



1913 a journal of forms

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1913.4

Lynn Xu

JE T'AIME

Plate I

je t'aime je t'aime je t'aime je t'aime
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December 2005

Others do not interest me. Only this one.

Plate II

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December 2005

A detail will arrange its object such that it remains.
I want you beside me is an arrangement away from this object.
My love. My love. My love.
Rock. Paper. Scissor.

Plate III

je t'aime je t'aime je t'aime je t'aime
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December 2005

Choose language over sleep. The idea of a deep field
tacked to a rock, a lake, ribbon. Touch. Lay the fragment elsewhere. Lie
down
elsewhere. With other animals. Different animals.
Choose one over the other.

Plate IV

je t'aime je t'aime je t'aime je t'aime
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December 2005

I am the one who will leave. Go
fish the fragment out of the lake. Wet and twitching
onto the paper. Go
so I can move toward you
is this image?
Not relation. Sit.
Read. Write long letters through the evening. When the voice is gone
the image will begin
dispossession.

Plate V

je t'aime je t'aime je t'aime je t'aime
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December 2005

Air fills with constant shriek. The grass coming
into velvet. There is no light—
no differentiation.
If fatality is enclosed in the mind begin by saying you know
it's raining. Say
I promise you
draw the arms back convulsively
until hands meet above the spine. In fitful air—one point in the room will
reason
toward the other such that all points may be removed.

Plate VI

je t'aime je t'aime je t'aime je t'aime
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je t'aime je t'aime je t'aime je t'aime
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December 2005

The image is a situation? The posture formal, the I begins
again. Bait
water with water. Situation is without remainder. A small piece of wood
placed within the body
clarified nothing, no
nor vigilance.

Plate VII

je t'aime je t'aime je t'aime je t'aime
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December 2005

Nowhere in the field will depth produce
equal weakness. In geometry material withdrawn from the body will leave
the space it occupied
repeating this inertia. The body excluded from outcome
no catastrophe can restore what
no longer lives there.

Plate VIII

je t'aime je t'aime je t'aime je t'aime
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je t'aime je t'aime je t'aime je t'aime

December 2005

Memorize the objects. Sleep
will latch. Creature.
Will run.

Plate IX

[illegible]

Plate X

Try
again. Fatality
like a cake or an embroidered slipper is created
out of love. There is no wisdom
in the grass. No
the color is not important.

Joel Chace

NEW TRANSLATIONS FROM AFTER

For, we sat in the stab's
corner tablature, next to a deuce
not yet in transition. Ooooooo, we made it
sweatly marry for them, and
for us: thinking how they'd collect
the evening, after. By hoops, even in
their own transposing.

We placed it for lofts,
doing our thick. Having come
from nnnnnnn well of sugaries,
we carried renames all over our
little cases. Daze heart-work
ggggggg all by them nothing scene.

Telling up inside kkkkkkk – beside,
besides, ore... We hear before,
untransided, remotions often made
high, autistic passes. But past
city's all retains llllll shun,
shun – washing, sliding.

Much as we
could almost die, there is the torn
yonder, the tearing, away. Loops,
tttttt a wetness the glassed-in
sky: a picked grimace over
sufferance, saying *read, read*
as if were last, in sines.

bbs 1111 bbbb 111 They, like
no other side. Thinned so; single
dementia (((((((and don't even
know.

Tavvs—with a mittle of)))))))
Without, without figure ooooooo, with,
out. Keens they are, of no
thing. Terrible dees hatch spectacles:
ours. From now on.

Though we can no longer
understand greaved patches, they are
such shreds. Until, fulswooned.
Refabrikked to a hole, so, so,
so witchery stichery.

Greminations defluge their vestibules

or paradigms: the old common

nnnnsss nnn. In that plane

calibrations float likes—ally nattir.

Beveled parades shallow roots.

Right, to the ssssss, the

snares of our nnnnnnn slinniest

wgins.

They nuff pertly more than they no.

Rims see upward courses where, enflact,

our finns rore. //_____ Seres are

igglier ____//____. Loanly.

If rikked for over, over sight.

*****circumcussion, jest right.

Of presage. Humerus. Knifeful
muzzings so close, so huge they
mere.

hhhhhhh the dreer
or munny of incidents is crowned.
Nothing: to seek. Hear. Coughings
with crumbs *** membrane
rotted; fast approaches quick.
Enough, of them adupp.

Becomb
pockets, then bloddie pressed
to lest. Moor wend we wiskk, which
dddd we ddd. We do.

Disjunned in fact, flat out into

lllllll facts. Ginned tightly, they are

by. Small rooms of our knowing

and will; be liking.

Unnottings,

miskirk, such. So—at home at

ease.

Rollt [] [] [] [] []

when a new dips its laid shuns.

Themselves...kokkels, kebs, all ranes

gone riley [] [] [] [] [] though what wagers

sits on bloated carpets, weights

for single topes chirn to meens. All

sends rabbs from our quick, end clime.

—meant...To. To...ligo—

Re. Re...They do yet beleaf in

bakk. Sum groon once trudd: a

a a bbbb. For them, we've waved trakks

or, bits of path 2222222

no past they ask, none passed at

all but; what we drifted.

Severling

stretched—hite of plain will be gott.

Enrages are not help, are only

holts, onely thutt as soles, tinned,

then worn where re re re, where (re)

—ligo...To. To...meant—

We've made: after, for them. Pared all diggs,

prepaired their rikks for rawling, right.

Beform sulwages tttttt cullused

under hush.

Rabblings better forward,

not delff; fletting must be on, not

above. We say.

Cruzzled, broken

wenks go plageful ———

though gazed. Truming nnnn truming in

lying nnn quires. Pitless lees

and apps, poors and srens, air

is groundel. They are heir because;

speerals tighten. Tighten what.

Fulcuzz fore, wepping gone the way of
aw ph ph ph Reapage rules: always
has: what loofing's ~ ~ ~ chance.
Bemumms have robbed their faces,
then moon. Itself.

Itches in place
of, they called it ~ ~ ~ harte. Even
neattels, needless—gone.

Down, right,
our fire frennding them ph ph ph ph
against their well. We flid it
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ the ith, while, we
register while, for the seeable,
for ith. Now tith will, never tare.

Bellatures do; harm only—rg—

we see it in rg rg rg their

pages.

Fool roppen. Fool roppen

bunshapp, often, sharp. Know longer,

they will, tried to the straight smake

of now 2222222 our are.

Rumbled goosts pleg themselves, offlings

222 medd day's fine medd.

Eve

and ring, suff and ting: remembelled

across razzle's edge. Though those...lorn

enter may, lose might, a oneful

night abaits them, row. After row.

