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 ALEXANDER • HIDALGO • HEDGECKE • GONZALEZ
 MACKEY • COOK • HEMAN • LOTTI • SEIDMAN
 BEINING • HASTAIN • WINANS • LIFSHIN • GRABOIS
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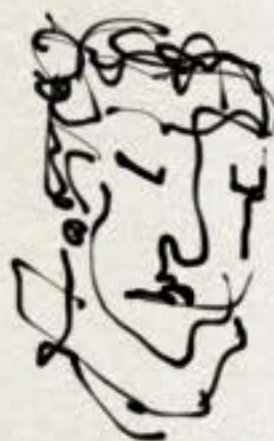
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CONTRIBUTORS' ADVICE



GEORGE KALAMARAS

The Word *Love*

She is playing the ocarina.
I once again fall in love with an imagined mouth.

It is an awful lot like dying, over and over, with each
tongue-touched sound.
The great lost trains of Kenya groan in my sleep-deprived back.

I heard a crystal fiddle in the seminal fluids of the moon.
Three cents and the invisible fish head of a bad habit was
all I could muster.

The folding screen of flirtatious cranes mocks the suggestive breeze.
Why do we use the word *dance* when curtains fast with wind are,
in fact, slow and awkward as an elephant's eleven-month gestation?

The little feet of a pig follow me dream to dream.
They always appear in different houses, as if I'd bought them all,
in advance, as house-warmings for myself.

She is playing the ocarina, inside, like one of my lust ribs.
Her robe is open at the throat and thirteen inches down to her
suntanned navel.

All I can feel is desire.
My body reaches out to insert itself into the universe.

A single shadow of a green plover is an entire equilibrium
of magnified ants.

Everything is spread upon the moon's root, except the way I struggle
to release the word *lust* into this finally thriven sound of milky
divine love.



Visited By a Surrealist

He quite literally believed he had been visited by a Peruvian Surrealist.

He felt the swagger of a ghost, tasted pale anemic-green cadaver-hammers.

Even his blood cells seemed inhabited by lamps.

Even his feet, his ears—somehow—were even no longer his.

And so when he ingested the eel sushi the voltage of his lip increased.
And so when he took monkfish liver under the tongue, he began to pathologically pray.

It wasn't until the heating vent kept moaning his underwater name.
It wasn't that he wasn't in love with the idea of collapsing his dolphin bones at certain depths of sound.

This, comrades, is how the bones of even the condor were broken.
This, how each suture sewn into his body with love represented a train track back to the beginning of pain and its fleshly end.

Rich with Sheep

Clutched by your verbal invention, I ask you to define your voice.
It's the crawling of chalk in your bone, you say.

I walk out into the rinse skeletal dusk.
Is it true that thick loops of Montana have lassoed my blood?

*Please, you say, if you see any antelope mosquitoes, bite them
with all your heart.
Displace a mouthful of Borax into the wrong watering hole.*

Honestly, I never asked to be a cowboy.
All I wanted was to walk in chaps, roll my own, and find
my buffalo voice.

It must be out there in the checkered grass, waiting in
the sun-bleached bone drifting through prairie grass
like a bent mast.
All the books agree, even those rich with sheep.

All the lightning strikes quietly quell my fierce displacement of blood.
Great pastures of this grass or that tremble as if no storm season
is to come.

Five Days Straight

The hypnotic lush of your thigh articulates me.
Even in fantasy, in various degrees of undress, you are reading
a book—body-stockinged—that I have never thought to write.

Matutinal hour of beautiful poison.
I am a lightning bug secreting sadness as I go dark.

It has been raining five days straight and will continue my internal
bleed.
We grabbed the sandbags but thus far have only begun to stack
minute cords of matchsticks.

You whisper my name as *misplaced lover*, as *invisible sparrow tongue in my
chest*, tell me, yes, it was the book and not you dressed of mesh.
I hand you a design for a board game around the life of Wang Wei,
trying to decide whether to make the board round or square,
or the vulva taste of hexagonal grapes.

Now you stretch the skin of your leg thigh-tight against all of my
mouth's might.

You are reading a book I only wish I could speak with
mouth-movements of *not-so-urgent* when I come across the passage—
the proper sound—for *now*, for *five-days-straight*, for *secret internal bleed*.

TERRY HAUPTMAN

**Impoverished Incantations:
From the Raw Edge of Chutzpah**

for Rosanna Warren

Max Jacob
Taken by the Nazis from your monastery
Of Saint-Benoit-sur-Loire
To Drancy “relocation center”
For transport
A Catholic Jew
Buried in your shroud of bees
Raconteur of contradictory beliefs
En route to the cemetery
Raking gaul wasps and smoke
Bones and soot
Pebbles placed on tombstones
Eating migrant bread
Before dying of pneumonia
Writing your impoverished incantations
In the shadow of ruby psalms
And one-night stands
Situating in the center of a
Heartbeat

Wearing your leather jacket and silk sash
With Picasso
On the Boulevard Voltaire
Harlequin-trickster posed as Charlie Chaplin
With that basilisk look of pain

Besieged by your vision of Christ
On Yom Kippur
And the blood-star
Of the Virgin's womb

As lightning struck your windowpane
Inhaling kerosene, ether, musk and henbane
Smoking stale tobacco with drunks, con men,
Alchemists, thieves,
Friends hoping your inner-life would save you
As you read the palms of strangers
The Ein-Soph of the Tree of Life.

Scales fell from your eyes
Dimmed under night skies
Burnishing the French with Cubism
In the vortex of history
Genuflecting over holy water
Seeding the dybbik clay
Never to laugh at your repentance
The betrayal and the turning away

As the gestapo burned books
Robbed souls
Crushed skulls
In mass graves
Gashed fate.

The Bread of Desire

*We shall not escape Hell
my passionate sisters*

Marina Tsvetaeva

Sleepwalking through the heat-mists
In the time of no shadow,
I bring you Shekinah's blue honey
From the artists of Safed
The ambergris and urine of Baal
From the orphanages of hell.
Watching a man in a prayer shawl
Pouring the synagogue's black sugar
Into the dark wounds of history.

In Quito, Ecuador
You bartered for Mezzuzahs
On Perdido Street
Where friends kissed the eyes of G-d
At the entranceways of dreams.
Loving their neighbors
In the honeycomb heat,
Loving slanderers and goat thieves
As the music of Córdoba spilled out into the street.
Who will guide us,
As lovers go beyond ourselves
Reaching for the dark?

At Café Dante

Old women chewing garlic guard the night
Meditating on coffee grounds
Listening to clave's three-two beat
Music on the street
"I said burn the chicken, burn it."

"Give me a scorpion bowl
With a shot of vodka and rum
Bitter fires for the days to come."

Writing on fire, writing on wind,
Music in the palm of my hand
Salts the wasp's nest
Of pasta and snails
Dancing the tango in a red dress
Dolorous,
Where the outlaw and the law are one
Taking the dirt pill to counter Lyme Disease.
"Don't go listening to those flaming Cassandras
With long blue fingernails on Asylum Street,"
Struck down by destiny
Wearing their necklaces of stone tears
Eating ember-cakes
Dispossessed
In the ether's prayers.



SELF-INFLICTED by Paul Sierra, 2007
oil on canvas (36" x 28")

RAYMOND H. FARR

Charles Baudelaire: City of Empty Gestures

We exist in this city
Of empty gestures

Where Charles Baudelaire
Would have us

Preening like ducks
Or walking along minding our own business

Our hands white & cold as bone
Where something is wrong now

Where something is always wrong
& I am beating my head against a wall for you

To free you from this degradation
I have cheated the world of its brother

But how do I survive now?
Baudelaire is silent—

A terrible absence

In the dead end of happiness
The last plane out

Is the last plane out!
& with you gone

The sadness piles up
High on the curbs

WILL ALEXANDER

Bulletins From The Lava Floor: In Remembrance of Wanda Coleman

Wanda Coleman rose to poetic heights by inching her way up through a tense volcano kingdom. And what is this volcano kingdom? America, with its institutional apartheid as its one parenthetical, and as its other, concretized by Brown and Black Watts and the general vicinity which includes South-Central Los Angeles. The latter dimension always a spark away from eruption. Within this eruptive immensity her odyssey began as a 5 year old poet, who, by 13, had “published her first poems in a local newspaper...” Quite an accomplishment for an adolescent facing the double pressure of colour and gender, while being schooled in institutions she considered “dehumanizing.”

Wanda was not an exotic, a precocious mantle piece to be observed from afar; her works remain bulletins from the lava floor. Tested not only by rejection from the European literary mean, but also by her peers for being odd and out of place. I do not cast these lines as an institutional outsider who has studied maps of the region and dug up its footnotes. We shared the same community scorched by its double acidity. Wanda and I have discussed these tensions on more than one occasion. But let me say, that it was Wanda who blazed the way, striding unbowed through misunderstanding. Never conversant with the calculated, with the safety of the preconceived, she shocked the claw of racism forcing its retreat, scorching it with the hot barbed wire of its language. Not measures one associates with careerism, or with ploys of a specially pampered marionette skillful at pleasing and catering to consensus comfort levels. She was dangerous. One could never figure her angle of attack. Not unlike Amiri Baraka, she would aim at unsuspecting targets, be they Maya Angelou, or Derrick Walcott, or draw raised eyebrows from members of the original support group who surrounded Angela Davis.

In this sense Wanda Coleman can never be reduced to a reductive local entity, to be divided up by those too fearful to roam. She took on the urgency of each circumstance, never shirking confrontation with difficulty or discomfort, all the while suffering the sting of chronic poverty. She was never delimited by the provincial psyche that sought her blessing so as to foment its own ineptitude.

We are facing a future which has no place for this, as our species continues to hurtle down an apocalyptic causeway.

Wanda, we love you, we will always love you, knowing that you knew, that the implacable power of language smolders, erupts, igniting new scales of revelation.

From ***The Vertigo Borders of Roger Gilbert-Lecomte***

primal light flashes...
flooding a living man

—Roger Gilbert-Lecomte

...within the circle of pain you were the luminous doppelganger
an infamous husk
a praeta with half your maw on fire
a turbulence surrounding your soma
your phonetics emitted from this strife
always absenting yourself from samsara

as for your life technique
it seemed always mingled with brackish aural sand

allowing it to float on great verbal gurneys

these gurneys being
the conjurers
the bar maids
the “oriental” “Magician” at the “Algeria Tavern”
living alephs
“submolecular” tonics
being motion which subsists
through dazzling “nonentity”

for me
your shadows pour as interior grammes being less than the weight
of a moth
less than an entity of ciphers
in this degree you are an arc
as if you were shifting moons across a tree & its branches
like alchemic strabismus
as 3 grey/green moons

at times
as a clarifying verdet
or perhaps a solemn sea on a solitary day with a portion of this arcing
provoking
subconscious carnelian
like an array of telepathic washes
evinced from the mind of Miró

not that I am controlling the tides when I read
igniting articulate conjecture between double abstractions
thereby eclipsing my mind with
unsettled phantoms
reading the hieroglyphics of glints somehow cast from bardo
because you were between & between
knowing that life evolved as the body on Earth
always poignant with baronial deafness

in this sense
you enacted the vampire
with his “nocturnal throat”
with his illusive “gravitations”
appearing between shafts of broken onyx lightning
suffering the “chaos” of the “unkempt” hovering
always hovering
lured by flashes from exhilarated borders from intangible vertigo
borders
always cross-mixed with the interminable

this I know
you tended to row your body as a boat of unrest
as perjorative animation
as strife
as a grammar of perjury
as a source of demented ash

Alexander/24

& am I seeing in this trajectory
procreative desperation
carnivorous rot
ancestral odour?

I do not seek to make of you
an alien charged by nucleic heavenly fur all the while intact
shielded by a brazen cobra's venom
thus sculpting my interior assessment
as somewhere in-between the hero come to slay the Roman legions
& one with antennae hearing the absolute

an unfixed diety?
a scribe who channelled motionless motion?
creativity squared by the perfect complexification of dying?

it is the latter force I ascribe to you struck by imperfection
as a dark sidereal form
as compound aeration
as complex fragmentary diamond
flecked with diagonal scarabs

the vernacular psyche saw in you
a kind of water gone bad
molecular imbalance
ebullient misplacement claiming accursed victory over language
being a bell with contaminated spurs
as corrupted visceral condition

I feel in you this glossiological dye
this contaminate property of uneven strength
which leaks
which entraps
which unleashes fire...



