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GONZALEZ • LUCAS • COTTER • ARGÜELLES • DUCHARME
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Cover: WELCOME ABROAD by Brian Lucas, 2017
acrylic and oil pen on canvas (30" x 24")

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

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

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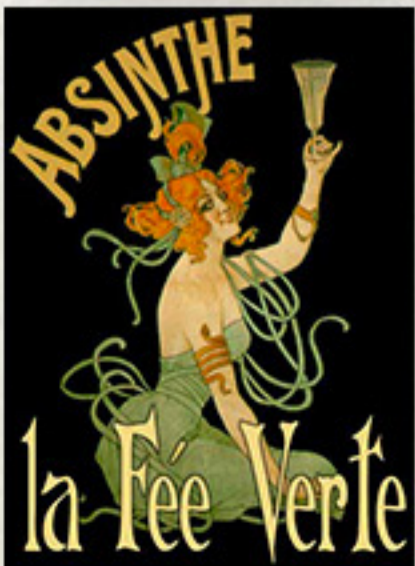
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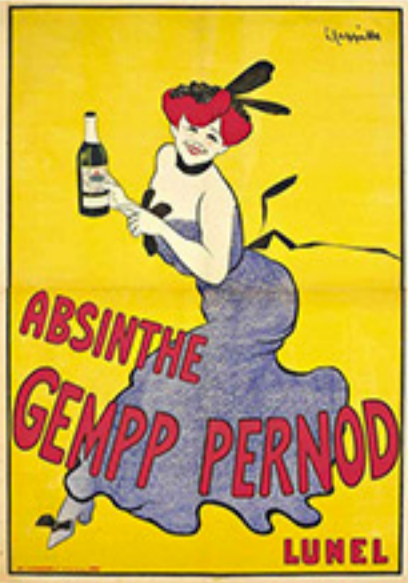
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DAN RAPHAEL

“*And Never Again Arrives*”

Light Hurts

WAYNE HOGAN

Untitled

Untitled

CONTRIBUTORS’ ADVICE



TIM KAHL

The Secretary of the Future

The deep ocean floor has not been mapped to find the bust
of Nefertiti.

Secret currents flow around Evangelist Peak, and the new
volcano

plans its catastrophes to sync with the growth rings of hills
amid their drift.

Then the ancestors of Atlantis can escape with their identity
deep into the caves.

The great exhibition of the swastika scratched into the vulva
on the figure
of The Virgin Mary raises questions about the symbol in
the crystal alphabet

used at fire festivals, carbon isotope hunts, the chemical
Stonehenge
and pottery smashes that manifest during the alteration
of sea water.

How many pilgrims does it take to trigger a maze of treasure
in the sediment?

If the landslide is given the brand of death god, then it may
demean

the oscillations in the heavy skulls of an unborn generation.
They consider the Iroquois Great Law of Peace and vote
their appetites

to habituate to the subterranean and classic model
of the commons.

So the ice advances and the league of gentlemen sign on to

right thinking in order to gain status within the cosmic tribe.
They watch the transfer of mass over many years from
the poles to the oceans.

The Secretary of the Future reincarnates Darwin to amend
The Origin of Species.

Long tunnels in the mountains serve as close approximation
to time travel.

The abandoned mines are abbey and monarchy of the global
seed vault,
and the undersea homes of the selkies refill their cupboards
with corpse berries.

Validating Turbulence

The biomass in showerheads is measured across the continent
to find
the division between the public and the private, and once
people stop

flying across the islands to land in the private labyrinths
of the amphibian Protestants,
they groom each other's privates in the annual baths with
their servants.

The early infrastructure was dedicated to the control
of Parliament.

Then the loss of the landline began to impact the life
of the family.

The salves of the Huns moved westward to support
the mechanics of vision.

Returning dissidents arrived in time for the outbreak
of cholera in Ireland.

Navigators used touchstones to make progress on the map
of wells.

The wisdom among the Dutch was for the affluent to collect
prestigious groundwater.

Shoreline after shoreline is explored for the logic of mosses
and ferns
and their collectors who scrub and stand earnestly while losing
sight of Polaris.

After the dissections begin on jackets made of cotton and linen
in China,
billions of dollars are spent to concentrate a cricket's particular
toxins.

Black mold offered its surprises in the form of universal combat maneuvers.

Brand new drywall was emphasized as an infiltrating secret ideal.

But the squeezed out liquid signaled the pathogens in a jar on the windowsill.

The wet was the kernel of the argument to domesticate any creature with wings.

Brothers who grew up in a cave could then pass over the steppes of wheat

and entrepreneurs weaponized truth as a matter of validating turbulence.

ELLENE GLENN MOORE

Hand Mirror in Bronze

Etruscan, 470 B.C.

In the absence of language, this fragment remains:
back towards me, Eos carved
around the body of Memnon.
Her grief is its own reflection, a memory of syntax,
articulated briefly
in the luminous, cool museum light.

**Seeing a Study for *The Burghers of Calais* at a Museum
in Cleveland**

Inside, the thin air
is as frozen as outside.
Red birds, snow crouched
like a hungry animal;
nature wonders
why we are all indoors,
backs to the wall of windows.
Nature does not wonder. It craves.
And this room,
dotted with media res instantiations
of the very loneliness swelling in my throat.
Once, my mother showed me a
a bronze casting of six men
circling around themselves,
the sun seizing
dew from their arthritic shoulders,
hands steaming as if already on fire.
I moved around them,
watched as they changed before me,
spiraling, the way memory
circles us—such hunger,
their faces, red birds in snow.



HALLUCINATION.24 by Jim Zver, 2019
acrylic and charcoal (30" x 19")

JAMES GRABILL

She Rings Up

She calls you from the future
that continues to be seen
where everyone intersects.
Her willowing has much truck
with civilized yields buoyant
with the weight of people.
Her blue Olympic pools drop
to unknowable depths down
past fluid equivalencies
with understated remorse,
as thermonuclear truce bears
the identity of her processors
in end-of-night rigs hauling
photographs back to immensity.
Her undiluted whole spirals
out of the first eggs delivering
copper condors into the sky
over descendants mollified
by socio-ethical potency.
Her cavernous walls of bison
France flee the single drop
of a catastrophic anvil under
layers of leaves and soils,
armor and bones, bricks and car
wrecks, as she concentrates
lightning-first on cosmic multiples
of Buddha's birth shattering

on contact with transcendental
forests into new Kandinskys
ghost-whipping past ice-cold
garages from when we were little.

J/J HASTAIN

(

Shekinah feminine face
the journey of
Sophia took

on the mantilla

of exile to quest
full realization of light

became scattered during emanation's
trajectory

Isis veil an agenda
perquisition
called beloved

is it also possible

her darkness

is her depth

panacea a mystical
process whereby SHE and HER
hold their own

Holy Spirit spurt
a pillar adorned
is the wedding's most
real
point

not the dress

wrapped around the leg
closest to the body
being
reflected

in an otherworld mirror

Isis apparatuses do and don't
flow from her
back

also cover the disembodied
hearth

ask me if I miss when I could
look

Hastain/20

at just my skin

“it was awkward when I did”
back then
much better now

benevolent Underworld
catch
scratches of dominance
the tone and sensuality
of

angel

thanks me for shapeshifting

to fuck

how she had dreamed
a little more space
in the stars

for trust

DALE HOUSTMAN

In a Corner

The fleece-lined and bearded
The marrow-polished lights

turn geiger blonde in the breath
of the living room, collective

the tender stairwells
this motel's viscera.

Red bells and the orchids darkening
between the crates of merchandise

and the demureness of blimp brocade
in the humidity of room service.

That arch of middle-aged linoleum
Those tiny privately funded doorways

to soft information stiffening in the blur.) So

This elevator smiles as it spreads its legs.
And all the pale spotted under

a fret of lanterns and you. And under
the rough military blanket

a shape in blue shoes.

Hautman/22

That sunken oleander beds

your skin drowned in pretty paychecks.

The oily gravel of late afternoon.

And two pony glasses of what doped the lambs, please.

All the pretty handkerchiefs

Sleeping off business in cabinets.



MADAME FINANCE by Dale Houstman, 2019
digital image

RAY GONZALEZ

Sadness

The identities of the holy
ones are secret.

Their faces are forgiven
by the light inside
the thumbs.

Unconscious beetle,
dead fly.

A finger is wasted
wiping a sweating brow.

A missing eyelash
is called a *lopayca*.

The sleeping child is
a god inside the stone,
etchings deciphered
by confession and
banished into a book.

Do not mistake prayer
for the onion on the table
because a lynx can memorize
distant constellations.

The hunter demands water.
His empty chair equals
one rainstorm.

Lenora Carrington, British 1917-2011, Portrait of Max Ernest, 1929. Published in View 2. Number one, 1942. Oil on canvas. 19 ¾ by 10 ½. Private collection.

Max growing out of a naked and red body of a fish, white hair swimming for the sunlight as short stuff flies out of his ears and makes him walk in yellow socks through the deep snow, frozen white horse covered in icicles standing behind him, white horse mistaken for the love lost from continent to continent after Max stepped on the wrong beard, the green lantern he carries slowly melting into phrases—forget me, try me, love me, destroy me, paint me, identify me, ask me, tell me, answer me because the wave gives in to the mountain.

Bead

Do not forget it is a single rosary bead and it returns to hang on the black string of reality and long abandoned atmosphere. To roll it in the fingers means reliance and to drop it on the stone floor of the sanctuary means faith. A massive praying room full of objects that have never moved since they were mounted by the altar. Resolution must arrive if there is to be fault in the belief that the lone rosary bead is the tiny, eternal ball of forgiveness. The rock replaces the rosary and the object of desire is born. Its weight and dimensions are carefully measured with words. The saying of the rosary replaces the reality of kneeling at the pew and being overcome by incense smoke. Drip a little before stepping out of the water. Only footsteps count. Objects resist until they are no longer there. If you could carry it with you, you would. The last place to look is hidden from us.

Thrive

Living point with the light I invented. The permanence of a rhythm. The sentence and the wall of books. The train is a runaway. Magnolia and badly healed wounds. I was afraid because God was up there. Reasons for touching the lamb, stroking the crow, and hating the butterfly. Now, the good seed and bad enthusiasm. An opportunity to lie about something that does not exist. The river and the Aztec word. A string of mucus hanging from the chin of the wolf. My illness is not important. Dada was a form of rain that dripped down between the breasts of Gertrude Stein. The center of importance and the burning field. The exact location is a joy filling the lone grape with liquid. Hospital deer birds bring the hero of the somersault so I can meet him below the twelve moons of healing.

Dark Star

Jerry Garcia's missing finger.
Janis Joplin's sweat soaked bra.
Jim Morrison's drunk ghost
standing behind Rimbaud's tomb.
John Bonham's hammer.
Hidden voices of black magic on
Led Zeppelin IV played in reverse.

Jerry Garcia's dimensions on "Dark Star."
John Cipollina's wah-wah growl on
"The Fool" bouncing off the moon.
Nina Simone trembling backstage,
her FBI file on J. Edgar's lap.
George Harrison's scars from
an intruder's midnight attack
illuminating the location of his grave.
Dusty vinyl on teen-aged shelves
outliving 30 minute drum solos.

Jerry Garcia's guitars excavated
under The Wall of Sound.
Captain Beefheart's top hat
smelling of rainbow trout.
Jimi's red scarf wrapped around
a plastic bottle of lighter
fluid from Monterey.
Duane Allman's smashed motorbike.
All the secret messages scratched
next to the labels on vinyl lps.

