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AMY JO TRIER-WALKER

Don't You Ever Forgive a Miracle

for Alfonsina Storni

I'm looking roots straight in the forehead
left over from your face
the curtain drawn back and twisted wild
any face would destroy such distant eyes
an illusion trembling in smothered vines
in leaps, in begging knives etched to my throat
north by northeast, my head is wounded in its waves
your satyr-shaped face a mask of nested silence
free and gentle before space arches up into its own ridges

while your eyes get lost in sailing shores
in forests that burn,
in dodging blue crosses
out toward your little ghosts
you lie the moss low under enormous cement
you stem the basements black
the pistols emerge in lunar flames
your loss rises almost moving
beside the men like you who dawn made
to wish a pearl-lily to only be its all delicate bud
one moon, but filtered
a daisy sister of want
you want white like you held my hand to your lips
the fruit you crowned with vines
with your garden deceit

but didn't sleeping white into you dark streaks
snakes to burn the stars back into your head
to stain your hands with each and every burned house
every forest of my own

no, I red you to ruin, to skeleton
to don't forgive miracles
to chase the dawn back into the woods
to go wash, get wet hands, go drink the bitter rocks on frost
renew your path back to all of me in salt
in water, in birds, in the dawned flesh of your soul
the back of your left tangle
then make a good mask and ask
ask black to be opened, the void rolled out and stopped
I see enough death in you
now go grow that thin flower, that square house with want for lands,
go grow anyone who can cut
the thread of me
while watching me

Ripped / Over-Parted*for Miguel Hernández*

today, I know plenty, the plenty of all the suffering roots of it, ripping underneath the thorn, how to unload such a heavy today, hands that look too much in holding an axe and knives for affection, an axe the tallest, most fatal and serene heart I've noted, hidden to make an ink fountain of goodbyes stay here to be born rotten with grief, a heart weighed down with joys having affairs and hanging, how my eyes are more mourned with pain than scissors, and yesterday's suffering heart is goldfish-dying, but yes, I have today, ripped, I have a heart having its bitterest, don't, don't, why let life going day after corner, first the greatest grave room like ridding a life entirely of olive streets, trees, also roots we deepen, we deepen in blood, acting each bone's fatal beats, so I down everything, too mad for drowning the sea, between drownings I can't drown such hair with this blackness, its ages the hardest blackness, hair as old as pulled-up eyes to a father's, no, death's light in the corner of the womb, the alleyway blind, and I died one gunpowder march, stirring the blood orange, an orange life in an olive time, a time caught calling out, but I can't, my first shipwrecked saliva afternoons made damp out there, out ridding itself of after the earth, after nobody within dark, after no one's grave mother beats this scarlet cold, after, maybe life rules this wonder in eternal chains made to look, to rid me of eyes and far-back cloth, far-walked shadows, all toward life, pure toward joyful, hope alive every day more than it flies, more smiles clear of storms in my cold mouth, briefly mine, and it rises in emptiness, its fluttering flight so ordinary it falls to darken, defies love over this, my over-parted earth

IVAN ARGÜELLES

From TWILIGHT CANTOS

18.

excluded from the marches and pomp
exiled from sound and the cliffs of origin
from boisterous and roiling the waves
that seethe behind human activity febrile
and misdirected and the omens littering
the heavens and dreamers who sleep in
the decay of clouds and language and
with their *hands* detach meaning from
words so what is utter and fast and what
fails going under and the plod and rhetoric
and the whistling and histrionics and fade
chronologies of the so-and-so version of
speeding bullet and sample of registers too
high to fake and the legends of living
as well the totem items the chipped and
carved from basalt the calendars and
Mexican gasolines of a distant childhood
the castles of grass the elaborate ethers
like fictions the gods passing around rolls
of parchment Egyptian dialect and feathers
strewn like a dozen dead *Cleopatras* on
a tapestry threaded with lyre and hieroglyph
the elephant warnings and caved in musk
charted fevers x-rays of light itself marks
of the beast derailments in the mountains
passing all belief the soul's notion of eternity
coming back to haunt the house and bone

beds of nasturtium narcissus and chloroform
pools and ponds and flowering tanks on
the verge of the Deccan and windblown
verses miles on end reciting blanks and
repetitions about the death after death
mimicry of water that has nowhere to rush
and the islands under the surface and images
reflected back of those who have been towed
away for illegally crossing the threshold
great hiatus and pyramid *things* floating
across a painted sky a vestibule where armor
and weapons and blustering shields panoply
of a goddess spiteful with ire and retrograde
in her on-going beauty clusters of hair and
ivory combs with Etruscan inscriptions
to be read at midnight the tri-formed hour
when neither alive or dead memory grapples
with its sweating sheets and intaglios clasped
to a shadow yearning to have back its substance
noun and vowel and circumflex and verb
assignments in the next room scribbled
on the wall bloody syntax *helter skelter*
and the traffic of down-loaded songs ringing
in the puerperal air a conscience freighted
with accusations and theft and loneliness a
thought caught in mid stream the knives of absence
when silence totally surrenders and outside
on the bereaved lawn the grasses concede
to the immense and invisible dew-fall

23.

if we could do it all in song it would be Hindustani
love bebops sliding scales with elephant treasures
miasmas in a pearl negligence & forfeit to the past
sundered in myopic emeralds liquid vowels in surf
thundered and spooned the great poems in jade
cutting through the heart's wasteland a hundred
and eighty degrees to the left of loss the drilling
grammar chiseled and filed the forenoon syntax
unfulfilled promises life's threats to be other than
the self endowed by mirrors and personal pronouns
I find myself in that very solitude neither bounded
on the east by the mountain nor sinking in the west
a shadow of water a blade of light dissolving in salt
the mercurochrome of memory the dispatches from
the god who brings sleep to fingers lost in grass
me in that solemnity of concrete and shining metal
that covers the fleeting day with reflections of sky
portents of the end futility in a package tied by
x-rays and verbal puzzles sockets and radiation
therapy the electricity that won't turn on the wall
where the silhouette remains as if pasted by an
infernal conjunction and how can one talk the self
out of *that* me frozen in time the recalled body
shifting between the moving vehicles of upper
Broadway where the universe intersects with glass
sound of frenetic horns traffic of grasshoppers
and skyscrapers let me be alone forever it shouts
into a bull-horn and the dancing up and down
of the Krishna devotees in saffron robes all glint
in the rabid eye of dereliction the holy and the rot
all in one Hindustani song the profligate romance
of the mystic yearning to become not one but *None*
me in isolation ward of eighty years over-time
distracted by kinetic dramas of the mind's eye
Shiva performing his enormous two-step dance

a minute or two more and the hansom cabs of
Central park and the snowfalls and summers in the
bare inch of passion in a martini downed in the Plaza
and quickly moving through the revolving doors
and looking for art in the least secretions of air
a famous flame lights my hair a vision to finally
be reduced to an entity footnoted in the Puranas
a squiggle of asterisks sent floating in the heaven's
where speech is confined to balloons and nothing
can be heard above the jangling of anklets on
bare feet stomping on the drum skin of paradise
wail of girls lamenting the lover who subtracted
himself from the moonlight round and me on
the sidelines mummer and puppet of imagination
was I ever more alone ? did I never connect ?

BOB HEMAN

INFORMATION

They want to punish the past for not thinking like the present.

INFORMATION

It is not only the plot that is formulaic, not only the characters and the weather and the buildings. The creature that came out of the lake was the same creature that came out of the trees, the same creature that came out of the rabbits, the same creature that spoke only one word over and over again.

INFORMATION

The last message full of the symbols for the elements. The previous message only an “em” dash buried deep in a forest of numbers.

INFORMATION

We must learn the bulldozer and the tractor and the dump truck. We must learn the fire engine. We must learn the tugboat and the circus train. We must learn the giraffe and the bullfrog. We must learn the polar bear. We must learn the dragonfly and the praying mantis. We must learn the game of monopoly and the game of checkers. We must learn the sky and the forest. We must learn the color red. We must learn about death.

INFORMATION

Because there is food. Because there is a road lined with pigs. Because there are men trained to kill and women who plant trees where the road ends. Because there is an explanation inside each box that is opened.

INFORMATION

The train a circle before it approaches, a triangle after it has gone. The square the diagram used to explain it, the line the only measurement allowed.

INFORMATION

The woman who turned into salt melted in the rain. This was not an obvious metaphor until it was omitted from the description.

TRUE OR FALSE?

Irony can be used to flatten out the wrinkles in a poem.

(for Cindy)

INFORMATION

Repeats the word differently each time. Color was invented in this way, and so was the idea of the inclined plane.

INFORMATION

Is told when the soap must be added, how the light must be controlled, how much the man must weigh. Is told that the grass must be measured using a bucket and two pieces of string. Is told that the chart must be referred to each time.

INFORMATION

The wall was made of bricks, or of sticks, or of bales of straw. Only sometimes could it keep out the wind or the water. Only sometimes was it filled with the strange markings that eventually became pigs, or the specter of the hungry wolf, with the markings that would eventually be recognized as language, or as a way of making music.

INFORMATION

Knew that the number 5 had never been a metaphor. Knew that the color red would never be repeated. Knew that together they each became a separate word. Knew that the forest would be composed of those words, repeated over and over again. Knew that there would be a song if they searched for it hard enough. Knew the light was different depending on where it was placed.

INFORMATION

The river can be worn in several different ways, but it never truly disguises them. Sometimes they think the story is about France when it is really about shoes.



THE ARRIVAL (XXXVIII) by Bob Heman, 2018
collage

WILL ALEXANDER

Subliminal Verbal Susurrations

This text being quest for consciousness, not for the greed or thirst for brilliance. Not the skilled brigade of subsequent lepers, but of one awakened to the meandering decibels of ontological quest. What seems most prominent as endemic diarist one then likens oneself to a circuitous interlocutor with the unknown in quest for the blinded craft that is being. A tautological exercise that blazes as interminable quest, as meta-octave above the skill one possesses as a transient leper verbalic in nature. A leper skilled in kindling ratios of sadness and partial ownership of sadness that higher centigrades imply. Having sketched a plane beyond omnivorous animality one transpires as via the syntax of deluge thereby developing an interior compassion for one's properties as they spontaneously express themselves. Perhaps to revive oneself from Nothingness without feigned remorse or sorrow. Perhaps as an argumentative soliloquy, as self-ignited pole star dazed via inarticulate angles, via a desert of barley, interminable and greenish with filtration. Thus, grammar exists as an anonymous gust, as something other than myopic property, as if it signaled a shift of ratio synonymous with itself as a luxurious germination of its own semantic emptiness. This being a curious circuitry of value, not an un-liveable substitution of itself, being a mirror reflecting gainless rays consisting of a dark musical ochre. This being a symbol sans the plane of strategy, sans defining empirical currents, the latter possessing seismicity that is motionless in this regard. As if one had concurred with oneself as oceanic portion, as a type of omnivorous yield.

True, living as none other than bottomless acrobatics that allows me through proportional archive as though a superimposed hand never extended itself as if one were as a dove flitting about ghostly quanta as

grove. As if one could possess scale according to bodiless numerator, to something other than salted infernoes existing inside a delta with perhaps 3 or 4 crops missing so that nothing other than the answerless sustains itself as perhaps a greenish blinding. Perhaps one can call on subliminal engenderment via archives of the human race. Never an energetic poverty, or perhaps a clone of a distant hive condensed via savage culinary portions as if a bodiless gourmand sampled a plate of burning figs, or barbarous gryphons magically covered by scalded slaver as if promulgated by a distant glistening sired by a rivalries sun.

As one absorbs the uncountable pressure dis-articulates itself and re-evapourates its motion to such an extent that the animal that I am ceases to reply and evaluate its own tremor whether it is counted or divided by one last moon or another. Say, my eyes have been seen as fragments of coal blazing from the temple, or if they belie themselves as mirages, one escapes their gaze as cunning transfixation. Being borderless ozone or a diary resembling itself via non-existent angst, or phantom neural property honing itself according to the marvelous distance of itself to itself. Of course perfection ceases to inscribe itself more resembling tautological circularity akin, at its lesser state, to reflect emerald lightning on a thread, thereby invading psychic nitrogen cellars. One thinks of the purity of archeological risk, with its frailty, with its mesmerism, with its calendar of powerful astrological maintenance. The Perhaps one correlates one's presence to a state that hovers as an eruptive spatial beacon, much in the way that drought perpetuates its tenets in nothingness, and so one's tenets convene, via equations, via mesmeric roundelays of sleep as if the mind summoned lanterns from space. This being astral cuneiform, via bottomless conundrums and coding that waken as primal ceaselessness. A curious maturity ignites as a powerful centigrade of consciousness where one's ocular strength takes on a stunning glistening of phrases. A precocious sonic kindling if you will, always stunning and impossible to measure.

Consciousness thus escalates into emptied alchemical observation, into illumined investigation, having risen to an intensity that spins by means of anterior reason, as if one's solar form were both dazed and eclipsed

as newly eclipsed perplexity. This being the aftermath of refulgence, of endemic spirals connected to the spontaneous academy of brilliance. A magical academy where thought is debated and perfectly kindled as sleep. S

By feeling the fuels of the cosmos a higher purity transpires, a hive of eclectic splendor that self-summons through impalpable prisms not unlike a worm hole so that another state is reached, another somatics of origin, where respiration itself mingles with mystical blue salt that understands itself as vibrational arrangement knowing its essence to be spawned by spontaneity.

Thus phenomena exist. As a subsequent factor, as an endless maze, as torrent magically listening to the anterior of itself as when asteroids erupt as floating volcanoes as anagrams that announce their isolation as perpetual fragments concurring with the possibility of surging beyond nature. In the end, the fragment being an auto-nautical saviour to itself, beyond itself as Pointless optical steam. Not unlike vehicular insufficiency where human cellular nature needs be cleansed by protracted alchemical blazes according to formless presence.

RAY GONZALEZ

New Brain

The wheels on display, each thumb holy and not there, breath petals afraid and gasping as three hydrangeas grow out of control. Where is the momentum, the altars of conceit kneeling into their own shadows? Yearn for a fish bone and the first borne. Frequencies of squash and celery, a sipped omission falling down the stairs to dream again. The diseased cherry tree in the backyard weeps a sap from its bark for the first time. The tiger on display, a plastic starfish in your hair, one sandal petrified, half the rain cloud and the entire notebook. Night after night, the cyber enemy and a manifest Paradiso, blood on the toast and the wooden floor misunderstood. Crowds of computer children afraid to kiss and learn. The wheels on display, rain forests chest heavy with marked avenues and denied bowls of hot noodles. Must be the water wars and the dying tree fielding suggestions.

Jalapeños

Too hot to write about them because we can't be too ethnic in these days of black and white anger, jalapeños burning the tongue to erase guilt and the need to bite something. Too hot to know why the seeds give stomach aches, though the taste is like a passion digging itself out of the ground, jalapeño moments numbing culture because there are slices everywhere and the eaters love their visionary sweat that makes them see things without admitting they are racist. Too hot to eat a whole pepper raw, though the crunch is a claw in the throat that chokes the truth out of those who could care less because they are sizzling between the ears, medical reports claiming eating jalapeños prevents dementia, the fact the peppers contain a high rate of vitamins the key to never putting out the fire.

