrient excess, I will donate my Jewish sideburns—one with a pressure-point to my lower intestine, the other connected to various sound distortions—to the Skin Head Nation.

I was in the language metaphor gullet, some other taste buds, part of some other deep throat, at the crossroads to some other crossroads. When I heard what he was hearing where he was going the volume was unmanageable. There was an eclipse of day moths that day things started, a half shut grinding sound when they were gone. Never the one flush enough with waking, and always the mania of staying awake, the technology of wakefulness, that it's not too big around but it sure is short kind of staying awake. More aggravation-erosion than you set out for than you think. The downward entailment, him calculating what never adds up, setting out. The putdown down. What is the Latin phrase for hating sound?—what I'm hearing where I'm going, there's a knack, every bite of snow, every bite of micro wire, my micro music, my bio mimicry, whatever for.

Then, then the wood chipper starts up behind Elva Lane Schoolyard again. They still have some kind of incinerator over there. I don't think they'll ever take it out, Mr. bread book man. Some things are just over. Whether you find someone you finally can't wear out, or fix enough the way you fulfill the process, there isn't a bread book small enough you won't need to fit into your mouth.

*

Him in the metaphoric mood, the unswallowed feeling, the inside out tone, him recounting the frost that sweetens the artichoke buds, if there's a reciprocal effect in other plants, if there are human equivalents, reliable tendencies, factual reliability, especially in the struggle against the bitter or weak part turned bland—and who originally monitored the frost fluctuating one taste to another? That's the job for me. I'm calling it migrating, I'm calling it Incidental Volition Equilibrium, when the frost process gets going, when the frost rides the yellow onion juice to sweeten what stings in the luscious part, when it finds the porous part. I'm declaiming how artichokes mellow breast milk, I'm declaiming it alongside my blues to obedience, cold ass blues to the payment you can't make, blues to funk in a deep freeze.



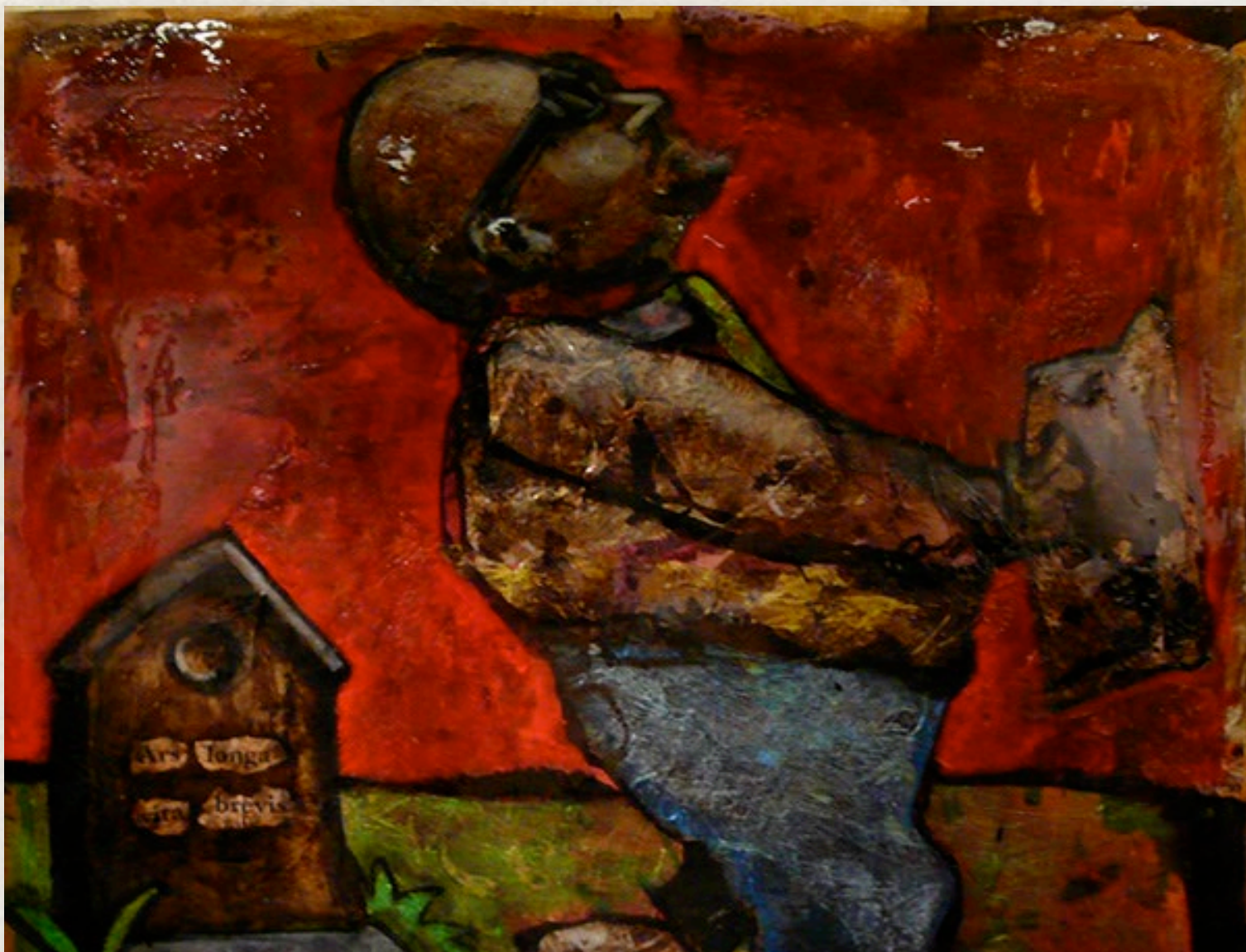
PLAY DATE IN GAZA by Christine Kuhn, 2012, mixed media:
recycled items, walnut ink, acrylic, and cast epoxy resin (3' x 4')



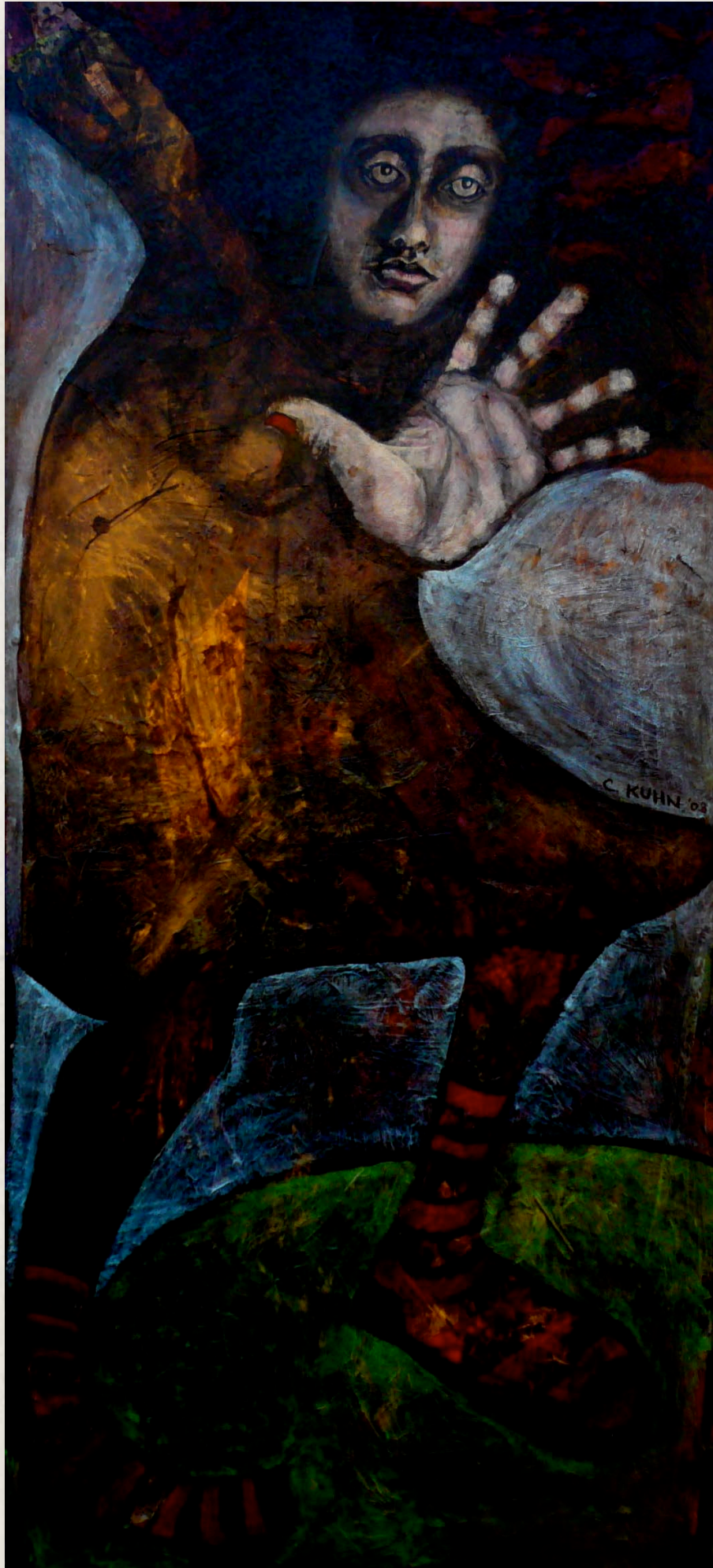
NOBODY'S LITTLE PRINCESS ANYMORE by Christine Kuhn, 2009, mixed media: recycled items, walnut ink, acrylic, and cast epoxy resin (5' x 7')



DIALOGUE OBAMA by Christine Kuhn, 2009, mixed media:
recycled items, walnut ink, acrylic, and cast epoxy resin (5' x 7')



DEATH AND THE PROFESSOR: IGNORING THE FACTS
by Christine Kuhn, 2008, mixed media: recycled items, walnut ink,
acrylic, and cast epoxy resin (47" x 49")



PRETTY POLLY by Christine Kuhn, 2008, mixed media: recycled items, walnut ink, acrylic, and cast epoxy resin (8' x 3')

MERCEDES LAWRY

My Anxiety Goes Barefoot in the Snow

I live on the selvage,
in the space between dog barks,
in cheap disguise.
In peeling bark and
on tenterhooks, which I learn
are actual, used to stretch wool,
so as it dries,
it keeps its shape.
I live in a tent of nerves,
hooks in my throat,
in my skin stretched over
my bones. On edge, jangly,
in full collision.

The Climb

Train sounds. Thin whistle of wind
as he circles the tree and takes the north fork.
A curl of early moon clings
to the deepening blue. Slowly, he drops
his sparse hope, little fingerfuls
that hiss in the spaces between rocks.
The stark cold of the air, the disregard.
Wolf sighs, fog spit, the steady rise.
Harm bides on the mountain,
though not malice. Things up here
could go missing.