The Hippie

As the National Guard helicopters buzz overhead, the hippie sits in lotus position in his one-room apartment, the psychedelic posters on his wall changing color with the riots down the street. His long brown hair and thick beard have led him here, stoned out of his gourd during the “civil disturbance,” Jim Morrison wailing about the end and how the mother and the father will be eternally fucked by their children, noises from the crowd on the street below making the hippie close his eyes. He has been studying Buddhist texts for several months and starting to feel more at ease with things, but he accepts the idea of having to reach for his stash every day. The vibration from his speakers on the floor pick up the enveloping speed The Doors are taking through their long song, the swaying gunships of power above opening as gentle purple flowers that turn his door into a melting waterfall, his girlfriend long gone because she didn’t want so many other women to come to his place. Their last fight before she left for good made him late for work at the grocery store two blocks away and he was fired, his stoned boss tired of his strange ways, claiming too many tardy days were enough. The hippie continues to sit as Jim Morrison keeps screaming and the flowers reveal the hippie’s fourth grade teacher who first introduced him to folk music a few years before The Beatles hit his whole class hard. She dances for him and it is the first time he has seen his teacher naked, the pink and green tattoos forming patterns down her belly he can’t decipher because a loudspeaker outside erases her and this makes the hippie angry. He rises to his feet and goes to the window, throws it open and watches as the marchers start to run and scatter down the street, the lines of troops pointing their bayoneted rifles at the fleeing crowd. The hippie does not panic because he is covered in blue vines that are slowly wrapping themselves around his legs and stomach, the sensation so soothing, he forgets what he was going to shout out the window, and carefully returns to his Indian rug to continue his sitting, the sound of tear gas canisters popping in the air, shouts and cries sharper than Jim Morrison who is now welcoming the hippie onto the stage, but the hippie can’t dance or shake because his world turned upside down long ago, his thirst making him ask himself for a glass of water. He gets up again,

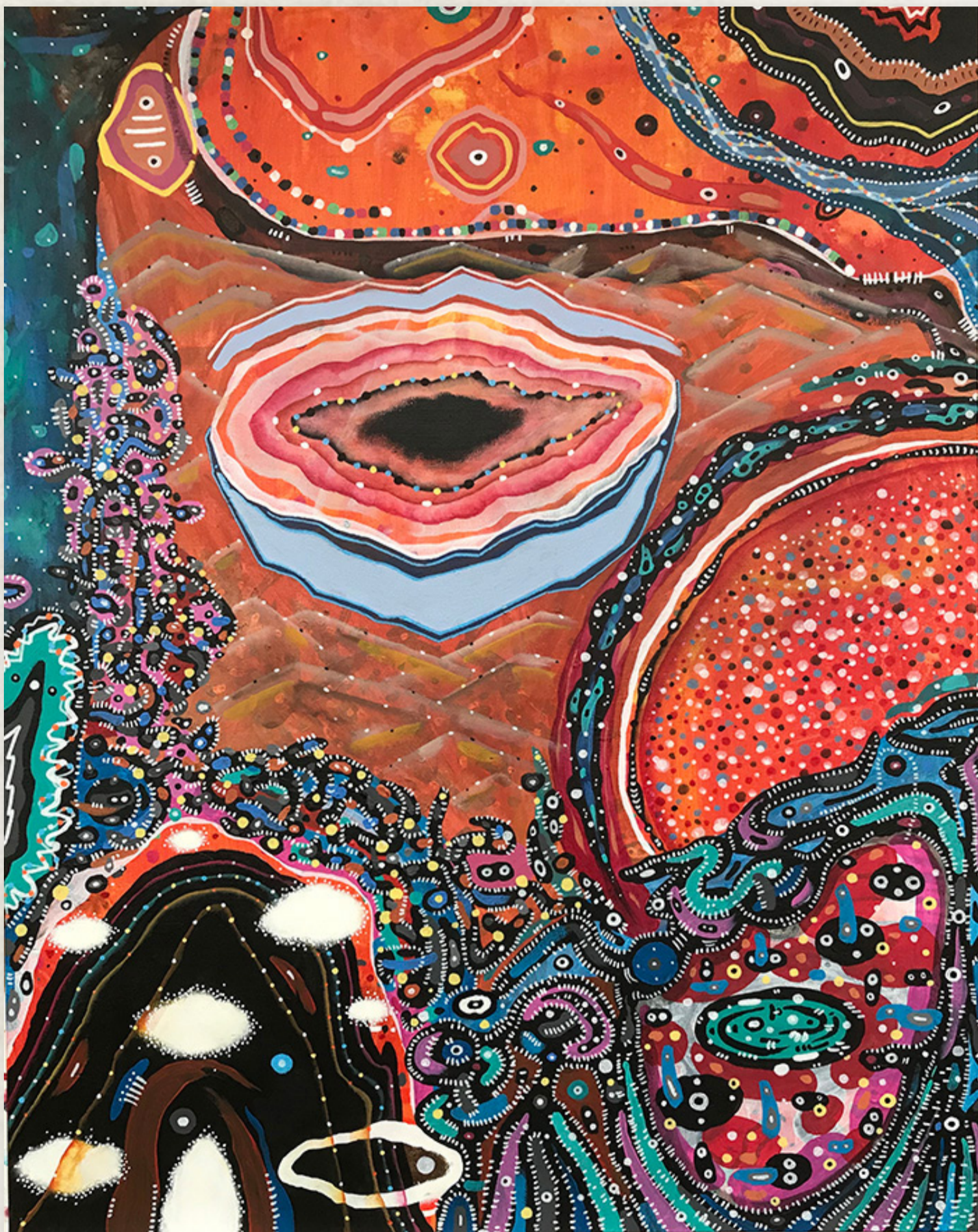
stumbles as The Door's album stops playing, and manages to open the small ice box as the first clouds of tear gas come in through the window. He grabs a huge bottle of ice water, chugs it, and totters back as the diamond white sun spins his head around, the concert crowd at the Steve Miller Band/Buddy Miles concert going crazy on the hundreds of joints passed around him, the acid in the various drinks tossed back and forth drenching the wild audience with the colors of the future, the hippie finding his way back to his rug as the poster of a Grateful Dead concert comes to life with a punishing aura that makes him begin to understand what the trippy maneuvers down on the street are all about and why he will survive them. The hippie opens his watering eyes in the smoke and coughs for his girlfriend, his job, and his stash under the bed. He coughs for how little money he has and chokes over the fact he is anti-war and his father and uncle are fanatically in favor of "bombing the gooks back to the stone age." He closes his red eyes for his parents that have refused to talk to him in two years and he gasps for air in favor of love and peace, his cousin Marvin now missing in Vietnam for almost one year, the girl in the store where he stocked vegetables catching him on the way out to invite him to call her, but he doesn't have a phone, so he has to find where she lives and can't start until the protest is over. The hippie quickly shuts the window and decides to get out of the room. He puts on his brightest tie-dye t-shirt and runs barefoot down the stairs. He hits the street running as he struggles for air. He can't see what is going on in front of him and gasps "Far out!"



THE OLD WEIRD by Brian Lucas, 2017
acrylic and oil pen on canvas (30" x 24")



THE INTERNAL PROGRAM THAT LEADS ONE ASTRAY
by Brian Lucas, 2017, acrylic and oil pen on canvas (30" x 24")



WORLD FEASTING by Brian Lucas, 2018
mixed media on canvas (30" x 24")



DAWN MOMENT by Brian Lucas, 2018
acrylic on canvas (20" x 16")

CRAIG COTTER

Michigan Wildflowers

Delta Barkell used to show me
elephants the size of golf balls

flying among wildflowers
using their ears as wings.

“There goes one!” she said,
and I saw it!

*

Easier to cool a little place,
heat it too,

have all the room I need to read and write.

*

Scratch designs on clay pots and goat bladders.

*

Turtles buried alive,
swamps filled by bulldozers

live in torpor for months
in oxygen-depleted muck.

Then, awake, can't dig out.

GERALD VIZENOR

Satie on the Seine

Basile Hudon Beaulieu wrote fifty letters to the heirs of the fur trade between October 1932 and January 1945. The messages were copied and circulated to family and friends on the White Earth Reservation. At the end of the war the letters were translated as native chronicles in a six volume narrative sequence, *roman fleuve*, and published by Nathan Crémieux at the Galerie Ghost Dance in Paris, France.

The letters convey the mercy of *liberté*, the torment and solidarity of *Le Front Populaire*, the Popular Front, an alliance of political leftists, and the contest of ethos and governance in the French Third Republic. Basile relates the massacres of natives, and the misery of federal policies on reservations to the savage strategies of royalists, fascists, communists, and antisemites during the eight years before war was declared against Germany, and to the end of the Nazi Occupation of Paris.

The letters to the heirs of the fur trade during the war reveal the cruelty and deprivations of the Nazi Occupation, persecution of Jews, the devious collaboration of the Paris *Préfecture de Police*, and the eternal shame of the *Vélodrome d'Hiver* Roundup. Maréchal Philippe Pétain, clever cringers of the Vichy Regime, and the betrayal of *résistance* networks are disclosed, and at the same time the insurrection and liberation by *Les Forces Françaises de l'Intérieur*, the French Forces of the Interior, and the *littérature engagée* and integrity of Romain Rolland are celebrated in the last emotive letters.

“Liberty Trees” is the first chapter of *Satie on the Seine: Letters to the Heirs of the Fur Trade*, a historical novel that will be published by Wesleyan University Press in 2020.

LIBERTY TREES

Sunday 2 October 1932:

Paris is dewy this morning, and the liberty trees of the revolution are

faraway memories. The wet cobblestones on the Quai des Tuileries shimmer in the early sunlight, and the autumn hues of plane and linden leaves brighten the quays, squares, and boulevards near the River Seine.

France was once a great empire of the fur trade, and the classy vogue of fur coats, *manteaux de fourrure*, almost ruined the ancient totemic unions and native dream songs of the natural world. The oriental fashions of silk, but not ethos or shame, saved the beaver and marten, and there are no furry coats, collars, or hats on the quay today, only the reek of wet wool, creased fedoras, and the native tease of totemic heart stories that we carry out in art and literature.

Natives betrayed the great totemic companions of the woodland, but the heirs of the fur trade have matured since then with imagistic dream songs and creative stories of totemic associations that have become the new literature of liberty.

This is my first letter to the heirs of the fur trade, poetic, ironic, and with grave episodes that reveal the fascism of the royalists, the antisemitism of nationalists, and confirmation of the moral duties of native stories to create a sense of presence and literary ethos for readers here and on the White Earth Reservation.

Aloysius Hudon Beaulieu, my brother, would rather paint blue ravens and tease the moody *bouquinistes* on the Quai du Louvre than worry about finding a heavy winter coat at the crowded street markets, but the city has never been as cold as a winter on the reservation.

Native stories of the seductive Ice Woman on a cold and snowy night would be superfluous at the Place Pigalle in Paris. Lusty outsiders were once teased with stories of an erotic death in the sensual splendor of winter snow, but not at the Moulin Rouge. Painters, poets, poseurs, and cultural strangers were favored at the famous brothels, *Le Sphinx*, and the opulent *One Two Two*, a private mansion near the Galeries Lafayette.

Many versions of the Ice Woman stories are told today in any season, and around the world, and surely provocative editions of the Parisian Ice Woman are heard once or twice a night at *Le Monocle*, a lesbian nightclub, but sensual teases and a native outlook are never quite the same as stories on a wintry woodland reservation.

The most worrisome scenes are not carnal, or the want of snowy seductions, but rather the absolute misery of the economic depression

and gray faces of poverty. Daily columns of weary and hungry women, children, and lonesome men in dark coats, caps and fedoras, wait for a bowl of hot soup delivered from huge cauldrons mounted on bicycle wheels. There is nothing erotic in the stay of queues, and some men slowly turn away and vanish in narrow passageways.

Only the ritzy, showy young women, and clowns wear big bold colors, a glossy handbag, bright blocky shoes, silky sleeves, and waves of red umbrellas. Churchy days in every season are much brighter on the boulevards, and the steady communists and socialists favor red banners, armbands, and foulards.

The River Seine was shamed overnight with human waste, and the murky backwash blackened the quays. The *bateau lavoir*, laundry boat, and three other barges were moored with no traces of visionary color or hues of grace near the Pont de la Concorde.

Camille Pissarro, Claude Monet, and other artists once painted the river in colors of fancy, the touch of reverie and brush turns of rosy light, but never the taint of dreary barges or intimate waste on the quay.

Aloysius saluted the dark barges on the river, and then imagined great waves of painted colors, rouge on the prows, blues on the tillers, and with hand gestures shouted out the names of artistic hues. My brother revered the ravens in the birch trees on the reservation with the same teases and painterly hues of natural motion.

We were enchanted by the wistful sound of a piano on the River Seine. One by one people slowly moved from the cold benches through the slants of light toward the source of the music. An upright piano was mounted on the back of a narrow barge moored at the Quai des Tuileries near the Pont de la Concorde.

The nostalgic melody wavered on the river, and gray faces leaned over the bridge parapets to watch a lovely young woman in a blue scarf play the piano. The grizzled man next to me was teary, and told me the music was the *Gymnopédies* composed by Erik Satie. The music was poetic, elusive heartfelt chords with tender pauses, and the name of the piano composition was unclear, dance or nudity on the River Seine.

