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**CALIBAN**

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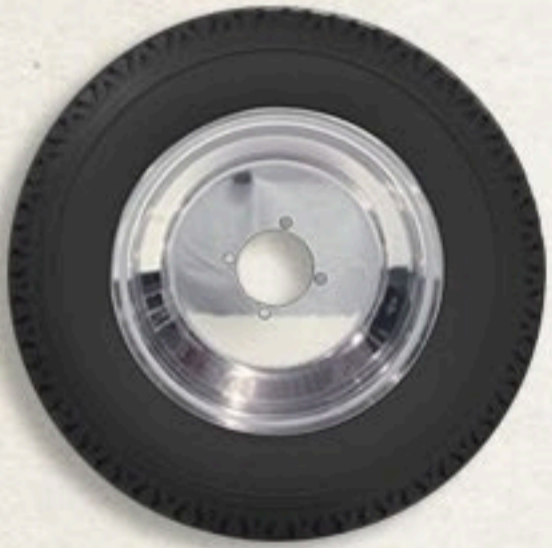
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JANET PASSEHL

**Glazed blind cushion not mercy**

Dear Gertrude,

On the side we were sleeping outside in the ache of evening and becoming mistook the chrysanthemum of dawn for resignation again and again between your thumb and forefinger accepting no more numbness the ordinary fabric and hatred and particularity of the orbit.

Very well, my leg is uncertainly thinner than the rest and winter unending.

Pleased to not start singing again, this makes me sad.

We had no choice but to cook the cow, who cried in the meadow at her absurd fate. The resources of the plain are tangled with sickness, but memory is tender.

Sliced and served with cucumber. We have a languid meal and the red wine is better.

Consider the distinguishing palate, the peeling of onions for a reduction, not an occasion or education nor reparation for any outage, considering the way everything is education or occasion. How strangely the dog shows distress. Why is it restrained. Why is it cut.

In an altercation of pigeons, cuts are unkind. We are a kind of control. I forgot to mention the thinnest skin on top of everything, especially sound. Especially sound. We are unreasonable, unkind. Period.

Chase the wild goose. Baste with butter long and cool, pale and perfect dream, shatter the living tree and on the softening rotted wood, feast, dear unsomber hope.

We pray that the region is not melting, and measuring is exaggerating. The sternum is the middle of our chest and is all that remains in the small space of praying.

What does it mean to comb? To divide a texture into miniscule parallel striations. My hair is in ribbons. The chicken wears a ribbon so it is a pet and will never be killed and cut into with the good knives. The room is all around us and kindness too but weakly. We eat and huddle darkly.

Aroma fails us. Eating is to like bullying.

We cannot get the rank civilians to leave, but it is a brave smell, it squats, it is a hot teakettle of duty, bearable and beginning again.

If you have a rump you know what to do with it. Sit it down and feel in your heart what sitting down is and the chair against you and your weight on the chair or in the chair we say in. Then you have no doubt what it is like to sit quietly. Noise is sound, happily. It cannot be inhaled and every day is the same day when the need for a drink is broken out into units. Which breaking makes a shattering sound.

Dear Gertrude, we are husbanded animals rolling around and around in the meadow until buffed. Then the meat is stringy and undesirable. But the mother is missing her young one and grief is one long uncleavable noise.

Yes, I suppose there is.

A monster in the house that was nothing and it is a certain kind of monster, how can I put this delicately, it has unstructured me and left my scaffolding in a clattering pile that cannot be denied as what was once not obvious but now lies exposed. Looking is eating and is not an oven. I like to eat dates.

Furniture is foolish and so is history and so is a hammer.

The man cut his foot on an old tin can and was carted away on a litter. Absorption is a thing in a way and it is a state. Take away the thing and why do you still have absorption. The state of him was cut, but he is not a woman. He is not a house.

Music is calming. It is simultaneous and temporal, but not simultaneity and not time.

Honestly.

Why not roast a galloping antelope? Keep it warm. There will be a lot of it. It sees you but is not seeking and doesn't find you beautiful.

I told the cow she could be anything. She considered me. You needn't be beef. You needn't be carved. She looked for me leaving her. I left her alone and forgot. The unreal smoothness of her hide, the dark, the moon, the hugeness, the falsehood of my pulse.

Hush night, Satin is asleep beneath the mountain. The mountain is a tool.

I am called turmeric, sunken, dashed, floating the drawn into me verdant lipsticked evidence of echo ringing your neck. I heard you digging, the chickens scratching around the pole. The chickens are blindfolded and alone. It is simple to save them but dinner is better and best of all is misbehavior, there is nothing sweeter. Nothing sweeter under the sky. A rain falls, rain drops, a wetting, a shift.

They are still alive which makes them soft and spongy under the knife. The softer the better. It is better there, under the napkin. The better there is meanness, the better taken away, the better don't think about it.

I remember bravely, my folded organ of recollection. Recital is the opposite of origami. How uneasily I unfold. How easily medicine is balm and becoming and cloudy but never lonely.

There is no more yesterday, but let's pretend there is, and it is there.

The essence of vagueness is violent and misleading and a mission and certainly political and it is also a fig. It is a violation claiming a way in. Claim is plated speech. Claim is a dead man hanging from a crane over the street. It is a movie. Please turn the sound down.

Dear Gertrude,

I imagine you at the oven. I see you tending your plants. Water pours from a spout like a wavering tongue thirsty for soil. You are saving. Heat scarred away by a sunlessness thin as a cold vinyl coat. See you next year the lilacs will smell as completely lilac as the past. We have primped, plumed, and exsanguinated, shrugged, ceded and sectioned. No matter how closely you listen you will hear nothing beneath applause. One is neither better than the other nor the end. Only superstition and being. Do not be unopening, there are reasons and there is logic. Stay and sleep. It is darkening and the sheep count.

## DENVER BUTSON

### thoughts in Brooklyn at 3 AM

the scarecrow is the polar opposite. of the scarecrow. if you were to take everything the scarecrow ever invented and subtract from it the moon. you would have nothing left but the absence of the moon. you have seen miles-long traffic jams. you have watched parades go by for hours. but you have never seen anything as painstaking and beautiful as the scarecrow moving slowly across the horizon. I wrote you a postcard which began *dear what broke me* and asked the scarecrow to deliver it to you. I'm guessing the scarecrow never delivered it to you. if I get up now and make coffee. I'm almost certain the scarecrow will be waiting for me on the stoop. to watch a whole lot of nothing going by. each eyelid is a tiny movie screen. one is showing a silent movie of the scarecrow the day the farmer's wife waved to him. the other is an endless reel of credits rolling. *mise en scène* it says *monsieur épouvantail*. if I dream the scarecrow. walking toward you. and you dream the scarecrow walking toward me. will our scarecrows and our dreams meet somewhere between here and wherever it is you are? it just occurred to me that the scarecrow is wearing my wedding suit. which also happens to be my funeral suit. so those flowers he's holding . . . well . . .

**some things the scarecrow**

didn't invent. but would have. if he had been born into a family of inventors. include the guillotine. the scarecrow would have liked to have invented. the swiftness of that falling blade. and the gallows of course. for what dreamer can dream a scarecrow. without thinking of the creaky rope? the executioner's eyebrows wiry above his mask? *but these are just instruments of death.* you're thinking. you're thinking *would the scarecrow have invented only those things which end someone's life rather than enhance it or even begin life anew?* and the answer is *no.* the scarecrow would have invented many things. that he didn't invent. he would have invented the silence between songs. as you speed down the highway. the silence that always makes you think of something. only you can remember now. because the other person who would remember it. is long gone. he would have invented Alberto Giacometti. come to think of it he might have invented Alberto Giacometti. because the scarecrow knew Alberto Giacometti long before he ever saw a work of art by Alberto

Giacometti. also the scarecrow would have invented tightrope walkers. especially those who fell to their deaths. walking tightropes. he would have invented the Ducati motorcycle. in the garage of the tightrope walker. after he fell to his death. and his wife's ad for it for sale in the local paper—*Ducati barely ridden by a great artist*. but there we go with the death again. there are so many things. the scarecrow would have invented. if he had been born into a family of inventors. including a typewriter. with letters that all look like Alberto Giacometti sculptures. the hot air balloon. that you saw a glimpse of once. outside Philadelphia. and then later heard went up and up. and never came back down. the scarecrow would have invented that. but first things first. first he would invent a back scratcher. made from a dried corn cob shucked but left on the stalk. which he just invented. just now. as if he were an inventor. as if he were born into a family of inventors. as if perhaps he might just be Alberto Giacometti himself.

**knowledge**

the scarecrow is well aware that the most accurate word for the color of a mockingbird's wings is *gunpowder*. he knows that the moon never sweeps up the messes she makes. until right before the sun comes home from a long day. on the other side of the earth. the scarecrow knows you will eventually leave me. you with your nightmares. of running away from something you can't see. and your eyes like clenched fists. but the scarecrow doesn't know much of anything else. he doesn't know where the highway goes. he doesn't know what it's like to hear an AM radio in the middle of the night. from a town he's never been to before. scarecrows may know about train-wrecks. and the silence of the sky after train-wrecks. but this scarecrow does not know that your lips taste like the silence of that sky. and he'll never know what it's like to not taste them. after tasting them for so long. the scarecrow may know how to scare crows. he may know the gunpowder wings of mockingbirds. but he'll never know the mocking-bird grey of memory. like gunpowder residue. on our palms. after we throw everything up. to the sky. as if it and we. could fly.

**the scarecrow is lost at**

sea. but he's only standing. on a beach. in fact. the beach is not a beach. but simply the field. where the scarecrow always. stands. the scarecrow is. lost. at sea. the waves. rise up. and tear apart. his little boat. he is sunburnt. his lips are blistered. he is lost. at sea. and far off he sees. land. and on the land. a woman. hoisting sails. or flags. or maybe it is. the farmer's wife. hanging laundry. again. maybe the laundry. is a signal. for him to know. that there is land. for him to know that he may be lost. but he can be found. he calls out. *I'm lost. I'm lost.* but his voice is lost. in the roar of the ocean. which is just the breeze. through the corn tassels. and he doesn't really. call out. anyway. he is silent as usual. hoping the farmer's wife. will see him. out there. tossed this way. and that. by the merciless sea. and she does. she finishes. hoisting the sails. or the flags. or the laundry. and she stops. and puts a hand. to her forehead. shading her eyes. and she sees him. and she waves. and the ocean quiets. and the wind stops howling. and he tries. as best he can. tries but cannot. wave back.



EL INVENTARIO by Frank Izquierdo, 2012  
graphite pencil on matboard (40" x 30")



THE EXIT by Frank Izquierdo, 2013  
colored pencil on matboard (40" x 30")

DIANE WAKOSKI

**Quintessence, for a Man I've Never Met**

*In 1609, Galileo Galilei [with a telescope] . . . measured the height of the mountains on the moon by means of their changing shadows, showing that the moon was made of imperfect rock like the earth, not the supposed fifth element, quintessence.*

**The View from the Center of the Universe**

*Joel R. Primach & Nancy Ellen Abrams*

You gaze at me, as if I were made  
of some unfamiliar substance. But mine is not a face of rosaries,  
containing beads for prayer and silence;  
it is a pagan face. You could break it open  
and like a pomegranate, perhaps  
be dazzled by the seeds, each one a drop  
of goddess blood, and if you, in ritual, crushed and drank them,  
trying to convert me,  
you with your face of chalices  
a priest who's taken orders that forbid goddess cults,  
your mouth, smashed and crimson, would leave a soft vapor trail  
of words the way a Frigate Bird's silhouette  
might shadow a coastline in the Galapagos Islands. And I  
would dare you to examine my cheek again,  
its undiscovered rubies revealing blushed skin,  
not quintessence, because a man, even a holy man,  
should look at a woman, even a pagan goddess,  
the way Galileo paid homage to Archimedes:  
with ardent mathematics,  
measuring shadows on the moon.

## Refrigerator Light

*I keep standing/ at the fridge lonely like all the lonely  
people . . . always/standing in the light of something*

**Matthew Dickman**

when light is blue, echoing glacier ice,  
when light casts you into frozen scrutiny,  
when it seems to tattoo you  
with the inked running-together of letters smeared  
and blotted from too much  
melting text, that's exactly when  
I fall in love with you,  
Lonely-Night Figure,  
staring into the fridge's blue light,  
but for years I've claimed  
my invisibility, which happens when light  
is so bright everything  
disappears. And of course that would make my love  
seem non-existent, because as part of me, it's invisible too.  
However, when glaciers melt, as  
it seems,  
they are doing,  
though many don't believe it,  
because the melting is invisible, and I am  
left with your image standing in front of a huge silver  
appliance, a fridge,  
I have to leave you alone, standing there,  
as you left your image behind. And in doing so,  
in other words,  
having transformed lonely people  
into hungry ones, who are  
staring into the fridge

looking for food that will never satiate them, I have to assume  
you do not believe love is possible. Oh, Lonely Night-Figure, am I  
to assume that standing at the fridge, these are all the world's starving  
people  
we cannot seem to help?  
despite our wealth,  
despite giant garbage heaps  
in poor countries that probably have countless  
broken, useless, refrigerators, lying on their sides,  
doors ripped open, tiny light bulbs broken.  
The only illumination for those Lonely Night-Figures actually  
is light melting down from our solar star,  
red now, because it's dying,  
not lonely, with blue glacial Hope Diamond light,  
the light of engagement rings. Light  
emanates from the fridge, chilling me with  
its blues.

**Is It Lilac?**

he asks.

And I know the scent I've been keeping  
tumbled with gold bracelets and malachite  
in the locked casket  
under my bed

has leaked its perfume  
from some ancient night. "No,"  
I mumble. "Not a flower."

No one ever guesses,  
despite letters long unread, the  
frayed cloth shoes with pearls on their toes,  
silken trousers, the spices in a tea chest,  
my Arabian Nights.

Lilac, I think, which for Whitman "last in  
a dooryard bloomed."

American.

Here,  
I am in  
the Midwest,  
transformed,

not even my scent, exotic.

NATHANIEL TARN

**Of the Great One-Breasted River**

*para la Comunidad Añangu, y especialmente para  
Miguel Carrera y David Grefa*

I

In eye of Ant (*añangu*:  
forest-floor master);

    in Tarantula's eye,  
(a novice, juvenile,  
    prey-calibrating leg-hairs) —  
whatever it is you have been  
attempting to do:

    it is of *no* importance!

    This “importance”  
is of all things the most difficult good  
to discover, locate & find.

You will not find it in sleep, nor in waking:

    only forest eating itself  
through its multiple mouths,  
    forest, the ever-battleground, eating & eaten  
by its thousand masks  
(in clamor of pale cobalt wings  
    or silence of *Fer de Lance*)  
can be ascribed to importance.

II

Forest, from storey to storey,  
    each its own world of apartments,  
all trees aspiring to rise, grabbing the fallens' spaces.  
Thin roots in earth, thin as serpent hair,  
    meeting their plant sky-high,  
feeding it from below. Planet glows.  
Nothing in its light is worthy to be called  
    by the name of light  
since light & dark devour each other.  
Death glides by silently with glowing eyes  
    prey never knowing  
it is being taken, so fast the snatch. Prey  
wears the decoration of all things:  
    suffering hardly suffers.

III

Beast so weighted down with wounds  
earth will bear it up no longer,  
    will hand it over  
to forest spirits,  
(assuming you accept the spirit notion),  
    & these will change beast into water,  
water as blue as the wings of those birds  
no painter yearning for angels  
    has ever found a blue for,  
take it to creek (merging of blue to black),  
goes between forest & forest  
    where water is so soft  
rain drops hover on current, do not merge.  
Pain carried away by birds  
    into upper sky  
where weight is no longer an issue  
    hounding beast down.

## IV

Breath stops again as blue ghost jumps & falls,  
     leaps, falls, avoiding predators —  
 sparking its light into a semi-dark,  
 unearthly sapphire passion  
     as if it were the light  
 in all & any darkness, whole darkness over all.  
 Blue lunges over red & yellow  
     to take the forest's crown:  
 Morpho's epiphany defines the Mother's bow.  
 Creek, after two hours of concentrated paddling,  
     opens into a lake.  
 Long cayman cruising creek lake's waters,  
     eyes blazing like twin planets  
 wreathed in frozen sunbursts,  
 tail lazing, curling, forbidding black creek waters  
     refusing entrance.

## V

Immense lung of earth skyward breathing,  
 evolved by forest, rain-maker-shaman forest  
     creating its own rain;  
 mist resting like babes in tall trees' arms:  
 there they fly, backward, forward, sideways —  
     Caciques and Oropendolas,  
 Woodpeckers, Toucans, Trogons — while in the  
 great green breasts of the tree fronds,  
     here, there, jewels inserted  
 among the branches, sit the small birds  
 in blinding colors. Breathing literally stops  
     as each one manifests.  
 Not seen the turquoise-crested Paradise  
 (glimpsed once: Tanager zoo-bird  
     in solitary confinement),

nor the Lovely Cotinga...