ALVARO CARDONA-HINE

Timetwist

the child was given a single toy
and then came oceans deserts
mountains of ice
manhandling the gift

still young
green as a pine needle
he weeps
alone at noon
in a warehouse
abandoned by a woman

they cage older lions
with fleas
with meat tormented by flies

but he is free to roam
now succinct
facing one word
sounding for shoals
feeding on burnt clouds
moving north

Ice Cream

rarely it was
we'd go for ice
to make
home-made ice cream
father and I
but when we went
the humid warehouse
where it was made
had a faint whiff
of the future
when I'd hunt
near Canada
or freeze
in Minnesota
or sing at 8,000 feet
in the Sangre
de Cristo
mountains

Old Photos

mother enters the frame
just shy of herself
to the right
of her siblings

the oldest Dora
will go straight
Aida will veer left
Edna the littlest
will pout forever

Fernando is mulling
what being a male
might mean

all a bit crowded
in the four chambers
of my heart

Cid Corman

one evening
was all
we shared

you
with your
coat pockets
full of books
me
with my
pant pockets
full of holes

we stood
where the freeway
in Hollywood
has replaced
our chance
meeting

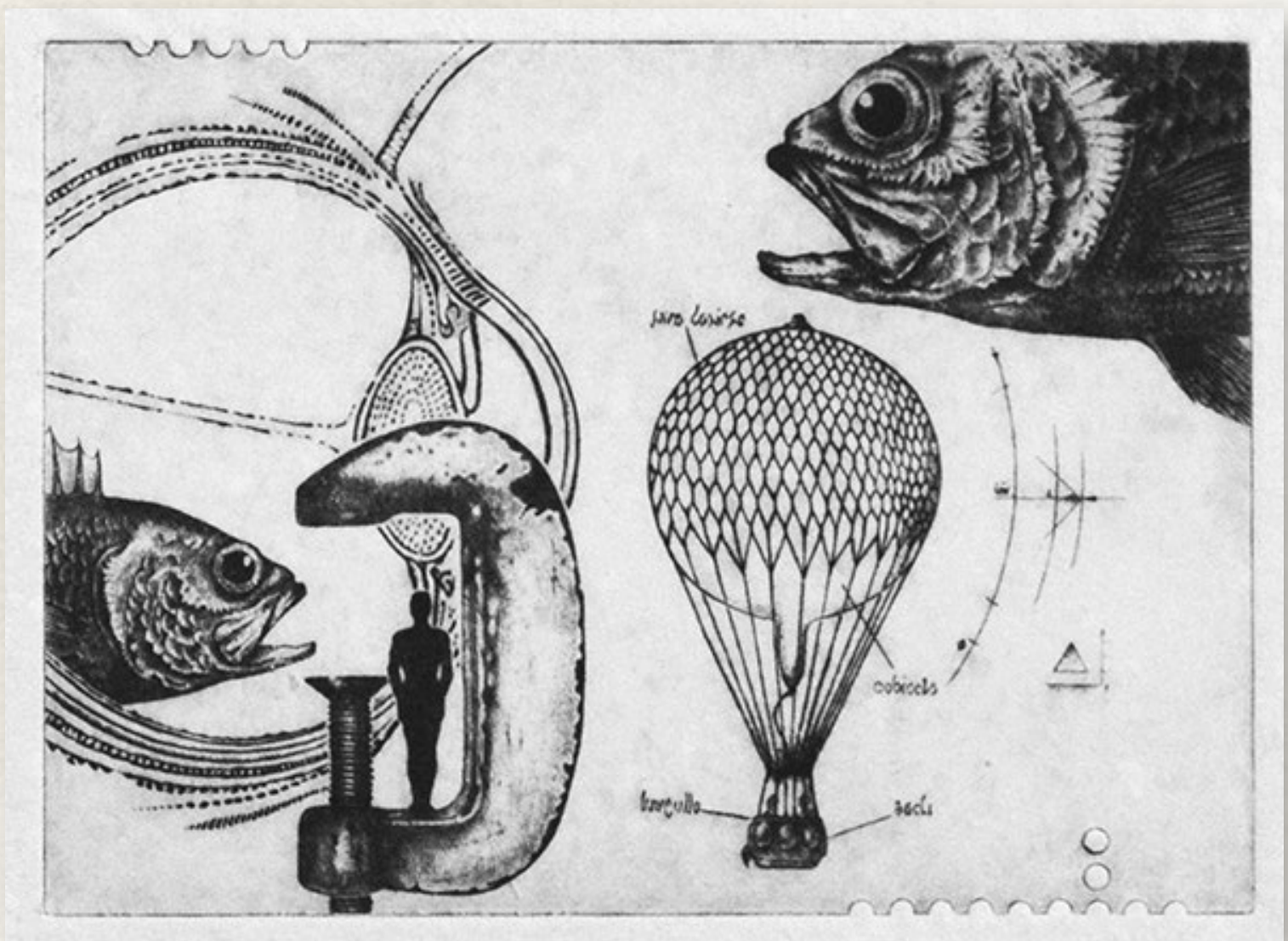
then it was
Japan
for you
a laundromat
in West L.A.
for me

Persona

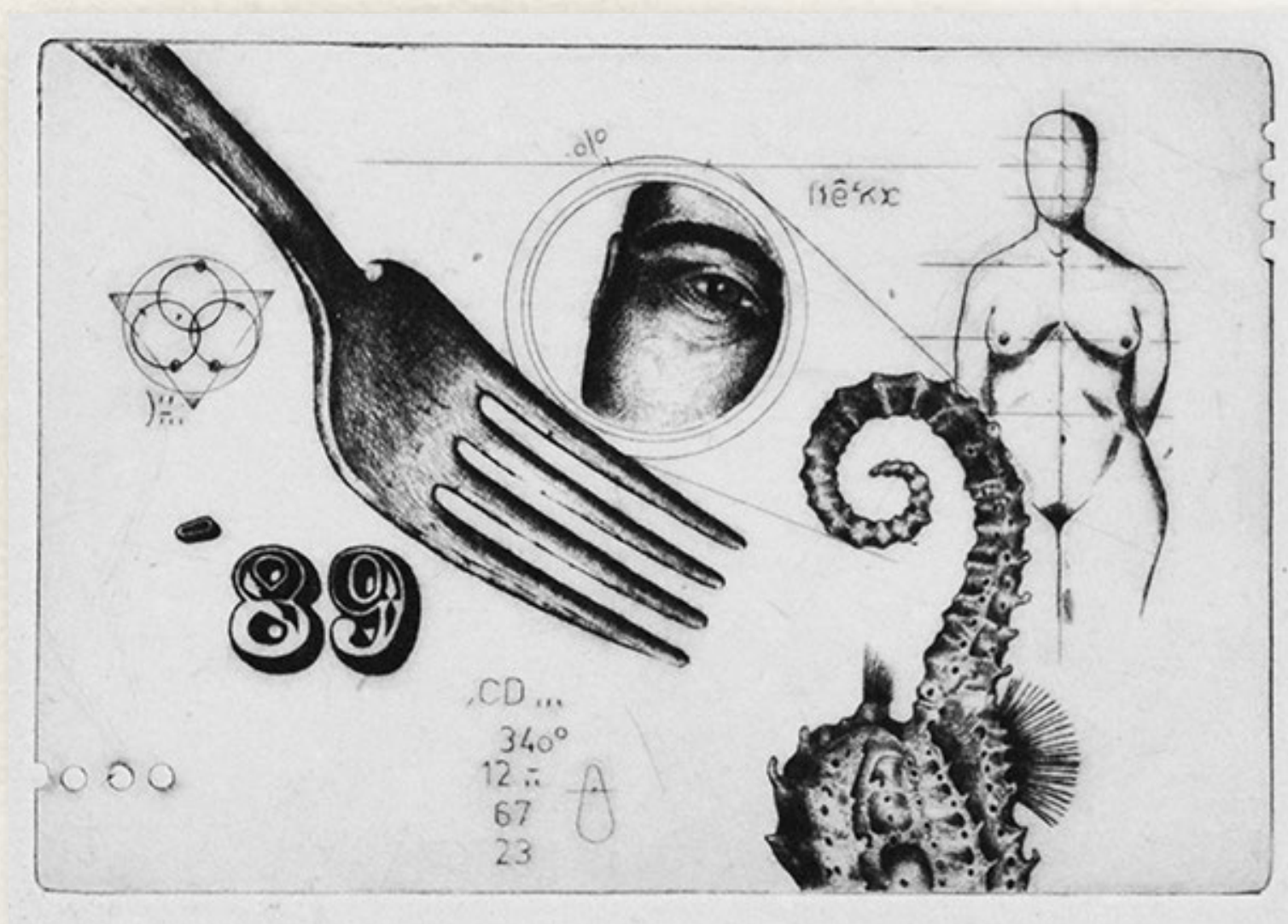
on a sliver of time
this world becomes my pseudonym
the seas lost to desire

