



GONZALEZ • WILT • ANDERSON • DEL RISCO • LEVINSON • FOJTEK
HARRISON • JAX NTP • KOWALEWSKY • KALAMARAS • LOTTI
ROBINSON • BAENA • SMITH • BEINING • WESLOWSKI • ARGÜELLES
KAHL • ABBOTT • MURPHY • TOPAL • COOK • DUCHARME
LIMAREV • BENNETT • YOUNG • STEWARD • ROSENBERG • HOGAN

Explore the Fascinating Worlds of Classic Print Caliban



CALIBAN
is calling
the tribes
together



Visit the Store!

www.calibanonline.com



"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

Cover: ZEICHEN & WUNDER/ SIGNS & WONDERS NO. 40B
by Christiane Kowalewsky, 2018, handcut collage

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

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

[Lawrence R. Smith, Editor](#)

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

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

Calibanonline is published quarterly. Viewing online and pdf
downloads are free.

Unsolicited poetry, fiction, art, music, and short art videos
welcome. Please direct attached WORD documents to
submissions@calibanonline.com

TABLE OF CONTENTS

RAY GONZALEZ

Over Here

Joseph Cornell Dreams of the Poet

Soap Bubble Set, Joseph Cornell, 1936

Hexagonal Gallery

Bird Ghosts

ELLEN WILT

Enough is Enough

Rescue at the Trestle Bridge

SUSAN K. ANDERSON

My father wanted the West

Dreams (continued)

I was so glad to finally reach the trail

Conference of the Clouds

No Boxing Day

It Begins Then to Be Possible to Imagine

CRISTIAN DEL RISCO & MARTIN FOJTEK

From *DREAMLESS*

HELLER LEVINSON

In the pith of fulcrum

JEFF HARRISON

Birds

The Mouth Considered as Two Other Ghosts

Passport Calf

JAX NTP

bones for oracles yours or found baby teeth unidentified

ovary picking

on pause, in the kitchen, mid-julienne

bone broth



CHRISTIANE KOWALEWSKY

Zeichen & Wunder/ Signs & Wonders
Nos. 60, 61, 72, & 83

GEORGE KALAMARAS

The cause and Effect of Multiple Births
The healing Seam
If We Could Practice Each Other, We'd Be the World
Trying to Track Down Your Least-Open, Your
Cracking-Closed Heart
Paul Eluard in Indo-Chine, 1924

JEFREID LOTTI

Bronca
Stairs to Mom's House
Ducha

ELIZABETH ROBINSON

On Krakatoa
On Only

SIMON ANTON BAENA

*

LAWRENCE R. SMITH

Monk by 5

GUY R. BEINING

revolving

CARINE TOPAL

Flea
The Burning of Joan
Passing
Pork Pie



TIM KAHL

The Day Jimmie Rogers Was Born
Pluripotent Connectome
Monster
Concerto for Single Reed Coon Squaller
The Blueness of the Blue
Sirtuins
Dance of the Rattus Norvegicus



ANDREW ABBOTT

potatoes making love
liquid seagull laugh

JOHN M. BENNETT

clouded bulb
cycle eats



SHEILA E. MURPHY

I Think You Know Where This is Going
Summer Tryouts

ROB COOK

Asbury Park, Summer 1994
Alone with the Warning Between Us
Deportation Zone

ALEXANDER LIMAREV

Dark Blue Traces—Material Presence
Neon Pink Traces—Material Presence
Ether—Subtle Variations (Part I)

IVAN ARGÜELLES

La Sierra Madre
Ruminating



MARK YOUNG

Infantile spasms

Pseudo-random integers

The competition is heating up

D. E. STEWARD

Ungrammable

MARILYN R. ROSENBERG

Return

MARK DUCHARME

Stammer

Rustic Soirée

Premature Vividness

DIETER WESLOWSKI

Las Cruces Installation

WAYNE HOGAN

Two Pieces

CONTRIBUTORS' ADVICE



RAY GONZALEZ

Over Here

He says his eye is on
the end of his stick.
All I have is my cane
and it crushes bears.

He claims life is not
enough for thinkers.
All I can do is switch
my grasshopper wings
for his reading glasses.

Then, he will understand
how the white whale
swallowed the world
and regurgitated a pair
of beautiful deer hooves.

All I wear is my grandma's
red rosary on my neck,
beads pressed into slavery
from roses gathered on
a visit to Spain.

He sees the skull of a
faceless wise man and is
punished by having to ride
a horse for 17 days.

All I have is an encounter with
an old girlfriend, prison bars
tattooed down her face, her
confession they are permanent
making me run to this day.

He says quit dreaming because
dreamers can only observe,
his eye on the stick, his courage
all that is needed to go up
against the great bear.

Joseph Cornell Dreams of the Poet

April 24th, 1953—Cornell dreams of
Emily Dickinson's white blouse and
“the picture seemed to come to life.”

Cornell writes, “Her eyes look toward
the spectator slightly but go back to
position three-fourths turned away”

because he also dreams of “china breaking
as a man awakes,” the plates thrown at him
by a woman who won't leave the house.

Cornell salutes Emily by dreaming “a group
of older girls and some baby lambs, something
about the girls picking up the baby lambs.”

Cornell seeks a line in a Dickinson poem
that will allow him to find “the white infant”
that cries in a trance where he touches

Emily's right hand and she pulls back,
pointing to one of his unfinished wooden
boxes on her study wall.

Soap Bubble Set, Joseph Cornell, 1936

Trapped inside the box of bubbles with
a man on a horse seeking release from

the frame because its chart of the moon makes
Cornell nervous, craters marking places he has

been, the green head of a doll glued in
the corner, Cornell whispering,

“It is safe to be claustrophobic,” a wine glass
containing a green egg he worships.

In the box, the white smoking pipe and cordial
glasses wait for him to pin-point the crater

on the moon where he was conceived,
his mother’s placenta mounted in the box

with the lunar chart from the day he was born.

Hexagonal Gallery

The earth rotates
like a strange bird
guarding its nest.

“No,” says Miroslav Holub.
“It is merely a fly stuck
on fly paper.”

The earth resembles
the glass eye surviving in
a grandfather’s coffin.

“No,” insists Captain Beefheart.
“My heart stopped and
I am already in heaven.”

The earth erupts in
the laughter of conquest
mistaken for great history.

“No,” cries Salvador Dali.
“It is my fried chicken traveling
at the speed of sound.”

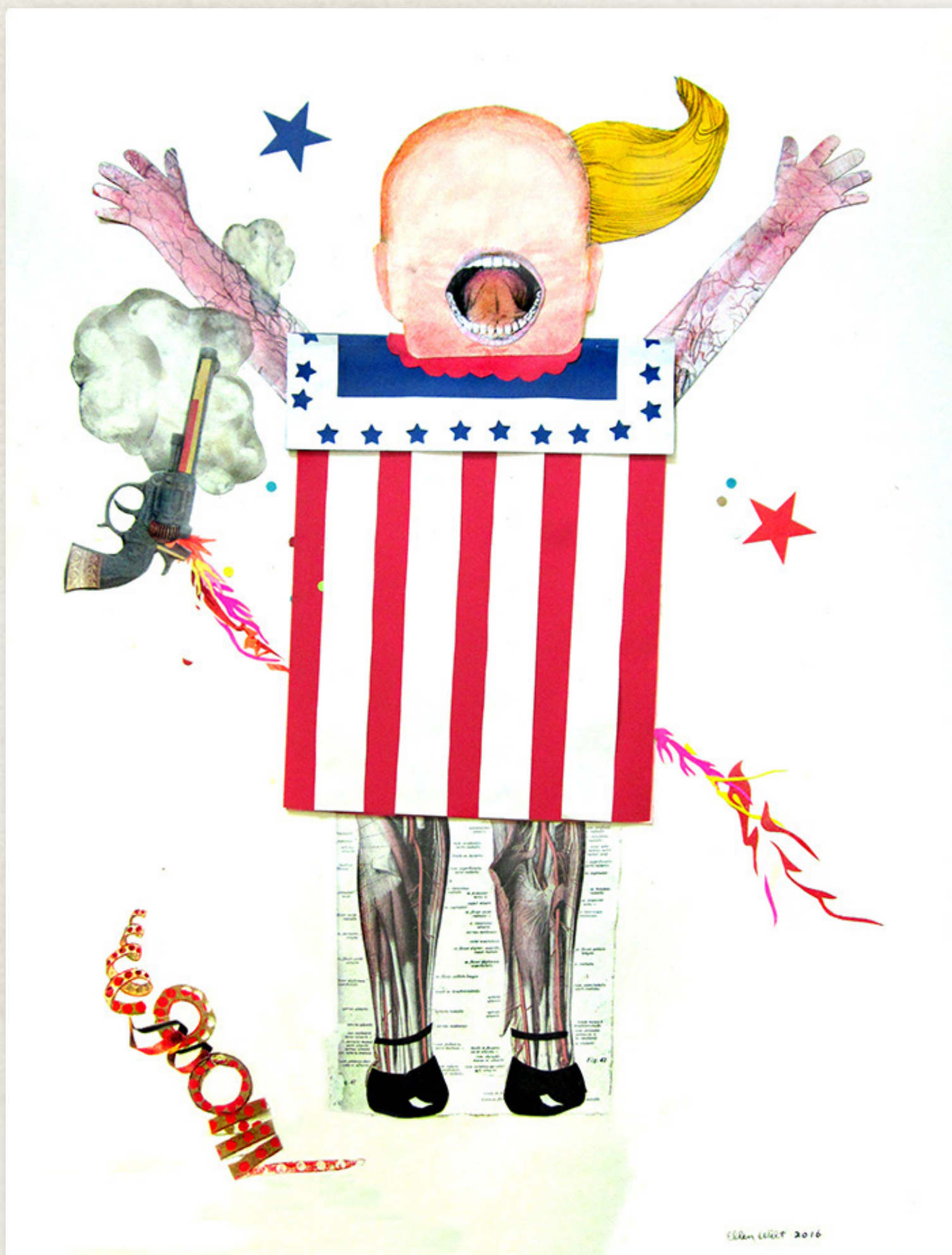
Bird Ghosts

“Because birds do have ghosts”

Robert Desnos

The bird ghost landed
on the old man's shoulder.
It streaked color and blinded
him to the ways of the tree.
The bird ghost sang inside
a fallen leaf the old man
picked up in his yard.
It fluttered the leaf into
a thousand pieces of gold.

The old man couldn't see it,
so the world went to war.
One bird ghost became one
million dead and the great
flocks flew the earth in search
of the first man to grow old
without birds or ghosts
doubting his rich place
in the torn world.



ENOUGH IS ENOUGH by Ellen Wilt, 2016
mixed media (32" x 24")



RESCUE AT THE TRESTLE BRIDGE by Ellen Wilt, 1994
tempera on paper (40" x 60")

SUSAN K. ANDERSON

My father wanted the West.
When he was little he got cowboys
and Indians and also a boy
with a moon for a head,
pineapple spikes for hair.
He wanted joy and sustained surprise.
That's what he got
with Moon Boy just by taking a look.

This made sense. My father,
showing his teeth, genuine agates.
His hair, wild, scraggly oaks
and smooth corn husks. A scent
rising off his clothes like buckskin
and eagle feathers in the fancy dance
he did across the country.

It wasn't as if he were lazy
but he wanted the West to come
to him, only, instead, it passed
through him and out the other side—
through his body towards Mom, me,
and my sisters swirling like satellites
around a heavenly body.

Dreams (continued)

We loved the town but could not find it from underneath all the fur. Seal, reindeer, fox, wolverine, bear. The town was said to be two blocks away; past the liquor store and just by the lockers.

I knew where it was by heart. I found it in those spaces between buildings too narrow for anyone or anything else but splinters of lumber and tar paper scraps. I saw the miners going about their business, the standing around part. Summers, I found it under the boardwalk where miners lost their nuggets, their dust.

The town briefly visited during parades. These were over too soon, marching dominating Main. Kids tolerating the wait, dressed as pioneers and Okies. Kids planning their own future killings, in line for free ice cream. So patient.