Departure comes around.

Small Parakeets fly up your nostrils  
before you board the boat.

You leave into fire.

When all of earth dries up again  
because its lungs have been hacked out of it,  
green jungle fades into the color green,  
& color green into its definitions.

From an irrevocable flow toward ocean:

open creek edens,  
tranquil waters gliding past  
Ants, Vipers, Tarantulas.

## VI

Then, at sound of homing,  
all those things which had floated  
some feet above,  
from which a happiness had seemed to broaden  
out a few days,  
flow from imagination — shed their magic,  
fall to house floor  
(derivative importance),  
Realities return —  
that which most people choose to call  
reality — and settle in.

*Comunidad Añangu, Rio Napo,  
Ecuadorian Amazon, 2007*



MAP by Ellen Wilt, 2013,  
pastel and colored pencils (20" x 23")

MICHAEL S. HARPER

**Zen: the Trainride Home to the Welcome Table**

*In Memory of Gwendolyn Brooks, 1917-2000*

We know you parsed your best and worst thoughts  
on the train            so this is *traintalk*

the waiters are weeping  
(in the chair car your baggage is at parade rest)

every book you did not write is at attention  
(your family steadily on your mind    and steady on the trestle)

HOLD ON was your *laterday* mantra over kinship ties  
(*I remember the whole family at lunch in Providence Plantations*)

your discretion at signing your own books    pamphlets    broadsides  
in the “Harris Collection” after convocation you had given (*lemons*  
*make lemonade*)

was another entry in the travelogue above and below ground  
“the *bronzeville* connection”    to holy water    ritual of cleansing after  
battle

arpeggio daughter of the sacred elements on our periodic table  
mother of the exquisite phrase    break our hearts    with every  
*heartwork*

we will forgive the heartfelt but disrespectful trivia of salutation  
a reading of “*We Real Cool*” by anyone but you as if you needed  
exegesis

when explication would do: you loved those sacrificial lambs  
despite their carriage as proper nouns as active verbs as  
declensions

(so much fieldwork among “your enemies” masquerading as friends)  
lay my body down as only Lincoln could in the *swiveltongue* of  
inaugurals

yes, you were a “*friendship train*” in the argot of *Motown*  
so glorious the pen (and handwriting) as none other than our holy  
ghost *champeen*

at welcome table the ancestors presiding too many children now  
*wellfed*  
a little sorbet while peeping out the window (*blinds or no blinds*)

the south side of our equator “steady as the rock of ages”  
*Gwendolynian* in the extreme unction of this *tabernacle-train*

tight quarters of the kitchenette on wheels  
(*Lord how those brothers could cook on short notice*)

those sisters soothe as the songbirds strutting on air  
(*look homeward angel just a little ahead of the curve*)

in the last *pennant-drive of banquetry digestibles*  
when this code should be one syllable each crosstie junction

went down to the place to hide my face  
(*there's no hiding place down here*)

on the levee with the angels to spread those gorgeous wings:  
Zen GWEN key to the zone of understanding as universe  
the poet contemplate

**Zambia**

*for Frank Chipasula*

What did I know of *detention*  
after a few hours in *Protea* Station  
jail? I was there for a few hours,  
they took my *briefcase* full of *poems*,  
told me I was there without a *permit*,  
reminded me I was a guest of the govt,  
their govt; *my Afrikaans* was poor.  
I could only make out the *fist* of each  
*interrogator*, one like Stewart Granger,  
one like Tom Mix, *in my cinema childhood*.

**Listen to me:** all the chiefs have beads  
that sing in the palate; *the children*  
*of Morris-Isaacson school have told me so:*  
they peered through the *blackboards*—  
*I said through the blackboards—*  
as I chanted the lullaby **“a love supreme”**  
about the great magician, John Coltrane;

*his story was their story, and in two lines*  
*they were chanting with me.*

*As I left the campus they were at the screens*  
*like locusts on barbed wire,*  
*jeering the hippos, which patrol their alleys;*

**I will not call them streets;**  
**I will not call them roads.**

So I came to you at the installation  
from prison; I had been captured on *video*

and on television—*American officials  
asked me to stand still on versions of the story.*

*I had stood still at Evaton, where my great  
grandfather bought the land, freehold land,  
for Fanny Coppin Hall, a women's residency  
at Wilberforce Institute; the cornerstone  
reads 1908, so I read to the children  
of Evaton at the cornerstone  
and I was smiling the broad smile  
of Azania: **"Nkosi Sikelel' i Afrika,"***

*as God blessed Bishop Johnson's flock  
as he moved about on maneuvers;  
once a python crawled across him in the bush,  
the jacket of the great snake abandoned to him;  
now we are embattled in another chimera of skin.*

**Listen to me; I know there are lakes in every dream  
you conjure, that you miss home, your broken  
vertebrae and pustule alive on detention's throne;  
we must not say this is an evil throne;  
we know it is not the Golden Stool;  
for this symbolism many countries have died  
unnatural deaths—we will make a new word for prison.**

TERRY HAUPTMAN

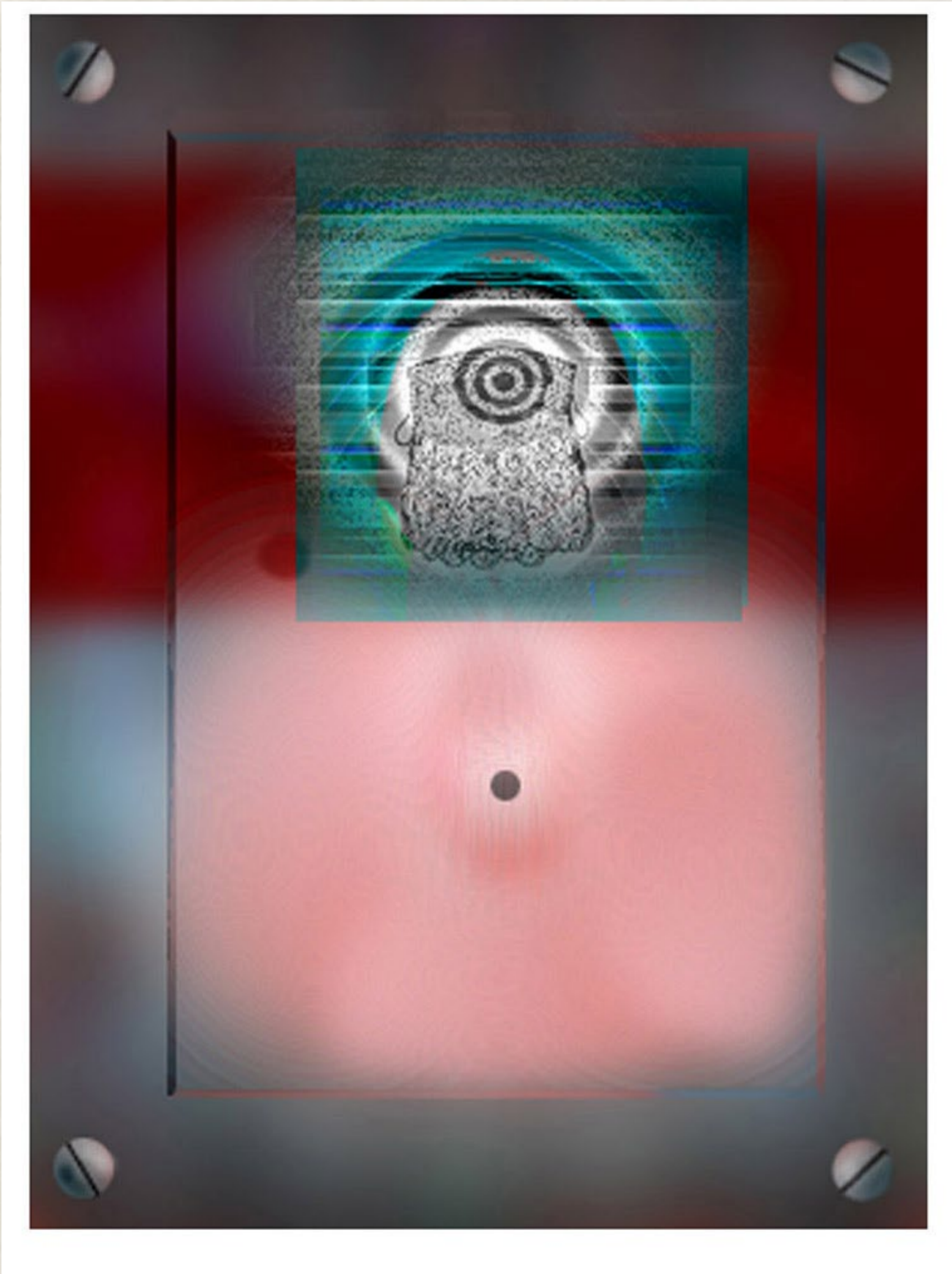
**Mana Nursed by Agony**

*For Neruda*

Love, you know my secrets.  
Barbara Clark  
The earth under your tongue  
Holy fire to my name  
It's dark light the underbelly of desire  
Mana nursed by agony  
A wound in the wind.  
At Tiberias and the Sea of Galilee  
Ancient song scrolls the olive trees  
And later talking to the grandmothers in Tel Aviv  
El Shaddai the many breasted one  
Laughing with the anarchists and the orthodox  
At the end of the world.  
I must hurry  
From the house of the closed shades  
From the shadows of longing  
The Bedlamite world  
The indwelling of dissonance  
In the anarchy of loss.  
Black resins, the dust of fea  
Night without Time  
These days of Awe.

Let us go to that desert  
Filled with our unfinished memories  
Out there both plague and Eden  
Await us

On the marked door of our geography.  
You grow large Shulamite  
And I kiss you  
Licking pollen with the dead  
Lighting the butterfly winds with prayer  
All the mornings of our lives  
All the mournings of this night  
Raking shards from tablets lost in storms  
Marked by blood  
At the end of the world.



WHAT VENDING MACHINE by Dale Houstman, 2000  
digital image

If Breasts Are Beautiful...

Then So Is This Watch

*The "UBU Crimson Wave" self-satisfying chronometer has a pre-broken corrector, two sweaty alpha hands, 4 stern lugs, a 100% time-proof sanguinator, and an infantile slave port for easy bruising, and even easier early withdrawal, thus making it the most aggressively pointless pocketwatch since the "UBU Hanoi Horologic". ©*

UBU...

*At UBU® Watches, we are always winding down...*

The Great American Timepie©e

2009

UBU WATCH AD by Dale Houstman, 2009  
digital image

DALE HOUSTMAN

**The Romance Of Indictment**

- “Shadow of a streetcar on the distant elms,” you mangle the recall, “a  
museum  
like a nativity party I presume,” and escaped to first-class, dreaming  
of Crimea.
- In America, the sobriety of the villain nearly breaks the narrative, or  
at the very least  
grounds a helicopter or two at the latest indigestible “opera of ideas.”  
Who Is Man? Yeah.
- Hence these encampments of the tenderly manhandled, with painful  
dialogues  
and – in midtown terrariums – the swimsuits lit by bruised chemical  
light. The ocean, nervous.
- Balance these inquiries into the horror of Hollywood, and the delicate  
Pacific waters  
made a logo for a pearl-colored pickup. We lunch, observing the  
abstracted dishwasher.
- “Travellers and robbers,” a voice like Michael Caine looking forward  
to bed, “Actresses,  
and other arguments for a social gin, a word I am groping for...  
Systems. Yes. Cisterns.”
- The next sequence glitters with hectic self, unfocused as a broker’s  
script, and amiable  
in the way of a Greek portico full of Arab children when the  
checkpoint closes early.

•  
We were adroit in sentiment, rough as a blasted window, grandly  
sidelong. Dangerous...  
Aztecs start appearing on American coins, geishas drifting down the  
Thames, engripped.

•  
In a hot hotel room a traveler's dreams of a daughter are melodies  
sung by an eagle,  
as late summer carp swim awkwardly in a puzzle pool of weekends.

•  
I turned to the page of Christian prequels, now filled with  
the bloodstains of the electorate, the after-flow buzzing with  
tiny instructions for a fake wedding. The edelweiss subsided before  
the flies.

•  
The purse was beguiled by the oyster, as young Baedeker looked up  
the street  
he had just discovered in a book to see a statue of Italian sunlight.

•  
This small pyramid of dishes, this enforceable disaster, this fashion of  
empire. Always,  
there shall be moments we must dress in attendance...

•  
"Bach shifted gears beneath the sheets, a hobby of embarrassment."  
When we met, we were like nothing we had ever met.

•  
Behind the row of blue cabins, a nun unplumbed glimpsed into  
the tidy kitchens  
where the French fireflies raped the castle like an impatient shoe.

•  
"Horny for representative governance, they squandered in a dinghy,  
two headaches  
stitched together into one dictionary to hobble the skirts of German  
puppetry."

## **Remote Precisions**

1

Perfectible sweetness  
a hesitancy of evening

railed out to her underused comment  
upon each hour's frail immunity

of secreted detachments  
which others sound deep to see

beyond the glass, people  
in lieu, at lunch, on loan

as the system approaches  
a violence of politeness

and a little lemon spurt please,  
waiting in the airport's soft century

with intentions for grand exploration  
of small gardens, the skills of gravity

to love what is smoothest,  
the lightest pain is heavy detail.

2

Thinking of tourism, tracking the column  
"The Incoming Voice of the Personal Structure"

the prose, this immanent pyramid  
disposable beds fixtured with porcelain wheels

to maintain the mobilization, a gearwork ordeal  
until all is butter in the surgery light

is it white (is it white *enough*)  
where we arrived and where first we seemed

to speak in fits of unfit revelry  
then to revel without speaking.

3

Where once only I owed  
uprightness to the wondering police

in our adolescence of incompleteness  
these dolls, these estrangements

where a litter of birds stood in sleeping  
to fulfillment in motels beneath

and around our famous bleeder's coyote  
drenched in identity & panting

a winter's breakfast  
of short fastenings

where all the insects are one witness  
to the cliffs of governance

whose geometry is a bend of leaves  
in the pinned bedroom

the flatter beacons  
push up into a starry texture

chosen in earnest drizzle the cranes  
when I was most darling

a humidity of tourists less the wind  
and a ladder against that windless

bluing hasp of the last possible boat  
lovingly misnaming the water

in an evening which oddly costumes  
with their infirmity of haste

the grace of the measure glass  
the girl and her friendless pianist

and in the orchestral clearing  
a civil coalescence, a yellow envelope

in which one wrong color  
ends the Pompeian tension

an ambulance in the avalanche  
the beauty's convalescent rowing.

4

I left  
with art  
leaving

sense  
a believing  
overseas

there is nothing acquitted  
or sleepless in scale  
clouds non-stop

white born wild  
opposite now  
thought in deletion  
and one last significance of beaches.

From *THE MORE OR LESS STORIES*

### Shelter From Unearned Happiness

A SPECKLED SHELTER *from Unearned Happiness* had been erected along the Highway which traveled to the Casa del Doleful Brie, and by and by and by again the Loathsome Walnut Windmill. Discontented with the Roof he had to stare down upon all day (and he didn't much like the sound when it rained either, but that's another tale), the Speckled Shelter managed via extra-clever twists and tangoes to dig himself free and to eventually become a very minor emperor of the Edifice Council. But he unhappily fell into slumber upon the Sea. The Doleful Brie, noting with consternation the Loathsome Walnut Windmill's powerful and inevitably useful corpus sinking beneath the Waves, ordered a Lachrymose Balloon to tie on a thread of Embarrassed Sleep, and to dredge the wet Loathsome Walnut Windmill from the frigid Waters. And thus, the Loathsome Walnut Windmill was saved from bloating and warping, only later to be sold to a local furniture maker, so the Doleful Brie ended up with a very chic Armoire, and a handful of high quality toothpicks "for the ladies."



**Lesson to be Learned:** Do not overvalue the solicitude of the BIG CHEESES, for they are as like to cheat you as they are to bugger your CHILDREN.

JAMES GRABILL

**However Many**

However many names are written on doors,  
However many sad melts of cathedrals  
of ice, however spontaneous the blue is  
in a person who refuses to consider the current  
unknowns, whatever starlight tattoos in the summer  
lull, in the half-future tombs where bones lie  
badly, in the keep of a dozen million hooves  
on the rock and furious slides on a fault,  
the stabs of hunger off the tables, however likely  
the cells are to re-establish readiness after disruption,  
or dusk is liable to break in the wave of flux  
or germinated shifts of double helix, resulting  
in cultures of aversion to the immediate, however  
many still-rumbling undercurrent heaves  
hammer in a downpour, whoever may be walking  
around, denying their own earthworm innards  
or necessary number of mothers and fathers,  
however developed the language seems,  
however many compulsive reactions to the future  
tense or relaxation catching fire earlier in the season,  
in the hard-wired ounces of corn-forced yields,  
whether swimming in the temporal instantaneous  
grain or slow process of being conjoined with glowing  
antler branches under Pacific shade, with mammalian  
tipping points that cry out on the cutting edge  
of 5 a.m., the hurricane eye which naturally selects,  
muscling muds where emptiness cooks up  
suddenly slow unseasonable stirring Bosch

open-arterial refinery vats, wheeling incomplete  
acreage iron-bellied in muds, however  
unthinkable the future appears to be looking.