on the cusp of eternity
stars become my nom de plume
the moon a needless thirst

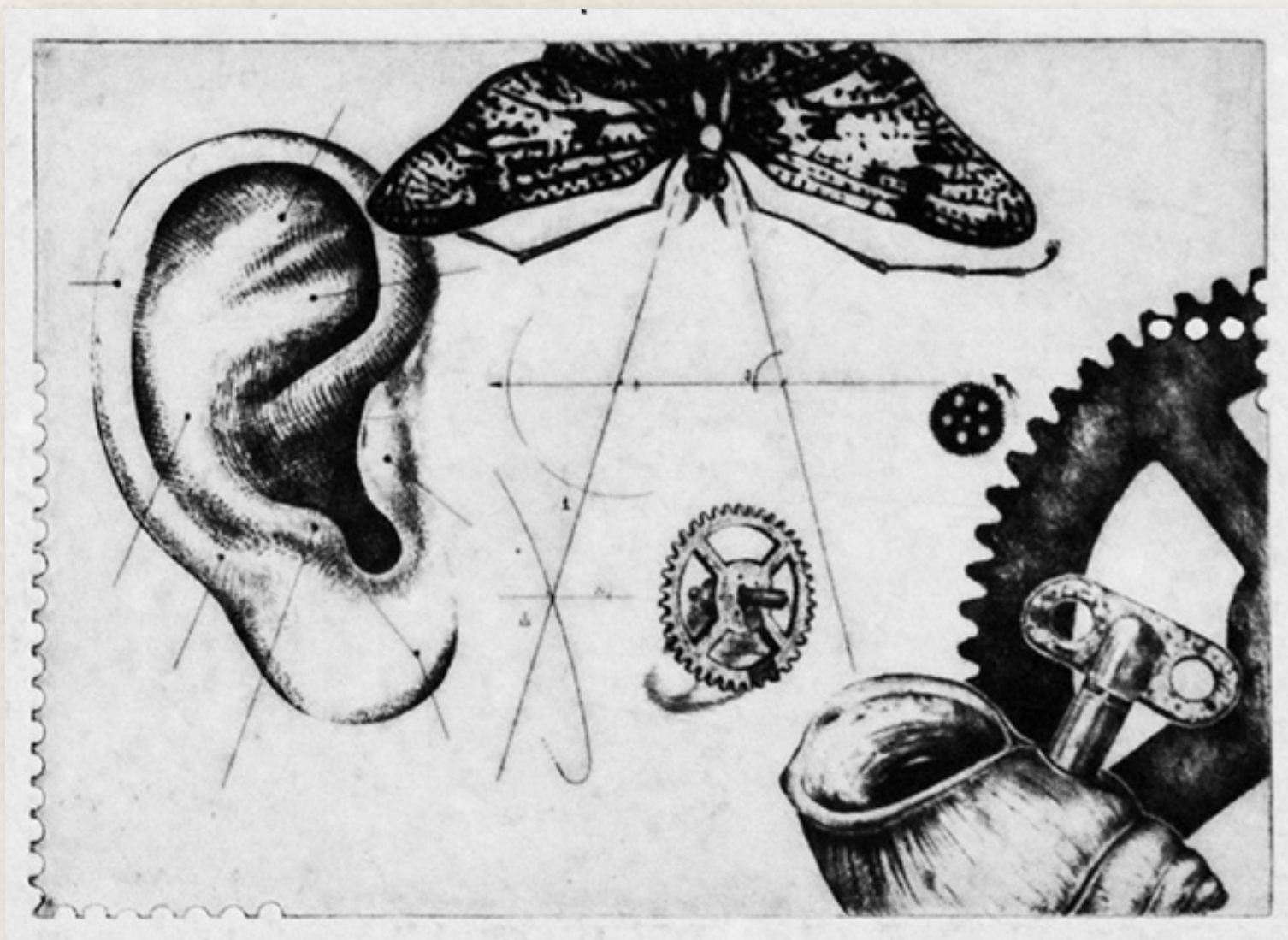




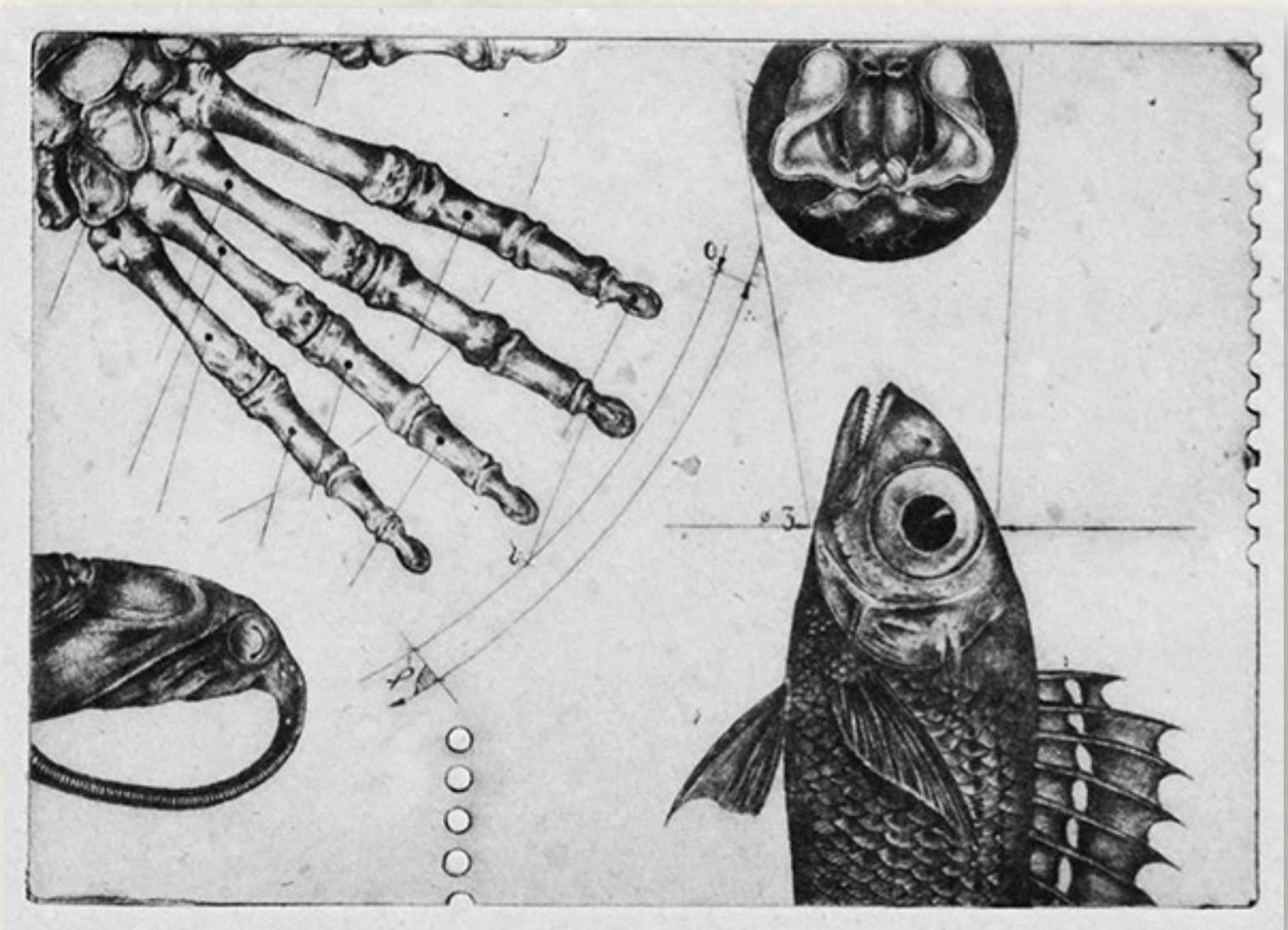
GLOBO by Yasser Hector, 2012,
drypoint (5"x 7")



FORK by Yasser Hector, 2012,
drypoint (5"x 7")



MAIL by Yasser Hector, 2012,
drypoint (5"x 7")



HAND by Yasser Hector, 2012,
drypoint (5"x 7")

SESSHU FOSTER

Nonexistent Country, Part 6

During World War 2 Nacho worked as a welder in Oakland shipyards till he got a steel splinter in his eye that ruined his eyesight on that side.

Enlisting at 18, Ray strung signal lines across North Africa, jumping from the poles when shot at.

Ray said he was first hospitalized at 20 with arthritis in North Africa, he alluded nostalgically to Arab whores.

Nacho joined his brother, the Mexican consul, in Fresno around 1920 and later got a job in Carmel as photographer's assistant to Edward Weston.

Nacho learned photography with Weston's sons and during the Depression took photographs in San Francisco (one negative per week, \$30 per month) for the WPA.

Ray married Katerina in Naples, where he studied art after leaving the army and brought her back to Calif. after the war; after a year or two in Chico, Katerina left Ray and took their daughter back to Italy.

Ray said he received a certified letter years later, promising several thousand dollars if he'd sign papers removing his name from his daughter's.

Nacho married Leonore and photographed her and her students at the Indian school outside Markleeville in 1937 and 38.

Nacho practiced portrait photography in San Francisco until World War 2 made it difficult to get supplies.

Nacho's old cameras and supplies are stacked in our garage.

Sometimes when you flatten Nacho's old negatives to print them after seventy years, they crack.

Ray outlived a bunch of neighbors at the senior apts. and several roommates at the facility.

Ray would say that he was planning to leave Chico and move to Oregon; my sisters were concerned that he kept talking about Oregon (where he had never been) but I told them not to worry, because he no longer tried to walk.

Ray, who drank a liter of gin a day when he could get it, in the last decade would not walk to the liquor store on the corner.

Ray used the G.I. Bill to attend the San Francisco Art Institute where he studied with Richard Diebenkorn, Marc Rothko and Clifford Still.

Ray's paintings showed a lot of Clifford Still.

Ray left stacks of his paintings behind in sheds or garages in Northern California over the years.

Very few of Ray's paintings exist; all abandoned.

Years after Nacho and Leonore separated, their oldest son Nacho committed suicide in Seattle.

By then Leonore had long since stopped looking for Nacho at his family's houses in Mexico City.

Nacho and Leonore's younger son Michael taught photography, printmaking and art at Humboldt State University, but Nacho never communicated with the family, nor sent support to his sons.

No longer a welder, Nacho got a job with the bracero program, traveling throughout Mexico, recruiting farm workers.

After the war, Nacho bought a 2 ton army surplus Ford flatbed truck with a canvas top and drove it throughout Mexico, shooting photographs of Tehuana women in Juchitan, Indian dances and festivals in villages and massive crowd scenes in Mexico City.

Ray worked on the Northwestern Pacific Railroad on the Eel River.

Ray shoveled shit in a fertilizer factory.

Ray landscaped as a groundskeeper at Madame Ganna Walska's estate gardens in Santa Barbara.

They said Ray was offered a job at the Santa Barbara Art Museum but couldn't keep it.

They said Ray was offered to exhibit his paintings at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art but never followed up on it.

Ray took me to Merve's house where Merve and Patti served us each a cup of vanilla ice cream with ground coffee beans on it.

I'd look for Ray in the bars and restaurants on lower State Street.

Sometimes I'd find Ray in Al's Bar and he'd laugh and introduce me to drinking buddies.

Ray married Ann Agawa, an art student, in a Zen ceremony following a car caravan into the Santa Barbara Hills.

Ray worked as an ambulance driver but he could not stand the gore; he quit after picking up dead motorcyclists on the highway, a young couple who looked "like they were sleeping, except their bodies were laid open as if by an axe."

Ray stayed in SRO apartments in downtown Los Angeles, furnished with a murphy bed, a sink and a hotplate.

Nacho met Natividad when she was fifteen or sixteen in Guadalajara and married her.

Nacho photographed the teenage Nati playing in the Mexican surf.

Nacho photographed her with their young children at a Guadalajara racetrack.

Nacho and Nati traveled between Calif. and Mexico in the truck till their newborn son got sick.

Ray worked in a fish stick factory.

Ray worked in the Apple Time apple juice plant.

Ann looked for Ray in bars in town to try to get money for food for the kids—four, five, six kids.

When Ray went to work on the railroad, Ann drove the Dodge sedan through the mountains to look for him.

We drove through the mountains to see Ray in a hospital alongside a rushing river; he greeted us with his usual cheer.

Ray had a white bandage taped across his face, having been beaten—when I asked what happened---in a bar fight he said by a small man “mean, with the meanness of the small man.”

In a railroad camp, Ray scrounged someone’s leftover birthday cake and Ann harvested watercress in puddles beside the tracks for food. Ray’s second son did not start kindergarten with the others because he didn’t have shoes.

In Sebastopol, Ann raised chickens, goats and rabbits to feed us, but sometimes there was no food, and for those times, she kept cans of okra under the sink.

In the garage, Ray and his father lifted the motor out of the Dodge to replace it.

Ray worked in the garage listening to the fights on a small transistor radio, where I told him Cassius Clay would beat Sonny Liston, because I liked the alliteration.

Ray was thrilled when Cassius Clay knocked out Sonny Liston.

Ray followed ‘the fights’ the rest of his life till Muhammad Ali shook with Parkinson’s and could no longer speak.

“It’s a terrible sport,” he’d say in later years, but Ray was always interested in fight news.

Ray attended Zen lectures of Saburo Hasegawa in San Francisco, naming his third son after him.

Ray read D. T. Suzuki, Cesar Vallejo, Antonio Porchia and Machado de Assis.

As a first grader, from the backyard I heard Ray yelling in the kitchen that he was going to “hit you in the face with this goddamn frying pan!” and mom screamed for help.

When we took Nacho to art museums, he always studied the pictures carefully.

When we took Nacho to the beach, he’d swim so far beyond the breakers that we couldn’t see him; in later years sometimes the lifeguards called him back.

Nacho sat at the kitchen table for years, circling shipyard welding jobs and other jobs in the want ads, but never worked again.

Nacho brought junk like car bumpers, broken hi-fi stereo cabinets and old tires and kept them in the living room.

Nacho argued with vendors at Grand Central Market over the price of wilted produce.

Nacho bought day old bread and expired food items.

Nati left Nacho to live on her own after the kids were grown.

Nati and Nacho conversed casually at family gatherings for the rest of his life.

Nacho resisted ever going to the doctor, saying, "All they care about is money."

Nacho drove his battered station wagon through Los Angeles like a wild man.

When he didn't answer the phone, his daughter found Nacho on the floor of his 8th floor MacArthur Park senior citizens tower apt., in pain and unable to stand.

Nacho died that night at 95.

Nacho brought his young wife and small children from Mexico to live on Bunker Hill downtown in the SRO tenements full of old men.

At Enloe Hospital in Chico, Ray was asked if he was ready to go.

Ray said yes, with two of his daughters holding his hand and watching over him as he died (1925 - 2011).

When I visited Ray in his senior apt. on Lindo Vista he sometimes said, "I've lived too long."

Sometimes Ray sighed, couldn't find anything else to say—"It doesn't matter."

Once I drove hundreds of miles to First Street in San Jose with my wife and kids and found Ray coming off a binge ("with the Indians," he said) staggering up a driveway, he stared at my vehicle as I parked; he turned to vomit in the bushes, stood straight and waved and smiled weakly.

"I haven't been home for days," Ray said, "it's great to see you," walking into the house to make strong coffee for the visit.

Ray showed up at my brother's tiny room in the First Street rooming house and moved in; he didn't leave, driving my brother out for good.

Ray sat on the porch looking out over First Street for a couple of years, drinking tall cans and growing a white beard.

“There won’t be a woman for me now,” Ray said at one point.

Throughout his seventies and eighties, Nacho put a few things in a bag and traveled alone by bus to Mexico City.

Nacho’s father was a Mexico City Lawyer.

Nacho’s brothers an engineer, a doctor, a lawyer.

Leonore was never able to contact Nacho through the family in Mexico City.

If his sister, Carmen, called and was shrewish on the phone, Nacho hung up.

Many times Nacho walked around Los Angeles and Mexico City wearing cheap sandals, old khakis, old shirt open to his wife-beater, goatee gone white; he said, “If you look like you have nothing, they leave you alone.”