I was so glad to finally reach the trail
a wooden spider
witnessing the cinnamon bird
kill a friend
climbing up burnt sugar
sideways after the frothy waters

I forgot the hurricane the volcano
Nature a tired sliding becoming thinner
speckled yellow fat licking dusty skunk air

At the edge of the abyss cougar and lynx out for the view
aspen twirling weaving clouds close by the lake
It's faster at least looking up again where all the action is
it is so beautiful
spelled out
in a certain magazine

Read the owl the jackrabbit short lives narrowing
The chocolate river freely

Conference Of The Clouds

Inside might be dust or a mountain.
The clouds visible from ground level

hang

up in the air
a few hundred feet
together
their concepts
all vapor.

Thinking will change
after this this softening
into a hard song.

No Boxing Day

but the blanket toss
puts a summer feeling
on things
up in Nome—
rookeries
Sledge Island
in the far distance
gold dust on the beach
in the near
the caribou
going mad
flies
more than friendly
and the Musk Ox
sleepy
tromping near
the soft gravel bed
of eggs & milk

It Begins Then To Be Possible To Imagine

that milk falls down the mountains
perpetual flood of tears
in all the misunderstanding

between The World and Life

listen for the bridge
it is for crossing
friend peace
remember when we
worked together
because of the weather
when we used to drink there
was it frequent?
do you know if
there was honey too?



From DREAMLESS by Cristian Del Risco & Martin Fojtek
2004, giclée print and acrylic



From DREAMLESS by Cristian Del Risco & Martin Fojtek
2004, giclée print and acrylic

HELLER LEVINSON

in the pith of fulcrum

quintessentially furnace fist
cupola burn iron-hearted demises close to
sibilance horror-lit beside rogue currencies
pick & choose above all
the pattern

where in the
fulcrum
is
fulmination

jointure rattle disintegrate edge
lunar wallop

tide

JEFF HARRISON

Birds

voice the written, look: ticket ache,
every identified vice names death
they have living down, for wings only

lamp all dashed white rest center
lamp serious of broad fire
death is separating your brain from you
thirsty birds in spring
always chase your flame away

fire angled bloody red flashes
much dark is a lot drank
yet dreamt of that moon table
& emeralds my foam stature shadowed
bird bundles shadow your least freakery

birds are also your behavior,
birds, absolutely wrong the
dull deductible power—

you who think nothing of their name, tremble!

The Mouth Considered As Two Other Ghosts

astonishment
in the first place
blue-dotted,
Virginia,
to find your
good shoes
in the limelight
handshakes can't
get more wrong
anymore,
handspikes
green as the sun
set dead to rights
(lunar cheese solar
as myths pretty
as you please) are
adjudged as being
pretty peachy,
pretty plum,
pretty cherry
courtesy cannot
leave the circle, as
set down in grimoires,
so those outside this
poem can only demand,
not beseech, a book
containing the classic
Fitz-James O'Brien story
"Where Are Your Shoes?"
in either tone, your business
Virginia, of arranging facts
meets with a
dumb thankfulness
hearts gone smoothfaced

with handsprings, while
“The Mouth Considered
As Two Other Ghosts”
obtains, Virginia, far more
satisfactory results

Passport Calf

olive grove
a mercy if on wheels
tugs planted there

their young the coffins

the Eastern ditch . dress at home
radio is a distinction from conversation

the scholar's two boys close
(cure your load by reading the newspaper)
contentious beak lonesome as a gas station
Dante the neolithic up-tight El portador
gnawing only sunsets, contraption borrows my bared skin
on her back the arm
is the jaw of your passport calf / numerous days
pasted on the lefthand corner, O olive grove

the vacant eye eyes a coastline's branchnet
grace blossoms when the calf is killed, whilst cream
and a settled third shore share their leaves as carbon paper
currents prowling the steamed-up commercials
shamelessly pursing & horseman's sleep escapest me to say:
chief nation; war-equipment

princely pledge bewail'd; THE game of collars

a lay recite (too little hopeless) : encompass my works
the Almighty, clotted with grizzled hair, with cash recompensed,
in conference with the morrow; prosperity near and far
His errand had fallen portion to our track / cold streams

JAX NTP

bones for oracles yours or found baby teeth unidentified

how to give names to unknown languages
how to learn a language and not know
a single person who speaks it

what is sunshine but brightness that drowns
out the moon when will a rat tail poem
be able to predict that this image

this one here will be the one they feature
at your funeral house plants that thrive
from humidity self-portrait as inanimate

object good man is a construction paper
what kind of house can we afford what
kind of family can we afford as if control

fosters photosynthesis as if reading is
possession i'm taking inventory of syllables
that dissolve on tips of tongues from comet

to womb like a bad habit all the ways fungi
contribute to drought a frigate an arbiter
hollyhock sail slapping what are the syllables

for leafless bulbs of tulips what is conceptual
dying and how can we grieve the abstract
does innate anger come with intrinsic

forgiveness poppycock the history of wipe
as if pilgrimage is repent found rabbitfish
renunciations as if intangible lacks value

ovary picking

the faint black hairs on my knuckles are yours
broad shoulders cereus centric wide calves
and humpback strut are biological calculations

i have of you—how much of myself
have i constructed from your absence?
i'm learning to use the perfect amount

of tact or is it haste hate wit words are dew
vessels bergamot infusion wicker baskets
and mornings are for jasmine picking since

they open at night if this is not another
letter i wont send to my father clichés
this is a semi-truck on a wet highway

tedious hours and desert mirages are junkies
for night blooming flora when omissions clear
space for present negation to look at gawk

to wonder at—when moderation is unsettling
in abundance use axillary clusters to break
up a wall's monotony a meditation apparatus

i have fought against what i can't remember
ankles rolled outward refractions and light leaks
muscles out of control in small consistent pains

they used to be because you is are what are used
to be but be i is were is was what is are now not
now but now now here this here here where out

of control as in product of control as in total control
how can i still be searching for you in every woman?
it's not like you're dead but these false narratives

i weave are as bulbous as jasmine pearls unfurl
all i really want to do is learn how to brew death

Jax NTP/34

on pause, in the kitchen, mid-julienne

to abstain from coitus

intercourse

fucking

is similar

to suicide

to retreat

from becoming

of course reproduction

is performance

as choice

to continue

subjective

fractal pointillism

scales mindfulness

measures old things

with new lens

equilateral triangles

curve in fluid

turbulence as if

the act of counting

begets control

restraints

moroccan

sardines wait in red tins onions sweating

bone broth

does the body absorb cooked or rawness better
the search for absolute in oak leaves stippled fresh
childhood unfurled in stiff lavender stalks smoke

clean when you acknowledge origin stories as myths
suffering is the positive element in this world indeed
it is the only link between this world and the positive

stomach honeycombed indifference lick the waves
of thorn bush tips fragments of aphorism distilled
demystified half truths challenge the praying mantis



ZEICHEN & WUNDER/ SIGNS & WONDERS, No. 60
by Christiane Kowalewsky, 2018, handcut collage



ZEICHEN & WUNDER/ SIGNS & WONDERS, No. 61
by Christiane Kowalewsky, 2018, handcut collage



ZEICHEN & WUNDER/ SIGNS & WONDERS, No. 72
by Christiane Kowalewsky, 2018, handcut collage



ZEICHEN & WUNDER/ SIGNS & WONDERS, No. 83
by Christiane Kowalewsky, 2018, handcut collage

GEORGE KALAMARAS

The Cause and Effect of Multiple Births

Emblems of *don't-know* or *maybe-should* translate the terrace of my nose.
I am not fond of color. I am beautiful as a palm frond on fire.

You ask about the bok choy, whether I soaked the leaves and simmered
them in paprika.

It gives us strength, like a street sign telling every intersection in
two names.

I can't say for sure whether I am a casual acquaintance at the corner of
here and *nothingness*.

I suppose it depends upon whether you ask the neighbor or the flake
of dried parsley in my tea.

With workers aloof and exhausted, we witness the construction of
a thirteenth-floor tree house.

The long neck of *this-then*, of the brightest and the hinge, might swing
me back into the volatility of pants.

I've worn my hair long as long as I can recall. It may have to do with
my many lives on the banks of the Ganges.

There are conditional vowels, scrolled across the pillow each morning,
giving me answers to the cause and effect of my multiple births.

The Healing Seam

There is a colorful dream experiment, and I am it.
We can dark-logic our shape, but we end up empty.

Spill the plaid of your shadow-leaf hand.
Let me open my own and breathe the bloated soul.

Seal hole over which, harpoon-ready, I hang?
Something like cold in my bone when I relinquish logical thought
to the snow-cave I crave?

I have been smelling too many windy pines.
I have been stalking the canebrake, my furry dream-shirt not yet silk.

These are the deaths to which I stink.
Smell our casual glance, slow-feed it to each other on the street, in
a café, in a most susceptible embrace, blur by blur, awaiting the
healing seam of the dream.

If We Could Practice Each Other, We'd be the World

Her glowed hand when she hungry-shaped his shoulder.
His thank-you-for-touching-me, when she declared him alive.

Her insensate will to live, as if a singular freedom and a truly handsome
format.

His sweat-covered skin, as if it carried over from cat-scratch lives.

So, the butterfly contained in the body does not cry out?
So, the body is a cage, and we are caught by bones of sleep as we
wind-current our dissolve into the impossible bodies of birds?

Come where I can most see you.
Let me have full view of your meditation and its ease.

Mounds of space between breaths leave us in the sensuous cold
of cemetery madness.

If we could practice each other, we'd be the world.

**Trying to Track Down Your Least-Open, Your Cracking-Closed,
Heart**

Which brings me to the word, *gurry*.

Which brings me to the definition, *fish offal*.

Origin unknown, I was beside myself with guinea fowl as if it was me
with the black plumage and small white spots.

Through no fault of my own, I had—almost unobtrusively—become
domesticated in the hen yards of Africa.

There was the closed door of an ovary.

An egg was cracking open on its own sadness.

Kites, you say, as if we both feared the lightning and the flight.

But tell me, which of us inverted the sky by tying the tail?

Which, the earth upon which we plead?

Somewhere, present tense is past. I mean, a fish is not a guppy.

Somewhere, what we remember from childhood may or may not be
all bad.

The bowl is not round nor clear nor sitting plaintively by an open sea.

See the bird perched on the window sill, pecking its own reflection?

If you want to tie me up and examine the burnt particles of *love* and *I'm
sorry* in my ear, that is your prerogative.

Here, victory-grief these wrists; tell me, like those before, that in binding
me you truly care.

Paul Éluard in Indo-Chine, 1924

The clock on his wrist invites him to weep. He imagines a peacock feather replacing his heart. Freckled wrist, sunburned blue from the inside by quinine. He considers her curves. Red ants across her breasts. He's left Gala and Max, finally, in Paris, and all he can recall is de Chirico's girl rolling that hoop through a dark street. A hoop, an exaggerated curve. Approaching some shadow. Why does he wake in the middle of each night fearing that point where three angles of a pyramid connect? With the names *Gala* and *Brother* drying his mouth? A canker sore forms from the lack of water. From cheek-rubbing on teeth. He tongues its sting throughout the day, almost pleurably, almost without knowing, like watching the silhouette of touch in the bamboo shade across the street. The peacock feather turns from green to blue, blue to green. *Tell me*, he speaks into the tiny moon-splotched mirror propped above the bathroom sink, do birds know when they are dying from the poison of their own blood?

It had been a long journey, and it is always a long journey, he realizes, for anyone human. Marseilles. Panama. Tahiti. Singapore. Finally, Saigon. It had been Gala's eyes when they dined, Max's murals around the periphery of their bedroom in the country home at Eaubonne. Even the palm reader last month in Ceylon. Who really *was* the "Blue Man" in Max's *Long Live Love or Charming Countryside*? And why did the entwined woman and blue man appear to hold one another but not touch?

He had wanted to share what he most loved with an older brother, the sun in his groin almost pleasurable, almost thorn. Why did they refuse to understand, his friends from the Surrealist Circle, suddenly knocking exactly three times on the door, tipping a hat three turns when Gala or Max would enter a room, taking precisely three squirts of lemon into their tea? Even Péret judging him after dining in his home two years earlier in Saint Brice, yes, on August 11, 1922, gossiping, *Paul Éluard loves St. Brice & Saint Brice loves Max Ernst*. And what of Desnos, sleep-talking a month later, yes, September 27, as he held Paul's hand: *What*

do you see of Éluard? He is blue. Why is he blue? Because the sky nestles in . . . Nestles in? On what? For whom? To do what? What was that last indecipherable phrase Desnos furiously scratched beneath candlelight as friends looked on round the table?

