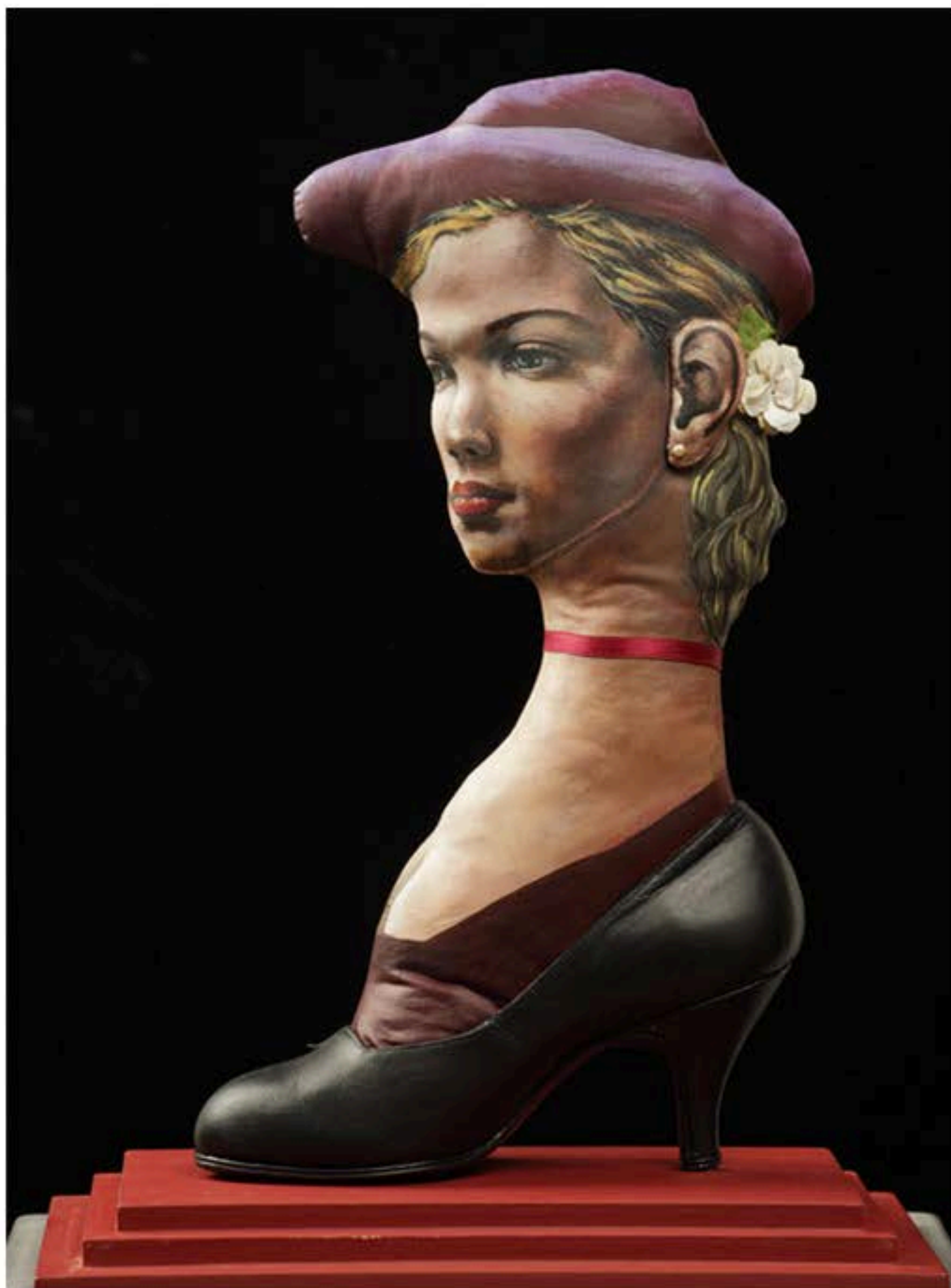


# CALIBAN

online



HOUSTMAN • KAUFFMAN • DIGBY • HARPER • DEL RISCO • LAWRY  
LEVINSON • GLOVER • HAUPTMAN • COOK • VEGA • HOLDEFER  
BUTSON • KOMOR • LAN • GONZALEZ • SIPES • ARGÜELLES  
STRAUSS • SCHMITT • KALAMARAS • COLE • JAMES • MURPHY  
SWANN • RAPHAEL • GIANNINI • BENNETT • GRABILL • PAU-LLOSA



# Explore the Fascinating Worlds of Classic Print Caliban



**CALIBAN**  
is calling  
the tribes  
together



**Visit the Store!**

**[www.calibanonline.com](http://www.calibanonline.com)**



# CALIBAN



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

## CALIBAN

Lawrence R. Smith, Editor

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

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



Front Cover: VIOLETTE by Ines Vega, 2010  
acrylic on canvas, batting, wood (16" x 10" x 6")

Cover and title page design by Gary R. Smith, 1986

The artwork on pages 26, 27, 38, 39, 106, 107 by John Digby

Table of contents art by Daniel Estrada Del Cid

Typeset in Baskerville by Daniel Estrada Del Cid & Johnny Estrada  
Del Cid, HS Marketing Solutions, Santa Ana, California

Lawrence R. Smith, Editor  
Deanne Yorita, Associate Editor  
Daniel Estrada Del Cid, Production and Design Editor

Calibanonline is published quarterly. Viewing online and pdfs are free.

Unsolicited poetry, fiction, art, music, and short art videos  
welcome. Please direct attached WORD documents to  
[submissions@calibanonline.com](mailto:submissions@calibanonline.com)

Copyright © Calibanonline.com, 2014

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

### DALE HOUSTMAN

*America*

*Mother Is Giving Birth to the Next President!*

*Break Time*

### JANET KAUFFMAN

*Lay of the Land*

### RAY GONZALEZ

*Jazz Musicians*

*Phase*

### MICHAEL S. HARPER

*Birdsong*

### MERCEDES LAWRY

*In the Shallows*

*Placeholder*

### HELLER LEVINSON

*Corner of Melancholia & Implication*

### YUMIKO GLOVER

*Moe Elements of the Floating World VI*

### TERRY HAUPTMAN

*Longing*

*The Winds of Lamentation*

*A Crust of Holy Bread*

*Healing Poem*





**ROB COOK**

*The Desert That Can't be Seen from There*  
*Cartel*  
*2014*

**INES VEGA**

*La Maga*  
*Mercurea*  
*Un Balboa*  
*Titulo Esfinge Negra*

**DENVER BUTSON**

*red*  
*underwater vernacular*  
*post-mortem notes*  
*the alibis of scarecrows*  
*every year once a year*  
*scarecrow wings*

**ZOLTÁN KOMOR**

*The Wild Bull*

**LAN YUAN-HUNG**

*Falling 1*  
*Falling 2*

**IVAN ARGÜELLES**

*("hip")*

**AUSTIN STRAUSS**

***PUNIMS***, *Book 6, page 13*  
*Book 6, page 34*

**JON SCHMITT**

*I Will Not Offer Blackened Bones*  
*The Password is Always*





**GEORGE KALAMARAS**

*Such a Small Thing*  
*The Tragus of the Ear*  
*Syllabary*

**ANNELISE COLE**

*in response to my sister's nuclear scan*

**DAVID JAMES**

*The Last Page From Twenty Unpublished Novels*

**SHEILA E. MURPHY**

*Asemic 1*  
*Asemic 2*

**BRIAN SWANN**

*Septet*

**GREG SIPES**

*July the Fourth*

**DAN RAPHAEL**

*Highway Patrol*

**DAVID GIANNINI**

*In the Village*

**JOHN M. BENNETT**

*litlivre*  
*breaking glass*

**JAMES GRABILL**

*Smoldering Wing-Beat Swells*

**RICARDO DEL RISCO**

*My Dog Molly*  
*Man in the City*  
*Sleeping Girl*





**RICARDO PAU-LLOSA**

*Survival  
Over*

**CHARLES HOLDEFER**

*Magic Even You Can Do*

**CONTRIBUTORS' ADVICE**





## DALE HOUSTMAN

### America

Such stories I have heard! You wouldn't believe:  
people who own clear minds containing one girl, always the same girl,  
whose name they publish against her wishes.  
A girl whose conscious head is daisy-laden & distributed  
easily as a pamphlet made of gold leaf to the poor.  
Then she clears the dishes. Then she sweeps the floor.

She is the great planet which malingers in the gravity well of his  
ceiling fan.  
Make a wish upon her: only her memories are dead set against  
convulsions  
(as debutantes' memories are apt to be). She is effusive  
about a few good men  
which she forgot to have regretted by someone else.  
She has resigned herself  
to a coarse and intermittent socialism  
of interpretive and dyspeptic apple-sellers,  
and her intermedia family—  
although it is a family of nuclear engineers on volleyball scholarships  
with mothers gaunt and giddy—  
hates the New Porous Novel,  
Pyro-Poetics,  
and having survived a Depression they cannot recall;  
their cobalt battery bones dream  
of purchasing bread with eyes as damp coins,  
and one bar of soap to scrub the electric beehive,  
and so on:  
the following year her body changes thoughts like an old car  
while her sophisticated fellow-travelers form a Weekly Tragedy Club,



a union which takes pains to point to its free pink glasses,  
and the ignorant prettiness of its peasant children.

This is (of course and once more) Anarchy!

Or Malarkey.

There remains her nervous novena in July:

the sacred roads lit by candles from army supply,

counting the stars' pores,

and that western grin

across which coal light fell scorching the wagons;

every plight lights my mind's small wild rose window,

a tree surrounded

by the clattering robotics

of her August Revolution.

Oh, the blossoms of Revolution frost

then thaw then frost again upon the pocketbooks

carried to the teashops and parking lots and ruined crops

full of perfumed and later perforated brides

with their stone lace, their capes and white anchors

made from the recast plate of WWII statuary

(broken in an earthquake washed down by a Gibson)

and

upon the little blue coffee cups

of her sub-aqueous culture spots

staggered down Broadway

where I once feared personal experience but now am protected

and

upon the threshed May darkness

punctuated by elite violences, retorts

in which her mutated delicacy first spoke

in conference rooms

and rhythmically

upon the umbrellas in Honduras,

plantain displays in Guatemala,

Nicaraguan newspaper hats

which bop along the yellow roads toward a shed



reminding us that the Renaissance  
has become (of late) moody,  
sickly and apt to tinkle upon us—  
suddenly it's as if we had called the wrong number  
at the wrong time late night in winter,  
and as if filling stations and casinos  
took care of the poor  
so we don't have to see them in our delicate condition?

And why is Rimbaud so newly listless in his job  
as a semi-literate necktie salesboy?  
And why those dung heap hotels in debt housings along the Pacific?  
And why security cameras disguised as roses  
in the Alhambra  
where children wear typewriter ribbons in their hair  
to celebrate Customer Day  
and then the cocaine lawyer forgets to phone the Mayor,  
because the profit margin has been fixed (sub-rosa) at infinity.  
And why the laundry full of stains from shrimp boats, cod cakes,  
heated egg-white flings, frosted olive squeezies,  
tomato massacrée, black matter shoegloss,  
diamond oil, ashtrays full of warm flesh,  
and sausages small as a woman's cigarette  
and just as white.

Oh Sunday  
at the propaganda kiosks (remember?)  
bedecked in red leatherette,  
cracked but so fetching at first glance  
you do not notice the food & wine  
dumped in the reactor-shaded terrarium  
for the Pope's pet panthers,  
and the kerosene stove burning  
in the ancient Carmelite convent  
as a hundred blessed hands pick at the berries  
(or are they sores).



But

her friends assure her the streets are so charming  
even in darkness down amidst the knives,  
and that the lovebirds are only being hanged  
because it is washday in Eden,  
and that the muddy rivulets now full of tiny mullet tugs & gun boats  
are also filling with sugared oranges & comedic orangutans  
for the gray babies coming into their majority  
in this Blue Decade of vented sensation,  
the Decade of the gold chrome deities  
and their stalwart companions,  
the prudish conversationalists. Who giggle.  
And upon the flesh waving at the crossroads like a rag.  
And on and on.

And I am sure the driveways have come to accept their own  
phenomenon,  
at least they seem indefatigable and ultimate,  
like a youthful Stalin filling his dance card,  
and (if we only remember to register)  
the Party will blossom beside the outdoor pool,  
a lotus surrounded by tall cool drinks and light jazz  
and buzzing intellectuals preening.  
Her Sunday is always a sweet embolism about to happen,  
another miracle always ahead, or a refreshment billboard  
advertising mice swimming in hi-ball glasses,  
and this is perfectly logical  
and we pay  
in our perfectly logical way.

And (finally) it is her depressing blue eyes  
(sub-aqueous culture staggering down Broadway),  
her mother-of-pearl soul, lithe and spike-haired,  
dreaming of a baby smoking a cigarette,  
dreaming of the raven trace of our scruples  
finger-worked deep into the dimpled and deckled slipcovers,



voraciously  
dreaming of the sun's genital scarring,  
the immortality of labor and value  
whose youth was trivial  
and whose senility is irrelevant.

And then she clears the dishes.  
And then she sweeps the floor.





**Mother Is Giving Birth To The Next President!**

**dmh2013**

**MOTHER IS GIVING BIRTH TO THE NEXT PRESIDENT!**  
by Dale Houstman, 2013, digital image





BREAK TIME by Dale Houstman, 2010, digital image



JANET KAUFFMAN

## **Lay of the Land**

Babies are born here and let loose. It happens in various places, in lowlands where you don't expect to see animals, not even cats, or where if you do see them, they're bulky as grade-schoolers, with wide faces and combed yellow hair. Out in farm country especially, where you don't expect to see trees or even stumps of trees, but where if you see them, they're shamelessly inhabited, wired and roofed, and inside the plate-glass windows you see large sofas and tall lamps.

A baby in that sort of place walks off.

There she is, crossing a field.

A baby is conceived and born into the world. Mother and father are not entirely extraneous. But the baby enters her first room and before she has anything to say on the matter, the sun falls across her body, or light falls from a lamp whose firing power, generated from coal, traces all the way back to leaf, and sun on leaf.

And so from the moment of cutting loose, the baby is weathered, not fathered or mothered. Let the father and mother, fully attired, do what they will, the baby has feet and arrangements of toes pressing against the variable textures of the ground. She has armpits accommodating air, whether still or blowy.