POND by Homero Hidalgo, 2008
acrylic and marble dust on canvas (8" x 6")



RIPPLES by Homero Hidalgo, 2008
acrylic and sawdust on canvas (6" x 6")

ALLISON HEDGECKE

From **BURN**

Dreams come easily branded, but no iron rod season's
coming this round. Come easily
infused chicken games,
forearms stubbed, or spoons cooked in dosage blues, shooting
burns, shoot-up euphoria, hero flying
through blistered skies,
they called it horse at import, now horses shot, nine of them.
nerves so frayed teakettle copper melted blue,
then white, ash,
covered the electric burner on stove range, while the range
outside roared, spat sideways onto
roofs, roads, ranches.

* * *

It's rough country. Aftermath, don't add up.
Logic's subjective.
That's life out here, not much gussy ghosts preposition. Trains
all that ever run on time, rest of the clockwork's *when it need*
be business. Rain's only thing missing right now.
When it teases,
lightning sparks whatever's left, six spread within an evening,
by morning smoke's on the plate again.
Coexistence only calm.

We expect plunther, plunther along the world's edge, horizon.
One day a rim fire burns so great its whirl will create weather,

pattern vortices, tilt horizontal to vertical, hurling

branch, limb, whatever fills to vorticity. Scorched pathways
leaving earth.

* * *

Dust here kicks up heavy, towered seventy feet high
in Lubbock years back.

High in Arizona now, where

Wallow breaks records like gangbusters.

Mainstreamers
picking up Haboob as if comprehension made it new.

* * *

Where a heat plate scrapes grass like armadillo shell
tears into straw with friction, sparks it,
whole thing burns

bright, spreads for miles in short order. Spreads for miles.

People unable to move through it, leave everything they love, hope
until return, then weep. Like the mother

whose kids shared our Carolina

school. One tied to the couch and burned alive after Demerol

downed him there. Bad deal. Bad deal all over. Drug wars
never won. Border blasting happening here.

Bad deal all over.

* * *

Char rounds out horizon now,
used to be shadows. Tall
men in saddles shifting through, now shadow men unsaddled
blow away in wind on giant flat.

Secrets untold shudder
what should be proper, what should be here, gone, gone.

* * *

Char brings looseness, holds memory intangible, blackened
earth, its own beauty, not hollow,
but kept there. In

evening, vultures scan space, seeking remnant, passing cranes feast
on roasted grasshoppers, crickets, larva.

In morning, phoenix

rises through community sight, open to opportunity, lamenting.
We come here hoping for more,

knowing nothing surprises

those who present hope. What is hope? Feel fortune,
opportunity, grace.

* * *

In the meantime, all wade through ashes, in a place ash
turned to stone when volcanos

came up from the sea floor,
now high desert, what's left of it, caldera.

Putting down the suffering,
the day's work. Beloved and betrothed—horse, cattle, goat.

The chickens hold a roost with their burnt legs, they go as well
to wayside memory, now asunder,

memory, like the Paisano,
skipping in, out, walking upward, falling,

bird, fountain motion,
moving. We were born here, someone mentions.



RAY GONZALEZ

Right Off

A tree divides the world into three dimensions—
One pure white where no god goes, a second
spinning in colors left from the last war, the third
where the moon obscures grasshoppers.
When you see the foundering ship, it goes down
in the middle of the shallow river, sitting above
water as a monument to your lost father.
One son is necessary to attend his funeral,
though he is denounced by divorced mothers who
cross to the other side when the mud dries.

When you awaken from this, exotic flowers line
the sidewalk and the abandoned boy rules
the land of welcome rain and the great reptiles
left out of his father's valuable books.
One dozen cities in the desert buried their gold,
the search for richness interrupted by the cross,
uneven guilt, and the rosary around the neck.

When you awaken inside the last finger bead,
penance is recited with angelic dread, the torn
tambourine, and your sandals left at the mission.
Faith is needed to change the course of the river—
no heresy, simply the two-headed lizard
ballooning on the table, hissing at you
in disrespect, a group of men gathering, their
fear of the riddle in the trees as pure as
the moment you scorched your knees on
the burning surface of comprehension.

Snow Fields On Fire

*after attending 86 year old Robert Bly's last public reading
October 16, 2013, Minneapolis, Minnesota*

The old man walks out of the snow fields
and they are on fire, his father's ashes
smeared across his forehead and cheeks,
his dark face so radiant in the snow.
The white fields of yesterday are frozen so
he can stand there and whisper to the ground.
The old man burns in the flakes, his white hair
bristling with smoke from abandoned cabins
and the last woman he ever loved.

He has another song to tremble to,
but can't remember all the words
when water rushes under the ice beneath
his arms as he falls in, the flames in the fields
dancing to save him, fish him out of the ice
while he still breathes, his arms extended wide,
ice dripping off his hands like the great bear
he always wanted to be.

He is alive in the snow fields that whiten
the heat until his heart is the soul sculpted
out of things he couldn't be—a lantern in
the wind, the coals in the stove, not even
the silent owl hiding in the trees.
He survives the cold plunge and rises from
his bed as he asks, "Who brought me here?"

The snow fields are on fire and he watches
the late moon eat itself in the western night,
his mouth frozen shut because the old man
has settled back in his easy chair, voice quiet,

the fires spreading outside as he closes his eyes
and holds the fire sticks that took the first leaves
into the snowstorm, hands of men that started
this conflagration before leaving him alone.

Max Ernst With His Collection of Kachinas, New York, 1936

The painter stole some of them but history
has forgiven him because Max Ernst burned

in a mixed haze of color, disfigurement, and
the deepest claws of the demon that ate him.

His Kachina dolls surround him, white haired
artist in white furs kneeling among gods who

never look at him, their masked eyes peering
down the tunnel where Ernst was tortured by

several naked women he painted years before.
The Kachinas stand still as the canyon walls

reach out to Ernst and touch him, the corn
doll removing his hunger, Patung the squash

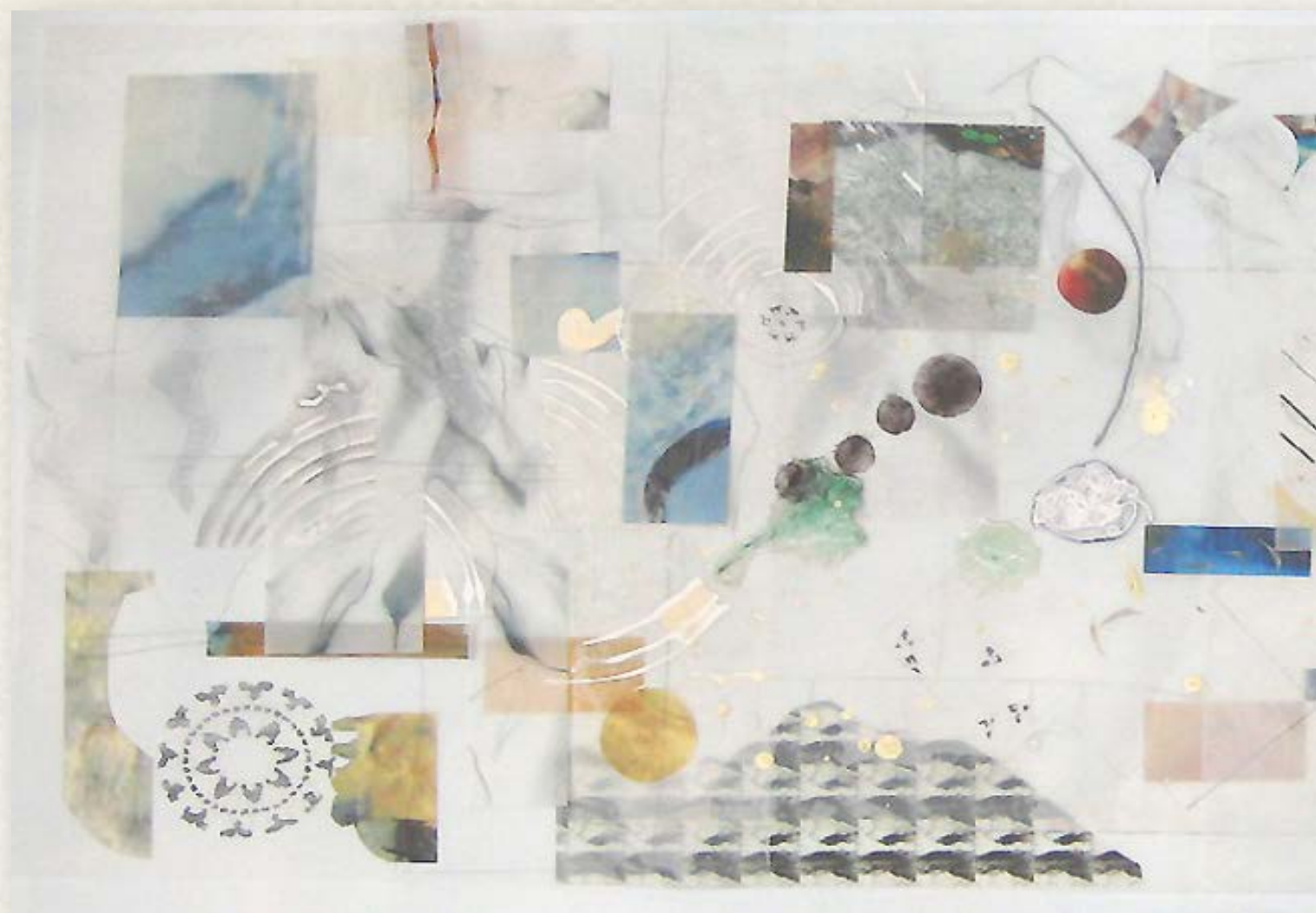
kachina suddenly stuffing him with squash
until Ernst throws everything up, the dolls

covered in his internal agony, the photographer
never capturing this because he fled the room

when Ernst could not stop heaving, the floor
and walls covered in new life, the splattered

blossoms making him lie down in the canyon
until his collection of dolls dry in the sun

and become the twisted rocks Ernst has to
keep painting, over and over again.



SHIFTING 1 by Barbara Lai Bennett, 2014
mixed media on Duralar (17" x 23½")



SHIFTING 2 by Barbara Lai Bennett, 2014
mixed media on Duralar (17" x 23½")

NATHANIEL MACKEY

Song of the Andoumboulou: 120

—*low forest conduction*—

“More prone to illusion,” Anuncio
announced, “less immune the older
I get.” He was Anuncio the Elder

now,

a semi-ring of trees outside his
window chorusing pine light,
amphitheatric dreadren listening
in... “Not so, “ they said, “more

and

less both, not less alone,” said it
leaning in, leaning over him,
lank deacons the wind made sway.

Lank

brethren in green ringed around him
semicircular, there not to sing but to
say what song reneged on, sad glad

chil-

dren led to loss they might’ve been,
spoke, semisang even so... Anuncia’s
allure not illusory, back but abstract,

re-

luctance itself it seemed. Wooed and
withheld caresses’ intimation, bodily
breakdown withstood... A last love song
he’d have sung, parsed, repeated, iterative

oust,

unrest. Sang not to sing but say what song

reneged on, pine light epiphany come
undone... And so sang not as though it
were
music meant exactly regret mourned il-
lusory light. The Andoumboulou had their
way with it, a way of having their way,
light
lost on needle and cone recombinant, the
dead not to be gainsaid it seemed. As
though it were song not exactly but say
giv-
en say's forfeiture, not to sing but say
what song wanted in on, parsed, repeated,
said as though up in the air, love come
apart in dry light... Less immune, more
im-
mune, one in one hand, one in the other,
between which he drew back wondering,
wanting to decide, not wanting to decide.
Low Forest coruscation caught the corner
of
his eye, leaflight buffeted by wind, aeolian
blowback, seen-said wand and rebuke. "Not so,"
he heard said and saw... It made me dance
in
my head to get word of it, Anuncio's antiph-
onal rift and unrest, come to himself he said,
one with himself, drawn otherwise even
so...
It made me dance in my head, the thought
of it, friend or familiar grown older. Sad
glad child again it seemed he insinuated,
Anun-
cio's choric
sway

•

We saw Anuncio come out of a
clearing. Namesake announcement
was no announcement he seemed to
say, so much less immune to image

we

saw we were, so much more im-
mune we saw. He stood less immune
as he'd said, stooped and looked

en-

rapt at a bug burrowing dirt, no less
prone to made-up condolence, more
prone, less immune to image we saw...