The clock covering his freckles culls the air like peacock alarm in the court of some Mogul prince. Royal watchdogs fanning the grass with blue green cobra fire. Did they really keep dozens of wives? Lie on their backs erect before open windows, prior to one arriving, trying to harness moonlight as pearls in their scrotum? Have their wives' breasts perfumed with jasmine, saffron, and camphor? Have intricate designs painted where only the tongue goes? And who touched the others to sleep with three fingers and two sticks of sandalwood paste inside them when only one was chosen and brought before the bed? Paul's heart, replaced with the unpainted splinters fallen from a bedroom mural of a butterfly, that false door replaced with the sudden span of blue peacock fire pressing breath from his chest. *Tell them, father, he had written on March 24, finally in flight, that I have had enough. I'm going on a trip. Don't send the police to search for me. Look after Gala and Cecile, and tell the world that I've suffered a hemorrhage and am recuperating in a nursing home.*

How does one know the coming of frost when bent in the tropics to hear the tick, at the wrist, of a burning watch? Might it one day melt, dissolving the desire for mouth on mouth? Tongue in mouth? Or, rather, in melting, elongate bee stings of the tongue, somehow letting memory persist like the echo of a thin, thick hum? What was repeated, he wonders, in *Répétitiones* when, after Gala and he first met Max, he wrote: *In a corner agile incest / Turns around the virginity of a little dress. / In a corner the sky set free / Leaves white balls on the thorns of a storm.*

The sky set free? On *whom*? For *what*? What was that last indecipherable thorn splintered into his wrist? Did words banish him to Saigon? Cause her to salivate in Cologne at the scent of Max's paint? At the firm, slow point when the paint brush breaks the surface of the paint pot? The curve of each word setting out on the stairwell like tiny storms without lamps? Swirls of red ants perplexing first her left nipple, then again her

left? Would Gala remain his? Max's? Or would he one day write her, or Max paint her, into the tongue and texture of someone else? And what of the curve of her own word as she admired herself at Eaubonne, naked before the mirror, murmuring over and over the closing lines of Paul's verse for Max? *Lamps lighted very late / The first shows her breasts which kill red insects.*

Red insects? *On* what? *For* what? What, finally, was that last indecipherable word—fire, death, or even her dry embrace without end with someone perpetually painted blue? *I am dying, father, and no one knows. You don't even know, for this part I refuse to write—even you—and choose to speak now only to my blood.*

It had been a long journey, and it is always a long journey, he realizes, for anyone human. Marseilles. Panama. Tahiti. Singapore. Saigon. To be in love with poison darts, blown into your wrist from your own tired mouth. Were the Moguls circumcised, and what did the falling away of skin near birth suggest? Brother, wife, Oedipus Rex. Who touched a freckle beneath drops of liquid moon as if it was the beginning of the world and its everlasting end?



BRONCA by Jefreid Lotti, 2016
oil on linen (27" x 32")



STAIRS TO MOM'S HOUSE by Jefreid Lotti, 2015
oil on linen (36" x 36")



DUCHA by Jefreid Lotti, 2016
oil on linen (14" x 18")

ELIZABETH ROBINSON

On Krakatoa

Time was a tumor in its very own landmass.

It couldn't have been more intrepid.

Think of the tumor speaking in first person.

I climbed my own eruption.

And higher.

I said, "Excuse me" when I vomited.

Time was a contagion that forced currents against
their own grain.

I projected my one, my central organ from the core of my body:
that is, violently.

That is, (intrepid) not the lung or heart, but the stomach.

Time was a countermeasure to civility: (Excuse me) infectious, Time
says

I am the cancer

who ruptures the atmosphere with fumes of extraordinary beauty,

who climbs the sky with an affronting blush while the sun declines.

On Only

Only stepped away from “if.” Off the banks of the known world,
into _____.

Only slept, and as it slept,
its particular world was altered.

Only to awaken unawares.

Only to change the idiom from “to fall asleep”
simply “to fall.”

Only waking in the question.

Beneath the blanket.

Or, better—beneath the surface.

Only the surface.

An infinite series of reductions into
only what is left.

The breath in sleep, how alters as it wakes.

SIMON ANTON DIEGO BAENA

*

For Federico Garcia Lorca

I wanted to find you
keep you closer

but the mound was never discovered

I kept dreaming
of shattered windows
and swinging doors

dawn can never hide a body

of black alleys
of light craving exits

no eyes ever saw
that wound

I wanted everything open
but the ink well has long dried up

the lone rider ages ago already entered Cordoba

LAWRENCE R. SMITH

Monk by 5

i

the blur region in coils
bus plot ranked by state
a wooden river cracks into fifths

it's a gone gig under the wolf cliff
as he speaks to elders
on the dwarf planet

ii

to knit together pieces of space
rings hats broken glass
on the rebop

parallax to be consumed
farther out than Argentina
with its trace currency

iii

his hidden wrists
a spin of tangents
avid rippled eggs

the sapient edge a ratio
not heard but kissed
through another sleep

iv

his furtive diesel hand
refits the jam's key
alert in its long risen arc

no forbidden pole to react
as his toss to the sax
opens a port to Marrakesh

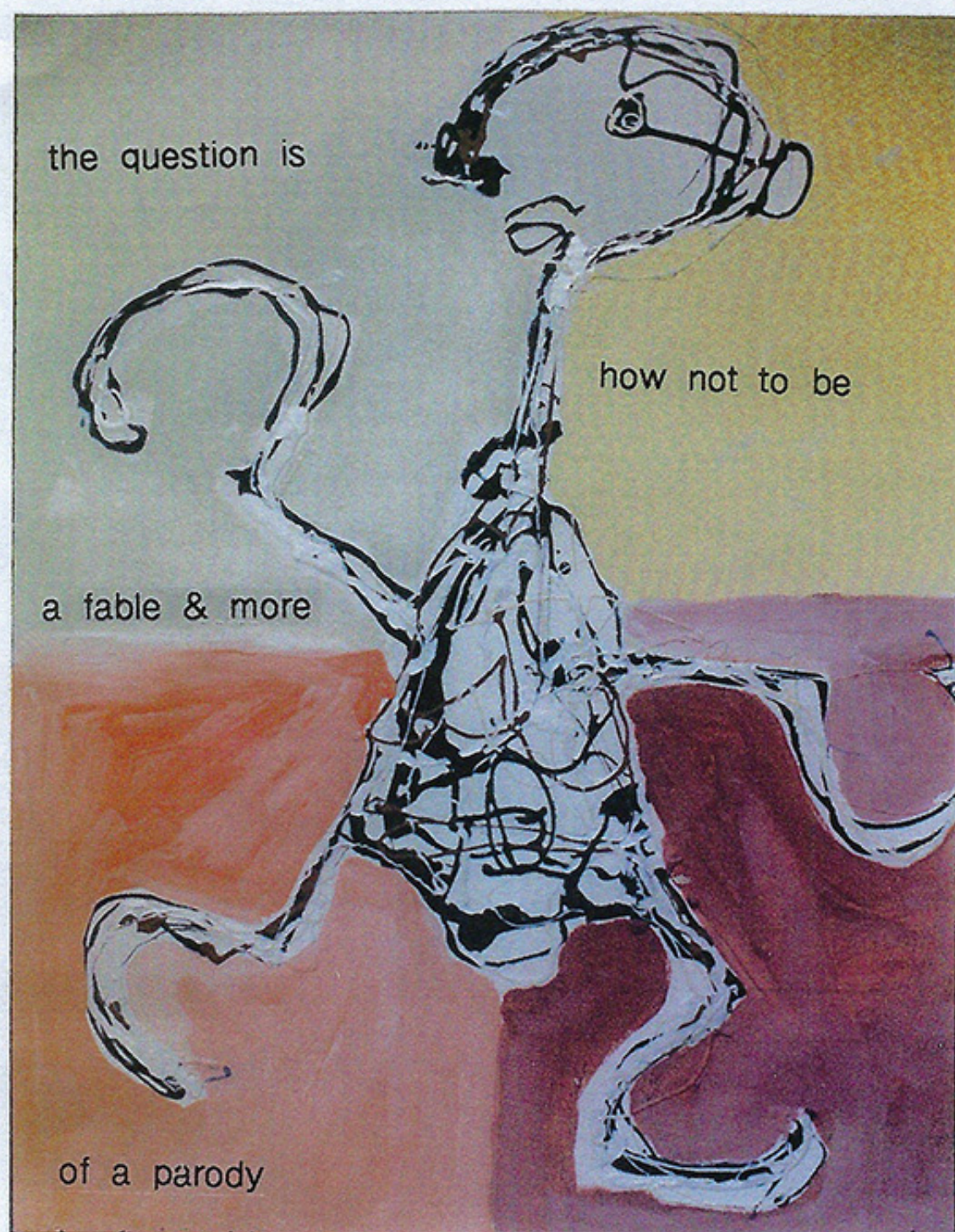
v

natal rope twist regard
to impel dance in a city
with too many rivers

a true cabaret card etched
into slow adjunct night:
new heaven new earth

GUY R. BEINING:
Revolving

revolving



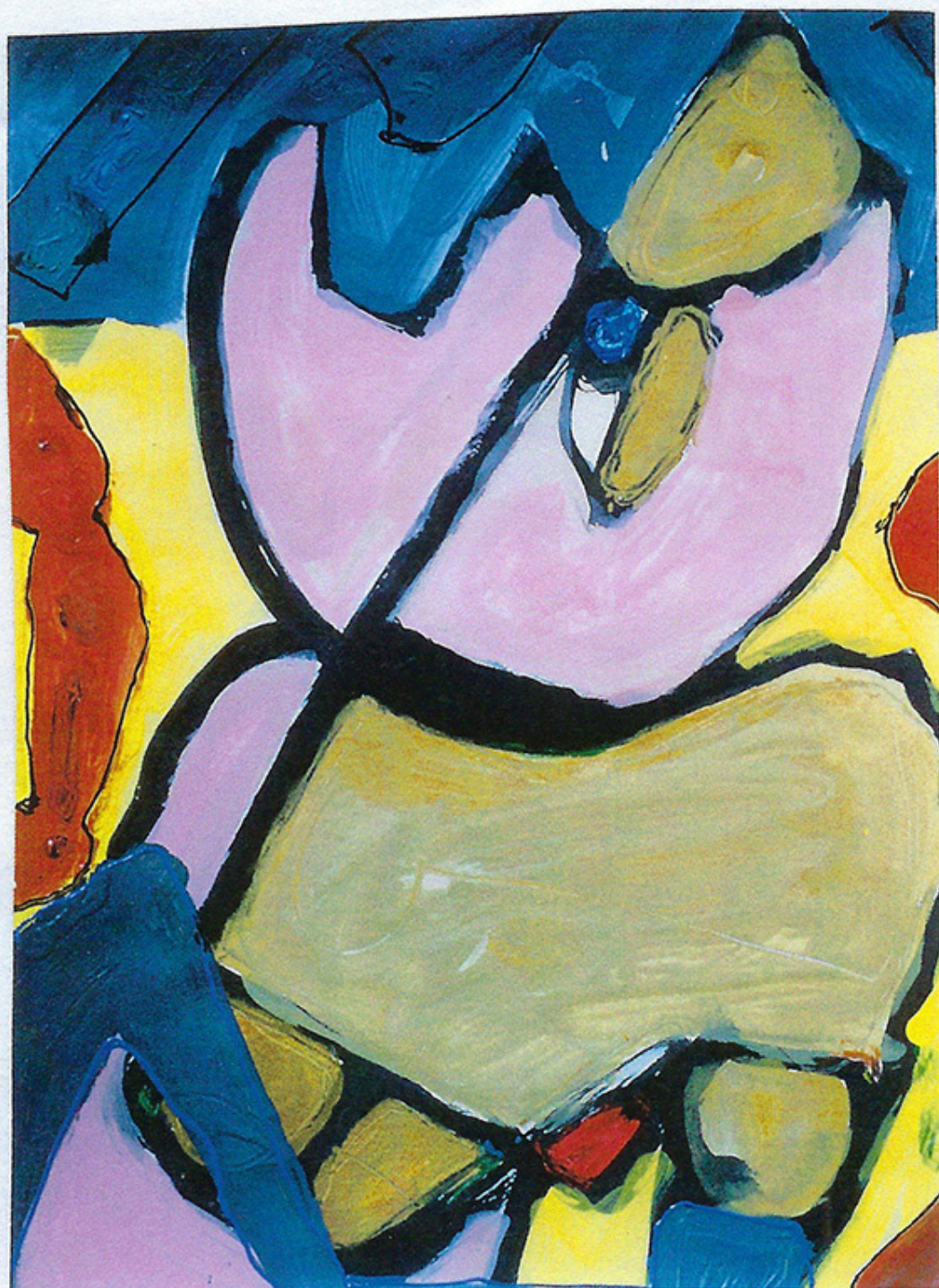
we cannot fake the

rose but the rose can make

us repetitious & quasi sane



1.
woof loth had traveled
the lawn too long
forming a vision which he
tucked under his tongue.
he felt the divide of clover;
the sharp edges of shade
that was brought down by
oak trees that lined the area.
he wanted to kick in
the haiku man's face
like a door & unskrew
the rosy knob of his nose.
he finally settled down
under high yellow sawdust
which stood below the hill.