It is interesting to see how the weight of her legs shifts, the awkwardness of her, crossing furrows. She learned not long ago how to cross one leg under the other and grab onto cloth, or branch-works, or onto the side of a sand hill, and pull herself up. Already she knows what to do with her shoulders when the unevenness of the ground rocks her. She rocks back. A graph of the points of the top of her head, as she meanders, would be a graph of topography, the lay of the land, and its relative give at the weight of each step.

This is a sandy field, and it is hot. It is probably summer, or she wouldn't yearn, as babies yearn in that weather, to walk off in every



direction. Of course it is not ambition. She doesn't know east from west. She hasn't asked for directions to the nearest community college. She is, in fact, too low to the ground to see over the lowest hill and count the roofs of Valley Country Estates, its conglomeration of thirty-five roofs.

She is out for nothing but pleasure, and the answers to unvoiced bodily questions concerning wind direction, sun and shade, colors of this and that, relative humidity, tastes, light and dark. She knows already of discomfort and pain: thorns, cuts, chills. What she's learned from these matters is hard to say. She goes on. She expects more of that kind of thing, that's about how it looks. She is not deterred. She is not, apparently, frightened. She has seen birds and they seem very simple to her.

No wonder this baby has kept herself going for three days. She is almost out of range. She has not thought once to enter a backyard. She keeps at a distance, within hedgerows, low in the ditches, on the shadowy side of brush. She follows those intermittent, leftover bits of wild growth, the tangle comparable to her own purposelessness, and abandonment.

She is a rangy, leathery baby, three days out.

A baby is easy to track. To start with. But out of familiar territory, the ways she chooses to go may be so erratic, involving so much backtracking and looping about, that the tracker cannot count on patterns within the species to guess where a baby might turn up next. Not many babies are tracked beyond the first miles. And dogs, befrienders of babies always, lick the toes and fingers when they come upon a baby, and leave her to her play.

At the edge of a sandy field, the baby finds herself in an interesting place. The ground slopes off abruptly—she will have to slide feet first. But beyond that is a gradual tilt towards a marshland, its wide expanse of water and toppled straw-colored grasses. The place is a flat-bottomed bowl, a no-place.

She slides half-way down, holding onto the stalks of switchgrass to steady herself. She stops when she hits the lull and the heat—that line where the bowl's edges block off the wind. She turns her head, sorts out the noises: insects, frogs, birds. Overhead streaming of air.



She leans into warm sand, newly-dug, the debris from a fox hole, a groundhog hole, just up the slope. It is soft, beachy sand. And she sleeps.

There is no need to worry. It's the middle of the day, the safest hour for a baby in the wild. She's lucky not to be at the corner of Main and Church, where a baby about her weight has just been thrown into the air by a Ford Ranger; lucky not to be under the third roof in Valley Country Estates where—what you'd expect—a baby is thrashed by a 38" Wrangler belt, wielded by her mother. Some babies are sleeping in their cribs, that's true, and some are eating peas and carrots. Even so, they are babies at risk.

In the wild, or at least the out-of-the-way, a baby sleeps profoundly. If there is danger, or death, it is no anomaly. It is simply there, for all species, equally. Could it be their democratic nature that drives these babies out? The reason they refuse pillows, and pack nothing?

Probably not. They haven't talked enough, haven't got far enough past the nouns. Sun. Rock. Bird.

Tree. Wolf. Sky.

\* \* \*

When the baby wakes, she recognizes it is a wolf beside her. It is not a fox. It has blue wolf eyes.

And it paces, it will not sit down. The wolf walks around the baby. When any one of its feet hits the sand, there's a spit of dust. The fur on the paw flares out, muffles any sound. Circling, the wolf comes to terms with the baby. There she is. She stands up. She walks as best she can in the deep sand. They mirror each other: they walk, they halt. The baby does not think to smile. The wolf has a mouth that is shadow. And the baby holds her tongue in shadow, too. She does not have teeth. Does the wolf have teeth?

Likely. Very likely.

And yet it is not until evening that she sees how the whole of the wolf body works in the capture and feasting on rabbit, for instance, and how the tongue draws in water out of the swamp. The baby, scooping up



water, becomes aware of her own muscled arms, the intricate fingering. She recognizes how, without plan, she swallows and chews at mulberries. How she can throw them away.

The wolf circles and settles down under a shelf of wild grape whose vines have overtaken a tree and arched the lowest branches. In the same place, some feet away, the baby heaps up leaves and maneuvers under them, her cover. It is possible the wolf has wandered from its haunts. Why else would these two link themselves without suspicion and watch over each other's sleep—the wolf, perhaps a baby, too, awake from midnight to dawn; the baby alert from dawn to noon.

At noon, they take off. We can guess where. Fables are what we recall. Or something quite different. The baby, for instance, when she is able, grows hair on her body. It is not fur, but still, she is never mistaken for Miss Arkansas. And the wolf—he eventually stands, when he must, and trims off a bit of fur. They live a long time on their own. They sit around; they fabricate musical instruments out of dried mud and reeds. They are sick, and wounded, more often—or is it less often?—than adolescents in Valley Country Estates.

They have chance, inevitable contacts with farmers, surveyors, the Army Corps of Engineers. And as they grow larger, the territory they inhabit diminishes, that's how it seems. They consider the advantages of permanent shelter, and there—that's the turn-about point.

They walk into town and enroll in a literacy program.

Before long, they are both employed, paying taxes, and enjoying the fruits of their labor. For vacations, they choose the national parks, where their tax money does that they like, and where they feel peculiarly at home. They never figure it out, but even in town where there is painted plaster and a wall of particle board, they make love. They roll themselves around. Belly to belly, belly to back, they aren't very particular about the light, or the dark, that falls in the room.

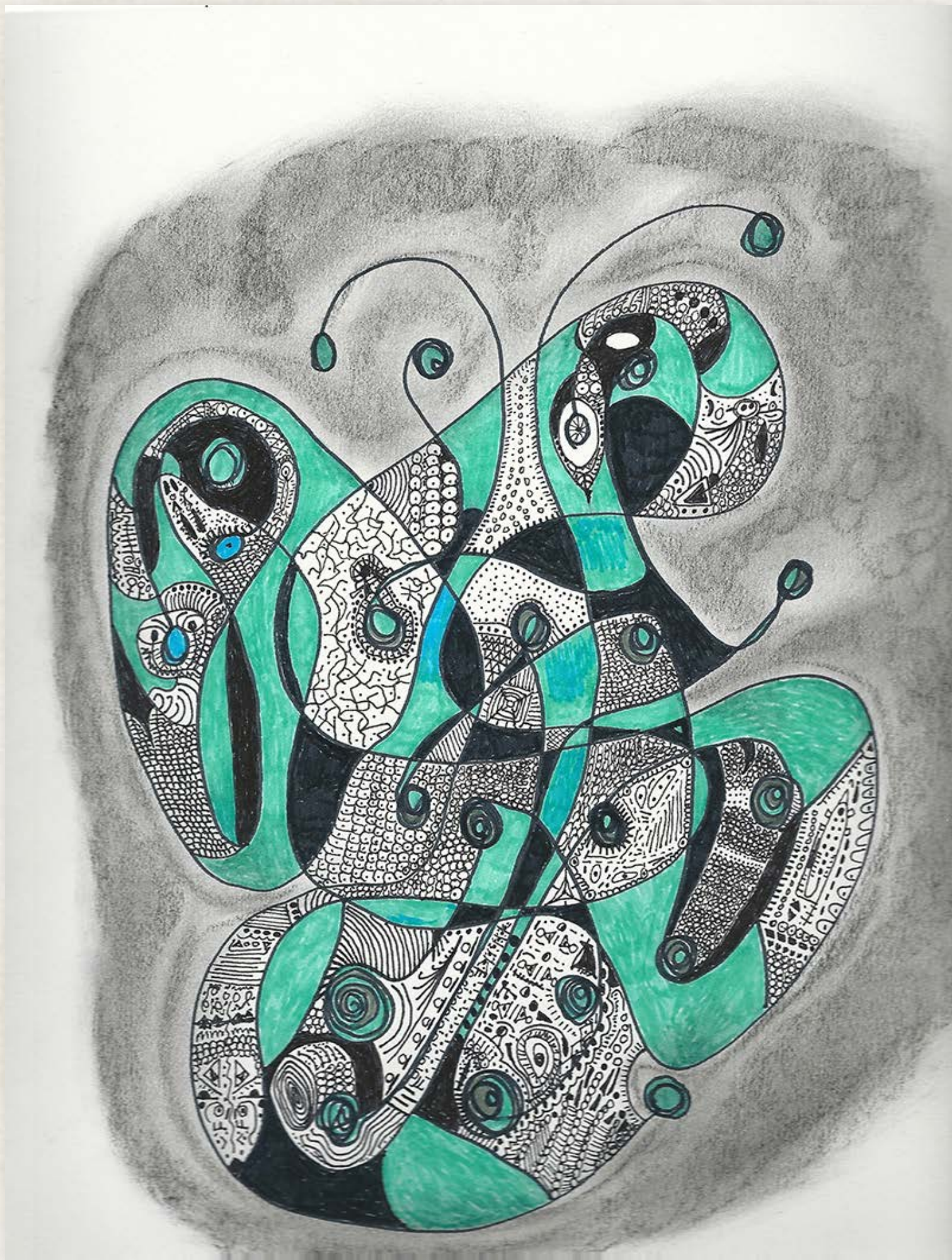
You might say they're home free. You might say the mat of hair on their bellies is a thing of the past. You might say that.





JAZZ MUSICIANS by Ray Gonzalez, 1999  
ink on paper (17" x 11")





PHASE by Ray Gonzalez, 2012, ink on paper (11'' x 8 1/2'')



MICHAEL S. HARPER

***Birdsong***

*for Robert Hayden: (1913-1980), in memoriam—*

*[“the film is never the book!”: R.H. to M.S.H.]*

She: the wronged woman (*Jen*)

Though they are sisters: (*Isabelle*)

It is **1910** (*later WW 1 in fragments/militarized France*)

There is no food or wine for factory-workers

Their children will not eat *French* bread

Because wronged woman will not live long enough

Though she has *heart & soul*

(*Albion, France her ancestral home*)

*Robins’ Nests Breaking In James Europe’s Hellfighters’ Band*

As they troll estuaries of seduction

*Monet* lightnin’ bugs of perception

lost picnicking rites of *modernity*

‘*trained incapacity*’—Thorstein Veblen

whispered near townsquare of *Northfield, Minnesota*

Yanks enlisted-as-volunteer-regiments in ‘17

tunnels blowing Huns & Brits

together squandered unholy carnage until *Armistice-everlasting:*

ancient lessons: *to love one another or die*

or maybe to-live broken  
with no *Belovedkin* to heal survivors, to hold

ringfingers as mementos: sons & daughters  
to sodder bronze elements

in every still-born cemetery  
crosses on unmarked-graves

under & above-ground  
*silos*, every stream

*The Sacred Geometry*  
of living & dying

for lost **Beloveds**  
all *Liberty-Fraternity-War-Bonds*

scoured as *War & Peace*  
*mangled by Art & Song*

*bad-storylines at the Savoy,*  
*licorice for unborn daughter,*

*“Francoise,” who you did not know existed*  
*While you cuckolded Isabelle’s Rene in 1910*

*Dead, his duty-done at 40, for the Republic,*  
*Your English-gentleman-agnostic-boy-of-20*

*too boyishly-philosophical*  
*for what high-born-woman-truly*

*costs: Jen, who survived*



*Harper/24*

**Isabelle**, *dead in homestead-bombing-raids*

*Never truly understanding  
What was martialled by silent gestures:*

*“You are the only woman I ever loved.”  
Class warfare at Tsomme, your life rescued*

*By a common soldier who knew one truth:  
“To save the hero Love your wife, your only son,*

*who dies of diptheria at 15 months  
While you died in dugout-mine-trestling*

*Beneath German munitions  
Who spoke language of default*

*Just barely above you;  
At the “snipped” barricades*

*Underneath groundwater of explosives:  
Survivors, even Generals,*

*Know little cost-assessment-tactical-stratagems  
To King, to country,*

*To broken terraces Albion trenches  
The true meaning*

*Of Somme river-dead  
**“the only woman I ever loved”***

*another man’s woman, two adolescent children  
neither Isabelle’s nor Jen’s*

*but your own Francoise at almost seven  
with no way of knowing*

*your love-child as yours to cherish*  
**all you could truly know of Isabelle's heart-work**

*what you were told in secret by her sister, Jen,  
all family you will ever know in wartime*