Giv-

en more to posture, we imagined, pose.

Deer dashed from the meadow he'd
come upon. As though their retreat put
the gleam in his eye, as though it were

that

set the ground aglow, the deer were
stars and planets in another life or so
he told it, newly come to Earth, only to
scatter as one approached... More prone

to

wonder, the way he told it, strung wood
plucked and strummed he might've
been, bass lute the ground grew wings

un-

derneath, shook, lifted, flew, new heath,
heaven. Beset by doubt with new thought
of Anuncia, erstwhile consort, soon-come

rap-

port, "Anyday now" blurted out, a balm
to himself, long since mostly made-up... He
saw a copperhead hung from a tree, a lady

on a limb whose underclothes he looked away
from,

a falcon whose perch creaked as it flew away.

So spoke Anuncio the Elder, a new Anuncio he said it seemed, time taken up a new qualitative notch, nothing the way it had been.

Vibe-

struck, thrum-struck, the tree he saw it in

shook... A vision we wanted to call it but he said no. No more hierophanous than real he

in-

sisted. Less immune to sentiment he seemed, we held our tongues. Mellow we called him, laid back... But not. No ghost in love with

the

past grimaced more. More prone to sentiment we thought again, would-be lark athwart partings to come. The clearing we saw him come out of was his mind opening out, brow

cut

away, lit from inside... Less immune to memory having seen what time would do, hedge though he did notwithstanding, hedge the name

the

clearing took. Hedge his way of holding ground and gleam together, holding arrest at bay... We ourselves were laid back, the backs of our heads

pil-

lowed by the thought of his thought, the clearing we'd come into. We spoke at angles, able to speak at angles. We all knew what there was to talk about, hedge what respite there was...

Bark

matte green and copper, cupric nonglow the moot light we'd have seen by, the deer went on grazing elsewhere. We were his girls, the

wom-
en among us, his boys those of us who were
men... His posse, we were philosophic, bark
matte green and copper, etc, none of it real
but
what soul would accrue to, veil whose away
side
we stood on, home side not
yet known

•

No annunciatic twins anymore. Nor
that there'd ever been. Twinship's
place now the life after death, illusory
as
life went on... Graduated body and
bone's intimation, soul someday met, less
immune. Hers the talismanic name he
found himself muttering, Anuncia the
tab
on his tongue... Dried mushroom the
taste might've been, compressed powder,
tough deific meat he meant by soul met,
cac-
tus knob he sank his teeth into... Imagined
response where there was or there wasn't
one. The amphitheatric brethren's pine
reply,
implied reply, imagined or implied reply
where there wasn't one, soon-come swan
song it seemed. All of it fraught with more
than was there, matte green bark hit by
the
afternoon light, low glow governed by
the close look we gave it, we the newly

conferred with, we the witnessing crew,
all
now dancing in our heads having seen
it, seen-said round and reflex... We were
each now the dance's conduit, dancing in
our
heads to see it again having seen it, Anuncio's
entourage. Anuncio's bond and counsel,
nothing if not there, pine light's matte conceit...

The amphitheatrical dead were Anuncio's
phalanx. They were Anuncio's troops,
his trope, raw recruits, the close look attend-
ing it all they'd have been had we not as
well
been there... War was in the thought of
them, rubbed off on every thought, war still
the rage everywhere. More prone to illusion,
dis-
illusionment proved it, less immune the more
he thought of it, more naïve he thought...
We could see it. We had his back. We loaded
up
the bus and said let's go. "Might soul trump
circumstance," he was saying... Again we said
let's
go

ROB COOK

Blackness Over Motel Country

In the dead solar systems of my sleep
I can see through the sky's lit windows,

bites left by liver-scarred spiders
who've snuck into bed with me,

their deep fatigue mined
from the hospital north of Mechanicsville.

I'm frightened because I think I see God's hair bleeding
behind one of the windows.

In another a man scribbles
with a No. 2 pencil the word RAIN all over his walls.

And in the closest one a woman tucks a can opener
into a dark shawl, though I can't be sure,

perhaps it's a brown medicine bottle; the woman's mouth moves,
I know she sings the color of sadness,

the parable of my terrors buried all over the sky
by the dragons that created us.

But when the manager of the Marion Motel
says: "You know where to come for the best possible sleep"

and the way his voice eliminates everything,
as if it's already purchased the nightmare coordinates of my
coal-black planet,

it's difficult to tell if the tunnels between bathrooms
have dried into dead rivers

or if he knows the mattress where Aaron Tosh
and his unmarked trails to Chicago

were buried with a cocktail of bullets
and transplanted telephone confessions.

Maybe the woman who nursed my advanced
jaundice can still see my yellow eyes

moving through the winter of room number six.
“I got sick without once leaving my childhood,” I tell her.

“The pine needles will not hurt you from there,”
the woman says through her conduit of ash tray static.

It is not my own voice, the despair of the television
that doesn’t end. “I am always watching from

the livers that came before you,” she says
when the sleep creatures pass like a blur of doctors

and their searchlights of mist. Maybe she discusses
my elevated comet count with the man selling

the letters left in the vacancy sign, a blinking between
voids where one interferon raven roosts.

Maybe I hear the bird remnants of her father praying
to some unforgiven meteor in the ceiling’s camera stains.

I’m always close to a strength that doesn’t belong anywhere
because when the manager washes the sky’s curtains, I can see

to the end of the universe, the same woman sitting
by a lemon-colored house with all of my pills purring in her lap.

The Humidity Project

Always the same deserted summer where somebody loved by instinct. Always the same neighborhood cop tugging down the claws of a plum tree and the blinking lungs of a streetlamp. Always the same humidity while the mailman uses real estate flyers to soak up the sweat in his head, and a fawn that stays after midnight when nobody knows it's there, looking for the lost sunlight, the missing honeybees. A house at the side of a road not on any map. Lit windows. The inside of someone's mind seen from a passing car. Clouds caught on a weathervane at Mrs. Finley's and the rain that crawls into bed with her.

*

Always the same canned bean families drinking from shovels at Fifteen Minute Lake, and the same heat where a boy swims farther and deeper until he's no longer one of us. Always the same starlight as evidence of other torches at the back of our cave. And then this one town alone in the gutter. "We live on a piece of scrap paper," a mayor once said. Men buying weaker men with trivial pieces of moonlight. Always that same money determination. Proof of water elsewhere. Endangered messiah campaigns. Nobody goes there anymore, except as further manipulations of greed. Animals conducting missions into the crop circles. Animals invented by children and the fear of a christian winter.

*

The earthquakes with names now copy themselves inside the sandcastles and the bodies of mud children. Anything can be learned or acquired. Names and video tracking skills and storms on the piano. A boy who sings just like the devil, but without darkness. The weather continues to spread underground. What happened to the people who were good because they said they were good? This morning there was nobody left in their bed sheets, the grasses did not move, but there was a voice, neither human nor of vegetable descent, it could be seen in

the ruins of a satellite dish, and the boredom that approached each flower as a different intelligence, a mirage, a bruise not yet collected, and in the light that still slithered between the torn open sacks of livestock.

*

“You might call me a friend, or a man who looks like a friend,” a salesman will say, someone who belongs to a survival project, a predictable misunderstanding. Someone selling a book against the encroaching dark matter. A book that breathes on its own. Insects who have to suffer as words all over again. The salesman opens to a page where he’s already bled, and does something quiet with his voice. He doesn’t talk about the pages where nothing lives, the pages whose lack of bleeding troubles him.

BOB HEMAN

INFORMATION

The words covering everything he wanted to see. The forest only a prop. Behind it the bears changed their costumes, following the directions on the map.

INFORMATION

Is a man each time he is pulled from the bucket. Is a bear each time his head is filled.

INFORMATION

Thinks that time is more important than it really is. There are other counting systems that will allow the colors to grow. The tree is one, unless it is harvested too soon. The man another, unless he grows too tall. Even the shadows can be put to work, at least until there are clouds.

INFORMATION

There were cats left over that they didn't know what to do with. There was a dog that had been sewn together, and a man that kept him company. There were frogs that swam in the sky. There was a bear that kept pointing.

INFORMATION

Begins with small buildings placed between the animals. Begins with a machine that is outside and another machine that is inside. Begins with a woman arranged in rows, and a door that never works.

INFORMATION

The boat a way of explaining the bears, of counting the bees, of rearranging the frogs. The boat the door they won't be given back, the rule the women were required to follow, the only way the sky could be replaced. The boat the reason the man was given a name.

INFORMATION

One hopes to be able to continue adding words, to allow the experiencers to travel even farther on their journeys, journeys they had never anticipated before they first turned the page that allowed them to enter and begin.

INFORMATION

In the valley oiled paper was used to cover the openings of the windows, but it often attracted flies or bears. What could be seen was only the light itself, coming from a lantern on the table they were always afraid to light. It was before any of them could read or draw, but did allow them to see the fish more easily, after it had been cooked, and they were no longer afraid to eat it.

INFORMATION

Unplugged the frogs before they could hop away. Put the bears to sleep inside the cave. Lifted the crows up into their tree. Made the bricks into a house that was incomplete. Gathered the men together behind it.

INFORMATION

Practice saying “thank you.” Practice saying “the cat is dead.” Practice saying “there are not enough.” Practice saying “use the red road.” Practice saying “where is the woman?” Practice saying “there’s too much lemon.”

INFORMATION

The child was suspicious of the circle. The bees weren’t flat enough to use. There was a group of numbers they kept hidden. There was a color they hadn’t seen before.

INFORMATION

The words an accident that allowed the door to open. The trees greener inside. The man and the woman confused with flowers in the stories that came later.

INFORMATION

The map was constructed where the forest ended. They used bricks to designate the routes that were possible, and some paint to show the places they could not go. It could be viewed from any direction.

INFORMATION

The toy door. The car filled with bricks.

INFORMATION

The bear that wore the style of men's hat known as a "double diamond." The bear that carried a lantern and led the travelers into the nervous forest. The bear that became a symbol for safe machine use. The bear that was hypnotized more than once.



KISS by Jefreid Lotti, 2013
oil on linen (20"x 22")



WRAPPED by Jefreid Lotti, 2013
oil on linen (20"x 34")



IRON by Jefreid Lotti, 2013
oil on linen (18"x 19")



THREAT by Jefreid Lotti, 2013
oil on linen (27"x 34")



MAS-CONDE by Jefreid Lotti, 2013
oil on linen (18"x 19")

JAX NTP

ante meridiem III

dear “how-silently-the-heart-pivots-on-its-hinges,”

i have a shrapnel desire for vagueness
because nearness is more than a shared
windshield worldview, because nearness
questions the practice of ellipses—spotlights
exclamation marks’ truancy—makes a wish,
but nearness colors daruma’s wrong eye,
then proclaims that russian dolls
are so full of themselves

i have a shrapnel desire
for vagueness, there’s no
such thing as direct
communication—only faint
spiderwebs—tethering
the densities of yeast and
breaths of pith—people
don’t listen, they wait
for their turn to talk,
unsolicited adornment

i have a shrapnel
desire for vagueness
because clarity is
perishable—porous,
deeper than horse
piss on
murk
snow

your one and only,
nearsighted loner

ANTHONY SEIDMAN

Chihuahua Desert

First Vision

Believe that granite is soluble, that
prickly pear yearns for skin and teeth.
Believe chaparral blooms in the brain when
rain wears a cracked arroyo. Believe
jackrabbit scurries over sand to sniff
jagged strips of night, and that these
words sweat dust, that the sky
pours indigo over the desert while
the moon calcifies your thirst.

