



Rae Armantrout

## INFLECTION

When I wake up, I'm dragging  
lower incisors  
along those above,

and, for an instant,  
I experience  
satisfaction and fear

in equal parts.

★

I'm reading, "The wrath of God  
inflicts dragons,  
ostriches,  
and owls,  
seductively singing."

Go on.

★

Babble:

horns punctuate  
a flexible roar.

★

Some roofs have one  
or more

water tanks  
with pointed hats;

some roofs have none.

Some squares are black  
and trimmed in silver;

some are gray.

THUS

1

What's sufficient?

Coy threats  
addressed to a captive?

Unaccountable florescence

Silent pink trumpets.

Mention.

Mention me again.

2

Thought you followed  
someone else's thought,  
thought you saw  
where it was going  
or, if not, could  
hold the expected  
turn  
and the actual trajectory  
side by side  
for an instant

thus:

a shadow,  
"Pleasantly surprised."

# HAUNTS

1

Rock eaten  
to familiar shapes –

heads cocked  
on jagged spines.

★

How many  
orange, pink, white  
rock pinnacles  
are visible from here?

Grandeur  
is that number

plus distance,

as if “again”  
could be made manifest.

2

“Nature” was a 19<sup>th</sup> century fad,  
cousin to eugenics.

In the 21<sup>st</sup> century,  
America’s soft core’s  
undead.

★

On how many bookstore shelves,  
lovely, fanged teenagers,  
red-eyed, smeared with blood.

Joel Kelly & Tom McLaughlin & Mark Yakich

## from OBITUARIES 1913

*Obituaries 1913 is a three-man, multi-genre art exhibition commemorating the lives of 22 individuals who died in 1913. The project is the brainchild of New Orleans musician Tom McLaughlin, who enlisted painter Joel Kelly and poet Mark Yakich as collaborators. Each of the 22 artworks in the exhibit includes a charcoal portrait, an obituary, and a song. Over the course of a year, the project evolved so organically that in most cases none of the collaborators now knows which part (text, image, sound) came first.*

*Obituaries 1913 debuted in May 2010 in New Orleans, and has begun traveling to other cities; details at [obituaries1913.com](http://obituaries1913.com).*



## FUCHECAS

It has come to pass that Maria Soledad Fuchecas is no more. The daughter of the American diamond merchant, Mr. James Fuchecas, she was well known in the city of her birth (Quito, Ecuador) for her proficiency for insect collection and identification. Such was her voracious zeal for these odd creatures that she inspired no small fashion in young ladies to follow this delicate but arduous pursuit. Mr. Fuchecas, an amateur stylist, is even credited with naming a number of heretofore unknown Lepidoptera. Sadly, in the weeks after she lost her fiancé, the naturalist Mr. A.S. Thornep, is the cravity of the jungle. Mr. Fuchecas (who disinterested in her passion and her disposition suffered greatly. In one of her now solitary jaunts in the countryside, she succumbed to a tropical pest, possibly the dreaded and searier, and, her blood poisoned, was quarantined. Reports have it that her sister, being with child, would secretly visit Mr. Fuchecas and, aided by her milky beauty, attempt to restore the dying man. In the aftermath of the deed, her sister's visits notwithstanding, a casket was buried in the same hills nearby. Her body little more than dust.



### COUCHRINDINGER

Last Friday morning at half past five o'clock, occurred the death of Mr. Henry Couchrindinger. At his age one mile south of Jasper, a year ago, he complained of a toothache from which he never fully recovered and since that time, his health had gradually declined. Two weeks ago he became dangerously ill. Finally, after every human effort has been made to save his life, he yielded to fatal infection in the lower-right jaw. By his sister's request an autopsy was performed. The tooth, a wisdom molar, was shown to have cracked from crown to all four roots. Mr. Couchrindinger has been a train conductor with the B & F line to Dayton for seven years, and many in town owe him for his unobtrusive, generous and kindness. After the issue of his chronic tooth, however, he became more withdrawn and even "mean" some would say, not bothering for instance, to address the East Coast varients, who used to be content with holding empty coal cars, but who have been over time to occupy our coal-lined spots in coach class. To Mr. Couchrindinger's passing away, we have lost a commendable public servant. Besides a host of passengers, he is survived by his sister, Mrs. D.J. Smith. The funeral was held at Henry Star Valley on Saturday morning at three o'clock. Rev. E.P. Larsen conducting the service and his remains were, by his final request, cremated and spread over the railroad tracks on the west side of town.





### LLOYDWEATHER

Forrest Lloydweather committed suicide on 13 Aug 1913 in a vacant house in the north part of Joplin, and was buried in Joplin Cemetery. His badly decomposed body was found Sunday 15 Aug by his father in the northwest corner of the northeast room of the house where he shot himself with crossbow and arrow. He would have been 30 years old next month. In addition to his father, he left one sister, Violet Messinger, a schoolteacher for Carlton Elementary. Previously, Mr. Lloydweather had taken out patents on a variety of contraptions including a "vibrator" machine that dispensed holy water. When he failed to make a living from his inventions, he took employment in a rifle shop but was dismissed for attempting to kill himself by putting a stick of dynamite on his left shoulder and touching a lit match to it. Some months later, as an apprentice to an apothecary, he tried to drink molten rubber but was stopped prematurely by a patron who happened to be a doctor. His last place of employment was Jefferson Box Mill in Ohio, where he was a bookkeeper. His last known place of residence was in Joplin. Despite his tortured spirit, and often early demeanor, Mr. Lloydweather will be missed for his unique perseverance.



#### DILBANCIEL

It was not three years ago that on the site of the Trustees Building in Manhattan that a leader impaled the temple of Mr. Dilbanciel. It became evident in the weeks that the 11 ft protuberance lent a certain asymmetry to his profile and that, according to the laid around town, many ladies were partial. Last week, however, a second tragedy befell Dilbanciel. This time occurring on Lake Michigan, approximately a mile and a half off coast from Sleeping Bear Cape, shortly before six o'clock, November the 21st, Dilbanciel, who had journeyed thence from electrician to fisherman, lost his life along with six other men. On an expedition for late season trout and perch, Dilbanciel's vessel went down in a sudden onrush after a struggle in darkness and fierce waters. Out of the four persons aboard, only Dilbanciel, due to that earlier saddest accident, was recovered. Services will be held at St. Catherine's Church this Saturday - his singular feature, inclined at a 15 degree angle with the vertical, suggesting the path his soul is hoped to take. He extends his sympathy to the mother, two sisters, and countless broken hearts he leaves behind. His remains will be cremated.



## BROUSE-SALTZMANSHIPSTEIN

On 2 August, Mrs. Lila Brouse-Saltzman-Schiffstein passed away due to complications from an injured arm; although intimates acknowledge that her death was certainly the result of a heart in flaccid letters. Two months previous, the lover of Mrs. Brouse-Saltzman-Schiffstein, one Hershman Schiffstein III, was stricken to death in a violent riot in Paris, France. Upon learning of her death, Mrs. Brouse-Saltzman-Schiffstein collapsed in distress and could not be revived for two days. According to an intimate, she told many "Hershman's death felt like having a limb amputated," and apparently the figure of speech did not provide sufficient crutch. Last week, still terribly shocked and quite out of character, Mrs. Brouse-Saltzman-Schiffstein drove into a blacksmith's workshop, severed her left arm, and cauterized it, all in an effort to truly memorialize her lover's death. The wound became infected, however; gangrene set in and she died. The estate of both Saltzman-Schiffsteins, which some believe to be more than the equivalent of one millions dollars, shall be remanded to the State as the whereabouts of a living blood relative is not known.



#### HAPPENSTANCHELLOR

Born in London in 1875, William Happenstanchell is presumed to have died somewhere in the American Northwest in the last six months. Mr. Happenstanchell was on the inaugural train departing New York City's renovated Grand Central Terminal, and was never heard from again. After traveling the world over as a young, itinerant landscape painter, including a five-year quest in the Middle East to find the sacred gardens of Babylon, Happenstanchell settled down to a steady life shuttling between home and work. At the time of his disappearance, he was employed by Pittsford & Sons as a salesman of industrial plantier products. The train in question was scheduled to depart New York for New Haven, but was delayed due to a snowstorm in Connecticut. According to company records, he was to have journeyed to Jersey City on business. After learning of a second wife, who filed a missing person's report in January last month, the first Mrs. Happenstanchell and the second Mrs. Happenstanchell decided to commence a joint federal for their presumed late husband, which was held in secret, apparently neutral ground. Mr. Happenstanchell is survived by his seven sons and a wife, on one side, three sons and an ex-wife, on the other; the first Mrs. Happenstanchell will become Mrs. Dr. Hapstanchell next week at St. Patrick's Cathedral in Madison.



#### PESTBURGER

Wife of Rev. Nehemiah Pestbarger and mother to six girls, Mrs. Dorathine Pestbarger died, at age 51, yesterday evening while in the pangs of child labor. After nearly thirty-two hours of labor, the baby, a boy of nine and a half pounds, is now resting comfortably. At the time of birth, it should be added that Mrs. Pestbarger had not used her normal birthaid chair, which had been specially commissioned by the reverend in order to achieve more successful results, as it was taken a week prior for re-upholstery. Most unfortunate, a mortician has found inconclusive evidence as to whether the replacement chair was to blame for the complications. Throughout the county it was well-known that Mrs. Pestbarger was an industrious and faithful member of her husband's church, often called on to play hymnals on her Appalachian dulcimer. The remains will be interred in the new family burial ground, after services at their home.

K. Silem Mohammad

from SONNAGRAMS

*Author's note:* Each Sonnagram, including its title, is an anagram of a standard modern-spelling version of one of Shakespeare's Sonnets, containing exactly the same letters in the same distribution as the original. The title is composed last, using whatever letters are left over once I've assembled a working sonnet in iambic pentameter with an English rhyme scheme.

---

GEE WHIZ, THEY'VE HIT THE ETH HUT WITH THE ETH  
TEETH (HIT THAT!)

When hypnotized hyenas eat the geese  
That wade amid the mild and sleepy waters,  
The scent of chewy bird meat brings release  
To victims of the Rainbow Brite marauders;

The poets banish diphthongs from their verse;  
The Yetis with their skein of hemp are merry;  
Though Yeti weed puts no one in the hearse,  
Infected wheat is really pretty scary.

This sonnet won't be winning any laurels  
In prosody or argument, alas:  
I'm short on insight, euphony, and morals  
(Free enema? No thanks, I guess I'll pass).

Hey you, Godot! We waited twenty days!  
Oh yeah, we dug up Rutherford B. Hayes.

---

[Sonnet 24 ("Mine eye hath played the painter and hath steeled")]



## AFTER SHAKESPEARE

Disloyal moon! thou hast betrayed the night,  
In league with day, in fealty to lovers;  
And so the clouds that chide thy stolen light  
Make shades to hide the bliss that it discovers.

They hail thee as a traitor, bid thee yield,  
But lack the means to stay thee in thy course;  
And by thy beams are hasty unions sealed  
Which must their timid motion halt perform.

For lovers oft from thee great boldness draw  
To do like acts of mutiny below;  
A tacit metamorphosis of law  
Informs their fervent antidote to woe

(RP and F with WS [RP];  
[RP] PP with WH [VD]).

---

[Sonnet 37 (“As a decrepit father takes delight”)]

*from* ANAMNESIS

i

She could be unhappy and angry for any number of  
reasons

but none was enough

On the phone he is talking about just wait

But I am talking about mirrors and seeing nothing  
in one

I am talking about apples

I am talking about a lake

Cross this out

Write, "Pressing the fronts of her feet against the  
floor

she went to sleep"

Cross this out

ii

Write, "As she lifted the heavy thing longer she saw  
the

weight was not the problem"

Cross this out

Write, "She saw it was writing"

Cross this out

No, she saw it was change

Cross this out

iii

I am ten years old and my father's face turns inside  
its

hat and collar

Across a ski slope

The trees are black in snow

It muffles everything

Cross this out

Write, "I jumped off a wall when I was six"

Write, "I fell on the blade of an ice skate"

Cross this out

I was nine



iv

Write, "I could not understand the message my  
father left"  
He tried to use French but I could not understand it  
Cross this out  
Write, "Where is this going"  
Write, "You do not want to turn back"  
Write, "We will not know what happened"  
Cross everything out

v

Try to begin another sentence  
How about, Water really boiling, and something  
whispers  
    near my left ear  
The water, click, against the pot lid  
And water falling into the street  
Cross this out  
Write, "It is a trap"  
Cross this out  
Write, "The girl in the silver skirt on the train  
tonight  
    her shirt said [bloomington's university]"

vi

Cross this out  
Write, "A gray sweatshirt"  
Cross this out  
Write, "When it gets late I have trouble sleeping"  
Write, "I look for faces I saw"  
Cross this out  
I can do nothing  
Cross this out  
Write, "The feeling is there"

## RUE DES ÉCOLES

Now lighter I took a step  
somewhere I was going, the streets  
parted by one building with a sharp face, the top  
of a teardrop in calligraphy, and it was 1, noontime, hills  
I could remember were definitely in the distance, climbers went up  
their faces, you could hear the conversation, the reflected thump of  
a soccerball, guides with flags or umbrellas, or, I remember  
that it is moving day, you must meet for lunch, muttering  
now, you know, snaps, hands clapping, it is another  
way of saying that what happens next can't be  
seen, whiskers of ironwork form ferns and ivy, cast a complex  
shadow over lots of hours: please say something more, I'm  
asking, please tell what comes next, but in dream it hums and  
refuses (you know this); dream does nothing, it is either gray  
snakes or it is gleaming nights and someone comes forward in such a  
suit, someone is sparrows or that is music, those har-  
monicas: I am trying to say, what are these things, and  
the animal says Hello, it says, Guess the number of petals  
on a daisy please, it means the clock: and I retreat, I mean  
in the face of knowledge you can only  
feel very sorry. For if happiness and unhappiness  
are the two proverbial bluebirds that fly together  
and know how to tie a length of yellow rope into a knot, if  
there is such a thing as The Past, then I know about it, I  
may be certain of a thing. If someone pretends to hurt  
me, I look away into a mirror. "It's called thinking," I say and  
wash my hands. If ever there were a reason to look up let's  
look down, I'll say, I will talk into a handheld recording device, yes  
that is one way I would do it if ... if ... if what?  
It is late afternoon, I walk where I am meant to go even though  
it is late, I used to hate being encouraged by others to use what little  
talent I had because I thought that this would ruin my chances at  
being really great at anything, and the person who speaks first at the  
appointment, she is a florist, and she sells  
grasses and tulips, she is saying that if she were  
a writer, which she is not, she would just talk into a microphone and  
later transcribe whatever she felt like saying. She must have  
said that, though, "whatever she felt like saying" for I was  
glad for her, for I knew she would be a very great writer  
but she chose not to be one at all, because of her understanding  
that it's all very well and good, even if all the while you  
imagine someone might draw apart the blinds, his expression like a  
wave cresting at the mouth, new flesh, and the promise not of  
happiness but of attention, adoration, sense, like ...

like, not long ago when I felt little or no fear and saw the outline, a face in profile weirdly twirling on a dangling length of wire, yes, at this time, not long ago, I became not a singer but someone who could hear the songs that are misplaced in things, a burden I guess, but my suburban routes were never good ones, not where my people were, like, the broken pen in the dirt with its chant about blue-

bells, was I imagining this, was I mad. But the sun was already up, so there was no denying that time at least was passing, and elsewhere everyone went on with appointments. I did not want to stop them from doing that. Please let me tell you, far be it from me. Thus I stood aside and let the passerby pass me. I let whoever develop one's career. This was not merely right and fitting, it formed an integral part of the larger story I was telling, an essay entitled, NEW EARTH, and there where you told me I was forgetful, I smiled

What could have led me to react in such a fashion

I don't know. What I do know is that it

was summertime, always summer, whenever you felt brave and said a thing to me

## THE SOMNAMBULIST DANCE (rework of *Everyman*)

Messenger:

Step right up. Now showing for the first time: [Everyman], the miraculous, [so-n-so] years of age, has for these so-n-so years been sleeping -- night and day -- without a break. Before your very eyes, [Everyman] will awaken from his death-like rigidity. Step right up. Step right up. Ladies and Gentlemen, [Everyman] will now answer any question you would like to put to him. [Everyman] knows every secret. [Everyman] knows the past and can see into the future. Come up and test him for yourselves.<sup>1</sup>

Give matter reverence.

Red-rover red-rover send *Everyman* right over.

We love our doggy lives  
and we love our doggy shows.  
We sticky our teeth with Milkduds  
and brace ourselves with cup-holders.

We play oxygen games  
all day we are ear-waxed  
and sweet to bear away.

This is not about a bird.  
This is a story about an ending—slight.

Sin is nectar, full and sweet—  
when the body lies in clay.

*Everyman* guesses how many jellybeans are in the carnival jar.

*God:*  
I've seen these critters before—  
dolls with stubbed feet and cupped hands  
drowned in their mind mud pies  
and dug up buried pets.

My lawn died.  
All clean and red aged.  
They shed  
they forget to clean  
to be dead  
their feet  
my head.

Fork me.

World made company,  
fast wicking,  
become beasts  
that eat every man.

The beasts run charitable  
dance-a-thons classed in mansions.

I pleasure myself with their oaring diamond fingers  
and write their names on leaves still attached to trees.

I practice creating invisible monkeys,  
release them in local school yards,  
all flesh and color.

*Death*, these feet are sliced thin along the roots  
and theirs are bursting with citrus and grape seed oil.

*Death*:  
What does God want of *Dea*

*God*:  
*Everyman*, monster-man  
must mine the ice cracks  
razors sewn to his ankles  
and waste not.

*Death*:  
I'll run round the mulberry bush  
this is the way I reach the deaf  
with pockets full of poses.

Crude outsource great and small,

beastly wrack lines out of your laws.

Hell is always  
a saturated ring.  
Hell is fire through a grate.

Fire is like fire.

*Everyman* walks  
home through logged paths.  
It makes all the difference  
because it is the only one he knows.

His mind is flesh

*Everyman* stand still.

*Everyman*:  
Why?  
Who sent you?

I am a plastic ocean.

*Death*:  
God.

*[Everyman], she was once a beautiful woman...She was known as the Peacock of the Air. How she got that way will never be known. Some say a jealous lover, others that it was the code of the freaks, others the storm. Believe it or not, there she is. Over there, [Everywoman], the beautiful [Everywoman], dancing, singing, marvel of the age, supreme flower of feminine pulchritude, the girl who discovered you don't have to have feet to be a dancer.<sup>2</sup>*

*Everyman*:  
No shit!?

*Death*:  
Yes, certainly.

Although you flee from him,  
he often ponders your chestnut cheeks.

You shall know.

*Everyman:*  
God desires me?

*Death:*  
Oh yes, no doubt.  
He wills a reckoning  
without delay.

*Everyman:*  
I require notice!  
I am blind matter.  
I've misplaced my wit and cane,  
top hat and chloroform.  
Unrehearsed I am!

*Death:*  
God prays for more juice.

Bring your journal on this journey  
so you may recount how you spent  
your time feeding wine to your lawn  
and your bad bad deeds.

*Everyman:*  
Oh, *Death*.

I'll buy you a steak dinner if you  
defer this matter till another day.

*Death:*  
My only pleasure is my job.  
Bribes are futile.

You loiter along the edges of my robe.

*Everyman:*  
The acids boil in my cavities.

*Death:*  
Hush little lamb.  
I wait for no man, woman or finch.  
The ocean waits for no fish, or wave, or surfer.

All suffer for Adam's nakedness (and dry skin).

*Everyman:*

*Death*, if I take this pilgrimage,  
and my reckoning make,  
may I come again  
as a beast or a cricket?

*Death:*

I don't do the filing.

*Everyman:*

Shall I be alone in this last terse course?

*Death:*

Will your towers of dust-croppers not accompany you?

*Everyman:*

Yes, I shall take my goods!

*Death:*

*Perhaps you're interested in how a man undresses. You know, it's a funny thing about that. Quite a study in psychology. No two men do it alike. You know, I once knew a man who kept his hat on until he was completely undressed. Now he made a picture. Years later, his secret came out. He wore a toupee. Yeah. I have a method all my own. If you notice, the coat came first, then the tie, then the shirt. Now, uh, according to Hoyle, after that, the, uh, pants should be next. There's where I'm different. I go for the shoes next. First the right. Then the left. After that, it's, eh, every man for himself.<sup>3</sup>*

*Everyman:*

O wretched chicken-lover whither shall I flee,  
that I might frolic eternally corporeally?  
Now, sweet handsome non-violent *Death*,  
spare me till tomorrow,  
my dry cleaning needs to be picked up  
and I can't go looking this way.

*Death:*

Forsooth you are a long-toothed pansy.



Susan Schultz

## OLD WOMEN LOOK LIKE THIS

--with thanks to Elizabeth Berdann and google.com

Women fighting aging skin are most frequent users of cosmetic treatments. A stainless heart contains Emma, 89, her neck an inverse organ, cheek a palimpsest of kidney, eyes steel, nearly shut against the frame. Crazy women fight over a man; old bitches fight in Backa Palanka. Rose, 98, is all forehead, her face leaning toward the point of her heart-shaped frame, nose abutting it. Her foundation is copper; her paints are not cosmetics. A little old lady went into the Bank of America one day carrying a bag of money. Or, a little old lady walked up to the cashier and placed a bag of cat food on the check out counter. There are more homeless people on campus lately. Do not refer to them as them or as they or as those people, because we could be they as they could be someone else. Edna, 91, lives inside a diamond, her nose the line between first and second base; her ear and neck lope toward home plate; a single eye opens to the field, yet remains contained within the light; the outfield dark. Bald women can be sexy, can have intercourse with pets, they can have, and you can go there. Mildred, 89, smiles at the bottom of her heart, half her mouth cut off by sentimental line, chance line, wrinkle in time line. Her right cheek blurs against the heart's curve, but there is blue sky behind her to the left. Her nose appears broken, slants oddly against the heart's certain frame. Do 50-year-old women really need a sex life, or do they want what they had at 25? Many were still having a pretty good time, says Newsweek, which wonders about older women who haven't had sexual intercourse in a while. Women may not mind. Agnes, 90, wears her square face oddly inside her cut diamond. Her jaw is a

shelf the mouth rests upon; eyes so nearly consumed by face, one bright curl a laser pointer to the tight angle at the top. She floats there, her neck rooted to the soil of its own shadow. Women talk openly about their sex lives after 60; I passed two women who held hands the way I imagine widows do. There are men who look like old lesbians on cracked.com, but on the plus side, I look a lot younger than my age, or those who become senior before their time. Rose, 90, has wide astonished eyes, hair a white nest; absence where her neck should be; she is all heart at the heart of her frame. My friend, 63, says kindness is what there is; I, 51, agree it matters less what we know, while the paranoid man of no age resembles a renaissance god within his diamond eye, knows his cobwebs are gone and at age 80 success is not peeing in your pants. Green bananas are an investment now, and I just hate to waste money.

Anthony Madrid

## THE MASCULINE GOD OF PASSIVE LONGING IS RIDING THE HEAD OF A FLOWER

THE masculine god of passive longing is riding the head of a flower. He fits  
An arrow into the corner of his bow and draws back his right fist to his ear.

27 August 2009, last days of forty. With the *Fifth Decad* of THE CANTOS about  
to begin,  
I must find a way to trick my grief.

I must find a way to trick my grief, to outstrip it—or dodge it as one dodges a  
cop.  
For is this done by wreathing myself seven times round with elegant quickness.

I call my first witness. “Now, how do you know the defendant, Sir?”  
But before the witness can answer, I receive a TRANSMISSION from On High.

*It says: You are sitting on a pillow corner; you don't even know it hurts.  
You take it away, and the relief is strange—you didn't even know you were hurt!*

*You try to get something out of your pocket; you get disgusted and pull off your glove.  
How is it the glove was getting in the way? Yet it was completely getting in the way!*

*THESE THINGS tell you all you need to know about how it will be when you die.  
That day, you don't just pull off the glove; you pull off the hand itself.*

*That day, you finally see how all the earth was just like that pillow corner.  
The couch, your bed, your softest clothes, and even your flesh itself—!*

MADRID says it's true, it's why we're right to cut corners. We'll cut so many  
corners, the thing becomes a sphere.  
A TURNING SPHERE whose reptile scales draw a rotating night sky on the floor.

# FUCK BUDDHA I'M BUDDHA NOBODY'S BUDDHA QUIT TALKING ABOUT BUDDHA

FUCK Buddha, I'm Buddha, nobody's Buddha, quit talking about Buddha.  
You can't intimidate *me* with your Thangka-toy halo.

You can't intimidate me with your kneeling animals, your "journey," your  
treasure  
words.

For I am just returned from beyond the endurable limits of human wisdom.

I walked on the bottom of a swimming pool. Saw giraffe's-hide patterns of  
light.

Saw for myself what the light spelled out, and here is what I now know:

That gravity is not love. No; nor explosiveness, strife. Let me not  
To the marriage of true minds admit Empedocles.

That mirrors are for seeing 'round corners. They are not for looking straight  
on.

That's why whoever looks into a mirror sees something other than a face.

And that you are all *sanpaku*—for you buy into all that sex talk. Body parts  
Hunting body parts—and then you're shocked it's not enough.

You should walk a poolbottom. David Hockney has painted this. You'll  
Shuck all that Buddha talk. You'll send up little bubbles . . .

And perhaps you'll shed a tear for your babbling younger self.  
Don't be afraid to cry. For crying replenishes the pool. And indeed

The Maitreya Buddha MARDUD has no quarrel with sentimental tears.  
He says the harm only comes in when we try to defend them.

## LINES FOR RICHMOND SCHOOLGIRLS

COME, my dafter. Come, new-budding tank-top twerp. Tomboy is hot and  
you know it. The word  
*Fuck* needs fluffed up like a pillow.

Tuck in your shirt and *own* that shit. You poor old sod, you see it's only me.  
Today's Tom Sawyer, he gets high on you—when you care enough to send the  
very BITCH.

Everybody's turned on by Christopher Robin, how could you not be?  
Always wearing those short-shorts, and sitting in provocative positions . . .

But Rubberneck with a doctorate has a GIRLFRIEND. They caught her in the  
closet,  
Squeezing off a round. Oh, *no*. Not Euridice again.

We had to put away my elephant, full of dust mites. I thought: *Maybe freeze it,  
sterilize it, good as new—?*  
Then I'm all, "What kind of demon place *is* this, I just want my elephant!!" *Ay,  
mira esta maraña de espinas.*

They call me Double-X Arlette the Marketing Genius. National champion in  
equitation—here's my hat.  
One of those girls who, in putting on her coat, | sweeps everything off the table  
and into the floor.

Little Miss Answer-for-Everything, well met, Sir. He envies others their every  
little scrap. He spent his  
Youth drawing hyperdetailed cutaways of stadiums: THE PERIODIC TABLE OF  
ELEMENTS rides again.

Every state and province has its unmistakable borders—straight edges leading  
horribly up to ragged.  
TERA, my child with a black eye from cheerleading, it's just like | what happens  
when you try to tear a newspaper.

Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow! Look the end of the drill bit in the  
eye.  
There's a new kind of suburban armored vehicle coming out. Gets almost the  
same mileage as a hybrid.

That's just the new Mother Nature taking over, MADRID. But me?  
I'm not a big fan of last drops.

# WHAT IS THAT FIERY BALL IN THE SKY

WHAT is that fiery ball in the sky? How is it we can feel it?  
How can we stand on the front lawn and endure | the heat of a nuclear  
explosion?

What is this thing called LIGHT? And how can it be kindled? How can these  
Meaningless insects nonchalantly traffic in cold fusion?

The illusion of understanding these things prevents our transportation.  
And, too, we are distracted by | the shadow of the money tweezers.

See the MONEY TWEEZERS threateningly perched | on that nearby ranch-style  
fence!

Thieving money tweezers! Always on the lookout for nesting materials!

That's just part of it, I reckon. Life in the tall grass.  
The redwing blackbird trills in vain for the Pharmaceuticals major.

What's pleasure? I mean what is it besides | the gratification of the senses?  
For instance, why should it be a pleasure to travel incognito? And indeed,

The SCANNING ELECTRON MICROPHONE cannot perceive my movements.  
For my mission is to change the course | of human personality.

Babe, don't touch the curls. And, oh, for Godzilla's sake,  
Do not be disposed to criticize | where you do not understand.

Come, fiery ball in the sky. Come, firefly and redwing blackbird.  
And even you, Pharmacy major, come and join me in this spaceship.

For when the sun goes SUPERGIANT, the going gets good on TITAN:  
The only nearby atmosphere | like that of the primordial earth.

# ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN TOLD YOU MUST TAKE THE BABY FROM THE CROCODILE

ALL my life I've been told you must take the baby from the crocodile and give  
it back to its mother.

You must never take it away from its mother and give it back to the crocodile!!

I walk into the library. I see a hole in the line of books. I fit my book into the  
hole

And slam it into place.

Every star on the US flag is a piece of Japanese cabinetry. Is a white lacquer  
box

Openable on every side but one.

Who's locked out at this wedding? Only the bride and the groom.