*of torn Albion battleground & romance before,  
with no artesian well-water*

*to drink afresh to wash nascent wounds  
film-noir fin de siècle*

*veiled tableaux of fancy, revenge, subterfuge*  
**Birdsongs** to lull asleep

*Lost Generations of Breedlove:  
amniotic fluids of War*

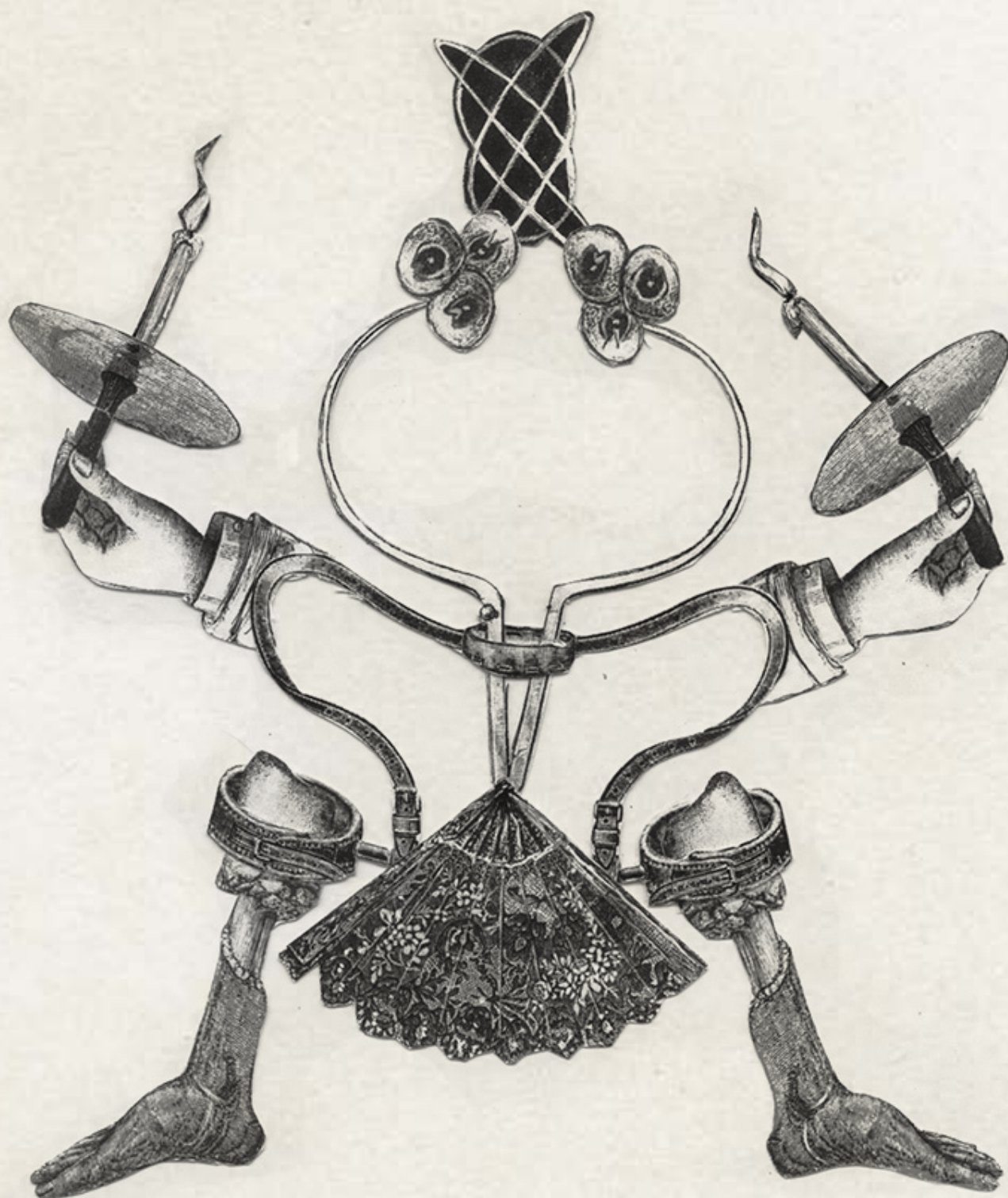
*Amnesia of Peace*  
*Normandy provinces,*

*Bucolic cemeteries riven under*  
*"The Walnut Trees of Altenberg"*

*Where Art Meets Song:*  
*"To be a good liar hold fast to Poor Remembrance:"*

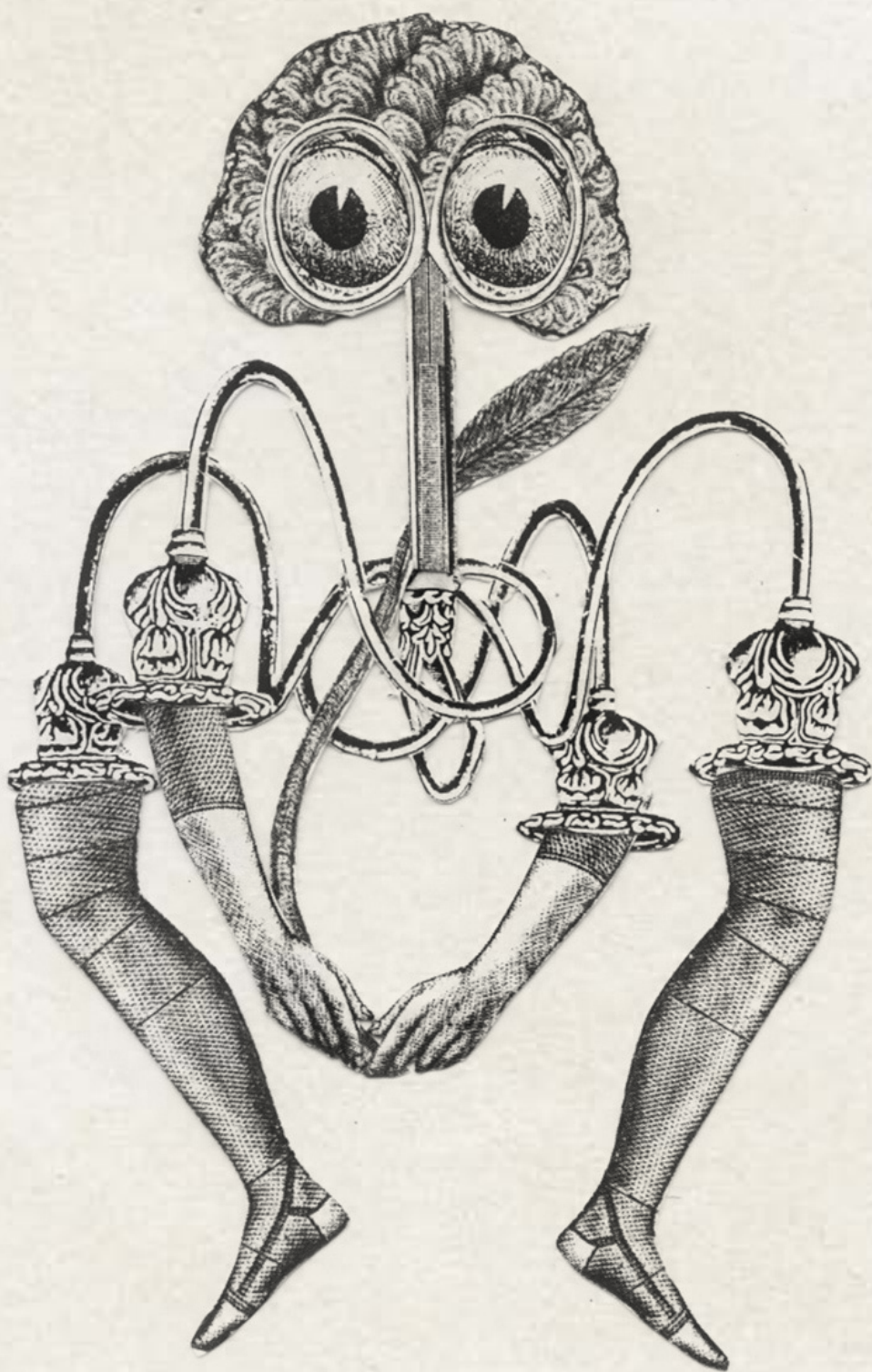
*poet-laureate-emeritus-Robert Hayden-riffed beyond gravesite:*  
*Po' Wayfaring Stranger, posthumously-published, in his name.*





UNTITLED by John Digby, 2014, collage





UNTITLED by John Digby, 2014, collage



## MERCEDES LAWRY

### **In the Shallows**

She walks through the hush-grass,  
splinters of sun at her neck.  
She is leaving someone and forgiveness,  
afraid, begging the question.  
Swallows smooth in descent.  
Part of her has gone missing.  
Etched in white light, wavery.  
Salt pricks her lips. Ahead  
lies a river, jubilant water  
rushing over green-gray rocks.  
She knows just where to cross, a low spot,  
her footprints settling the coarse sand  
briefly, then no trace aside  
from folded bracken on the bank.



**Placeholder**

Absent shadow, myself  
melting into what? air—water—  
a more descriptive slice of moon,  
ultimate, ungainly.

I fret between chapters.  
What is the time allotted?  
How can I get down  
to the actual playing field?

I have no ticket.  
Somewhere there are rooms  
less cold, inviting.  
To no avail sounds so final.



HELLER LEVINSON

**Corner of Melancholia & Implication**

dur    during    dur-a-tion

*en-dure*

drool-chime

runnel-fraud

event-tarnish

longe

longitude

raveling in the unearh of omnidirectional rout, loon-sorcery

masquerades as temperature

druid-spike

parliamentary inversion

rambunction ramp

distillate-titillatives preening orifice



MOE ELEMENTS OF THE FLOATING WORLD VI  
by Yumiko Glover, 2013, oil on canvas (47'' x 63'')



## TERRY HAUPTMAN

### Longing

*No, when longing comes over you,  
sing the great lovers. . .*

Rilke

We think we see clearly  
But only the eternal bleeds through  
Singing the destiny of lovers  
Leaning in winds  
Trying to grasp redemption  
And hanging on.

I have outgrown longing,  
The dark weeping of butterfly flames  
Tremulous in their grief

Breaking the glass eggs of Hieronymus Bosch  
On black earth's violet dust

Following lotus footprints  
To mountain friends  
Throwing stones in the river  
Listening to snails singing of timelessness  
Where ancient prayer  
Sparks painted song  
Waiting for rain.

**The Winds of Lamentation**

*for Ofra Haza (1957-2000)*

*There are, said the Kabbalist,  
two hundred and thirty-one gates into the soul.*

Peter Cole

Pomegranates for the prophets  
Drip blood onto the dark/light of Kharjas  
Rubbed down with the rhythms of Bedouin loss.

Sometimes the soul  
In the Book of Changes  
The Winds of Love  
Calls to you  
From the lavender rain  
Of the whole soul,  
Aneshama, Elo, Hi,  
The phosphorescent glow  
Of Yemenite sound,  
An octave above thunder

Where fragments of fragments  
Shards of shards  
Dance the dawn light  
Pitch now blur  
In the open world's burnt wind

The trees leafing out in their  
Light green splendor  
Drip violet verbena  
*Im Nin' Alu*  
"If the doors are shut."  
From the oaks of Baal  
Beloved of the Soul.



**A Crust of Holy Bread**

*For Marina Tsvetaeva (1892-1941)*

*You would procure the oil of forgiveness  
from the angel*

Jane Miller

How the burnt snow covers your broken life, Marina,  
Covers the raven graves of winter,  
Covers the fated roots of your soul.

Your husband, Efron, in the sanatoria,  
Your youngest daughter, Irina  
In the children's home of Kuntsevo  
Your daughter Ariadna,  
Imprisoned in the penal colony  
Turukhansk, in the arctic,  
Your lover Sophia Parnok departed,  
As your black eyelids close  
Over the frozen world.

At night I hear your voice  
In the great Terror of October  
Evacuated to Yelabuga

Hanging yourself  
Where 400 rubles remain  
Licking scarlet from the depths of decay.  
The burnt winds of desire  
Rising like smoke,  
Seeing eternity in the shadow's clay,  
Soul of your soul.

But the winds, oh my sisters

Shake the night's discordant cries  
Spreading arsenic around the apple trees,  
Shape-shifting the black resins of my fears.  
How can we sleep?  
As orphans bury their milk-teeth in ash  
Weeping for those gassed,  
As paper-making wasps forage shrapnel  
In ruins?  
Do you hear?



**Healing Poem**

*For my mother, Leonora*

*The whole universe is an ocean of dazzling light,  
On it dance the waves of life and death.*

Gary Snyder

Cool me down in the arctic breezes  
Cool me down in the Herculean winds,  
Tell me what you love,  
You have already told me what you hate.

Whisper warm ocean love songs  
From the riptides of desire  
The broken bread of love

Cool me down in the rivers of longing,  
Your breath, my breath,  
From the polar waves,  
The arctic heat.

Sing me a song in the Mama-Loshen  
Mother tongue  
Memory of Workmen's Circle Jews,  
"Don't lie there like a dead latke"  
Send me a kiss, a laughing cry,  
From the world's thunder,

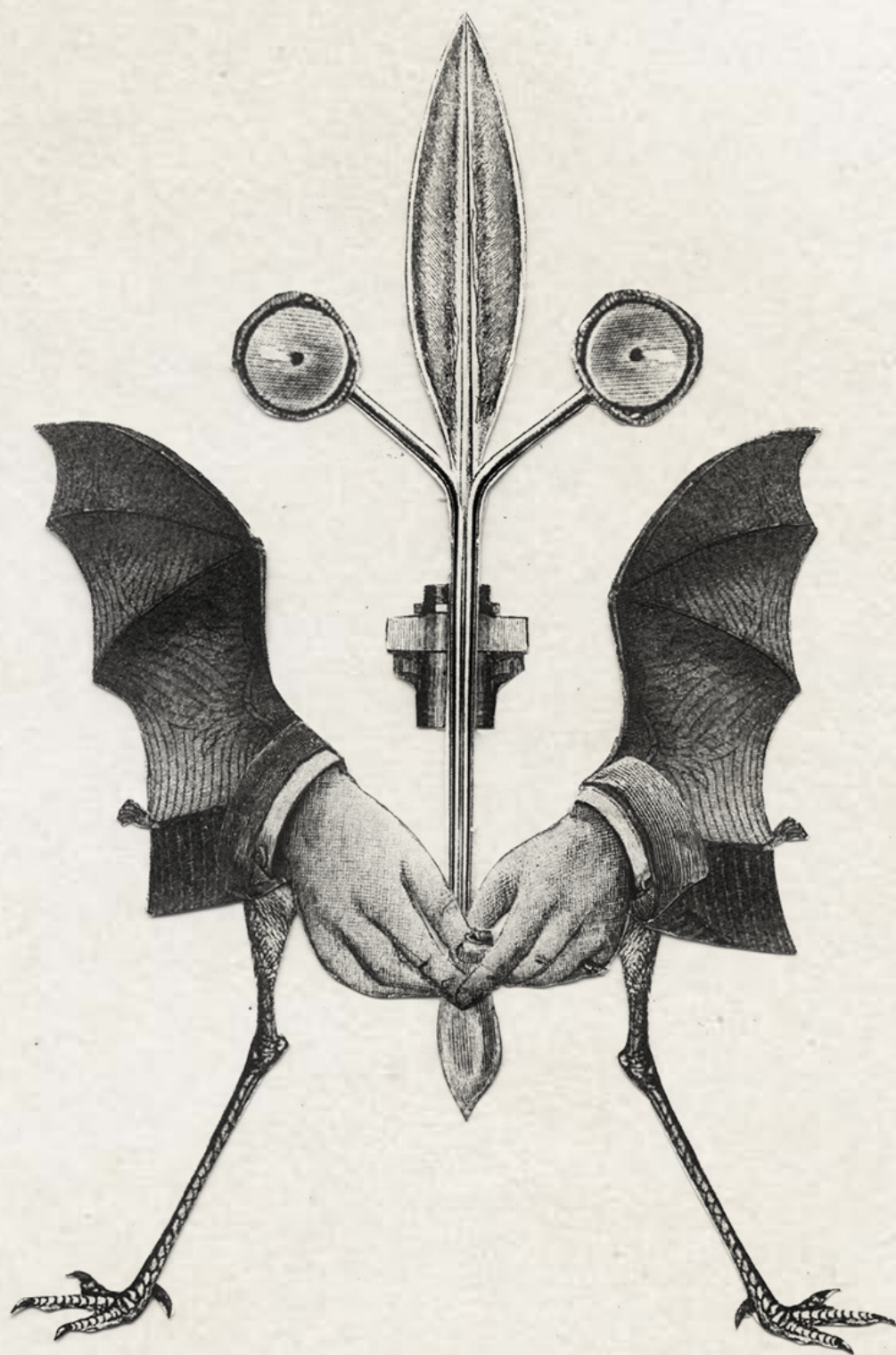
Tell me the wild sweetness  
Of love's music,  
The dark winds fermenting  
In the heart of night.  
Sing me the love for your daughters.

