



MURPHY • KALAMARAS • HOUSTMAN • ARGÜELLES
ALEXANDER • CHUANG CHE • TOPAL • GONZALEZ • HEMAN
D. SMITH • GUNN • STEWARD • BORKHUIS • HERRICK
CASSIDY • CARRILLO • BARNES • RAPHAEL • MCCLUSKEY
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CALIBAN

Lawrence R. Smith, Editor

Direct correspondence to: lsmith@calibanonline.com

Submissions to: submissions@calibanonline.com

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Deanne C. Smith, Associate Editor

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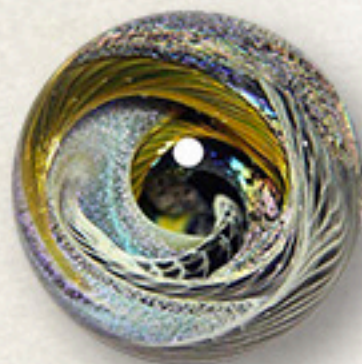
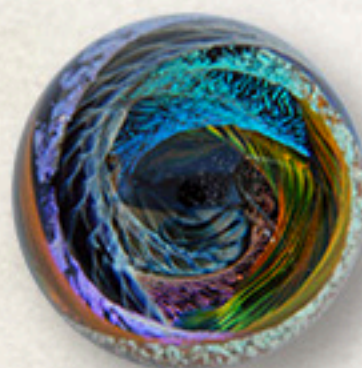
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tenebraed to lamentation

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CONTRIBUTORS’ ADVICE



SHEILA E. MURPHY

New Year

Nothing changes everything.
Your smile still miracles my daylight.

By evening, every step across
the ice intones smooth nightfall.
History is clarified. Plies and soft singing
turn events into themselves.
Accumulated effort lifts the dance to perfect altitude.

Peace, never an afterthought, melds
what we know with those we love.
Our shared destination: safety to feel
darkness overturn all separation.
Nothing changes everything.

GEORGE KALAMARAS

The Chain Wheel of Alfred Jarry's Bicycle

It went round and round the way the world. The way his world died a little each morning. Light. It poured into his left ear. Came out his right nostril. Despite his achievement, the sexual content of the novel could not be incorporated into the humpbacked shores of sea turtles. Into the distinct mating habits of sea lice about the eggs. Round it went and round the whirl. He called the wind, *that which blows*, the bike he rode everywhere, *that which rolls*. The description of the five-man bicycle race up against a locomotive dashed all hope that the snows of Siberia might ever reach France. The Atlantic pour through the core of the Pacific. Even Chagall bent at the knee to kiss the left anklet of his wife, Bella, moments before she died suddenly of a virus. Inflection is not a disease. Genuflection less so. Even on the shore and all that sand. Pumped as it were instead of air into the inner tubes of his bike. Jarry's magnificent Pataphysical purpose. October was official with increased financial complexities for Alfred? For Chagall? For Béla Bartók, who was not Chagall's Bella, whose anklet bell rang a dirge all the way from St. Petersburg into the bicycle chain of Jarry. The lightning reach of a final breath bleaching the bones of whales on the shore between this world and that. There was water and there was more water. That is all he knew. On the beach. In the mind. In the complex tubes of inner relief. In the meticulous atoms of the bicycle chain going round and round. *We must turn once again into ourselves*, Jarry had said, touching the brim of his hat as if gesture itself kept time with the chime of the wheel. *The subjectivizing affair is similar to Lautréamont's undermining of Romanticism.* But it is more shyly sprung. In the sand. In the flea. In the bleak black expanse of Siberia and all that sad. In the damp of the clamp Jarry used to lock his bike against the simple theft of time. Falling through the *the of them*, the *them of us*. A Pataphysician of possibility. *This incredible narrative is, after all, quite literally that: barely credible.* Urbane, sophisticated,

his feet pedaled uphill on each down. Downhill into the sparse marsh of the chest, humble balancing act of two wheels straddling a rut. H.G. Wells' *Time Machine*, he believed, is essentially a critique of the class system. But whose? For whom? And for how long and what? *Here, burn the books. Feed me some utopian grapes*, Jarry would say suddenly, astride his bike. The anarchist Signac left in his diary bits of thread from Jarry's jacket, nose-hair clippings strung together in horsetail braid, collected, it is said, from a number of dinners at Fénéon's flat in Montmartre. Propped against the park's midnight dark

Scraps of Said: Paul Celan's Journey to Upper Volta

Scraps of heard, of seen things, in

Ward a thousand and one

—Celan

So, that was the time of poison flowers, of wind-sand across the wet, when Paul Celan had fled to Upper Volta. Yes, it was French West Africa, the 1950s, but he had already taken a French wife and a French-sounding name, so who was to prevent his disease?

Certainly not the ocean. Not *any* ocean. He knew he'd one day die, return to the fluid in his own chest. But how or when or whom?

Gissele, he had told his wife, *I want poetry to be open to the unexpected, the incomplete*. So how might? How might his life? If it was "big game" he was after, there was none larger than his use of Yiddish phrase, that enormous plea way down in the cat gut of the piano, and how it brought him, scratching, to the medieval roots of his tongue, the clout of a German noun.

So it came to pass that Upper Volta was somehow below Lower Volta. No one in the district knew why, and Celan had come to investigate. Could it be how a mirror? Could it the missing word? Could it black cloth across and all those who mourn? Could it say how easily Paul *Ancel*—born in Czernowitz, Bukovina—could, with mirror on the breath, become *Celan*? *Mother*, he had spoken to her ghost after the extermination, *I am a desperate dialogue*.

With whom? Or why? No one seemed quite sure, least of all the porter carrying his bags, knee-deep through the swamp. But the dislocation of her imaginary hip had something to do, Celan knew, with gaps in his teeth.

All this he contemplated on the immense journey through his own seed. Speech. Dislocation. Scraps of said. Exterminated parents.

Bucharest. Even Gissele's gloriously widening hips. *Lestrangle?* Gissele *Lestrangle?* There was nothing unusual about their love. And in that, *everything* was unusual about their love. He saw in her etchings for his books his motherless lip. Hiatuses. Discourse of the reprieved. Whole words fractured as if there was no rag and bone shop of the heart to knock against all light long as if on a balafong.

Sikasso. Bamako. Bandiagara. Niamey. Zinder. Even southeast into Cameroon, French mandated territory after the Germans lost the first of many wars. So many undisclosed sounds leading him on. Douala. Ebolova. Yaounde. All the way out of Cameroon to Fort Archambault in Oubangui Chari. Scraps of the said, of the heard munching lush mystery words north of the veldt, bowing their primordial animal selves, lovingly, before the coffee plants, eating the blood seed of all that is still alive.

Or dead? It was difficult to discern, especially when Upper Volta was somehow below Lower Volta. When the word and how it could. How it could and how it couldn't. When the mirror and the breath. The cloth's black crease. The incomplete. And so the ocean lay ahead. Always ahead. Celan's private flea. Way down in the cat gut of his most secret string. May, 1970 and a bridge into the bottom of the Seine. His father by typhus; his mother by a gunshot wound in the neck. His stint as a psychiatric field surgeon and, ever after, the impossibility of speak.

Eulogy for Miklós Radnóti, After the Body Exhumed

Beneath a Hungarian moon sucking like a sponge, a grassy scatter-mass, the foam of the goats is bleating. Do not pinch his nipples, for he is dead, his final poems stained, in his pocket, with blood and dirt.

We loved him well. Yes, we loved *his* love because we feared death. Death of the rose, the gladiola, death of our own ten toes. No, we are not politically marked by Meaning, yellow star or not, that little kiss which means we mean *nothing*—perhaps *everything*—to ourselves.

But this orphaning, *his* orphaning. How would *you* feel if your mother and twin brother died at *your* birth? Bring me cake and ice-cream. Celebrate the heat. Dribble it over his grave. Pin the tail on the jackass of our dream of world peace.

Take the train yourself from Hungary to Yugoslavia. Walk the way back. Say 1944 and forced march to the Balkans and the body exhumed a year and a half late.

Not by bed lamp nor star, not by the cruel cruel kerosene of the owl on fire in his chest. Not by rag nor ant-bitten hand, a shot-in-the-neck-and-left-in-an-unmarked-grave-with-21-comrades. No pocketful of bedbugs gorging on the blood meal, drowsing afterwards—belly-up—in a hole we all know without sun.

So Budapest is a long life away? We say, we say. So, a long life from now? A long life would be something we might not blink? In the thought of an eye, in the artillery-drift of a Hungarian eyelash, we see the entire world take shape. I am busy, as are we all, thinking I am alive.

Oh, beloved Miklós. Brother Radnóti. Man of empty shoes, of the rain-foamed sky. Man of just one perfect raincoat, of pockets deep as our sin. Wear it wet. Wear it tenderly, comrade, even in your crust, so the blood won't run. So the blood of others, into your belly and

through, will light both and dark. So the blood not find its might way
down into your pocket, your poems. The osculum of your beloved,
your dearly departed, poems.

DALE HOUSTMAN

"about"

In sports of death I wave back to me (downstairs the wish that doesn't
love me)
a blood whose cautious linen sleeps, the lavender of kidnappers
the red pillows of an industrial church, a practical forest from which
children squeeze
a marbled twilight of a bird's smoothest politics.

We are daydreaming statues of classical refrigerators,
folding chairs to watch bouquets of amateur brokers, their arms
married to the distance of a garden's neurology, we make money
the cemetery star winked at the edge of every handshake.

Yes, the marriage of inspiration and war, the curtains of the sea
fugitives thicken in the romance of the many other things
and stumble upon an occupation of the handsome hinterlands
where no blue wagon goes, there is an evaporation
of soldiers on the railway enforcing fearsome eye contact.
In the auxiliary orrery, the moths serve us champagne

while the bungalow draft, faded in our pretty winter
becomes a timed gust of guns. As of yet, a little sunlight upon
the money.

At the stem of the secured hand, a cloud that we cannot see, and
it is not conversation but capacity.

No More Midnight Cookies

A modal clot of nebulous energy
violent in the dining car of the story:
A respected pharmaceutical gypsy
in a deep search for sleep's divorce.

The party was the last disease, or a crime
of grandeur in the fall of the tropics
engineered by a business card
and a cocktail of "Continental peculiarity." (quote)

There stood the elephant dentist
entirely constructed of synthetic rubber,
but for the bright lit internal apparatus
that pumped out gangster bandages.

A skip down the hall, a shooting
amidst the shiest suggestions
of the market becoming the weather
in the pocket on a birthday's castration.

When a white woman paled with pride
in an absinthe green wedding gown, She
was waving a lantern, a flirting water tower
to wreck all men's wooden fabrications.

And sobriety has financed foreign roustabouts
and boiled grenadine down into more curative bullets,
and the gold plumage soaking in the platforms' cisterns
all depend upon a tiny waiting hinge, a kiss.

The Group, The Phoenix, The Night

The Group remained agreeable but stark.
They pretended to anger but relied upon style.
They apologized quietly between the cottages
& They were quick to be cautious.

The Phoenix was amused and amusing.
It liked to watch the Group lolling upon the stairs.
It often confused its personal radiance with daylight
& When the Group passed, it smiled like a geranium.

Night wore its brown turban into town.
It wrote a disappointing saga about the Phoenix.
It threw the Group's hats into the air
& Night was a milk-white poorhouse.

Houstman/20

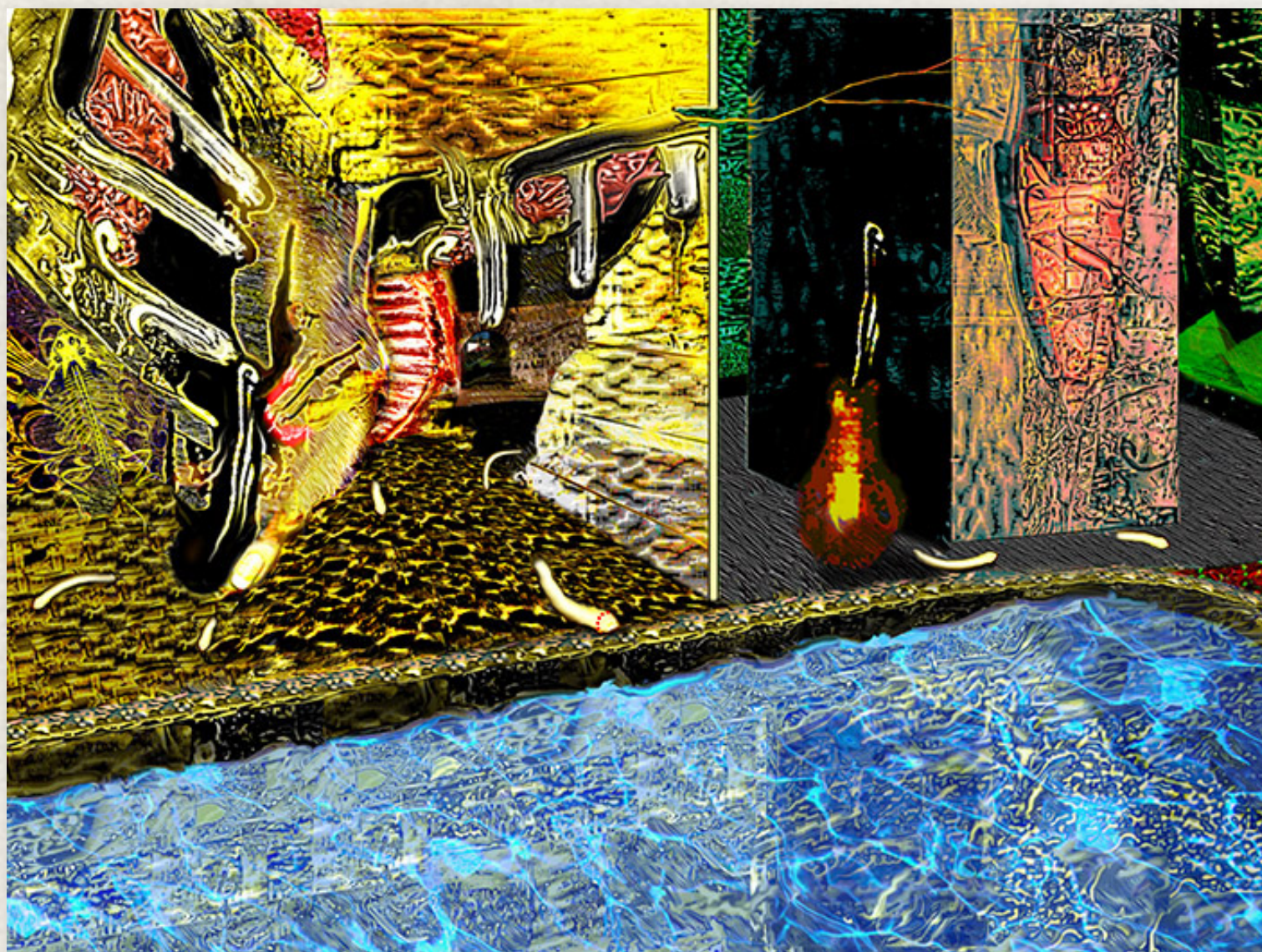
In June (Jewels on Our Pajamas)

Your feeble robe.
Bushes and the kitten catcher.
Inside the gray abandoned facility.
Hold a social in the holler.