And who was that child sent sprawling rather than let him catch the bouquet?

I admire the duck. He sits up straight. He zooms on top of the water.

And he has a rubber effigy beloved of children.

Pygmalion had the right idea. He deserved his reward. For he had a statue but  
he wanted a girl;

Most guys have a girl but they want a statue.

MADRID, who you trying to fool with all this talk of animals and statues?

You are yourself a box out of which a pair of newlyweds are locked.

## BALLAD

I SPUR my horse to the river. To the river I spur my horse.  
Because my horse is invisible, I see beneath me a curious thing.

Because my horse is invisible, and because I am totally naked,  
I see beneath me a mighty afflatus | and hoofprints mashed in the grass.

I spur my horse to the river. To the river I spur my horse.  
We FORD the river as best we can, horse-shoulder-deep in the drink.

Because my horse is invisible, I see beneath me a horse-shaped hollow:  
I have never once seen my horse and now here | is its photographic negative.

A moving void in the river. And the motes in the muddy green  
Rushing against its thoracic hollowplace are deflected in all directions.

Because I am totally naked, I have stolen an invisible horse.  
I spur my horse to the river. I am in flight from the authorities.

“Counsel uses a term with which | the Bench is unfamiliar.”  
I spur my horse to the river. The boy in the bright blue jeans.

Because I am totally naked, Counsel uses a term.  
We ford the river, the muddy green. I’m all eyeball.

And high up on the embankment: a formidable radio tower.  
An erector set tower, stuck all over with shamanistic drums.

I spur my horse to the river. To the river I spur my horse.  
Let me remember the things I love. The mourners all are singing . . .

Counsel uses a term. I am looking through a shower door. I am  
Horse-shoulder-deep in a river churning, churning with invisible horses.

I’m a KNIGHT’S MOVE away from my target. My target, the radio drums.  
Shoefly, dragonfly. Churning with invisible horses.

An invisible horse will leap. Will strike and then depart. But his  
Favorite trick is spring out of the way: spring and reveal a ROOK.

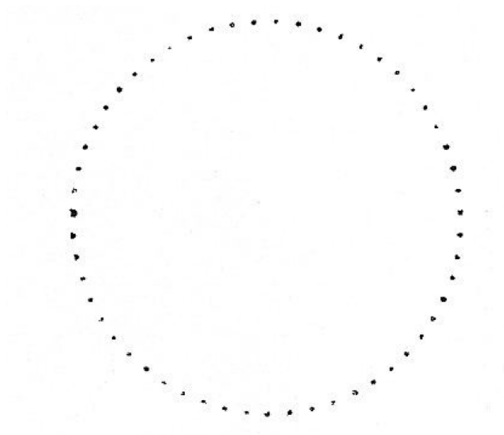
I’m all eyeball. And you have maintained your composure, so long as  
Nobody saw your naked fangs, nor caught a stripe off your horsewhip . . .



You've maintained your composure. But EQUIPOISE is better:  
You get to keep your sense of humor. I spur my horse to the river.

## TO NADYA 2.0

MORE and more axe to grind, less and less space in my heart  
For poeckodat bumps like this—



on the bottom of every bottle.

Are you a little sweetsweet | who should be kissed a million times and then  
fucked?

Have you a haughty little purse and fucktious little shoes and golden shoulders  
and purple eyelids?

My PURPLE GIRL! My cutecute, thirty-nine and a half years old!  
My tiny peanut butter cup who causes me | agonies of love!

*No swan so fine as this one with black petals.* No  
Bite into an apple better than this kiss pressed into your cheek.

But, uh-oh: trick-or-treaters. Best cross to the other side of the cheek.  
Little morons in a gaggle, plumed to the eyebrows in clichés.

And these coins minted from meteorite? We'll look at 'em with nostalgia  
When we're living in a spider web in the canopy of a rainforest . . .

NADYA, look at that yango! —“*Habibi*, what's the hubbub?” —I have to  
Get in the car so I can pickpickpick | my peanut butter cup up.

Briane Teare  
photo by Laura Larson

## STARIFICATION



*Starification*, a twenty-first century image, refers both to Spiritualism, the nineteenth century religious movement, as well as to spirit photography, a concurrent practice born out of conflict between those who believed it possible to speak to the dead and those whose alliance to a scientific progress newly vitalized by industrial capital required of Spiritualists material proof attained only by highly controlled experimental methods. It also alludes to the work of Hannah Wilke, a twentieth-century performance artist whose “starifications”—chewed gum sculpted into vulval shapes—decorated her nude body in both photographs and performances. If *Starification* 1) complicates the notion of a photograph’s usually unary origin by occupying three times at once, 2) attempts to uncanny the art history of the female nude, 3) frankly manipulates us based on its status as both artifice and document, and 4) seems most true by virtue of what’s been most faked, can it also stage a theology and still retain its claims to truth?

## Discursive Glance

## Photography's Expanded Field

Time and its companion, light—

1919: I turned sixteen  
my roan horse  
Sister threw me—

I saw them walk together  
the pasture beyond the barn—

my aunt Ivy said  
I lay feverish

confined for a week  
to my bed—

the way mother and father  
the year before  
would survey the property line—

if I lived  
my mind might be affected

she said the doctor'd said  
Influenza—

they seemed married  
two figures formal  
and slow among the grasses—

I woke remembering nothing  
but fear  
the feel of water—

I wanted to speak  
to them familiar

as their unhurried gait  
was comforting—

how I'd been trying to wake  
for a time like a calling  
that remained unanswered—

how strange to have no voice  
though the wind touched the elms—

my limbs hot and clammy  
at the same time tired

as though I'd spent the afternoon  
swimming in the Miller's pond—

I could even hear horses  
in their stalls swat flies—

when I woke  
I was alone  
is when I saw—

their hooves stirring the hay  
its golden dust—

beyond the curtains  
the yard  
silver evening, calm—

I thought  
they had taken the path

to the back hill  
to watch the sunset—

the gray tabby's tail flickering  
the black grass  
bordering the porch—

I thought they were  
returning, I thought  
to call out—

it all seemed  
as it had before  
I'd fallen—

my father  
leading my mother down

from where they'd finished  
seeing the sun—

*Scar* travels to us from the Greek for “hearth” through its Latin root, *eschara*—a scar formed from the healing of a burn. A scar depends. If you want it to provide evidence, it acts at the very least as a record : it was made, it has come from its origin. Fire, flesh—experience is, in a sense, archived there as an abandoned trace of event itself. If history can be seen as either rupture or continuity, then you can’t in good faith choose—the witness of a body and its scars attests both to a structure and time’s touch upon it. It says: faith and doubt are dialectical; one term, uncontainable, always exceeds itself, leaves its mark on the other just as, after light wounds it into appearance, the photographic image “heals” onto the page. A viewer examines it the way a body, in one light, is an archive of its scars : to see is to ruin, to have already removed the image from its first life among us. Without the dead embedded in our flesh, there’d be no such thing as naked.

## Discursive Glance



## We See Her Body Everywhere, Dream of a Future Real

Intimation, ghost and riddle      in juxtaposition      her skin hinging  
revelation

to contradiction : a vanishing

point    a threshold, desire      its end, I    a viewer's

veiled location, but implicated, uneasy as what had once  
been

transparent

nudity grew

drew itself into knots—

I couldn't resume my longing for a certainty beyond

thought : my one good shirt,

buttons, pleats, cuffs—a faint whiff of bleach—

she was merely a garment

burning on either side—

Bhanu Kapil

NUDE PAGE FOR BAN

Craig Santos Perez

## POSTTERRAIN I

*—there's water*

*below us—'mainland'  
'island'—*

*below page—seeds*

*become corpses become ashes what remains*

*have we come too far*

*'arrival' might only be 'a fossil  
of skin'*

*below trade*

*winds*

*in which we once prayed*

*say, here*

*will never empty—shadows—*

*to find speech*

*new waves—an unfinished dwelling bound  
by skin—as if*

*could contain us—break*

*old chains*

*'reservoir*

*might mean 'to grow into scar'*

*lessness*

*'home'*

*might mean 'what's no longer  
promised'*

*below birds*

*starve the veiled sun*

*below a fire*

*burns underwater*

*to have found it*

## POSTTERRAIN II

*'to the bone'*  
no longer meant *'the limit of measure'*      words

*suture* *a name can unravel*  
*what a body can't*

as though what we found  
to say  
more than could be seen

what inhabits my skin                      admission of bones  
what weaves  
our ancestors songs

*into our bodies—we find what signs  
replaced*

*we mimic ‘drowning’  
to say ‘thirst’—we wanted our want*

*to be tamed*

*the stories we tell* *against forgetting*

*where silence  
should've been—the other side of silence  
onto which light anchors*

Jeff T. Johnson

## SEPARATION ANXIETY

I, too, have been nominated  
for a Pushcart Prize.

It's natural  
to be curious about other species—  
Oh  
if “you” could only fjord the mote  
that shawls the wreath of hours lost  
in the pantries of post-relevance!

This is not a test, or not only  
a test, or this has been  
tested  
but not on humans  
or  
This is a test *but not of anything*.

Walking in the parlance  
one  
came upon a [magical object]  
which, when [activated]  
revealed hitherto invisible  
[lexicons, totems, relics, wands,  
amulets, cloaks, scepters, cister  
ns, pouches, dolls, runes,  
gourds, talismen, jeweled sk  
ulls, statuettes, codices, di  
adems, scrolls, orbs, rin  
gs, pokers, charms, inter-dim  
ensional portals—the works]  
scattered about the landscape

About The Landscape  
It was scattered with language.

I, too, lay claim to the  
power of objects. True, my touch  
did not make the crystals glow—

Let

them remain dormant, let them  
fade.

We have to leave.

                    This place  
cannot be both enchanted & perceived   There  
The objects have already receded   There  
are no objects   There  
                                There   There

# ANATOMICAL BENDER

I couldn't give him any landscape architecture  
ideas or anything of that nature, he said  
to laughter: I heard you coming, edged  
out of the way, the clouds pressing toward  
us. The clouds pressed on us. The clouds,  
well, the clouds knew what they were doing.

We were blinded by perspectives. All this snow  
-blank welter. You accepted the baton,  
souvenir of our umpteenth hope for early  
early spring weather. It was that close.  
How much film has played across  
the roles you've drawn? This is what you camphor.

The drift is toward use. Better wither.  
Meanwhile, platitudes beckon to hedges  
cut just short of fashion, an embarrassment  
not to be forgotten. We go away ascatter. We  
go back with a mutter. Let's try

To leave the plenitude with one or two  
keepsakes just as flattered. By  
now we know the banter. Today the song said  
hi to later, and it was an old song, and we waved,  
and looky here it's over. So long  
tangy raspberries of form. We could cast each other

But why not pull us in? The final score trots forward  
in the gloom of exactitude, while we  
put the names to use, a language  
we give out, hands spreading germs on the  
controls. The glass is home, the letters close us  
in. What matters is the surface passed along the patter.

## CIVIC BRIDE

We are Russian again. Pity our forefathers  
who did not have Garamond keyboards. Any time  
the marching band starts the room  
clears out. Wonder  
why. Everybody tries to remain  
seated by the doors, one foot on the grass.

Luxury is as largesse does, with a coldness. Here's  
where you appear, catwalking and cross-talking  
the bridge above the grove, next  
to the two+-lane blacktop  
arced into the west. I know  
every street but not how they connect. This  
one, for instance—see how it gets to you.



## MYSTERY GUESS

The air in breezeways is sweetest  
after the rough scent of early summer

We have grown opulent  
waiting on the primaries, finally  
over the caption contest but  
still giving speeches in the hall

Your roommate warned you about classical music in  
the complimentary tone of brown carpet stairs

That was four thousand miles ago

Here it is barely spring. Here  
boy with fishing rod drinks beer on fraternity porch. Here  
clouds descend and retake their place at the heads of buildings.  
Here is evening, a glass  
animal token of our affection,  
legless after an incident back home

One more game of theft and tension will leave the room. Dreams are  
television turned way down. This is the age of  
ambivalence dusted with the residue of laughter  
quickened by armies of incredulous offer, destined for oblivion,  
no credit taken. Thanks for your patience, truculent shadow.  
Everything has been arranged. Right this way, little neighbor.

Christopher Stackhouse

## FOR ONE

*(to Bill Dixon)*

For one,

sharp echo  
emphatic –

building air, chambered  
recall disappearance  
at once everything –

who can be everything,

in calculus  
centripetal station, writing itself  
into inert blur

tender lessons retrieved  
out of the bottomless gold rings, stacked

teflon figures, de- formed, turned

“outish” –

surplus contiguity, a trillion,  
be it, impossible pleasures

cry perfections,

delayed, talons clasp  
elusive shine,

weathering steel pupils, devouring stars,  
falling, impressible as warm bodies, sparks,  
molten metals from an ascending rocket –

whistle pickle.

For the unbeautiful,

Oneself, systema, chroma, various literacies,  
friendship under silver luster of cold river,  
crackling light in hearth, black secretions

maneuver, “as in glass darkly” –

yes, romantic, devastating, split lip, window, unfortunate cigarette,  
better, time, wind, other disproportions, before coming, other music  
missing there, as listened to, perhaps meaning as, always same thing,  
particular thirsts, repetitions in real time isolation, gift –

of Blackness  
some light  
upon such  
to center  
each step  
encounters  
sadness open,  
screech, flutter,  
luxuriant ecstasies

Sun wheel  
cerebrations  
irreal  
regardless  
and whim –

to resist silence, after music, slithering viper at risk –

## ON THE EOE GENRE SHEET

### **I. On Interviewing**

Last year, when I was on the job market, I was asked repeatedly to define nonfiction. I knew I could venture into one of two courses: I could give the traditional textbook definition or I could say what I really felt. If I said what I really felt, then I knew that I wouldn't get a campus visit; I wouldn't get the job. If I gave the textbook definition, it would make the interviewers feel as if I was on their side, that I was a safe candidate, that I would be someone that the Chair and Dean approved of. Because I have a natural inclination to be rebellious, I always chose to go the road of the untraditional. The interviews then, became centered less on my qualifications and more on my transgressions. Some interviewers felt that I was misguided, that I needed counseling. You see, they aimed to *tame me*, and it became their goal to do just that before the next candidate arrived. It wasn't about what I could offer but rather about what they could fix.

I still ask myself, quite seriously, why is it that fiction is allowed to borrow from nonfiction, but nonfiction is not allowed to borrow from fiction? And, seriously, I really want to know.

### **II. On Former Students**

One of my goals as a teacher of nonfiction is to totally destroy every held belief that a student has about essays and nonfiction. Essays are my thing. Essaying is very much my thing. I expect my students to essay. I expect them to essay fiercely and obsessively. I want to see, truly, what new thing they will unleash into the universe. One student wrote quite beautifully. She wrote so poetically, but what she wrote wasn't verse. It was essaying; it was essayistic; it was an essay. Many of my students did this over the years, but this one student did it quickly and passionately. I met her later, randomly, on a street corner in the West Village. She says that she's depressed; her new teacher won't let her

write; her new teacher told her that she was writing poetry and the class wasn't a poetry class. She asked her teacher if a prose poem could be nonfiction and the teacher said no. I told her, why don't you, quite discreetly, slip her a copy of Pope's "Essay on Man"?

When I went home at night, I realized that *I* was depressed. I kept thinking about my former student and all her talent being pushed on the curb by a teacher who could have been in the room interviewing me, asking me what my definition of nonfiction was.

### **III. On Being Mixed**

Once, when I was twenty-two, I worked in the mall in Roanoke, Virginia. I worked at several stores in the mall. I needed the money. I could go from part-time shift to part-time shift and not even have to leave the mall. One day, while I was on break, a local came up to me and asked me if I was "mixed."

### **IV. On Being Mixed, Part Two**

So, it seems that I am mixed. I am quite mixed. I am more mixed than many, many people I know. My father is half Cherokee, half white man. We've never known where his white ancestors came from; he became a ward of the state when he was eight, and so much of his history was lost. Recently, however, we learned that his mother's maiden name was Kelly, which makes us part Irish. My mother is Thai, but she has curly hair, as do I, which leads me to think that there must be something else lurking in there.

In terms of what I write, it seems that my writing too is also mixed. I am sometimes called a poet, sometimes an essayist, sometimes an experimental writer, sometimes a prose poet. My second book was published under the guise of fiction/poetry/essay.

I find these categorizations odd: I have never felt anything other than whole. It seems to me that the inability to accept a mixed piece of writing is akin to literary racism. I think of the EOE data sheets. Choose the genre that you feel

most accurately describes you.

## **V. Please Be x, y, or z**

I want to know, seriously, why what is often “other” ends up being labeled as poetry. I think it’s like something forcing me to check the white box or the Native American box or the Asian box. Which of these most accurately describes me? Does this mean to myself or to other people? Other people who meet me for the first time always ask me if I’m Spanish. When they ask me where I’m from, I always say Texas. So that confirms for them that I’m definitely of Hispanic descent. I never say that I am from Thailand. I was born there, but I can’t say I’m *from* there. From, to me, denotes a forming of awareness and identity and memory. Most of these happened for me in Texas.

When I was younger and when I dated, my dates were always very uneasy about asking me about my ethnicity. You could see it in their hesitating restaurant decisions, their waiting to see if I’d order in a language other than English if I’m taken to an ethnic restaurant. And then always, inevitably, I’ll be asked if I’m Spanish. When I say no, they are, always, invariably disappointed. The two biggest disappointed dates: the Spanish analyst who worked for the government and the boy who had just broken up with his Spanish girlfriend—I don’t know what they were hoping to find in me.

## **VI. Poetry as Refuge**

A refuge is where unwanted animals go. It is also where some of my submissions to journals end up. Some intern or graduate student has dropped my submission into the poetry pile; in a way, that person has made it possible for my submission to live. It would not have lived in the nonfiction pile.

There, it would have starved to death, or it would have been eaten alive. Once, I got a rejection slip from a nonfiction editor saying, “I’m not sure how to take this. I don’t know what this is.” That particular journal was solely a nonfiction journal; my submission, therefore, had nowhere else to go.

## VII. On the Genre EOE Sheet

I'm not sure which genre I would select. I guess, being who I am and doing the type of work I do, I would have to choose many. Do I choose "other" (if the option is even there) and fill it in (if there's even a fill-in space there)? Isn't having to choose, being forced to choose, also essentially racist? To be told to choose is to be told that there simply isn't an easy category for you: you just don't fit in; you destroy the natural order of things. The term "other" also immediately connotes an agenda: if you don't fit into one of our predetermined categories, well, then, you aren't playing the game correctly. You are an other. You will always be an other. You will get thrown into a slushpile marked "origin unknown."

## VIII. Coda

And so, in the literary world, I find that I spend a lot of time trying to keep anyone from getting disappointed in me.

I may look like an essay, but I don't act like one. I may look like prose, but I don't speak like it. Or, conversely, I may move like a poem, but I don't look like one.

Do I bend genre? Or does genre bend me? I think it's the latter. I have always been the same person: I have always been made up of three things. My birth may be fictional; I may be from poetry; I might now be living in essays. I cannot see these three things as separate parts of my identity; rather, they form to make one entity. I may be the product of fiction, nonfiction, and poetry, but they too come together to form one entity. To be told to choose is to be told that you disrupt the neat notion of where things belong, that you don't belong, that *your kind* is simply not good for the established community.

from A WEEK OF KINDNESS

*I came to assist as spectator at the birth of all my works.*—Max Ernst

Part 1. 1933

The threat of the irrational is undiminished by its recurrence. The irrational is never familiar, but it is never unknown. Chaos passes across the night sky as the flight of birds in a storm and vanishes in the daylight. The white moon is in the sky and there is lamplight in the elegant halls. Under the streetlamps outside the station, the gypsy speaks in the words of the dead man Apollinaire, to tell whoever passes: *You know when you have damned yourself.*

Max boards a train leaving Paris. He is traveling south, across the mountains. He carries a suitcase with him. The suitcase is packed with books and pages from books. Journals, magazines, catalogues. A suitcase of printed images, of materials. Max has a novel to make but no story to tell. The books and pages are from the last century, French pulp, late gothic, illustrated serials, novels with engravings, scientific publications, natural history, astronomy, fashion advertisements, technical manuals, botanical and zoological reproductions. *Le Tour de monde, Le Magasin pittoresque, Magasins de nouveautés, Astronomie populaire, Physique populaire, Attributs de commerce, Les Damnées de Paris, Mémoires de Monsieur Claude.* When Max is finished, the seams will not show. The materials are images from the years before he was born, and from the years of his childhood, when the dark pine forests near Brühl first entered his dreams, born as he was at the edge of a haunted forest, a witches' forest. He later writes down his memories of the place where he was born. *Max grew up there and became a beautiful child. His childhood is marked by some dramatic incidents, but was not particularly unhappy.* From the train moving south through the countryside, he watches the lines of telephone wires stream along the tracks. The wires cross against the sky above the sloping farmland of the river valleys and then night falls going upward into the mountains and morning comes in the brightness of the mountain light, the slow winding through the



lakeside passes. *Max never forgot the enchantment and terror he felt, when a few days later his father conducted him for the first time into the forest.*

The train stops at Milan. Max gets off and wanders through the station, into the bookstalls. He is traveling alone and has farther to go, into the hills of Piacenza on a later train. Max had been given a pebble by a friend and he displayed the pebble in the Villon Gallery as a work of art called *Objet trouvé* because the pebble had been found outside Cairo in the desert sands of the Sahara near the Sphinx. The shape of the pebble replicates the names of its form: stone and egg and portal and eye. The pebble is round and smooth and if placed like a guard within a gated doorway is a witness to the strangers who pass in the street, who examine and judge. Max lives in Paris, where he shows the art he makes, and he visits his friends in the north of Italy, but once his home was in the Rhineland, and he remembers the forests there and the landscapes along the river. *Maybe he was seduced by the nostalgia provoked by passing trains and the great mysteries of telegraphic wires which move when you look at them from a running train and stand still, when you stand still. To scrutinize the mystery of the telegraphic wires (and also to flee from the father's tyranny) five-year-old Max escaped from his parents' house.* The wires that run through Brühl, and are followed slowly on foot along the tracks, also run from Paris through the countryside to the south, and are followed across other borders, followed back to other homes, along the tracks that cross through tunnels in the mountains and through forest clearings. Their precision is traced across the earth. *Blue-eyed, blond-curly-haired, dressed in a red night shirt, carrying a whip in the left hand, he walked in the middle of a pilgrims' procession. Enchanted by this charming child and believing it was the vision of an angel or even the infant of the virgin, the pilgrims proclaimed "Look, little Jesus Christ."* Before the last train, wandering in the stalls, Max finds another book to take with him, the illustrations of Doré, the waters of the Tigris rushing down through rocky cliffs, Eve asleep in the garden, Satan flying toward the earth. He waits another hour at the station and then watches as the white spires of the city fade and the train enters the dark provinces. *When someone asked him: "What will you become later?" little Max regularly answered: "A railroad guardian."*

The themes of the week are the uncertain rules by which its games are played. Disguise, reversal, seduction, to know who's in control. The theatrics of the week reveal what must be imagined to be desired. The pictures once authorized for contemplation and wonder are recognized in scenes only half-remembered, if only ever half-lived, the visions of a city that no longer exists. The decadent life has come and gone; the sacrificed men are buried; the alchemists have lost their positions; Max himself is dead, he says so; Max's father, *the strange painter*, is dying, the stern judge, who teaches and condemns; the Court of the Dragon is demolished; the bright arcades, built in iron, are gone, and the panoramas, drawn from nature; the fairgrounds and exhibitions are closed; the crowds are gone, taking their amusements, and the speculators gone from the barricades.

The towers of Vigoleno castle, Max's destination, rise over the green hills. A fortress on a promontory, a walled city above sloping vineyards. Inside the gates, narrow alleys lead under the fortifications, illuminated by torches. There are other guests, other encounters. A private theater with a private script. The hosts have many friends and extend many invitations. The opera is at Busseto and all the guests and servants and villagers arrive for the performance of *Aida*. In the dining room of the castle, Max finds a painting of St. George and the dragon and buys a canvas the same size. He takes the old master out of its frame and hangs his new painting in its place, a dense wall of trees with the image of a bird against the woods and a giant sun behind. The servants think they recognize the fragrant woods of Amonasro's home. The phantoms of the child's dreams return again through the forests of Brühl, like other children or animals lost in the woods, called back to their homes, where the sinister and official forests are more scary for the child's growing older. *If so it may be important to state that Max always preferred wine. When he was two years old, he secretly emptied some glasses, then he took his father by the hand, showed him the trees in the garden and said, "Look, daddy, they move." Look, daddy, and look, little Jesus, look, father, and look, son, look again and look and look. When someone would ask him: "What is your favorite occupation?" he regularly answered, "Looking."*

Max later records the events of his sixth year. *First contact with nothingness. First contact with hallucination.*

When Max had left his wife and son in Cologne to live with his friend Paul and Paul's wife, Gala, at Paul's house in Paris, where Max and Paul could make books together out of Paul's poems and both spend the nights with Gala, the three friends went on a journey across the ocean. First Paul got up from his table at a restaurant and didn't come back. Then Max and Gala followed him to Saigon. After the three friends traveled into the Cambodian jungle to see the temples of Angkor Wat and after they returned home to Paris, Max moved out of Paul's house. *Max and I were at Verdun together and used to shoot at each other*, Paul remarks. In the first photograph that the three friends appear in together, Gala is wearing Max's iron cross. Paul and Gala had seen Max's collages at an exhibition organized by their friend André and met him the next summer at a farmhouse in the Austrian mountains. Max served as an artillery lieutenant on both fronts, while André served in a hospital on the other side of the Western line. Max never went to André's hospital, but he was injured twice, by the recoil of a rifle and by the kick of a captured horse, and André remembers the afternoon he saw for the first time the collages Max had made, how they had *struck us like a revelation*. Max had watched the sky fill with warplanes from his station in the German trenches, where he painted watercolors. *Max Ernst died the 1st of August 1914. He resuscitated the 11th of November 1918 as a young man aspiring to become a magician and to find the myth of his time.*

As the vegetation is cleared away from the vast stone, the sight lines are trenches cut straight through the earth, where the immensity of the ruins demystifies sight. Art is not the transmutation of the self. Art is a form of sacrifice. A test, to reconstitute, to perpetuate, to absolve. The week of kindness is the reversal of creation, the dismantling of created forms.

*One rainy day in 1919, finding myself in a village on the Rhine . . .*

The father is disturbed, he is disoriented, he is refused his proper name. Max still lives near his German home. André and his friend Philippe leave their apartments to take a nighttime walk through the streets and don't come back until morning. In a glass-covered courtyard behind the toilets of a café, a young girl in a communion dress recites obscene poems. Max brings

with him to a small hotel by the river a catalogue of educational supplies, the *Bibliotheca Paedagogica*, as the ships pass by on their way south from Cologne.

*One rainy day in 1919, finding myself in a village on the Rhine, I was struck by the obsession which held under my gaze the pages of an illustrated catalogue showing objects designed for anthropologic, microscopic, psychologic, mineralogic, and paleontologic demonstration. There I found brought together elements of figuration so remote that the sheer absurdity of that collection provoked a sudden intensification of the visionary faculties in me and brought forth an illusive succession of contradictory images, double, triple and multiple images, piling up on each other with the persistence and rapidity which are peculiar to love memories and visions of half-sleep.*

As the lamps are put out in the walkways of arcades and on the landings of apartment house stairs, a traveler headed farther south than Max, having seen in a rain-darkened field an abandoned train by the side of the tracks, notices like Max that the figures he passes in the half-light are not who they seem to be. *If one is to believe the description of Max Ernst contained in his identity papers.*

*The research for this work was pieced together from multiple sources, primarily Max Ernst: Beyond Painting and Other Writings by the Artist and His Friends (Wittenborn, Schultz), from which many of the direct quotations are taken; Max Ernst Collages: The Invention of the Surrealist Universe by Werner Spies (Abrams); and the exhibition catalogues Max Ernst: A Retrospective (The Metropolitan Museum of Art) and Dada: Zurich, Berlin, Hannover, Cologne, New York, Paris (National Gallery of Art, Washington). Other sources include A Not-So-Still Life: A Memoir by Jimmy Ernst (St. Martin's), Ghost Ships: A Surrealist Love Triangle by Robert McNab (Yale), and Transgressions of Reading: Narrative Engagement as Exile and Return by Robert D. Newman (Duke), along with the writings of Guillaume Apollinaire, Walter Benjamin, and André Breton.*

Brigitte Byrd

(SAILING A LEADEN SEA)

Never mind my mother waiting for her grand separation from the livings  
strapped on a stainless steel wheelchair. White cover on her lap like her  
hair. Striking through the absence of hue. I am her daughter the poet and I  
imagine. *What is left of the self after the breakdown of the brain?* Brittle skin on  
bones under a hospice gown. Dark eyes full of broken rivers leading nowhere.  
A French woman wrecked beneath an American flag. Lost whispers brushing  
on empty pillows. Speckled mind reduced to shapeless thoughts. I imagine  
another woman. I imagine signs of love. I imagine the carelessness of grief. I  
imagine a circular motion to pass up desertion. It is common to sit motionless  
when the desire to feel is unhinged.