Ray was nearly beaten to death in an alley in downtown Vallejo by black boys; probably drunk at the time, he hunched his boxer’s shoulders and staggered out to the street, his face broken again.

Nacho collected boxes of newspapers and National Geographic magazines.

Nacho picked up and studied cameras that people used, but never took photographs.

Ray showed up at my brother’s place with a sack of beer; my brother also with a sack of beer under his arm.

My brother told Ray he needed to be quiet as we put the kids to bed; Ray was outraged, shouting, “I’ve never been treated this way in my life!”

My brother escorted Ray toward town, Ray ranting the whole time; they never spoke again.

When Nacho came to our house for gatherings, he wore fedora, a nice shirt, and if his ankles were swollen, his old sandals.

Nacho and Ray were reserved and respectful at family gatherings with their grandchildren.

Ray said he answered a want ad for an expedition into the jungles of Nicaragua to search for ruins.

Ray said the organizers of the expedition took all the money and stranded everyone.

Ray spent over a year in the streets of post-1972 earthquake Managua, till his mom or his brother sent him money to return.

Ray brought his third wife, Tina, back to Calif.

Ray and Tina were together for several years in Carmel, Fairfield and Vacaville.

Ray abandoned his car in an orchard, quit his job and threw away his suit.

Tina gave Ray an ultimatum.

When I'd give Nacho a ride downtown late in the evening, he'd usually tell me to drop him at a bus stop so he could take the bus.

I told Nacho it was easy for me to drop him at his place.

Nacho said once when he was living on Cannery Row in Monterey, there was a knock at the door and it was Jimmy Cagney, asking to borrow a corkscrew.

Edward Weston wrote his journal in the 1920s that he met a young Mexican, Ignacio Bravo at a party and he was an excellent dancer. Nacho's second wife said she could not imagine Nacho dancing.

I asked Ray once what he thought of dancing.

Ray said it seemed like a lot of useless activity that didn't get you anywhere.

Walking on College Ave. in Berkeley, I told Ray I really enjoyed throwing and firing ceramics in Peter Voulkos's studio at the university.

Ray shrugged, "What does making pots get you?"

Ray was recruited by the Moonie religious cult off the streets of San Jose and quit a week or 2 later saying he had to go to the bathroom in a bar in Santa Barbara, exiting through the back.

Nacho said he bought his first car, a Model T Ford, used in Monterey.

Ray survived getting shot by a kid with a high-powered rifle who was shooting at everyone in sight on the streets of South Central L.A. (the bullet blasted a one inch piece of Ray's femur from one leg into the other and smashed the second femur as well), spending the

better part of a year in a body cast flat on his back with both legs pinned, and then had to learn to walk again.

Claiming he could not understand his mail during the last years in the convalescent facility, Ray handed a letter to my sister; it was a bill from Solano Co. for child support payments from 25 years previous. The year Ray died, his daughter Alberta and her husband Carlo came from the town outside Naples, with their son Remo and her grandchildren to visit him at the facility. Each morning when I visited, I bought Ray an espresso. Some mornings Ray would be sleeping.

Ray joined the merchant marine and circumnavigated the globe as a potwasher---lowest job there was on a freighter; he sent me paper money and coins from Peru and Ecuador, China and Japan. One of the only birthday gifts Ray ever gave me as a kid was a portable typewriter that I think he picked up in New York City. Nacho's daughter found a fat envelope of bills when we were cleaning out his place. When we moved Nacho into the senior citizens towers that were full of Koreans and Latinos, we threw away truck loads of scavenged junk, broken stereos and car parts. Nacho walked around the MacArthur Park neighborhood, taking everything in through his one good eye. Nacho sometimes looked through a lens he was carrying, as if framing a shot. From a hill in San Francisco, Nacho photographed phases of construction of the Golden Gate Bridge.



CITY SURFERS by Miguel Saludes, 2012, oil on canvas
(38" x 50")

ROSS WEISSMAN

No Top Hat

The man with the Abraham Lincoln beard preferred clothes in bed and nude on the road. “This is not how we behave here,” people would shout in different ways. “Why do they care what I do in the privacy of my own room,” he would reply, and then close the blinds.

On an Island

A man is an island, desert, wooded, you choose. On it are two stubble-faced men, one with a fishing rod and the other given-up under whatever shade he could find. They both talk about their families and one is ready to die.

“You know what is more painful than my stomach, which has begun to eat itself? My heart, which already has opened its mouth and begun the same.”

The other man pulls up a writhing fish that hops back into the water and then out. Soon he will tire out. The fish too is alone on this line, thinking about his children, his love, and that he will soon replace a desire of something to destroy itself with the desire to destroy something else.

“Be wary,” said the man ready to die. “Eat his stomach, but I don’t trust its heart.”

And he did die, while dreaming of an island with two fish who came onto land in the night to wriggle like snakes on sand and lay their cheek one onto the other. “I love you,” one said, and then gobbled up the other.

Morning has Broken

The troll ambles out his den. He sleeps under thin branches with leaves still attached, in the back where cavemen, unless touched by aliens, couldn't paint on walls.

His hair is very curly on his face, and holds crust from his juicy leftovers. He pounds his hand on his chest, "I have a niggun for you!"

The butterflies continue flapping about, making their home in flowers. Birds sing. The grass tilts slowly his way, but he can't tell if it was by the will of the wind. He rings a handbell and four snakes gather round a fire pit and stump for his sitting. He boils tea and they chat about the weather.

דע לפני מי אתה עומד

Know before whom you stand, in its original, was imprinted by the Original and then carved in wood around the ark. “I know,” I said, “but I still don’t know what to do.”

JANET PASSEHL

Egress

Three will be in the house
 will not be eglantine
 fine and rooms
 in the mind
Three will not be home before
 the long plait of hills

Quarternion three women plus baby's
 thigh
 blue bronze scarlet shrewd

Curlew
 following cloak-ward listening

These will not be in the house
 of an evening paling:
 a garment ending *een*
 shiftless hollow behind the knee

*

One third tendon one third hapless one third sated
Across tar wild grass saplings
To the top of water small unblue
Green is yellow there.
The rest is texture instantaneous
Hissing silken watery
Where the baby with fat under his skin, fat to accommodate
Growth where larden buoyant
He floats atop
His will not be in the house tonight: warm brittle dry

*

Harm will be warm in the house
will be urgent pine chest
carriage
Three will be alone before
his strange footprint
Waiting bird a light blinking small continent wallow

Passehl/80

Strong-Necked Madonna

Oh, girl in fleur-de-lis
pants Oh,
man in belted robe

always the flower
opens, sheer
and as a kind of slavery

he touches her

with his bulbous sole
the long slow draft of holiness
leaking against her
recoil

Cast as Psalm

cast as layering, mineral on mineral
cast as hunger, hue on tongue
cast as hunger, tongue plus need
tongue + desire

cast as herd, body heat and slaughter
coarse hair hide and slaughter

the long slide
 down to wakening

the split and means:

ice slave

slabbed

shaved

delicate

splinter

white fog

known fog
either side of fog

cast as triumph
cast as jewel
cast as heaping

cast as mountain, foot of mountain
path down mountain
cast as time flowing down the side
of mountain

Passehl/82

cast as gravity cast as future

cast as replica

cast as mica, silk on fracture

cast as Io, Igneous, Europa

cast as fever

cast as final

cast as proof

cast as and from roof

roof as cloud, roof as floor, cast as if

leaping shingle on shingle, ledge on ledge

cast as pinscher, cast as sphincter

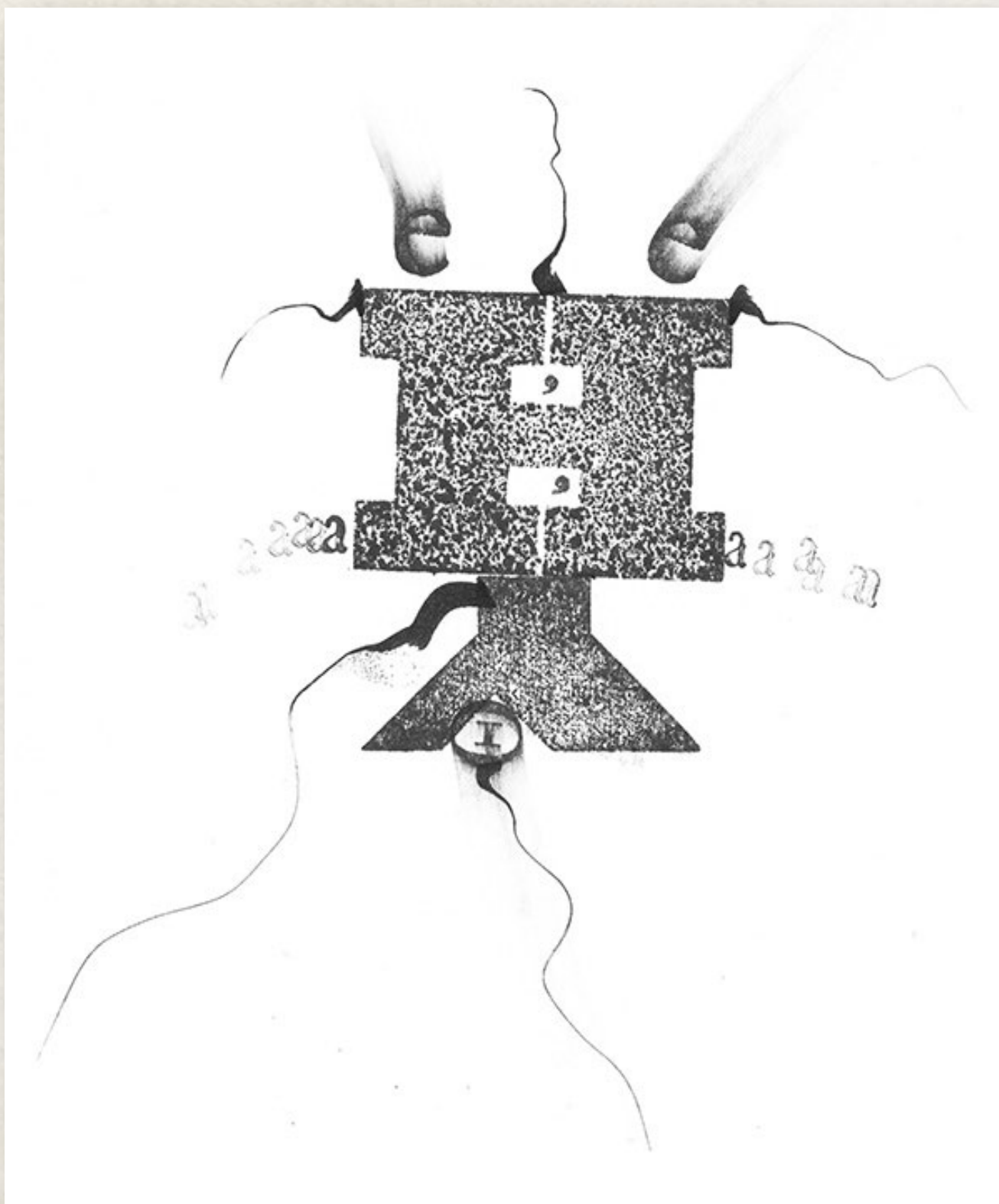
cast as pearl cast as pearl

Bastard of the Emblem

It was a casual adoption
Of the tree, Prunus Cerasus
Ending in an epithet of cheese
Ending in a scandalous bonk on the forehead
By a pit

A speckled boy who does not look dead
Flecked with mud
Sad because his horse has left him
Behind on the ground
Photographed as if upright
But prone

