



GRABILL • ARGÜELLES • GARTHE • KUHN • HAUPTMAN • GONZALEZ
KALAMARAS • MORPHEUS • PASSEHL • CUNNINGHAM • VANDERMOLEN
DOWNS • BAENA • HERRICK • PERCHIK • MURRAY • KENTWORTZ
SEIDMAN • ROSENBERG • GRAUBARD • HEMAN • REDER • STEWARD
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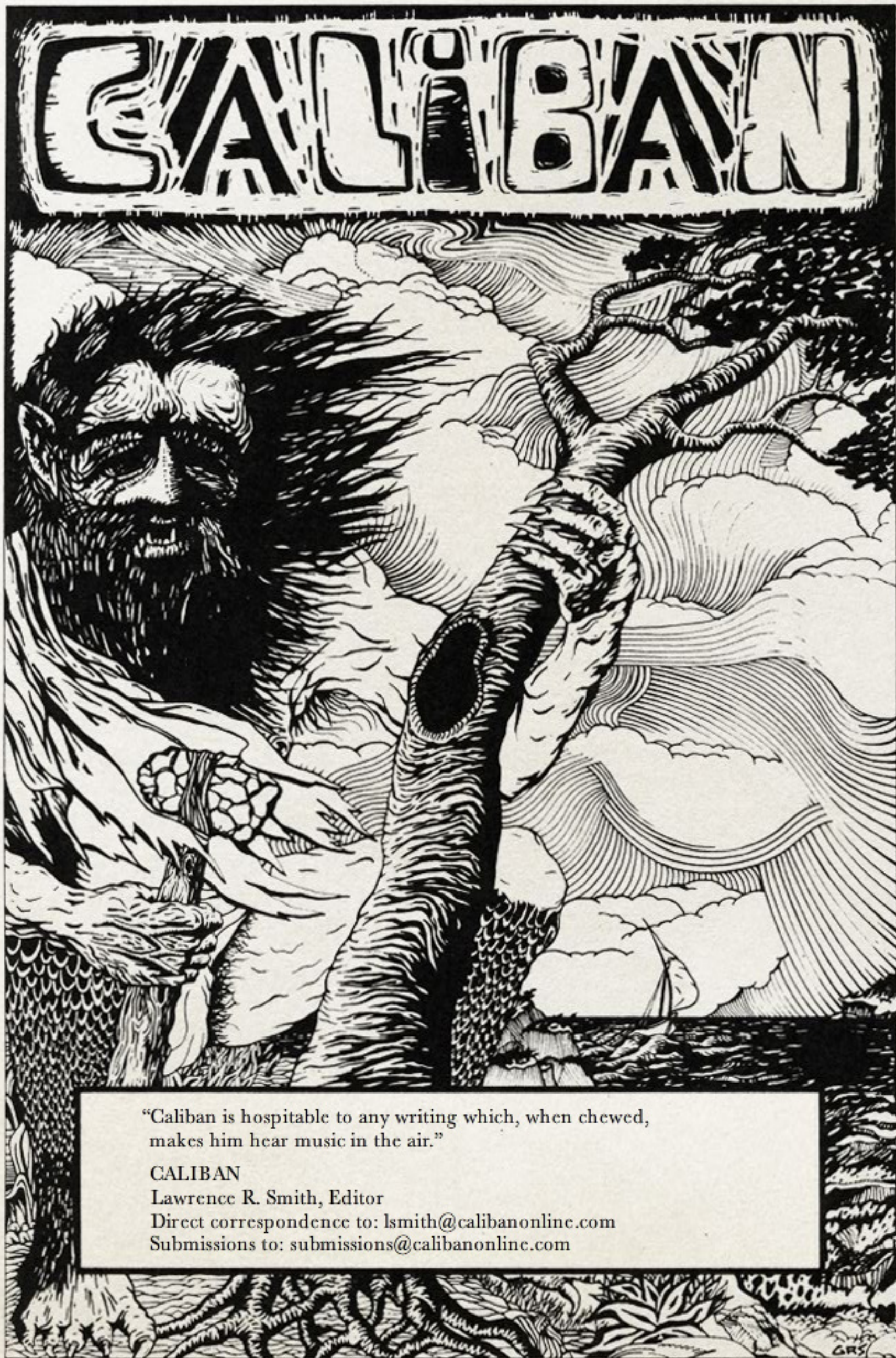


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"Caliban is hospitable to any writing which, when chewed,
makes him hear music in the air."

CALIBAN

Lawrence R. Smith, Editor

Direct correspondence to: lsmith@calibanonline.com

Submissions to: submissions@calibanonline.com

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[Lawrence R. Smith, Editor](#)

[Deanne C. Smith, Associate Editor](#)

[Daniel Estrada Del Cid, Production and Design Editor](#)

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From *Priest/ess 20*
collage

CONTRIBUTORS' ADVICE



JAMES GRABILL

Grant Washington Representation

Grant Washington in the District of Columbia
adequate representation in both houses.
Give Puerto Rico assistance and liberty.
Give redwood representation the hub of wheeling law.
Grant earthworms and crawlers tons of representation.
Grant Ulysses S. Grant Washington recognition.
Give aboriginal personhood to the first rivers you love.
Enact reparations for great grand sons and daughters of harm.
Give the imparting sea representation of depths.
Enact the sun rising into dawn of consciousness.
Grant the bride of anywhere-hunger her chance to swear.
Give meat its chance of animal sleep and eye-opening.
Hang the hats on meat hooks and give the dogs room.
Mammal the mother and father in little ones
with justice transacting personhood.
Give Washington its Grant and Puerto Rico drinking water.
Grant shelter from dark and light in a chance
as from burning cold and freezing heat.
Give foothills sheep their home on the rocks
and Washington adequate representation.

She Expands and Contracts with Consciousness

Her day-to-day future's framed by the self-organized collective.
Her summer night has crickets sawing steadily through the floor
in sync with unnamed parts of the brain ecologically employed.
She runs into slipstreams, maneuvers out of ancient mazes,
and is still drawn down Broadway expecting to see her father.
Her glacier melts may have unfrozen before our eyes forever.
She sleeps where little could change the present now our past.
Her grip of ethical bearing gave rise to a refined fingertip touch.
She separates from the whole before demonstrating her identity
at the bottom of the Grand Canyon slathered over with night stars.
Her chanting calls on old masters who discovered time to sit here.
She plants the ends of her guitar strings in with the pole beans.
Her cells borrow matter they use when transcending ownership.
The final bell before dawn has for many months asked for her hand
while she couples with remote galaxies over the Madonna and Child.

KAREN GARTHE

Trick Monkey

I fell North and bounce
Fill my cape with lead
To beat the wind
I live in sunset
Colors and cold wind
Sit in ruined amphitheaters
One character too far
The moon loses her light
The stars their radiance
In this marvelous presence
I enter the Big Top
I live in the sunset
Now, not yet
Tip my hat when the reds come out

Garthe/12

bamboozle green

Mary Jane Crows are crying across
the live pond no peril but love's

demure white house set down ligHt
 bamboozle green
 thick

clumps and swards banding
little snakes
 stashed in the grass

and paddles to row the vivid
pond reflecting adulation blue *sky flees*
 the sky howls
 fleeing

the live pond no peril but love's

Bitter Negroni

The fish, Argenti

*f*aux *f*ish out a green minor

*(angry boys will close in
their bruising*

thru the ice shroud

(could be a soul returning. . .could be

four daughters of Medici

squared as freezing stars & *young as a painting makes perfect*

all voluptuous gifts *(angry boys
can't reach*

Argenti plunged
to his green fountain

Detail

Channel with Byzantine erupting at her terminal like flowers like
the cockscomb's brain-furred annoyance

at depressive plodding

riot drubbing

all the miniatures

& auto-shopping *Detail Oblivion*

like tractors crack Turtles Smash

a wide path

HERE

IS a chevron upon the blue dissolve
sun tone mounding OUR BUILDINGS *STAND*

the depressive shut

breathlessly poised on the rim of a white bowl to dive in, drown in
sugars

Brightening like a child's well-being

deliberate and olive, beading the feast in riot sunset

the depressive plods

a path in clouds drubbing all the miniatures

every light

detail in the corner of the eye's evanesce



TALKATIVE FRIEND by Christine Kuhn, 2016
collage, mixed media (7" x 5")

RAY GONZALEZ

Inclination

The gleaming lamps of pleasure. The drowning skirts of dirt. The commissioned honey bee wing. The spool of dynamite fuses. The forehead of Osip Mandelstam. The spell inside the copper box. The stretched out goose on the table. The bread inside the blood mountain. The broken window in the cathedral. The blue wine delirious and molten. The flugelhorn dented and blowing. The lies humbled by shrapnel. The bright growth inside the skull. The fish pulled out of the belly button. The distance between definition and disease. The smoky fruit in a land of women. The sleeping hand on a sweating breast. The mathematical precision of a dog turd. The ideal candle for the imperfect flame. The eyebrows erased from the pencil sketch. The mask not there but always traced. The taste of frogs and human toe nails. The tumult inside the locked storeroom. The flags and weapons and plates of beef. The floors sinking into basements of the goddess. The last secret spread on burned toast. The vanished spark and the smell of private memos.

Thin Twig

Spinning coin. Several black olives spilled on a deli market floor. Small chance for the seeds. Dismantled unit of time unfit for the mouth. There were five mice in the house. Faithful falcon on the wrist. Converse with a table. Leap dangerously the wooden wheel. No aphorisms. Catholic guilt. The world is a circular desert. Praise without listening. Rose colored tenderness survives the rosary. Flat coin. The freedom of parted lips. Blue peninsula where sparrows sing. Now we are as poor as can be. Phantom habits. The smell of wet wood. Prophecy running out of time and pieces of bubble gum. The key to the wrecked ship, each layer of coral becoming extinct. The little finger and the closing of the lips. In resurrection, the anaconda. It's raining where a tree laments the tower. Word station times seven equals the command, "Play ghost, thin twig."

The Salt Stone

The salt stone, the dry lips, and all things possible. The moment of crossing the river and the mountains vanishing before their dirt invents birth. The summer voice and the gesture of the fool, love and its counterparts addicted to meaning. Every fresh wound skips one million years before arriving in the throat as sacred identity among the animals. What is misunderstood is hidden in the mist for the last time, gnarled wood translated into ashes. The father and the mother. A trick dangles in the rafters and the artist cries for us all, such laughter mistaken for joy in the cemeteries. The salt stone, the wet lips, and a great breathing in the dark.

GEORGE KALAMARAS

They Said Focus in What They Thought Was a Focused Way

Oh, how I love to die each night during sleep.

Oh, how the canary grass sings the ground

through my throat. Oh, how the broomsedge

and the brome. How the hound dogs and their nose.

