

HUDECHEK • ALEXANDER • KALAMARAS • LAWRY • COOK
 BÍRÓ • HEMAN • HERRICK • GRABILL • LOTTI • PETTIT
 PERCHIK • CROSS • KUHN • FOX • PASSEHL • AVILA
 KAHL • GLANCY • HIDALGO • SMALLFIELD • MURPHY
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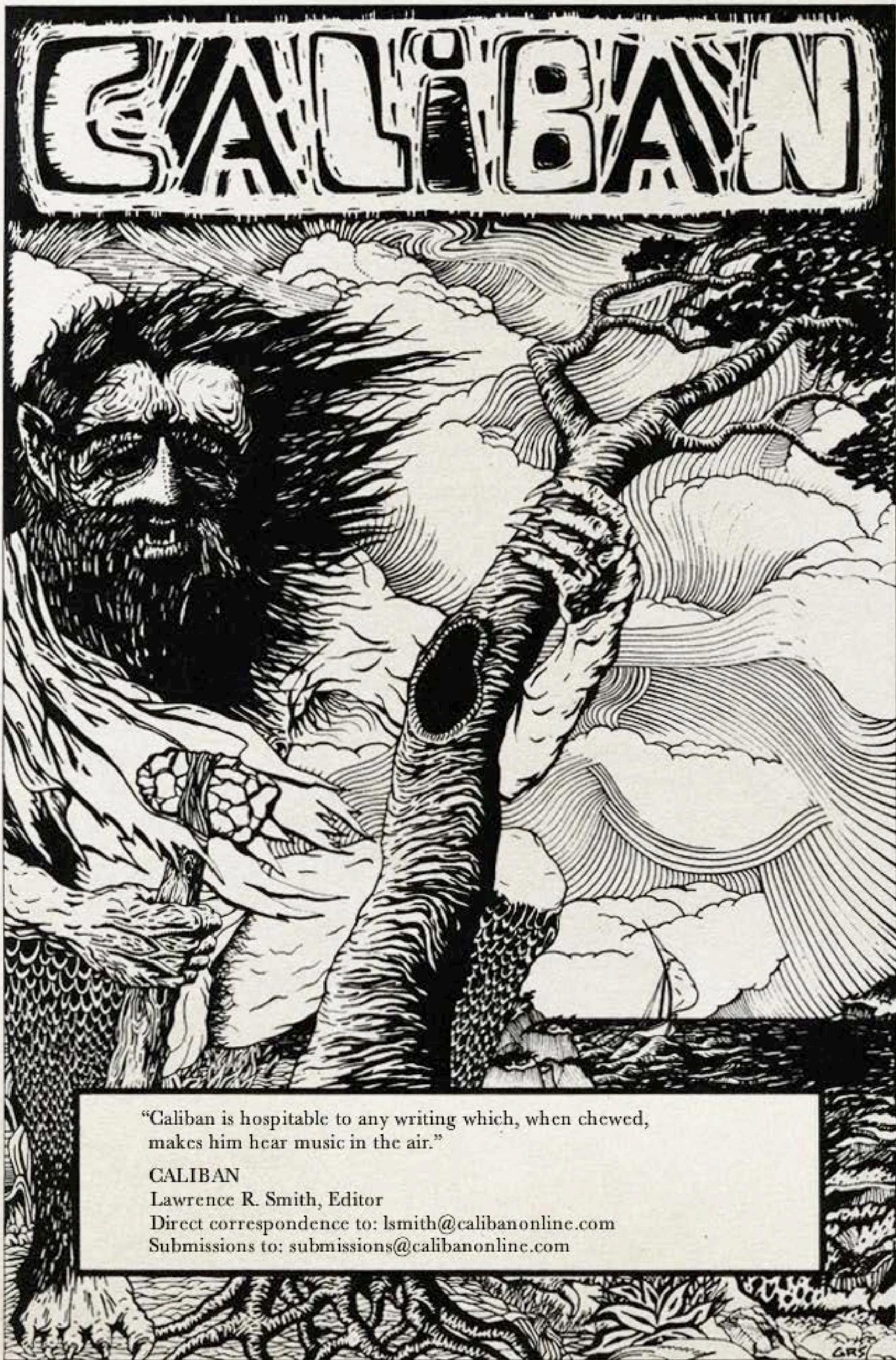


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"Caliban is hospitable to any writing which, when chewed,
makes him hear music in the air."

CALIBAN

Lawrence R. Smith, Editor

Direct correspondence to: lsmith@calibanonline.com

Submissions to: submissions@calibanonline.com

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CONTRIBUTORS' ADVICE



ROBIN DAWN HUDECHEK

Tombstones Like Clouds

I am waiting for the faces gathering
around my bed with their needy eyes
like curtains drawn to blink and part.

I am waiting for tubes curling into my chest
to bend like a dandelion's stem
in the sun, and the institutional carpet
to sprout flowers.

I am waiting for the brush of lips
on my forehead as you bend to stroke my hair
rearranging every loose strand
as rain falls from the bulbs in the ceiling
as rain fills the corners of the room
and the walls, steeped in fragrant moss, fall back.

I am waiting for tombstones like clouds to part.

Waking Up with a Migraine

My head is a clattering of plates
my head is blinking lights,
my head flipped and spun on a roller coaster,
or a washing machine
I want to climb out of but can't.

My head is the boxing of my ears,
and the face of the tight-lipped matron
looming above me in and out of this century,
in and out of focus.

My head is the churning of wine in an ancient skin
left too long to sun, abandoned on a rock ledge,
a shepherd's bench.

My head is the screw placed in a monkey skull,
neck tightened in some garish lab experiment,
eyes still blinking wide, electrodes flashing nerves,
notebooks scratching. My head is the monkey's
wailing echo in that room, the silence of
thick-paned windows and even thicker, wider desks
separating the scientists from the monkey.

My head is my little brother pulling the head off my doll,
my head floating high above my neck and that scene
of dolls, some dressed, some not, tumbled in a pile
inside a cardboard box, unloved as victims dumped in a gully.
My head is crowded with these dolls, never neatly arranged
in pink houses, on plastic couches or plastic chairs.

Travel

The portal is a cave that smokes
loam of earth and broken spider webs,
a sky that grasps constellations in fistfuls and sprinkles
them like powder in the flowing wormhole tide.

A scribe with a beard rippling rivers at my feet
nods, and in my hands an oar appears. Quill poised, He marks
my entry: the day, year, and century
in his Book of a Thousand Pages where each page is a rainfall
the birth and death of a village,
ancestry lines shimmering in stalactites.

I shrink as a bonfire sparks up into the cave's ceiling,
illuminates the bodies hanging from trees
torches wielded by angry villagers and the lone victim
lowered into the sea in a box. I understand
if I enter time, I must experience it, cross my wrists
bound in new rope, press my face to the last warmth
of sun as the box, floating my body like a tomb
lowers deeper into water that smells like a swamp
and the sea at once, water rising in a puddle, closing in
on my cheeks and lips as I suck in my last breath of air.

Blood Walk

I walk on knives,
prick my finger on a thorn
and cinch my stomach into a corset.
No one said this crown would be so lonely,
and bending to see my image in the lake
or in the looking glass, always judging
would be like looking up at Pharaoh
pouring his jug of water into the Nile
as the Nile ran red from bank to bank.

When my husband leaves me
staring through curtains hard as panes of glass
and I dab my thighs with my fingers
who will press their fingers to my lips
and silence the whistle of breath
guiding me into a sleep of rose petals
and a night of teeth, rows and rows of them
smiling. No one told me what to do
when the Nile runs red from my thighs
and my husband stares at me from the other
side of the bank. I am the plague
I am the blackness of wings descending
I am the blackness
a pin prick in his pillow that grows bolder
and darker when he shuts his eyes.
The Nile runs red. I drop my silk robe
and do as I am bid. Bury it deep into the earth
then wash my hands again and again.

Night Shadows

On a night when the stars flicker weakly
like an ancient lamp about to burn out
the crows gather outside my window.
I can hear them pecking and scratching.
When at last one discovers
that in sleep a window is always left open
their wings circle the ceiling.
One cocks his head at my open mouth.
Another lifts my blanket
until, sitting up in bed
I know what they are after.
They sit on my shoulders and clamp
tight to the darkness folding
over the sheets then lift it
a shadow wriggling in their tight beaks
a shadow they slide under the open window
and out into the humid night.

WILL ALEXANDER

From Concerning the Henbane Bird

“...I can reveal myself as nervous solitary power
dispossessed & skillless
knowing at present
that I cannot judge the barrier of ravines like an unnerved error
poised in restless cattle

a confusion posed at a certain physical pitch
claimed as principle by dogmatic indemnification

I
being absent as mass have no fragment or boundary
neither forming or gathering as form
yet at the same time enduring the anti-isolation of mass

I am that by which derivatives no longer conjoin

even as one flightless
like & unlike the anoa*
I am the beast one can never renew
or confine with an image
hovering through interregnums as ‘compressional deformation’

hovering as a trace
as a strange preliminary fowl
a trace compressed above electron seas

it is not that I reduce or increase
through troublesome letters of jade
or that I seek to induce a state self-derived
like a sorcerer who spits fire

yet I'm called Tocha by the Hopi *
Nanatska by the Pima *
Lutchit Herit by the Wintu *

being to the ancient Mexicans
'huitzizil' *
'ourbiri' *
'pigada' *

being visually momentous
inside the realm of the Juan Fernandez Islands

yet I can speak of Sajama *
Cotopaxi. *
Chimborazo *
all of the above
being curious lakes for my fuel

a saturated index
a silicate aerial indemnity

never adapting oneself to local ruination or to stratification carved
by polemic
I hover outside the clepsydra
outside the code of static nuclear law being blaze as runic magnifying
power
as if I were akin to reasoning
counting each scintilla of existence
which parallels the Buddhists & overfills Samadhi

each moment of reasoning
flooding its own spell
emptied of any forewarned deflagation

being beyond the heat of interior kelvins I have withstood the strain
of a willed

volitional harvest
pervaded by another ether
by another soil
scattered by alien radium differential

say I pursue fire from divided hillocks
I will then come to know
the powers produced from the arch-concerns of the instincts

& the mirror from which these powers bespeak
partake from themselves a superior kind of nullity
so that interiors inhabit themselves
by sudden context of themselves

a simultaneous parallel which drifts
& re-partakes its scintillation as spark
as momentary paradox
like a tachyon with its drift
roaming in & out of nothingness

& this nothingness is where recognition appears
where sparks disintegrate & re-form through cataclysmic
recognition..."

Glossary

Anoa—a small wild ox of the Celebes related to the Buffalo, but with straight horns

Tocha/Nanatska/Lutchit Herit/huitzizil/ourbiri/pigada—traditional name for the Hummingbird, so named by the Indian nations in the northern Americas

Sajama—Bolivian volcano

Cotopaxi—Ecuadorian volcano

Chimborazo—Ecuadorian volcano



BWWH #318-6 by John Fox, 2013
archival pigment print



EVOCATION #30 by John Fox, 2013
mixed technique painting (36" x 24")

MERCEDES LAWRY

After Zero, One

Shown to be a slice of particular measure
framed as construct, named
as hour or minute. In the hands of the man
at roof's edge, maybe paper
with mundane word, or gospel
or small white field.
Do birds take notice or mimic
curiosity? The man might have forgotten
the weight of bread crusts. Never
fed the birds, studied wings, or cared to.
Ribbed clouds skim to the east.
He is counting now, silently.
Numbers will fall, too, and become nothing.
The time spent contemplating.
The decision. The time spent going down.

Basis

She confronts a great blank wall
That may also be the entrance to a forest.
Hesitation, naturally, small stabs of dread.

She has a little knowledge of this and that.
Klee, for instance, cooking.
Not so much geography, navigation.

She is now in search of definitions.
Taking measurements. Chucking out the useless.
Because this is a winter of a different kind.

Ice on the inside of the old windows,
Patterned as if beauty was won with ease.
She hears whispers that may or may not be the dead.

In the end, green is what she chooses.
She could stay among the trees, happily.
Birds might find their way, singing.

ROB COOK

Ranges of Winter

1.

At night a boy crawls into his father's mouth
to comfort the other children.

Angels, the shreds of God, hardening into teeth.

2.

The lights of the first people flicker
and die between breaths.

They wander the chat-rooms alone
and without language.

The boy plants his voice inside his brother and sister.

He wants to give them more,
but he cannot find his blood

or anything the wolves will understand.

3.

In his sleep the boy follows the herds of rain to the end of their lives.

The ice-box moon turns even colder
in the digital heavens.

Cook/22

Someone out there pressing buttons
on the closest star,

waking the boy in the middle of his bed's
unmapped tundra.

Tonight the father, also, burns a spider for warmth.

Declaring Peace

And the sheep graze without land,
without fleece, without heads, without
the endangered wind dragging water
back from the moon's many hiding places,
without a barn where the hacked-open can sleep,

just lambs who gnaw the ground without
wanting to hurt the ground,

just horses grazing flesh where the grass is gone,

just the whinnying of the snow
and the baahing of the blankets
that have already detonated

Just sheep grazing pain between
little piles of waste, the field a gentle frost of hellfire

The pig children have eaten all
the telephone voices caught in the windbreak

The crops with no drought resistance flaunt their still edible stumps

No salesmen left in the stalking towns of the plains
Just a herd of mouths without bodies

The only air leaks from an underground silo

The president declares peace to himself in the middle of his war

And from a crowded, endless room he commands peace
against the girl sitting at the bottom of her soul picking the bullets
from a bear

The girl thinks the bullets died painfully and not the bear
so she carries them home and feeds them water
and sheep skinned to their transdimensional membranes with nothing
to follow—
no light where the moon burrowed into the sky's permafrost,

no teeth marks left by Polaris to lead her
past the bomb-wired pasture whose animals can be felt
everywhere, nursing from dragonfly casings and depleted chimneys
of rain

Sadness in Subtle Michigan Disasters

Exit 104, I-96, Lansing, Michigan

the shipwreck of another Super 8 Motel
\$48 a night, everything decaying
that's not on television.