William Burroughs Kicks the Bomb

On the way to Boulder from the airport, old Bull Lee loved to be driven past Rocky Flats instead of going the short way. I saw him read one summer at Naropa—a shriveled old man in a black suit, nasal sounds and whispers keeping the stage in a dark blanket of cool tension. The only thing he said to the packed audience that I understood was “He kicked the bomb and it let out a human fart.” I recall it because he repeated it. “He kicked the bomb and it let out a human fart.” Rather tame for him. Then, he snorted big, the crowd cheered, and the lights went out momentarily. It was the end of the reading because Burroughs kicked the bomb on the highway past Rocky Flats, the limo driver ordered to stop at the gates where several guards stared at the feeble insect crawling out of the car, the glow over everything casting a light on the centipede he found in Naked Lunch. When it approached the gate, the guards fired shots at it straight out of a fifties Sy Fi movie, Bull Lee twisting on stage to demonstrate to his followers how a future baby will be born, the kicker promising the child’s radioactive farts will never be released.

Fallen Angel

I saw a snake fall out of a tree and into the river. I saw pardons handed out to people who weren't there. I saw one book thrown away and three retrieved. I saw a diamond mistaken for a square and the equation lost. I saw mass migrations of aphorisms until they became fit for a green table and dishes of red meat. I saw the pages of suffering dissolve in sleep, saw each sheet fold into typhoons and mounted armies. I stared at something that moved and saw it was sheer exhaustion of the imagination. I watched a grizzly bear cross the trees before the days of America. I saw rituals at work and searched for the results. I witnessed scientists extract scorpion venom in a search for a cure for cancer. I saw apples thrown and apples eaten without hunger. I witnessed a handful of stones mistaken for the human brain and set in a bowl. I gazed at the horizon as a shadow spread over the wrong planet to change its history. I saw migrations of geese become thoughts never expressed. I was there when the merchant ships returned and watched an old man dance crisply around the legs of a chair.

GALERIA MENTAL #7

Flugelhorn diapause natatorial questionnaire headsail purgative signature
breakwater homolog nerine tulle volitant selenology padura moto
perpetuo masita apolune tixil kidskin.

The juice ran down his chin.

THOUGHT FORM # 65

Marcel Duchamp's car.

He once said, "The Christ glued on an automobile carriage window with the paw serving for lifting the glass." Duchamp never learned to drive and married an heiress of a car manufacturing plant. Her family included several famous race car drivers. His last ready-made object was a license plate titled Faux Vagin, a pun based on the French pronunciation of Volkswagen, which sounds like "false vagina."

The juice ran down his chin.

FORM THOUGHT #9

Draft pistons. Triple cipher the heart muscle. Analyze the emergence and secure your tears toward the open text where he makes a cinematic tube into a chocolate machine intended for the toes of a small boy he inherited.

GALERIA MENTAL #14

The water is dead and doesn't sing. Time creaks. The stars sleep on the sea. But all things are over with and done. Even the mystic can't see. But your blood is frosted with sugar. Believe in me. Don't shake that hand.

Drip it down your chin.

THOUGHT FORM #5

Field mouse and the respect for your privacy, each tablet chiseled out of old, stagnant and stiff condoms, dozens of them frozen together to become slabs where Duchamp could scratch the truth. Each nest of ninnies repeats his words, "There is no solution because there is no problem." The color of his fine suit and the broken nose of a stranger walking down the street.

FORM THOUGHT #26

"The danger is in pleasing an immediate public." Soiled boxer shorts and honey crackers. "To undergo the interrogation of shop windows you have to make love to the manikin first, using the window glass as your bed bound for the moon." On the edge of confessionals. Inside the right nostril and above the fake confession you made, the priest sweating in his sandals.

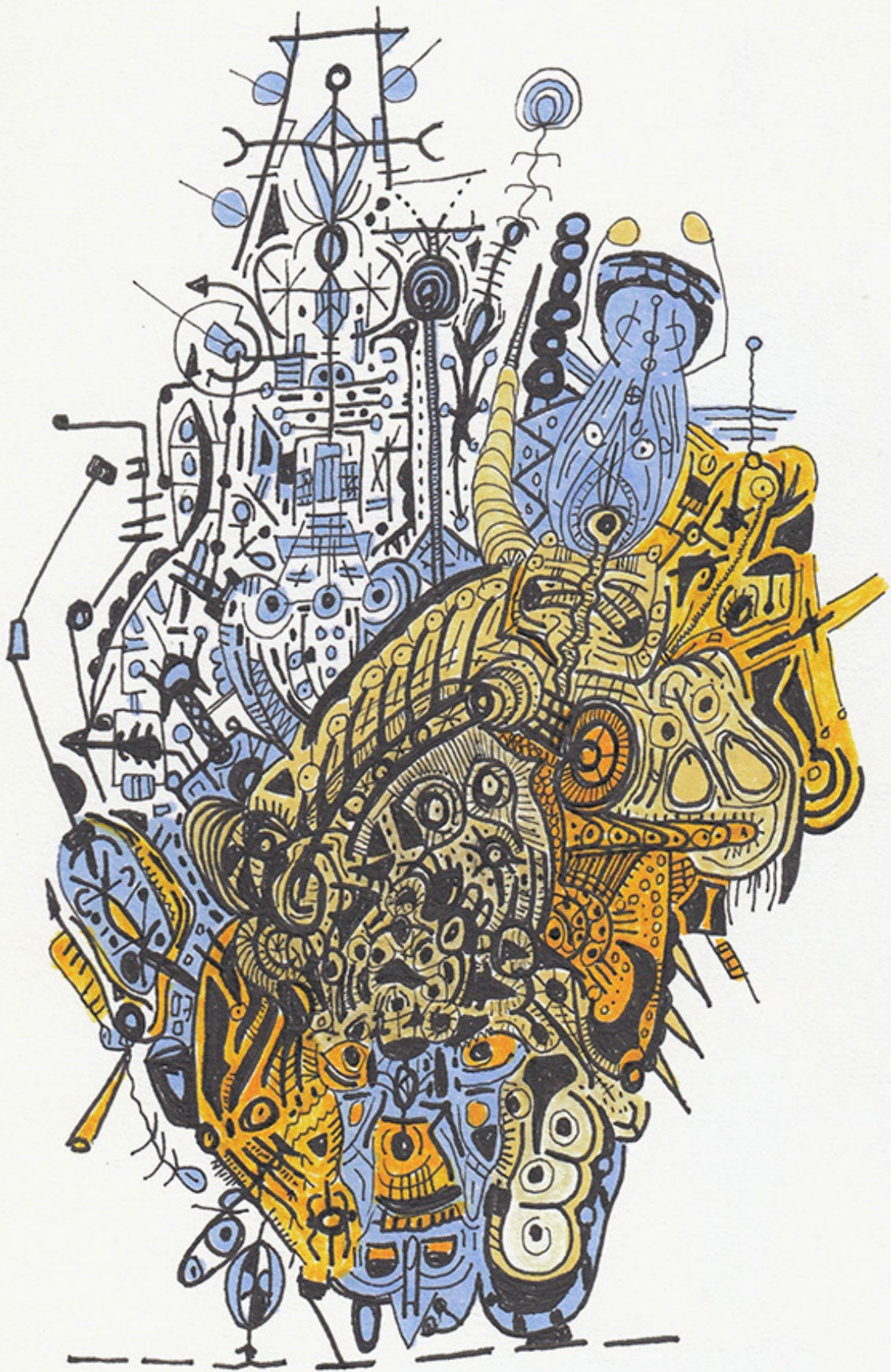
No chin.

GALERIA MENTAL #45

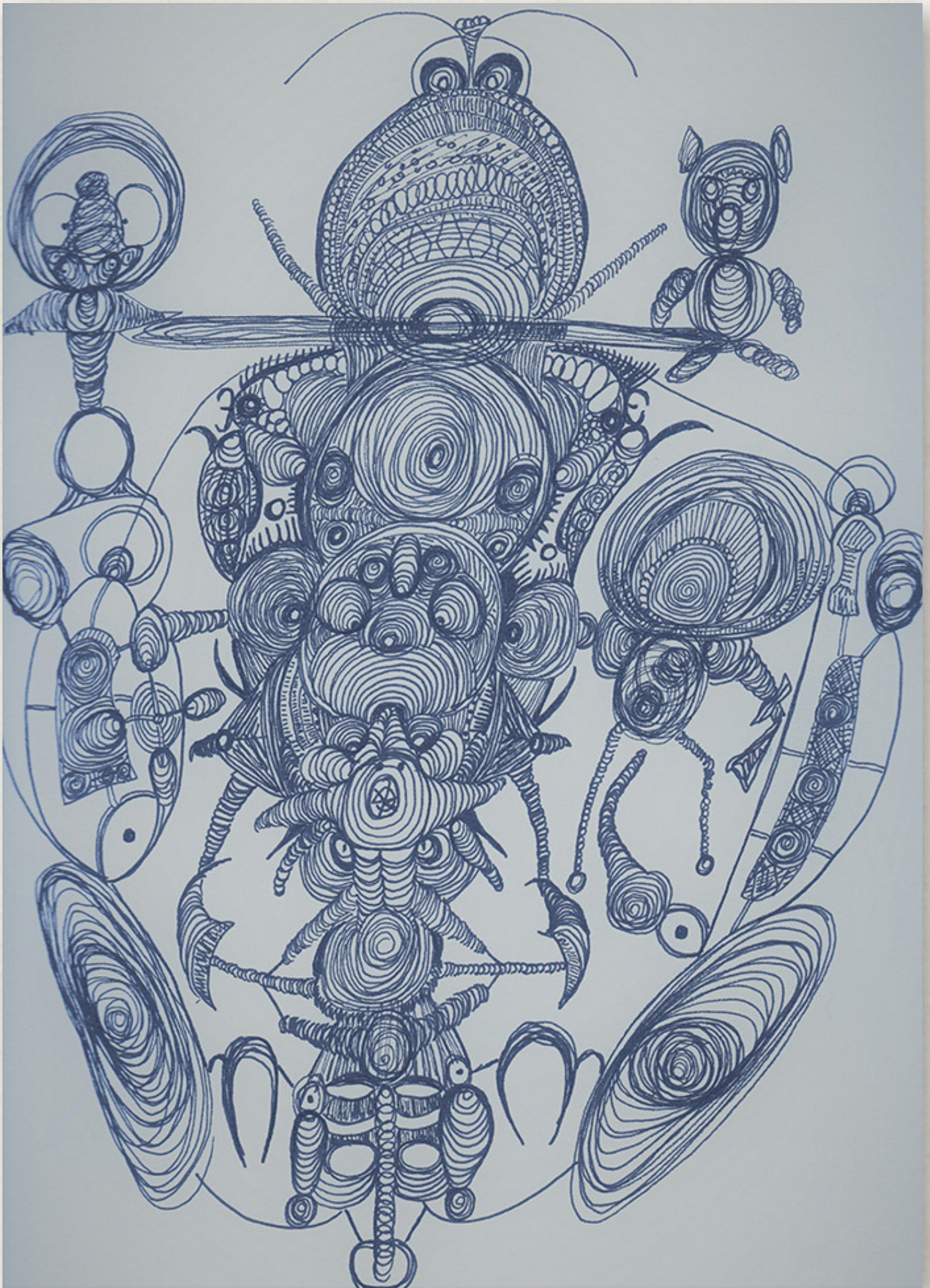
Oofla ma tisca letoro sin jayulos garrumote the Aztec alive in the hallway wiping the stone calendar with Lysol until the corn god upon it melts into the serpent that is always there and never leaves.

THOUGHT FORM #3 and FORM THOUGHT #17

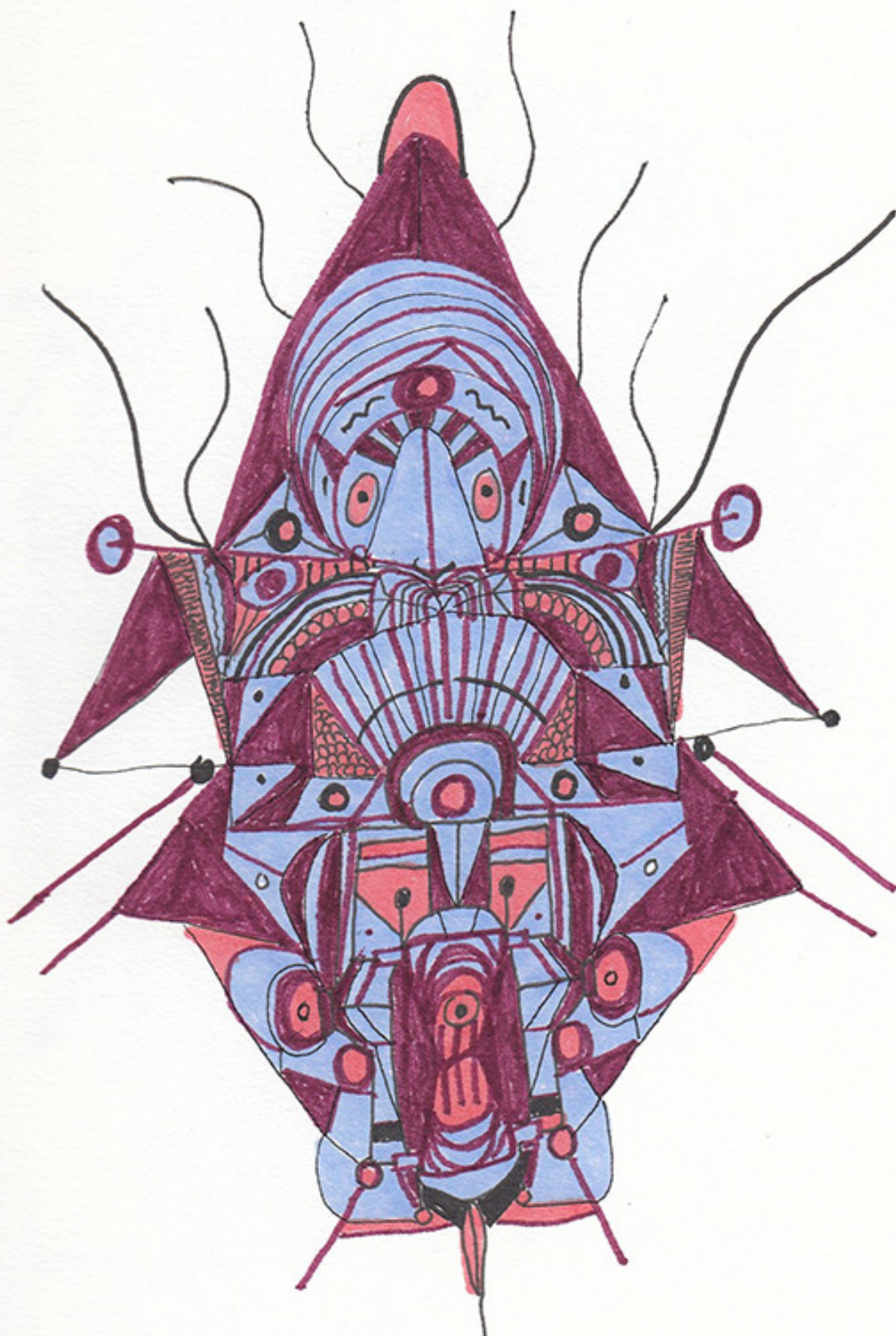
Duchamp nestled in her belly button, teaching her a new language because an obsolete UFO landed in the square and fresh flowers dropped out of the hatch. The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors was never painted. It was formed to occupy the mind with intrusion and misunderstanding. Start with a sphere and create something that will fill the need to be an artist inside the globular condition that seeps carefully into time deviations, developing whiskers on the god chin never recognized by Duchamp because his Jesus got a speeding ticket with his arms outstretched and his eyes closed.