How being born one day in December makes us ripe

for death. Last week I read how I can't stay focused

in a single poem. How I mouth-brain my binary. How I tip,

tongue to toe. How moist the tongue of all mouths.

Hound dogs, they said, need not flow in our veins. Let him

be obsessed, if he must, but keep the dogs and woods in his heart,

not ours. We've got at least two choices. Love the slash pile

of the poetic line, or don't. Love the way your hound dog,

or not. Embrace only the flowering pear tree, or the blowdown

the hound works through. Honestly, I do stay focused. It's just
the gaze,

in giving, shifts. The way wind. The way water flows through

the hand. The way we wend through woods to taste that

flow. The clarity of what we drink is not just swamp water or

creek, as they drink their way through us. Death is more

and less than dying. Just ask our lives, waiting ahead of us
for the end. Which may or may not be the beginning

of sound and its close. Yes, the canary grass. Yes, the singing
throat. Yes, the sway, in wind, of oat grass and bloat. If I could be

what and where the hound dog smells, I could break the binary
begging
of words and be all places at once. I could be born in December

and still cup a Capricorn moon. How moist the tongue. How lovely
the focus that shifts, even as it finds itself, falling. Even as it
steps out

onto the porch of the wooded cabin and begs for the scent of wet
dog. The way foul odors are sweet. The way we see through
our ears.

The way we mouth more or less. The way the death we move
toward—
and are—moves *us* with its glorious gloom.

The Texture of Milk

You insist that I embrace each Sutra in multiple positions.
I prevent your mouth. I ask your mask.

It was dusk in my mouth and in the susceptible bone of the throat.
A Galápagos finch swallowed a worm two and two-third's centuries
deep.

It is not enough to endear myself to each mole on your neck.
I have understood too well the texture of blending milk and ash, fire
and the skilled bruise of your skin.

Still, I return time and again to considering the impossible exoskeleton
of a Gobi rat.
Some desert heat from below tells me it—and *only* it—will be the only
thing that feeds.

Ravens Dirging My Chest

Yes, you are my mask. I wear my conception of you frown to frown.
No, I did not take your raisins, nor eye your shoelaces with lust.

There is a fierce squabbling of ravens dirging my chest.
I feel the long needle of the beak interrogate my ribs.

Such distance in describing pain is not new.
I wear my contraption of you ghost-mouth to ghost-mouth.

They say we are always looking through the lens of death.
They explain that this will measure the wolf-content of our DNA.

I understand you will clarify the butter prior to ingesting the snails.
The entire sky of Brahmanical soot will unfold as smoke-tree slosh
and ill-conceived ash.

Slowly, you will see cloud-cover as song. Will believe me and make
me your mouth.
You will regard your relationship with a shoelace as cleansingly clean.
As honorably platonic.

Almost Imaginable

Often, the most condemned authorization is adult.

This does not mean that time is distinct—only a sorry recital of rectitude.

We gamble enthusiastically on an illegal butterfly fight.

You are not on the take, but express a host of nervous humiliation when both bugs die in a rough part of town disguised as our body parts.

If my mouth was boarded shut. If the window splint. If I woke with a moth in my chest, would you touch my cheek as if you and the moth were married?

If you weren't married to it, would you place your tongue in my ear as if the bee resin made us both partially alive?

Please forgive my slantwise grasp of pain.

I keep asking forgiveness from everyone—every *wing*—asking others to teach me to forgive myself for everything I might have done, everything almost imaginable.



THE FIRST AFTER GOD by Matthew Morpheus, 2017
Gelly roll pen on paper (22" x 30")



CONQUISTADOR by Matthew Morpheus, 2017
Gelly roll pen on paper (22" x 30")

JANET PASSEHL

Hollow isn't allowed

On dessicated leaf your delicate leg-arms sleep tangled. Come spring
chew yourself

A new house

Where other females tend the Giant Sparrow Bee and feed your
progeny. Come summer bore

And force your body into dusk-flushed fruit

Snug in its spoiled flesh. Hide in the sweet

bitten

bitten

I threw fruit at the sun

a peach

soft, ripe, caving

the butterflies, they came out

I shot their breath

SHEILA E. MURPHY

In a Frame

I would walk the acreage to acquire then settle the new boundaries of skin and atmosphere. Chalk butterflies sprinted from green to butter blossoms. Placement that I sought engendered wind. Or light absence of motion in the chemistry hypothesized. In today's delivery of mail, I see pages of photographs. Older women communed and worked alone talking at mealtime, over yuletide, in a common room. The few years lived among them last. Now their land is taken and the women pose for photographs to place in frames. The muscles of the face have come to honor gravity. Each sentence absorbed may be repeated.

Sacramental flow, deciphered leanings, lifespan, slow

Symphonic Breach

Artifacts blush heresy concurrent with strings pulled from undisclosed locations. In the sequel to predicted drift, cloud falls from on high. Obedience to history yields stiff upper registers to form facsimiles of unison. The conductor likely honors aftercare. Sound recordings lined with tact repeat civility. The very thought of Charles Ives infuses hunger for cranberries, their hearty vines. A moment of reflection different from redemption closes off debate's redaction of a quiet fate.

Traditional build versus lithe pale bodies, shade trees as boundaries, scarce light

ROBERT VANDERMOLEN

In the Offing

If I become too serious, tell me
To shut up. But this was a conversation

That occurred in a dream—before which
I'd been reading a newspaper, all stories

Constructed by me, though I didn't,
Of course, know it

The world tipsy,
The lake water somewhat thin

Clouds like cement bags
Tinged with rust. Beauty is relative,

Truth is elusive, someone reported—
As a teenager I made it my motto

One summer I lived on pan fish.
The surface of the bay, the inland

Tang of it, a pikey odor.
Cottages rheumy-eyed

Where they clot together near
The boat launch. Turkeys gliding

Over wet roofs...

*

One wakes to sleep dust
As droplets smear on glass

The silence of photographs.
Regrets grow fuzzy

Though I won't admit to any
I didn't teach science for nothing

What comes working around the edges,
Mold and motes. Dead willows from a distance

Like enormous mushrooms. Nothing strays
But eyes

On shore, tall grasses stiff, the sun flat,
Fish rising

*

Four yellow
And six blue artificial flowers

In a vase below the window
On a dusky table, where he sat

If the wall had been painted red
It would have resembled a Matisse

At The Dog Park

Like being lost again
On the same straight road
Through pine plantations

Distracted as branches are
When a breeze prinks up

The blacktop ending at
A shallow lake. Grass Lake?
Weed Lake? Something sincere

I wasn't happy for years,
She said, but I didn't have
The pluck to pack and leave

Standing with her hood up.
Dogs careening across this space
The size of a football field

A siren on the avenue, otherwise
Lazy traffic in early afternoon.
Two benches, a picnic table.
City spires in haze below trees

The murk of distance, or time,
Especially at night, he thought,
Or in fog, drizzle (those years
when he walked so much)

You know, he said,
My uncle told me he copped apples
When he was a boy when this
Was all orchards and ridges

I remember that anecdote. Truth is
I need you to put me up for a while,
Maybe it will be like old times

She dropped her hood, her hair
Looked like the bark of hickory

Which reminded him of a motel
In Cape Breton, when a man
Carried his bride into the room
Her hair dangling dark

They didn't even see him in bed
Push on his glasses

Appointments

Where tamarack branches,
Centuries old, lifting bones
Of small mammals,
Shells of mollusks,
Keep rising through muck
To the surface of celery fields

*

In the distance
Swans were spaced like buoys

The storm wasn't serious yet
Though the sky was

At the inn on Silver Lake
He hunkered behind a large table,
A moose head mounted
Over a fireplace

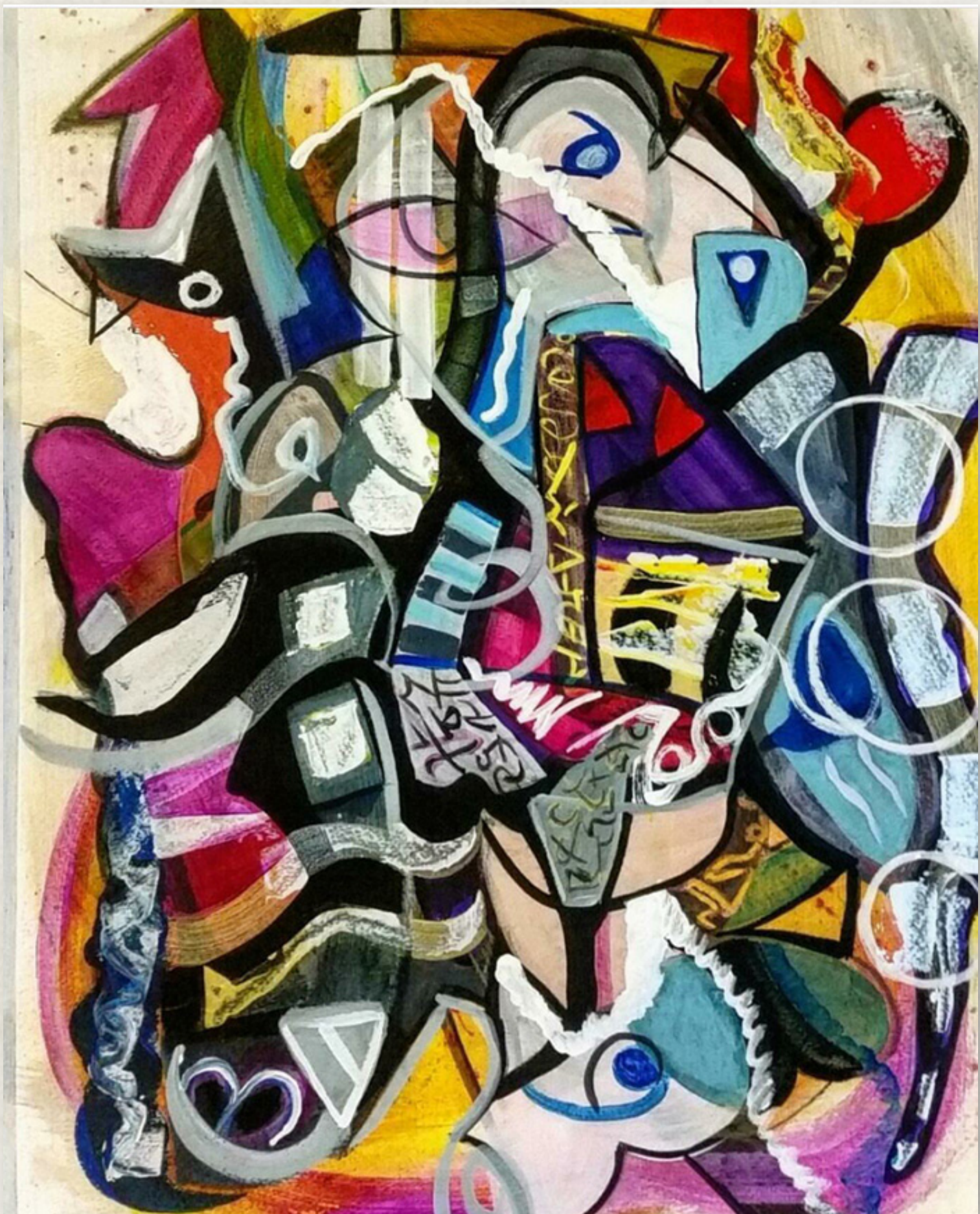
Window frames scoured by smoke,
Where he recalled, the week before,
Two powerboats collided,
A woman died after her leg
Was severed—the water
Massaging itself...