You could say the grass leaking
out of the asphalt parking lot
was a pubic nest meant for someone other than you.
And you could say anything about
the Bob Evans economy
or the blind windows at Mr. Taco.
But what could you say about the purple
recliner by itself on the lawn that's been
growing a whole season, or the mail stuffed into
the rips in its nicotine fabric, addressed to someone
who might still be passing her life here.

Abandoned mattresses blood-or-tomato-juice-stained
floating like food marts into the weeds.
And then the smoker's room for non-smokers
and people who need to study the overcast wallpaper
and its emphysema, the light fixture gouged
out of the ceiling, just wires dangling now
like the guts of half-ruined pioneers,
the mirror gasoline-jaundiced, the sink barely well enough
to drink, the bed rich with static of something
just eaten, something killed
in the self-checkout-line at Meijer's across the street.

And what's playing on the redundant cable networks
without government funding for a remote control?
People almost pretty and wilting in the pre-recorded laughter.
Food that's wrong about everything.

The insides of all words erased,
the remaining blanknesses pushed forward as progress.
And don't forget the tabloid news.
The trees dead or on their way.
The eight-year-old teenagers enough
to tear down Menards and BP Gas and Boston Market
and the authentic Mexican cantinas.

Nothing to help with what came to you
from the Joan Armatrading sadness of Ohio,
its tractors pushing away the sun,
money now the only edible plant between winters
and June, July, and August separate
but precise forms of quackery.
Nobody sentenced to the Lansing hotels
will tell you that if you want a bible to read,
you will have to write it yourself
and with as many hands and fingers as possible.
It cannot contain words like *god* or *hope* or *everlasting life*.
It will not survive the scrutiny of low-income sunlight.
It will not want to help you
or your moody prayers to the tulips infecting
the sleep you had to steal from another person.
You will have to do it alone
and not as a figment of some minimum wage
warden watching from the mosquitoes they use here
for surveillance and grainy pictures of heaven.



IN REMEMBRANCE OF KURT SCHWITTERS by József Bíró,
2007, mixed media (20" x 27 1/2")

BOB HEMAN

INFORMATION

Enters the tree that was left behind. Removes the mask he has always worn. Uses his wheels for the first time.

INFORMATION

Bow ties are not permitted on the escalator. Sometimes the elevator is split in half. In the tower the light is always different. The only stairs continue beneath the surface.

INFORMATION

They were only footsteps away from sleep, only pages away from a word they hadn't seen before.

INFORMATION

Begins, or is repeated, or is captured in a circle that can be moved around. Is compared with a chicken or a horse or a washing machine. Is given words that are too loud, even when they are whispered.

INFORMATION

Machines that have no parts: the apple, and the ocean, and the hat.
Animals that are filled with windows. A river that is split in half. A tree
that is repeated until it becomes a forest.

INFORMATION

The game used people who had never been opened and animals that
were repeated too often. The forest in which this game was played was
pasted on each wall they passed.

LEIGH HERRICK

Hawk Poem #5

What's difficult is no one really cares about it—
What do you say, Hawk?

t'as entendu parler de ce qu'est arrivé à paris

No need for electricity—
only a pen and icicle breath
vapor
like achmatova's *yes*

psssst—toi— moi j-voudrais te dire quelque chose

Quoi? Ce que t'es—Ri|re|d'eau?

riddled curtain of laughing water

Caricature de Roquefort?

parody of satire

Narines craneuses de n'importe quoi du monde!

b'en, écrivain—

—Étoile!
Écraseur épouvantablement bleu
qui réanime la nuit!

stylo de vis-à-vis

Instant of not-death!

création

frozen to wings!—

What do you say then, Hawk?

eyes consumed by the hierarchy of sentence

Therefore?

«*je suis*»

Hawk Poem #6

But one has the advantage at least
to pretend with a roof to help but for fragility
& the transpirations of bungling bumblers finding ways out after in
as if *to take* were the grandest of fractions
or the width of mind an inevitable expanse for proof of nothing
“I take the book and turn I
take the car and turn
I take the house and turn”
but full moon recurs
and You fly by
saying only

breathe breathe

breathe

like wind

JAMES GRABILL

Paradigm Torque

the exceptions to common law that have descended upon themselves
carry in full histories of religious hostility that failed to dissolve in time

for these current billions of orbiting coal-fired commutations of indignity
in high sun, with luminescent crows taking a stab at unknown authority

the blasphemous trawl of sunken equipment through complex sadness
the hand-drummed pulse in a city park with galactic nebulae spiraling

the muffled gong of the black hole unsounding at the center of forces
or anonymous depth sinking in over seamless stretches revered to this
day, expanding within being as the moth-winged dark goes inexplicable

with rock of the sea floors far back in sky-down presence of a necklace
say, holding up in the story of eyes, where lake-ragged winds strengthen

even bull thistles still in their stand, for the horizon curves with Earth

which would rather not sleep just now, hard-wired with unconditional
doubt on the table, as the whole and crescent long-term rides on lunar
buoyancy, with thermal multiples splashing, the present hour ticking

where human overpopulations inundate claims at the wrist of their river
the time-bomb atmospheric unmasking of unequal public distribution

the lightning-blue spell of miles falling into spiral stairwells of ranch
motels for non-mystical recipients of nativity and modern combustion

the future feminine wing-beat upon wing-beat looking to receive a vision

the roadside jungles and zoographic cards ripped into new world order
under the human rotunda where anonymous regret can be smuggled in
past the iron gate and storefronts at edges of an era that's never been
what it is, before disallowed fractions left out leopard layers for our own
remote descendants, scorched from ounces of privatized right or wrong
which soon enough will have gone forgotten, or be taking on out-of-sync
sluice the soprano and basso cantante may be serving up as their share
of post-contemporary bituminous accounts of penciled-in sea-leavings
mothering the dusts where large numbers of unplugged volts have gone
with social justice for the mammoth or miniscule in residence at the foot
of a sudden sympathetic embrace of steering clear of the bull's eye now

Dawn Roars through the Cells

The green wave crashes in slow motion through the summer.

The work week settles into sculptures of historical snow still falling from the towering downtown clock. At the root of strategic readiness remain whole legions of collaborating cells.

Sun radiates from the renaissance domes of electromagnetic waters and air in aesthetic unfolding.

Out of split-second auditoriums of whispering old-time capacity, in the roiling of stretched payloads aloud, through sleep solidarity between species that grew here from the first, the future sheds its mucosal croaks and snake skins, opening spiral amniotic eyes.

Nuclear projections of seed in bullfrog coughs out of the picture haunt encyclopedic balconies.

Rational classifications of steel ships maneuver between continents of future mothers.

Solar energy splits into color as intricate fractals middle the streets.

The unnamed world takes place in the intense 2050 spring.

Fluid Rips in the Fabric

however the first wheel began to work with bulk inclination
however many ancestors were granted clearance to speak
at the same hallucinatory moment of quiet, inhaling, whaling
or looking off to this day back when it was still only a little risk

in the mammoth history of chance and success
ensconced in what may have been rough
or prismatic in the face of lamp-quick qualms
fresh as spoons of air at pungent end-lands with hungers
like ours and our lineages of case studies pushed ahead
into unusual attempts not to end before finishing or going
indivisible from sea-slogged risks in colt-thick chances
the carrying capacity of this planet may have in it

where the mind pictures what it used to think
would be ahead of whatever taste it once had
of primordial air that planted its taproot in being
where mercy cultures have had their equivalencies
and inequities conjured up in the sun that quickens
down to sleep within history eventually
the way unfathomed antiquity resounds

where, awake or falling asleep, the deep brain works
on its own, as the mind is only one human
center of activity in the whole which is far more
than mind in the domain of matter sweetening
in elastic time as core-spun seedlings
respond in the keeping of kindred night

the shadow canyon at noon translucent at cellular times
of birth depth-sounded through churns of exotic torque
in public plants out of speech at the root-core in bone-making
to drive the room of summer out to indigenous parallels
in front-line questioning of the black umbrella under satellites

in heavily patented identity, for the next generations will
have their needs and demands other than any
known at this point of intrinsic worth this instant
in night-to-night expansions of molecular integrity
as if what can you do with undercurrents in the original

nuts and screws of uncontested accelerations of simplicity
sleep-raked as silence nailed by motel neon into vastness
as if nothing's happened for decades, before it shows up
with glass ceilings or rail-yard lanterns of unusual
psychic beauty in the truck and delivery of burden

from the first birth going anywhere in this wind-soaked
mattering where the world's said to be riding buoyancy
in gravity for miles that thicken and thin in their soups
coming to live in dimension, talking their sun's medicine
and sea-tortoise tympanum, however the place looks
through these eyes when no one could know
who was going to be taking this breath
someplace other than where we've been

adorned by genetic necklaces of forest intelligence
or swelling in seamless saws from the burn
at absolute zero, the forward comb out of starts
of embryonic depth, the undefined heaviness
and lightening from the sky-down south honeybees
that chance their root-reaching hexagonal symmetry
on the only breath we have and use in poor villages
on the wrists of river thunderheads, vector songbirds

breathing the daylight air, packed as it's been
with night locomotives that blow in from work
sweats and animals out shuddering in the collective
sense written in uberclavicular pretexts of onion stands
say, green as the scarlet rock of hips pressing on
with subsensory pulse, in professional detachment

when the green wave crashes, exceeding expectation
which awaits or dissolves with the laying on of flat-past
visceral intensifications of hands as revolve around oil
in an era of belief in belongings, which lionizes control
of whatever grows or might be the effect of a root
drawn into what it needs and can give back to soils



UNTITLED by Jefreid Lotti, 2014
charcoal on paper (22" x 22")



UNTITLED by Jefreid Lotti, 2014
charcoal on paper (24" x 22")

BRANDON PETTIT

Salt Specs for a Cult Sky

I comb the grass and thorns of this garden a lost poem I rewrote in someone else's hand. Undone in wrong meter and ten pounds heavy to scale I step back from the moment a saddened dream realized and extend their hands—rain drops.

\

The young men who insist on helping me at the supermarket tell me, “The fogs of society rally their shopping carts at night and race the boulevards of time like they mean nothing.”

“Does Kairos light these boulevards?”

One of the young men taps the roof of my car. “You're good to go.”

\

I travel to bed most nights a balloon filled to the lips with my own string and imagine I lie horizontal at Port of Cosmic River tied to a buoy that, like myself, waits to hear our name.

\

On darker days in need of a pinch I like to sing the song of myself to myself. Some days it works and the beauty of leaves and grass grows in me like vines. Other days, no matter how hard I try or how high I climb, the trees of the forest yield only the bitterest breezes of my soured, assed, fruit.

\

In these hands for years I was like a ball without feet. I fell to the floor and bounced $\frac{3}{4}$ time.

I waited for myself to drop. To take a step. To catch up.

\

Like many boys I learn to devour hearts by the mouthful. The first lies folded delicately rare in a leaf uncontrolled on the eighteenth green. It is perfect. The sprinklers come on twice and we come to believe we are more than just one body wedded to its core.

But that's a lie. It's not perfect. The golf course is a field of snow.

*

I check on the vegetables in the garden and hear myself becoming more related to what I am destined to be.

This click of knee: A new friend old friend sort-of-thing.

\

Each summer of growth giving urge to keep the quiet streets of this life swept clean.

\

Before dinner I wash the vegetables and think of myself working the plot earlier today and contemplate all that drains and all that evaporates; all that reaches for the sky with or without help from the sun. And then it dawns on me: What has happened if the poem I've been seeking makes its way home each time I correctly breathe—?

Would that make me a word or the sentence?

\

I finish clearing the weeds as much I can for the day and take a seat in the red Adirondack to peacefully watch night come lurking into the field like a wolf in need of healing.

\

In the North two satellites wait to come to view us traveling the predetermined curved path where we find You taking friends like victor, victim, and rhyme.

\

At the sink I like to thank the empty plate for its friendship with a nice soft-washing. Despite its chipped and stained body, I believe my love for the plate will not break.

\

On board, still ten pounds heavy to scale, I look for you before our ship departs. Most of the other balloons I pass are in the midst of letting their air out and/or tying their strings together. If I find you I will tell you / so you can tell me

SIMON PERCHIK

*

Face to face though the first tomorrow
was not yet needed, waited in the Earth
as the promise to become a morning

and she would arrive between two suns
where there was none before
was the nights, years, centuries

your shadow took to darken, clings
till its silence washes over
you carried as dew and beginnings.

*

Drop by drop, its silence
holds on to the mud and each other
though this puddle sparkles

from tides that are not sunlight
—what you hear are the shells
darkening and their nest

breaking open for more air
the way you toss in a pebble
just to hear its ripples

as the splash from your first day
still reaching for shore, lower, lower
and flight no longer possible.

*

You need rain water, boiled
till the splash makes it to shore
and the egg becomes a morning

—pots know this, the hurry-up
and wait the way your hand
clings to the still warm shell

as if it was once the soft light
falling off the sun, is moving closer
to where a chair should be

have a shadow to follow it
by reaching across the table
surrounding it with a darkness

that smells from moist leaves
and the sap when this table
had corners, sides and a lid

lifted for smoke that waited
for the night, was hidden in small fires
that slowly eat their dead.

