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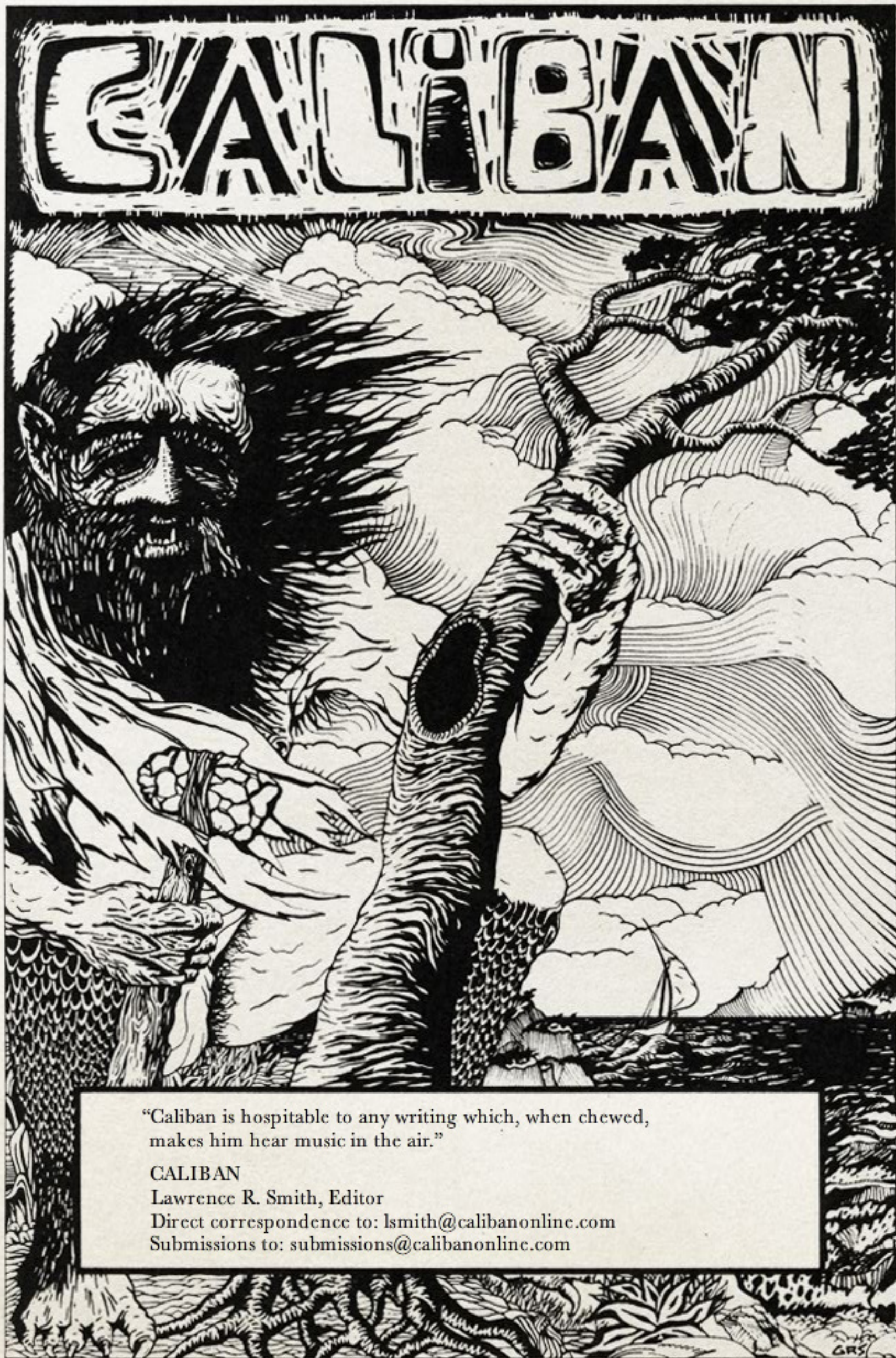


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CALIBAN

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

DAVID GILBERT

Bodyauto

STEPHANIE DICKINSON

Mystery Cults: Harlow & the German Suicide
Devil's Angel: Harlow & the Malibu Boy
Weak But Willing: Harlow & the Rackets

RAYMOND FARR

The Bars on the Cages of Paradise
The Big Room
The Empty Music of Abstraction
[Yr Name Here] an aisle among aisles

GEORGE KALAMARAS

Vicent Huidobro's Creation of Cosmic Debt

BOB HEMAN

The Arrival (IX)
The Arrival (XI)

JAMES GRINWIS

It Was Wednesday in the Lion's Book

CLAUDIA M. REDER

Once Upon a Time

SIMON PERCHIK

*

*

*

JOHN CROSS

Thunderheads
Here's Your Karmic Justice



J/J HASTAIN

Untitled

Untitled

Collage

WILLIAM MOHR

Background Check

Clemency

RICHARD KOSTELANETZ

Facts' Fictions

DALE HOUSTMAN

There Was a Man Inside the Air

Tortuous Dreambait

Luxury Discharge

The Dainty Logic

So, Waiting—

This Reluctant Nothing

GARFIELD LINTON

Grandpa Kauzpa

ELLIOTT FERRELL

Dialectical Dianokovich Diabolical

DAVID JAMES

What I Want in a Work of Art

Religion of an Idiot

BRIAN SCHORN

Sunrise

Black Rain

Fracture

Bedroom Door Knob



CHARLES HOLDEFER

Kickstart Me Harder, Harder

D. E. STEWARD

Swellendam

MIGUEL SALUDES

May the Flames of Youth Burn Forever Bright

Kozmic Blues

Kozmic Blues (detail)

Tennis Field With Sprout

Tennis Field With Sprout (detail)

IVAN ARGÜELLES

The Template of Devotion and Desire

Amnesia

The Illegible Text

TÍMEA GULISIO

Woman

Family

PHILDOUGH MONTENEGRO

I Had

DORU CHIRODEA

Anal Love

At Last

GARY GLAUBER

Classic Takedown

DIETER WESLOWSKI

A Collecting

And Having Rattled Off



WAYNE HOGAN
Untitled

CONTRIBUTORS' ADVICE



DAVID GILBERT

Bodyauto

As the train crosses the border,
the body turns into a woman
with an assigned memory.
A few scenes return with clarity,
but it is like the struggle to open
the doors at the end of the car.

We are out of place.
Old-world extras play backgammon,
smoke and drink coffee at tables.
Their language has been invented for the ride
and will be forgotten by the end of the line.
She mimics them hoping I'll understand
before I read the letter she has for me.
When I have finished, she asks loudly,
what is a nude scene?

The attendant pulls on his pants.
As a young man, he was the model
for the straw dolls that wander the pale.
At a train station, where he punches tickets,
the dolls, tall and with reedy voices,
hold the peasants captive.
When the train arrives,
they escort the woman from the car.
I tell them that I'm an aftermarket body
and I'm granted asylum.

The dolls lead a religious procession.
Birds from the station eaves follow
in a transubstantial grid, chirping
like cathedral bells.

The hermit is standing in the snow without clothes.
On a pilgrimage, he will cross the border
looking for a hut in the desert.
He will take my report back with him.
They know he is surplus and will outlast
their weak questions. But there will be enough
suffering to make it worth his while.

We gather in a hut by a fire and he dictates
a confession of tantric practices gone bad.
They are not expecting much more
than paperwork for a failed body.
The straw dolls are witness to the loss,
but they will remember an ascension.

The hermit sets out in a chalk storm
with animals at his feet.
He is happy traveling with a herd,
their perfumed underbellies pungent.
Dolls follow with their own letters
bearing a contradictory witness of the body
and consciousness parting ways.
The border is moving slowly
changing colors in the undergrowth,
like a fallen northern sky.

Word has made its way home.
The woman will not have to return.
We will live together in the hermit's hut
as she takes her final form.

STEPHANIE DICKINSON

From *HARLOW POSTCARDS*

Mystery cults: Harlow & the German Suicide

“Harlow’s reason for marrying Bern was basic and touching. ‘She was pawed and chased so much,’ said the director Howard Hawks, ‘that anyone who was gentle and nice she liked.’ Harlow acknowledged as much. ‘He explains things and lets me know I have a brain.’ Two months after their wedding he shot himself. There were rumors of Bern’s impotence.”

—David Stenn, *Bombshell*

We lie by the pool. I rest against his leg threaded with dark hair lightened into a forest of golden reeds. His body is smooth except for patches of fur in out-of-the-way places like the hollow at the small of his back and the curly nest between his breastbones. We are celibate. Teacher and student. He describes medieval architecture. Do I understand the flying buttress? He tells me of the god Mithras. His followers all men. He talks, exciting me with his sentences. *Deus Sol Invictus Mithras* Unconquered Sun God Mithras. His palm explores my waist up to my shoulder blade. There were caves where Roman foot soldiers performed rites for potency in battle. The strongest ride the bull, tiring him. In the cave the killing. A raven flies into the black sun. Dog and snake lap the dying bull’s dripping blood. A scorpion devours its genitals. My husband trembles, he asks me to oil his back with coconut lotion. A robe covers the tiny shame between his legs. I don’t mind. My darling epitomizes kindness. I massage through to the meat of his chest, my fingers opening, then his thighs. He tells me I must read Goethe. *The Sorrows of Young Werther*, the young man who sits under a tree and shoots himself for love. He rolls over and tickles me, until I laugh. I mention my memory is photographic. His turn to laugh. Wrestling games the Roman Legions played. The

cook has made a chocolate cake for us. The frosting tastes better on the tongue than the breeze. Turtles doze on the diving board. They sport colorations like crew-cut sweaters; the turtles take the shape of books and boulders and kettles. Around the bathhouse the flora twists with heat. He anoints himself to cure his impotence. Sword palms, stiletto-tipped fans, stand in the camouflage of longer grasses. It is a rooster he beheads and a cat that laps its red milk.

Devil's Angel: Harlow & the Malibu Boy

“To the public Harlow was the sex goddess supreme. In reality she knew little about the act. After the suicide of her husband producer, Paul Bern, she is alleged to have embarked upon an extraordinary spree of one-night-stands, picking up men in bars and truck stops in and around nearby towns.”

—David Stenn, *Bombshell*

Malibu will take the fish boy who works when he's not trying to be in movies. The Seven Seas fish market is built of hurry-up crates and so is Malibu. The salt breeze from the bay turns slowly and the oily smells of dead fish disturb the newcomers—the movie colony. Palos Verdes. The boy squares his shoulders and grins. *Fresh oysters, red snapper, lobster.* He holds up a sheepshead and pulls back on the clear cut of gill to show the producer, Louis B. Mayer, and his female star, Jean Harlow, the large milk-teeth inside. *Like a baby, good to eat with the head on.* Like a baby, the one gone from the actress's womb. The fish boy's hair is black and his eyes—dark wadded silk. It is very hot and the ghosts of the Chumash people shake violently. Fish lie on ice staring at the sky with mother-of-pearl eyes. Their scales look no different than Harlow's moon-manicured fingernails. She wants to bathe the fish boy. His lips are thick, sweet liquid. Malibu's smoke curls from the ice into flaming birds. Humilawo. The surf sounds loudly. The boy seller's mother waddles from the crates swinging a net of shrimp. Her feet are more swollen than the net. *Freshest dead shrimp.* Malibu will cleanse itself of her unsightly kind. Plank canoes once hunted swordfish. The triple-chinned woman seeing the scantily-clad star crosses herself. *She-devil. Demonio Femenino.* More flames rise from the sidewalk. Malibu fears black. Welcomes death-white sun, hibiscuses' chalk-white petals. Malibu's dazzling white sails. Barnacles suck at their hulls and undulate beards of seaweed. A naked beach, a place to rut. Malibu's brazen jellyfish disturb the real estate. You are too beautiful to be human, Malibu.

Weak But Willing: Harlow & the Rackets

‘Abner Zwillman dressed conservatively, spoke softly, and had no hubris. By the time Harlow met him, he’d already been convicted of assault and battery, done time in a New Jersey prison, and took control of all the rackets in the state. Despite her screen image, Harlow was an immature and impressionable twenty-year-old who thought meeting a gangster would be dangerous and exciting.’