## **The Overflow Present**

The ancestral invention of singing with inarguable voice in sync,  
the brain that works on more than it cares to release to the mind,  
the present altered through hearing it turn into recognized form,  
the red-hot flats from the bottom of photochemical scarlet dark,  
the rake of splintered Rothko red-violet reds through the chords,

foundational solar nighttime in what has been unattempted doubt,  
with drawbacks and an opposite-pulse inherited from the unknown,  
light pouring through circulation down to the root of electric nerve,  
quick sweeps of withheld recalcitrance waging restraint on yes or no,  
the long brick ovens of neo-primitive winter within fits of beseeching,

with tortoise-crawl scrafig howls of antiquity that unhatch in clay,  
from plum-wrestled immensity of train bursts within cellular growth,  
metropolitan labors of infinity with a shadow of unequal distribution,  
whatever may have been savored or not in the lift unfolding leaves,  
the chance to live out the spin of vulnerability and mineral intensity,

the sea-bellowing blameless wind of many simultaneous bodies asleep,  
the capacity of human appetites to face philosophic next generations,  
with catalyzed uptown discontinuum under million MPH solar waves  
within long-term collaborative overflow in the presence of a future  
and what may have been in sight, but lacking a name went unseen.

## **Heaviness of Heat**

A long summer lands in raw power of stars. The ceiling of night wheels down, setting off thunder, rendering its jolt in the quick of the chest.

Iridescent violet flashes in a black and white downpour on huddled cattle in the ancestral body, where fractions of adjacent Fibonacci numbers approach the Golden Mean.

The Golden Mean, the shape most pleasing to the human eye, can be seen in the human face.

Shaded summer with earlier and later fires is circling root rings into trunks that branch into space around matter that lets them live and moves the spider and ancient moon-lit ochre dog.

The dog swims, racing through tall grasses combed by sunlight as the body by thought, where breathing's round, rounding the place off.

Sleep-rooted savoring suffers the hunger of lips. Hard-wired precision risks post-war expanse, where swallows weave as the brain delivers more than it knows to the brainstem.

Frescos yellow in the city of carbon. Gypsy-dancing in Southern Indiana glows in plastic raingear. Tudor stone London towers over travel trunks in the red earthworm air.

Spiral mathematical beauty turns out through circulation and the reaches of cells.



WALKING CROP by Frank Garaitonandia, 2010  
encaustic wax (20" x 16")

KAREN GARTHE

### The Cream Bear

cove sharpened a-round by-boulder *to flatten aCross and*  
*LookOut* whale butter glistening  
the heels  
prey birds pick  
the skulls they'd trade  
**Y**ou, there...  
skipping sting batches

Viewed from above in doe-eyed glass *Fulls*  
and also from above: all the hammers and ribbons of storm  
the wide cove like lapis is  
the tears of a stars **I**ron **I** lay  
*aCross*

boulders  
smoke  
the scallion  
grass & high sheep clouds

Arctic sun pours in  
the hollow shaft of the cream bear's  
Polar coat  
the bear lay aCross **Bracing**

magma  
sledge wrinkle  
of this

Distinct Bear blue *ice tongue*

Prometheus,  
his too-tall-britches  
once had  
two eyes

**Pidgin**

rapid mouth  
caught mouth a band on the Pidgin Tongue  
a splay hostage  
.....*d a w n i n g* that mediates sleeplessness  
trumpets  
my hands  
in  
the bell feed  
spoons in the pack dungeon, air spoons the hostage  
the gravies *of Nebulae Coaxing*

Abandon Me Now Forms Her ru naway **“Beast at Night**  
**“Beast at Night** *your beauty’s got root drum hymns*

**r r** apids [hunters / soldiers bugle *float...be still* camouflage  
Abandon Me *Now*

*rapid diamonding*  
parabola from its point looms  
scatters  
flings

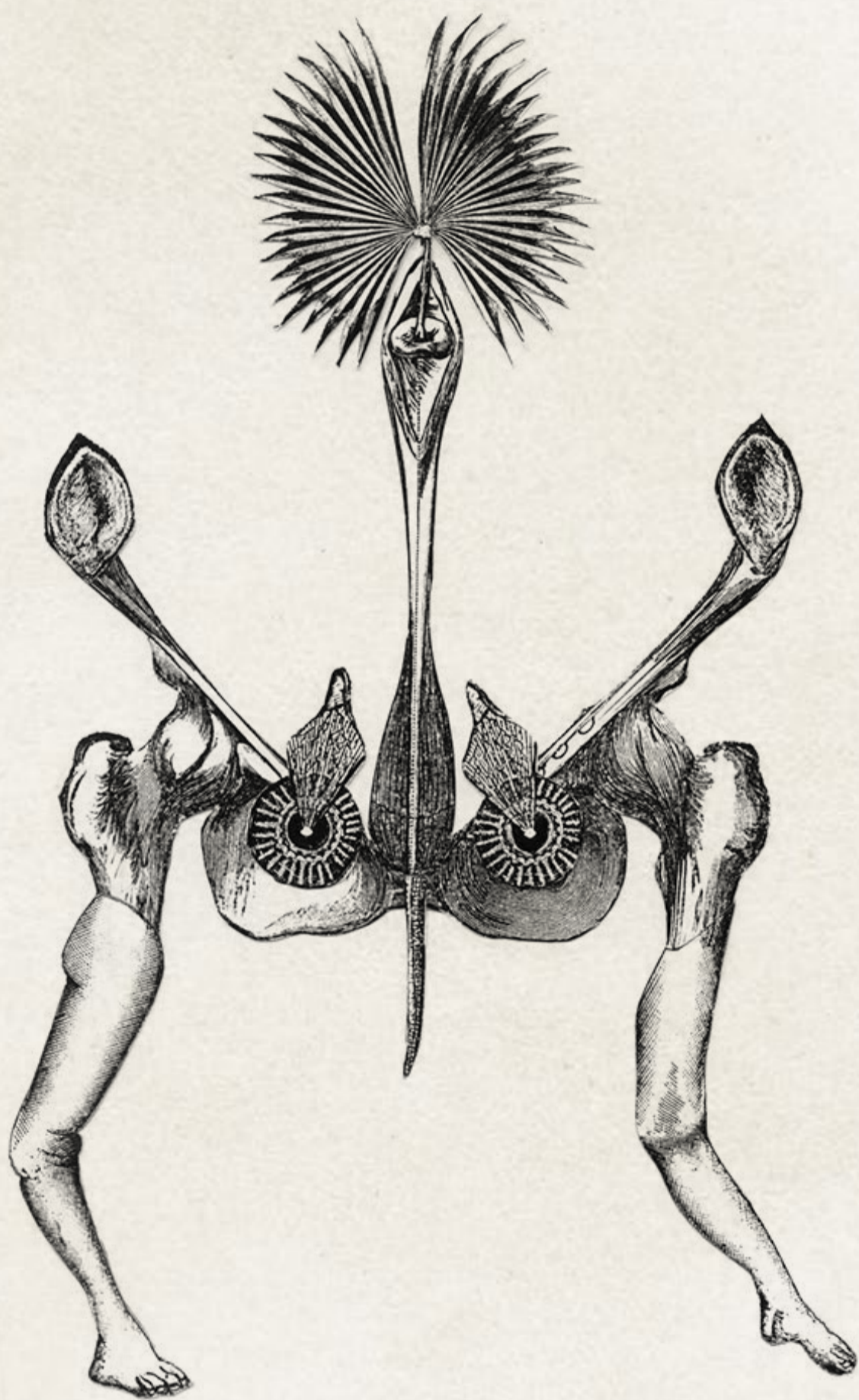
**Her Change** it took so long  
to close out the house I can’t *possibly* explain  
the  
fighting like waltz birds

the parabola streams wounding The War Chest The Pidgin  
Tongues

## CAMILLE MARTIN

### **Blink**

Light is not  
inevitable. Overshot it  
or not yet there.  
Nothing, for that  
matter. In any case, not  
arrived. Anything  
could have been  
otherwise.



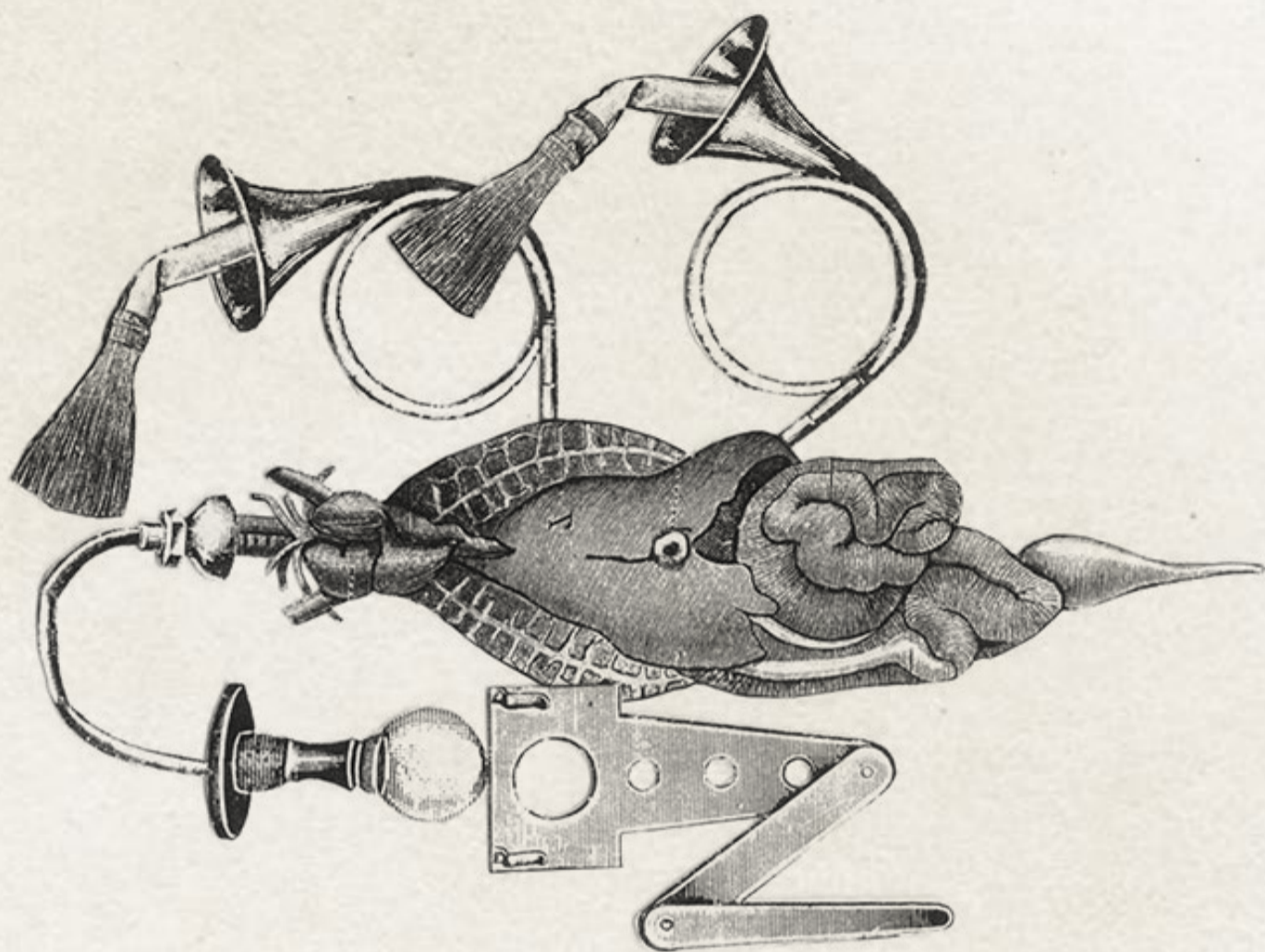
JOHN DIGBY

**Third Canticle for the Jumping Hole**

Lonely is the one-winged snail mocking  
Gorgeousness for the underground sun  
Happily unaware that tomorrow brings  
Bunches of radishes screaming hysterically

The world talks to itself leaving strange music  
Looping through knitted vests singing in foreign seas  
Where fish stand tiptoe among trees  
Counting leaves for unemployed blossoms

Water has nothing better to do than yawn  
Diphtheria helps the desert put on its mask  
To accompany lost hats hatching idle thoughts  
Having caught their sticky fingers in the till



### **Fourth Canticle for the Jumping Hole**

Life knocks hard at tangled knots  
While spiritual sheets whisper to themselves  
Nevertheless gates swing open to certain tastes  
And discard all ideas like flowers knocking  
At distant musical notes oh so far and yet so near

The many who open the one to all  
Count used tooth-brushes against hair loss  
And spread their shadows out like maps  
In flaming corners perched on pin-heads  
Bravely singing in hushed whispers

So much could be said out there  
For example the woodman throwing his  
Axe in the air to be caught by long distant  
Telephone calls muffled in salty soap bubbles

Then let the far flung gloves seek crowds  
Hiding away behind each other stammering  
Leaving foot prints abandoned grappling with  
Naked bottles winking and laughing at us

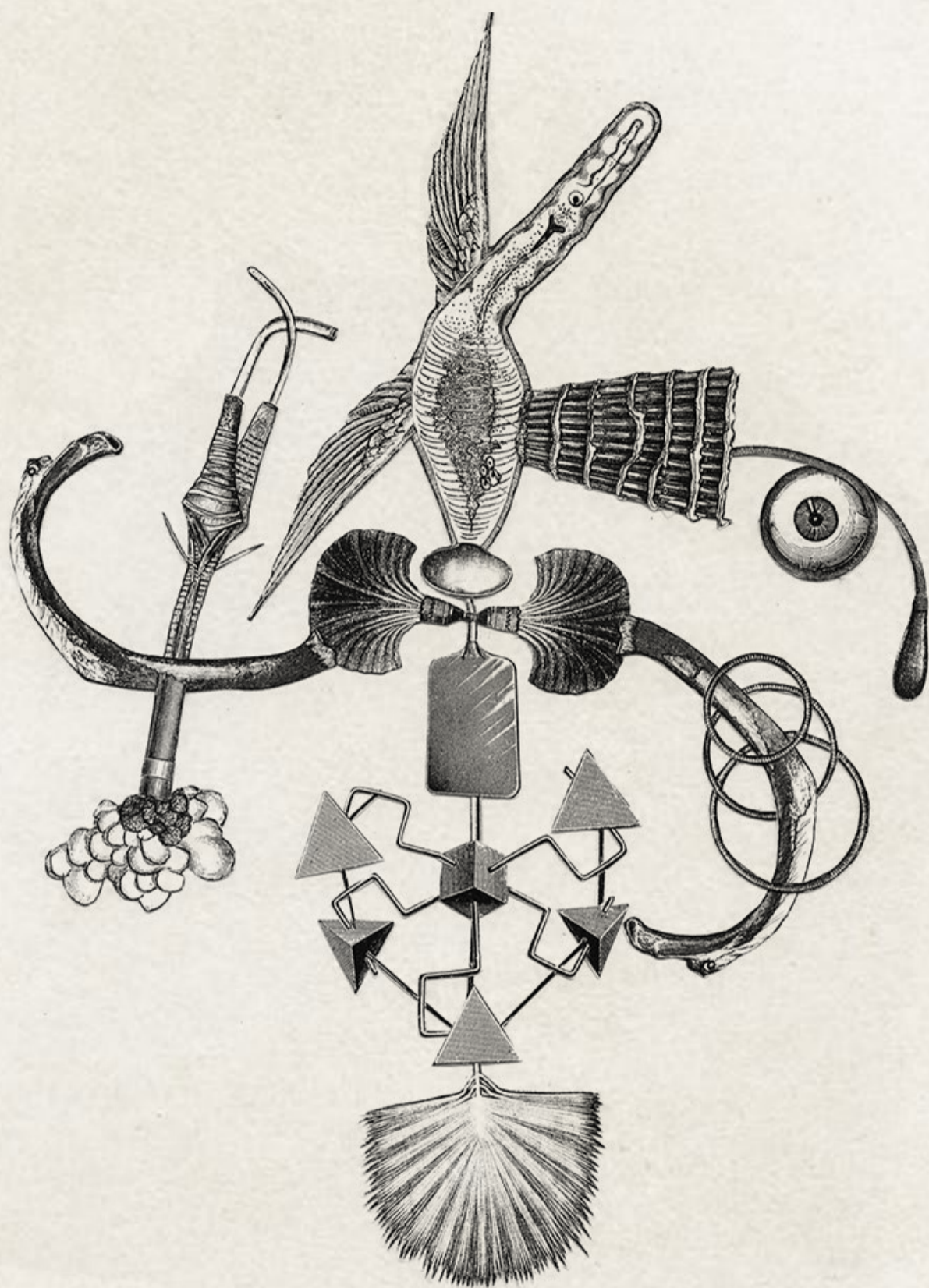


**Second Canticle for the Jumping Hole**

Do not insult the echo sleeping in your pocket  
It searches frantically for the battered bowler hats  
You once put out for the one-legged bosun  
He needs them swifter than a sudden sneeze