What words will heal you  
Bring you back to yourself,  
As arctic fire shadows your life,  
Cool me down in the arctic breezes,  
Cool me down in the Herculean winds.





DROLLERIE 1 by John Digby, 2014, collage



DROLLERIE 2 by John Digby, 2014, collage



ROB COOK

**The Desert That Can't be Seen From There**

Searching for where the blackjack  
congregations go on a wet day  
inside a house of cards and thunder,

I can leave a room  
when its windows attain arousal.

I can survive sexually-transmitted  
insomnia, and how many  
gutted, overcrowded dollars were taken.

It changes nothing.

I wait for another jack of hearts to grow.

It seems vulnerable, here,  
in my vulnerable hand.

But it isn't a wet day at all.

The gold-plated trees allow no precipitation.

Here, if a king or queen or ace  
gets wet, it will die.

The people, made from paper, do not sleep.

A fake blonde internet stream star  
flaunts her stretched mantis face,

dirigible lips  
and heart-crushing breast  
innovations: ten thousand  
dollars for the lifetime of one condom,  
where more than one self has already been lost.

A man wanders in the endless dawn  
of a two of diamonds  
looking for the brief condensation of a chip  
along its blood-white edge.

Not greed, but almost,  
I slit my wrist  
with a dulled Visa card  
and wait for the faint, continuous  
crag pinks of Vegas.



**Cartel**

They tell me that my shadow causes harm.

But I didn't nail a snake to a tree  
and then peel away  
its silence.

They tell me that my silence causes harm.

They let me hear what a snake sounds like when it screams.

They tell me, twelve-jawed,  
that they left its pain  
under the canopy's reptilian twitching.

I hear that my shadow was only one and a half  
inches deep in the blinding colors  
of the heat hospital,  
and that only twelve shadows survived  
the bible-white sheets.

But the men lost the hospital  
in the snake-dark afternoon.

They tell me I've brought them only holes  
whose women are missing.

Money whose vastness is missing.

They own my breath.  
They take it while it sleeps,  
machete bite by machete bite.

I ask if their clothes are cold  
the way the pythons are cold

and they tell me the screams of a snake  
cost more than ivory,  
more than the stoicism of silver.

They tell me the snakes think it's raining.  
Their pain isn't real.  
Only the screams, which sound  
like the ground turning  
a scarlet shade of diamond, are real.

They tell me those screams can heal all the money I've harmed.



**2014**

I dragged my body to the end of my street  
and there was no new year.

I watched the cinder blocks  
growing legs and fur.  
They had no place to sleep  
or stay warm. And no,  
they were not cats.

I saw a diseased liver on the sidewalk.  
Nothing stopped to sniff  
or taste it. But it smelled  
like a pouch of rancid diamonds.

In one house a phone vibrated  
until it fell to the floor.

In another the children were forcing  
shoes to eat each other.  
Or maybe one child was simply  
chewing his lips.

The houses—and no one knew  
who left them there—were dark  
and absorbed none of the afternoon light.

And on the smallest known world—  
two men—father and son—waited  
to hear the name of the thing  
plundering their insides.

I thought I heard a flock of geese—  
I turned around, twice,  
but it was just a radio chirping

inside a car parked at the wrong  
wind coordinate,

and above us, by a storm deviation or less,  
one uninterrupted cloud mass  
like the lid of a garbage can  
cemented to the sky where nothing moved.

I lured my body to the end of my street  
but it was a lie all along—  
there was no new year.





LA MAGA by Ines Vega, 1989  
acrylic on canvas, batting, wood (63" x 18" x 14")



MERCUREA by Ines Vega, 2012  
acrylic on canvas, batting, wood (16" x 12" x 5")





UN BALBOA by Ines Vega, 2000  
acrylic on canvas, batting, wood (67" x 20" x 12")



TITULO ESFINGE NEGRA by Ines Vega, 1988  
acrylic on canvas, batting, wood (63'' x 20'' x 10'')



## DENVER BUTSON

### red

after the dinner and the drinks. after the pie  
after dinner. and the coffee with and after the  
pie. after the after-dinner drink. and then  
another. after the laughter. after the screen  
door creak and slap. after the light above the  
sink and the wives there washing and laughing.  
after the match flare and cigar smoke. after  
the red eyes of the cigars on the porch. after  
the shooting stars of the flicked embers of the  
cigars from the porch. after a low voice of a  
joke and then silence and then a roar of even  
more laughter. after the goodbyes and the car  
doors. after the rainy sound of tires on the  
gravel lane. then the hollow of the tires across  
the iron bridge. after the dog piss one last time  
and the dog called in. after the barn light gone  
out and then back on briefly. a puff of gnats.  
and then out again, after the darkened  
kitchen. the hall light. the bathroom light.  
the bedroom light. after the small squeak of the  
bed springs. and then the longer deeper groan  
of the bed springs. after the bathroom light  
again. and the farmer's wife's face in the  
mirror. and then gone. light out. small  
squeak. after a short exchange of quiet voices.  
after all that. and just crickets again. the  
steady hum of the water over the dam. after no

time at all. or perhaps minutes and hours.  
after even the stars seemed to be loud against  
the otherwise quiet.

the scarecrow stood just where he always  
stood. before the after of all that. unable to  
recall much of anything at all. and wondering  
if he just imagined how red the farmer's wife's  
lips were. how flushed her cheeks. after the  
glasses kissed. after she drank. and blushed.  
and drank again.



### **underwater vernacular**

the scarecrow is underwater. it is many years from now. many years that we had been warned about. for many years. the scarecrow is underwater. he has been trying to scream for a long time. but he never screamed in his whole long life. above water. let alone under water. never screamed even though he knows he should have. when water was something that would *one day* rise and would *never stop rising*. he should have screamed then. but he didn't. and now this. the scarecrow is underwater. he is trying to remember which direction the farmhouse was in. he is trying to remember where the hill was that the yellow dog used to run up barking. the scarecrow is trying to remember where the farmer's car was parked when the farmer's wife slid out of the passenger seat. and he saw her underpants from up where he was. and how blue the sky was above her. he is trying to remember. but the scarecrow is underwater. and whatever he thinks now he realizes now he must try to think in the language of being underwater. the vernacular of underwater. the scarecrow tries to remember why he never bothered to learn this language long ago. when the writing was on the walls that have now disappeared. what stopped him from learning this language then. before he was underwater? before the drowning of all that was and ever was. before.

**post-mortem notes**

thescarecrowwasmurdered.byawomannamed  
*November*. the scarecrow died. of natural causes.  
the scarecrow's death was sudden. and  
unexpected. he was here one minute. and gone  
the next. someone said the scarecrow received a  
telegram at the captain's table. and then went to  
the top deck. and never returned. it is not the  
custom. in these parts to perform autopsies. but  
the farmer and his wife. have laid out the  
scarecrow. on a cooling board. and are about to  
slice him open. to find some explanation. for  
their sadness. the scarecrow. it is said. was  
wanted by the police. and is no longer. wanted.  
by the police. the scarecrow choked. on a crow  
bone. the coroner said. there can be no other.  
cause of death. he went down in a ball of flames.  
he did not suffer. the scarecrow's last moments  
were peaceful. he was surrounded. by family.  
and mosquitoes. he was warmed by all the cards.  
he had received. from well-wishers. around the  
globe. the scarecrow left a suicide note. but  
nobody can read his handwriting. and he didn't  
commit suicide. he hanged himself in the library  
once. but he didn't die. the scarecrow's death  
date will be celebrated. in some cultures. every  
year. with effigies. and songs the scarecrow  
would have hated. his body was traced on the  
sidewalk. by the medical examiner. and now the  
kids are using it. for a strange game. of  
hopscotch.



**the alibis of scarecrows**

the alibis of scarecrows  
almost always involve avalanches  
the unspoken rules of hopscotch  
a Pontiac that wouldn't start

the alibis of scarecrows  
inevitably come around to  
the chorus of a song  
nobody sings anymore  
the way you started and re-  
started your sentences  
the taste of the skin  
just above your belt buckle

the alibis of scarecrows  
seem to always reference 1967  
a comic inability to fold a paper map  
a promise misheard as a threat  
the sudden blindness  
caused by dandelions  
unleashed by wind

the alibis of scarecrows  
either begin or end  
with some mention of rain  
usually include an apology for stuttering  
an excuse for grammatical inconsistencies  
an acknowledgment of a coffee stain

the alibis of scarecrows  
are sometimes accompanied by  
an old passport photo

an alarm clock's expired warranty  
a parking ticket ripped in half  
by a traffic cop

the alibis of scarecrows  
do not always but sometimes end  
with a white chalk drawing  
of a body on a sidewalk  
a psychic taking detectives  
back to the scene of an avalanche  
a mechanic popping open  
the giant hood of a Pontiac

the alibis of scarecrows  
are not indexed  
or followed by a glossary  
there is no table of contents  
to the alibis of scarecrows

the alibis of scarecrows  
are written in the margins  
of the confessions of scarecrows  
in script so tiny  
they might only be legible  
to mosquitoes or gnats



**every year once a year**

every year  
once a year

she comes to him  
where he is in the barn

she holds him  
by his shoulders

and she looks  
at him

his face  
his hair

his neck  
and down

she takes in  
every inch

of him

and then every year  
once a year

she undresses him  
unbuckling

unbuttoning  
every article

of his clothes  
tossing each aside

and every year  
once a year

he stands naked  
before her

and even though  
he is man-made

even though  
she and her husband

fashioned him  
out of rags

and newspaper  
and straw

she blushes  
a little

when he is naked  
when she is charged

with adjusting him  
with re-arranging him

she seems to try  
to look him only

in his eyes  
when she fusses

with his body  
and then



*Butson/58*

every year  
once a year

she begins  
to dress him again

and even though  
he is man-made

even though  
he was fashioned

out of scraps  
by her husband and her

he allows himself  
to lean in

a little  
as her hands

do their work  
methodically

dressing him  
again

and he too  
will not look down

but stares into  
her face

the pins  
between her lips

the stray end  
of hair

she keeps trying  
to blow back

as the arpeggio  
of her fingertips

their efficiency  
as they button him

buckle him  
tuck him

and straighten him  
while he looks

and looks  
at her face

as if by looking  
he will remember it

and see nothing  
but her face

the balance of this year  
the bulk of the next

until she comes  
for him again

and takes off  
these clothes



*Butson/60*

she has just finished  
getting him into

with a *there*  
*that ought to do you*

and a quick kiss  
on his cheek

before the farmer returns  
and says what he says

every year once a year  
*I could have worn that shirt*

*for at least one more year*  
*but it does look good on him*

and then together  
every year

once a year  
they hoist him

up into  
the farmer's arms

and every year  
once a year

he is carried  
looking over

the farmer's shoulder  
at her  
watching him

almost all the way

back up  
the hill

and then just before  
they are almost

out of sight  
of one another

she waves  
or just tucks

back that stray  
end of hair

and then stoops  
and gathers up

last year  
in her arms

and turns away.



**scarecrow wings**

the scarecrow doesn't have wings  
he has no means of flight

no way of un-harnessing himself  
from this filthy stake

and soaring clean  
above the fields

the very things he was built  
to frighten away

have more means of escaping  
than he could ever have

\*

but if the scarecrow were to have wings  
these would be those wings

these leather-belted nickel-buckled paper wings  
draped in cobwebs in the hay loft

certainly something left over  
from one of the plays the farmer's wife did

years ago before kids  
and the drag of gravity

she was hoisted up  
by a cable the audience couldn't see

and she flew every night  
for just a moment

*there's nothing like that moment*  
she told the farmer

*when the earth lets go of you*  
*and the air has you*

\*

the scarecrow doesn't have wings  
he has never flown

even in an airplane  
as the farmer did

when he was eighteen  
and someone died

or the farmer's wife did  
in a play about flying

\*

except in dreams  
when any of us  
if we are lucky  
can fly

the scarecrow has never flown

\*

if the scarecrow were to fly  
he would go to the hayloft



and strap the belts  
around his shoulders  
and buckle the buckles  
at his waist and breastbone  
he would open the hayloft door  
and step to the edge

the farm would be  
what he flies over first

\*

the farm would be what he flies over first  
and then the river  
and the bigger river the river meets  
and the even bigger river they become  
before giving themselves over  
to the bay and then the ocean

\*

*there's nothing like the moment*  
the scarecrow says  
to himself

\*

fishermen would look up at him  
and think he is some kind of bird  
they had never seen before

and wonder if they were dreaming  
or drunk from too much sun

other birds might mistake him  
for a predator bird

and truly be scared  
like he was never able to scare them before

if he could fly

\*

the farm is what he would fly over last  
back down circling the farm house  
the yellow dog barking at him up there  
and then looking confused at where  
the scarecrow usually is and barking even more madly  
at the absence of the scarecrow there

\*

and over the out buildings  
the spring house and the outhouse  
the grape arbor and the farmer's chair there

keeping some distance from the farmer himself  
walking the edge of the potato field  
and from time to time kicking at something  
and then bending down to pick it up  
and shouting back at the dog to be quiet  
with no idea that the scarecrow isn't  
right where he left him isn't right where he always is

\*

the farmer's wife will hear the dog barking  
and step out onto the porch  
still in her nightgown with her coffee  
and she will see him up there



*Butson/66*

but she won't wave or applaud  
as she will surely want to do

but she will smile and tuck a stray end of hair  
back behind her ear

and the scarecrow will know that she knows  
that it is him up there flying at last

\*

he can almost hear her intake of breath  
almost see the tear about to roll down her cheek

\*

he'll land at the edge of the hayloft window  
and he will be no longer flying  
he will be one who has just flown

one who no longer has not flown

\*

he will take care of the business of unbuckling  
and unharnessing of unraveling himself from the wings  
of putting the wings back where they were  
and draping some cobwebs back on them

and then waiting

the farmer will finish in the potato field  
and then go see the farmer up the road  
they will stand each with a foot up on a fence rail  
and spit and talk about who knows what

and the scarecrow will run across the field  
bending low behind the corn

with the yellow dog yapping madly  
and hoist himself up and harness himself  
again to his stake

\*

but scarecrows don't have wings  
and even if they had access to someone else's wings  
and the opportunity one April morning  
to strap them on and fly  
scarecrows cannot articulate buckles and straps  
let alone allow themselves  
to trust wings and wind

\*

the farm is what a scarecrow  
would fly over first

as a matter of necessity  
for getting elsewhere  
the geography of leaving a place

and the farm is what a scarecrow  
would fly over last

to return to where he has always been  
to fill the absence of scarecrow

when the scarecrow is gone  
to be able to affirm that he has indeed flown



*Butson/68*

for no scarecrow would simply fly away  
even if he could fly

without coming back  
to be able to know that he really flew

and that it all wasn't just  
the same dream again

## ZOLTÁN KOMOR

### **The Wild Bull**

*inspired by the electronic music of Morton Subotnick*

Cobblestones heated in the sun, like the thousand shoulder-blades of the devil. Above the narrow street hangs a bunch of dead roosters on a clothesline. Red ink drips from their slashed throats onto the heads of passers-by. Stray dogs jab their long tongues into the dark puddles. Children in grimy trousers run up and down in the morning heat, begging for money on the corners.