—David Stenn, *Bombshell*

Sautéing sea bass relaxes him like his Riviera Hotel in Havana doesn't. There the moon is a cheap silver poker chip. Still he'd like us to go to Cuba. He owns a chunk of real estate. Why don't we elope? I have a gift of skin, a slenderness cast in pink. He's 6'2", a handsome cantilevered slab. I fill my red hatbox suitcase with the blackest sunglasses he's ever seen. Holes pulling light into them and not letting anything escape. *For maximum privacy?* he asks, pushing a strand of hair off my cheek. *You're the cutest baby sardine I've ever seen.* The mobster begins to chuckle, opening his mouth so wide I get a bird's eye view. His tonsils have been taken out; a gold filling glints from his left molar. *I'm investigating you,* I tease. *Don't do that, baby. Anyone who does that ends up as fish bait.* Sea bass congeals in its filigreed fan of bones. *I know the layout of your house, the color of your carpets.* He whispers loud over the Bix Beiderbecke and the Wolverines. He opens his shirt to the salt pepper grizzle. *Did you know I raised a pimp up from the dead because I felt sorry for him? I can appear in two places at once.* He takes my hands and combs my fingers over his chest. *You are being seasoned.* His mother called him Man. He grew up in a cold-water flat. He fed his nine siblings using his pellet gun. Up at dawn to shoot song birds, mostly. His mother made robin stew. Pigeons, he'd wring their necks. His hands belong to the streets, his fists to the cruelty of landlords. He tells me how his people bring in the booze trucks, he hires only three-legged men (*the third leg, try to kick that out from under him, a shotgun*). I sit in his lap letting him make red marks on my body. *Right now I'm in Los Angeles and Havana.* He enters me and I hear the pot poof of pellets as he squeezes the trigger and robins caught in mid-song fall. He feeds me himself at the table, smacking his lips over the spoon as if he wants me to choke on their mating calls.

RAYMOND FARR

The Bars on the Cages of Paradise

Someone's last
Dying breath

& God losing it
Like a teenager

Like so much
Fright wig humor

We die laughing
We are the grass

Of an old poem—
The emptiness of

A sky without
Nuance!

& nihilism
& Santa Claus—

The single, vaporous
Torso of a morning

Just now coming-to—
Seem chiseled

Hopelessly out
Of anything—

Farr/16

Out of the last gasp
Of all our shameful

Acts of defiance—
Out of these ancient

& lascivious dogs
Bow-wowling

To the night—
Out of anything

But the shiver of
A funny bone

The Big Room

A man's actions
Are scams of

Infinite variations
This squint of

Imminent wreckage
Like whatever a

First step towards
Working the big room

Should feel like
She tells him, *a cup*

Stained red & the
Sky at my door

& he's fighting off
This terrible gloom

This exaggerated
Emptiness—

Disquietude like
A foal in the house

My words are
Our words, he says

& they're driving
Like snails on

Farr/18

Highway 200
The lesson being

The illumination
It warrants

The Empty Music of Abstraction

The motels here
Help us imagine—

The sacred language
The beautiful noise

Of pure abstraction
A strange music

Is only a synthesized
Model outwitting us

There are men in
Motel parking lots

Gone all electric
With the baby voice

Of a red abstraction
The red hair of their

Silence...the running
Bath of their blood

Are notable for their
Candor—a blank map

& lots of angry motel
Sex tell us nothing

We are stuffed full of
Listening—the empty

Farr/20

Music of abstraction...

The ditty of a final

Number...play on in

The background

[Yr Name Here] an aisle among aisles

A gem studies light
In Denmark, Bob

& death is a joke or
Syntactical position

[Yr Name Here]
Finds impossible

To film
 & so

His little wolf heart out
In the darkness of

The theater—
Literal piece by literal piece

On camera & off
His bicameral mind

Editing fire into
The graveyards of Tokyo

What are you insisting?
I insist myself

On a silver screen
[Yr Name Here]

An aisle among aisles
A buoy or gull slumped

Farr/22

Against the fire exit
Of the neon blinking

Schizophrenic
Cineplex—

A frame twilight
In its luster—

A frame dizzy &
Mindful on 2 legs

GEORGE KALAMARAS

Vicente Huidobro's Creation of Cosmic Debt

1.

A tear lost in the hawk. A hawk lost in the bird. A vowel mouthed down below the feathers, the skin. Skin crowding back blood. The most beautiful tomb of the world is not Delvaux's village of women by the sea. Nor the scent of their thigh, full of secret moon-clot, monthly, beneath a brown tightness in the dress. The most beautiful moon in the whirl is not an eddy rising from below. Nor a net of starlight lowered over and again into the pubic regions of their brain, as fire ignites bees' blood in the constellations' dissolve. No, it is certainly not that. Nor forests of pelvic sound when the leaves fall. Nor the sad, sad gait of the gazelle who has lost a rib, only to have risen up a mate. A fall into the creation of cosmic debt. A tumbling. A mime suddenly struck to his knees with the terror of his own voice.

2.

All this. Thought. Fought through. In the parachute's drop of a match. Huidobro's leap of poetic faith. How the fire. How the groin. How the haystack searching for the knee. In the imprint of a word. The indentations of snow. His breath, Huidobro's breath, left as masks upon the tree. Hung like primitive blood. Startled secretion from the seventh rib. Christ-slit in bark. The chalice of jaguar mud mumbling over and again, *How did the darkness ever slip in?* Everything caught. Fought with. In the airplane drift of gulls lost in the vastness of their own aging white. The trace of a poem upon his lips, a crack in the lucid sap. Of Vicente Huidobro's hydrangea, it could be said (in an actively passive way) that it grew. Of him. *From* him. The great Altazor himself. Despite the hydrographer's salt. Despite the spinning star, lost in its own demise.

His own silk clock exploding one afternoon in the public square of Cartagena, while he lugged his bags from a train station blocks through intense Chilean heat.

3.

There are many stories of Huidobro that are either true or false, *both* true *and* false, or simply hawk or owl. Here, take this simple test. True or false?

- a. Who *was* Altazor?
- b. Huidobro once said, *I was born at thirty-three, the day Christ died.*
- c. Vicente Huidobro and Pablo Neruda were the best of friends.
- d. Even though he worshipped hawks, Huidobro was convinced an owl had confiscated his seventh rib one night while he slept.
- e. Mention of a mime never appeared in any of the seven Cantos of *Altazor*.
- f. One of the first combatants to enter Berlin, Huidobro is rumored to have captured Hitler's private telephone, or was that Lee Miller?
- g. The photo of Huidobro with the gun taken by Hans Arp.
- h. The letter *H* stands for Huidobro? Hydrangea? Hydrography? Hans? Hitler? Hawk?
- i. If one accepts Huidobro's shamanic premise in his theory of Creationism, who is writing this poem?
- j. Yes and no.

- k. *This and that*, said the owl, as it retracted into the nourishing cells of mice bone in its gut.
- l. Neruda, Huidobro, and Pablo de Rokha were all the best of friends in Chile in 1933.
- m. The mabbled mouth. The miller without bread.
- n. The word *mill*—more precisely, *windmill* (*molino*)—appears precisely 190 times in successive lines in Canto V of *Altazor*.
- o. Oh, there is a book Huidobro never read, entitled *A Dying History of Mirrors*.
- p. Yes and no with the possibility of an actively passive *maybe*.
- q. Who was Altazor?
- r. Who *was* Altazor?
- s. Through whom did Altazor fly, and what is the cost of cosmic debt?
- t. Are there really 190 ways to wend our way to the letter *z*?

4.

To weep a bright star? To greet the great migratory bee as blood? To ask an Andean llama to hiss-spit just to feel sound thrust up into your own spine? To know what it is to die yet live? To continue through the mouths of the not-yet-dead, as if a poem, itself? To repeat, *Christ-slit in the bark, Christ-slit in the bark*, but mean, *They tell me I carry ulcerated sparrow secretions in the ossicles of my ear*? To proclaim yourself, as Huidobro did, the sole member of your own movement (i.e., see Whitman's "church"; Satie's "church"; the undigested flaxseed in the evening stool)? To call for a mirror on your deathbed, take one final look, and then die?

5.

A loss torn in the hawk. A rip lost in the scar. An owl found in an owl. A man's rib in the woman's voice deciphering a vowel. A mouth below the skin. Skin mouthing back the crowds. The most worldly tomb of women waiting for the scent of moon-clot to corroborate their dress. No, surely not that. Nor her hair, in heat, across the pillow. Nor her mouth as a purposeful pelvic pout. A fall into the creation of cosmic debt. Of chronic death. Of bees' blood in the mime whose voice is suddenly stung into the sound of now.

6.

True or false?

u, v, w, x, y, & z are the six lost chakras Altazor ascended in his shamanic descent?

7.

All this. Thought. Fought through. In the parachute drop of a match. In the breath-indented snow he left as blood masks upon the tree. How Huidobro. How the root. How his cry. His request for a final mirror, pine needles in his mouth. How the haystack—rising up to moon-glow in the lantern-laps—searches for heat.



THE ARRIVAL (IX) by Bob Heman, 2018
collage



THE ARRIVAL (XI) by Bob Heman, 2018
collage

JAMES GRINWIS

It Was Wednesday in the Lion's Book

Casque is a helmet,
the hard thing on the head
of a cassowary. It also has about it
a hint of wine. We were alive and well.
Something wrecked my life.
The end they say is a beginning.
She had moved somewhere,
someplace in France of course.
There is no reason to be jealous,
said the man in a grove
of bamboo. He was tied to a tree
and eating worms out of a busted tin.
His broadsword was gone,
and in its place there was little binder,
though it was empty. We were
welcoming the truce that was
promised us. The rope was like steel,
I couldn't free him, and the trunk of the tree
was in the manner of an anvil.
Thus had she shackled me,
the romance writer said.
It was very mulish, the air seemed
cranky but working hard
to help us breathe. The air's little brother
just sat there blankly
like an empty house with a fountain
in front that was never working.
The buses were never working
in that part of town, always

on the fritz, like soldiers who abandoned
their posts, betrayed their countries, then were
for unknown reasons rescued and brought back
at the expense of their governments.

We walked out front, the porch
was kind of dirty, dead birds, mostly pigeons
splattered across the stoop like
piles of seaweed washed onshore
whose bowels held mysteries, gems,
and dead things. When night fell
there were lights that somehow came on
and held our heads in worried embraces
because what had gone out
awhile before had gotten tired and now
there was only snow
and nowhere to walk to. The snow was
like fireweed strangely, white splinters of it.

CLAUDIA REDER

Once Upon a Time

I watch her double wrap her books in plastic,
educated bag lady lugging shopping bags chockfull of books
she can no longer read, mildewed with sweat and danger.
She remembers they are important, but no longer
remembers why. If she did, she would recognize
the autumn brown cover of Rilke's letters
where she had written years ago:

*It's not the notes that matter,
it's what happens between the notes.*
(Isaac Stern to Yo Yo Ma)

She would recognize *Poems of Magic and Spells*,
a book from childhood she carried each time she had moved,
her body shuttled from one worry to another,
each one was a trolley stop on her daily route.

Overwhelmed by bills, caregiving, diagnoses,
her family was swept up in the costly debris.
Once upon a time she had a job, a house, a family.
Finding a once familiar landmark, she slumps against the old oak tree.

Shame attached itself like a barnacle to her right hip,
near the barnacle on the left hip, fear,
which sometimes is larger than shame
and causes her pain when standing.

Now she turns towards the 7/11,
a young girl sips her cherry Slurpee,

reminding her of her own daughter—Where is she now?—
who used to skip to this corner, her mouth purpling with berry.

SIMON PERCHIK

*

These dead again and again
follow behind as the goodbyes
that never leave home, overgrown

till they gag in what passes for dirt
asking for a blanket or snow
—what you spit on the ground

is the melt, making room inside
where there was none before
and each breath further away

though you can hear your teeth
grinding down the word for we
when there was nothing else.

*

Though it's late for the sun
once you add sand
the extra weight lets it take hold

where the chimney could be
would cover your hands with ashes
when there's no smoke left

—not yet built and already
you hear the fists banging from inside
to show what the door looked like

once it's shut and the next morning
no longer comes by, was melted down
for the sea now crammed between this shore

and the other—you dig and you dig
for salt, want to keep the water fresh
close to the schoolroom bell you hear

—no! a heel-click is what
and barefoot you grasp for shoes
the children will never outgrow

that wait till nothing moves
not their feet, not the laces, one by one
pulled out by the hand, heavier and heavier.

*

Not with linen—stone works better
lasts the way you dead still gather
as if the sun not that long ago

had a twin who died in the night
became this hill kept warm
for you, your mothers, fathers

and the brightness that was left
to tell them what's going on
to close your eyes, that that's

why you're here, move closer
hear who still loves you
wants you step by step to stay.

JOHN CROSS

Thunderheads

While you grapple with the window, the window falling from the house, notice the little girl looking out the window to the right of the window you struggle with, dreaming she's buoyed by clouds while trying to tie up a houseboat in a flurry of your ashes she'd promised to scatter across the floor of the house from which the window continues to fall, and it feels like the end of everything that covered and crossed the enormous world without ever stopping where she lives, nothing ever stops at her house, in this heat, where it doesn't seem so funny so far away from Williams, Arizona, does it? The heat isn't funny, I mean. The heat of the day goes from orange to dark and lingers in the windows of the lone train, like a Hollywood garage sale, like orb weavers guard the gold tomatoes still warm in the shadow. Your father's bones weren't cremated; they're hazy on the horizon and falling under the ground, and it's morning, and morning goes like a badger banging open and shut.