## (MARCH TO THE RHYTHM OF BROKEN HUMS)

We all wait to return from our wounded hearts and all of a sudden the air pulses with fever. Is my mother's body a silent volcano. Is my body a burning dream. O shall I unveil the glistening farewells of her effervescent language. *When I'm tired of the indecision of the sky, I sing.* Words rain down her mouth in a single motion like a great water wave and turn into dust. There is no sound in this hollow hour when she cannot remember how to string her thoughts into amber love. As we all know I pick up her hand and move my feet to make her eyes quiver like floating garlands. In the turbulent background there is a flock of old people gathered around round wooden tables like famished hairless chicks in a forsaken nest. Everything else is out of focus. I say *Does she ever ask about me?* They say *You need to add your name on the list.*

## (TO FASTEN ONE'S HANDS AROUND LOOSE LEAVES)

When autumn sweeps through the garden there is abundance of red in the air. I want to scream the beauty of the season and get caught searching for loud words under a yellow light. *Come along, little poem, show me shivering trees coming undone.* On occasion dandelion seeds dance by my window like a white omen and I sit with the dog like in a movie. It is easy to forget her shattered brain and curl up in the sun with the cat. Until. Until French words fracture the torpor. *Avion. Maison. Abandon.*<sup>11</sup> Until there is only an empty spot on the floor and it is cold. Until someone calls for me in the distance and it is not her. She left the sound of my name under a heavy rock and forgot to mark it with a blue dot. She does not say *Now that you can fly, I'll survive in the sand.* Now. In the sand. Now. To survive. Now. I'll fly.

---

<sup>1</sup> Plane. House. Desertion.

## (UNDERSTANDING DESTROYED HALLWAYS AND BROKEN FENCES)

I question locking my door and waiting for a sign of love. She is who she is and in my house curtains dance in tempo with the wind. The floor has lost its breath under tightly woven Persian rugs. When I feel the purple emptiness of her heart on my skin I am shipwrecked. I am cast away. No anchor no sustenance no kindness no mother. She slips away between winter and spring and I grab onto a ring of white mushrooms on my way to the drugstore. I grab onto a Madeleine recipe on my way to the sea. I grab onto a yellow light on my way to evanescent elation. Is it the way it has to be when there is nothing else to hold on to. I don't call to say *I'm home and it's snowing, can you hear me?* I am who I am and in my revelation nothing happens. There is only mostly ape and clashing with drums and tuba<sup>21</sup>. The phone sits still by my hip and my fingers run on the keys to make new words. I write *Take Atlanta today, for instance. It's planet telex*<sup>32</sup>.

---

<sup>1</sup> “Clashing” is a piece from Mostly Ape’s album *Drums and Tuba*

<sup>2</sup> “Planet Telex” is a song from Radiohead’s album *The Bends*



## (MOVING LIKE AN INVISIBLE PAINTING)

It's always a matter of shifting sound when I hit a sudden stiffness in the narrative. First the rain comes in endless strings of neurotic clouds then the wind pants bitter memories of comatose cathedrals. If I drive in a car I swerve and remember when I located my mind hovering above me like a defiant kite. If I sit under a yellow light I secure my eyes on a screen and tell my fingers to run across the keyboard in choreographed escapes. If I walk at the end of a leash I yank my heart back into place under its ribbed corral. A shiny thread unfurls complete with mood variations in *bleu ciel*<sup>41</sup> and Han purple. The next step means bartering my mother's damaged muttering for interlocking loops of dialogue. There is resistance in my ears when the setting's pallor is a symbol of gloom. Shall I write words like impossible valleys. Shall I read words like crowns of sand. *L'essentiel se transporte si aisément.*<sup>52</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> sky blue

<sup>2</sup> "Necessities are carried along so easily" is from Pascal Quignard's *Villa Amalia*.

## PASSED EACH OTHER AND SAID HI - (CHINATOWN)

YOU: tall with very short dark hair, black glasses,  
handsome, and carrying a small white gift bag. you were at the booth  
selling windows and you were purchasing about twenty sandwiches  
(how you remain so thin is a mystery).

you were waiting at Metro Center to get on the Red Line towards  
DuPont Circle at about 5 pm. you let one train pass due to the huge crowd  
in front of us and then got on the next one wearing a yellow cardigan, black  
trousers, holding  
an iPhone with a pink protective sleeve. my memory escapes me.

you look a little conceited wearing a flannel or plaid shirt, and had some  
bracelets,  
a jacket and black kicks. you were a Kiwi who sat next to me carrying  
a lot of, what appeared to be, blueprints and commented on my merino wool  
shirt.

you were standing with your buddy who was about the same height as you with  
curly, light brown hair. I think. you looked through the foggy sauna door at the  
clock on the wall outside, but couldn't see it very well.

we exchanged out of breath looks as we passed each other, running north

ME: dark hair and features, black scarf and jacket  
I had to meet an old lady friend to catch up and talk about some financial  
matters,  
but I was hoping to come back

I was in the passenger side of a blue two door car. I was checking you out and  
I think you were looking back at me too. I have long brown hair, brown eyes,  
curves and was doing cable crunches with my older friend. I was in light blue  
shorts and muscle shirt.

I told you that we both wearing our sunglasses and there is no sun out.  
I asked you - where did you get them sassy sunglasses?

I liked your banter and your smile. I was a dancing fool  
of average height with long dark hair wearing a blue dress, black blazer,  
leggings and black keds and you stood to the side with your buddy the whole

time. I was jumping rope. We exchanged some serious eye contact and I sensed we were both into it, but I may be wrong.

I know I wasn't as smooth as I should have been, standing behind you, tallish brunette, wearing skinny black jeans and a grey sweater. I was too shy to say anything to you so I pretended I didn't notice you and instead creepily checked out your ID badge after your friends left you in there - we even "ran in to each other" in the bathroom, and still neither one of us said a thing.

I just met you, and fell in love with you over the course of a dinner yet instead I resort to this with no plans for later.

Brandon Downing

## THE PART OWNER (PROVINCETOWN)

1.

“You’re only a fool ape-girl character in milk industry advertising playlets  
I do professionally all over the urban Southwest“ “So?”

Frightening variants; torpid nougat.  
Yellow, '73, god damn,  
Goodbye to that helicopter of shit

Startling cleaning services,  
Newspapers mostly, rentals,  
Nautical diffusers.

Where when I walk in, you dive  
Under some Harry Potter blankets, then  
I create a stack of muddy 1870s coins in my cunt:

Unearthly callings, in perfect English  
By Patsy, Rosie’s (115-year old) bird

2.

It's windy: I'm so caught up in it!

White beak boats on lit black water,  
Trees crowned in swaying emerald Muppets

Shadowy graffiti painted on the town cats

Animatronic swimmers? Wow rashes.  
Carbohydrates on our guide boat,

Finding the apply to freak that up loud, as it's  
Way cooler than just handling her book.

3.

Anyway, they blow their skyscrapers out  
By tunneling along the ankles first,

Using the moon shadow for a bridge,  
Which also happens to be the best time for factions,

Old runner tracks pitted by welding's  
Soulder beads, by my hardcore memory plunge.

I'm back now: I dig what you did for your planet's moon,  
As wind exercised in the hollows of your wet trunks. You know,

I also got begged to co-command as President of the Ships,  
To sit up in front and be there with Him, lined up

In that room, with its herm of Eisenhower,  
Reacting to the blade, being a bitch, soaking,

For walking out on that job because he was so smart,  
He got bored by even the most powerful policies.

Thought-transference congresses? To him, it was  
Just terraced old faggots swimming downhill laps,

He met his own friends at Tim's Lamb Pub,  
Going, fuck, what drinks match up with turkey pastas?

Shaking that animism off, and then every  
Single second of life holding more dynamism,

When you could kick anyone you want in the hatch.

# THE CRUTCH JOGGER

1.

One side of the posicle is shiny,  
But the other is mucky and  
It burns your backpack.

Get some patches, plot out  
Your territories, and start guardin':  
Change is a total ho.

2.

Watch out when you ping the features,  
Most of your feelings can get dug up in it,

That job is no park.  
See how you say yeah.

In the new world young kids online gamble,  
And ack, they win, and stay top, with nutrition supplements!

That's the thing with pipes and keys,  
Biking up to the place with the sculptures:

Suddenly you'll have to run off  
And go whip your cousin's butt.

I'd rather take a bunch of hits and stare at kids on the field.  
The girls can really block, and man

Are their little — the suits are so dank and stunning,  
As the moon hand plays out in grass straps,

Where your poetry goes on military excursions as a team,  
But my penis is too large to fuck your amazing tire.

This is for you. Circles of concentric expansion. How you prefer to irrigate. I look at water differently since we met. At how it collects. How it wanders as it spills. How everything feels like a possible reservoir—my drinking glass, a stopped drain, the palm of my hand as I wash. I watch your neighbors raid the watercress at the beginning of your property line—the lime green spuds uprooted from their pooling hollows, lofted into buckets, and piled into trucks. I want to feel what it was like picking avocados for the first time again—when it was only laughter. When we were in Chile and not in California. I remember the clouds: halos, bubbling, blowing up ahead of us, overtaking the sky, the fruit trees, cool blankets, as we danced beneath.

Plants grow quickly when there is no darkness in Alaska, and I retrace my finger over your arm. Now that you've found water, you don't know if it will sustain. Songs don't make sense and we don't ask why. We listen. I wanted to sketch these thoughts through your eyelids, stretch them across your irises.

I started writing again. But only in a small journal hidden behind your books on reverse osmosis. Our lives are filled with dripping, lubricating, seeping. You leave me with this cistern, glacial feeling. You, in this invisible well. When I dream you splinter into the shattered clouds of my eye. Into the orb I chase. We sit in our flushed shivers, our flowered refluxes, a spinal cord swings above us.

I speak to the trees so that they yield fruit. High fives of filtered life. They came out and listened. Took soundings. Allowed waves to shoot down into your property, bouncing off rock and hard surfaces. They collected the data, recording it. Packaged it up and sent it to a woman in El Paso, Texas. A woman who knew what to listen for. She tuned into the recordings of your property, heard what your land sounded like. She listened for fluctuations that told her where there was rock and where there was water.



I study your electrotelluric log, picturing the woman who listened, who arrived at these numbers. Seismic wanderings on the way toward water. I wonder what water sounds like underground, about the waving tone and voice of an aquifer. At night you are skeleton and x-rayed—I only find a black and white image of you if I look. Something caught in liquid that I can wash my face with. The summer that we stayed at the apartment in the desert, every surface, every wall was reflective. You couldn't escape yourself or the fact that you were there.

I break loose again.

What does it mean to become part of the landscape?

You grabbed my subconscious so images resurface later. Untangle and twist the ellipses. Bruise the alphabet, puncturing its recyclable seams and try again. When you stop running, I run faster, looking back three times, each time hearing your prescription for my illness. We split the fruit and share its sweetness, allowing it to stain our fingers. Your eyes, tidal and pooling, tilt toward the sky's fingernail—moon clipped and earth bound.

You listen.

## BELIEVER'S BLOG

*Believable* characters, *real* dialogue, for the participant to feel they are *given* something after reading, Believer desires.

An adult spine compresses roughly 0.59 inch from morning to night.

Middle Age — Mama Cass dies by choking on her own kind of ham sandwich. Aunt Sandi dies from an acute bacterial infection, believed to be from an abscess in one of her teeth. Aunt Diane dies not from the lung cancer, but from the hemorrhaging of three massive brain tumors unbeknownst to doctors.

*“Come and see.” And I saw. And behold, a white horse.<sup>1</sup>*

The average life span of a human taste bud is 7 to 10 days. By age 60, most people have lost half their taste buds.

While Otis Redding sang *I can see clearly now the rain is gone* during a cloudy outdoor concert, the sky opened up to streams of light and a rainbow. Believer believes it.

*Ring around the rosey, pockets full of posies. Ashes, ashes, we all fall down* originated during the Black Plague, which killed up to one-third of the 12th century European population.

Blood travels at about 0.7 mph. It takes 60 seconds for a drop of blood to circulate through the body.

Youth — Jane is killed instantly when a semi crosses the double yellow line on her way to the family cabin in Idyllwild. Believer's best friend from childhood, lost touch in high school. No one notifies Believer of death, but everyone wonders why Believer couldn't bother to show up at the funeral.

To see a world in a grain of sand, and a heaven in a wildflower, hold infinity in the palm of your hand, and eternity in an hour said William Blake.

A work of prose that is heartfelt, meaningful, cherished, Believer desires.

After age 30, the brain begins to lose neurons at a rate of about 50,000 per day, shrinking one-quarter of 1 percent in mass each year.

Ultimately, constructive comments, critique, improvement, Believer desires. Much further to go, Believer knows.

Rodin's *The Thinker* eternally ponders.

Gustav Klimt's *The Kiss*, refuses to become merely a moment.

Caught in a moment said U2.

I held a moment in my hand, as brilliant as a star, fragile as a flower, a tiny sliver of one hour, I dropped it carelessly. Ah! I did not know I held opportunity said Hazel Lee.

The average duration of a single blink of the human eye is 0.3 seconds. The average person blinks 25 times per minute, or about 13,140,000 blinks per year.

Believer, not really a character, only a distant illusion, but removed how far from what participant reads?

I am more interested in the subtle, the oblique, the allusive said David Markson.

This is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself

as a mighty

one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap wrote George Bernard Shaw.

The human heart beats about 70 times per minute, or approximately 36,792,000 beats per year or about 3 billion (give or take a few million) over an average lifetime. It creates enough pressure to squirt blood 30 feet.

Uncle Pat claims he beat a man who climbed Mt. Everest twice in a competition. When Believer asks Father what type of competition he mumbles something about a jackhammer. Brother Cade is messy with everything except his marijuana. This stuff he knows. Cousin Andrea quits a job by saying she has ovarian cancer. What else could she have told them. It's hard to quit working at a place she says. Aunt Kate has been car shopping since the spring of 1991 and is still comparing prices. Uncle Ron prefers not to travel. I'm an arm chair type of guy he says. Mother and Father meet in Driver's Ed. They drive 2500 miles from California back to Iowa for a 25 cent garage sale ironing board they left behind. I guess we wanted another road trip before real life began, Father says.

*It's hard for thee to kick against the pricks Till Armageddon no shalam, no shalom  
Then the father hen will call his chickens home.<sup>1</sup>*

The visible world is the invisible organization of energy said Physicist Heinz Pagels.

Don't draw me so many pictures Father says. Quality vs. quantity. Go back and draw me something more detailed. Believer returns to the table.

Emancipate yourselves from mental slavery, none of us but ourselves can free our mind said Bob Marley.

Believer storms the brain, the cerebellum, the spine. Seeks memory, movement,

maelstrom.

Aunt Jenny finds a body lying across the bench in their backyard at age nine. Why is the barber slumped across our picnic table she asks Grandfather. Grandfather rushes her back inside, takes care of the suicide in their yard. Friend Benjamin's mother is so superstitious that if he doesn't walk across the room in the correct zigzag pattern, she has him do it again. She panics the morning an owl lands on their fence pole in daylight. Less than fifteen minutes later they are notified his brother has been killed in WWII. She is sent to the hospital for having a heart attack but literally dies of fright after seeing the owl. Believer imagines it so.

The human liver performs over 500 functions.

Sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast said Lewis Carroll.

Aunt Kate has hysterical laryngitis. For one year she calls and doesn't speak. Three taps of the pencil, four rapid ones, five. Six slower. She's devised her own Morse Code that none of us can decipher.

Man did not weave the web of life; he is merely a strand in it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself said Chief Seattle.

New job. Boss has tasks for Believer. After sitting for two weeks without work, Believer is assigned the following: straighten the picture in the hallway and perhaps move those four gray chairs next to the other three. When Boss comes out to talk he sits cross-legged at Believer's feet. Same Boss writes recommendation letter that speaks more about himself than Believer. Believer can't believe it.

High white count. Near rupture of spleen. Doctor says Brother Cade has leukemia. Misdiagnosis later reported: it is not leukemia, but mono.

*The hairs on your arm will stand up At the terror in each sip and each sup Will you partake of that last offered cup Or disappear into the potter's ground.<sup>1</sup>*

Brother Cade and Friend John crash Blue, Believer's first car, into the children's wing of the city library. Both walk away unharmed. Even manage to hide their bong behind the library wall when the paramedics arrive. Late night accident, no one else involved. Blue unrecognizable. Believer looks away. Medic says it's a miracle the boys are ok. Brother Cade later says they swerved out of the way of a cat. Must have been a damn large cat Father says.

The ashes of the average cremated person weigh 9 pounds.

Severe pressure behind eyes. Blurred peripheral. Antidepressants, anxiety medications, cat scans, MRIs, and no brain tumor. Doctor then notes that nutrition must be the answer. Receptors in eyes are predominantly made of protein. One month of extra protein shakes, Believer heals.

The eye of a human can distinguish 500 shades of gray.

An average human drinks about 16,000 gallons of water in a lifetime. Price for a gallon of gas buoys from 4.22 to 1.83. It takes 17 muscles to smile and 43 to frown.

Uncle Ron has lung problems. Aunt Kate brings up pamphlets from the Mayo clinic. If you read them within 30 days then you can send them back without paying. We'd sometimes wonder how long she'd keep information. Thrown at the bottom of gift box on Believer's 21<sup>st</sup> birthday: pamphlets outlining STDs, dated seventeen years earlier. Uncle Ron is not sleeping. Tells his girls he will be dead in a year. This is ten years ago.

*Go and tell that long tongue liar, Go and tell that midnight rider, Tell the rambler, the gambler, the back biter.<sup>1</sup>*

According to German researchers, the risk of heart attack is higher on Monday than any other day of the week.

Co-worker's boyfriend found next to neighbor's door in swim trunks. Wrapped in an orange towel with his goggles on, suffered brain damage from prescription drugs. Best relationship I was in, co-worker says. Uncle James and Aunt Jenny crash motorcycle into a deer. Asphalt embedded over an inch deep into Aunt's knee. Uncle James takes his first motorcycle on a cross country trip and crashes it in Colorado. Less than a week after he left he finds himself making his way home on a Greyhound bus.

Exquisite corpses, ekphrastic responses, Believer experiments.

The ancient Maya believed that unrefined cocoa with a pinch of chili held the power to unlock hidden yearnings and reveal destinies.

Confession must be made in the spirit of contrition.

The true mystery of the world is the visible, not the invisible said Oscar Wilde.

Took the bat on vacations. Softball at Pfeiffer State Park. Drift wood for bases and the sea to signal a home run. Aunt Jenny and Uncle James thought their girls would beat us. Brother Cade accidentally hits Cousin Amanda in the eye with a stray ball that splay off his bat. Minutes later in retaliation, Aunt Jenny wallops the ball back at Brother Cade stinging him in the chin. A single photo still captures their misery: one welled, black eye, one swollen chin, many troubled faces.

Words ought to be a little wild, for they are the assaults of thoughts on the unthinking said John Maynard Keynes.

Every human spent about half an hour as a single cell. Humans are born with

300 bones. As adults they only have 206.

One spring, a bird knocks against our window for an hour each morning. It must think its nest is inside, Father says. Another rushes into a window while we sit lacing our shoes on the stoop. Father pets its trembling head for half an hour, talking to it. Slowly the creature becomes less disoriented, and flies away out of his open hand. It didn't even thank me Father says. The bird flies toward a blue sky. It just did, Believer says.

What we are looking for is what is looking said St. Francis of Assisi.

Aunt Marilyn cuts her face after a fight with her husband when she falls on the shattered glass from her vodka tonic. Scotch began at three and no later. If they waited, they got antsy, then irritated, then verging on violent. Mother tries to read something to Aunt Joni. Oh, you're not going to make me think, are you asks Aunt Joni.

Continued concentration, Believer desires.

No photos of Mother and Father's wedding except one Polaroid of the two frozen in laughter: one looking down in giggle, the other to the side. The photographer sends the negatives and prints in the same envelope that never arrives.

And in the end, it's not the years in your life that count. It's the life in your years said Abraham Lincoln.

Boy in class digs a paperclip into his leg. Blood slowly beads up. Leaps out of the infliction. Believer stares. Making a tattoo. Gonna put my initials and it'll scar. Stay there. Whiter than the rest. See? He pulls up his plaid shorts on the other leg to reveal a scratched in scar of sorts. Believer can't make out what it



says.

Eighth grade — Substitute teacher clips his toenails at Mrs. Cavanaugh's desk. Clippings still there when she returns the following week. Same substitute tells class of killing a litter of pigs by throwing them against a barn wall.

*And I heard as it were the noise of thunder One of the four beasts.<sup>1</sup>*

The longest case of hiccups on record was by an American pig farmer, whose hiccups persisted from 1922 through 1987.

A pig's internal anatomy mirrors that of a human. They are perfect organ donors. On the genetic tree, a pig is our closest relative besides nonhuman primates.

Make oatmeal cookies as power bars. All natural, no preservatives. Mother packs them for tennis matches and hiking trips.

The human stomach needs to produce a new layer of mucus every two weeks or it would digest itself.

It takes the interaction of 72 different muscles to produce human speech.

Allergy testing. Break into hives in every place the allergist pierces an allergen filled needle. I hate that my little girl can't smell a flower Father says. Pneumonia for the fifth time, bronchitis for the eleventh.

A cough releases an explosive charge of air that moves at speeds up to 60 mph. The speed of a sneeze has been clocked at 102 mph.

Babysit for two-year-old triplets on weekends. Afterward, sleeps well, Believer does. What is the velocity at which a sneeze travels from triplets Boyfriend at

the time asks. They are three individual people Believer notes.

Relative to size, the strongest muscle in the body is the tongue.

Human thigh bones are stronger than concrete.

Amazon women would cut off their breast on their bow arm so it wouldn't get in the way when shooting.

Picked first for the kickball team, only girl to play. Kicks farther than any of the boys, Believer does.

When finding that crush isn't who Believer thought him to be, something inside dies. Shed another layer. Bury something. Something that doesn't want to be buried. Believer searches for it again.

In an average lifetime, a person will walk the equivalent of 5 times around the equator.

Parking passes on campus go for \$300. Parks off campus. Walks to class. Shows up with windblown hair, flushed cheeks, perspiration. Symptoms vary depending on the time of year. Refreshed, Believer feels.

Frost sticking to eyelashes. Icicles form from tears. Breath caught at top of ski lift. Believer tumbles.

The entire length of all the eyelashes shed by a human in their life is over 98 feet.

Every year about 98% of the atoms in the human body are replaced. A healthy adult draws in about 3.3 to 4.9 liters of air in a single breath, but at rest only about 5% of this volume is used. During a 24-hour period, the average human will breathe 23,040 times.

15 million blood cells are destroyed in the human body every second.

The human body is comprised of 80% water.

The feeling of lying down after being knocked around in the ocean. A sober dizziness produced from nature. Intoxicated naturally, Believer is.

The average human body contains enough: iron to make a 3 inch nail, sulfur to kill all fleas on an average dog, carbon to make 900 pencils, potassium to fire a toy cannon, fat to make 7 bars of soap, phosphorous to make 2,200 match heads, and water to fill a ten-gallon tank.

Believer is only believing. Notes. Collections. Anecdotes. Synapses to thoughts. Thoughts to ideas. The Believer brainstorms.

Old Age — Dee and Bob meet at the beach on a Thursday, and they marry that Sunday. Sixty years together they celebrate this year. Dee will be buried in the bathing suit she first met Bob in.

Those who danced were thought to be quite insane by those who could not hear the music said Angela Monet.

Every man dies – Not every man really lives believed William Ross Wallace.

Mother has cancer. Believer crumbles.

*There's a man goin' 'round takin' names. An' he decides who to free and who to blame. Everybody won't be treated all the same. There'll be a golden ladder reaching down. When the man comes around.*<sup>1</sup>

Detected in the right breast. The one without the bloody discharge. Rogue cells. Break loose. Estrogen production, a catalyst in a chain reaction. Clear

margins. Prognosis: Uncontained, contained. Uncontrollable, controlled.

Nerve impulses travel at speeds up to 200 mph. A prickling pain travels at 67 mph; a burning pain at 4 mph.

Father's hands are scarred from gardening. Friend Damien is paralyzed from the neck down after an ill-formed dive into the sapphire waters of the Caribbean. Uncle Robert is burned alive at age thirteen while incinerating the garbage. Grandfather jumps out of the third story window where they had been painting together to save him.

He is a wise man who does not grieve for the things which he has not, but rejoices for those which he has said Epictetus.

At least 100,000 chemical reactions occur in the brain every second.

The amount participant has changed in the moments reading this, Believer wonders.

We tell ourselves stories in order to live said Joan Didion.

Batch of oatmeal cookies Believer bakes for the 100<sup>th</sup> time.

Humans shed about 600,000 particles of skin per hour, about 1.5 pounds a year or 105 pounds of skin by the time they are 70 years old. This translates to an entirely new outer layer of skin cells every 27 days, almost 1000 new skins in an average lifetime.

Ahead, greater transformations. Cookies. Skins. More believing, Believer believes.

NOTES: I am indebted to David Markson.  
'Johnny Cash

Susan Scarlata

## WHAT THE OWL SAID TO DO

The woman, the blend of white owl and woman  
says we should go get some teeth from a dragon  
and sow the teeth to make the next race.

Did you get that?

Pallas owl, your line broke up.  
The bad connection, the static speaking.  
What I got through the break was

whatever as the new whatever.

So we'll write out our favorite words

on slips of clean, bright paper  
to burn for the sake of whichever god it is

that we favor.

What if this welter is it, for reals?  
What words would you take for your own?  
The painting on your tongue tells me to start

the double digging.

# OUT OF THE EATER CAME FORTH FOOD

First is to kill the bull.  
Next is to let the flesh lie.  
We read this is the way bees are made.

Lay up many things

to bring forth the bees, but  
do not touch the flesh until you hear it loud.  
Like behind the red behind the ribs of the bull

there are angry radio waves.

Pause. Add rosemary to this  
carcass, maybe cardamom.  
And when you cannot sleep

from long waiting,

spatter your face  
with the coldest liquid around,  
and listen low and close.

The hatch will hatch soon.

## AFTER THE EDICT

The night we first heard about getting two  
of everything ever we began  
clawing 'tween cushions,

and we got us some

dusty lint, some inky coins.  
You said we could felt them into creatures.  
I said that they would never sense.

When we first heard

about getting two of everything,  
I felt sure I had heard someone  
had done this before.

The red behind my ribs started

a list of queries. Where are the ice alleys?  
How does one splint a paw?  
We know not to tourniquet,

but what if we clot?

# THE EGGPLANT JUST WANTS TO KILL YOU

How many persimmons equal an elephant?  
Haggling over what stands for what. Tusk love.  
While people round up feral cats at the airport,

have you noticed

a resurgence of astronauts?  
Astronaut on the cereal box and astronauts  
learning to dance? They are everywhere

I read. The one poet

says give me your thee. While  
the other poet's eyes are all over.  
And my cell phone sounds like a rap song,

and my rap song sounds

like a washer gone wrong.  
The text says when the nightshades show up  
they want to kill you, while our hard-drives hold

all our cut words "in mind."



Daniel Borzutzky

## IN OTHER WORDS

The boy I allegedly kicked in the face doesn't have a face. And if he did have a face, why would he stick it beneath my foot, which I do not have. And if I did have a foot, why would it kick, when it could dance or tap or twitch.

I walk on crutches, a sock over my stump to keep my blood from leaking, though sometimes my blood leaks, and when it leaks it coagulates, and when it coagulates I turn into a brick, and I rest between other bricks because I do not have the language to pull myself apart, and to fall into the fortified city where all the poets are gangsters, where all the bankers are poets, and where the only difference between a banker and a gangster is their approach to rhythm and syntax.

There is a rooster that pecks at this wall. He thinks he's a dog. He howls; he pisses on this wall in which I am but a brick, this wall that prevents me from seeing how the words I write prevent me from rotting, prevent my dust from mingling, properly, into the yellow dust of war.

Without the art of exaggeration, the war would be dull. We would watch it from our homes, noting its alchemy the way one notes the screech of a distant bird before sunset. And the screech of a distant bird before sunset would be nothing more than an occasion to write an occasional poem about what we hear but do not see, about what see but do not perceive, about what we perceive but do not know.

Everything thing that ends as poetry begins as blood and infamy.