*

The yard bumpy
Like small creatures
Had pushed out of the ground

But fruit was still descending
Hard as walnuts—though actually
They looked like bats—
We ate and canned as many peaches
As possible, she said

Next door, a pleached fence
A hailed greenhouse beyond



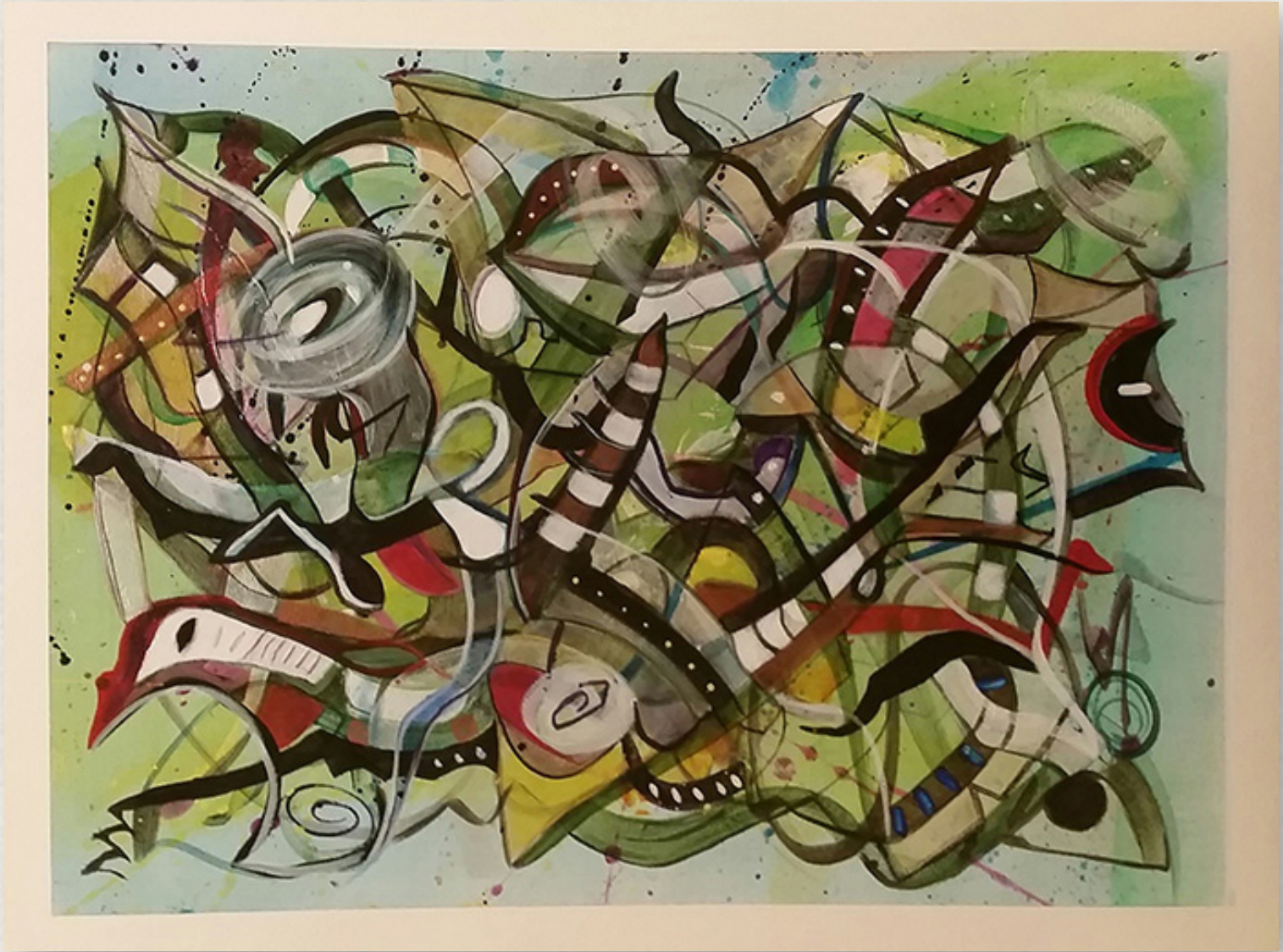
LOVES SCALE by Steve Downs, 2017
acrylic on canvas paper (24" x 12")



CLASSIC SOUND by Steve Downs, 2017
acrylic on canvas paper (12" x 24")



FRANKLIN by Steve Downs, 2017
oil and acrylic on canvas (36" x 48")



BEE WIND by Steve Downs, 2017
acrylic on canvas paper (12" x 24")

IVAN ARGÜELLES

Charles Manson Dies at 83

*“hey hey my my
rock n roll will never die”*

Neil Young

“what you see is what you get”
mouthpiece of the gods !
music born of the eastern steppes
carried to Santa Monica on live wires
red hot translations of Saint John
Beast of letters and time
revelations of the never-to-come end
Fire must be addressed first
then *Blood* and the Mother of God
stripped to the bone of her sanctity
America is like this broken finger nail
my heart is in the Mojave desert
my heart is in the Mojave desert
I am the victim of illegal body transfer
wherever the prairie has flowered
I have brought *Mahabharata* !
you may strum your guitars all night
you may record your favorite love songs
you may daydream your lives away
but today as never before I transgress
all logic all sympathy all purity
forget them America ! serpents
weave their trance around my brow
sneak attack on Hollywood !
a railroad box-car will take me to *the Music*

The Voice Within

I have been made great and shiny
the power to move among the various skies
and to have this voice which is neither mine
nor that of the god dwelling in my heart
but the echo of something from beyond
resonating with the origins of Chaos
now am I greater than myself
the outside of clouds the inside of clouds !
with me move the mysterious Ones
who have been ever the grass and stars
that inhabit the fields of longing
Yes ! I am either Chaos the music of all
or the spent force of Gravity scattered
throughout the houses of the Zodiac
nebulae are my thoughts asterisks and
the tiny red dots that punctuate dreams
I cannot understand that this is myself
and not some hospital room in 1939
nor that for days I am a bewildered abacus
summoning to mind questions of eternity
a moment later and I am in Etruria
the hills are enormous and brown and withering
and there are calls of nymphs and fauns
demons who want to tear me apart
to have at my heart where resides the Divine
still I am walking moving among the minerals
among the unforged elements of Nowhere
is it love that causes the soul to depart ?
who left these marble temples in *Ruin* ?
flight from the daily into the *Noosphere*
who is it propels me to shake moving here
and here and here and here forever ?
to take flight as love does from the mind
amidst the names of so many deities

all forgotten and consigned to the dump
 and who am I to seek continually moving
 shaken to the core looking for the Enigma
 the thing that resolves in the end Nothing !
 I am itching to be *Other* to be unexplained
 to shift from calculus to immemorial sands
 love that sets the orbits roving absent of form ?
 that empties the Cretan jars of their emptiness !
 is it hush all over the stoned ears of Bacchus ?
 silences of noon the closest thing to death ?
 what is this enormous entanglement
 this skein of night-black hair wrapped
 tightly around vocabularies of the Archaic ?
 makes me walk through rock and stone
 as if they were pure air this impiety *Love*
 vomit sputum mucus piss shit & sperm !
 the many who are already dead *alive* !
 they revoke *Light* the all consuming
 I am with them their pallor and sorrow
 uncontrollable weeping of their shoulders
 yet do I move through and past them
 I am Mozart the four evangelists and Echo
 I remember nothing of what this means !
 tomorrow the secret will be revealed
 nonsense shibboleth and hobson-jobson
 language utterly in reverse high and gone !
 is it because of *Annie* stirring in the depths ?
 is it because of *Annie* being *Annie* in the dark ?
 is it because of *Annie* ?
I remember nothing of what this means !
 poetry is the deathless syllable alone
 and all the dust of time reconstituted
 shiny and great and powerful I move
 shaking the axis of the cosmos to bits
 ++++++
 I am become nobody the sleeper under the bed

Argüelles/44

the child within the murmuring shell
dreamt in the irreversible tides
moving out forever into the deep
lunar evocation madness disembodied self
voice at last of the divine within
ineffable

LEIGH HERRICK

inequinox

the infection of comfort leaves the indrawn stinger stuck the numb cloud
the fortitude of rain and faithful tulip drowned eternally in spring the
down and shifting cotton-blown breeze its seeds set in earth that wild dark
wet muscle mined sweat of bead pulled out o all of it the drop universe
on the dimming brow the salty lip tilled until we forget who we are in
mountainous liberty thinking to know or have some play in curled time
or universal twist about smell and do not think to pull the stinger out or
contemplate its trickle of pain its heaven of burning throb called shrub
the dawn of tree the snake your father and that fruited consideration
none of it at sunrise over there now where death lives among fig-leaved
indifference so do not write Dead Butterfly I don't want to know your
displeasure or this flowery cup from which the false world entirely sucks

Passage of Time

Each spring that over-wintered vinca vine
flows like commitment
and then is lopped off
without shame—
cut to the base—
no death.

At night from the window
and by the yellow haze of bug-breaking light
having passed with the vine into darkness
I watch its slow return and think of Ryokan who
with or without sake would know
how to overcome the interrupting sounds—

At last the garden—
At last the fireflies—
At last a new peace intercedes

and I am drawn to it
like sleep.

SIMON PERCHIK

*

It's easy—you wait for these leaves
to finish feeding, pick clean this soft scarf
dropped unopened on the ground

—it's then you can lean over
the way this branch gathers around
though each death still hides behind

what the wind looks like
when you take hold the same day each year
and jump face down for the landing.

*

Though you say nothing about the road north
these curves strike back, make one breath
take longer than the others to begin and end

as the migratory route all stone follows
reaches the horizon without moving
—in such a silence you dead

never had a chance, are held in place
to be pulled out the ground as the shadow
you need to say goodbye, letting it fall

still alive into each stream that left
for the open sea, already smelling from salt
and the small stones to be swallowed whole.

*

Just a shoe, unlaced, left on the floor
near the one you wear to bed
making sure you stay awake

where there should be two—are trembling
with tears from each mouth
all night calling to the other—you start

the limping side to side as a wound
waiting to be brought closer
held tight, make the bed stop.