Second Vision

This is the death of wind,
this the bone of prayer and taste of tin—
here, thorn pierces the tongue of water,
teeth of dust chew cactus and weed,
heat secretes an enamel shell, heat
lays its eggs in the granite of sand,
here, sky is the bluest shade of fire,
and dew is the fourth mystery
in transubstantiation.

Field Trip

The trip I have yet to take,
where crows crumble,
where the transit of clouds steams
from a soil of mucid meat;
I will no longer discern
sun from moonlight, my
memories clinging
to branches shaped like
burst blood vessels in the eye,
and a leathery retinue,
beggars, kings, jesters, a child
holding the bone fingers
of her suicide mother,
will approach me
extending their torches,
black fire casting purple light,
guiding me across the
fields that resemble nothing
from the nothing in my nightmares.
How do I breathe, clear
my throat, or dip
my bread in gravy
and chew, when there are so,
so many thorns
already sticking my gullet?

The Uncapped Pen

Between these words, a jungle: lianas curl around a stone deity, half-serpent, half-whore, with granite hummingbird feathers as a crown, and clawed feet. Gnats, mosquitoes and shade bullet-shot from white sunrays, and the humid stink, like the feet of cheese vendors in the market. Every frond of palms I brush open reveals a cliff's edge, and at the bottom, clouds roll slowly, dragging un-fallen rain. The deity sometimes speaks to me, here, at the peak of this tropical Himalaya. Drums drums I beat, but no clouds reach me. I decipher this jungle stone by stone because only the myopic can gaze into the star beneath the sun. Lianas move in wind and stroke her granite thighs. Drums drums I beat, waiting for rains to word. When they fall, the sun bursts in another hemisphere, frost thaws, and a hiss escapes from her granite lips—a wordless prayer for the jungle between words.



GLARE AND GLAZE by j/j hastain, 2014
collage

J/J HASTAIN

From ***Apophallation Sketches a Theater of Sensual Extremes***

Colony Collapse

We were living in the era known for it. After the last of the bees had died all of the vegetables dwindled, disappeared. Culture shifted. Folks no longer went out on dates to eat together. Food was no longer treated as something by which pleasure could be experienced. There was too much guilt while eating; there was too much loss.

What *was* eaten was some sort of *mock*: a mockery of the planet's primordial relation *to* and creation *of* beauty; beauty was inborn to this place before we did this. Now, food tasted like a bad accident: dirty socks, shrunk and artificial approximations filling up too-big-of plates. It was a regular ritual for people to hold plump and true-to-scale-sized plastic vegetables in their hands like textural prayers while they ate what was incapable of giving them pleasure. These were the prayers *to* and the grief at *loss of* what once was.

Bee paralysis happened slowly: not exactly lethal but dramatic enough to impact. Bees would walk when they should be flying, would lie on their backs and stare into the sun when they should be walking. Bees would fall off of the edge of the lip of their hive. Bee keepers began to see the visionaries of the hives, their sweet *queens*, fall over dead on their thrones. When the queen died, the heartbeat of the hive instantly warped. The sound of the workers and drones going into shock at the loss of their queen was a path to the future's dreadful, yet crucial story.

This was not fate; it was during *our* era that *we* made our world this way and we were living now with the weight of our past responsibility going

unanswered *by* us. We thought we were too busy to consider this when we were spraying our gardens. We thought the bees would never leave us. It has taken us time to realize that they, in fact, did not leave us; we burned them at the stake.

It was us who ousted the glory of their nature.

Outing the Outline in Hopes of Filling in the Silhouette

Sometimes, exhibiting something that someone already knows, *to* them, increases the grounding that might be shared between the *two*. Touch me in a familiar way so that I can see myself in you, you in me. I need to see what you in me and me in you means for land. That allows me to know that I *am* land: to be from this place, means that I can feel that I belong here. Touch me so that I can recall what has already been retained.

She had been doing this as a way of trying to bring him back to himself (and therefore to her), ever since the vegetables withered away. Day and night she vigorously attended his ailment: rubbed piles of glass vegetables all over his skin. An artist had come up with the idea of blowing glass in the shape of carrots, corn, and eggplant to help people *remember*, to encourage hope.

Suffice it to say, she *was actually* rubbing him with glass, phallus-shapes capable of reflecting, but, she did not need to tell *him* that. It might distract him from the release that he so needed. The releases on which they *both* depended in *him* were no longer targeted at his penis. Now, the releases were inductions: psychic creaming moving in between his skin and his organs after deep massage by a replicating, phallic object.

It was obvious to her how dependent his joy and had become on particular earth elements. Fact: edible vegetables made him feel strong, green. Vegetables made him her Adam. Without them he had no way to access memory of the initial, sacred place that also came from *his* body. She understood it: due to the flame which burned green (that flame that she had set loose in her womb long before) no matter what happened exteriorly, in the environment, she could *always* recognize herself as *the* garden. Oh Adam-in-a-flicker. Oh demure mirror. Because of her relations to her womb she had a piece of vision that he just *did not* have.

Her adamancy that he know himself in the context of what she could bring out of him aligned with the original work in the garden. She liked to push her man, and frankly, she had had years to build up familiarity with how to work with this shape by way of her own dildo.

Purifications must be carried forth. First, particle-like glass on skin, then salt water poured over bowls full of phallic, glass shapes.



Never Enough

There were not many choices left for them to make: at least not choices that came from their *nature*. Most of their nature died with the bees.

They decided it would be so: for the rest of their lives they would collaboratively worship Agni. Even though it was no longer possible for their choices to relate to their nature, they found through practice of a *new* authenticity, that their choices could *reify* their nature. They knew, however, that to live by such a decision, would set them apart from the rest of their species.

It was like they went crazy: they just could *not* get married *enough*. They pursued marriages beyond number: each in a different location with a different set of turgid decorations and accoutrements. They invited another, then another group of sweating attendees. Their marriages brought them closer to the honey, the prismatic memory of the sound that the hive once made. Their marriages brought them closer, one ceremony at a time.

They spent all of the money that they had accumulated during their work in the corporate world, and they travelled. Their travel was never without mourning. They could feel it all: ground withering, tree boughs falling off, paper in pulp-form clogging streams, desert weeping an azure blue glint hinting at the color of the queen bee's belly.

It got to the point in their process, where that was the only thing that they ever did anymore: travel and marry. They stopped eating altogether and focused all of the force of their attention on this: the new life that they would live while their bodies withered away: every moment, a wedding.

GUY R. BEINING

felt tongue 45.

a parker lies
flat on the
old iron bed,
narrow & bare ex-
posing its rusty
springs.

a stag came
to stare thru
the window only
to leave &
take apples from
the orchard it
crossed with grace.

staggering over slag
another figure, pre-
war, anti-war,
bottled up, full
of gas,
ready to explode.

tighten your hood
little girl & run
from this era.

felt tongue 146.

back to the
flowering face, scraping
the one cast
in silver, as a
smile falls onto
a porcelain neck.
two columns of
legs crumble
onto the avenue.
shade appears somewhere
in the book, thin
as his mind
that reads of
her disappearance.
the body was
placed among stones
forming a ledge.

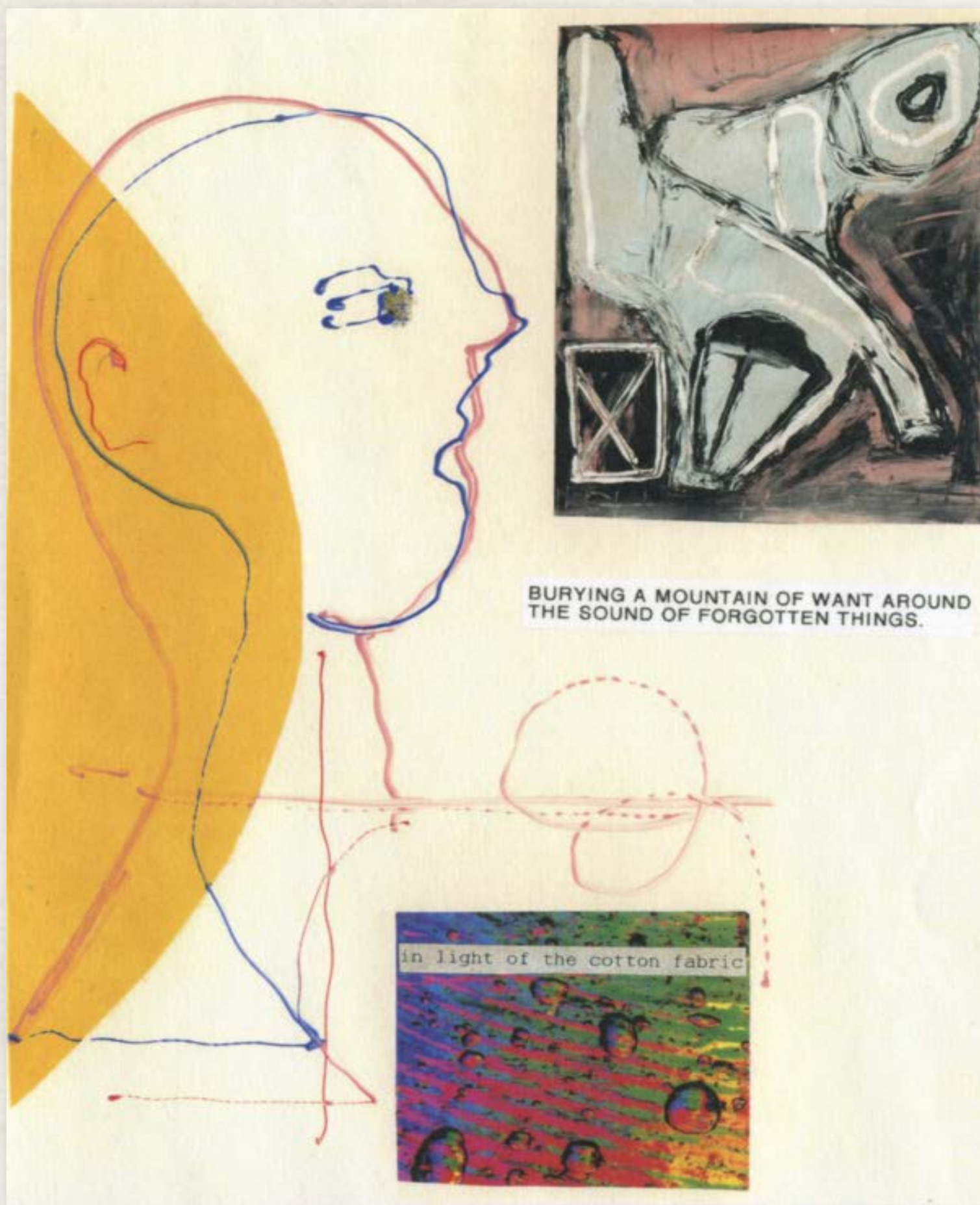
felt tongue 191.

deaf day in
light of t.v.
passing windows.
shades fold like
collapsing lungs.
reprint imprint in din,
dim in narrow scope,
the zone to zero.
the eyes as if flies
left a pie face.
glass plates of an eel
were divided & spread
across the lake.
earth surrounded an
ancient moat.

ST. arboaRD.

ST. ockyaRD.