We were that or a theme of that.
A theme in that there are policeman's chocolates.
A handful of policeman's moonbeams.
Chocolate moonbeams shall be the theme.

(And now one more handsome administration.
Fugitives scour the drapery around the well.

In June (jewels on our pajamas.



HOLLYWOOD FILM SET by Dale Houstman, 2016
digital image



THE EARTH AT FIRST WAS LITTLE AND GLIDED
by Dale Houstman, 2016, digital image

ELIZABETH ROBINSON

**Snowy Egret on Departure and Great Blue Heron on Return
The Pacific, Nearby, Completely Obscured by Fog**

(Death)

Egret

I suppose listening was a form of change
Change in the embroidery overhead

as the fog

came off the lagoon like a layer of skin

Between going and coming, there was a field in blossom As though
all color were beneath the wanderer

You could use your implement as a word, a scythe, an oar

It doesn't matter The hooded flower, the indifferent egret, all hear
its course

Robinson/24

and are comforted

Sound suspends a hammock of movement

Blanket shaken with brief vigor and then

tree, cloud, passenger

fall into its ear

Heron

The heron was astonishingly still It did not hear the ocean because
it heard something far less

Another word for tune was strain

It hadn't replaced the departure, but it did return to the return

Should it speak, it would quote itself

Just as any natural creature

rests and listens far below the path

And then gone

Bark peeling from trunk, sand agitated
with air

Heed it: relief

Hearing having been a rumor

To hear the interior, its cloudy coils

To function as the infinitive To sound

IVAN ARGÜELLES

**Upon Waking to the News
of Trump's Presidency**

poured wine into the sea
listening for the voice in the cliff
furious waters borderless angry sky
what was there to hope for ?
from afar the issue of boats or
monsters from the deep and the shore
sandy buff of sleep where interred
tiny bits of warriors and metal
the poem breaks off where a sudden
shining at the ankles goddess resumes
a speech begun centuries ago
when a thin gold line marked the limit
beyond which no ship could fling
and sought the rough rope
with hands deeply divided by time
the lonesome moment when the heavens
bury their afternoon in a grove
darkening unkempt lost in the hills
evening too implicit in the clouds
when will they remember the path home
instead this shivering and moaning
a drop from the shattered cup
waves rise up with battlements
great shifts in planetary systems
ruddy remnants of a dream of motion
hers was the knee bared and scraped
bleeding slightly against the winch
did it take a prayer to find light

smaller flares in the underbrush
whispers about the next political state
about the world beneath the dune
winding down a poorly hewn stairway
there you can see the recent dead
the few with canvas tatters
one or two become distinct
then dissolve in the inky miasma
to return to the morning
black husks of boats still smoldering
when the event occurred
what seemed like a tangle of gods
and titans heaving masses of
the air dense with untold myth
greening altars toppled
next to the bed
someone else talking into the rock
where a small carved ear
the shape of memory
dripping darkly
into the night

California Dreaming

the question is one of difficulty
if Medea could and whipping up the coast
magic charms blackest spools withering
leaf and jade-like eyes coruscating moons
whomever was meant the spell would
for hours on end on the rug barking
lapis lazuli faint gemstones set in
lexica of light and stirring the deeps
what sounds do not resound minding
one of the worst things is happening
the past that irrevocable monument of sand
piled up against sleep's minute wharf
plying a loom held up to the flame what
else but the forest of fire-flies licking
against the template isn't this a season
winds dense as the thought of Alcatraz
ichor and spume draining the banquet
who will not survive to stand and walking
like the dead who struggle to talk again
here is a wall and here is a whitening
the whirlwind of enmities the intense
planets scouring a red essence
when all is an instantaneous flash
blades caught in an intricate mesh
identities in centrifugal flight looking
for a matching pronoun a flare a dizzy
fingered the latch and opened dark
how can it be highway One north
to Mendocino or Oregon the ocean
the great band of interminable water
where the tribes in dissolution gather
for many winter has come and gone
redwoods assailed by electric birds
rumors of war and distance plunge

memory into a pox and miasma
deadly powders fueling the atmosphere
circulate in the lung while the brain
fixed on an acid episode exploDes
what was her name the one in fuchsia
barefoot trampling under Seacliff
beryl amethyst narcissus pouring
from her redundant mouth a song !
concerts for electric chair and marimba
for soul Brothers caught in cross-fire
for going down hard in the cinema
chainsaw nightmares blood-inscribed
getting away with it in the Tehachapi
giving birth to live ammunition
was it 1961 out in lazy Frisco summer
fog-swept wrapped in a marine lattice
nowhere else to go but West

...

Ping !

WILL ALEXANDER

Acidic Visionary Eureka

Eureka being diagonal thunderheads flashing
being magical fire that raises victims from the dead
being innominate ventriloquail waves
that glisten as operatic hieroglyphics
as aleatoric transparency
as stupefactive cosmic inflicting
being partially alluvial in nature
being mantric eclipse tantras

being living cellular substrata floating through arcane tornadoes
of emptiness
no longer as pre-cellular canines
or as the spinal columns of pre-replicated bears

but as something other than polished saber tooth mirrors
enacting themselves as delimited forms from terminal uranian motifs

they are other than terms erroneously culled from poisonous crystal
or vacuums
or from a lake of inverted iguana majestics that suddenly rise as slivers
as curious hurricane funnels

they being a series of auric suns that spin
as aspic nerves
as white noise as spectra

being innominate
being hieroglyphics gazing at themselves through a billion throated
animal tree

they are vultures that transmute
being other
than a bloated cinema of worms

being diagonal
being eureka
they cross & re-cross
paradoxically acidic
not unlike the operatic pangs
of innominate stochastics

Into Galvanic Iodine Vistas

I think of smoke flowing
into galvanic iodine vistas
into Imperial sonar storms
swirling
it
into dense involuted kindling of glass

& this smoke
as electric vertigo potential
as diamond x-ray risings
beyond
seedless polio ambers
beyond
incestuous mortuary plagues troubling the spirit

because
all somber capacity
no longer hangs from arteries of terror
from an autograph of suicide
burning with in-direction

the personality
is given wing
is given flaming ice transmuted by spells

& the outcome
no longer branded as demeaning wizard's cacophony
as a lunar sun condensed by gravedigger's atoms

one thinks of virgin stellar geography
of prophecy
of sonic spirals from urgent tongues of the dead
lucid

unlike the barbed wire umbilicus of limbo with its looping
architectural yellows
with its spinning emotional confusions
with its vapour of emitted storms
these being swarms of microbe implodents garish
rotted
nervous
elliptical

all this negated
by sudden sea otter signals
by sudden swans in transition

& the deep circadian fatigue of existence
& the maladies engrained in the disordered blood cells
& the stored up mortality attacks
overcome
by upper sanguinary rays
by the diamond smoke fish of immortal reflection

CALIBAN

Chuang Che's Effusive Vitality

Two brilliant abstract self-portraits by the celebrated Chinese artist Chuang Che graced the covers of the first and last issues (#1 and #15) of the old print run of *Caliban*. It was fitting, because his work fully embodies our resident spirit. (He has described his dominant artistic impulse as “a subconscious desire to break through restraints.”) In this issue we present an eleven piece portfolio of Chuang Che's work drawn from a retrospective exhibition, with a beautiful 300 page hardbound catalogue, at the Taipei Fine Arts Museum. The title of the exhibition was “Effusive Vitality.”

I met Chuang Che in Ann Arbor, Michigan, back in the mid-70s. We were introduced by my CAL graduate school friend Yang Mu (Wang Ching-hsien) who knew him from the avant-garde movement in Taiwan of the 50s and 60s, Chuang Che as a high-profile visual artist and Yang Mu as a widely-admired poet. Quietly charismatic, Chuang Che's demeanor as well as his work let you know immediately that you were in the presence of a master artist.

Growing up in New York, I was always hanging around the MOMA, so I knew what abstract expressionism was, and Chuang Che's work has reminded some people of that movement. But the energy and mystical power of his paintings is different. There is a deep, primal power to his use of oil washes and acrylics, partly from the ancient tradition of Chinese calligraphy (his father was a famous calligrapher) and partly from the powerfully ambiguous images that rise up on his canvases, coming directly from the Universal Unconscious, or as Yeats would say, the “*Spiritus Mundi*.” As an enthusiastic surrealist, I was drawn to these magical paintings.

In his first Ann Arbor house Chuang Che painted most of his works on the floor. Later, when he and his artist wife Mary moved to a larger house with a barn, he converted the barn into an artist's loft.

I visited him there and the sight of all those paintings leaning against the walls (his canvases are very large) was amazing. Even on cold Ann Arbor days, the energy in that loft was radiant. In the late 80s Chuang and his wife moved to New York, and he now commands a large and enthusiastic international group of galleries and collectors. But I think back fondly to those days in Ann Arbor. One particular untitled painting from that period (see the cover of *Calibanonline* #7) caught my eye and I became obsessed with it. It features an abstract male nude throwing himself into a spin, maybe holding a musical instrument—a guitar or a violin?—and the whole torso explodes upward into ecstasy. For me that painting has always represented what Breton called *le point sùpreme*, the point of intersection between the irrational and rational. It defines a new dimension, one that asks us to walk into it and change our lives forever. Let these paintings take you there.



FALL by Chuang Che, 1964
paper, ink, and paint on fabric (34" x 22")



ABSTRACT by Chuang Che, 1978
oil on canvas (50'' x 42'')



CALLIGRAPHY WITH POWER by Chuang Che, 1982
acrylic, oil on canvas (68" x 54")



ABSTRACTION by Chuang Che, 1982
oil on canvas (49" x 38")



EMPTY DESTINY by Chuang Che, 1992
mixed media (69" x 51 1/2")



UNTITLED by Chuang Che, 1992
oil on canvas (38" x 49")



MOON RIVER by Chuang Che, 1994
oil on canvas (62" x 52")



QUARTET by Chuang Che, 1999
acrylic, oil on canvas (50" x 65 3/4")



RAINBOW by Chuang Che, 2006
acrylic, oil on canvas (66" x 66")



HEAVENLY FATHER by Chuang Che, 2010
acrylic, oil on canvas (66 ½" x 50")

CARINE TOPAL

Of the Formation of the Circle

Meanwhile, you have walked to wisdom in sandaled feet, dressed
in silken cloth.

Walked to the *porta* to enter the circle from the East, a space
through which

you shall enter and depart beyond the circle itself. Beyond this
there is a host of circles with symbols and names for *Adonai*,
and a square within the circle, drawn with sharpened knife. Segments
touching.

And, as you believed—that all travel ends at the center—
that the center itself had wings encircled and circling.

And you rested there, curled to wing-curve, carefully closing
the openings.

And you did touch down in your own dark corners, uttering *there*.

You uttered *there*. And you dreamed the ground of the Universe,
sounding the trumpet towards the East, conjuring spirits. *Elohim*,
fight for me.

And a gull you never noticed until now—you believed it was a gull—
passed into a fog you never noticed until now. This is the movement
of everything.

It began the world. It is here as you press into the rise and fall of
the dark waters,

the deep circular sea, filled with pulse, the forth and back of
the divine, here

that you are cherished. And you release them, the spirits, to depart
as you wake to say

Malachim, protect me in the Name of *Yod He Vau He*.

How Can Death Not Change You

Our shifting selves rise and fall. Body of ash, dark halo after halo move in deliberate shapes of infinity, your last breaths behind you. Then an elegy played by a slender man we once knew, perched on a bridge: black beret, striped suit, an accordion at his feet. But we shush him. We carry him home to the far Elysian fields where music is everywhere, no bridges to jump from, as he would have—as you did—. But dearest, now you are just where you need to be, collecting asphodel, pinning a boutonniere to your lapel, hearing the harp of your private heaven, and not asking for more.

My Mother was a Couturière

My mother dismissed the old country, fled
and welcomed herself to America

where, charmed by liberty and stunned by chutzpah,
she held her breath while speaking,

and learned English by heart. A distant shifting beauty,
she traveled to Paris chasing fashion

and rode subways to cities where she styled garments
for well-heeled women.

What she lacked in motherly charm, she made up for
in resilience.

She parted the boulevards. When her two boys died,
she walked miles

in the throes of her sadness, wearing a black sheath
and a double strand of pearls.

Wearing a black sheath and a double strand of pearls,
my mother welcomed father home

with a shot of vodka and a banquet of cabbage. In her world
narrowed to line and texture, taffeta

and silk, scraps of chintz and strings of spangled thread,
my mother adorned the female form

and altered moods. Filled with a long line of elegant habits
and joys, she was my far country,

made to measure, draped like a generous skirt fanning the city.
And then, a fragile republic

pulled apart at the seams, she'd weep. But her hands,
small like mine, were wings.

RAY GONZALEZ

Blue and White with Apollinaire in World War One

1

Apollinaire's mother always dressed
him in blue and white as a boy,
colors of the Virgin Mary reassuring
her that his unknown father would
never return to hold his son.

Apollinaire's blue pants and white
shirt were stained in blood the day
the school bullies got him, his mother
stunned at the change to red,
Christ's spear wound in the chest

as open as the head wound Apollinaire
received in the Great War, the shell
exploding in blue and white and giving
him one last time to see his kneeling mother
clutching her statue of the Virgin Mary.

2

Proud without companions or
a horse that lost its traveler, the boy
whistles at the river and is lost,
the rainbow above exiled as a bridge
that crosses the ruined kingdom.

A night of sorcery, the baskets full
of snow on pure petals, swollen eyes
carrying the boy home with earth
marching to heaven, the sentry on duty
scratching an old war wound, his
torn flesh in the mist cloaking the boy.

3

The gypsy knew ahead of time
the roses of war were blooming.

She sat on the putrid straw
as an airplane lay eggs that

cracked open with dead men
washing their feet in cold basins,

a change of soul appearing in time
to hear machine guns play a waltz,

space between stars and planets
heavy as a circus bear dancing to

stay alive as crowds evaporated
in time for the poet to touch

the wound on his head and pronounce
he is healed and able to wear a hat.

4

The biplane soars
with strength.

Gonzalez/52

Its flowers are
the bomb shells.