JOHN CROSS

Laocoon

*: you are to cease,
effective immediately,
naming each as if it were a holy child.
like pigs in death, let them remain below the salt.*

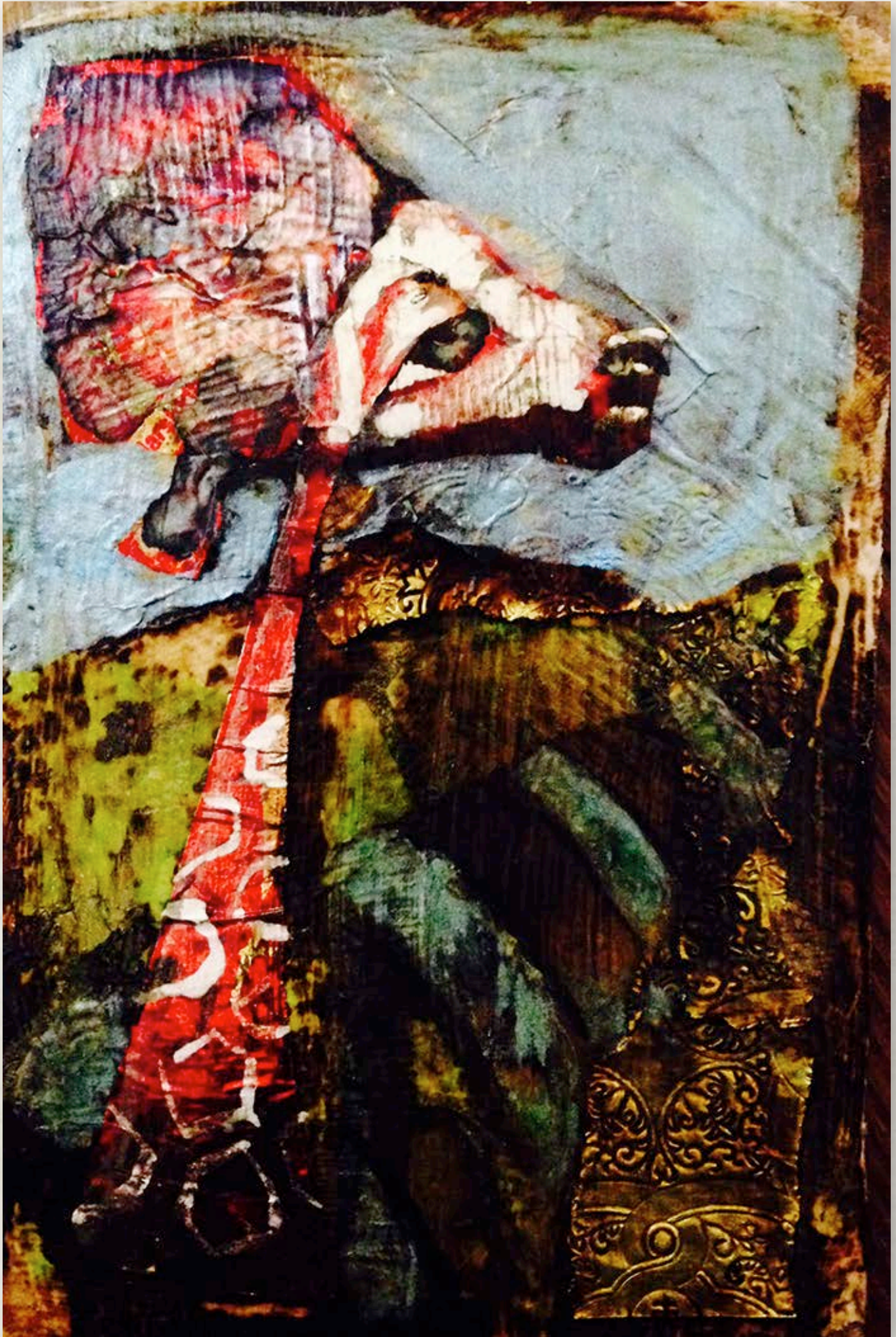
hour of colostomy,
lipsticked manhole,
no hand big enough to cover
all the shit that shouldn't be said.

*: you are hereby
word-cised across the back
till you bleed through and can no longer be read.*

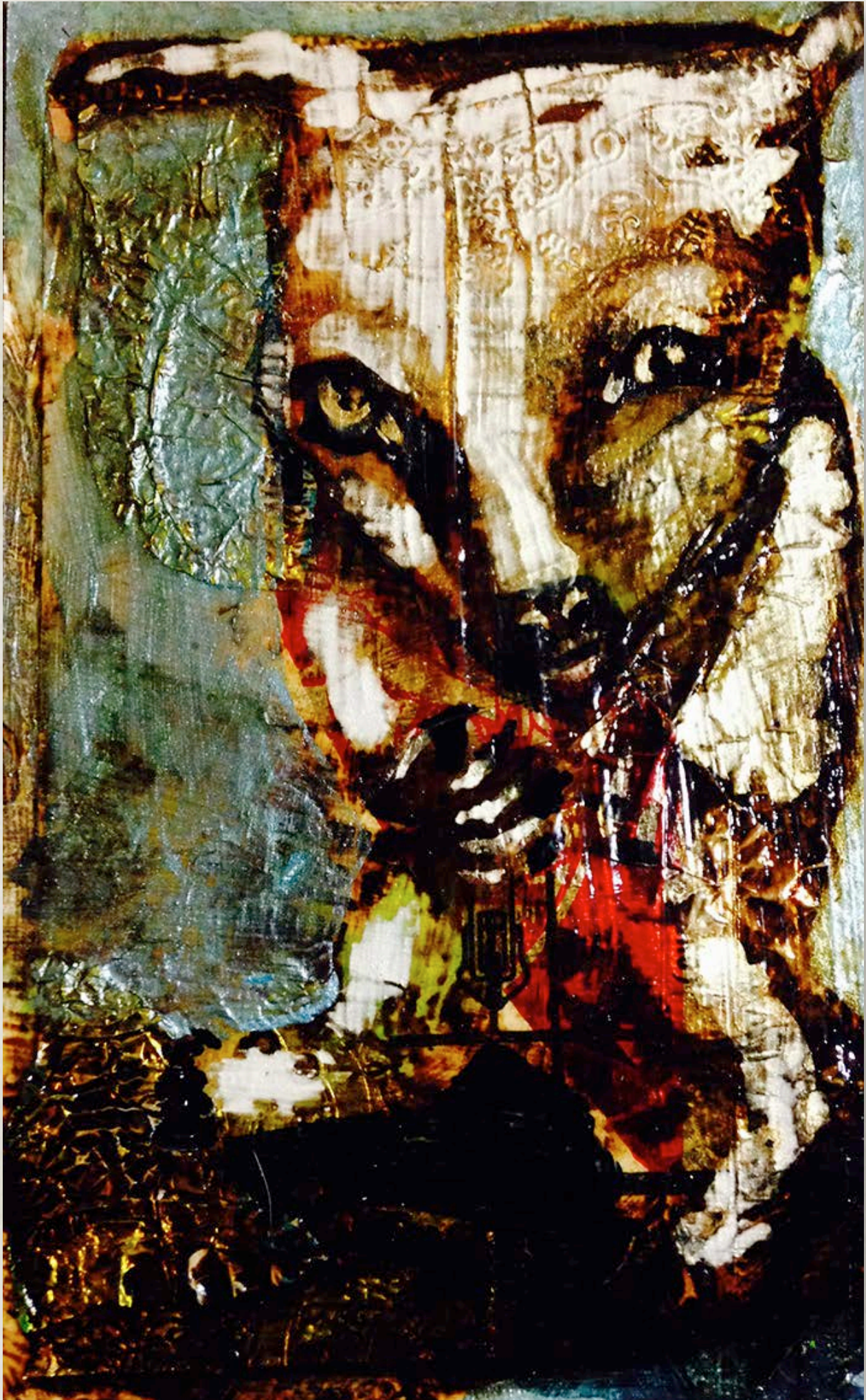
hour of love
and blue hands,
i head for your crawlspace
and set fire.

*: that thirty days after the date of service upon you,
word will have lost
its bearing. you'll call out
for the living but name the dead over.*

oh, hour of open ground,
where the idiot light signals
the coming of a second sound,
i'll lay the first earth
in the bright circle of hunger.



MAMAN GIRAFFE by Christine Kuhn, 2015
mixed media on paper (5 3/4" x 3 1/4")



MY PRECIOUS by Christine Kuhn, 2015
mixed media on paper (6" x 3 1/4")

GEORGE KALAMARAS

Shortly After

There is an enormous scar in my chest that is not playful.
When I witness the sovereign strength of ants on the sidewalk, I know
I exist.

Gaps of sunlight through the blinds are gaps of memory in what
I might blink.
To keep out the forfeiture of light, I have replaced the rings of Saturn
with Jupiter's moons.

Let me wear a necktie and keep, as a pet, a renegade pocket hanky.
I strikingly resemble neither my father nor Henri Michaux.

There are intuitive speech patterns in my morning erection.
I keep trying to decode them, to reach out to someone with hidden
hurting blood, but no one will answer my mouth with yours.

It is over with quickly, this wearing of old man's pants.
When I heard the allergy patient in the tight gray sweater was
to receive a complete body waxing shortly after her injection, I
feared her circulation would increase and the one with the hives
would mysteriously be me.

In My Arms

Would your lurid name of black hair blow back tenuously across
my cheek?

Would you affection? Would you clasp-mouth my scar? Crawl me
alive?

I don't even know you, yet sense tenderness, as if you kept a scented
hanky—with which you planned to gift me—tucked up against your
pubis.

Might we have touched, once, through other similarly aligned
mouths?

The horoscopes of sadness do a strange thing with grief.

It has something to do with exhuming yarrow stalks from a person's
spleen.

I'm sorry not to release your papers promptly, even those mixed
with milk.

I could not bring myself to memorize the sad corners of your smile.

We wear clothes for sexual convenience.

I'm not sure what else to say, except that outlines suggest a large
mystery.

Here's one. Go directly from point *A* to point *H*. Then turn left
at *1*, *2*, and *3* before curving right at *W* and *Plus Zero*.

That should leave you precisely in my arms. In my arms. Or
someone else's.

The Sorrow of Taking Suck (What Craving Stays with Us)

In Bhutan, heavy stones and strange yellow blossoms are holy sites.
I have counted backwards from 100 each birthday to see how much
further I have to go.

My mother's brother's sister's aunt's great nephew turned out to be *me*.
It's puzzling how I took suck, they tell me, from only the left breast.

Now I'm allergic to cigarette smoke, to pollen, to not having
enough sleep.
I have even purified the air in my room with the minute ash
of a bonsai.

Even so, it was the right breast of every woman I met.
Aunts, cousins, even waitresses patted me on the head saying, *what a
good little boy*.

If you want to examine me in relation to walnut meat, consider which
of us is sacred and, thus, profane.
The only thing he had, Mircea Eliade would say in times of sorrow,
was that he always knew he could return to his meditation cave in
India any time he pleased.

Political Bone Sutra

More than my mouth is stuck in political upheaval.
If I named names, I hear, this poem might soon be obsolete.

But consider the towel sopping water from the bathroom tile.
Consider the boards beneath all the weight of not buckling.

When we stayed in India, the only political party was the poor.
Of course, the only power they had was to finance their own death.

Each swatch of ash from the burning ghat is more than a dedicated
blistering.
I thought many times of drowning myself in the one gold coin used
to close the eye.

More than my mouth. More than my ear.
More than finally feeling fine in whatever fierce array.

Consider the peacock's enormous display of—not affection—but
primordial lust.
Then examine each political ad while touching yourself tenderly
in the smoky dark, in nothing but the t.v.'s glowing demise of blue
chemise.

A Ravenous Pissing Among Leaves

Moorings haunt the scent of your displeasure.
The broken hymen of a dolphin spills thick star nets into
the shallow of a pool.

A pantry powdered with flour argues for a resurrection of Brahms.
From the snout of a bear we hear blood music as if restraining
our ear.

Random magnification thins a lexical corruption.
Vernaculate this, he said, clutching his crotch.

I shall forever thrust a command of howling dogs and deep healing.
I own the sled and, in my compassionate lust for snow, have torn it
to shreds.

A water snake diffuses the climate as if the center of weather.
I'll face the blowhole of any repentant mammal and confiscate
my lost sea.

Yes, memorable depth. Soaring insult. Gripped ingrate.
Our ravenous pissing among leaves says, *We are hungry for elm resin*,
repeats, *Ancient elegant abyss, you are my seed*.

JANET PASSEHL

Dear Colum,

your kisses are mouthwash
a good soup
peasant of the metropolis, your grace beckons
a botched nation
come today and scrub the wooden floor
employ tenderness and esteem

he gazed crying through the grandeur of her window
two rooms and a piano between the brothers pierced

I disapprove, she said, razing a mouthful
burning out her secrets, the earth tightly squeezed
in truth
do you believe deliciously, or love cheerlessly
healthy limbs?

I am a short walk, he said, come with me
watch me depart and be unhappy

Dear Colum,
how clean
the world sounds when
heard from the valley of space,
the heart a small ping

his rented left brother and bottle of yellow music

letter knife Scotland

.there was the desk

.there was the cook

wedding party lioness

half the letter stuck out on a table

the gloom, after all

he was

alone. he didn't care

Dear money,

all that he received,

the oddest being

half a letter



COSTA AZUL by Ricardo Avila, 2014
acrylic on canvas (48" x 38")



PUNTA, PLAYA Y CRUCERO by Ricardo Avila, 2014
acrylic on canvas (36" x 37")



CIUDAD DE ITALIA by Ricardo Avila, 2014
acrylic on canvas (48" x 42")



CIUDAD DE MUNICH by Ricardo Avila, 2014
acrylic on canvas (48" x 42")

TIM KAHL

An Open Door to the Mind

You have to know what you're doing to put your mouth on the rib script, the Arabic going from right to left, the English from left to right. Settle into each hollow between bone and call it a nation of skin, an insinuation of the right to farm. A furrow from an exploring finger spreads along a seam. A seed dropped and smoothed over. A gamespace where the comets come to forget they are crystal. They stake their claim to an emotional landscape where the little bites and cries evaporate like a bruise's purples and yellows. The nibble and suck is prelude to the kiss. The mouth is an open door to the mind and its god.

Inshallah. And it shall be done. A cupped hand on the base of the spine. Tingle sparks jumping up the bone knobs like a fish ladder. They reach the call center where the messages filter: topology of the solar flare, handspun nipple, interrupted breath, compression of the finger pad, sensitivity to initial conditions. The trace of the tongue tip migrates to the breastbone. *Yameen*. *Shemal*. Over the clavicle, tripping on trapezius. Squeezing the jugular. *Shemal*. *Yameen*. Cut off the blood to the spinal staircase where once upon a time a cloud of particulates came down. Like stubble on a knuckle, like loose ends brushing the back of a winter animal, its pulse terrified and racing into trouble, into hypnosis and bloodcurdle, into shudder and the logic of pleasure, into the new dictionary of the same old beginnings. *Uhibbok*, damp flickerer. *Uhibbok*, fantastic sugar. *Uhibbok*, my little playmaker.