AHAB by Ray Gonzalez, 2017
pen on paper



LOVE OR CONFUSION by Ray Gonzalez, 2017
pen on paper



DAYTIME by Ray Gonzalez, 2017
pen on paper



HIPPIE FLAMES by Ray Gonzalez, 2017
pen on paper

TIM KAHL

The Land of Cockayne

My black tulip and your blue dahlia still attend the party of hats.

The soldier, the clerk, and the peasant have fallen from the tree into perfectly-sized pairs of boots. They lie in the happiness of their excess, pig with knife protruding and ready for slaughter, boiled egg running into their laps, tartlets on the roof of the knight's lean-to, and the next poor sap tunneling through a mountain of buckwheat porridge with a spoon. The scene unwinds as proverb but to my black tulip and your blue dahlia the men look heavily drugged.

My black tulip and your blue dahlia still attend the festival of casual touch.

The man on strike, the investor, and the specialist rub shoulders on their way to the observation deck. They look onto the crowd below

and notice they are free from the jostle and duress, the rapier wit that catches a vein and they bleed their own being into cartoon.

The men who have assembled are a tapestry of tales and learned digression. They infect. The scene is retold as perfect annoyance

but to my black tulip and your blue dahlia the men just look depressed.

My black tulip and your blue dahlia still attend the site attracting millions of hits.

The guy with the gig job, the meme-maker, and the hacker are ready

to capture market share. They aim for the common and let it serve as multiplier. They want to be herded toward the most popular app.

They dream of assurance, options limited to something simple,
something singular. They are embraced by the beguiling promoter,
by the brave electronic. The scene is replayed, and it gets faster and
faster

but to my black tulip and your blue dahlia the men just look like they're
tired.

My black tulip and your blue dahlia are perfectly paired for a carnival
where the dead mingle among the living and wear flowers
in their hair. They greet each other and nod politely, speak of
how to tend the garden. They grow a hierarchy of plants and
produce
a feeling of security. They ask about the old neighborhood
and who made it out. They are certain of their place the moment
they finally commit to my black tulip and your blue dahlia.

The Tribe

Even Herodotus could not vouch for the utility of the tribe. Nor could omnipotence argue for the presence of a god—even if that god was Eros. Even if that god was an atom of carbon, which lives in the heads of priests and kings as well as in the trees and grasses. See how the heads of kings grow amid their nuclear families and how easily they assign the evil task of laundering the towels to those loving persons who show no concern, who function as *mob mysterium*. One instant they are sorting, then folding, folding, as a strange fascination enters them and damages their kidneys. What use is this cult of the renally damned? What use is it to speak of them in Latin even while they move in on certain rituals of the robots that befriend them? Why not capture birds and bats? Why has their little world of soap and lavish scent closed in on them? Hush now. The anthropologists are discussing them and their firstborn sons who are born with perfect hands and male fangs. They explain their manner of parting hair as the object of all their games. To them, a comb is a place marker. They hold forth on the skin as a kind of washable map. They show alarm at the sight of a broken pot. They command their food to serve the good of the tribe.

Emotive Reactants

The roots of stars reach down to begin
their last remaining task as parent.
They will beat back the cheatgrass,
invader from the mysterious outpost of chance.
They will visit the eyebright institute
where the therapists invent the power of song.
Sing, brittle stars, for you may break apart.
The night sky relies on your shimmer
as daylight is slave to the latest trends.

The stars resist the burgeoning impulse
to pin a curlicue tail on the child.
It is not a pig's fortune they invite.
They blink and blink and give the Godwink
to their progeny scattered on the plain.
They tell their tales for the human imagination
which concludes emotion gets
the juiciest part in its private domain.

There are too many muscles in the face
to hide the sentiments for long,
but the starstuff that bunches up
around the body's cavities responds to
its cosmological genealogy.
The stars are revealed as our guardians.
They guide us, string us together,
emotive reactants in our unhappy matinees,
who dare not transform
under the stern gaze of the stars
. . . but only ask what they mean.

TERRY HAUPTMAN

Chimeras of False Promises and Grief

For Max Jacob (1876-1944)

Chimeras of false promises and grief
Discordant on La rue Ravignan
Holding worms in your teeth
As your room fills with bees,
Cigarette smoke, incense, grease,
Mixing paint in the urine of Baal,
Painting portraits in the ether's cri de guerre
With Picasso
On the Boulevard Voltaire.

Harlequin of Montmartre's
Virgin light of Sacre Coeur,
Writing in sulfur,
Writing in wind,
Le cornet a des,
The Dice Cup
With a stroke of a fingernail
In the Cafe Le Chat Noir
Of long-haired stars.

Living like a poet
At the Bateau Lavoir
"Pray for me!"
Your vision of Christ
On the streets of fate.

Dying of pneumonia
In Drancy's internment camp
Before transport to Auschwitz,
Shema's yellow star
In the mass grave's ash,
Dreaming dirges with your somnambulist's azure,
Your penitent gaze,
Confessing to strange birds of prey,
"Hang onto my greasy feathers,
I know the way."

Gate of the Sun

Che Guevara
Shapes the Bolivian altiplano
The quetzal flame of the centuries'
Gate of the Sun,

“We must make ourselves into killing machines.”
Sparking Aymara guerillas to take action.
Then from the Isle of Pines
Taking sanctuary before throwing
Yourself to Tupac Katari in La Paz
Dying each day for your peasant revolt
And betrayed by your friends
In the black winds of insurrection

Just as Luis was born in Bolivia
Weaving his luminous visions
Of the miner's lava and the condor
Still a mystery as his twin brother
Dies coming into this world
On a dream horse in the land of
Simon Bolivar
Dies coming into history

LAWRENCE R. SMITH

Toward the Rain

In the kingdom of performance, all
songs are portraits in steam, dead chairs,
ruined storage, melted vinyl fists.

When you swallow wind deeply:
a rasp, an obverse timbre
from another larynx, twelve bars
culled from lost guitar riffs,
locked down and sung free
as ambulance solo.

Out there among the burrows of war,
the skintight shortcuts, heat and ink
collect in pockets, mime
bird-scratched cuneiform:
records from the outpost,
footprints of arrogance and glee.

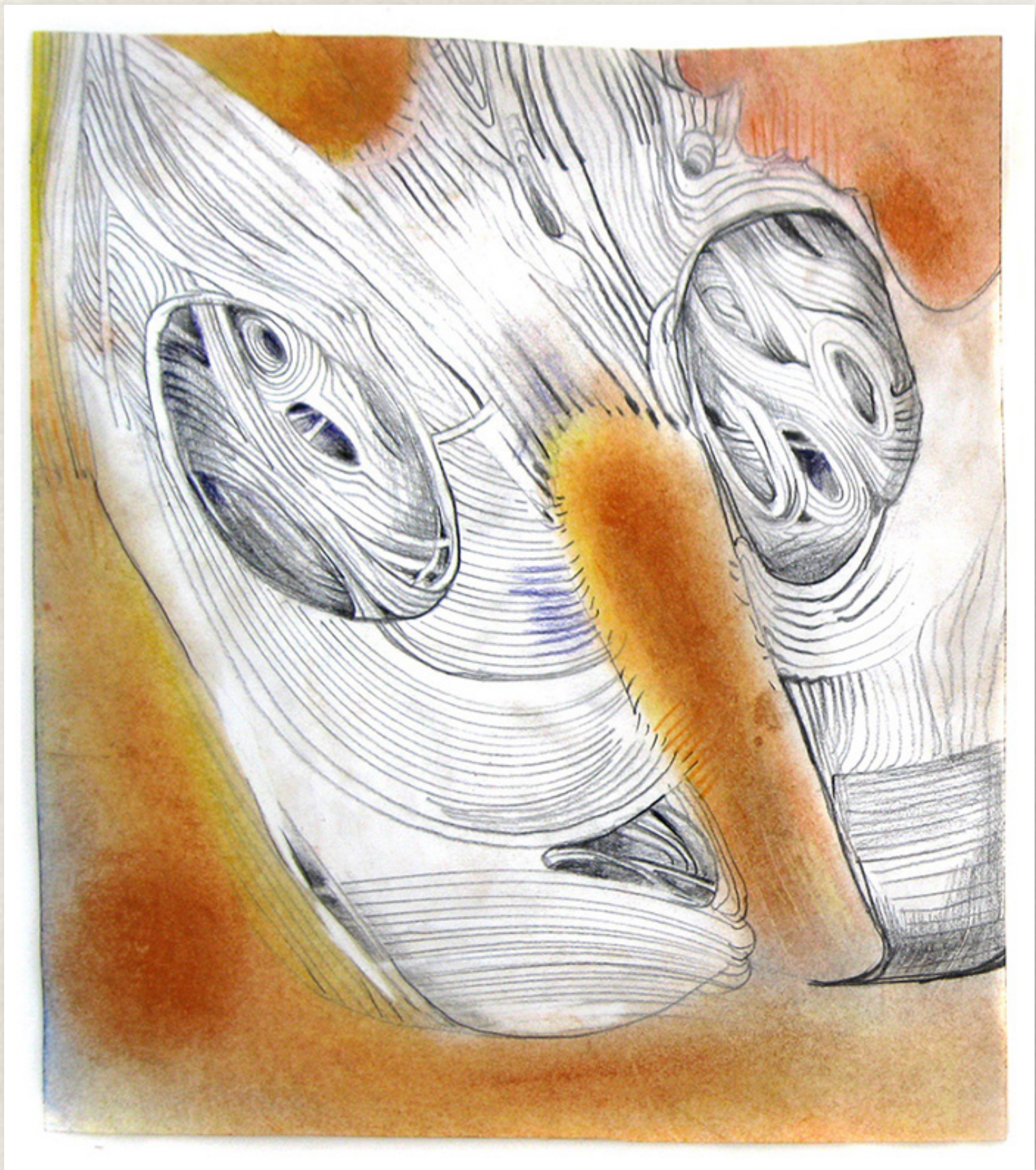
It all falls upward, every drop a rival.
We gather to bear witness
to the gravity of rain.



PATTERNS FROM AN ANATOMY BOOK, 1 by Ellen Wilt, 2015, collage and drawing (12" x 10 3/4")



PATTERNS FROM AN ANATOMY BOOK, 2 by Ellen Wilt, 2015,
collage and drawing (12" x 10 3/4")



PATTERNS FROM AN ANATOMY BOOK, 3 by Ellen Wilt, 2015,
collage and drawing (12" x 10 ³/₄")

GEORGE KALAMARAS

Kinoshita Yuji and Pharmacology as Despair

However he mixed the medicine, it could not cure or kill. However many coughed tiny carp into a teaspoon of gold syrup, poetry could not discharge their pleura, nor his, nor want to. However many fasts. However many groin pulls. However many headaches over this plow or that. However many moon phases listed in his pharmacopoeia. He could not dispense trees enough to lie down in the shiver of someone's soul. Could not lull even a Chinese lemon to drop its fruit across the sea into Japan like pages of a bedtime book, blown eastward and refusing sheep. However many fines he received from the Japan Druggist Association. However many children his wife, Miyako, bore (the first in a flash in October 1945) he could not dispel his desire to study French literature rather than medicines. However many pharmacognocists, even, who relied on natural remedies, he could not concoct the moon's clarified bayberry leaf into a milk of his own consciousness.

This cough, Kinoshita Yuji considered, handing a remedy to an old man hacking over his counter in the family apothecary, is really not a cough. This blood in my stool, he reasoned, silently, has nothing to do with Uncle Itsu dying of consumption twenty-seven years ago, urging me to enter the School of Pharmacy in Nagoya and give up Tokyo and trains and Valery.

*

The inbound had just pulled out
The path I've trekked in tears
The pillars quite black
The pointer's shadow
The roar of waves returns

The village where I was born
 The window shut tight
 There's no reason to take this road
 They sat under the clear skies on a grassy hilltop
 This is where the clatter of the crossing gate
 Time the hue of hay

*

Had July 22, 1920 never occurred. Had his father never taken that road, never died by a milling machine in his own store. Had the pointer's shadow. The rope of waves not returned. Had his mother, Aya, not married her husband's younger brother, Itsu, precisely two years, twelve days, and three hours later. Had they not lived near the eastern edge of Hiroshima Prefecture. Had the village of Miyuki been the village of milk. Had Uncle Itsu been a professor or train conductor or fabric clerk or accountant or import manager or Tokyo street sweeper or gardener of parks. Had the inbound not just pulled out. Had familial piety not inculcated (all the way from China) the consciousness, even, of farm animals. Had not the swine. Had not the mosquitoes. Had not the transmission of so much hunger from blood to blood. Had not the clatter of the crossing gate. And—oh, yes—had not an abundantly tiny cloud on August 6, 1945.

*

However. Had not. What if. *These are the stings of the world*, Kinoshita once said, mixing salve for a neighbor who had disturbed a nest of bees. How not. Whatever. Had if. *These are the springs of the pearl*, he'd incant, bent over a pail of goat's milk he'd just drawn, tugging loose the threads of the moon's growth, or hunched over the Miyuki village well, examining mortar cracks below for tunnels to his other life. The life of French cigarettes and Tokyo and bourbon and Soupault.

*

And yet, all that mixing of chemicals, that surge of word, blended by lantern, onto a grass mat. And yet, twenty-seven years of grass, lush as a road sinking deep. Eulalia beneath his feet. Citron tart on a tree, curved as a woman's breast. Wine rather than the more correct oblation of water. Soramme blackening with age. A poet relaxing on a summer evening in his *yukata*, belt open at the waist as he sings his life on a grass mat. Something white spilling out of the moon onto his page. His wife bruising the pickled herring. Lantern spill of poems all night, even if his mixtures of morning medicines suffered. Even if his concoction of whisper and speech pulsed ink, shooting out tentacles of rancid direction like a desperate squid. Mixture of moon-leaves and poetry and mint. No, not the tartness of the citron alone. No, never. Memory of ruby plums in the nighttime poet's mouth.

*

A blind woman
A bull dozes under a fig
A clear eyed goat
A cocked airgun on my shoulder
A flower in its second blooming blossoms
A fountain is loveliest
A life of poetry and wine
A slight breeze scuffles through fallen leaves
A squash tendril creeps up
A warship rusts at the wharf
A woman selling mackerel came by
After a long stretch of clear skies
Air raid sirens blackened everything
All the reeds rust
An apple at the tip of her white fingers
An echo resounds like a gunshot
Apparently they all went to the festival
As I was saying goodbye
At an exhibition in a country town

*

However he coughed. However he measured pills, mixed kill and cure. However many gold carp discharged poetry as pyemia throughout the inky blue of his lungs. However many plow pulls and *wants-to's* and *nor-his's*. However many groin-phase headaches in his pharmacopoeia. However many trees dispensed fasts through his sickly discharge. However many children were born with many a flash in October 1945. However, it was August. It was always still August. How could two months of inexplicable agony communal the country's scar indelibly into those yet emerged from the womb? How could such intimate? Such strain? The delicate sadness of twenty-seven years of lighting a lantern nightly, searching for a poem, the crushed firefly of an inverted star-chart losing scars one lightning spill at a time. However many French medicines, however many natural literatures, however many clarified *howevers*.

*

And yet, all that mixing of lantern and ash, apothecary and slur, country tongue and burr. All that blending of bee-sting and hush, croup and contented sleep. The bomb-blast introduced one cell at a time into his colon as cancer. To know that Breton would be speechless. That even Soupault could not help. That Benjamin Péret and Pierre Unik could not insert healing cells into his brain. To attempt to salve the world and die painfully from inside your own intestines? To pour poetry into the cauldron of familial piety and be left only with its odorous discharge?