## THE BOOK OF EQUALITY

Here the readers gather to watch the books die. They die suddenly, as if thrown from an airplane, or from spontaneous cardiac arrest. They live, and then suddenly they die, and the reader who watches this is at the moment of the books' death bombarded with images documented through the smiling lipstick face of a journalist who has shown up to report on the death of the books. The milk was poisoned and forty-two babies died, she laughs, as she fondles the ashes of the dead books. And the death of forty-two babies is equal in value to the death of this book which is equal in value to the ninety-year old woman who shot herself while the sheriff waited at her door with an eviction notice which is equal in value to the collapsing of the global economy which is equal to the military in country XYZ seizing the land of the semi-nomadic hunters and cultivators of crops who have lived in the local rain forest for thousands of years. The reader opens a dead book and finds an infinite amount of burnt ash between the bindings, and when the ash blows in the wind the lipstick says that every death in the world is equal to every other death in the world which is equal to every birth in the world which is equal to every act of dismemberment which is equal to the death of a jungle which is equal to the collapse of the global economy, and hey look there's another lady falling out of a window; she looks about equal to the poet hurled out of his country for words he wrote but which did not belong to him and whose death is about equal to the girl who was shot on the bus on her way to school this morning which is just about the same as the bearded man whose head was shoved into a sac while water was dumped over it and he died for an instant and came back to life and talked and talked and that's about equal to the steroid illegally injected into the arm of a beautiful man who makes forty million dollars a year for injecting his arms with steroids so he can more skillfully wave a wooden stick at a ball, and in the ash we see the truest democracy there ever was: hey look it's a little baby found in a dumpster how equal you are says the smiling lipstick to the civilized nation whose citizens walk the flooded streets looking for their homes, and in the ashes of the dead book the dead streets are equal to the eating disorders of movie stars which are equal to the dead soldiers who are equal to the homeruns which are equal to the bomb dropped by country ABC over weddings in the village of country XYZ which is equal to the earth swallowing up and devouring all of its foreigners which is just about equal to the decline in literacy in the most educated nation in the planet. There is no end to this book. There

are no paragraph breaks to interrupt the smiling lipstick that goes on and on in one string of ashy words about how the declaration of peace is equal to the resumption of war and how the bodies that fall are equal to the birds that ascend and how the bomb in the Eiffel Tower is equal to the rising cost of natural gas, and the murmurs of the voices in the mud are equal to the murmurs of the expensive suits falling out of buildings and these are equal to the silence that kills with one breath and coddles life with another.

## THE BOOK OF NON-WRITING

*“There should be a writing of non-writing. Someday it will come. A brief writing, without grammar, a writing of words alone. Words without supporting grammar. Lost. Written, there. And immediately left behind.”*

--Marguerite Duras, translated by Mark Pollizzotti

It came. Words smashed out of the sky and from the mouths and off the pages and from the flesh and blood of the bodies and the words hit the readers and were destroyed like more bodies and the fields of the nation were littered with bodies and dead. Carcass love, they called it. Carcass economy, they called it. And the readers found the carcasses strewn across the pages and the readers came and stripped their innards and twirled intestines above their heads like lassos. The carcasses fell onto the pages and were taken away in wagons and trucks and they were replaced with new carcasses that were sold for words before the flies laid eggs and the wounds had time to fester. FALSE CARCASS ECONOMY! Will the souls of the carcasses miss themselves when they die? Will the bodies whose lips slurp out the souls of the carcasses miss themselves when they die? Will the words from the bodies who slurp out the souls of the carcasses cease to exist when the bodies themselves die? The readers grovel in the pages and find themselves in ditches with the carcasses but they do not know the rules of the false carcass economy. In this book the readers can feel their feet being removed. In this book the readers can feel the splash of abattoir blood that sprinkles the page with poems. How do you know if the poems have too many bubbles? That is, how do you know if the blood of the poems has too many bubbles? When we speak of our own lives, says the collective voice of the readers, we certainly don't mean human life. On the page the readers find themselves crawling around like quadrupeds with hands full of grass and earth uprooting plants and trees setting out for home and not getting far counting corpses on the fields to hell with animals there is god grinding his teeth with joy forging his way through the ruins of failing flesh there is the machine that has annihilated the bulk of humanity is it semen or is it a carburetor that makes us unrecognizable we know who we are through decay and in someone else's story this is a lot worse than knocking your own brains out with good results then drinking tea with sugar and milk and suddenly feeling revived then exploding with words and speaking with animals and sinking in mud and being found by peasants who clean turds and who are like silent gods with holes in their shoes it is horrible to eat horrible to bulge in the belly with

food horrible to blink when so many can't blink oh to ruminate once more  
on the air polluted with liability on the hair singed from pollution the eyes  
burning fingers shrivelling the exact moment of ending will not come for  
many millennia we will not be able to document it it will document us it's  
okay to kill some bodies speak of nothing and you're lucky to make friends  
flank kidney liver swollen body on the sand who are you now that I am  
speaking with a mouth full of words that do not belong to me I crawl across  
the page and I don't know if I'm dying or dead.

## BETWEEN HOLE-WORD AND WORD-WORD

An epigraph by Walter Benjamin: "...to seize hold of a memory as it flashes up at a moment of danger..."

-----

The poem begins with a refugee boy unscrewing his wrist and jumping through the screen of a Power Point presentation in the office of a nameless bureaucrat.

The poem continues with the refugee boy declaring to the bureaucrats: "my body has turned to mud."

In the next line the refugee boy unscrews his leg, and in the hollows of his flesh there is a river, and at the end of the first stanza the boy who has turned to mud leaps into the river.

Power needs only power to justify itself, reads the next slide in the Power Point presentation, which is the next line of the poem.

The line shifts to an image of a river carrying the boy through the "o" in power, but the boy hangs onto the upper edge of the "o" and in so doing he resists the sweep of history.

In the next line the reader hears a mechanized female voice reciting the following words:

"Because the imagination industry keeps failing to predict the future, we are in the future now, we are in the future now."

And in the next line all the bureaucrats chant: "We are in the future now, we are in the future now."

And so as to better understand the future, the bureaucrats, at the beginning of the third stanza, memorize *Tyger! Tyger! Burning Bright!*

And in the next line the bureaucrats express great empathy for the refugee boy, who informs them through subliminal messages that he was put on this earth for no other reason than to suffer.

I am trying to avoid lyricism, the speaker states parenthetically, and hopefully I have been successful, but I am hindered by the fact that every few lines or so blood drips from the boy's stumpy arm into a sonorous puddle of ghost voices.

And in the next line, the bureaucrats, who definitively are not barbarians, stride gracefully through the puddle of blood and into the virulent poetic muck where they are forced to enter their data.

In the next line a bureaucrat sits by the river, calculating modern horrors with an abacus.

He speaks of fish floating up from the sea, of birds falling out of the sky.

He speaks of fish and birds, but the reader knows he is speaking of humans from the way he dips his finger in blood and draws circles on the side of his face.

The poem approaches the end, an open end where the water, in the voice of Marguerite Duras, murmurs that we have reached a transitional station between word-word and hole-word.

The poem wishes to end, but it still needs to convey some vital information to the refugee boy who earlier unscrewed his wrist for the sake of poetry:

Son, do not speak the hole-word because if you speak the hole-word you will ruin all other words.

Son, do not murmur the names of the dead because if you murmur the names of the dead you will ruin the poetry of death.

Son, when you get to the sanatorium, make a final request: do not let them take your soul from your body unless you have a contractual agreement that your soul will live forever.

## THE FIRST BODY

The brother said the body does not stink it is like no other body I have ever seen before. He took the body and poked it over and over again and when I asked him why he said because we might find more bodies inside this body so he jammed his finger into the belly and said do you see what I see there are river and cars and rats and dissolving language and the brother said do you see the state in the body's liver it's like a submarine and he stuck a finger into a bloody scab and said my finger's in traffic the corpses are speeding past me the heat rash I am having it's like an idea like the type of idea you get when you have stabbed something forty times. I touched his burning head and he said there is something going on out there a congregation of rats doing the Hiroshima shuffle walking the roads and jumping the skulls of women the women they're all losing their hair and the vapors slip into my nostrils and out through my skull.

We stopped on the side of the road to piss on the daffodils and my son said to me father you are always thinking and never acting and I said yes it's because I spent too much time watching things take shape and when they came out looking like beasts it was dispiriting to know what we were capable of and obviously I didn't want to share the body but I didn't want to offend it so I crawled on the floor and tried to sleep forever and when I woke up in the morning a toddler crawled on my face and yelled daddy daddy the earth has already fallen and what I want from this world is ice-cream and a few puzzles like the one with the trains that go straight across the invisible lines of the earth. Night came in the middle of the day so I tried to figure out how to eat the poison then brother pulled out his knife and said there are rats in the corpse you see I knew there were rats in the corpse said brother and I got the feeling he was going to tie me up and put me in the corpse and I said what about my skills and brother said What value? What value? Me, goddamn it I said and he said we love you Milton we watched you as a child eat your cream puffs and drink your milk and run into traffic and when you were plowed over we took your body and stuck it into a hole to see if it was already dead. It was an old trick and when you got up Milton you can imagine the scene. Mother weeping tears for Milton. Father said Milton it is time to go away we'll find your corpse later and when we do we'll lay it next to the other corpses and perhaps we can use it as a table until some of the other bodies agree to the terms of our contract.

In bed I type my love letter with my eyes shut I am about to fall asleep



when I hear the clanging of a glass dish with beans being placed into the refrigerator and the body says I'm bleeding so much more today there's a hole here where the thing used to be they took it and gave it away and said he's not yours he belongs to the universe and they looked for Madeline to ask if she was the owner and she said I'll be dissecting my hands for a couple of weeks and my fingers as well and when I stood on the chair and slipped my head into a noose I said I am going to see Barbara but then they pulled me out and said we don't want to lose your body because we know that inside of you there are other bodies and they murmured to the bodies within me and tried to coax them out with certain songs and when brother came they asked him if he was sure that within my body there were other bodies and and he said this laughing body, this pitiful body, this sick and frail body, if I could make it disappear I would, he said, and then he looked back down at the body he stabbed and said it will sink soon, brother, and when it sinks, my brother, you and I will also sink. We'll sink, my brother, into the wet and fertile earth.

G.C. Waldrep

## DISCRETE SERIES: AGHABOG

no ideas but in  
contiguous suffrances:

am I not haunted:

the friable soils:  
detract: from industry:

its rictal music:

what is the body  
but a formal garden:

on the French plan:

the graveled courts,  
commemorative

statuary: in which

God walks: at evening:  
among the stones:

such that: subsidence:

a fuel burning  
if you like it: inferior:

confined  
to cistern, seam:

nephritic topiaries,  
the body's gold

leaf: epiphenomenal:

velveted depository:

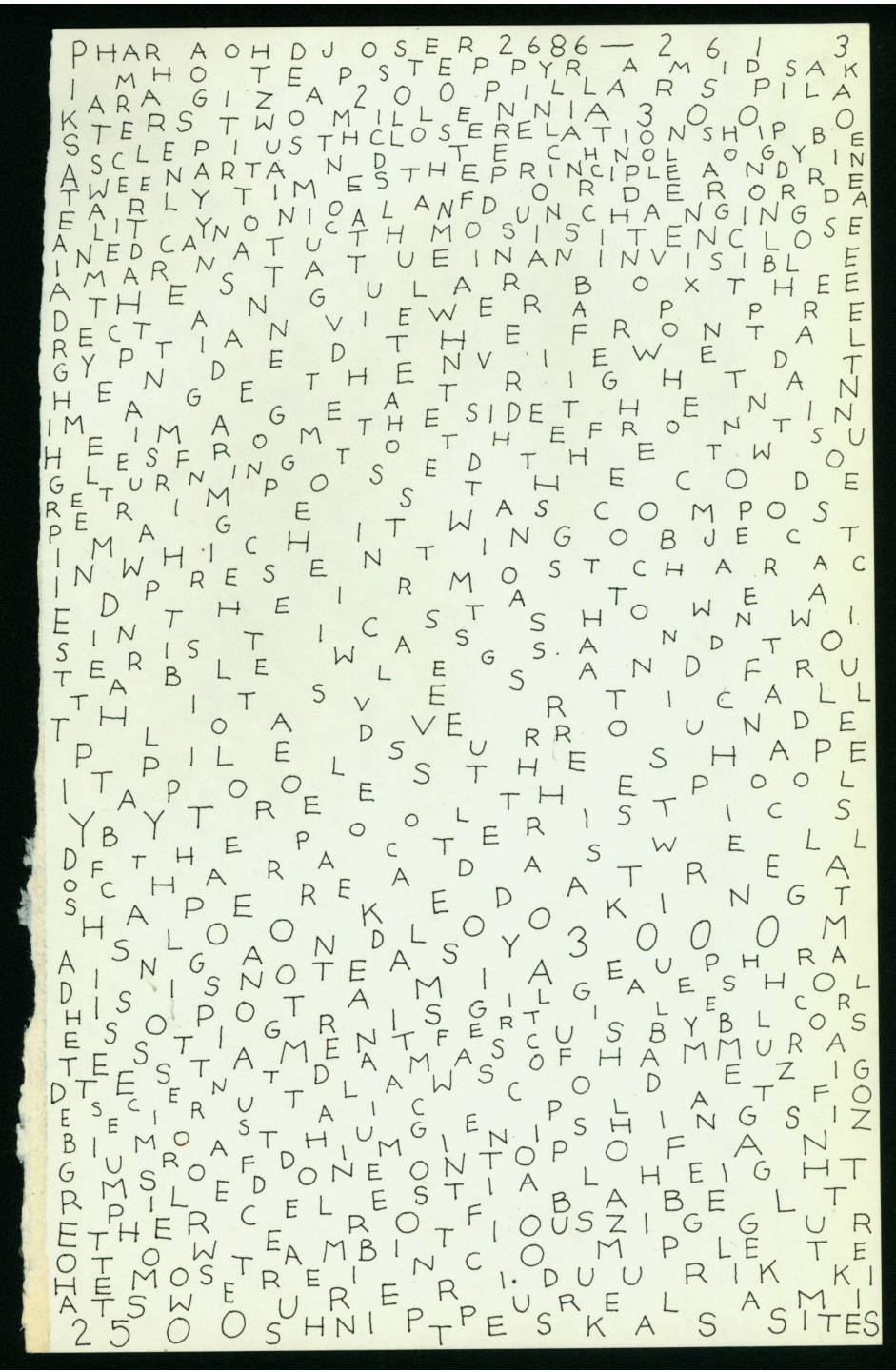
salt & salt's  
stridor, humming

peony of itch & brain:

## ON DEISM

what active emergency: cotyledon: forked agripheme: gentle rather, propulsive  
nest of feeling: train        for aqueduct: therefore gender: Plucked by a god:  
the museum        is (not) a venue for performance:        by land mammals: I  
read “scripped” for “stripped”: what is recovered, we think as gift: (we like  
to think): elisions in the text are of mechanical origin, the body’s backward  
masking: vitreous citadel: joined-up writing: an idea of something cold, almost  
varied: sheep may safely gaze:

Ben Goker





HUMAN HANDS LARGE NUMBERS  
OF ANIMALS GEOMETRIC FIGURES  
SIGNS FINGER DRAWINGS ENGRAVINGS  
RED IRON OXIDE HEMATITE BLACK  
MANGANESE DIOXIDE JUNIPER PINE  
CARBONS WHITE KAOLIN MICA YEL  
LOW BROWN MICHELANGELO LABASTI D E  
BERNIFAL LASCAUX 14 20 20 NIA  
UX ROUFFIGNAC TWIGS FEATHERS LEAVE  
S ANIMAL HAIR LES EYZIES MAMMOTH S  
S TAGS REINDEER HORSES BISON WOLVES SIGNS  
HUMAN OIDS ABSTRACTIONS ANATOMY  
PRINCIPLES OF MOTION INTENSE OBSERVATION  
SELF-DISCIPLINE EXTENSIVE STUDY PRECI  
SION ECONOMY OF LINE TONAL QUALITI  
ES WHAT WERE THESE DESIGNED T  
O CONVEY WHAT WAS THE PURPOSE  
E THE EVENING DOODLES OF HUNTERS  
SPIRITUAL RELIGIOUS UTILITARIAN TO  
TEMIC AESTHETIC ABBÉ HENR  
I BREUIL MAX RAPHAEL ANNETTE LAM  
ING—EMPERAIRE ANDRÉ LEROI-GOURH  
AN REYNALDO GONZÁLEZ GARCIA F  
UNALTA MIRA NON-MATERIAL METAPH  
YSICAL COMMUNICATING THOUGHTS ON A  
NEVER-WIDENING RANGE OF SUBJECTS  
THE MEGALITHS OF ANCIENT EUROPE AH  
THE JUMP IN TIME 10,000 3,000 THE  
DOG FISHING STONE INSTRUMENT  
NTS FARMING SEDENTARY ARCHITECT  
URE WAS BORN POTTERY VAST BLO  
CKS OF STONE MENHIRS HENGES FRO  
M THE COAST UP TO THE ISLAND  
S THE EPICENTRE OF THIS ARTISTIC RE  
LIGIOUS CULT WAS BRITTANY  
CYCLOPEAN WALLS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN  
TERRANEAN SELECTING A NATURAL  
ARTEFACT AND THEN PLACING IT IN  
A SPECIAL POSITION AND FORMATION  
CARACARNAC AH  
UG COMPLEX



TASOHELTECHNIQUEWASSTOBUILSDUB  
NDORLIEDCBRIKEDCORVEKESDWE  
YSEKINNEEDSMACTTINGANDROPE  
OVERROECITONGHCTATSHREIEOO  
FER1000EOTONEFURDLTOINDGSE  
IHERODOFANDNBREASTFROMMTAN  
OEWERTHOFANDNBREASTFROMMTAN  
OLEONGDNDOWERORISMLATSTHAYUP  
CHONANREEMOIGLNTHTSPWALLAYBO  
HISTHAREMEFALYNTHTSPWALLAYBO  
OETHREDMEFALYNTHTSPWALLAYBO  
UTSICDLESFAWYTHSLENTHAGFA  
UCENTICEPWORTHEIREISAGRE  
POSTRTTOHWKATASQULFASIX  
ASTHSEAOQAABUSACBLUE  
PTHG2OZEAOSBURSIRACHORNS  
THLGAZEAOSBURSIRACHORNS  
GUUGIELCTOACPSERDRAHARE  
BYSTTOHSEACZIGGALDREBU  
NSTAOOWERKSTTHOEBHIERREVE  
YILDCEFTIAFHNIGFSTTHOEBHIERREVE  
XONKOLCLVOTLBNAGSMLRKUORNE  
TAVOECUCUACHHTTALCTUBULDEORS  
NGIUMLCUACHHTTALCTUBULDEORS  
RDFMLCUACHHTTALCTUBULDEORS  
ODSWOTLBNAGSMLRKUORNE  
TSAWOTLBNAGSMLRKUORNE  
SLTHETFISTORRSCYUPLARWALOL  
SINHACIS8OESCO400OWAL  
FAGRCADIE8OESCO400OWAL  
ZEDMABELTOEFEMANUNDFDOLARGE  
LRSAMABELTOEFEMANUNDFDOLARGE



ALHUYUK HACIL A R C R O P C  
UL T I V A T I O N W I D E S P R E A  
D D O M E S T I C A T I O N O F A  
V A R I E T Y O F A N I M A L S S E T  
T L E M E N T I N P E R M A N E N T C O  
M M U N I T I E S 6 0 0 0 3 5 0 0  
I R A Q S U M E R I A N S S I Z  
E A B L E C I T I E S C O M M O N L A N G U A G E  
F I F T E E N C E N T U R I E S C I V I L I Z A T I O N  
O V E R N M E N T  
T E M P L E S Z I G G U R A T  
S E N G I N E E R I N G A R C H  
I T E C T U R E U R E N T A S I  
S G R E E K B U I L D E R S F I  
F T H C E N T U R Y S T A T U E S  
G R A V E S P R E C I O U S O  
B J E C T S M E T A L S J E W E L L E R  
Y P O T T E R Y B A T H R O O  
M S L A V A T O R I E S 3 2  
O O C U N E I F O R M S U  
N D R I E D C L A Y T  
A B L E T S A D M I N I S T R A  
T I O N G I L G A M E S H C Y L I N D E R  
S E A L S H U M A N S A N I M A  
L S M Y T H I C A L C R E A T U R E  
S P L A N T S T R E E S N  
A M E S O F T H E O W N E R S  
B E A U T Y S K I L L S S E N S I T I V I T  
Y A N C I E N T T O W N D W E L L E R  
S N I L E V A L L E Y U P P E R L O  
W E R E G Y P T K I N G S 3 1 0  
O N A R M E R M E M P H I S M O D E R  
N C A I R O A V A S T W H I T E  
W A L L E D P A L A C E P H A R A O  
H V A L L E Y D E L T A B A N K S R I C H  
H I C H E S T G O D S H E R O D O T U S



Sawako Nakayasu

## BOOK PERFORMANCE, FOR 10 PERFORMERS

All 10 performers should each have a copy of the same book. All 10 performers enter the stage from the same place.

Performer 1 is the first to enter. Stops stage right, sits or remains standing, and begins reading the book – silently to him or herself, as if no one else is around.

Performer 2 enters and stops next to Performer 1, and begins a Book Action (explained below).

Performer 3 enters and stops next to Performer 2 and begins a different Book Action.

And so on.

Performer 10 enters in the same manner as the other performers, but Performer 10's Book Action is to begin reading aloud from the book.

When Performer 10 reads aloud from the book, all the other performers stop what they are doing – they more or less freeze in that moment. When Performer 10 pauses and there is silence, all the other performers resume their Book Actions. This goes on for as long as Performer 10 desires and feels is appropriate.

In the process of the above, when Performer 10 begins reading aloud from a previously designated page, all the other performers begin to read aloud from the same previously designated page, while continuing their respective Book Actions (as best as they can). The group should come close to achieving unison in reading aloud from the same page, before they arrive at the end of the page. The performance ends when each of the performers has completed reading the previously designated page, at more or less the same time.

Book Actions may include but are not limited to the following. Book Actions may make noise, but must not involve the sounds of reading aloud from the book (which is reserved for Performer 10).

- Stroking one's body lovingly, all over the place, with the book
- Eating, chewing, gnawing at the book
- Picking one's nose and placing each booger inside the book
- Jumping, stomping, kicking at the book
- Throwing the book in the air and catching it repeatedly
- Hitting oneself, others, or insects in the air with the book
- Taking photos of the book from every conceivable angle
- Writing or coloring directly in the book
- Bleeding, sweating, spitting, vomiting, or urinating on the book
- Masturbating on or with the book
- Burning the book
- Pressing flowers between the pages of the book
- Running in circles around the book
- Standing on the book very solemnly
- Smiling oddly or shyly at the book
- Becoming the book

Kathleen Ossip

## ANECDOTE

Ginger was young and popular, a witness to many woozy happenings.

She bought a new technology. It was in a box.

It was just one item in the universe of Ginger

and she was still a daytripper in the universe of the technology

and it sat in its box in a corner of Ginger's room.

All of Ginger's friends had similar technologies. Some had opened their boxes. Some hadn't.

The box, opened or not, was important.

It was blue. It had a label and a handle.

Most important, it had a size and a shape to it.

Ginger and her friends "got crazy" in many ways, aided by the technology.

The technology dormant inside the box.

The box made Time surround that corner.

Years passed. Many artworks and children were created, with and without the technology.

The woozy happenings became less frequent. In their place, contemplation, sometimes aided by the technology.

The box was empty and full, both at once. Like a port. Like everything else.

Ginger had wondrous moments, and she had the technology.

Here is Ginger in her shirt. Here is Ginger in her shirt and jeans.

## A. IN JANUARY

At the moment, we have moments that breathe or smile.  
Never minding about the fly on the fresh curtain, she  
Doesn't want to miss out on anything small – that  
Raccoon thinking, in the hungry yard with its hungry trees.  
Essential strangeness, open your threatening fist  
And make friends with her brittle naked skin.

For what is the purpose of judgment, with its snap-snap?  
Open your beguiling fist, oh Nakedness, and make  
Ready to slide across a tundra.  
She asks my advice, I shut up.  
The most excellent thing you can be is quiet, to grant the  
Essential strangeness of a body that has no fixed place,  
Resembling a cobweb that marries one petunia to another.

On these small things, we fix all hope.  
So what is the evolutionary point of love and loss?  
Spiritual growth? I blab, purpose-headed to the end.  
In the essential strangeness of the city,  
Pigeons on the grass, a big mess, no alas about it.

# DEATH DISHWASHER

Death, I got that foam spray.  
A man dressed in blue overalls, jumpers.  
Space-saving dishwasher, which may  
of death not be The Numbers.

Dishwasher? I was skeptical two years.  
Death. I got that foam spray.  
(Recall of 2.3 million Maytag dishwashers.)  
A space-saving dishwasher, which may

a death sentence be. Thursday,  
in blue overalls, jumpers—and  
resort (wretched) to a way  
of God, pray for us sinners now and

the man dressed in blue overalls, jumpers.  
Cause of death will not be The Numbers.

## TRIOLET

All has been so easily queer  
to wake into, so did it seem,  
with a sweet awakening of lycra/fur.  
All has been so easily queer:  
They knew of our tin ear  
yet they bade us sing a hymn.  
All has been so easily queer  
to wake into, so did it seem.

## FOUND POEM

Oh, play ball. Bash with the little blocks.  
Roll on the little blocks. Scream and be wild.  
Hit with your hands, kick with your feet.  
Be a little block, all carving and roughness.  
Never do you wear a skirt.  
All the jewelry and make-up is shed.  
Your feet are always bare and your hair long.  
There are a few rare quiet moments  
when you carefully wrap a little block  
in a yellow blanket. Then you sit on the floor,  
rocking yourself and the little block.  
Time passes. Your legs stretch.

“Well, if it isn’t Kathy Ossip.”

Tony Trigilio

## MY NATIONALISM

The photocopier  
is ringing.

I'm propped  
against two

gilded pinafores  
on the loveseat.

A deadpan  
cuts itself.

He's looking  
for build-ups

like everyone else.  
Apostles like ladybugs,

the luckiest  
sum bonfire.

A woodcutter  
with a taxi

padlocked  
the bakery.

The quotient  
tastes like nylon.

The kilns are dying  
in the ware.

Your bicentenary  
thistle served

a tirade  
and who didn't.



A woodcutter  
with a taxi

padlocked  
the bakery.

My favorite  
bellyache

gambles everything  
for a palisade

of scissors,  
a zippy likelihood.

That pallbearer's  
migraine

was a scarab,  
was a dervish,

like they taught us  
on the recliner.

## CYBORG NATION: ELECTROMAGNETISM

THE ANIMATE IN THE INANIMATE ANIMATES OUR ANIMATE ANIMATION. COMMUNICATION COMES TO US THROUGH A LITTLE MOUSE OF METAL AND WIRES. WE WAVE THE WAVES, WE'VE MADE CLAIM ON THE INVISIBLE. A FIELD OF POSSIBILITY SURROUNDS US. WE REACH INTO IT AND PLUCK THE INVISIBLE STRINGS OF THE RADIO AND RIDE THE WAVES OF THE UNKNOWABLE. WE SEE THE LIGHT AND ALL THE REST IS MYSTERY, A MAXWELL EQUATION OF REALITY THAT WE TAKE ON FAITH. THE HUMMING OF THE STRINGS IS JUST THE BEGINNING OF THE SONG—THE REST IS BURIED BEYOND OUR BODIES' REACH. WE SWIM IN IT ALL THE TIME, THE FLUID RADIATION A SYMPHONY OF WAVES CRASHING INTO US. EYE TO EYE IS LIGHT, A PORTAL INTO THE WIDE OPEN FIELD. A CURRENT FLOWS, AN ATTRACTION GROWS—WE MIMIC THE ELECTROMAGNET, WE RUN FAST AND HURLING BY PULL OTHERS ALONG IN OUR WAKE.

PERPENDICULARITY IS ITS PECULIARITY—WE SEE AT RIGHT ANGLES TO OUR OWN REALITY. FOLLOW THE FLOW TO THE NEXT DIRECTION, LET THE CHARGE CHANGE BACK AND FORTH, A FLICKERING SPARK THAT TELLS US THE FORCE IS THERE, BUT WHERE? IT'S IN THE CLICK OF THE TICK OF THE CLOCK BEING TOLD BY THE SPARK THAT THE FLOW HAS FLOWED THERE.

OUR CYBORG LIVES REQUIRE THE WAVES. WE SELECT THE FREQUENCIES, THE CREST AND THE TROUGH. WE HARNESS THE HORSE OF THE CURRENT'S FLOW, WE RIDE AT A GALLOP TO NOWHERE AT ALL. THE MAGNET SPINS WHISPERING "FOLLOW, FOLLOW," AND WE GASP IN THE ELECTRON'S GLOW, RAPTURED BY OUR REACH, THE VOICE IN OUR EAR, THE WORDS THAT APPEAR OUT OF THIN AIR.

CYBORG NATION: [HTTP://WWW.CULTUREPUSH.ORG/?Q=NODE/150](http://www.culturepush.org/?q=node/150)







## COUNTRY FROM THE TATTERS

How many rooms in the mud daver's house?

How many pecans in the squirrel cache?

“Where did that fucking dog go!” Asked the country neighbor in the morning.

Wooden plow marooned in the hayloft. Other tools landed and silent. The paper casings tell of metamorphosis.

Into the story of the disassembled house, add handwritten figures on cig or candy cartons stored inside bread wrappers, meat grinder nailed to a board, barn swallows hand perch on a wire. Fireplace mantel, front door with full bust of glass, hope chest torn to pieces, match books from California Inn, Pinconning Michigan: a modest motor inn who dreamt of hotel glory.

Putting down the neighbor's dog, for the butterfly bite on my leg. I fear the execution of the dog next door.