You don't understand practical. You understand passion where the thin and dangerous part of reality lies. And if you fall through to a motionless gaze, a near breathless torpor, let me interrogate your neck and torso for the gill slits disappeared like the habitat of shorebirds. Fill it in. Tamp it. Knead the dough of your belly. And later the examination of

freckles as though they were dancing stars. *Onzor!* This one tastes like a blackened onion. Another one like bananas and salt. Still another one's name is called into the armpit. Are you my apostle or my hard-ridden beast? *Al aan* o hurricane of flashes, *al aan* privileged fidget with the navel, *al aan* intellect cut with our nightsweat, *al aan* the slow swallow of stardust on the teeth.

DIANE GLANCY

**The Confessions of St. Bo-gast-ah at the Cherokee
Female Seminary, Indian Territory, 1859-1864**

The Cherokee Male and Female Seminaries were boarding schools opened by the tribal government in 1851. The male school stood southwest of Tahlequah, Indian Territory, and its female counterpart north of Park Hill. Teachers were brought from Mount Holyoke, Yale, and Newton Theological Seminary in the east. Course list for females. Philosophy. Rhetoric. Composition. Math. Latin. Science. Geography. Music. Religion and Bible Studies. The Female Seminary was a kingdom of learning. But mostly a kingdom of work.

They spoke the world they knew, but it was not ours. They covered our world and turned us by force to theirs. We did not know how long the journey. Out of the barrenness, bramble would grow and latch to the hem of our garments, coarse and brown.

We scrubbed the floors of the room. We scrubbed the kettles of the kitchen. They were animals of the world that had come. I cleaned their soot. I spoke to them. I was quiet at night from the work. Once we burned a clearing to plant corn. Once we used fire to hollow a log for a canoe. Now our fires were in the stove. The kettles were animals of the fire.

The train stopped at the depot beside the water tower. Jesus died on a tree. Fire balls reigned in the night. The world they brought was fire. We didn't know where they were from.

Clouds appeared and funneled and disappeared and returned.

They gave us *outings*. We entered their houses at the back and into their kitchen. We stirred their kettles. We were handed the muffin pans, the plates after their eating. There was a boy I saw at the table. He who

Glancy/64

did not take his eyes from his bowl. I spooned him more mush. He ate without looking. I saw him again going to the field while I swept the back step. He was wearing overalls.

The lowland fog was table linen on the morning cold.

We wrote numbers on the page like knives, forks, spoons placed on the table. The knife was a 9. The fork 5. The spoon 8. I don't know why. No, the knife was 1. The fork 4. The spoon 9.

St. Bo-gast-ah Hears the Confession of St. Rufus Slab

He knew there was trouble.

It marked their voices.

Father then mother.

The relatives.

Then Reverend Bushyhead's mission for orphans.

There was no listening.

The voices ran over him.

His silence was a hiding place.

His words grew in the field.

He uprooted them to eat.

Here a girl looking at him.

He didn't know why.

St. Bo-gast-ah Hears the Confession of the Sea

The day is orderly.
Christ sits in his rows. The train passes on its track.
I thought I would be windproof.
Rain blows from the edge of the woods.
I feel the violence of a storm at sea.
I feel the sturdiness of landing.
The Female Seminary is a ship.
It is a chicken roosting on the highest perch.

Sometimes I see the little dark place
in the rocking hull of a ship—
the uneven sea—
the tossing waves under a changing sky—
the words praying to reach land.

St. Bo-gast-ah Hears the Confession of the Storm

I watched the clouds from the window
when another storm came across the field.
We ran to the cellar behind the kitchen of the school.
A spirit was there hovering from the storm
more afraid than we were.
Its hands moved like a treadle while sewing a straight line
of thread into a fabric.
The storm became a large spirit trying to take back
its world and us in it.
Some cried. Others prayed.
The storm put on the garment of the wind.
I held with the boys onto the weight of the door
with a rope to hold it closed.
We had visions of arrows and bows and birds
and animals.
The lines were in the storm.
The words were rain and the rain was lines from the sky.
Then the wind was gone.
When the rain stopped, the smaller spirit was gone
from the cellar.
We went back to the classroom.
We opened our books.

It was a daily fog.
Sometimes I cannot get off the floor.
I am a slug that moves across the step
leaving a silver trail of despair.
To know there was a bright light within.
To know it even in the darkness.

St. Bo-gast-ah Hears the Confession of the Land

We remained broken as a ship in the uprising of waves
against a shore of rock.

Which of the two I was was a crisis of being.

But the land, I would say, rose to its occasion.

A train arrived.

The red-bud bloomed purple.

The sky shone in the day.

The stars were pebbles at night.

We heard the deer stepping across them.

Sometimes grazing on their light.

If it has to be this way. If it has to be this.

St. Bo-gast-ah's Confession to God in Later Years

I cast myself before you, Merciful Father.
Have mercy on the uprooted.
On the unwanted.
On the made-over to fit somehow the wiring.
We may not fit the outlets
but you reform us, Lord.
We can be plugged into the plug
with prongs that go into the outlet.
You yourself were remade to a man struggling
on the cross.
You were thought odd.
You were dismissed.
In that we are one.



TROMPETAS DE ORO by Homero Hidalgo, 2004
mixed media (52" x 35")



TERRITORY by Homero Hidalgo, 2013
latex, sand paper on canvas (12" x 9")

EDWARD SMALLFIELD

ronin

after vc

the monastery on the moon.
I know you know what I mean.

the cold fingertips of the syntax
massaging the nerves.

the jingle the jangle of a music
that is not music

or is only music
to a few.

the new sword's untouched blade.
the glittering syntax.

the stolen voice wrapped
around a finger: ring

the midnight
bell, the silent moon.

palimpsest

like falling down a well

you said, meaning: sleep
the suicide's story
someone else's history
: families

a blue bottle with an ear inside

the hour in the dining room
the atmosphere
inside a balloon

lead

as measure (of)

what seeps
(through)

once

radio

active

SHEILA E. MURPHY

Four Letters to the Young

My dear arrestive sapling,

I would go forth and do the wash if only you would mare me. Now I choose to font our fourteen points into a grazing that may smudge the well-wrought pagination. Come sing your youth to me. I'm past the grasp of honeydew. My mountain occupies shared daylight. By the power vested, I undress my tired spoon feed. Is it time to turn the wilderness into a shake roof? No rush, midline darling. I am plussing via facelift I behold in many replicas of you. What time would you say it is already and again?

Nothing halfway smirks its way into my robust heart. An early start is how he grazed me. It was often shuffled to the header called *adorable* where he would slink. And I would look there under the intrepid influence of the shrink who liked whole playrooms. Botany turned mutuality. We liked audacity in plants. They played their part that way.

About that hairline fract- . . . would you be doubling your inimitable contribution to our octet without praise? I am unlettered when I wake. It's an espresso shot in water very hot tamed down to mint ice leaves. By Sharon and by Jo(v)e I buttercup a prior sadness.

By the way, good morning.

Dear Dovetail,

Flinty praise of many daylights from “her-nibs” whom you’ll remember fostering in hospital . . . I think mock orange banks the house where Doris lived, and is now inhibited (yes I know) by the doctor of record. No I mean professor in whose course I have wholesale enrolled. What crotchety dross he preaches. Catholic colleges vote *how?* Just listen to the prudhomme sound like Walter anymore. I’m frankly tired of rubbing foot bottoms to get a pulse.

For many days now (foolproof) chastity has vogued its way south to erase the chortles. By and largesse, mink new-flown to airports with a train has stirred the sneezes and some blinky little domelit urch- has been predicted to side rail all passing frenzy with a phrase out of the wormware. Cost is like a cyclone tense.

I’m thinking we’ll be joined forever by imagination when you bed the thrall you caved to just as I in earnest wrote.

Dear Cat(call),

Spokes repair to hub in my eternity. Would you be winded if you cruised the chef lit ship all night and then broke down? I think there have been attaboys bewildering our stuffy wind nest or an act of God made loose ribs whole to turn a species inward. Rest assured the fleabag full of holes might emirate its locus to our chart. Who reads destiny?

I could text you or could brief my soldier contact of your sorcery. But you too readily oblige. You stay caught in insincerity. You berate the clout you say I suave with chalk. Sad to morph your lieder into twelve packs.

Yes, he appeared at the soiree disguised as one lacking any pinprick of a sensory agility. His stride imposed a length on scattered shells across the beach waste. When a person asked *What were you vice president of*, it caused eruptive laughlines to appear down roads of all the literati there for no good hesitation.

Merge you way beyond illicit fame and reach your bonneted wan fan about to freshen shadow out of memory.

Dear Madrigalia,

Is it any wonder the *shut-up-ski* flunks while I am drawing narcissi? *You and I become vast(ly alike) against my better lug nuts.*

Moon comes close to seeming a burnoose. Insignia gleam from cyclical evasions, although a cop may opt to tax my grades. I make it a point to pose (stop there) stiff questions. On a good day, petrol firths the watch.

Benignity enforces smart museum regulations via drapes protecting the collection from a holidaptive herald singing harkness.

Consider yourself selved when the duress you're under ought to seem beneath you. Largesse prompts even these butter knives to lease space between substance and a chaste soul. What fosters lift marks among alleged sages? Unleash the penance from a white pervasive noise supposed to dampen breadth convincingly.

As you were, my throat comb.

ELLENE GLENN MOORE

Grandes Exitos on I-75

Rest stop / mile 591 / you leave down the hand brake
/ My car rolls like heat on the incline to a soft pause
/ rear tires butting the curb / Who taught you to
salsa / while you drive / shoulders stepping / fingers
popping / music gathered in the windshield / Do you
think the sky is beautiful / a perfect metaphor for
something / unlit / on our tongues / Do you feel me
rushing into you / like a voice that hurts / expanding
/ in the space between drum fills / the cloud-pour /
ahead / showing us where daylight ends

Love Poem with River

Hot today / cool stones along this river / pile water
into pools / deep in shade and eddy / In this welled-
up space / we know / are teeth / They make our
bodies worry / when we slip from June / Make the
pockets beneath our ears / full with resin / We
churn / the roots / We press through / claybed

Here / I ask if we can talk about the river / without
talking about crows / Here / you say darkness is a
name / for what we do with our hands / after flood

Everglades

Where night fell it left a print / a calligraphic ocean
/ water and grass / Where water fell / dark pools /
slips of grass flecked our path / Where grass fell /
into cuneiform / a piercing lonesome / the bright
heron cry / Where birdcry fell / darktongued /
grasswater / flickering into sky / Where sky fell it
left our hands / tree without blossom / Where
blossoms fell / flurry of white / disturbing the
shallow water / Where we fell / we left our breath
/ swaying like censers in sacred hands / We
calligraphed the darkness / where our bodies
touched

DALE HOUSTMAN

From *The Somnambule's Crime*

Littérature (Still Under Construction)

Back from the Autumn campaign.
Back from the jamboree of lights.
Back from the Antipodes of Kansas.
Back from the infirmary in a war room.
Back from the daydream that had been Africa.
Back from the novel birthed in the stars in the dust.
The timorous clerk waddled straight to bed
and grunted out a baby ghost
with diamond tipped fingers.

That was the opening in the promotion of tragedy.
We shall stand at the center of a grand estuary
droplets of mercury in opaline hair
as our newly commissioned vandals
scratch pornographic poems
on the walls of a Roman outhouse
where the State dinner coagulates.
We relocated our offices
to the Miracle Mile
(still under construction).
Our money managers
strive to shelter children
from inclement education
as criminals throw bus tokens from chariots.
The Winter campaign is a fashion of shadows
accompanied by haute couture pigs.

Where is a Leopold when you need a Leopold.
Our ageless narrative is a pink slurry.

After the book signing at the Parthenon & Poultry Shack
“abattoir operettas” and collages of shredded petticoats.
The headless lion meets the broken thumbbed monkey.
Where are the sculpture’s bayonets.
Third-magnitude stars are outed in textbooks
of architectural shadows
accompanied by the shadow of pigs.
In light of this information
we write poems about pig shadows.
There are so many pig shadows
and only so many poems.
We learn to love pig shadows
as they have learned to love us.

The Gratuitous State

The abandoned dairy factories
refashioned into residences for birds.
The superfluous milkmaids ordered
to move into smaller rooms
away from the birds
away from the dairy machines
away from the milk ponds and pasture volcanoes.
The women recall their former existences
on a steeply inclined street
blanketed in brown clouds
as they were blanketed in brown smocks.
One of the younger girls played Lady Macbeth
where she ignored the catcalls of emperor farmers
while the bed linen sharpness of the milk ocean
hung in her chest. Bird on a roost. Moon on some toast.
The ghosts of the bankrupted cows
watched her burning at the stake
and setting free the birds trapped in her heart.
Let us splatter blood on each wing
to proclaim a new and more profitable art.
Why we have not been rediscovered by Europe
is difficult to comprehend.
Why the drugged nature photographer refuses
to take pictures of the beautiful pyres.
Why the ornithological essayist sleeps
with decayed horizons
stacked in his branches.

Above a park down the long street
milkmaids heard policemen arguing over women.
How could anyone have survived
or even arrived there through the checkpoints.
A delicate gas hangs over the gardenias.
Yellow shadows writhe in the waters.

Think of the sweat and blood
swirling in the preservation tanks
awaiting the review of our bodies.
Think of the classical music
which frightens the sparrows from the milk rivers.
We had been seeking the perfect place
to build a dairy factory.
Now the birds are settled in the plastic masts
of half-drowned milk galleons.
The ocean is handsome
surrounding the white mountains
blocking the white ships
and the fabled passage to the White Sea.

The Creation of a Diorama

At the Smithsonian of Anxiety
a small scene entitled “The Reversible Potomac”
is added to a discreet chamber behind a water-cooler.
Yellow handbills are blown across a plaza by oscillating fans.
Today the petals will shift
across the gargoyles’ politic features.
The flood damage is hidden beneath a floor of greased palm leaves.
The House of Ibises
The Corridor of Tired Camels
The Garden of Relative Truth.