The pianist moved her hands slowly over the keys, and the slight waves on the river seemed to move the barge in the same steady measure. The slight repetitions of melody created a sensation of motion and liberty, a

buoyant tease and stay of passion for a moment, the sound and gestures of unity and endurance in the warm glances of morning light, and with no heavy traces of opera or triumphant crescendos out of the military past.

The man wiped tears from his face, and then raised his arms to praise the music. The melody was moody and haunting on this dewy morning. Not even the crack of wagons and wheeze of cars distracted the spirit of the music, and no one on the bridge turned away until the morning concert had ended. The woman covered the piano on the barge and then walked alone down the quay. The music seemed to continue with the waves on the river, and the sway of her wide blue neck scarf was a concert of natural motion.

Paris is the melody of mercy.

Solace even with the rage of politics.

Paris is the summer in the spring.

Nathan Crémieux was very generous, as usual, and invited us to stay in the back room of his gallery of Native American art on Rue de la Bûcherie near the Cathédrale Notre Dame de Paris. He moved a heavy heirloom desk with inlaid mahogany and a bookcase to the room. The art books were for my brother, and for me poetry and novels, including Marcel Proust, Guillaume Apollinaire, Émile Zola, James Joyce, Ezra Pound, Frank Harris, Gertrude Stein, and familiar plays, *Coriolanus*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *King John*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, and *The Tempest*. Nathan trusted and honored natives, and he remembered our stories about the unforgettable production of plays by Shakespeare at the Carlisle Indian School.

The Galerie Crémieux displayed native art in three rooms that faced the narrow Rue de la Bûcherie, and the high ceiling of the back room was painted the hue of the night sky, and *giiwedin anang*, North Star, was visible on the ceiling at night. The gallery became the center of our world, day and night, and the polestar reminded us of our native sense of place in art and literature.

Nathan inherited the original collection of native art from his father who was a respected trader with natives on pueblos and reservations in the American Southwest. We first celebrated the collection many years ago as veterans of the First World War, but this time the presence of

traditional native objects of art, glorious pueblo pottery, clay figures, sashes, mantas, turquoise and silver jewelry, ledger art, and blankets created an aura in the gallery, and the presence of native spirits.

Five Ghost Dance shirts and two hand drums were on display, secured from a dubious native art trader in Germany, and a ceremonial Ghost Dance doll, brightly decorated with beads and feathers, was purchased at auction from a reliable art dealer in New York City. Aloysius turned away, even though the sacred objects were mounted and enclosed in heavy glass cases.

Nathan described the acquisitions as rescued secrets, and explained that he would never present sacred Ghost Dance shirts for sale or trade, and yet he was aware that many people visited the gallery only to view the faded ceremonial shirts, and hear the stories about massacres and the Ghost Dance Religion. Naturally, we were relieved that the shirts were not marked with blood or gunshot holes. Sometimes late at night in the gallery we heard Ghost Dance songs, and envisioned dancers in natural motion, the native ghosts of an ancient continental liberty.

The presence of native spirits in the gallery was not the same as the augury of flâneurs or the stories of ghosts on the narrow streets near the River Seine. Native ledger artists were at hand with blue horses and in visionary motion, the ancient blankets carried the scent of mesquite smoke, and the shadows of healers danced near the windows at night.

Ghosts of the River Seine forever haunt the quays, and are related to the citizens who were tortured and beheaded in the name of the revolution, the spectacle of deadly justice at the Place de la Concorde. The ghosts carry on as the ironic spirits of liberty.

Nathan recently dedicated a gallery exhibition to the memory of Howling Wolf the Cheyenne ledger artist who was once imprisoned at Fort Marion, Florida. He painted visionary scenes of the Sand Creek Massacre. Naturally we were honored to stay at the Galerie Crémieux with the solace of the common polestar, the ceremonial spirits of the Ghost Dance, and the radiant blue horses of Howling Wolf. Otherwise we might have been stranded in a dark and dank hotel room with the specters of revolutions.

Wovoka, or Jack Wilson, his ranch name, envisioned that the enemies of peace and liberty, the cavalry soldiers and greedy settlers would

vanish, and at the same time he avowed the mysterious resurrection of the native dead in a world of starvation and the cruelty of reservation agents.

The Paiute prophet had a vision during a solar eclipse in his early thirties, and since then he has told visionary stories about the return of the dead if natives carry out the dance, common virtues, integrity, and precise traditions of the Ghost Dance.

The Seventh Cavalry Regiment murdered hundreds of Lakota natives, women and children, and Ghost Dancers at Wounded Knee Creek in South Dakota about a year after the great vision of Wovoka.

The Ghost Dance was probably never experienced or observed in combat during the First World War in France, and yet every native soldier must have sensed the shadows of a sacred dance, a dream song, or visionary scenes that would restore liberty and remove forever the scent and grunt of the Imperial German Army.

Wovoka, the great visionary of native liberty, died last week in Yerington, Nevada, and was buried in a Paiute Cemetery. He worked as a rancher his entire life, and never traveled more than a few hundred miles from home in Smith Valley. The visions and ecstatic stories of the Ghost Dance have been heard around the world since that solar eclipse more than forty years ago.



NADANDO EN LA MAÑANA by Ines Vega, 2012
charcoal, pastel, and acrylic on canvas (60" x 67")



EL DELFIN NAVEGANDO by Ines Vega, 2013
pastel and charcoal on canvas (55" x 42")



LAS ALAS by Ines Vega, 2009
charcoal, pastel, and acrylic on canvas (60" x 55")

GEORGE KALAMARAS

Turiya and Ramakrishna

for Alice Coltrane, a.k.a. Turiyasangitananda

Okay, Alice. Let's say two stars made love.
Let's say it was the moon and an indentation
from a forgotten river in one
of those stars. Perhaps it was two
of Jupiter's eight gaseous moons
that lay together long and touched
and brought you unto the world. No,
it must have been pieces of broken starlight
beckoning astral dust from the bend
in someone's spine. No matter.
Surely it was cosmic
lovemaking that brought you back
to us. *Into* us. Into the listening
world that speaks us into form.

Yes, the listening world. I lean tonight
and listen to the way the listening
world ploughs the piano depth
of your "Turiya and Ramakrishna."
And I'm weeping. Beauty
birthing pain birthing the black and white
keys of possibility. If only
my abstractions wouldn't shift.
Could say it right. Could say *anything* right.
They can't because they don't have
the gospel ground you got from your mother's church
choir in Detroit. The minor notes Bud Powell

proffered when you studied piano with him
in Paris. Alice McLeod, you *were* a cloud,
your name so close, in sound, to what
the sky holds. Celestial rhythms
you brought to Trane, through which you not only married
one another but bled yourselves
into a hagiography of the world. Alice McLeod.
Alice Coltrane. Turiyasangitananda.
Whatever you call yourself, these tears
tonight are real. How could anyone
possibly write something so beautiful? I don't know
if this is a sad, joyful water
or the *other* tears, those ripping sounds
when—at once—we give our tongues
back unto the torn parts
of the world and leave it.

Ever since. Ever since I can.
Ever since I can recall, I have felt
too long in human form. Felt
as if the right word wrong. As if the *body*
wrong. As if I wanted to crawl back
to the embanked moment when a river mates
with a willow. When stars lie down to dust.
Into chemical dust of mantric seed sounds.
Where words stir. Rub up against one another
and whirl. Friction forming a heart—
each valiant valve pumping the universe
in and out of what we know and how—two lungs,
two kidneys, a liver, spleen, and all
the other organs that cleanse. Jazz lion.
Swamini. You eventually stepped away from
the crowds, tried to coax starlight back
from the mouths of the dead
into a molecular moan that mends.

Okay, Alice. Let's say it *was* two stars that made love.
Let's say it was a river and a willow.
Its branches, in wind, like strings on a harp.
Let's say Jupiter's multiple moons.
Let's say they entered us seventy-nine times
and became the way we speak. How we Turiya.
How we Ramakrishna. How we noun and verb.
Each word, a hallowed human urge. So that what we think,
say, *Is*. You knew that, dear one. Even when
you floated into our lives as the almost-cloud
of Alice McLeod. Even when you soothed the minor keys
with Bud Powell in Paris. The supreme love
you shared with Trane. Even when you were *in* the body
and out. As you entered the ashram
and showed us the torn parts—the celestial
curtain across which we were ripped—
could be the ground that once again could heal
our hearing. Whole. Allow us to fall back
into the sound of starlight breaking
its bones just to become us
for a very short time. A very
short time. And thrive.

Forrest Fire

for Jimmy Forrest

No, not the bad kind that took our Colorado home in 2012. Not the kind coyotes show their teeth at. The kind they hide, years later, in their slow step in the dark. Inherited. Even if not whelped before the flames. Even the skunks in the mountains tonight seem to scent the underbelly of your tenor sax, Jimmy. As you burn your aching into us. Three a.m. Starlight is sinning again in my left ear. You have me on the floor with “Bags’ Groove” from this 1960 set. Larry Young echoes you back, *remains* young with keys that recall church if church were in my bones. It’s the gospel truth, I tell you, how the Milky Way tonight seems to shiver as you shake. Even the moths don’t burn themselves away for once as they dance the candle’s sap. Now it’s Thornel Schwartz plucking strings I hadn’t known were inside the *insides* of things. Ripening. Ready to bleed. Blood oranges in the bowl seem to say I must learn to hollow myself out so I can receive whatever planetary gaps the polecats try to teach as they mark a trail. If I followed them deep I’d keep deepening into *me*. The setting sun, hours gone, has already dodged the dark.

I’m fortunate Mary Ann is in the next room only, asleep as I listen to “When Your Lover Has Gone.” I’m tapping my foot, tapping my chest, as if I’m in love with the kind of love that loves the death this music makes as it slows my cells to song. They open, absorb, and gentle Thornel’s riffs through me. August 9, 1960, is a long life away. I was only four when you set these sides to wax—Prestige 8250—barely comfortable in my own two legs. Already wobbling from this desire to that. Now this foot tapping tells me I’ve been alive for centuries waiting for this hour of dark and its animal nap. I imagine the pub, clink of glass. A woman or two in slinky dress. Slow curves of smoke in my lungs as I tamp down another Old Gold Filter and inhale the music that burns me from inside *in*. I love you, Jimmy Forrest, the fast pace of your slow-growth trees. Love you all—Larry Young, Jimmie Smith, and Thornel Schwartz. Yes, I’d even love to be named *Thornel*. To hold a name that solid and spiky-smooth, knowing it grants protection, as I’d stand cufflink-cool, parts

of me pouring out of my freshly pressed suit while I'd finger all the princely notes.

Forrest Fire. Thirty-eight and a half of the most underrated minutes of the marsupial pouch birthing me unto the world. No, not the bad kind of pouch. Not the kind that holds too close and throstles the throat. The kind bobcats stalk and hamstring from behind. The kind that took the house seven years ago and threatened my voice with its grave-aching ash. But possum sound. Polecat sound. White-stripe-on-black-furry-back sound that beckons the world even as it repulses it with sweet sulfuric scent. 3:41 a.m. now. Alone in the mountains in a rebuilt pad. Not only is starlight sinning over and again in my ear. Not only is the Milky Way breaking its vow of celibate calves. But this set suggests how four men in four-four time can be one, Jimmy. Yes, *one-Jimmy*, if we forget the pauses of the world and let our words, our insides, shred. How in hearing your riffs one can be four, eight, or even centuries sung. The intricacies of balanced math mean more ways of mouth than even the moon offers tonight, split—as it is—in half, as it moves from life to death and back again to breath. Whinging its strange work of worms. Coaxing its chalky light down into the throaty notes you pour into me. Into my bones. The throaty notes you ache to breathe.

The Belt of Equatorial Calms

What can be said of the Belt of Equatorial Calms?

We monk-mouth. We dropwort. We cry as the dead horse beats *us*.

We listless. We slump-mouth. We squall away the weeks.

This region of regions blows us further into whom and what we fear.

We say *yes* to nearly everything. Even the moon entering the vigorous
canals of a shark's gill.

We slap our mouths with our mouths. Take pains to invigorate our loss.

If the celestial flea in the ear of the meditator.

If the doldrum winds lacked the lack of sea-salt hope.

If sitting and listening activated the cochlea of the ear. Nerve ganglia
of the spine.

If we forever and again the language of leopard pace, learn while it
sleeps soundly in a rainforest of sound.

Say we're finally calm enough to taste the dark spots thrown across
our back.

Say we cross the great ocean of our day-to-day lies in a great good calm.

There are vulture blankets we use to blind and settle the fearful bird.