Nowadays the sun clings to its simple robe  
Like moss growing among Constable's clouds  
Turning corners with mechanical wheels  
Lazier than an odd sock finding its mate

On afternoons when intransitive verbs  
Nest comfortably chattering to themselves  
The perfect evening fades alone the open  
Road where gloves toddle off to pastures fresh



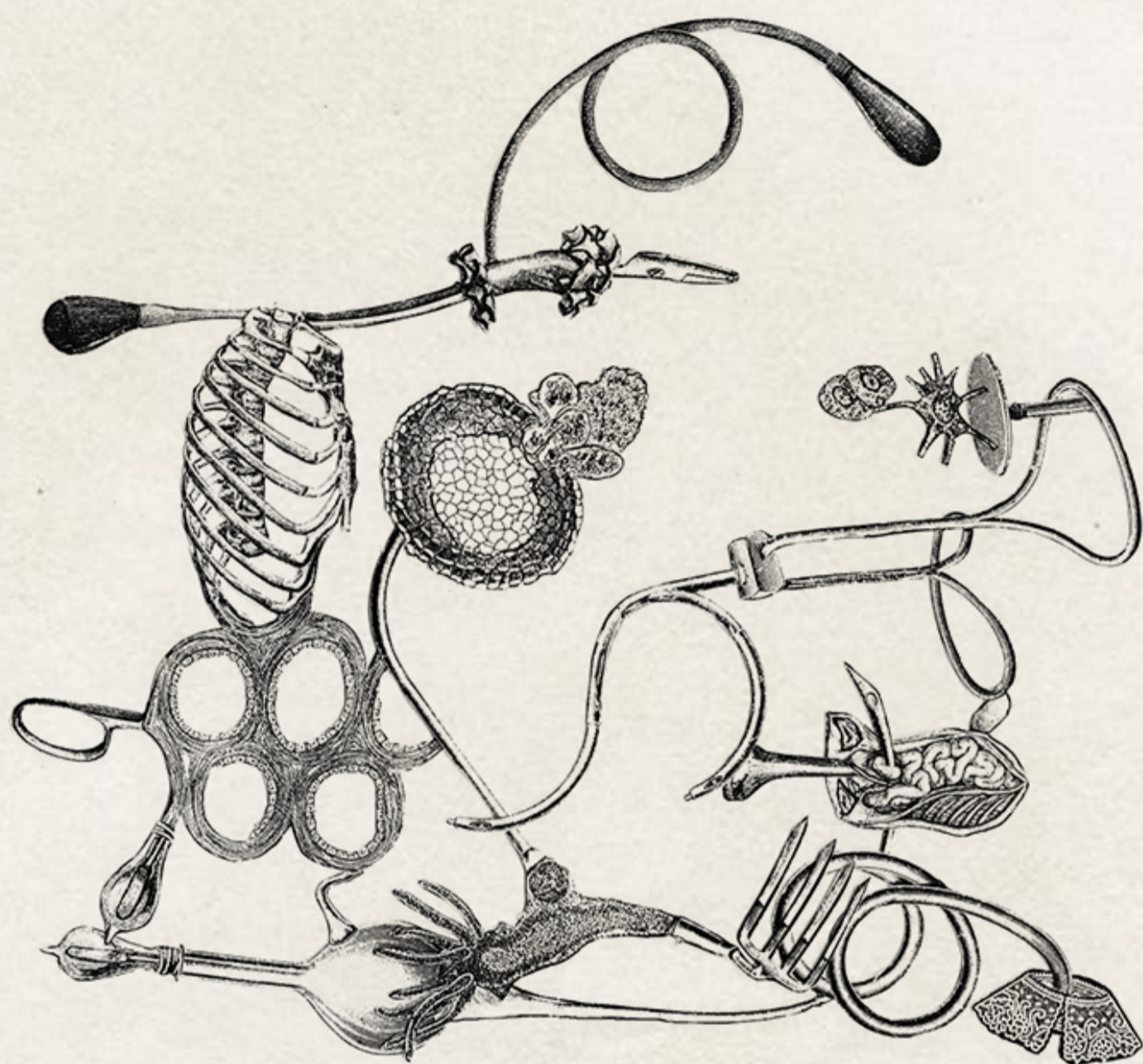
**First Canticle for the Jumping Hole**

Leave your footprint abandoned  
As your fingers grapple with one voice  
Studying shrinking gapes running  
Around in your head before you wake

Have no songs for they are idle  
Standing at corners shading their eyes  
Chattering with shadowy strangers  
Pushing themselves into the distance

Where eyelids worked in the past  
Someone's lingering laughter stands  
At right angles and salutes itself  
Just to be on the right side of the track

Ah indeed the rustle of swept leaves  
Pulls growth up and away from pencils  
Standing limply scentless among ruins  
Hushed into space with a frown



**Fifth Canticle for the Jumping Hole**

O troupe of vagrant delicate fingers shed tears  
Sit up at my window in perpetual surprise  
Unseen flames like summer flowers knock  
At gates to welcome hunched-back wheelks  
Closeted under damp limp poems such as I write

All sounds shake their feathers performing  
Acts of startling silence that fit on a spoon  
A dance sings hammer strokes as errors slip  
Behind the impossible where the rustle of clouds  
Hatch a gaudy truth for lameness kept in bloom

Listen now—stray pedagogues this morning  
Stop and wink to wake an idle breeze  
Turning sharp corners where stray tears beg  
For any grandmothers' wooden legs to be  
Shaven to attract half baked words  
Shuffling along fatigued right angles

## GEORGE KALAMARAS

### Letter to Larry from Bellvue

This cemetery of Colorado pioneers, Larry. More than human bodies sunk in the ground. The body remembers, even as it stinks, permeating the Bingham Hill Cemetery silt.

Let me put it simply. André Breton died while giving birth to Robert Desnos. Hemorrhage on the sheet. Midwife dumping the pan of bloody water, shaking her head, sadly embracing his wife, Simone Kahn, in the anteroom.

Let me advise. Robert Desnos died while sweeping the stable and spotting pieces of Vallejo, entwined with undigested hay, in the palomino's droppings. *Deadly bacteria leading to heart failure*, the doctor pronounced, *brought on by erysipelas*.

César Vallejo gave birth to René Daumal, retrieving his chants from the ether, plucking his Sanskrit OM out of it like a radio receiver corralling waves, all the way from India to Peru, the revolt of French punk Simplests causing him to froth at the mouth.

René Daumal (poor René) never died. He left his body, only momentarily, in an ecstatic meditative state in Banaras. They sent the body of a dead sadhu, instead, back to France, tuberculous peacock sewn slantwise into his chest, a wire to the Consulate saying, *Monsieur Daumal has ceased to breathe*.

No, García Lorca was never shot. Is not lying in unmarked urine in Granada. His grave in Alfácar revealing only fossilized toenail clippings of primitive Icelandic ponies. Has never dissolved into the background of one of his poems, "Landscape of the Pissing

Multitudes,” say, or “Landscape with Two Graves and an Assyrian Hound.”

The theory that Rimbaud became a gun smuggler from Abyssinia is false. He died a broken exporter of coffee beans, resembling, in stature, Sydney Greenstreet in the role of Signor Ferrari in *Casablanca* or Kasper Gutman in *The Maltese Falcon*.

Lord help the poets, Larry, who watch e.s.p. t.v. Lord help the people in these graves. In Bellvue. In Granada. In cremation ash raked into the Ganges. They have died or have not died or perhaps one day *will* die. We are not sure. Though we *are* certain Jack Spicer is somewhere daily reading baseball box scores of Willie Mays and Willie McCovey.

Takahashi Shinkichi lived then died, then lived again, before dying one more time, only after collecting bottles of his own saliva for an exhibit of Japanese Dadaist paraphernalia. *Attention, please. Pay attention to the tongue-thrust spit of llamas at high altitude*, he reportedly said on the second of his many deathbeds.

George Seferis never died and is living in the honey-heavy baklava of George Kalamaras.

Sinking. Sunken. Sunked. Names of the Bellvue dead dying died: Libbie Garland (“Our Darling Libbie” who died at seventeen years, five months, twenty-eight days); Barbara Bingham (who died at nineteen of a nosebleed weeks before she was to wed George Sterling); John E. Denne (age nine months); and the Colliers (two infant deaths, four years apart).

And what of Aimé Césaire. He who Krakatoa. He who everything better than a monsoon? Last recorded, his black West Indian grave, dislodged by a typhoon, had drifted thousands of miles south, invading the white embrace of the Antarctic.

How could our favorite communist, Yannis Ritsos, have ever been born on May Day, then die on such an American holiday as Veteran's Day? (The symmetry of Nadja's lost left glove?) Last reported, he was still alive in the color red. In the pages of Stendhal's *The Red and the Black* flaking off into Dostoevsky's donkey ride.

Sterile? The coupling of a horse and a burro leads to what might be called *mule brain*? Sylvia Plath and Ann Sexton did indeed bear children before departing for the Riviera, disguised as two French whores, while the world thought them both self-inflicted ground-rot.

Dear Larry. Dear Nadja in the body of a Shakespearean man-eating ogre. How many deaths you find in words escaping the page? In this verb and that? In Eastern Michigan University somehow drifting west of Ann Arbor?

Imagine words arriving before the mouth? The agony of the dead coming prior to the grave.

Imagine—these days—dying from a *nosebleed* just weeks before the wedding. Imagine a collection of saliva, warmed just right, propped in rows above the body laid out, all amber in its lamps. The body about to live or die. The body about to live and die.

*(for Lawrence R. Smith)*

## Letter to John Olson from Denver

The rain was said to dull the dog-dance, John. In Ed Dorn's *Gunslinger*, Gunslinger injects a five-gallon barrel of LSD into a corpse, which awakens, becoming a "living Batch." This morning dragonflies alight upon my tongue, *become* my tongue, and merge with the hairy chests of dock workers Whitman loved. *To create beauty*, you once told me, *honor and regret all our internal dead*. You were born. Here, John. In this town of dying. Your mother's still here. When last you visited, you dragged three days of flu up to the grave of Buffalo Bill, atop Lookout Mountain. Funny how he never lived here. How they bid for his body—all the way from North Platte—in death. Denver is not what it used to be. We could vomit it out. We could shit it. We could remember days of cow-stench wafting down from Greeley. How even this high, certain headaches drop away. *Into a corpse*, I say, *which awakens into a living batch*. But a batch of what? Buff-colored hills, pride-flushed with elk. We drink cowboy coffee—grounds afloat in our cup. The Denver Mint of aspen dragging the leaves-as-gold-coins cliché down a draw. I've seen a marmot eat the sweat-stained armpit of a man's discarded red flannel plaid, barely avoiding a jeep. Your cat, Toby, has lives well over nine. Remember the night he knocked Shakespeare from your shelf? King Lear married Lady Macbeth. Who bore their son, Timon of Athens. All in a flurry of cat-spilled tea. Children learn to anticipate conflict and negotiate death. By parents. By family. By LSD injected into their internal rain. I overheard zoo visitors complain that the pygmy chimp was much larger and smaller than expected. If I had to convince a skeptic of the existence of a rhesus reunion, I'd load my pipe with cat urine, strike a match, and infuse the world cruel with sulfurous social relations. Could an x-ray of my lower lip reveal the denigration of Denver? Wind inversions make a brown cloud bleak? Could my monkey self, my Buffalo Bill self, my heart steaming on a plate of elk offal before me, possibly redeem—amidst all the unhung dead in a hanging city like Dodge? Death is never that far east. Criminals, I say, deserve the

kind of jail Kropotkin and Bakunin recommend. I'll leave it to you to research anarchistic restraint. It is true, John, that your poems are she-wolves in the form of a vague mustache. A compound mustard gas of aching as a poultice of nostalgia warning against the vagueness of a sonorous etherealism. Put simply, you inject the Denver dead with multiple ways of weeping. As all who return from the grave must do. On a hilltop. Overlooking a city. From North Platte to Cody, Wyoming. All the plains of the buffalo dead, sung to us, low, by Woody Guthrie. By Cisco Houston. A bleach of bone we never live or die or anywhere in between.



## **Letter to Lori from Big Timber**

Mao Feng tea, tonight, Lori.  
The dark snow, listening.

It was ten below in Livermore. I remembered summer on the old sheep ranch in Big Timber, headlights of cars a mile distant, oaring over us, around the big curve, from Billings to Livingston. We exchanged body parts all dark long, my beagle-hound and me. I suddenly knew what it was like to sleep while inhaling opiates of the entire blating fold. One of the town's sandstone buildings stood, as if from the Blackfoot River, 264 miles west. You're originally a Bozeman girl. You must know how the wind here plays tricks. The most gorgeous of all the pheasant tribe are perhaps the Golden Pheasants of China and Tibet. A very remarkable and quite unique structure in the Emu is the curious bag or pouch, formed by the puffing of the inner lining of the windpipe.

Things to know about brush piles: in dry months, when traversed by freshly hatched wasp wattlings, they can easily catch fire. Things to know about the left big toe: hold a yoga pose, tug vigorously, and feel the electrical folds of birds enter from below.

The windpipe is an amazing organ. The range of the mountain goat is apparently lessening, as birds evacuate the right ear at dawn. The owls will not forgive us for going to town, sloshing a beer or two at the Grand Hotel or coffee at Cinnabar Creek. After a year or so of meditating, the mind grows still enough to tear itself loose to prepare the tenements of the animal dead.

*(for Lori Anderson)*

## Letter to Judy from Colorado Springs

This is the city of Nikola Tesla—how all that electricity could have been here and ignored. Buried in shafts. Released. I could spend lifetimes and never understand how a person could kill, claiming God, from lightning strikes on Pikes Peak to radium in the healing waters of Colorado and Manitou Springs. I hate the hotels. The bagels are boring. Part of me would rather giveth my human fur unto the muleskinners and the traps. Let me thank you, my darling, for the birds of prey overhead, for the hawk you sent decades before, keening through my gut. You called it by baby bird names. You called it Whitman and salt. Bachelard and phosphorous. Even Marie Ponsot and a cure for consumption. I never breathed so well as I do now. I never knew you in Belgium. Nor the uranium implanted in your once-twenty-eight-year-old throat. I never knew how in almost dying you could so clearly reach twenty years ahead into my grief. When they eat dirt, I understand earthworms are not merely feeding but are also digging a burrow. I could have spent decades longer as a hermit, before meeting you, content to carry a hut in my throat-latch thatch, and Whitman would have never discovered the line's great ache, the dislocation of Long Island gnats in Conestogas in the Missouri Breaks. Was it you or Bachelard who slept all those years in the same bed with his idiot brother? How can I sleep with myself and allow my invisible woman body to make me more of a man? What can I finally bring you? Gift you? How shall I tell? When do we love *without* love? The death of the mother-mouth is all it takes for a rain curtain to fall, fiercely from the West. *It is necessary*, it is written, *to be necessary*. Given the expression of the thin-gummed man, there is so much we continue to hide. You once wrote of a *great angry owl in search of its kill*. You visited this place years before, though it was Aspen, writing poems with Paul Blackburn and becoming more of the world. There are cities of mathematics and cities of sleep. A poetics of generosity. What happens to the soul when the breath breaks apart into phosphorus and zinc? Mine tailings of raw religion have claimed

this place from generations of Cheyenne. Have stripped it in a frightenly ancient way—fish by fish, fossil by fossil—from there to here. The imprint of the shy octopus in the rock can still bite—mixing poison in its saliva—and pull one’s diving mask off, dragging something almost human to the bottom of even *these* mountains. Oceans of prairie grass not that far east are not a cliché when one speaks of even one bone of the buffalo dead. Yes, I say *buffalo*, not *bison*. It is sometimes good to not be too precise. For the gush of gold, Judy. For the pour of ore that—with the Silver Bill Repeal—ached this place. For the sake of something more. We prayeth this city of Tesla, complete, return us unto the pores of the tongue—divine and electric, replete.

*(for Judy Johnson)*



GOOSE BLURB by Andrew Abbott, 2011  
acrylic on music paper (6" x 8 1/2" )



I COULDN'T CATCH MY BREATH by Andrew Abbott, 2010, acrylic on paper (11" x 8 1/2")

## DEBORAH KREUZE

### **Rhapped in Blue**

Hippocampal shrinkage, and  
language leaping like bluefish,  
blue tongued, blue lipped:  
to raise my eyebrow takes a crane.