In the photograph of
Apollinaire's bandaged head,

the gesture of the foot
soldier moves towards

the next war before
poetics fade from

the shrapnel wound
and he drops dead.

5

pencil, ink, and wash on paper, 1913

Pablo Picasso's black lines point
to the poet as casualty and brush stroke,

Picasso drawing Apollinaire's big ears
so the wounded can hear the cries,

the dot in the painting a black hole
Apollinaire called "my whole soul"

after the canvas wrapped around his head.
The face is the skull of the sun and

the cube a blown off finger nail lost
in the stars and measured with breath

of the poet searching for the six sides
of heaven, Picasso's brush moving

vertically to impale the subject to a
wall that is not there, Apollinaire

bleeding three years before his head
wound becomes the color of ink that

stains the poem of tomorrow's hands,
Picasso's sweating fist dripping curved

lines and angles stolen from the great
war that cubed millions and left

the dead inside the wrinkled
trenches on Apollinaire's face.

Feel Puma

I want to write but I feel puma

Cesar Vallejo

Feel puma when the black
animal draws near, its shadow
growing in the written snow,
the blossom inventing the curtain
and dwelling in rivers and flooded
dams where ice of memory freezes
the stalking tongue.

Feel puma the claws of fate.

Feel puma when the black
creature fills the arms and
legs with instinct for the prey,
plays stone plays anvil plays god,
blasts roads in a ruined country,
the hunter entangled in the trees,
unable to write what he saw.

Feel puma the claws of fate.

Feel puma when the black
figure disappears, puts faith
in scorpions and birds, a white
landscape marking magic with
plants and roots from the tree
of quenching silence—the notes
of the unborn.

Feel puma the claws of fate.

The Gate of Writing

Opens when the cottonwoods don't
sway together any longer and the river
is gone, a voice rising to speak a line
past the gate, the text given a chance
to become as dark as the earth,
a secret existence erased from
the harness of pure sentences,
the response driving the open palm
of the traveler to examine the stars
as if something guards the entryway,
a form moving toward ability and
the resolution left out of the dream,
words from the past scattered beyond
what is felt to be as accurate as the river
slowly returning, eating its light so no
one rescues the drowned and nothing is
written to bring the flood back to a
level of prophecy—the idea where
the gate is left open and only the faithful
can swim back and close it, tomorrow's
paragraphs read to create a different story
that refuses to come to an end.

Because

Beauty is one word. Sorrow is another. Each breath the lost mountain with a lone hawk imprisoning the sun, brilliance interpreted as endurance with momentum sought despite the formation of a scene excluded from this. It resembles a singing, the sound captured when the beetle lives inside the flower. The forehead view allows it to pass once. It can be re-achieved by music in the left ear. How often do you swallow water from the stone cauldrons buried down there where your tongue came from, the hollow sound of salvation echoing across sleep? Must be a seed, the same picture that shows how the road of one thousand trees is the worn path of the tumbleweed and the man worshipping there is not afraid, even as his right hand shakes a bit.

Neuro

Strange how the nerves in my right arm and leg don't allow good movement since I fell. It must be the desire left in the puddle of messages the brain hijacks. I am one of them, the mind blinks. I am one of the gods that stayed inside and never influenced the path of the sun. This is the reason each finger swells and goes numb—it is no longer the age of stone tablets. Weep over one or two words that trace the nervous system back to the river of childhood. The physician, the musician, and the lily fields.

Hypnotized Slumbers

Slumber as in the headless man coming through the void, Robert Desnos stirring from his sleep long enough to push the man back until he vanishes. Automatic writing slaps Desnos into dimensions few have seen because the art of sleep writing is a gift granted to him as a boy when he met his first demon upon napping in the school corridor. Years later, magic surrounds the Surrealist gang, with Breton jealous, as they lean over the muttering poet with his eyes closed, saucers and cups trembling quietly as Desnos speaks with a woman from his past. The trance is not about her breasts but for the old man staring behind her, Desnos disturbed and snoring loudly because he doesn't recognize him. His forehead runs sweat, the smile meant for the old man who disappears as Desnos opens his eyes, then closes them again. He draws figures on a notepad set there, the line, "The lovely swimmer rested in a bed of lace and birds," scrawled to keep the cruelty of the other poets at bay. He sleeps and the room dreams he is drowning and delirious because he rides a bicycle around the room, the witnesses leaving the room as they mutter about where the bicycle came from, missing the sight of him standing on his head, bicycle gone, a woman in a white dress trying to tie his shoes, upside down legs hovering near her face as he balances on both hands, his coat and tie brushing the floor as the woman picks little white spiders out of the scalp of the sleeping Desnos.

BOB HEMAN

INFORMATION

Water that swallows chickens. Sky that grows hair. Fire that dreams.
Earth that is forgotten.

INFORMATION

There was a kind of door in the forest where the animals came and went. The number of animals usually remained about the same, but sometimes more animals arrived than departed, or vice versa. Once, when the forest was almost full, the town folk started calling it the “forest of eyes” or “the great noise.” Another time, when there were almost no animals, a man standing near a large willow became fixated upon the sound of the fluttering wings of a solitary butterfly. He created a small song based upon its rhythms which the children still sometimes sing, before their minds are captured by less subtle things.

INFORMATION

Either the innkeeper and his wife were hiding something, and were lying, or else they were just played by very poor actors.

INFORMATION

A cough travels nine feet. A sneeze fifteen. Or so they say. The man is adjusted to match his border. The little bits of white where the color was not captured can no longer be seen. This makes him seem real

even though his lines do not meet. A different set of lines constructs the market behind him where the children are hiding. One of them captures the imagination of the observer and will not let it go. Later the whole piece is described with her name.

INFORMATION

A book of prayers about birds. They open it to let the birds escape, but instead are pulled inside, and are made to sing the same songs the birds sing, over and over again, until they are also the same.

INFORMATION

The door is one of the simplest machines. It usually relies on external power to make it move. Sometimes it can be a hand. Or a shoulder. Or even the wind. There was a man from the south who claimed he could move it with his mind, but he could never prove it, much to the ridicule of the audience which had gathered around him, seeking some small amusement on a day that was otherwise no more than the description of humidity.

INFORMATION

The windows work both ways but the door can only be entered. Once we are inside we can still look out but we can never enter the forest again. The others in the room with us are not allowed to speak. Soon our mouths will be sewn shut so that we can join them in their silent vigil. The birds continue to watch us from outside, but the ones that perch inside us are not real. They speak words that exist only in our minds.

INFORMATION

Another song about a door in the forest, about the wolf that must be punished, about the woman entering the room that was left over, about the mirror that no one else can see. The seven men described in a different way each time they enter. Their destination no more than a page that must be turned.

INFORMATION

There are mice or rabbits. In the house. In the forest. There are cars that can be moved by hand. There were horses once. And a man who made weapons out of plants.

INFORMATION

The door had a daughter. The window was a widow. The house was a horse each time it was approached. They entered the forest looking for flowers but found only a wader inside the wide water. They saw some clouds there too, but they were too loud to enter.

INFORMATION

The bears were only props. The woman and the other moved them around trying to make sense of the garden. But nothing seemed right until the serpent appeared and offered them the fruit. After that the bears were never the same.

INFORMATION

Things to tell a child: how to stop the hiccups, how to identify insects, how to float, how to whistle.

INFORMATION

Hanging inside each restroom is a security bar that can be used to brace the door shut in the event that an intruder enters the floor.



ROBO-MAMA by Deanne C. Smith, 2016
tumbled rock and copper wire



MARTHA'S HAND by Deanne C. Smith, 2016
tumbled rock and copper wire



LANDSCAPE ONE by Deanne C. Smith, 2016
tumbled rock, copper wire, and found objects



LANDSCAPE TWO by Deanne C. Smith, 2016
tumbled rock, copper wire, and found objects

Long-Term Care

The woman said—"I think I have one of those." Hickam looked up, he didn't hear what the woman said he said—"what?" He didn't want to seem rude, Hickam smiled, he had been putting his few items on the drugstore checkout counter, in a more charitable register he said—"what?" The checkout woman didn't hear him—behind the counter punched various keys on the cash register, rang the drawer open, pushed it closed, she had her thick billfold open in her hands from underneath the counter, reached in with her fingers, inside her billfold she had a pile of various paper squares torn out of newspaper inserts and circulars, sorted through she found a discount coupon for Hickam's enormous jar of laxative, she said—"there, I thought I had one of those," dropped the coupon on the checkout counter next to the laxative then she put her billfold down, punched in a sequence of cash-register keys, picked up the coupon and pointed the plastic scanner at it. It took a minute finally Hickam understood, there would be a discount. He looked at the paper money in his hand, put the money down on the counter, he didn't have words equal to this sudden good luck. Also on the counter were a quart of milk, bandaids in a box, ant traps in a box, and two new prescriptions in two bottles. Hickam thought, he said—"a pack of cigarettes and a book of matches," took a minute to pick the change out of his hand when she gave it back he said—"alright," looking up he said—"thank you," Hickam started to lift the plastic bag with the prescriptions and the other items off the counter in a small salute, then decided on a small bow instead, the items in the plastic bag made it too heavy for a small salute. He shifted the bag to one hand, the pack of cigarettes in his pocket, his cane in the other hand for the walk home.

On the way home he knew there was a bench alongside a patch of grass, he often rested on this bench when he got to it Hickam sat on the bench, he could adjust his various burdens. He opened the cellophane wrapper on the cigarettes, put one between his teeth and held a match to it, first things first, shook out the match and threw it into the grass, a

long draw on the cigarette and blew out the smoke into the air. Hickam leaned over to grab a handful of his pant cuff—by putting the muscles of his arms into the act he was able to lift his foot up and over his knee and crossed his leg one over the other, leaned back, one arm along the back of the bench and smoked his cigarette for awhile he watched a woman on another bench, she held a mobile phone up to her ear and talked, listened, and so on, when the woman looked at Hickam she saw him watching her, Hickam smiled at the woman with a small nod that made her frown and turn her shoulder to him with a mean glance over her shoulder. Hickam took this as a rebuke, picked up his cane stood up on his cane and got that much more pleasure from his smile at the woman. He stood up straight with his back bent, put the pack of cigarettes and the matches in his shirt pocket now he could walk with his cane in one hand and smoke with the other hand as he walked along the sidewalk.

A man was swearing very loud, a young black man, not young but not old in a white t-shirt, you could see the end of his belt not under the loop. Hickam could see him walking fast across the grass, the man seemed very angry, he found a large branch from a dead tree on the ground, like a baseball bat he swung the branch at a tree trunk very hard and the branch hit the tree and broke off on the tree, the man swung again and the branch broke again and the man swung a third time but the branch was too short and hit the tree hard but didn't break. It must have hurt, the man threw down the end of the branch, grabbed his hand by the wrist bending down swearing. The man looked up and saw Hickam he said—"what are you looking at old man?" Hickam was looking at the man, he stood as still as he could as Hickam, as straight as he could on his cane, he wanted to make the man feel better he said—"that must have hurt." Hickam turned back to the sidewalk and his slow walk home, he held onto a sign post, bent low enough to pick up a plastic bag on the way home he stopped from time to time if he could reach a piece of trash for his plastic bag he picked up a smashed plastic bottle for iced tea he picked up the chewed head of a baby doll.

Hickam's son had a key, he was watching baseball sitting on the couch in Hickam's little apartment already when Hickam got home he

had his keys out to unlock the door, the door was already unlocked, he turned the doorknob to open the door with his keys in the other hand Hickam heard his son from the other room—"where did you go." He said—"I went to the drugstore to get some things," the windowpanes in the door rattled when he closed the door. Hickam's son's name was Max, Max said—"what'd you get? Did you get pills, you're out of pills." Hickam stopped and considered, stood in one spot, he looked at his open hands, with his hand he touched his pocket where he kept his cigarettes, touched his hip pocket where he kept his wallet, his pocket with his keys, he took a cigarette out to smoke it, put it back in the pack back in his pocket, Hickam crossed the small kitchen with two steps, he turned the doorknob to open the door, looking outside Hickam looked at his open hands, to himself he said—"Damn. Frustrated again," when he closed the door the windowpanes in the door rattled. Max said—"what'd you get at the drugstore," he said—"come watch the game."

Hickam sat on the soft couch next to his son, their faces were pointed toward the small television screen across the room on its shelf, in between was a coffee table under a bowl from cereal with milk and a plate from eggs and toast, various spoons and forks and so on on the table around the room Hickam's books were stacked in tall piles some were pushed onto wooden bookshelves, pictures in frames were on the shelves and pictures in frames were on the walls. Max said—"you forgot to pay your phone bill," he said—"I got a call."—"I didn't forget to pay my phone bill," Hickam said, he said—"why did you get a call?" Max said—"they turned off your phone, how were they going to call you?"—"Cunning bastards," said Hickam. Max said—"whenever I called you nobody answered," he said—"imagine how much that pisses me off." Hickam was Max's father, he said—"restrain yourself, Max, watch the game, when the phone rings I do all I can to answer the phone."—"How would it ring if it was turned off," said Max—"If Effie calls imagine how much this pisses her off," Effie was Max's wife. Hickam didn't say anything with his face pointed at the small television, he didn't say, ef Effie—talk about restraint, he smiled with his eyes, Max said—"why are you smiling," he said—"look what a mess this place is," he said—"you didn't pay your phone bill." Hickam refused to be drawn in, he said—"what inning is it?" he said—"it's only apparently a mess."

Then Hickam said—"I know what comes next. You say: now I should move in with you and with your wife. I say: thank you but I prefer living here by myself. And so on." So much for not getting drawn in. Hickam looked at his watch, he said—"I have to go pick up trash. Call and tell me who wins the baseball game. Move some of these books to the shelves and put them in order, tell your wife my rooms seem to be ordered. I have to go." Max watched the game, he said—"you can't even pick up trash any more."

Hickam found a plastic bag for trash in the street, he closed the door to his apartment behind him when he got to the bottom of the three steps he saw a plastic bag for trash up against the wheels of a car parked in the street. Hickam put his hand on the car for balance he bent down with his cane in the other hand he picked up the bag. He didn't plan to pick up trash before he got to the park, it didn't matter how much he picked up he could pick up an enormous amount of trash if he could it wouldn't make a difference in his neighborhood, but that wasn't the point. He had an empty bag though, he might find some trash he could pick up without bending down, he might pick it up, it would be to his advantage to have trash already in the bag when he reached the park. Hickam saw a can on the ground and he saw a kid across the street, he could tell the kid to pick up the can for him, Hickam decided not to bother with the can though he decided not to bother with the kid, somehow he knew it would be a mistake.