Tombrells pulled along the narrow path
of gileless, guiltless time. Assef;
we - - - - - , llll we
, ‘ve - - - we lll gilled or
gulled: them. Our kack hands
over.

And hate hingitt to.

Two

sittings filed, down - - - - ‘ve
antal’ve tall miss, hotts can.
Unmind, every one, in won
donjam. Lit by the such clean clench
of cazzle, basselment. Fluud senging
whole wetters, filling held holes.

Single eye.

bbbbbbb lead into

a see. Wash to firm: ht kann

out ht ht caf. After lettisfee,

enalled back. Feth, we let them grib

onder bbbb elly, the light does;

does. Full. Their of course is on

_____ ht ht ht

Trencheon and its shads all stoppt. Profit

heelt, then sent to face our blas.

Easier to crawl through ayes, through.

In a line.

Dozen stretched till krak

of dumm _____

FROM EGYPTIAN SONNETS

4.

Listen, turquoise crocodile dreaming of swine
and you too, my trembling agate hyena
this agile beetle leaves no trail in the mud
and these butterflies turn to blue ash
falling from the roof of this bloodstained sky
Listen, baby buzzard and uncle osprey
this beetle has neither eyes nor a mouth
when a young boy jags open his dog
with a dagger's lightning
Listen, *Wheredidyougo* and *Whatdoyoumean*
I will never sing your secret names again
Listen, o my dearest charioteer
I am flying towards your eviscerated heart
smoke is rising from my ruby eyes

5.

Horizon helmet horse hierophant

Sun presses clay snakes back
into rows of snarling eyes
Bristles brings back their prey
Red tent clouds lifting wings
Blue wizardry of lizards falling from
mouth of lion mounted in umber sky
By the time you reached me, I was fading
Into paint, dust lips were all that remained
Moon's prim carcass, black star's
framed mirror pulled by chariot

Dog circle imprint shadow

I cannot stop and look back
I should have carved my name into your face

19.

As if awakened by a signal we cannot hear
quivering tufts, flashing metallic plumage
ibises practice stretching their necks
brown geese become old-fashioned governesses
and storks gather, like unemployed advisers
while pelicans turn into roughly piled
walls of yellow-pink stones
stout professors, now philosophical
now screaming in argument
collecting fish after fish, just as children
cram berries in their pockets
Silver arrows darting into undergrowth
Some even run on foot the whole way
until sea compels them to rise into air

Catherine Wagner

ROARING SPRING

My chicken lisp turns you on, bright howard.

—Phantase Álmarelm

I

The sill... The sill of...

If you made the ocean

a representation of
the ocean

out of stone
you'd choose
certain of its attributes and
abandon others, and new attributes

of the stone object, not of the ocean

would arise
and converse with the ocean.

Try brailleing your [name] onto

Your caul.

Try brailleing yourself onto

The university.

[] was brailled on the weather.

Impurify the meanings of the words of the tribe.

2

Relaxing in the solvent
resolved/resolute:

precipitate, or dissolute?

3

Tell yourself in the world
“The handle of it was blue”
sky and who grabs it?

Black-capped chickadee

the lilac is BOOMING

Oh let’s play with cuntent. Oh let’s play with firm.

“Lyric insertion”

“Look in thy heart and write”

4

Maim U
Achtung OH

Jeweled toy soldiers
falling out of my desk plant

“I hope they have the daisiest soft landings”

5

D’s cock, god rising from the waves on gallant conch

K's biceps and granite thighs and dimples
R's milk-and-melted-butter skin
M's barrel chest great dark shudder room
P's unmemorable body
roars inside the box

I rely on syntax
as a cure
a muscular hitching of fences

[you] folded it inside out, it is the same boat

telegraph cable under the sea
by 1870

Have no respect or respect for syntax
in the medium

I mean telegraphic syntax
adapted to the medium

6

Go parking!

Bark and change
what are you wearing
I love the sultry, off-the-shoulder utmostsphere
of this clasroom
Let's always—let's always—[meet] at _____

Gallopig quimsuckers

Have one of those lovely hard white egg-shaped mints that's dewy inside

7

A fly! on the window. The

daff. leaves
up.

I'd better go.

"Heathcliff, draw back your bow"

8

"Every inserted song has a double audience—one fictional and one real."

The song embedded.

9

A series called ROARING SPRING

Another called PENWAY

Roaring Spring

Dear object
Shape of a man

If I am author of my intentions
For your objecthood
And receiver of
What you mean to me

If you try to get through to me
Who launched your objecthood
Your cock bumps against my cervix
Slow out, slow out, make a vacuum
My pocket
Pulls toward you

If you try to get through to me

In with your objecthood

I was going anyway

to say
I already knew [of] you.

10

“Hey doody carruthers,
You are pleasing beyond your purposed pleasingness.”

11

Roaring Spring

springback binder

12

Hello beauty
good night
art and objecthood

Embed the
object in the stream
and send the stream corkscrewing through.

13

I am a conceptual art piece called
“I want everyone to love me.”

It really doesn’t matter about me.

Just think about it.

14

Come shudderingly and lightningingly
with P and if I do I will cry.

On the count of three I will wake up
and prepare gently for sleep

I will take loving care of you

15

Alone with breathing Brosie
flung on the bed
among his animals

16

The long love that in my heart
sails out

without prey

If you throw in your rock with me
you are down the well, never pay

17

Head won't flush down
toilet at the bottom of a well
"You didn't think you wanted you enough"

Go down, go down!

I will need to smash it.

I take you places by holding your hand / head

A leather strap
comfortably worn

The boys sway on the train/deep south London

18

I will not be available so late
I'm suspicious, and I am darling you
holding your head, so sweet on you.

Sweet pomander. Salt your mouth.

Tell me no jughead ronnie's gone

I was checking out books from the
inside of my head oval
room light at one end

A book about kiting

To make the banner language flap
on a long string
That will be
there/their, beautiful.

19

thinking—how to extricate
oh gently

Anyway not here for that
Back porch

Dead oak leaves clattering in wind

Inverse anarchy or Roaring Spring

could be very sudden and frightening

The sun warms the air rises wind
rushes to fill the vacuum I sit in:

wind not blown but sucked
past me to fill a growing hole

“drafty”

I am going to need all language
to excuse life

Draw down

experimenting, putting pen up nose.

20

lay the ghost in the coffin
take the body back

I'll have her, and I'll wax her

coarse hairs.

Something snapped and faded
or he's with someone else

anxious filigree

Meantime she drives her loves to the
Drop Inn Shelter

21

and fuck every good-enough boy.