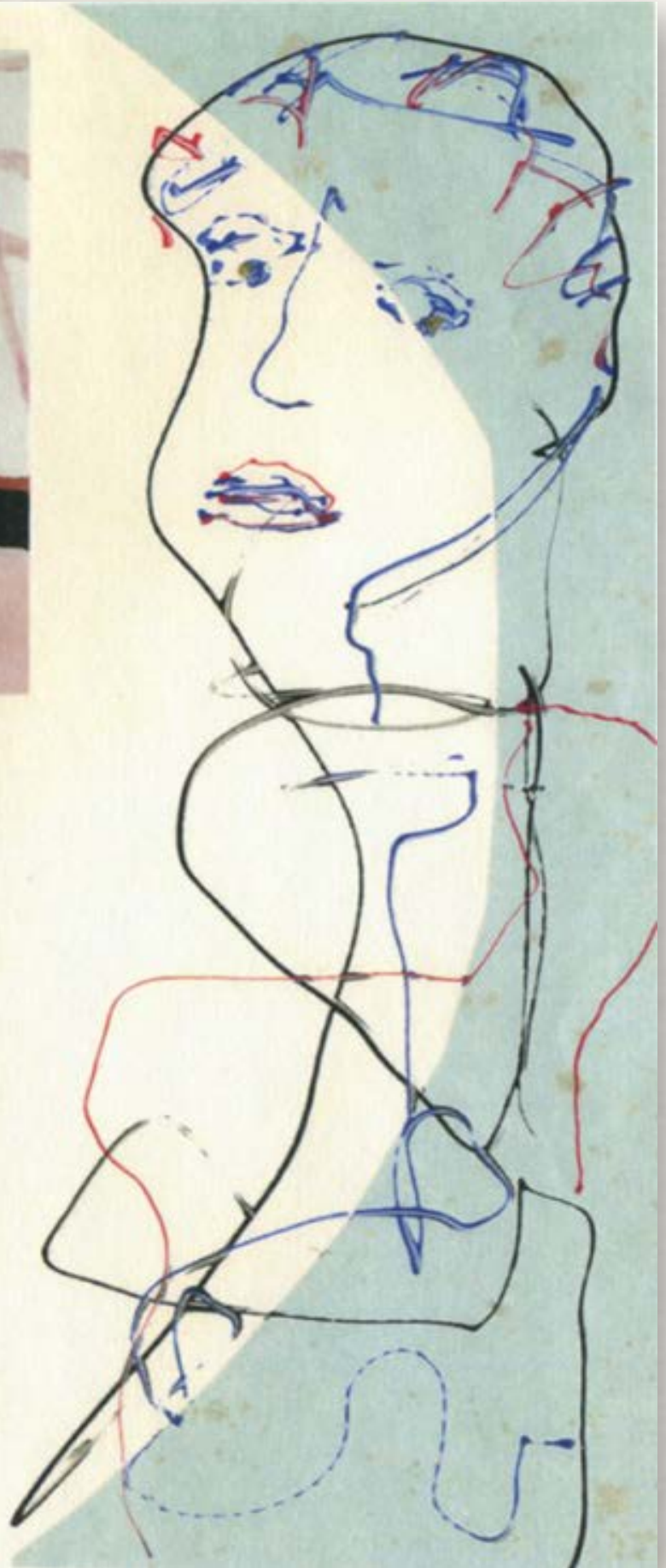
row out to road;
sing urchin's song.



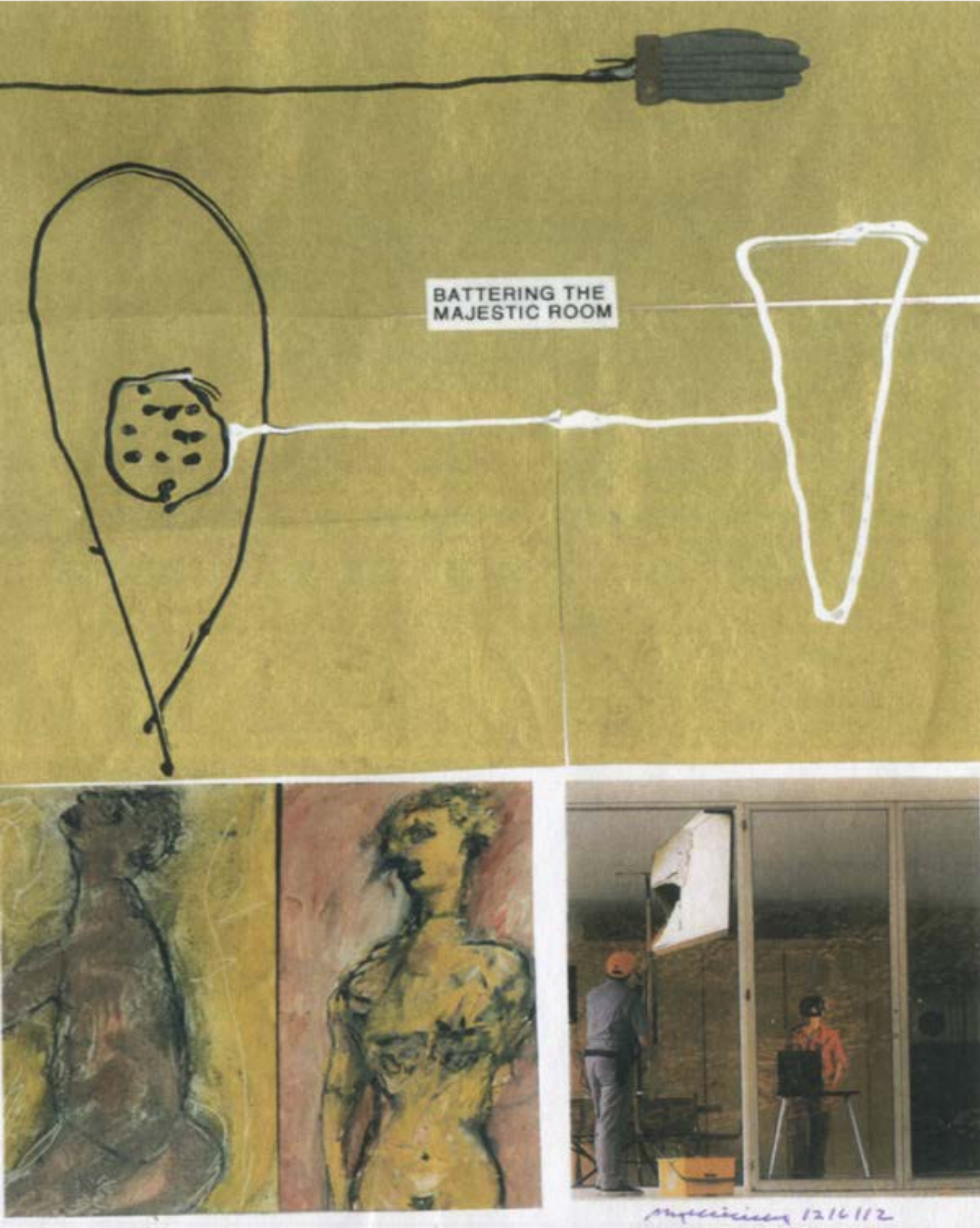
COLLAGE by Guy R Beining, 2012



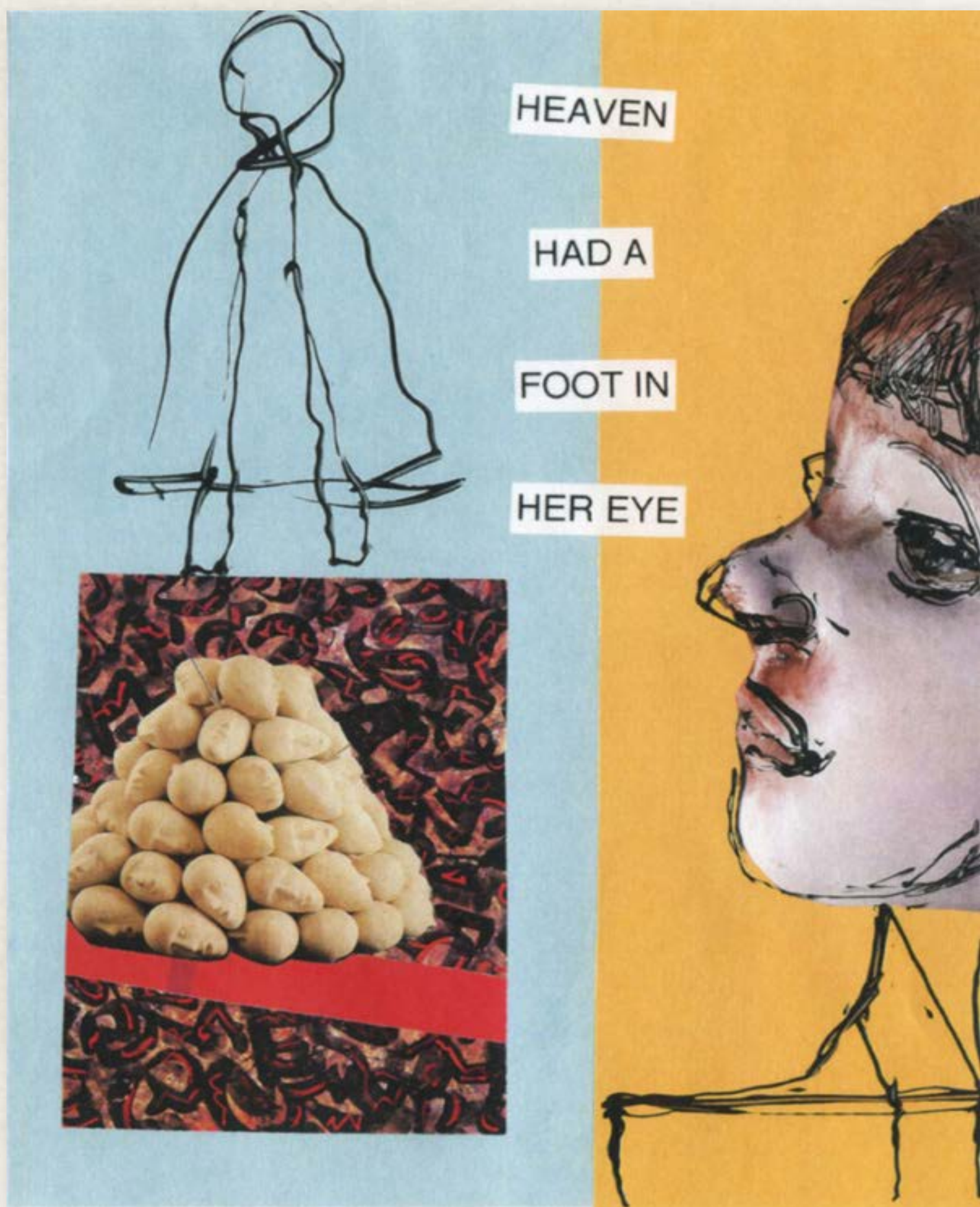
WHAT IS FIT ABOUT THE LIGHT,
OR EYES THAT SKIRT THE AGES?