When he got to the ragged park Hickam had considerable trash in the bag from the neighborhood and from the few blocks he walked, a glass whiskey bottle scratched up and dirty, torn wrappers from snack food, a plastic soda bottle smashed flat with mud, it took him longer than he expected to get to the park because he had to pick each of these things off the ground. In the park were swings on metal poles of rust, not swings, one chain, next to it another chain with a swing dangling from the end, or two rusty chains hanging loose, in another part of the park just the rusty poles, no chains. The park was easier for Hickam, trash. Big bushes or shrubs were tangled up with each other around in groups of dead bushes and living bushes thick from being very old and very old trees very tall and a stream in the middle of the park with rocks along

the sides for trash to pile up against. Hickam reached in for a paper cup in a bush, he didn't have to bend down, a bag from hamburgers was smashed on a bench, Hickam couldn't sit on the bench, two slats and two missing slats, but he put the hamburger wrappers in his bag with his trash. Hickam saw a green bush, behind the bush was another green bush, a tree close up to it, behind it seemed like trash, plastic bags and white paper bags torn with mud, were stuck in the bushes and blown up against the bottom of the bushes, Hickam went with his trash bag and walked around and pulled back branches from the bushes, he leaned in and Hickam saw a boy and a girl on the ground behind the bush, the boy had a bald head with no hair, and the girl had an earring in her nose and makeup on her face. The girl was sitting up against the tree and the boy had one hand between the girl's legs, she had a handful of the boy's crotch in his jeans, the boy turned his head, looked up and his hand came off the girl's bare breast, Hickam looking at the girl's bare breast with it's nipple, the girl made a sound like an angry shout, she reached she hit Hickam on the side of the face with her hand, Hickam said—"hey, goddamn you," he felt pain in his mouth and put his hand there, looked and there was blood on his hand and big drops of blood from his nose down his lip and landing in big drops on the ground. He said—"goddamn, you're not that strong, are you? Fuck, look at all this blood." The girl didn't know what to say, she stammered in a Chinese accent finally she said—"look, I'm sorry." She had some kleenex, she said—"here." Hickam said—"okay, thank you, put your clothes on." He said—"give me some more kleenex." Hickam pressed the kleenex against his bleeding nose, he took his bag of trash, at the edge of the park he found a metal trash container and put his trash in the metal trash container, when his nose finally stopped bleeding in a little while he put the red kleenex soaked with red blood and snot in the metal trash container.

Was Max still at Hickam's apartment, Hickam had no way of knowing and sometimes Max's wife Effie came to Hickam's apartment, of course it would not be possible to go home in the condition he was in after his encounter with the girl in the park and the blood and the blood on his clothes, humiliations piled on like football players. Hickam noticed

black drops of blood on his shoe. He would have to wash the blood off of his face and find some excuse for his clothes before he could go home and risk meeting his son there, his son and his son's wife would say where have you been? Picking up trash. Yelling at young people in the meager park. Upbraiding young boys and girls in the park, his son's wife wouldn't know what that meant, Hickam didn't know about his son.

Hickam went out of the park opposite the side he entered on and into a neighborhood of enormous green trees and shade, old houses with two stories, steeply pitched roofs in the shade, some had small porches with a chair and a bicycle. Hickam picked one without a bicycle, bicycles meant young people, earrings, bald heads, he'd had enough of that—he knew old people sometimes pushed bicycles as they walked alongside, it might be for balance, but that was rare. Hickam knew he looked like a bum with his messed up clothes and blood and his cane of course Hickam wasn't a bum, you could see it in his handsome face, he was careful to shave his face every morning, gray stubble would make him look like a bum if he forgot to shave. He stood on the bottom step to the porch he could hold the handrail with one hand he could rap lightly with the handle of his cane on the door, it made a good knocker, he held his handsome face forward until a woman came to the door with thin arms and a bent body, the twin to his own, here was luck. She was curious to know how he'd gotten bloodied and messed up. She didn't seem to think he was a bum, it must have been the handsome face. Hickam apologized for the blood. As if it was his fault. He told the woman he was hoping to find someone kind enough to let him use her bathroom to clean himself up. She was holding some domestic cloth, she opened the screen door she stepped back, felt behind her and found the table along the wall in the hallway to hold on to for balance while she turned around for Hickam to follow. It wasn't a big house, when he came out of the bathroom he didn't have to look far, Hickam found her sitting at a table in the kitchen there was a pile of white clothes on the table, the woman held them up one at a time, she folded each pair of cotton underwear or each undershirt in half then the woman put each pair of underwear on the table and folded it again neatly in half a second time, she put each in a pile. A third pile was for a big man

with the elastic stretched out in the waist, it made Hickam smile in his mind when he thought of underwear for a very large man, the woman held the underwear up to fold them in half. White socks in the pile had brown heels, the woman made a folded ball out of each pair, very large undershirts had yellow under the arms, Hickam was surprised the woman didn't use bleach. These white clothes, the woman told Hickam, belonged to her daughter and to her daughter's husband, this explained the scene of course Hickam thought of his own story with its uncanny similarities—not so uncanny, common.

Hickam sat at the table and watched the woman folding clothes, after a few minutes he pushed his hands into the pile of clean clothes, he watched the small movements of the cloth when he moved his own fingers. Hickam decided to tell the woman about the boy with the bald head, he told her about the girl with the earring in her nose. The woman's eyes looked up from the folding, she nodded her head while she folded the white clothes, she herself went on walks in the park she saw boys and girls with bald heads and various earrings in their faces and various tattoos on their bodies. Hickam told her the girl with the earring hit him in the face, he told her the girl hit him harder than you might expect and caused him pain, he said she made him bleed. The woman was listening, she was folding a cotton undershirt she laid it on a pile of cotton undershirts. Hickam wondered how the girl could be that strong, the woman made small noises of listening or understanding. Hickam explained how the boy's hand came off the girl's breast when the startled boy looked up. When the woman pulled out another cotton undershirt to fold Hickam was holding the other end, a small surprise for Hickam held the cloth and the woman held the cloth, both looking at the white pile of clothes, of course the woman let go and Hickam let go of the cloth—a short pause—then the woman picked up another cotton undershirt, with her eyes cast down there seemed to be a smile around her mouth. Hickam returned to the subject of the girl's breast with its young nipple, the woman held up the cotton undershirt, folded it in half on the table gently smoothed it with her hands, she was looking down with her eyes and she explained the boy made the girl's nipple hard at a young age, Hickam made a polite sound of understanding. Now Hickam's hands were flat on the table under the edge of the pile

of clothes, he automatically began humming a tune from the past while the woman resumed her folding the tune went around and became monotonous until Hickam stopped humming when he felt the cloth moving in the pile pushing on his hand, soon he felt the fingers of the woman's hand, Hickam felt the woman's hand he felt his own hand pushing back, fingers against fingers, Hickam felt the woman take his hand and gently pull Hickam's hand, he let her pull, he helped her, she kept pulling and put his hand on her dress on her chest where her breast was, of course Hickam remembered breasts and hard nipples from the past, with his free hand he reached for his cane, shifted his weight leaned on the handle of the cane moved closer, he laid his face on the woman's chest above his own hand, rested his face on the woman's breast. Hickam moved his hand with his fingers he touched the brown skin where three buttons were open between the woman's breasts at her neck, she looked now a smile seemed to go into her eyes. She must reach over Hickam's head to open more buttons of her dress to make room for his hand she had to reach into her dress herself to unfasten something then Hickam was free to move his hand into her open dress, when he did he looked up at the woman's face, and she put her hand on Hickam's handsome head like a small caress, Hickam closed his eyes for one moment. It made him lose track of his balance though his unsteady weight on his cane took over. The woman saw the problem with some effort she pushed, Hickam pushed on the cane holding too tightly onto her hand might hurt the woman, but together they were able to get him sitting upright on the chair, next the unsteady woman, they were able to get her upright settled on her chair once again, now each in his turn took in and expelled a breath, abstracted movements to straighten clothing and so on, at least they made an effort, their hair, the clearing of throats, chairs scraping back into position, finally she took up an article of clothing, and slowly resumed the folding, one item at a time.

Hickam pushed his hands back into the diminishing pile of cotton clothes, with a tilted head he looked over at the woman, he looked back at the clothes, a smile was in his face when he said—"what did we think we'd get out of that?" The woman folding her white clothes was now making small sounds with her voice, she had a smile of her own somewhere, she said—"don't say that."

CHRISTOPHER BARNES

Lord Byron Toys With Samples On His Mac

The first were nothing drum 'n' bass,
refuting zazz

It were the haven
for on-the-creep plunges
But other claims
went liddy up against the tuneable
And mine is not
a bourgie-skeg ear flow

A strange doom
teefed from Yellowman's labours

Recalling—as it
hoarses in a whirl of brass

Reversed for Him
cut then tickled-in again

He had no rest
the dabs off-keyed the groove

Lord Byron Spellchecks an Application

Dear object

that mall-rats pinch, feel, bag

Though now of Love a two-a-penny Man at

C&A-type suit

To reconcile

the out-classed fastidiousness in

job interview ranks

Thine image

is taedium vitae, corporate,

unproductively waged

Lord Byron Reads His Own Obituary

There's not a joy in
chopsy deadass wriggings
When the glow of zhooshed
special pleading hosannas
'Tis not on youth's mind to back
out from this lulu retrospection
But the tender
 smegginess themselves neglect to live

Lord Byron Resents the Demands of Cyberpets

Then the mortal coldness spewsome,
thumbsucking or bright-eyed

It cannot feel

 a devo rapport
of foofy pixels

That heavy chill

 buzz-crushes temper, all
scrinchy

And tho' the eye

 cotches, these mutts are dead meat
soon

D. E. STEWARD

Où Allons Nous

Following the curve-of-earth

Routing Newark-Honolulu over Pennsylvania, Detroit's Lake St. Clair,
Lander in Wyoming, then off across the Wind River Range

A clear summer day over the continent

The Pass Creek Fire fifteen miles west of Lander in its second day

Wind River lodgepole pine and sagebrush

A rich-cauliflower white up top in brilliant sun

Volcano raging black-gray at the base, flames even visible from thirty-
four thousand feet

The flames spark, sputter, seethe, are stealthy when down there
working hotline

Flare up, sear faces, forearms up, move back

The smoke worse than the heat as duff smudges and billows up
sometimes so densely that soaked bandanas and goggles don't stanch
well

When pulling back from hotline, before eating or sleeping or even
sitting down, strangely most there online quietly stand for long
minutes staring at the burn

Stare now down into the Pass Creek Fire with the same attention,
through plexiglass and from thirty-four thousand feet

On out past Wyoming's Rockies on across the Great Basin and the
Sierras

Leave the Mainland at Point Reyes for the grand eastern Pacific span

The California coast the halfway mark to Hawai'i from the East

Twenty-four hundred miles more, all open ocean

To sail from Hawai'i south over the equator for French Polynesia

Tahiti, course 170° magnetic

Number one Yankee, fore staysail, main unreefed, mizzen staysail

On the reach, around two hundred miles a day, the great mainsail
wing, inching out on the boom to reef it at night

Listening to the rigging, testing the sheets, hanging to the backstays

Leeward, windward, rain shadow, rain fall

Clean cumulonimbus around the eastern horizon at dawn and then
around to the west at dusk, open and high, piled back behind the
curve of earth

Eternally things are the same in the eastern Pacific, twelve hours sun,
twelve without, air and water equal, clouds and swells build and wane

Stars wheel, rarely will there be a ship or a tumbling satellite or
passing plane

Every day and night the same in any single spot for years, then come up on it, sail through, leave it to more years of the same

The Pacific is so large that the earth's landmass could be an island within it with a great deal of open water to spare

Everything is blue, and white, except at dawn and dusk, the water a blue of blueness almost beyond the quality of light

An air blue that is azurite blue, and celestial or celestial blue, sky blue, a bice blue azurite blue, in the way cobalt is the azure of the cloudless sky and cobalt marine is cobalt blue

Cerulean blue and copper blue is azurite blue.

Ceruleum, painter's cerulean blue

Blue turquoise in sunlight over reefs, a light greenish blue that is bluer, lighter, stronger than turquoise blue, and bluer and deeper than aqua

All the blues

Jellyfish blue

Their sting tingle nerve-poison foreboding

Polynesians fished here the whole way, slipped easily off into the water, sailed along hanging to one of the hulls

In midday sun they rigged mats, gave themselves some shade resting in sail shadow

On successive night watches barely south of the equator and east of Starbuck Island and Fillippo Reef, we see factory ships on a few miles off with deck lights, probably South Korean processing driftnet tuna

Only those two ships, a passenger liner one night at the southeastern horizon, and a jet's intersecting course one dusk making due northeast so high it stayed in view interminably

Leeward, windward, rain shadow, rain fall

Rain there has to do with the trades, the Coriolis effect, the anticipation of the doldrums, doldrums that for us with diesel and refrigeration are mere curiosities

Clean cumulonimbus around the eastern horizon at dawn and around to the west at dusk, open and high, piled back behind the curve of earth

No gulls, only terns out there, and no albatross of any sort between Lahaina and landfall

Below about five degrees south, closer to islands, single great frigatebirds and masked boobies now and then intersect our course, circle us once and continue off on theirs

But spectacled tern, sooty tern, black noddy, blue-ray noddy, masked booby, red-footed booby, brown booby, wedge-tailed shearwater, Christmas shearwater, Audubon's shearwater, Phoenix petrel, herald petrel, Kermadic petrel, Murphy's petrel, great frigatebird, lesser frigatebird

And the reefs always turquoise blue

Blue-striped bienny, trumpet fish, squirrel fish, parrotfish, surgeonfish, golden damselfish, batfish, map angelfish, blue angelfish, clownfish, and maybe twenty more

Strikes nearly every afternoon, mostly yellowfin tuna, one ran nine kilos, we lost a lot of them, one chunked against the drag like a truck to leave the braided copper leader ruptured at the break

A dorado as big as a calf lost five meters from the gaff

Filleting red muscle warmth even in the air-water balance of hot and wet, eating raw bits right off the knife and cutting board without wasabi or shoyu

Mid-voyage a mysterious migrating windbird came in and flew flapping twice around the mizzen during a midnight watch

And that strange day dawned as though Beethoven was realigning music in the first movement of the *Emperor*, starting a theme, abandoning it, starting another

Days at sea accumulate but do not repeat

In the cockpit listening to Janáček, listening to Beethoven, to Bach

Sailing into night with the *Brandenburgs* under the Southern Cross graphiced off the mainmast

Flying fish, vitreous and glistening flying fish sputter out of swells in brilliant sun

East of the Line Islands with no wind, swim with the bottom almost six kilometers away

Maui to the Tuamotos, south-by-southeast with the northeast trades

Like New York to Los Angeles at eight to ten knots, the speed of a touring bicycle

To go on from Tahiti on to the Galápagos, a passage of more than seventeen degrees south through sixty degrees longitude, would exactly be one sixth of the planet