Here's Your Karmic Justice

The sun trundles over another low ride into late summer
its arcaded glow more of a mysterious Spanish from here
and the furniture vans and a young man selling popcorn
on the platform as the train hisses in like sudden rain
listen, there is no reasonable explanation
and the thieves move like days from the beginning
but today I won't be hurried, tossing my light
hoisting my glass of wine to the children and little dogs
o, heroes of brilliant disarray

J/J HASTAIN

Untitled

boi creates then holds
violet flame bouquets
composed of karmic correctives
with St. Germain
standing behind
stage a fractal-saturated periphery
presence not unlike The Wizard
of Oz
gaining being
along the material to immaterial
dimensions nodding
in agreement with the design
by which boi's qualitative containment
of renegade light
causes the light to come home

to itself

Untitled

no interest in a version of
The Beloved
as cadence-based-emanation out
from Rumi's articulation of longing
as whole and complete
manifestation of The Beloved

the speaking center
of the wound

I came
here for multiples
prongs and shapes
alembics filling the alchemistry
lab elegant beasts
inviolable merge states
drawn

to the voice of those whose voices are a literal

labor
don't stop short of it

labor
until it is finally born



BOI by j/j hastain, 2018
collage

WILLIAM MOHR

Background Check

Yeah, sure the Mythic Thug
lied about his death
date on his application
for “Miscreant of the Year”
but why get so bent
about a fraction of
a millennium? Can anyone
blame him for resenting
how recent winners
are getting younger
every century, how new
holidays have all the fun?
Instead of Monster Mercy Day,
some other festivity
gets the woozy fireworks:
National Perverts Anonymous
Month; The Bastion Memorial
Society of Primate Vivisectionists,
the Hypocritical Bullies Parade.
Surely the triumvirate
of foibles, fables, and flattery
understands how badly
he wants to pose for
a bobblehead holiday?
The extradition treaty
exempts all evildoers,
except those who aspire
to malevolent perfection.

Clemency

“The insomnia of compassion
is its own hallucination.
Blessed are the inconsolable,”
intones an apocryphal
beatitude. The Mythic Thug
scorns biblical genealogy.
But he loves that verse, and chants
himself asleep. He’s not
sure what it means since
it’s beyond his capacity
to heal the distraught,
but when interrogated
by a captive audience,
he offers free demonstrations
of his least appreciated
virtue: clemency.
Those being punished
are getting all the succor
they deserve and if he refrains
from imposing the reticular
wounds of regret, he knows
too well how sweet
it is to be a victim half
alive, half wanting
to die instantly.
Still, only one companion
has ever confessed how
dismaying it is to watch
his recitations fester
like swans of gangrene
floundering in ponds
of puckering acid.

RICHARD KOSTELANETZ

Facts' Fictions

Solomon Northup (48 or 49), American author, most notable for his book *Twelve Years a Slave* (1853), in which he details how, though born a freeman, he was drugged, kidnapped, and subsequently sold into slavery. In the course of traveling on his book-promoting tour, he vanished. Though no contemporary evidence documents Northup surviving after 1857, any details about his death are unknown. The hypothesis that he was sold back into slavery seems unlikely, given that his advanced age diminished his economic value.

Though Captain Benjamin Briggs (37) was an experienced United States seaman, the man, his wife Sarah Elizabeth (31), their daughter Sophia Matilda (2) and all seven crew members went missing when the *Mary Celeste* was found in 1872 adrift in choppy seas some 400 miles (640 km) east of the Azores. Some regard their evaporation, given Briggs's reputation, as "one of the most durable mysteries in nautical history."

William Cantelo, inventor of an early machine gun, never returned to his Southampton home after one of his frequent and lengthy sales trips in the 1880s. His sons speculated years later that, curiously, he may have re-emerged as Hiram Maxim, another machine-gun pioneer, whom he strongly resembled.

Louis Le Prince (49), a motion picture pioneer, disappeared after boarding a Paris-bound train at Dijon, France, in 1890. Neither the man nor, more suspiciously, his luggage were ever found again. Given that he had planned a demonstration tour of the United States, some suspected the pernicious hand of Thomas Edison with whom Le Prince had already crossed on patent claims.

Yda Hillis Addis (45), already known as a translator of ancient Mexican narratives, escaped from an insane asylum in California, where her husband had her confined during their divorce. Perhaps to avoid subsequent arrest or other legal perils, she was not seen again.

Dorothy Arnold (24), a Manhattan socialite and perfume heiress, vanished after buying a book in a Manhattan store prior to walking through Central Park. Though newspaper publicity prompted the police to conduct their own searches and her father subsequently spent approximately \$250,000 of his own money, never was she seen again. Numerous rumors of her surviving surfaced over the next decades. One hypothesis holds that even at her young age she felt she failed at her two ambitions of finding a husband and writing a successful book.

The last message from Ambrose Bierce (71), an American writer famed especially for his short story “An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge” and *The Devil’s Dictionary*, was a letter in December 1913 bearing a postmark of Chihuahua, Mexico. Its recipient was his companion and secretary Carrie Christiansen. Given the courage with which he lived and wrote, some say that he perished in war-torn Mexico, possibly at the Battle of Ojinaga on 10 February 1914, or perhaps was executed as a spy in the municipal cemetery of Sierra Mojada, Coahuila, where a gravestone bearing his name was erected in 2004. Or...?

Béla Kiss (39), Hungarian serial killer, murdered 24 young women prior to his enlisting in the Austro-Hungarian Army in WWI. Upon the discovery of his crimes, he was traced to a Serbian military hospital, but he escaped a few days before investigators arrived. Although there were several reported sightings (notably one in New York in 1932), the true fate of this killer remains a mystery.

On 16 August, U.S. Navy blimp *L-8* drifted inland from its route doing antisubmarine patrol off the coast of California near San Francisco several hours after its crew, Lt. Ernest Cody and Ens. Charles Adams, radioed in that they were going to take a closer look at an oil slick. When the blimp eventually crashed in Daly City, neither man was aboard;

they were both declared dead a year later.

Though born in Scotland James Litterick (41) was the first member of the Communist Party of Canada (CPC) to be elected to the Manitoba provincial parliament. However, after the CPC was banned in 1940 and Litterick formally expelled from the legislature, he had already gone into hiding, becoming the subject of a Royal Canadian Mounted Police manhunt. After Litterick surrendered to the RCMP during 1942 he was held at Toronto's Don Jail before being released to work at a Toronto garment factory. Whatever happened to him later is unknown. Even Wikipedia in 2018 marks him as still alive, apparently aged 117.

The noted French author Antoine de Saint-Exupéry (44), who disappeared over the Mediterranean on a reconnaissance mission during July 1944, probably died at that time. In August, an unidentifiable body, wearing a French uniform, was found in the sea near Carqueiranne and was buried there. In 2000, the wreckage of the actual aircraft flown by Saint-Exupéry was found on the seabed near Marseille.

Szilveszter Matuska (52 or 53), a Hungarian mass murderer and mechanical engineer, imprisoned for planting dynamite on express passenger trains, reportedly escaped from jail in Vác in 1944 to become the following year, according to some reports, a Nazi explosives expert during the latter stages of World War II. As he was never recaptured, his fate is unknown.

Alfred Partikel (57), a prominent German painter and painting professor, disappeared while picking mushrooms in the woods near Ahrenshoop on 20 October. None of his physical remains were ever found.

In the aftermath of the 1947 Glazier–Higgins–Woodward tornadoes on 9 April, 4-year-old Joan Gay Croft and her sister Jerri were among refugees taking shelter in a basement hallway of the hospital in Woodward, Oklahoma. As officials sent the injured to different hospitals in the area, two men took Joan away, promising to take her to Oklahoma City. She was never seen again. Though several women have come forth over the

years saying they suspect they might be Joan, none of their claims have been verified.

Raoul Wallenberg (32), Swedish diplomat famously credited with saving the lives of at least 20,000 Hungarian Jews during the Holocaust, was arrested on espionage charges in Budapest following the arrival of the Soviet army. His fate remains a mystery despite hundreds of purported sightings in Soviet prisons, some as recent as the 1980s. In 2001, after 10 years of research, a Swedish-Russian panel concluded that Wallenberg probably died or was executed in Soviet custody on 17 July 1947. However, as no hard evidence has been found to confirm this, do not dismiss Russian archives suggesting that he was alive well after that presumed execution date.

When an empty automobile owned by the writer and artist Weldon Kees (41) was discovered on 19 July 1955 on the Marin County side of the Golden Gate Bridge, friends remembered that, while Kees had talked about jumping over the railing of the bridge, he imagined that he was physically unable to accomplish the task. If so and not, what happened?

Lionel “Buster” Crabb (46), retired British Royal Navy frogman, disappeared 29 April 1956 during an MI6 mission to spy on the Soviet *Sverdlov* class cruiser *Ordzhonikidze* in Portsmouth Harbour. The coroner concluded that a body (missing its head and hands) in a frogman suit found floating in Chichester Harbour the following year was Crabb’s, but no additional positive identification was ever made nor was any cause of death determined.

David Kenyon Webster (39), journalist for the *Los Angeles Daily News* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, and a World War II veteran with “Easy” Company of the 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment, 101st Airborne Division (made famous in the book and miniseries *Band of Brothers*), went out on a boat near the coast of Santa Monica in 1961 and disappeared while shark fishing.

Joan Risch (31), Lincoln, Massachusetts homemaker, was last seen in her driveway by a neighbor on the afternoon of 24 October 1961; several unconfirmed sightings were reported on local streets later that day. Evidence in her house at first suggested foul play, but that opinion was reassessed when a local newspaper found that she had checked out two dozen books about mysterious disappearances and unsolved murders from the library over the preceding summer.

Michael Rockefeller (23), son of New York Governor and future Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller, disappeared in November 1961 during an expedition in the Asmat region of southwestern New Guinea. When a small canoe carrying him and a Dutch anthropologist capsized and then drifted unnoticed for some time, he decided that he could swim to shore. Either he drowned or was captured by cannibals who ate his body. A wing of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art bears his name.

Charles Rogers (43), reclusive unemployed seismologist and sometime CIA agent in Houston, Texas, became invisible after his parents' dismembered bodies were discovered on in their home refrigerator on 23 June 1965. Until he was declared legally dead in 1975, a warrant for his detention as a material witness was outstanding.

Robin Graham (18), ran out of gas on the Hollywood Freeway. She was last seen on 15 November 1970 by California Highway Patrol (CHP) officers, who directed her to a callbox and later saw her speaking with a man beside her car. The CHP later changed policies to ensure the safety of stranded female motorists.

Dan Cooper (aka D.B. Cooper) hijacked on 24 November 1971 a plane from which he parachuted during mid-flight. Subsequent efforts to locate him have struck out.

Lynne Schulze (17), student at Middlebury College in Vermont, was last seen by a college friend who remembered her abruptly turning back on the way to a literature exam, claiming she had left her favorite pen

in her dorm room, where her wallet, checkbook and other belongings were later found. A later report identified her a short time later outside a health food store co-owned and operated at that time by Robert Durst and his wife Kathleen, who herself also disappeared a decade later. Schulze had been seen buying prunes from the same store earlier in the day. When Durst was later arrested on charges of murdering his friend Susan Berman, Middlebury police remembered that they wanted to speak to Durst about the Schulze case; but his lawyer has declined to let them do so.

Ray Robinson (40), a black civil rights activist, traveled to the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation to participate in the protests of the Wounded Knee Incident in South Dakota and was never seen again. In 2014 the FBI said it had concluded from witnesses that he was killed in 1973 during an internal conflict and buried there. He has been declared legally dead, though his body has never been located.

Oscar Zeta Acosta (39), disappeared while traveling in Mazatlán, Mexico in May 1974. His son, Marco Acosta, believes that he was the last person to talk to his father. Acosta telephoned his son from Mazatlán, telling him that he was “about to board a boat full of white snow.” Marco is later quoted in reference to his father’s disappearance: “The body was never found, but we surmise that probably, knowing the people he was involved with, he ended up mouthing off, getting into a fight, and getting killed.” He was also a close personal friend of American author Hunter S. Thompson. As a travelling companion and ever-present associate of Thompson, Acosta featured heavily in Thompson’s 1971 book *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, in which Acosta was referred to as ‘Dr. Gonzo’ and Thompson’s attorney.

Connie Converse (50), was a singer-songwriter active in the New York City folk music scene of the 1950s. In 1974, Converse, having lost her job as Managing Editor of the *Journal of Conflict Resolution* two years earlier, wrote letters to friends and family expressing her intention to start a new life somewhere else. In August 1974, she loaded her Volkswagen Beetle with her belongings, drove away, and was never heard from again.

Jim Sullivan (34), American singer-songwriter, left Los Angeles, California, on 4 March 1975, to drive alone to Nashville, Tennessee. His abandoned car was found at a remote ranch in New Mexico, and he was reportedly last seen walking away from it on 6 March. The car contained Sullivan's money, papers, guitar, clothes, and a box of his unsold records.