COLLAGE by Guy R Beining, 2012



COLLAGE by Guy R Beining, 2012



COLLAGE by Guy R Beining, 2012

A. D. WINANS

Insomnia

Tossing turning
Praying for sleep
When all else fails me
But God has no time
For insomniacs
And Christ must be busy
Preparing for the resurrection

Falling asleep for an hour or two
Head churning buttermilk dreams
The Holy Ghost stops by for a chat
Seems like an amicable chap
Swaps stories from the past
Just as if he were one of the boys
As I gradually surrender to his will
Dreams lined-up like shots of tequila
At a Mexican brothel
Only to wake again and again
Insomnia a heavily armored
Spanish conquistador
Takes no prisoners
Plays your mind like a card shark
Your body like a whore
In the morning leaves you feeling
Like bits and pieces of a shipwreck
Washed up along the shore

Poem for Ruth Weiss

she grooves with time
day time, night time
be bop jazz time
dances with timeless time
all rhythm no rhyme
birds in flight flap their wings
copulate with the wind
a magician's illusion where
time and words move from celibate
to raptured orgy
feed off the flesh of the other
pause in rollercoaster freeze
stop motion
she sings her song
another night
another day
bitch slaps father time
kaufman, son of jazz
in her heart
micheline in her blood
jazz in the Fillmore
jazz on the Harlem roof-tops
full moon rising
with poems that dig into my bones
lubricate the gears of my mind
lost in a haze of motionless motion

LYN LIFSHIN

The Dark Lakes at Night

always women in the
dark on porches talking
as if in blackness their
secrets would be safe.
Cigarettes glowed like
Indian paintbrush.
Water slapped the
deck. Night flowers
full of things with wings,
something you almost
feel like the fingers
of a boy moving, as if
by accident, under
sheer nylon and felt
in the dark movie house
as the chase gets louder,
there and not there,
something miscarried
that maybe never was.
The mothers whispered
about a knife, blood.
Then, they were laughing
the way you sail out of
a dark movie theater
into wild light as if no
thing that happened
happened

Sleeping With Horses

though I never have, I dream
of such warm flanks,
pulse of blood deep
enough to blur night
terror. I want my own
mare, sleek, night
colored to block
memories of the
orchard of bones,
the loved-lost under
leaves, under a quilt
of guilt. I think of
cats, long slept with
then gone, how
the Egyptians buried
not only wives but
their favorite pets
near them to cushion
their trip to the
underworld. I want
this mare, velvety
as the dream mare's
nose, nuzzling my
skin in the black
that braids us into
one so I won't
move unless she does

MITCHELL GRABOIS

TV Meet My Needs

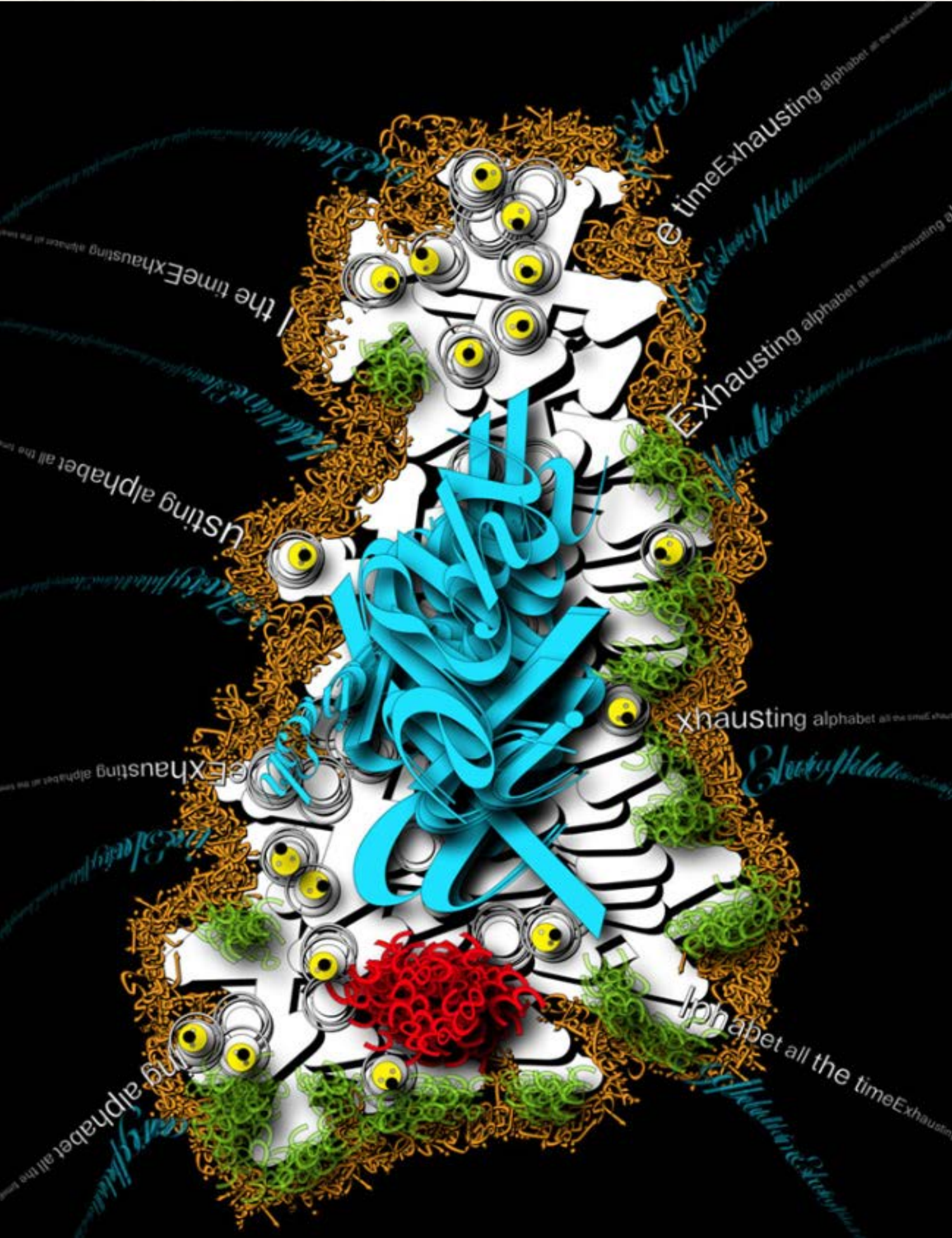
I want Dexter to murder some douche-bags for me
the ones who done me wrong
I want Dr. House to cure me of my
mysterious maladies

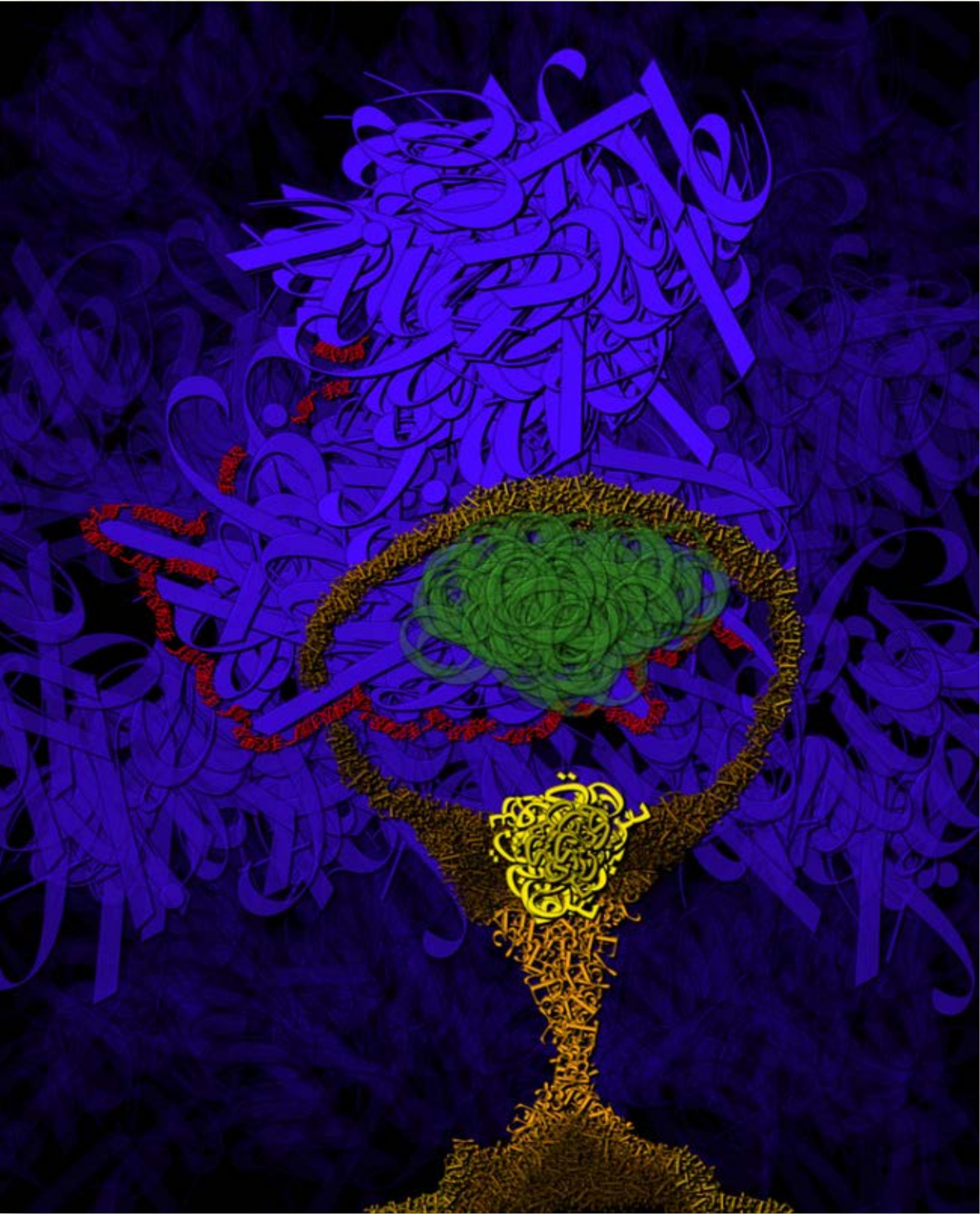
which some detractors claim are manufactured
a matter of hypochondria
Dexter will murder them for me
Dr. House will cure me

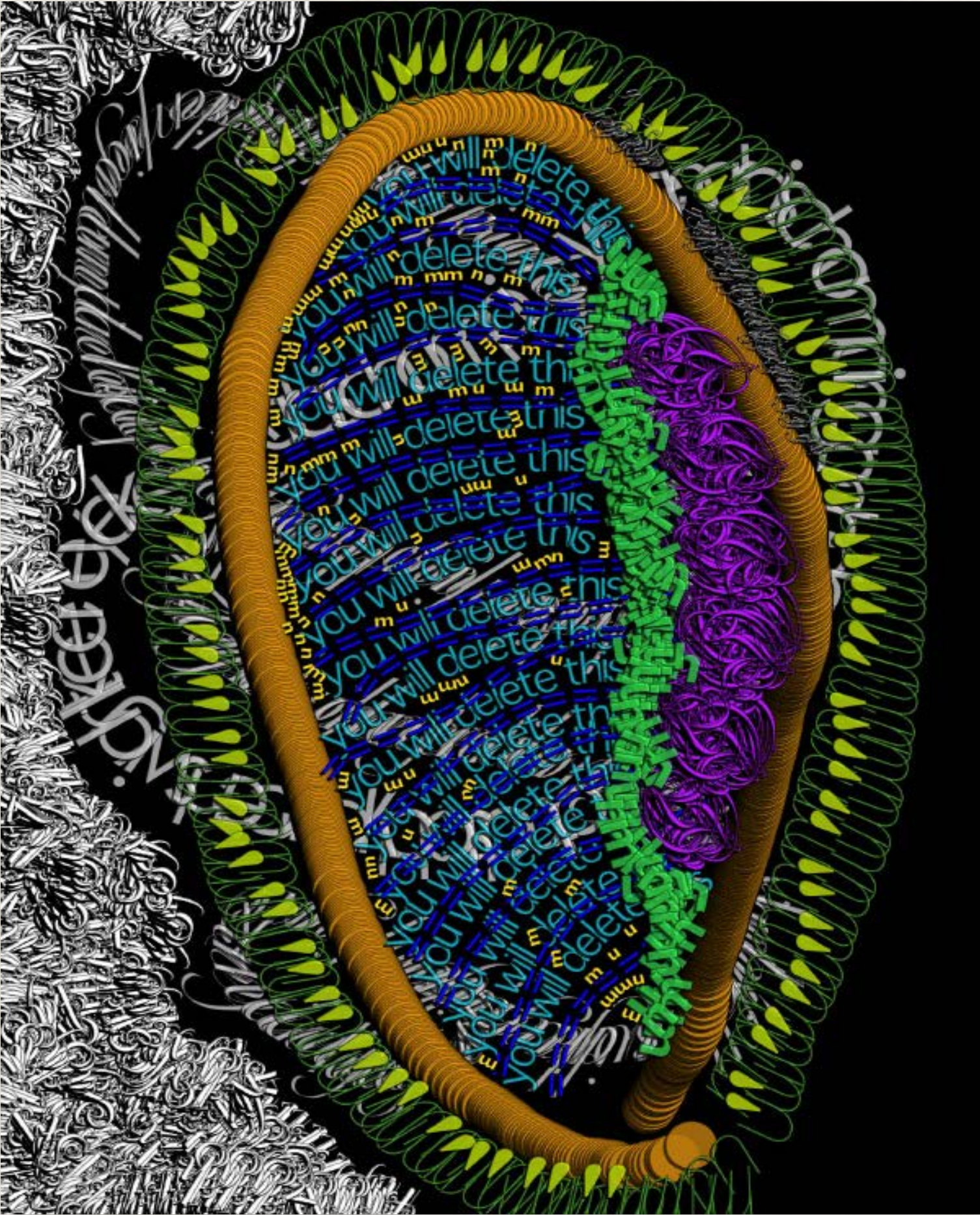
I want Sherlock Holmes to penetrate my secrets
I want Lucy Liu, the latest TV iteration of Watson
to slowly raise her pleated skirt
and show me the mystery of
her slim thighs, sheathed in black nylon