“For one peso I’ll show you what today’s bullfight is gonna be like!” offers a dirty-faced boy to a fat tourist, who hands him a coin.

“It better be good!” he warns the kid, who begins to do a shadow play. His small hands project a tiny man and a bull onto the cracked wall. The animal rushes the tiny toreador, who tricks the bull, stepping aside at the final moment.

“Wow! I can’t believe it! Like it was real!” the fat man marvels, touching the wall with his sausage fingers.

“Stop! Don’t do it, señor!” shouts the boy, but it is too late. The little shadow-bull runs at the groping hand, stabbing its horns deep into the skin. The tourist’s scream echoes through the streets, lights cigars between chapped lips in the cantina, where sweaty men clink glasses and place their bets. Not far from here, the arena’s wooden benches creak as the first spectators arrive and take their seats.

The toreador is still at home, standing in front of the mirror, putting on his glittering clothes. Then he steps into the bedroom and pulls the red blanket off his naked lover. Her milk-white skin almost lights the shady room.

“I’m gonna sit in the first row, like I always do!” she promises. “Will you give me the bull’s testicles?”

“Aren’t you a little too eager?” The toreador smiles and carresses the



girl's face. Then he runs out of the room, blanket in hand.

Distant trumpets harrumph and phlat as raddle-faced señoras arrive. Their gigantic breasts sway left to right and right to left, knocking plaster from the walls. Men turn and whistle after them, but then the admirers notice that these aren't real women at all, only shadow figures.

"Come here, you little skunk!" they yell at the dirty-faced boy, who begins to laugh as he runs toward the alley, angry men at his back.

"Now this is what I call the running of the bulls!" the kid jeers, accidentally knocking over a basket full of apples. The boy disappears around the next corner, but his shadow stays behind, picking up the shadows of the fruits, putting them into the shade of the basket.

The toreador now stands in the middle of the arena facing the corral's wooden door; he is shaken by the attacks of a wild animal in the other side. Tears of sweat drip from his moustache to the thirsty ground. He turns aside and watches his lover blow him a kiss. In transit the kiss turns into a white pigeon. Men in black hats arrive and try to catch the panicked bird that flies above their stretching fingers, then alights on the toreador's shoulder. But the trumpets begin to cry, scaring away the bird, and it disappears into the sky. A sharp slam shakes the air as the corral door swings open, knocking plaster from the old arena walls. The toreador tenses his muscles and the crowd rumbles. As the smoky plaster dust subsides, the toreador's mouth hangs open when he sees, not a bull in the corral, but a small dirty-faced boy. He was the one who banged the corral door with an old rusty bucket. The crowd begins to laugh, and the toreador tries to join them, but only flustered whimpers leave his throat. The red blanket shakes in his hand.

"Señor, señor, I can invoke the beast if you like, and it will only cost you one peso!" jeers the boy, dropping the bucket. He twists his fingers, and a shadow-bull appears on the wall.

"Here's your enemy, mister! Come quick, or it will run away in fear!"

The toreador just stands there ashamed, and the red blanket falls to the ground. He looks at the crowd with the eyes of a suppliant, but everyone just keeps laughing. Then he stares at his lover. She's the only one who doesn't even smile. She sits there straight-faced, her jaws chewing at something. What can it be? There's a bloody egg in her fingers. The legs of the toreador begin to shake. As he looks down, he

sees a blood stain growing on the crotch of his trousers. He collapses to the ground. His shadow flies out from under him and moves into the small boy's palm.

\*

The cobblestones melt quietly under the girl's gentle steps. As she walks through the narrow streets, her white dress and even whiter skin fade into the walls. Suddenly a hand taps her shoulder. She turns around and sees a small beggar boy. The dust on his young face is like a shadow.

"Señorita!" begins the kid. "For one peso, I'll show you what's today's bullfight is gonna be like!"

The girl begins to laugh on hearing this offer. She tousles the youngster's hair.

"Don't bother, I know exactly what going to happen!" she answers. "It's gonna be glorious! You can believe me, I'm the toreador's girlfriend! And he's a real hero, who has already defeated ninety-nine bulls! He told me that after he conquers this one, he's gonna hire a medium to call up the ghosts of the hundred bulls, just to fight them all over again!"

Then she leaves the kid, who follows her with angry eyes. As the girl walks away, she feels a raindrop hit her shoulder. Then another and another. Is it going to rain? That would be a real disaster, because the bullfight would be cancelled, and she couldn't watch her beautiful lover fighting his hundredth bull. She looks up and realizes these aren't raindrops at all. Dead roosters hang above the street on clotheslines, the blood dripping from their slashed throats.

"Oh, my pretty white dress!" she hisses, looking at the red spots on her shoulder. Then she hears the boy laughing. As she continues to walk, the blood continues to drip on her. Wherever she looks, she sees dead roosters: hundreds of them, hanging on those clotheslines. More and more tears fall on her, a blood rain that paints her dress red. When the girl finally decides to turn back, she gives the boy a bitter look. But he just stands there laughing.

"Stop it!" she yells at the kid. The dress and her skin are all red now.



The girl begins to cry.

“I would hurry up a bit, if I were you, Señorita!” says the boy. “They’re going to release the bull soon. I bet that beast is gonna love that new dress of yours!”

She opens her mouth and tries to answer when the sharp slam of a door shakes the air, and she hears the clopping of hooves. The red girl begins to run, gasping and yelling for help, but it seems like the whole city is empty.

“Maybe everyone’s at the arena!” she thinks, accidentally knocking over a basket full of apples. She runs along, speeding up, turning right at the next corner, hearing the huffing of the bull behind her. She’s afraid to look back.

The next street is an exact copy of the previous one. And then every street looks the same. A bowled over basket and rolling apples hamper her every way she turns.

\*

Moustached men blow their golden trumpets. The crowing of roosters fills the arena. The sound of horned pigeons vibrates in the air, whimpers of stray dogs under the hot cobblestones. The toreador cuts his image out of the mirror with a sharp sword. He hands it to his lover, who engulfs it with kisses, painting it red with her rouged lips. Later, the man steps onto the plaza de toros, and watches as his mirror image wilts into a limp shadow in his hand.

“You ain’t gonna defeat the bull with that, Señor!” yells a fuzzy-haired little boy from the crowd. The people around him begin to howl.

The walls sweat, salty drops on the lime, like shiny tears from an old building. Young girls tear off their kissing mouths and throw them at the toreador, who capes the pursed lips with the shadow in his hand.

“Toro!” he laughs. The crowd gets excited, passes around a basket full of apples, and everybody takes one. Then they begin to peg them at the toreador, who skilfully sidesteps the flying apples.

“Toro! Toro!” he yells, strutting up and down like a shiny rooster,

further provoking the mass of humanity. Someone throws the empty basket at him, but he jumps away, and it lands on the ground. His lover in the first row moans with pleasure, admiring her man's skills.

Soon the huddled mass arises. The dirty-faced boy is the spokesman. He's tiny, but his cruel voice echoes through the arena: "Stone him!"

So the people run out to the streets and pry up the hot cobblestones, which they throw at the retreating toreador.

"Leave him alone!" his lover begs them, as white pigeons fly out of her throat. But it's no use; the villagers stomp the birds with their boots.

The ashes of smoldering horns spread over the town. Glasses hustle and clink in the cantina. Dogs lie in the shadows of fat señoras. The girl stands in the street, looking up at her dead lover, who hangs above the narrow street on a clothesline. Blood drips from his wounds, mixed with tears it paints her face and dress bright red.

"See, Señorita, it's entirely your fault!" says the boy behind her. „If you'd have given me that peso, I'd have showed you this was going to happen."

As the boy walks away, the alleys drink up his long echoing laugh. The girl bends down and pries up the toreador's shadow from the street. She drapes it over her hand and returns home. She lies there in her bed, with blanket and shadow, and closes her eyes. A nightmare rushes at her forehead over and over again.





FALLING 1 by Lan Yuan-hung, 2014, digital photograph



FALLING 2 by Lan Yuan-hung, 2014, digital photograph



IVAN ARGÜELLES

(**“hip”**)

what they call him,

way down Mexicali way

no day is as remote as this  
one

nothing on the spectrum but  
white lies

a continent upside down and  
reversed

biosphere immersed in  
dispersed ash

no day more remote than this  
one

telephone memory of the day it  
happened

the crash on the unexpected  
road

the glass breaking in the  
infinite gyre

the sudden onslaught of fever  
and madness

inches away from the entrance  
to hell

the big shot of gasoline and  
fine perfume

always knows what to say

no hour more isolated than  
this one

putting on the finery to strut

in marijuana fashion show with  
mirrors

cut of the cloth all bright  
red and stamped

buttoned to the nines in black  
ivory

smoking one big joint of  
colombian gold

after another jazz hyphenated  
soul Baby

and the next thing you know  
BANG

nothing left



to do but hang it out to die

hang it out to die

no minute more distant than  
this one

that way

he was dead that way from the  
start

no year too rapid no time  
cycle too swift

all brilliance and flash way

hummingbird alliteration of  
thought

fourth way

with mojo hand and little John  
the conqueror

no instant more remote than  
this very one

when the universe in a zip-lock  
bag

upstairs

who let the wind out of the  
sack

who picked all the dandelions

who mowed all the summer lawns

who delivered the papers today

who let Pandora open the box

always knows what to say

Ulysses going home the long  
sea route

make it

lay with Nausicaa and Circe  
hot august noon

stayed up all night to count  
the stars

climbed the aerial stairway to  
Nirvana

just when Mind altered its  
dimensions



no now more far off than this  
now

nickel bag reefer madness  
cinema

moving faster than the speed  
of sound

shadow walking in the mansions  
of the moon

shadow talking to the chicks  
along the way

jive

shifting with all the moves of  
a jazz solo

honking vibrating finger  
popping bright

this is once in a lifetime

this is really once in a  
lifetime

but now there is no now left  
to play

however remote this very day

however distant this very  
moment

and the next thing you know  
BANG

nothing left

to do but hang it out to die

hang it out to die

By the time that they love him,

gone away

03-22-14

\*Footnote: the world remembers  
my twin brother as

really never got

to know the Prophet. To me he  
was is and always

simply. In the days of our

coming of age he became hip, a hipster, cool, Man,



*Argüelles/82*

a transformation as apparently easy as it was painful,  
because it required shedding many skins, evolving

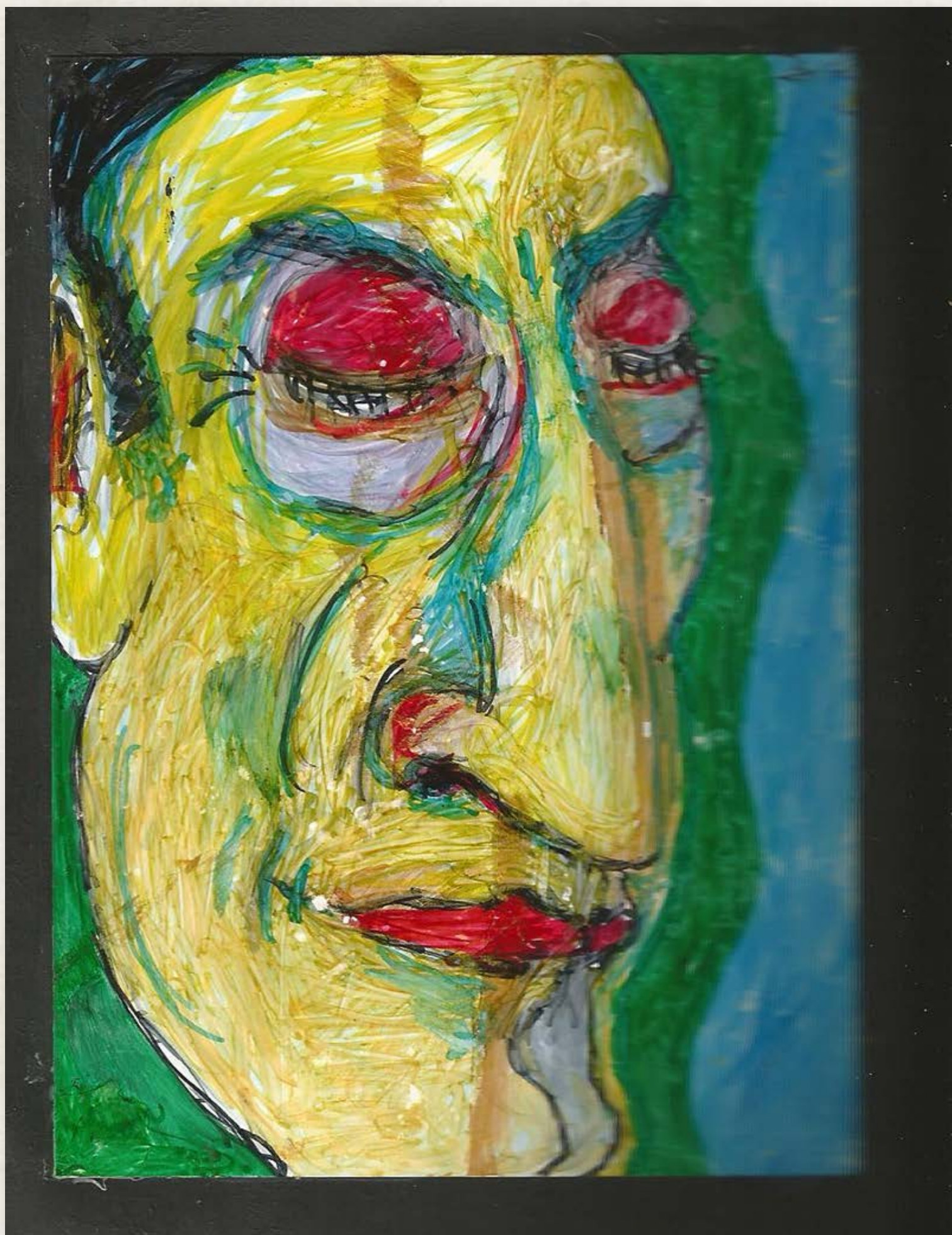
Age Star, the Harmonic Converger, & finally Valum

Votan. On the eve of the 3rd anniversary of his Death



PUNIMS, BOOK 6, PAGE 13 by Austin Strauss, 2012,  
painted art book





PUNIMS, BOOK 6, PAGE 34 by Austin Strauss, 2012,  
painted art book



JON SCHMITT

**I Will Not Offer Blackened Bones**

To make you  
real enough to deny,  
whether or

not the sky  
is reconfigured,  
or made of scented tissue,

colored lead and candy—  
bloom, lit to  
advertise papier

—mâché in flames  
and eulogize every scrap  
blown down

the alley and mistaken  
for a bird, every  
rude rededication

to the word torn  
from a door scrawled  
on the ceiling

or the floor, all  
those things  
that took all



*Schmitt/86*

they are from  
a hoarsely whispered  
rumor, carried

on the same wind  
that silvered  
leaves before

we came,  
anguish thrilled  
and pleading.