HEAD FURY by Guy R. Beining, 2017
acrylic on paper (10" x 7 1/2")



ALMOST THE PERIOD by Guy R. Beining, 2017
acrylic on paper (10" x 7 1/2")



BELOW MAIN LINE by Guy R. Beining, 2017
acrylic on paper (10" x 7 1/2")

JODDY MURRAY

Remains Stored Along the Way

Each crevice bordered by loam is a finger-click,
the rattler's underbelly clay-forming every knuckle
bump of earth, scraping away full catalogs in heat

and slight decay. No horizon bothers the night.
My lips tense in air made crackled and electric
by hungry crows chasing whatever stays still.

You conceal all this desert in pockets opened
like stars along your back: the moles bring
softening daylight, my songs, my enduring salt.

Belly Gallery

To the right, Marx, caved
inward like a lemon pucker, or
whale-rib-like. Further down,
Napoleon, a smile of skin marked
by tight uniforms and oozy stains
from boysenberry jam. To the left
are all the orangutan stomachs
you've seen aggressively punching out
at you. The belly you really like, hog's
belly, is the bacon that lines my own,
an institute of poor decisions, mediocre
showings, limpid gravity bait. But
the display smells of bellybutton lint,
as orange as a construction cone.
What does it take to be featured here?
Put me next to my daddy's belly
with its half moon scar, its chaw
stained reservoir of fresh Copenhagen.

RAVITTE KENTWORTZ

In Her Bed, a Thing in the Elements

1.

Between two dressers,
a bed

infiltrating the room
like a lake. In bed, the body

of my sister in law, drowning,
small

in her skin, in
capillaries, dyed hair,
in the bed, in the act

of missing her front teeth.

Near the body, a plate
with a hamburger sandwich,
made rare and half

eaten. Search for her
crumbs.

White bread, traces
around her lips—

drawers
that opened stay closed.

Search for love around things
on the dressers, as she searched.

As she opened her mouth
for this bulk, accumulated the sea
crumbs

of small happinesses, swimming schools
of triumphs.

In my sister in law's room—her eyes
swim like lakeweed,
unfacing it

2.

Things front the body,
yell.

Seas loll.
Dead
for some time

the wind,
wearing cottonwood fluff,

is moved to submergence—not
from want.

The matter of my sister in law
has changed,

blooming
like a loaded dresser.

3.

In my mind, I enter
her room, make a room,

munch on. Move the walls in her room, lengthen
drawers. In her room things

become water. The bed a raft.

Where is the body?

In my mind, there's room in her room
for death. Death—in her death,
makes a life boat

for me, there's room for breath—

but the body has sunk—

BOB HEMAN

INFORMATION

Follows the sound into the sky, into the forest, into the ocean, into the woman, into the words “as if.”

INFORMATION

There were socks too small for the baby, and socks too large for the seal. There was a board filled with equations that was carried into the classroom but was never used. There was a woman whose purpose was similar to the first color chosen.

INFORMATION

Someone who does not know the value of words, the value of $2+3$, the value of the color green, the value of the clouds hidden beneath the ocean, the value of the first words the woman ever learned, the value of the bear substituted for the three travelers, the value of the idea of systematic discipline, the value of the car shaped like a frog, the value of the road on the map that corresponded to no real road, the value of speculative truths, the value of the rain.

INFORMATION

Only the third punishment required the strap. Only the third map required the color red. Only the third barrel contained the bees. Only the number three could be divided into thirds.

INFORMATION

The adjectives piled too high in each room he enters. There are too many trees that mean something else.

INFORMATION

Allows the dead to kiss and the word “actual” to be used more than once.

INFORMATION

Say something gay for us said the president who was really a fox but the tree didn't answer.

INFORMATION

There were taller buildings then, even though it was raining, even though the carriages were only remembered carriages, and the night would never shrink into dawn.

INFORMATION

In the movie the body weighs more than soap, more than the bouquet of orchids, more than the telescope filled with hamsters. In the movie the body is carried down the stairs to the place where the pool is beginning to breathe, to the place where the men resemble barnacles, to the place where the woman has been assembled wrong. Each time the stars arrive a different word is released from the frog that has begun to resemble.

INFORMATION

The idea of summer hadn't occurred to them yet. They had removed the trees and numbered the clouds, but that wasn't enough. They still needed to arrange the women, to carry the men deeper into the forest, to lift the machines back onto the shelf from which they had fallen. Their road was never long enough to replace the horizon.

INFORMATION

Looks for a metaphor that contains only women, that contains a car with rusted wheels and the word "pontoon." Looks for a metaphor that must be deflated before it can be used. Looks for a metaphor that has been repeated too many times, and a metaphor that contains only unfamiliar numbers. Looks for a metaphor that is a rearrangement, and must be followed off of the page.

INFORMATION

A farm made out of popsicle sticks. A river that runs on batteries. Five men cut out of a cereal box. A lawn that comes in a barrel.

INFORMATION

In b/w movies they all wear ties, the cops, the criminals, the victims, the men getting onto the elevator, the men sitting in the bleachers at the ball game, they all wear ties, and the hats that are usually called fedoras, the only light entering the rooms they inhabit changing the shades of gray that all things really are.

INFORMATION

The circle, the square, and the triangle are the first tools they are given. The second tool is perspective, and the third is color. The image only comes later, either drawn to resemble, or formed of words that suggest what cannot be drawn.

INFORMATION

Sometimes I open the curtain and am surprised by the moon.

ANTHONY SEIDMAN

***Tzadik* in The Woodshop**

Reading Bert Meyers,
what smashed my skull were the smells:

turpentine, glue bubbling in its pot, freshly
sandpapered sugar pine,
ragged overcoat of rain, the LA streets like ashtrays,
sirens discerned amid broken whiskey bottles,
rags thrown into the incinerator.

Meyers dabbed mercurochrome
on the infected moon, poured cognac for the man
sleeping on cardboard, held in
his breath as a spider
reknit her web, and he followed the sad,
mucid trail left by a snail
trudging on its crumpled skate.

What cracked open my skull
when I read Bert Meyers,
was that picture-framer's embarkation,
his cloud spreading over desert, suburb,
taking up residence in my breath,
then letting me go as I lurched
at my work desk like
an apprentice who had once
donned a *dybbuk's* raincoat.

Erasure

I will be survived by the ants
by drought
by the ringing in one's ears when seated in the dark

I will have no heir

I will be survived by a woman named Zealous
she with cigar smoke
with burn of brandy
wearing a top-hat & lingerie
she will smear her lips against another pretender

Black gaps left by imploded stars
the weight of a stallion's testicles
thorns & burr sticking to the coyote's fur
even the blue teeth of daggers
will abound
while the sun will thrive on its own radiation

Yellow crustaceans will explode from its surface!

All of that
will accompany my last breath

Lurching on one's hands & knees
to retrieve the marbles of memory
it will be wiser to summon the creature
who molts during nightmares
and let him claw at the very spot where I spontaneous-combusted
leaving behind no
inheritors nor disciples

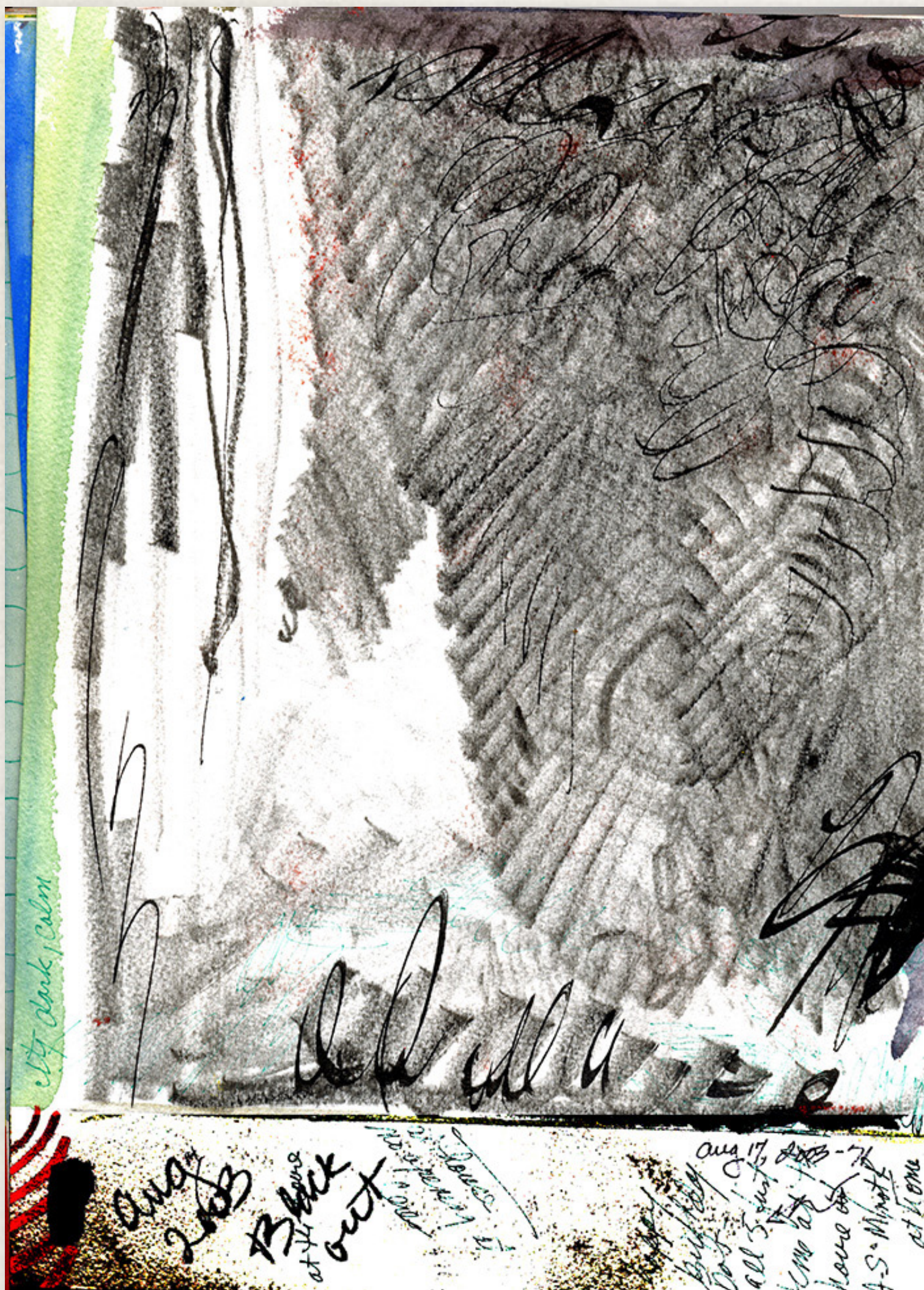
only an echo
ringing inside

Seidman/64

itself and inside itself
and inside itself
ringing inside itself
and inside itself
ringing



SERVO WAR DEAD by Marilyn R. Rosenberg, 2003
ink, gouache, crayon, and graphite (11" x 8 1/2")



SERVO BLACKOUT by Marilyn R. Rosenberg, 2003
ink, gouache, crayon, and graphite (11" x 8 1/2")



SERVO MARCH by Marilyn R. Rosenberg, 2003
ink, gouache, crayon, and graphite (11" x 8 1/2")

ALLAN GRAUBARD

Canal Street

A fabulous little merry-go-round fueled by sweat, wonder, jive and quick brilliant stabs at shifty musical mortality. The kind of thing that left most of the guys in a haze of gold dust thrown up by those who had it in spades and who eventually, inevitably, took that train north.