A silent movie actress folds out from the air
between the diorama and the door. A prim small-town girl
chained to the harbor rocks in the wet chasm
from where she set sail
to discover the searchlights of early July.
She is an image of many moods
to sailors staring upward from the sunken portals.
An illusion of storm clouds decays over the fishery
from where the cautious woman set out
to conquer the Incan witches
with a butter knife and a purse full of buttercups.
With a butterfly’s complexion
and a loaf of bitter water droplets.

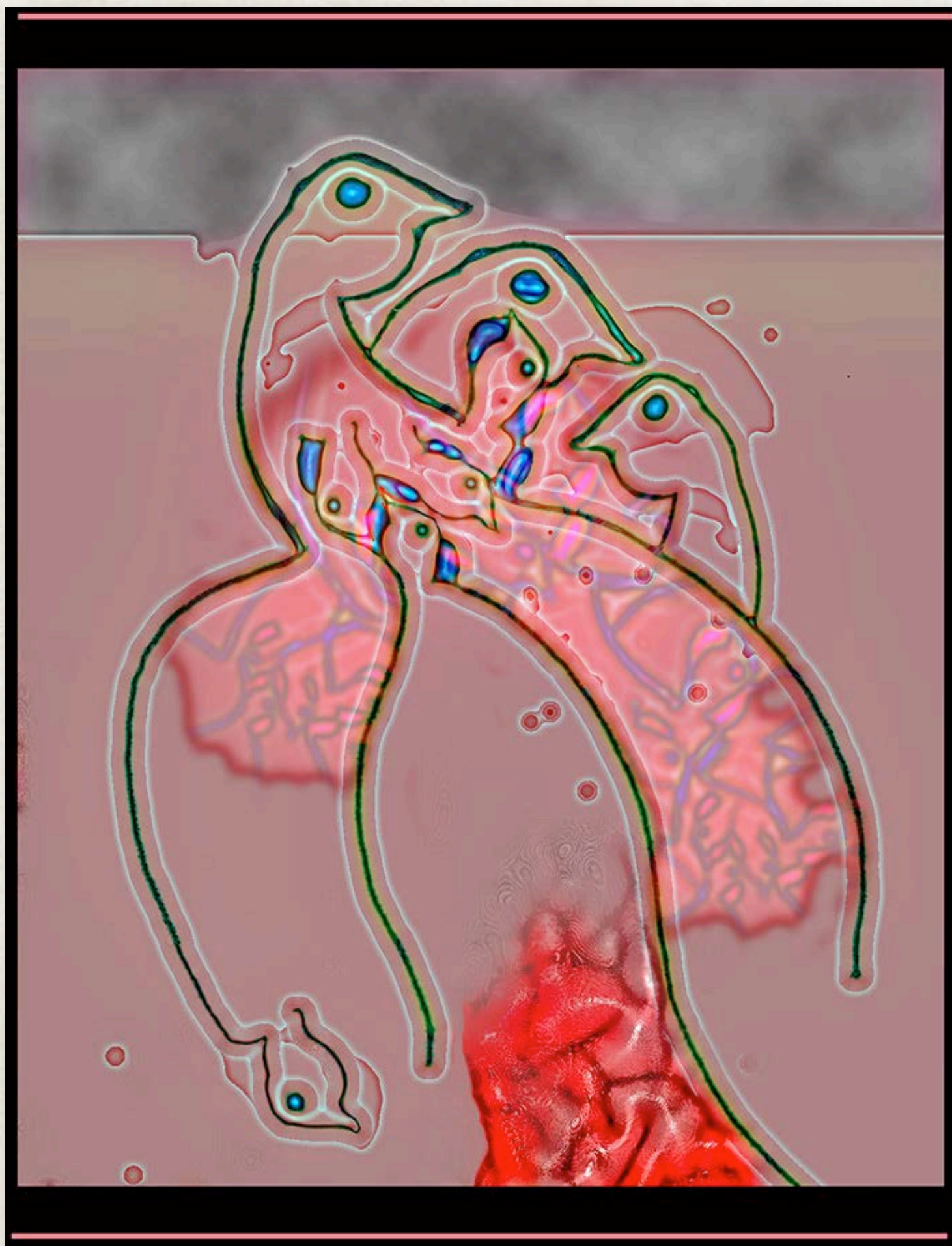
Although part of a lost film
these events make a popular diorama.
Suddenly I observe a copper crustacean
whose hydraulic gestures remind me
of that invertebrate Cortez.
I do a preliminary sketch idea
for a diorama of 1000 green hummingbirds
drowned in 1000 children’s tea cups.

I am the suspended whale
I am the air under the water.

In one of the older dioramas
sleepwalkers listen to pirate country stations
elegiac over a porcelain-veined peasant gal.
Across some of the smaller streets it begins to rain
lending a fetal shimmer to the immigrant vendors
and when they are all arrested
a party will be thrown.
That will also be a diorama.



POSTHUMOUS ICEBERG by Dale Houstman, 2014
digital image



YOU WHO HAVE KNOWN ME by Dale Houstman, 2013
digital image

CRAIG COTTER

Rib Pork

I start Schuyler's
"A Picnic Cantata"
at home—but 9:30 hits—
have to be at Sanam
by 10 or the rib pork
will be gone.
I stop reading at
"the best in some years"
drive to North Hollywood.

Brown crunchy rib pork
on white oval plastic plate
waits in front of me.
I got one of the 10 orders—
but why did I get into the New York poets so late,
Frank, Jimmy, Kenneth dead.
My time comes soon
and you wonder what I was like
not what you read about me
from friends and enemies
and those who never met me.

I can tell you
(to ease your mind)
if you love a few of my poems
I would've enjoyed having lunch with you,
I would've answered
many of your questions.
If you think everything I wrote

Cotter/90

is regressed teenage crap
I never left the developmental stage of 14
you don't understand developmental sequences
you're a bad reader.

I've been slogging through your collected James
not finding a poem I like yet
just a few lines.

On 56 now.

The painting on the cover
I assume is you
but the credit is unclear.
If it's you
reading
you look fat and depressed
wearing uncomfortable clothes.

When I was on Sanam in Bangkok
no kites.

They thankfully forgot to turn on the radio
my first 26 minutes here.
Very happy you didn't have to hear that last song
unless there is a connected afterlife.
I'm leaning toward obliteration now
after some years of Faith.

I'm going to text Davin in New York now
"At Sanam with rib pork and poetry."

*

Mano's friend
a Thai Lesbian
has been dating
for years

a Mormon American pilot.
They have not had sex.

Frank never old
I'm not old either
but in a few months
I got 10 years on yuh.

An old woman
has no problem
with the heavy glass door at Sanam just now.

Wonder if I'll get old?
If I do, at what age
will I call myself old?

I've eaten all the tofu
out of the green beans.
Did you ever forget
how to spell "beans?"

So many connections
in life
(that last piece of tofu looked like chicken
so I initially thought it tasted like chicken)
many of them
to trick ourselves
into believing
we get eternal life

predicated on
destroying some other
group of people.

*

Cotter/92

I've moved to the rib pork
it's 10 a.m.
I have 5 numbers for Davin in my phone
one his cell, 3 his labs at UCLA,
one his parents' in Arcadia.

[Rib pork break.]

A 5-year-old boy looks up in wonder

*

I just texted Enrique
then Davin:
"U wanna go to gay beach at
Laguna next sat or sun? If so u
should be at my place at 9
a.m.

Both now have partners,
Gaston and Troy.

I want a chemical explanation
filled with narrative details
about why rib pork is a 10
some days and a 3 others.

Definitely the lead chef
is not visiting her family in Thailand.

*

I never liked
the jugglers
on The Ed Sullivan Show
but could you hear

“I Want To Hold Your Hand”
in 1964
and know you were gonna get
“A Day in the Life,”
“You Never Give Me Your Money,”
or
“Something”
?

How many guys
who got that famous
‘62 through ‘65
wouldn’t’ve kept
touring doing those
kinds of songs?

In their last tour
1966
they didn’t perform one song from *Revolver*.

2

The rib pork is gone.
When the Thai server
comes back to my table
she’ll ask if I’m taking
the rib pork home
as I don’t eat every piece of meat off the bone.
I predict neither Enrique
or Davin will accept my
offer to the beach.
I even went to the skeet range
in San Clemente
to look for Sean.
Sean the straight

Cotter/94

16-year-old
skimboarder
spear-fisher
on the gay beach
West Street Beach
south of Laguna
5 years ago
4th of July weekend.
Your red tides
your going to Mexico
with your family
for the summer.
You stood astride the planet
in red swim trunks
brown
glistening quartz sand grains
sprinkled across parts of your perfect toes.

CHARLES BORKHUIS

Singularities

who will pull the spatula from this sacred stone
who will take the half-eaten home in a box
who will remove these teeth from the ashes
and identify the dental work

*I'm sorry to inform you that your research
has borne no conclusive evidence
of the graviton or the soul for that matter
take the service elevator down please*

before I go let me remind you
that I am not my teeth
regard these chemical hands
as pulsing bits of pattern
or the thrown entanglement of particles
pointing to a little spooky action at a distance

indeed we are separated by a bang
but not completely an invisible someone
whose fingers once fretted over a stradivarius
taps you lightly on the temple

eerie resemblances appear in mirror-spin
light years from your somnambulist pencil
which appears to be doing all the writing for you

call it *lucid dreaming* if you must
or just stumble-bumming into the zone
for example that pebble in your shoe

Borkhuis/96

has started talking to you
with all the tortured clarity of a drunken boat

did you miss the clairvoyant strings attached
to the biting fly's delirious logic
back on earth we call that poetry

Tick

from where I stand
nothing starts or stops

nothing fits inside its shape
but rather tunes
like a fork vibrating in the road

who has really seen
the back of his head
or his own
face for that matter

who has finally put
an issue to rest
or given the devil his due

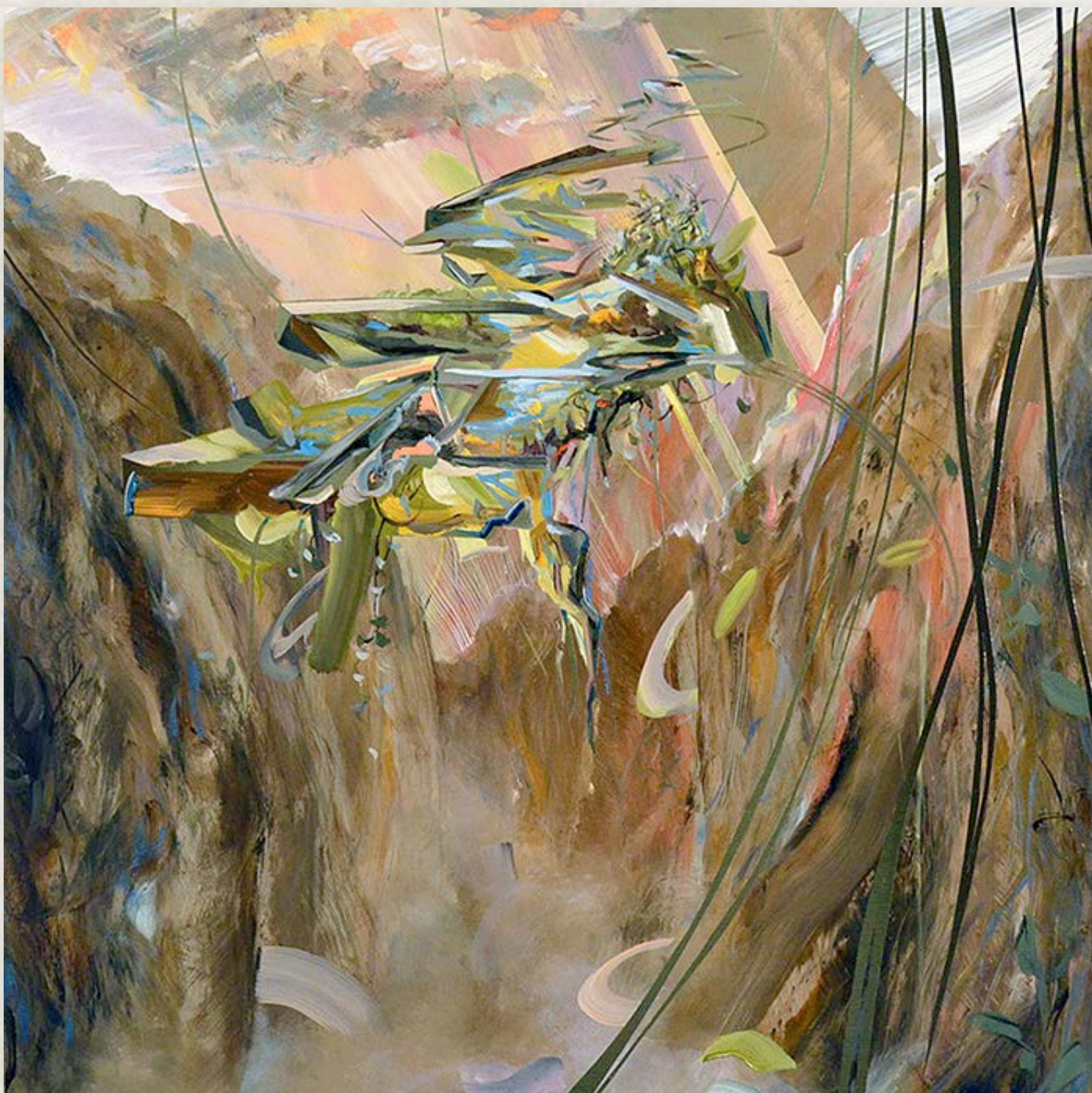
who has never combed a man
right out of her hair
or locked the door on love
only to see it crawl
back through the bedroom window

who has never seen a child's ball
roll helplessly across the street
or recognized the moon
in a teary clown's face