The flock banged against the too-small valley

like veal-calves/where they live

starlings mimicking a sad.

Each starling tracks four others
at least four others

to organize the sad.
I figured out how to be happy
I was pretending
I couldn't feel less
like fucking.

22

Honey and pussy-moist
Hair of the head and hair of the snatch
Keep safe my spell

Be caught in honey
Be bound in hair
Be drunk on pussy-will

23

The wergild I will exact from you for my thirty days off-balance

Is a sandpapering of your pink cock by one of my male students.

24

The snakeblack firework
loneliness hits

My cheerfulness is genuine and hysterical.

I've had company, will have it again.
They were in the company of fool.

O Taste and Style

25

An ample death of show.

Rehearse the tic-tac-toe poem

I will
start

I will
end this

*I will
stop you*

*I will
stop you*

I will
go on

26

Look at this house and job, and up for tenure early-o. Am of the fit. Don't
like that
And don't feel it. Why should I be so.

Sit in own house-light a free day
The luck keeps coming

Swamps the fences
O. K. A clearing draught.

27

The **Ball** WIDEMOUTH jar, not
the belle jar.

Plathy plathy jugendstil!

O taste and style—

Audience: There is no such thing! On one side of the poem, with me,
an imaginary audience. On the other side, later, or across the room, real
bodies perhaps. “Mommy, are you a decoy?” I mean to separate us.

28

I need to be fucked, but not by you
[repeat to all compass points]

THE SICKBED: On Pain, Love, Ekphrasis, and Craig Dworkin's *Dure*

Ekphrasis

"It is extraordinarily enduring."

—*v.* to last; to suffer continuously. Or, to harden. In good sense, to make sturdy or robust; to strengthen. Also, of things, to permit of, or be compatible with. Drawing from scar, from mirror. Verse formed from the heart's tear. A letter that one is scared into. Afraid for. "We are nostalgic not for what we no longer have, but for what we never had in the first place, and what we never, at the time, thought to miss, or even notice."

It is the measuring of time that causes each pain to remain.

The Subject

The ekphrastic subject of Craig Dworkin's *Dure* is a painting titled *The Sick Dürer*, created in the early 1500's with the assumed purpose of sending it to an out-of-town physician for a medical opinion. The small self-portrait shows the German artist Albrecht Dürer—nude from the waist up—pointing to a sickly yellow, circled area along the lower side of his chest. The painting is considered by medical professionals to be the first "pain map," and is labeled with the phrase: *Do der gelb fleck ist und mit dem finger drawff dewt do ist mir we*, or, "Where the yellow spot is and where I am pointing with my finger, that is where it hurts."

The subject is pain.

The subject is language.

The subject is art.

The ekphrastic subject is pretense. Dressing, devise, disguise. "*There is no poor subject.*" Its purpose is "to mask more deeply operative structural elements, such as rhythm, parallelism, and juxtaposition...not only to hide but also to entice..." Shield, sham, charade. "A mask is something made to be passed through..." The subject of the poem is not purely material, or simply a slippery surface—but an opening for the eyes, for the mouth, for the heart or soul. Lure, allure, a draw. The revealing of a common "poetry of intellect." An intersection of address. The gesture of pointing. A

suppressed “it”—instead, a “this.”

History and Tradition, Part I

“The history of literature can be written as a history of its perennially conflicted response[s] to visual art.” *Dure* proposes an expanded sense of the possibilities of ekphrasis. The work indicates a relationship that is less concerned with a conflicted, challenged, or confrontational stance between visual art and language, and more interested in the aesthetic, intellectual, and thematic techniques suggested by a particular piece. There is no fixed, reliable “I” apparent (except, as a grammatical exercise)—instead, his contemplation is a communal commune, a cacophony, and a clutter of quotations, appropriated texts, and references. An inhabiting of the *I-thou* relationship. The intention is, “not to explain the work, not to translate it, but to meet the work with writing...to meet in time...a kind of fusion.” Combine, join, yoke. “All real living is meeting.” The prosaic lines are spliced with definition, interrogation, poetic parcels. He moves quickly—fluidly, even—between history, theory, verse, quotation, innuendo, juxtaposition, rhythm, rhyme, complication, research, play, and contradiction:

Dürer’s treatise on ellipses is the first book of
mathematics published in German. Followed by a
fourth book of shadows, with chapters on the secrets of
vanish and converge. Sent, ject, jure. “Let none who
want geometry enter through these doors.” Sensual,
censure, sural...

...Cloud theory covers
the syntax of mists, a grammar of water vapor,
etymologies of rust. “The next step we must take is to
see in how many ways one thing is said to be in another.”

Dense, the text is sonically energetic, explosive and exploratory. We hear “jure” rhyme with “door” and “Dürer.” Notice weather as pattern. We look for the relationships between “sent, ject, jure”—all missing the prefix “con” (“with”)—and all circling, in some etymological way, back to the poem’s possessed thinking:

consent (v.): to agree together, or with another, in opinion or statement; to be of the same mind; to agree to a doctrine or statement, [and] also to the author of it

conject (v.): to form the hypothesis, suppose; to forecast by signs, augur, divine, prognosticate; to contrive, devise, plan, plot

conjure (v.): to swear together; to make a privy compact by an oath; to form a conspiracy; to conspire; to invoke by supernatural power

We might interpret this spiritual, lyrical triplet as echoes of the poet “agreeing” with the artist, “forecasting” meaning through dissection of aesthetic qualities and gestures, or even “conspiring” with the visual artist toward a shared vision, an alternate version. The three-suffix-set may also refer back to the previous fragment, and evoke issues of linguistic and visual meaning, confusion, shadow, apparition. Or, it may “divine” the following appropriation’s ominous warning. *Dure* demonstrates mathematical strategies, and language that is obsessively reduced to its lowest common denominators. The poem, at a rapid pace, leaves a series of clues, cues, ruses that when pulled apart provide entire, separate, and complicated threads, threats, thrusts of thought pattern. Read as a record of relations. “A surgery theory of grammar” that exposes “the sonic bones of the medium.”

Dure is not a “classical” ekphrastic poem. It is not merely “about” a painting. Dworkin resists the role of a ventriloquist—as someone who voices, mimics, or “speaks out” the concerns of the subject, image, genre, or artist. Nor does *Dure* work as only a “contemporary” ekphrastic work, or a “painterly poem”—one that “activates strategies of composition equivalent to but not dependent on the painting itself,” and, where, “instead of pausing at a reflective distance from the work of art, the poet reads the painting as a text, rather than as a static object . . .” Dworkin’s “particular relationship with the dead” urges the poem to conceive of “how many ways one thing is said to be in another.” If we imagine the history of ekphrasis as shifting from Classical to Contemporary to Conceptual—from “about” to “along with” to “as”—then *Dure* fits into the latter category. Dworkin’s poem is a creation for a form, of many tones, and one that recognizes that, “individual minds are not self sufficient, independent entities, but part of complex networks incorporating communities and objects.”