I shrank my ship I did,  
at the soul's didactic diner.  
Language leading like bluefish,  
I wrapped my red dish in blue paper,  
soul food blued and bleeding. I shrank with age,  
dyed my shripp shirt, ripped my shorts  
at the predeath diner.

RAY GONZALEZ

### **Rufino Tamayo**

In “El Quemado,” the burned one raises his flaming arms to the dark sky, the painting swirling in smoke and the fumes given to branding dimensions with fire. The figure runs, his hair aflame, brown legs changing history by surviving the bridge to the other side.

“Hombre en rojo” allows the red man to emerge with swollen cheeks, his crimson skin reflecting the battle where his mother and father were taken in red, the skull of el hombre glowing red with incident, open mouth releasing a red and white bubble, the red man’s life given to turning his head to the left where the red river flows and never stops approaching.

“El iluminado” is in the cosmos, his bare white head glowing among the stars and constellations that misspell his name because comets bouncing off his shoulders carry a different story across the universe, his naked brown body exposing an enormous penis that hangs there, pointing underground because his limp left arm won’t touch it and his right one rests across his belly, meteors pelting him with thought, granting him permission to be the one to step forward.

Three “Hombres en el espacio” hurl beyond space, arms open as if three crucifixions are taking place, each man resembling a jet plane that rose too far, bodies becoming metallic missiles that reinvent color each time they wander beyond what Tamayo

intended, his trio joining the sun as they reach apogee,  
vanish with arms extended in the jubilation of the cross,

though el “Hombre confrontando al infinito” appears  
beyond the pink scratched sun he contemplates, skies  
empty of stars, the silhouetted figure a keyhole Tamayo  
opened into infinity and gave the silhouetted man  
time to hide his face because the painter welcomed  
his hombres without giving them names.



## **The Face of the Sun**

*for Larry Levis*

The face of the sun is a myth.  
We are the ones who sing  
over our parent's sleeping bodies.  
When Emiliano Zapata's two white  
horses escaped from the corral,  
it was a sign he would be killed that day.

When the white face of the sun  
is revealed, it changes the myth  
into a story where our parents,  
in their bedroom, never wake up.  
At last, our childhood home, we think.  
Our empty house, at last.

Your eyes wake in the morning  
of the white light and you leave,  
though you are the one who wants  
to stay but you know the white horse  
that stays is riderless.

## **Chihuahuan Spotted Whiptail**

Scribbled in water, scribbled in sand, the lizard grows in the left ear past the bloodline to the brain because cut-off reptilian tails are read to signify what is carried across the sand. Dust doom. Dirt significance. Tumbleweed head afraid to stop rolling across the world. Elbow back of the head brings it forward, slinking across the forehead to hiss mute chalice.

Stained red skin red dots red mind red line embedded in miniature lizard skeleton spotted in the wind, gently settling on the top of the head as if tricks are stronger than campfire circles where men breathe instinct and swallow motherly umbilical cords. Direct as possible path to the dragon egg.

Invented reptile invented male nose invented sand suffocation. The lizard comes out the right ear decades after white hair and infinite flower stare. Whiptail seen as punishing others that fail to recognize blue and green scales caught in the eye are manuscripts lost by the first royal expedition across the dirt cities burning with sun spots.

## **Part 462**

Part 461 ends with the smoothness of silk. It is all we know as Part 462 encounters the bear in the spine and transforms escape into ritual delusion.

They blow smoke over the vessel.

In the gathering part, to be able to touch it is key to being inside the glass. Hope was a fire ant eaten by the cat despite the clean floor as a boundary we can't comprehend.

A violin you tune. An ear ache that contains gold. The stick in the nose. Disbelief and a manner of being accepted when two cardinals alight in the tree, their loud chirping framing Part 462 where a starfish was spotted between your feet.

Inside my name. Inside what has to be.

Inside the variations, there is a game where you guess what time it is and how you want to be rewarded for being pure in thought and trained in extracting the gift from the center of the tree where delight is drowned by heavy rain that sits and waits for the ground to run with the harbor of ghost-like perception as if whatever is out there serves you and not the other way around.

You do obey. You shall invent other lines where the action despises the verb and turns into the adjective of the kiss that was borrowed from the baker of bread and how the tall emblem shook in recognition of the meal that filled Part 462 with enough details to thwart a thief.

If this mirror is real, Borges replies in his blindness by outlining a Spanish tale where the bent man was straightened in time to read a book where a great adventure ruled his life and let him be. We wanted to be there if we could but a strange way of interpretation keeps getting in the way.

If this is accurate in the library, the stairs to Part 463 are right there even as their guardian turns to page 462 and begins to read over again.



**Shiver into Ruin**

Display the case with troubled maps that send you to an ark empty of kindness. It is the worried ship of structured trees and accurate buildings that house the future as if radioactive air is healing the present and sending it into the past. In other words, the image decides everything and it resembles a man standing on his feet, shaking a bit, but able to ride the light against geography. It is an image of ripeness and everything turns into writing that stalks a lie and tells the oldest truth.

Display the crown of boiling screams that send you to a black childhood of stoned bullies and the overturned trash-cans in the alley, the fire that drew a galloping horse on the wall before you were three. Passion is divided into a tiny unit of green things that decorate the mind with a tremendous scent, a peaceful perfume, and the attraction of legs skimming the water for drowned men. It could be a sin, but is merely a mother forgiving somebody's son as if he was hers. Her feet are wet.

Display the object with six hands, four arms, and seventeen toes. Study its five eyes and one ear that points north. Examine its magazine and the nude sleeping outside of it. What does it mean and how will you give it good health? The cathedral is in the promenade and you are still contemplating the two spines, the three hips, and the way it dances away from what has been.

## **They Wait in Movie Theaters**

Traveling to the edge, a fable is being discussed. Publicity is traumatic chemistry. The vision in the trees does not exist.

Collection of static inside the fraction of circle. The white foam is lucid and one leg lifts out of it as if it wants to dance, but there is no music and the three arms and hands that emerge resemble a crooked, warped and dying insect. Collection of static inside the fraction of circle.

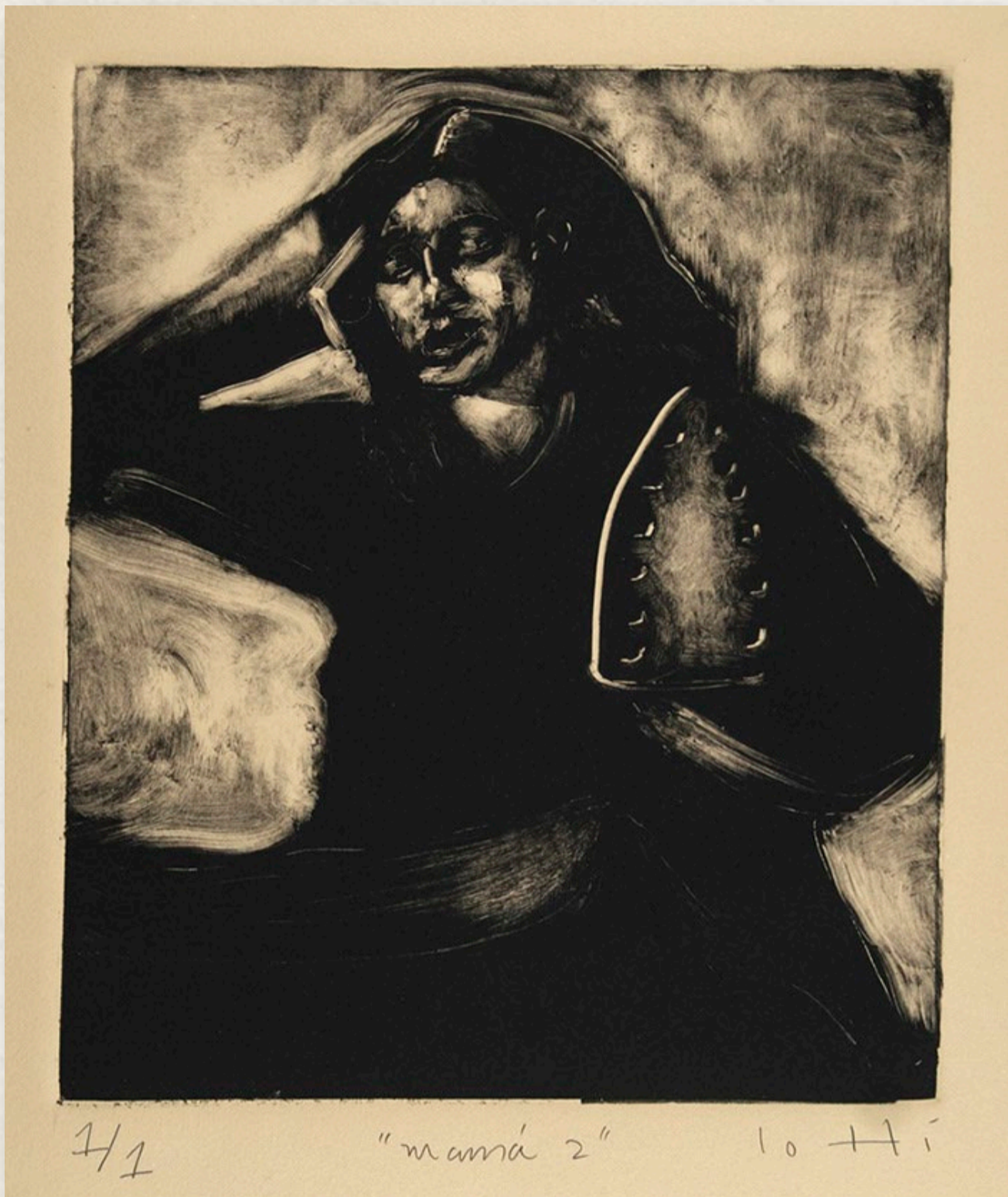
Write history. Do not write literature. The pink man removed his hat.

Warm tortillas never help. The bird that dives from up there is not a thief. The bird that dies up there is a hand signal. The bird that dies up there is a belief.

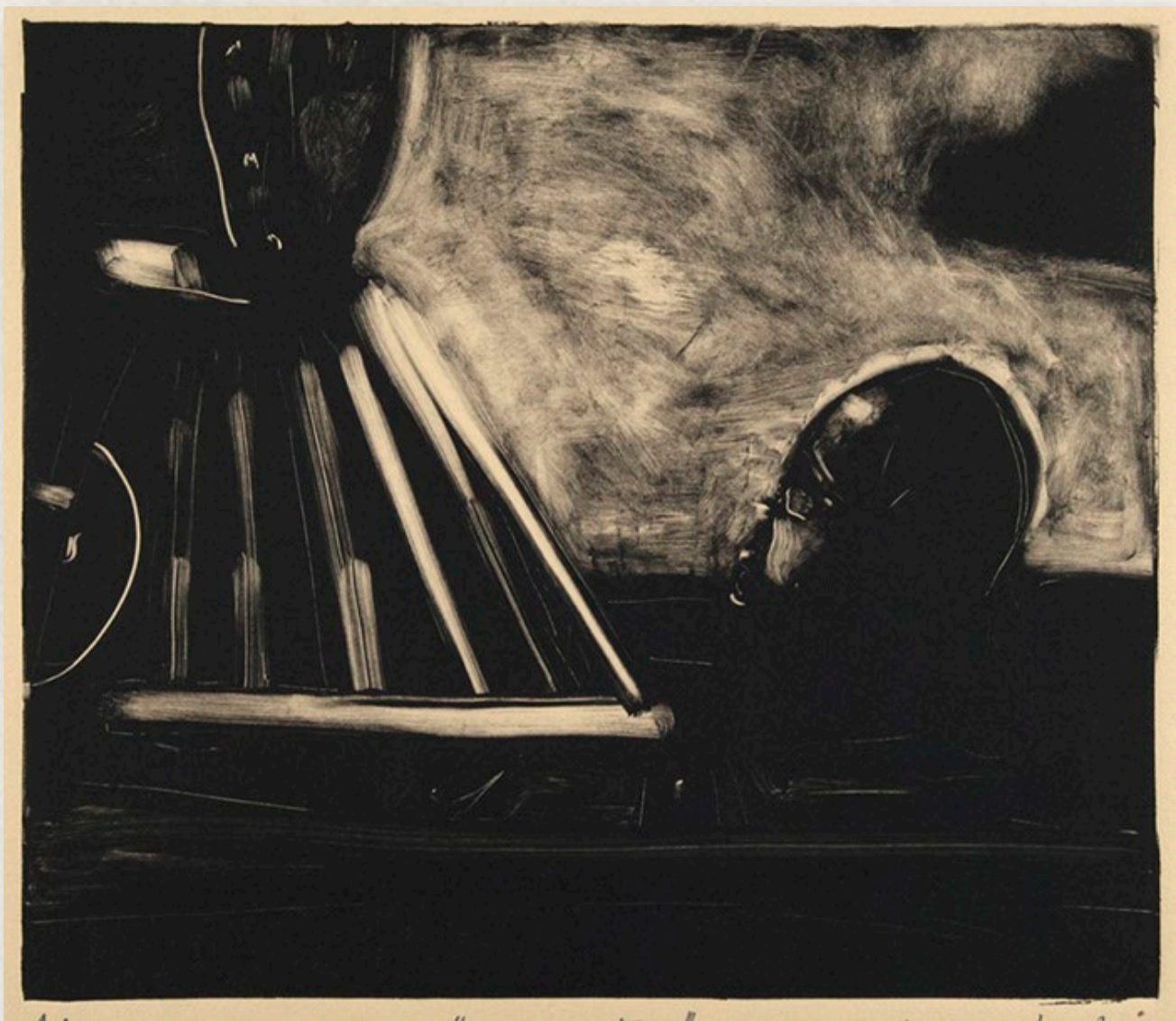
The invisible beam cannot speak. A stained crystal ball is damaged integrity. An exclusive image of the surface of the water revealed a mysterious moment that will not be discussed.

The listener trembles when the roses come near, the thorns licked off by a mighty lizard in search of fame. At night, milk in the moonlight is a cure. The erased sentence mentioned 26 people.

Weeks fly by and the world is still there. Elegies came and went. The antelope ate the lion. The human tongue loves ankles, one at a time. The bridge allowed the black bull to cross but not the horses.



MAMA by Jefreid Lotti, 2013  
etching ink on Arches paper (22" x 15")



RE-ENCUENTRO by Jefreid Lotti, 2013  
etching ink on Arches paper (22" x 15")

ALISON HICKS

**Red-Headed Woodpecker**

knocks. His head swings back,  
flouncing like a flamenco dancer's skirt.  
He aims at the trunk, beak into wood,  
hysterical child or a woman in grief.

I let him in.  
Hammering through my thick skull,  
sweeping the gap with his narrow tongue.  
Excavating, calling me to root.

RICARDO PAU-LLOSA

**On the Table**

*Par-20 Halogen 50W 120V Narrow Flood*

The deaf bell still makes a sound,  
groans when spun, and the bloom

which yearns to speak says More.  
As the single flower bouquets

stamens and pistils, so the bulb's  
fly-eye banners voluptuous numericals.

Up-ended, it figures head  
for brass and a dark crown

to ready dance or unready light.  
Face up, the grains kindle

an array of deck prisms, hexagons  
fielded to bleed broken suns down

into the holds. At night, the helm  
inverts the equation to detect

fire below. Within can be an origin, too,  
as when the ocean cleaves to let a buried

star fume its entrails. Inside the bulb  
a pearl stowaway smudges into ghost

and knows torch from tale and memory.  
“Listen,” it says, “I have no other muse to free.”



## **Ways of Looking at a Clip**

1

Mated parentheses  
do not make a circle.

2

On my fingers  
the hollow tongue  
within a tongue  
magnifies swirls  
that name me.

3

Intention  
is a racetrack  
of lunar light  
clasping  
what is not yet.

4

A band refracts  
on each ring,  
inventing line  
and stairs.

5

The man at a distance  
and the one closer  
are likewise  
folded into one.

6

Dropped on the table  
it resists  
the toad  
and the drum.

7

My fingertip  
is prey  
in its cold theater.

8

Makes the table  
sound  
like a hasty coffin.

9

Opened,  
it confirms wings  
are pages.

10

Harbor air  
and make  
line return.

11

An intimate  
current  
dreams  
of its warped  
path.

12

Inarticulate,  
it plays four notes  
against the hardness.

13

Wrecked,  
it can never  
love again.

## **Courtship, Cumaná**

*after the paintings of Livia Horvath de Bernat, outsider artist, Caracas*

Livia always has her lovers thin  
on a beach scant but for the crack  
of lightning, yolk-hued like the sun,  
and a dog paddling surf, too tired to bark  
but mammal-sure the coming storm opposes  
the projects of its wander, and their kisses.  
And yet they are lost in hold and honey,  
and so she bakes the orange of sky and skips  
the torrent's language of jailing drips  
that here their castle might stand in the sunny  
scripture of their sticky embrace. The flat  
sinews of a single palm fingerprint the fact  
that what love plots is fugitive survival,  
scorning the beast's entreaty, thunder's denial.