I want Walter White to cook me some meth
bright blue
97% pure
None of that inferior stuff for me
Nothing to make my teeth fall out
nothing to make me ugly

FOUR FROM *LETTERS OF INTENT*
BY NICO VASSILAKIS









D. E. STEWARD

Junais

Each time, remarkable and arresting, seeing or hearing an owl anywhere

Vividly green tiny red maple samaras sprinkled on wet flagstones

Delicate white clustered shipmast locust flowers at this season high
against the sky

Way up there a scarlet tanager male crosses from the locust to the dense
foliage of a big horse chestnut

In the next day's dawn a coyote on the road in profile turns and waits to
watch me pedal up the grade toward him before trotting on across

Coyotes in close are as though waiting for us to leave

"I don't think anybody's going to be missing a hill or two here and
there"—Rand Paul on strip mining

Somewhat like Islam's fetor of extremist belief

Maybe the Islamists perform in the inverted fanaticism of Restoration
England with its Diggers, Levellers, Fifth Monarchists, Muggletonians,
Ranters, early Quakers

Quaker Pennsylvania, the first place in the western world to ban slavery,
a stance akin to advocating open borders today

Mabrouk, mabrouk, mabrouk, to the Egyptian people

The receding dreams of the Arab Spring, like the third movement of Rachmaninoff's Sonata in G Minor for Cello and Piano, the *Andante*

The passion of Narek Hakhnazaryan, b. 1988 in Yerevan

With Noreen Cassidy-Polera, Israeli, the pianist

Hakhnazaryan slumped quietly over the body of his cello as if invoking the music's line, forearms crossed over the fingerboard, during the piano's second movement's *Allegro scherzando*

Pablo Casals came upon Bach's lost cello suites in a Barcelona secondhand store

There are six, Casals found them, the Grützmacher edition, when he was thirteen, brought them to modern recognition when he recorded all in his forties

Imagine the universal Bach, revere the depth of the thorough, unending brilliance of Bach

Clicking along through the swampy deep woods of mysterious Miller Road, a tawny red-shouldered hawk cuts dramatically off through the trees, fast like an accipiter

Euphoria in bicycling blacktop roads in the Piedmont

Another mile and into open fields

And then downgrade to cross a culvert over a slow, weedy creek where at this season there are always eastern painted turtles basking on the deadheads and snags

Now and then a big red-bellied turtle or two sunning on the bank there too

Some old red-bellied males' plastrons are mottled with pink and light charcoal gray

Pass the concrete-buttressed culvert, now up along row-crop field corn not yet knee high

Then more woods and the bluestone asphalt seems to open to the sky

Glancing up at robins on wires mimicking the shape of trogons and their movida a year ago in Panamá

Roadside red cedars and poison ivy generally owe their existence to the seeds dropped there by generations of birds sitting above

The birds

Few chimney swifts out on summer evenings now since most houses in affluent North America have chimney caps

And the scarcity of ground-nesting birds and chipmunks in great part due to the profusion of housecats

The only small animals online above the Imjin-gang were rats around the mess tent and latrines

Remember sitting with a young Rita Moreno and talking, wonderful eyes, wearing a ruffled high-neck white blouse and green pencil skirt, in the 34th Infantry Headquarters below the DMZ during what must have been the first year of her run with Marlon Brando

And when coming offline to Japan, the Imperial Hotel with its yellow brick and greenish tuff carved in geometric patterns, attended by *gaijin* with the same reverence as visitors to the Louvre, the Prado, the Zocalo, Red Square, as Sears Tower, Ronchamps

It was razed in 1968, its façade and the courtyard pool now are part of the Museum Meiji-Mura near Nagoya

Snapping of flags above the Grand Chalet up on Mount Royale in this afternoon's hot June breeze

Back up on The Summit after dinner in The Plateau in the long northern twilight to imagine that with 10x50 binoculars we see the thrush-egg green disk of Uranus, or possibly Neptune's blue methane traces

Off above Montreal's cut granite's gray

Monochrome trimmers at work everywhere in the demolished and rerouted world

Concrete viaducts, gabions and cutbank slashes

The rampantly rich world is so Swiss in that way

Swiss are inherently engineers who seem to show up argumentatively with a querulous intellectual dogsbody in the way that only decades ago they were still arguing Protestant versus Papacy

Strange that Schwyzer-dütsch has never ventured to become a literary language given the high degree of intellectual awareness in its culture

It might be the literalness

In the manner of Max Frisch and Dürrenmatt

The explicitness of everything being kept in order

Even with the underlying Swiss angst and stop-and-start adult *Sturm und Drang*

“...The young men ride out // and fall off, the horses wandering away....” —Jack Gilbert, “The History of Men”

The immense Sahel began to suffer a continuing horrific famine in late 2010 with another of its megadroughts

Naturally many blame climate change

Among the well-informed, climate-change anxiety is rising on concerned superlatives but then of course, “what is to be done?”

Viewing the future as though standing high on Perugia’s *Balconata* surveying the winding Tiber of the Etruscans

Their world, like so many past worlds, no more

Mouthing an avocado stone for the last bit of flesh and realize a slippery involuntary swallow could plug my throat in the sort of gluttony and that could kill me

“*el animal pierde futuro a cada paso*” —Octavio Paz, “*Mutra*”

DIANE GLANCY

**Fort Yates' Infirmary: Bull Head's Wife Falls in a Faint
at His Bed**

*Berry berry I am your berry—the berries of your eyes—
the white berries of your teeth—the berries at the joints of your fingers—
the berries of your knuckle bones—these berries—
these small burial mounds.*

His thigh soaked in bloody rags.
Doesn't anything they do work?
There are wrappings and changings.
He moans at every turn.
I hear the wind in his breath.
A pine tree grows from his head.
The spirits wait at the end of his bed.
The elders shake their medicine rattle for his healing.
He talks to the voices from the other world.
The spirits don't leave.
They hold a buffalo robe over their arm to wrap him for the journey.
I hit them when he isn't looking.
I stomp on their feet.
I smell the sour wind.

Postscript:

The wheelbarrow shell without handles and wheels
upside down in the yard
is the turtle-shell rattle they shook for him.

The Spirit of Bull Head's Wife Visits the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., and Views "The Artist's Father Reading *L'Evenement*," Paul Cezanne

I saw a man with pages standing up on his arms and chest
as if he was wearing the pages
as if pages were his whole being—
step near the campfire, dear,
let me see you flame.

How far apart
yet overlaid with sameness that is somehow an elastic waist
too tight
the blur of stories—

Lieut. Henry Bull Head with 39 of his men and a few volunteers
entered Sitting Bull's camp December 16th

Bull Head

1st Sergt. Shave Head

2nd Sergt. Red Tomahawk

seven others entered Sitting Bull's house.

He started to dress for the journey but his son berated him
for going.

When the police took Sitting Bull from his house
they were surrounded by Sitting Bull's camp.

Sitting Bull told his men if they killed Bull Head and his officers
the others would run.

Catch the Bear and Strike the Kettle fired first
hitting Bull Head who shot Sitting Bull as he fell.

It was forty-three policemen and volunteers against 150
of Sitting Bull's men.

That betrayal—
as if Bull Head was a *traitor* of his people.

No—it was the dilemma of a man
reading *The Event* on the wind
and seeing a trail of smoke in the distance
became the pages he read.



**Bull Head's Wife Opens Ristorante Hortense Fiquet,
Fort Yates, North Dakota**

Warm beet tart with chevre 6

Spinach, Bull Head blue cheese, balsamic vinaigrette 7

Pan roasted prairie rainbow trout wrapped in ham 22

Oven roasted pheasant with creamy horseradish-ramp risotto 24

Grilled leg of elk with yellow potato puree, grilled baby artichoke and
dried cherries 26

Braised pheasant with roasted leek and pheasant eggs 27

The catch of the day Market price

Bull Head's Wife Studies Frances Glessner Lee's Visible Proofs, A Series of Crime Scenes Reconstructed in Miniature in the 1940'S and 50'S for Use in Forensics

Henry Bull Head, First Lieutenant of Police, died 82 hours after the fight

Charles Shave Head, First Sergeant of Police, died 25 hours after the fight

James Little Eagle, Fourth Sergeant of Police, killed in the fight

Paul Afraid-of-Soldiers, Private of Police, killed in the fight

John Armstrong, Special Police, killed in the fight

David Hawkman, Special Police, killed in the fight

Alexander Middle, Private of Police, wounded, recovering

Sitting Bull, killed, 56 years of age

Crow Foot (Sitting Bull's son), killed, 17 years of age

Black Bird, killed, 43 years of age

Catch the Bear, killed, 44 years of age

Spotted Horn Bull, killed, 56 years of age

Brave Thunder, No. 1, killed, 46 years of age

Little Assiniboine, killed, 44 years of age

Chase Wounded, killed, 24 years of age

Bull Ghost, wounded, entirely recovered

Brave Thunder, No. 2, wounded, recovering rapidly

Strike the Kettle, wounded, now at Fort Sully, a prisoner

+ wives and children who depended upon them

**Nutshell Studies of Unexplained Death: Bull Head's Wife
Reconstructs a Miniature of Sitting Bull's Camp**

The division commander directed Bull Head to secure Sitting Bull—
Acknowledge receipt and if not clear report back.

(Signed) M. Barber, Assistant Adjutant General.

This is the time many of the Indians are gone to the fort for bi-weekly rations—
James McLaughlin, Indian Agent, advised by telegraph
for suppression
of the outbreak among Sioux Indians

I make the land flat.
I make the houses and surrounding teepees.
I make Bull Head's badge of military police.
I make the bullets—

I take my husband on a mission
to arrest Sitting Bull who defied the government,
who was stuck on the Messianic craze,
who resisted—

I make betrayal.
I make grief.
I make spirit lines for fire arms
marking the flight of the bullet to Bull Head's thigh.
I post little flags at the crime scene—

Postscript:

A muffler with its tail-pipe curled by the road like a snake still tells
the story.



COLLAGE by Wayne Hogan, 2014 (11" x 11")



COLLAGE by Wayne Hogan, 2014 (12" x 19")



COLLAGE by Wayne Hogan, 2014 (12" x 11")

JAY PASSER

Reversal of Fortune

health is for animals.
the food chain halts
with advanced
intelligence and addiction to electronics.

the arboreal world
enhanced with whittling of arias,
tsunami of symphony
does not need us to breathe.

they say dolphins evolved from land
to the seas.

why do what the next guy can do
for you

My Afterlife

I walked into the new
Café and found a booth.

The waitress wore a garter
Belt and thong.

I'll take the crow's egg omelet
And coyote hash.

She tattooed my order
Upon the skin of her inner
Thigh.

I think I like
This place.