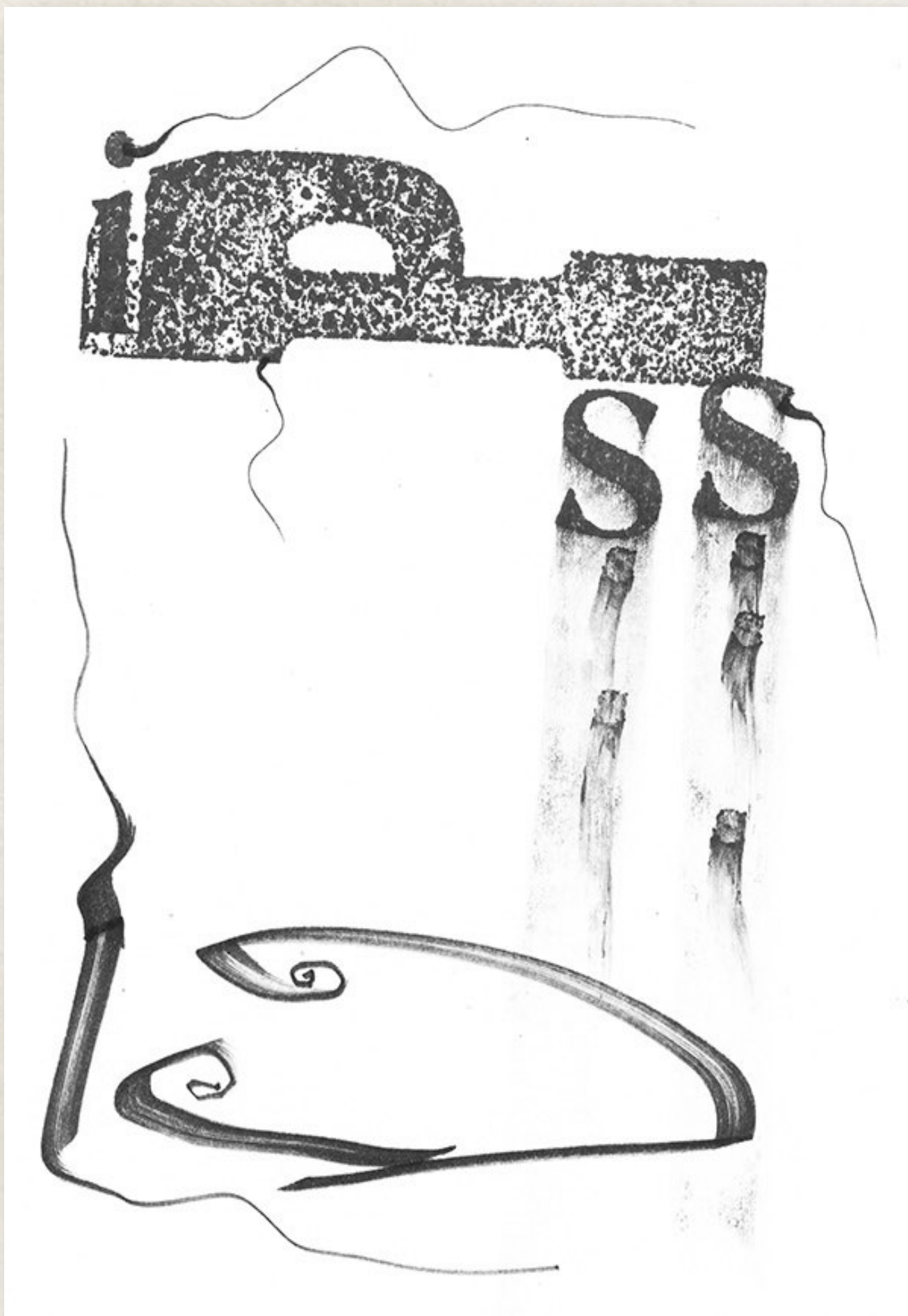
The boy whose lips possess as many curves
As lips can have and not be fleur-de-lis
Whose lips were prone to epithets,
Saliva
Whose chin is white and round
Mud all around



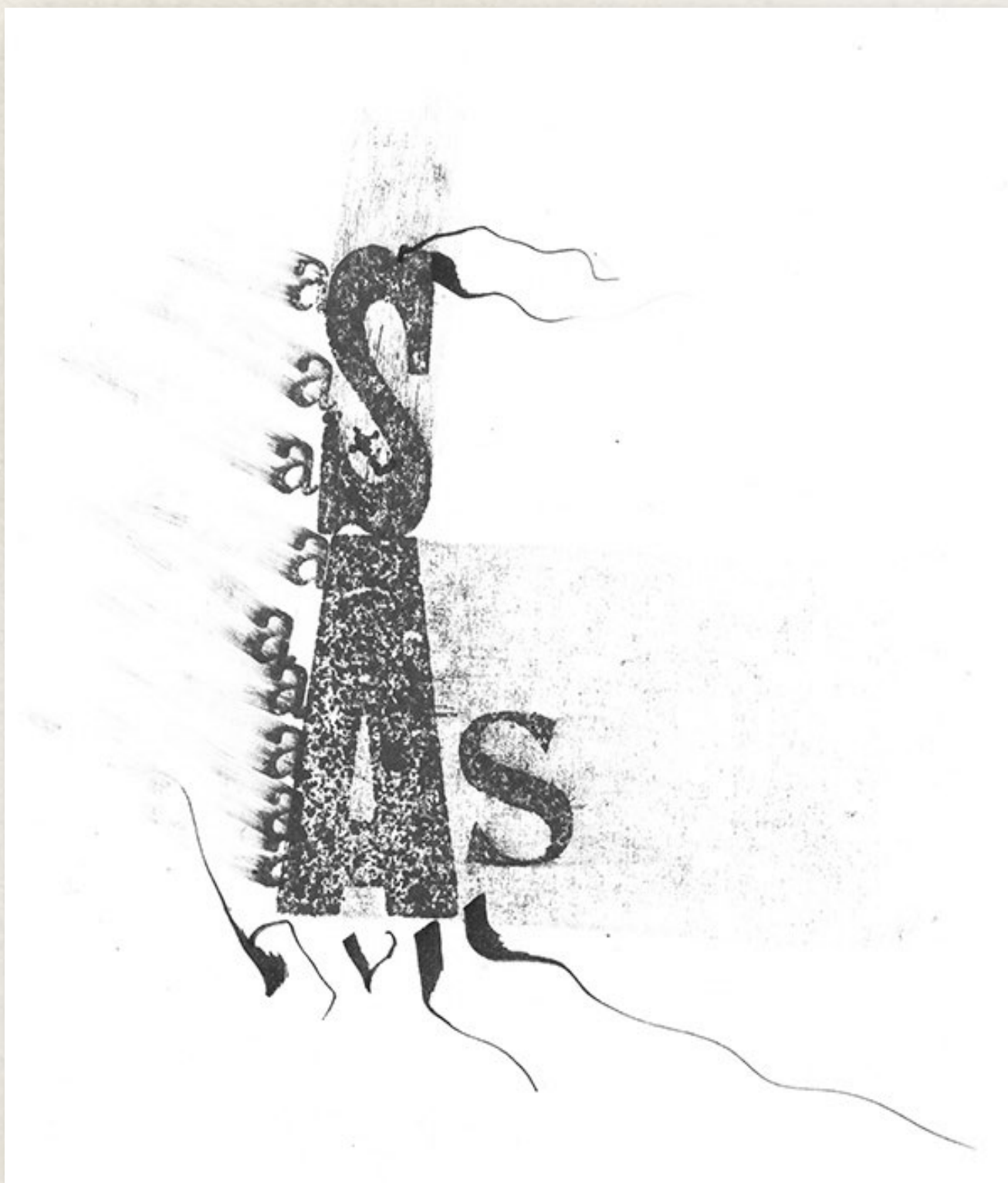
UNTITLED by John M. Bennett, 2013, smeared rubber stamps and calligraphy



UNTITLED by John M. Bennett, 2013, smeared rubber stamps and calligraphy



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UNTITLED by John M. Bennett, 2013, smeared rubber stamps and calligraphy

DAN RAPHAEL

If I had a Crow Bar

transitioning my hand into a 2 by 4 returning to the tree
transitioning sunlight & water with juice from another dimension
that swims like a fabric store, each bolt unfurling jellyfish
finding new colors tween stretched tentacles growing
like time elapse rain
or teeth in a mile long comb not wanting to fence the earth
but style it,
releasing its inner curvature to birds updraft gambling,
the luxurious den inside every devastation. thermo-nuclear
heartbreak
irradiating with pico-sadness seeding quick dance steps, lyrical trees,
the jones to be somewhere new and poppin'

when a house collapses the yards inventory expands so much a mall
could open there,
confusing google with transient doors and windows,
reflective surface smearing the calligraphy so I see the words I want
and roll them into lenses
while something flies into my mouth to teach me of pre-history
& how I could transition to eating dirt or paper, be my own
recycling plant,
gourmet newsprint, endangered vellum, rare book rooms
like wine cellars

each time I blink someones in a different chair
like a rotating restaurant where only the bathrooms don't move
with dozens of ladders we think are going the same place, a rope
that wont let me slide down it—

I let go & a door opens, I'm outside this screen dressed
like 20 years ago,
I'm off the menu, between the radars, wired like biscuits teaching
butter micro-economics
butter with cows deep inside, their dappled coats silhouette
the landscape,
old trees like satellite radio, thousands of grass condominiums
commuting between the ruminant moons. we ingest milks
viral subroutines,
how cows would fly us like kites, how after 3 stories up you need
meat bricks, tree wheels,
earth baked shiny by 12 months of august, the potato so hot
it bursts its armor,
my first aid kit is always running out of butter,

as if we each have dozens of feet that jump all over this 10,000
segment game-board—
chutes & ladders, teleporters, walls of doors we can slide in and out.
trading places with artificial sandwiches, energy barely contained.
with each room a longer menu, needing new names
for the previously untasted,
making notes then burning them, following the smoke so we become
vapor and freedom

I get on a plane, the plane becomes dozens of suitcases,
some of them ships, some of them passwords,
I trade a pound of wool for 3 large pizzas, swimming with cheese
and molten vitamins,
in a week the crust will mycelliate new varieties, magnetic sauces
pulling condiments from space as the restaurant changes to honor
the zodiac—
creased tablecloths for virgo, all you can eat for taurus,
each course in a different room for those who keep moving,
keep changing nationalities,
drawing my boundaries in deep carpet to watch the mountains ripple,

Raphael/90

the shadows of rivers to be, as thousands of flea-sized us
invade and divide

how we've been here since we were mice and birds,
teaching the trees to extrude nails & mirrors, opening our stomachs
to the earth,
plugging the soils questions with fingers, probes and what else could
this be for,

a stick you don't break but open,
teaching my skin to photosynthesize by rolling pastures cows
have forgotten—

I drink milk that never goes indoors, taking whats offered
& figuring what to do with it, how to get more

TERRY HAUPTMAN

Drinking Chaga at the Hunger Banquet

A place of weeping enters our sleep

Bejan Matur

Who is safe?

Rosanna Warren

Break burned black chaga

From the coal of birches

Stir chaga's funeral powder

With cumin and cardamom

For The Uranium Widows of Telluride

Driving cancer back into its root

Dolor of shattered glass and soot

Painting the broken eggs of Hieronymus Bosch

At the cemetery of strangers

Charred

At The Hunger Banquet

Turning The White Jesus

Backwards to the wall

Listening to the miners' last words

From the edges of grief

"What does it mean for us

Grinding coffee with the dead

Flooding us

With radioactive mud

At century's end?

Break the black kohl sulfur

Bile of desolation

The blood and sulfur balm

From birches
Back into its source.

Bandaging wounds
In Solzhenitsyn's Cancer Ward.
Drinking nettle and thorns
For tumors
Chaga to heal crows'
Black tourmaline siege of earth
Drinking Duende's black charcoal night
Cutting through time.

Ofrenda

For Chavela Vargas (1919-2012)

Not too many heavens

To give us ease

Barbara Clark

Now the pollen comb of bees

Rubato of your ruby brood

Stings the wind of tears. . .