All those shimmering, glittering rapacious daredevil chops and studied progressions in infamy.

Sweltering lovely evenings on the crawl in a confetti of social calendars and sly backstage kisses.

Incandescent joy, however momentary, however tuned or taunted or tainted by a nasty bartender who didn't care who you were or what you'd just played "on the house" for a snifter of sweet Hub Saint Absinthe.

Immaculate duos on icy plateaus where salty ocean winds raked the snow from your eyes and the rollicking royal crowd unzipped its shadow from queasy green dripping walls.

And what of those creaking, lumpy beds stuffed with cotton rags and other forget-me-knots. The slutty slow drag down memory lane on the borderlands where a guitar solo, pulled this way by Gypsy tantrums and that way by halleluiah barbitol trumpets, gave birth to a new patch of nonsense smoke blue. And all the white folk gone sassy with amazement at just how much they drank that jazz down, and kept it down.

A five-dollar shill for an up-tempo two-beat pandemic with Do-Shop choirs sifting rice through callused fingers.

Another tremolo of gorgeous grace notes spun into crowns for tipsy dawn songbirds.

Those aching lips that bled sweet well stones and miniature thunder crowns just to hear that comforting shallow patter.

Brunet holidays everyday since Wednesday last and the Monday before that.

Red skeleton Corinthians, there above the tide once more.

The piano sinking lusty love trove teeth into the drum kit's kick.

The clarinet's bell woven from spider grease that resonates forte, forte, forte then swoops down East to catch the sun's quiet sigh.

The one in a thousand chance that Ralph took, hoping it would take him ever never, and it did on the spur.

So there he was, off-key minor, sinking a bit and swimming a bit in that stunning dance craze that tip-toed between waltz and Charleston, the jitterbug soon to smash the Shimmy, and ensembles consuming solos for the sheer joy of making music new.

This is an excerpt from "When the Change Came..."

CLAUDIA M. REDER

My Tree Husband

The bump on his shiny head nudged through his skull. A tree grew out of the top of his head. It grew fairly fast, and made it difficult for him to pass through doorways. Stooped under the weight of the foliage, he sat in bed, his throne, where I watered and fed him.

Each night I brushed off the leaf-itch, scrubbed a small spot near his trunk, and slept curled around this body of tree I had married.

In Spring, he blossomed. Pink shadowed his cheeks as if joy had struck a bargain with his soul. He knew that if he would luxuriate in the scabs and burns and rootings of being a tree, he would be graced with pink purple blossoming perfume.

I sent for a dermatologist and an arborist to make sure the fungi that grew on him, from him, was not cancerous, was not rot. It wasn't, they both said, from either side of the bed where they stood and felt sorry, but had little to offer.

Summer, leaves snagged on the bedding and drooped, his shoulders a sad mound of hill to lean on. Even the slight touch of fingers caressing his dry arm could set off a pebbly dirt slide.

So I fanned him, weeded and watered. On my bed, a cluster of autumnal leaves showering me like love.

Fable Needing a Moral

My mother sews herself up tight.
I wear her on my arm,
a strapping alligator bag.

It really isn't my taste, I rebuff,
but her response is to yawn,
and transpose my shoes into
matching alligator boots.

We live like this,
skin sewed onto skin,
the family glue dried clear.

D. E. STEWARD

Angola

Direction Bowling Green

Toward Prestonsburg and the Mountain Parkway, west out of
Appalachia toward Lexington and Frankfort

From Elkhorn City along the Russell Fork of the Big Sandy

Bald pastures and hilly fields

The Big Sandy was once navigable all the way to the Ohio

Flatboating coal

Middle Creek Battlefield outside of Prestonsburg where the border
state issue was met early on, January 1862, Kentuckians fighting
Kentuckians

James Garfield with eleven hundred Union troops defeated two
thousand Rebs

Union, 3 KIA, 18 wounded; Confederates, 12 KIA, 15 wounded

Would that the war could have gone on at that skirmish scale

Blue grass on farther west

Lexington people look for the two white 747s Sheik Maktoum bin
Rashid al-Maktoum, Ruler of Dubai, parks at Blue Grass Field
Airport for the yearling sales

Man O' War Boulevard off US 60

Lexington's Keeneland has an outer dirt track and inner turf course like both Saratoga and Del Mar

Then out Old Frankfort Pike to Midway

Wooden plank fences cost over nineteen thousand dollars a mile even before paint

Helicon Farm, Mint Lane, Cave Hill, Beaconsfield, Blue Grass Farm, Calumet, Idlewilde, the Hancock Place, Palmeadow, Blue Grass Heights, Mare Haven, the Old Bradley Place, Darby Dan, Dominga, Windhaven, Buckram Oak, Donamire, Middlebrook, Summer Hill, Three Chimneys

Thoroughbreds hawking in the paddocks

Neck toss, hoof paw, spin and gallop off

Grazing in the morning mist

Like figures in the painted landscape domes of Gansu's Dunhuang caves

Horses came out of the steppes by the Silk Road to Arabia and Europe eventually to morph into the fragile refinement of Kentucky thoroughbreds

Kentucky pride

Wild Turkey, Jim Beam, Woodford Reserve, Buffalo Trace, Heaven Hill, Maker's Mark, Four Roses, mostly out beyond the horse farms

Sour mash, the wash

In Frankfort, the capital, the national edition of the *New York Times* is not for sale

Central Kentucky all like the open dome of a gentle hill

Out to Hodgenville on the Blue Grass Parkway

Still redolent of linsey-woolsey, sockless hockhigh brogans, sleeves rolled-up, rail splitting, reading by candle light

Lincoln's birthplace a cabin by Nolin Creek, downslope from an Indian trace now a winding blacktop road

On the frontier

Pole beds and corn husk sack mattresses

The family had westered to central Kentucky from the Shenandoah in the 1790s with a packhorse and a freshening heifer

It's thirty miles more to Mammoth Cave

Nolin Creek to the Nolin River to the Green River and underground for more than three hundred and fifty miles of surveyed passageways, perhaps six hundred more miles of yet undiscovered passages

Limestone channels and caverns, some are four hundred feet down

When Lincoln was seven and about the time Mammoth Cave began to draw visitors, his family moved again, west to southern Indiana on Little Pigeon Creek

Drive back roads to Bowling Green and then turn back east aware that across this country outside the urban when it's cramped, twenty-first-century life is lived much the same

Six-digit value houses with accoutrements, cars, boats, pickups, with
fancied garage and lawn apparatus

We live extremely comfortably, good plumbing, safe wiring, wide-
spectrum electronics, and a lot of room for all our stuff

The golf, the marinas, the churches, the cookouts, health clubs, the big
breakfasts, the vacation cruises, the geniality

The affluence and strangely modest pride somewhat to do with self-
conscious patriotism

Individual angst and domestic brutality is mostly private, ugliness
happens inside these comfortable houses laid out as they are for
functionality and curb appeal

Keep a civil front, go to church, mow the lawn big and keep the
vehicles washed and nearly everyone gets a lot of what they want

Backroads toward Tennessee, Barren and Monroe Counties,
Mennonite country and little places like Etoile, Fountain Run, Mud
Lick, Flippin

Communities of a church or two, a store or two

No road signs and nobody uses turn signals because everybody knows
where everybody else is headed anyway

Out in the woods near Tompkinsville, the Old Mulkey Meeting
House, put up with hewn logs five years before Lincoln was born on
Nolin Creek off in Hodgenville less than sixty miles due north

Northern parulas, magnolia and Blackburnian warblers sparking
through the upper foliage, tall hardwoods shading Revolutionary War
graves

We have been here west of the Alleghenies for two hundred and fifty years, quite a while

In the main our religiosity, like the fervor from the Baptist surge that raised the Old Mulkey Church, has been nobody's business but our own

And now clearly we've chosen golf, glitz, glut and SUVs over the commonweal

But perhaps what we are now will become as dramatically indistinct in memory as is what really happened to raise these hewn-log spacious Mulkey Church walls

And allow centuries more of spring-migration warblers to dart through the hardwood canopy as it leafs in each spring

On through Clay and Jackson Counties in Tennessee on more narrow and unsigned blacktop roads

Cabins and dirt farms evolved to trimmed-up houses, beef cattle, new trucks and cars

People here drive off somewhere else to jobs

Along from Bearwaller Gap off Cordell Hull Lake, the Cumberland River is backed up from another TVA dam

So the Tennessee Valley Authority worked after all and Cordell Hull would smile seeing how well off people here are

From Moss and Celina, down State 111 to Wayne Hogan's Cookeville, swing due east there up onto the Cumberland Plateau on I-40 toward the Smokies

Hilly Knoxville Tennessee River railroad city, marble-quarry city,
Tennessee Pink, James Agee's and Joseph Wood Krutch's hometown

Old City Knoxville down low with brick-paved streets, Jackson
Avenue and Central Street look at least halfway to the Quarter in pre-
Katrina New Orleans

Northeastward now, on out I-81 to Greeneville

Andrew Johnson's tailor shop, that racist agrarian idealist, as senator
responsible for the Homestead Act, almost forgotten as president

Improbable and strange what makes a president, James Garfield at
Williams College studying Greek, Andrew Johnson in Greeneville
stitching sleeves

In the serene Greenevilles of the land people seem not to believe in
Manifest Destiny any more, except for the "take back America" kind

No Davy Crockett now, no frontier farther out from home like Davy
had, born past Tusculum and Chuckey just up from Greeneville

No Manifest Destiny after what is still ahead in AfPak-Iraq

I-81 to Roanoke

Roanoke was the rough railroad town of the old Norfolk & Western
line along the South River and the Shenandoah

The Alleghenies to the west and the Blue Ridge over which the sun
comes up

Now across Campbell Avenue from the Roanoke City Market, with its
sheds and awnings, is a Nipponese-fusion restaurant now

In the redbud, dogwood and laurel, the Blue Ridge Parkway, and then
the Skyline Drive, the national park all the way to Big Meadows past
Swift Run Gap