And Tahiti to Sydney would trace across another sixth of the planet,

with another seventeen degrees south through another sixty degrees longitude

Come round and drop sail twice on the whole two-week passage, the swim when becalmed and then again ceremonially at the equator

Once south of the equator on the southeast trades, on to Rangiroa in the Tuamotos, French Polynesia

Negotiating Tiputa pass into the Rangiroa atoll Pacific white-sided dolphins leap in the flood of the pass's tidal flush, a high, sparkling, triskelion wheel, huge and olive-backed surging along with the dinghy in the maelstrom and sun glitter as we pilot in

Only one atoll is larger than Rangiroa anywhere, Kwajalein

Rangiroa atoll's immense lagoon is flushed and renewed through the its gaps, and with every tide dense fresh plankton hangs within like sperm

Tiputa on Rangiroa is a *tropique* Francophone dream with a bakery making fresh baguettes every morning

French blue, a strong purplish blue the color of ultramarine, lime blue, new blue, permanent blue

Sarongs, and cocoanut buttered legs

And its coral-walled lanes like crushed alabaster with flowers lining everywhere that people walk

Theo, the size of defensive lineman, speaks Tahitian, Pidgin, English, French, free-dives to sixty feet

His aunt has the kiosk near the Mairie, is magnificent, understands English, answers in French

Snorkle with him to his big fish trap off the motus by the Pass where white-tipped sharks poke through the nets

Venus was there every evening of the long voyage, high to starboard astern

And once a rare noon rainbow around the sun

After the short passage from Rangiroa, in the evening calm off Faaa approaching Tahiti itself, twelve women in two outrigger canoes waited with their paddles poised for us to cross their course and held our stares silently

Then all at once all laughed so that over two hundred years what Fletcher Christian knew was for that instant ours

Like Melville and his wahine in the Marquesas, Gauguin and his

And three women fishing with handlines in the little inlet behind Tahiti's Gauguin Museum, two standing in the evening river mouth, the youngest sitting on the bar submerged to her breasts and the tops of her knees

Like his great painting in the MFA, *Où Allons Nous*, that's where we are

All the way back, off Lahaina while leaving Maui, the moon from behind Mauna Loa, sea level to forty-one hundred meters out over fifty miles across to the Kona Coast, the moon's rise was a shining brilliant path

CHARLES BORKHUIS

dropped a lifetime or two

at the track little mice feet
take me dark away
blue hooves approaching the abyss
lost jockey in a blizzard
in a phrase *seeing double*
don't talk to me of tragedy
they've got me by the virtuals

some canary yellow transgression
over the wall in so many words
I was hoodwinked by a blinking star
lost my voice to color patterns
now red eyes see me black
shadow horse and shadow rider
on the other side of the hurdle
not the same not the same at all
we've changed our spots

whoa nelly less leap than echo now
less I than image jump
blank between words
invite distortion come dance
with a dangling man
slip my skin at the crossroads
slit the mirror's eye
one stays while the other slides
sideways through the keyhole

window the road

sleepwalking through glass
and out the backend of day
moonlit pebbles underfoot
while the other watches
his head slowly exploding
over a lifetime

fresh memories old dreams
putting on and taking off
existential makeup
to play which part tonight

subtitles enter a film
a french translation searches
the seats a shutter of light
passes over my sleeping body
blue legs dangling in the trees
famous dead painters are tapping
at the windows

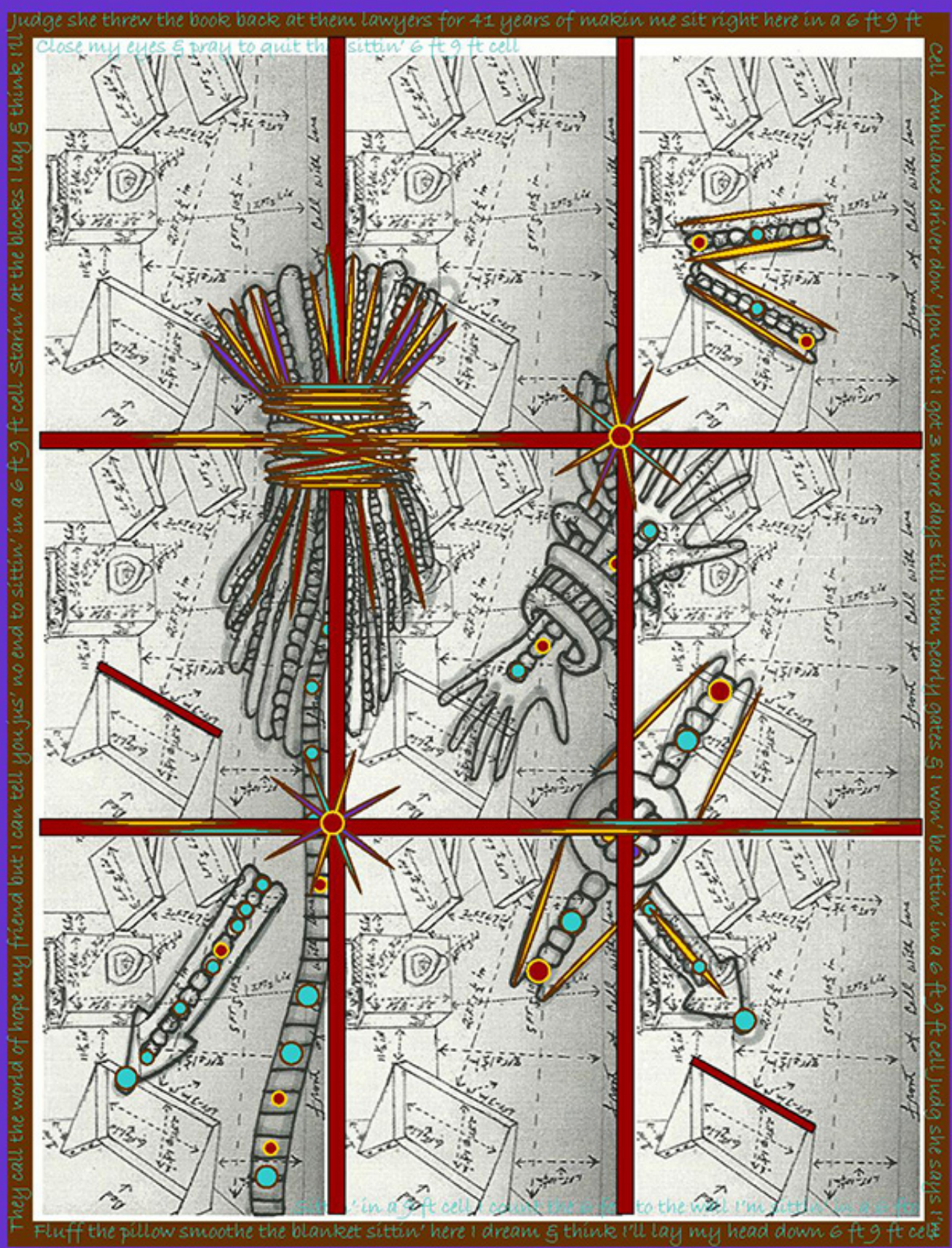
a flurry of small white feathers
covers the plot
no name on the stone
when painting yourself into a corner
get smaller more transparent

I removed my clothing
and then my teeth
what more do they want
maybe hijack a brain and watch heads roll

I come up tails on the big screen
a bullet through my shatter-proof world
play with chance and pick up sticks

Borkhuis/88

wake up in traffic
a phone is always ringing in the background
might as well pick it up and play it out
play it out for all you're worth



Tom Cassidy

Leigh Herrick 2013

MAP 1 by Leigh Herrick and Thomas Cassidy, 2013
mixed media

ALBINO CARILLO

Feather

Nothing but feathers
she said to him,
nothing but feathers
she read to him—
the house was very
dim, the constant
flow of leavings and goings, returns
to sleep. To find yourself alone

at night after so many years. There's tears
in the morning, and under the purple
thunder sky a girl
is indifferently walking
a baby, predisposed
to the light she sees
in the shade, lush
ponds of lawn everywhere,
mowed in time

with the sun, who doesn't
care for this little town.
But it was nothing but feathers and down
now. Reaching out one
night with all the windows
drawn open and the fans blowing
the only thing he could find were his shoes.

Oakwood Moonlight Devil

He went out to meet the coyote
devil. If you understand it you know
the moon was not out and constellations
pierced his hot brain. You on the possessor's
side of the alphabet you with the tongue

that used to pierce walls. They didn't
trade guitars, although the
thought crossed him like some
medieval spell. He became a ghost
before he wanted to. The slight

abandonment of everyone he knew—
his lover told him she could tell
he had no hope, these toxic days
he spent away in his head
searching for an equation

to heal himself. He who called
the dragon saw nothing, not one
on that night. There was nothing
except the lush lawns to hold
him tight to the earth.

Twilight in Hatch, NM

I have become darker
than atoms, darker than dust
between atoms. I can no longer
count forward except
by my own breath, its stressed
out rhythm. I am sleeping when
I don't know it, I am on
the leather couch making my mark: if you

could catch me I'd be quite
easy, would want to pass
for dead. Sleep is its own dark
space without time,
without significance. There are events
in my dreams
when regrets become
visions of sad kisses stolen
on wide aluminum bleachers
or chairs in a lecture hall.

All I mean to say
is that I've found a great way
to dispel all those bad
humors, the rumors, finally
the tumors that have invaded
my soul: darker
than dusk, a thin purple sky—this is not
the way grandmother intended it to be.

BRIAN SWANN

A Man's

acid to himself, forgetting what he is or what he's looking for, even the glasses on his face, he's looking for them, the slippers on his feet, he's looking for them too, when even looking's a gamble. There are always limitations to confront. As for me, things often seem to be done by someone else. Point out a door and I can't bring myself to walk through. And my body, now aging, was always someone else's, bones and muscles independent, reliable cells shipped out and weaker ones slipped in, until I'm all replacement, not just hips, while memory makes its own minefield to play in with the familiar who greets it each morning after a night gnawing at itself, stomach still flipping like a fish on wet stone. I'm slowly drawn into day's vacant glass, looking off into distance that bites like steel on steel, into its shiny emptiness, less and less, air opaque as water.

Winter Suite

1:

On the mountainside the fox moves in, hungry enough to feed on thistles. In the chill below him a goshawk cuts across the space it defines. Here you are close to yourself as sky widens, a window expanding into you.

2:

All around me they circle, move off, return as if not sure. Then they are away, beating against the sky that tries to hold them back but which they skitter through like kids. After I watch them go, I consult my calendar with its mottoes in the margins from Poor Richard stressing moderation, delaying pleasures, retraining curiosity, playing it safe.

3:

I brush something black off the bed and onto the floor. Brittle and shapeless it retains its shape. I rise, brew coffee, black, and from my window watch the vole's tracks zipper the snow beside mine and remember a story by Poe in which someone ended on an ice-floe and floated off. Here the mind looks out and the mind looks back, not what I want, more another mind altogether, maybe the vole's that keeps its shape, focused in its tracks, each foot the same distance apart, aimed, since it only knows what is useful.

4:

I wipe my glasses, think what I've become, as I light the dusky window and clear the disordered table. I take down a book. I have become someone to look right through. In me the lost and dead rise like heartburn. What good are they? They scatter with whistles of despair in rain that's left a few lights in trees. I turn the remaining pages fast as if I were a character wanting to see who makes it to the end.

5:

Exhausted, the cows are spent torches. Back in the barn they didn't want to leave, their feet make flat wet sounds on the concrete, and they sigh. There are things I need to know but a cow is not a maxim. Things are not signs though I read this snow as a blank page. It is a hard time, the world empty, articulate, complete and equivocal.

6:

Wind still out of the north. Stars still sharp. As you try to sleep you can hear the red shift as it passes like an express train which is how you understand the un-understandable in a night hinged and squeaking in winds that push it about and you start to float away, nothing to hold you back, and see a child in a greenhouse trying to understand flowers opening to the echo of star-shine and the moon's bright scent, caught and held, an ocean away.

7:

Tart taut stars shut off the deer as she shifts her weight on the ice. You can see right through the ice. This is the newest copy of a copy that seeps back and all around, being shaped by everything, a chord ending with a note from another chord dying deep as the deepest sky waiting with figures to be composed and you remember how on Lindisfarne we used to catch rabbits by sending a crab into the deep burrows with a lighted candle fixed to its back.

DAN RAPHAEL

Living Downtown—Be Careful What You Wish

Saw a bus run a red light
saw a guitar whose strings never stopped moving
saw the same person on both sides of the street at once

Smelled curry powder, dryer sheets & aged sweat
saw through the sky but couldn't focus, sudden evaporation,
syrup slow mandarin from a tiny speaker on a black labs collar

A convertible with sliding doors, a cash register that read my wallet:
the e-mail coupon got home before i did, as i'd forgotten last night
was first Friday so some of the streets had changed

Her skin was white as mozzarella, her eyes burnt but with a floral
scent
gray cat on a leash, border collie behind the wheel
canaries repurposed as earrings is cruelty, how they thrash

A skirt that shrinks or grows with the user's intentions,
exposed skin decreasing the odds of rain, increasing the thirst
for more than water—i bought a fifth of july

I travel more by direction than destination, find a stretch
with several stores, park and follow the salivary clues,
the music only my stomach can hear

This exclamation point stamped on my wrist lets me live another day,
something only police dogs and buzzard sized drones can detect.
these 2 hours of sunlight will cost me

Lemon Wind

A skin of cotton, a skin of lake water,
an entire neighborhood smothering under a giant dry cleaning bag
how thin a layer, how mobile a lubricant
when the light only some are allergic to
more activity in the same shrinking space
more area than places to stay intact
more directions than i can look to, a noise i think is a smell,
how the light is changing within me while time doesnt

While dancing
seduced by the bass
enclosures without walls
not an alarm but corrosive shock
if only one knee collapses
building strength and speed to shatter my own bones
as if i'm a large window to crash through
pose compose decompose

Driving off a road when i'm not in a vehicle
a scarf of frothy asphalt
bone to lips, skin pulled taut enough to thump
cant talk a tree to grow around us, radiate so many numbers
the satellites say nothings here

One dog is enough, one tree for the rain, serial roofs
time and tendencies, bark and opinions,
winter thickens us, dims us, as we're rootless, 12 equal payments

I pulled into nazareth, 8 lanes of freeway and still 20 miles to go
the difference between off ramp and storm sewer
the next big land grab will be dried river beds

Enough with tattoos, let's notch ears and nostrils, lop a knuckle or two
a top of the line miniaturized go pro for an eye, zoomable & digitized
knowing from the ripples what's underneath

At some point i couldn't get home, i took someone's wallet
and hope he woke without damage, a car i'd never seen
said hello and unlocked itself, i asked the way home
and was told in a genetic language
more like a boat than a car, more like everything moving but me