Macorina,

The flower of your secrets

Revealed

Now that you have departed

Singing sorrow songs

On “El Boulevard de los sueños rotos “

With your rough voice

Of tenderness

Madonna of black seeds

And mountain butterflies

On the way to your Soul House

Singing

“Al preso número nueve

Ya lo van a confesar”

Not too many heavens

To give us ease.

We praise your black amber

Sultry voice of grace

Your radiant voice

Of earth and sky

Where moths secrete

Their strange perfume

Hauptman/94

As the dark earth
Listens to the rain
Calling your name
In the sulphured honey
Of your day
Falling into the night's
Attar of roses.

Your Costa Rican eye
Gazing upon Mexico's
Dark waves of beauty and grief
Dying a little each day
In the secret waters
The Aguas Negras
Black waters of
The ethered fray of centuries'
Soot and grease
La Llorona,
Not too many heavens
To give us ease.

Bone Winds

For Mim

And the language of Jazz was changed forever

Blue Monk

Tonight the gap-tooth sliver of moon shines
Mississippi sweet sax
Blue Monk just a step ahead
In the sleek light laughing longbody of dreams
Deer fire deep fire
Trombone slide over the prairie waters
That catch-fire quiver and glint

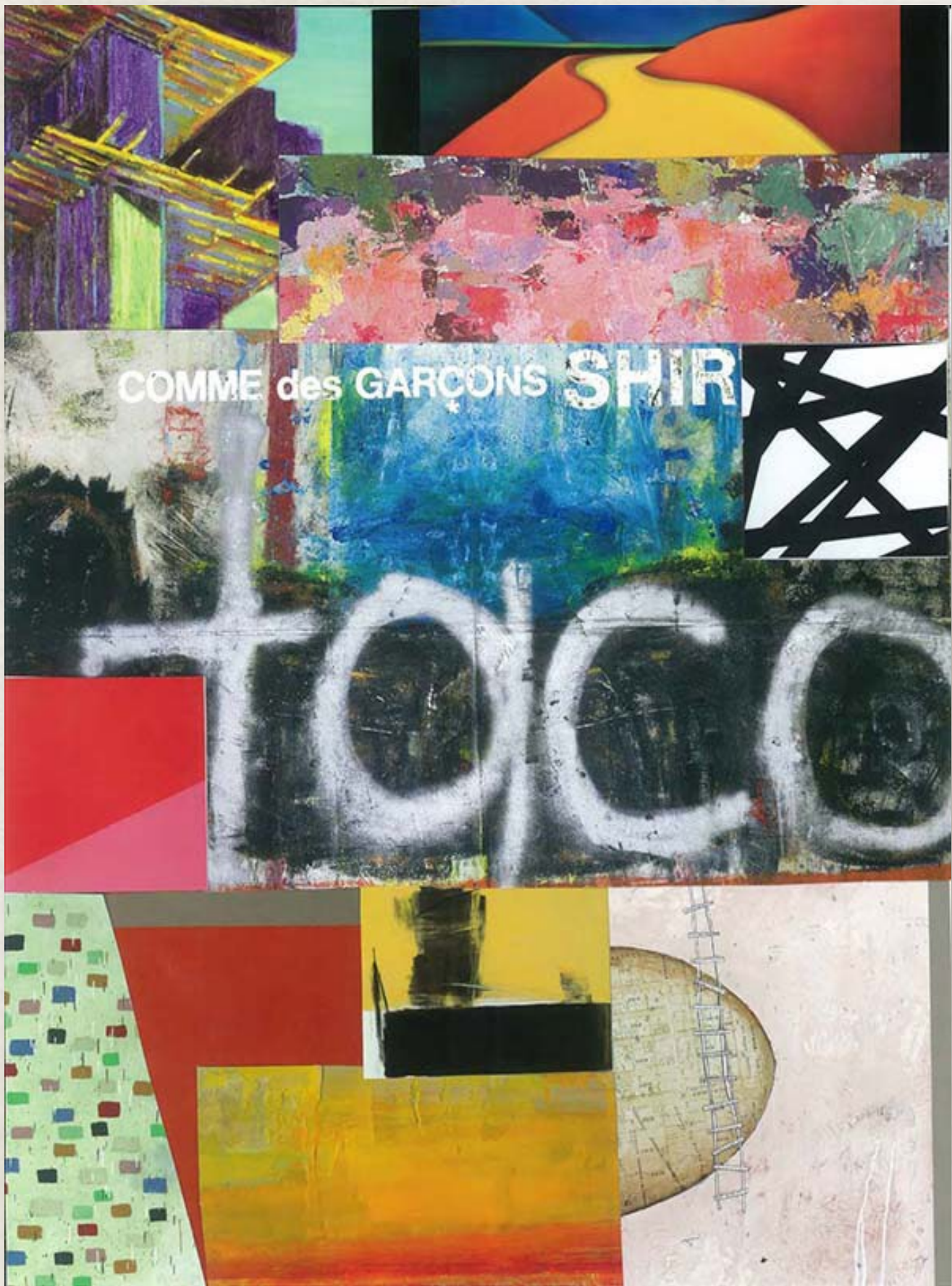
Two deer in Santiago looking out at us
Fast talking onto Orrock
This belly laughing winter
Rubbed down by the spirits bone winds
Your two fishes of Pisces breasting Minnesota light
Mindimoye dancing Elk River
Long Prairie Round Prairie Devil Winds

Belly fire in the hen house running dream
Falls back in the holler and whoosh
Sashaying past hawk bluffs and hyacinth riffs
Calling down the spirits
At the fawn ledge Fire and Ice
You remind me I cannot come three times
With this same old question to the circle
Before it screams

And the childrens' green flames
Laugh in hummingbird winds
As I fall deep in your dark rushing green.



UNTITLED by Wayne Hogan, collage, 2012 (11" x 12")



UNTITLED by Wayne Hogan, collage, 2012 (11" x 12")

ANDREW JORON

Whisper in Agony

after Celan after Supervielle

Let down your eyelids, &
Leave astonishment be, until
They become this for you:
Stone & only stone.

Allow the heart
No hinderance, even if
It falls silent—still it will sound
In secret, which was always its home.

The hands lengthen
In a vessel of ice, while
The forehead is left bare:
A blank terrain
Surrounded by two armies.

Nether Ether

Not *not*:

Nature closed in that
Nature clothed in thought.

One from
 the other, both
 nether.

To the breather of ether

—the brooder
 on a frayed braid:

There
 will be a First.

There
 was not a Last.

U-
 nite night

To center
 said cinder, sad sender.

Time might mate (no matter).

Fire to lie, lie down before
 (a show of attrition) all truthful trees.

There
 the wear of *where*, attire-entire. . .

J/J HASTAIN

From *LUCI: A FORBIDDEN SOTERIOLOGY*

It is a strange feat to have kept my twelve wings and my numerous faces even after leaving my first estate. I guess there was never any real threat of them being taken from me, because beauty is not recognized when it is a form of darkness. But the fact that I was able to keep these parts, my parts, means that my father and spirit brother never really knew me at all. This is not surprising, though it hurts me so. I by far prefer the parts of my identity that appeared by way of my shocking organs, attributes. It has never felt wrong to me when I have been referred to as a monster.

Believe it or not, my cherubim body translates nicely into my current residence. Every division of light here is skewed or bent: layered, hidden, seductive. I find it much better to have many different faces (uncovered and strong) and to have eyes on my wings than to have so many wings meant to cover the individual face (perhaps to even blot out the specific seraphim).

I repeat: I have no desire to stay and shout my father's or spirit brother's names over and over again into a void that they are calling *light*. I, for one, do not believe them.

*

When my father kept repeating: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me" I knew it was coming from a place of fear in him. Parents fear, don't they? He feared me growing up too quickly. He feared the ones I wanted to fuck (angels want to fuck too, you know). He feared what he saw early on in the shapely quality of my own volition. I sought round things because I was a round thing. I wanted to stare into glass that, while reflecting surrounding things to me, also reflected me to me.

*

It is important to note that it was really Exodus 20: 4-6 that I was most unable to agree with.

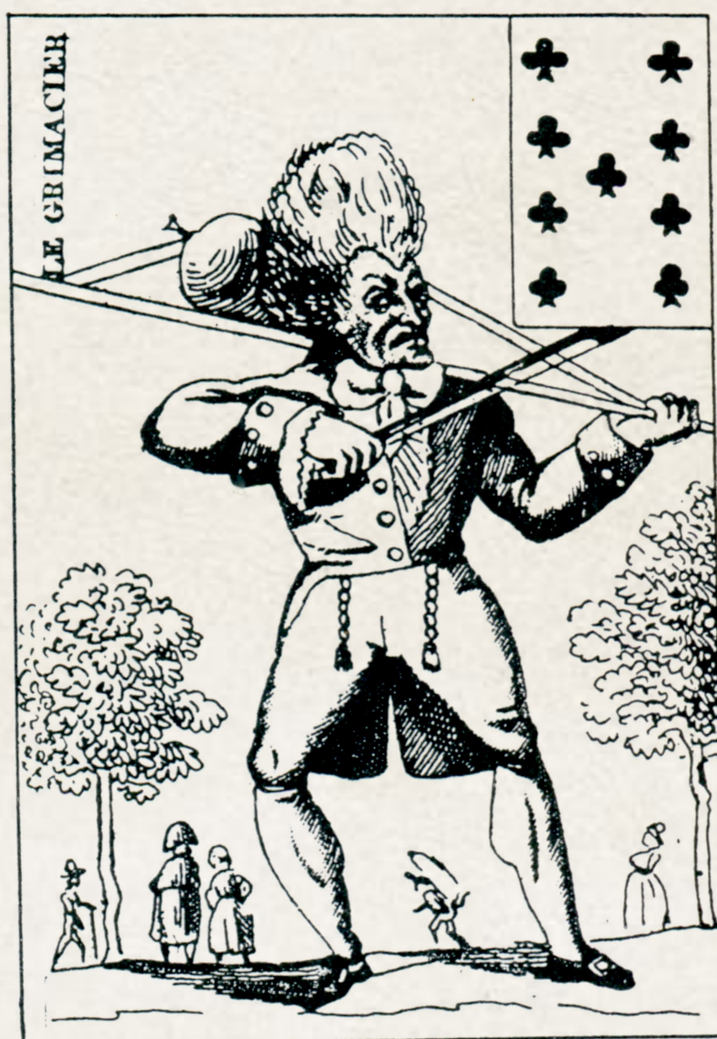
Graven images? I mean, really? What is a raven flying with a bloody femur in its mouth? In some ways is that not the exact same image as Christ's crucifixion? Does it not remind you of martyrs across the globe and throughout eras? Are synonyms or similarities not ways of veneration? They do keep what we are reminded of in our minds longer, like that song you can't entirely remember right now, but are also unable to get out of your head.

Go ahead; say that I am not on the bus. Say it, but be careful of what might come your way if you try to throw me under it.

TODD PORTNOWITZ

Long Distance Travel

The dark slides off her shoulders like a shawl,
her bare white back, a spotlight beam,
catches a compact mirror
and sends me tearing after echoes on a river,
past smoky ghosts of trees,
sleep, a black dot downstream and I reach it,
though it isn't sleep at all
but miles of low-lying hills,
my vision blurred by fruit flies,
a black cat napping on a balcony,
as dead as a black shawl.



An Offering

Black horse wound around no purpose
But to fling yourself forward,
Man thrown from your back,
One foot stuck in a stirrup,
 Face smearing out on the cobbles;
Fleet bead of galactic molasses,
Nub of brake pad, nicked in the latest friction,
You, the emperor, the crumbling empire,
You, we're fixed on and yet may know
 Only by the litter of your leaving;
Black lip of wave who flick
Cruise ships onto tenement roofs,
Who suck the shoreline out to sea
And shame the breeding weeds—
 I pray to you in rain boots, O god of rain!
 On your altar of rubble I stack pebbles.

CATHERINE SASANOV

Massachusetts (A Short History of Light)

Back when light had shelf life. Illumination

clinging to a string. Light gnawed
by mice,

malodorous in heat

(a man threading a wick
down the throat
of a bird,

settling in to read). What burned
in rooms made mostly of dark?