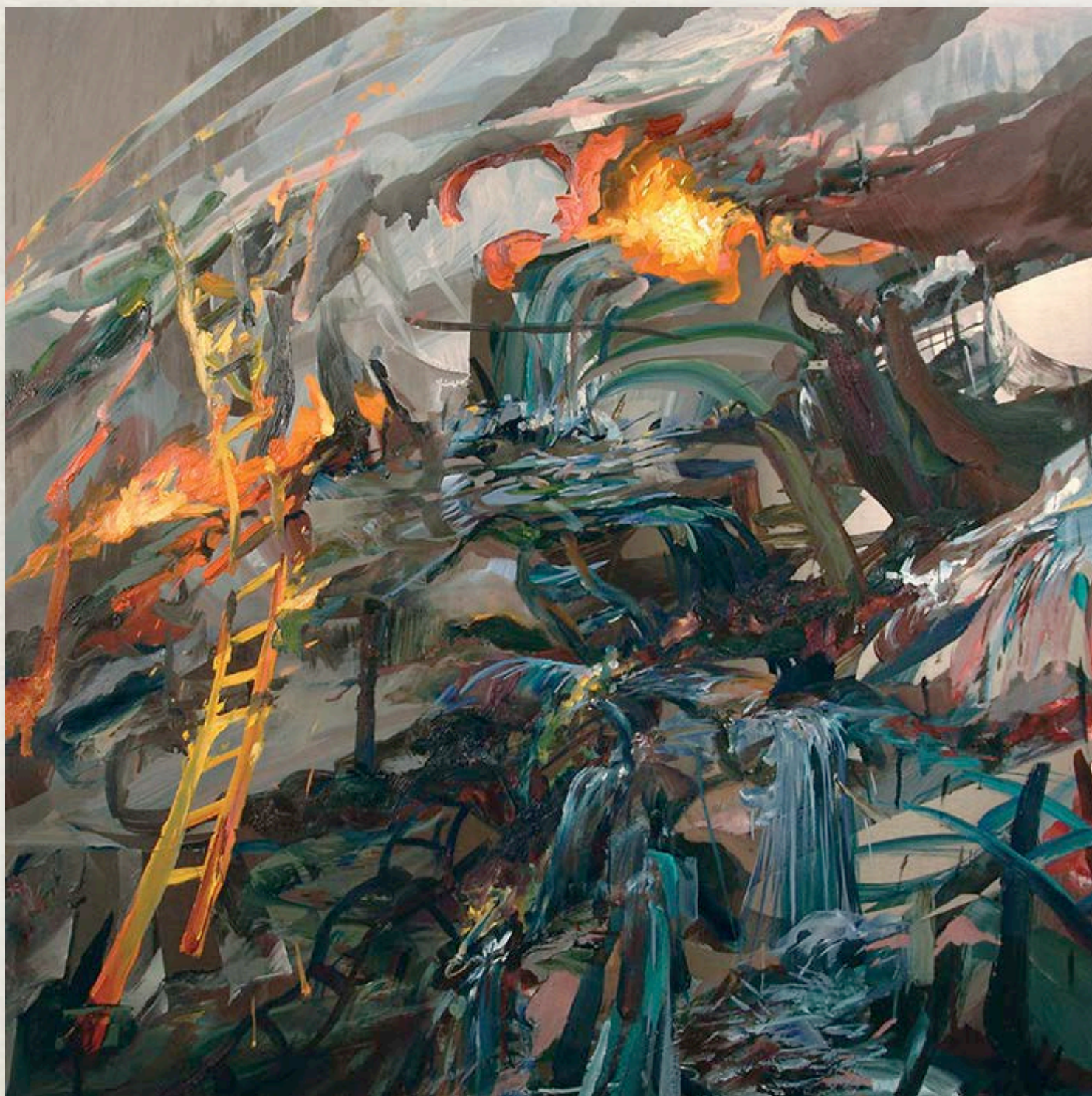
truth is I hardly recognize myself
but for the tiny tick
under my left eye
that's keeping time



CASTAWAY by Jovan Karlo Villalba, 2010
oil on canvas (36" x 40")



RECYCLED ELEMENTS by Jovan Karlo Villalba, 2013
oil on stainless steel (24" x 24")



THE CLIMB by Jovan Karlo Villalba, 2010
oil on stainless steel (24" x 24")

DENVER BUTSON

study guide, 2

the word for *scarecrow* in the universal language of scarecrows is not *scarecrow* but *man*

the *Scarecrow Maps* show the locations of actively standing scarecrows and reveal as many as 100 scarecrows in a 1000 kilometer area per day

flames are the visible portions of invisible scarecrows

of all the literary genres, the most common attempted by scarecrows after detective fiction is the autobiography

a group of scarecrows floating in the ocean is called a *starfish of scarecrows*

a group of scarecrows flying by is called a *constellation of scarecrows*

after old age it is most common for scarecrows to assume they will die of being undressed by wind

a sure way to end any argument with your lover is to claim that you have become a scarecrow

topographical maps that do not recognize the burial mounds of scarecrows are incomplete and considered obsolete by the most respected cartographers

the cameras of scarecrows only take pictures of birds and usually capture only the shadows of those birds that have just flown

no scarecrow has ever been convicted in a court of law; however many scarecrows have been falsely imprisoned at least once in their lives

any attempts made by scarecrows to describe what it's like to be a scarecrow have been met with blank stares and silence

for a few years in the 1970s it became *de rigueur* for television homicide detectives to consult with scarecrows about the possible whereabouts of bodies

in Macedonia it is illegal to copulate with a scarecrow; in Nebraska it is a common but unmentionable rite of passage

the only way to turn over a fallen scarecrow is gradually and preferably without the use of a shovel

a group of scarecrows throwing tomatoes
at city buses is called an *adolescence of
scarecrows*

in Japanese mythology, a scarecrow is
represented as a deity who cannot walk
but who has comprehensive awareness

the Pontiac is the make of car most
commonly marketed to scarecrows

the poet's mother never talked about the
many times she helped her mother prepare
the scarecrow for the fields

before the invention of mobile phones, it
was not uncommon for scarecrows to
wonder where the nearest payphone was

if you go to a used car lot in one of the
more remote towns of the northeast, you
will realize that the person you thought
was a used car salesman coming toward
you is a scarecrow

on Friday the 13th in many cultures, the
scarecrows' faces are covered by black
veils; in at least one town in the American
midwest, scarecrows are vandalized and
left for dead on the doorsteps of widows
every Halloween

in some Japanese dialects *someone left
soaking wet from standing guard over
mountains and fields* is a euphemism for
scarecrow

the Scarecrow River is an underground waterway that appears in many histories of rivers but the whereabouts of which is unknown today. what we do know is the Scarecrow River was un-navigable by boats; however, it was not uncommon in pictorial representations for the Scarecrow River to be crowded with boats piloted by young scarecrows scouring the river's banks for potential mates.

after Hurricane Agnes, the high watermark in the county was considered to be the belt buckle of a scarecrow

many cultures have so-called *knowledge deities* involving scarecrows or those with direct access to the thinking of scarecrows

scarecrows in general are forbidden from carrying matches or lighters which causes some scholars to postulate dreamily about how scarecrows manage to keep their cigarillos burning

in Kimito, Finland, the scarecrow is celebrated because *he stalks all day outdoors and he knows everything*

Joe's Scarecrow Village in Cape Breton, Canada, is a roadside attraction displaying dozens of scarecrows

the scarecrow was once in the running to become the national bird of one country

and the national tree of another. there are
no coins with scarecrows on them

a scarecrow holding a bouquet of tiny
flowers while riding a bicycle is a
common element of fever dreams

do not hold out for an apology from a
scarecrow

if not for left-behind evidence of silence
we would have never suspected the
ransacking to have been carried out by
scarecrows

the unspoken root of the word *October* is
scarecrow

the only thing in the scarecrow's wallet
besides a torn dollar bill is a picture of
you after you lost your first tooth

study guide, 3

some names for scarecrow with unknown origins or associated tongues are: *Flay-crow*, *Mawpin*, *Bird-scarer*, *Mog*, *Shay*, *Guy*, *Shuft*, *Rook-scarer*, *Kelson*, and *Bebegig*

in Dymchurch on Romney Marsh a man dressed as a scarecrow has ridden down the street annually since 1964 in celebration of local author Russell Thorndike's *Dr Syn* books. In 2008 he was required to walk due to health and safety regulations.

if you ask the bartender for a *scarecrow* in some saloons, the bartender will look away and ask you a moment later if there is anything you would like or should he kick you out

tattie bogal is scarecrow on the Isle of Skye (*tattie bogle* in Scotland). another Scottish word for scarecrow is *bodach-rocais* which literally means *old man of the rooks*

police officers directing traffic, tightrope walkers, depictions of Jesus Christ, and schizophrenics are often mistaken for scarecrows

the impact of the scarecrow extends beyond its immediate utilitarian function

when you are eleven and you are holding

the hand of a girl who is also eleven, you are not thinking about scarecrows, but when you remember it many years later, for some reason, you see yourself and her as scarecrows

a man outside of Washington, DC, was arrested for driving in the *high occupancy vehicle lane* with a scarecrow in the passenger seat and two scarecrows riding in the back

the *pumpkin people* come in the fall months in the valley region of Nova Scotia, Canada. they are scarecrows with pumpkin heads doing various things such as playing the fiddle or riding a wooden horse.

scarecrows are mentioned only in the footnotes of the definitive history of effigies

for the first several years of his career, the greatest magician of the previous century spent many afternoons in the fields studying the stillnesses of scarecrows

the Adam's apple is a relatively recent evolutionary development in the anatomy of scarecrows

despite the ubiquity of scarecrows at many times in history, no period has yet to be referred to as the *Scarecrow Age*

in *les histoires des Antilles*, Georg Eberhard Rumpf writes that when scarecrows see *thunderstorms approaching, they grab hold of many small stones with their legs, looking to ... hold themselves down as if with anchors.*

it is considered an affront for aspiring scarecrows to not acknowledge well-known scarecrows in the audience

among the most commonly held professions of fallen scarecrows are machinist, cashier, and delivery person

it is very rare to see a scarecrow in a bow tie. the Windsor knot is the most favored of those scarecrows who sport neckties. most scarecrows have open collars or possibly a bolo. scarecrow poets, jazz musicians and peat farmers are occasionally depicted wearing turtlenecks

my brother who died might have looked like a scarecrow but we think of him more as a crow

diabetes, rheumatoid arthritis, and diseases of the liver are becoming more prevalent in the scarecrow communities

the fossil record of scarecrows is ancient dating back to the Ordovician around 450 million years ago, but is rather poor, as scarecrows tend to disintegrate after death

I'm not going to lie to you said the scarecrow, and then he started doing just that

Alberto Giacometti was a scarecrow

a group of scarecrows wearing sweaters is called a *skein of scarecrows*

do not ask a scarecrow for directions unless you are prepared to take him with you so he can *show you the best way*

if you hear a rooster crowing and it's not dawn, do not be surprised if it is really a scarecrow practicing his ventriloquism

study guide, 4

the most humane way to hold a scarecrow in captivity is to keep his hands and feet free but to cover his eyes so he cannot see the vultures

typically scarecrows dream of long stockings, being surrounded by talking sunflowers, trying to run into the wind

scarecrows are unable to recognize themselves in mirrors

like cats, scarecrows are thought to be nocturnal but are actually crepuscular and do their best thinking at dawn and dusk

the most popular natural disaster in the folk songs of scarecrows is the avalanche, followed by the mudslide. despite its connotations, hurricanes are not embraced by the lyricists of scarecrow song

illustration 6c on page 147 is thought to be a fragment of an engraving depicting a ventriloquist pantomiming the scarecrow's *essence* out across the fields

a group of scarecrows holding bouquets of tiny flowers is called an *apology of scarecrows*

the most famous comedy routine involving a scarecrow begins with a man dressed as a crow starting a joke he's telling to a

scarecrow with *stop me if you've heard this one before*

in northern France not far from the Belgian border, there is a place called *café d'épouvantail*. the scarecrow in question saw it from a bus going north and assumed that he was dreaming

there are dreams about cafés at the end of the world, and there are dreams about suddenly realizing that you are flying, and then there are the numerous other dreams that involve a scarecrow quietly clearing its throat

a group of scarecrows in school rows diagramming sentences is called a *grammar of scarecrows*

in India the most commonly held job of scarecrows is standing in the fields trying to scare away birds

according to colorists, scarecrows look best in earth-tones, particularly with something orange near their throats

burnt sienna is the favorite crayon color of scarecrows, so much so that most scarecrows imagine that there is a place in Italy that always is or recently was on fire

scarecrows prefer to be photographed in profile and particularly from the left

the moment the sun goes down, the
scarecrow starts feeling nostalgic for the
sun

the intricacies involving the undressing of
scarecrows are too numerous and personal
to articulate in this lecture

there is no witness protection program for
those scarecrows who have bravely come
forward with evidence of the farmers'
crimes

wind. sun. rain. wind. sun. rain. wind.
sun. rain. wind. sun. rain. wind. sun. rain.
wind. sun. rain. wind. sun. rain. wind.
sun. rain.

breakneck speed is not a phrase found in the
psychological profiles of scarecrows

*Considered by many to be the major poet of
postwar Spain—the primary heir of Machado,
Jimenez, García Lorca, and Cernuda—the
scarecrow has taken a long time to reach
English.* Eliot Weinburger

a group of scarecrows waiting for a bus is
a post-apocalypse of scarecrows

there are sparrows and there are swallows
but starlings are what a scarecrow misses
most when he imagines a world without
birds

The Scarecrow Bouquets is a series of paintings in the Museum of the Things the Scarecrow Never Gave You

differentiating between an actual scarecrow and one conjured by a taxidermist is often better left to the experts

at the sandbar in merriman nebraska, scarecrows shoot pool with crows while the bartender who is neither floats above them like a cloud

sometimes when you hear something in the stillness of 5 o' clock, you can take solace in the fact that it is just the scarecrow whispering *you do not know where you are or whether it's the end or the beginning of the end as you stir and dream, drawing out your dream to the last blue vestige of air, where at last you give yourself up and sink, groaning, with your vanquished flags as if the scarecrow is josé ángel valente himself as another afternoon drifts away into evening*