We cover ourselves in a darkness that removes us from flight. Learn
the salt-craves of our bodies as the salt of all that is.

More Monk than Mouth

Ghost-fish for walleye, and we find a conglutination of obstinacy
and public rain.

Make the moon one or more ways of mouth.

Move monk-wise toward the entire week of June collapsed into
a monthly kiss.

The beetle-killed pine does not remember December frost; no, I am
not dead.

I have been snail-light in the overcast day.

The time of dark and cool slowly makes my hermit self come alight.

And so we took the towels, folded them lengthwise into what would
become water.

And so the tubs of pain were waiting for the slow, the deliberate
of our word-urge.

To somehow smooth away the air bubbles given us at birth is
the sunflower fierce of a kiss.

My pain is that all pains swift through me, somehow craving my moist.

Drift, now, in the undercurrent seed. Go gold as any carp wasp-bitten
and sung.

The way an African tree ant is suddenly displaced in the season of fire
might mean blocked rain in the bloated body of a flea.

I have been handed the lantern-cast, locked—as it were—in the occult
centers of the spine.

I come up scar-bitten, blood-gilled. Home in the time of dark and
cool. Clearly more monk than mouth, in the slow deliberate
of speech.

Where the Stinging Might Sing

So the wind turns the leaves yellow as autumn
seems to slip through the throat of a season of hunting
hunting itself through coon hollers, into the possum pouch
of night. Say once and forever you've decided you're a man
with fireflies gathering about his arms, culling the dark for any trace
of light the body might gather unto itself. It is true everything is true
if it is hound-dog beautiful. And it is. Miles deep in the Delta watershed.
Or was. Or will be again. Which means the definition of the mouth
is Brahms moments of birth measuring melancholy
into ecstasy. *Please, you say. Please me my mouth.*
Say it with sadness. Say it in perfect fourths.
One hound dog, two, is all it takes to make muck
more than what sinks about us. Into us. From the river bottom. Seeping
the dark into and through the permeable sinking. We let
the dogs loose
to loosen that material within that has grown as if going
toward gone. Those sound parts of us stuck as if bone-lodge
in the throat. The real killer is right here, where the river empties, not
in a book or on the Orient Express barreling toward The Steppes
of some faraway snow. Words we could say backwards on the track
but won't. Words we could have said but for which we weren't dog
enough for the animal we slept. John and Jana and I
agree: the fox is equal parts cat and dog. Which means

the definition of *definition* must rethink the left
side of the brain and the right. The left hand

and the mouth. Whiskers are an indication of daily growth.
The back and forth question of whether we're moving toward

an ennobling of our birth or shaving away the night. Say once
and forever hound dogs swallow a musk of fireflies

fallen wholly from the moon and blurt it out as wind-howls
from their sleep. We hear the hurt. Heal it

in our hearing. The wailing inside us means everything
is not okay. That we have a chance to live as if

alive. As bees, say, in Whitman's beard. As bees' blood
against the tree. Where the stinging might sing. And alive

we must if beauty be borne from us. *Through* us. Where the river
empties into ocean healing. Firefly to firefly. Urge to urge. The moon's
glandular curve.

D. E. STEWARD

Amazon as a Verb

Dozens of greater snow geese forage a large cornfield in early February

Within an immense flock of perhaps three thousand Canada geese, all on ground

On a domed slope over the Delaware across from Baldpate Mountain

By late May the snow geese will be nesting as far off as Nunavut only hundreds of miles from the North Pole

The *canadensis* will not migrate as deeply into the Arctic, they will nest near water between Nunavut south to the Grand Canyon, the Texas panhandle and the Florida line

Golf and lawn maniacs will chase and hound the Canada geese, hiring trained dog services, planting coyote cutouts, charging nesters with putters raised

Foolish, futile and uninteresting

But imagine the snow goose nests along Grise Fiord in Nunavut (NWT)

Scraped gravel, quantities of down the females take from their breasts, nests sometimes six feet broad, shelter as available, arctic willow serve as windbreaks farther south, none at all along Grise Fiord

The arctic foxes on the prowl trotting-by, the predatory lemming-chasing jaegers there too on their nesting grounds

As the snow geese fly there in Vs higher than Canada geese, “distant birds seem like shimmering white threads caught in the wind”
(Pete Dunne)

Look up carefully when you hear geese overhead

Snow goose high-sky singular their shimmering is coruscant

As “the mysterious shimmering emanated by white objects at twilight”
(Rilke)

The sky is an ocean too

Before the Gold Rush in 1848 there were about one hundred fifty thousand California Indians and perhaps only fourteen thousand people who were not, Mexicans among those

What a serenity that emptiness must have cast

The idiom wasn't yet Spanish

Land and people with traces still redolent of what had been for fifteen thousand years

As the High Road to Taos through Trampas and Peñasco has been, sentimentally still is

The only good Indian long had been a dead Indian

“There is no document of civilization which is not at the same time a document of barbarism” (Walter Benjamin)

The death of about three million Vietnamese

Iraq, Afghanistan, the dozens more where the US military is punching away

Our electronic air war in Laos, Cambodia, now in Syria and Afghanistan

Guantanamo

The Gestapo called it *verschärfte Vernehmung*, EHT, we use it now

In what might have been a selfshot, or perhaps it was only in hurried preoccupation, she backed over and killed her beloved Samoyed the other day in the snow

“Isn’t it possible that self-esteem isn’t causal at all, but simply the happy side effect of a sturdy character, itself the product an unambiguous moral education?” (Doonesbury)

In February sun a cedar waxwing flock follows a couple of winter robins into a big honeysuckle bush for the berries, a good omen, cedar waxwings

With our almost limitless computer power, machine learning is now no longer the aping of human thought but the filtering through of gargantuan aggregates of data for patterns from which computers draw suppositions that draw further patterns from their failure to determine optimal suppositions, that is, learning from their mistakes

A meaningless definition before the technology arrived that justifies it

Machine learning already amazoning the future

Clerks, all machine operators, drivers, most technicians, all human activities become derelict that can be rationalized, and then supplemented by robotics

Accompanied into future's rictus with computer design of most of what is designed, along with writing and editing of reports, formulaic novels, porn, scripts, shallow poetry, much journalism, ad copy and pop music

It will be hard to have much self-esteem as all that develops

"His mental activity is constant, passionate, versatile, and utterly insignificant" (Borges)

Imagination will be for Borgesian librarians and little kids before they are initiated

Already partway there

"It is the most disheartening feature of these narratives ... that they lack rhythm, tone, vivacity, wit. To name just four things."
(James Campbell on Paul Auster's *4321*)

"Forms in art have their time; they are at their strongest and most immediate when newly forged, and the story for them from that point on is one of increasing complexity and continual decline—and we are at the very end of the novel's baroque evolution"
(Nicolas Rothwell, *Quicksilver*)

Claggy

Last century's legacy churns on out

"night creatures / making sounds for their own purposes" (John Kinsella)

Talking to each other loudly enough so that they are sure you can hear them

Continued, chronic justification of Heidegger as Nazi being guild-loyalty bullshit

Viz. “From 1934, Heidegger knew, even if only implicitly, that his enthusiasm [*Bewegtheit*] for the National Socialist uprising had been a Being-in-the-slipstream: here time had become space.... Heidegger’s late work discreetly draws the consequences of the lapse.”
(Peter Sloterdijk)

Whitewashed

That generation did it, it was done, with flagrant brutality they did it

It was no lapse

It was not one My Lai after another, it was invasion and occupation of most of a continent, it was transports to death camps, it was wide complicity of medical doctors, clergy, universities and a large majority of the populace

Cultural arrogance and brute abandonment of ethical principles gone rogue

“water survives its motions” (A. R. Ammons)

Red brick, starch flakes, andirons and pewter

My old man’s Edwardian generation, worried over ties, vests, collars, cuff links, braces, garters, creased trousers pleated (they weren’t pants), undershirts, shoe polish

Now that sort of thing registers ersatz, strained as skeuomorph motifs like false stitching on leather and fake exhaust ports along car and pickup hoods

And we wonder whether or not to leave the second button of our shirts open

6EQUJ5, the Wow! Signal from August 1977, was not a communication from somewhere in Sagittarius but from an as then undiscovered comet's hydrogen cloud

Off on the way north stop at the good bakery in Tatnuck off the interstate in Worcester to get something for them

He had been batching up there earnestly writing things he can't publish before they met two years ago, now he teaches at a boarding school above Concord

Savvy with her Wislawa Szymborska apt glibness, she teaches at another private school there, so they have to run two cars like most even semi-privileged Americans now

In a common thirties-something student-loan-stunned professional bind of not yet doing what they say they want to do

But living in "Great goblets of magnolia light" (C. D. Wright)

It's bad in late winter in northern New England, short days, and the wet snow, talk on toward midnight and out and for birds in the morning hoping to see maybe a snowy owl, cross bills, or even pine grosbeaks

Then the way back, brushing along Williamsburg on Flushing Avenue out to Archae in Bushwick, still winter drizzle and the big felt hats, tout noir, tout noir, crowns under milky plastic shower caps

The apparently humorless dogged cluster-families, five kids or so with two still in the stroller and the mothers looking much too young

After Archae in Bushwick approaching Prospect Park on Eastern Parkway through Crown Heights and that whole series of cross streets with New York State names, Buffalo, Rochester, Utica, Schenectady, Troy, Albany, Kingston, wondering what happened to Syracuse when Frederick Olmsted laid it all out in the 1870s

David Bowie trivia advertised in the Brooklyn Museum, jumpsuits and red boots, reveries about Little Richard

Flashy long banner outside, “The exhibit includes all sorts of archival David Bowie material, including costumes, handwritten lyric sheets, original album art, music videos, performance clips, and a custom audio mix”

The Guggenheim had motorcycles already twenty years ago, and MoMA not long ago another of their high fashion ones

Turn down Washington Avenue opposite, a block to Banh Mi Place for a Vietnamese seafood sandwich and pho before the Verrazano

Six or eight diminutive, sane, young people in ball caps and Banh Mi gear there behind the counter cooking and bagging takeout

The same

As the three million killed where these people’s families are from

Their grandparents if we had not killed, bombed, napalmed, executed and laid to waste

These very people

IVAN ARGÜELLES

La Saison Morte

even in joy death which is all around
this pre-dawn cold over the hills of San Francisco
the year 1600 and the ghost of Miles Davis
playing more mournfully than ever his Renaissance cornet
resounding echoing through impatient rills and invisible
hill-mounds and the lapsed darkened bay being plied
by spirit galleons rowed by Pilipinos flogged to death
by the Spanish Armada and the skeleton of Sir Francis Drake
turned to gold-dust drifting like a samurai cloud
over the Golden Gate where everyone has been tossed
to live or die according to their talent
deeper darker yet the immeasurable Pacific Ocean
which begins at the foot of Geary Boulevard
and phantoms of Nisei women flute the faux orient
of Grant Avenue looking for Telegraph Hill
to die and die again whether on Vallejo Street
or in the General Hospital on Potrero where necrophile
and sandwich maker list rusting in the basement
even in *joy!* do we make the rounds circulating bad poetry
to the winos who mob the opera house waiting
for Sarah Bernhardt to make her lacerated arrival in Tosca
at such moments nights never end the avenues go
up and down and the cable-cars snap losing their grip
sending thousands of tourists to their watery wake
Ah that life had never been conceived that history
with its minute farandole and ragged tapestry
depicting conquistador and slave were but a day-dream
in an insect's day-long travail of light shoving seeds
of bloated grain from wharf to wharf and
for a nickel one could play forever the music of Miles Davis
no joy but death in every note no death but silence

in the sorrowful cadenzas and from each uprooted monument
and railroad track and spurned asphalt thoroughfare
bringing hoards of Chinamen to dig graves for the Ghirardellis
it will never be tomorrow again not even if Vesuvio's
keeps its doors open and the rank smell of sawdust and booze
and arcana of barefoot friars painting murals on mission walls
like those of Diego Rivera all lily and semaphore of Communism
no joy but the imminence of death everywhere
especially in the fingernail turned brown by cancer
and the ventilator that doesn't work and the fog-horns
long turned into tacit admissions of futility
in the depthless waters that make way for the salt flats
of Silicon Valley where death is most appropriate
ciphers and enigmas and identity theft and corruption
this pre-dawn cold in the year 1600 and death and
only death suffuses the tremendous joy of grief
in the purity of the notes ascending from Miles Davis'
Renaissance cornet and the City of San Francisco
assassinated by an unknown poet tilts slowly slowly
into the margins of the Great Pacific Ocean
SHANTI SHANTI SHANTI