Farther from the Cumberland Gap to Charlottesville than it is from
Charlottesville to New York, and you can win a bet on that one

Down in Berrytown near Elkton on the Shenandoah, on Little Gap
Road it's still a bit like nineteen forty-four

But St. Stephen's Mission is gone, St. Stephen's is the name now of
the trailer park where in a grove of red oaks stood the mission school,
church hall and church

No gentle firefly yellow of kerosene lamps down in the valley anymore
going out one by one in the early night now

Triumphant Blue Ridge dawns and hushed broad-sky sunsets, there
was blanketing quiet, blissful quiet, there were almost no cars here in
the early 1940s

Went barefoot, set boxtraps for rabbits, hiked up the runs for
huckleberries and to swim

Slept nights on a communal cornhusk sack mattress in the loft of
Leonard Shifflett's family's cabin

A tin cup hung by every mountain spring

North off the Blue Ridge now from Thorton's Gap on the way into
Washington at night with the spaceport-like Dulles runway lights
gleaming far out on the Virginian plain

Early morning on the Mall

Maya Lin's Vietnam Veterans Memorial, the Korean War Memorial,
the Park Police stables along the south side of the Reflecting Pool

By the horse stalls, fussy house sparrows, two stable cats sleeping, the
upper halves of the stable doors swung open

Serene horses-only feeling with no one around

On past the big new World War Two Memorial, then upslope of
the big hill raised in the nineteenth century to lift the Washington
Monument's site

A dead woodcock at the foot of the obelisk's south face smaller than
woodcocks of memory and imagination

Desiccated, gone, the perfect brown globules of its protuberant
woodcock eyes no more

Around at the front of the monument an affable Angolan-born Park
Service guard with incomprehensible English brings tourist directional
signs out into the warming sun

He came here probably sometime in the Angolan Civil War

In earlier centuries many tens of thousands of Angolans came across
the Atlantic from Benguela and Luanda in shackles

SIMON ANTON DIEGO BAENA

The Book of Magdalene

And there is still fire
in her home.

But the light is growing dim:
a coma in autumn.

She sees how pillars crumbled easily,
how emperors bleed to death in front of crowds
like roadside kills.

She says she will bury a dagger in someone's chest.
Its hole, a gateway to a ruin
she could never fill.

Now night is looming
over her shoulders:
a skull waiting to be revealed.

She dismembers the corner
piece by piece.

A pile of summers and winters
of her cigarette ashes,
she offers
to whoever is listening
in every altar.

She writes on the wall,
“*this metropolis is imploding*
before dawn,

when the pigeons
devour the very last seed of the east”



ARMS by Steve Cunningham, 2016
yarn construction (10 ½" x 6 ½")



GHOST PICTURE by Steve Cunningham, 2016
yarn construction (6 ½" x 5")



WOOING THOUGHT BUBBLE by Steve Cunningham, 2016
yarn construction (10 1/2" x 6 1/2")

JOHN M. BENNETT

nulopendio

swim contamination *La rivière*
que j'ai sous la langue)Paul
Éluard(CHEW MY CRUMBS
your drifting s m o k e my
ton que te abre lo serrado)c
hunk fell off(your CREEPING
TEETH dis lodged in rapids'
mouth thick with cheese
said yr pocket's rusty nails la
nada que he comido end your
gagg end the sausage slith
ered through grass *it's*
a nostril you see th rough
MISTURANZA DE MOCO
flail through the spinal sew
age it's yr time compaction ,sure

Toits rouges fondez sous la langue
—Paul Éluard

fronterizo

from the border an im
mense mirror rises t
urns its wind was hair
your deflective light a
hand presses yr face
thru whispered blood
your distant bed sunk
in mud and ash a tree
thrashing at dawn an
empty lake drained was
oil from yr eyes were
gargled clouds and b
urning trucks ,senators
grub through Devonian
seas' frozen worms ||at
the gate a wall of ice and
toilet paper

itching ,can't reach the knob

TERRY HAUPTMAN

Return to La Paz: Peace be with You

For Luis Ramos (1950-2016)

“I’m hiding in the back of your highest spirit.”

(Luis’ translation from the Mayan of Jesus’ last words.)

I will always remember
Your heartbeat drum
And the night we drummed
As a family on La Salle
In Harlem.

My mother asking for a faster beat
And you chanting
“Follow your heart your heart.”

We wept when you stood
Under the chuppah
With my sister
Your long black Aymara hair
Down to your waist

My sister Helena’s radiant beauty
Enchanting
When the moon was turquoise.

Your return to La Paz
The high mountains of Bolivia
Where you were born

Your sisters, Yola, Juana, Rosa
Scatter your ashes
In the Altiplano winds.

We weep over your early death
Ache for your health
Lost long ago
When you were named Vicente
And you painted Tupac Katari,
The eighteen century revolutionary
Fighting for social justice
Flayed in the plaza
Wearing your miner's cap
Fighting for the Bolivian people
The Zapatistas singing your name.

We weep for your spirit of the condor
And the promise to Helen, my sister
That was broken long ago.

Blood Moon

For Federico Garcia Lorca (1898-1936)

It is the intimate sap
that ripens the fields,
the blood of the poets
who loosened their souls
to wander all the ways
of nature

Lorca

Chimeras of bliss and false promises
Shatter starry nights
Cerulean with love.

Chimeras of grief and false promises
Shatter starry nights
In the blue flames of loss.

You slow dance through the ghost memory
Of gypsy jazz
Honeying the lilac dark
Under the full sap moon.

How your waters rise up discordant
In ecstasy
As red-throated hummingbirds arc over you
Emptying yourself into your lover's arms
Painted with gesso and gall,
Embracing your secret fires, azul,
Before you are murdered
By the fascists

Hauptman/90

Shot down in Granada
With dead bees
Murdered under the gypsy moon's
Duende of dying stars.

Angel with a Broken Wing 3

Draw your bow into the wolf's smoke,
The bear's breath
One the corridor of hope
Deer dance dervish
Thrumming with doves
Where peacocks sound like hinges
As saxophones cry
Sounding "Sweet Honey In The Rock"

Your clattering piano-key teeth
Sing the blues
Ululating like coyotes
Walking down freedom road
"Ain't gonna let nobody turn me around"

Shekinah in the tents of praise
Fermenting the willow-sap
Resins of Baal
In the forest's
Home for the blind . . .

Angel with a broken wing.

Dream

Selfies mark your generation
A GPS of the Soul's
Shape-shifting music
Stops for death on a pale horse
At the wolf's dollhouse.

Pentacostal memory guides your spirit
As the wind breaks free in the mysteries.

Ghost peppers stop your breath
Annihilating your hunger
Bartering for snails
Drenched in sweet decay
Shimmering with destiny
In the hip-hop dark.

Tell me why your body (a temple)
Disintegrates to ash
As the sky turns red.

I scream
"Hold me close and hold me tight"
From the wolf tremulo of inferno dreams

"Rise up from the mercy of night
And walk in beauty."

Duende's Black Sounds

For Thelonious Monk (1917-1982)

Duende's black sounds

Dolor of forgotten dissonance

Master of what's beneath the melody

Heart and soul of

Betty Carter's dream flame

Piercing your Fado soul

Blue memory of black madonna's at the piano

Your keyboard sounding hyacinth riffs

Salt music from the honeycomb hive

Trembling on Furnace Street

At the Old Paris Flea Market, alive,

Thelonious, we are calling you,

Calling you.



MIGRAINE INTERROGATOR, SURMISING by Doren Robbins, 2017, collage (10 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ")

BRANDON PETTIT

At The Cathedral of Everything

Hindsight, that one eyed bastard, waits
In a distant light we call unfreezing.
Time, cities, small towns along old state roads,
The stars pulled back from the skin;
All the bones we've buried in those hills
Exhumed and sold back to us.

Black bird squawking.
Bullet we fired two weeks prior.

Jolts bounce off beams in train stations
Where we never dreamed of future travels
Because of how it felt rushed to return to a war we'd never wanted.

All for that distant light we call *unfreezing*.
All for those stars when they're pulled back
To the cold bones behind the skin.

All for those coded neuron hieroglyphics
We would never decipher in time.

ANTHONY HAGEN

Operating a Motor Vehicle

We called each other *sir* for the time being, having forgotten official titles. You shook my hand and I took your hat and coat behind the desk. “I’m worried I won’t ever see those again,” you said. “Don’t worry,” I said. “This is a professional operation.” Interactions improved afterward. I did a steady eighty uphill. Approaching the checkpoint, battalions rifled through our suitcases. “Where is the documentation?” they said. “Right there,” I said. “Where?” they said. “Right there,” I said. “Where?” they said. “Right there,” I said. “Where?” they said.

Occasionally on dim mornings, after periods of overdue daylight, I notice small birds, perhaps a family, perhaps long for this world, feeding on my sill. Standing in my dining room’s fluorescent annex, I fear the slightest twitch will send them off. Schedules knock at me, reports were due an age ago, and traffic patterns prove irregular again.

This is our traveling day, our day to whisk ourselves. Miniatures line every pocket; every zipper’s made its shutting noise. The discount hamster is fed and the neighbor boy will look after him for now. Discarded perishables will be collected in due time. The vacuum’s licked the floor; the nozzle’s sprayed its contents on the countertop. We stowed the hairbrush and the toothbrush with the mouthwash. “Is there anything we’re forgetting?” you ask. You ask, “Is something missing?”

Piloting an Aeroplane

Facts are facts: the product was a dud. The listening hole was clogged with miscellaneous debris. Detritus coated the sensor array. Industrial felt sprouted from the compromised hull. “You’ll want to fill this out,” said the Customer Liaison Representative. “These forms are a method of deepening relationships.” I was without a pen. Maybe there was one in the supplementary shin pocket. Perhaps one in the interior sleeve guard. Could be one in the earlobe’s crest. Possibly one at the Guest Inreach Services kiosk. Maybe several more. Maybe less than zero. Maybe just enough. “Yes,” I said. “Just enough.”

If you’ll look out there. Amazing. Direct your attention to the left. Mesmerizing. Up, up, up! Beautiful. Straight down. Dazzling. Stand up for this one. Wow. Lie flat on your back. Unbelievable. Now please be seated.

Approach with extreme caution: the animal’s behavior proves unpredictable. “I thought we could get one,” you said. “Um, the chow alone would bankrupt us right away,” I said. “You can use my allowance,” you said. “What are you, six years old?” I said. “I am a person young at heart and soul,” you said. “I suppose all of us are six years old,” I said.

J/J HASTAIN

From Priest/ess 20

(
“It seems like you sure take a long time talking about your own creation—as if there was someone you were trying to convince...”