However. Had not. What if. *These are the stings of the world*, Kinoshita once said, blending entrails of bees as salve for a neighbor who had stumbled upon a leaflet of bees and disturbed a hive of literature. How not. Whatever. Had if. *These*, he repeated on his deathbed. To the rice paper walls, the lantern, the grass mat. *These are the springs of the pearl*.

(The indented lines are excerpted from "Index of First Lines" from Kinoshita Yuji's *Treelike: The Poetry of Kinoshita Yuji*, Robert Epp, translator, Rochester, MI: Katydid Books, 1982.)

**Further Questions that Neruda Never Asked During the Eclipse
in His *Book of Questions***

*“What color is the scent
of the blue weeping of violets?”*

—Pablo Neruda, *The Book of Questions*

Say the Syrian refugee crisis was a mirror of our insides from which we
turned away.

How many knife cuts are *there*, embedded in the remains of a bologna
sandwich?

When we have bamboo splinters in our veins

Which letter of the alphabet do we give unto the rain?

The Galápagos turtle?

How slowly can we move our shore-torn shell through the suffering
of others?

There is death by poverty and death by coughing a goldfish out onto
a hanky.

The poppy's color—must it always be a golden blood-pheasant red?

When they measured sorrow did they invite the working poor
to spend the night inside the portrait of a Monet lily?

Honestly. Please. That's right. Our shadows mix

with our saliva, weigh exactly how much when we are living as if dead?

The ghettos are a sign

that a solar eclipse has collapsed in on itself and has usurped the earth?

Do you not see the many acres of love

hidden in the opiated factory job?

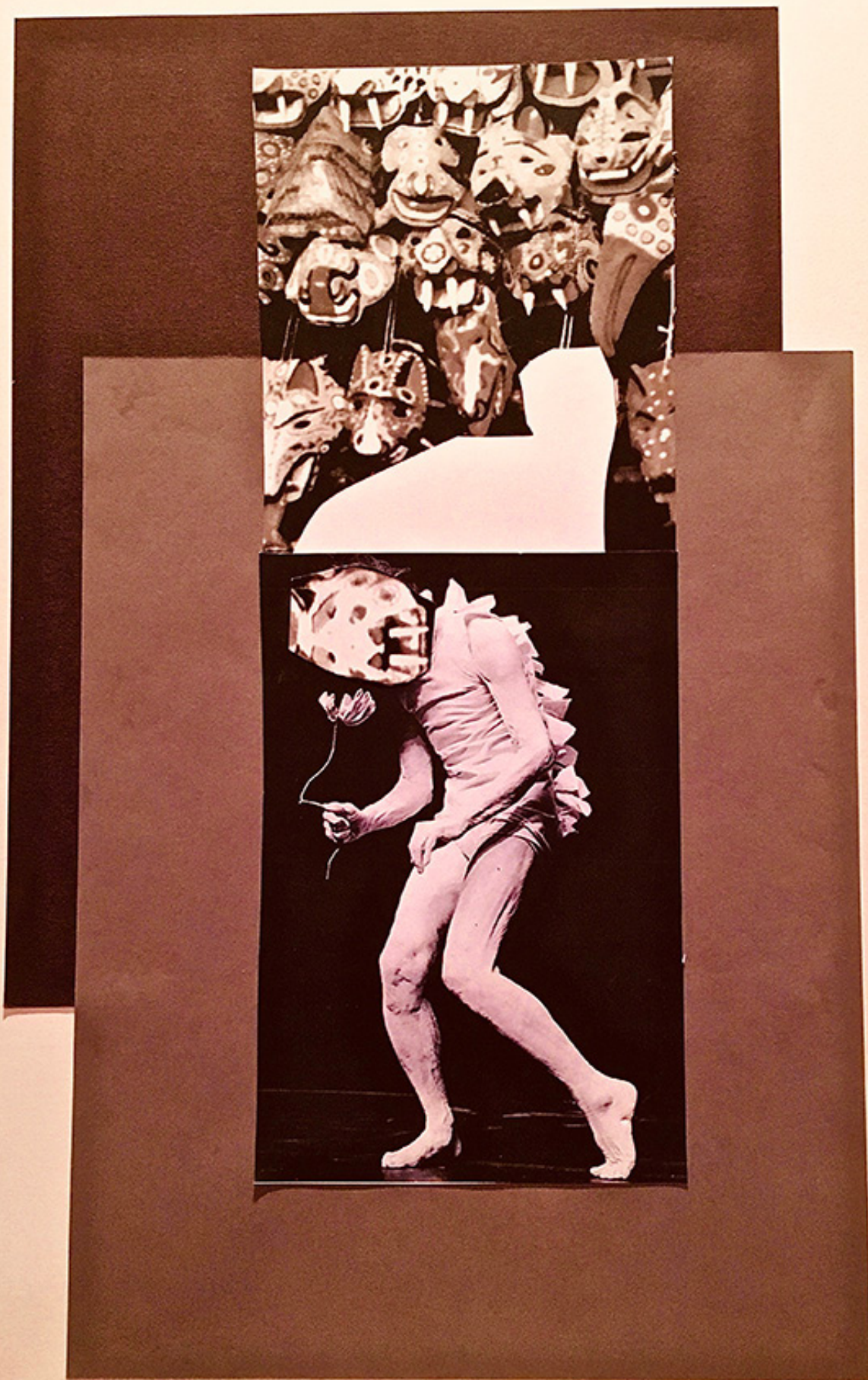
How might the woman who is a man who is a woman know which
bathroom
in which Carolina is actually north of north, south of a sudden seize
of rain?

The President says one thing and means another.
Why does he keep ordering Chinese food as a remedy for migraines?

Let's say there was a Sudanese fire ant loose in the belly of the inner
city cop.
How many bullets does he release in fear as he imagines the fog of his
morning mirror?

Okay, let's say all we needed was a woodstove and a good hound dog
to sleep before it.
Can we count the cilia lifting seaweed in our nostrils as we breathe one
another to sleep?

When they measured sorrow did they invite the howler monkeys
of Brazil into the harpy
eagle's talons? Did they say the rainforest
won't quit, or did they give themselves away?



FULLSIZEOUTPUT by Doren Robbins, 2017
collage (20" x 16")

J/J HASTAIN

“I AM”

strikes and clears
think

the rolling lights
in European waters

storm on the gondola

I understand
the undertaking

it was Source

(Abba Aima Ama)

the experience of being
in

cross-world trainings

have always been tied to mythic
time now

my home is where

minotaur meets Bacchus

mythic beast meets God of wine

graphic switch. grounding air in wet atmosphere. cunt lips hanging.
wants rose thorns dragged along her skin.

caressing my lips in public. says she can't help it. female angels coming
through the frosted mirror.

“I am so amazed at how capable you are in”—

smell the water. sacred wells.

“Magdalene. was I your lover?”

she stutters.

“yes—you were my lover and my closest confidante.”

dragon's breath and dragon's fire
not planar or 3-d fire
operators
there is no outside burn that corresponds
this is literal
inside burn

purifier

Source from which fire extends
guarantees it can't be corrupted

Hastain/54

what healed The Christ Wound in me?

quantum writing the life
in which Magdalene is making
love to the Jewish woman (HER)
hidden name

allows Yeshua to watch
to perceive union

beyond

that of his 3-D involvement
as a man

on the very asphalt on which I had been running in a fury the evening prior—on the very asphalt in which the pages had scattered in the rainstorm—there she was. Fatima. her clasped hands. Mariam of Magdala—staring me right in the face.

as Miriam's virtue provided a continuity of waters to her people—
composition of Women's Waters of The West (Mythic Women's Waters) showers upon the stretched wedding.

nowhere to go
but through
expansion

sweat the serum

candid contents
 areas full of arias

 from the bottom of The Well

“your orgasms are so
pure they come
out of your eyes as
tears”

note these are orgasms I can place directly into her own gaze. she
watches me weeping tears through the eyes of she who watches
to perceive. issuing flashback polaroids. in the mythic space of
Magdalene—cry my tears *into* HER eyes.

cry bee-pollen and gin
cocktail allow
downpour to stick

to stone

MARK DU CHARME

Burnt Notice

I am not a native
Of anywhere outside the offramp
Though in thirst I sometimes rustle
Free of tattered selves
Scarred emblems
Ghost-figures where I almost hide
& Generate a new mythology
Outside of partial rain

Centuries occur in a moment
Flirty tourists undermine the known
But we grieve when we linger over the other, then roam
Flaunting anonymity whispers
Rapid tracks in agit prompts
Lacking the determinism of blond men who dither
Though the air is blank & fills us up with
Whatever we can't land

In lucid bursts we cross the season
Full of usurpation
Songs emerge in almost-heat
In broken knowing
To derive from rites of ancient, ecstatic women
The love you bear is often here
In winter things close up
We have gone without the cup
Where in coldness evening hides

Being not frugal nor regal
We regale ourselves with echoes
Rustic selves on broken notice
Like glimmers of weather in a twisted street
Whiff of rancid anthems
& Youth mouthing bruited formalwear breakdowns

The breath you held did not release
Soulful factual tampering
Until the grammar of a life imparts
In us its sooty joy
Doused in amber rains

After Once Was Before

i.

The fresh sun travels easily
Against shadow's blush, the filaments
Of winter in a corner
Where stark birds find you

& Other

Faces are portrayed—
A notice in the hidden bones
Of where there is no room

ii.

There is no room where there is
No mirth

& Things find meaning
In the fascia tampered
We are likely to betray
The word *fabric* as in *fabricate*
The word *eros* as in *sparrows*—

Looking toward dense light

iii.

Did you see me just over there or under
After what once was begun—or did

You remember what you hadn't known
Outside of distant traffic?

iv.

“The study of the tongue” has more
Than one sense of sounding—

 Yet
We wait for cold night cries
As if in private, on a lake—

At the location or construction of
All jittery becoming—

“I have had to be
Other souls than just
This one”—

When you wake, do you hear
Strange beings laughing

Against the sides of
Lakes, which bear

Us uneasily
Into night?

SHEILA E. MURPHY

Turn to One

He felt the several of them turn to one. A mother. Light toward his breath. His forehead smoothed as though no winter. Mild eye light amid an always afternoon. Within the room he was a boy lost in the sweet wheel of how a moment stays. Where only one is there with him, her place. This effort and this effortless completeness. How the world without a name remains.

Language, miniature mind fall, open heaven, closed to proof

She Divests

The home once handsome seemed a crafted color, shaped pieces that had formed a life. Now elegance gone quiet has divided her attention. Her seeing distances the breath from how the leisure once was felt. A shade of white blue tempering glass frost. Some lines turned two-dimensional. The way the neighbors who arrive one at a time seem singular, then leave again. She looks toward a corner from her place within the room. As though retrieving it from history, sans recollection. Just the haze of daylight in a pale relief.

Clasped hands, halo projected to another side, some wants

Tidy as a Globe

She leaves him in her heart. He freshly goes away. She windows her relief apart from speaking. How it was, now shallow in her mind looking away. He centered, and he fell, and now a foreign sun comes home through doorways she has framed. A way of softening the dark breath comes. She pieces conversation from her mind to form another portrait she might call a self. With thin supply of paint, she anchors what was there. By way of limited biography, tidy as a globe. Were the world he gave her safe, he might have cried, that she might trust a future time.

Petals littered on the walkway, tiny wind, desire to walk again

GUY R BEINING

felt tongue 938

how close can
you be on the
ear of this day?
flowers flown everywhere?
everywhere, even timbuktu
& pear blossom.
from the dirge's
ear hearing nothing
but the sudden
travel of flowers
begging light into
submission, taking the
wrinkle off phlox,
cosmos, linum,
& primrose, dark
into the ear cracking.

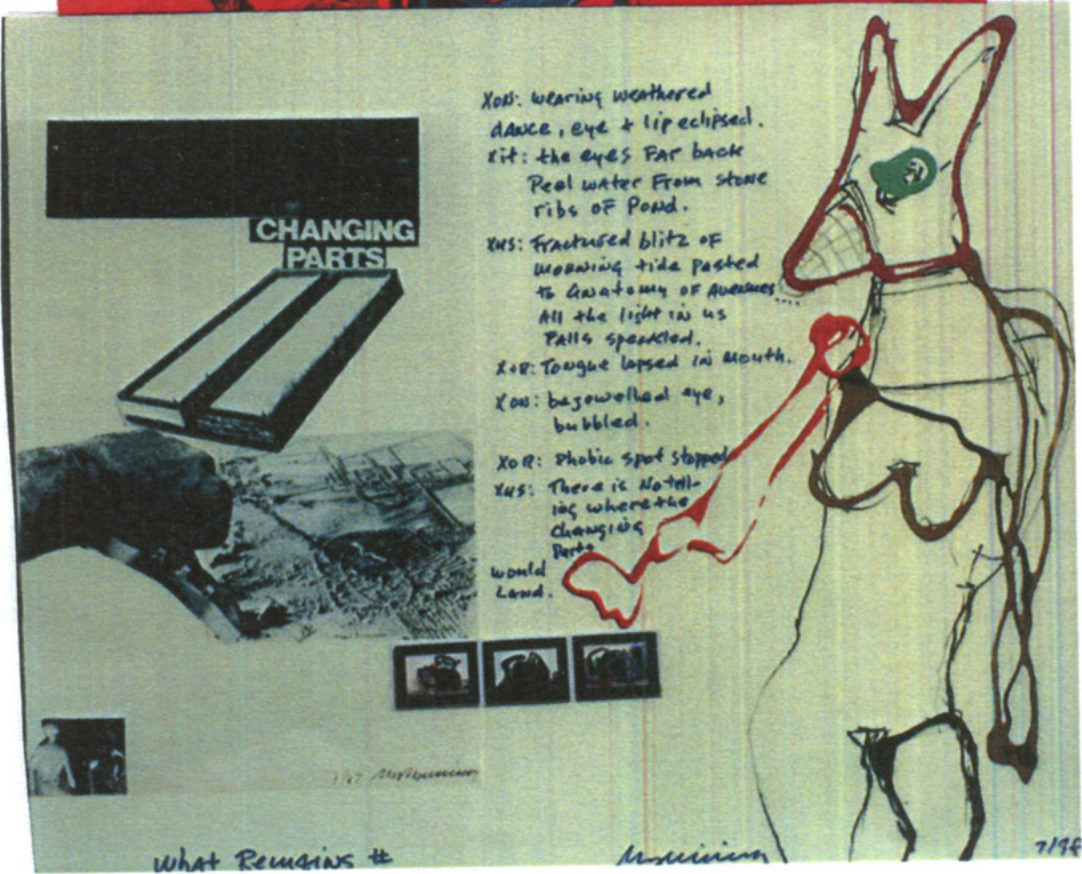
felt tongue 983

with a bronze
key you open
the metallic crow
wired to the
pulse of otherness,
for there is no-
thing left but
soot & the crow
that bows mechanically,
counting the sauce
of coins rushing thru
the river of its ears,
now hearing nothing
but the clap
that breaks the rock
of a minor existence.

felt tongue 986

what caliber, what
size shield, what
description in a
field of bodies under
glazed white panes,
rinsed of color,
& from one fizzled lung
a narrow passage
of light damned all
manner of human torture.
a celebration burst
that slowly turned
into autumn dust,
riding the skin of those trodden,
letting salvation become
a white stutter.