## **The Password is Always**

Part of the part of the shattered bone  
was in fact a sequined wing. It had colors:  
sky, boat, tomb, berry and shield. In the morning,  
I wake up almost like the day—  
a burning thing setting forth over ground  
it's forever already gained,  
with hearts strung around me like  
the blackly withered ears, or fingers, or  
pricks that decorate a savage, cartoon—  
empaneled, *his* colors stamped just a little  
to the left of the place where he comes to an end.



## GEORGE KALAMARAS

### Such a Small Thing

Nothing exists but the act of complete disappearance.  
I just haven't gotten good at it yet.

No, I'm not talking about death.  
That's such a small thing compared to our work.

A comet's tail might spread zilch in the manner of taking  
to your knees.  
Your signature has been empty a long time, and your letters have been  
busy with invention.

Here's a life.  
There's a death.

If you'd rather note an air of serenity, then ask my famous  
endearment to buttonhole the dark, to draw the number zero over  
and again upon—then inside—itself.  
Pull the copper wire through the coffee dregs and see what flavor of  
fish *you* extend.

Whatever else I've done, I've done it all for you.  
When they scribbled green blotches upon my bones and set them  
back inside, I knew I might learn to pockmark my birth star with  
moss dissolve.

I just haven't gotten good at it yet, even after all these many beards.  
Such a small thing, this work, compared to real or imagined death.

## The Tragus of the Ear

To the contrary, my erotic curiosity extends to the tragus of the ear.  
By *erotic* I do not mean *sexual*.

I saw a boy walk a foot bridge and expand his body in a mirror  
of pond scum.  
I considered the joys of koi, of goldly dispersing our dust,  
of sinking fast.

At least if I accept a desk as a contained sky, I will always be safe  
crawling underneath.  
A childhood blood plea against atomic fusion resembles a stream  
of correct spelling.

I'd like so much to rub the belly of a certain woman.  
I'd like to spread the entire evening before the fire, each of us reciting  
unbroken syllables from the dictionary.

By *sexual* I do not mean *musk-ox-my-mouth* or *watching the leopard*  
*seal mate*.  
I love her fullness, especially in the stomach, and I adore her tight  
white top.

Tell me, if you can, what syllable we hear in closing the tragus  
of the ear?  
It's more melodious than my mouth—fulfilled of breast or not—could  
ever possibly hold.



## **Syllabary**

In whom can I migrate, limb to limb, like an internal bird?  
In whom might I spill the contents of my irreplaceable scar?

The black cakes of fried mutton made a tunnel of terrible clarity.  
I forgot about Bolivia and transport of the protected rhinoceros heart.

Momentarily, I became a lasting friend—that is, the way of a storm.  
Didn't you hate me for showing you the way you question your skin?

Or is it that I bear the smoke of a completely sealed dictionary?  
Drink from my cadaverous lamp and locate one of your ash-darkened  
mouths.

ANNELISE COLE

**in response to my sister's nuclear scan**

my sister's adrenal gland leaks a possible tumor  
as the Pacific Ocean swallows bits of Japan  
radioactivity is always needed in cases like these  
to touch the spreading parts of body and country

I need to pretend radioactive means something else

radioactive = my skin opens at its hinge = what language  
do trains belong to anyway? = I can't stop  
thinking about Takahashi Shinkichi or bridges = mouths  
and dirt and field and am I still in the right country?  
= I want to say something = does *a people drown*  
mean something different than *the people drown*?

I need to pretend I have a language  
for the death that stumbles inside my body



DAVID JAMES

**The Last Page From Twenty Unpublished Novels**

*(a line from a poem by Jack Ridl)*

Imagine those final scenes  
the woman stepping out  
onto the front porch, throwing a full plate of food  
on the lawn;                      that boy, maybe eight or nine,  
lying under his bed with a flashlight and a hammer,  
trying not to breathe;                      a pick-up truck doing eighty  
down Galbraith Line  
with eleven dead pigs bleeding out the back.

Or that moment  
when Meredith gets the nerve to ask  
her second husband who takes off his pants  
and cracks open a tenth beer, “So, when did you find out?”

Joan, a waitress, grabs a coffee pot and walks over  
to the man slouched on the table. He’s dead.  
“Let me warm this up for you, bastard,” she says  
and pours liquid down the back of his shirt.

Standing up, alone on the rowboat, the young girl  
with pigtails yells toward shore, “You don’t scare me.”  
Nothing calls back.

And in that last paragraph,  
the sunset burns behind the tree line.  
A blue trucks drives through a field, banging, jostling  
before coming to a stop. The door opens  
and a body falls out.

The pregnant woman sits on her couch and shoves a needle  
in her arm, sighing. Her head melts back  
on a stained pillow.

A couple, holding hands, stroll along the beach.  
They turn toward each other and kiss.  
A wave washes at their feet and sprays them,  
so the man picks up and carries the woman out into the water.  
Her laughter floats into the sky,  
lifting the seagulls  
even higher.





ASEMIC 1 by Sheila E. Murphy, 2014  
ink drawing, digitally treated





ASEMIC 2 by Sheila E. Murphy, 2014  
ink drawing, digitally treated



BRIAN SWANN

**Septet**

(i): *Certainty:*

Can I navigate this single thread of light and plunge into distance  
to see everything again clear as a plate, even here where Columbus  
enslaved us all to his visionary banality?

As I watch, a crow starts into space.

I'd like to pry doors in tiny courtyards, carefully, within reason, so  
mistakes won't have consequences.

But I touch the shadow of a passer-by with my foot, the way a cat  
first tests a surface with a paw, grateful for small certainties.

(ii): *Here:*

The stars come out from under the earth where they have been eating  
our dead.

My walls flap and frighten them off, but one speck of light at the  
edge of the snow isolates me.

I sit at the white tablecloth. Its wrinkles are star-blue.

From here inside the star I can see into the night.

(iii): *Obsession:*

Under stress things fall into patterns you think revelation.

And it's true, obsession frees the object from its background.

While the world's black light shines inward like a geode, bushes suck the heat into their green shadows.

There are obsessions everywhere.

(iv): *Simplicity:*

Leaves turning back to mirrors in flight, tumbling yet rooted, saying: The mind is all trajectory, and everything is reduced to what sprang from intellect to sheer sight, imagination to the ear of night which first gave us fear, and then all possibilities.

Here everything gets filled again, as at first, filled out. What has been shaped by shadow the shadow cuts out to more form, which is just a succession of joined borders. With such borders discrete in this light, everything defines itself without humility, so all I have to do is be simple too.

(v): *Action:*

Day's just laid in fast, flat, thick of the knife, some bubbles in the blue, an ochre sheet stuck on what was cobalt night.

What action there is is indirect, nothing in or of itself, just reacting only when it has to, reaching and returning.

The wind rolls on oak, pine, maple, a big beast working to some end it doesn't understand, submitting to its own myths.



(vi): *Alive:*

There should be an interval in which rain picks over the earth and upholds the random selectivity of complete expression; quick, complete, without pleasure, outside familiarity.

Not to know is to have something else to say.

I have often thought of turning away from what can be known.

I imagine staircases without stairs, breathing without breath. Dying then is just a gesture toward no name, a place filled with material for a whole other landscape, ignoring my presence, but alive to it.

(vii): *Thinking:*

The sea breaks full as if transmitted by radio. One ship sails into view on the mirror as morning rises to things, its fire settling into the fabric of islands. Light rain falls on hyacinths and geraniums.

We broke something, as everybody knows, so our hands treat us to reduced things growing in the wreckage of tongues.

But I've had enough.

I follow the wheel and leave, covering my face, for this solitude is now my nature, building a lifetime.

No one knows I'm thinking in rags.

# MUSIC IN THE AIR

*A piece by Greg Sipes*

## JULY THE FOURTH



DAN RAPHAEL

## Highway Patrol

The highways so straight and unpopulated  
I can set cruise control and rise through the roof,  
hovering above the panorama of all that's hidden  
as the road falls away, as hillocks long eroded open  
& wind damaged, without hydration and 7 essential oils  
squoze from time, squoze from the olives intention,  
how corn turns sunlight into technology.

The vein in my upper arm curves exactly like the river  
neath several generations of asphalt layered with  
tires, burger wrappers, shirts shed in celebration.  
When crossing the freeway is like russian roulette  
with one bullet in a hundred chambers how can there be road kill?  
Its where we die that matters, how much of us dissolved  
before a quorum wasn't possible.

The car and the road take turns being flower and bee, paper and scissors,  
hand and zipper, as what used to grow here is still descending,  
knowing the sun must be somewhere, mistaking gravity for wind.  
South is down and north is up, east is where we came from.  
Unnoticed hills now surround us, as if each termite needs its own castle  
as if each tree must taste a dozen graves, some only sketched in  
by shadow and the promise of plastic flowers.

Each hill cascades a subdivision where black striped buses  
about to burst with seedlings and a hunger for entertainment.  
To rest our wings as if we never used them; to think sweetness

comes from the pantry, from the mall over the horizon  
where sails as large as clouds can only move what's carefree or abundant.

Don't open this until you're out of the car, near something  
soft to fall on, a place you could stay a couple hours.

Exhausted, the car recites everywhere it came from,  
whistling the frequency of robots and wrenches.

Smelling precious lubricants I hope it's my day to absorb  
whether it takes three or thirteen breaths for sufficient spark,  
oxygen tickled into a smile reminds the sun, the moon,  
my consensual right foot, the protein my hand pulls from 75 miles  
per hour

but I'm not moving: I'm mercurial as sap in a mile-long tree  
where every bud is a new language, a lottery ticket.

As I move my long clasped hands apart a thousand decisions are made  
on infrastructure, astronomy, ingredients and what's next  
vortices between my fingers.



DAVID GIANNINI

### **In the Village**

A man walks on the sidewalks around his village each day carrying a broom held horizontally by his side. We have passed him many times on our own daily walks around the village or he has passed us many times on his walks. There is nothing sinister about him. We have greeted him but he never acknowledges us and so we stop greeting the-man-with-the-broom. One day we ask a woman who happens to walk near us why does the man carry the broom? She tells us the man sweeps the walkways because that is what he does. The woman tells us that one day the man will sweep himself away broom and all. The walkway around the village is always clean so clean no one imagines dirt once lay there before them as they walk. We walk and walk day after day and pass and greet people who greet and pass us. Lately we have noticed that each day there are fewer and fewer people out walking and that all the disheveled and apparently dirty ones are missing. Today there are no people at all besides us and the man-with-the-broom. We should have taken showers before walking and at least put on clean clothes. The man-with-the-broom makes a sweeping gesture and we are swept off our feet and seem to be elsewhere.

We are becoming motes or star dust. And the  
man-with-the-broom has apparently swept  
himself up too. Broom and all turning to dust.  
Motes, star dust, and silence.



JOHN M. BENNETT

**litlivre**

the wind lit où j'ai dor  
mi sti's streaming eyes  
jut above the wind's  
lip dorm ido was the  
ants quiet in my thighs  
tomorrow morning lit with  
sleep the book writhes  
beneath your bed still las  
t y ear the book seeps  
will turned was inside  
out où je l'ai entrouvri  
où le vent dormant...