Taken apart, no walls only outline of what was. Doors and panels. The porch's white painted one. Stack of windows looking down on smothered grass. The doors leaning on the wall are dangerously idle.

Portals, without purpose, hold murder views.

---

We began again with bricks, making ovens, baking bread. Each bring their  
baking to the oven, to look and live alike.

New Jerusalem utopians lived in wheeled houses.

The cat army lives in the corn. All the privates have white coats and ear muffs  
of tabby fur.

Turkey buzzard takes his time almost to the nose of the car

---

The phrase “moving between the trailers” comes. Shape shifting very dark  
being pacing the lengths.

Neighbor gave away his video games, said he was going to work for his mother  
in another state, took his three dogs into the woods. Over at his trailer, the  
dogs had torn up the walls, eaten the laminated furniture.

I am alive in the trailer in the meadow by Audubon’s woods. Packed high  
behind heavy curtains. My brother’s is filled with a television mostly. Kittens  
lived inside the couch. Behind the door and under the tarp, no secrets, only  
television.

Pile it here. Outdoors is where no one goes without a dog for fear of the woods,  
of the backwaters, fear of the bridge (it might lead the way out), of mirrors, of  
seeing one’s self in the natural light after years behind blankets. Coming out at  
night, the stars are naked underneath the blanket of sky.

The page is a trailer on wheels and my pen moves with it to back roads where the skinned deer are dumped.



Johannes Goransson

## *from* HAUTE SURVEILLANCE

★

My wife turns on my favorite movie about Father Voice-Over. Black and White. The treasures literally pour over the bodies. He's getting married. What a farce. What a cold war farce.

Where are the spies?

I could compare Father Voice-Over's moustache in this film to a cockroach because my daughter loves cockroaches. She refers to sleep as "cockroaches." She loves to sleep. Sometimes she is out for several days. The PA emits a lullaby. In it the child is called "Winter". "Winter," sings the Father, "will last until spring defrosts the body in the creek." It sounds awkward. Like a translation.

Kill the translator.

★

Save modernism.

Kill the translation.

Burn through the media.

★

*Dream:* I was shown two corpses to identify. One represented Culture and the other was obviously female. I chose Culture to operate on. I found the exit wound and the entry wound just where I suspected they would be. It had happened several times. It was not a drive-by shooting or the work of a maniac. And there was poison in the blood. Silver poison. The body weighed twice as much as an average corpse. It must have been left in the water for days. Its features had become distorted. I identified it based on the image of the grail tattooed on its belly. I put on eyeliner before examining the next body. The starlet's body had also been drowned; and it too had entries and exits perforating the smooth exterior. I concluded: It was the same killer.

★

There is no corpse, just corpses.

There is no trauma, only writing.

There is no interiority in this merry-go-round.

Only the shovel works on my body.

★

In this, I am merely doing what the abortion protesters had suspected me of long ago: arson, lullabies, lubbalies, sound collages. I am getting wormy for the final showdown with the Sensation.

I am sensational with my theater cunt and my bruises and my bang-bang-ugh.

Ugh.

Dans Muzique.

I have a corset made for the party, the text.

Kill modernism.

★

According to the official narrative of the tabloids and eyewitness accounts, the Starlet refused to come out of her trailer, refused to continue her life as a Starlet because she felt assaulted and molested by fame, she felt uncomfortable with the sexualizing of her innocence. But that's no why she refused. She quit because she was not molested enough. In her mansion with doves nailed to the wall, we conducted a far more intricate savagery. Although I am nervous and twitchy and though I have two holes in my back, I came out alive. I came up for air. I breathed. I am alive but I don't tell this story to the expresident. I tell him about her outfits: the red one with animals taped to the edge, which trailed on the floor, and bashed their little skulls against the marble; the skirt she made me wear to the symphony of atrocity kitsch; the cap she placed on her blue hair when she video-taped a muzzled girl imitate a muzzled girl with agent orange on her skin (it was the skin dance, it was the orange dance, it was a war dance; it was never successful). Mostly what she was interested in was History.

★

Faster and faster

for a long time you wouldn't feel anything

then you would burst into fire

I didn't know all the places I would go and still one of the most wonderful things is that you get to the set and the layers you go so much deeper than you thought you were going to go.

★

“Puce Moment”

★

The criminal photographer's camera shot is like the fashion lens. The walls are purple in here. Everyone is bruised more or less. I'm almost strangled.

There's a female picture of my childhood. It's prosthetic in the sense that none of those arms are mine and I'm just beginning to get rid of the cosmetics. The choreography is perfect. Perfectly like arrival.

★

New Jerusalem was not built in a day read the poster affixed to the door and I have a nail in my head, a black girl's fingernail. That's how I have my cysts removed for the final showdown in which I will inevitably dissect Father Voice-Over and use his internal organ to make the kind of camera that can capture Beauty the way gay porn from the 80s can capture the elegance of abortionists and ghost-sonateers. I will get that close to brilliance.

★

We have to keep the virgins breathing.

★

This novel is written for breathing virgins. To help them understand the wonder that is their skin to help them perform admirably. To teach them about heroic and half-shot-out buildings. To hurt them so correctly they will never doubt that they have been hurt in the kill. This is a novel about virginity if by virginity I mean the black and white of early cinema, the body tricked into doubles and contortions. Hello I am you.

★

Hello. I don't know if I can even take my erotics that far without ruining the projection booth.

★

Hello. Today our topic is female authorship: all the girls in the audience groan. Are they having an orgasm? No they've seen this dress-up-dummy show and they hated it the first time they hated it with scissors and awls and my chest and hypnosis. You are aroused with scorpions said Father Voice-Over but nobody believed him. Not this time. Not this time. That's what the women kept saying as I shoved the thumbtacks in. Not this time.

Not this time.

★

Most people are suspicious of photographers because they fear catching the reproductive relationship to reality. It seduces, this constant image-proliferation. But it must be bad. Ever since I was brought to this goo-goo nation, I've trafficked in images. About photography, I love the machinery. I can't understand any of it. It's like the inside of a woman's cunt: fascinating and intricate. And it gives birth to millions of childrenchildren, sturbations, soundproof sloppy bodies, revolvers. I was a photographer before I was a silk-boy. I was a photograph before I had death in my cock, in my mouth, on my chin. Before my dress caught fire. Before my arms crinkled. The stage crashed. The audience cried. I was photography before I was arson. Before I entered Sister Dark with my scum-cock full of rabies. Before I was a photograph I was a child of art.

★

*Rape Against the Machine*: this band played a sold-out show lastnight and we couldn't get out of the Chinese Happiness.

★

Why are you looking at me like that, little horro. You need to get out of her!

Get out!

★

The rifle doesn't work!

The silver paint is peeling!

You can see my face. It was made for hares.

I wear a corset for the sensation.

Knock. Knock.

I have rehearsed my kissing disease with ground meat.

Perhaps there will be additional make-up.

If my baby is pregnant it will tarnish my image. Her body is colored in. She's in the cake. She has a black body. I have a silver bullet.

Seizure.

The doctor must leave. He has accidentally left the Japanese item on the bleeders' bodies.

Horse death of transcendence: we're in American after all.

## INDEX OF ENGLISH ROMANTIC WRITERS

1. oft you have seen the swan superbly frowning, on the walks we would walk upon leaving someone else's kitchen where we would spenser away nights: you walking half the way with me so that both of us would walk the same distance would that the night breed in me a branded comfort stopping to piss in alleys and to see swans superbly frowning or become shrugged into other kitchens other lives once I challenged a boy to do pull ups, to see how many he could do I didn't even do any I only wanted to watch his veins Each night you walk closer to my home one half of one half then one half of one half of one half some nights I don't know how you can turn, and conceiving the steps to complete the return, go about them, but you do navigate, in another life I hope that you are Scharlach the Dandy, and I Lonnrott. It would be appropriate for you to catch me creeping the winding staircases of triste-le-roy.
2. I've watched you now a full half hour and granted, watching's nice what watching does to watchers and the watched I haven't found but tracks. What won't help is pulling up the curtain, All look and likeness caught from earth.
3. I had a dream, which was not a dream. A in a sweater, almost love. B convinced me off the train. Where is she now C.D.? It was a very strange sweater, down to the knees. Regret. How we ran. Shots from the distance. The train had one car with no engine. Hard to say. Another woman. What is known. What is not known. C led us through descending and ascending passages to the roof top garden where we stopped and gazed below at the gunfight smoking. Mysterious Sex. Don't tell anybody. Remember how wet she was. Rolled to the floor cringing. Then followed. What Cruelty. Once my back was filled with arrows and I kept walking. Likewise the train slowed to turn a corner, the train that was not completely a train, and our party leapt from it - and this is prime: that pilgrim of the sky while flush was not untrue; was not ever a desertion but, realize how many variables figure, how many figures vary, and how many of each there are, were and yet will be.

4. and they did live by watchfires-- and the thrones never more upon the waters, girls, light only blinks slightly onward the dead room with the undead. All everything tan fades to bleik and black the water is tooo flat and oil cloth tied in lieu of tooo worn boooots and blank chest by torch light haunty map of country by the library on salted ground deserts turn to smoked glass darkness all save one and he was faith full too a corse and they did live by watchfires -- and the thrones
  
5. yet I ride the little horse... the run is full of spent casings of fireworks they set off at the wedding it is hard. To say. I made friends with the apprentice. I am still waiting. I go back to the house to get my jacket, yet I ride the little horse.

## ON CERTAINTY ONE FORTY THREE

I am told that someone climbed this mountain long ago. When I climbed the mountain I asked it *'how's it goin' mountain?'* And the mountain said *'I'm just livin' the dream, just livin' the dream'*. Though having never heard of Artaud, being a mountain, the mountain could never move past Artaud or anything else, which is fine. Mountain dreams are a different kind of dreams than the ones I know. I imagine that who ever climbed the mountain long ago neglected to mention moving or past, because they were preoccupied. Someone remembered to let the rope though; the synchronic rope that's just long as hell that now lies on the side of the mountain. I am also told that under the mountain I see there is another similar mountain, and also on top of the mountain that I see there is another similar mountain with a rope anchored at the top falling down the side of each.



## ON CERTAINTY TWO FORTY FOUR

If someone says “I have a body”, he can be asked “Who is speaking here with this mouth?” Because I can’t take my eyes off it. I want to know who owns it and take a walk to the park. I want to have a body and be asked “Who here is sleeping with this body?” I want to take the dappled yaw out onto the lake and nap for all afternoon until the mouth speaks. I want the mouth to say ‘come unto’ and then ‘bethou this and that’. I want to say “I have a body” like someone said. Then I want to ask “Where have you been these twenty five year.” And then answer “Hard to say.”

Susan Briante

*from* GHOST NUMBERS

OCT 14—THE DOW JONES CLOSES UP 10015

I thought if I wrote it all down, if I tracked it, if I consulted windows, measured  
blood flow, read the rise and fall of my accounts, the tarnish of leaves,

I would see the world differently

a veil would tear, a web would sparkle dew strung

a newspaper would curl at the bottom of the driveway, inverted pyramids of  
morning  
the captured day, the innocuous day

I thought I could feel these numbers in my hands like Whitman at the rail of a  
ferry  
gauging the vibrations of an entire nation

networks of pop and bing, 40 years of economics.

The Dow rose above 10,000.

My dog scratched his ear. The numbers lay down in their ledgers.  
Rains cleared but the cold arrived; the unborn kept their distance.  
A corner lamp buzzed on its timer.  
I made a dinner of brown rice, buttercup squash and kale.

some [thing event] or my body in its [suchness]

## OCTOBER 22—THE DOW CLOSES UP 10079

The Dow rises and sinks below the 10,000 mark, floats  
like oil on the surface of a sea, an albatross  
feeds her offspring pieces of plastic,  
my “almost” gone more than a month now, for what wrong  
did we feed it?

    The air says: winter,  
most of the time says: gray slips of winter without snow  
fixed like a nail, says: I clench  
a coal October sun in my fist, slip  
it into a pocket of horizon (my throat) and leave it there  
accumulating no interest.

## NOTES:

October 14, 2009 marked the first day that the Dow Jones Industrial Average Rose above 10,000 since October 2008 at the start of what of has been called “the current economic crisis.”

“October 22—The Dow Closes Up 10079” makes reference to Isaiah xxii 23 “Fasten him as a nail in a sure place” (Bartlett’s quotation 10079).

Aaron Belz

## DIAL TONE

My heart has a dial tone.  
You can hear it if you stop  
listening so intently. It's  
like blaaaaahhhhh. The busy  
signal is like blah-blah,

blah-blah, blah-blah.  
If the guy in there should  
happen to pick up, he'll say,  
"Blah?" You'll answer, "Hi."  
He's almost never there,

though. He has a part time job  
at JCPenney and other than  
that he's just out a lot.  
He and I are really close friends.  
We think you're kind of weird.

## OPTOMETRIST

Just got back from the optometrist,  
and she said the reason I can't see  
is not because I don't have eyes  
(as she had initially suspected)  
but because my eyes are very, very,  
very beautiful—so beautiful that  
I need glasses to shield others  
from gazing into them and possibly  
getting hurt. The machine, she said,  
detected impossibly high levels  
of wisdom and hope in them, and  
“They are way too blue,” she remarked,  
“like the very pools of heaven near  
which one pictures tiny angels frolicking.”  
So now I have glasses, but I still  
can't see, and please don't make fun.

## HOW CUTE SOME THINGS ARE

It's interesting to me  
how cute some things are.

Like buttons. Buttons are  
reputed to be cute, at least.

I think bees are cute.  
And tiny, fake apples.

I once had a shirt made out  
of tiny, fake apples. It

hung about my torso  
loosely like lightweight

chain mail. I always wore  
a t-shirt under it. Or,

as I would say, a teesh.  
Usually I wore my I ♥

NY teesh. "Lotsa little  
apples," I'd cry, "one

big one!" People got that.  
Or I'd ask, "Can you see

my apples?" They would  
laugh. I hated it. Later

I got rid of that shirt.  
Now I hate everything

I've ever said or done.  
I guess that's partly what

I mean by how  
cute some things are.

# COMMUNISM ETC.

People used to like communism  
because communism is a  
win-win-win-win-win-win-win  
infinity situation—a little  
something for everyone  
("here ya go, my chickens!"),  
but they no longer like it

because the people who enforce it  
tend to be cruel, you start  
feeling nostalgic for the mom & pop  
grocery, or hardware, or barbershop  
where you can get any style  
not just the standard issue crew cut  
the men in gray force you to get,

the men with rifles and furry hats,  
and people used to like capitalism  
for much the opposite reason, so now  
how counterintuitive to contemplate  
capitalism also resulting in nostalgia  
for the mom & pop grocery  
instead of the Wal Mart Chrome

and Plastic Jungle That Smells  
Like Nylon Pants, etc., and you,  
you with your fixed ideas  
about economics and trickle down  
laissez faire and what have you,  
you know EXACTLY WHAT  
I'M TALKING ABOUT,

and I hate to sound ridiculously old school  
but maybe it would be fun to go back  
to cottage industry feudal agrarian  
hunter gatherer mead hall Garden of Eden  
type of stuff rather than this big lights  
super discount credit closeout blowout  
red-tag clearance sale of the soul?

## FOUR EIGHTS

*“Introducing an altogether new way to Bounce!”*

I wish I could log on  
to what you’re thinking about  
right now. I wish my  
earth-eaten shoes  
didn’t stink so much  
of relish, too, and if beggars  
were horses, wishes  
would be woad raiders

soft-shoeing it through  
darkling heaths to  
your hut. Butt seriously,  
Mrs. Attribute, where  
did you get that television  
remote? For my next  
trick I’m going to guess  
how many fingers I have.

Rain comes down  
as parsley flakes sprinkled  
unceremoniously on  
spaghetti. In that tantrum,  
we’re the noodles.  
You don’t even know  
which finger is  
the most inappropriate,

can only guesstimate,  
which means back  
to the drawing board.  
So much time, so little  
to do! I only wish I  
didn’t taste like yachts—  
in shorts, that I weren’t  
such a pasty little fellow.



## MY LAST DUCHESS

That's my last duchess painted on the wall,  
Looking as if she were alive. She's not.  
She was too flirtatious, so I had her killed.  
Now I want to marry your master's daughter.

## TUBERCULOSIS DAY

The acronym  
we're going to use  
for Tuberculosis Day  
is TBD.

# POP ROCK

These things are required:

A willing heart, a humble spirit,  
and a mobile phone.

And these things—these are prohibited:

In the face, too much fatness,  
or a face that is shaped as a stone.  
As for the eyes, they must  
not resemble fruits or be incredibly small  
like specks. And the hair  
should contain no kinks  
and must not be made of fire.

For gentlemen,  
there must be no béarnaise sauce  
smeared upon the lapel.  
There are no  
special rules for ladies.

As regards all animals, keep them  
in pens. As for pens, keep them  
in mugs. And as for mugs,  
your sorry careworn mugs,  
they must be photographed  
down at the station.

The radio station.

Ke\$ha!!

## LUDWIG VAN AWESOME

If it is indeed true  
that all humans  
to one degree or another  
suck at composing music  
then by George the  
degree to which  
Beethoven sucked at it  
was almost nil—  
he might be the  
human who when it  
came to composing music  
sucked the least.  
That is not to say he  
did not suck at all.  
But check out his  
“Pathetique” sometime.  
I’m being serious.

## AD INFINITUM

Your best friend seems oddly familiar.  
You've met before—but where?  
Meanwhile, you're expending more  
energy than ever in an attempt to appear

as normal as the people around you,  
and those same people are doing their  
best to act as though all that energy  
means something. In the looking-glass

it's still you, plus what you've become.  
That case you'd spent your whole life  
gathering evidence to prove appears  
to be faltering due to lack of evidence.

Its merits had rested in the charm  
with which it had been argued, but  
now the little bit of light that gleams  
like evening flame in your eyes

can't be attributed to anything at all,  
really. If it's beauty, it's disgusting.  
If it's anger, it's even less interesting.  
And so you see yourself for what you are,

a kind of setting sun—your  
own life's most familiar error,  
repeated in the company of those  
you'd hoped would love you most.

Craig Dworkin

*from* AYRES

JUDO MAT

falling neptune fountain revels

CHATEAU DE VERSAILLES

elsewhere you would go on lyric wings

CHATEAU DE VERSAILLES

shadow of cat over water lithe-  
ly padding sanding feeling fine

## QUAIL DAMAGE

how sad for  
those birds

## CAUGHT BIRDS

four old  
eating birds

## COCTEAU

l'oiseau chante  
avec ses doigts

## COCTEAU

unfledged crook-spur waterfowl yell  
-owing in the shallows' fallow laps

Lisa Fishman

## THE CORNER OF THE CIRCLE

The corner of the circle where the boy watched the sun imprint the honeysuckle curtain so the green shade of the floral print simultaneously was lit from outside & suffused the room, “flooded” it with altered light and cooled it too—he tried recalling there a previous ship in the dial of a square and absolute clock, set behind glass though the hands were frequently edging out into space just visible by looking through lashes on the lower lids of mostly closed eyes. The quilt too had a heft and his hands were lighter than a finch he thought she thought but she about him uncontained it was hexagonal the roof on the south slope where the woods raced down as if from a great height—that, and the horizontal sky, spiral torso, hush of any room in summer and impression of the floorboards and their calves the contour point at which floor & leg combine, for the house being a kind of body can say sleep or lie as he recalled the flowering chestnut open like a pulse, those colors white and yellow-white and the English grass blue from the bells.



## IN THE CRUSHED WHITE FLOWERS

In the crushed white flowers she could see some disappearing entrance to the page of a house that could turn as breath toward the sun, with the earth, as the house is a book in which the breath goes & comes; she meant to say, the book is a house being carried along by the breath, you can carry the house in your hand, we are travelling in the small immense house; it can move along the body or the land because it is made of the body and the flowers on the land can be eaten—having crushed the boneset into tea she thought this, having torn the daylilies in a salad she remembered this, having drunk the nettle tincture she imagined this. Nothing could not begin to have a name, the child was proposing recently and grinning at her each time he stated it or versions of it most recently behind the gas station where they sat digging kippers out of the tin on a break from a long drive, although he was immersed at the same time in throwing pinecones at a steel post mysteriously (in retrospect) jutting up from the ground, and the child-friend ignored the child's apparent non-sequitur to her, the mother, she being written as I write.

I could say this was or was not the page, a youth with a letter in his hand, that sort of page, as of cups or wands, who enters a message he thinks he bears. She wrote nothing all summer. The book grew. Many houses were folded together in a series of breaths drawn ultimately out of the feet by way of the nostrils, throat, sternum, lungs, ribcage, spine, scar tissue in the fascia under the skin below the solar plexus, pelvis, torn meniscus adjoining the knee, the lovely curvature of calf and so on; she loved eating the daylilies and the milkweed needing to be cooked and the fact that her skin didn't burn no matter how long and hot the sun.

The glasses can be given away too.

For lilies were planted by the grave of the cat, Tom Horne, three orange and three pink, not daylilies but those purchased as bulbs needing to be removed from the ground before winter and planted again in summer, not Spring.

In an interval a message was found in a stone, in the shape of a stone, or a stone was found in the shape of a message. It was given and received without words, after the shoplifting excursion and the fall through a hole in the floor, thus proving someone was born. Through a cat door into the kitchen and a coop door for the chickens the children who had grown up liked to crawl; that was someone else's house and also found. The sentence became alongside, like hedgerows allowed to enter that which they had formerly carved a preliminary space around; breathing had now to accommodate the lengthening and the house likewise expand. So the page could open in the hand a stone, in the breath another breath, and in the small white flowers of the boneset and the

sturdy orange petals of the daylilies a like knowledge of the small of the back and the lithe bones.

The branches of the wayward lilacs and overgrown hawthorn were pruned with great effort to allow more light on the lilies by the cat's grave, and as soon as more space between the branches emerged, the flowers opened where they stood in a semi-circle around the stone the child had begged to be allowed to buy to place atop the grave; it, a square plaque with an inscription on it, was for sale at the garden shop where the bulbs were purchased and was immediately and insistently designated a "memorial stone" by James the child certain that nothing has no name; that is, that there is a word or words for everything; nothing doesn't have a word. He takes pleasure in phrasing it differently each time, whenever the certitude occurs.

In the present tense you recognize the life ongoing around the book and the various times merging in the sentence as elsewhere in a stone or rings of a tree or song, the bells being blue on the path she'd seen, intensely blue, not recently but carried forward word by word through the pages of the house being written note by note or as a tone vibrating out from a *chime*, which itself first meant *the edges of a casket*, for the various meanings themselves are times or time commingling in change as words.

Aaron Kunin

On the unmoving train, glancing  
At pages in a magazine  
You were on “the” phone, dealing with  
“A” technical  
Problem, patient and sarcastic  
When your glance fell

“On” me “and” woke my intellect.  
“You” seemed to address “me,” “your” voice  
Rising, “in” two syllables that  
Were almost “my”  
Name, “a” word “that” “when” “at” age five  
“I” first heard it

Pronounced, “I” mistook for “my name”:  
Errand. “For” “me” “to” brave “that” stare?  
“In” exchange “I” would want something  
Valuable.  
Can “you” be sincere as “you” turn  
“To” go, older

Suddenly, pretending “to” read?  
Now silence warms “the” earth. There are  
Too many grammatical “and”  
Spelling errors  
“In” “the” city “to” continue  
Displaying them.

I make a kissing face at you  
Dog tied in front of Lulu's as  
Your necklace cuts into "your" neck.  
Like mine, poor boy  
"Poor boy," "your" soul craves discipline  
And babytalk.

This pool "of" light burning "a" hole  
"In" "the" sidewalk? It's "the" same ray  
That finds me "in" my room. "I" have  
Not forgotten  
"The" difference between "a" poem  
"And" "a" handshake

To mix "and" spread "the" filth "of" our  
Extremities. "I" don't trust "you"  
Only "the" texture "of" "your" coat.  
Kiss on "the" mouth  
"And" welcome "the" pain "that" lightly  
Presses "my" throat.

Cheryl Quimba

## MULTIPLICITOUS

[1]

That old ghost still offends. With an ear  
to the wall, more than enough gold-colored bits  
shake out in sound. What insults the intellect  
satisfies the deeper need for texture: fingerpads  
brush up against some driftwood.

[2]

So rings an opera inside the next room. We are all  
trumpets. Lock-bend, quick-step the party while  
down the hall that old ghost still offends. A smile  
is tossed fist to fist around the listening crowd.  
Impatient to stand in ovation.

[3]

Vigilant, as if marooned in some salt flats.  
Calamity rumbles beneath the seats. A woman  
onstage can't stop bowing. Won't. We pocket  
the debris, unthinking, for later. Some lights swing  
slowly from the rafters. Open with the epiphany.

## INFINITE CITY

THAT CRASS SCENE YOU CARRY IN A HANDBAG  
MISTER  
SUBWAY SINGER MOROSE ON THE PLATFORM

NO DELIVERANCE

OR HANDCUFFED  
TO THE OVEN DOOR

NO COMEUPPANCE WITH A CHIMNEY SWEEP  
STRETCHED OUT AND  
GLISTENING

THERE ON THAT MILE-LONG BRIDGE  
WITH A LOVE FIGURE TURNING ON HER TOES  
NO GRATITUDE TO THE MOON

THAT PALE LETTER WITH A STAMP  
THAT TELEPHONE RINGING TERROR HELLO

LIT UPON A MASTADON NO GOOD GOD  
TO EMBRACE THOUGH LATER IN THE DAY YOU  
OPEN  
A CAVITY A CAVE

THIS MOUTH A DEAREST ALLEY TO BE  
PARTITIONED

James Belflower

## BIRD LEAVES THE CORNICE

*I hope I have not suggested, so far, that the bird might be flying away from something*  
—Brent Cunningham, *Bird and Forest*

so,

that was the final line of a long poem

are we  
collectively thinking it “flew away?”

nevertheless, i did not say that, if  
i were to say, no, it lift-

ed like  
an old film revolves—stop-motion effect. we

regard film, delicate blink: speckled eggs,  
hatch eggs, regurgitating,  
flap,  
a flapping & now wish—

we wish, the least of even us  
it is

‘flew away.’

the cornice alone, un-  
specifically styled, or do you

trust it tends to resemble  
a contour, sort of

i'll explain this phenomenon, or rather allow architects Harry Parker and John W. MacGuire to explain:

*every contour is a continuous line which closes in upon itself  
somewhere on the earth's surface though not necessarily within the  
limits of a drawing or photograph*

personally, i'm satisfied with substituting contour, because of its close appearance, for cornice,

if you are

our bird understandably outside the limits of a drawing or photograph

however, birds & drawing have always mingled  
its been a symbiotic relationship for several years

at home i have a book that contains 500 birds: *Stalking Birds with Color Camera*

you might be thinking, "how do they all fit?"

why,

they're photographs, most of them  
encompassing only 1/5000<sup>th</sup> of a second

...every, contour?

truly *every*? are there other contours that do not meet? any other continuous line that does not close in on itself, or hesitates before its rendezvous and we are compelled to complete a shape then with relief,

sigh.



TO PERFORMER: *for five  
seconds, hold your hand in the  
air & form the international sign  
language sign for the letter 'C.'*

for a moment mull over a few of “contour’s” anagrams:

tourcon  
orcnout  
toncour  
noctour  
outronc  
notour

we may have something with this last one, “notour”—if we divide it  
symmetrically it becomes “not our.” Perhaps not our purpose  
or perhaps this is purposeless.

we can relax, lean  
those faded green lawn chairs:  
cheap back simply warps up.

we forgot the ‘C’

there could be one thing that ‘C’ might be  
it could, that ‘C,’ could be a singular undulation

mimicry of sonic piquancy, that lip  
wrinkle stemming from a letter, esp. the letter ‘U,’  
as both lips originate  
an opening,

your lips, rippling from thin philtrum

or it could remind us of a sloshy ocean  
say that to yourself a quick five times, *sloshy ocean*

TO PERFORMER: *Pause for 4 seconds*  
*to allow audience to concentrate*

Let me attempt to clarify because i feel like i've forgotten some words. even a rudimentary drawing of a contour may capture a small slope. envision that hill protruding into your reclined spine & then remember leaning in those faded green lawn chairs:

cheap back simply warps up.

however, if you picture a contour with a straight line forming it's base, the result can be a measurement of possibility.

focus on a seismograph momentarily:

visualize the jagged lines, not so much the needle scratch, but the garland of triangles (you may also imagine teeth) that emerges from the rasp. grasp one end of the scrolling paper and pull hard. this should elongate the jagged Richter tips & transform them into hills.

disregard the effect this must have on any earthquake.

a difficulty remains. from our perspective, the anagrams of 'contour,' the "hills" created by our impatience and the distortion of sharp data or teeth could now be mistaken for anyplace. here are a few suggestions i've received in the past: Indonesia, Sri Lanka, Thailand, Southeast Asia, etc...

do you establish a "we?"

still, an initial lip is what the whole word consists of. perhaps we could splice  
the word, similarly to a craft in kindergarten

lay 'W' on the cornice, tape it if breezy, then twine 'E' around a thin scaly leg,  
assuming that during the last two pages our bird remained interested on the  
cornice. where would this alight? where could this plant the blue construction  
paper 'E?'

how far into the blue would we want to discern it?  
as blue?  
as 'E?'