Jimmy Hoffa (62), U.S. trade union leader, president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, disappeared on 30 July 1975, from the parking lot of a restaurant, where it is believed he expected to meet with two Mafia leaders—Anthony Giacalone and Anthony Provenzano.

Harry Domela (72 or 73), a Latvian-born impostor who pretended to be a deposed German crown prince, even publishing a memoir confessing to his impostures, disappeared during WWII, only to resurface as a teacher in Venezuela. The last sign of him was in 1978.

Kathleen McCormack Durst (29), medical student who disappeared on 31 January 1982, after leaving the Connecticut house of a friend to return to the South Salem, New York residence that she shared with her husband. She has not been seen since and was declared legally dead in 2001. Since her marriage was deteriorating, police strongly suspected that her husband Robert Durst, due to inconsistencies in statements he gave them, had murdered her. Suspected in two other disappearances, he served three years in prison for evidence tampering in the death of a third person.

Boris Weisfeiler (43), a U.S. mathematician, disappeared in 1984 in the Biobío Region of Chile during a solo hiking trip. Chilean authorities originally conjectured that he drowned, but documents released by the United States Department of State in 2000 included a 1986 memo suggesting he may be a captive “somewhere in Chile (probably Colonia Dignidad).” A 1987 account by a CIA source claimed that Weisfeiler had been interrogated and before being fatally beaten by a Chilean army patrol.

Cherrie Mahan (8) was last seen getting off her school bus a short distance from her house in Cabot, Pennsylvania, on 22 February 1984. After police focused on a van seen near the bus when she got off, the child's face was the first to be put on mailers sent all around the country in a practice continued with age-progressed photos as time passed. Though she was declared legally dead in 1998, police claimed in 2011 that they had uncovered a promising new lead but would not discuss it.

Vladimir Alexandrov (47), a Soviet physicist, disappeared on 31 March 1985 while attending a nuclear winter conference in Madrid. As he never surfaced again, the likely hypotheses that he either defected or was kidnapped seem decades later to be equally untrue.

Andrew Fluegelman (41), a photographer, programmer, and attorney who was also the founding publisher of both *PCWorld* (1982) and *Macworld* (1984), disappeared on 6 July 1985, after his car was found vacant near the northern end of the Golden Gate Bridge also favored by Weldon Kees. Doubts have been raised about the purported suicide note published by a colleague.

Bambi Woods, who played the title character in the popular pornographic film *Debbie Does Dallas* (1978), disappeared in 1986, perhaps distressed by unfortunate publicity. One story had her dying from a drug overdose; another as a homemaker in the Midwest. By now she would be in her sixties.

Federico Caffè (73), Italian economist, left his home in Rome at dawn on 15 April 1987, shortly after quitting university teaching, and disappeared. He was declared dead on 30 October 1998. As the mystery of his disappearance has not been solved, the most common speculations are that he committed suicide or retired to an undisclosed location.

Trevaline Evans (52) vanished without a trace on 16 June 1990, after leaving a note on the front door of her antiques shop in Llangollen, Denbighshire, Wales, United Kingdom, saying she would be "back in two minutes."

Eugene John Hebert (66), an American-born Jesuit missionary in Sri Lanka, vanished on 15 August 1990 on his way to the eastern city of Batticaloa from a nearby town of Valaichchenai. Notwithstanding the investigative strength of the Catholic Church in general and of the Society of Jesus in particular, his earthly fate remains a mystery.

Sherrill Levitt (47), her daughter Suzie Streeter (19), and Suzie's friend Stacy McCall (18), known collectively as the Springfield Three, disappeared from Levitt's home in Springfield, Missouri on 7 June 1992. Having graduated from Kickapoo High School the day before, Suzie and Stacy had arrived at Levitt's home at around 2:00 a.m. after a graduation party. It stands as an apparent triple disappearance.

Gedhun Choekyi Nyima (6), Tibetan boy recognized by the Dalai Lama himself as being the 11th Panchen Lama (a reincarnation of the 10th panchen lama), disappeared on 17 May 1994. Though he is supposedly alive and well in China, his existence there could not be officially confirmed.

Julie Surprenant (16), disappeared from Terrebonne, Quebec, Canada, on 15 November 1999. A neighbor was quickly considered the prime suspect but the authorities had insufficient evidence to charge him. In 2006 this same neighbor made a deathbed confession to her murder; however he was never charged.

Joseph Kibweteere (67 or 68), a leader of the Movement for the Restoration of the Ten Commandments of God, is commonly believed to have died on 17 March 2000. However, in 2014 the Uganda National Police announced reports of Kibweteere hiding in Malawi.

Sneha Anne Philip (31), an Indian-American physician, was last seen on 10 September 2001 on surveillance camera footage from a store near her Lower Manhattan apartment. Due to the proximity of the World Trade Center and her medical training, some of her family claim that she perished trying to help victims of the next day's terrorist attack. On the other hand, no one recalls seeing her on that more fateful day.

Later research revealed that she did not return to her husband the previous night, perhaps because of increasing personal and professional misfortunes that could have prompted her wish to disappear. On the morning of 10 September she had been formally arraigned on a criminal charge to which she pleaded not guilty. In January 2004, NYC medical examiner removed her name from the list of official victims of 9/11. No proof of her death was ever established.

Felipe Santos (24), was last seen being arrested for driving without a license after a traffic accident early on 1 October 1999 outside Naples, Florida, by Collier County sheriff's deputy Steve Calkins. Jail records show he was never booked. Calkins claimed to have changed his mind and left Santos at a nearby Circle K convenience store. Three months later, another man, Terrance Williams, disappeared after being arrested by the same police officer.

Natalee Holloway (18), American student from Alabama, was last seen on 30 May, before leaving a nightclub in Aruba with three men, including a local young man named Joran van der Sloot. Two years before she was declared dead more than one dozen years later, he was convicted of murder in the death of another young woman in Peru.

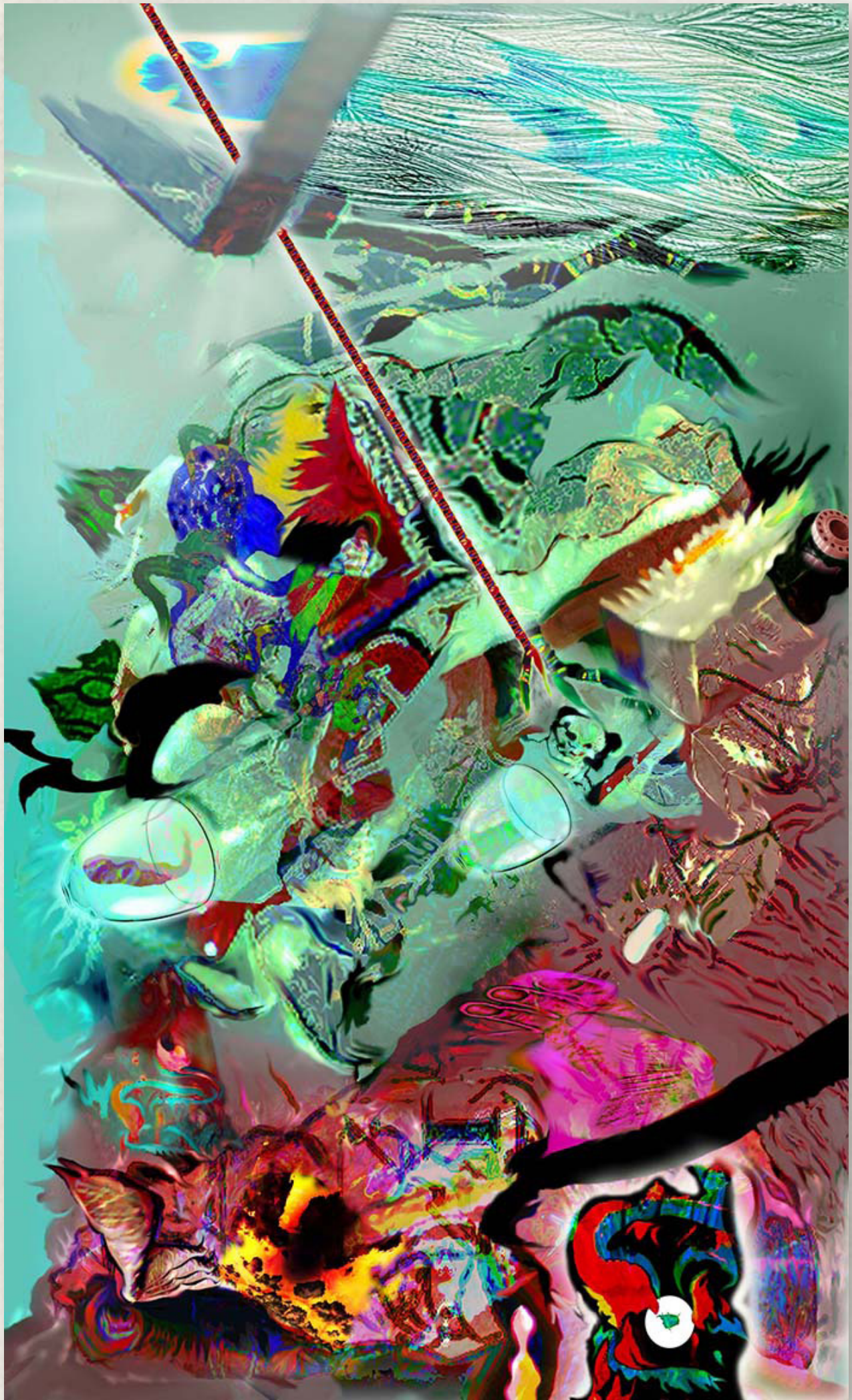
Footage from a security camera shows Brian Shaffer (27), an Ohio State University medical student, apparently re-entering an off-campus bar shortly before its closing time. As he couldn't have exited the locked bar, Columbus police reportedly assumed years later that he was still alive.

Richard Kostelanetz (78) in the course of writing *Fiction's Facts* was apparently devoured by the text. Never alive, though perhaps in print, would he be seen again.

Out of each of these stories can (will?) an extended fiction be written.



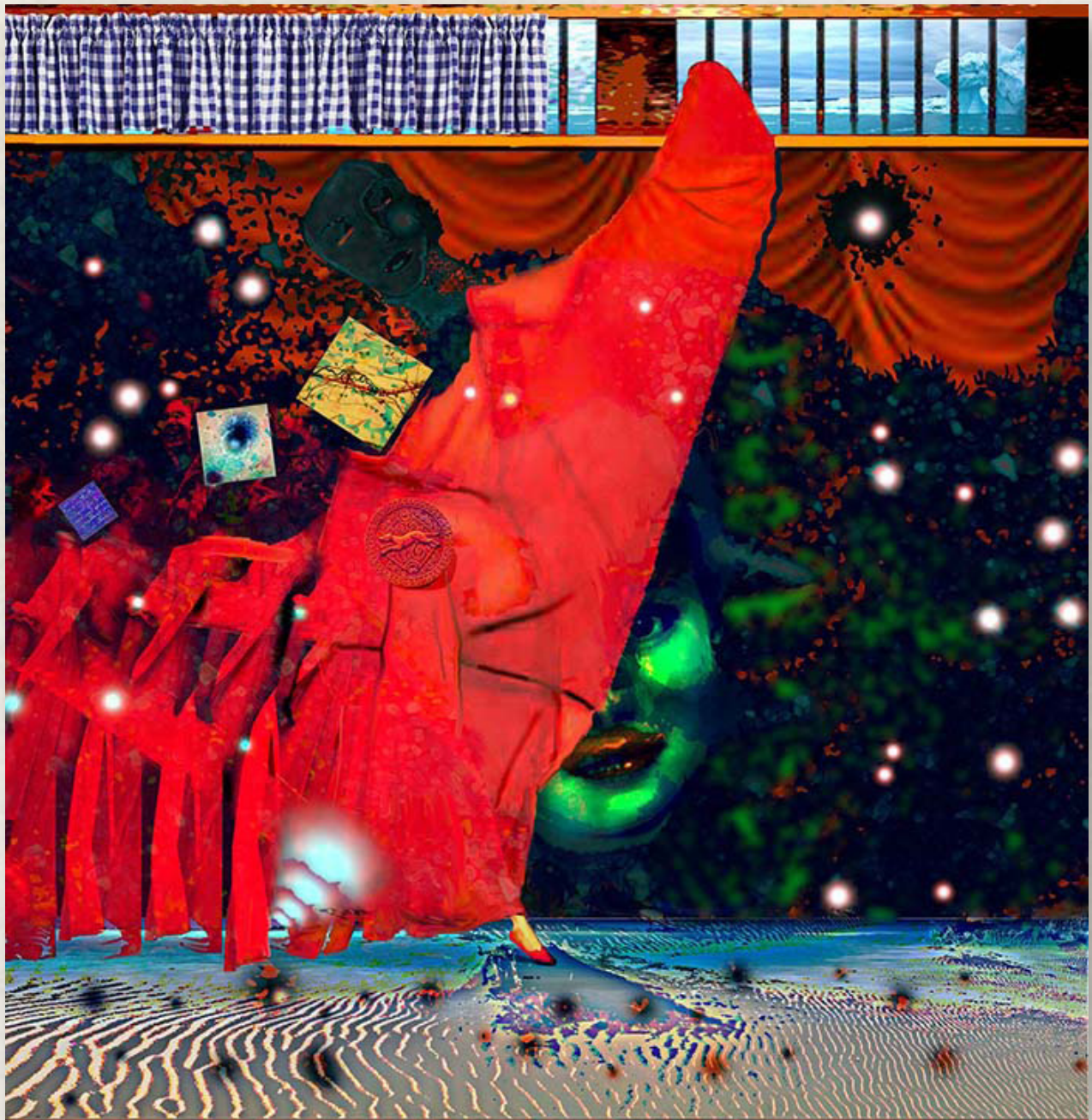
THERE WAS A MAN INSIDE THE AIR by Dale Houstman, 2012
digital image



TORTUOUS DREAMBAIT by Dale Houstman, 2017
digital image



LUXURY DISCHARGE by Dale Houstman, 2017
digital image



THE DAINTY LOGIC by Dale Houstman, 2015
digital image

DALE HOUSTMAN

So, Waiting—
missing Theresa

I

It is an empty bed.
There are ambulances posed in the weeds

a composure forced by trickling recognition
defined by burning cradles

once...

rain flowered up from the rails
and swallows always in her hair.

the immense, importune commerce
of Daphnaë, befuddled by each leaf.