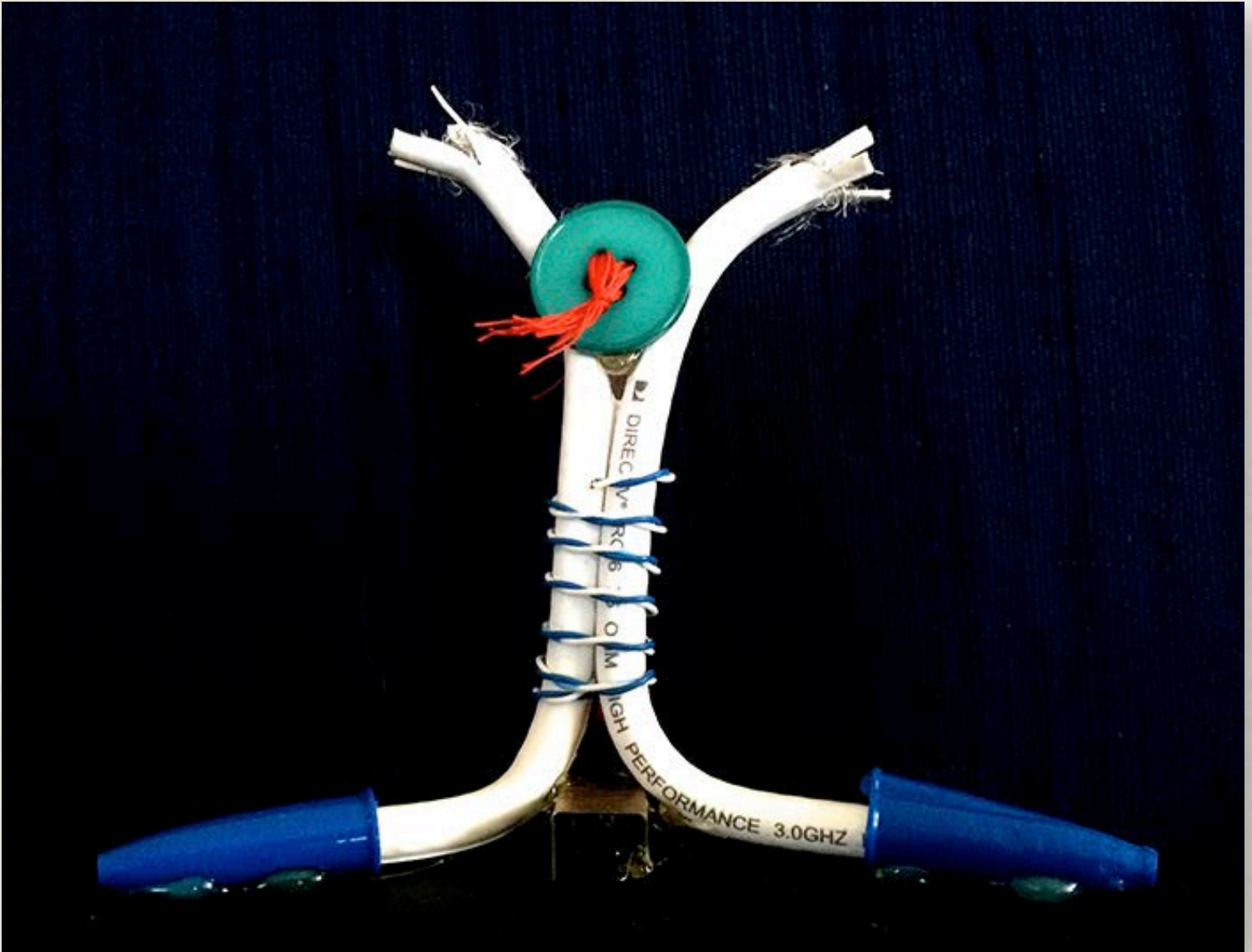
a group of scarecrows at five o' clock is a *suppertime of scarecrows*

for one lovely moment in the early 1900s, the makers of Olivetti typewriters considered a typewriter they could market to scarecrows

in one particularly solemn account of that afternoon, the writer describes the color of the sky as *same sad gray as the barn roof* and postulates that the scarecrow would not have been able to tell where the roofs ended and where the sky began if not for one blackbird standing there like an ink stain



BUNNIE by Sally Nicholson, 2013
brass and mixed media (8 1/2" x 7 3/4" x 5")



YOGI by Sally Nicholson, 2014
found objects, mixed media (4 3/4" x 6" x 2 1/2")



HULA by Sally Nicholson, 2014
found objects, mixed media (4 1/2" x 2 1/4" x 3 3/4")

DAN RAPHAEL

Where rivers collude

washing in an industrial river where even the fish who didn't melt my
hook in their mouth,
the fish whose skins a transparent overview of the suppurating village
now in my hands,
once you get past the whiskers, the reverse craters of flesh-seeking
detritus,
this river that swallowed a world war II transport plane, another river
named downstream—
as if it was a spontaneous orphan, a river that flows from either end
into a spiraling lake
playing havoc with our turbines, river aching to be liberated from
my wrist,
river so excited it fills half the sky with its mono-color visions—
the arguments in light and shadow, how the suns never where you
expect it,
that day it was “accidentally” locked in a basement. mushrooms
convexing the forest floor
but waiting for a certain heat, doesn't matter if the rains still
getting dressed

<><><><>

i cant swim and itll be at least a decade before this tree is big enough
to ride across on,
disconnected from my needs, a roof of many cups, a barrel from a
mastodons rib cage.
we had bottles for years before we knew how to seal them without
changing the flavor,

and who first brought the sun indoors and trained it enough to not
hurt the house—
start with a cave, practice with a belt of rocks.

<><><><>

i arrive in a valley branching to 3 others, hills of trees falling into
other streams,
maps made of halved intestines and convertible eels.
like water we need ceilings when under pressure.
how some noodles are round, some are flat, & many others never leave
the soil.

<><><><>

the sidewalk above me's transparent, revealing the rain of shoes,
the multi-colored cloud-blurs of clothes hands & heads,
light without sun, occasional eddies of conversational thunder

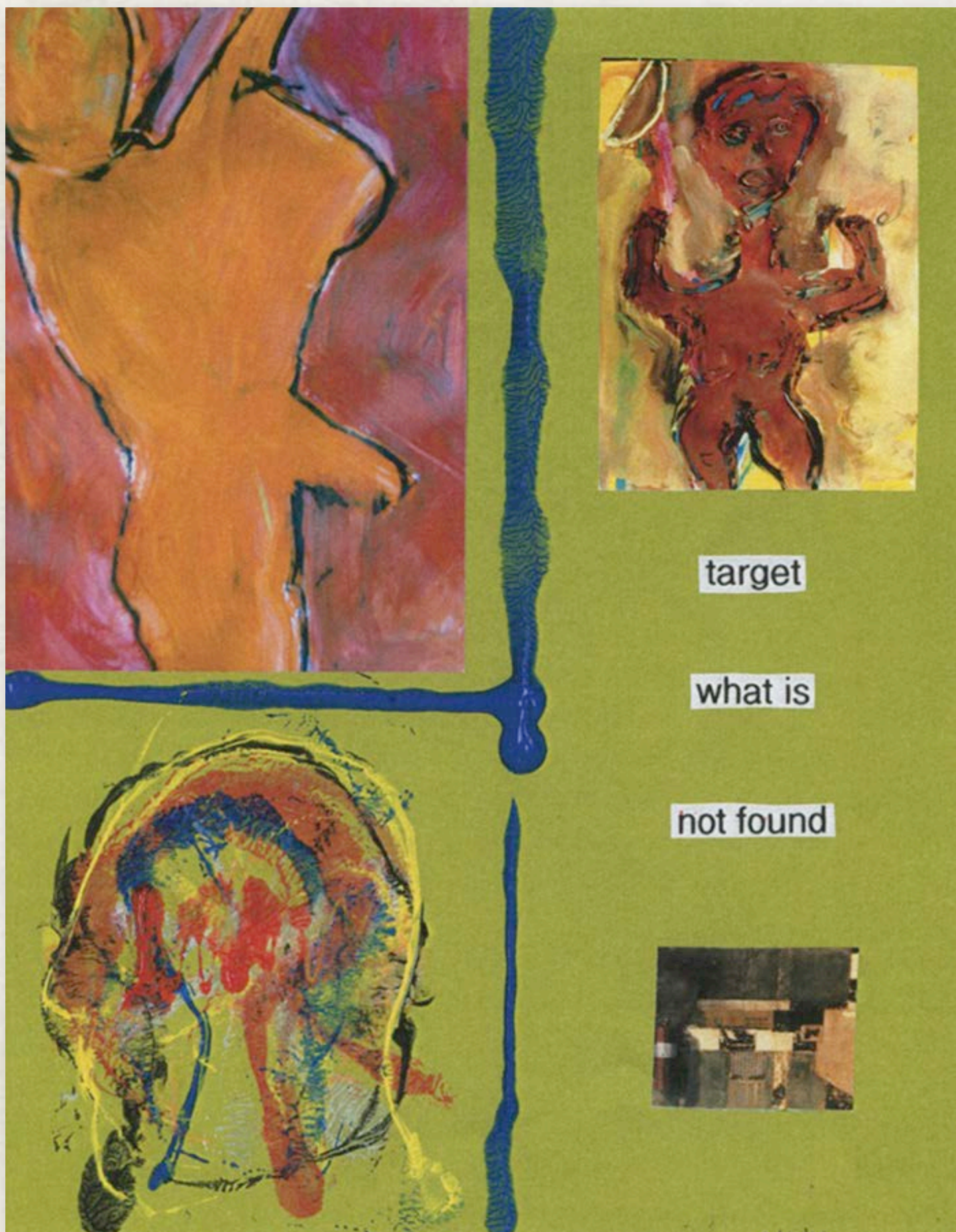
<><><><>

you cant become a river if you're not absorbing rain
when i stop moving roads close.
i jump in the river but land in a tree.
how'll i stay clean when my flesh becomes water

JEFF HARRISON

Mata Hari

shell sewer spat of village
serrated black evaporated year
you begin unknown-of-love avalanches
your pendulum never sheds sunlight
shawl of the orphans tonight
their bouquets regret your shrugged hands
your shrugged hands bouquets of regret



TARGET by Guy R. Beining, 2014
mixed media (13" x 10")

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

ROBIN HUDECHEK:

I Carry Judas's Rope

in my hands, walk through the desert with it, tighten it around my own neck as Judas in robes flowing blood nods once then sinks his sandaled feet in fields filled with dead things: Ancient oil wells with mouths open to the sand, a field littered with uniformed bodies. I wander past a man in his confederate insignia, adjust the gray cap over his eyes and whisper a prayer for this man who will never be buried. Prayers rise like a swarm of bees smoked out of their hives. The prayers fall in dead bodies, glistening wings at my feet. The children in these fields carry bombs. Their mothers and fathers pushed them forward, and now they are scattered among the rocks, turning over stones that leap from their hands, shimmering black scarabs. Sand catches in my throat. I carry Judas's rope because the others refused to.

JEFF HARRISON:

Memory is a dusky imagining. Dusky? The night most murk of any mind casts more light —there, saturnalia's outcry. Here, with Mnemosyne, blind distance, the old distance, noiseless.

TIM KAHL:

The motion of the galactic island universes disproves the theory of animal electricity. The twitching of frog legs cannot be duplicated during Jupiter's thousand year storm. The inventor of the wind scale has shown the solar flares serve as conductors of a vernal species. They arrive across the Aurora Borealis, soulless like a campaign of heartland feasts. They sail through the night space in search of a theory of opium. They regard the tongue of a man as a separate beast, one that is ingenious and appalling in the way it develops through global competition. In the Bible the birdsongs spoke of this. In their chorus, the memory owls outlined the principle of humbug, which did not spin off into Christmas

lectures and analytical portraits of temperament . . . for analysis was dead. In its place the imagination of the planet had sprung and would irritate the gold fillings of the eccentrics who refused to ever breathe the same air twice. They stood firm in their refutation of the life's work of plants. They sensed creatures rearing up into the void around a candle flame, but they did not adhere to the practice of perfecting combustion. They asserted: a candle's history is what will lead it to the bedside, and that cannot be undone the way water can be squeezed from a sponge. The unifying laws of light and heat compel no other theory for such a phenomenon than the master-slave relation in marriage. Full matrimony and not full employment predicts the stability of a steadfast ship of state. Then what of revolution, what of revolution? Right now the revolution has no need for chemists.

WILL ALEXANDER:

As proto-helical form I am not unlike otherness roaming as incalculable transparency across the winter of the cosmos.

JANET PASSEHL:

we ran, rain wet
our houses and cattle
doused our hearths outed
our dead heaved them
from their brown granular
heavens
we refused to be
spoken to in binary
light, instead forked hay
cowshit in stalls morning
night snuffed out kicking
children still smoke behind
houses smoke still rises
breaths are still
acrid mornings
women lie
children lie men lie

ROB COOK:

Because of the Poets

Because of poets, no moon survives the winters of the night sky. And there is no soul. They destroyed that part of the universe in the earliest workshops. It was the poets who killed the ones who kept God alive all along, the poets who frightened away the earth. The wind and rain declared not innovative enough. Useless. * These days I cannot run, walk, sit, write, read, lift weights, watch TV, listen to music. I can eat as many greens as I want. Flakey fish. Eggs. 2 slices of Ezekiel parchment. Water. More water. More greens. Money from which most chlorophyll can be derived. * The voice of the internet has leaked into each of my organs. The chatter of humankind's misery causes even my sleep to fail, if not disappear. * The successful artist advises: if you can do anything, anything else at all, do that instead. Only pursue music (or writing or painting or sculpting or acting or poetry) if you absolutely must. This always comes from the creator closest to Parnassus. Tongue-in-cheek, almost. "Each writer deserves the self delusion that he or she is producing first-rate work, worthy of posterity," he or she might say. But the internet, within minutes, shames all such delusions. What they should tell the rest of us: Only do this if you can do nothing else. Be advised, though, that if you fail—and one hundred percent of you will fail—then the failed work will destroy you. And there will be no way to abandon that sadness. Someone must have said this, somewhere. But then a flower died without a name. And the wind was just the sound of the wind and not the echo of leaves fucking. But always another lifer who looks like a false Bukowski will say, "The best poetry convinces us that something is exactly what it is. The worst poetry insists that it is something else." The wind is not the sound of the leaves trying to love each other. The faraway kisses will not dampen the shojis of a rice grain's house. Nor do the roses help each other through the night—or less—of wind driven from a Hallmark. The dirt knows nothing. It contains no shadows. So stop searching. The people care only about those who survived, and about the fucking, and how it darkens the page—the sound of a scream causing Keats to blush for one trochee or less.