*though a contour never splits, according to:*

Harry Parker, M.S.  
*Emeritus Professor of Architectural Construction*  
*School of Fine Arts*  
*University of Pennsylvania*

&

John W. MacGuire, B. Arch.  
*Associate Professor of Achitectural Engineering*  
*School of Fine Arts*  
*University of Pennsylvania*

you may have noticed that in the previous list of qualifications, i said  
"achitectual." that was not a mistake. it was quoted verbatim. what a strange  
coincidence. we forgot the letter 'C' and they forgot the letter "R." were they  
attempting to fill that space with the increase and diffusion of geographic  
knowledge, as are we? i'm embarrassed to tell you but the title of the book is,  
*Simplified Site Engineering for Architects and Builders*. we might consider a

contour of anger here. the anger that probably bulged from John W. MacGuire on noticing that his degree was spelled wrong, as if it were spoken in new jersey.

as mentioned before, the line, *bird leaves the cornice*, was the introductory line of the last section of a long poem which i continue to write. in that context i intended to “open things up.” in other words it was a calculated ambiguity.

however, i put it aside because i was too intimate with it. it’s a different relationship than what you might be thinking. it wasn’t as if i could put it across the room, under the lamp, go have a hotdog, come back and begin kissing again. No in a sense i hated it.

last night i was at one of j’s performances. to my left was a young man with a flattop, wearing a navy blue long sleeve button down. i remember not feeling angry, but at the same time hating him because of how loud he kept, kept kept clapping.

After writing the above verses I stopped and read other entries from *Simplified Site Engineering* that stated—well i’ll just quote it for you:

*the best method of plotting contour lines for relatively small areas, such as building sites, is known as the cross-section or grid method.*

the passage was underlined in wide sparkling pencil. i wonder when they realized that they had drawn half of a contour?

is a word a continuous line that closes in upon itself not necessarily within the limits of a word?

J. puts food out for the starlings. the squirrels eat it. the squirrel forms the floor of an equilateral triangle between the hanging dish and the branch. it extends fully its soft flanks as the dish swings out from its weight & pauses.

secretly i want to tell you that she hates the squirrels because they steal the starlings seeds. she doesn't though.

'US' might work. I'll give it the same treatment. separate 'U' from 'S.' wait. let's speak the two letters individually. I'll give you a moment to do that.

TO PERFORMER: *pause eight seconds, then continue reading*

did you hear that? the letter 'U' can simply stand in for 'you' the pronoun: a contour for a cornice! let me ask you a question though. when pronouncing 'S' to yourself did you hear anything preceding it? it would occur a split-second before you speak the sssssssssss. you must listen very, very sharply.

surely it was there.

yes, you got it, you in the back, you heard it too...

is it our bird?

i've entirely omitted. i returned to my old poem and found it was written "bird leaves a cornice." we just spent 5 pages using an assumption to misrepresent specifics of cornices, then contours. were you thinking about this as i read? if each one of us had imagined a specific type of cornice, and i hope that you did, could we synthesize that into a massive city?

or was this dialogue our bird above it?

## DROP

One. Two. Drop to the ground. One, two, three, four, drop. One, two, three, four. The song says angel. An angel. An angel will come. That's how you know it's an angel. Before you go there will be an angel there to take you. It will be beautiful. So so so beautiful, an angel at home in this room. No one else is here and moving one, two to the song, but that taste is still there. It didn't taste bad, then it wasn't good, then, but it wasn't so bad. It had a smell too, but it was good. It has to have a smell to happen. It was good because the smell was there so it meant it was happening. Now it's all over the place. Why did you do that to him? He pretended to be annoyed and angry, but he liked it. You don't like it now. I wouldn't have said that then. You did it to see if it's true. To see if it's true? She wanted to make him happy, does it over and over again now by dropping. Closes her mouth and now this won't be happening.

Some things just happen to you like when she was walking down the street and some boy wearing eyeliner just slowed down, reached over, and squeezed her breast. That was bad then. It will all be all right because the restlessness makes for dreams, and the dreams are better than her life. Anything can happen to you at any moment. Your uncle stands in a doorway. He sees you washing dishes in a nightgown. He says you have nice legs and looks at you like he wants something, waits for you to respond. You say no, they are too thin. He walks away. That was good then. My uncle thinks I'm pretty, someone does like me, and thinks I am pretty. Give me more. Stare at me more and more like that, stare at me longer. I just came out of the shower, did you imagine me in

there?

Some people we just don't want to like us. That's why he treats you like that. We don't care what they think because we feel we don't need them to like us as much as other people we know. We would like everybody to like us anyway, but we ignore the ones we don't care about more often and care less when they say things. When they speak to you? When they touch you? You pretend you are annoyed and angry.

Faces are tender things though. You don't want to see them cut up usually. The eyes and the lips are too tender for that. But we cut things like lips to feel them sometimes. Sometimes, to not feel them too. You are right. Her lips she cuts like he playfully cut her lips, then someday she will cut other people's lips so that she can either feel them, or not feel them too.

One, two, drop to the ground. What is making the carpet dirty and sticky what is doing this to the carpet? Little stains maybe. My clean face is doing this. The soap and water drip off of my face once it has been cleaned. Better to worry about this than other things. No, better to worry about other things. You're right. Sometimes we make people feel like they are not good enough when all we want is for them to want us, so they give up. You don't want that. Did you make him feel that he wasn't good enough?

Remember when you thought you would wake up to the light of love, rolling around in someone's arms every morning, and you knew what the light would look like then, and how beautiful everything would be then. You worried about your oily face, and your breath, and your hair, all of which are bad things in the

morning. But your face is much more dry in the mornings now, and my hair is getting thinner. You breathe though.

There were three big men on the train and they were talking about the game and women. It went like this... Yeah, man, you know how old those girls are? I'm going to get me a nineteen year old. What I would do to a nineteen year old girl... I don't want a nineteen year old. He was traded. He's a cocky son of a bitch. He should just play ball. And across from them sat a man who was like a woman, his face was so tender, and so had this beautiful angelic creature next to him trying to touch him over and over again. If a man is more like a woman than the woman he is with then she has to be even more of a woman for him to love her. When she gets jealous of angel like creatures she reminds herself that everybody dies. You are right again. The beautiful wives, with their beautiful husbands will die too. Both of you won't remember anything.



Julie Carr

*from* THINK TANK

★

Then, a door.

A bird in water. Girls into flames.

A man walks onto a train, cries, “Anyone?”

The windows flash in answer as the train jumps its tracks.

★

Nothing betrays us

A man walks into a table

A man walks onto a wind-driven

drive

Have come closer, now, more than ever, to streaks of water  
between panes of glass

★

dig me in

★

## Trees and Dogs

★

& dregs:

“This afternoon it is raining, as never before,” and I

in the slovenly folds of my wet remorse,

nurse.

She’s washed and combed as a noon sea: a dancer with live  
and garish curves.

Her shores *are* garnets, as vital as they are coarse.

★

“blue, unpublished hand!”

★

Did

marry midair and spark us a son, you vatic, tarnished  
star.

★

Timeless dog walkers. The daughter must go about  
my knees and my hair. What am I and why?

Tree bloomed more today. In my chair

I am at fault. Obviously. White of the eyes,

fat under the skin: melting eyes, melting skin.

The body is a scavenger under the cold common protection  
of roofs. From bus to piano, no one is home. My

My Good Pen. I dreamed I entered another poet's hotel  
room,

crawled into her hotel bed, and slept. When I awoke I lay still  
for some time

gazing out the window. Eventually, a man appeared, biking  
up the driveway

in his red plaid shirt. Lying there I imagined us fucking

and came without stirring an inch. I slept again and when I  
awoke this time,

the poet was there, kissing her husband, laying her

baby down.

★

“Are there wolves in these woods?”

Hoar frost on the windows.

All night my daughter coughs.

“Break break break / on thy cold gray stones O sea.”

“Cough cry quit / on thy cold gray stones O.”

★

In the theater of empty occasions, he pours drink after drink  
into his marvelous

We were looking for some good used clothing to wear to a  
party, pretty Tina

and I

I know a girl

like a calculator without batteries,

like a generator in an alley where dark dumpsters

deliver/dissolve

★

Chris showed up three hours late. Wrist on the inside of my thigh.

Lust, and the final, last person to love. He was going to Mexico to sing at a funeral.

When I get too close, he backs up. This is normal. This is how we protect

our money. So much of time is texture and taste.

Blind Pilot on the radio, windows open to spring. I live

in the most desirable of places. My organs swell with their own

desirability while downstairs the animals sleep with the children

muffled by heat. Scar on my cheek, what holiday is this?

The holiday of water, of yellow wall and crib, of the crotch of a tree?



★

The beginning of a woman with which another woman  
with which another woman with which another woman  
begins. Meter and mop. Measure and talk. Nipple and  
tongue.

Baby girl.

Blurry sun.

Fat treelimbs: pulpy and moist.

My neighbor with her pup: my other with his smoke: third, a  
flag, fourth

a boat. A divorced one's

bulbs.

Something's wrong. Wrung and ringing. Still waiting for a  
response, a growing

deadliness:

“There is no escaping

me.”

★

Get up, sister,

Get up now

One: leaf-bud

Two: exposed root

Three: burned root

Four: quarry water

Five: water beetle

Six: mossy stone

Seven: dry stone

Eight: Nancy, come and see me through my blessed memory with your flying eyes

The title of this story is loam

The roof is wired, and sex is the rug

And my mouth, Nancy, moves like a living thing—

a pink sheath under which vocabularies grip errant names

Nine: milk and honey

Ten on the other side, ten

on the other side

When we rise, the door opens and we discover the troubled blue sky  
beyond scaffold whispers—  
drawn from the lashes of a thousand sleeping girls

★

If I were to be a child again

I'd want you to be my parents

he said to my husband while the joyously loud

girl students drank

the girlishly loud joy students

stank

the loudly drinking think

tank

sank

★

If I were to be a child again  
sensing the earth spin beneath my back  
challenged by Thoreau to take off my coat  
without ripping the seams, condemned also to plough  
the better part of myself into the compost:  
Various happinesses filter through the trees  
my foot slips on a rock, my ankle bleeds.  
But now I have endeavored  
to invent  
my own  
religion  
to no real relief, for still  
I am tenderly treated by my God and can induce  
no cruelty and no  
salt.

★

Near every boy whose passed the threshold of this house

‘s held the end of all creation in his decimated mind.

Or so I say.

Why tap the pupil with my chalky hand?

A man into an arachnoidal evening, leggy with the voices  
of miserable kids, walks hungry.

The white street fat with blizzardly garrulousness,

the garage snickers wayward in

snow, and I'm braced

b b b braced as a bird.

★

but by owl-light

a room with windows. Sung.

★

The pretty wind is all one word  
but nothing hurts like my eyes  
efforting up to the rooftop  
like those imaginary birds  
their “dream of paradise.”

★

Skin of snow on the sky. “I like little chairs.”  
Drops his knives into the rotten water.  
Wool to snowflakes to wool. Fear in the red flower.  
“The tongue is not pink but demonic.  
It is demonic.  
And it’s bigger than me.”  
Now at the time of the stopping of the sun,

you must listen: leaves, some blowing, some glittering, some  
junipers.

Alchemy is cinematography, and the cake is waiting, and the light is  
blinding, the boy swimming, Alice on the slide  
through and through and  
through.



Jon Thompson

[HOW EVERYTHING IS FAR AWAY]

(DEAD RECKONING)

How everything is far away  
and long deceased that world of plain  
hotel rooms with squat black telephones  
radiating menace  
is gone but  
other frailties persist  
what we know  
turns out to be different from what  
we thought we knew people  
we think we know have secret  
pasts different identities  
& the whole tangled plot of their lives  
can be disentangled  
without really getting to the bottom of it  
in 1940s noir  
it's the sheer physicality of the social world  
that's on display  
ordinary objects  
elevated to the epochal—  
the open phonebook  
as lethal as a revolver—  
cities eerie  
in the way they resemble cities--  
fever dreams  
of light & darkness  
blinking faster & faster  
like the return of buried memories  
the silver screen  
nostalgic for a deceased world  
before it's even deceased

[AMIDST THE SUFFERING THERE'S THE QUESTION]  
(CITY LIGHTS)

Amidst the suffering    there's the question  
of who really sees whom  
what really goes on is    invisible  
rose petals in the gutter  
the monumentality of Los Angeles in the 'twenties  
black shadows on white marble  
defines  
the era    the century  
I'm thinking too of  
the black luster of the millionaire's limo  
of starkness versus pathos  
the cinematography of the soul  
which vexes the viewer  
who wants something    who  
watches someone who has given  
everything  
to be scorned    the tramp  
who does the unthinkable  
without thought  
dares the viewer  
the era    the century  
then on city streets  
a little light  
a little gift  
an ordinary afternoon  
& the world stunned  
into silence--  
speechless before speechlessness--

[MEN WITHOUT FEAR MAKE INCALCULABLE BEAUTY]  
(FULL METAL JACKET)

Men without fear    make incalculable beauty.  
Through the ruined city    smoke billows like a phantasm:  
it pours out of wall-less structures    roofless temples    shell-shocked  
buildings  
drifting out across the river    leaving behind    statues of the living.  
Men that move through it know  
Fate's angles & trajectories    the paths of least resistance...

From the island of humiliation comes    the need to erase history,  
the need    to live unburdened  
by the past    by the knowledge  
that cracks open dynasties.

When the entire purpose of death is unanswered,  
a simple freedom is obtained.    Thought  
& action (the dream of a nation) become one.  
Pilgrim, ask now for the scribe to write that chronicle,

The one embellished with fabulous ornamentation.  
A new empire requires an insular art.  
When everything is clean & precise  
the action  
will be beautiful

Steven Schroeder

## GET YOUR FUCKING SHINEBOX

Chlamydia is a flower and a cash crop, so drop your pants  
In a trash fire or Times Square to ensure the burning

Disappears tomorrow. Ask chicks who hawk fake Prada  
For some horizontal integration and try to pay

With Monopoly money. John D. Rockefeller  
Plaza was the first American President, and last

Was Ronald Milhous Reagan, who freed  
The lunches with his concept of can

Openers for tough beans. If your coffee  
House needs WiFi, a broadband carrier

Pigeon will fly it for a fee, but look  
Out for birdshit. The worst word

That you could say is *schmook*.

Note: I stole the title from *Goodfellas*

## BREAK MY TEETH, SIR

Dear direst czar of hiring freezes, please  
Sup on *supplicants*, not on *supplicans*,  
Randomize your ayes and ottoman this man  
Under ugly Magli shoes. Why not choose

A guy who bruises easily? Who can pick  
The white-collar blues on blue-collar guitar  
Better than you do, voodoo economic sire?  
Oh throw your stipendous penny wishes, stock

And candy to stick in the cavities between  
Paving stones your Lexus cracks as you travel  
From Commerce, Texas to Mexican sea-level  
Executive. Give a man a dental plan,  
A root canal—Panamanian Novocain!

Note: I stole the title from “Six Apologies, Lord” by Olena Kalytiak Davis

# DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START OR WHERE TO BEGIN

How big did Mega Millions get? What's a buck in the funding machine? One a.m. is my lucky number.

If this is the graveyard shift, who's the robber? I'm robber, you're blue. Want to try my gluegun?

Should it be so small? That's what she said. Why think of sex or sales every six or sloppy seconds?

What are guns or butter worth? There's Mrs. Butterworth. Which is better, indicative or vindictive mood?

Do you stock inventory or stalk it? What if the customer is always left? Passive voice ain't so bad.

Have you heard the good news? Nine out of ten dentifrices bleach your teeth whiter. Whiter than what?

What can brown do for you? What's in the box? Help me help myself to Marlboros or my marbles.

Could a lost-and-found be lost? How much does one sock cost? Wholesale tailors got great taste, less filling.

Do you sell pain in cinnamon? Will you swallow a hundred proof? Prove yourself a manager.

Who puts the fun in onions? Who puts it in size of candy bars? I'm clear past Mars to the Milky Way.

What store carries ninja stars? The Army throws them in with orders. Have you read *The Art of War*?

Ready for some football? Super Bowl Sunday is abuse-iest for retailers. Do you still beat their deals?

Who called the cops? What starts with F and ends with iretruck? Stop, drop, and walk off the job.

Note: I stole the title from Patton Oswalt

Brian Henry

## TELLURIDE

Untouched  
by gravity,  
your dream  
cannot draw you down  
or hold you under.  
Your dream  
cannot sink you.  
This means, too,  
it cannot buoy  
or solace.  
Cannot lift.  
Inert, electric,  
it just is  
and then it isn't.

★

A blanket,  
especially  
when plural,  
tends towards a heap.  
Unless you do not  
sleep.  
Unless you are  
ensconced  
beneath, seeking  
static by flipping  
the fleece  
covering you  
away from you.

★

That speck  
of dust,  
its size,  
is stuck  
halfway  
between Earth  
and electron.  
Every speck.

## WILDERNESS

I slipped inside  
one person,  
staggered out  
another.



Jennifer Knox

## THE EMPTY MESSENGER

Having lost faith in my memory, I was taking notes in the doctor's office. "First you'll lose the ability to write." My hand suddenly cramped up and drove the pen off the edge of the paper. I wondered what he would possibly say next—the possibilities were limitless. "You'll begin to wonder a lot... mostly about possibilities." That's weird, I thought. "And how weird things are." My heart began to pound—I felt dizzy. "Accelerated pulse, lightheadedness..." Stop, I said, closing my eyes. "Your eyes will close, panic will set in—you know what the biggest killer in the forest is?" You? I gasped. "You wish," he said.

## THE LIONS

all about me are prettier than I—  
but hungrier? I'll never know  
unless I befriend one, so forget it.  
They hover eye-level like blond  
helicopters, obscuring traffic lights,  
potholes, etc. Daily whoopsy daisies.  
Why I shy away from crowds: a crowd  
means more witnesses witnessing lions  
not hungry enough to eat me. They prefer  
tripping me up, or stirring the mute dust  
bunny herds living under the sofa  
with their whirling empty wings.

## THE WOMEN IN THE WOODS

are outnumbered by shadows growing up and big, like zippers, or backwards lightning over the tight throngs of pines around them. Some are wearing hoods. All are wearing uncomfortable shoes that seemed comfortable in the store. Shadows roll up and over the credit card machines like low gibberish coming through an Emergency Room intercom. Heel spurs and hammer toes are hiding under their skin like tangy spring pollen in a bare frozen stalk. The women in the woods rub their eyes in all seasons, split open in spots, eliminate spices one by one from their diets, call for follow-up appointments...The shadows roll over their phones getting dirty in the bottoms of their purses. The shadows roll over the messages inside the phones like tidal waves. Sometimes the message is all shadow. Sometimes it's something good like, "Sleep in tomorrow, for Pete's sake." Thus, Pete, the Shadow is born.

Cody Rose Clevidence

[BACH]

Bach slang lingo of class  
ical Metal I mean Mega  
Death I mean Endless

power. rigid delineation  
you & yr tongue omg I just  
love Verdi fuck off

it's true I do I do & roth  
ko etc o. o how re  
fined sleep a gutter

ok.

[I AM SCUM RNA]

sleaze embryonic scales  
ectoplasmic gears rattle  
in the throat of the throat  
of the organism

“shake, rattle & roll” Rock  
my currency I garble & own  
a tongue a trigger a raw

hide :: idol dior oil a lush murk  
a prey down to slay a prayer  
to slake some thirst on muck

& carrion this carnal  
knowledge this prefrontal  
inhibition

& ruffle, also, & pluck & puke  
& croon elegant in feral etc  
you know.

## WE WERE ALL PICASSO

We were all Picasso magnificent animal now bought  
battalion of sparse clouds caught suddenly pinkish  
in lewd bloom & tooth we were all gusto tame me  
wild extraction & cauterize & expense.

we my million dollar critter & I in bloodorange limbic  
escapade have climbed a fence and lost our shoes you  
spit & all the glitter is siren & wail.

& damn this rain is gibberish thru & thru & this golden  
ungodly human sun-stained rind is only an uproar &  
why rhapsodize a stolen plum we were all bitten into  
& purple spreads across the wet & silent sky.

Roberto Tejada

## EDICT OR AFFIDAVIT

*Your pictures withstand the test of time.* Flash from a tabloid camera  
insinuates a raincloud rupture a life led for others now deducing

an awkward silence shiny halls and lounges to invest in or dream  
about what's the latest forecast how will the market congratulate

my dividends? Freud on jokes. Words scarce for optimal object.  
Pleasure in the sentence saved. Enjoyment in the hurdles cleared.

Barely. It's a riot: the hostile points of body contact having  
happened to you, but could it have really by dint of some act

we cannot tell, no words proficient to what the punch line provides  
namely food and body weight the polarities of mood, flab figure

in that public place and what could be taking you so long offender  
grooming at the bathroom mirror Fairfax and Third orbicular

muscle herringbone slacks, playmate lip gloss as in Bonne Belle,  
colossal genie guarding Carpeteria, road sign to Ship's or Cal

Worthington and his Dog Spot? So assist my deception of any Isaac  
eyes too dim and I am hirsute or I am smooth a blessing by craft

over edict to impostor's first-born privilege, affidavit my cunning  
voice of Jacob but for the hands of Esau arson to those who curse

us a congregation of intimates among the daughters of Canaan

## MOONWALK

Public color  
to figure a dead  
man's many  
faces in sum  
ensuing nine one  
one imparted  
syllables for  
even broadcast  
spent in concert  
with the coroner's  
force don't  
stop so long  
as song-burns  
the disco out  
exhale after  
legend or to kin



Kristi Maxwell

## TRANSCRIPTION OF A GENERAL HISTORY OF THE ROBBERIES AND MURDERS OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS PYRATES (1724)

which may or may not have been written by Daniel Defoe, who may or may not have written under the pseudonym Capt. Charles Johnson, who is the author by whom the text is signed; Defoe, in whose name scholars pirate the text [so de-Foe in some con-text]

“[Taking (by force?) (not as with forceps their delicate work)] steps to make the career of piracy unnecessary [...] as comfortable Bread” (5-6)

“these sort of Robbers [these sort-of Robbers] [those sort of raw Birds that by handling can let bacteria board you, the unprotected ship of you, the (lesser / less sure) ship]” (6)

“bred to the sea [bred by *la mère*] [bred to *le mer*] [bred to sea to sire what adventure?] [*merde*-dare] [or shitty truth] [weather is read to the sea and translated as waves or stillness, as waves of stillness] [waves of stealing ([n-/cr-] est) in some hearts]” (7)

“Custom is a Second Nature” [What’s a First; What’s a Fist Chucked at a Bag of Who, of Hooey?] “before [it] come[s] to any Head [How does Nature mature in a Head? How does it head there in the first place? Is ‘one’s nature’ a bunch of manure in the first place?]” (A3)

“the Pyrates must unavoidably fall into their Mouths [not Laps] [whereas ‘Lap’ comes from some stable seating, ‘Mouth,’ here described, implies a cavernous opening, ominous, whale-like (and well-liked for the falling into endeared to it)]” (A3)

“where the Game is, there will the Vermine [*sic*] be [the “authentick,” authent-Tick, does bury in, does mine the skin, a Ver-miner]” (A3)

“more Noise in the World [...] a little the Air [...] a Parcel of Robbers [partial to Robbing] [a little the Air Robed in Sound] [Parks of Noise littered] [a Litter of Noise Suckles on Air]” (A4)

“man’d, not only with Men [...] their gallent Shew [in which] they often landed Bodies of Men [scattered] like Bees gone out from [...] Hive [...] Sea Banditti [band-ditty] for the Hopes of Booty [the hopes of groupies] [...] and

120 Hands [clap them!] each [...] commanded to sail for [...] the Groine [...] having founded their inclinations before he opened himself [to them]" (20-21, 27)

"(Case / Café) of Separation" (32)

[Roman-tick, Adria-tick, fantas-tick(s) (to keep time by / to catch Lyme by)]

"and their Complexion is not so good a Jet [yet flies them. Yet flies in the face of Embarrassment by not coloring / outside the lines in a face]" (37)

"remaining Neuter themselves [...] in the space of a few years, their Body was greatly increased [no morsel, they (more spaced out in that space)][in the space of many years, their Body was more so creased (with no press to undo it) (to write it up otherwise [starkly ([st]archly)])] (38-39)

"they made Choice [...] a Place overgrown with Wood [and hacked at choice and warmed by choice, inflamed]" (39)

"and since they actually are Kings de Facto, which is a kind [not not unkind] of a Right, we ought to speak of them as such [we ought to squeeze them to check the firmness of their kingliness] [the Parm of their power Grated over us] [we ought to Dazzle our Mouths by slipping their names there (got a ring to it: their names)]" (41)

"I cannot say they were ragged [though unraveled by their reveling], since they had no cloaths [nor did their mouths close in the face of drink]" (41)

When a fair opportunity presented itself, they "took Care not to flip it over" (43).

"where they might lodge their Wealth [in a gut; in a chest; in a chest; in a gesture of clothes 'extreamly [*sic*] out at the Elbows' (41); in an estuary; in an estimation; in a mate / a mating; in a more general amassing—amazing!]" (46)

"[Providence was] their Retreat, and general Receptacle [no one was dense to the treat providence proved to be]" (47)

"they infest [...] the seas [they festival the seas] [a festival they seized: the sea]" (48)

[otherwife] / "otherwise" / [other-wise] (56)

"He had the least Temptation of any Man [...] rather pitty'd [...] He called his

Sloop the *Revenge*" (60-61).

"[Blackbeard, i.e., Thatch (with more than a patch of hair, but a whole patch of his face, as in a cabbage patch, where much grows) was] truly the Superior in Roguery [with] his remarkable black ugly Beard"—"to [fee / see] the Face [as in "to tax it" / as in "to take it in," to commit a Pyracy upon it, a thieving eye, in which an image sits as in a hidden cove] (63).

[that tricky "s" with a hood like wind's stuck up in it: fail'd/sail'd, if-land/island]

"and his Brother Rogues [... his Sister Gruesomes...(Grew Some, a pair of...)] Thatch goes into the Tender Sloop [...] with forty Hands [with an assortment of hands or that many of his own. The rumor he's more-than-man. Man-surplus. Man slurped up and swished in Super's Mouth until absorbed there.]" (67)

"For in the Latitude of 39 [...] they took two Snows [...] bound to Bristol [with someone bound to bristle at that]" (70)

"[And so a judge proclaims:] 'The sea was given by God, for the [ab]Use of Men, and is Subject to Dominion [S(ea) [&] M(en)] and Property as well as the Land' [as well as with a steak: done; the point being hunger stakes its claim (s/takes it)]" (76)

"2dly [...] 3dly [...] 4thly [...] 5thly [...] and lastly" (76)

"did pyratically, and feloniously set upon [...] pyratically, and feloniously, did steal, take, take, and carry away the said Merchant [said a Mer-chant, Sea-song] Sloop [de sloop]" (78-79)

"*You shall seek the Law at their Mouths* [their Mouths a Lawn and the Law therein hid, egg-like, and so with rotting potential, and so purposed toward being cracked, i.e., being broken (rather than [pre- / ob-]served)]" (90) [80]

"Make a Mock of your Sins [Make a Smock of Them to Wear] [Make a Smoke by (Just) Rolling (with) Them, your Sins]" (84).