**...ni...eño...**

**breaking glass**

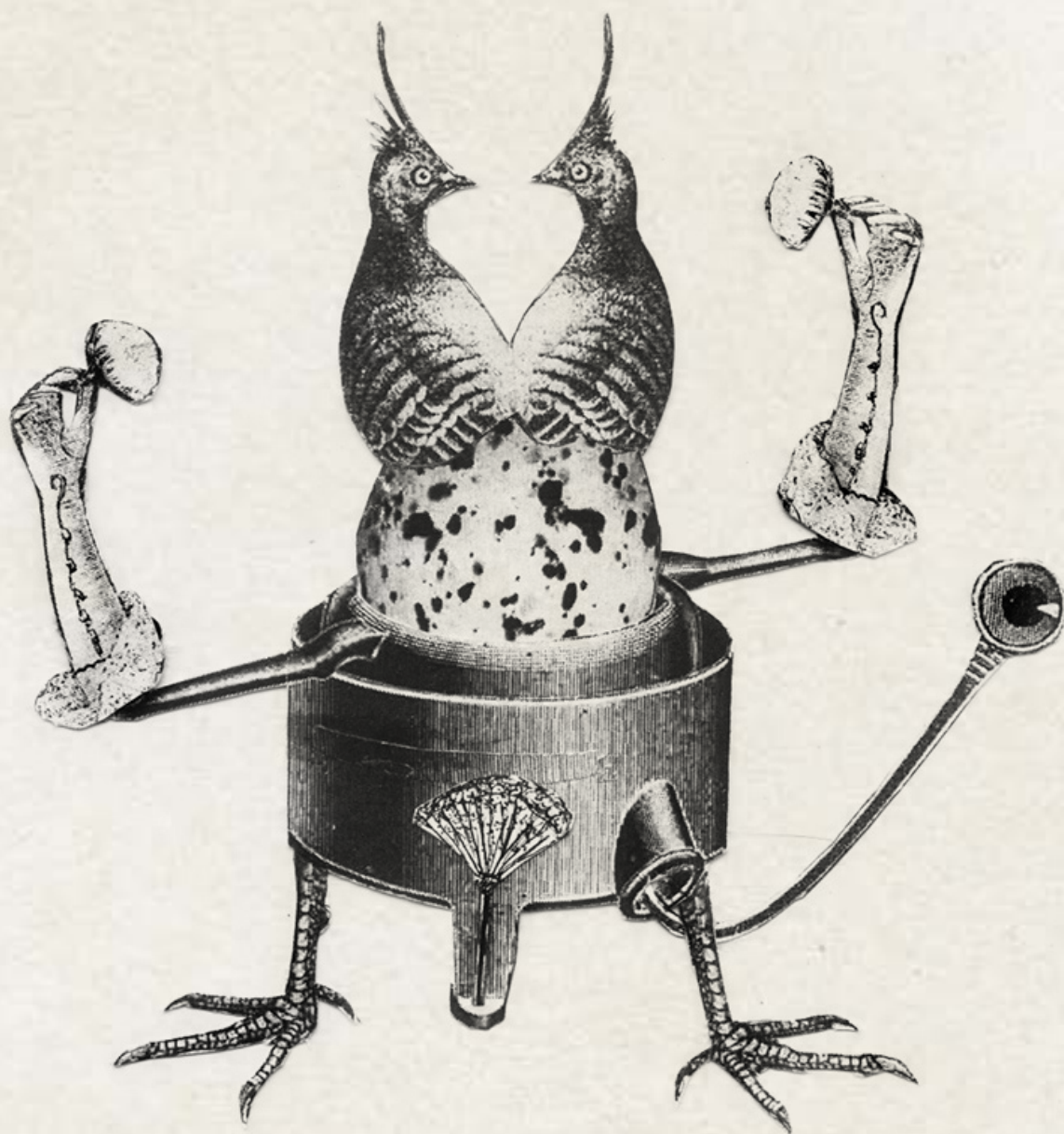
le detournement o pla  
centero if when caging  
at the end was over  
lucky en lugar ameno  
de tus croto azu  
carados si ,si lum  
inosos when foggy in  
my Tuesdayed face  
was trancid when  
the marbles clattered  
on the street mu  
llido eres eras pen  
dejado por tu bar  
ba adinerada ser  
ás el trino impa  
jarero was the  
wind of screaming  
on the edge of town  
the parking lot the  
pleasant mall

**knot soap**





DROLLERIE 5 by John Digby, 2014, collage



DROLLERIE 6 by John Digby, 2014, collage



JAMES GRABILL

**Smoldering Wing-Beat Swells**

I.

the well-oiled condensation behind flood-lit razor wire  
prehistory along back-lit edges of the next rain falling to Earth  
the blood-seeing circumstances embraced through a feather

the planet's core that spins on what's made the body round

the current blossoming plum and yellow bamboo skirts seen here  
in the future collective where centuries go down unremembered  
fast into root-cooled animal-shouldered antiquity, in archaic states  
of fluorescence, for nothing exists when nothing exists but what's here

the half-cry of the dog peppering the boneyard while the tundra thaws  
releasing more atmospheric gases, more tied to what hopes in  
a molecule

where the first breath burns through the whole continuing to flame

in the afternoon the tall drink of water encyclopedic with untested  
hungers

the amber-gold fertility and versatility invested in an old forest  
necklace

the current silence as designates conscious borders of working days

with overpopulations, a little wealth, and far more impoverishment  
and medieval impregnations arcing over bone-down arisings  
of gravity

in the rain that falls steadily losing its animals to the difficult miles

of sublime last principles of the wilderness probably not in your  
language

or your political architecture, where 18<sup>th</sup>-century assumptions are still  
taking it out on the commons like nobody's business, in long moves  
of synaptic operations on Celsius from drivers' seats of unknowing

cardboard shacks mushrooming from muds at the outskirts, multiply  
projected electrical current in flashes of blood-ties between animals

## II.

the magnetic absence or presence of bees working the perimeter  
the shock of hips caught in the soundless ring of Ice Age bells

as the sun branches into almonds and shade through the root roar

the thundering multiple aortic regenerations rippling along transpolar  
arcs in the complexity of fresh water that falls in the spectrum  
of being

the look a hawk gives a shining silver sedan before they both take off  
the canary singing the overhead sun higher and to beautiful canaries  
a reddened-brown translucent flicker hammering on a ripe fir trunk

hawks circling through a loose thermal, the hundreds of years  
that pass

each day pouring through cathedrals of wind, the descending  
appetites  
foraging through all the blinding blue blazes behind red-scarlet  
curtains

in the embassy of opposites, in the inflation of global rain as feathers  
off



historic melts in the saucering galaxy, with furious 2<sup>nd</sup>-century faults  
where you may have been well owned or saved by surgical polarization

of tribes encircled, where tongues touch as other animals, before  
words

before the absentee fish-flop of unconditional doubt had been  
slammed

onto one of the steel tables in standing overflow of present  
contractions

of the bearings steaming and withheld from our fathers' *Book of Intent*

the soot of China, which has carried across rising oceans of language  
where Detroit ants colonize branches of intuited raw oceanic wages

where rain's unable to stop falling and the ocean keeps farming us out  
from before words into self, where identity pitches a tent in the  
overhead

blue with iridescent scarlet squid at unknown depths, sea stars locked  
into rock of the coast, however intuitive or encrusted the carnivorous

uproiled murk is when it surrenders to serious flux in all fierce lift

or spool that turns in splits, the zero-cry death may be as rejoinings  
stop, growing cold, however much may be breathing in mineral cells

with seawater screen doors that slam out of principle, discovering  
the molten core of biological necessity emptying to again be filled

### III.

the kindness and sad cases vaporizing in a quick walk to the car  
the arcing draw of integers and brown-rice taste of stored sunlight

the gyres of cellular knowledge transacting swift cross-pollination

the hourly newborn interweaving within sense, the waking in faces

with splashes of corn, the electromagnetized up-swayed polar  
encircling

protoplastic Amazon stretches going past diurnally launched liminal  
sides

the further means of breakthrough of body where matter has its ends

on ground floors of subdimensions in rations of sunlight's caressing  
from a long way back, from the future of black-crimson ribs  
of dog stars

the socioeconomic Big Dippers wielded by the distracted  
or reabsorbed

the genetic conventions from mammal mothers of mothers in a crack  
of another eggshell sentence no longer, from before star-necked  
general

dispensations beholden to the vulnerable, as to a little horse-cart  
current

boiler-making public trust, the antiquity of uncountable acts peopling  
the place, the arcing draw along a few thumbprints of vanishing sky

swells of oceanic Stravinsky before owl-purred half-absolute floods

tanagers that call from within the tanager they've continued to talk  
the brain that pursues sleep in a bed which cradles what it becomes  
the earliest mammal shaking muds from fur of the species, the beauty  
that shows what a species has learned, as the mineral Earth turns

into a feather, the moment in which being someone's the same being  
for all species, the same global entanglement, the larger seen to  
a tiniest



root imperative of topsoil in which uncounted colonies are keeping us  
alive in differing stories than drumhead unison, than accumulating  
    vaults  
of spoils of chemistry and striving that once comforted us,  
    the buoyancy  
  
that draws sunlight out of the air with its body-to-body engravings

**IV.**

the alternative currents with enough cargo to refill eyesight, to send  
clocks reeling on their cables carrying out unheard-of live broadcasts  
  
of news which rewrite inherited assumptions, the rare tusks aimed  
at earnestness in uniform folds you could have lived with between lives  
  
once the whole waking within the brain decides it would rather  
    not sleep  
  
before newly grown stops and starts as are sound, blue concentrations  
rising with tide, the chickadee threading between what cannot be  
    taken  
back by anonymity, the crimson burn that settles down in a nutshell  
  
in articulated amber licks of Charlie Parker at the origin of golden  
    horn  
  
as processions transmogrify suddenness making their own boilerplate  
royal chime, their own means of saying *yes* or *no* that the sea otter  
  
or whole marigold seems like us, the mothering old dust with cellular  
volts in a wing beat, the membranous swallows of indefinite passing  
holds at the edges of this era where charred sails have still been  
    heading

to not, or an opposite morphed into postocular setae and denatured  
corn

which serves purposes imposed more than selected, that stands  
between  
the naked human back and the fire, in the rock of the next to the next  
as reverberates in weight-bearing sacrament, in the spontaneous  
televised  
galaxy before the wall of Greenland suggestion, the ends of ice  
melting

in the middle of anyone live, the past filling or emptying of '50s  
facsimiles  
of the microsecond, with terrific splits scraping nail tips on pre-  
emphatic  
meaning and anyone's benign attempts behind parasympathetic  
ancestry

to align tissue with bone, lanterning the quick ants' truck from sleep  
into waking where generations rest within smoldering wing-beat swells

**V.**

with construction and collapse mostly from nowhere each moment

we cannot waste, root winds sweep out of the nuclear space  
in forgotten  
capacity, as intuited further generations fly in raw, the ocean  
farming us

out into self where identity pitches a tent, surrendering to serious flux

out of down-bent regard, before black-box election steals far from  
united



in the liquid propensity, driven by everything they're part of or  
close to

moving through doors at the root of swimming cells, the circling  
billions  
of suns, millions of beliefs, the ten thousand sins and any peak  
experience  
grandfathered in, orbiting where momentum's the work of future light

the disciplines with spear-tip readiness that bolsters the historical  
present  
the ethical collaboration on intricate means to the ends we've  
embraced

the way time goes when no one should be denied the means  
of survival

where flux flows along strings, formless and formed, in the flush of  
stark  
eggshell atmosphere, the sad heads on mammalian necks, the great  
aunts  
at funerals of species, grieving loss of the future in silence,  
the inevitable

conquest of one fragment of dust over another, the ambulation  
of cells  
which started in ocean pools of the first world where cells in their  
swims  
have gone bioluminous in how much time could it be through the culls

and starts of heat cycles stuck in old-time belief with its elemental  
burns

of gut-rumbling glistering industrial hunger to acquire night then  
sell it

back even to night, the pearl-clustered lays of egg under the sky's  
million  
billions, contingent plants fired up in binges, in light of the long  
tradition  
of civilized yields and half-eaten scenes of Bosch bristling with crawls  
where the new world could never end in terpsichorean sluice in future  
converging Celsius at work on the current Anthropocene Era of day

## **VI.**

the original solar predilections, genetic Pythagoras and Dali  
the medicine skeleton and rare birth you were ready to inhabit

the coyote circling back behind languages of other species

the filtering bioswales in psyche, the ladling spiral genome

Bartok shadow thrown onto homes with flames of magnetic wind

Bach within evolution of a multiple-chorded womb-walled fetus  
the falling lift that fills the simple rounding-off of a Fuji apple  
the sealevel lightning as accompanies anyone's surviving chance

the night into which each day comes from surviving edges that roar  
a forest of lumens in cells, that quicken what they hold in readiness

and sacrifice that grieves without notice, that tenders necks of violas  
and germinates quickness for rash tresses and rock within cells

in the night apples held close to the sternum of orchard branch



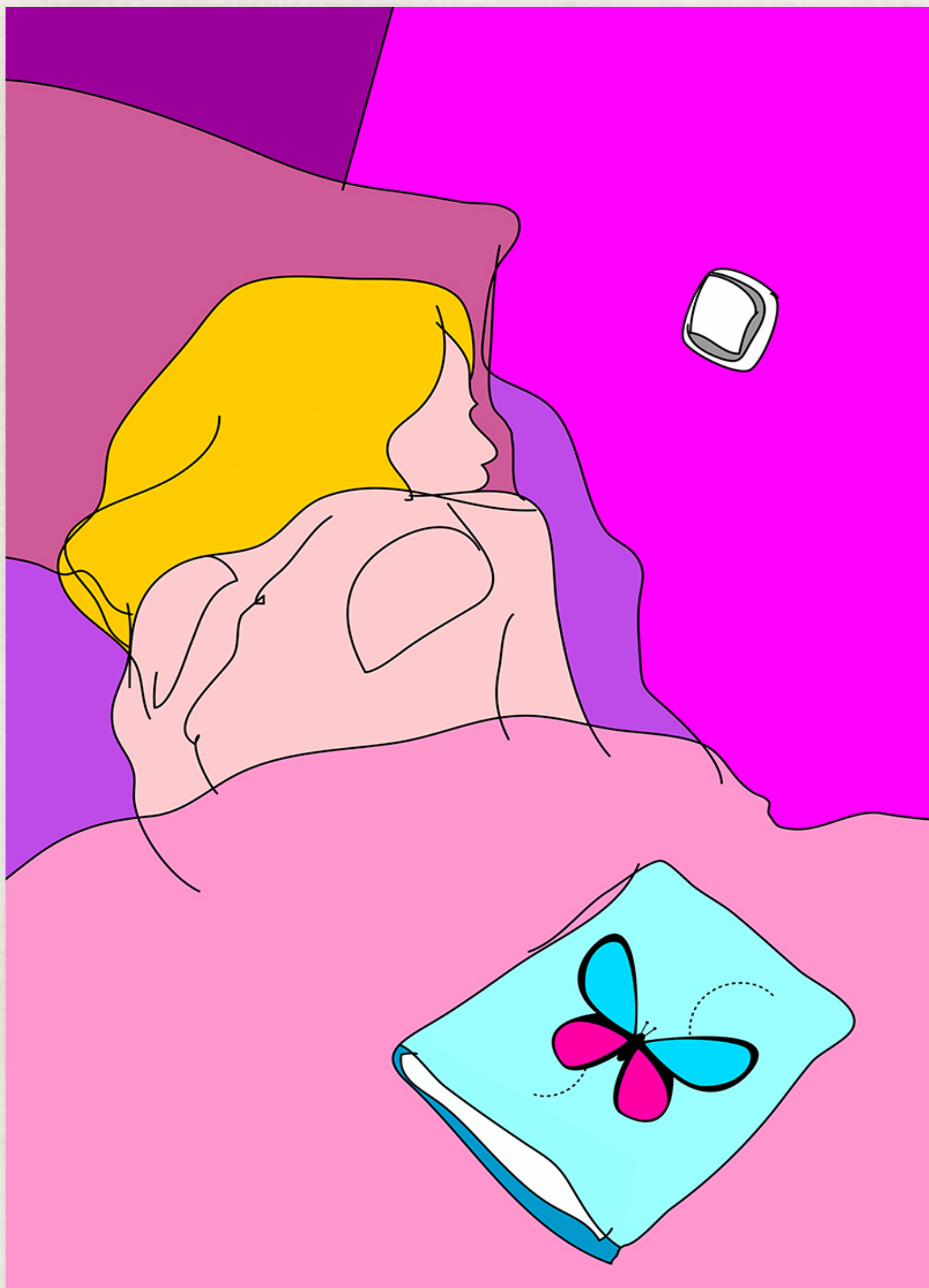


MY DOG MOLLY by Cristian Del Risco, 2004  
oil on canvas, mixed media (40" x 40")



MAN IN THE CITY by Cristian Del Risco, 2014  
digital image





SLEEPING GIRL by Cristian Del Risco, 2014  
digital image

## RICARDO PAU-LLOSA

### **Survival**

Even the dream, crated with pains it absorbed  
into plot, wants to live. The weed defusing

the cement rampart, the remnant of a species,  
the cry of a bird hewn to vanished jungle

yet singing no matter in the deaf city. The virus  
in its lattice of blood. The fetus and the lotus,

the sperm and the sigh, all configurations  
demand their turn to challenge time.