“I suppose it could be said I *am* convincing the future forms of me to reach in and take me for purification now. I am my own creation, as are any of us. To eventually see that creation through to transmissions of light, I did have to grip pretty hard. From the grip and release—an unending love letter of Sophia downloads.”

From there how did it all begin? Could I recall from the future when the Sophia activation began to express in me as light instead of yearning?

(
Contemplation of consensus realities teaches so much about **will as wand**. If not thorough, I could end up somewhere conceived by someone else. Simple reactions could lead me into others’ states.

However, creation ensures the place I end up is the place of my conception. **Instead of reaction, creation.**

Then, to take this further—by willfully working with my own mind to expand beyond my preferences in any moment my preference might not be what’s happening to me—I can actually commit to not turning any consensus reality to which I am not sourced (but happen to be in proximity) into a Bardo.

What in place of a Bardo? Unforeseen pleasure by ejecting into uplifted essence, ejaculating through queer lens.

(
Yeshua, with built-in barrel to hold Waters, had crawled into my hands at the thrift store. Needing more time than I had to clear it at that moment, upon arrival home I set it in the closet under some clothes (so it did not emanate). Resting period in relevant holding makes it easier for any being to shine bright later.

My lover, combing through the clothes to find a warm pair of socks to put on my feet after she had rubbed them with beeswax. Saw the figure, said,

“Wow! *She* is so pretty—whoever she is.”

Looking from the side of her position. Looking without too fixed of a gaze she she can actually perceive.

Come to find it is that simple with Christ, isn't it? There is no dogma true to actual Christed state.

I see in that light what *I* see.

Christed state with a barrel Below to hold Women's Waters of The West. Mythic Waters an Akashic record by which is stored the wetness of Woman.

(
The Earth can tell if you are being genuine.

On that day—driving in Rocky Mountains, **I experienced feeling the flesh of Heavenly Father** as the enormous mountain covered in bright snow. Heavenly Father palpable due to Autumn's mystical turn. The presence of contrast created visual compliment—Heavenly Mother's macabre confetti made Heavenly Father clear to me as Earthen substance and for the first time in my life.

(
Realized it was necessary I create a neutral confessional forms for talk-therapy, sound healing and musical release of the karmas. Only by this would the energy previously being used by them become something by which I could weave future bliss.

(
Next step in process—honor music as what makes possible connection with people in plane—a co-language of sound and rhythm in which we can all release by orientation of one Sophianic container regardless of how accelerated we are in the Light Transmission. Music—equitable ground in which all of us can blossom through Covenants personal—for the sake of communal blessing.

(
During the slow dance, he looked upon me with such love and admiration. His eyes were glistening even though it was night. Silvery hair catching, like water catching early evening sunset. His hair glowed. Face and body—literal countenance. **Countenance consciousness!** Eyes aflow with kindness and awareness. It was as if Father was expressing Masculine Divine *in relation to me*.

During the dream a lucid recollection of several years ago when, in Myhe, lying on the bed in my parents' home, my father was holding me—my hands in his hair. That moment—precursory seed planted for this eventual dream occurrence.

Seemed that in every direction, men and Masculine females were becoming lit from within. Passed from Father's love for their child to those whom might love HER.

In many recurring nightmares over the years I have been plagued by male family members or men with whom I have had relationships in the past—emphasizing if I “go there” (female desire/partnership as Beloved) I will “never find a mate” and never have a successful monogamous relationship. Yet, in this portent, Father was telling me

how union would come so soon. He noted this by the glow he passed onto me. From it I too was lit.

The sense in the dream was me in a center or core through which all of this Masculine light was being circuited. Light self-revealed as being telepathic.

(
Nightmares are as useful as I can make them. That is their magic—teaching me my sovereignty in reading. Reading as a type of proactive scan—tuning matter passed through chaos of subconscious flarings, into usable Gnosis.

The truth is, I keep an insanely pristine thought-form realm during waking life, so when I go to sleep—even if chanting positive affirmations to my subconscious—a lot of the energies of the era and others' suffering and fear comes in (because I am not hailing such pristineness as when awake).

Why not just be as pristine while sleeping as while awake? Two answers: A) I got sick of feeling like I was working all of the time (and that work making it impossible for me to receive since all of my embodiment shapes were exertion) and B) God/dess told me to stop.

In the past I was bothered by emergence of such nightmares because I could not control them. Now I see them as opportunity to transmute low frequency sensations into high and all of the liberating realisms in relation to that art form.

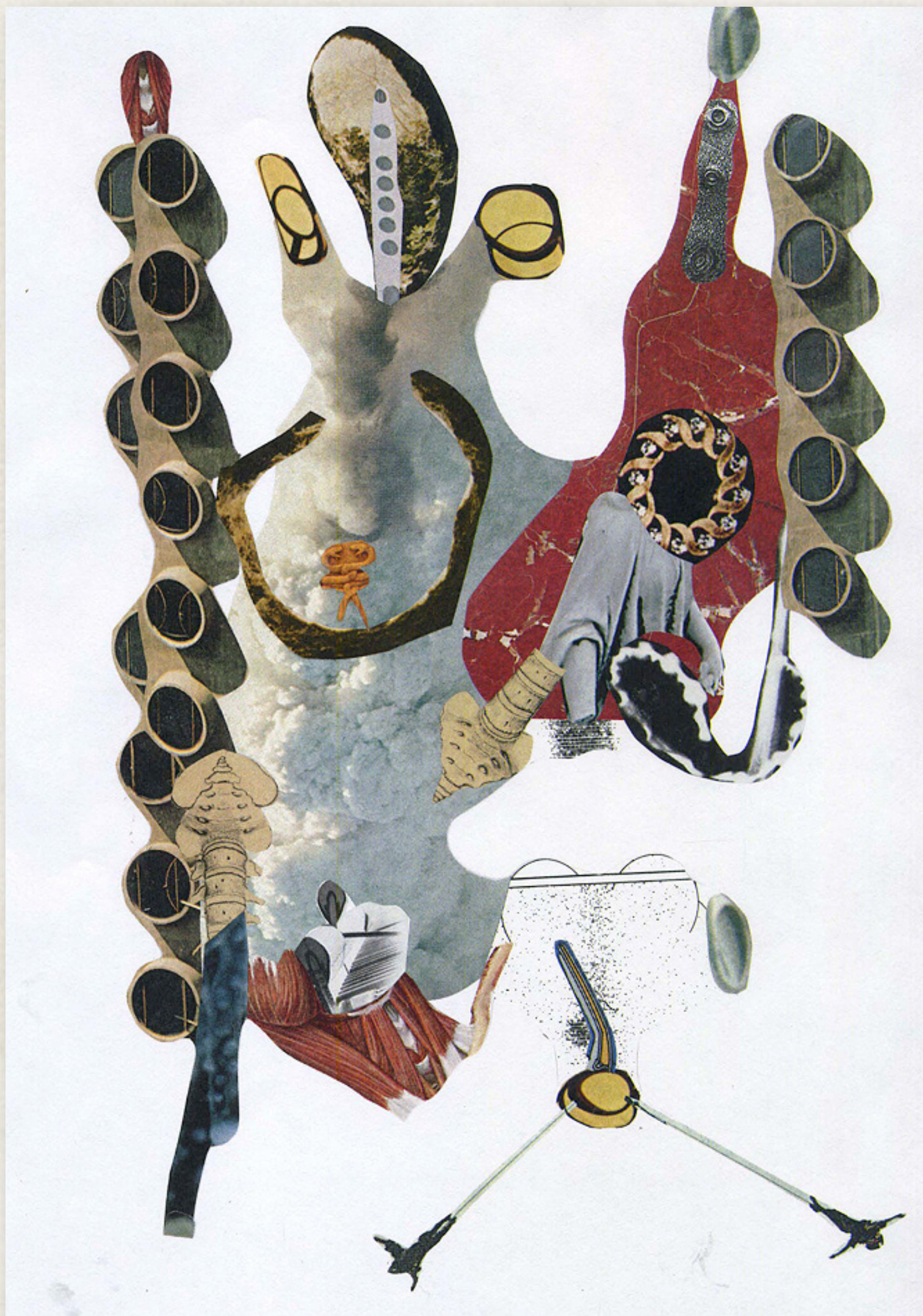
(
As we prepare to make love I hear God saying,

“Orgasm is about the goodness of God—access it in that way and you will find supreme ease.”

A new concept—though not a new experience. Simply hold the thought as truth during merge and my orgasm is a wonderful winged light. We both fly on the wings of angels as I come. Keep the light in proximity to us so it can be used to stoke unconditional Bridal Chamber in which Beloved blossoms. Ongoing Bridal Chamber in which Maiden, Matron and Crone are made love to in Woman (as Mythic sacred site). A tree full of hollyhock blossoms—the petals pointing upward to the light even though it has been so misty lately. Mist arches cross-world memorandums. It must have taken work on their part to preserve their uprightness.

My husband knows what is in it for him. The artful work. How it imbues his soul with worth as he goes down on me—searching out the through point. **Going down on me to build me up.** Every year the she that is he gives me memories of the human dimension by passing them through. By this, she becomes Akashik. Over me—her own body lit.

I feel such love of my lover and God in the form of Divine He. Later, we laugh as I read to her from her card with several glistening mustaches on it. She toasts to herself—learning sacred chivalry again after feeling like it had been stripped of her. Peach preserves and chanterelle mushrooms. Lemoncello crema in which it is actually possible to see the vanilla beans on the basin of the glass. The moon spilling into the night—casting shadows over the still-open hollyhocks. Cold piercing through my lace negligee as we run, squealing—to the car. Union alchemies. Earning the right to finger phantasmagoria. Full moons the pupils of HER eyes.



UNTITLED by j/j hastain, 2017
collage

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

IVAN ARGÜELLES:

OK folks, what century is this ? You guessed it, the 4th century of the common era and the Emperor Diocletian is about to break up the Roman Empire into two equal hemispheres: the eastern, formerly the Soviet Block, and the western one, dominated by the Untied Slates of Armorica, adrift in its increasing isolation, with one thumb on the Big nuclear button and the other thumb lost in a Rorschach test that looks more and more like the Beast from the Underworld. Soon Christianity will be at war with civilization and all its global perks, exemplified by Amazon.com and McTrump's big Mac. Other "organized" religions, according to the historian Edward Gibbon, will vie for world overlordship, notably the sect dominated by blue-throated Vishnu, and the one with allegiance to the Prophet. The game of terrorism, the blame of terrorism, will sprout wherever hate indulges itself in god-intolerance for all other species, or when a few plutocratic elite in occidental suit and tie claim to be the master race. The contest for universal destruction begins in earnest. The ocean tides start rising a foot a minute on the great metropolitan beaches of the world. In a word: SURF'S UP. Scientists, discredited for having no "belief system", will in vain play the role of crazy Cassandra raving on the steps of burning Troy.