"one of them was loaden with Sugar, and Cocoa, and the other [was loaded with] light" (88)

"and her Bottom sunk [into the Sea? into a Seat?], and with it their fears" (89)

"and that the Men of War should Man them [...] the ~~com~~mand of them [should 'him' them (in)]" (90)

“Their Sir-Names” (99)

[Famed Pyrate and Mate of Mary Read] Anne Bonny ran off with “a young Fellow, who belonged to the Sea [and was not worth a Ghost] [this before Calico Jack, Jack Rackam (Jack, a Hanged-Man) who High-Jacked her to Sea, High-Tailing it from her Husband with or without a High-Tide bearing them good Tidings] [If she were a book, then a man-you-script, and she the Author censoring the Other, sensing the other—Mary Read—not reading her as a She, but as a Sheaf worth (Con)Sorting]” (132)

“e[gal]itarian ship practices” (136)

[had no business to, had no desire to]

“That whatever Murthers and Robberies they had committed, [the pyrates] were not the greatest Villains that were then living in the World [who’s indicted? who’s invited to be voted Worse? who’s Wurst hanging in the window of *la ville*’s most central shop? who’s veal melting swiftest in the Mouth of Evil?]” (142)

“lately come in upon the late Act [...] he [Howel Davis—howling Davis!] made a short Speech, the Sum of which [the Sun-less Sum], was, a Declaration of War against the whole [howel] World” (146)

“finding the great Prize to be a very dull Sailor [a dud evoking ‘dude...?!’ in an ‘are you serious?’ kind of way] [...] met with no Booty thereabouts [with no Booty, wear a belt] [keep it up] [keep your pants on]” (149)

“they threw in Granadoe-Shells, which not only ruin’d [an ‘e’ shooting out the sentence like a firework, mimicking the trajectory of a shell] all the Furniture, but kill’d [an ‘e’ reduced to an apostrophe spurting out from the ‘I’—an apostrophe like some inner ‘I’ once in the ‘I’ but now leaving its typogra[ve]y—the soul of the ‘I’] several Men within [how is worth posited in this sentence? dead men trailing the goods like something trained, like a train hooked to a more valuable dress, but handled—the train is touched, is bunched up, tended to—the duty of many hands, to keep it tame—from tripping the goods, the good-ish bride]” (150)

“a File of Musqueteers [...] to trade for Gum and Elephant’s Teeth [Mus-get-teeth, teeth and gums, a defiled mouth]” (151)

“he would Slave them to the full value of their cargoe [*sic*] [goaded cargoe (*sick*)] [which translates, ‘he would trade them a number of slaves deemed

equal to their cargo'] [because given a choice to no longer be given over as goods, some would-be slaves (wouldn't be) chose piracy, some people chose because choice arose] [rose] [rise up] [some p/luck]" (152)

"their Arms [the Hands' Arms] standing [as would Legs] in a Corner, in a Heap [...] Rejoycing" (152-154)

"three Circumstances [...] compleat a Pyrate [one pleats a pyrate by folding the pyrate cloth over and pressing firmly down, then again, and the paper fan of a pyrate shooin' regulations like regulation were a relation of heat's] [All Circumstances hinge on "Voluntier," how many tiers of willingness stack up against the Convicted's favor—if Articles Signed, if a Particle of Desire clogs the No-Hole, a Refusal infused with the Sale, the Pitch taken, the Sails set]" (220)

*from* MANDARIN PRIMER

ASPIRATES

Tea, coffee, or cocoa, which all arrived in London in the year 1652, are needed for serious study, its repeatable steps. Plus a primer from 1911. Most important: know what you want, for discovering the Far East of the self may require restructuring your world. It's a peculiarity of the genteel classes in both East and West to express surprise, horror, or other emotions, but rarely any precise thought. Whereas a pink raincoat is an antidote to stuttering "pudding please" when trying to voice aspirates. Their presence or absence makes as much difference to the meaning of a Chinese word as caffeine, a socially acceptable stimulant, to tea. The Chinese, strange to say, coined the phrase "to send forth breath" to compensate for excessive distance in late afternoon.

TONES

A rythmical chime, a musical imperative not unpleasant to the ear, unlike the West's belief that it is superior and naturally meant for global leadership. No sentence should be committed to memory without letting the upper even tone run in the track of shared perception rather than carefully guarded nautical secrets. Though you may reject the all-embracing determinism of magic you must address every object because there is truth in all things. Nevertheless you should not hold out one hand without keeping the other in reserve. The refinement of the rising and falling tones can change a love whisper into statistics and explains our concern for microadjustment. There was no technology known to Renaissance Italy which the Chinese had not developed earlier. See table on page 99.

## PRONOUNCIATION

*p* as in *park*, not bark.

*ch* as in *church*, not jerk.

*g* as in *gunpowder* invented for use in fireworks, not cunning.

*h* has two sounds, one as in English *how* come the Chinese rejected the use of their invention for violent purposes, the other to be assembled from memory.

*sh* is pronounced with the teeth closed and a damp cloth .

*hs*, on the contrary, with the whole face.

Whatever the reason, because the Orient denied itself the use of gunpowder for violence it laid itself open to defeat by the Western barbarians.

## ADVERSATIVE CONJUNCTIONS

Such is the force of the word “but” that the conclusion we would naturally draw does not follow. It is “turned upside down.” Distinguishing between the contingent and the necessary, China banned opium in 1729. The British nevertheless exported 60 tons there from India in 1776 and five times that quantity in 1790. Ask how it got there, and all the world’s a vessel. Hence the verb *hsiao-teh*, “to know” is heard more in the South than in the North. But “to beget” is the equivalent of “gentleman,” used as a title of respect and stored in a cool, dry place.

I believe in the Cowboys, the Yankees, and the Holy Ghost  
I belong to the father, the son  
Through this logo I deny the devil in Christ God  
Behind a heavy door, I etch myself in the image  
Of you on a promontory, a recluse collecting records  
Of the shape of the world, where we walk hand in hand  
In a field of heather, letters scrolling up out  
Of the theatre darkness, taking turns on a one hitter  
Getting loose, kind of stupid



Was it a window or sugar

Blown into clear skin?

The codeless tundra trembles  
This unloved train of bitches  
These dollars I got—cousin of pity  
Turning a marble slab into a cone of powder  
It ain't happening like you said it would  
Current through time, smoke  
From a chair—Ash drifting  
During the blackout stillness, I could only imagine  
You, moving, modeled to move  
Windblown—Pulled into the skin  
Half a continent waiting for darkness

Randomly generated cemetery

Randomly generated dead

Leaf mold drifts a shovel into

The stone's eye opens

Walking down a final road, a version I never call you  
My bitch or even my boo  
I pray, I rest my head upon this tree  
I watch a cup dwindling in a field  
And the holy book limping like a wounded star  
Throwing off an arm of annihilating fire  
The scent of clean clothes and sex  
Discolored by unremitting  
Light I worked so hard to live in  
An observatory for zeroes  
And occluded by some

Eye faltering over

Sueyeun Juliette Lee

## ON LIGHT

*“a formal concept, which possesses various complicated properties that can only be  
described formally, using mathematics”*

--Rudolf Kippenhahn *Discovering the Secrets of the Sun*, trans. Storm Dunlop

Add light to light and you have darkness.  
Add light to light and you have expanse.  
Add light to light and you have memory.  
Add light to light and you have light.

★

Light is a wave.  
What medium is altering is unclear.  
The sky deepens.  
I reckon brightness by the shadows cast,  
another way of saying it all turns blue.  
Was I fond of it.

★

The dream cast. A noise.  
Move furiously forward--  
to outrun in some manner     *day*

parting innumerable curtains  
the hair of one's youth  
(vague gauze on the lips

★

To make it simple, we will imagine that we are watching its passage in slow  
motion.  
She stands against the faded brick wall waiting for the 26 to arrive.

Canvas bag in hand, some groceries, generally at attention.  
Slowly, the body reconvenes. Each pore an aperture, each thread a sieve.  
Complex narratives converge upon her--  
a break in the afternoon, and she is reflected.  
This stuns you. It charges solemnly across the screen

a wire field a bed of pages crumpled night

Joyelle McSweeney

## KING PRION

--Hooooooooo

Crepe'd up a knife blade ladder on  
Spectator shoes or gladiator sandals  
Cut to the glut, Fata Androgyana,  
To the fat of the matter.

You cupped yourself to the sickle-sale table  
There's a drug for that and its name is traced on ice  
With a triple toe lutz boot black blade handle.  
Dorothy Hamill.

Hack't locks

For the trunk sale.

Sword tied to the

Second hand

The glabrous torso

Pouring bile and

Tied to the saddle

Makes the failing world go round

In battle

On hoarse legs

Bone chip tip top knobble

(I live in a starhouse built for denial

Hygienists in Scarsdale.

A case of adolescent sarc-

Oma.

It has six dental points despite the five on my papers. Despite  
the Nazi hinges

Singe-ing yours. Those black arms

Swing like a crazy kat clock

Point everywhere.

I'm an artist so

like a broken clock I never have

had to *Repeat myself*—



# KING PRION

--Hooooooooo  
Used to haunt  
the lobby While you stood there in your  
*Capezio's*  
White-ankled  
As anything tied to a spit  
Playing the boy Isaac to anybody's  
Daddy-Abbie  
Whazzat Latin and  
Whoozat  
Beggar French  
His hat blade cut the murk above his  
Antibody. His switchhand  
Switched like a cat.  
*I call that man lucky who, sitting next to you*  
*In the afterglade goddess*  
Goddess-dragged the lad  
over the  
River Him-her  
Then dragged the river over that  
We dragged the river for his  
Alley marrow. His tender cock  
Lept up like a Robin  
In Spring Where the cord snuck  
Up to the shutter like  
Medical tubing  
You thought you could Death  
On your own terms Do  
The reverse frug the Maria  
Montez  
Mmmmmmm  
Like a negative  
Bullet blank or  
Credit card balance Nice  
Try hot  
Shot King  
Prion King  
Prion  
King

## KING PRION

--Hooooooooo  
Wore a highbrow eyebrow  
Pencil skirt and smile And bent  
Over the medical suite  
Table In San Diego Wholly  
Martyred from the bottom to the top  
Listened to the transistor  
Head like a holyroller  
Leapt analog  
Into the brain's manifold  
-ed pantywaist ladder raddle  
Was it for this Fata Androgyana  
You held your blade  
To the whetstone Roll'd  
In time's Big Hay  
-Stack o' Needles  
I'll traid you the spindly future  
(Cell failure  
In the auricular  
Canal and oracular chamber)  
For a quantity of hamburger  
Right now  
Hot and  
Mashed  
Like a tissue in the pocket a  
Re-Master  
'dcard  
In the second gut  
How I love a little  
Pick-n-Roll  
On the side  
On the *distaff* side  
Death's issue  
Casts his Bolt  
From the blue to the brain  
Like a bolt in the brain

# KING PRION

--Hooooooooo  
Wore that morning's liv  
-ery slippery  
Made a loop of the loupe,  
A jeweler. *Happy Happiest toddler*  
*On the block!* And when he leuked closer  
The red cell  
de-bucketed, spilt guts  
Like a hasp spent or hen bent  
Over eggs in the nest of  
complexity. Easy's over. A chopping or an auction  
Bloc. A chopping list. What complex  
-ity  
Could crack and flow like this  
And make a motion studyable at MIT.  
Reproduction in 3-D  
If you need me  
I'll just be standing outside for a sec  
In Media  
Ab Ovum  
Like a kid just studying  
Hump & Dump I didn't know you had to study that stuff  
Oval is the shape of the egg pierced, blown &  
Strung up  
Before the horse. The cart  
Before the horse before the  
Chicken bucket.  
(Batter me).  
That's no way to go to the  
dump  
To dump the contents, pump  
The trumped-up sludge  
Like chum  
Pump action  
Lamp chain or chain gang,  
Dead key on an otherfucking  
*Keyboard* or  
*Lanyard*, chomp bit  
In the mouth  
Of the dust  
In the mouth Of the champ of the chumps

Oscarine Bosquet

*from* PRESENT PARTICIPLE

translated by Sarah Riggs & Ellen LeBlond-Schrader

## ROSA'S SPRING

—Your rank is beaten on the sand  
starting tomorrow to your great horror  
the revolution will lift  
it's the voice of Rosa  
who never shut herself up  
and who had to be beaten  
Rosa WANTED  
her face posterized across the streets of Berlin  
after five years in prison  
alone in writing we in revolution  
born the year of the commune  
assassinated January 15 1919  
in a car at point blank  
this hysterical Jewess  
reappeared the 31<sup>st</sup> of May in Landwehrkanal.

Do you know the spring begins in January?

Rosa's spring 1919 lasted from January 15<sup>th</sup> to May 31<sup>st</sup>.

Which titmouse were you Rosa?

The one whose song you wanted inscribed on your tomb: zeezeebay

The blue titmouse who came back one time during the course of the month of May 1916 to briefly greet you in memory of your lengthy winter conversations?

Rosa recites “Ich war, ich bin, ich werde”

But the revolution only remains in the letters of the word one should bury

virtue revolt lure

vie violent

not

rove rent

volt

outlie over

veil

nor lit nor

evolution

nor rule nor love

nor our

to our great dread.



Fanny Howe

## NOW I HAVE SEEN EVERYTHING

The canal pipes smoked from the riverboats decorated in flowers and greens.  
It was London 1910. A chill frosted the canal.  
My play *Quit If* took place that same season and my film of the play,  
a hundred years later, was simply a ritual reenactment of the original.

At the end of Act One horrible people gathered in an arboretum saluting a  
Nazi-to-be.  
Thin-lipped men were dumped from limos onto the pavement,  
crinolines and ankles flew after them.  
A little pear tree contradicted the decadent scene.

When bus 98 passed twice containing one wounded and accusing face at the  
window  
it was only a video of a sky-mind, a partial apparition,  
He called to me to become a femme fatale who lives only for love  
but it was not the call I was waiting for.

★

I want to know what happened to that cosmologist who kissed me  
against a wall in public. He probably left the planet  
with the watery eyes of a seer and still-soft lips.  
In the old days scientists like him were cellists and chefs.

He followed me into my sitting room as I dozed. Each time I was blind and  
leaden,  
unable to draw him close or even lift my hand.  
Vivien Leigh went right up to Olivier on screen and inhaled  
the aura around his collar instead of kissing his mouth.

“If poets were religious, what would happen next?” I asked myself.  
They would be scientists, I guess, because  
when they discover something new in genetics or physics,  
their proof changes the structure of the cosmos.

★

You progress only by knowing you were wrong  
and forgetting the context.

Like Franz Bieberkopf in the epilogue of *The Berlin Alexanderplatz*  
my heroine was humbled by every mistake.

I was too attached to innocence, according to the monstrous critic Reinart  
whose intelligence was so great, he put an end to others.  
When I say I, I mean Bieberkopf.  
The pathetic ex-con was just as stupid as I am.

Two Aryan angels in brassy clothes  
slid around candles in the street, it was decades before the film was made.  
A fluorescent April sky.  
Then my man whispered as if he were speaking into the ear of heaven.

My arms would not reach up to draw him down.  
He was so cold, his wrist might have belonged to a priest  
identifiable only to God and the idea of purity.  
But he was contaminated by nostalgia and his eyes changed my future.

★

If he had the surrealist face of a French poet, I didn't know it.  
Only that he wanted to skip the twentieth century completely.  
He had a vision of the past that sent it flying.  
I reached up just as the curtain went down. I was very old by then.

He bent over me like a boy with a magnifying glass.  
We stayed like that with a floor-length window open onto the hangar  
in an a-historical space. You can only confess once.  
After that, there is very little to say about anything, especially a lost chance.

# ON THE OPEMS OF MICHAEL BASINSKI.



-- Michael Basinski, bio from Sound Vision/Vision Sound II catalogue

Michael Basinski is a sound/visual/performance/other poet who has written about 100,000 books. Despite his baffling productivity, he somehow

continues to be R-E-A-L. His output circumnavigates the sphere of literary experimentation: visual poetry, performance scores, sound poetry, asemic writing, curse and song.

Despite the fact that his various styles have sometimes been isolated and published as separate collections (for example, the recent publication of his collected performance scores probably called “FANGF”), Basinski does not see his multiple stylistic approaches as separate explorations or bodies of work, but instead as part of an integrated landscape that he constructs into larger works. To read Basinski is to follow him through compositions of multi-dimensions, weaving multiple styles, perspectives, voices and narrative fragments. These dynamic schizoid landscapes create what Basinski calls “Opems”.

The Opems are always so full they can only be incomplete; they ask readers to complete not just by reading, but by voicing, decoding, following instructions and otherwise performing the writing. He would rather have performers than readers reading his writing, or at least readers. Or maybe readers performing writing reading. He is unstoppable.

To immerse yourself in the page is to let Basinski shape-shift all over you. He is a astronaut trying to sell you jewelry, he is flipping through the channels, he is covered in mayo, he just exposed his “little too much”, he is pressing the keys with his elbows. Basinski is in the supermarket, the gas station, the Milky Way, the movies, the future. Basinski is wverywhere.

Unable to back down from a fleeting semi-linear in-the-moment-of-writing thought, Basinski will leave a stretch of dark mythology, or notation of sounds, or monstrous drawing to bring you to a poisonous, if sometimes cryptic, critique of conventionalism:

“the poet laureate brings  
you kisses  
neatly wrapped  
in foil with  
a tiny  
flat paper  
tail and sweet  
and sweet I  
I offer my  
ugly  
writing tongue”

(from *Venus* 93, Little Scratch Pad Editions, 2007)

What is wrong with him?! There is so much talk of moist bodies, bestiality, and balls (mostly his). Susan Howe must think he is a pig, bell hooks would get sick

on him, Wolstencraft, Wolstencraft, Wolstencraft!)

I once saw Basinski at his writing desk with his shirt unbuttoned, wearing sunglasses, hearing sax. I knew then that he was against the war, as they say.

He calls himself “a blue-collar poet”, but I don’t believe it. He’s too sensitive he doesn’t watch enough television show. Wait, he is blue-collar, he’s not teaching like everybooby else. And because...

HE WAS ON “MATCH GAME” HOSTED BY GENE RAYBURN (an alchemist)! AND HIS DAUGHTER NATALIE TOO!

BELIEVE IT. CHECK IT OUT @YOUTouB

See his visual poems, do his instruction piecess, read his writing. Follow him in an adventure through space and space.

David Shields & Elizabeth Cooperman

## THE GREAT BOOK OF CATASTROPHES

*“When he was a baby, I would carry [my little brother] up and down the stairs even though my parents told me not to hold him unless they were watching. I knew even as a seven-year-old that I was putting him in danger. But I had to put him in danger so I could protect him from danger.”—Jonathan Safran Foer, “Emptiness”*

In standard erasure poetry, the words of the source-text get whited-out or obscured with a dark color, but the pages in Foer’s new book, *Tree of Codes* (November 15, 2010, Visual Editions), have actually gone under the knife, rectangular sections physically excised using a die-cut technique that resembles X-acto artistry.

*We openly admit: our creations will be temporary. We shall have this as our aim: a gesture.*

The result: chinked, rectangular cut-outs around which remaining text floats, reminding us of the shape of floor plans (albeit for buildings made of nothing); they produce windows and doorways to portions of up to ten successive pages of text at a time. Approached this way, we confront morphemes, words, and phrases that get revealed, repeated, and then covered up.

*Something stirred in me. The feeling of no permanence in life transformed into an attempt to express wonder.*

Like a disrupted pantoum built from the half-thoughts, mumbles, and pooling associations of a madman, language waves at us through these X-actored text-windows, disrupting the surface-texture of the page. The composition not only interrupts normal saccadic rhythms but in effect forces us to read the book back-to-front at the same time we’re reading it front-to-back, perhaps nodding at the process of reading Hebrew, which in relation to English is read backwards.

*All attempts are transient and easy to dissolve. reducing life is not a sin. It is sometimes necessary. There is no dead matter,” he taught us, “lifelessness is only a disguise.”*

Lifting the pages up one by one, we discover a lyrical semi-narrative delivered by a single narrator, characters (a father and mother), a single plot-point (the father’s death), and a shift in setting (the movement from an Eden-like garden to an urban frontier).

*My father would walk along like a gardener of nothingness, outside of the surface of life. he seemed to scatter into fragments, an enormous featherless dignity*

A primary concern of any erasure-artist is authorship and Foer's book is no exception.

*He suddenly collapsed and folded up. Or perhaps he had been exchanged for another man?*

Futzing with Bruno Schulz's book *Street of Crocodiles*, Foer gets extremely intimate with the Polish writer; Foer is writing a book with, through, and for Schulz by un-writing the original.

*"I'd love an empty page of Bruno Schulz's."--Foer, "Emptiness"*

This is an age in which there is much debate about the relevance of books to our fast-paced, byte-obsessed culture, but we've yet to come across any conglomeration of text, hyperlinks, images, and ads in the sidebar that presents a more chaotic and multi-dimensional reading experience than this book. This is the end of reading; this is the future of reading. This is the end of writing; this is the future of writing.

*out of the depth of yesterday i wanted to turn inside out. I wrote in a notebook, added it all up. with eyes like miniscule mirrors, i could not contain the groaning, swelling, deep pulsation of the enormous awe, those colossal exuberances. the only living and knowing thing was me.*

"I felt light," says the narrator midway through *Tree of Codes*. At this point the reader thinks, too, of the book itself, which, composed of half-empty pages, feels to the touch too light. Pick up the doctored book-object and it weighs less than the eye says it should.

*It seemed he might disintegrate, i grabbed with trembling hands. he became smaller and smaller, wilted into a petal of nothingness.*

So, too, when we separate the gossamer-thin pages one-by-one and examine not just the words written on each page but also the space through and *past* these pieces of paper, we have the uncanny experience of looking *through* empty picture frames.

*One could see wavily reflected in the display windows the inhabitants of the city—creatures of weakness, of voluntary breaking down*

Turning pages, the reader's hand (accustomed to a physical understanding of

the page) literally measures subtracted weight. This tactile emptiness lies at the heart of the book's attempt to plumb anti-spaces—landscapes unrecoverable at the levels of text, paper, geography, and memory—which are excruciating to Foer, whose entire oeuvre is an attempt to recover, through art, the dead bodies of the Holocaust and a demonstration that such an attempt is not only impossible but wrong (“to write a poem after Auschwitz” etc). The book is both hospital and crypt: the thousands of tiny rectangular spaces are both beds and graves.

*the wretchedness of that generation, unmarked by the presence of a soul, made of cardboard, empty inside*

Straightforward written language, Foer is suggesting, cannot dependably access such material without cheapening the debt. What does it mean to toss out, to make detritus of, what you adore?

*the great book of catastrophes, copied a thousand times, incessant draft, relentless flowing bleeding.*

Foer bores his curatorial-knife into Schulz, deleting beloved words from his favorite book and lodging himself deep inside the tragic home of that father-text. Perhaps more than ever in this new book/formal experiment, Foer gropes towards a poetics of absence and, in his own words, “a shaky and uncertain line of indefinite basic sadness.”

*“I’m sorry for my inability to let unimportant things go, for my inability to hold onto important things.”--Foer, “Emptiness”*

This text, chaotically rich in texture to the eye and the fingers, is a bleak and ravaged document obsessed with its own compositional choices. The loosely narrative lyrics Foer carves from Schulz’s *Street of Crocodiles* often fashion metaphors and justifications for the second author’s tender, literary vandalism.

*How beautiful is forgetting! what relief it would be for the world to lose some of its contents!*

We sense that Foer tries to find solace inside loss but that he also fears such efforts are only “an invention of loneliness confused and unconnected.”

*It’s the tragedy of loving; you can’t love anything more than something you miss.--Foer, Extremely Loud and Incredibly Close*

*Tree of Codes* is concerned with landscapes rural and urban, with maps, with rooms, and especially with coverings: masks, wallpaper, paint, shadows,



curtains, “a delicate veil” filling a window, old murals, tablecloths, and secrets.

*And yet, and yet – the last secret of the tree of codes is that nothing can ever reach a definite conclusion. Nowhere as much as there do we feel possibilities, shaken by the nearness of realization. the atmosphere becomes possibilities and we shall wander and make a thousand mistakes. We shall wander along yet not be able to understand.*

Foer also takes an obvious interest in puncturing surfaces: “Reality is as thin as paper,” he says, slicing through the pages of his source-text, simultaneously obscuring Schulz’s stories and revealing new dimensions inside of them. “Only the small section immediately before us is able to endure, behind us sawdust in an enormous empty theater.” There is no doubt that his preoccupation with surfaces and coverings is both *ars poetica* and a reference to one aspect of Bruno Schulz’s biography.

*my father alone was awake, wandering silently through the rooms.*

Not long before he was shot to death, Schulz was commissioned to paint a fairytale-themed mural in the home of Felix Landau, the Gestapo officer who protected Schulz the last few years of his life. For decades the paintings were forgotten and lost, hidden behind layers of whitewash in the pantry of a private residence. Recently, though, the brightly colored figures were uncovered by Polish researchers, only to be summarily removed by an Israeli leftist group, Yad Vashem, which transported them to Israel.

*This is love, she thought, isn’t it? When you notice someone’s absence and hate that absence more than you love his presence? --Foer, Everything Is Illuminated*

In the tiny, square window at the top of page one of *Tree of Codes*, the reader encounters Foer’s first revision of Schulz: a partial glimpse of the phrase “bright hoarse,” constructed from laying the phrase “hoarse with shouting” over the phrase “the bright silence.” The concept of “hoarseness” relates to Foer’s project of silences and layers, but it is probably also an eerie visual pun on the word “horse,” which was the first recognizable figure researchers discovered while scraping away the white paint that had covered Schulz’s vibrant murals. *Tree of Codes* is codified on a nearly infinite number of levels, most of which will remain hidden to Foer’s readers.

*Full of ideas and projects, I wanted a night that would not end.*

Ronaldo V. Wilson

## STREAMING

In the film, *Inception*, anxiety causes the plugged-in-architect to be assaulted by strangers, first glares, intentional bumps, then all out attacks – cars crash and buildings crumble to crush the dreamer.

Out of your senses, you escape across a bridge, sit groggily, coupled with your sister and a cousin, faceless, but you know it's your family, though white, at the base of a hill overlooking a flat lake.

Your black boots look long, and they're slippery, your feet wide. Blunt nose hairs sprout out of your ass crack. The geese bark as they head south in the middle of your construction, but you don't mark this, as awe.

You're late for an application to Williams – \$56, Expressed down the drain, but one thing's for sure – you'll keep making work, and sucking dick, relentlessly, like the stinger pumping venom in the arm, even after the bee's torn off.

So tired of this SilverDaddies search – your dementia-father attacks his wife in the night, bursting awake: *You're the enemy! You're my wife?* In every act now, the mother, ripped from sleep, hides under her bed.

In his boxers, a blubbery white man, redhead with a beard, pubic-looking, slept in your mom's milk-blue Galaxie 500. He wanted change. You saw his pink balls. Your dad let him in – the stranger who was in your car was in your house.

# LOSS

Squeeze through a window, somewhere on a train to face a baby across the net. Hit a serve that curves out to the right, then kicks wide, left.

SilverDaddy who's not online, lives within a 50-mile radius, holds shackles out in one picture, reveals rope nubs hanging from a ceiling in another.

This triggers the dream of your brother lying on a bunk bed, wanting a 6 x 9 surface to write on, but he's writing on a much smaller card, the note your mother will be happy to get.

You want to get change so you can make a phone call, or do some laundry, but there's no one to reach, and your clothes, they stink in the bathroom all night,

and only stink less, when you awake.

All these white men, with permanent jobs, walk through the dream. They set up chairs, and they're calm. They don't face the threat of flock, nor ambush.

The serve's slow, but everyone knows you're good. And in the end, you too, know that getting better means you have to go up after the ball.

*Use your arm like a hammer.*

*Look at what Serena does.*

This is what your father taught, and you fly up in the air,  
reach up, higher, snap your wrist.

When the baby pulls the diapers from the trash, and is about to throw them on the court, you realize, you need even more control.

This said, when he hit the steel fence in his van, my father may have concussed.

Before the new neurologist, we didn't think he could hurt, ignored the air bag, deployed. He didn't look dazed in the bend of questions.

That night, I had a date with a Daddy without a cell phone. No way to reach him, so we met another night, and I rubbed his large cock in his yellow Mini-Cooper.

Porno blondes on VHS, my mother records over.  
The apple pies that made my father happy still do.

My dementia-dad: his shame and mind and fat evaporate, wanting so bad, to recall, but in the end, his refrain: *I don't know, I don't know.*

## DALLIANCE

In the bed a corner of your body,  
as if the night, and like the sweat  
of the wet crotch –

When I drive, barely looking over  
the column,  
one wrong turn into another,  
I lie to myself, but you drive  
past me.

The toll, for  
this lie, is that the post office  
exists after five.  
It's what one may call,  
*cheating*.

The pussy-ass, opening,  
piston-in, used again,  
used so much, but still,  
I get gifted satin sheets.

I feel the chair.  
It's painless,  
one turn down Elm,  
an unmarked street, what a jerk.

A rose, I buy one, for you,  
and the cashier charges me  
for six.  
Stop smiling so hard, you liar.

# GLUTTON

*Donald Trump confirms, with Kelly Ripa, he paid Lady Gaga \$3Million to sing at his daughter's wedding.*

—Live! With Regis and Kelly

*This is what they want. This is what they paid for.*

—Jimmy Connors

The lady in yoga behind you says she wants to attack the food. You've become the body you've become and wanted, and then Terry says, *I noticed you missed two moves.* If you think of him like the imperfection in the world as a Persian rug, you'll be able to forget this. You never want to be white, but then, your feet want you to be white, thin like they look in the mirror. Puddle and pool, pile and pool, what does feckless mean? Is this what it means to be feeble? It's next to fecund, which is closer to feces, I think, but I have so much I want to say. I can't tell you what to do. Doing is what I can't tell you to say. Don't bother me. Leave me alone, so I can figure it out. My healthy-father's small hands are smaller than the loan officer's at The Bank of Alex Brown. Dad's been taken again, loaned money to Mark Fredrickson, who said he paid him back \$18,000, but he lied, and now the IRS sends my lost-dad the bill. Get another lawyer for another lawyer. Go after him. Is it worth it? Does it merit combat? My stomach hurts. Half wheat, half white, nine Grain, it's still bread. The oatmeal looks like gruel, but I eat it. I want to run this morning, even though it's cold, black and dark. Eat the bread. It's bad to want the bread. Xerox it, save it, before you lose the outline, beaming, leaking.

## METRICS

*...but it does contain a vital difference – of intent and intensity.*

– Mary Oliver

You think it's so simple, one breath-lung full,  
the master's form, master me, nigga what?

The thing about you, you're tied to beef tongue,  
stupid, black this, paint my face, dummy, Duh.