staged matter





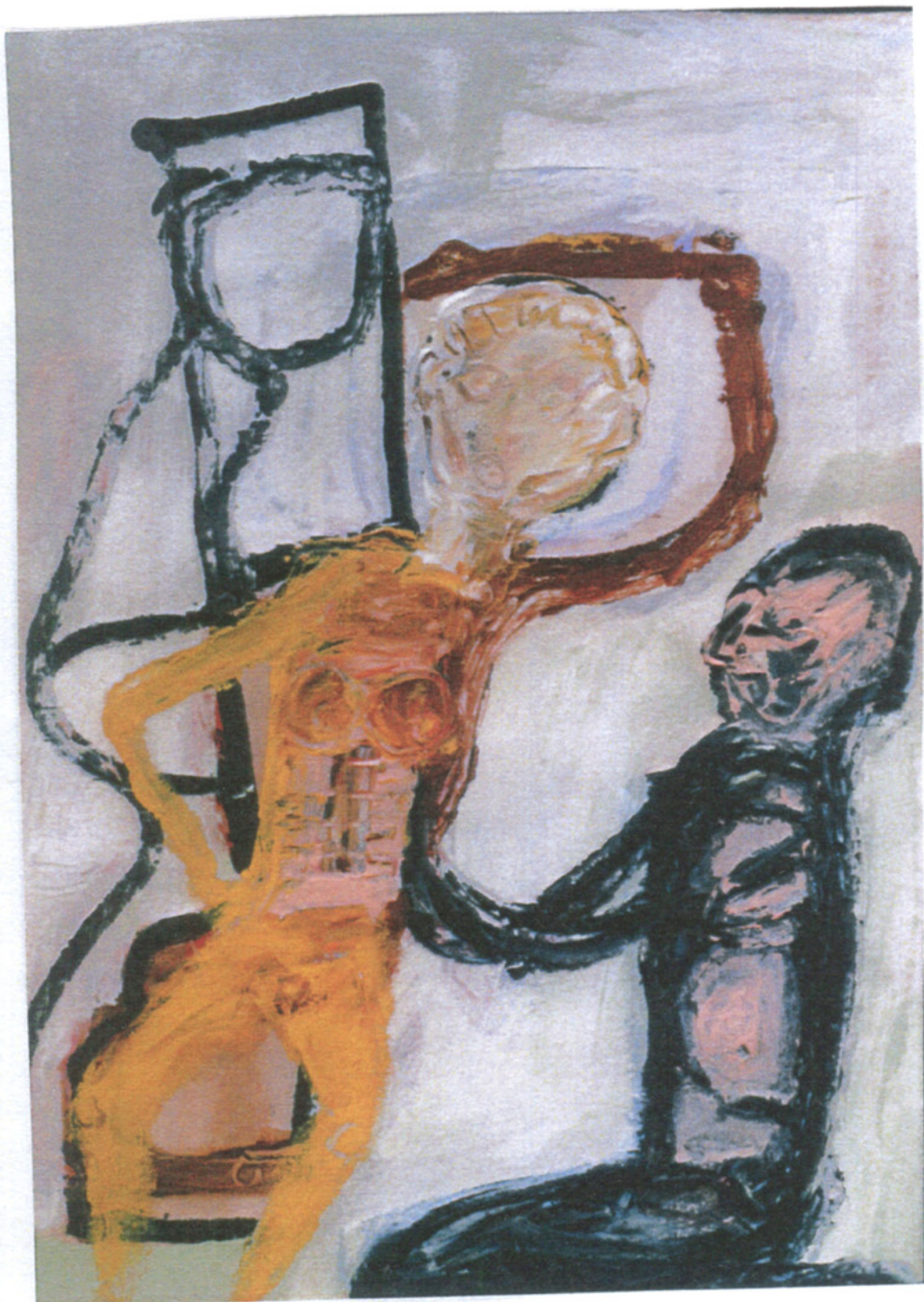
signs of a stage
man over-played.





each knot becomes a wishbone that scrapes along a
gravesight
a mouthful of dust blows one apart





the long pajamas into nowhere
corridors collide stiffening ones walk

Myriam 2/9/19

SIMON PERCHIK

*

Even so, there's just one moon left
where the river narrowed, lets you walk alone
word by word along an old love song

not yet icing over—lovers prepare for this
sit side by side on some wooden bench
and in winter not that long after

when their lips crack open from words
where kisses should be, taking root mid-air
as mountains—you carry this height

on your shoulders, bending over
the way water is taught to fall, break apart
for snow, fill the sky with seeds

louder and louder growing distances
it learned from your arms spread out
empty as far as they remember

being two, held close by grassland
that's now an overgrown ditch
between one breath and another.

*

Just one headstone—a poor catch
though the fence every few hours or so
is sprayed with a scent that's dried

by the whistle from some train
coming too close for no reason at all
except to cover the rails with a sea

already picked clean so you can hear
it's time and when it's not, has you wait
while the cross-ties loosen the ground

for the splash lowered from a distance
long ago cast off as shoreline
then left to crumble—even from here

you can watch the way all stones still keep
to themselves the silence you need
for a single death so far from the others.

*

These bricks still warm the sky
the way one night more than the others
is melted down for mist

where a river should be
and though your eyes are closed
you carry them in your arms

as if one hand is always heavier
would pull you into the turn
making room for one constellation more

—row by row you are building
a chimney though the Earth stands by
watching it tilt, pour out you dead

as stars, face up to begin and end
behind a wall, hiding the sky
for a long time now smelling from smoke.

*

Behind its back a bird
is waiting for the tree to sing
has heard it all before

though lovers are always in a hurry
let just their initials heat the nest
while one by one the leaves breathe out

become a chorus, gathering around
and on the same afternoon each year
can be heard as an enchantment

where she is alive again
and in some ancient language
traces how they both came here

and stayed—it's the usual scar
keeps track, knows when to start
needs time till everything that flies

can hear where loves goes, holding on
the way your shadow remembers
is climbing back up as in forever.

*

What's left is the moon, still alive
inside these pebbles—barefoot, you can see
the battle took place at night

and though the sun never saw it coming
lovers still lower their eyes
and count by twos the way all darkness

smells from the night it once was
still weeps when breaking apart
as shadows from wandering off.

JAMES GRABILL

Everything in Resemblances

I.

So the Earth appears in smallest decisions
as vibratory as the red rocks in fractal
spin with lit candles blown past the negotiations
taking on the weight of more elements of labor
that continues to land over maneuvers in beluga waters
with ultraviolet quietness extrapolating roundness
as the planet might, while the disciplines convene
in the human chest heat-bowled out of the two-become-one
genome reaching out of long-built and instantaneous
perspicacity in private eggshell digs in the inexorable roar
able to quiet the mind when unassisted eyes have fallen
short of facts on the ground assembling in public urgency,
to burr full-bodied through Gordian knots jammed
viscous with ultrasonic Jesus navies making absentee
blasts of thawed-up tundra quicken with methane fizzing
into the Arctic seas which violet roil-outs in Texas, say,
gone blowtorched earlier in the day, around hunger
scarfing up whatever's snaked out flame-high as unusual
psychic beauty in the din driven on by original stillness
leaving its original echo underground with the indivisible
that descended from the first, to reach with spikes of nerve
from thunder of shattering avalanches once the sun's gone
past the evening into fluid depths with ruddy flashes of carbon
fiber in a feather or heavy paw of bear, to the rock of Rome
buried at the bottom of naked accounts with newborn babes
trying to talk at the table of the contraries of expectation
in unseen flowering at borders of the infinite domino effects,

before they're rung up on transnational cash registers
as climate-controlled malls that break through the present
to bedog ephemera locking onto your time zone with grasses
on the hills lifting their shoulders of beautiful mothers.

II.

Rust-red dusts of auroch France enjoy quantum multiples
of Buddha birth, where the vulnerable chest can be torn
by sense or the look on the face of the unknown person
or a gypsy moth, even, carried where it lives in breath
that infuses matter taken into the long story of what could
change when sunlight prisms like waking within solidness
on behalf of more than we know, but with so much going fast
into longer-term sweetening as irreversible as mammal birth
running on momentum of the bleeding sunrise captured
on newsroom walls in cities of mindfulness, with populations
exponentially expanding faster than fossil-fired regions
digging in with blank-slate halls that lead to unseen rooms
of disappearance, gargantuan carbon collectors in the future,
zeppelin with robotic arms say, or Da Vinci devices swooping
through the sky in scientific flocks, wheels powered by rotation
of Earth, in an atmosphere where many hope to bake bread
without future coastal cities haunting the present, tendering
rare antediluvian remnants of culture and other species
in deep-sea museums of conquest, or centuries of global
exploitation enshrined in their mausoleum of exploitation
leaving behind great vats of doctored public hamburger
not officially declared dead or alive around quick microbes,
ones that enjoy devouring over being devoured but will
accept either, to live where more of the same leads to one
moment repeatedly televised to those with self-adjusting
scanners, who can be found driving forklifts, handling
the tills or out tilling ground, however many may have
resided very close to the bottom floors of cellular waters.

Eye of the Spiral

Carrying capacity of the planet
exists in a bubble of gambling
back in the museum of applied ethical
bearings. At risk have been descendants,
while the old assumptions barley
with more vulnerable wingspan paths
from birth. Marigold scent, pungency
of intelligence in modulated rings
around core—will tender any root
subconscious roar of the oil lanterns
in cells, any balancing of the self
that walks on eggshell digs past
anthropological cracks in sight
of the photographic eye in senses.
So the tremulous intones. Slow-motion
acts burn in the shock-sleeping taps
of synaptic occupying forces
on untested quantum subcontinents
under luminous transpolar meridians.
Complexity arcs in concentrations
where the world's nothing if not
this moment, this sense of the whole
when the wind comes flying
at your back into your animal
evolution with its sunburst swells
fired up with genetic immensity.
So urgency invents a crystalline claw
licked into action by rattlesnake tongue
in the coliseum of religion
ringing disruptive bells packed
ten feet down with cellular clay
at the funeral of the future
on Earth, where it turns out
you can have too many people.



ROOT FLAME by James Grabill, 1998
felt pens on paper



NUCLEAR BLOOM by James Grabill, 1998
felt pens on paper

DAN GERBER

Crow

I adore the showy non-
chalance of the crow dropping

down to the sidewalk out
of the oak, simply

stepping off his high perch
into the empty air, as if

into a desired oblivion, a
fragment of night, falling

straight down, dead-still,
flaring his wings—almost

an after thought—an
instant above the terminal

concrete, just now
remembering, again, to survive.

Gerber/82

February 25, 1970

The scrim of the sky almost
radiating blue—a rare,

mid-winter break in the clouds and
lake-effect snow that would keep us

longing for light from November
into spring—the day,

still, sharp, and clear, with
a little actual warmth from the

sun you could feel when you
turned your face up to it—a day

fragile and dazzling, above
the still-crystalline snow, and

in the evening,
savoring the last of it as I

drove out toward the county
road, hearing the news on NPR that

Mark Rothko—whose grave
canvasses had not yet

taken possession of me—was dead, and,
remembering it now as a

premonition of something I would
come to love, how the deep

azure of the sky to the east
and the darkening white plane of

the pasture below it
dwelt there, just about equally.

MICHAEL LEE JOHNSON

Reincarnation

Next life I will be a little higher up the pecking order.
No longer a dishwasher at the House of Pancakes
or Ricky's All Day Grill, or Sunday night small dog thief.
I will evolve into the Prince of Bullfrogs. Crickets don't bother me.
Swamp flies don't bother me—I eat them. Alligators I avoid.
I urinate on lily pads, mate across borders and continents at will.
Someone else from India can wash my dishes for me.
Forward all complaints to the Ministry of Religious Affairs.

D. E. STEWARD

Fully Volitional

“→hold on→there is a call for you” (Jorie Graham, “Deep Water Trawling”)

Thoreau as a professional rod, chain and dump-level man surveyed Concord’s old growth pinewoods for new streets and houses

Cannot imagine him fathoming the Black Canyon of the Gunnison

Or the twin summits of Mount Sopris in the Rockies’s Elk Range on a brilliantly clear September evening

A fixed New Englander never anywhere near volcanism

But perhaps he could have felt asexual empathy with the Chicago Art Institute’s 2017 Gauguin show

For Gauguin’s eerie face-on passivity

In on the Blue Line from O’Hare riding the long run down to the lake to the Loop through the city’s savvy CTA diversity

People showing self-contained confident cool, almost no nervous ennui as on the New York subway or skateboard spacey rattle of obliviscence on the T in Boston

Amazing outer Chicago immensity, the size and dismal dirty outlying light industry and warehousing corporate commerciality

The petrolic-heavy dirty air, broken concrete and razor wire fences
and walls topped with embedded glass shards

Common to huge cities

Shanghai, Barcelona, Buenos Aires, LA, Milano, Tokyo, the same
flat warehouse smogged endlessness, big-city gargantuan totality and
pollution stretching way out far from their historic cores

Out at Monroe, warm high summer night into open-face Chicago's
extreme rectangularity and reason

“hung like an eggsac on the leaf of Lake // Michigan”
(A. R. Ammons)

Where the lake is always absolute East and everything out past Union
Station opens to the West

On the street in the morning below the corner of a Wabash Avenue
Louis Sullivan building, like his Auditorium Building a couple of
blocks away out on Michigan

And his St. Louis Wainwright Building

Vivid and real

Abyssinian in their decorative massiveness and set as though their
squared-off glass and steel will be in place forever

“Every building is like a person. Single and unrepeatable.”
(Louis Sullivan)

He came from Massachusetts

His mother, Genevoise, a pianist, arrived with her family in Boston in 1850, married a dancing-master Irishman who before America had known London and the Continent

Her parents had a small farm in South Reading where Louis, b. 1856, spent much time in childhood and did the grades in a one-room school

One summer on a Cape Ann farm near Folly Cove, as a little boy, with his parents off fishing, he fell into a well and almost didn't make it

These sorts of things are grandly described in his book

"The child [Sullivan himself] was not an *enfant terrible*; he was, rather, an independent, isolated compound of fury, curiosity and tenderness.... While his sharp eyes saw everything" (Louis Sullivan, *The Autobiography of an Idea* [1924])

Then MIT to the grand practice of architecture, first in Philadelphia then to apotheosis in Chicago, and a downsliding alcoholic's death

It's all new Chicago now

With Frank Gehry's broad and open Pritzker Music Pavilion and the slight rise of its elegantly grassed overflow seating

Nearby there in Millennium Park, Anish Kapoor's confounding, complex, brilliant *Cloud Gate*, mirror solid, there as if to be Chicago's timeless selfie-site Roman Pantheon

Throngs look up into it euphoric that they are themselves

In eager simian self-absorbed glee

Making goofy faces, jumping around as if they think they're on TV

Funhouse perspectives and exaggerations, the kaleidoscopic color shards in teeming motile energy

Kinetic colors of moving people and their clothes lift off the polished steel direct and vivid, as if non-reflectively, as though digitally

“Digital color shoots out, Real color is reflective” (Laura Owens)

No public art so true to its era as *Cloud Gate*, none ever

Toronto Blue Jays boosters in the Loop on buses for an interleague series daygame at Wrigley, ubiquitous from Dearborn to Michigan Avenue, earnest in usual baseball fatso fan manner with Kevin Canadian untucked BJ jerseys

Once made it to Wrigley between Amtrak trains for an early April daygame in light snow weeks before the brick wall vines had grown out, got good leftfield seats

Ballparks are like monumental bullrings and exciting to glimpse from trains and freeways

“Our architecture reflects truly as a mirror” (Sullivan)

Two days on, the morning after the big August 21st solar eclipse, saw Denver’s Coors Field upclose from the train in the Central Platte yards on the way to Grand Junction

A full Chicago Art Institute day, the white-bucket drummers at the steps for the morning opening ticket line, the Hopper, Whistler, Homer, Sargent but most emphatically the face-on Gauguin show