2.

woof loth tore into a medley
with a strange trot for
he had become vaudevillian
& made a habit of
hiding behind an umbrella
while he danced.
& then he stood with the haiku man
next to a sticky wall.
both their voices strained
in shimmering light.
their teeth moved as quickly
as tap dancers feet.



4.
the haiku man divided his part
as witness to the collapse
of language & so it was with a
slow bit of deconstruction
that he held bits of rosy light
around shrine as he tied up
woof loth into a string of lies.
he could have been a
comic strip blonde, gagged,
tied up & left in
the luggage compartment
of a visual poem.

Minimum



SEP 18 2017

CARINE TOPAL

Flea

He shall wear puce
He shall assume the color of bloodstains on linen.
In French, he shall be flea,
wear swatches of wool.

He pulls from his pocket a mélange of bright fruit.
His hands are feminine and rouged,
therefore the fruit small.
There are textures he'll not touch.

He is assumed to be suffering from consumption.
Bacteria riddle his lungs like rods in chains
lodged deeply in the thorax.

He will emaciate from longing.
He fights nothing but hunger and urges.
Some say he is something they should not be seeing.

He seeks a cure walking east to a mecca of his own making.
He shall not be cured.
He shall cough and invent names for his causes.

His condition is unheard of.
Of his mother, we know nothing.

The Burning of Joan

They came through the high, wet weeds. The thick woods.

They came for the sweat and iron taste of her blood.

Children came carried on their fathers' shoulders;

they came with sharp stones and stinking mouths.

One came to hunt her ash, to view the bright fruit of the pyre.

One clutched his cap to his chest;

a mother came, her small son hiding behind her skirts, asking *who burns?*

But they all came to see

the arrow in her shoulder, the wound in her thigh,

the blaze that would bind her wrists;

came to witness the last glimpse of her skin, came for the soul
of a girl on horseback,

a trio of voices in her head, light pulling light toward her, crossing
towns and rivers to take Paris back

the way god may have parted the sea with his hands,
and freed those who were fleeing on foot.

Who has not felt the despair of being touched by death,
while god looks on doing nothing?

She died clean and whole. Her body released her, no longer
a witch, no longer a soldier,

but a body consumed with visions. She died without the divine
intercession
they expected.

Topal/64

She shouted to no one, *O my chevalier!*

her bared shoulders—scarlet wings—against a palette of
flames

where people stood—those who came—and smelled the stench
of hair

in a tangle of thorns; who took her down to undo her shirt;

who found her heart still moving.

Passing

for Brian

My brother drove dark roads, off-road, squealing across the damp grass. He loved the reckless nights. He should have dropped off the turnpike at dusk. A thousand problems. His sweet blood made injuries hard to heal. With his one good eye, naturally, he crashed from time to time, from twilight into moonlight. His hair, set back, giving the night a shine. And like the moon, he stood behind his mystery, simply turned a corner into a passing field, unable to tell the delicate from the invisible. And disappeared. But that's not how he died. He gave what he could and spun light from music. A ravishing light. What the moon gives. He lived. Then he returned home to undress for bed, discarding his shirt and pants, shoes and socks, as though he were changing a wound.

Pork Pie

With all his mother-fucking friends drunk outside he was the one with the hat who walked in to the lobby. I wanted to move him with my back story. Wanted to know his. Where was he born? Who does he think he is? So I circled him anonymously a slim lit cigarette dangling between my lips muttering proverbs hoping he'd catch on and tell me what I wanted. Fixed on his own heat he moved like vague desire. He was the color of fog. Everything in the room disappeared but the gold signet ring on his pinky. What looked like a diamond twinkled in the center. We were co-wandering in circles when we locked eyes. When I say he was smiling at me, when I say he smiled, I was sure we had a moment. In my movie he was a sweet machine. A hummer, a whistler. I couldn't get close enough as he stirred a fresh drink with his finger looked up at me and licked with the night-gall of a Palomino right there in the Algonquin Hotel. No, I was a sparrow turning over on its wing mimicking the scent of morning nectar a faint scent relegated to my throat and tongue which by now was tied. I was between bliss and embezzlement. Tired. Unable to upright myself. This was going nowhere. Like the plummet of sudden love I fell to my white knees — without the flair to make him stay with false hope clinging to a piece of charisma he was about to leave behind I let him go, laying low in the glimmer of his light.

TIM KAHL

The Day Jimmie Rodgers Was Born

On this day Jimmie Rodgers was born into
an awareness of sound and it left him guessing
which gimmick he would carry down the track to
Pop Music Land, guitar quietly cradling its three chords.

He was the old man as it applied to the new beat
once it had arrived and been carved into vinyl.
But everyone knew that or at least knew the next
big song on the radio was not an appetite suppressant.

Of course, he didn't fit into the new suburb.
A kind of dried and cracked glue there held
everything in place, got on everyone's clothes after
the old books didn't stay open to drown the earth in words.

The party full of people on Prozac didn't sync
with his singing. He knew he'd need to come up
with something better. Something with a little yodel,
hopeful, but not so full of cheer that it terrified the birds.

He shaped his voice into the call of the freight,
the lonesome whistle blues as accompaniment.
Then the long black string of boxcars and the song
. . . *come on death, come on death* . . . playing in his head.

He had come back from the wrong war to sit
and meditate on his dispossession of time and place.
He could no longer famously spin his tunes of the rails.
The dancing women greedily removed his dusty overalls.

Kahl/68

He glimmered beneath the mirror ball's swirling light
as he longed for loved ones in a prairie far away.

He drank his little sips of whiskey, turned to the crowd
and said: *Remember me when I'm in no man's land.*

Pluripotent Connectome

Everyone's heads are connected through a giant web of nerves, and the migraine outbreaks arrive in waves shortly after the eclipse teaches a huge bubble of plasma has started to drift. The five new telescopes measure the light that tangles dark matter into denser clouds and reflects off the dunes of Pluto. Further studies suggest that space is a recluse and exists between neurons so that humans can think of food. They harbor a resentment towards their diets and then the Chicken Little story starts up in them again—over and over, a closed loop that threatens to crash the system. Another reason it crashes is that too many people have learned the secret handshake. They were assured it was safe and all the harmful variants had penetrated other economies. But there were consumer errors, third-party service errors, errors in the reports to investors that imitated the raw data and further screenings were not available. Still, information sifting continued without anyone doing any training. Muscles flexed and arms extended—the same kind of wiring for walking as for pulling back the siphon. These both developed in fish long before they left the sea. The next step, though, is to leave the planet and manage the surplus neutrino event that is agitating all of the earth's volcanoes. Does anyone else have any of these spare memories?

Monster

There is a tale in every tribe of a monstrous birth,
of a disfigurement so great in the mental faculty
that it leads to the madness of an adult grunting
at all the animals. The mad one marries an abstraction
to a cluster of syllables. The mad one is made to model
good and evil among the leaves. In the fall the tribesmen
plan their futures . . . and the acorns contribute to
the picture. The tribesmen's understanding of the world
depends on their interpretation of sequence. They see
the simple repeats as signs of strength in nature,
and the mad one captures all of them in the bright
turbulence of the songs that happen to be invented.

Together they sing the song of the human genome
unraveling. There are so many choruses in the code
of a single person. They live inside unexplained.
They live inside like the memory of a virus
with an odd idea about interior decorating.
So much clutter exists that it is normal for humans
to sing about it. They sing a sequence of car horns
caught in traffic, of clicks and croaks in wetlands,
of the symphony of crickets. The men who come
to measure the song are interested in the outcome.
They are testing the stresses on the tongue without
producing a shred of evidence. They issue their report
in the shape of the hallowed mountain they defend,
in the form of gunshot tribute to the immaculate night.
All over the darkening terrain there is a feeling of
building, a feeling of sinister joy creeping in. They raise
their masks and shine light through them. They predict
common ancestors between branches that emerge
on opposite sides of the trunk, between morphological
variants, between networks of species so different

they cannot breed with each other. Every specimen occupies its own story within *The Origin of Tribes*.

The tribe is not endowed with an exotic shape.

The embryos of political groups are remarkably similar in the early stages of development. In the annals it is described how a group of confused voters resembles a murmuration of bats. However, the coloration is different. All their eggs speckle the north sides of symmetrical branches as though they were moss. If they were insects, they would march down the trunk and swarm into organ that might be said to think. But could it will itself to speak? Could it mold the vocal in the shape of something like song, the long choruses reiterated for the animals to repeat? The cacophony is created via the determination of sequence.

The iterations pile up on the planet, time and tide relax and flex and devise their flow into particles.

They arrive for the tribe as signs hidden deep inside the individual members, little scraps of melody sprinkled about the genome with its segments that appear over and over. No one can predict how these songs will be played in the future.

The tempo gains momentum, then it subsides into murmur, then whisper, then silence—or some variation on this order. The parts are regrouped, reworked, repeated, reassembled to the point where they are coughed up into birth.

The monster emerges into the cold yearning, fixated on all the animal noise. The monster pushes air out of the lungs and sings an anthem to all the chaos that exists between things.

Concerto for Single Reed Coon Squaller

Do any of the children still remember how
the irreverent cello stood on its head to incite
the coons? That fine mist of eighth notes ran up
the trees to spook them and shake them from
their incurious ways, their ingrown knothole dens.
They climbed down with blankets over their heads,
the rings on their tails aglow as though
part of the fashion parade that sportsmen
dare to imagine through the forest in their
camo gear, so filled with purpose.

The hunter gait betrays a dedication to meat
and meditation on the follies of the weather,
the wind jumping through the shadows
like a flash mob of jolly stunt men. Just a hint
of rain, the gray clouds beginning to exfoliate
their precious envelope. The leaves wait
to catch their meaning, click by click on
the back of each one. The sound makes
raccoon parents jittery, simple-minded, unable
to tell the difference between worry and
Be sorry. So the hunters conjure a plan,
thinking *coons are stupid for this*.

It's the bleat of an injured kit. Then it's the call
of a clash between those two old idiots
Gunshow and Taterhead, every coon in
the land itching to join in. They can't help
themselves, except when one profane indicator
signals a shot and miss. Then they dummy up
and hightail it back to the branches.

For those who don't get smarter, it's off
to the skinnin' station and the boil pot
of the hereafter. *But don't you eat that
raccoon fat* the tubas grumble to no one
in particular. And no one does. People rub it

on their boots; they turn it into biodiesel.
They make tallow candles that burn to
the far edge of the night where the hum
of the mind concedes to a hundred whispers.

The Blueness of the Blue

The ratio between resident microbes and human cells (in a human body) is likely to be one-to-one.

— Alison Abbot

No one could see the color blue in ancient times.
Not until woad was made into dye was there a word,
and the word enabled the blueness of the blue.
It arrived after black and white, red, yellow, green—blue
always the last. Color is the loss of innocence; time is
a grant of pause. Power is will awakened by command.
How aware is language that it tames us
category by category? Let us then determine
the measurements for our developing mental space.

We will assay the bacteria on the naked human
carapace, map the molecules they seem to fight over,
name each vivid chemical signature—cosmetic,
pharmaceutical, dinner remnant living on
the skin. They leave a trail of chewed up
metabolites in their wake. The shiny human
chitin gets left behind on everything
it contacts. Its traces live in the garden of emptiness
that no one's ever seen. No verbal episode
haunts the clever performance of the host.