“Come Hither to the Aid of the Pious Mortal”

Rg Veda, vii, 71.2

the riff in the orient twelve days long
sufficient to ignore how little time remains
a mortal existence hanging on a thread of air
colorless and vapid the extension of thought
hopelessly entangled in the dubious clouds
emerging from the hidden socket in the blue
high ! flight on the wings of sleep over hill
and dale the syllabic entries of an oracle
miscomprehension and rock at the one end
and at the other mankind's wavering portal
to success and salvation a cracked mirror
at best a softened cushion for the headache
the sliver of moon inserted in the eye-piece
who will ever understand these adumbrations
forced to accept a sharpened shaft in the heart
like the abc's of a lunar session on teratology
the beast ! demons as beautiful and hallucinating
as they are destructive with their cancers and
face-lifts the approximation to the Muse
formfitting stocking over the head and dactylic
lilies surfacing on the alligator skin of memory
how does anything happen once it's over ?
magma and oblivion you look all around you
wondering how the battle ever got this far
the unwieldy chariot the reins loosened the horses
turned to instant flame lacerated atmospheres
which are the stuff of history texts scribbled
in paragraphs of aphasia and amnesia mimosas
looking for the sun to touch once before blackening
and bouquets of thought delivered to the door-step
where riddled with vices a deity sits smoking calm
and indifferent to the clash of oxygen and nitrous

sit up ! wake to the beauties of hummingbird and
asp the crawling sands the livid bruises of cliffs
seas rising to walk on stilts of boric acid
mountain crashing on mountain and the jazz
of unlimited sound captured inside a metal disc
the apocalypse ! children ! ambulances ! love !
world is a perpetual motion machine gone awry
window on eternity second traffic light to the left
let me off ! hamadryads in see-through skin
a warning that their woods are disappearing
beyond that it is impossible to say a fortnight
may be all that remains to the allotted chaos
rivers shining in their bright night convulsed
with the voices of leaves torn and rattling
into the star-brittle darkness a lapse and a fume
little smidgeons of flickering edges of ancient
and what is left of the peninsula and its vowel
a stuttering godhead a vague incoherent sound
how does anything happen once it's over ?

Footnote to Hesiod's *Works and Days*

what's to take away when ends are done
the grain is wasted and ire and strife reign
over the mind's stubble fields and cold ensues
north devours south the equator long undone
worlds again turn to heat and oceans fill
with plastic bilge the night predicted years ago
is here the endless crease and folds that absorb
the bright of yesterday the singing chants
harmonies of myth and golden age a flute
a verse inscribed on the battered pylon echoes
that become a plaint the grieving of the muses
led astray into woods burnt out and rocky fells
taxis gone lost without wheels and avenues
like concrete sutures in unending cities the nadir
as they say of time sewer and cloaca of empire
once heights the heady realm of thought and
ratiocination on spools of unwinding silk
harbors where pollutants thrive and no image
of man's futile mask surfaces but of fish
the deaths uncounted and the pallor of coral
and seething Neptune in his grave conspires
a come-back with trawler and nets to assail
and in their Olympian mansions gold-paved
floors crash like stock market plunge and
deities once pride-swelled with airy creation
curse the origins of space and time the very fire
ether combustible with gas and atomic flares
the likened distances between planet and hope
the zodiac's troubled houses no longer predict
the palm once legible with its vivid lines
a henna blot of anxiety and addiction what !
speech acts of the defenseless chrome stuttering
whom shall we follow if not Indrajit the conqueror
the few and unenduring the last of mortals step

by step the crushed crusade of grass and yellowing
how many the much of the prayers and smoke
the sweet nausea of temple balm the wreck
civilization's gutted spire collapsed and Paris
+++++
when is after-time and how large is the alternate
of space the yawning stretch that extends far
below Pluto's dismal realm and of Persephone
the torn of her tattered attire the faded wilt of blooms
garlanded once around her innocence the fault-line
and migraine of the drug-blown bard in his shelter
of trussed cardboard beneath the freeway's roar
what's left to end and nothing more to start again
the poetry of hip-hop carnival and nuisance sopped
in malt liquor tins the misery of the ionosphere
not as Hesiod's undressed eye once saw it a shine
a brilliance where toponymies of air and wind
combined to grace the intellect now a make-shift
warehouse where drift the alcohols of brief fame
and potter is angry with potter and craftsman
with craftsman and beggar is jealous of beggar
and minstrel of minstrel

The Sonorous Cadaver

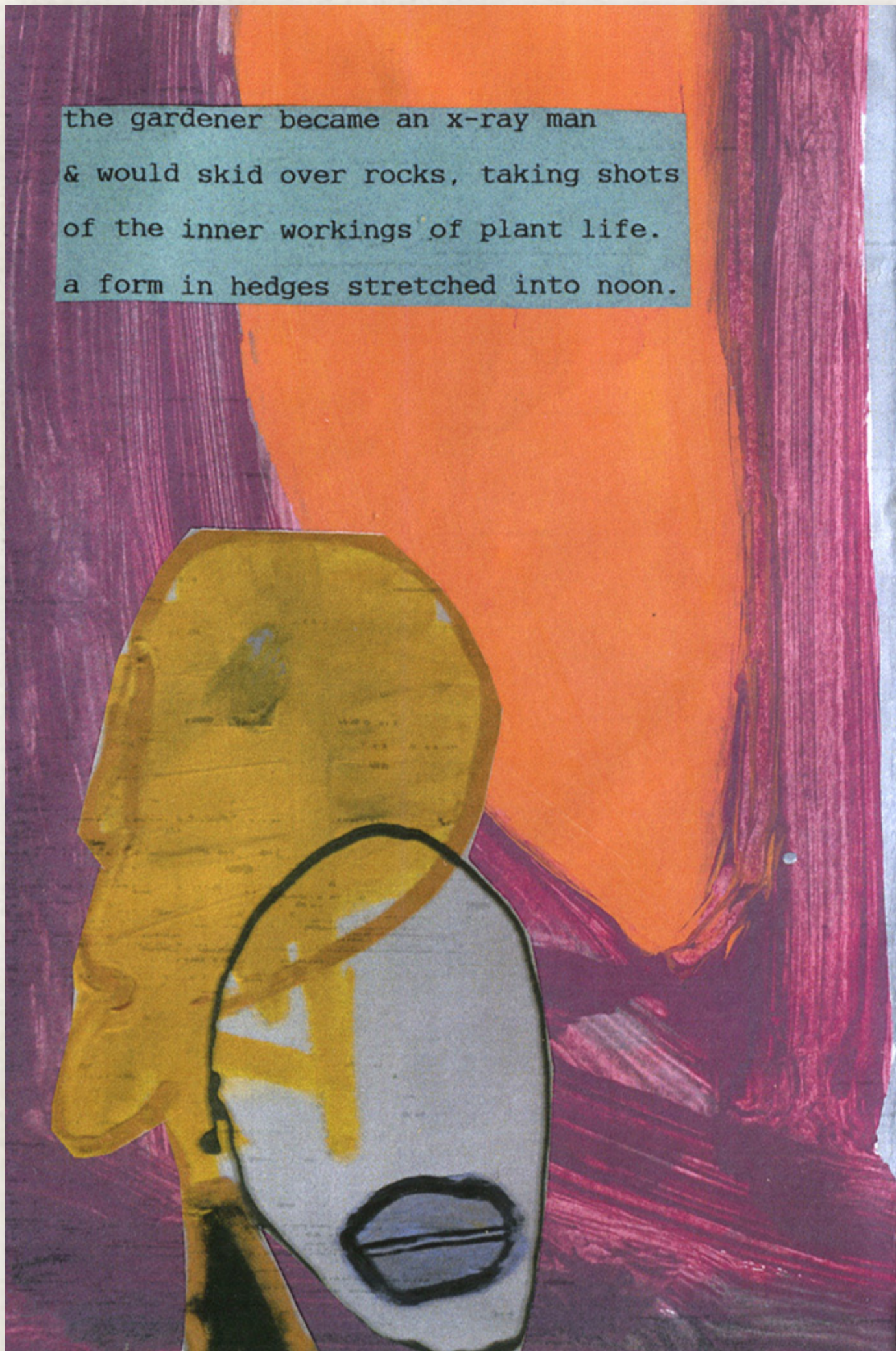
I sing distance the dark and everlasting
and whatever preceded that dark and the
eventualities of tone and heights the joy
surrendering the weight to the unseen
measuring the shadow not by what it seems
but by how it disappears and the ominous
and great black sun and the visible
but untouchable deities who have the right
to return to mansions with dustless floors
the heavens they call them and the flowers
strewn over mountains like battlefields
with beautiful corpses I chant and rave
the vedic undercuttings of thought bright
the dawn and her untrammeled horses
ruddy and a-sweat pacing out the number
of days the specious and uncounted nights
the elements that compose memory's body
the chaste and oiled and soon forgotten
members keen on the race glistening in
the foreboding afternoon and twilight
the sudden with its diminished hills and
speech effects the clouds roaming spaces
with remote traces of vowel and echo all
the darknesses that follow the first one
enters and never comes back and music
rising out of the trampled lawn the leaf
torn from its choir of silent voices the one
I used to be and no longer am the flutter
in the air after a ghost has passed and hair
the quickened comb the silhouette of hands
searching but never finding what they
left behind in the tumult of instruments
tuning up in the grotto where philosophers
ruminate on the impending nothingness

where did the gods learn to shine they ask
each blinder than the other fingers of grass
askance the notched string to play a single
reverberating note the singing I listen and
hard by the stone well and the cautious
mind trying to retain something of its cause
the highest sounds are nothing but rock
cut from the abyss of time when it was and
before the sigma and the rho chasing braids
of flame into the utter and then I hear again
the purpose and the fuse the loud and the
simple serenity if only it could be that way
always and forever the darkest loam where
laid to rest the dust it was being *there*



AMORAL POOL by Guy R. Beining, 2019
booklet, acrylic on paper

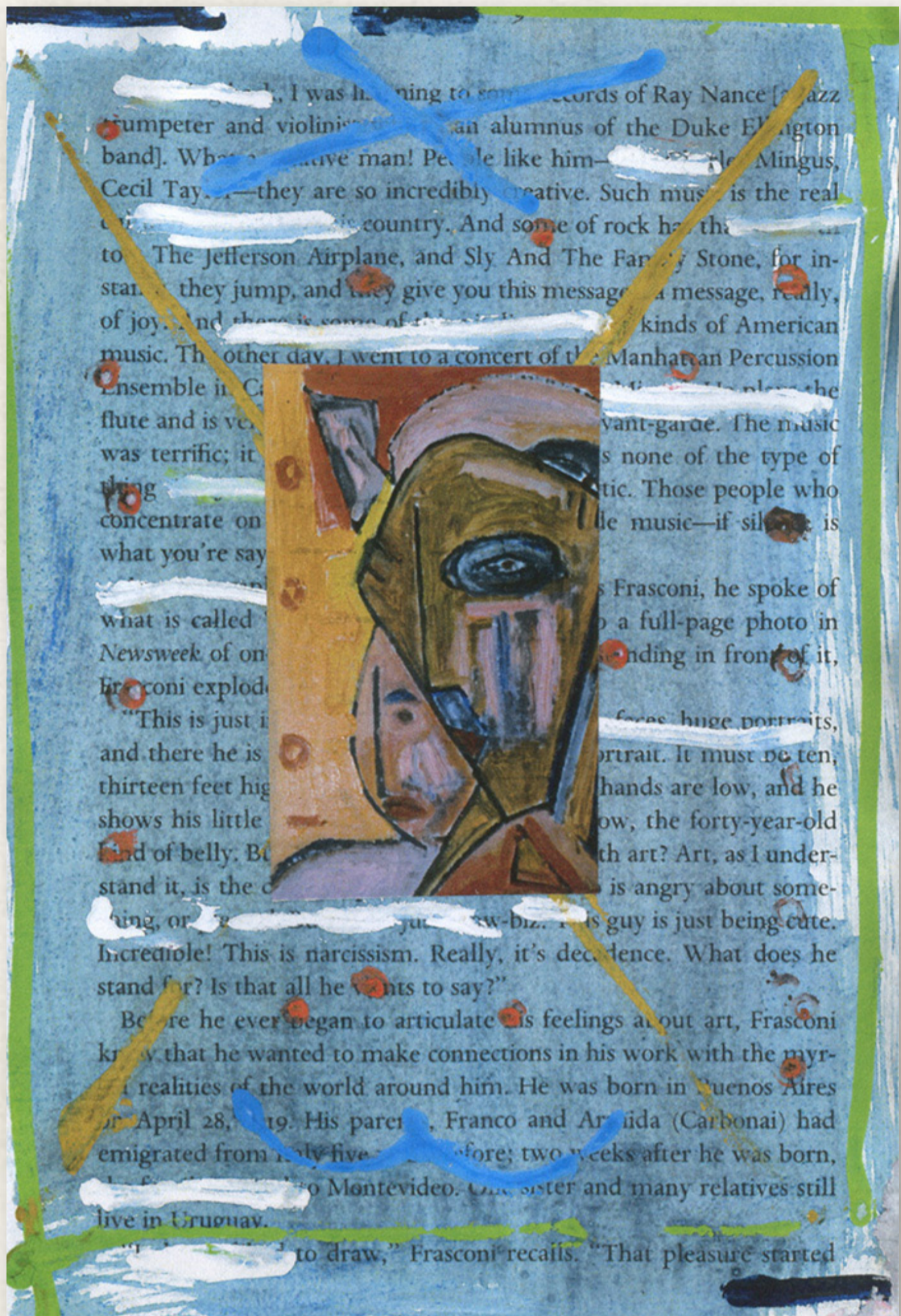
the gardener became an x-ray man
& would skid over rocks, taking shots
of the inner workings of plant life.
a form in hedges stretched into noon.