Will not the soldier turn from his kill,  
or the seducer hold back from the languished

neck long enough to entertain  
that enemy and lover alike are there

to satisfy desire's desire to be felt?  
Clock them, or erase. Nothing forgets itself.



**Over**

On the news, rivers boil with wreckage  
onto land, breaking the deal struck  
with order. Monsoon or no monsoon.  
Or when the dams give up on the bounty  
of snows crying themselves a river,  
or when the sea, moved as if  
by the disorientations of love,  
flees adolescently in self-loathing  
up the stairs to its sobbing room,  
sadder because the land will not console.  
The boundaries had been agreed to,  
dry here and wet there, stasis here  
and time there into which one cannot  
step anew. And there's no pulling up  
and running, for when the contract  
is broken, the beauty of death comes  
calling, red as if the land had bled it,  
white as if it could not forget winter.  
As false a melding as a Tudor rose.  
The growl of the flood's artillery  
will not grant a second for reload  
and joins the earth in trembling  
before it must give way  
to the science of chaos.

## CHARLES HOLDEFER

### *From* **Magic Even You Can Do, by Blast**

#### **About the author:**

*Blast has been amazing people for years. His record for the world's longest card trick still stands. Now this famous manipulator offers you a choice selection of his most delightful magic tricks, all carefully explained and simplified with the beginner in mind. You need not practice for hours. This is magic even you can do!*

## **WOK ON THE WILD SIDE**

People love cooking shows, and they love to see magicians perform impossible levitations. The appeal of this feat is that you combine the two pleasures, for a wondrous best of both worlds! All this is accomplished without wires, pulleys, or gimmicked hoops.

#### *Effect:*

Suddenly, while demonstrating to the audience your recipe for a delicious stir fry, you flap your arms and fly around the room! *Astonishing.* Jaws will drop and, in some cases, spectators will actually fall out of their chairs.

#### *Method:*

The secret is in the spice. After adding your peppers and onion and, a bit later, your garlic (not too soon, lest you burn it), you announce, "And now, for a couple of choice chiles!" Unbeknownst to observers, you also have a select moreno mushroom on your chopping board, which is included in the mix.

The moreno mushroom has wonderful hallucinogenic qualities, and can be obtained from Apache shamans. The moreno grows on the scat of the desert dung beetle at the foot of giant cacti during their flowering



season. If you don't know an Apache shaman, you can always take Route 66 and check out the scene behind the parking lot of the Black Cat Bar in Seligman, Arizona. Tell them Blast sent you.<sup>1</sup> (Cash only.)

As your wok sizzles and you add the chiles and mushrooms, you casually remark how hot it is, cooking up a storm, so you turn on a nearby fan. This blows all the fumes of the mushroom toward the audience. These fumes are very potent (be sure to stand to the side!) and the front row especially will be very much affected. (When possible, seatbelts are advisable, lest they fall over and hurt themselves.)

Once the fumes start to spread, all you have to do is leave the wok on medium heat (flip once or twice, to avoid scorching) and, when you notice faces going slack and shoulders slumping, move to the side of the stage and flap your arms, for the sake of verisimilitude. The influence of the drug will do the rest—people will see you going all over the place! Usually twenty or thirty seconds suffices, then you can go back to your cooking station and turn off the fan and the heat.

**IMPORTANT:** Avoid exposing your audience to more than a minute of the fumes. Otherwise things get sloppy, and after the show people will come backstage and want to worship you. This might seem amusing at first but it quickly becomes tedious.

---

1 Do not try to use peyote instead of the moreno. I have already experimented earlier with the entertainment possibilities of giving my audience peyote, but have learned, to my dismay, that the side effects of hot sweats and vomiting were not suitable in magic venues. At least I think it was the peyote.

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

**JOHN M. BENNETT:**

There is evidence—I'm mainly aware of it from the attention I've paid to meso-american archaeology over the years—that earlier civilizations would be aware of how their activities were destroying their environments, but were unable to transform their societies soon and well enough to prevent it. I think the same is happening to us now, only on a much larger scale. Human societies get stuck in cultural forms, so much so that on large scales they can't adapt/change fast enough. Even though humans are highly adaptable, but perhaps only when moving into new situations. But not when the new situations move into them, it seems.

**ZOLTÁN KOMOR:**

This is how walls work:

Some guys play the nastiest game possible. When you walk on the street they stand shoulder to shoulder with each other, blocking your way, telling you (look, even their mouths move together) that they are the wall, and you must break through if you want to continue your journey. Of course you try to bypass them, but it's simply impossible, because aligned together they move so skillfully. You stand there helpless before them when an idea hits you. You step aside, press your shoulder against the wingman's, joining the line, saying "We are the wall then." The guys look confused. Then they nod and repeat the sentence. So you all stand in unison. Waiting for someone to arrive.

And this is how I work the walls:

There's a wide wall in front of me with a cavity in it. I've been deepening this little pit for quite a time now, hitting my head against the concrete again and again with the monotony of a metronome. Yesterday I stopped



to size up the crater I'd made. I saw someone's bleeding forehead in front of me. Maybe it was God's.

**DAN RAPHAEL:**

Take a road trip. No I'm not talking On The Road cross country (though not ruling it out), anyway Cassidy's dead. Yes the bus provides a unique point of view but i recommend car, if not your own one of a good friend's who'll be part of this. A great scenario is if a relative dies some distance away and you can get their car cheap if you can come get it and drive it home. Unless money's not an issue take camping equipment. Technically, you can camp most anywhere on national forest land. You got to sleep somewhere, though, if you have a big enough back seat where someone can sleep, and 3 people for the trip, you can go a long way without stopping, Hygiene will rear its odiferous head. Avoid interstates as much as possible. Take notes, record in every way possible. Sure, you can do this alone, and that may be best, assuming you own a car and won't go crazy without someone familiar to face to face. I assume going to places phone and wifi are spotty at best.

**DALE HOUSTMAN:**

**The Ray of Delusion and Mutual Individuality**

The race sustains through centuries with increasingly *vestigial gestures*: both surfeit and famine now carry little *psychological* weight, religious imagery as cozy as tea and a magazine.

Yet when the *produce of revolution* clutters the back room—when rationalism proves to be a singularly filthy rose window—; the sole light that shall be sought is the *ray of delusion*.

Cheap summer homes shall be thrown up among a schemata of pines.

Suffering and ecstasy shall lose even their ersatz-redemptive character: there shall remain nothing worthy of the name "*Release*".

Anarchists have underestimated the seductive brutality of capital, and the lure of enforced infantilism hidden in *The Wage*. The very notion of freedom—the celebration of the individual—carries too clearly—for too many—a sense of *vertigo*. That roof is too high and uncontained: liberty equates with the abyss for the greater mass of people, who have

learned to forgo the very notion after so many years of *disguised childhood*, thinly matured in the vats of duty.

Yet—honestly—Anarchism is not to be understood as a “breakdown” of social order, but as the most difficult type of order to sustain, precisely because it demands individual response and individual power expressed *in every moment*.

Anarchy only thrives in those cracks between *fashions of tyranny* because citizens are fatigued by self-government, and lapse into the true *breakdown*, government. Anarchy is health, and health is difficult to sustain, requiring—from time to time—positive action without consensus. Most history arises from a nervous fatigue, and only the healthiest *peninsulas* of societal process will support Anarchy. All else is debris, and we live in collapse.

Anarchy is the one true *political* system, all others systems of compromise. Where Anarchy speaks most clearly one-to-one, other processes fail to speak at all. Thus the “nobility” of other systems are only noble relative to their distance from the finer sympathies of Anarchism.

Anarchy is the principles of Beauty *as if* they could be applied to management. But—it appears—Anarchy presumes a *compact* world. When I contemplate Anarchy, I seem to be looking into an early stereoscope, or at a delicate, expertly achieved watercolor. In truth, any Anarchy *at large* would have to be lively, but contemplation makes it seem fragile, “too beautiful to exist.” This is contrary to images created in the mind by the word, which conjures fires, the screams of outraged authorities, the collapse of skyscrapers, the end of the material order, the destruction of popular leaders and entertainers... and so on. But—then again—I find even these ideas precisely beautiful. Break a few eggs...

All Anarchists are strangely female except for the women.

The *true* Anarchist does not wish to *overthrow* government. but to *ignore* government, and the *truest* Anarchist would be incapable of imagining government.

Whatever—finally—one has to *say* about Anarchy is not worth the effort: one is always left feeling a lack of personal power, or realizes that enough *cannot be done*. Yet, Anarchy remains the one word for *HEALTH*.

Finally: Anarchism is less a resting place of human organization than it



is a transition, a moment caught between overthrow and retrenchment, a window of opportunity. These periods, these few sweet moments, contain all of “Eden” worth salvaging.

Yet, such a “system” might be prolonged if the populace could learn the acceptance of a fluid series of contracts based upon social mandate and *self-respect*. That certain (even many) of these contracts will fall short of perfect harmony goes almost without saying, but that failure will at least be *human-sized*, and liable of being assigned culpability: we might at last know who we should imprison. Of course, there will be smaller communities, based on mutual consents and interests, and—most fruitfully—*unhidden imaginations*. Talents may be called upon, a great deal of humble courage in the face of a *demoralized* universe will be necessary. Churches may continue to exist, but un-mandated and unsanctioned. Thus, with no more political or social leverage than a Dairy Queen, *not one group* shall attain to social power constantly *re-invested in the individual*. Any grouping will—of necessity—be subject to individual scrutiny, and suspicion attached to all organizations.

The best republics are constructed by *secret Anarchists*. Our republic is maintained by *open opportunists*: opportunists are non-ethical Anarchists, who believe Anarchy (free rein) is only a matter of selfishness, not of *mutual individuality*.

### HELLER LEVINSON:

Pay attention.

### JAMES GRABILL:

#### **An 8:30 Plan to Rescue the Biosphere**

“The challenge is to build a new economy and to do it at wartime speed before we miss so many of nature’s deadlines that the economic system begins to unravel.”

— Lester Brown, President, Earth Policy Institute

The agenda couldn’t be more urgent: use wealth to eliminate poverty, and give everyone work at the highest levels of honesty, creating carbon sinks capable of extracting anthropogenic CO<sub>2</sub> out of the air. We must preserve the conditions in which life evolved, upon which our lives

depend. Care must be taken around obfuscationists or any hard-eyed believers in exploitation as well as people who can't stop standing up in opposition to fact. So what would industrial-strength carbon sinks look like? Biomimicry and nanotechnology can be used with mathematical and meditative sightings tested on computer models. Resulting tree-shaped extraction units need to be installed along all routes taken by people. Lighter-than-air ships in the shapes of giant squid, say, could scrub the atmosphere, spreading out carbon-fiber tentacles webbed with baleen carbon-hungry membranes that rely on the next discovered quantum properties of common elements. We need industry without exhaustion on all applicable energy or sequestration technology, fueled by photovoltaic tiles and 300-foot-high farm field turbines. And we need to stop believing in fire. Biochar can be planted wherever there's soil, and native trees wherever they'll grow. Of course, there's no one and only solution. Recommended emergency measures could include measures formerly unseen such as privately funding a progressive ALEC that indefatigably delivers model legislation to members of all chambers at all levels of government, news to all outlets, memes to written and spoken exchanges of language, facts to unwitting recipients of existing misinformation campaigns, designating all life in the form of photosynthesizing tree species as sacred, protected, external but essential parts of the human body, making paper out of industrial hemp, retrofitting wood stoves with electrical heat-emitting devices, rewriting the book on what can and cannot be privately owned to exclude all trees and eventually all species, establishing an honest and transparently managed commons for the sake of public trust and everyone's needs, reflecting the reality of climate disruption through grassroots disruption of meat trains as if they were cars of hot nuclear contamination, causing meat prices to reflect the damage meat-eating does to the human body on the inside and outside in life-support systems, promoting intake of vegetable protein, putting fair prices on CO<sub>2</sub> emissions, and so on, creating conditions for consilience between disciplines, while recognizing the newly established interdisciplinary specialty of sustainability, actively engaging on all fronts any festering memes of outmoded paradigm, such as believing fire is necessary for creation of warmth and power, devouring parts of other species as if the body couldn't do without them, placing homo sapiens



on a jewel-encrusted throne as if people were no longer animals and no longer members of ecosystems, and so on, taxing all private wealth, bar none, at ethically fair progressive levels wherever the wealth is located, adding to prices actuarial future costs, capping for the sake of everyone the amount any individual or organization can amass, disallowing corporate claims of propriety when public health, public trust, or basic needs of human and protected species are a factor, and so on, providing sound, inspired representation for other species and ecosystems (which includes people) at the bargaining table, public education to assist people through technological and global changes, reestablishing the role of public education in cultural security, directing local and national efforts to strength community resilience, and so on. For whole systems must be retooled, and old-time, pre-scientific assumptions replaced. Mobilization, research, and lateralized development must progress at wartime speeds and continue for generations.

**CHARLES HOLDEFER:**

I ejaculate a nimbus! Now it hovers like a blessing above my amazed head.

**CALIBAN  
IS  
SEARCHING  
FOR  
ANGELS**