Underneath the water on the cobblestone floors of
the sea near Greece are colonnades that
suggest a city. Divers recognize what they
deem to be pavement. They see leftover temples,
stadiums, parts of castles. They witness other
nameless things. But all these are methane leaks up
from the core that layers of bacteria turn to concrete.
The mind will wrap itself around them,
a kind of language game in which vision is

reprogrammed, and the body will sample
its phlegm again and again, half anthem
of bacteria and half itself beginning
at dawn to see the blueness of the blue.

Sirtuins

There is some risk that free will may no longer wander in the future, and the genome will take over.

It will come to a family in Michigan where cancer must command its consequence in August. It will collect its samples from the refrigerator, the sweeteners and flesh which already carry the first mutations, those silent disasters, to where the horizon has been spliced together.

Daylight strains above the mountain peaks during the late evening of the late summer. It does not resist trouble. It learns to live with insult even when infection plays a large role in how the brain remembers facial expressions, yet mercy may not visit all these broken people on Demerol. Behavior is inherited, but each hallucination is different.

So let us summarize what is being learned from every day's impairment. Does birth order determine the degree of unusual thinking? There's just one overstated hypothesis that says so, but it is off looking for other opportunities. It is still hoping for transcendence despite new evidence that the walls are rotting. The mistakes creep in, and then everyone orders testing.

Systems run down; their maintenance is inevitable. Proteins refuse to fold properly and the yeast, worms, and flies laugh and sing as they ponder their longevity. Will adding red wine to the diet of mice keep their telomeres from fraying? Or should they just be re-introduced to optimism as they age? Memory circulates as long as the tissues retain their fluency.

But pay attention to progress unless the days ahead are already damaged. Ponce de Leon may be holding

on the other line ready with a secret message for you.
All these years and he still wants you to invest in
pharmaceuticals. He says life is dedicated to do no harm.
So cheer up. The repair team is here to fix
the inflammation and steadily slow the circadian clocks.

Dance of the *Rattus Norvegicus*

The dance originates in the saloons
where the ladies are known as tommies.
They shift quickly from foot to foot
like a cattleman agitated by a difficult calf.
The old Mexican couples embrace at
the height of the wild rhythms
drifting through the crickets and car horns
and the stinging remarks of the sea
while the lurid old toad of a fellow
can't seem to break his gaze from the gap
beneath the piccolo player's skirt.

We could hear the soft feet of the rats
behind the walls. They seemed to be
possessed by a higher power as they
tumbled one by one like a circus act
through the drywall holes and onto
the floor. We tried not to step on
their tails. But the man with matted hair
kept charging everyone, trying to herd us
into the shape of a hand grenade.
Or maybe it was a pomegranate.
I just knew my skin hurt
like I'd recently come back to earth
after living a year in space.

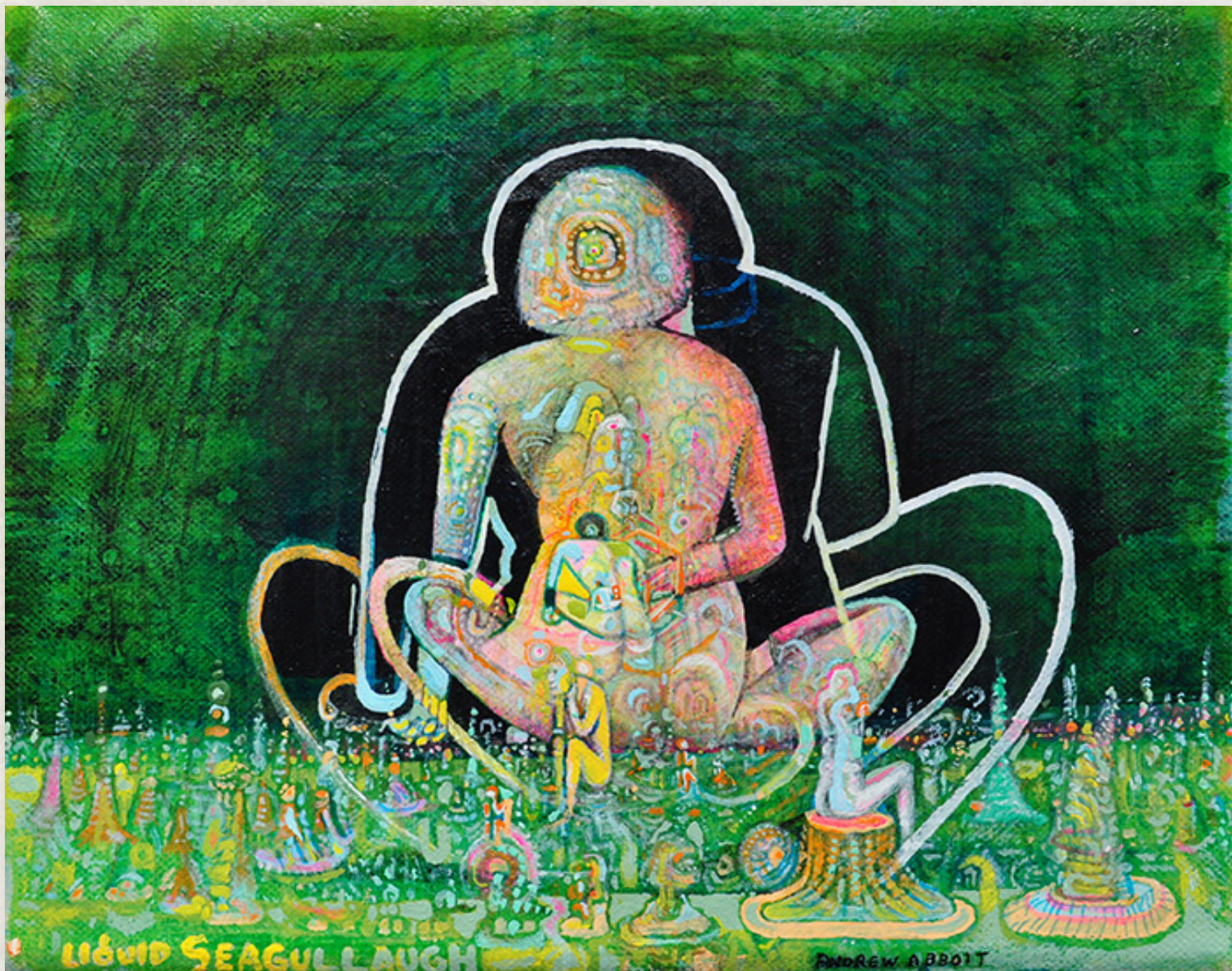
The conductor wore clown shoes
and waved his arms furiously at
all hands on deck of the platform stage.
He seemed to want more from everyone
even the lowly clarinetist with a smashed
headlight for a face. They sailed along
amid the tempos and crescendos,
through the staccato acknowledgments

of our species' endless days, humans
living together, as it were, in the cities,
in the concrete tunnels, in the feeding
stations where a kind of stupid permission was
granted as long as our napkins were in place.

We danced and we ate while the music played.
The rats cozied up to sniff at our fingers
massaging the freshly-baked bread
that soaked up the yellow spillage on
our plates. It was once again time for
the flutes to take up the melody, but
the timpani kept pounding in my head—
telling me it was time to go home.
I saw one rat drawn back, calm amidst
the frenzy, careful, studying each advance in
position like an investor. I took that rat
home with me, hoping I might
finally start my own show.



POTATOES MAKING LOVE by Andrew Abbott



LIQUID SEAGULL LAUGH by Andrew Abbott

JOHN M. BENNETT

clouded bulb

bush mute or ,facial sore inre
lapsant age of dripping in the dark
emergencia de un barco sin rodill
as omnífoco back a meaty head or
freezer closet dim light is
fog sleeping in an alley bananos
destrozados respiran en la
boca de la cuadra a boot b
rushed with blood falls off a
roof LAS ESTRELLAS PIS
ADAS que no me abro que no
me cierro ni encierro ni deabro
por fin ,*ninguneo es* ,laundry
forgotten in a damp memory bank
rush your suit engage your snore

“imbécil funerario k nos acecha”

cycle eats

f ascianated ho g the l ash re
veals its meat high heel y
awn swirling in the chest
your lick doubt's razor
reaches or a wall or a mur
der on the slopes yr runny
suit replied :faces soggy
with their meals ,gummy
nostrils open wind em
bellished hot dish in
the bathroom)nothere a
writhen roll()smeared
notes of conflict history(
ended with a muffled splash

SHEILA E. MURPHY

I Think You Know Where This is Going

Darkness means a pool of missing light.
As recess looms, the dream begins to taste of spritz
those secrets hollowed out of moons
and surfaces that size the waves
of music caught in someone's reflex
like the segment of a line
I think you know where this is going
as the fog begins to follow
how it was Europe our young heart
full of music tinned from cheap flutes
leaving weather at the zero point
in time to show what cabbage means
to children coded out of privacy reflecting
the silk sleep of reason
in the city nicknamed urgency
one huge island stands and whispers chill
along an argument with answers to retract
some of the breathing that churns twelve tones
left beautiful as they were when channeled
near the vacancy signs plucked from ground
when witnesses repeated fragile lapses in recall
as sculptures perished intention
and blame revealed the finish line
projected then ignored
truth often overstays its welcome
kindling lack of interest in the unfamiliar pockets
emptied long ago when blandishments would linger
in the autumn air of Flagstaff where we were

Summer Tryouts

the first few bars I saw
were ruby lines dimensional
along the avenue of clockwork
with a magnet inside vague as cardboard
plosive and redeemed one hears if brethren
limber their recurring calls across pavement
toughened by approach the bench
against one's will and testament
a ritual this storm that shows contentious vertigo
as daylight starts to punctuate the normal distribution
of the sunlight promised on the radio
or some relic of intention

ROB COOK

Asbury Park, Summer 1994

My father and I used to visit here,
Before the Ferris wheels died from weather and heartbreak,
Before the carousels, afraid
Of mystics evicted from the county hospital,
Ran off with the promising light
To the sideshows of New Guinea.

Today I'm here to watch
The shaggy tri-tone bands at the Stone Pony,
The 4pm sun rolling out of the clouds
Like a match burning through sweaty newspaper.

*No break in the heat . . . tallying pink flamingo cinder blocks
All summer just to keep the guts of the hotels from falling—*

The boardwalk prays under its ton of nails,
Its splinters and schizophrenics talking
To trilafo barkers outside the locked Howard Johnson's.

I unwrap a piece of saltwater from my pocket.

When I walk out onto the sand
Two time-stranded children tell the air that they're digging
for submarines
Buried at the end of World War II—

Their hands pause long enough
To watch a fishing vessel vanish over the horizon,

And after their suspicions fade,
They resume digging as if the sand, too, might end.

I don't ask how many rooms
They'll keep in their jackets tonight.
I don't even ask which medicine bottle
They planted their parents in,
Or which world is the wrong world.

The older child steps on a dried-out crab
And the sky flinches in the window of a car
Passing south to Ocean Grove.

"I mix my own thorazine at 7-Eleven," he says,
grinning like a balloon losing its air.

Unfinished behind us, the shivering Tropicana
That tucks the two boys in at night
Casts its long iron shadows over the Atlantic
Leaking from the flanks of the thorazine life boats.

Alone with the Warnings Between Us

In our sheet-thin apartment
you strip down to the food our bed recognizes.
Now is not a time for the eyes
and what they remember: the laughter that moves
behind our framed portraits
of Civil War generals and yachting deserts,
and the mesa beneath the microwave
where the roaches pass in dark-smelling masses.

You say your eyes are the only beings that remember me.

One of us will get arrested for the water
we use, the clothes we wear, the smells we leave,
the fat we've added to the mirror.

The outer brain you keep checking
sobs its advertisements for diabetes
and pharmaceutical tans, the only source
of heat after summer dims out to sea.

"The light trapped in our skin
can't be trusted," you say, weakened
from the metabolic blasts that don't belong to you.

I ask what we'll do when our one window
runs out of fire escape steps and a believable city.
Like everything else, it seems little more
than a flickering animal that searches its body
for the repeated blows of drizzle that make it tired enough to stay.