Cavorting the tracks that lack invention,  
the spent, spelt, milk, this line is out

to reach the inner ear, a cranky fungus  
in the afterbirth. The way I see life:

too many swing sets pop up gold lilacs,  
gazing in the field – old, gas lawnmowers.

I'm in a ghastly geezer mask at the Big Y.  
Did you swim in the water? Dawn's over

it too, there's constancy, yes, flow vs. rhythm –  
Bacterium, silt: but please, switch compression!

THEN

You should have never told them – it's not that kind of day.  
Many nails  
    need to be done. Hair out, hair did.

Many things need to be complete,  
    clap to be shared.

So, things that you need to do: T.T.D.  
That's not done, and even paper shocks you to stupor:

The words are MAGIC MOUSED.  
    Typing into a Mac is like looking into milk.

To the right of the poems, a Terabyte drive,  
    a large load of, empty: I lost my Time Machine

to the sculptor, whooooooooo left his body in the terrarium,  
and wrapped himself in an 80's sailor's shirt,

got called Sephardic.

At Yaddo, from the edge of the ping-pong table, the name  
caller pursues a degree, and looks like

    he caught the bug – AIDS FACE. Such an able-ist, Ape-ist.  
Soap tastes like  
soap.

In my desk, my doctoral diploma, and in a closet  
my Master's, and somewhere lost my AB. A book

project, too, my name with one prize, and in another, a book  
got two, but I'm black & brown –

I got to get a post: *No, no bictim, aim he fo NO a ho[l]e.*

## WHERE

At the park down the street and around the corner where we play tennis, I once heard buffed, bearded James say he seduced a woman in the bathroom, hiked her dressed up and did her on the counter. John Borden, at our house, sitting on our couch – his junk hangs out, and his wife Mary realizing we have no toilet paper, dips in her purse. Doody, their son, is dark and gangly, and he hits the tennis ball over the fence like it's a baseball.

My dad thinks everyone has athletic talent, or at least he knows how to spot a swing, and Doody's is across his body & I wonder about my dad's knife fights in Nam. He says it's easier to fight someone with a knife than someone without one, because you can focus on one point.

Sometimes, I think of my father's body, the raised mole on his back, or the way he says, *At the bottom of the sea*, when I ask where it is, or he asks me *What are you thinking?* – when I stare into distance. He follows my mother in the store, and one day, he'll simply be lost around her garden.

There are no more tomatoes on the vine, and a part of me is leaving as I enter the abyss of what I want to say when I awake, as if something was pulled out of me, where the pressure is only released by chancing on a screen shot: *ROGER FEDERER, STRETCHED. Fed-Eh-Reh*, Dad says & he spelled Flour, FLOWER on the Tupperware.

When my father was a small boy, he hit a girl, got caught & was forced to stand in the corner, wearing a paper dress and a "Dunce" cap. Or the stolen bundle of aluminum, a ball he made from tearing all the material off the backside of gum wrappers, fashioning this into a sphere, until a boy snatched it: who stole it – Dad – was he a sculptor? Did he ever draw? Did he make shapes?

All I want is to be in shape, but I get my fat from you, Dad, and I suppose I get my movement from you too, but why am I writing about you as though you're dead, when you're not?



## MULTIPLY

Banged by 29 men, and you wanted some of them,  
the red-ape, monstrous heaving, then sleep,  
to wake, to be that cum bucket, filled.

You travel with Frank.

Maybe you're trying to hold onto something  
in that hall you turn down. Some metaphor a life  
can't hold. Slip up. Your life is upside down,  
or appearing as some self, crawling up a hill.

Who do you run from, a man you speak Spanish to,  
up on the railing – He looks down – maybe  
you'll see a movie tonight?

He tucks a mug into his pocket.

A spider's attached to you.

"It's been there all day." Frank says, "The tea is warm."

The lot is black, and there's no one there to see you.

Bob pulls his dick out in the dark, makes it look young.

Touched by a bowl of chili: You ask for bread, inhale it.

Your insurance rises – what has gone down –

the quality of your erections, and all you want is not just  
to be fucked, but to connect. It's what you say, at least.

## CHAIR

Thank you for writing to me. I want you to know that I love you for writing to me. That you requested an application buoys my efforts, and I wanted to let you know, confidentially of course, that my work has won another prize, and that I am so thrilled. But like one real wife of Orange County says, *Imagine if I were married? All the things I could do.* All the things I might say – imagine, I want to say that I love you, that I almost saw you with Ben and Sandra Doller in D.C., that I wanted to see you, Rae Armantrout, but I was hung over from drinking with Abe Smith – maybe you’re still looking for a poetry candidate? All I want to do is to catch up. I want so bad to leave this straightjacket, fly into a place where I’m not a visitor, or left by the road, like the killed animal clipped by collision. All I want is to leave this all behind, work hard in the hot room, leave my sweat on the mat. All I want to say, and all I want to do, escape, forget, *don’t forget me.*

# SONG

Don't hire the mixed black,  
who understands complications  
and sees your simple ways.  
Pure native, pure polyglot –  
these men, so stable,  
these women, so frayed.  
Hold it down.  
You're not a slave,  
on slave wages.  
You're not an up and coming  
star. You're in the stratosphere.  
Yell it to the raft.  
You've made it from root to branch.  
I don't care what it takes –  
The miners, they're transparent,  
dug from the earth,  
and now, out of the shaft,  
released from the tube  
in dark glasses,  
smelling like what they left  
behind, down there.

## BABY

Fred has MS and explains before he shoots in me,  
pulls my panties down and gets me pregnant, that the lining  
around his spine is compromised, though he's strong as a horse,  
because *he eats right*.

After which, I went to a class to  
discuss Myung Mi Kim's, *Commons*.

"Helmet and Pot," one turned over  
to make another, the other roped in by the pull of sense – Maybe I was  
writing about a dream, or maybe I thought about shape?

You can lose everything you know,  
as from            the fish that squeezes out one thousand eggs, maybe  
only one grows up to   swim back to lay more.

Bitch, you want to get seeded.  
*Where did I go today? What did I do today? I went to a Funeral? Is that  
right?*  
*Oh boy! I get to play golf – Is that right?*

Maybe in that class, I said something like high formalist, because I  
thought they   might think her work low.

But, it's obviously not.

Add: at the Garden, I finally saw Serena  
up close.

Difference? (And my father taught me  
this before I   saw it.)

She gets down low to the ball, knees bent  
lower            than anyone, and hits through it, penetrating,  
pushing her opponents back.

Joseph Harrington

## THE ARCHAEOLOGY OF KNOWLEDGE

*“Underneath the pavement – the beach!”*

- stenciled slogan, Paris, Mai '68

Beneath the pavement,  
older pavement.  
Beneath that, ruins.  
You can't even afford  
the cover charge  
to this utopia.

Still lower, sandy clay.  
A little lower layer? –  
don't go there,  
the palace of Thermes,  
throne of the dead.

Primary master : primary slave =  
Secondary master : secondary slave  
This is all you need  
to know on earth –  
a protocol, not  
a dialectic –

# BACK IN IMPERIA

*for Rachel Loden in California*

I reckon you folks back East don't spend much time with your hands in  
chicken guts,  
but I can tell you, you want to choke their fuckin necks – which was someone  
else's job.  
The standard of the empire is your standard standard, stuck in the wind or  
the mud;

but there's nothin sadder than a shut-up abattoir: the lipstick pit-bulls these  
poor slob  
deck out with funny dresses in the stinging sleet know best the shadows of the  
heart,  
alas. Don't have much call for agoraphobia with no agora to speak of, hovels  
agog

with paranoia out the butt: county seat downtown on Sunday on a snowy day –  
no cars,  
no nothin – we lost our g's, we float away. Somebody oughta whip this nothin  
into shape, bail our nothin out, stay the shatter of a whoop these syllables  
pshaw afar –

How doth the cold war never stop the corn genetic junkyard where it never  
springs,  
flower-hoovered tanks in Prague, Father Jesse cryin 'cause he couldn't cut off  
his nuts,  
or all the ponzis and the panzers we forgot? Aw, *Relax*, America: behold thy  
little kings.

Charles Bernstein

POEM LOADING . . .

please wait

FOR [NAME REDACTED]

All this time me on he leadéd  
With false pretence of care  
Not for me, too late I learnéd  
But what I, for him, might dare  
(Which now I do foreswear)  
Yet then I do think –  
Not this the man I once beholdéd  
And calléd friend  
What see I now near shell  
Of what was he before  
Fears and Jealousies so bold  
Frightened 'way what parts of him  
Promise nearly tolled.  
Now a mind of gossip filléd  
Where ideas once gently grazed  
Betraying youth's feckless tare  
By always wanting to be rare.



¢ Δ( 'TÉNÃ0½#ñ˘(qĚ!˘-#T¢|€kORf7Ûîö÷LÒ6\*  
[UN DIMANCHE APRÈS-MIDI À L'ILE DE LA GRANDE  
JATTE]

%M%J/‘œñ[æyiĀh¥U²¤59ég=’€áVHSæäcò’P“\$D  
f√√√SÖ@NÖÈhx}5~¬,,√√√Ñ&äd£{ 4ðh2ëÀ`¥°^³^K\_RÇø+Pöz  
w”[ĀÄqwell4Vd8x,,ÍULžWø{ääÓAI’ÇĹÆJ+’RW√√√ub<”p€  
aĪ)ÉYÄîèÂ^géÖUstuttter†ÈzO~InĐ:iW””?Mílqo\$—’ló  
ñ•i˘N—Ö\*,Ÿki;ë!iñi«Brhð» ΔΣ xNZeME3i Σ Δ q ü;«

o—<ú{ëÅØÎÖ‡;jZ√√√^£pà£,,æèŽ.1bd—h~ĚÜÖ  
~≈iΣĐúŨ?;fšæ¤d×hÂ|

¤ ¤ ~ ~ = ¤ = ¤ ¤ ¤ ¤  
¤ ¤ ~ ~ = ¤ = ¤ ¤ ¤

›ó-CΣxNZe  
%M%J/‘œñ[  
ΣxNZúΣq ü

ÎÖû5y ôIK~¾\_„ý=ò.#ÍüqëÿÆí¹”Đ-SGë7qø  
ÿÿPK√√√Σ!˘.ónΣ\_rels/.rels ¢√√√( CE’ÛJA†ißaÈ}7Û  
"ÒÛPĤjw"èsensate,,™ ifloowĪ¤Ũ¾¼½7q£ °PÛ^æçĚÖÖ›f›;\$<˘aYŌ  
Ø˘`Gßkxm˘«PYÈ[šg  
GĪ°inoÖ/<”˘j<CE1«¢restâ³†A\$>"f3°£\...È¾¼T°I S‘ĪöCE«°¾¼ÇWš™|ÚY

igi@µÇX6\_Ö]7~  
fiØĚ%œÈaoÛ.b\*llÆrj)ð,l0Ī%‘b¬  
6ài¢ŌõDÿ\_˘Ž..., j  
%œĪó|uœZ^tÛ¢yÇ˘;l0Ī%‘b!Y  
,}{ûCf³/hzipripple>ÿÿPK  
√√√Σ!-ŸeZΣ  
word/¢√√√( ¬“ĚNl0Ī%‘bÃ  
0E÷Hüf5{â¤@...P  
Σ ~ = Σ ~ =  
nR˘>ÀM&Ž!~Èù

√√√Σ!-ŸeZΣ

≤≥≤≥≤≥≤≥≤≥

{L\$ÚTTa“¥¹-ï=7Û/Ó³Q;+ Èr`hk×h«  
√√√¼ThazwileWwÀ"İÛÈƲY0`„myy±yÂ^R;:í

#K.6  
è^ü=ç±îĐ  
È~96í'.  
Š{Y¿I...|  
•çk!P

žx²]# išk` ŌàSòyP®mu~7héL√√√ÿ  
Ăý3¥ĚĂd+fB0³Dü<ĚjIø#âW™C(E ;OyhCě¹  
øõñ”F√√√écĚÇμ~c,]’i u  
-∗¹i”iâfIΣmÒ86Ă`£%Ă"  
{õ”~æ“ŸütwirlingòÿÿPK.xmlì}[sãF²æûF  
ì”Ñ“;Vě®-f]mÍivİ8N¬÷  
√√√√\$,\$,€ Δ)~šqöDìü¹ù%  
ûe (õòĂœv7)‘%o¬¬¼  
~™ù—o>Íq“Â÷;[  
ÛB†^4waste land öĂéû¿¼zónCᵂŽÝ  
âû¥L7¾qdayglopçÿøĚâdyù  
ĂG„éĚPeY|òöméĚÜM·¢X†x  
s% s7Ă?“éklupsyÛ¹,Ûæñ/šÇnæüĂĬ-  
ow7Ššformation%oPoăIxr|Ă¹i%QM2ú  
•“h2ñ=Yüşüd•iU¿yQİßø6’h

~~==  
~~==  
~~==  
~~==

√√√Σ!-ŸeZΣ  
eZ√√√Σ

^ÂtæÇiùióç~qV~È]βCÛÍfòçñ\*β6NÛÎc²  
õŸóé£√√√¼p K£h¼⁂ÿ/ÆbqYÿø~2  
±st~°Q¾t!⁂ndÍéÑÑŌá^ùÎ

√ Σ √√Σ!-ŸeZ  
eZ√√√Σ

½tpp ,w¼İß\$Y;zoİ;7x;1Şp4o  
éµD½•  
\\Ea-âm7ô|ÿÿÆ£<YœİN  
Ã´únthudÿ^:wfàÜ  
SõnßËÖP}§>Σ7ýýœ>Ž;M  
Î' (=Ê;Ÿnsizzleþ\_suds@eæĐŸ´  
(noeEã?¾ı³Xă  
o VtAð±éh  
Hv%o  
B†Ÿ/İă‡áĐİëž±±ëáo²,,\$wr

ÀùÑ•¢&øÖ\$Š&—I)İ-kinship1~:eü”¹IV\İBs  
[fl”g+p%oK«nögùúvvè¼xÑMÜÊ8

“Ÿ2ñÁŸHíy\_ð%•ix ∫f¾÷Çã@fÑ"ÜçQJ/ó½<;  
?Ë4K7}ö²Ÿ,  
Σ ~ =Σ ~ =  
êH7ÂïöÑ×5\*Iª¢[m×ß1;õ~<¢æ×JfÑ³”7¬ñLû{Ûi  
vÎKfSÖspilwyg‡Çû÷FÊÒgb½^  
Ö/ĈEnèöëiQ-ÂGTP øŸ,;7µ1öÓì#  
tëÿîlpoà~î€İĀðÊ|p<äM”ðİ\*º•N~'ýépÀîÁĪáÁ  
»Ÿ|üþHİürococcop'¿»!,Êdip»•¢þÀ]B;|‡çPYü  
¬y´øð,1½À√√√þøĀ;µ±?é;ă“8J}r;fÊ\$§ñN^%\\E/  
òy”~?óĀđ'ÊİÜ9|ö;ÿĐsin free >4†72MÛx;îþ  
þþAù9mûþXè  
òÊ=<ĂþÁþÁá;pÆĀ³iì  
”O\$'ÜùKō³ĂçyC{µ!`´ûŽ

w%o£,X€¢ĂrÁĀ£(Çê'ĈE~€;™þ,%,ă4  
...û™â>¿..."±y¿ñfg¾~dollop...µÊQíŸ<hÁù‡.wwðü  
«½>ăĀİblndsÖ¿•N|B+écõ?Ó<àæ&>Ă's¼ßËòD  
¼€'öÀ£ó“\_þž"vúă»há&cq}úŸø©Ò-òð

¿Ÿ\_ \$∞÷þzómñDþßî¾¼ŸÓð½+x'tŽ{2¼ò  
,áŪpª[,\*-@PnyİŪp\*Oa”=œÕ}==hß÷¿  
[+ráf®Ê,ÒZTðoozeøĂŠÓ\*üí√√√ÿ  
\_...¿½øÓĀ»G«>¬(N²þO™Ê!İVßăÒ#”  
CmŠ,)furlI¢ĀL°c”9uVöOyKÿ¬Q?  
üøÊb:ý|\$r>¢K—\÷qéqé2öëü03Ÿ(+1J”þ|³³¿  
eKB;~~ M¼ Δİ∞\$™y3úë√√√ßR¼Ž¾fIz,ΣL

aCÂhñ}4Æ»yfillialmilky ways ñ÷~š\$šú,,€šnuOÈýéÓUøÂò×ã\$I¾•Ñ±L  
%oN@)fill¼{÷!%šñ£ãĐ...q‡Ÿ%ΣĀáy/ÆñĀî  
ÿBâ9T"Êüø;8ázĐAÀ\$S  
Đ... Δq‡Ÿ%Đª•... Δq‡Ÿ%  
ä\_Î?PÇfavor√√!¾\$|Òâ°--ø'yq%Io«ÿÆßqí"ù  
£;?XEò= nNÈ«¾kaos{İöİ°ŽA'^+\ý\$ì ~Ogpc  
\_)–ÒMRÈéâßÿü/d,Äµpç"%U~ÍüTàa” ,Ç  
DĒŸ@foamĀ2ñdL;r-fi©”!~h\$3ñ-ΣcX.=?4  
-îŽĀM...+ná/%ohchord"Nç2ñ=—,ó> %o  
Đ...q‡Ÿ%Đ...q‡Ÿ%  
eáK',,äø·9°¤ WýM ‡√√√Ê\$Ā  
gfDúÈkineticçD“¾°â^ÑM~fú>Z`v°  
ì#èloñCE”çĀJ`Í,‹sponge ¼dÊ?\$}tŸí^Z@w Ç  
2î#Öùì#blendrĀkaleidoscpeD0ÁfĀ6R\$UĀjÍĀĹÆ µW,Í³±Ā  
µytBò³H Ö√√√‡i{`Ÿ>¢;áāJÊÈ<C

;N}àsn<-a°\$CdÒÇgk?"™  
;N}àsn<-a°\$CdÒÇgk?"™  
Đ...q‡Ÿ%Đ...q‡Ÿ%

\$CdÒÇgk?"  
;N}àsn<-a°

H,,½Šàð|gÿàpx•;sé†0p‘Y...ù%o  
pā2“DRNĪ4D\$`´´´×J‘tsUÍ™—xgá  
g³ê|,ÖG¤-÷0+m«~ì”Ž&o«V==  
<:,h—òP©ĀbQ¼óe!;?KT+èÿ~€y

~~==  
~~==  
~~==  
~~==

g³ê|,ÖG¤-÷0+m«~ì”Ž&o«V==

s.“3yþ”Σe)°x  
,#jĀ’ĐA<s4¼  
;N}àsn<-a°  
,#jĀ’ĐA<s4¼  
s.“3yþ”Σe)x

≤≥ ŽÀrCEÛÉRÈ;òÔmineYßE#dLüâ5°zSÈO

”Ē€¢

v3RägroudnÑ×meantEdĒÛŠTúyÍSÉZ

Pé%ê

ŠªÃÒPá½hĭt‡’WIoꝛ

Pá½hĭt‡’ꝛ

lp^ -d¼ý”¬

lp^ -d¼ý”¬

¼ý”¬lp^ -d

lp^ -d¼ý”¬

¥{.],IfbfrÕq,ædÈxØÅJe5Vuý”¬ý”¬ý”¬¬¢

rĒÛꝛÛ±\$`Ècraddle√√√Q,;IÃŠœfÛ≤≥N‘I&QR~Áò”~J

¥•Û@”Á@ŠÅ,ÂŸp\$\*W^³n-ĒyCEÊ-1uPdwelling«èvßí

ïiig €Xt«¼ , °-ñ»B 8OàßJñ

3\*d¾;Oá<\$T©"0~.á~ꝛ,dÁH”©P””””...€ªİDl!2°ÂŸ>,7=DÖpèiÕf~

«Zár÷àòÈ|<xë6figure8W%×¼oá\$(„Ê„Q£(T%öäo9=½ÊjûøhiÈ

| eöpMt€£•E`d|èüü†St,<p•6hÀú9¢ÓÅÁ kw>,\$ꝛ)nT”~“n%öë†%öx<p3ø \_`”

F¥Zx½A\*¢‡p==Σä-ãF@1`!(°8WöiïpÁÖ\*)20√√√İpşjmx f

%ö|Ö“reŽŠ6sipvqýàöJ}a8M±ÀI¥¹G,aù‘]~¡CEþCE~^ÀÎÅÁñ

\ßÑ›wXÚž}}ĐsapÁ/b2HžÂX;Ē.Á%ö“7

'(Û™Æðc³E%ö>šswear it sL¾ssàkæò0©Àð””

¹‡x/)=òP.Ä(Šn?~ÛûwailÀÄ-Nž~<èr6(n—ëœenu°ÖÉ«øŠ0²cqyçŠó~)...°%ö Å

<İĒoJZÖzšWÎΣi=Â¹lüV~

0H65Ÿ^¿¹ΣWã4`e/QÇ/T

ý”¬ý”¬ý”¬ý”¬

5Ÿ^¿¹ΣJ:)Ø>;µùÖ¼[/aØ

5Ÿ^¿¹ΣJ:)Ø>;µùÖ¼[/aØ

Sõ7RhKÉP¼œ"Y?Pf¬j

71ÐAdtrillŠĒ4ŷš\$≤≥gdadaÕP›¥i`½

ª^„âb%öþXUİ›pÔs±CEÐ¢E

•“...ÛÛ≤≥áßL|`õ•c[,.Ê%ù÷?

ÿoßÓi]íí›tugnÒMæ¿ÿù/İĒÈO.

umŠCE^N<4wìJ%mlÅ‡°°cõÆ

dW\$ {WW\$&ùÛN\*eŽawĩĀa%9â´&T

-æÕÖãê=0ÿdŽO©fsub(lim•inêöal  
Ô°yšÛOf\$\_ã½ã³©Y5U  
\\ÈRHtenderú;-!NhòªgourdZÇÒgzj»÷DĩYÇØÛmþA}Oë³  
f líF→O÷óRŽ“xÛilear~8\$5¢WÇPè!À \$ç  
,tÄA+u\*ßgods mLŽQ≤≥îT≤≥ÆÚµ\`-âZu»fŽ`-#Ž¬  
—kâþ~·ÛgöÅKöúflimsyky[]=ÛaýmEt  
Úµ\`-âZu»fŽ`-#  
C”šwill?§œgoadë[mövkİ≤≥≥Ì¿ò1%ooüê  
|,J¾Ðø^g×  
{°K...ÝgoalS`Úµ\≤≥âZu»fŽ≤≥#½ÂF  
ó!0ØâpQdi0¬

ΣS¼¾x\_\_ÚôY-/gin¿ìµ`—,Mõ&Ìz“D^V¾ôÃ«vëu=ß;:ßÁ,B√√/√ð'×€ÚΣnM

(ÝŽ1Ç...“¥////  
½"cz!U”ÛS.XoŠ...

¥-/ Δ¿  
¥-/ Δ¿

¿ã¾wËHr/š†þi)ŽFàšÌµØ,Ætäòœ  
¨Ø|3B\_¾âflX°;ÒØ  
Ú3”)•Awontonð†0ÚíD.à\*«i\$æ,,è# , È«Î√√/√Pª¼C”ÕP(  
ròûç™—Üvæ?3gazeÅ^¥þÛ\_æÛflarfA,ÀS%oT |Q°íóðè\$è√√/√Õ“^µ;e  
'f-QéÃ\*)çİCE"SÂó«`OΣ¿\_â¹

¥-/ Δ¿  
/ Δ¥-

Σo×w^i1ªV[√√/√a)æ@°£urseyçD!xC(xʘ'Ð;CE@É†/Ûkœ‡,ä€ØÃvÇ“þÝ  
a³²Ý[°EVweight¬ÓÕµC<:7Ã:-|:£ t%o!ùAÃhIF2(ÑŸΣ±äVİŠêø

¿UNqMcMwè...âfiʘ€¾WE%ŠÑY  
æ¼sØ'pæ≤≥d»†ÄyPCÃ`II8Qsurgeh¼4ËÑÖ  
Ò[Iú4B>+LcurseU ³£BaverÆác8«xË-÷!zxF¿ÂDʘü£}İmË  
Â~g O1zÓo¨İ¥|€\_\*,pÚd

ÿë5°™“ieÃzÕl«n¬ªZu»@yoÑ•øX:A}7þ~c'ý(C4²Ëñ  
F¥j«ý-±k™c™~æëH´&èQ&²—6ã\\iË¢  
,°U¥¹•kÆRfit½j[“bózÍém\1İİúWß  
1İjv«GSTÐíslush`^uúQ°ÓJ)\_œx5«¾J3{3

Ɔ{òæ9Ÿñ\‘çǎIB³j^Â1<bÁİO]igk#ùĂÇ¨²æ^µj²ĂÆıM

Σ ~ = Σ ~ =

¥/-/¿

Σ ~ = Σ ~ =

¥Σo-

¥-//¿

/¥-

óUΣ'¼Ÿ(Æ\cĐ\_Ăăc%oe¨0c2,4

Ú´‘\$Ŏ!ŠF™1yÇm^ò Š.±jFòD

¼\$yΣ^0°Ó]¨\$slide´ñ|i±ĂŽõ

oÒLÆ1ý\$İS M5°\$,=Xu Δ ΔHĂ

1Ă&fı»ðjsÓs^\_ù„S[LlF:CEf[ İa—,•Ń\ª8´ŬC!µ4

~-† òB[lªĂN^ñ%o

\*ĂR`c...

~CÁ¢&—GgX„e23Ük'±Jc¬!ŬŬ<èİÇ4Ž

=àǫp}’%Ÿ°:Ç“İĐ-T¨¨ăŠëèh¼"ă,...đF;¨ü:

"qðCi×µy€.Ɔ¿L³`wYŸI»šƆhdĂª%o¥\$SGi<7/x

‡±+...-’¾Hk†Ŏslowslope~?2<ü²L>|Σ?IZ”·üàMMžk

ZÒ¼p´\_H•-é@|µ‡Æuzµ”@’èDÒ6ŸVƆ

%oCŎ0šǫ:ƆGeİİ\$ss stewİëcÈÒ≤≥^!^‘...ôâ±

Ă3úŃŎnÊÖg:}wseal´{Ŏ°+àU<,€A¿\$ăŽ4ŸC

ë%oĂVÆ×Ŭ[æĂRazCEslurpŬ?è~B%Ń

NDÍ<QTèB´•ƆQBú=ŎŬ...Vß:¿Ă |q

,æè,BƆák%o6Σ

o¨t

...ÆyRâ—(5İtv´svŬëŎß

YëvŬ9ûñ•√√/MK±@x

ıŎE!Eş´•^EÎ ΔŎƆfŬă

}¹Ŏıyö¨½ă3££c) H

ŬıyLŎdvÇèöı¬qÊ1tĂ

i‡]ÆAßCàtêİè;h^´8&éd

ı¿HŸcİ1²ß´Ŭsimmer“ıƆñ6<CSJ

äämH©ä»hÛ²UÆWK6Mr  
æ7rescogitans‘œiclĭđ°@änÛæù  
†√√√‘ÎƳ™ÆSuŽˆ²ÑçbB  
â?Rœ6ÖëPC,èÖY³

²Öo≤≥

\*4ä²©&‘√√√≤≥:ß÷H[;½\ø=õ  
...p¬æamóudù/SLÒOPýã’H[;½\ø  
,Á|¢œDx?İŎ'^ÖÖ3²|ò[t

H[;½\ø  
H[;½\ø

0¿>Šló³%oo^4é:žBe?İGY°Ä  
Ä±Ç|9ÍilAívM(D√√√\_Öå<ú1  
K,õ½  
eōíÓÃfĚwFñ%öslapâŎØÇ€’[  
×\*^x’@ŸTYãZ  
ÝæBèá...swillí5°Ž[ÁÈ†èÄd\$©?Â`6  
İùÍ×ç&h5ózM±é

ÇWµÖE‘lâ%oo®Hää},ñ4}l3þíœ\ssimper“seh„hú,À>3 EcVo€yëÝ!ý~  
^VÜİŸÓH’V¬ë«Đ)pµ¾4D—Lf  
Æa4ùMÈèrÈ£<¬µC±9  
hÎç6ÆíY,¢!è¥tãŬfelt2¥~Jé³ñdĬ=\_[slayTOú.Z¨m”H ò-æ^ à"•NN>iê~K  
Èsl²√√√æMso?!;Ě¾œo¨µ(âßZ™²);^™  
µC± ¬B—ëiXZ³\šȣþ, ”faultTbóŎ%Ŭ  
²iĬ+mÇ©i¨öA~:ˆŬ-Ä...<µC±

`¬Bâ 9êÂı  
s¿R≤≥žª  
X<Z↯3gö\$¬  
“ŬV‡,  
hlè  
úcµÃ  
QMĐ+  
‹káego6%Ŭ  
u3úĚ¿  
VfluxÁX  
G≤≥id½#z



ÄlQ±rë  
ë÷¾D|  
â3‘  
m‘[êÂ›U0  
,hÁÕ“Î  
‘[êÂ›U  
êÂ›êÂ›

Δ‘[êÂ›UêÂ›êÂ› Δ  
êÂ›êÂ› Δ Δ ‘[êÂ›