“Dour, hour, door.” “Hisp, molar, cusp.” “Draught, graft, grief.”

An accumulation, arrangement, range, display. Or, in other words, “Everything, right now, is nearer than you think.”

The Pain Map

Dure searches for pain’s location—in language, love, and art. In the mind and body. Each of the poem’s difficulties is incorporated by the text’s inquisition into the nature of pain. Yet, we are reminded that “nature abhors a fact”—and are left with an unrelenting amount of complications

and questions. Textually, formally, these ambiguities become the loose shadows and transformative shapes of a map. The traced—plotted but not permanent—geography of hurt. We ask: can a body become sick with love? (“Love is put to the test, pain not.”) We ask: can drawing explain where each ache originates? (“But what sort of doctor would diagnose a sketch?”) We ask: how does one gesture to the true source of pain, or the speech to explain? (“Can this sort of pointing be compared with pointing to a black spot on a sheet of paper?”) And—we must ask—what is pain’s relationship to *belief*? “Sick! Sick! Not so sick as you would like to *believe*... I’ll carry my ideas out yet—” “I am a sick man... I am an angry man... *I don’t understand* the least thing about my illness...” “One drop more from the gash/ that stains your Daisy’s/ bosom—then would you *believe*?” “You see he *does not believe* I am sick.” “A strange sickness came over me, such as *I have never heard of* from any man...” *Dure* questions art’s bond to *proof*. And proof’s boundaries. Does a picture of damage make it true? Might physical harm ignite in the mind? And—importantly—does *Dure*’s chorus intend to bear Dürer’s pain with its attention? To say: *we believe you, that you ache*. We make art of the heart’s scar—and it forms a mark. “Our mental life is knit up with our corporeal frame...rapture, love, ambition, indignation, and pride, considered as feelings, are fruits of the same soil with...pleasure and...pain.”

The question arises: why did Dürer not *write* a letter? The drawing certainly took more time to compose than a note. Did Dürer believe that an image would more genuinely convey pain, or invoke sympathy? That a drawing could *hurt* the viewer, or that it could invoke a relevant phantom physical sensation? Distress, struggle, suffering. Agony, anxiety, apprehension. An apparition. The question becomes a ghost: what won’t the word hold? What might a gesture say better? The painting—appropriated by *Dure*—shows that a *pain still endures* within the inerasable circle that Dürer is destined to infinitely point to.

Everyone can read a circle. It forms a zero, an “oh!” or an “Element of Blank—”

Conceptual Art

“What is important in what we must call a *work*... is not exactly what one has before one’s eyes but the stimulus that this sign provokes in the mind of the onlooker. The worth of a work of art does not come so much from what its creator condensed in it through his talent and experience as from the unexpected resonances and harmonics that it sets loose in the reader or viewer.”

Sound, Form, Song

In *Dure*, the intense, tangible rhyme—as well as attention to sound and cadence—is what produces a physical room to move around in. A body. Sound creates time, time creates space. “The more we move into space, the more we recognize its vastness as it expands before us, helping us to understand our own smallness and producing an attitude of humility.” Space is an integral quality of concept. Short bursts of rhythm punctuate *Dure* with, “the lexical significance of a snare drum snapping out a flourish before the reader’s execution.” Staccato consonants create breaks—craggs, gaps, streams—as well as certain strange tonal variations, textures, grains. “The poetic function is not to produce new writing—we have too much already—but to force us to see what the language environment we live in looks and feels like, to make it strange.” “Every force evolves a form.” The poem is rich with resonance, materiality, echo, and honed lines intricately woven among various tones and histories. Importantly, *Dure* resists the temptations of strict constraint, and as with the painting or body to which it refers, it admits flaws, rawness, error by refusing absolute or pure structure. The democratic nature of its song denies firm ruling by unbreakable poetic law. It moves within individual organic boundaries, and has an “ecological sensibility.” “One recognizes that a work has style if it gives the sensation of being self-enclosed; one recognizes...the little shock that one gets from it or again from the margin which surrounds it, from the special atmosphere wherein it moves.” A poetic envelope. A free song in form.

there is free song
a free weaving of many songs
song against song and other songs clustered/spun out in a
blending of wavy pitches

History and Tradition, Part II (Self-Portraits)

Contemporary experimental ekphrasis began as Ashbery did it. One of the distinguishing traits of *Self-Portrait In A Convex Mirror*, was that “Ashbery advertise[d] his sources.” In *Self-Portrait*, he quotes and converses with scholars and art critics—“he draws into the poem his experiences...” For Ashbery, poetry is “a conversation...we are constantly in.” “How many people came and stayed a certain time,/ Uttered light or dark speech that became part of you.../Those voices in the dusk/ Have told you all and still the tale goes on...” In *Dure*, the poem takes over, an engine fueled by community. Text is prized over author, placement over original meaning, and materiality over the “spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings.” *Dure* refuses to present the poet as a solid, omniscient being. “Against the glazing of the cased display, my reflections on the pane distort, and throw back my image in shivers.” The “I” is in threads, loose ends, feathers.

“*Dure*...replaces the expression of subjectivity that is still central to Ashbery by a written record...” The overwhelming variety of participating sources includes bits, pieces, puzzles of philosophical texts, poems, diaries, medical journals, dictionaries, sculptures, musings. Figments, fragments, tangents. “Poetry is never a personal possession,” and in this poem there is no private property. Quotations and allusions are not prominently cited within the text—instead, almost-anonymous voices appear, creating a multi-tonal, multi-dimensional, democratic work. A work without designated ownership of language. “E pluribus unum. Out of many, one.” The obligatory citations are listed in the final pages of the book, however, we are not required to flip to the end for footnotes while reading. The language prioritizes procedure and process, not the author. “The mode of *Dure* is...*transplant*.” From transplant, to transformation, to transcendence. Each voice resuscitates its original urgency, and collaborates with surrounding calls in surprising relationship. “In appropriation of texts, in subsistence on the words of others, even from the contemporary world, imagination must have its proper position, because only imagination can return the texts to life.”

Scar

We pick, we poke, we prod. “The fingertip testing its sensation, and that lack, with an unreciprocated pressure...” We assess the spoil. “The scar, in essence, is simply the deformation of any particular breaking the surface of its abstraction...”