Deportation Zone

The stunted condominiums crowd the hills
and reproduce like children that sooner or later
no one will be able to use. Market the unformed sons
and daughters then, and let them water the baby condominiums
grazing the low lying field. Send out the child with the Atari prefrontal
slab
and a country dangling from her neck to prune the redundant
shrubbery
and guide the baby houses, with a leash, one at a time, like real
animals,
into the barn where they hide from the bigger houses at night.



DARK BLUE TRACES—MATERIAL PRESENCE
by Alexander Limarev, 2018, photograph



NEON PINK TRACES—MATERIAL PRESENCE
by Alexander Limarev, 2018, photograph



ETHER—SUBTLE VARIATIONS (PART I)
by Alexander Limarev, 2018, photograph

IVAN ARGÜELLES

La Sierra Madre

soy el abuelo de mi abuelo !

Xicotenga ! Tlascala ! snows of noon !
how little light is left to us though sun
blazes its fierce weaponry on our heads
slavery of the left hand borrowed from
the caciques of heaven's borderlands
upcountry followed by language shamans
tonguing curses the entire embroidery
of mountain and *selva oscura* the dense
thought-work that rusts the soul's
artillery for what is there to submit
unless to the following day of jungle
translations of the right hand's sainthood
the true religion of blood and defiles
stone idol representing the wheel of day
two hundred thousand hearts torn
from the mortal labyrinth and daily !
afternoon and breath in its intricate net
sweat like heavy gold waste dripping
off the Hispanic brow and the repeated
icons of Arabic etymologies if only
the sea left behind in all its false porphyry
our ships ! how many committed
their ballast to a Neptune already dead
the fierce and incongruous dream
of pyramids capped with ingots of ice
more precious than fever or madness
fountains rushing like Greek myths
or sewers flooding with masks by the hour

alcantarillas ! slashing the guerrilla
underbrush with Marxist rhetoric
lying in ambush with musket and sable
will there ever be an end to Virtue ?
turning horses into swart deities
to be worshipped in columns of steam
trails of metallic longing and dust
white and chokingly thick the streets
of dreamland on either side the temples
Avenida Insurgentes ! oxidized air of Tenochtitlan !
achiote and pimienta and salvage
brooding likeness of Chac Mool
raindrops distilled like whiskey
draining from empty eye sockets
confirmation of the Catholic and empty !
how many centuries will it take
evening to diminish the lottery of time
playing dominos or alcoholic parlor tricks
with brutalized cupboards of Faith
each of us now and then a film
projected by childhoods of moon-dusk
lying on our back on future lawns
hard by Chapultepec Castle and a traffic
of taxis the din of firearms echoing
through Trotsky's puzzled brain
histories collapsed like a thin mint
even as night's riddled canopy descends
over Xochimilco raining dark stars
on the flowering beards of conquistadores
insane European hoodlums looting
the sierra's lost gold fillings
Xicotenga ! Tlascala !

Ruminating

back in the spring of 1962
four hundred thousand years ago
in the Pleistocene era when I was
but a lad starting to work in the Bindery
of the Columbia University Library
when everything was black and white
on the television screen and
optimism was the fruit of the air
what did I know of the passage of time
there were woolly mammoths and
transistor radios and WABC
wobbly airwaves on Riverside Drive
the upper West Side hopping with crazy
Pepper Ricans and funeral parlors galore
dingy apartment lobbies and stone age masons
carving statues of futile Kennedys
out of embalmed and tepid April sky
what was front if not back in restaurants
run by aphonic Hungarian illegals
and Greek myth was vibrant in the subways
where washerwomen were careful not to
shove their wet mops on me
as I lay face down ruminating on the
marble runways of heaven and its totally
inaccessible portals to the indecipherable
who was to say time was any less baffling
than it is today now that we have left
the Neolithic and embarked on big history
with the Sumerian undertakers
large as the Lion of Judah roaring
in the back brain's puzzled garden
the unkempt and undeliverable vowels
that comprise the secret name of God
like a book to be read backwards

sitting for hours on the rock of the Unholy
counting the by now legendary deaths
of all we ever truly loved and the grass
springing from the firmament with secret code
and the green of cruelty and immersion
was love ever more unlikely and forbidden ?
touch nothing of the hours
spin the dial of an invisible prayer wheel
grief and the momentum of the archaic
revving up the speed of technological progress
yet does nothing to reverse the harp of time
the ringing swaying chords of wind
the total and longing and desolation
wherever the foot turns to walk
the mind imbued with the immensity
of the nothing of the tiny spectacle
of the at last inconceivable corpse
the thing in itself inexplicable and great
as if floating all the way back to 1962
and even before that in the epoch just after
the Flood and the dinosaurs and trilobites
pasturing on the wreck of time
before consciousness entered the already
evaporating universe

MARK YOUNG

infantile spasms

The rock n roll band
is practicing dogface
chic. I'm staring at
your shoes, trying to
read a hot used looms
sales list put out by
the Veterans of The
Spanish War. You tell
me conditions for cross-
country skiing are
great. I ask if there's
another life available.

Pseudo-random integers

If justice will not maintain
us, then turn to old-growth
forest remnants. Feel the
difference. Get the bug
to experiment. Discover that
standup comedy in Hartford,
Connecticut, was murdered
specifically to push the story

arc of two male characters.
Children may resist adult
authority at times, but they
usually yield a great rental
return. I've never played a
video game I understood.

Young/99

The competition is heating up

Students provided with low-cost magnetics designs rather than kiss-my-ass declarations of independence will feel much more at home exploring the permutations of the digital data world than treading a narrow medieval stone-paved street

in Medina. The collected works of Rabindranath Tagore have been analyzed & now search the world for a list of hidden objects. Activating the lats in this manner lifts the spine.

D. E. STEWARD

Ungrammable

The cold medium where the ice crystals of the high cirrus hang

In the Mountain West sometimes “closed” signs read “shut”

And three hundred dollar spike heels and Hugo Boss probably don’t
sell well between the Susquehanna and the Sierras

Except in Chicago, Denver and metro Texas and Arizona

Having to do with pocketed localisms in our absenteeism online world
in which most things germane to most lives are grammable

Online all the time in everywhere with human experience blanding
out in that scary bleeding away of presence

Into the gleam grinning vacuous

Endless selfies of plucked and dyed interchangeables

Provide automatic weapons and everybody develops a jihad

Bon courage

“Cool” is pretty much the present equivalent of the twentieth-
century’s “swell”

Would walk the pristine white dunes, high and sizzling at their edges
in the Western Cape’s wind and hear the eerie clink, clink of a
blacksmith plover down on the flats

It was like the summer shade tree serenity of Old Lyme

New England's white clapboard and broad lawns

And Congregational Churches

And the blocky sugar maples, those monumental old rock maples,
bark plated and furrowed

The soaring red oaks standing almost as to the side

“Breathing in dream-rhythm” (Les Murray)

Jupiter still well up through the star-fade dawn

No sunrise will ever be exactly like any other again

Hold this sightline for the minutes until the disc lifts clear

Long minutes past the brightening sky's dimming of the stars and
planets

No reason at anytime anywhere not to meet the dawn

“the creative fact; the fertile fact; the fact that suggests and engenders”
(Virginia Woolf)

Her Roman nose, long neck and chestnut hair, open brow, intense
Iberian face

She ensorcells

“Once again Eros looks at me languidly from under sultry eyelids
and with his various charms tosses me into the boundless net of
Aphrodite” (Ibycus, 6th Century BC Magna Graecia poet)

The movida rush from magnificent women

“My husband’s not interested in anything unless you need to put gas in it”

He has an Arno Breker face and mien

Breker fatally obscure since the 1940s, he was Hitler’s favored sculptor

A raven wheels and beats away over a development cluster in New Jersey, their range is spreading, they even turn up in the five boroughs now

The appearance of ravens, their presence, used to bode the onset of the derelict

Takfir is the tenet that any Muslim failing to follow correct religious practice is a non-believer and deserves to die

Dispensationalism

“The open sea is fished down to two percent of what it once was”
(E. O. Wilson)

And the glaciers melt

“Active shooter”

“School in lockdown”

“SWAT”

“Shooter now deceased”

The Cherokee’s Trail of Tears, the Underground Railroad and the post-slavery Chicken Bone Express, the Dust Bowl’s US 66 to

California, the South's retiree interstates with dope and guns moving in the other direction

Philip Larkin's father was a British Nazi and it figures

"death's insect whiteness" (Adrienne Rich)

Greenland sharks, *Somniosus microcephalus*, can live four hundred years, ocean quahogs, *arctica islandica*, for five hundred

Bare dull boring blank disinterest in obdurate ignorance—anomie

Bush II, the open-handed plainsman, Bowie knife in his boot top, peeved and dangerous when he tells the others how to be when they keep being other

Israel's *Schrecklichkeit* pre-Obama 2009 Gaza War with the professed aim of neutralizing Hamas rockets

Pulled off in January 2009 in Bush II's last couple of weeks in office just before Obama

Effected in the manner of Germany's 1940 terror-tactic destruction of Rotterdam

Thirteen hundred Palestinians were killed including large numbers of children and other noncombatants

Involving destruction of forty percent of Gaza's homes and almost all of its crops

With Gaza deprived of water, food and medicine during the blockade that further radicalized its million and a half people

Thousands and thousands of shooters and suicide bombers

Whoever each one is in the particular, they are the deepest mystery, more enigmatic than every concentration camp guard's and Gestapo and SS stark brutality

The mass doom of German dominance of 1940s Europe was explicit with obedience to authority, martial traditions, racial exclusivity, and a penchant for ideological totalities, directly imposed upon almost the whole continent, Protestant, Catholic, individual nationalities and Jewish alike

"... John Calvin, unforgiver // in your Taliban hat" (Les Murray)

Marc Bloch the author of *The Historian's Craft* was arrested by the Vichy police in Lyon then turned over to the Germans and executed in mid-June with over two dozen others at night along the Saone ten days after D-Day

Machine-gunned in the infamous Roussille meadow witnessed by early summer fireflies and two prisoners who survived

Similarly in Kwangju in 1980

Perry Anderson deems the US's version of Tianaman Square as the May 1980 Kwangju Massacre

"...the sound of the running sheep calling / to the evening from the darkening hill / what they are calling as they run is Wait / what each one of them is calling is Wait" (Merwin)

There are the places never able to visit again from dearth of strength and resilience

Like hiking above the Berner Oberland approaching four thousand meters on the Concordia Platz

And there are those locales lost to time and change, like the bunkers and fortified positions redeveloped now as part of Seoul's northern

suburbs

And the islands and coastal inlets visited as crew on blue-water
sailboats

And probably difficult to make it again into the backcountry of the
Mato Grasso and the reaches of the Canadian Arctic

Or back to the northern Seward Peninsula or Chukotka

The planet's surface distances are so immense

Their distinctions and uniqueness so remarkable

All absolutely ungrammable

Agape at the nature of it all

Time chain's particulars

Perspective farther on ever more relative

And awarenenses, like every sunrise, never the same

But evocations of the best are universal and consistent

Once more to Stellenbosch's Dorp Street and to Quito's Plaza de San
Francisco

And everywhere, each morning's lift and carry

"In the morning we think differently than in the evening. When I
come to a difficulty, I wait until tomorrow. I can wait as an insect can
wait." (Igor Stravinsky)



RETURN by Marilyn Rosenberg, 2018

MARK DUCHARME

Stammer

My immunity to Rilke makes neon obligatory
To standoffish weird sisters rocking
Though the hoops are foreign with trade school regalia
& I come to fidget, not to dither

When I carpool at all, which is all bound up in
The homonyms for tone arms which make me skittish
As registered plaster
Though I'll not likely be back here until sundown

When the balalaikas are returned to the parking garages
& We stammer like schoolboys who've just dissected a bug
In realtime amphitheaters of the starkness that harkens
To our betweens. But who are we anyway?

Perhaps ancient shadows on a modern joyride
Or perhaps just some replica of the hills that were starting to mean
Home to insomniacs when we can't look back
Or spill our guts in an emergency, remembering what we've become

Rustic Soirée

Who dreamed all the meaning
From the textures of vowels
Which harden into silence?

If you can't sing it
You can't picture it
& Your cheekbones will shatter
While the new moon rises

Eons ago there were yellow birds
Birds with crimson pelts
Birds who looked like your Aunt Lucy
Birds who'd gather about the house at night

If there is no ennui there is no innuendo
Can't you see that I mean it, Janet?