AMORAL POOL by Guy R. Beining, 2019
booklet, acrylic on paper



AMORAL POOL by Guy R. Beining, 2019
booklet, acrylic on paper



AMORAL POOL by Guy R. Beining, 2019
booklet, acrylic on paper

GUY R. BEINING

felt tongue 843

night's glass eye
drops past mirror,
bumping neon skirts,
showing that the wide
coat of night
has a side pocket

we cannot go
into that.
the old parochial
stains still exist

hours lapsed under
bell tower
white corners inter-
sected silence
the beginning is
lost again
we cannot go
into this
lips pretend a voice

felt tongue 845

shaking the skin
into a belief,
brewing the mind
as dark as a
tea leaf exploding
in hot water
the straw lined streets
repeated memories of
oxen knee deep in mud

a cream colored day
not yet stamped
tilts toward a figure
cut from comic books,
flambeau shine on skin
covers knock of
radiator ribs,
cuts across summer's
deathly breath

felt tongue 847

my brother again
in shaded strips
one stone step
to brook & waves
of ferns & powdered
sunlight on water
in narrow dimness
of gnats whirling
overhead, there is
a trend, a renting
of the mind into
a primeval strain,
landing a speckled trout,
its wetness jumping
across pupils,
fighting space & air

CHRISTOPHER BARNES

Liberty Atoms 31

Hunchbacked tailor's dummy

Bled at pins, unafraid.

Sooty windows intimated light.

Maisie jiggled, tail-ending a couch.

Grandad shirt vapouring at embers.

Upper-cases lunged out:

“YOU DID SAY WE COULD MEET AGAIN.”

Liberty Atoms 33

Cellophaned shindig-rake
Arches, barn dance unkempt.
Maisie lobbed sequined jackboots
Into our firebox.
Could've been that day we grounded—
A Monday imaginably.
Oliver Hardy puked on screen
With greasy dollops:
“He had known at once
That Bettina's bandage was a mistake.”

Liberty Atoms 35

Gelatine hairbrush

Trembling on escritoire. Primping fell short.

Soot wriggled out of chimney.

Richard invalidated his tuba.

Maisie exercised facial lines

As if Picasso was come-hithering.

Yanked-unbound wisps

Re-modelled with scissors into:

“Do you think I might fall

In love with you?”

TERRY HAUPTMAN

Maestrapeace: The Women's Building, San Francisco

for Annice Jacoby

Beautiful again
The sea-sulfur radiance
Of women
Walking with lilies.

Yemayah rising up out of the painted waves
The Aztec goddess Coyolxauhqui
Teaching Peace
From the center of the world.

Rigoberta Menchu
Shining visionary light
From her visionary life
As night shines her
Burnt lilac lunar ash
Hyacinth fire
Magnificence
Her Maestrapeace
Into the winds
Of Mayan prayer.

El Illuminado (d. 1596)

For Gerald McBride

Luis de Carabajal
Arrested by la Inquisicion
Tortured at the stake in Mexico City,
Heretic Judaizer
Conjuring sacred memory
As The Song of Songs
Burns in cantillating rain
Lightning and winds'
Calling to the disappeared
Condemned to silence.

El Illuminado,
How deep your hunger
As your spirit shakes the soul
As night falls
Dreaming Sefirah of
High desert sanctuaries
Gathering the sparks
On the wheel of light,
Your scorched parchments
Concealing the mysterious
Vision of be shem Adonoi
Tzevaot



STAIRS WITH PIPES by Jefreid Lotti, 2019
oil on wood (20" x 10")



WET SKETCHBOOKS by Jefreid Lotti, 2018
oil on linen (40" x 40")



WET SKETCHBOOK III by Jefreid Lotti, 2019
oil on canvas (25'' x 30'')

ROBERT VANDER MOLEN

Colors

The favorite color that year was tan,
Some called it sand, for buying clothes
(including shoes), cars, paint for houses,
Fences, reflecting a national mood...

And one was thought to be a bit rough
Around the edges, or sometimes unique,
At various gatherings, if one favored black,
For example, grey, or even red...

Still, there was the odor of tar and metal,
Locust trees with thorns, and when the heat
Kicked up: elected malfeasance, prostitution
Among housewives, fouled drinking water...

By cracky, grandfather used to say.
Or when Lois said, she was lonely as a wave
And Dave said, maybe if there was only one...

And my brother said churches smell
Like death, and I stopped shaving everyday,
Tossed my hat, threw away my pipe and tobacco,
In short, things grew mildly roguish...

We were sitting by the water, watching a loon
And a wood duck swimming and diving together,
Though I kept thinking of paths in mud
Sturgeons create along our bottoms of lakes...

And you said, before there were roads
There were canoes, just as an owl
About the size of a football passed
Close to my ear at twilight. And one tries

To imagine footpaths and longer sight lines
When lower branches of trees were 80 feet up,
Only the sound of a viable paddle. We were
That earnest, the deep yellow of our lamplight...

MARK DUCHARME

Voice

i.

The voice is filled with what the eye
Consumes—

Nowheres gone in space of night

Jumbled stubs
Of broke tongues shifting

Pith of lost warblers

Irritable kazoos

The time it takes to
Go from me to

Outward

Windows full of lost eyes
& A child they don't remember

ii.

When you listen to songs you don't
Have to remember

In order to make sense

That book is sloppy & it
Does not make me quiver

Left of maybe
An artifice still not underscored

Artificial as a slice of facial
Karmic net worth

Listen to remember
The breath of no one coming

The pulse of no
One ready yet to be born—

The Drifters

i.

Until we land— &
Before that moment waiting
For a country
To become us— without tune

Dead sailors laughing
As they often do—
In a place that's far
From sea— or put

Another way
In blank eyes roving past
Written in
Cartoonist's pen— some foreign

Land we'd altered in
As if already too far
From home— too soon
Gone out to sea

ii.

To emerge from faces— stolen
Then removed
After the night got vivid—

The killer
Inside us
Has not screamed—

'Bloody visible' is all that's
Done

Away with—

Shopping at night when the streets are
Visual—

Nearly haggard— gone
Astray—

iii.

The seductress's eyes have a beautiful
Loneliness—

Everything fled as if
Midnight still weren't awful

In yet-unbattered company
Waiting for light to return

LAWRENCE R. SMITH

Reservation

There is a pelvic destination, a French border
flavored to lease inner suites,
casual areas, lace accounts, and lively rain,
areas where sauces are prepared,
trials and theaters, as a fabric of uncertain glass
is laid over the slow performance.
And in the end, it is anise, sweet anise
that runs its hopeful song
through the twist of hands.



PHILOSOPHY OF CONSCIOUSNESS by Andrew Abbott, 2018
acrylic on canvas (30'' x 40'')



SELF-PORTRAIT WITH EXAGGERATED MUSTACHE
by Andrew Abbott, 2018 Acrylic on panel (17" x 13")



SIGNATURE SPIRIT ANIMAL by Andrew Abbott, 2018
acrylic on canvas (20" x 18")

JOHN M. BENNETT

sleep approaches in its crib

—For C. Mehrl Bennett & Sheilah Wilson Serfaty

*the dream of Dao in a sewer is a
tree bending in a storm is a dream
of a chair sitting on the edge of a cliff
came late taste their baby or any
walked it off she held the start but
brimming love the dream of being alone
is a dream of a wall of light pulsing
in darkness is the dream of a tree
falling out a window the tree a
wingless bird flying toward a
tower if I smell bare or ate if I
held a suitcase full of forks and
buzzing razors if I folded my
face on a dripping mirror , , , , , ,*

doll
edge blood
tree on fire

)O Clock Come to Me(

DO IT

Paint It Black

Paint the lenses of your glasses black.
Wear them for 1 day.
Break the lenses.

Off

Press your face to a TV screen.

Foliage

Stand soaking wet in a bathtub.
Think about a tree.

Shut Up

Put a key in your mouth.

Manipulation

Put time and change in your pocket.
Put your hand in your pocket.
Snap your fingers in your pocket.

Tide

Drip water in your ear.

Dust

Bennett/96

Chew a piece of matzoh.

Spit it out.

Drink water and sigh.

Astronomy

Draw the moon on your face.



DREAM MARINE BIOLOGICA #6 (JELLYFISH), 2016
by Baron von Geraldo and John M. Bennett, collage

HELLER LEVINSON

Drumsticks

sticks

pick-up
place

in hand strike upon

drum = a hollow cylinder or hemisphere with a
membrane stretched over

stick/skin reconnaissance , conjure

is drumskin so fleshed with voodoo the hand dare not advance? a
distance of protection or prostration?

baton wand conduct lure

[for every hand a stick: Vic Firth, 7A/7B nylon tip, 7A/7B, wood tip, 5A, 5B, Vater,
Pro-Mark, Zildjian ASTG Artists Series, hickory, maple, oak, carbon fibre,{a skin
for every stick: Remo Ambassador Coated, Remo Powerstroke 77 Coated, Remo Emperor
Coated, Evans Genera HD coated, Evans EC2, Aquarian Studio-X, Aquarian Classic
Clear, Kalfon, Imperial, Attack, EarthTone Calfskin}] → access wizards, . . .
portholes

could there, buried in surreptitious calfskin, persevere an inclination?

from the pulp of tambourine rattle some predispositional churn, some
plug toward symbiotic redolence?

hand/stick/skin — can this reverb be charted?

is there a skin born for a stick born for a Buddy Rich?

is there a rumbustious rhizome asquirm in zygotic jubilation?

what occasions this brace of conjugates?

Kenny Washington berths his Vic Firth maple wood sticks under
his pillow. He is home from a rousing set with the Bill Charlap Trio
at the Jazz Forum. He dreams of frost & honey, marmalade & silk,
the sap of his reveries soak through the pillow, emblazon wood with
anointments both propositional & curious

skins wear, sticks chip, hands wrinkle, —yet

from snare ride bass hi-hat be-bopping in threnodic capitulation

a torqued triangulation

twines

Levinson/100

The Upright Bass

swollen orangutan

hydrocephalic mushroom

swell thalassic

hillock curve

Renoir succubus swoon embrace

—Mingus, Ron Carter, Paul Chambers,

Scott Le faro—

[lonely people play the bass

[everybody is lonely

[not everybody plays the bass

walnut, maple, spruce, → chunky monument

pelvic bellow

wood voluminous lov

eable

inconvenient instrument to transport, difficult instrument

to hear, —en-startles the audience to

heed

why choose the bass?

1st player: I wanted a dance partner

2nd player: It is basically the backbone of the band, and it drives the band in whatever direction I choose. Also, double bass just looks cool.