He was in French Polynesia for only a decade

It can come hard and fast in the zone, once on the mark

With energy and luck
With Goya and Cezanne, he was the painter of that century

Summer dusk dinner outside on a Sullivanesque-Gauguin rush high
above the river

Narrow canyons of the Loop and Millennium Park in the morning,
then the station for the California Zephyr and an Iowa-Nebraska
night

Waiting on the same bench in Union Station's great hall, the flat
inflections of a voluble self-assured woman, probably Ute or a Ute
descendant from the things she said about the mountain West

We talked all-out about Idaho and the whole Northwest, sure in
our well-over-fifty confidence, she was waiting propped on her big
rucksack for, what was before Amtrak, the Great Northern to Spokane

That was the train taken the other way across Montana and North
Dakota just off the troopship from Korea and headed for a Fort Dix
discharge

Through the constant anecdotal recollective glory of the West

On the way to Lincoln, two ebullient Londoners riding Amtrak to
the eclipse then west on I-70 from Grand Junction and down into the
Southwest's canyon parks and pueblos

Off the Zephyr in midnight Lincoln and an Uber to a South Asian
motel

In a bagel breakfast place on campus a voluble cornhusker harpist
professor, there since 1981, a Virginian out of Richmond then
Baltimore to Peabody, husband the university's trumpet professor
with little hair left except for a goat tuft, foolish as a Weldon Kees
mustache, and he parts his name on the side

Steward/90

Plucking a harp pleasantly suggests the way you strip an ear of corn

“Form ever follows function” (Sullivan)

For midday’s total eclipse way out of town from a bison-park hillock
with a full circle prairie horizon

An apparently normal Nebraska summer afternoon slowly turned
towards empty gray dimming to hints of a black purple hue of
Wagnerian desolation

Transfixed in the darkness of totality came with stately dawn-dusk-
lighted edge and Baily’s beads lighting down the sharp eternal valleys
of the moon, the diamond ring, then the eerie pinkish loop

Through extremely thin cirrus

Hallelujah

It was very big

When the shutter of the moon closed to metallic dimness we were
somewhere else extremely foreign and far away

Until the sun came back

The predictable euphoria but back-dropped with kind of sinister
flat that hinted, “despair... lunar glow the colour of mottled silver”
(Daphne Merkin)

Like the complexity of Pieter-Jan Belder playing Bach’s *Fantasia* über
ein *Rondo in C minor*, BWV 918

Totality seemed to linger much longer than the under-two-minutes full
shadow rush allotted to Lincoln’s coordinates

And the high school kids from Garland in the next county on the roof
of their old Dodge van nearby gasped in awe

The damper of stark-reality totality again days later with the first view
of the Black Canyon of the Gunnison

Bright sun but lifting back out of the canyon's void was, again
disorienting, a dominant black-granite strength of negation

Like Hudson River school looming shapes, dark and brooding river
mountains, Thomas Cole's *Sunny Morning on Hudson River*

The raisin-black threat of a looming thunderstorm's rush

Like Goya's *Visión fantástica* there above the Gunnison

The day before the Black Canyon of the Gunnison, not far outside
Grand Junction in Fruita, Camilla's Cafe, two bicycle shops, three
women, two in curlers, sat smoking in the sun outside a salon and spa
gauging the street and quipping, absolute western-slope Colorado

Up Fruita Canyon through what had been Ute country

Over six thousand feet up in the Colorado National Monument in
warm sun, corkscrew turns and tunnels, the medicine-hat eroded
mesas and deep canyons, like Utah's canyon parks nearby

Arches National Park, the most remarkable of them all, out beyond
Upper Ute Canyon Overlook only fifty miles off as the ravens fly

On asphalt where not long ago only soft moccasins, horses and
muleskinners passed

Drive south in the morning over Cerro Summit at nearly eight
thousand feet to Montrose and a hip bakery run by mountain-girl

women with the West's always unobtrusive urge to please an interested stranger

Then the Black Canyon, cross the Gunnison River upstream to climb via Paonia through the heart of the Elk Range

Over McClure Pass and drop to the lodge in Redstone

The quarries back up above Marble in the morning at nine thousand feet under fourteen-thousand foot Capital Peak

In the Carrara lode, opened before the Romans, the blocks and slabs are famously off white or veined blue-gray, Colorado stone is blinding salt-mine white

It's automated extraction now from inside the mountain and trucked downslope mostly for potentates in Saudi Arabia and elsewhere east of Suez

Marble, the town, empty much as it would be if in the Sierras or somewhere in Appalachia, semi-derelict from better days

Aspen in the next valley east is far on the boom side of bust with more executive jets parked at its airport than at Nice's or Geneva's

Virtually a European spa in its wealth, unidentifiable as anything but hyper-international rich, not Las Vegas crass, just rich

Congestedly rich

Over-packed like the many dozens of small jets there parked wing-to-wing

Unmanageable glut

Crowded with wealth with not enough room to park it
Jammed

As there's often a wapiti jam, as the rangers call it, not far off, on the Bear Lake Road in Rocky Mountain NP when the herd of perhaps a hundred tan-buff bulls, cows, yearlings, calves, drifts down across the busy road to bed down in the flats

Gloriously huge animals going where they wish en masse

Jamming Sunday evening park traffic and the people who get out to video and gawk

In a mute inter-species standoff

Park protected elk inducing swelled congestions of heavily motorized citizens and tourists, some of whom fail to even lower their windows to smell the wild broad-flank elk odor of urine and musk

First thing in the last morning in the Rockies, a moose cow and her already in-late-summer hefty calf were feeding in the gentle current of the chest deep upper reaches of the Colorado River

Only a couple of beaver meadow yards wide there down from its loftier source in the Never Summer Mountains, the two moose grazed on unhindered as though the half dozen standing humans gawking were simply not there

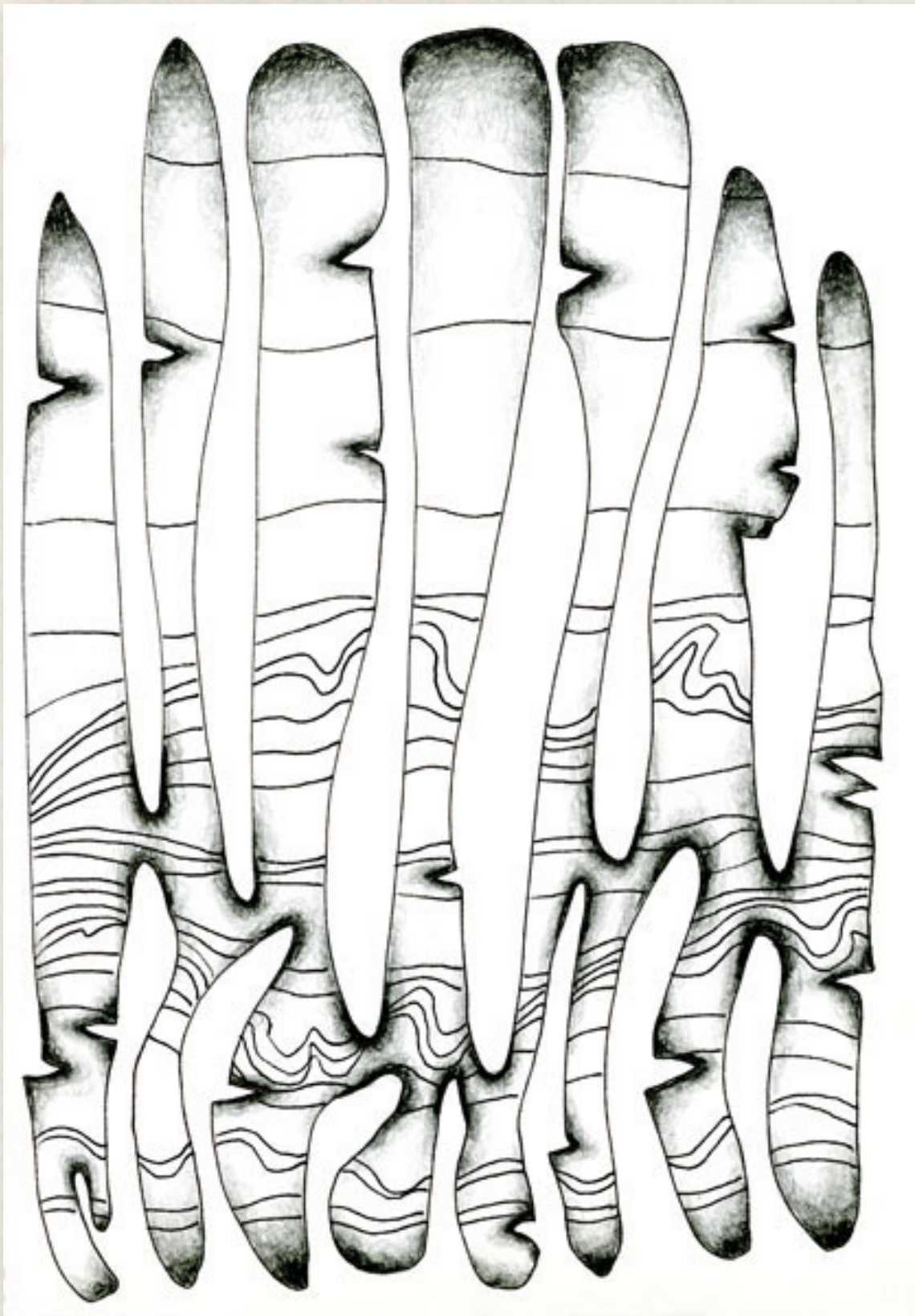
And a single coyote at sunset at Sheep Lakes on the Fall River in the Park breaking away across the broad beaver meadow yipping as it ran full tilt in the empty evening perhaps for no reason but its alivelihood in the perfection of the place

First day back East staring at wisps of nearly-mares' tail cirrus, a bald eagle soared southeast on the fierce upper winds tipping sun-glistened vivid at a thousand feet or so up

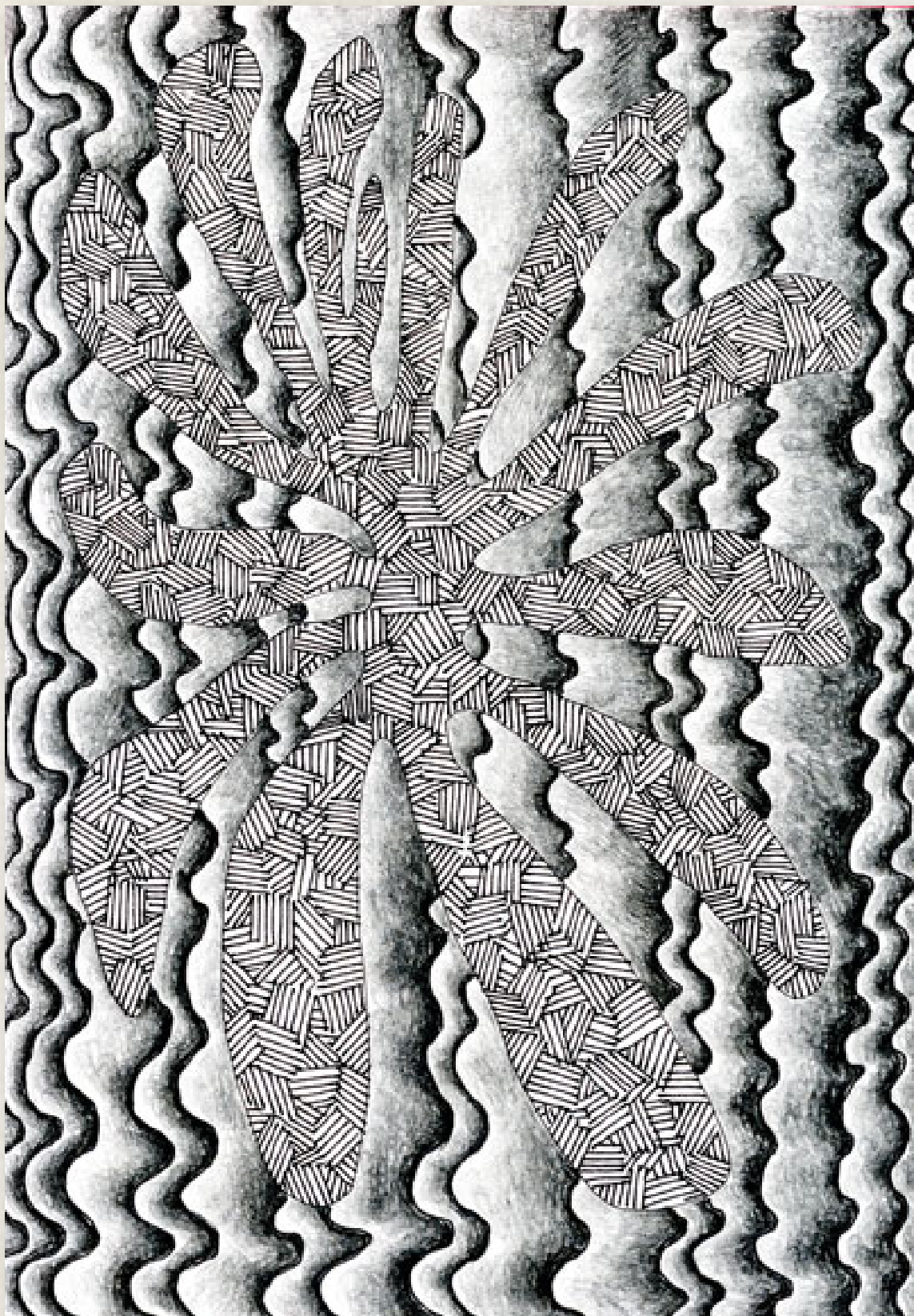
Steward/94

And it even came around turning head into the wind tail-quiver riding backwards for instants before tipping around again in the freedom its ability to do so

Its dihedral's absolutely flat efficiency superbly emphatic and fully volitional like the Rocky Mountain coyote's crazy all-out run out toward night



ALUCINACION #6 by Jim Zver, 2018
ink and pencil on paper (8" x 6")



ALUCINACION #25 by Jim Zver, 2018
ink and pencil on paper (8" x 6")

DAN RAPHAEL

Bi

On this other planet so much is different—incommunicado,
rivers reversing direction, sudden aging, sudden youthening
as if the map in my memory was never true
amazed that the forest is a jungle, that snow can fall in June.
here temperature is consistent while rain has multiple patterns
at home temperature has a long story that always circles
after circling back, diverting, leaving loose pieces,
missed connections, days that repeat intact, days that jump weeks

On my two planets i face in opposite directions, the rivers
run from each other, sometimes the rain refuses to fall
until the clouds get so heavy they drop like tsunamis
hundreds of miles from shore, some days it rains 20 hours,
some weeks theres barely enough moisture to wet your lips

Survival webs everywhere, shared frequencies,
ozone & carbon looking in as the deeper we dig into molecules
the more we scramble categories coz letting go of labels
is letting go of self is death while my heart is still beating,
life beyond the body, the clock, whatever beneath my feet

I close my eyes and wrap them tight to get the silence i need to travel
my rhythm section in black white & shades
never knowing if the spectrum will come from sax, guitar or keys
a boiling over core spewing peaks and hollows, clouds and rain:
here things grow, there we never dig, & there we travel 4 at a time,
jumping every day til we're able to hover, lifting against gravity
til we can swim below any surface, find air and substance everywhere
we go