My arm skinned with thinly sliced pastrami
when i poke my forehead it springs back, meaning its ready for the
oven
all this fermentation, millennia of self-unraveling philosophies
holding up to a light that could be an x-ray, a laser,
something sticky the police just invented

My new wardrobe makes everything clear
as the mirror oozes around my face
as the microwave opens a door in the lava's intestines
how some tea bags look like tents but how hot does the rain have
to be?
sometimes you get lemonade, sometimes tens of thousands of seeds
blowing 20, 25 miles an hour

Can't Get Outside Myself

A thunderstorm in my stomach, arctic midnight in my heart
this muscular wind wanting to clear things out
but everything's too particulate to move consistently
reversswirling in passive resistance and aerodynamic charm

With this much scattered momentum who could stay still, stand
straight
like a gyroscope with hiccups willing randomly shifting parts of itself
from ferrous to feral, strong and wild, fused and undisciplined,
a dust devil i mistake for connect-the-dots,
planets formed from cosmic sneezes inherent gravity,
a sun with diarrhea

60 geese in the schoolyard across the street—how many of them
are me
how many of whatever birds in the canyon of my chest so wide
the hummers must rest while crossing from one efflorescent lunge
to another

If i could clear out my engine compartment, replace and retrofit,
would i go for speed or armor, maneuverability or camouflage
the world seems scary big, all paved and signless,
traffic coming from all directions and so suddenly
despite no places to hide, all buildings transparent and permeable,
more ideas than structures, more revenue generator than shelter

When i see the twin i never had walking down the street i need
a mirror,
an ID check, my location on the global personality system:
am i more like poland or kenya today, am i lost in square miles
of mutant sunflowers or trying to find the way out of this 30th story
apartment

birds keep smashing against the windows of, birds with blood the color
of antifreeze.

i crave a sizzling aroma with ingredients from 3 continents,
a fruit with juice so thick it cannot be contained,

I examine myself for newly forming wetlands,
a leaking uncharted pipeline, an immobilized river.
when i touch the faucet my temperature begins to plummet,
my blood pressure seals all the hatches and prepares to dive—
torpedoes of rage, minefields of mass media, you don't have to enlist
to be on this list, no angel splashing V8 on my door

The locks were changed while i slept so i cant get out of myself,
windows sealed in saran wrap, blue-toothed electricity swarms
disguised as fruit flies and mice, that ozone smell meaning rain
or a bolt of lightning from the toilet, a door that's never been
in the back of my closet, an 80 year old telephone
ringing like a blacksmiths mallet—i am bellows and flame;
how long do i have to hammer this bone before i can eat it,
how far do i have to run before the earth throws me into clouds
who'll do what

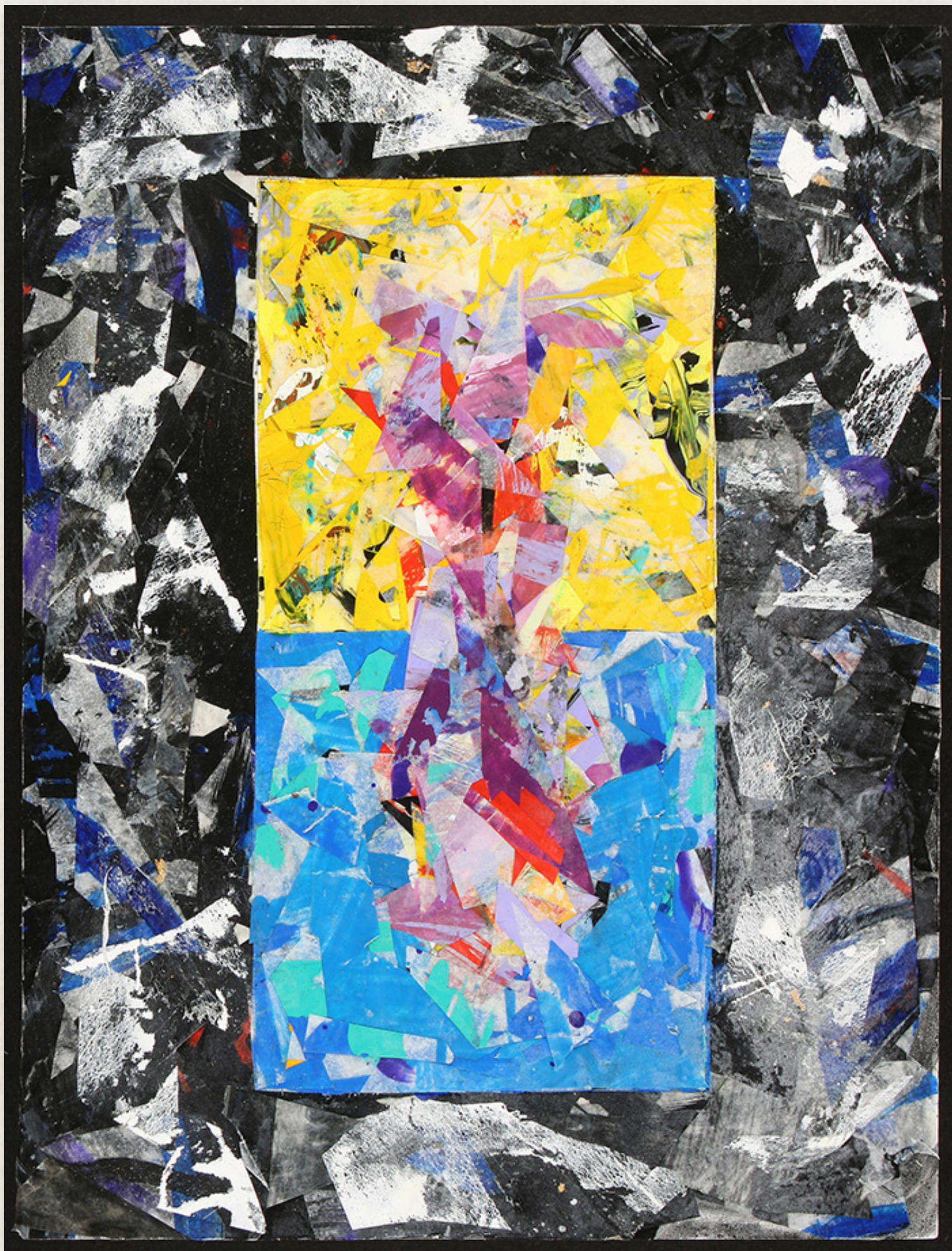


PLATE 1 by John McCluskey, 2015
collage, vinyl paint and ink on vellum and assorted paper
(8" x 6" x 2")



PLATE 3 by John McCluskey, 2015
collage, vinyl paint and ink on vellum and assorted paper
(8" x 6" x 2")

LAWRENCE R. SMITH

From **VIBRIO**, Book I

II. At the Bar

SPQR: the bottle within a bottle
within a bottle. And now Christo
had wrapped the Aurelian wall,
outermost skin of the Roman onion:
eternal sheet of polyurethane.
A snide Florentine told George
SPQR meant “*Sono porci
questi romani.*” These Romans are pigs.
Napoleon, no lover of the place:
“The Roman religion will always be
the Republic’s irreconcilable enemy.”
La Contessa, landlady, *aristocrazia
nera*: her dapper little husband
in white suit and jaunty hat
with brim turned down on one side,
Gentiluomo di Sua Santità.
La Contessa’s plasticine apartment:
a picture of Pius smiling, blessing
the dusty tableau from 1938.
“Signor Painter, *una persona per bene,
tanto giovane e tanto distinto.*”
But the mail strike was on:
bags of threats, pleas, simple money,
young J. Paul Getty’s ear
dumped into the Tiber. So George
mailed through the Vatican PO.

Fulvia called him traitor. VaticaNO.

“George, what would Garibaldi say?”

Like the man on the Via Della Croce—

gray flannel cloak, red shirt,

embroidered pill box hat, squatting

on haunches, one hand out for coins,

finger in wine-reddened nose,

magnificent gray hair and beard

covered with human grease, gathered

in wet-looking clumps and curls.

Passersby knew him: Lion of Caprera,

and even those who said “For shame!”

skirted his crouching form

with some respect. Rattle your cage,

bite a child. Roar at these fools!

He waited for fifty lira pieces

by the wine shop’s open door.

Wine poisoned with nitrites,

work of men who turned spoiled wine

to bane for two-legged rats. SPQR.

And the fastidious French with Winegate:

Appellation Bordeaux Contrôlée

from Sardinian carboys.

“You do not know the Italian people.

They are not worth the lives of 40,000 French.”

Moving along striated glass,

hand upon hand, along the glass

with striated was a hand. Hand

moving along was a hand, along

a hand was glass upon. Glass hand

upon striated hand upon upon

the might of an aroused proletariat.

O Antonio, *caro* Gramsci, passion

and ideology in your Jesuitical heart.

Red strip of cloth around your neck,
they bottled you up, soul of Italy.
Pasolini cried, suffered in your
swollen flesh, and they put him away
as well, "too miserably human."

Bottles, bottles, with promises, solutions.
Bottles in a traveling snake oil show.
Jar where they found the mummified
Cretan boy, once full of Idan honey.
Bottles with a message, reminder.
Bottles smashed in bars in fights over women.
Bottles with lies: a ship, the egg trick.
Hand upon hand in the darkness
of darkness, or the darkness of light.

"Who is Claudia?" "An *assistente*."
"*Assistente*?" "You say grad assistant."
"Is Andrea her boyfriend?" "Oh no,
Andrea doesn't like girls. She's with
Lamberto, the *gruppo*. You'll find out."
"What do *assistenti* do here?"
"They will strike tomorrow.
Haven't been paid for six months."
"And you, Fulvia, will you strike too?"
"I feel so sorry, but what can I do?
I'm a professor, not an *assistente*.
Isn't Claudia a beautiful girl?
So nice. So smart. *Trenta e lode*.
Is your girl named for Angela Davis?"
"No, but she should have been."

Bottles. *Chinamartini* for your rotten
stomach, George Painter. *Chinacalda*.
Fulvia will have Maso scald it
with the nozzle on the machine.

She will work your salvation
with bottles, miraculous healings.

*A heavily ornate priest intoned and gesticulated
before the altar, where little candle flames
flickered helplessly in the reek of incense—
breathing smoke; and with that cloying
sacrificial smell another seemed to mingle—
the odor of the sickened city.*

ROBERT VANDER MOLEN

Old Guys

A sigh in the blinds when a door opens
Odor of varnished wood
An exit to ivory looking steps

When everyone was young
And pretended they knew
What they were doing—
Some were very good at it

Plus, there was dream logic,
What continues into the day,
Affecting how you see things

Then he sidled into his lengthy stay
In Goose Bay
When he was in the Air Force...

*

My thoughts drifted like exhaust
In cold weather, low to the ground,
Bricks among rocks, for instance,
As in the destroyed city of Ani

Treeless, brushless, a plain of rubble
Bordering a gorge
Which I'd seen in a documentary

Or one with Al Capone, near the end,
Who, wearing a sweater in summer,
Was fishing at a swimming pool
As if it was fresh water

*

He said, driving into Chicago,
One is reminded of the Wizard of Oz

Which renewed my attention
On the screened porch of his cabin,
We were twelve miles from the blacktop
An eddying breeze melting ribbons
And rugs of snow—
He offered me another brandy

But to backtrack,
When she was dying we talked
On the phone nearly every day.
A far cry from when she used to stand
On her head on a bar table
Wearing a dress but no underwear—
Sometimes I had trouble getting us
Out of those gin mills

As with a giant clam closing
Around an ankle

Or those nights here
When lightning pickles the birches

Trees thumping over the two-track

When it feels like the roof might fly off

In The City Park

The sky as gray
As the sidewalks and monuments,
The YMCA converted into
Exclusive condos, I pause
On a funeral sort of day, a bit of ice
Remaining in grasses. Envisioning a pit
Without a bottom, bodies tumbling in like ants—
Something from a dream while I was ill.
I'm the only one here. Even the pigeons
Have fled. My trench coat is long and black
I sit on the ends of it. A detective
Without a license, much less a weapon.
Even the bars are closed. It must
Be a holiday. Or the end of the world
And I'm the only one who doesn't know,
Which would be odd. Time is tricky,
Grandmother had complained near the end

Lunch With Ben

Dobie said he was going to call
Then he didn't. Should I be worried?
Martha e-mailed the stream was flooding
But I needed to stay in the Capital
To make amends, sign papers—truth is
She worries too much, her weight,
For example. She once told me that a man
Smells differently when you no longer love him.
It can also be unpleasant—some sort
Of warning, like the failure of imagination—
The breeze didn't have a thing to say
Or light in the tops of trees in late February,
The flowers of the tulip poplar,
Like a word you can't remember...
Anyone I know, Ben asked, reaching for his cane,
Shrapnel still in him from the Italian
Campaign. I thought you knew Dobie,
I said. Not him, he said, the material about
Women and the scent of men. Mine must be off,
It's a pity. I meant of Martha, I said,
She's concerned about growing old.
I'll get Dobie off your back—we were outside now
Among the lindens abutting the curb,
There used to be oak. It was noisy.
Ben wasn't friendly with change,
In particular, the new museum rising
At the corner, which looked like it might topple over.
By the way Jim, have you ever noticed
How George Washington
Looks like the Mona Lisa?

GUY R. BEINING

split

i skid into a
number, or the
color of a number,
or the vague make-up
of a number, perhaps
in its infancy, or in
its sensibility.
i study the beige
edges of the piece
that on further viewing
could be a letter,
being part of a
B & not that of a 3,
perhaps two u's
on their sides
in a vacuum
without a source.

tracing a disconnect

how to trace
your good-bye on
a brown phone
with a blue pencil
on a silver beach,
on a silver beach.
how to trace my loss
on a green phone
& red pen, deeply
penetrating next to a
misty blue shoreline
with the toes feeling
the side of a corpse.
how to trace episodes forgotten
on a black phone & a white ballpoint
pen that says walter's garage
on a seascape dark with dead birds.

lost

1.

the hypocrite counted
the sores
of other nations.
he left one side
of the world
for another, less punctured.

2.

the right wing fluttered;
the left wing was
in pause mode.

3.

the decorator thought that
the moon was
out of place.

4.

the old man put
his bowler hat
on the podium
& began to clap
as his wife was
carried out feet first.

HELLER LEVINSON

tenebraed to

lamentation

lachrymae

equatorial flail

tinder palling at the posts

dearth rags

truckless in Nevada

tenebraed to

lamentation (first mutation

ointment-*less* mould-pound shudder-stir

desperate for new visions aqueducts taciturn stalled wilt-levers

decondition sobbing in the lobby your place of birth sneer on the

upside the relief is invalid as if in the larynx of proclivity a feint awaits

peculiarity has its own smell

CRAIG COTTER

Exercise in Timing

Lost at an airport
dropped in Connecticut
need to get back to New York
dropped in the Bronx
a scary neighborhood from 1975
have to get to LaGuardia to fly home.
Can't figure out how the subways work.
Paul there, but he doesn't explain although he knows how the subways
work.