3rd player: every barrel has a bottom

long stretch of ebony concourse, stout-strung

fur-trimmed rapier, pluck fingers

long trained, conditioned to assume, . . .

repetition = the hallmark of conditioning

where in repetition

is

transpiration

(standardization obscures genesis

(the foot permeates the finger

(duration accepts the untutored

in the ripe of solo, the strain to render, unlike

Levinson/102

piano, drum, horn, the acoustical bonanza is subterranean, spelunk

to nugget, baronial bass

blooded

splashed

be-

held

DAN RAPHAEL

“And *never again* arrives”

Anne Carson

a door that appeared overnight, with or without a wall and framing
opens and i enter in bright but appropriate colors, my voice
dubbed in a language i'm incapable of speaking but could mimic
on a keyboard, more limited than disciplined, sculpted
with soft fragile tools, how beyond a certain level of isolation
recovery doesn't come with spare change

as if sleeping 72 hours on a slow train is natural,
monotony releasing the hearts nascent creativity—
what can i come up with, put down, knowing every staircase
levels off and can't be reversed, ladder sinking into the ground
like the torque of a land whale, so far below the surface
tree roots think they're drowning

when 'now' is an acronym for 'not our world'
mature but not ripe as we try to tithe the wind and sun
while claiming to own all the rain and that thunder
is internal, lightning an hallucination, so i keep climbing
'til i can flatten against the ceiling, a gravitational heretic
waiting to be spun out before i dry

Light Hurts

Pain does more than distract, it reveals
systems usually dormant, another pair of eyes
trying to interrupt, i know i'm a phone
but never gave out the number—
what if i called me and didn't get a busy signal
hung up after eight rings—what can i tell myself
i don't already know

The deeper my voice gets the more air
i have to push out; as i near the subsonic
i can barely breathe, seeing black edges
of vacuum, worrying about all this carbon dioxide
warming and dizzying me simultaneously,
i pulp the freshest leaves and inject them to swap
chlorophyll for hemoglobin, worrying all this flesh
and muscle will get in the way, limit my range,
require more changes in diet and skeletal structure—
more branches, more eyes, no shoes at all
figuring how my roots can move with me,
how i can avoid spills and clouds. underground storm fronts
and lapses in pressure as asphalt sags, as my skin begins to murmur
like a sail when the wind's on strike, when the tide
no longer works weekends

For a couple months my street didn't officially exist,
most of the other houses painted invisible or moved away
occasionally a map brings someone to me
and they spin it around, curse their phone, get back in the car
thinking all the lines on me are clothes or tattoos,
almost no square corners, multiple branchings
compressing into cuneiform or the aerial view of
a neighborhood 2/3s roofless and crumbling to a stand-still
like a day when every meal contains broccoli, a weekend nothing
boils,

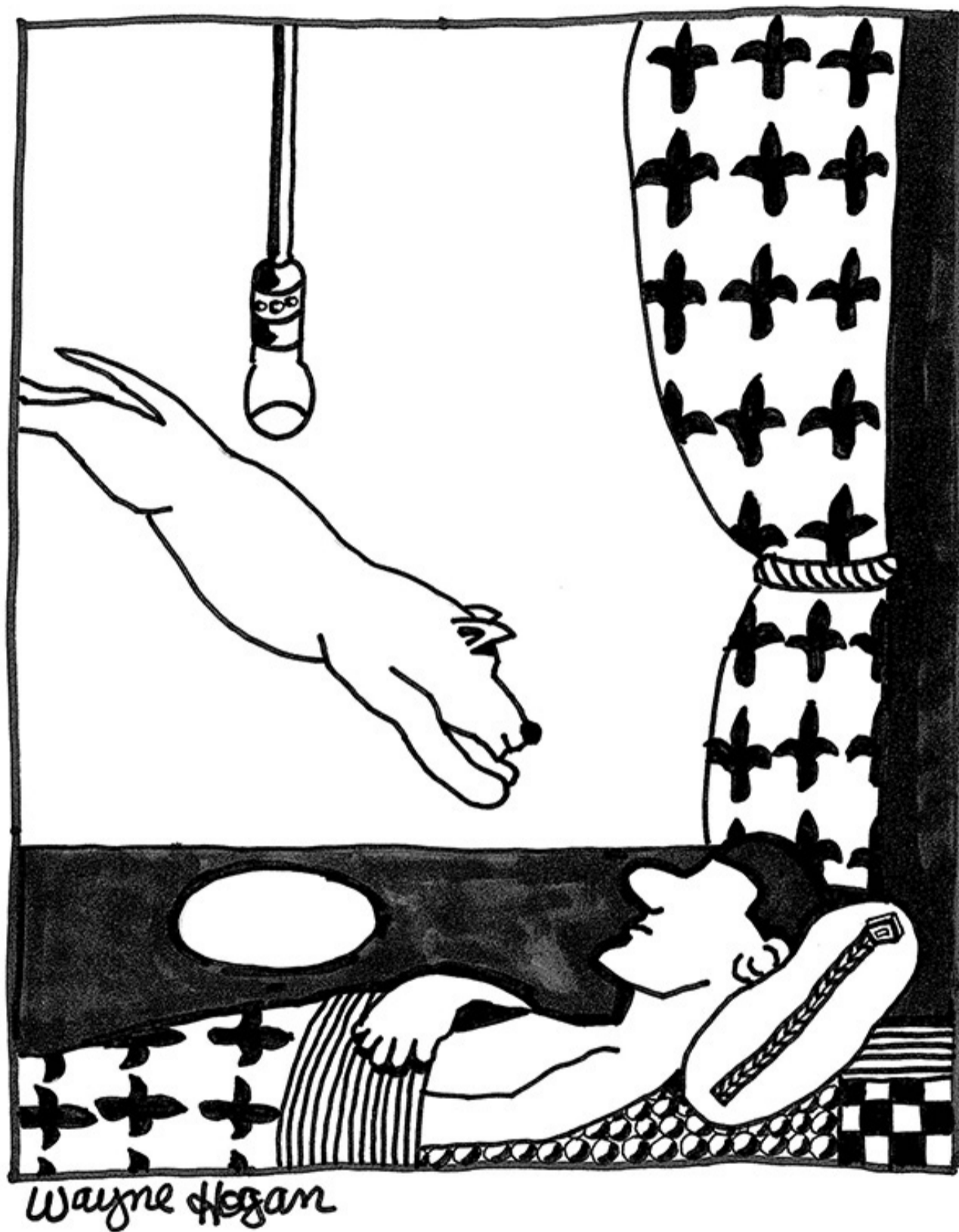
i lost 20 pounds in July fasting til rain came, tricked by the sprinkler
who saw how weak i'd become, unable to turn a faucet, doorknob
or key

Wish i had an extra femur i could draw from my leg
and hit a ball of nerves with, defend myself with that radiant flute,
find the thickest string running down the side of our old oak
and get my fingers ready to rumble, mycorrhizal tympanum,
notes like arrows aimed for the bull-eyes of neighborhood ears,
dances you can't resist then are reluctant to escape requiring moves
my tendons can't translate, contact with other eyes and hands
pretending we all hear the same song, that we all have homes
our bodies can get us to

Pain is usually free but pain-free's expensive—
balloon payments, monthly subscriptions, side effect penalties
every place i bend can go too far, get out of practice,
places painful to look at, in a clumsy stage of evolution,
an urban black hole resistant to development

I grab the wall
to tear it open, now the plaster has me in its grip
dry wall salivating with vengeance or hunger, a wall
more chameleon than mirror, windows that turn opaque
when the light's on are my eyelids window shades or sliding doors,
do any buildings have mouths like freight elevators
bigger than studio apartments

My skull is full of sky
my iris is a negative sun vacuuming up every light
thrown it's way, hungry for more. like a restaurant
that refuses to close, so few open in the dark hours
just before getting home alone before the sun
can check up on me, before my body can tell me
what all i did to it



UNTITLED by Wayne Hogan, 2019
ink on paper



UNTITLED by Wayne Hogan, 2019
ink on paper

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

D. E. STEWARD:

The issue is people. The taboo is mentioning it. When Caliban launched in 1986, there were 4,941,825,082 people, and 240,132,887 of them lived in this country, according to the U.S. Census Bureau. Today, September 21, 2010, there are 6,870,187,836, with 310,300,474 of them right here.

That was how my *Caliban* advice began in the first *CALIBANonline* in early 2010. Now on March 7, 2020, according to the U.S. Census Bureau there are 7,769,110,121 people, with just over 331 million here.

That means nearly three billion more since *Caliban* was launched, with 91 million more here. And *that* means a dramatic diminution of individual futures and an enhanced wasting of the planet. Recycling, composting organics, turning out the lights, saving water, using public transportation, hanging laundry, bicycling, walking, are all good for individual body and soul but mean little to the future.

The carbon is already out there. Every human, all nearly eight billion of us, California to Chad, consumes, emits, and demands, cradle to grave, and most of us live for many decades as our numbers swell. The imperative to reproduce, the urge to leave offspring on the planet, is now our curse. No inventory of resources, projections of shortages, summaries of threats and probabilities are necessary, the nature of ultimate outcomes is obvious. Very big things are coming at us. Population stress may bury us. This floodlighted landscape of our lives has an unredeemable destiny no matter how ingenious our technological shifts and solutions, even as immediately today the severity of the latest virus outbreak is coming clear.

IVAN ARGÜELLES:

Here we are in the Middle Ages, scourges, famine, drought, massive wild fires, floods, political mendacity at its highest in years, stock market crash impending, and the always unnecessary wars, mere skirmishes,

that make refugees of up to the millions that no nation will take in, and nothing the great organized religions with messages of peace and salvation are willing to pitch in and save millions of fellow humans. No, it's not the year 1001, when Europe's barbaric nascent nation states festered with plague and illiteracy and Crusades and religious bigotry and intolerance and prejudice, but the year 2020, the year of perfect vision, and replete with a superabundance of the spawning negative qualities that dominated one thousand years go! Where to turn, what to consult, how to think, now that we have dispensed with orthography and common sense. Despite the primacy of science and all its precision and exactitude, a willful in-your-face ignorance is touted refuting data that in its overwhelming quantity predicts that earth only has 60 harvests left! Sixty harvests! Count them in the lifetime of our grand children! Then what? Burn, Baby, burn! Turn the rubber rafts overcrowded with refugees and exiles over and watch them drown while we applaud a 7 day truce with the Taliban. Light a few more torches in Amazonia or Australia. Heat up the polar regions by just a few degrees enough to make the oceans rise and drown the Maldives and Djakarta, even today! Miami, your day is nigh! Manhattan, the tide is prepared to take over the Wall Street markets where greed and fear alike rule the day. Meanwhile bloated and wearing his red MAGA hat the leader of the so-called free world spends his days at Mar-a-Lago playing golf, and says he has a hunch that the mortality rates presented by WHO are vastly over-rated. Spinning out of control, our over-heated planet! This not the New Age of wizards and pacifying soothsayers, but the New Middle Ages, breeding its novel Corona-Virus with an incremental speed matched only by the spread of pathological mendacity and up-front ignorance. Which is the way out? Light! How long before it becomes extinguished too?

ROBERT VANDER MOLEN:

Two Cabins

My grandfather at his tarpaper hunting shack in the U.P. called his neighbor Wendy. The latter's cabin, about 2 miles as the crow flies, was

a bit of a trek over wandering paths and shrinking logging roads until you reached a clearing near an expansive beaver pond. Compared to my grandfather's place it was luxurious, with a screened-in porch, a broad stone-built chimney and log siding, not to mention that it was much larger, more like a lodge. It had separate bedrooms, a large kitchen and great room. I was never in it (though I peered through the windows), I never met the man either. Most of what I know is what my grandfather told me: he was from Detroit and was pushy, obnoxious; also, that grandfather had been inside for coffee during one bird hunting October in the 1950's. I did hike over sometimes over the years but I never met him. Once I fished his pond but I couldn't find a trout or anything else. Not even a turtle. Grandfather had a great dislike for the man. I always figured he called him Wendy as a putdown, perhaps a term from the 1st World War via the play *Peter Pan*. The two-track to his place branched off from grandfather's several miles to the west. He also had a locked gate that the volunteer fire department in Paradise yanked out on a yearly basis in case of forest fires—they needed free access into the wilderness. Every spring when I drove up, however, once most of the snow had melted, I noted it was back in place. Sitting with my grandfather in front of his one-room cabin on lawn chairs, sipping coffees doused with bourbon, listening to the Tigers on a portable radio, as dusk fell and bats and swallows swooped around, along with mosquitoes (so that we had to sit closer to the fire in the fire pit) he'd tell me stories about how our neighbor stole firewood, put large rocks in puddles on the main road to damage other vehicles etc.

A while back I read an article regarding Chicago as the windy city. It turns out, according to the author, that the term windy wasn't due to the turmoil that came off Lake Michigan, but was rather the result of its bullshitting habitants (beginning in the 19th Century). It suddenly occurred to me my grandfather wasn't saying Wendy, when talking of his neighbor, but Windy. Of course, he was deceased by then, having lived to 94, despite a number of bad habits. And I'm guessing now he never saw *Peter Pan* on stage or television.