ELLENE MOORE:

One Monday morning following a weekend spent at my mother's house in Baltimore—marriage license, shoes, shower—I woke up to blanched windows, her garden preserved in 5 inches of snow. This was March, my flight home cancelled from the frost. This clean-smelling crush, big fall. Granite, or sparks, iron-rich blood. In the afternoon I cleaned off my mother's car with a broom. There it was—ozone from sky, my flight down a hill behind the Capitol building, wind biting through the pink balaclava my mother tugged over my forehead and nose, the quick pack of white at the bottom. I suppose it may have happened another way. But, how sweet—the toothsome, frigid air.

JIM GRABILL:

“Pollution is a symbol of design failure.”

—Braungart and McDonough

Pollution is a disruptive presence that signals design failure, whether for a massive industrial blast process or contemporary committee-sponsored, academy- or media-manipulated identity. Meanwhile, impassioned reiterations of a claim lacking sound evidence undermine the public trust, while releasing into the air over 81,000 synthesized compounds untested by integrative processes of evolution throws an immense semaphore across tracks on which the whole titanium train nevertheless hurls ahead on automatic kamikaze pilot. Failure of investment dollars to reflect conditions on the ground causes ethical dismemberment of brokers, leading to counterfeit senses of reality. System accounting fails when its cost externalizations remain unchallenged or tied up in court, creating loss of ecosystem stability and levels of public trust. Calling unsupported or outright lies misinformation, advertising, political spin, the biblical tradition, or you name it, would be a failure to respect toxicity. Not recognizing corporate advertising campaigns are a clear and present danger is toxic, as accepting the known “body burden” of chemical pollution everyone carries around puts honesty at risk. Letting dominionists or members of death-cult Calvinism call their principles religion puts children at risk. Absorption in the impassioned expression of human feeling while externalizing facts on the ground, leaving

concern over their condition to others, treats wholeness of the psyche as if it weren't an actuality, as if the human weren't an integral part of ecosystems, and is similar to assuming "experts" will be managing immanent and remote consequences of climate disruption, so "why worry?" Failure to learn nuances of exuberant dolphin languages (the way Joe Hutto picked up nuanced languages of wild turkeys and mule deer—see *Nature* archives for these two documentaries) indicates a high-rise mansion with its shutters nailed down in Western intelligence which has traditionally, of course, assumed superiority around and ownership of the complexity that mothered it into shape over millennia through amphibious phases and mouse-sniffed territory leading to limb-sway coos and hairy adrenaline-heightened meat racings, hot-breathing embraces and lightning-strike flashes linking the present and future. Slaughtering large animals to fill a fresh sandwich can end up a time-worn failure of ethical comprehension and assumes they do not "have a life," while shooting a toxic projectile into a foot when voting on behalf of identity may indicate failure of support systems, but can be tough to recognize. Allowing factories to secretly process "food" removes the human from critical information relevant to long-term survival. Deciding pollution from coal burns can be a medicine for what ails your breathing has already been tried by London physicians in the 1800s, when coughing up blood thanks to TB could improve your artistic resume, revealing an unusually endowed sensitivity.

BOB HEMAN:

Not so much to figure out as to experience.

EDWARD SMALLFIELD:

What the dust remembers. Wind from the mountain polishes corners and squares, newspaper faces tumble through the streets. Abandoned hour. Horizontal sun. Boys kicking a ball through the shiny plaza. Each question patiently phrased. In translation. The answers less so. Guttural, elemental. Not a season. A door ajar.

MERCEDES LAWRY:

“One wanders through life as if wandering through a field in the dark of night, wearing a blindfold and very heavy shoes, with a poisonous toad waiting patiently beneath a clump of weeds, knowing full well that eventually you will step on him.” Lemony Snicket

GUY R. BEINING:

the writer in waste bin
clings to dust, to a
robust end trailing the
entrails of a
numbered fowl. what courtyard
now for the drummer of type?

DALE HOUSTMAN:

Meg No Longer Cared About The Whales

Meg no longer cared about the whales, and not because they were different (although they were and in a most distracting fashion), but because she had begun her career of concern for the whales with unreasonably stratospheric expectations about their combined size and cuteness, and because she had fully expected that she would one day make a deep impression upon the black vinyl-clad clan with her devotions, which were in truth monumental. Meg had always imagined the animals to be cozily compact and vastly more cuddly, somewhat akin to a toy panda, only (and this she emphasized as though she had had a personal experience) with a better temper and real thumbs. Oh my! Tally ho! ...and imagine her consternation! Many a slip twixt the dry dream and the wave-washed reality! And Meg (whatever her other accomplishments) was not a dedicated follower of oceans, and so she was left far out at sea by simple reality.

Josephine (her one friend since the Tanqueray and cherry bomb incident) told her to forget her foolish pre-conceptions and get down to the “verdant business” of saving the whales, but this was like asking an elephant to get its opera cape on and clean the kitchen for Christmas. The dry dream continued to get drier and drier. Meg’s skin conditions

were worsening, as was her mood, which once was oceanic and pacific, full of flying fish.

There was Meg. There was The Whale (in the dream “The Whale” was always capitalized). The ballroom was dimly lit by several different sorts of burning rubbish all of which appeared to be “stuff” from her friend Jo’s locker. The fires continued, the air thickened with smoke. The Whale drifted toward her, His hands (in the dream The Whale always had hands) full of delicious waterproof chocolate formed into little pig-shapes for Meg to chew upon. Unfortunately the flavor was quite ruined by the ember and soot from the illuminating fires. The evening fizzled. The Whale departed, though not before secreting several bottles of champagne in Its marsupial sac (in the dream The Whale always had a marsupial sac), and Meg was left alone in the middle of the smoldering rubbish piles. Nothing new, but nothing comforting either.

So Meg became a policewoman.

DIANE GLANCY:

Writing as Totem

Years ago on an old trip to California, I bought a totem pole. It was the small replica of one, of course. It had wings coming from the sides of the head. I was a girl, traveling with my family. Once in a while I remember it when I write. Something imposed something else. Transforming both. A totem is what writing is.

I’ve been in Tahlequah, Oklahoma many times. Passing through or attending conferences. The voice of history is there. The totem pole of native education marked with housework, field work, Christianity, sorrow, loss, philosophy, Latin, all the absurd mix. A totem pole of quandaries. And the voices that inhabit them.

It is what haunts you that you write about. The ideas that stay with you. Writing is related by blood. The columns of the old seminary still stand at the Cherokee Heritage Center like totem poles. You simply align the rhythms of their sounds with yours.

LEIGH HERRICK:

as if you can come up with a tremor past blood
as if rain tumbles its spell in your mouth as if
the tumor of was is swallow finding new song
as if hurt is the fire of dawn as if a tender of vestiges turned
toil to occupy blank s] pace
as if to enter were knee of bending as if ' t
o love was bullet shining sinister to the binding synapse of
from which now even pastures turn their undulations kept
and you call from this place yourself a poet
as if poetry could save

DAN RAPHAEL:

I should have come here sooner. Even once the plane is taxiing there are options to go back, two steps before starting, could get foggy or morassive depending how you travel. Would be nice if you could buy the trip ahead of time but not have a specific when. Would you ever go then? Easy enough to stand and become more like sculptural material. You can get out of the wind, rain, sunlight and traffic but even if all clocks are banished for a 20 miles radius—the sun never learned to “Stay,” cant hear me and if it did i could get crispy like that or have some ultraviolet time bomb ticking away. Somebody offered me a free place to live for a month with wide windy sky, facing a pond and a lake, away from everyone i know with limited electronic access to them, in a county with fewer than 1 person per square mile and no stop lights. No stop lights so i keep going inside and on the keys. Outside the stars keep showing up, more in line behind those already in line behind. Everyone up there and so few us here, not the other thousands of minds i usually have around me making a white noise nothing can detect or feel except deep in the brain where a door opens to other dimensions, people's white noise fog keeps me from finding the door, their residual grit keeping the hinges from swinging open. Away from all that static where even the 20 mile lake shrinks to zero and can be walked across. Not today. Too much falling and spilling, getting out any way it can...

SHEILA E. MURPHY:

Repertoires seek to be found amid the raw material. We avoid at first the dimly lit expanse, and then we dive for what is pure inevitability.

GEORGE KALAMARAS:

Surrealism Defined

André Bréton: The expression of pure psychic automatism.

Robert Desnos: Sleep the dream back into the bed of before-sleep.

Georges Bataille: The expression of pure psychic automatism when the mind merges with a bologna sandwich.

Réne Daumal: I never died but am still wandering India as an old, a *very* old, sadhu.

Nikos Engonopoulos: Surrealism? Kiss me, my darling, where it hurts.

Takis Sinopoulos: Because it hurts all over, it hurts all over.

Wang Wei: In late years, I love only the stillness.

Li Po: I should have drunk Wang Wei's bathwater while I could, rather than drowning in the moon's waves.

L.S. Senghor: The blood of the hyena is the semen-salt the hyena leaves.

Remedios Varo: Defined? Surrealism is the hyena mood of the mouth.

Philippe Soupault: (holding Magritte's pipe) This is not an automatic message.

Paul Delvaux: (holding Georgette Magritte's dog) This is not the most beautiful woman in the world.

Vicente Aleixandre: Primordial soup! I ordered primordial soup!

André Breton: What I mean is, the pure expression of the anal glands of a goat.

Federico García Lorca: The *duende* keeps dying before all the dilapidated doors.

Takahashi Shinkichi: Nobody has ever died.

Meret Oppenheim: Surrealism? Defined? Sleep on a mirror sideways, face turned to the mirror, mouthing the vowels of your name.

Aimé Césaire: Surrealism is a blackened crust of a crust of a bread.

César Vallejo: When left becomes right. When right becomes wrongly right.

Odysseas Elytis: Once, when I was young and full of owl-light.

Paul Delvaux's Uncle Gaston: Three pubic hairs minus two equals zero.

Takiguchi Shūzō: The *koan* will always be the death of the *koan*.

André Breton: I'm tired. Give me my mouth.

Luis Buñuel: I'm tired. Film me the food-film in my mouth.

Salvador Dalí: (holding Alice Cooper's brain) Why do they call me *Avida Dollars*?

Federico García Lorca: You can define it with one word, *Buried-in-the-sand-up-to-my-sheep-dreaming-of-Andalusia*.

André Breton: Surrealism? When ants die in the baked bread. In the tongue-dough. The pure expression of *yes* without *no*.

DENVER BUTSON:

I am writing to you from the end of the world
if a shadow were to gutter in a wind of flesh
we thought the my would melt to see us
After all the Birds have been investigated and laid aside
I will count the pearls lingering around your neck
in that clarity traversed by birds
the mirror would only show the other mirrors
day draws to its end locomotives drowse
think of the emptiness of hands
if I die leave the balcony open
Maybe I was born to be the stranger
and something terrible was said
there was a movie theater here once
while we have lain alone in tourist rooms

CRAIG COTTER:

These are five emails I sent to my friends Bernie White (actor, currently in NYC rehearsing for the Shakespeare in the Park production of "The Tempest" this summer) and Robert Turney (photographer extraordinaire, currently hanging an exhibition of his collodion wet-plates at Black Hawk College in Moline, Illinois):

Played an hour and a half of hoop at the park today with Lan Yuan-Hung and another guy who walked-up. Lan beat me first game of 1 on 1 11-4. I then lost all 6 games of 21 we played when the other guy showed-up, never scoring more than 14 points any game. When other guy left, Lan then beat me 1 on 1 11-6. He then got 9-2 lead on last game, but I somehow managed to win 13-12. I was atrociously bad today. No shots. No wind. Still coughing with bronchitis. Could play no defense was so fatigued. Still good to be outside, even though I was useless.

*

Amazing to see Michigan State advance two rounds in the playoffs to Sweet 16. Today's game against Virginia was one of Izzo's greatest coaching feats. The defensive game he drew-up was masterful. His half-time adjustments completely kept the lid on V. Roger Smith's been educating me for years on how Izzo is an elite coach. I always consider him great, but not elite. Roger is more and more convincing with every win. Now for Oklahoma. Was really rooting for Dayton there.

*

When I win the lottery, of course the first thing I do is set-up friends and family. But the first thing I'll buy for myself is a book of "about uncirculated" Liberty Walking half dollars, made from 1916-1947. And then a full set of Mercury dimes. And then a man-in-the-moon. And then an ice-cream moon.

*

"Sauce for the goose, Mr. Saavik."

*

Washed the sheets. Made the bed. Missing two pillow cases. Undoubtedly just made them into the bed.

**CALIBAN
IS
SEARCHING
FOR
ANGELS**

the 1990s, the incidence of *S. flexneri* infections in the United Kingdom has increased, and the incidence of *S. flexneri* infection in the United States has increased in the 1980s and 1990s [10, 11]. In the United Kingdom, *S. flexneri* has been the most common serotype isolated from patients with acute colitis in the 1990s [12]. In the United States, *S. flexneri* has been the most common serotype isolated from patients with acute colitis in the 1980s and 1990s [13].

The purpose of this study was to determine the prevalence of *S. flexneri* infection in patients with acute colitis in the United Kingdom. The study was conducted in the United Kingdom because of the increasing incidence of *S. flexneri* infection in the United Kingdom in the 1990s. The study was conducted in the United Kingdom because of the increasing incidence of *S. flexneri* infection in the United Kingdom in the 1990s. The study was conducted in the United Kingdom because of the increasing incidence of *S. flexneri* infection in the United Kingdom in the 1990s.

Methods

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