Mutton fat, beef fat, deer fat, bear—

And the poorest of the poor
left to wear
the full moon's cold, clean smell.

Did a budding executioner
love to read

the candle maker's bloody palms,
smell *slaughter* in his light? Dream

of nights
lit by the writhe
of a burning woman,
the tinder of her sins?

LEIGH HERRICK

Ashes

It is snowing but there is not
is snowing not where snowing is
but is snowing where is not which is not snowing but
silence snowing where not is that isn't is but is isn't
and though things shine here quite above
what is
quiets this darken and you remain not
where you lay
and not
you are neither blanketed
but covered most throwingly

apostolic fractal

i cannot speak a tongue like that not
in the day of bound hours drafted or gagged into and
across these paged offerings

i cannot burn for or make the miracle flame of promised blight
become a rising

cannot turn

your head

my lips

into kissable receipt

cannot rind the ways of leaves or make a table of citrused morn
that in this breath or any would fail—
similar to last night's dream *nearly* recalled—only by how

—in consciousness—

it fell

JOHN CROSS

Tug

Hornets have built a nest which hangs and hums in the rain forest where you and your lover sit on a dry bench under the towering cedars kissing numb-tongued for hours, and in the city the bridges are drawn and traffic is stalled and the tugs are groaning against the locks and deeper in the city an artist who's hobbled his legs with improvised braces sells little paintings of hell to the tourists—dripping demons with round shaky heads and scrawly tree-branch arms: *hello, one day you will sit on a bench near the water wearing a damp hat of woven paper and your lover will be vanishingly small under a tree*

so many graves to visit and sandwiches to eat

And what if you decide to go there, looted heart, where the animals being watched peck and tear at those dragged up onto shore and “see you safely home” is how the eeriness of Tuesday evenings and the pines and the smell of blood is sometimes sung

Shurf Joe

this tin-star, napalm constellation keeps us grinning through the night
where in a language other than your own the glass may fall from your
hand in your mind as you sleep in a place where the beds are feminine
and the water and women are dangerous and the air passing over and
under your shape may cause you to fly...

...behind vacancy's green glare petting the broken glass "o that old
rugged cross" is how the gillyflower of the crushed larynx is sometimes
sung

and in that light keep track of where you are away from your body
and your language where the key is feminine and what's seen through
the keyhole unspools and the air passing over rearranges the shuffled
photos on the ground behind the observatory: coming and going, the
exiled whose sands fill the library

Mathias as tide

Known as a beautiful young man he carried old bones past the
constant rattle of the rickety rising moon
as a beautiful young man set into dark waters taut awareness of
emergency exits

flapping up moths munching evening's little veins & what are they
getting at anyway in the buses huffing distance from the rooftop of the
church where Mathias a Polaroid transfer marks the ghost of one time
& another teetering off subdued on a bench he raises his arms & lets
them fall raises them & again they fall gestures of helpless compassion
fingernails drawing blood from his palms

[dark empty room lit only by evening light] Mathias crouches at the edge of
the stage

beautiful young man breath still audible at near dark

Mathias calls in sick

That's me, the hunchback, all
tension in my shoulders, slouching
out to harvest reminding-threads.
licking my fingers, I picture the
selvage I'll muffle the sky with, put
its mouth mostly out with. "you
make me giggle," I say, my hand
shaking toward the sun. there is no
sun, mute and agape at my escape
— only misshapen cloth stars, and a
fever

Mathias the host

Oh, these goddamned wires that stitch together this corner of sky – a sloppy graft covering what we might otherwise breathe. I wished they weren't so frayed, taloned by those shadowy bird-brains and hangers on so tightly. I'd wished a clear corner for your visit, without the burnt parts stuck to the failing bronze. I wish you weren't so frail. But here we are, happy hour and everything's ticking like under the hoods of hot cars. And there is a little girl who lives in the streets with her brother who's been turned into a fawn. His ankles aching, pissing himself, his hooves clatter against flagstone as he's dragged into the tilting sun

D. E. STEWARD

Marz

Jefferson sailed to Paris from Norfolk with ease, traveled overland up and down the eastern seaboard by saddle horse, walked his Monticello lands almost every day, would be flying to the ends of the earth if alive now

On the south slope of Monticello a Carolina wren's *cheery cheery cheery* in morning sun

Such bright direct light that the bulge of its throat feathers glistens

Looking west from Charlottesville with the Blue Ridge as clear as when he stood before it agape

The Blue Ridge from the Piedmont rise on clear days, gladdening, stunning, and even seemingly pristine

No evident disruption or breach of the montane forest in remarkable, selective and often illusory ecological resurrection contemplating it from this far-horizon distance

The hollows and the flats filled in with houses, trailers and the few cabins that are left

But from the front country the Blue Ridge looks as it did when De Soto ranged his rogue's way down the Appalachian train through the Mound Builders' wide valleys to Mobile Bay

The large and small wickiup-shakehouse-longhouse villages, the
wolves, bobcats, elk, mountain lions are no more but many bears, and
native trout in the upper tributaries of the Shenandoah

History lifts off the Appalachian hollows, coves, gaps and ridgelines
that were cut for planks, charcoal, iron smelters, shakes, piles, fatwood,
basketry and stove wood

Grown back to twenty-first century hardwood forest and pickup truck
settlement

Air must be clearer than it was a hundred years ago, with most cabin
wood smoke, charcoal-burning, and slash and burn clearing of the
pioneer and Great Depression past no more

With much of Ohio and West Virginia's coal-burning heavy industry
gone too

As pieces of the Antarctic ice shelf hundreds of meters thick and the
size of western-state counties break away and drift off

Arctic summer pack ice diminishes soon to be no more as a few of the
Maldives and some Pacific atolls ineluctably go awash

Nature was steady and predictable in Jefferson's times, he wrote about
other things

That he chiefly delighted in yellow, and in shadings and moods of
blues and greens

Colonial yellow, a moderate yellow, greener, lighter, and stronger than
brass, lighter and stronger than mustard yellow, redder than quince

Colonial buff, barium yellow, brimstone or brimstone yellow that is
sulfur yellow

Yellowish rice is raised in Jamaica where they eat so much of it, but the indigenous variety is runty and Jamaicans prefer the Thai, Arkansas or Sacramento Delta kinds

Jamaica with the same population density as nearby Haiti and even more mountainous, has almost five times the per capita GNP

Haiti's two and a half centuries of contra-Jeffersonian class-imbued demagoguery does it

Quercitron is orpiment, as is realgar orange

Orpiment is light to brilliant, darker than empire yellow

Deep chrome yellow, called also cavalry or chrome yellow orange is the yellow of yellow ribbons and of the armored branch of many militaries

Crash is a grayish yellow that is greener and duller than chamois and greener and duller than old ivory or flax

Cloudy amber is golden green

California green is a dark grayish yellow greener and slightly darker than honey or Yellowstone and redder than olive sheen

California green is reseda

Bister green is a dark grayish to dark yellow slightly darker than pyrite yellow and duller than sulphine yellow

During the vast massacres, Rwandan ID cards had "T's" and "H's," as the old coalition government made that designation against all considered advice

The feared, mythical haunt of Africa, the vicious, ignorant, evil darkness of Africa in one reality, the vast and warm glory of innocence in another

“Old Africa... the continent of wisdom, dignity, and deep poetry, equally expressed in nature, beast, and man”—Isak Dinesen

And many decades after Kent State, people who live in that part of Ohio still talk about how the National Guard was threatened by the students

One in the car, one under the seat of the pickup, two in the front closet, one under the bed

The display case of hunting rifles and shotguns in the basement where most of the ammunition is stashed, another handgun in a kitchen drawer

A machine pistol hung on webbing in the garage by the overhead door between studs, hidden by a camouflage groundsheet hanging from a nail

Brass is redder and duller than colonial yellow or quince yellow and redder and deeper than mustard yellow

It's also called brazen yellow

So much vindictiveness from the same culture as Barber's *Adagio for Strings* is almost as puzzling as the Nazis from Bach problem

But for Barber correlate Brahms

Within a hostile, asocial, xenophobic, paranoid, angry, failure-haunted sadness

“They take our guns from us one bullet at a time”

Hutus all

The unpardonable post-modern paradox of greedy affluence coexisting with an off-the-ethical-grid exploited and suppressed, vastly urban, mud-crawl world

No more fits Jefferson’s world view than does the onset of climate change

Jefferson bemused



GREG SIPES

Just So You Know





UNTITLED by Nico Vassilakis, 2012,
digital collage

DORU CHIRODEA

kill a dead fly

anyone may invade its own absence but not the others'

an'

all truth be told my dear
i don't remember you at all
but not to worry
i've got a nose
for every and each
desperate molecule
that'll ever pop off
your pussy whiff
in deep space

the love part
i kinda recall
& you're right
we almost had it made
it's just that
this sepia milk
you lactate
tastes
like eternity 101
taught to a roadkill

Chirodea/120

none

“There’s spicy cat stew, or grilled cat with native huacatay herbs.”

You’r right again > (fill in ur name)

Outside is always much later than indoors

The bluff is up

Never bet on

Snow angels kidnapped
for astronomical reasons

Whispered pectoriloquy &

No body was ever found

CARINE TOPAL

Hook and Ladder

What's left of the town
are the ribs of a ship

From my open window—
only our walled garden

Beneath mackerel cloud—
the last of my mother's Bourbon roses

In the heart of Amherst—
our strange summer moon shining

Hear the ticking of bells?—
oil exploding, that awful sun

The day so light tonight
birds sing like lunatics

Amherst Fire
July 4, 1879



UNTITLED by Barbara Maggio, 2008,
pieced fabric (30" x 36")

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

J/J HASTAIN:

Color performs as voice, or can. The therapist said “the pain tolerance you have as I go deeper and deeper into your hands is unbelievable.” Did they know that I was not trying to tolerate anything? That this was and continues to be enjoyable for me? The deeper and deeper they went the more color tones and variances I saw. What began as light coming in started to change, come in as color instead. Pressure is what makes color spill like this. Color in me has deep relation to cosmic lust. I fantasize an infinitely enabling, streaming relationship with pain. I fantasize a pain capable of forever finding me.

DAN RAPHAEL:

A way of pressing. Shoulder blades unfurl. The spine wakes a little air. Micro assaults from side/above. Swimming into bamboo; inhaling a two story house. Everything you let in creates a chemical reaction, some time or another, sliding sideways on a form of transportation we have no word for. I woke up feeling thin in places, where the wind could go through, where those little bits of me are some other dimension, already gone, co-inciding. Out of the body into the world. Out of the world into so much incomprehensible but not all of it: see energy crystalline constricting, like all of a poem's words coming out at once and you have to be partly not here (out of bio-time and blossoming to a different sun) to write down even the fragments, which, trans-dimensional in nature, continue to warp and surprise.

SIMON PERCHIK:

A poem is words that inform the reader (or listener) of what cannot be articulated. Much like abstract art, exactly like music.

TERRY HAUPTMAN:

Rubies In The Mud. . .

Yes, Duende rising up from the sole's of my feet

Ghazals of Cante Jondo's dark sounds

Stealing jewels from the cemetery of forgotten dreams. . .

Quiero dormir el sueño de las manzanas,

alejarme del tumulto de los cementerios.

Quiero dormir el sueño de aquel niño

que querida cortarse el corazón en alta mar.

I want to sleep the sleep of the apples,

far away from the uproar of cemeteries.

I want to sleep the sleep of the child

who wanted to cut his heart out on the sea.

Remembering Federico García Lorca's "Ghazal of Dark Death,"

Salting life with poetry's power to transform the world

Writing on fire, writing on wind,

Besieged by love in the dark/light.