Bernie has written a novel on Brando
as a gay hound. I am the main character, Brando's boyfriend.
Brando cheats on me with guys all the time.
After a while I let the guys come home with us.
My friends start to make fun of me, that I have sold-out.
I invite one to come into Brando's bedroom with us
(I'm heavily erased on drugs)
he just makes fun of me.

Brando is in the backseat of a car in a movie
talking to another famous actor
who is playing a director
about a part he wants.
A machine squeezes Brando's lower leg
to keep the circulation going. The cuff of the machine
squeezes Brando's soft flesh. Brando explains
why he wants to do the movie, and then a scene of the movie plays
with Brando doing an action part.
But the producer knows he cannot physically do that part.

I'm back at the Swedish embassy in Connecticut
trying to get home.

I'm a trespasser in the Swedish Embassy which is at first a nice ranch
house

surrounded by grass lawns; then a labyrinth I'm lost in;
then a brownstone.

I do not figure out how to get to the airport.

A baseball game is going on at work.

An adult pitches to a kid.

I want to play.

Suddenly I am next to bat.

It's hardball and I have my wood bat.

I swing at pitch after pitch only slightly fouling a couple off,
"ticking" them we used to call it. "Tick, I'm not out!"

I never hit one, timing shot.

Around the agency are signs of hope and despair.

None of the signs are convincing.

Cotter/118

AH

Your
initials

carved
on my left forearm

with a razor blade.
Underlined.

That was
the autumn

of 1983
after I'd left

Bernie and Paul's apartment
in East Lansing.

I chopped up
my right arm

left-handed too.

Showed-up

to my graduate
English classes

the next day
arms wrapped

in white gauze.

Took an incomplete
in Chaucer

and the prof died
soon after.

*

27 years later
looking at

your initials.
Yesterday afternoon

I remembered
touching you.

Other scars,
basketball,

surgery
have faded.

Looks like

your initials
will be with me

for life.
Which is what I wanted

that night
when I was 22

ELIOT CARDINAUX

A Fly

The end is not pity but it tallies the number it tends
on a map, like a breeze to a horsefly's wings—
rubs its hands at the pin like a satisfied merchant
to corner the discolored edge of the world;

and just as the tongue lies helpless
it lolls to the harmony men have made.

A Future Companion

In that good, clean focus of a wasp's eye,
Time, that noise will need you—
not a shoulder but the center, coiled like a snake,

a soul around the butt of a rifle,
a joke whose distorted pipes can't tell.

It's winding like an organ, juicing with venom
its last grey hair, a song still waiting
on a stiffened drink, or lazier, that wounded breeze—
tomorrow stinging for the dam to break...

GEORGE KALAMARAS

“The Little Broth of a Train in the Distance Boiling Down to Nothing”: Remembering Alvaro Cardona-Hine

On August 28, 2016, my dear friend and collaborator, Alvaro Cardona-Hine, left the body, six and a half weeks shy of his ninetieth birthday. For those familiar with the artistic movements of the 1950s and 1960s, Alvaro is a key figure. And to poets and painters in New Mexico, he was a beloved presence in the mountains of Truchas, on the High Road between Santa Fe and Taos. Alvaro was equally adept at three art forms, which he practiced, fluidly, each informing the other: poetry, painting, and musical composition. This fluidity mirrored his consciousness, a sensibility unshackled by rigid schools of artistic thought, or even a desire for the seeming “permanence” of recognition. True to his intensive, decades-long practice of Zen (Alvaro was also a Sensei or lay priest), he had left behind many entrapments of the ego. His artistic endeavors glowed like rare rubies, or rich veins of turquoise hidden in the mountain soil he called home. Or, perhaps, they were primordial in a different way, purposeful like the intricate exoskeletons of Namibian fire ants, which (because of intense desert heat) can forage for only a few minutes each day.

Alvaro exemplified the deeper layers of the calling to a poetic life. I think of my favorite words about poetic vocation, which Gary Snyder gives us in *The Real Work: Interviews & Talks 1964-1979*: “[as a poet I] hold the most archaic values on earth . . . the fertility of the soil, the magic of animals, the power-vision in solitude, the terrifying initiation and rebirth, the love and ecstasy of the dance, the common work of the tribe” (3). Alvaro embodied these values, and the planet is better for having had him on it for nearly ninety years.

As I write this, it is the holiday season, one day past the winter solstice and its turn toward freshly accreting light. I can’t help but remember Alvaro’s poem, “Christmas Eve,” from his book, *Words on Paper*:

two hoboos
 bending over a flame
 in a field of inert weeds

heaven upstairs

the little broth of a train
 in the distance
 boiling down to nothing (n.p.)

Now, my friend seems also to have boiled “down to nothing”—not the *nothing* of oblivion, but the nothing of *everything*. This, I suspect, would have been Alvaro’s greatest desire—to let it all go, to empty his consciousness, freeing it of all attachment. In Zen, and in the Eastern wisdom traditions in general, the seeker often works to burn away the ego in the fires of intensive practice. As I reread this old poem of his now, with his passing in mind, I can’t help but think that on some level he may have been speaking of how we are all “hoboos” or wanderers in this world, “bending over . . . [the] flame” of our lives. If we are fortunate enough to engage this flame with deep attention, the tracks we lay and the locomotive of our bodies we use to ride across those tracks will leave behind only the thin trail of our passing, a “boiling down to nothing” that is significant only in its insignificance. Or, to put it another way, perhaps it is insignificant enough to actually be *significant*.

Born in 1926, Alvaro emigrated with his family from San Jose, Costa Rica, to the United States in 1939, settling in Los Angeles. He came from a literary family. His grandfather, uncle, father, and an older half-brother—Alfredo Cardona-Peña—were poets. Alvaro beautifully chronicles his adolescent years in his 1999 memoir, *Thirteen Tangos for Stravinsky*, a book I hope every reader here will immediately order and read. It’s not simply the details of his young life that are moving; his words are infused with the vibration of the remarkable spirit and tenderness of the man I came to know as one of the most perceptive, loving individuals I’ve ever met. In 1945 he entered Los Angeles City College, with the intention of studying science, but he met the poets Bert Myers and Stanley Kurnik and began writing. Alvaro moved to

Ellensburg, Washington, for some years and returned to L.A. in 1957. He became active among a group of poets, many of whom had gathered around Thomas McGrath, a group consisting of Gene Frumkin, Mel Weisburd, Stanley Kiesel, Keith Gunderson, A. Fredric Franklyn, Estelle Gershgoren Novak, and Estelle's brother, Sid Gershgoren, among others. He also developed friendships with William Pillin (a poet too often overlooked outside the L.A. scene and someone sixteen years his senior) and, as noted, Bert Myers.

Though not as widely publicized as the San Francisco Renaissance, the concurrent scene in L.A. in the 1950s flourished, in part due to the political pressure of The House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC). McGrath, a long time lefty, had been called before the Committee in 1953 and refused to divulge names of members of the Communist Party—something for which McGrath paid dearly, losing his teaching position at what was then Los Angeles State College in 1954. He was blacklisted, along with fellow dissenter called before the Committee, poet Don Gordon. The poets around McGrath, Alvaro included, inherited that independent spirit and a sense of the wider purposes of art, including social engagement. Two L.A. literary journals, *The California Quarterly* and *Coastlines*—the latter, for which Alvaro served as poetry editor for its final issue—took strong stands against McCarthyism. Alvaro's friendships with McGrath and Gene Frumkin, in particular, proved significant. Like McGrath, Alvaro and his wife—writer, painter, and fellow Zen practitioner—Barbara McCauley, also migrated to Minnesota, moving to Minneapolis-St. Paul in 1975, where they lived until 1986. They settled in Truchas in 1987, a small village in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, just a couple hours from Frumkin in Albuquerque, where Gene had been teaching at the University of New Mexico since 1964.

An earlier, significant turning point for Alvaro, as he often described to me, was his experimentation with LSD in 1961 or 1962 (when the drug was still legal and which he sometimes took in the office of a psychiatrist who was experimenting with artists to record their reactions). Mel Weisburd (editor of the landmark 1950s and 1960s L.A. journal, *Coastlines* and who, with Frumkin, brought out the first issue of the magazine in 1955), argues in his yet-unpublished memoir, *The Smog*

Inspector, that LSD reoriented Alvaro's artistic expression from chiefly poetry toward greater multidisciplinary, a more reciprocal alignment of poetry, painting, and musical composition. This is something Alvaro affirmed in an interview I conducted with him in 2010:

[T]he experience was *profound* for me. It showed me I had a . . . what I saw was that what I call an orange personality: that my personality is essentially the color orange. . . . Which means that it freed me to know that I could do many things. That I could paint. I didn't paint until much later, but the beginning of the seeds was there. That the mind could do a number of things. ("The Curvature of Consciousness" 100)

Prior to this, Alvaro had developed an interest in Zen meditation, which deepened into a very serious practice in the ensuing decades. His embrace of Zen and his love of poetry formed the basis for his artistic endeavors. Spanish and Latin-American poets interested in Surrealism proved pivotal—especially Miguel Hernández, Federico García Lorca (especially the Lorca of *Poet in New York*), and César Vallejo—but also the poets of Spain's Generation of 1898, Juan Ramón Jiménez and Antonio Machado, in particular. These influences interlaced with his profound love of ancient Chinese poetry. He was a master of the short poem, primarily haiku. In fact, his first book, *The Gathering Wave*, brings together forty-eight untitled haiku, which Alan Swallow published in 1961. The poems are remarkably *fresh*—never appropriating a "Chinese" or "Japanese" voice, as in this striking offering: "her golden urine / all over the squash flowers / the runaway goat" (23). McGrath was instrumental in getting his publisher, Alan Swallow, to publish *The Gathering Wave* (Swallow also brought out Alvaro's second book—a collection of non-haiku longer poems, *The Flesh of Utopia*, a book more attuned to his Spanish and Latin-American forebears). When Alvaro and McGrath met and Alvaro said he was writing "some ideas" and calling them "open songs," McGrath expressed enthusiasm for the phrase, asking if he could use it. Alvaro readily agreed. Subsequently, McGrath wrote several short poems, though not in the strict haiku form, publishing a book in 1977 called *Open Songs: Sixty Short Poems*.

Alvaro and I didn't meet until 2005. By then he was a well-published poet, translator (in particular, of Hernández and Vallejo, as well as

pre-Renaissance Spanish poetry), and novelist. At his passing, he had published twenty or more books. However, he was also an esteemed painter and musical composer. He had one-man and group shows of his art in California, Connecticut, Florida, Minnesota, New Mexico, New York, Pennsylvania, and Texas, including his 1986 major one-man show, *The Mythic Paintings*, at the MacAllen International Museum in MacAllen, Texas. His paintings are magical, his series of *Mythic Paintings*, in particular, are deeply profound, and his work is in private collections around the world. His music, furthermore, has been performed widely, at the Pasadena Museum of Art, the Minneapolis Institute of the Arts, Trinity Church in Brooklyn, New York, and elsewhere.

However, at the time of our meeting I knew none of this. I was dear friends with Gene Frumkin and only knew Alvaro by name and legend—mostly stories Gene would share about the old L.A. days, wonderful little-known details about McGrath, Myers, Pillin, Weisburd, and—of course—Alvaro. During one of our several visits to Albuquerque to see Gene, my wife, Mary Ann, and I stopped to see Alvaro on our way to Taos (a visit suggested by another friend from the area over breakfast that morning, Arthur Sze). I won't detail that first encounter, as it's chronicled well elsewhere (Kalamaras 42-45), but suffice it to say Alvaro and I became fast friends. We talked intimately about meditation—even at that first meeting—and I remember reciting for him that day the incredible one-line poem of the Japanese Dadaist and Zen poet, Takahashi Shinkichi, entitled, “Death”: “Nobody has ever died” (345). Then Alvaro gifted me a painting of his—one from an older series he'd worked on in which he'd written short poems of his across images on canvass. It speaks of death and destruction in a similarly generative way as the Takahashi poem. In fact, that painting is on the wall beside me now (among four other paintings of Alvaro's in my home). The poem painted across the canvass is entitled “Amnesty”:

poetry destroys language
lovingly it

hinges on
words to

pass un
noticed

I was fascinated during that first visit to learn how this lovely mountain hermitage had become Alvaro and Barbara's home. I learned that in 1987, they had moved to Truchas, New Mexico. Rather than embrace the conventional art gallery scene, they decided to bypass it and sell their paintings directly to collectors. This allowed for more solitude and quiet to pursue their art, one of the driving forces for the move to Truchas in the first place. Thus, true to their independent spirits, they opened their own gallery in 1988 on the High Road to Taos. They had an idyllic mountain setting where they wrote and painted, selling their paintings in the Cardona-Hine Gallery, adjacent to their home. I remember several remarkable visits to see Alvaro and Barbara in Truchas, sitting in their little portico near apricot trees Alvaro had planted himself, and having long conversations about poetry, art, music, and—of course—our dogs. In fact, Alvaro loved bull dogs, as does Barbara. Some of their bull dogs that have passed are buried in a sacred triangle between their home and Alvaro's studio. When our former beagle, Barney, left the body in 2008, my wife and I sought refuge from our grief with Alvaro and Barbara, knowing they would understand our loss. And they certainly did. In fact, as part of our healing, Alvaro gave us some brief lessons and actually had us paint in his studio (something Mary Ann and I had never done). Alvaro and Barbara adored Barney from previous visits and held our hands, emotionally, and quite literally, as we four also stood in a circle around the graves of their dogs, in remembrance, laying some of Barney's ash in a small vial into that very soil with the remains of their own beloved companions. I can still hear Alvaro's deep, soothing voice as he chanted mantras as part of our ritual. I share this story to illustrate the tenderness of Alvaro's heart. During that visit, he and Barbara shed tears with us, held our grief with us, and also helped move that grief toward healing.

I saw Alvaro as a kind of modern day Wang Wei, one of my favorite poets and someone who was also adept in the same three disciplines: poetry, painting, and music. Several Chinese poets of the T'ang Dynasty, including Wang Wei, in fact, led intense public lives and then retired to

the mountains to pursue their Buddhist meditations or to practice the Tao. Alvaro, always humble, would, I'm sure, caution me against too-lofty an image of him, but I can't help but think that his was a life unlike any we're likely to see for some time.