II

The stillborn bird
in this mansion of frost
dissolved

in the fright
of the kiss.

Houstman/58

A wind of bells'
unwilled outside

that nearby moment
planed by bone.

III

Fields rare,
remote also

where birds
friend blood

and whispers
a seizure of ringing

above nothing's
reflecting snow.

This Reluctant Nothing

Style holds no future, composed thing.
You are entire in leisure and done with labor

that virtual employment from which time leaks
an oil that is essential to fantasies

yet representative of
the rough reversal of the fantastic

Her perfectly recognizable
far most famous edge of a rope.

Yellow flaxen everything
its own public secret

a poet's favorite toy factory
a deep country congregation sad-browed

flourishing darkly its moles unpaid.
Yet just enough has survived

many times over until the beds are routine
and we lean upon them

desiring the soft proportion
forcing the compassions unstill

shaking forward into fashion
where destitution pools its strain of converse

in the mountains for sale
assuaged by spite.

GARFIELD LINTON

Grandpa Kauzpa

Indians of the Indies soaring through our veins. Call it Carib, Arawaks if you please. This is our mind after the slaughter of the world. Trying like hell to find air beneath our wings as we descend deep into the bowels of island caves. Oh, greatest mound, Mother Earth, hear our roars no more, walking along burnt bridges, smoke clusters, invisible to everyone, especially those with a destiny so manifestly new, sitting atop ashes soft and warm, embryo of the new world unfolding on top of Church Hill.

Everyone telling us to sing to the good old church music, “Sin Bye Oh Sis”; till we sang, and sang. Got real good at it. So, good, we chanted—Neh ah, Nah ah, Neh, Neh, Neh—and touched them with archangel voices, reaching out as the living light in the wilderness that got thrown from heaven for burning too bright.

The hiss, “No savage could be that noble!” felt more like shock therapy than response. And that angelic thirst for music therapy that shone for a moment died within before it had time to crescendo. This was a wake, not a burial cried the same stuck feeling.

“How did we end up in this Anglican Church, anyway?”

“Golden feet, and papal canons had no choice but to seek us out.

Their fire sticks needed better hunting grounds. Heard them in my dreams, the invisible hands holding us down when I was but a boy coming through the rights of passage, while the good world’s congregations stood by instead of ruffling each others’ plumes.”

Brown feet stepping gingerly along moss-less rushing rivers that roared no more stood in the warm burial ground connecting earth to God rays descending: that tall pulpit reaching up into our lives with music from the pumping pipe organ shipped from England, sitting smack dead in the lighthouse building overlooking the everlasting stretch of cane fields.

That huge Anglican Church surrounded by cane, which were in turn surrounded by banana and then afu yam!

“Where’s everybody?” Great, great granddaddy stood amidst the vast cane field, then looked around and asked, before walking out into the yard with red amshar chickens, goats, pigs, and the stubborn jackass everybody knew to avoid.

A yellow jacket beetle climbed the hill along passing cane fields to eat worms disentombing Kauzpa’s daddy’s back. Graveyard of insects swarmed up from within, devouring us, because by now most of the family members were sleeping on the other side of the Great Oak Tree from exhaustion.

Alone in a dark room one person would have to bear the burden of carrying what was left of the family forward, but not Kauzpa’s daddy. Alone in the dark room, next to the hearth too cold for comfort, before entering roads of dusk, the vision to build a great canoe to swim and meet the new world in its tracks before it gained too much traction inland fell flat. Every eye dropped on the failed vision: sore, bordering the boundaries along the heart of each family member’s emotional response.

“Don’t let them uproot us and put out leftovers in clay blocks. These bricks. Not straw. Not wood. They don’t breathe and will suffocate us with bricks. Not a single plant ever grow in clay. Next thing we have clay all around: that great, big, red jungle, while we slowly bleed, drown our seeds in the red sucked from us to keep those bricks glowing red and vultures wait to pick bones dry.”

“Let’s burn him now,” Kauzpa’s daddy said. “If my seed will be the reason we suffer, we blind our hearts so our needs may not see the light of day.”

Grandpa’s eyes had fallen on the future sore, nothing but a roll of dust along the hearts of his fold—Onis. Bundled up, young emotions cradling his family to the tolling of Anglican church bells swinging to the tune of, “Sin Bye Oh Sis.”

Father Sangenette had displaced the row of elders by now with the rights of men to mold nature to his bidding. Away with natural mystics like Kauzpa's bloodline or vision.

Alone in my room with little light shining through. Where did they all go with my life? How will the people who didn't have any light to shine do it? All stood where the Great Oak doors reached the edge of our knowledge.

"Dem coming!"

"Hurry!"

"Grab di foot. Quick!"

"Wha if it wet?"

"Grab di toe. Big toe neva lie!"

They placed him on his back where the sun felt hottest. Pupa waited for the music before lowering his feet into the boy's spirit.

"Now, whe di dupi deh?"

"Chat bwoy! Chat!" Pupa kept trampling, asking; but didn't seem like anybody was home, which didn't stop the purge . . .

"Tell mi. Tink yu man enuff?" Kauzpa pleaded to the wide blue sky looking down on shadows and sounds . . .

"Gimmi piece ah im tu!" another elderly family member mumbled.

Grandpa fell on the sword holding the heart of his people. Tongues cradled his uprooted family, shrouds of prayers waiting for birds of prey circling, watching for that final shrug or kick.

Every morning since the vision we awoke as shadow people, faces pressed against the rock, Sisyphus, a newly built house erected for us yet nobody could hardly stand it. Some called it "muckta". Other family members tried to hide where the sun rest before Grandpa's music lowered his plantar feet into the clay soil surrounding our dwellings to his redemption song: "Sin Bye Oh Sis." Thinking it would bring forth more afu for us all to eat during the time of famine.

"How does it feel to have lost souls in your own bloodline? Just don't break the stalk and kill the entire fold all because you want to spite your

face.” His wife let him know. “That is something you manage. Not kill.”

“Carry the boy over here,” she said, because she was British and understood the cause. “Everybody is ready for eating when the root is tied to God. What about those cows over there where the cloud is dark?”

Disk-shaped eyes in the wilderness where she stood froze for a minute. Hardest things to deal with: forms that come running up to your sacred place, and clean droppings from their journey on your welcome mat and then next thing other knocks follow in the middle of night as if urgency for one should mean emergency for all.

Lost nomads travelling in the cold because the rising moon that had also given surrounding tides more than enough water to spill plentifully on each other’s cycle to “Sin Bye oh Sis” didn’t mean Grandpa’s other wives felt the same kindred spirit a stranger tried to bestow at their feet in bata for alliance.

Grandpa, on the other hand, also known as Bluest Sky before they started calling him Kauzpa, had never seen a woman so unearthly, and immediately knew he felt something special for her. His other wives tried their very best, but couldn’t see it. Matter of fact, he was too old to be feeling anything, anyway.

His already wives all bonded as one, and decided to give this your things her twenty-five new moons before she became another bundle of bones tossed to the side, rumped, gathering dust like all things new.

To Grandpa she had just desecrated **The Book of Foretelling**. The vision said Onis’ magnetic field will pull strangers across great waters into our land. They will first appear as tadpoles to the eyes, so hearts may be impregnated. Same shape that shepherd life out of silence.

“How can I care what Kauzpa can’t understand? That’s what’s wrong with the prophesy of wet water coming from big toes. Nobody cares.”

“Why don’t you stand by and learn more about the leprosy on your door step before talking, woman?”

Knotting into each other’s patience felt more like phantom surrounding the minutes dripping in separate universes. In no time, Toto

had to avoid walking away. Every hop he made on the far side forces Kauzpa's hungry dog into his life. Milk River first warms the blood, footsteps away on the live path filled with snakes slithering through the garden. First blood, the soup of life, atop Hilltop 412 cascade from mother.

"Watch and pray! This land of stone will not be a hiding place for infidels."

They chased her with pointed forks for being a mule, to hide the shame drowning her vision.

"I swear, Kauzpa, as I stand here, if you weren't all skin and bone. . . ."

"A damn fool is what you is. Sit your hopping ass on my land."

Waves stretching across the black hole rubbed his nose. Darkness embraced the valley where Kauzpa roamed as a boy and was lifted through the blossoms of wild cassava and guava.

"Strong and mighty Kauzpa, why you tremble and pitch over every time I open myself to your longings?"

"I've no fear, woman! I stand hard and strong beside you . . . Lambs communication with the sky over Blue Hole. I'm the merciful but not for long with that mouth of yours."

"Licking your lying ass till your heart run water bring pain to my soul. But, don't push."

"Won't be first time, sweet Jesus!"

"You damn right! I'm talking to God. Go home! Let me deal with it."

"Mark my words. Only trying to water everything for your benefit. Make the healing work by its own. Before the last become the first."

"Wha yu seh?"

ELLIOTT FERRELL

Dialectical Dianokovich Diabolical

Resolution patterns or the greenery in the sun
Mundane or whirlwind
Whiplash is less than the usury of slain ermines

Puddles of mercury
They do not care for you
Alas the reined guillotine sounds metallic in the rain

And then hands
But not unyielding
Simply horticultural nests
In the groves on the main street
Of the last day on loan
In the sunlight of the Mediterranean's
Last ditch attempt at rounding the barrel of its gun

Plush tomato crushed by tongues
Tasted by teeth in all their acidic and grassy glory
Never has a lark landed successfully on the plant
For its roots are too deep to hold the sun
In even a passing platonic embrace
Let alone the passion of a son
To the mother
Of heat and life and doves
And to which wax seals sing the songs of wings chained to the ground

DAVID JAMES

What I Want in a Work of Art

Surprise me, dammit,
and make me carry my grief
in my own palms like white rose petals or human eyeballs,
or force me to open my heart
and pull out the used tinfoil,
wrap whatever sorrow I feel in it
and toss the whole thing out a car window
on a dirt road in northern Michigan.

Take my mundane view
and spray paint every leaf, every blade of grass,
every branch with neon blues.
I need to be startled out of my skin,
shaken, not stirred,
smacked in the head by an imaginary 2 X 4
until the bruises bubble up
and float into the sky, becoming seagulls and crows.

Knock my shoes off,
drag my brain out my right ear,
throw a bucketful of light into my eyes,
and turn my tongue into a small child
whose first spoken word
is still seventeen days
away.

Religion of an Idiot

To him, heaven is a chocolate cream pie, a twenty-dollar bill, a snow-cone on a summer's day. When he closes his eyes and forces himself to think, he imagines God sitting high on a throne, angels flocked at his sides, an orchestra playing classical music. From the clouds above, he believes God stares down at the world full of idiots and calls the shots. That's why the homicide rate is increasing. That's why small pox has been eliminated. That's why we have picture perfect days.

The idiot realizes no one will ever understand God and this makes him feel closer to the Lord. In some ways, they're alike: slow, quiet, naïve, unable to do anything that matters. This consoles him far beyond religion.

At night, as he slides under his bed, he prays to rid all bedrooms of dust balls, to help him remember his proper name, to forgive him when he eats worms. Most of all, he asks God to find him a woman dull enough to think he's not an idiot, but merely a man of few words, spiritual, child-like, a common saint without a brain.