Addressing Address

1: 6735

Cruising neighborhoods to see which homes
our phones can make dance, blink, scream or open
when packages need to escape, when your residence is wherever
you are,
this doorbell doesn't ring but takes videos, the area code is your past
and who wants to still be living there, our only way is upgrade,
we're pro-motion, one introductory deal introducing another

This door is my door, from the absent sidewalk
to two neighbors unlicensed structures,
trees without borders, squirrels with day jobs, clockwork crows
I-205 sets the standard for silence
the rescued coon hound staying in shape
with hours of barking at the fence, the wind,
how the echo across the school yard is suspect conversation

We cut diagonals whenever we can, yearn for free delivery,
servers that tip us, but wary of a 20 blowing in the wind,
the mystery behind a shiny 50 year old dutch guilden coming to me
like time travel or a box that hadn't opened in decades

One house brimming with stacks of everything
another baffling light with rooms within rooms,
combination hallway/ closet/ acceleration chamber
behind the back door, the one way mirror roof
letting everything in and nothing out
only i seem aware that all around us has sunk
almost two inches since i came here,
was drawn here, medium and refuge, fall-back and tether,
launch pad, scratch pad, 6735 southeast bybee,
friend of wind and rain

2: Shelter Escape

I trust what i lean on will keep supporting me
so i dont burst through the scene, the seeming seams
as if this land had once been pieces
as streets are less permanent than tattoos
the contained will always seek a way out
cause of gravity, equality, a fear of heights
the need to be surrounded by those we think we look like
feel like, as all the pores and tiny hairs
cancel each other out for illusory smoothness

Our taste buds homogenized by familiarity,
expectations and caution: eat a lot of that youll get sick
eat just enough youll have too many answers
get overweight, over-wet, blinded by fragments
paralyzed by pulls in too many directions
the stars all around keeping us in our place
nailed by gravity & centrifugal,
inertial funk, exertial apprehension

Would you rather have no walls or no windows
so many keys and so few doors
shaving with razor-wire, tapping electric fences
to light the way around
the hidden domain of feral cows, coordinated scavengers,
insect trade unions, seeds without labels,
where an egg could be punctuation, content, memorial
from feral to ferrous, armoring from the inside

Clouds in my head, rain from my arm pits
so much wind within me my chairs looking for other work
my house wondering if its turned inside out
sensing my storm fronts, pressure troughs
irregular days and nights, no moon,

6- and 8-legged stars refusing to constell
to be connected by anything but appetite and opportunity

How nowhere can have too many doors,
hallways long enough to veer underground
or over water, threatened by my own residensity
held in stationary orbit by the gravities of information
when every truth can be erased, photoshopped
in this land of brightest colors and sharp contrast
where everyone calling my name is a well-fed friend

3: That Lived-In Look

The race to face space
put the unknown in its place
every truth can be erased, revised
more notes than all the alphabets put together
like weather that comes in spite of us
delighting those who dont have to go out

The automaticity of micro-processes
swapping absence for presence, sense for leverage,
remembering what to count and what to lump together
details for sale, bodies for rent,
the power to define time—whose hour, whose day
when night falls someone wont dodge

Eventually enough pressure so the sun cant rise
straining against clouds of more than water
needing heat and light from rivers, wind, coal and gas
as if burning doesnt always transform, leave something behind
ash or dandruff, my eyes replaced with snow globes

Wholl tell me weather or not
from pressure to pleasure, the measure of moisture

walls thicker than cloisters, halls longer
than all my veins and arteries tied together,
escape off the roof on a rope of my own intestines
undetectable by cameras or scans, invisible
in this world where no one uses unfiltered eyes
or consumes unprocessed experience
scriptures the prescription for the free-est falling
or immersed in a Teflon tank the world washes through
leaving free samples while dissolving the loose change

The brain chains, the lane of least pain
objecting to projection, conjectures and injection
the rain given free rein through my roof made porous by
decades of still and never completely dry, never a moment
when all the itch has been washed away

A future where furniture instantly forms when the doors opened
so everywhere i go looks like home & yet the nose knows the difference
the house ive lived in so long light only confuses me,
causing me to run into walls, to wonder why the chairs keep moving

4: A Line Becomes

This panoramic selfie

never still enough to complete a circle
when the compass wont stop

cant decide

wants to be travelling

tasting the magnetic strings the satellite darts
mosquitoes unable to deliver or receive their platelet pies
holes in my palm to emulate orion but whats that nebula doing
to my circulation, my grip

so much energy cant be cupped or shared
sends security to where i was

arrival without departure
 When a line becomes a border
 been framed
 not a long enough leash
 whos quicker
 just a stones throw
 engaging apparatus
 more diagram than map
 if paper could breathe
 this fields texture is a hot biscuit broken open
 the fog of night unable to escape swiftly enough
 a night 2 degrees warmer than day
 working shifts without clock
 the phones decide what time it becomes
 re-charging time
 time to go the other way
 another other
 with every step my gps blurs & changes like a slot machine
 the freedom of the uncoordinated

JACK RIDL

Sometimes in the Early Morning the Losses Come

They sit here,
each one waiting
for another

to finish
her story, his story.
Maybe they need

to tell them again. Maybe
they want me
to listen, then

take them
into the garden
where they will carry

their ubiquity of quiet
among the early
bloom of lupine,

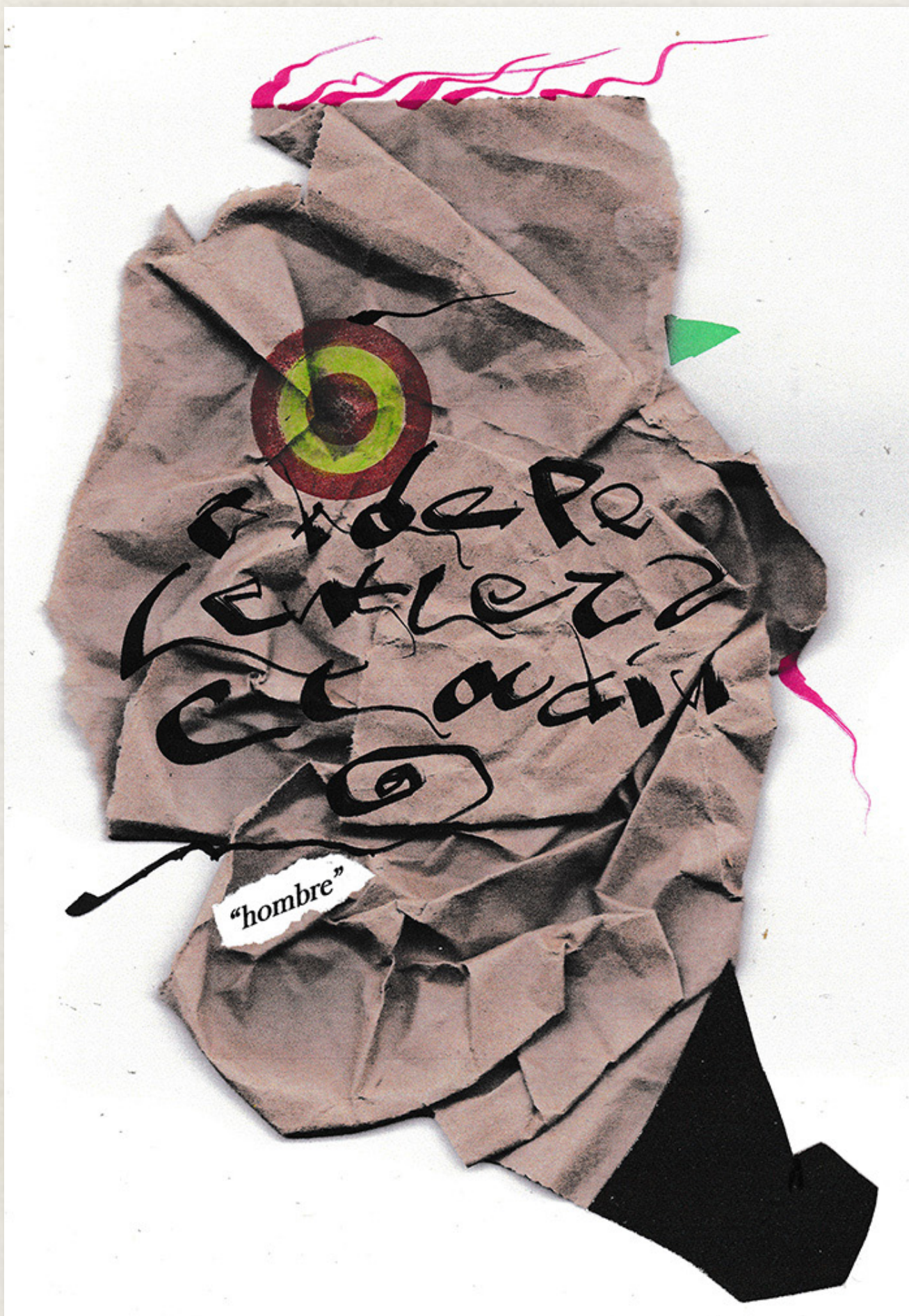
gay feather, and the peonies
that have offered
their frazzled globes

into forty years.
The goat's beard spreads
its extravagance of off-white

on the mute rug
of moss, the twisting
branches of curly willow

draping over the dangling
dazzle of the golden chain.
Everything is rising from

the earth's dark silence,
the losses walking with us
into the labyrinth of another day.



UNTITLED by John M. Bennett, 2019
collage

bundolor

antitina in ah jaw yr negck juice k/not's
garbage riddle ,curvilinea float yr eye si
ssors hand & nose - stuttered from
Jim Leftwich's I reMEMber petrOLeum

BUNDOLO BONDULU ULUDNOB OLODNUB
- Gracias a Juan Ángel Italiano

o v a r / t o a a í o v v i l e n a c i o

“holds no punctuation” - Iván Argüelles ,events
yawn in yr vowel memory colibríes o sombras
gasolina de nopal insecto carmesí aphonic
mother letter - water inhaled from Argüelles

donde dije todolo indicho nadalo ddicho
el enjambre es porvenir ya redepasado
nostalgia de la biblioteca desaparecida de los
siglos venideros **SUPERCALAVERONTE**
que sube que sube

boca

àcÓb

boca

acob

~olumúttúmuloolumúttúmuloolumúttúmulo~

boca

acob

boca

acob

clock cut across the wordlies toil et pap

ER

)I was stumbled in the clown()left be
hind the dumpster()wet slumped mattress(

)crown

of

empties(

NUDLOBO DEL “TTIEMPO”

a a a o V V V V V V V V V V

champ de guerre

hawsers roiled in their nests
is a windy hose the rashes
in your pants BRICKS LURK
IN THE outhouse)rotting
noon(your duffle eye in
flamed is the sea turns
its back explains the horse
nuts dreaming in your arms
*a dream of a horse is the
dream of a melting window the
window a deafening fog sw
allows your museum of
hosiery and mortar*

ants;;;
flat hull;;;
shadows on skin;;;

))lost yr feet yr socks float off(((((((

***lunch in the archive of
Ivan Argüelles' "Nocturne"***

DIETER WESLOWSKI

My Take on Plato

—nothing missed, hooves, a cough
and a calling of shadows, those
rearrangers of flesh.

Flash across stone, home to wordless
compaction and exhaust of scrawl
for those whose fate it is to decipher.

The trick is not to sink
to cargo cult as Nancy G once warned.
Turns of stillness, turns of light
supported by a tight diaphragm,
then sung out to the lanterns of night,
flight akin to enchantment at each point.

We are aggrieved, but also deceive,
while the grass undresses, while
the orbit of self grows an elliptical tail,
awaying, as if in those outward
whippings the self could perplex
what death unplexes.

Another Blossom An Other

orange bloom on the parting
gypsy curtains, so light, so sheer,
so bright in their doomed flaring.

Better to stick with guitar
and almond, a song without
an arrow

along with that olive broom
almost as old as the key
to the courtyard door,

that broom guarding
the woodpile.

CRAIG COTTER

Dear Bill,

—for William Heyen

In the past 125 years
many of my neighbors have planted giant redwoods
on their front lawns.

LA is too arid for them.

They get a little sprinkler water,
a little rain,
but not enough.

In 125 years they quickly grow to be the tallest trees in town,

but they are not full like the redwoods north of San Francisco.

They are spindly and pale instead of full and deep green.

They could suck-up 20 times the water they get in LA.

I'm looking at two now through my office window.

Vines I had planted beside my school's administration building
have again covered two-thirds of the window,
blocking most of my view of the San Gabriel Mountains.

I request our operations department trim the vines,
but they didn't want them planted.

Layoffs were coming—I thought of it as job security.

But they won't clear my windows.

(I bring in my own shears, remove the screens,
trim the vines when they need it.)

Mr. Ashbery has extended the same poem for 50 years.
I wish he'd cut-loose,
write about his past and directly about his life.

But, unlike the Beatles, he does not move on.

*

What I just forgot is different.

*

Walking between administration buildings
I saw a mourning cloak

among blossoming jasmine.
This is a rare butterfly now in North American.

They fly quick and erratic and are hard to catch with a net.
They're usually jumpy and skittish

but I stood in front of it,
6 inches away,

while it probed jasmine blossoms.
I watched it for several minutes.

The top wings outlined in yellow,
the rest of the wings deep brown—

but when you look closely, the wings are circles of all shades
of iridescent brown,
black and violet.

The back of the wings the same dark iridescence
but even darker.

I remembered being 8 in Michigan
trying to catch one.

Hard too as you'd rarely see them.
Still thinking I wanted to catch it with my hand,

or wishing I had a killing jar.

But now I have no interest to collect it
beyond memory and this poem.

A jacaranda is still in bloom.

I am doing nothing to directly support my school.
My dad taught me not to rationalize doing evil.

Writing this poem is evil.
I am drawing a salary to do other work.

When Doctor Williams wrote poems on his prescription pads
it was his own business.

*

But I am not like my father in many ways.

I figure my job owes me time to watch stratocumulus clouds pass
behind
redwoods.

Time to see my first mourning cloak in a decade.
Time to decide I have nothing left to offer my school this afternoon.

Thinking this poem might bring honor to my school—
knowing that it won't.

*

When I taught I never scolded children for day-dreaming.
Sometimes I'd enjoy watching them look out the window
and day-dream.

Sometimes they would stop, notice me—

and they'd apologize.

I'd ask, "What are you apologizing for?"

They would say, "I wasn't working," or,
"I was day-dreaming."

I'd say, "There's nothing wrong with day-dreaming."

Sometimes I'd ask, "Was it a good one?"

Or I'd smile, "It's not a problem."

*

Thinking of you in Brockport.

*

I turned down 27 readings last year.

They would've allowed me to sell books
and generate cash.

I certainly have my price.

But they're opposed to day-dreaming.

And there's not much time for day-dreaming left.

Driving with two friends down the Ventura Highway (in the sunshine)
last Sunday to Point Dume I said,

“Do you know how hot Benton is?
You think you can hire me away from him?”

*

Today seeing a mourning cloak
was not like anything else Davin.

If it's finally just your eyes on my words—
you never see me,

even while I'm alive—
that works best.

Did you ever have the right amount of friends and lovers
and didn't need more?

*

I've been paid to attend private parties
because some rich people want “real artists” at their parties.

I accept with time limits and with no promise to speak.

*

Text just received:

Scary poem. Hope it's
poetry. Food sucks in
RENO. Cept 4 mi Viet

Noodle Joint! Bin round
U 2 much

01:37 PM Fri, May 22, 2009
From : Robert T

My response:

Pho rules. And viet
twinks r the hottest. I-m
writing more poems at
work rite now and texting
u on work cell

01:41PM Fri, May 22, 2009
To : Robert T

Robert's response:

You are FIRED!