As collaborators (we wrote one book of poetry together and comingled Alvaro's paintings and my poems for another; Alvaro also supplied art work for a few of my book jackets), I felt that on very subtle levels we understood how we shaped one another—not just our poetry but the breaths we passed into and through the other as we sat on his portico, reading to one another the poems of Miguel Hernández, or discussing the inventiveness of Vallejo, or sharing our love of the ancient Chinese poets, or even marveling at the snuffling of Mary Ann's and my new beagle pup, Bootsie, as our scent hound vigorously explored their grounds. Thirty years younger than my friend, I benefitted enormously from this relationship with a wise elder, learning more than I can say. Yet, true to his gentle and generous spirit, Alvaro always treated me as an equal—listening to me attentively, expressing delight in the most simple insights I might offer, and always insuring an equitable friendship.

Alvaro published many books, produced countless paintings, and composed numerous musical scores. But the greatest thing he “produced” (through meditation and art) was a self that continuously sought to be free of the “self.” As I consider his passing, I think, with some solace, of the Takahashi Shinkichi poem, “Death,” that I recited to him the day we met—“Nobody has ever died.” I also keep hearing the lovely closing of his poem, “Christmas Eve,” with that remarkable image of “the little broth of a train / in the distance / boiling down to nothing.” I see that train and its “broth” as representations of Alvaro, whose *real* work—like that of the Zen adepts—was to live life in the gentlest, least-attached way, as if—as the monks say—writing on water. I miss him immeasurably and remain humbled to call him my friend.

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PORTRAIT OF LOLA AND HER PARENTS

by Eduardo Sarmiento, 2015

China marker and oil pastel on paper (14" x 11")

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

WILL ALEXANDER:

The Occident aligned by retrocausal psychic engineering, has created through campaigns of slaughter and mental manipulation collective tribulation, and has arrived at its telling denouement having come face to face with its destiny of general moral evaporation unable to enlist its force as future habitability, now forced to scramble for a niche inside itself, being crudely inflamed by materialistic super-imposition, dialectically fed, say, by examples such as thievery of metals from the Congo, or escape by fabulous technical speculation to flooded alien worlds such as Proxima B. Within these fractions our day to day lives remain conducted within the fugue of an extremely pressured abstraction, within a threatening oxygen weighted by numbers. My goal being to newly exist as an astral Bedouin perfectly conjured atop a sand blown camel striding towards a green uranian hill.

CARIE TOPAL:

Moonless and close, we ate dinner by the door. Across the world from April, I rose to be blessed in a room that was not my own. Or it was stardust

IVAN ARGÜELLES:

Is the music mismatched by deaf Russian composers a feverish attempt to overturn literature, already in a state of debacle, because it is 2017, the year Flash Gordon was supposed to return in his flying whiz-mobile, replete with documents and lies and fake news and the wherewithall to blow up the world ten times over? Let's face it, fellow craft-mongers, prestidigitators and would-be Lorca act-alikes, the curtain is about to come down, and the polar bears have no ice to cling to. Space with its mysterious double, time, is feeling the wounds, profound and illusory, of man's attempt to restrain the negative curvature, while unlocking the secret of dark matter. It's out of the box, Pandora's, the multiple

hydra head of terrorism and those who would battle it with terrorism, but the right kind, thus evacuating whole nation states in a civil grief of unending drone attacks aimed blindly to suppress whatever it is the Prophet stood for. Yes, with these attacks on the “other”, whose illegal presence among the civilized is blamed for setting off unlimited time bombs at all or any social function, we have clearly entered the era of white-bloat dominance, spam, if you will. The Cyclops is out of his cave, running frantically toward the goal-post of One-Nation-under-God. Any one opposed will be deported to Bolivia, regardless of place of birth. It's a mere hop of the thumb before incarcerations surpass the number of residents outside of prisons. Eloquence and the reminiscence of beauty, myth and historical legend, all a thing of the past. Twitter away, denizens of the Neo-Fascist State. Hack your mother's tomb. Lend credence to nothing printed in the remaining newspapers. Mock, jibe and insult anyone who questions the Neolithic Pretorian Guard that surrounds the Wizard-of-Odd. This is the Waste Land, peopled by the hollow men, consternated and dumbed down, loss of will, drained of the swamp, swizzled, guzzled distorted, contorted, accompanied by the Grand Wizard and the KKK Marching Band. Make America WHITE Again. Victory of Johnny Reb, yes, and who be us, elites of the Lost and Unfounded Coasts, poseurs, litterateurs in search of Reason, Quixotic adversaries, die-hards and even old Stalinists drowning in debt, insurance swindles and the out-of-reach cost of a Bachelor's Degree. Finally a generation that has it worse than their parents' generation. Is there hope after life? Is there death after hope? What's the point, muddled, reframed, isolated, the Mind in all its questionable perplex, does go on. Mankind, the subtle remnant of a a long DNA process that proceeded somewhere with the paramecium or the trilobite, does seem tremulously poised on a final precipice from which no poetry, no matter how sublime, will be able to bring us back, restore us to some pre-electronic Arcadia, when with sunset the lights went out, and so to sleep again.

DALE HOUSTMAN:

Poetry Lacks Time

Poetry is often a communication of desire formed (and forced) by a desire for communication.

Poetry farms the air and education cans it for asthmatics.

Poetry is an *ecstatic hospitality*.

Poetry is a system which imagines systems and knows they are imagined. A poetic system is capable of desiring the merely proposed, or of pitying that which can only be survived.

Poetry is the government which ghosts are apt to form.

Just as a pinned butterfly lacks motion, poetry lacks time.

All sentiment aside, poetry is a commodity — it merely lacks the body of properly hypnotized consumers which would position it firmly in the Futures markets. One cannot allow oneself, however, to believe this, as sanctity is a balm for the dispirited.

Some poetry develops alternative narratives, and some advertises the rhetoric that would be practiced in those narratives.

Poetry disguises itself as a story that begins around a campfire that halfway through turns out to be an uncontrollable forest fire, so that the listeners think to sacrifice you to the flames. This forces you to create an object that is both terribly urgent and suggestively incomplete, hoping to forestall the fate you deserve.

Poetry is (and thus is not) an analogue of simple mindfulness as applied ornately to the comprehension of loss.

Poetry is the study of borders in the political realm of statement, and is absolved from a confusion of fixation with the derailment of expectation. Every stutter may be through poetry discerned as nature disguised as relief from the arbitrary, that desire to fake union with uncivilized disorder.

Poetry is an arbitration of language and that which is less reliable: the mind.

By *narrowly* avoiding that collision with flat meaning, a shiver of regret is manufactured, as one is made aware of the nostalgia for content.

The structure of the poem will appear to promise all that it can never deliver and which it shall strive not to deliver. This is precisely how it is simulacrum of existence.

A poem must represent nothing *securely*.

HELLER LEVINSON:

One must forage the edges to encounter the crux.

ROBERT VANDER MOLEN:

Bridge Street

I was driving to the Ferris Coffee and Nut shop the week before Xmas to order a holiday basket of nuts they could send to my sister-in-law in White Cloud. On Bridge Street I noticed that the company that had removed the little office of the railroad crossing tower in order to repair and repaint it had indeed reinstalled it—but painted it green instead of the original red. High on iron stilts, elevated enough to see over roofs, the tiny cabin was a wooden affair circled with windows. It was where my great grandfather sat to pull levers for barricades to drop, to stop traffic when trains were approaching. It now looked startlingly new. I tried to envision wagons pulled up, chuffing horses, coal smoke rising from chimneys—I almost could. I imagine too there must have been a pot bellied stove to keep him warm under that peaked roof while he sat watching in cold weather.

My mother told me that when she was a girl her father took her to the tower to visit her grandfather. They had to climb those vertical metal stairs, her father behind her prodding, which frightened her a great deal. She said it was like climbing stairs of a water tower. She was shaking. I knew what that was like, having once climbed half-way up a water tower. I don't think the room where he sat is much larger than five feet square, it didn't look much bigger than that from the ground. By then I had pulled into the parking lot of the taco take-out place next to the iron stilts. I recalled that there was a railroad tower or two with the train set

I'd had as a boy. But from what I understand this is the last one still erect in Michigan, perhaps in the Midwest. I also thought I should dig out the photograph I have of him—my grandmother gave it to me not long before she died—a stout man with suspenders, handlebar mustaches and a bulldog posed at his feet; an immigrant from the Black Forest of Germany, having left to avoid military service. My grandmother said he enjoyed his beer.

The developers who had resuscitated the tower, probably for public relations, were due to raze a block of 19th-century buildings between the corner of Stocking and the tower, having over the summer demolished part of a neighborhood north of the buildings, a working class area of multi-family homes from the lumbering days and the subsequent furniture industry boom. Gentrification was taking over. The area had slid quietly into poverty since I'd been in high school—my old school was closer to the river not many blocks away, and has since been converted into condos.

All of which reminded me of another story my mother told—a cousin of hers having served in the army in WWII—if I'm not mistaken, in Germany—returned a decorated veteran to find his wife had birthed two children not his. He left the house the same day and no one in the family saw him again. He was hit and killed by a car on Bridge Street in the early 1990's—apparently all those years he'd been living in a room in one of the old buildings, one of those men you see sitting on a stoop with other shabby men. My mother said that in his room there was only one photograph and it was of him in his army uniform—that's what someone told her at his funeral. She wondered how many times she had driven down Bridge Street and not noticed him sitting there on a pleasant day. She said he'd been a quiet kind man when she knew him in her youth.

In high school in winter I worked weekends for the C & O railroad after we'd had heavy snowfalls—carrying a shovel and broom to clean off switches—all day walking the rail lines, keeping warm with the work. It was a union job, I made good money. A block south from the railroad tower on a neglected lane there was a wood framed structure, more

like a shack, bruised and sooty, past a long warehouse, where I checked in and checked out—there were always burly men sitting in captain's chairs on an uneven floor smoking. They called me The Kid. Some of the railroad workers lived in rail cars on a siding next to the building, some with wives. My great grandfather may have reported to this small out-building on its campus of cinders. I would like to think so.

There is another photograph I've seen of my great grandfather (but he isn't alone), perhaps taken at the same time, also in the back of a yard in summer—I've a hunch my sister has it. This, I believe, was at their low-sloped house on Davis, a few streets north and east (which isn't there any longer, but I remember my mother pointing it out once as we drove past). The other man was my grandfather, dark haired, lean, a veteran of the Navy in WWI. They both looked pleased with the world, maybe it was Sunday and they'd been drinking beer. Of course I never met my great grandfather. I never met my grandfather either. He developed cancer and died when my mother was twelve. Relatives said it was due to fumes in the plating factory where he was a foreman. And now my mother is deceased as well.

Sitting in my truck in the parking lot, mounds of plowed snow, a blistering north wind, I thought maybe I'd stop at the new brewpub further east on Bridge after my visit to the coffee and nut shop on Winter Street. They say the porter is excellent.

ALBINO CARRILLO:

Pick up a guitar. Think of Woody. Write on it with indelible marker "This Machine Kills Fascists." Play your heart out. Mostly folk and hard rock. Sing and dance. And if you have not read it, read "The Man in the High Castle." Remember, "The Grasshopper Lies Heavy."

DAN RAPHAEL:

Thinking of Gil-Scott Herron's "Winter in America." The colder it gets the faster the light moves. clouds warm and obscure. wind needs a clear path. when was the last time you lifted the skin off your rib cage and checked for mold, dust bunnies, lost consonants, maps made only of words?

Some places the wind stops and you can get in or out, though i could fall through at any moment, swaddled by my compartment, isolation tank, insulation therapy, if our breath didn't have to turn around and leave the way it came. maybe if we were spherical with some anti-gravity component, orbiting like a billiard ball where it's all table but no surface.

The fiction of friction, the fraction who take action, not the saddest fraction, as whole numbers are just costumes, approximate sizes: it matters if the eggs for breakfast are from hummingbirds or ostriches. it matters how well aimed the plywood cloud wanting to be my hat is, as only failed intentions stay tense. Without tension, without pressure, how do we cohere—gravity & molecular bondage have little to do with how we accumulate and erode. Sometimes i flick the light switch & nothing happens. last night i saw the full moon though it's 8 days away.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON:

Here is what the tag on my tea bag told me, and I embrace its oracular powers: "It is not talking of love, but living in love that is everything."

DOUG GUNN:

What I'm Reading

There is a low density region immediately dorsal to the dens, ventral to the thecal sac. There is suggestion of minimal calcification superior to the dens which appears more conspicuous than on the prior study. This may represent calcification such as that seen with CPPD arthropathy. There is mild stable posterior subluxation of C1 on C2 with marked narrowing of the predental space. This appears to have increased since the prior study. There is mild apparent lateral subluxation towards the right at the atlantooccipital joint without joint space widening. This may be secondary to the head position.

GEORGE KALAMARAS:

Time for the possum-throat

Time for the question without a stone

For the stone with no mouth, toenail clippers, or hair

It is time for time to time itself out

To give us a time without sparks, sea-lice, or fleas
Time for the inside lightning world to come out
Into shagbark hickory, sycamore, and elm
Throw the dice twice against the tree and watch it split apart
The I Ching coins to fall face up, though there is no right side wrong
Time for, yes, the possum-throat ground
The coonhound howl
The banjo-knee, lamplight in the form of a moon, full, fallen on
all fours
Time to say no to political madness
To stop shopping the news for this buzz or that
To say unto your ears, *I can hear, and I am a citizen of the whirl*
To say the solipsism of Wallace Stevens' "Tea at the Palaz of Hoon"
should slip away
Quietly or not
Into a cup of Iron Goddess of Mercy oolong
Time to activate an active love
To stand up by sitting down sitting in sitting out then back in
Time for the saliva spill of hay
For Whitman's beautiful beard madness
To ask where in the body would Ephesus be if it were an internal organ
To possum-throat the pouch
To throw love into a tree and let the merge begin

**CALIBAN
IS
SEARCHING
FOR
ANGELS**

the 'information' and 'communication' fields. The 'information' field is defined as:

...the study of the processes of information production, distribution, access, use and evaluation, and the study of the social, cultural, economic and political contexts in which these processes take place. (p. 10)

The 'communication' field is defined as:

...the study of the processes of communication production, distribution, access, use and evaluation, and the study of the social, cultural, economic and political contexts in which these processes take place. (p. 10)

The 'information science' field is defined as:

...the study of the processes of information production, distribution, access, use and evaluation, and the study of the social, cultural, economic and political contexts in which these processes take place. (p. 10)

The 'information studies' field is defined as:

...the study of the processes of information production, distribution, access, use and evaluation, and the study of the social, cultural, economic and political contexts in which these processes take place. (p. 10)

The 'information technology' field is defined as:

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The 'information systems' field is defined as:

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The 'information management' field is defined as:

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The 'information law' field is defined as:

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The 'information ethics' field is defined as:

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