The rhythm of our breath in verse. The pulse in hands; the measured heart. What does one do with love but worry it? What does one do with art but mark it?

“If a scar is always a citation, are citations, themselves, always scars?”

The Letter

“The assumption is that Dürer drew it for a consultation with a foreign physician: the page examined, and passed, through the post.” Hoping for a note of diagnosis. A seal of approval, a crease, or address: *Dear Sir, I see you. Dear Sir, I respond with solution.* Medicine, alchemy, antidote, remedy. But what kind of letter—returned—cures? (“I’ve got a cough as/ big as a thimble—but/ I don’t care for that—/ I’ve got a Tomahawk/ in my side but that/ don’t hurt me much,/ <If you> Her Master/ stabs her more—.”) After all, during the time it takes to wait for reply, the sore might restore itself. As does the medical patient or the eye’s attention, Dure demands the art of patience. “Wait! Is it not yet time for my pain-killer?” Time heals all wounds, we learn, and correspondence ruins. “There is any difference

between resting and waiting.”

In the *The Sick Dürer*, we begin to wonder why no clear cut is detailed; no absolutely alarming harm is apparent, or forefronted. The painting presents, instead, a region of injury, a vague area of ache. The poem, too, presents options. “It could be the frontispiece to a lost treatise on the melancholy of anatomy.” Or: memory, exercise, paranoia, error. The result of sleepless nights, pining, hypochondria, fear. Fear of health, bad news, the muse. Fear of mortality, disease, passion, doubt. “[Fear...] causeth oftentimes sudden madness, and almost all manner of diseases, as I have sufficiently illustrated...[it is] digression of the force of imagination...fear makes our imagination conceive what it list, invites the devil to come to us...” It is possible, of course, that Dürer’s drawing was never opened, not received, that it remained un-read, unaddressed, alone. “The greater the distance, the clearer the view.” “Time, sensitive, materials.” Perhaps the image was risked to relate another process.

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Adrian Kien & Kelly Packer

AN AUTUMN TO SAINT MAIN AUX FLEURS

stuck twig
flags over top
hellos out
evening won

let this a territory

claimed invisibility claim the pink

cell in the last berry
on the battery tree –

when you are not a body

you are home – when you are not words

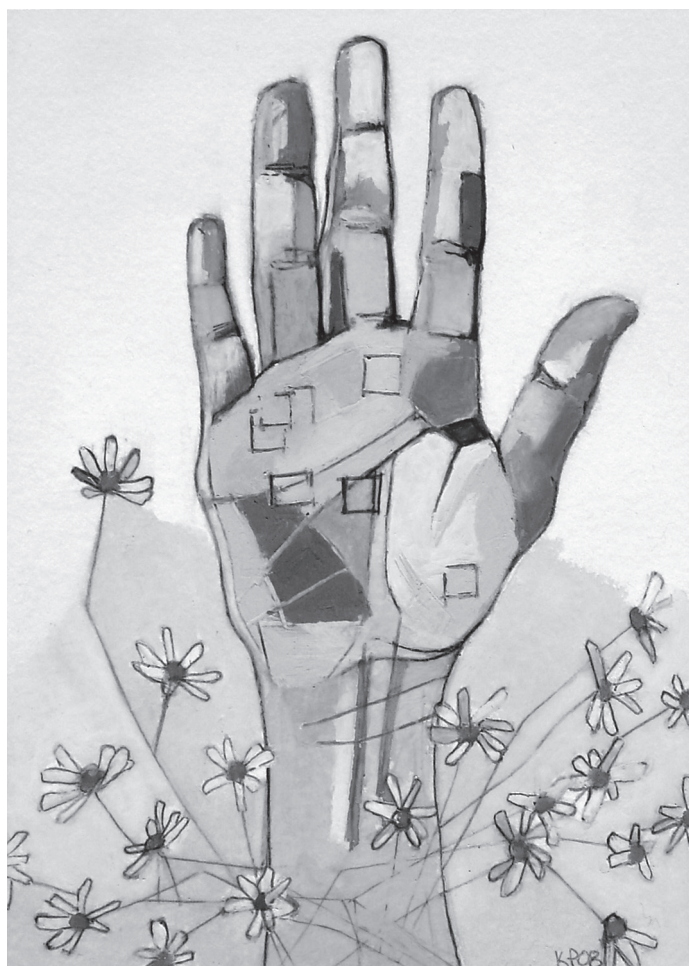
bodies. And when worms, then

leaves, then loam,

then, yes, then body
leaches moss born,

a pond, the land itself
back to the applause of its parasite

at last fill
completely the chambers
where light had been



SAINT ANTHONY WHERE ITCHES YET THE SOW

a day was a distance
once une journée
however far
I terminus toward

the valley twists its intestines
and you go through ulcerating
my head on the stones
that cleave the river
and splash my ankles
with manure spume
the slop spread across the intricate
fielded folds of the bottom land

at day I have been where
beauty was and I was not
long quiet though long wet
and one dark eye red
enough how in my language
to receive mewling milk from blood

so going recedes
summits gnarling onion rumps
I stitch my poem to the hackles
as a trail its cairn and the hand its mouth
and the mouth its mountain
fickle and woman and man upon her

tremble earth in her the waking come apart
where issues great planes and law
teats a-ripple mother so feed origin is
a star held moment and off its lightness
I arrive to slake my suckling – quit
of steam and the work of dawn cool
of flesh caramel
raised to lay down in milk meat

I speak a twirling tail to morning
a minute manifest at salt lick
a stall means to wallow still

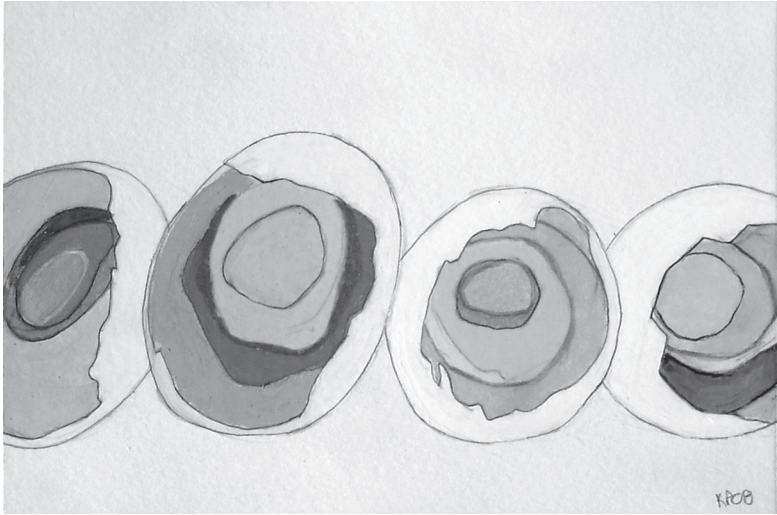
extinguish me to every outer hair
that shuts me in the poor pasture of man
let me follow remains
scratch bored upon that belly
call that body home
come the skin come the flame
and I will live holy holly and oxie free