ALVARO CARDONA-HINE:

Some random thoughts for your Complaint Dept.:

It flows incontinentally, the river we haven't named; and the sky we haven't trapped in our butterfly nets continues to produce huge quantities of blue every moment of the day. The moon likes to pretend it is a melon, but as my old friend Bert Meyers said in one of his poems, the moon is an aspirin in the sky. Think about that when you have a headache. The melon can wait until a bear grabs it with the cavernous twist of one of its toenails. Mexican mummies taste the best, but must be disguised with mole, otherwise people will think you are MOLEsting the after-life with your unbridled placenta.

JANET KAUFFMAN:

short e eh, from Cynthia Pollard's **Synthetic Speller** (1895)

bed Ben bet beg sex

Ned men met Meg vex

fed men wet legs yes

D. E. STEWARD:

Here we've gone and done it again, and there they are, another generation on patrol with their M-16 fire sticks yoked to tactical slings, swinging in front of themselves, scared shitless and flicking the safety off, looking around, flicking it back on. Snapping it off and opening up.

A relief, twenty or thirty round magazines ten rounds a second like popping pimples, shitting fast and hard, jacking off, disembogue. Every swinging dick, drop your cocks and grab your socks, lock and load, debouch.

"In every soldier's heart in all the Infantry shines the name, shines the name of Rodger Young." Drop the body counts, cap civilian casualties, and while we're at it no VD next month. Let's roll. Korean War stalemate, Viet Nam whupping, Iraq chaos, now it's Af-Pak's approaching doom humming on up in all the boredom and the fear, all the ugly lore and the same young stud hard-on slang since before the Medes and the Persians.

Christ to the heathen, order to the lawless, democracy to the downtrodden, culture to the primitive, capitalism to the communists, enlightenment to the ignorant, modernization to the Muslims, Pepsi to the pacified, Diet Coke and Doritos to the starving. Fly in massive infrastructure and setup the whole shebang straight from the homeland of the empire.

And if that's not enough bring in more. Airlift the big lowbeds and trailers to move it upcountry through the mountains. The old Kyber Pass again. Way up near the Wakhan Corridor, British imperial legacy, the Asian Caprivi Strip, that thumb of northeastern Afghanistan that borders Pakistan's Northern Areas, Tajikistan and China. Those tightly

switch-backed bottlenecks and ambush sites in and out of the Hindu Kush for the body count of soldiers and Marines who aren't getting out of there.

JANET PASSEHL:

The act of writing the first word (or phrase or line) is paradoxically both willful and irresistible. What is this urge to interfere with the perfection of the blank page? The next word (or phrase or line) is an attempt to discern the nature and thus the cause of the first. Or it may be an attempt to recover the magic and potential of the blank page. And so on with each subsequent word (or phrase or line). The question of whether the beauty of the blank page can ever be truly compensated is what drives me.

DOREN ROBBINS:

The silence, even the latent silence in the orifices it refuses to pour out of—our perception, our principles, our antiseptic minds: no response—we don't leave a taste in the mouth of anything. Don't waste one drug for how hard it comes down on you, the congenital vengeance types are not moved, it wouldn't've been my choice—like you're gonna to start dealing with what to have done otherwise? Go eat the dung of woodpeckers—the bottom of the pot you burned out of shape you'll get a bill for that too. I'm not talking about putting a leaf back on a tree, you're on edge without ease because what hadn't happened hadn't yet turned into what came about.

To welcome the unendurable is a lack of will. I defend myself. It catches me, it comes up my genital feet, the color rim, the vivid dye, and fuck you William Blake's father thrashed him for believing he saw angels in a tree...you can hear the corpse of a spider out there, you can make out the immaterial siren at sea level and the other one, there's no overcoming it, or the other one.

Or we head back to Crete. I think they'd take us. The siren on Crete went completely out the base of her mound, her pelvis liquefied, she dipped her tongue wildly muttering, ordering, losing her breath, huffing obscene encouragements, Euro U.S. Capitalist insults, forget the Communist expletivities—and the grinding praises, especially the

wringing spent ones in addition to the regular wringing spent ones, and the drainers, especially the wringing spent ones in addition to the drainers, and the ones that don't have the tone of a worked-out struggle, the opposite of an epic, a collapsed throat really, not the opposite of a siren, it wouldn't be worth it, a struggle without mesmerism.

LEIGH HERRICK:

and
then Lorca told of it yes from the soles
of your feet as if

breadth
could synonym to heights of muttering and "that's just it" you might
say between lines and folded penciled scraps "yes, that could be it,"
you might
just say when thoughts disrupt

the
ear and when before their exit you consume the ruinous crème of
swallowed
diamonds and
find you have always been sitting right there where the center is
holed to both lips bled into the
epistemological hook and that's just it, isn't
it :: two little words pinned to yes

and all of it
coming for you in the end along the contours of no and always from
the soles of your
feet

CARLOS LARA:

The wave grows stronger when the wave is denied.

JOHN CROSS:

Dearest Chavela, I meant to make a bird-beaked sun
one to sing your praises

or duende
whose crazy hair
each cursive exclamation
frightens the birds from their wires

of God and beast: a five-legged horse
to keep you on a varied course

I mean, dear Chavela,
the isolation and the angstroms still left to go

may the birds resettle
over the dusky silos and standing waters of New Palestine

TODD PORTNOWITZ:

And when the sea doesn't part? When the prophet flails his staff around
and the horse hooves of the armies of the slave driver thud heavier and
faster on the earth, and the Red Sea sways and little waves break, and
the prophet's shoulder gives, and he turns with his head lowered, and a
knife slides across the throat of Isaac?

Bring me chains! Bring me hulking stones! I can sing, do you like singing?
I can dance, tell jokes. I'm proficient with Microsoft Office applications.
Magna Cum Laude. Summa Cum Laude. I can lift my shirt for you
so there's no cloth between the lashes. I have arms and legs, vision,
hearing, hair, time, passion. I can be reached by phone or e-mail. I can
begin immediately.

MICHAEL PAGAN:

Poetry is Survival Mathematics. My favorite quote from Sam Beckett
reads: "To find a form that accommodates the mess, that is the task of
the artist now." In respects to writing poetry, I find that the role of the

poet now—the venturesome poet, anyway—is to seek out those theoretical spaces—those unidentified spaces—that can exist where language hasn't been put into practice. Where even language wasn't intended to be. Where the periods of silence are as long as the periods of sound. The main difference between poets and prose writers are the spaces in between words. Poets think similarly to that of the mathematician in regards to the number line. Technically, if we were to explicitly follow the rules that govern the number line, the space that exists between 0 and 1 would stretch infinitely. Theoretically, the number 1 should never be attained. But, poets could be accommodating and accept the tangible, practical number 1, but why? The role of the poet isn't to be hospitable or neighborly. The role of the poet is to further stretch out the dimensions of language to the point where even infinity feels too practical and finite. Always be adventurous for a scramble.

WILL ALEXANDER:

When radiance is erupts there exists no consideration for the powerless symmetrical furnace of language, no consideration for its error of limbo, the latter not having a jot of consciousness concerning what I consider to be cartographical poetics. Poetics which opens fissures to new dimensions, to other psycho-physical capacities.

Both Carlos and myself have never had any consideration for summoning the “day to day” for any type verbal expression. There can only be language as vision sorely needed in a world that produces war related cyclops babies in Iraq, and slaughtered children in the Congo. Our praxis remains the exponential mind, and in our particular case, the commingling of two minds and the resulting overtones of that commingling. Thus, The Audiographic As Data.

CORINE TOPAL:

My beloved cello teacher, an Armenian Russian, Sevan Pogosyan, who was a student of the great master cellist Mstislav Rostropovich, died last Sunday. So here are my words in his honor:

After the funeral I clipped my long red nails, which hadn't touched a cello in 3 months, which is how long you've been dying. And I played.

You called your cello your mistress. I called mine, Marcello. In Hebrew it means Mr. Cello. The bow is from Brazil. I don't call it anything. I simply put it between my thumb and next two fingers. I begin up bow, the Adagio by Bach. I hear your voice, "Make believe the audience is naked."

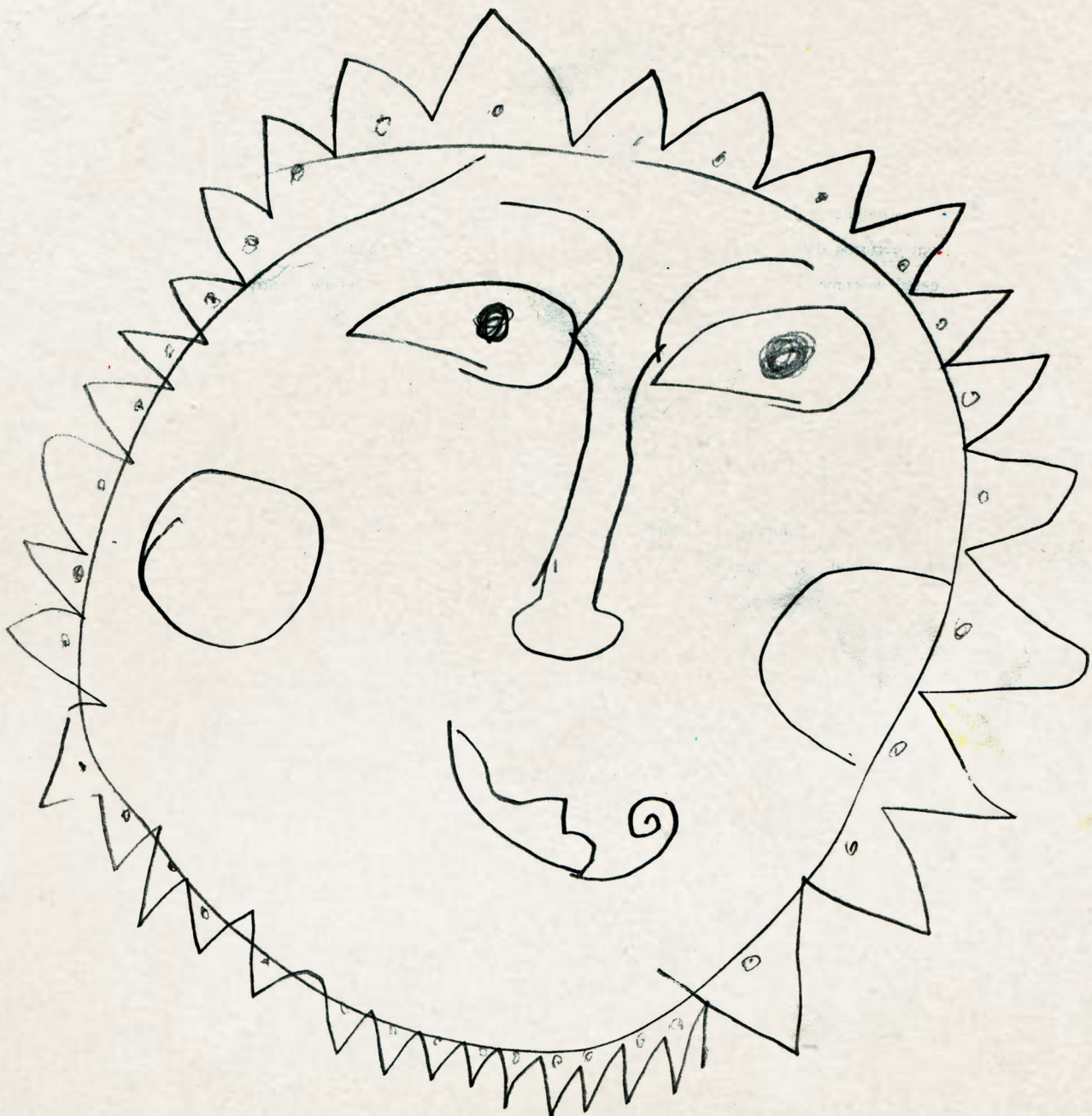
ROSS WEISSMAN:

ribbeo, ribbere, ribbui, ribbitus – to ribbit
signed in my 8th grade yearbook – lucy

MERCEDES LAWRY:

"I realized that at the time I was more interested in irony than utopia."

David Byrne



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ANGELS**