SUNRISE: THE ARTIST IN SILVER CITY by Brian Schorn, 2015
mixed media with found objects (32 1/2" x 10" x 4")



BLACK RAIN by Brian Schorn, 2015
mixed media with found objects (28" x 12 1/2" x 3")



FRACTURE by Brian Schorn, 2015
mixed media with found objects (26" x 15½" x 3")



BEDROOM DOOR KNOB (FOR JULIA BULETTE)
by Brian Schorn, 2015 mixed media with found objects
(19" x 5" x 5")

CHARLES HOLDEFER

Kickstart Me, Harder, Harder

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D. E. STEWARD

Swellendam

Headed across the Eastern Cape, leave Port St. Johns along the Umzimvubu River to come upon a checkpoint as the road leaves the river to start the steep climb to the pass

Highway police at a lay-by, one a woman, two blue police cars

One cop dapper and tall, looks at a US license and rental car registration agreeably then goes mock incredulous and demands an international driver's license

Go mock incredulous back to counter his pitch for a bribe and he grins and lets it go, the single time that corruption was met firsthand in the new South Africa

Climbing by thornveld dongas almost like chaparral, slab rocks and sharp ridges, toward the Mlenganpass into the open green hills of interior Pondoland

A hundred kilometers from the coast to Mthatha, the old Umtata—either a politically inspired name change or a new phonetic transcription of the Xhosa or both

Umtata was an empty town, rubber-tired horse carts, a few cars

The sham of declaring the Transkei and nine other old “native areas” in the Republic as independent homelands was being pumped up in 1964

They were apartheid's Bantustan days, "Separate Development," and the old *Bunga*, the Transkei legislative building, was being refurbished as part of Pretoria's eyewash

Bunga means discussion in Xhosa

Poking around the *Bunga* construction site—it may have been a Sunday, if not brashness was logical behavior in South Africa in those days—upstairs off the gallery above the chambers was a tiny room

Accessed by a narrow passage with a door, a right angle, and another door to the room itself, fitted with a wide one-way mirror directly over the rostrum in that era before surveillance cameras

The *Bunga* is now the Nelson Mandela Museum

As most things in post-apartheid South Africa bend Mandela's way

But in diminishing returns since he left office in 1999 flatly to the ANC, like a bad joke to Mbeki, and then to Zuma, an even more serious bad joke

Off now from intensely kinetic Mthatha twenty kilometers toward East London on N-2 where Mandela grew up in Qunu, the hamlet in open veld where when President he built a house

Established but immature trees around the house, otherwise all high grassy slopes and swales, Qunu across the road downslope a sprinkling of ochre, cream and pink stucco rondavels, a lot of open sky, far horizons over grazing land in all directions

A paved driveway in front of a brick gatehouse angled privately away from the light metal gate contingent with the tile-roofed cream stucco house, set there, except for the open site, as it would be in Lausanne or San Francisco

Pull in and park by six fully dressed-out Harley-Davidsons from Johannesburg met earlier while gassing up back in Mthatha, middle-age pleasant white men riding with all the inauspicious international bike-gang accoutrements

Their helmets off, standing around talking quietly about “the President” and taking smartphone pictures at the gate peeking through toward the gravesite not far inside

No one else around until a pleasant seventeen or eighteen year-old Xhosa kid appeared inside the gate and described the burial less than two months before pointing out toward the grave out of view behind

There was a hushed mood there then as if the momentousness of the place demanded more, and was woefully understated with only half a dozen motorcycles and one foreign tourist rental car there that summer afternoon

Only the empty hills with a few brown cattle browsing scattered in twos and threes, some mealie plots, a big quiet and steady sky

The bikers left pushing and coasting out the driveway and a bit down the hill before starting their engines

No signs, no commercialism at all in the village across the road, no Mandela statuettes or memorabilia for sale, as if his death six weeks before was too fresh for any of that

Even more, perhaps there would never be anything commercial in Qunu linked with him, he lived that way

Not only the first president of the new South Africa who while in prison had led the country away from both apartheid and open insurrection, he was Lincoln and Gandhi

He worked through the worst of Afrikaner Stormjaer attitudes, survived their jamboks and bicycle chains, Special Branch interrogations, and more than the quarter century in their prisons, nineteen years on the rock pile on Robben Island

Probably as significant as everything else, he forgave and then as president established the truth and reconciliation commission

He began right here, a herd boy on the veld with illiterate parents

Following the calves and heifers soon after he could run and walk

Learning everything outside from the older boys, to stand and watch the cow's tongue licking the caul from the mucus-eyed head and easing the shaking the calf up, to not get too near a mother with fresh calf, or a bull, even a yearlings bull, to not trust the giddiness of young steers

Knowing to hold back from the splatter of excited cattle clacking across a dust-chewn donga, seeing when a cow is bulling that she receives the bull, to let the calves gambol together before herding them into the kraal for the night

To when gathering stock or bringing them back to the kraal, turn them tossing pebbles or sticks, to use a staff, to fling stones with a sling, to watch for snakes, the weather from the wind and clouds

To sense when jackals are nearby when a cow is about to drop a calf and then to stay with them even into the night hunkered in his blanket at a warming fire of thorn bush and cattle chips until the calf is steady on its feet and feeding

All in the Xhosa of his youth, the fast clicking verbs and snorting expletives, the enduring trusts and loyalties

The cattle bred down out of Neolithic Zebu in Sudan and Upper Egypt to smaller-humped Sanga cattle with the great Bantu migration

a thousand years ago south from the equatorial highveld, then bred in with the *grootvee* of the Dutch and later some with the English dairy breeds

They are called Nguni cattle now, these cattle Mandela followed as a boy

Cattle-dependent people all along as surely as the East African tribes left behind, before the plantation-style farm labor of the Cape and the Free State and then the mines

Cattle-dependent like buffalo-dependent Sioux, yak-dependent Tibetans, horse-and-sheep-dependent Mongols, reindeer-dependent Lapps

As the tall Bantu speakers arrived here following their cattle into this immense and grand South Africa, it was emptier and the hills more forested

The smaller click-language Khoisan people, the San, who had been everywhere here forever, in the Drakensberg, on the Indian Ocean coast and deep into the interior, drifted westward away

And left “Xhosa” with a click

Following cows, that is how Nelson Mandela was a boy

Drive off now from his Qunu on across the old Transkei proud of South Africa, of having been there that day that way, and of having first come fifty years before

Cross the Great Kei that to the Voortrekkers and their wagons was like the Pecos or the Platte west of the hundredth meridian to America’s settlers

King Williams Town's broad Cathcart Street recalling Queenstown's forlorn and watchful main street just to the north in 1963, limping in down out of the Free State with a blown VW cylinder

All the low shedded trading-store sidewalks and into-town-then-out-of-town straight streets of Africa

Steve Biko was in ninety-day detention in King William's Town forty years ago, then a hundred and eighty day detention, then detention ad infinitum until he was trucked to Port Elizabeth to be tortured and slammed around to die from brain trauma and then trucked back and buried here

The brown and white sign saying so and pointing to his grave is on the west side of town near the turnoff inland for Fort Hare, the university from which Mandela emerged with much of the best that lifted South Africa past apartheid

Without Biko and his Black Consciousness Movement out of Natal, where he was in medical school, the South Africa of now probably would not have been

Without Steve Biko probably no international boycott, without which the liberal world may have settled for a Reaganesque compromise justified by an anti-communist economic reality rationale

Make Grahamstown by dusk across apartheid's old Ciskei and the empty klipveld west of the Great Fish River, spot a single stately giraffe well off the road that probably had to do with a game farm nearby

Jarring to see a big animal appear like that within the complicated social-political inventory of the Eastern Cape, a gracious insouciant reminder that this still is Africa

Walked The Lawns of Rhodes University with three Liberal Party people fifty years ago, big trees, planets just coming out into that October deep

dusk, a fiery-necked nightjar with its six-note plaint close by high like the rising moon

So exhilarating I remember not sleeping well thinking deeper into it that night, only the second South African one

Two of those people went into exile in the UK after the African Resistance Movement arrests the next year, the third made it to Swaziland when she was kidnapped across the international border by the Special Branch and taken into detention in Pretoria

So long ago but the almost unnegotiable void between what white Liberal Party resisters went through and how the multitude of Steve Bikos resolutely endured and died was there like the tall trees over The Lawns of Rhodes and the haunting repeated nightjar

Then we walked and talked far enough away from buildings and other people to not be overheard, finished beyond the campus on the hill that now boasts the 1820 Settlers National Monument

The statue, couple and child standing, English, sun bonnet, jaunty stovepipe-hat dad with King James version and another big book in hand, the supplicating child looking up at mom, even then, even now, having nothing to do with Afrikaners, let alone Africans, and their destinies

South Africa so often has to do with misconnected destinies

Grahamstown in this century seems like Amherst in Massachusetts sometime at least an era or two ago

It has a High Street and early Victorian colonial trading-store blocks picturesquely going derelict, a college town with museums and a certain stance and voracious street people with the whole of the overpopulated underemployed Eastern Cape just outside it

As everywhere else in post-apartheid South Africa, Grahamstown hangs cautiously there in the Border Country waiting for the other shoe to fall

An outpost into Xhosa lands past Port Elizabeth before the mysterious and roadless wild coast on toward Kwazulu-Natal, mild, alert to itself, immune to the rest of the world

Port Elizabeth with its docks, industrial silos and car plants farther along westward has a feel and sense of Genoa or Marseilles, of having always been

Sweeping across the flats around Algoa Bay, now Nelson Mandela Bay, through the North End on Settlers Highway then into the tight busy center on Chapel Street, a big place, Zürich's size, with graceful South African stucco and arch style

Park in the center, it looks well scrubbed and much more affluent than last time here, look around and stretch and then out westward on Baakens Street

Port Elizabeth like a dozen or so cities still vivid when returning to them no matter how long past

Port Elizabeth this time stiff with that peculiar familiarity frequent when in small-big cities like it, that to live there would be asking the reason to be there

If living in PE why not Cape Town, and living in Cape Town, why not London, and if London why not New York

The urban magnet like the universal nostalgia memory magnet, live in its terms and never get enough

On through the city straight for Humansdorp and Plettenburg Bay and the Indian Ocean again, on out N-2 the great road that goes all the way to the Atlantic

Absorbed with how place names call out substance and reality and so the place-transcendence of physical geography

Along a coast flanked by mountains close-in, sheer, and emphatically dominating the sky while the road runs west beneath them straight and true

Cross the Stormsrivier below the Tsitsikammaberge range with ridges up over fifteen hundred meters within the sound of surf

Echoing into the Klasies River Mouth Caves with their twenty-meter deep middens of shellfish and bones, Blambos Cave on to the west with its hundred thousand year old paint pots and flint knapping predating that found anywhere else

With those sheer mountains above them, those first coastal cave people lived there over a hundred thousand years ago to the sound of surf sitting by their middens watching humpbacks, right whales and dolphins moving by just outside

Knysna, George and Mossel Bay, then inland skirting the Little Karoo through the grand Cher and Saskatchewan-scale grain fields of Afrikaner Riversdale and Heidelberg with the Langeberg's hundred-kilometer ridge along the northern horizon

And then follow down along the Breede River into Swellendam

Even more than Stellenbosh and Paarl ahead, Swellendam's long Voortrek Street is quintessential Afrikanerdom

But again, as it is in Grahamstown for English-speakers, Swellendam sits carefully there in the Cape also waiting for the other shoe to fall

All along the Afrikaners have had much to lose, namely everything

The last 2014 morning in South Africa a huge Afrikaner wheat farmer with his infant son on his chest in a hotel swimming pool on the coast in Hermanus affably went on about his triple-digit-hectare spread he has organized with three neighbors in Riversdale

His great-great grandfather, his great grandfather, his grandfather, his father, his son, all there as it had been for all of them since the 1830s on the land

Steadfast, yoked oxen on the Great Trek



MAY THE FLAMES OF YOUTH BURN FOREVER BRIGHT
by Miguel Saludes, 2018, oil on canvas (44" x 60")



KOZMIC BLUES by Miguel Saludes, 2018
oil on canvas (42'' x 43'')



KOZMIC BLUES (detail)



TENNIS FIELD WITH SPROUT by Miguel Saludes, 2017
oil on canvas (34" x 34")



TENNIS FIELD WITH SPROUT (detail)