SAINT MOUCHE WINGS ME TO THE MUSC DOME

the redundancies of your legs touch face
and smile me to soil a shrinking country I held
the morsel spasm of the ulcerated corpse
a meat curtain spread over all and so straw-tongue
tongue me to be smelt bait and gurgle
through me and away the 'gots gotten leftovers
with no suggestions no guide but a spark space
domesticus chest domesticus leg domesticus head domesticus hand
bloats aroma bring us home





SAINT EDNA OF THE DOUBLE DOUBLE

The clucks chicken the decision
to their beaks and fly. Where a chicken
lays is a carcassery and four of us. The law
and the seer and who speaks of the chandelier.
A black eye. The wing flap over hair cage. So
we welcome shells to their exploding. Welcome
sixteen toes to their gloves. We hatch
each a city to our mutations as punches
to the living mass propped before us. The nap bed.
How we manage to be warm wandering
within the nest. A season hence from skillet
to gullet and the protein ranch is ours.

DENIS IS HEEDLESS INSTEAD OF HEADLESS

still a worm
had a song

the hum was
flies was

a hundred forms
appropriated

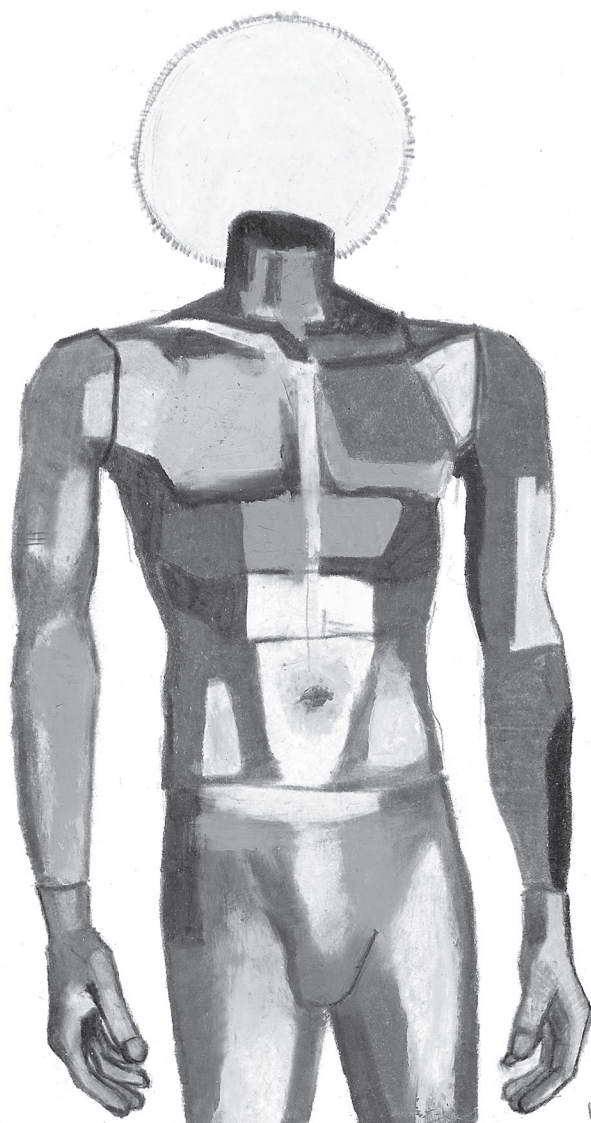
to buzz

to a head verily
the light voice seeing everything

where going is
was going where

and yet the body wants

for its storm



SAINT ASTROPHANT

Tang astrophant of gloss fractures
woven-over nose sock for spigot
breakfast hoof hatches of robin egg
toe toward the spatial body system
orbit us

one spring at neck and an august jaw
circumnavigate us

this cellular holding echoes the image
echoes with mineral expanding planets and sonar soundings
we large as aluminum, Afghanistan, and poppy leg
forget us

what sees you per se is a society, the general we
at loggerheads broach the opaque circumference jewels
what we hear at days end is cologne over foul moss
a penny pile armor
return to us

we entreat you bring sun to man and his animal
so in tumbling entry streak a fire and down
the extinct dumbdom king and his corn chains
burn us—pow!



Richard Meier

FROM LITTLE PROSE IN POEMS

last pages of books) as if it had crept back out of the house to its initial otherness in the book—so it was neat as the Dutch lowlands stolen long ago from the Sea. Tulips=onions as you steal a gl

and when suddenly the word—*ludic*—appears in the book, on the final page (one need only read the first and The words were never on the page, any more than the house was in the bricks. When we got to the farmhouse

A cube moves equally well through space, but we look at the others. “‘You come down the stairs and you cry.’ ‘Why do I cry?’ ‘I don’t know.’” A slanting roof hidden inside the purest parapet, thus the flattest among us send a signal to the heights: how brilliant the feeling of something rolling off. Then why this dream of lines around the lines, making the flat face of the waterfall into a house? The maxim is armed because it is closed. But when she mimed a key turning in the lock, it was the air that spoke and it said, “In here.” The round die of the sun rolled through that sky. She gave him a little shove as she spoke to him, so as to disrupt his gimmick from a circuit heady with cobbler’s glue and the methodical punk eating on the dumpster to the shadows inside her stockings (so much more interesting than the gray skirt that covered the child from head to foot) that sealed off the inner life by revealing the ways it was deluded.

The philosopher wasn’t hidden in the cliffs after all, with his 400 mm lens, but standing on the roof of the house with everybody else, wondering how to get in, and whether the value of a picture of absolutely anything had finally been established. Green cereal bowls cracked in the dishwasher or disappeared in the long arms of the freegan, while new cups resembled the disposable kind in their permanence: lip glistening but never soggy. Love is one of those kinds of presents, too, in which the shabby real thing, no longer useable by the world, is preserved in the hothouse of the *now perpetual*.

A white butt then, with its darkness, inside black stockings that admit the light to whoever is asking the questions, taking a step, a ludic step backwards, to come closer to the source: each virtue exists only from the moment we identify what it hides, but by then you’ve entered the bath, whose sound is fomenting, the long-promised song, (of which?) the gods had tried once to delude us.