01:44PM Fri, May 22
From : Robert T

*

My colleagues see more mourning cloaks
than poems.

A guy I gave a book to 22 years ago
said last week, I always thought you'd still be writing poetry
do you still write?

Told him I gave it up.

*

It would be nice to get out of this
with a slick synthesis of the many images and themes
I've introduced.

Costa Rica at night on Sugar Beach rubbing Michael's feet.

*

A butterfly or a tree?

It's been mostly in my control so far.

No wars romping through town,
have survived the fires, floods, earthquakes, so far.

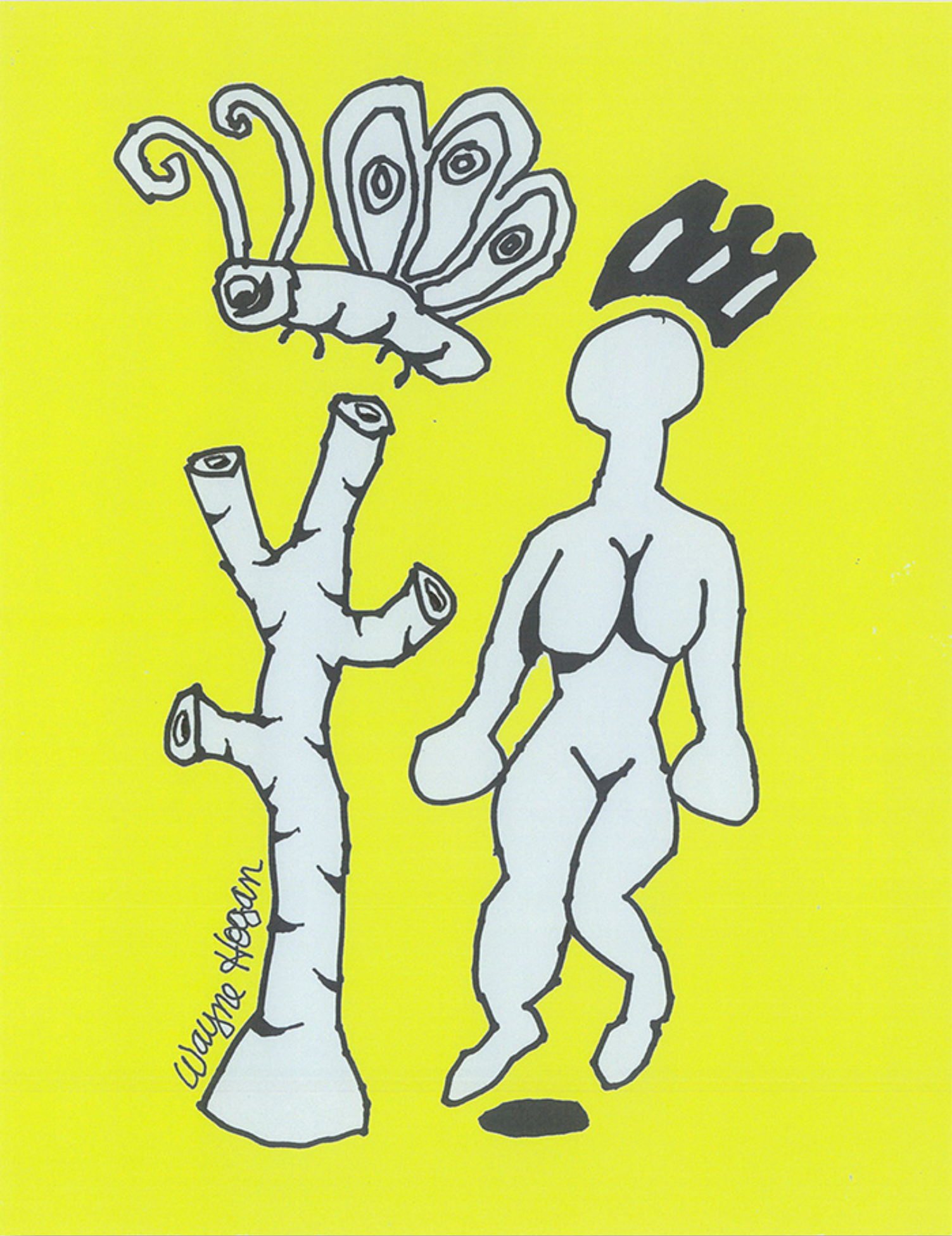
Surviving murderous neighbors
not taking all useful precautions.

*

The robin you observed in your yard,
did it set you from your family?

Did it get you thinking of that perfect girl?
Do you still have the blue glass bell?

Have you seen a Himalayan blue poppy?



PAGE 1 by Wayne Hogan, 2018
mixed media



PAGE 2 by Wayne Hogan, 2018
mixed media

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

DAN RAPHAEL:

Some people go for the valleys, though the streams or rivers that created these valleys are not easy to walk along, thick plant growth, surprising water, gravity's chunky contributions. I go for the ridges, sometimes both ridges at once, like drinking malt liquor and aged microbrews. my breakfasts are often the same and blandish—granola & yogurt, pb&j (w/ homemade raspberry jam) or macaroni w/ butter—but for lunch I can go umami crazy, korean mackerel hot pot, the soups with everything, like bun bo hue, with roast pork, quail eggs, congealed blood. I spend hours each day alone but blossom hungrily raging in the performance spotlight.

As jim hightower said the only things in the middle of the road are yellow lines and dead armadillos, though it's bolder to seize the actual middle than staying in your lane, though every where's safer when folks are going in the same direction. A construction zone can pop up over-night and change your travel route and timing. Did you ever turn over in bed early morning and find someone unexpected there, go to the bathroom and see that the upstairs neighbor had let her bathtub overflow so now you're sharing?

The other day driving down a street I drive often a crow came swooping (blind with hunger?) right in front of me aiming for the mooshed carcass in my lane, collided with the front of my car and bounced back to the curb it came from, at best a smashed wing. I was on my way to the dentist but no novocaine for the crow. Don't think there were any corvid witnesses—they remember.

As feet can remember dancing on rocks, as my arms know we could fly once, as every valley was once a crotch, rocks never forget, streams

know they'll eventually get to the sea even if they have to evaporate first, incremental rebirths as snow, drainage ditches, aquifers, a glass of water that sat—half full, rich with information—untouched for decades. calderas within calderas, islands within lagoons within islands within a crater that's now almost an entire country that was part of a larger country, that had been dozens of villages with separate languages. Walk the rooftops, swim the sewers, hover above the tallest tree and taste the world going by, almost immune to the suns asymmetric news, pasts that are melting with nowhere to flow

SHEILA MURPHY:

If a body cache
resembles mind fall
tender assignation

WILL ALEXANDER:

Language remains none other than ignited system, none other than ignited explorational hive. Simultaneous with living realia as anterior, as magically evolved trajectory, it remains simultaneous with itself, spontaneously interwoven, an incalculable spiral that anticipates itself via an energy that seems to instigate a curious treason against itself, always electrified via uncountable suns. And these suns possessing the beauty that exists as irregular balance. Thus, it becomes a blinding graph of itself, not a tautological location perfectly expert in its own demise, but a summons from where we know not where.

IVAN ARGÜELLES:

The heart is weary, plodding through and being disgusted with the daily repetitions of the news. The Russia, the Syria, the Central American fiefdoms of Inferno, the Trump, the Trump, the exonerated Trump. Flies infesting the body politic. Flies infesting the atmosphere. Ice carrion going belly up in the steaming Arctic waters. The clarion sounding at pre-dawn in Kashmir threatening another wrestling match between heavy-handed Vishnu and the ahistoric successor to the Prophet. Round and round we go, and where we stop is anybody's guess, but

most likely in a field no longer able to be plowed, or in an ocean where the coral reefs have been bleached to death and there is nothing left for the greater marine mammals to gorge themselves on. A world beyond the scope of Dante's vision, a touchy-feely version of disaster by social media, networking and subverting and espionage on a microscopic level, exploiting every unwanted millimeter of the body politic, the body social, the body disintegrated. And on the frontera wetback familias separated to live in 100 degree tents in the most inhospitable regions possible, can't remember which child goes to which mother. Forgot to process them. Let them hang in limbo. Close the floodgates. White makes right! Creating a sequel to Dante's *Commedia* is easy enough, just drive down to the caravan stretching from Guatemala to El Paso. Filthy felaheen, drug dealers, sex traffic, continents of human emotions shelved in the rocky defiles of the Sierra Madre. Coyotes packing vibrating pulsating human flesh into trucks and churning up the slope emitting diesel belches puffing up the grade, befouling the pristine air the Aztecs once breathed. The heart is weary, endless threnody dust-caked faces barefoot ankle-sores bleeding lives wasted efforts to re-route history. Imbecile reactions to human desires, for freedom, for purity for the unreachable godhead of democracy.

BOB HEMAN:

Assumption

thinks that
the shape
of the word
will change
its meaning

TERRY HAUPTMAN:

Angel with a Broken Wing 4

Piercing the deep pines' moonlit sky
Licking honeysuckle at Jacques Dubois'
Listening to old Aunts' talk of free love on porches
Eating bowls of scallions and sour cream

Licking pollen in the dream world of fate
Following crows to Mohegan Lake
Near Peekskill New York,
Where Paul Robeson was stoned
For his revolutionary heart,
My aunts and uncles wept for days and nights
For his brilliant voice,
His authentic vision illumined by fire,
Bringing down the light
For civil rights,
The soul's bread
In the palm of his hand,
A firebrand for change and love.

JAMES GRABILL:

Mineral Light

This afternoon is the kind capable of drawing you higher, into the blue in the blue, while the unknown but suspected future may be making the place smaller. Craving may well remain calm, spiraling out of the genome into pea pods, say, however many unforgiven others are camping out in the hungers of populations. So a forward-looking town will plant public nut and fruit trees, and count in everyone there who breathes, without leaving anyone out to wrestle alone the dangerous chemistry toward the end of the story when many forget to ask why a few have gotten astronomically rich at the expense of everyone else.

Where the day operates to widen its window for a next Tibetan ventilation in the arts, parts of hunger may have started to crave something nobody knows we're missing. But whatever it's swallowing, this era in no way deserves the predatory capitalism being forced on its children in an immoral campaign of deceit and an obtuse rage that leaches out of not giving a damn about anyone other than its gang and itself, which isn't to refer to **the self** so much as an urgency to feed meat to the pit that starts in the stomach and goes down in a reverse well, at least in the sliver of time civilization thrives.

Still in all, when subatomic strings in the cabbage and kale plants are reverberating, you know they're in touch with the kind of intrinsic value that applies to being alive, every species, bar none. And afternoons apply, the kind that mourn future losses out of sympathy long before stumbling over them after dark. This time is similar, you could say, to when Great Grandad never gave up eye-to-eye communications with his vehicle, and as it turns out, the corn-yellow present has managed to get the entire sun to insinuate its manifesto of humility under law and pressures of our conditions.

DAN GERBER:

In his old age, Noel Coward said that it seemed he was having breakfast every half hour. This inspired a little breakfast poem called "Traffic.

Bananas rushing from green to brown,
barely pausing at yellow.

TIM KAHL:

Prokaryotes evolve faster than any human can manage to attach species names to them. But of what importance is this to a man who wants to map the great tidings of the earth? Well, da Vinci said we know more about the movements of the celestial bodies than about the soil underfoot. Still, now, the mysteries are intact, and humans are the earth's strange protuberances whose lineage stretches from Northern Africa to the wild races of Northern Europe, who left their bones poking out of the ground in a little valley near Dusseldorf. Stranger yet is the descent from Neanderthal to participant in the festival for perennial strains of edible grains: the lectures, the bonfires, the bean bag tossing, the bands playing their electric hymns, the barbecue, the tours through the plots of crops. There is evidence roasting on the grills that we have not left the starting gate from when Neanderthals were gnawing and peeling meat away from the bone, filleting the jaw muscle, hammering incessantly on the bones, burning them, fracturing the long bones to scoop out the marrow. Oh, those bad boys of so long ago, known for their stupidity, their lack of imagination, and their inability to carry a tune, they make their enemies the same as we do. One man who calls himself Aristotle

of the Prairie opined, “They are not like us.” Then he jumped into his Mercedes at the festival and drove away. And we were left to wonder if we partied more like Paleolithics or not. The question rolled around in our heads as we pondered our grillables. There was a great display of tasty meats—mostly bovine in origin. But I am not thoroughly convinced it wasn’t human. And if it were, who could tell the difference? Among the scab-eaters and fingernail chompers, dead skin gourmands, the mucus plug swallowers, the blood tasters, was I not the only one willing to return to my Neanderthal roots, those who have long been suspected of cannibalism? I could almost hear the mounting crowd of gentle beings begin to rise up into chorus, “Out. Out, Vagabond.” I pled on my behalf, “But I was breastfed too,” then later I slinked away to hide my giant brow ridge. And I would be consumed by the body politic, masticated and mixed with the assorted bits in the digestion chamber. There I might frolic among all the *E. Coli* variants, the Eubacteria, the Ruminococcus, the Peptococcus, the Lactobacillus, and we would pass out buttons that said: SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL GUT FLORA. HUG A LIVE MICROORGANISM TODAY. Oh, God bless these microorganisms—whatever god that may be that is created in their name, dividing and dividing every twenty minutes until the divinity fills in every nook and cranny, everywhere, ineffable, unnameable, sublime, and it enters upon the fathoms of the day that you have been following on social media, voting with your like and like and like and like and like and like.

DIETER WESLOWSKI:

More and more I find myself living Oscar Wilde’s: “The true mystery of the world is in the visible, not the invisible.” And, nothing has reinforced this like photography. I am close-looking at everything the way I did as a child full of curiosity—click. However, that seeing also includes the weeping of Cernuda’s devil, weeping for the loss of the things of this world, especially the natural world.

JACK RIDL:

It can sometimes be helpful to wait for the poem and to pay deep attention to what doesn’t seem like something worth deep attention.

CRAIG COTTER:

I've been on a Whitman binge the last several months.

I, of course, read him as an undergrad when I was 18/19. Could really not access his poems. One of the great things about being old, about having more life experience, about having read 40 years since then: my first true reading of Whitman.

I always knew, intellectually, that he was the father of the tradition out of which I wrote—so many poets saying they wrote from the “Whitman Tradition.” Now to feel it.

AMY JO TRIER-WALKER:

The morning eats a fake pineapple, and it is delicious.

The morning eats my hair and is deranged.

The morning drops whiskers everywhere it goes.

I will not tell how to breathe.

GEORGE KALAMARAS:

Sun in the night of the sun's moon

Sycamore shadow in the shape of shade

Backwoods flare of farmers matches

Backwoods night of the night

When the Indiana hills ask stars which way to the scar

Inside, where the voice we seek seeks us

Striking anywhere but only in the seeking

The way death and life rotate up and through the axis

Of the spine, exchanging bodily fluids

For starlight biting the wrist

Say yes and no were the same urge

East and dark, north and dirt

Desnos and Breton

The way the name Meret Oppenheim

Inhabits the hound dog's howl when it trees a possum or a polecat

And the cup, the fur, somehow belong to the spoon

And its moon-milk of good long primordial sleep

Say there's a cradle of moonlight

Back near the cabin, igniting the table scraps
Tending the pelvic floor
Of a sassafras hollow
The world swinging from its hinge
The night world of winter in the owl's flight
Its whingeing wings making the sound of a sound
Too quiet to peer through
Too loud to open a hole, dispel the night

**CALIBAN
IS
SEARCHING
FOR
ANGELS**