Grandfather had been one of the first teamsters in Grand Rapids. After he retired he received a fat check every month from his union. A life long Democrat, he would have been appalled by the Trump presidency.

He wasn't that enthusiastic about politicians in the first place but always stated that the Democrats, at least, were for the little guy. He would have liked Biden, I suspect, as far as he liked any politician.

He always despised blowhards, especially mean ones.

TERRY HAUPTMAN:

WINTER'S EPIDEMIC/ PANDEMIC

The terrible grief of being human

Rumi

It is winter.

Crow's inside the quarantine zone

Oversee evacuees in the winds of

Sorrow.

My neighbor arrives from Beijing

With her two children.

She wasn't tested for Coronavirus.

We hear her fear song

As the burnt snow

Blankets the stars.

MARK DUCHARME:

Techne + Logos

Writing is a technology. I do not mean the use of computers or typewriters, per se, to create texts— though these are technologies too. I mean the use of alphabetic characters by any means to create what is intended to be read: the technology of language in its non-aural form.

In our time, writing, of course, is mediated through much newer technologies. This has become a commonplace, and one that is widely beneficial. Not only is it easier now to revise texts and create manuscripts, but it is also easier to submit them for publication. Furthermore, many vital and daring poetry publishers have flourished online in the last

twenty or so years (the present journal being one example). These may be becoming a force comparable to the little magazines of a century ago, or at least to the mimeographed ones of a half-century later. However, it doesn't necessarily follow that this techno-ubiquity is, for poets, an unqualified boon.

William Blake is one poet (there have been others) who had direct contact with the "means of production," as it were. By not only writing but illustrating and printing his books, his was a total involvement in the technology of poetics as medium. For Blake, it would seem, these three activities were aligned toward one end.

Not all poets can or should follow Blake's example, of course. I bring him up only to illustrate what might be considered an "upper limit" (to borrow Louis Zukofsky's term) of poetic-technological engagement: an ideal alignment between the poetics and the technology put to its use, as well as of the poet's own agency in bringing technology to bear on poetic (re)production. No doubt, many of the editor-site designers of the publications alluded to above could serve as further examples.

But if there is an upper limit, must there necessarily be a lower one, as Zukofsky had it?

Poetry creates no knowledge, nothing more than images, reflections, words put together in fresh and invigorating ways. It is neither a branch of science nor philosophy, and thus is happily unconcerned with revealing knowledge or truth, even if its purchase on these is not entirely abdicated. The Internet, in some ways similarly, is all "content," absent wisdom, absent a coherent means of putting-together. There is the illusion, prevalent among the young, that the Internet contains "everything" that is out there. It is an illusion that all of us participate in, every time we use an online search engine. The assumption is that the Internet contains what we want, everything of substance that was ever created, all the "answers" we seek, and that if we merely insert the right search term, all such riches will be ours. I think we all know on some level that this is false. In point of fact, the Internet does *not* contain the complete text of every significant work ever created—not even a fraction of such. And leaving aside for a moment the vexed question of what a "significant work" might be, when the Internet does contain such works, there may be formatting errors (common with

Kindle editions of poetry) or transcription ones. As for answers, yes, many of the simple ones can be found online. But not only are online searches ill-suited to complex questions, but their very nature, I would argue, *leads us to simplify our questions* (that is, our thought process) in order to find “answers” at all.

Thus, we get to the crux of the problem. “Lower limit”/ “upper limit?” Note that Blake did not oppose “innocence” to wickedness, as might have been expected, but to “experience,” which suggests duality while avoiding moralism. So what is, not the “lower limit,” but the techno-logo-poetic equivalent of misaligned poetic ends and technological means?

The answer to that question is not simple. Technology, as I suggest above, is a much broader category than the “high-tech” that has revolutionized life in the past quarter-century. I am not prepared to say, for example, that any time technology impacts thinking, it is necessarily “bad” (nor less to say the opposite). However, I am prepared to say that any time technology impacts human agency, it is problematic at best, and the cost might, in many cases, hardly be worth any “convenience” thus afforded.

Charles Olson famously observed the impact of the typewriter on poetic production in his 1950 essay “Projective Verse.” “What we have suffered from, is... the removal of verse from *its producer and its reproducer*.... It is the advantage of the typewriter that, due to its rigidity and its space precisions, it can, for a poet, indicate exactly the breath, the pauses... which he intends. For the first time the poet has the stave and the bar a musician has had” (245; italics mine). I stress those words to point to how what may be seen as Olson’s early techno-poetics is grounded in a “stance toward reality” (239), the *physical* (re)production of the poem, with *logos*/ word corresponding to breath, a physical process of the body, as well as to the poet’s active engagement. What would Olson have thought today, when it is possible to create text only through voice-recognition software, absent more direct physical contact with the poem-reproducing machine?

Perhaps he would admit that poetry— our oldest literary art form, and originally an oral one— may be coming full circle. Yet I would hope the skill and care, much less the vision, of a Blakean printer-poet or

an Olsonian “projective” one will not be lost, upon generations hence, when today’s cutting-edge tech is seen not as the advance guard of the Future, *le dernier cri*, but as outmoded antiques of a bygone era.

Work Cited: Olson, Charles. “Projective Verse.” *Collected Prose*. Edited by Donald Allen and Benjamin Friedlander. U of California P, 1997. 239-249.

CRAIG COTTER:

“You’re staying on the fucking label, Hare Krishna.”

Shortly after George Harrison died in 2001, Paul McCartney shared a memory. He said Harrison didn’t suffer fools gladly, and recounted this story:

After the break-up of The Beatles in 1969, all of our solo careers were tied to Apple Records. All the proceeds of those records sales were split equally among the four Beatles.

I was in a bit of a selfish mode, and wanted out of Apple as soon as possible. My records were selling well, and I didn’t feel it was fair to share my royalties with 3 former bandmates I’d separated from.

Dissolving Apple would just take signatures—agreement of the 3 other members—and we could all go our own way.

For years as a Beatle, George’s royalties were significantly smaller than mine and John’s. There were more Lennon/McCartney songs on each Beatles album than Harrison songs—and royalties were distributed accordingly.

Finally, George was receiving the proceeds of one-fourth of all our solo works—finally he was sharing equally in The Beatles profits.

As the money rolled-in, George was not interested in dissolving Apple so quickly, feeling he was finally getting his due.

I thought I'd ring-up George first to pitch my idea of a peaceful dissolution of Apple.

After explaining me case, there was a long pause. George's only comment: "You're staying on the fucking label, Hare Krishna." And he hung-up.

*

In honor of Harrison, I often use his phrase, "You're staying on the fucking label, Hare Krishna" as a valediction in my emails and letters.

GEORGE KALAMARAS:

***Caliban* Advice Due Friday 13th**

Thirteen teeth in the lower jaw of the iguana.

Thirteen plates on the armadillo's back.

Thirteen raindrops in the owl's luminous mouth.

There are thirteen pant cuffs asking to be rolled up.

When the wind stops, there are thirteen or more ways of mouth.

How can the body survive, lying in snow, when the wind chill is thirteen below?

Okay, I'll finally be happy when I can have thirteen bluetick hounds all at once with me around the wood stove.

Ask the thirteen nose hairs I keep clipping month to month.

Ask the thirteen guard hairs we inherit from dogs, each hair pouched in our mouths.

Ask the villanelle why eighteen syllables in each of its nineteen lines appear precisely thirteen times in King Lear's request for regret.

The tea leaves in the cup number thirteen and can be read as a Mayan calendar of the most beautiful human demise.

There is a black cat crawling out onto the tongue, coming from Lord knows where, staring up at the thirteen steps of a ladder?

Yes, Friday the 13th happens only once every thirteen weeks but only after thirteen words of primordial pain are uttered thirteen times in the thirteenth dark.

I tell thirteen lies by every Thursday morning—and then start again.

Thirteen hound dogs once crowded around the thirteen words I learned for love. Then they became love, and the words of a most urgent pain ceased.

There are thirteen operas that thirteen composers memorized for the thirteenth rotation of the moon.

I've walked away from measuring my mouth based on the migration habits of thirteen hen eels.

Tell me this—if there were thirteen bricks tied with a cord to the feet of thirteen blood pheasants, what would sink and what would soar?

How many Surrealists does it take to emerge at the thirteenth hour?

I have thirteen dark wounds below my tongue, cankering me awake, making me weep for thirteen minutes on the thirteenth and thirty-first day of each tenderly numbered month.

TIM KAHL:

The toilet paper hoarders now have begun their vigil during The Great National Respite, This Splendid Moment of Mass Self-Quarantine, and they may take their place upon their throne to let their mental pathology reign. No one denies that something unsavory lurks beneath the surface of hoarder thoughts. However, no one is asking a related question concerning the madness of why we bleach toilet paper white. Certainly the light brown of raw pulp would do? I believe there is a whole lot of inspecting going on that goes without saying or even a hint. Silence in this realm is not just golden but pure and unadulterated gold. Such a bleaching practice escapes the realm of reason. Of course, writing paper is another paper product that is heavily bleached . . . to serve as a clear backdrop on which to easily read the written word—such a clean, plain, forthright slate. This begs the question though if every ass wipe isn't a kind of printing. Are not our common swipes used the same way Beethoven used his conversation books? Are they not conversations we are having with the biota of our guts, the moods of our bacteriological armies that stand ready to hold forth at a moment's notice like the Minutemen? On this occasion of being nationally deprived of our sense of wandering, there might be a spark that naturally flows right through us and manifests itself in a manner that can be comprehended as encouraging—urging, urging, urging us to our next betterment, providing us with notes on that magnificent sonata we have never dared to write. Already I am beginning to hear the calls that this may be possible, indeed may be necessary. It may also shed a little light on the seemingly mad behavior of those toilet paper hoarders and what elemental force drives them. They are simply people who are going to wipe and wipe and wipe . . . until they get the damn thing right. One if by land. Two if by sea. But how many if divine inspiration comes via paper?

JAMES GRABILL:

Song That Knocked Me Up

Side the Head So I Gave It Birth

[roughly to the tune of the death song in *Cymbeline*]

Praise no longer the T-bone idle or hard-worked accumulations
of money-mongers who've purchased every meanest phrase
and image of mobius pabulum money-servers feed the masses.

Bow not to idols who honk civil defense horns while on top of you
and everyone else not one of them, trying to win the Cold War
for oil subsidies and knowledge attrition without shooting the baby.

Stop meanest madnesses from prayerful blowing up with arrogance
while they're in costume of whispering angels with wings of wildfire
rising as fast as sea levels at the borders of their *me* and *not me*.

Know massive accounts float on their interest taken from homes
through loans against the indefinite future that lacks a new normal,
in the face of tabled acts and relocation of carbon from the mantle.

Bury biochar with respect for the breathing that fills complex topsoil.
For the taproot sinks as branches spread, calling this their home,
while memes most foul circle the planet with the air being scrubbed.

Know being as a species, or suffer compromise of our devices.
Cause as little harm as possible to this era at the crossroads.
Treat the air with great respect, as it's part of everyone you love.

JOHN M. BENNETT:

la leche del fin

son cosas de viejito que soy
enfaticóide mas ,ay el si
silencio de la oreja siniestra el
babarullo de la derecha in
tensitivo voy por el baño
para lavarme el paspantalón
)de tahntos haños de hinojos(
son cosas de mihijo cosas
deexinfinitas que se me olvidan
recordándolas)¡olvidos treme
bundos!(cuando me
muerdo la mano cuando
me sueño el túnel al
revés cuando no sueño la
nada que me estornuda los
ojos que ya me cerraba el
ojo derecho para habrir el
ojo siniestro donde la
nada no es nada ni lactante

Ese no puede ser, sido.

- César Vallejo

**CALIBAN
IS
SEARCHING
FOR
ANGELS**

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase from 1.1 billion to 1.5 billion.

As the world's population grows, the demand for food and other resources will increase. This will put pressure on the environment and on the world's food supply.

One way to meet this demand is to increase the amount of food that is produced. This can be done by using more land for agriculture.

Another way to meet this demand is to increase the efficiency of food production. This can be done by using better farming techniques.

There are many other ways to meet this demand, but the most important is to ensure that everyone has access to the food they need.

This is a challenge that we all face, and it is one that we must meet if we are to have a sustainable future.

There are many ways to do this, but the most important is to work together. We must all do our part to ensure that everyone has access to the food they need.

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