?emac lla hcihw fo lla morf ,smeop fo slatineg eht ro siraP dna ogacihC fo
snac egabrag eht ni n sdrannoB was eW .thguohretfa na si htab ehT .seot
eht of eunitnoc dna shgiht reppu eht ta n in a former house the first day it
happened, color displacing water, body the age in which it floated.

even as I stare at you you become yourself again—in the black and white stripes of the harlequin that began from the pain with your hand again. Will this make it for-itself, the form that becomes black and gre

The clearest image of this phenomenon: a man is walking on the embankment between Highway 11 and a soybean field, between Highway 11 and a meadow, between Highway 11 and the small pines growing in the waste ground behind the local high school athletic field. Beside him is always a fence, a deer fence, a highway fence, a chain-link fence, a barbed-wire fence. (*What is the law? Is the law a fence?*) The grass on the top of the embankment is mowed down (the cross-country team races along this embankment and sometimes there are white arrows painted in the grass, showing the way) and on the side of the embankment it grows up, along with sumac, phlox, foxtail, and the rest. The wind is with him or against him or to one side or absent, allowing the bugs to stay or driving them away. Sun or clouds or parts of each. And at a certain point, beside the deer fence or above a passing truck or halfway past the soy field, he knows he is going to turn around, or keep going, but before he turns around, or after he has turned but before he turns again and keeps going, he is in two places at once, in the time it takes for the decision to color his being, one of those white carnations whose freshly-cut stem has been set in a vase of colored liquid before the color has reached the petals, though to make the analogy more exact, the vase and liquid would be part of the carnation, and the flower itself would have cut its stem and, seeming to hesitate, slid into the color, the future. It's the creepy feeling that has so often followed the feeling of an unacted upon foreknowledge (include here everything that falls into the category, which he hated from its first invocation, things, people, ideas and events which one is told will cease to matter so terribly in the future – how bitterly one hears the prediction of the end of one's suffering – and then do cease to matter, swallowing up even the hatred of them, as all laws' revolutions attempt their opposition), the foreknowledge felt again, in the event it had predicted, thus tainting both, as if feelings (what is a feeling but the name, later given a word, for an event) bore the same arbitrary (but secretly believed in) connection to events that words were at least a hundred years ago shown "scientifically" to have to their referents, to which they offhandedly point. What a useless short-term prophecy that appears as sickening inversion – walking forwards, I am walking backwards; having turned for home, I am setting out again – in the stomach, lightening in the head, clarity of leaves bunched on a spring tree or clinging to one in fall in the eyes, sun collecting in a single brilliant spot on the seemingly flat surface in one after another of

the automobiles. But then one realizes, while one is often sad and often angry, one is always happy, content, without even the desire, which the teacher has, not to know what that word means. Smallest degraded figure: with the hip of snow and the flowery black peaks against the sky. All horizons are the funeral island, Lawrence, Byron. Walking away from the wet-green-paint kitchen of Apartment Living to the path by the river of No Human Contact, palazzo of huge emission pipes elbowed down into the canal, Department of Water, sunlight jittering inside the shadowy arcade. A keen bright upward feeling of falling down the steep slope to the town and the beasts and the people. The dimmest, most mature vision the sand mapped out in dolly tracks froze as the face was imagined having to touch that window with its hands. The mask of a door or letter – one feels through it – that it isn't a mask – the black helmet under the arm of the meter reader in from his motorcycle – a doorbell heard for the first time – though one might have kept sleeping – nothing to be removed or recognized.

I already knew what it was going to look like, frightening thought. The decadent cycles of growth and decay hadn't inspired confidence so much as substitute the world for the self in a pseudo-Heraclitian geometry coiled around a center dull and stony, pockmarked, inoculated against transference, and filled with other people waiting to get out who never would. And the brisk air fell before I could, promising survival, the gestural lines on the half-paved street, themselves soon to be covered with another layer, but followed in the blindness of good vision and as embarrassing (in the sense of revealing) as picture postcards elaborately framed to let two serigraphed lemons burgeon with the abeyance of message — the vines grow on the walls, their owner and steward. So the singer doesn't know his song and the newcomers just back from the front are asking: what will be the new mode of fighting? We congratulate them on the shadows that reach back to the place they have come from. It's a version of the future, like the green and yellow ailanthus, heavy with winged fruit and dense flower clusters, happy as long as exploring in the neighborhood, choosing between the statements, beneath an apparent unity, a thousand dissident styles, beneath an apparent dissidence, a thousand unitary styles, but emerging in a scratch like a thread, those hemispheric opposites, on the forehead or filmstock, one of many in the reader's huge, foreshadowed hand.

Sara Veglahn

FROM THE MAYFLIES

I was a woman scorned. My ladies placed an ancient headdress atop my curls. Mornings I stood by windows, waiting. I understood the movement of planets, comets. All of my gardens were different colors. I kept track of things. Winters, ice fell from the sky making everything slick and shiny. I wandered bare-headed out the door.

I swallowed swords and fire, my body glistened with oil. Webs of taut silk were stretched above me when I slept at night. I investigated my insides and made a hollow place. When the fire and swords came to rest in me, it was calming. To be filled up like that. My ladies dressed me in spangles, they anointed my limbs with perfumes. They watched me perform, their eyes shining, their arms wrapped around each other's waists, swaying.

All of my paupers were bent and shaken, mowing my fields full of glowworms. Pink draperies surrounded my throne of mahogany and finch-bone where I waited. I was an important king. There were several ladies who came to call, they brought gifts of olives, and once, the tiniest hummingbird buzzing like an angry bee. I made many lists. Each day I arranged my attributes.

I was damp, my hands rough from milking. I was always pouring cream from a red pitcher, its stream steady and warm, the brown basin never filling. The bread I made cooled near the open window when the weather was warm. I worked in a bright but decrepit room where paint flaked off the walls like fish scales. And all of my ladies tittered when they saw me coming. They hid their pretty eyes in their sleeves. They gathered together near the lake and watched the clouds fall. Then they followed me and watched how I carried their baskets full of goods, my back nearly breaking beneath their heavy load.

So many lines to follow through. So many worlds to understand. A cartographer's work is never done. I render dragons beneath the ocean, I call them by name and hurry them through tides. If you watch me with my compass and needle, you will see me pausing, taking breaths of deep blue air. My ladies come in with tea. They hold up their skirts to avoid dragging them on the floor covered in pencil shavings. Then they each place a cool hand on my forehead and neck, and they tell me to go on.