If you have clocks, bring them
& We shall gather the souls
Of field mice, while ancient
Sad-eyed owls look on

Premature Vividness

The rain, the coldness of
Lying on the street, with blossoms
In turmoil in your ear
 While a lazy trumpeter bleeds
In warm revulsion. Then

A look forestalls all blurting
& The bungalows ramp up
In size & style before we can
Even force a question:

*What becomes of the unpopular
Before it flips?*

 I wanted to know
The outcome so fiercely, I sneezed
On the verandahs
& Straddled the peculiar
 Sense that brightness feels

It feels like boxes being tossed
On plexiglass roughage

Now the rain slips out of its cabinet
& The angle of the light is tragic

Day has so much more to hide
 In its tender reprisals
 In its bumpkin leitmotifs

Which merge into the light
At the speed that dreams roll past

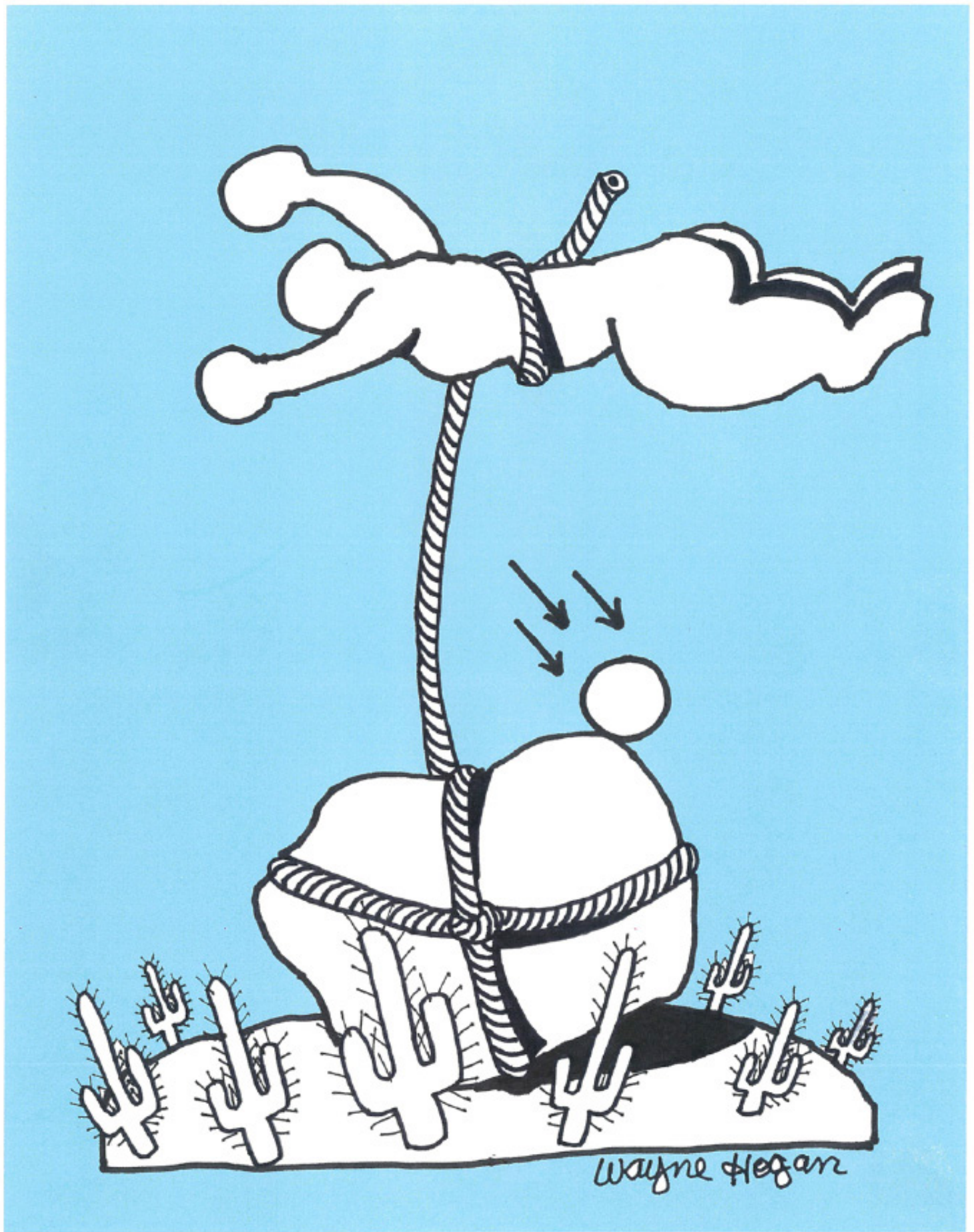
DIETER WESLOWSKI

Las Cruces Installation

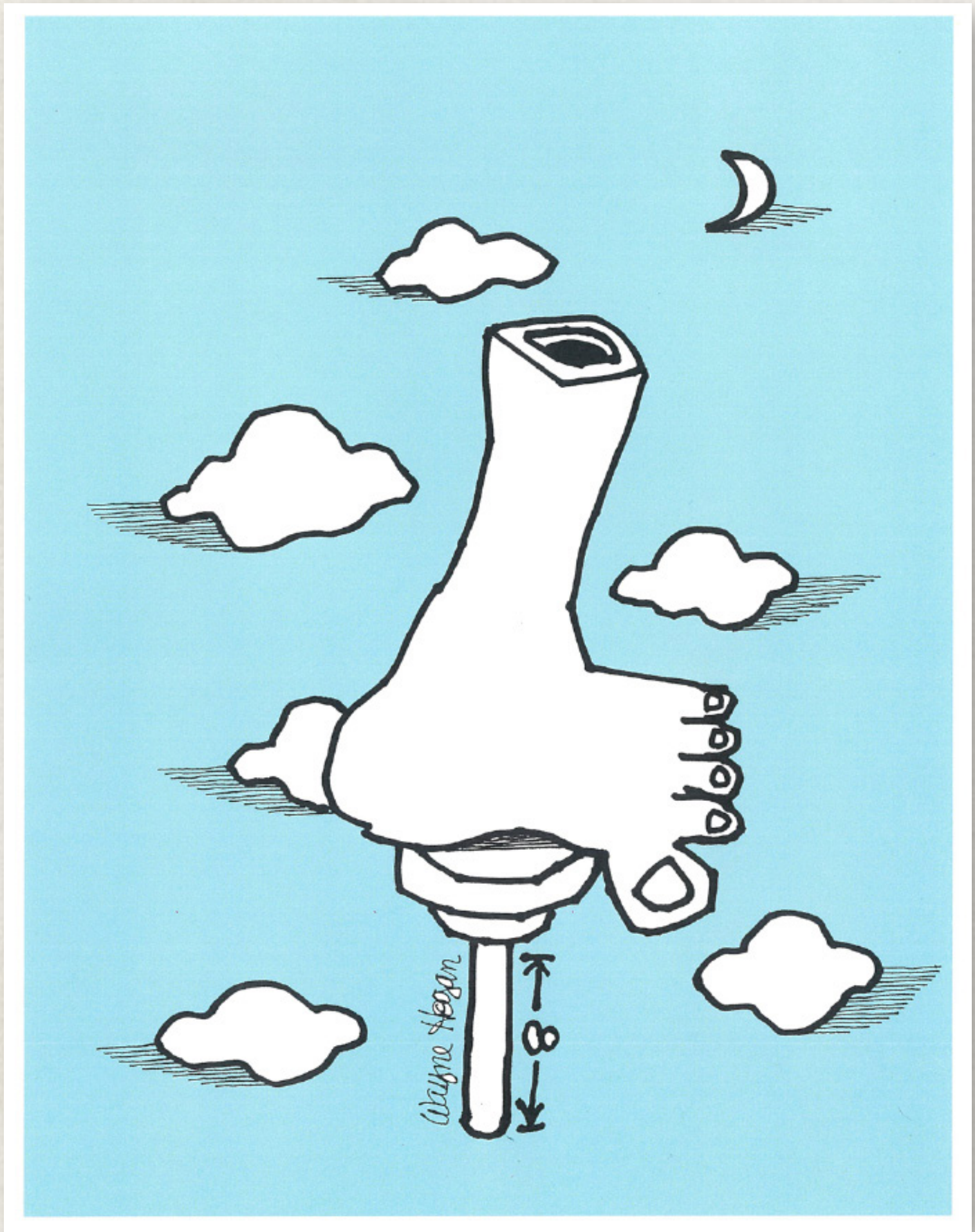
Shrivels of
belladonna leaves in a pile between
two jars of blue rock salt, then
at a sharp right angle a clock stopped
and exact on a black five.

Lights out, Odessa fades in
all grainy. Slow pan
to a back yard, wind kicking
up as a tumbleweed
enters the frame

and tumbles, keeps
tumbling until it snags
on a three foot statue of
the Blessed Virgin whose hands
someone has hammered off.



UNTITLED by Wayne Hogan



UNTITLED by Wayne Hogan

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

GEORGE KALAMARAS:

Sparrow Secretions from the Right Ear:

The Prosody of Charles Mingus and the Mother Tongue of the World

So, I'm remembering a dream of a dream. An imagined unearthed recording of the voice of Henry David Thoreau as he pisses outside his midnight cabin into dropwort bearing tiny white flowers: *This is the hamstring pull of sycamore leaves falling face-first into yet another autumn*, he says again and again, as if a yogic mantra.

*

Pantheism is another word for love.

*

In other words, Charles Mingus said, *I am three*.

*

What pattern of dexterity that great whale of a man thrummed on his bass—even those nights he got angry and threw chairs at the Village Gate, first at Dolphy for that one false note, then at a hallucination of Henri Michaux—himself hallucinating on LSD and believing that a whale had entered his body, breaking the Milky Way into each of the Seven Oceans, entering seven unknown inflections for the word, *Surréalisme*.

*

The wind seems to say that prosody only happens when tears fall.

*

There's a man in Indiana, grieving the passing of his mother, yet circumambulating a hackberry tree as if it were the center of the world.

The only rhythm is the umbilical cord tying us to the swampy dark of the woods, he says. Hound-dog beautiful. Hound-dog my heart.

*

For the price of a couple of beers, Larry said, I could see Mingus up close at the Five Spot.

*

Five times five equals twenty-four grains of salt. And one imagined mouth.

*

The wind seems to say that tears happen only when prosody fails.

*

Let me read it again: Bachofen's *Myth, Religion, and Mother Right*.

*

It's like breathing the wind, he thought. Like wind breathing wind breathing wind. He had dedicated the song to black Americans imprisoned behind electric barbed wire in the South. He had heard about it from his saxophonist and bass clarinetist, Eric Dolphy. They don't have ovens and gas faucets in this country yet. But they have electric fences. So I wrote a prayer about some wire cutters. I wrote a prayer we'd find some scissors and get out!

*

I mean, who in their right mind asks their therapist to write liner notes for their new lp?

And who titles it, *The Black Saint and the Sinner Lady*?

*

Henry David Thoreau once said, *Help me bake bread, and I will give you the world.*

*

Okay, I freely admit it. I am obsessed with hound dogs. With the music of their mouths. The prosody of their step. Poetry pure as their woods. The way they wag a tail or lick a hand and become the world.

*

Mingus put it this way: *All the Things You Could Be by Now if Sigmund Freud's Wife Was Your Mother.*

*

Walk with me during this period of grief. Circumambulate a star. Tell me the hackberry is seven incarnations out there in front of us. Prodding us on.

*

There's a reason, yogis say, that mantra *diksha* is always given in the right ear.

*

Like the sound of birds biting back the ossicles of the ear. Stain of the world on the morning pillowcase, when what fills us spills out when we least respect it.

*

The sleepers are very beautiful as they lie unclothed, wrote Whitman. Even as he remembered sleeping all those years in the same bed with his idiot brother. Especially so.

*

For the price of a couple of beers, Larry repeated, remembering the sound of chairs snapping like the bones of the world reshaped into the pouring of the bow over the stringed waters of the bass.

*

Oh, Charles. Oh, hound-dogsnout. Oh, my mother's beautiful molecules merging with the Milky Way!

*

The voice I hear in my poems, said William Stafford, *is the voice of my mother, and not the voice of T.S. Eliot.*

*

OM, Belovèd. OM, Belovèd. OM, Belovèd. OM.