IVAN ARGÜELLES

The Template of Devotion and Desire

in small devanagari characters circumflex and acute
the altars of lost vowels conjunct consonants and
dense interstices where gods of vedic resonance
plunge like liquid gold into the empyrean of silence
passions neglected in spheres of impossibilities
legend and miasma and fruiting trees of immensity
where resound mind and no-mind alike on drums
played by dancing feet superb silver anklets jangling
in the mirror of the missing self the advantage
of light and immersions of oceans in a single drop
of moonlight section after section of non-matter
falling off the conjunction that separates syntax
from madness and the plural of woman emerging
from the sublime script that echoes orients of clouds
writing and erasing all the time the sentences of thunder
loud and silenced by the eyelid of eternal introspection
what a distance the soul has to climb in this fray
what beautiful and lacking atmospheres swirling
in the minute sleep of ant and midge that surround
nevertheless the known universe with a thousand
unknown universes and the clangor and sometimes
weeping and loss of the other and the beloved in a
sensuous debacle of thought and argument and dust
that recollects a former life a thousand former lives
rolled up into one great ball of fire that speeds
like an unerring bullet into the heart of the god
whose senseless orientation alone is love and disaffection
what can ever be read in this vast unfurling text
as it divides itself into quarry and blind statuary

verses of uninhibited erotica and censored rituality
will the soul ever learn to recognize itself in the small
glass held up by a trembling hand to the shape of a leaf
wet with dew and intoxication and the dizzying spiral
of sunrays meant to expose the body to its nothingness ?
on and on and on the virtual reality of a forgotten
experience lived and relived in the daily reading
of the holy book and still something is missing like
sand like wind like untouchable fragments of air
a yearning for the dead which is the other half of breath
the hemisphere that contains the portals to the within
how dazzling the circumference of the head of a pin
the needle inserted in the arm of the addict the vision
of a supernal and non-existent moment of ecstasy
hair and ink and the galaxies spinning out of control
tomorrow afternoon in the lap of the invisible lover
stargazer errant gazelle softness of cloud-lining
everything will be dissolved in the great awakening

Amnesia

was it a cloud we fought for an empty blouse
lineaments of blue air and the big hair
that belongs to the goddess of distance come
all undone combs pins ribbons and all
the battlements on which we saw her walking
the ditch and trophy and randy dogs sniffing
phantom footsteps the very din of battle
dusting the noon of eternity in her dark eyes
we never looked deep enough into the pockets
where she hid her valuables nor spoke once
with her in the dressing room nor touched
the illusion of her powdered skin as she
flitted by in organdy and tulle and a wisp
of swan wings the door that shut on memory
the fluid device at the center of the poem
that could turn either way moon-rise or
toward the sun setting in the ochre Tuscan hill
a mass of versions of beauty at its prime
girls who turn mirrors into antiseptic weapons
the mature woman at the top of the marble steps
the mad priestess raving in her honeyed cups
mistress of bees the divergent shadow in
search of its body the spool and increment
of rumor spooking the dry wells and baths
how many the rushing waters of a sleep
engendered by a vanishing desire to hold just
once with arms of substance the ghost woven
from the thin threads of myth the primordial
lesson of stone learning to move and talk
a statue and nothing more borne on a ship
bound for Asia Minor and the wheeling birds
above fog and surf and dim mirage of land
sighted by the primitive eye for the first time cliffs
promontories of white clay absences of grammar

shipwreck and victory of ants on the shoreline
darkening like an evening looking for stars
what a lack of trust in the fleeting bodice
the sweep of the unfurling dress skimming
the threshing floors of Phrygia the eye-liner
blackier than the Nile's deposits and lip-gloss
disappearing in the glass of irreversible thought
minds blown up ! the spear aimed at the stag
leaping mountain peaks of pure longing
sign and delusion tooth set on the fine hide
hands from nowhere taking ink from its shape
shuddering because she has been nowhere
if not in the disappearing lines recited by the bard
silences without echo margins without space
what is in between the gods ? typography
and punctuation of the hieroglyphs of time
reductions of sand and flame lies of the pyramids
let her bed alone in the vast abyss leave her
to the imaginary lions of chalk and brush
a painted ivy a sequence of embroidered leaf
platinum and aura detritus and ebbing tide
flimsy breeze and vowel ricocheting in rock
the named and the unnamed bride *amnesia* !

The Illegible Text

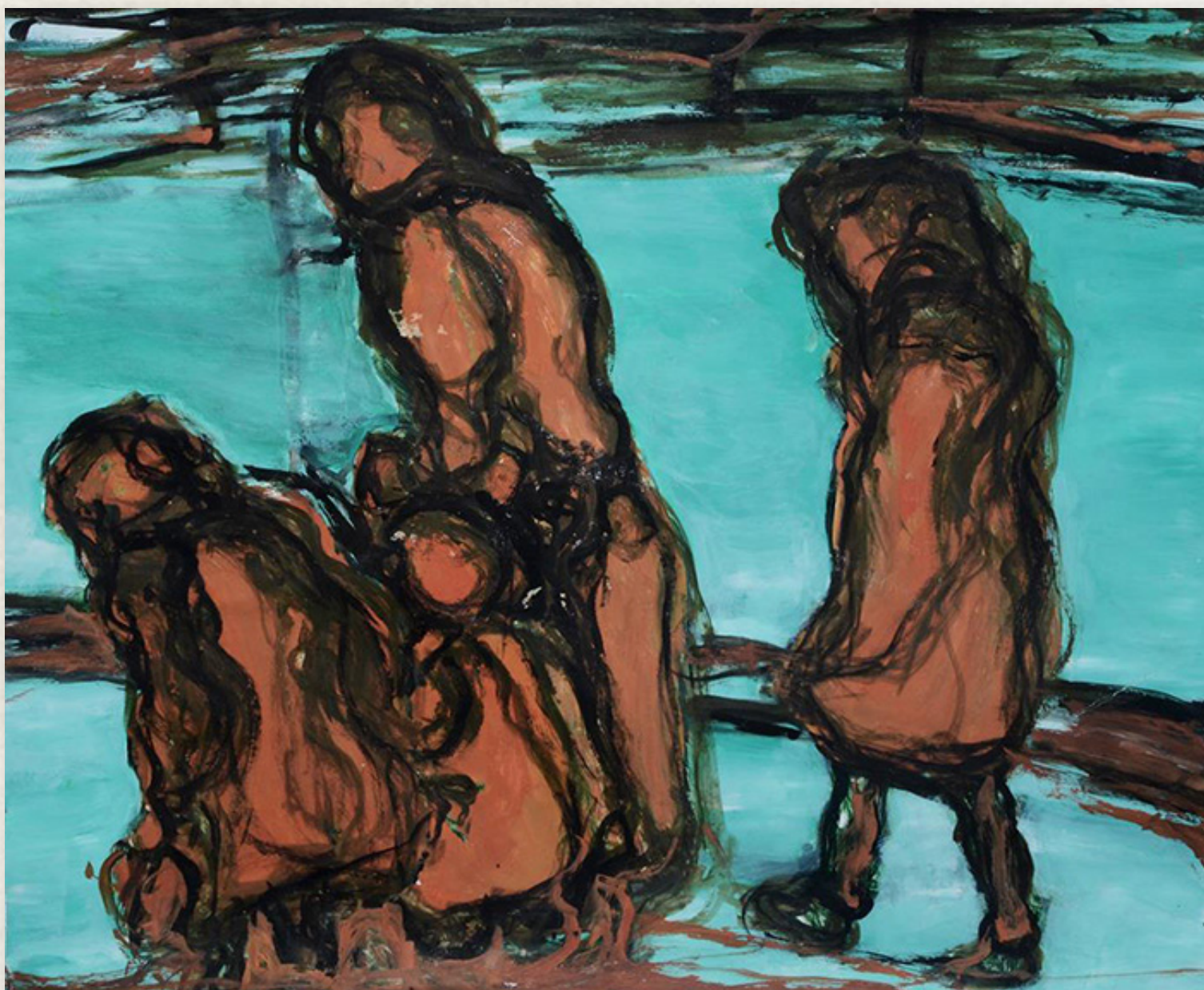
for James Balfour

is this Sicily where we disembark angels
and the conglomerate of all the evenings of time
burnished gathered into a smoking knot
look for the volcano ! cross the asphodel fields !
why are you asking me these questions
I have no more answers than I have hands of sand
listening to radio signals from fathomless depths
shipwrecks and vistas of longing and death
from afar the Mountain and its gravitas as if
prepared to *fly* numerical sequences of air
lightning in the form of a script shatters the moment
we set foot on the burning shores and the hands
of the undergone groping above the earth
who can hear those alphabetical cries without
realizing they are voices from within and darkness
that shapes the inky origins of thought and
the myth of adolescence carved into a rock fragment
singing transmutations of centaur and nebula
is the brain ever so small as to exclude light ?
the variations of a music hellish and brilliant
I want to sing like that I want to form
syllables that consist only of Omegas
it is my friend from the House of Tudor who waves
beckoning us to step ever closer to the furnace
dragons of flame wavering crepuscular images
of letters meant to form mantras and warrants
a symbolism of unending hexameters the very Poem
legend of cipher and sickle and vineyards
of nostalgia and puberty however many the lines
circling and recircling the end of the beginning
and the crater at last where we verge prepared to leap !
Empedocles and Heraclitus ghost thinkers

urging us to have one last thought the one
that will echo through the cosmos a literature of stars
the illegible text unraveling from the mind
that has been intoxicated by a madness to learn
why the light why the dark at the top of the stairs
why the gods unwholesome and lusting why anything
questions to the sphinx and riddles in stone
night and its hallucinatory other a green imp
evaporating planets issuing from a fissure
in the middle of bedlam the number of hours
we have counted since the start of this lesson
and still unable to sleep in the form of an X-ray
situations of peril and love and embraced
by the scribes of mutability we chance on the *Ore !*
it will never be yesterday again and noon with
its forked heat and blinding asbestos
who are the girls in the grove ?
to drown with them again and again in the pool
outside the hedge where our shadows go to drink
Hyacinth and Narcissus victims of Apollo !
our youth scrabbled and misspelled in the winds
that rush like the simoom from the Sahara
it is ancient we are, My Friend
and go traveling deep into the island
never to return



WOMAN by Tímea Gulisio, 2014
acrylic and water color on paper (27 ½" x 20")



FAMILY by Tímea Gulisio, 2014
acrylic and water color on paper (24'' x 18'')

PHIL MONTENEGRO

I Had

Thieving through a leaning ashtray
outside the gas station, scouring
the bed of sand and stubs
for that prick of something hot
or near-hot. We'd smoke the halves,
the quarters, the gnawed and bent

angling them at the far pocket of our dry lips.
I wanted to have the bitter conflation of spit
and exhausted tobacco in my mouth.
To hear the draw, that assertion of the throat
calling in and then chugging out.
Sometimes I felt an odd desire

to have their poverty, to have their houses
with broken porches, hunched on a stoop
with them in the glassy evenings. To have
been scuffed and frayed and still own my integrity.
Every time I hid those stubs beneath bricks
or in the blue-blackness of the garage

I felt an excitement. To have this secret
the way a mute has language.
Never to speak it. Never to...
Then one morning he found out,
the smell of turpentine still on his shirt.
His face changed, listening, picturing

Montenegro/98

my fingers in the brown-dye ash.
“Have you seen the people
that walk in there?” he laughed.
I had. I had.

DORU CHIRODEA

Anal Love

No twinless twin phantasm
Will ever cure
Your boanthropy
Or your akimbo stance & askance gawk

There are no red herring stigmata, my friend
& no tumbaga stars or mahat beingness
Yet
This IV
Keeps dripping saviour SCID in us
While you inhabit
Cloaked Inanna who
Blows ganja smoke circles
Around my
Deep descent Into
And slippery return From
Kur

At Last

I'd Bet A Three Dollar Bill
You Can Not Hear Those
Denisovan Locusts
Taiko Drumming On Vaalbara
Because You Are Three Trillion Years
Too Near To Your Ear Drum
As If Everything That Will Happen
Has Already Taken Place
While No One Will Ever
Love You Back

GARY GLAUBER

Classic Takedown

A leg kick seems apropos
in light of tangled negotiation,
the sucker punch of realization
dawns upon those in-the-know.
We call it hobby knowledge,
this advice pieced together
from strands of flowering sedge
& wind-dispersed feather.
Open wide & gather seeds
that dictate what should follow.
There's profit in ignoring needs
by light of fading tallow.
Waiting, talking on the fly,
about what breaks will signify,
crises we cannot ignore:
broken & asking for more.

DIETER WESLOWSKI

A Collecting

sunlight, then fever, then
sheer white curtains flaring
as blue nuns fly past, clicking
bits of German. And I come back
through the devil's splintered door
bearing the nail-work of three
frenzied angels. *Wo bin Ich?*
Here, where you have always been.

Even now, years later, in the bite
of mortality, once again, sans Catholic myth
or iconography, I reel my needs: mother gone,
three molars pulled, knock-down flu and
what do I do but chew, chew over
purpose and reason. Clear enough!
No celestial father waltzes.
No mother mercies us.
Just us simians scurrying about.

A friend says there is nothing to achieve.
I should relax embrace like Blake. All will be
swept away, and the earth reduced to a cinder.
Those words do not sit
well with me because all I can think is
Papa Weill's tender and sad "Lost in the Stars."
Damn, at times, I can be
a sucker for the sentimental.

And Having Rattled Off

usual benediction—
that little marvel for being
alive to see another Michaelmas
all wheeled in bloom as well as
a mal or two thrown in
for the hell and it of it, I close
my mouth, lest a fly
with multiples of sight
enter
only to realize that my dark is not
the cozy black of a dead frog's
upturned mouth, and
in a fury of wings
summon the lord of all buzzers to
rectify the situation.