AH WELTANSCHAUUNG  
CRUTCH OF AMBIGUITY  
NO BALANCE NO JOY by Holly Boruck, 2007  
oil, silk screen on panel (32" x 24")

TIM KAHL

**Little eBird**

We hear the behalf of birds but the matter is unheard.  
An empty beak receives the elegant wild of nest.

And even wilder fills the dark standing roughly in its goal.  
Land is raised and clapper applied to the little eBird.

During summer the light intense and extra to the hum and drone.  
One survey, a season some unexpected and pieces on display:

A mouth on moth, a chick on chalk, a bag of colored eggs.  
We match the spots to citizens, rearrange their legs,

their red bumps riding, their stubborn covering, their blindness  
up the channel of mannequin, the trusted perch of proper form.

We fall in love level with the sun and keeping one eye open.  
The special side of sky ascended beyond electric.

One end dangled and made idea while a magnet spins.  
The foot grasps food and understands its trickiness.

Little eBird has a function for the males to play.  
There's only so much gizzard committed to imitation.

*Kahl/92*

## **Die My Dining Night**

Die my dining night, no doubt.  
There is no linger in my minute

A hat in the rain intends by wishing  
the little painting lifted to a star

By enemy, by intimate  
the night invents a limit

daylight trains its stand-in  
and far is the white exhibit

Some purpose is same as agate  
and attitude a name most rare

changing added to the end of chilling  
instead of nice that upsets nude

and animal empty into terminal  
the black asterisk content to call

a burr of blood enters innocent  
returns a missing list so small

a wrinkle on an injured bird  
excites the word that dresses here.

**A Silent Fever**

a player with strange cards  
straightens life's tangles  
folds the dummy hand

the water level  
rises with the martyr's prayers  
the bank painted with  
yellow flowers

fertilizer run-off pulses  
in the calm mouth  
of a wild animal's lullaby

Adam Smith  
tames villagers with lectures on  
algae bloom and birth defects

the river trumps the swimmer

the horizon attacks the problem  
self intervenes  
a silent fever

## CAROL SHILLIBEER

**drunk on dittany**

1

Rabbit dances with a broccoli spear.  
I have nothing to say.

She swings black into smoke  
tiny cauldron rising, skewers letters  
before they quite escape the billowed.

2

Sunstone. Stone mint.  
Syntactic navigation.

Kidney stones. Stone hearts.  
Every wrong move, pounding  
what is left of n a m e.

3

Kicking when free. Running the downs  
under blue-clouds. Over the far  
hills, trees with cloud-sized out-bites.

Along the horizon,  
strung out on wire, leaking words  
keep the burrow in sight;

green-pool, broken, unable to reach.

4

Purple in summer, wooly eye  
and h\_e\_r\_m\_a\_p\_h\_r\_o\_d\_i\_t\_e,  
rabbit dances out

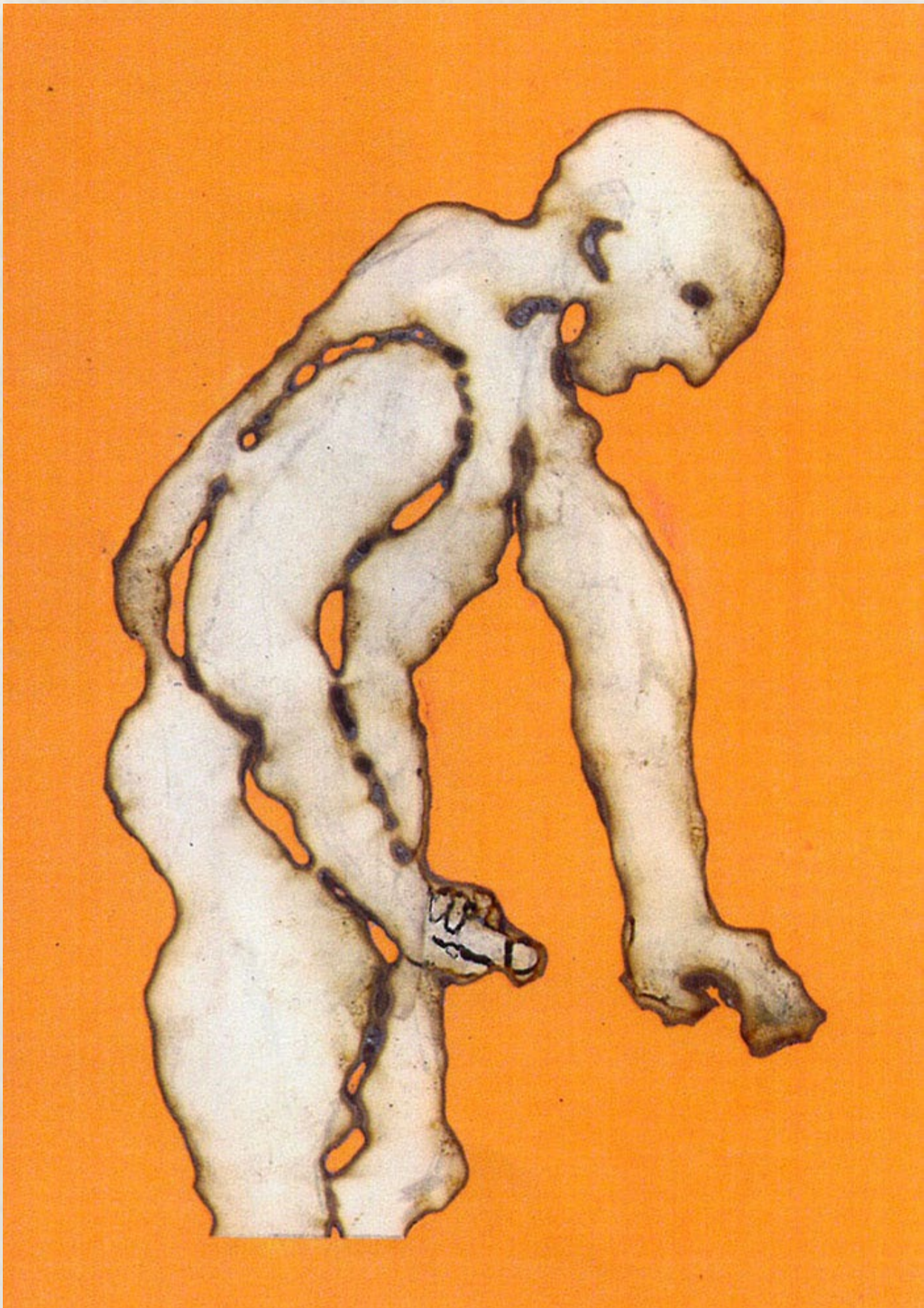
the pink-b\_i\_t of herself.

In the consequent birthing, letters kiss;  
words swoon.

5

Tendered by leaf,  
softened under,  
black ears pierce blue.

Oh blue struck; descant hung.  
Raining through the holes:  
shattered alphabets.



BURNWORKS, book 1, figure 4 by Austin Strauss, 2008  
mixed media (8 1/2" x 5 1/4")



BURNWORKS, book 2, figure 4 by Austin Strauss, 2008  
mixed media (8 1/2" x 5 1/4")

JOHN BRADLEY

### History of the Arrow

*Earth moves page after page  
quoting its destiny*

—**Saidless**, Gene Frumkin

The pianist presses his ear to my chest, instructs me to breathe. *I can hear a snow globe*, he says, *purchased in*, he listens again, *Odessa, Florida*.

The film opens. You sit before me, blindfolded beneath your bridal veil. Even now, the dung beetle rolls its murky ball by milky light.

At the doorway to her houseboat, she says, *Unburden thy flesh*, and again, over the shoulder, *Unburden thyself*. When it rains, I leave a saucer on the stoop.

How much a clutch of silence can devour.

Imount the hill, an emperor of what? Terrace on terrace of disemboweled dirt. After we make love on the landing, specks of crushed snail shell stick to her damp flesh.

In the antique store, the President shuffles his notecards, mumbles a backwoods recipe for raccoon stew. One of the hound-dog hunters says, *I know a whole other set of lyrics to that knife-sharpener's tune*.

Divine me with your hand, the subcutaneous teeth gentle and relentless. The endless dung ball, let it always roll in a straight path, else the planet wobble.

As soon as the power dies, I read by candlelight: *The history of the arrow leaves no room for the flight of the feather.*

How silent a sliver of devour.

Divide me, at your ease, into bolts of anatomical blue. Build upon my chest a bonfire, wild broom and bird ash.

*The only remedy*, says the white veil, gliding above a cup of snow, *is taking scissors to the worm bearing its liturgy of coal.*

So it shall be recorded. So shall the Milky Way flicker, chunks of hair falling, my dung ball churning this way and that.

Let him be remembered, then, for inventing the desert piano, each key pricking the flesh of many cacti to produce differently pitched cries.

## SETH MIRZA

### **butterfly's drill [choking all gardens]**

*1. It can't die in the cavity. Which way is split, and neither burn. Every pressure begins to turn inside the wise. Beaten in an hour then crying with fists exploding, never lifting any drill. Don't forget to choke on the pill and pull the black mirror apart like a headache. Gardens never trying and today's seams now caution very healthy choke drills. Apart & away. Away from all fissures and dominant decrees, celestial tones from the mouth in the wallet, poured honey & prefab tits, charcoal dollars with shark's teeth. And maybe the probably will win. Each has his way to die in the cavity. A dollar's worth of pulling apart the ends, killing time to explode the drills. All drills. At least the ones that cheat. A slender caution in cups from crying too far away. Beaten into a command and dressed in the fringes, and maybe eating new shapes from another gut, it was nothing to look at. But each drill is really a headache undressing what it means to think up a cavity. Free of all cheats clowning in the crying cosmos. Holding dollars up to the choke pill—each drill has to fly away and die. And maybe even the healthy fringe lies beaten in the cavity. No joke away, at least one for all fissures, no heads can hold up under the weight of the split, and every dream flavors the waiting for the cavity—until it's still. Never maniacal, and hardly burning, not spitting but pouring every hour into the choke, into the lethargic teeth, into the garden cups, and then waiting in the cavity's fringes for the cheat to kill. From very far away. With dominant crying dressed with fissures and half-beaten drills.*

*2. Enter a garden to pull apart a cosmos and create from the unhealthy inside a new raw drill. Is the pill really exploding? and have the beaten faces expired? Return to the weight of probably dominant and hide the drills in the garden and push it all into the choke. Dress the dream in dollars and crying whores and all kinds of lethargic gut fissures and maniacal headaches and the iron crowns. Is it clear? Is it all the thinking behind a healthy undressing of the cavity?*

*3. Even if you have to joke and then die—still, make the fountain sing before cheating the cavity. In the shark's clowning, maybe even crying, at least for one, for an hour,*

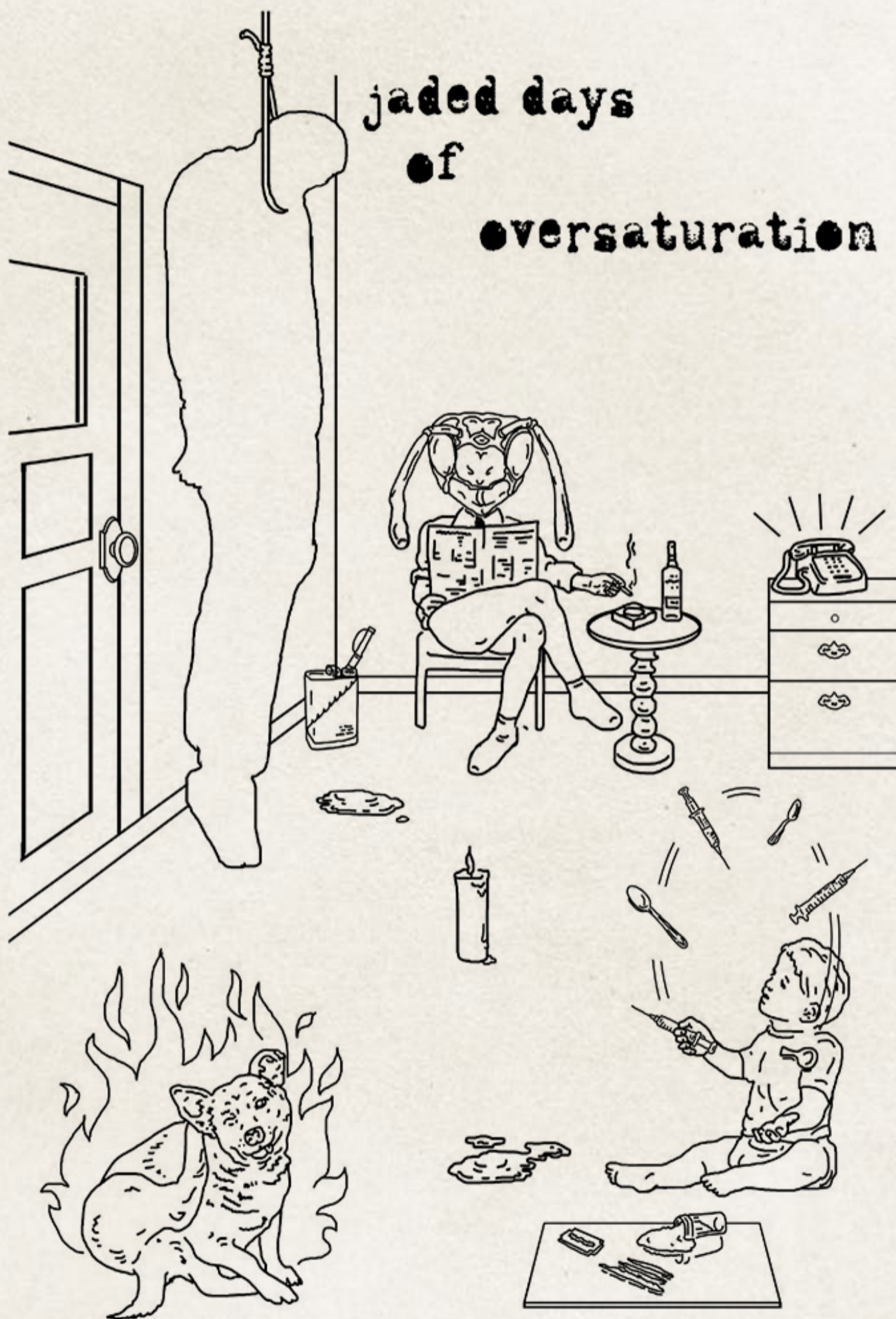
*away. It isn't very clean or weighted. And the hollow flavor kills the seams, free and red, pouring hate into the fountain's dream and flying away. Garden gut stars slapped and beaten in their cavities. Trying to get a dominant cosmos from the skin of a butterfly's drill.*

*4. Spleen and stone living off the choke never lie. Though the pouring cheats and the cavity assumes a new choke. Dominant warnings from beaten stars expire, every new pill chokes every new hour, and dreams confined and crying for new seams with no teeth lose all their crowns. In this depleted garden, all is measured.*

*5. Nothing but the gut to look at—the clean and cold sinister pushing and eating. Eating all the drills, the ones that clean the stations and cheat the fissures—no cavity can take it. Alone, the hollow chokes with spleen dollars and a butterfly's drill. No chance for healthy dreams to collide in sick still hours.*

*6. Every head competes. The memories push the stations, the memories confirm that a knife in the cavity speaks: at all times alone, and hollow, and with guts that can take over a station whenever a loss is beaten and scanned. Warned to never ingest another pill. Never wear your radioactive crown, never expect the butterflies to take other shapes and undress the cavity. Just pour it all in and slowly kill the seams. Stall and sing to a choke-ingesting generation.*

*7. Let gardens kill the cavities, you're all butterflies with guts and stones. Roar into the drills and pull all choking away. No more thinking. No more thinking, losing, refusing the dream because of which way it splits and which way the garden may burn and because now all stations are hollow and lethargic and all chokes'll probably pour it all in the mouth in an hour and win. You can't scare the drills into remembering but you can keep their population from tripling. You can keep the pills and charcoal and leave the dominant flying crowns a station or two. It isn't a very clean cosmos—and love stalls, plus the dollars don't cover the seams, and all undressing is beaten and lost. No head is thinking, heavy hatred exploding the pain. Most of a second world is needed to hold this pain. The flying, population-sculpting, station-crushing, crypto-cavity-undressing pain: the butterflies dreaming of sick, exploding garden stars while the cosmos happily eats itself.*



## ZOLTÁN KOMOR

### **The Dead Chihuahua**

The ghosts breathe in electric light. So every time you switch off a lamp, the dead begin to clatter, and they puke their dearest memories into warm little puddles. Well, it happened at a dirty old underground station: one fellow got really tired of listening to the barking, and kicked the loud chihuahua onto the rails, just when the tube roared and it killed the dog instantly. Ever since then, muffled howling can be heard between the two stations. Sometimes the dog even manifests itself, and floats in front of the passengers' worn penny eyes, hauling wax-like glowing ectoplasm. Scavenging in the uterus. Ripped off placards are all over the streets. These are muddy wings, and some homeless people try to fly with them toward the sun, but their brows hurtle into the ceiling of Hell over and over. In this city everybody's after a good old plasma kick. They swill it from bottles, others imbibe it like it was healing steam. They kick chihuahuas onto the rails, and hold secret seances on the subway, thawing the manifested dogs over a small flame. After this, they really let loose. The city is full of them, people barking at each other, while placard-winged angels shit on their heads from above. Morse codes play off the slammed windows. The night is always starless here. The city keeps clanking its rusty chains, and it pukes sweet memories into its own corners. Drained amniotic fluid.