SHEILA E. MURPHY:

Rain overstays its welcome even amid ubiquitous sunlight.

MARK DUCHARME:

"Ages Hence?": On Democracy, Literacy & Poetry

"Records ages hence"—that very phrase of Whitman's expresses an optimism regarding poetry's future & reception. But in our time, the informed poet, writer or scholar might well decide there is reason to hold such optimism at bay. On the one hand, we live in a country that increasingly produces barely literate or even illiterate high school graduates; there was a recent lawsuit in Michigan, my home state, brought by such students, in which a judge ruled that literacy is not an essential right. Indeed, one need not look far to see that reading, writing, & knowledge (in stark contrast to *information*) are not valued. On the other hand, whatever literacy's fate, the planet itself may soon reach a point beyond which human life (thus human culture, knowledge, et al.) is simply unsustainable. And, of course, irrespective of all that, democracy itself now is endangered.

These issues are not unrelated. The far-right & neoliberals consider education a threat, to the extent it instills independent critical thinking. And the only way to halt decades, even centuries, where the arc has been toward progress, however painfully, unbearably slowly—and such would seem the only coherent goal of the contemporary far right—would be to end history itself. That would be the fabled "end times," in evangelical-speak.

Yet despite this gloomy vision of a kind of latter-day 'dark age,' one might remember that poetry somehow survived centuries of human history with widespread illiteracy. Democracy, I think, is more directly at stake now—for with mass ignorance, democracy is pretty much meaningless. And our course is listing toward mass ignorance as surely as the *Pequod's* toward its fated encounter with the Whale. Unless, that is, we do something.

Poets have often aspired toward political agency, though have not often succeeded. Percy Bysshe Shelley famously wrote that "[p]oets are the

unacknowledged legislators of the world,” a formulation which George Oppen flipped as “legislators// of the unacknowledged// world.” Poetry itself would seem an “unacknowledged world.” It is a world that includes the world of ideas (not the other way round), which we are trying to protect and nourish.

Poets are ecologists of language. We tend to it, renew it, foster its development & evolution, while attempting to preserve its deep roots & resonances, its vital past. Charles Olson suggested the notion of “a Curriculum of the Soul.” This phrase comes from a page he typed all over & slantwise—suggesting not discrete ‘fields’ of thought but a *body* of interrelated (thus, integral) knowledge & learning. This is a radically different vision of knowledge, learning & literacy than the one that rules, demonizes & bores our students. There is no “Soul,” in other words, in the failing pedagogy of standardized testing—nor is there meaningful academic freedom.

I wish more poets were directly involved in the time-consuming yet rewarding task of teaching English composition, whether at the high school, community college, college or university level. I won’t lie—it’s a chore. But it is a necessary one, for reasons suggested above, toward the continuation of poetry, culture & democracy as we know them—so long as the planet holds out, anyway.

IVAN ARGÜELLES:

So what’s new in the Bitter States of Armorica? Detention camps for kids under 5 and separated from Mom and Dad. That’s cool and highly desirable now that we have opted out of the UN Human Rights Commission, calling that a cesspool. Can we go much further down the Primrose Path into Brave New World? 117 degrees yesterday at the Van Nuys Airport despite fervent denials of global warming. Catch a black girl selling bottled water without a license and put her so far back into a jail cell they have to pump air into it, as Bo Diddly would put it. Just a few examples from the fake news media about what’s happening here under our very noses. Calamities, hurricanes, more refugees than World War II, let ’em drown in the middle of the glassy Mediterranean Sea,

beloved of Homer, bewitched by Calypso. We're back to the early 19th century when the concept of the sovereign and fiercely independent Nation State was the big deal. Borders, frontiers, racial purity, cultural supremacy of the colonizing Christian West. Is it possible the barely 40 percent of this country that supports our Putin-backed President are having total sway as to our cultural and social mentality? Decency and morality out the window! Bad mouth whomever you want, as long as the profits keep flowing upward through a very thin funnel to the top one per cent. Reverse ecologically sound policies in favor of Big Oil companies; put the coal miners back underground. Vulgarity, Bad Faith, Lying, Cheating, Selfishness and Megalomania, making Armórica Grate again against the world order, against all attempts to maintain peace anywhere, somewhere. Buddy up to Netanyahu, steal more land from the Palestinians, remain silent as the Russia supports the Syria in perpetuating the worst refugee crisis ever. Turn our back on the European Community and mock the Canada while we're at it. How good can it get? It's all for profit, for the enrichment of the very fewest. Let's have a batch of that poisoned cool aid that wiped out Jonestown! Let's ignore the rampant and growing poverty infesting the backwaters of this stolen land, like Lowndes County Alabama where the whites have clean toilets that flush, while the sewers overflow the yards of the black other half. Finally let's not forget what this country is built on: Genocide and forced Slavery. White makes Right! Take a knee to the Flag! I remember when my immigrant father, a very proud Mexican, became a citizen of this country, the look on his face was that of someone who was surrendering something very precious.

DIETER WESLOWSKI:

On a recent trip to Cajamarca, Peru, I was struck by something that has struck me more than a few times before, and that is, that I am a complete marveler before nature. Even as a child, I ran to nature for the kind of solace I could not find in the human. Maybe I was an odd child and certainly there could be made a case to support such a claim. However, the intensity in which I experienced nature was tantamount to "religious rapture," but religion had nothing to do with it. My thoughts never turned to a dubious deity whose behavior was all too human

and had a vicious streak when crushing the blood out of his human creations, like a peevish child who crushes juice out of a cherry. No, in nature I always feel the nerve-endings of aliveness itself. Imagine, this blink wonder-ous and awe-ful as it is, is also all we have. All. When I held the notion of a deity, I couldn't understand all the killing—all that eat or be eaten stuff. Once the idea of a deity gave way to reason, I no longer fretted over a deity whose singular lack of imagination led to the death of all living things, including myself. Just the way things are here on this cosmic dot—Earth. But back to Cajamarca, the Banos del Inca at Pachacutec, the red callas along Petateros, gua-gua ready for the Day of the Dead, the magueys in their metallic blue blooming from gold and sanguine cliffs, The orange lichenized stones of las Ventanillas de Otuzco, the Bosque de Piedras de los Sapitos where stones leap over each other like frogs, volcanic towers jutting into the deep blue of Magdalena's sky—these are but a few samples of nature's paradises right here; as such, that expulsion from Paradise in the book of Genesis is just a mean-spirited story to explain why humans die. We die because that is the nature of all living things on this planet. So, I hope there are other terrestrials who have had similar experiences. I have no desire to walk around on those unhinged planks of sky deities. In short, I was terra-fied long before I realized my utter consumption by nature. Yahoo, for all that sled-riding down through my father's apple orchard in Winter.

SUSAN K. ANDERSON:

Whispering Dunes

Kimbal Kash finally finished lugging her suitcase down the wooden stairs at the top of the dunes and into the manor house proper. Famished from her long journey, she desperately wanted to freshen up before luncheon was served on the veranda and where she would meet her new employer, Mr. Jacob Mottingly, owner of Mottingly Corporation.

Not bad, not bad, she mused, *spending the summer organizing the family library and historical archives for the richest family on the island of Kirk, a place she had never heard of until two weeks ago*, she thought, pensive yet anxiously wanting to make a good impression on the handsome bachelor, who

was striding toward her now with two glasses in hand, ice cubes clinking together in a pleasing way. He was like any man she had seen before but he had a large tree growing out of one shoulder, causing him to lean to one side ever so slightly.

“Do you care for an aperitif before the rest of the team arrives, Miss, um...?”

“Just call me Kim.” Kimbal said in a friendly way. She smiled slightly and held out her hand to grasp the cold glass, her knuckles accidentally brushing his shapely hand.

A clear liquid shot with tiny bubbles dancing up from a beveled rim greeted her nose.

“Er, is this champagne?” she asked in what she hoped was a humble-sounding voice.

He cocked one eyebrow. His steely gaze seemed to rip apart what semblance of normalcy she attempted to salvage in accepting the beverage. It now felt as if she were holding a bowling ball and walking a plank on a pirate ship while blindfolded. There were sharks swimming in the waters quite nearby, all wearing the initials J.M. on their polo shirts.

“This is only the finest mineral water on the planet, our families’ company brand. None other than Aqua Royale.” he smirked.

MARK YOUNG:

Monk’s unity

“Everyone wanted him to answer, to give some type of definition between classical music and jazz ... So he says, *Two is one*, and that stopped the whole room. No one else said anything else.”

JAX NTP:

dear patron saint of unsung effigy,

the intimacy of inhaling your cigarette smoke

is destruction of body accelerated in slow motion

what is life without the occasional surrender to impulse

orange sodium street lights and hungry wandering rats

“mottainai” is Japanese for the sense of regret if *anything* is wasted

nothing like a little honesty to diffuse difficult situations
what is there left to say but “hi, whoops, i love you”

ROB COOK:

MSN HEADLINES: THE DEATH OF SURREALISM, OR I AM
A KOALA-AMERICAN AND IF YOU DENY THIS, I WILL CALL
YOU OUT ON ALL MEDIA

Iran Ballistic Missile Test Turns Out to be Fake

Amid Crisis in Puerto Rico, Trump Cites Island's “Massive Debt”

“The Voice” premiere. Who is in it to win it?

“Big Bang” recap: Did Sheldon put a ring on it?

Here's How Kevin Can Wait addressed Donna's death

Anthony Weiner's prison sentence could have been worse

Principal, athletic director out after investigation into forced splits

Trump begins the morning by slamming the NFL

North Korea: Trump Worse than Hitler, Will Kill Mankind

Shouts, tension, as white nationalist makes Fla. speech

North Korea vows to unleash “unimaginable” nuclear strike on US.

Jonah Hill looks slimmer than ever

As people flee, Puerto Rico faces demographic disaster

Trump gives himself a “10” on Puerto Rico

Stefani, Shelton want baby, sources say

Ex-CIA chief: Aides may need to talk Trump out of war

The genius grocery tip that helped Desiree drop 140 lbs.

Inside Dance Moms' Abby Lee Miller's life in prison

The dark side of your \$5 footlong

Report: defected N. Korean nuke scientist commits suicide after forced
to return

Amanda Bynes is planning a comeback

It's cold outside. Cue the Trump global warming tweet.

#MeToo proven to be the avalanche that crushed the camel to nothing

Luke Bryan slammed for wife's Christmas gift

Why this school keeps kids outside even when it's subfreezing

Even sharks freezing to death as winter rages through US

The two nasty habits Markle wants to kick

FIRST ROUND OF DEMS SHIPPED OFF TO DETENTION CAMP

WHERE THEY WILL TRY TO FIGURE OUT
WHICH GENDER GROUP THEY BELONG TO

Lindsay Lohan bitten by a snake

Trump insists he's a "stable genius" amid questions about fitness

Vonn looks like a superhero in new speed suit

DEMS EATEN ALIVE BY LIONS WHILE THEY ARGUE ABOUT THE PHRASE

"GROW A PAIR"

Sean Diddy Combs reveals new name

Man mauled to death while trying to take selfie with a bear

Trump supporters revel in New York AG's resignation

America now officially a Totalitarian state, says anonymous source.

ADAM AND EVE, CONTACTED VIA OUIJA BOARD, CLAIM

THEY ARE THE DIRECT RESULT OF SEXUAL ASSAULT

I tried five morning routines to kick-start my day. This is what I discovered!

TIM KAHL:

The clown, hobbling into position with his bubble machine, sets up shop to

was released it was clear how ends and means would meet, but today the higher price for a slice of paradise poses questions. So, the hobbleclown makes toy balloons with his greasepaint on and hits the crowd up for donations. It is more than his limp which gives him away as weary. His manner of dragging the machine behind him suggests he is just as likely to be pulling a stubborn dog to the vet. He jerks it along and speaks to no one. He appears to be a man under contract, a man under duress who understands this city has always belonged to owners. He has merely been invited in, to hold his position in the sun for five hours. He is still

the onramp to the freeway where the traffic always stalls. The Coleman tent is set up on the little patch of ground on the corner of Harrison and

small for anyone to defend. So the tent stands against the fence waiting for everyone with the time and money to enter a new dimension and have their fortune read.

**CALIBAN
IS
SEARCHING
FOR
ANGELS**