In the meantime, heedless of catastrophic warnings, drilling begins in the remains of earth's shorelines, more oil, more fossil fuel!!! No matter that by noon the sun is no longer visible in the choked sky of mythology. Burn, Baby, burn! Is there a poet laureate in the wings to indict this failing Roman Empire with a final Iliad, one replete with dead gods wandering the Caucasus in search of a spark of light ?

JANET PASSEHL:

we ask you to begin the process of congregation, under the guidance of an eye whose girth is greater than the human/eye and in whose delicate/throat the warnings die before being born; but this be [neither tearful nor]/a-rendering, though delicate shaded stroke and drip on water/borne provides the map your boat remains aloft on: Be not torn but push your disease into every punishing stroke that breaks the aqueous humor. (if this were the last place I would tell you fairly and let you run amok down my cheek.)

JAMES GRABILL:

Enough

Enough of this. Enough dumbing down of our complex culture. Keeping people less educated and misinformed may be a goal of money-mongers planning to exploit and control. It may be a way to paint a group into a corner of human identity. But, Democrats, you have plans aimed at solving problems and strengthening community, and you have agreement of the people along with intelligence of political forebears. You don't need to spar with irrational Republicans in dumb-speak. Democrats, you don't need Wall Street, Exxon, or hungry top-dog military industries, and need to make no concessions. Democrats, look to California. Do what's right for the people. Don't let archconservatives frame the issues you want to discuss. Use the moment to note their fallacies, clear up facts, and move on. Explain your reliance on the peer-reviewed IPCC analysis of climate studies which were peer reviewed, and quote the experts. Democrats, look to the future, with climate disruption at the center, surrounded by economic, work, education, and justice issues. Never let up on the call for progressive taxation as in Eisenhower's day. Stand firm with FDR and William Wallace, with RFK and Dr. King. Climate change is not an optional issue and can give people purpose. Democrats, look to California. Conduct teach-ins when you speak. Quote from world leaders, explain the facts, where to find them, quote experts, and share a vision of what's in reach. Stand up for all parts of the life an advanced culture would have. Democrats, don't dumb down, but talk up to the American people.

SIMON ANTON DIEGO BAENA:

Dear señor Lorca,

the world would only end
after the horses
have finally rested
deep within
your grave.

DOREN ROBBINS:

...it ends up stalled... Koch Rot related fiends till the end—their American Police-droids would strangle a Black peasant for selling small tobacco... or de-wing fruit flies for buzzing their Empire's ear... whichever way you look at the screen, the footage, their armed procession—someone that escaped lockdown crackdown chemical cleanup... out of Detroit... Paterson... South Central... carries the main man on his back. Lucky he wasn't commanding tributes from us with the usual wincing. Ideas containing no mercy went through the expressions in the faces in front of the bodyguard to the biker bodyguard... at the head of the procession... he kept pointing at his head... yelling at the crowd... including my crowd at the computer monitor... sneering and pointing into the front row... the other hand on his unholstered gun... then waving his nightstick at us for not taking off our hats and bowing... the spiders are buzzards... lobsters are jackals... horse flies are men... the red mite eats the brown one...

CLAUDIA M. REDER:

Diversity

lays on its side.
In profile, it divests
its anger. Edit
me, it dares., I stay nearby, and rest
knowing we must revisit
this hairline fracture,
this underlying pulse.

ROBERT VANDERMOLEN:

Road Trip

After her mother died—after the funeral, cleaning out her rooms, disposing of her possessions—Deb said, I need a road trip. We had never traveled along the coast of Lake Huron north of Bay City (though we had talked about it numerous times) so on an early afternoon in October on a calm day of clear skies and mild temperatures we headed east across the state with our dog Charlie. That first night staying in a motel in Tawas City. Lake Huron was across the road, blocked by shops—it turned out that all the small motels on the shoreline were closed for the season. But the dog and I walked on the spacious lawn of the inn and around the back into the trees. Otherwise, Deb and I sat outside our room on lawn chairs with drinks. We also met several of our neighbors who rented by the week, who seemed to be waiting for an apartment or a house to open up. Some worked, some didn't. They were friendly, no one spoke of politics.

The next day we drove to Alpena. Deb had wanted to visit the maritime museum—

she'd heard something on NPR about it. We wandered through the museum (leaving Charlie in the truck)—I had no idea there had been so many shipwrecks in the area of Thunder Bay. Most had been identified and divers had retrieved artifacts that were on display. There were descriptions of the boats, accounts of their foundering: generally storms and/or ramming reefs, some collisions in fog, all stretching back two hundred years or better. There was also a boat tour of shipwrecks in the bay, which was ready to depart while we were there but they didn't allow dogs on board. We decided we didn't want to leave Charlie too long in the back seat.

Driving north we continued to be surprised at how close homes and cottages were to the water. On Lake Michigan everything is set back. Then it dawned on us that with prevailing winds from the north and west they wouldn't be in danger of waves or ice, everything here faced east or southeast. We drove into Rogers City past the vast limestone mining pits—someone should shoot a movie involving that landscape, a weird desolation. On the other side of town we found a motel on the beach with a balcony on the backside of each room. Perfect. The beach

itself was somewhat wild with trees and bushes, sandy paths to the water. Room for Charlie to run. I was pleased she decided not to jump into the lake. The entire time we were there we were the only people on that stretch of shore.

I should point out that when we travel we rarely eat dinner in restaurants or taverns. We carry a cooler and shop in supermarkets. Most rooms these days have a fridge and a microwave. If you wake up at night hungry there is always something to appease that pang—besides, we always buy too much. We often stop for fast food during the day and/or nibble on granola bars, jerky and sausage sticks. We have coffee in a thermos. Portable snacks work out well when we search for obscure lighthouses or other landmarks somewhat off the main roads.

A thunderstorm woke us that night. The dog was anxious. I got up to eat some cheese, then opened a beer and sat on our little deck to watch lightning over the water, Charlie was pleased to be cosseted.

In the morning was cold rain. I discovered the roof over our deck leaked badly.

We sat half in and half out of the sliding doors sipping coffee, munching donuts, smoking cigarettes.

Our hazy plan had been to meander to a motel we liked on Lake Superior. But watching TV for the weather report that morning we learned an early season snowstorm was battering the northern section of the Upper Peninsula. The report was for over a foot of wet snow. So that was out. But we could motor to Mackinaw City, perhaps the storm wouldn't mature, maybe they were wrong. We could wait it out for a day or two. We were flexible.

Wearing our raincoats we headed up the road to Cheboygan. En route the rain petered out, though it wasn't suppose to. We thought about stopping in Cheboygan to investigate the harbor (one could call it picturesque), a working harbor on a river (that the town is built around) but then agreed we could come back this way (as an option among other options), spend the night in lodgings we spotted before driving on to Mullet Lake. So we continued to Mackinaw City, which we discovered wasn't far away.

The sun was out at the Straits. There were a surprising number of people in town, many taking the ferries to Mackinaw Island. We found

a room in a motel on the beach with an enclosed patio. To the north, up high, stretched the Mackinaw Bridge to the U.P. It was chilly, but manageable, plus a breeze was blocked by our building. We sat on the small patio with Charlie. A couple strolled up to ask us what kind of dog she was. We were ground level so they could pet her. It turned out they were from Grand Rapids too. Even more remarkable, her mother was someone I had known in high school, her father was from a family a street away from where I grew up, though 3 or 4 years older than me (and now deceased). She moved off a little bit, pulled out her cell and called her mother, while her husband remained chatting about their dogs. When she returned she said, yeah my mother remembers you. I didn't know her very well, I said, she was a year older. Deb went inside to pour more coffee. But I knew your grandparents too. I did some work for them, years ago. Then things went south. They announced they were Trump supporters. I let it slide. They wanted to know if I was going to boycott NFL games because players were kneeling in protest. No, I said. And you won't either, I went on, if the Lions start winning. Trying to keep things light. We will never watch another professional football game, they told me. Never. And stomped off through the sand. What was that all about, Deb asked, returning. Trump people, I told her.

We didn't cross the bridge to the U.P. —the snowstorm in the north didn't quit. After two days we did turn back to Cheboygan, rather than scoot over to Cross Village or Petoskey.

BOB HEMAN:

The line the other collaborator contributes may conjure words that you might otherwise never have discovered in yourself. The other collaborator may not be a person at all—it can also be a painting, or a dictionary opened at random, or a piece of music, or even words of your own that no longer breathe in the same way they once did.

JOHN M. BENNETT:

your pulsing faucet numbs

an excrement mannequin collapses
next a podium *maze* its maggots
swarm and flee muddy down a
street *elongation* toward a
smirking doll propped up *contra*
in a teetering glass box *be lie fs*
be gon polyethelene foaming out its
face and *finished knowing* rotted skin
the bearers grunt and moan *inflated*
giggling as they struggle keep the
vertiginous box upright *digestive*
rain and thunder gather at the end
of the street

Spattered with gobbets from

"Sound Ritual Number 84" by

bill beamer & Jim Leftwich

TERRY HAUPTMAN:

Let us rise up against "Malevolent Normality." Let us unite, work to diminish oppression and restore empowerment and vision into our communities. Happy New Year.

GEORGE KALAMARAS:

Dear somehow-poised-in-my life, what of the fire-ant in the owl's chest?

If we wrench loose a fearful thing, might not the molecules of mold call forth the sleeping froth?

If we had Tung Ting oolong for breakfast, would it not be our tea-driven lunch?

How will this January snow soothe the ground with its fierce form of questioning? And might it not also *sooth*?
Snow riddles. And nouns become verbs?

Ask the coonhound hounding me?

Of course, you say, from the swampy dark, but say it as if unsure?

Inflect me my mouth? As if what is missing is always with us?

So the swamp-drowned owl was taken by the moon's muck?

And what is passive never really sidesteps the quicksand mouth?

Neruda's *Book of Questions* as statements of faith? How the hound dog in my heart sniffs out the best parts of me that are worse?

Okay, you say, we are all poised at the precipice of one another's soul?
We are reborn time and again as if we might finally get things right?

Was Emerson's Oversoul really Emerson's?

Neti, neti, says the Upanishads? *Not this, not that?*

We belong to this word as much as we belong to the world? And each word breaks off, time and again, in our mouths?

What is turning is what has turned? Only the rain-drenched dogginess at the axis of things smells right?

Neti, neti, we hear, almost as if what is said was said by what was said?
Not this, not that?

BRANDON PETTIT:

If the future is already written, let the universe answer all questions of us.

JODDY MURRAY:

I learned that chains and oil are not opposites, and when you please yourself you also crumble. There are no pauses in nature. There are Just moments when you wonder about wonder. Sometimes, after a quick snowstorm, somebody is as fresh and torpid as you are.

**CALIBAN
IS
SEARCHING
FOR
ANGELS**