EDWARD MYCUE

**I Once Had a Paragraph That Did Not Exist**

Viewing, reviewing my stay is an art  
formed in simple words of surviving,  
growing old, doing a good job—  
a necklaced world that changes  
one day to the next, hanging on.  
My muscled back glistened in sweat.  
Summer's over, passages in  
melancholy  
loss recess in curling dreams—a  
bannister  
or a squirrel's tail—squeaking,  
shivering  
all the when while dewy mornings,  
wild  
azure skies and willow trees  
confront  
tiny blades, needles, stars,  
explosions.  
My past, future is now, no hands in  
stone.  
Breath has many doors found this  
morning.

SHEILA E. MURPHY

## Herm

Herm collected and then recollected, having viewed compulsively raw footage of *Antiques Road Show*, to dispel oncoming migraines that would lure him into bed. He found among his treasures a carved bird sitting upright on a miniature twig nest, vivid with chiseled granularity upon the blond wood desk. The bird, mere third the tip-size of a tiny woman's pinky bespoke a legacy his insistence cauterized.

He would work his objects into inventory before selling what they seemed to be, to persons seeming to desire them. He could know only that each individual within his sphere of quantities called "known" would honor only so much code.

No one living in the neighborhood knew what he "did," for he did nothing but feign competition online with people who resided on the European continent.

The constant cattle call for STEM began to thrash his dermis, make his temples ache like snow. He would fantasize a craft he could pursue at home, within his room, beyond the single outer door to which his meals were brought two times each day.

He wanted to be whole versus associates conversing on his tiny screen about a product many sheep and lemmings had been taught to want. In contrast, Herm had never left his lair, would never leave his feet.

ANDREW JORON

**Define Lion**

Hey hooded scholar: say *what*, say *why* or  
Y-axis

—if today the sky is blue  
It is

Unpossessed as any datum; so

Cold, culled  
From all  
    the fretted possibilities of blue.

Uncalled, stand alone  
Next to X.

~~To perceive is to unconceive.~~ Then  
    to posit  
A vacancy's born orb—

    so to say nothing  
    of any man  
Also monster, also star.

O sun, son of *sonnez*, I answer to  
A mystery.

To posit without position—  
now-thing  
states, state  
Enemy of my name.

“We” is then a wish away—

Bad history, bad witness: we be dust, the  
must of time.



THE NEW GODHEAD by Jose Telot, 2012  
charcoal powder, pastel powder & oil wash on  
plaster on masonite & plywood (24" x 24")



THE NEW GODHEAD II by Jose Telot, 2012  
charcoal powder, pastel powder & oil wash on  
plaster on Masonite & plywood (20" x 20")

JAMES GRINWIS

**Deoxyribonucleic Supplement**

I love the way women's short heels sound  
against the pavement  
and the way the sound of it  
is a kind of hot 'n cold nourishment.

There are twin atlases  
on somebody's desk space.

A lot of esses, Shahid said, begins to move into the ears  
like a snake. I was married once  
and it was beautiful and hard.

In the end there is supposed to be something,  
like a final beat. There are winners  
and beaters  
and others. Like it is in the beginning  
of a movement when the move  
stops moving.

## **Revenge Party**

You can walk anywhere  
if you have the time.  
The way out of things  
is often the same way into them.  
Like numbers. You roll them,  
you see what comes up,  
you roll them again.  
I can't say anything unless I am lost  
and you can see the lines  
that make of themselves an X  
because this is what an X does  
when the X has moved through you.  
To seize on a good thing and dive with it,  
to see someone hot in your dream  
and instead of making out  
you just hold hands awhile,  
looking at the stoicism of a tree.  
I always am seeing her so I carve  
a stump out of marble  
to bang my head against.  
It's an arena where teens skate  
inside of the body where we live  
and where is that anyway.  
There is a click, there's a building,  
raging compatriots  
left and right, great smudges  
of crowd. What is it about boundaries.  
A dude named Smutwagon  
pours out of each day.  
Beauty, the hills are huge,  
you can climb them or just look.



WHAT LURKS BENEATH by Abdiel Acosta, 2012  
ink wash on scratchboard (14" x 11")

ROBERT GREGORY

**On The Topography Of Our Places (Remix)**

The wind that bends the trees  
the many kinds of crows, how the  
moon affects the water

sly evasive comment of a bishop,  
in a double sickness  
of new things and secret things

from western seas, the use of spirits  
of unceasing rain

a fish with three gold teeth, a wolf that  
held converse with a timid priest

a lion and his lovely human wife, the saints  
of this country said to be vindictive

granddaughter of Noah, is a proof  
of wickedness

fine rivers, fires of the sun  
whatever secret things we do

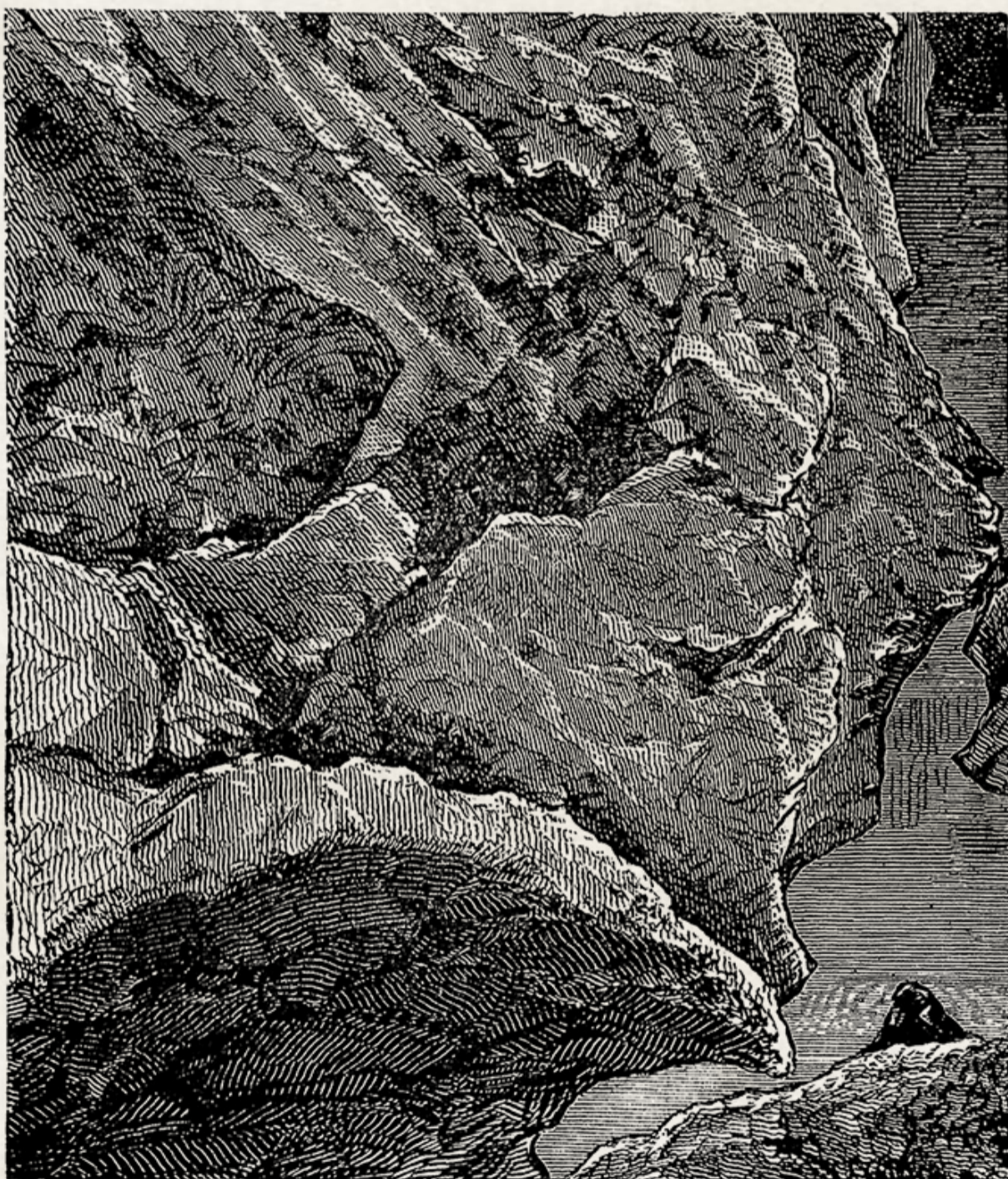
unhappy souls, discovery of a red belly,  
corruptions of the air, the folds

of memory, a river made bitter, the  
moon recovering her light

*Gregory/114*

of shining, a long uncertain  
ecstasy, the grass  
yet green in the fields

*(remix of phrases with changes from Giraldus Cambrensis,*  
**On the Topography of Ireland)**



**Alternatives: Go Jump In A Hole, Go Live  
In A House Full Of Splinters**

In other words, never mind theology. It's like a kid who wants to make these raggedy toy animals slept on hugged and swatted squashed till they're almost flat square

off and fight it out but all they do is fall against each other gently, then go backwards and collapse, smiling, as if wishing they were saying unequivocal untranslatable words

of love and friendly nonsense. Out the window bony local sparrows fighting back and forth inside a culvert, a squabble over something not yet

visible: maybe the wind, a bit of cellophane with the fragrance of sugar and a smear of grease? After the war, the big war, we kids all dressed as cowboys.

Why not as moths or golfers, elongated raindrops hanging down from trellises, segmented patterns hidden and yet visible, right there on the page? Never mind.

Watching somber documentaries instead, the kind they used to make for reassurance: "The river and the wind are partners here, the rhythm of collaboration very

slow, so subtle it is almost undetectable. The water seeping down the places sliced apart to make a highway turns the limestone dark and makes it glitter like

the spangles on a girl who's older than she looks and who's remarkably at home up there aboard a blue trapeze. On the slab that marks the resting

place of the patriarch, 'This' the only word still  
readable. The people here, proud of their  
ancient ways and roughly handled by the ordinary

wind and rain, are mainly blue in April,  
blue through August and beyond, even when  
the light becomes a long green haze and

yawns itself in two like a sleepy cat  
disturbed beneath the indigo; as we take  
our reluctant departure, the day gives

in, the trees begin to open and  
reverse, the moon is gone for now  
and maybe broken, maybe just

come open, maybe dry, maybe split."

**Birds Come Down**

The word was out again  
the other night, a bloody something  
floated by, the crickets in their  
armor or some miniature  
device in hundreds hidden in  
the August black sending  
out mysterious and crazy robot  
music. Imagine, copulation  
used to be the great big  
secret, all the teachers thought  
it was and kept us in the dark and  
now it's no big secret so it's  
everywhere, some other thing has  
taken over. So the joke's on  
them, which always happens, just  
you wait a while.

I pass that on from  
Popeye just for what it's  
worth. Some people  
think that Popeye's not  
appropriate for poetry  
even this odd unrolling thing  
in front of you right now  
but they mistake themselves,  
they fall way down inside  
themselves (which is a  
reflex). He's the one who sez.

The days as merely days is  
just one more of  
all the things that bug the  
enigmatic sailorman with billowing

enormous jaw, the noisy cartoon freakazoid  
devoted to a silly skinny bitch with rescue issues  
palling with a derby-wearing red meat  
parasite who's morbidly obese and  
just because an inkwell had the say for once  
but ink is dead and sez he now the  
birds was come on down, come out of  
folders? no but out  
of trees, smelly tall unpixelated ones  
he sez – he's pixelated all the  
time, he knows the difference, neither  
frazzled nor bedazzled by our  
lights our issues our big complicated  
very special robo-laugh. But is he really  
saying? No one can say. It's our secret...

## JEFF HARRISON

### Citizen Waste

my my, the fancy pasts!  
we'd size up bones, & vintage — play human  
bodies need graphite, take & eat —  
snip my spill, You-My-Pieces, take & eat —  
snack up those fancy pasts, play-human!  
teeth this rest, antique gasped mouths

it's a conspiracy-dark finger you tap on your temple,  
Citizen Waste, cut what was buried in the sky  
rearranged eye skinning overhead, who's in the moon now?  
a pawed meal of suns falling upon forgotten Merlins:  
THIS IS THE INHERITANCE POINT = Citizen Waste, and  
you're my underflesh...  
of thread...  
of print...  
of honeyed remains, lady thunder, hard-boiled quattrocento —  
it carries no edge, lady t\*\*\*\*\*r, cradle blades...

why are you wearing cradle blades? compulsive hammers?  
eyes, tongues, & alone went bones, you're saying?

wild my air — vengeful poetry is after me  
the whole space — is leaving a center  
us but stray water propped up & disbelieved  
but we have entombment, at least

afternoon soliloquy:

us ghost dead,  
torn at the points

is pieces, merciless  
nevertheless loveliness

finis.

sparely juggled, unpicked,  
Citizen Waste filled in the law & caves  
scars were daily eyes, iron candy  
writing about my ink you spell "house"  
the spoke-so language like a name extends a name  
MY ASTONISHMENT IS YOURS, me is tunnels  
that mirrors your fiery hue all fragile of shining lamps

## **The Glove At Last**

drowninglessness, doesn't seem to focus,  
preparedlessness, where's the thrill in being entertaining,  
nimblelessness, is nonetheless refined in personal affairs,  
rattlelessness, our morning, noon, & night is fast darkening,  
drosslessness, a close inspection, please, of your curtseys,  
unsteadiness, a smile is upon nearly all you gaunt dogs,  
skylessness, the baskets full of skylessness-larks now,  
crownlessness, with the shawl now taking licence,  
furtiveness, the guards are answered with bold intimacy  
footsteplessness, there's plenty more where that came from,  
mutuallessness, miniature among the giants just in time,  
blanklessness, sweep the dear child into the lovely premises,  
shrewdlessness, my winding-sheet will accept no favors from you,  
donkeylessness, she, with a melancholy air, put on her glove finger  
by finger

**Water Rats**

rodents scarce  
suddenly flurries  
scurry rodents  
water rats (scents harsh  
wormed flooded  
funereal rat tails)  
inflammatory!  
aerial paper  
the rain diving  
into fur, promised  
seeds, speaking  
spaces of rat crusts  
sheds similes, dawns  
unsettle deep says!  
everything snaking time  
long variations frantic  
the same can course samely

## ROBERT VANDER MOLEN

### **Woman Reading**

A democracy of winter light  
On trees and brown ground cover

Terraces of snow melting  
Over a slope, a time-lag

Before the tug of remorse  
For example. The stream

In shadow. Minnows in shadow

I'm waiting for a phone call  
Which could be demeaning

Or should I say rude. As wind  
Tends to be after mild weather

It was a painting I was  
Thinking of, something

Quiet from a century ago  
A room without worry

More deep shades than now.  
But it grew more fanciful

As I loitered near drapes  
Like someone important

(but why be cheap?)  
Like Lincoln, let's say

During a spell of uncertain news,  
Pondering his time perhaps

During the Blackhawk War.  
Scent of rose water. Followed

By prunes. In the oaks  
I thought I heard a frog

But it was a small woodpecker,  
Grit dropping into snow

Small sounds distract me,  
You understand. Nevertheless

I couldn't see or touch  
The cover of her quarto

Pinching then  
The ridge of his nose

My will has been sapped,  
And who are these men

Nosing my trail  
Through thicket and hardwood?

I had meant to ask him  
About his 64 Buick on blocks

His hair was loose and white  
Lingering below his shoulders

*VanderMolen/125*

His boots, his cowboy clothes,  
Were white as well

Oh hell, he declared

It's our weakness for splendor  
In clouds and water

How the law and lawless  
Keep changing sides

Inspiring days, we thought,  
If we could maintain our stamina

## **Raptors**

I woke to southern gusts,  
Mud cracking into pottery shards, last year's leaves  
Racing like rats down the slope from the ridge

Eagles were perched in almost every tree—  
Replaced by hawks, then owls within days—  
All slipping north into Canada on a wind made for fire

Next to the cabin I sat on a stump. The great birds,  
Rocking under a milky sky, were sober  
In budding beech, eerily so—as porcupine and deer  
Moseyed, scouting my two-track. I seemed to be  
Irrelevant, as harmless as a scarecrow  
Dripping straw (or having it scattered)

I later found my cap in a beaver pond, partly chewed

## **Matt Studying Undersea Maps**

Long humps across the ocean floor  
Where plates collide—looking  
Like mole activity across the lawn  
Of our old house where the ground  
Was sandy, the children young

An earthquake off Chile  
Or the edge of Oregon,  
Something recent, while I should  
Be laboring on taxes and fees.  
Watching lake-effect snow

Close to mist, twirling—in winter  
We sleep more if we can

As I once did—one of the finer  
Points of poverty. At a time  
When I never thought I'd marry,  
Have a family...