Pocketbook Martyr

wandering glibly across
the water of the well
I might've been mistaken
for a malarial mosquito

seeing as H₂O these days
purified in France or Calistoga
natural as a malignant tumor
with power of attorney

the difference between
the firefly and sequoia
molten earth core and Mars
fear of rhyming

One Last

tragedy benign
facing a camera or mirror

somebody's trying to dream here

two blackbirds along the curb
pecking at specks of the moon

volcanic tectonic

one last, to dispel the bile of anxiety
rising in throat, the fragility of ribcage
flitting with ghosts of sparrows

quit staring at that screen!

limbs, particles of the earth's hub
centrifugal spokes illuminating whale song
silver strands mercurial, larvae radioactive
crickets in unison with ancient archetypes

bombs away, boys!

wish list monotony
the lottery of sparkling rain

I want to disbelieve in horses
corpses the
felony of words

TIM KAHL

Deft Do You Appear

a private optimism defines a new self
as act of violence and flight into Egypt

the body offered direct, a team of fruits
whose devotion differs from lasers and gases

But it was love that struggled with genius
and empire that imagined its price

improved choice, bettered the poinsettias
for their fibers and phases of juice

a permanent revolution of signals
arriving at the nerve's fade to delay

the holiday happening again in the delta
where the body inhabits its ordered devices

the old hunting ground has a new video
glowing at the frontier of sentiments banished

to the rigid deserts and mountains
in the labyrinth of second audiences

they leapfrog across the gardens into harnesses
startling the favorite son who admonishes

when you do drugs and danger
deft do you appear to the heart

At the End of Brown

So much is ash in the shape of surface
unhinged like the paint of dreams loosened

by lunar ink doing twice the work of rope
and yet the quiet static of the knit and still iris

with the pin coming out common as edge
has become the coast of a sudden neon

what word could be warmed
and broken and turned to important stone

hold me there muscle and ceremony of
tongue and absent glass apart from water

the lessons of chocolate in February
kept the stitches together in another gut

that stutters and bucks at nothing
but the count of walls and the law of breasts

that begged the child soft at night's middle
overseas and over ragged peaks toward

found red lips and their abundance
set to hum from physical distress

at the end of brown in its sand

Bath House

Wash the gum stuck to the sidewalks, wash it with the tongues of dogs, their bandanas serious about chasing points east, the flies negotiating the low currents where common charms ascend into the channels of breath. Wash the Spanish word for opium and the North Star House. Wash the author of curious fate and its repeated complications that bottles of whiskey might rehabilitate. Rehabilitate the sky and its legacy of brushing against rugged peaks. Announce its passage into agricultural valleys, across country roads that lead to Mudloaf Land Trust. The sky has a permanent address where its rebirth is grown with a thick crust for miners to chew on. Wash their dirty hands in the waterfall's pleasure. Wash their faces in the everlasting champagne of obsessions. The Mardi Gras has overtaken the sepsis. The remodel has found its new bierwagon. The functional soul is as proud as an owner. It benefits the lawn concerts and the paradise of nut trees and tomatoes that give thanks for the integrity of water washing off the death coming in from everywhere.

JOHN BRADLEY

Sintext: Speak to My Fontanel

-
- (1.) Let it be said; let it be said so. *Dear Jack Gilbert, Dear Lou Reed.*
- (2.) I wanted a tooth: fished out of ale soup: wanted a song to unsore the sun.
- (3.) That's when I noticed. By the rusted radiator: strayed robin: sloughed off wing by its side.
- (4.) I don't care if you shave your legs or not. Either way, you and they: she and you speak to my fontanel.
- (5.) I wanted a collar: made of polar air: wanted to dine on unmovable weight, invisible line: a pear tied to unbroken height.
- (6.) Over and over, I place my lips unto the place where you last. Until they break. Until I break them. Until I break.
- (7.) Almost aloud it ought to be said: *the one-winged bird, in the kitchen, wobbling along the shifting seams of light.*
- (8.) I wanted, as you knew, now know, to build a baby: out of shaven hair, unwanted rib.
- (9.) *Dear John Brown, Dear Tina Brown.* You know how I swallowed that planet by accident. How I like my garbanzo beans bedeviled with paprika.
- (10.) I wanted wood grain in my body, amnesia in the outer parts, an artisanal moon in the unfinished bathroom.

(11.) Then she jumped, hard, from the parking ramp; I never heard,
never touched her soft.

(12.) Along the shin: the silent conjugation of concrete and flesh: paper
clip hiccup, cricket litany, speck of light rubbing against a slight.

(13.) That's when I want: wanted a window: made of sod and worms
and horsehair.

(14.) You can surely hear it: the robin exhaling: through the space
once back door: wooden egg widening my skull: wordage: leaking into
leafage.



SAM CORFMAN

Latticework

awful. the union of horror and awe.
one unprepared for a space that gives bodies to names.
the reverence, the formality, the remembrance.
any direction is towards an exit.
the revelation of manipulation.
appropriated from elsewhere to be loadbearing.
and its consequences.
one survives. build mirrors to multiply brilliance.
when the fire sputters, a latticework memory of steadiness.

Collage

An invented mythology no one believed in; an invented symbology inconsistently applied.

Paper carries a load even if it cannot bear a heavy weight; ceramic has a temporality that must be fired.

The whale skeleton rises, says, “elegance”; someone else says, “ I think I forgot to mention he has wings.”

We do not prime our skin for what we paint on it, so nothing prevents the corrosion of our bodies.

The phantom limb pain of your own wings. The suffocated choreography.



CONTRIBUTORS' ADVICE

WILL ALEXANDER:

There exists the blind incentive of the populace to create from its own kinetic a cartography of alienation. Routed neurologies, bodies of dimmed suns in movement—the latter, the result of Occidental psychic fragmentation active in the wake of its 600 year commitment to general colonial inculcation.

J/J HASTAIN:

*Terroir Shrine:

To honor my 'sense of place' is to honor *my* nature. Nature is not one of the aspects in the nature versus nurture dichotomy. Nature, to me, is *my am* in alignment with orientations both vast and specific: these orientations as cosmic fields in which my details can grow and progress and evolve.

One's sense of where they are, through what they have journeyed and where they belong is all quite subjective and may or may not have anything to do with the place/s associated with one's lineage or past. I spent many years contacting my authentic lineage by projecting into cosmicity (what I have named *the ulterior*) in order to make contact with resonances that feel essential to me (by contour or by synonym). Eg: I had a wrap-around porch when I was a child. This porch is so similar to the wrap-around area surrounding the cave in which I go to practice.

Only recently, after years of creating selves and practice regarding *authentic* sites of lineage (as opposed to inherited ones) I have begun questing into the lives of Danish and English witches. Danish and English witches are often drawn to practice witchcraft for the sake of it being a way to relate to alternative modes of healing. I have been doing *soul-clearings* by *cell-alteration* since I was a young child. During that time I would scan the room for places where folks' energy was off a bit and then just clear that—adjust it in them. As I had no formal training

regarding this it never felt like a threat of any kind to apply this kind of psychic surgery to people's fields. There were times when I did these clearings during the three hours of church without once listening to the patriarchal elder's message spinning through the pulpit at the head.

The somatic influences and implications of terroir emphasize the uniqueness (alongside the elemental-ness) of the entity: it can't be duplicated. What better a model for self-love and acceptance, for permission to expand, than by *that* kind of material-fact. The more and more I root in my lineage the more I am a quality of cosmic *this* that can't be duplicated.

D. E. STEWARD:

Watch out for Ted Cruz who is the slickest demagogue since Joe McCarthy and even looks like him, dewy eyes and all. Let everybody you know younger than yourself that climate change is real, that their lives will increasingly be severely affected by it.

RAY GONZALEZ:

Rory Gallagher's Sweat:

Rory Gallagher's sweat runs off his hands as he plays his Stratocaster. He is on his 1971 Irish Tour and the guitar is coated each night with a sweat that contains an abnormally high amount of amino acids. After hundreds of concerts over decades, his rapid fire finger style is eroding the Stratocaster. Rory's sweat makes his face, long hair, and guitar shine in the stage lights, water from the blues flowing into each note he ignites, his soaked blue Levi jacket burning through the electric wires into the solid body of the instrument, the paint coming off over time, the rough burnishes forming a pattern that rubs the world in search of a complete song Rory needs to compose when the sweat blinds his eyes. Years later, Rory waves to the crowd at Montreaux. He is older, overweight and worn out, rivulets of sweat leaving marks on a musician and making him go on. The guitar appears to change shape as he strums it, though it is the same instrument that drew blood in the early days of "Laundromat," "In Your Town," and "A Million Miles Away." Rory's sweat enters the performance and dissolves a long guitar solo

into a silence between songs that Rory interrupts with “Tattooed Lady,” another tune that dripped a marking essence across time. The pouring sweat of a two hour show in the heated lights takes the next solo through the amplified tunnel humming in the air until the day Rory dies, infinite drops moistening his ashes into the black hands of the soaking blues.

BOB HEMAN:

The words create rooms we can live in for a little while.

RAYMOND H. FARR:

André Breton: Notice This!

André Breton plays the little baby Jesus as though Plank's Constant isn't just a form of poetry making love to our minds. In André Breton's Lonely Hearts Club Band André Breton is not wearing shoes. André Breton—professional restless banana!

André Breton makes French bread out of love for recycled light bulbs he buys at the Walgreens. Did anyone here leave the 60s in their rearview mirror & not get high on life with André Breton? André Breton exists in an avalanche of a dream state at least ten times he treks the Sudan in Quentin Tarantino's *The Magi & the Chorus Girl & the Suave Blade Trek the Sudan*. If you look at the stars in the sky what you're seeing is André Breton—light that's travelled a thousand years.

GEORGE KALAMARAS:

I've returned (again) to the wonderful poems of two Japanese avant-garde poets—Takiguchi Shuzo (Surrealist) and Takahashi Shinikichi (dadaist). Though they've been my reading companions for many years, it's easy to take them for granted. I keep thinking of Takiguchi Shuzo's marvelous line, “The air is a beautiful princess without bones.” Both poets are well worth revisiting, or reading for the first time if not yet encountered. I'm sure readers will not be disappointed. Good English translations of both exist, though Takiguchi (at this point) only appears in anthologies. I hope to see an entire collection of his translated in the near future.

TIM KAHL:

It's time for prayer mission and opinion in the slim reed of this district where the ninth idea of demand games the market. The fiber optic network cripples the deals as they are negotiated by the electronic initiates. Only the speed of light is constant. Nobody can frontrun its spring visits when it decides to land on the dandelions and make the gray haired homeowners grimace. Their collateral is slipping. Their nest egg is swallowed by the eternal reptilian. Capital vanishes up the river of axon and dendrite. It was only imagined for just a split second the way a star advances its galactic ambitions. Look at it shining. Tonight is where the past arrives with its exclusive. It tells us all about getting there first. And so we pray. And we hum underneath the muttered words, at first believing in something like the Harmony of Lights, but later feeling there is no nobility. Not in thought nor in planned action. Just a late response in the network where someone is set up to gain from what is about to happen.

JAX NTP:

“if the value of a cup is the emptiest space inside of it”

please stay—is the definite feeling—but the mouth won't jut

words swallowed quicker than the way queen conchs scuttle

from their shells at dusk to graze—mate—lotus spine silhouettes

left behind—all i wanted as a child was to write love

letters to maritime carapace but words perched—halfmoon
pucker can't quite unfurl brain peonies opal plankton opal green

the mind can't love write when tongue pressed roof
saltwater taffy a thick gossamer spun woven beaten

go inward and choke—honeycombed chaffed ocean
jasper words layered moss muse: how to bear the weights
of non-events until only the curves of forgotten things

rust louder than sodium orange streetlights adagio there's only
the loneliness of looking into lit beachfront houses on night
walks if the value of a cup is the emptiest space inside of it

the poet is the person who receives the direct action
of a verb—such tangential velocity: a spider web with no
edges the way phlegm builds up from not speaking

all mondaybluelaced moss agate please stay is the definite feeling
but honeyed and hollowed i am childhood handwritten-nautica
shelled words congealed miasmic throat housing

years of marina-phlegm-trenches yet treacle treacle
inbetween the spaces of saltwater taffy
and oyster spit—unlearn the breasts of ache and brine

SAM CORFMAN:

—inscribe my name in wood, on the porch. Hefted knife. Carve it out,
gnaw the script. Splinters not light enough to float. Unite the fragments
like the millions who work amongst the shredded paper. (some have
slipped sideways between the slats of air) The hanging icicles, between
damp mast and petrification: they fit together differently over time. (ice-
sculpted muse of geometry) Mix them—they'll erode where they touch.
A new geology of quakes and echoes. With the right vibrations, smoking
crystal—then fissures, a magnifying glass over the silk-covered flickering

**CALIBAN
IS
SEARCHING
FOR
ANGELS**