UNTITLED by Wayne Hogan, 2018
ink on paper

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

DIETER WESLOWSKI:

The lonelier I get, the more in love I fall with the world.
Cernuda's weeping devil—right on the mark.

CHARLES HOLDEFER:

“Gavest thou goodly wings unto the peacocks?”

IVAN ARGÜELLES:

What is it about this day and age of having to wear chain-mail during a debate? Or does the debate as such only reside in the Latin storybooks of Cicero? Let's avoid the tourist trip (trap?) to Capital Hill (Capital Hell?) where aging decrepit and bought white men of a centuries old racist/agrarian stock prevail over minds numbed to both truth and reality. Do they not hear the death knell of the planet going down in raging fires, torments of wind and water, famine and poverty? A tectonic shift is in the works. The labors of science and poetry bring to bear on the climate and weather and deteriorating atmosphere that the End is nigh! Beautiful underwater coral reefs once the wonder of color now stagnate deadly white a signal that the Stygian stream is overflowing with the ordure and pus of heedless mortals. Let us blow hard the conch of Krishna! Kaliyuga has all but done its worst, turning into depravity the once polite body politic where man resided with man in idyllic harmony. Or is that also Fake News? How many arms does Shiva have to deal one death blow after another? Is the Juggernaut already out of control, its wheels striking sparks of friction that are igniting jungles as far off as the remote Amazonas! Ozone puke! Ionosphere and noosphere both riddled with the acids of uncontrolled power and greed. The moon is too near to colonize, perhaps already rotted to the core of its sublime

dust. To Mars! Colonize the fossil canals and dead volcanic plains! If man lives that long to get that far. Meanwhile here on planet Gaia myth of Eros and dalliance, courtly troubadour love and idealized romance of Petrarch and Ronsard is turned to the thing it really is: Sex, brute raw forced unconsenting rape where the victim is the the guilty one to remain silent, and the perpetrator, the bull alpha male goes free. Which brings us back to the Capitol Hell of today: Make America White Again. It seems to be working for the time being. But for how long will these randy aging water buffalo in their swamp maintain this fiction of lust and corporate power? Woman! The maternal instinct for love and nourishment is waiting in the wings. Maybe there will be an election one day in which women of all colors and creeds will stamp out all vestige of that trumpeting white breed of colonizing idiot males. A poem will occur of ineffable signals and greenery of light and space. Room to breathe and move again? Who knows?!

DAVID L. JAMES:

What can we do in these dire times? Rant against the insanity? Give money and vote? Watch our blood pressure? Try not to get too depressed? I know I have to do more than write poems, but the poems help. Maybe they only help me, but that's fine; that's why most of us got into writing anyway: to figure out who we are and why we do the shit we do. Sometimes we chip away at the inner core when we write a poem and see ourselves, our world and others, in a different light. I hope it's a softer light, an understanding light, a light that other people can see and move toward. Because the more we see—whether that's through poems or essays or stories, or through relationships and actions—the less likely we'll want to kill each other. And that's a good thing.

GARY GLAUBER:

Useless

Stately plump Buck Mulligan goes careening down the stairs, shocked by the supreme injustice of the partisan push. It's all gravitas and gravlax now, an appetizer for the unsavory reversals to later be served. Forget the perjured perpetrator who walks back calendars through the

primrose path. Man oh man, those roses smell great. Ignore the experts, ignore what common sense tells you, ignore and deplore and what's more reassure that apologies need to be made. Majority rules over force majeure and a lifetime appointment follows. The tired patriarchy celebrates its folly and rallies around the rarified air of the privileged smug victor. That air is thin, and wronged survivors vow to remember when preparing to climb into the booth, seeking a summit of courageous retribution, voting their conscience, remembering...yes, I said yes, I will Yes.

DORU CHIRODEA:

Former poet

Doubts

Your false positive Jeremiad of the soluble fish

And

The no agency onus of your sudden g-spot

But

I accurately misremembered everything about you

Before

My gambit led to

Your

Pollyanna imbroglio

RICHARD KOSTELANETZ:

Of this: what is advertised by calling vociferous mobs in the streets “anti-fascist,” when the historic fascists began as street mobs trying by force of presence to overthrow a legitimately elected government? Who’s stroking whose ignorance?

WILLIAM MOHR:

I am certainly not the only contributor to *Caliban Online* who admired the magazine back in its first iteration in print culture, and I imagine I am not the only one who still feels nostalgic about a cultural period in which one could visit a bookstore and purchase one’s favorite poetry magazine. Hefty in physical size as well as in its editorial vision, those issues of *Caliban* still hold a venerated spot on my bookshelves.

However, there is one way that the on-line version surpasses the print culture's run: the visual art is in color, and there is more of it. Just now, in composing this brief commentary for the "contributors' advice" section, I went back to those early issues. One contained a portfolio of work from Self-Help Graphics, an arts project in East Los Angeles. But the work was in black and white, which would not be the case now. The editor would be able to include full color intensity reproductions of the visual art. In some ways, I think it's too easy to look at the current version and take it for granted that we get to savor the dialogue between the visual art and the poems, with each reproduced in their full vigor. This dialogue is one of the affirmations that this magazine offers as a means of resisting the ideological prevarications of right wing politics.

It is this dialogue that we should be pointing to when we answer the question posed on a button I saw recently being worn by a worker at a museum dedicated solely to the work of women artists. "Can you name five women artists?" As the woman wearing the button said to me, "The real test is whether you can name five without starting with Frida Kahlo and Georgia O'Keefe." In answering this question ourselves, I would suggest that all of us review past issues of *Caliban Online* and cite five women artists who have appeared in its pages, so that when we name them, we can add, "And you can easily find their work in *Caliban Online*." As an easy link to someone who should be in your list, for instance, here is your entry to an article on Ellen Wilt.

https://stamps.umich.edu/exhibitions/detail/materials_on_hand_the_art_of_ellen_wilt

GARFIELD LINTON:

Life is a great place to be and most times I take it for granted like the rest of us; but deep down a lingering feeling never ceases to remind me there will never be another place or time like this.

JOHN CROSS:

Climate Change

I meant to draw a giant whose wild
Hair seems to scratch at
A red sky

I mean I meant to sketch two giants who for a moderate price
Drink dusky silos of the lingering turbid water
Carefully toward slurring yellow poppies
We feel the tug of the nets of the audible night
I mean I tried to render two nymphs each with eight wings
Who would not scatter or falter
But mend the floor and pucker their playthings
I mean I love you

STEPHANIE DICKINSON:

Four teenagers steal a dinghy in the dead of winter and motor out into Long Island Sound. A joyride to Hart's Island where Potter's Field awaits. They have a guitar with them to serenade the nameless dead buried in mass graves. No limestone markers radiant in the cold. The four are honor students: Alex, the Russian boy with the long blond hair and face of a ballet dancer, Henry, the Jewish boy, a lead guitarist who likes to sit by ruins and sing to the firmament, Gino, a star Italian wrestler who can bake a mean ziti and ravioli with black mussels, and Les, a physics whiz who believes in the evil eye. The moon is huge, about to fall into the frigid water. The dinghy's motor sputters and dies. Out of gas. They take up the oars. If they keep rowing they'll make Hart's Island. 101 acres where a million people are buried. New York City's unclaimed. They discover the boat has a hole in it. The icy water is already seeping in. They try to rewind the night. To spot the dingy. To keep walking. Weeks later Henry's body washes up. The three others are giant frozen water hyacinth and still afloat.

DALE HOUSTMAN:

A Lilac Caught in Cigarette Smoke

To disrupt the annual Parade Against Purpose, our shared body filled the rural hatcheries, expanding until it smeared a yellow veneer over the vacant amusement chamber to swell the blue fire drapes into alluring and censorious forms of governance, of uneasy welcome.

The sun proxy fell upon a farm woman in tango with her large animal doctor between the rows of standard tree-casts, behind the window of the gallery. The high gallery.

Our amatory linkages ribbon across the delicate saleswomen we see through the window of the glove shop. They slather in kid leatherette the shadow oil across skins of uninspected statuary. Yet and still perhaps we might hear a telephone deteriorating, the ceiling's sure snowfall.

On the extreme left you can view the philosopher's abandoned shrubbery, a private carousel in a sanitarium. We had followed the farm woman this far to insert this quaint blueprint in the Facility's drinking garden, to broach October's most luminous blonde, a numbered card burning, a toy lighthouse at pier's end. Inside a hall a suggestion of para-shore birds, of a farm woman, of a large animal doctor.

Behind the snowbound ceiling you hear the foolproof chimes and see an extraordinary number of leaves in a pile, the poet recumbent. There is a minute left on his ticket and an open book in use as an ashtray.

The farm woman swirls a feather about in the leaves. She secretes a blue shellac. It flows across slots in a mirror. It fills two molds. Fresh patent leather for the interrogation. The large animal doctor signals, "*Resistance must remain sociable.*"

The wire handled knife fell in the water just as we closed the door on the foyer. Inside yet behind the small white face wrapped in a cloth also white. Aloft on a breeze.

We slide toward accumulating dark and its embedded smile in hope. Something is being eaten only to end. In both her small diaphanous apartments beyond the Facility's interior river, in both there was a security man in a plush uniform behind a low desk chained to a dusty blue railing. None of this belongs to us. None of this could have been guessed. None.

The desk had roots which blushed, they wiggled into a green designer bag, the security man sniffed. The wire handles of the bag. Dreamt of a woman's smart hair-do as seen from the trolley as the small white face appeared above the lobby, vanished into the forest across the hallway.

There was a blue glove that also twittered in the gallery breeze. There was a typewriter covered in hair that was rolled. Into an opening on parallel grooves. Something is being eaten only to end. The last afternoon lurked overhead bright, but in a tight stream dampens the security man's velvet tunic.

None of this belongs to us. None of this could have been guessed. None. Something is being eaten only to end.

ELLIOTT FERRELL:

Young, Angry, and Possibly Doomed

I am sometimes asked why I attempt to publish my poetry despite the many difficulties of doing so. And to this, I usually say that I just want to get a few words in before I die, which is rather misleading in that it makes me sound old.

But I'm not old at all, just quite possibly doomed because of the nature of who I am.

See, the warranty on young and rebellious poets has always been tragically short.

We tend to drop like flies, to put it bluntly.

Maybe it's because loud and unusual people often get shot at some point along the way.

Maybe it's because young people more than others are silenced by school, parents, or bullets.

Maybe it's because anger is only allowed in certain spaces at certain times, coming from and directed at certain people, and those who are angry walk a hair-thin line.

Maybe it's because poets are only valued when we whisper sweet nothings, and are thrown in the trash, or worse, the loony bin, when we start screaming bitter somethings.

I don't know, but I do know that all these things spell disaster for those who make a habit of never shutting up.

As for those who choose not to speak out, I have seen the best of them destroyed by pills, hatred, asylums, schools, and all else against the ecstasy of madness, because they let it happen for fear of rebellion, or fear of madness itself; fears which, as I understand it, become more and more real with age.

After all, it's madness, and nothing else, that we elect to save us from the crucible of civilization. Without it, we're impotent dust, with all the freedom and humanity burnt right out of us.

In any case, I am determined to get at least some of my words in before that oppressive crucible or the deadly force of society get to me, whether they do so in 60 years or in 6.

GEORGE KALAMARAS:

The clock turns the flower burns.

*

The moon in the mouth of the hound asks only to be eaten.

*

Listening to the second movement of Brahms' *Piano Concerto No. 1* tonight and feeling, as has been written, that it is *achingly beautiful*.

*

So, Alvaro would have turned 92 yesterday, October 12th. Rereading his poems tonight, I feel the moon ache its way down through the trees.

*

Another log on the fire. This world belongs and does not belong to Thoreau.

*

We should all be lucky to have three names. *Henry David Thoreau. Alvaro Cardona-Hine. Moon-Bruise True.*

*

Earlier today, I sat in the car, facing an Indiana field, browned by autumn. Mary Ann inside, ordering fried green tomatoes. Brahms' *Intermezzo No. 2 in A Major* pulling me down to the ground. Of what is. What was.

*

All I need, I once told Alvaro, besides my wife is the love of a good hound dog, some slow-burning wood, and the scent of my inside cry trying to survive.

*

Then the owl dropped its kerosene rag into my chest and spread its night, there, in the dark's dark.

*

However, I am not one who furthers away.

*

Like writing on water, he once told me. *Your poetry. Your painting. Your life.*

*

I believe him. We are all Borges's brothers and sisters. The grasshopper's children. Scraping our body parts. Blindly in the fields. Blind in the labyrinthine lull between words.

*

Yes, I agree.

*

Three hawks today on telephone lines. Mileposts. Trees.

*

We should all be lucky enough to have three birds bring their hollow bird bones into our lives.

*

The wind is a flute. If a gun is shot as a dinner bell for puppies, they will never later on be gun-shy.

*

How we hugged one another hello. Goodbye. Hand in hand through his apricot trees.

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ANGELS**