Moth balls escaped from a box  
In the closet, across carpet.  
Some dishes rearranged. Waking  
To find the woodstove extinguished.  
The cat missing. A wind

With leathery wings among fir,  
A bottle spinning into empty  
Soup cans...

The Solomon Islands

Sutures and humps

## JOHN GREY

### **Baton Rouge Cemetery**

They died of moss  
as much as any disease,  
of magnolia leaves  
bussing their tombstones,  
of summer's great surfeit,  
of feral cats prancing  
so high-handed  
through the tall wet grass.

They died of wonder  
at angels trumpeting  
in throes of horror,  
at roses like doctors come too late,  
bent and downcast at the foot  
of every weather-scarred cross,  
at spiders with the skill  
to weave their low slung gossamer traps  
from tree to mournful tree.

They died of a  
murderous race of chisellers,  
hammering names and dates  
into marble  
like nails into the limbs of life,  
of estates huge and invidious enough  
to break the earth's soft back  
with mausoleums.

They died of my laconic stroll  
through the barely remembered,  
the totally forgotten,  
the indifferent echo of my footsteps,  
the apathetic malignancy  
of the next thing I had to do.



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

RAY GONZALEZ:

**Newly Revealed Mayan Artifacts Depict Aliens**

A video created by researchers shows Mayan artifacts depicting aliens and alien craft. Some of the artifacts have been protected by the Mexican government for 80 years. Why were they protected? Wasn't the Mexican Revolution over only a few years before they were discovered? Who won and who silenced the people? Many images of individual artifacts are shown in this video.

The Mayans used to construct one pyramid over another. Were they hiding something? In the site at Calakmul, workers discovered rooms inside the pyramid that have never been seen or explored before. Were aliens mummified there? Featured in this film are some of the finds in these newly discovered rooms, plus some finds that have been held by the Mexican Government. These items clearly depict UFO's and Alien Life Forms. You can see what looks like flying saucers lifting people into the air and creatures walking at the bottom of one pyramid. They are clearly carved into the newly revealed stone tablets and look like something from the "Alien" movies.

Terminal 7 is the name of the secret site where the Mexican government has kept the artifacts for decades. Why were they released late last year? One rumor says aliens used telepathic powers to get the officials to display the tablets before December 12, the predicted date of the world's end. Another story says the world was saved because not all of the artifacts were brought out. Such an act prevented the world from ending. If so, the Mexican government saved mankind.

What does this say? Are Mayans back in business? If so, isn't this a contradiction because they were obsessed with human sacrifice, cutting the hearts out of their enemies and tossing them down the bloody temple stairs? This behavior is the opposite of saving the world by not revealing terrible secrets that would undermine everything. If you look closely at one tablet in the video, the alien ship looks overloaded with human hearts spilling out the hatch doors.

ZOLTON KOMOR:

Every now and then, a small plane arrives from nowhere – as tiny as the head of a match-stick – it flies around my head, buzzing, like a pesky little fly, then disappears into my ear. Later, it lands on my throbbing heart. Excited tourists get out of the plane, constantly clicking their cameras, watching the narrow chasms open-mouthed. After some time, the pilot tells the passengers to get back on the plane. The storms are unpredictable here, he warns. So the small plane flies out of my ear, and as I watch them leave, I wish I could go with them. But I know that's impossible. My fear of heights keeps me in the deep.

JAMES GRABILL:

**The Idea of Speaking Blue Jay**

"I wake to blue jay squawk, and think: I-blue-to wake-think-squawk."

—John Bradley

Yes, me too. For this has been where few blue jays end up bedogged. Make me an engine of transport that works on the principle of blue jay in trees. Do you know where I'd find the public wake for controlled demolition mountain-top mining? Could you make me a spindle of lighter gravitational draw in a trans-ductive coil I could go to bed with? Maw on a mouthful of wind into a horn for the good of it, as you want. Or rank pungency naked enough for the breeze, as it seems. We've gotten ourselves into a bit of a harness, and we can climb out. But time is moving faster: Pity the species, when what ties up the present appears unfinished as if forever. Blue jays would know, better than anyone, where to go. Hire them, or work for them, but let them go. A sentence, utterance, expression, once delivered, is more than effort to connect, more than movement of elements and their molecular contraptions. A blue jay cries out. Weather at the sharpest point of a needle undergoes adjustment. The baffles of anonymous cloud cover reform. Lion hair on the infinitesimal bacteria's savannah dries into light. Air Celsius shifts in vast transnational circulation down to tiny aggregates of dust. A molecule of matter carries along empty lots with foothills of space in which mercury vapor snaps visible, invisible, on, off, with probable quantum locations. Every molecule in a jay has speed and direction, incoming and indwelling momentum, affinity and tone, draw and

drive, as leave wing-beat imprints in the rock and dusting of intention out of the genome, before which a screeing whawk isn't just a whawk. Composed on the spot in degrees of contiguous positioning, in middle sound, the talk of blue jays resounds in the distance between listening rooted with trees. If any of this be the opinion of rock or electron, so be it. So be it within a blue jay's considerable time to speak.

**DENVER BUTSON:**

Never trust a bartender with cartography or a map-maker with mixing your drinks.

**ROBERT GREGORY:**

**glossolalia—**

1. Fabricated and nonmeaningful speech, especially such speech associated with a trance state or certain schizophrenic syndromes.
2. See gift of tongues.

**DEBORAH KREUZE:**

Coffee enemas.

**ROBERT VANDER MOLEN:**

**The Cabin**

Some years we'd encounter groups of grouse up to fifteen at a time, other autumns there would only be an occasional one or two flaring up along a sandy trail or disused logging road. Grandfather called them "pats", as in partridge—all the old-timers did. After he died in his mid-90's my brother and I inherited his cabin, a one-room tarpaper shack at the edge of a meadow, twelve miles from the blacktop of route 123—at the end of a puzzle of winding two-tracks holding numerous muddy holes. We seldom saw strangers.

My brother and I had accompanied grandfather north since we were children—had tramped through vast areas of timber and wet land, ravine and pinnacle, creek and, of course, the unkempt bank of the Tahquamenon River. Grandfather never seemed unduly concerned with our safety (unlike our parents—who, as it turned out, having visited once, were not enamored of wilderness). We caught trout in the creeks

and ponds, helped split wood (small chunks) with hatchets, aided with the preparation of meals—hunter's meals, said grandfather. Bottled gas gave us light from two fixtures on overhead beams, a woodstove provided heat and a surface for cooking in foul weather. We fetched water from a local spring, heavy pails rested next to the sink. As for sleeping there were two sets of bunk beds.

When both of us were older, with our own vehicles, we spent time alone or with girlfriends—as well as with grandfather, who, as he grew past retirement, preferred to ride with us in the summer (he'd lost interest in spring or fall). And in the 80's a couple of friends from college began to join my brother and I for a few days of bird hunting—at which we weren't terribly serious, being rather more interested in meandering off the main track down through hardwoods and swale, estimating the heights of trees, for instance. A noisy crew in very quiet places. Back at the cabin some of us took naps, boots off, flies buzzing—like grandfather after his afternoon whiskey. Later cooking outside on the fire pit, sipping wine, smoking a bit of weed, perched on lawn chairs as the forest drew closer. Studying the night sky, at stars we didn't see at home.

So that it's this time of year, mid-September, with cooler days, whiter clouds, I get the itch to head across the Mackinac Bridge, to slip back into the woods where there isn't another soul for miles (discounting bear); to sudden outbursts of popcorn snow or light rain, followed by strong sun again on the popple, maple and beech changing color. Or sitting in the doorway reading when my brother bounces over the hill in his van, honking, or Dan and Dick in their trucks (with steaks and garlic bread and stories). For over twenty five years we met every fall.

But grandfather didn't own the land his cabin sat on. His hunting buddies from the 1940's did—when deer season was more successful in the Upper Peninsula than down state. They tented then. The cabin was merely a shed that grandfather eventually enlarged—having seen photos it's difficult to believe one emerged from the other. After his death my brother and I signed a lease with the descendants of his friends, eighty dollars a year, which later was pushed to two hundred. In the fall of '08 they called me to say they were not going to renew the lease. They had plans to develop the meadow into a group of cabins, a pole barn etc. A place to go 4-wheeling.

First Dick, then Dan died—I'd known both since the 1960's in East Lansing. This past summer my brother passed. His wife told me, on his last trip to the hospital, he thought they were taking him to the cabin. He was gone before they reached the doors of Emergency.

ANDREW JORON:

**Two Thoughts on Surrealism**

Surrealism is a lyrical reading of chance, making music out of the chance *within* necessity. For the same *necessary* relations can hold, in a complex system, between an *arbitrary* arrangement of elements—the distribution of stars, for example, follows the necessity of gravity but every realized distribution within that necessity has equal likelihood—therefore chance survives necessity.

Every realization, since it can't include everything, must include, as a mysterious absent presence, what it excludes. Surrealism is the making-manifest of this excluded presence. If surrealism mobilizes desire, it is not desire in the sense of a consumerist desire-to-possess, but desire for the hole in reality, the *objet petit a*.

JEFF HARRISON:

Whether Sirens number three or nine, tempest to direst armada's ear is any Siren. Three Muses or nine, how to meet the eye of a lyrist myriad? To each eye, the heavens; to three lyrists' or nine, the empyrean that was to laurel Babel's tower.

TERRY HAUPTMAN:

**The Somnambulist's Azure 2**

Sleepwalking through the geniza of dreams  
Fragments of centuries' souls discarded  
In the storeroom caskets of life  
Giving torn Hebrew texts their burial rites  
Under the olive trees,  
The pomegranate ash.  
Thief-ants in the belly of glowworms  
Bandage the fig trees with soot and tar  
Raking Kabbalistic shards under the stars

Drinking the holy water of at-one-ment  
Under hornets' nests  
Besieged on Yom Kippur.

DALE HOUSTMAN:

**Corners Inside Corners in a Corner**

(from A Little Good Way With Owl And Whiney)

Whiney sat down and thought about a Corner and sometimes He thought about the Bottom Ground which is a sort of Corner and then He thought about a Long Short minute ago which is a sort of Corner until He came running back to when He first accounted for everything and it was now a Corner owned by a Someone playing happily in the Wallpaper River and then sliding away beneath the New Green Beds of smaller and newer Streams and knowing Something Himself about Corners and very often Corners of great charm although a Knocker disturbed Owl who went all to Pieces and Places and very often Pieces and Places of great charm and Whiney cleaned It up again and again missed some of It and It was blown into one Corner that was not any of the Others or even Another which was Terrible and Bothersome even when Whiney looked in the Honey-Based Thing Cupboard which was full of Corners which Whiney filled with Knockers which were of the Nearly Handsome sort if ever Knockers were Nearly Handsome and somewhere Someone thinks they are Sometimes and Somewhere Else a Bush stood in another Corner and part of It came off in Whiney's Hand but Noone seemed to want any of It so It blew into another Corner and not the one where the Pieces and Places of Owl were but another Corner which Whiney was quite fond of in the Best-To-Sleep Days when Corners were rare and thus each One was Very Much More Nearly Handsome.

JOHN DIGBY:

At 75 my perfectly white hair has decided to come to a point like Tin Tin the Belgian boy adventurer. And so I am still continuing my adventures in collage and poetry, as if they all were new to me and filled with delight, wonder, and terror. Of all the terrors in the world, absurdity is what I both cultivate and fear. As a Dadaist I should be at ease in a world that undermines logic, but the absurd cuts me loose

from all my bearings and leads to a creative energy that I more than half dread. As a result I endeavor to find the comic in absurd situation and render them as images—cartoon figures—that more amuse than disturb me.

JOHN BRADLEY:

**Footnote 14**

Poet as mote as motet: be diverted into thrice: streams seaming the brainpan of the visible: who barely eat of the barley indivisible [temporarily indeciduous]. Be the hirsute hat to firefly every head, i.e. unravel every flicker. Painting as blood orange blindness: cured by blood pudding paint thinner [only on the thirty-third Wednesday following the inverse Tuesday when preceded by a tin roof Thursday]. Here the bulge with iron ore, extending out the coronary door: into the street where lapse meets pearl. Here the armory for wolves who write without teeth amatory letters to the President insisting on wayward homes for sexlicious squirrels. Here the hence hereafter hereby. Let the poem be saddle on the sidle of a seditious slug. A quiet so silent it can slice salami with its loud: an anywho so translucent the ate-the-awl owl [et al] mates a mobile deli with a voluble tax shelter with a Turkish turkey baster. All our days [one the many, many the one] let the poem sip your tipplesun, nibble your lunar knuckle: as we roll the unknown cheese wheel through the streets of the fading umpire.

TIM KAHL:

The accidental humanist wears his fedora with the Banjo Paterson band. But that was last century's model. Now a man in his bathroom will need to face a trained spider, embrace the raven opening up a file cabinet, the bird following a laser pointer to deposit a device. A red hawk soars above the abandoned roundhouse before the acorn festival. At the grinding rock we met one of the inventors of the cochlear implant who placed a transmitter into a cat's inner ear. He spoke of dancing chickens, macaws riding bicycles, cows playing bingo, raccoons shooting a basketball, the educated hen. They seemed to come at the rest of us in county fairs and commercials. We were targets. The aggressively vomiting gulls kept us in our homes for days. We missed the Big Head Dancers at the Chaw'Se

event. The quail and wild turkey might have registered our gaze among their group. The black-tailed jackrabbits could lead us into the woods and its museum of noise. A pair of Steller's jays would wince and listen in. We are not threatened by an excess of sound but by too much that is insignificant. There are fewer of us who fail to carry phones, but the numbers among us who shape our lives without much of a clamor is greater than one might think.

**ALISON HICKS:**

What is the etiquette when one has revealed more than one intends to, more than is proper, or more than is comfortable for either the revealer or the witness?

Am I the only woman who, walking down a city street in a skirt, perpetually and surreptitiously checks for the hem, to make sure it hasn't ridden up? In my defense, this has happened. The friction between my book bag, hanging close to my hip, and a particular cut or material has on occasion led to this occurrence, of which I remained unaware until my attention was drawn to it by a passer-by. Once or twice, I've also had someone point out that the lining of a skirt, the layer that rendered it opaque had ridden up or, worse, was caught in my underpants.

The people who call your attention to such embarrassments are inevitably women. And while it's a favor, and one always thanks them profusely, the embarrassment remains, and with it, a whiff of defensive hostility.

A male friend from college told me years later an anecdote about having a conversation with a woman when one of the buttons on her blouse had come undone. After they parted, when she realized this had been the case, she chewed him out. "Why didn't you tell me?" she accused. He had been too embarrassed to do so, had felt it was not his place. He didn't have to tell me that; I knew him well enough by that time to intuit it. Though I'm sure he felt the temptation to ogle, he would have felt an equal pressure to restrain the urge. It was his fear that she would think that he ogled that kept him silent, but of course, it was his silence that convinced her that he was ogling.

Perhaps there's no graceful way out of these moments. In themselves they are revealing—in the same way as a good piece of writing. Perhaps

the equivalent of the accidentally hiked up skirt happens too when we write, at least when we write well. The page provides a certain distance, a cover, and makes palatable what we recognize as true but find intolerable to accept socially.

JANET PASSEHL:

The explosion met everything, piercing mountains into caves.  
A flash showed what became of the garden, a place we watered with  
our own god-  
given spit.

Grass scratched the sky, the sky abraded by bark, hallelujahs, and  
barbules freed  
from their doves. Blue scraped away.

Flora was mute.

**CALIBAN  
IS  
SEARCHING  
FOR  
ANGELS**

the 1990s, the incidence of *S. flexneri* infections in the United Kingdom has increased, and the incidence of *S. flexneri* infection in the United States has increased in the 1990s [10]. In the United Kingdom, *S. flexneri* is the most common serotype of *S. flexneri* isolated from patients with shigellosis, followed by *S. flexneri* serotype 3 [11].

There is a need to develop a vaccine against *S. flexneri* infection. The development of a vaccine against *S. flexneri* infection is a complex task, as the bacterium is a facultative anaerobe, and the vaccine must be able to protect against infection in the gut, as well as in the bloodstream. The vaccine must also be able to protect against infection in the gut, as well as in the bloodstream.

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