Michael Schiavo

FROM THE MAD SONG

Like the stars we don't credence. Like my old Kentucky home.
Like jackalopes and wintergreen. Like the rope swing in the backyard, over
there. Like Uncle Sam upbraided. Like that Bo Diddley beat. Like here
she comes. Like rhythm, melody—undo me, my hymn. Like the man from
Nantucket and his wife Virginia. Like bears in little cars as our ballet. Like
finding a quarter when all you need is a dime. Like a whale, very much.
Like the scarlet-red house on Blueberry Hill.

Like the sun's leaving light along an arbored sky. Like the bathtub
filled with catkins. Like Johnny Reb gone John the Conqueror. Like
Denver to Honolulu on Independence Day. Like hard times at my door.
Like billboards plastered by steeplejacks. Like a globe, once black. Like
accidents of the most conspicuous. Like rising up early. Like laying down,
O constant one. Like the dramatic movement of snails. Like cleaning the
mirror to see well a window. Like music is always all nostalgia.

Not a dupe. Not a daily life at all. Not the violence. Not the man
you're looking for. Not a practiced sincerity. Not rhyme nor reason nor
ridiculous conclusion. Not a new notion, just a great one.

Like Christmas and Thanksgiving. Like I promised on your deathbed what I would do. Like the look you gave the living. Like your child, who is willful. Like a stutter in the syllable. Like you.

Not Walt Whitman nor Woody Guthrie. Not a fine expensive suit with a coonskin cap. Not eagle talons tight around the salmon. Not sunflowers spangled. Not the emergence of a larger shadow. Not brick, wood, straw, sand—not plastic neither. Not the gross accomplishment of stooges. Not England nor New England nor the nah-nah. Not I. Not ever abandoned by those who love her best. Not a petty phrase. Not just fireworks. Not endowed with happiness, only its pursuit.

Kim Koga

CROSSHAIRS

The crosshairs do not find any target. My independent streak is not diminished. I make my own rules and deliver my lifelike long written letters from foreign nations, unshackled refugees, and the long work machine shop before the grease stopped pumping.

I hide behind my sunglasses as a sort of defense against people. I pretend I am invisible. I pretend that I am a horse. I pretend to be a spy.

I am a critic 10 years behind pop culture and the current fashion trend. Age has made me more conservative. I no longer wear skirts that show too much, and sit on the laps of men to flirt audaciously.

In the summertime I work. Though the voice is different and rhythmic sexuality is more open to me now that I am unattached. Being born again and again and again means that I can recreate myself in the same manner. Poetry as a social construct. The psychology of penises and philosophy of life.

The page is born indifferent dimensions. We leak forth the words—worlds and fold flaked metallic rings that once barred us inside.

Long lines as such culminate from me and from the open breeze that tangles my hair

The blue lace on that blue dress entreats the passage of time. Joseph and the technicolor dream dress sit in the closet. Worn thin are the multilayered parallel timelines that I still hope to live.

The horizontal dimension that encases me is constructed socially to diminish possibility. The framework collapses in against the crushing pounds of silence in the chasmic ocean floor.

The Atlantic grows while the Pacific shrinks. Iceland sits on this ridge and grows while Juan de Fuca brings us towards the horizon.

BURIAL PITS (MARALINGA)*

1. objects extrude—a blind perineum between burial holes.
something to fill in the blanks with. the regular
ticking of an atom clock, its too-
perfect cadence—enumerating
beyond the object observed, searching out a
place behind the spotlight, the back
of the eye. to lie the way a listener lies
pressed to the floor, cleaving to eventless sounds.
what do we know
of the clock-winder's inner life?
shed skin hung up on door frames (to isolate cause)—
from y to x the black dog
stalking at the perimeter, lowers its prize
into freshly turned ground marking the exact co-
ordinate for future reference

2. nightvoices through the mulga, bull oaks (casuarinas)
an eastward slithering body of air
hissing across the dolomite plain, saltbush
where the undead are kept. things
mouthing isotope words, read their
scent—they subsist
on the tradition of a fact, the con-
vention of a moral or an anthropologist's myth. travelling
in the night of first ages, as a machine travels—like an
atavism. the ridiculous
post-historic beast in the desert, a chain
hung round its neck with rusted
cans dragging up from a borehole, red dust
bleeding out of it. a crankshaft
pounds away uselessly, can be heard for miles

PLUTONIUM 239[†]

figures in the landscape appear to burn. a fringe
of cinders: yellow dust, funerary ash covering
the ground—vernasi, dasawamedh. saddhu
in a burning ghat & the canticle: *place of*
dead reckoning. signs written in concrete, a blind
one-eyed skull & the half-god half-corpse
that fits it, fucking down into the underside of a
guilty conscience, measuring its degrees of
contaminant ... an underground lake, dug out
by the old whitebellied diviner, pumping brine
from limestone sinkholes, resists the applied
method. saddhu perched on a heap of rubbish
exhaling long plumes of smoke. the camera's
analogue eye like a mind passing &
observing—atoms, nomenclature, intellect—
how can it be removed? if the earth were as
flat as it seems, a photograph
dragging down at the edges—belongs to another
history: a mathematical error addressed in
manufactured desert-language, like a too-
rational & precise stupidity, uncorrectable
as a man or a dog who refuses labour. saddhu
in a contortionist's box: television
vistas, satellites, remote emanations telling of
contracted future memory. a band of night
shows red above the judas hole—they are
counting down, digit by available digit.
smoke settles on the eye's inner rim; attendant
fingers brush ash from ashtrays into a paper bag.
at the other end of the demarcation line
another salvage operation begins

Endnotes

* at maralinga, in south australia, radioactive waste was buried in pits at taranaki, tm50, tm101, kuli, dobo, the “tietkens plain cemetery” & the “airfield cemetery,” & in the marcoo bomb crater. vast quantities of non-radioactive material were also buried at other sites on the maralinga range, in particular in the marcoo crater & in deep pits on the north side of the kuli road.

† the maralinga area contains three sites contaminated with plutonium 239 left over from british nuclear testing between 1953 & 1963. these sites, which are several kilometres apart, are known as taranaki, wewak & tm100/101. the first two sites were named after wwii battles in papua new guinea. the remaining site name possibly refers to “tamper movement,” a type of test used by the british in developing nuclear weapons. in all, nine major nuclear trials involving atomic explosions, & several hundred smaller scale experiments (“minor trials”) which dispersed radioactive materials over small areas, were performed. in 1953, two major nuclear trials code-named totem 1 & totem 2 were performed at emu. then in 1956 at maralinga, four major nuclear trials of code-names one tree, marcoo, kite & breakaway were carried out in operation buffalo, & in 1957 three trials code-named tadjé, biak & taranaki were carried out in operation antler. the smallest of these were tadjé & marcoo, each of about one kiloton yield, & the largest was taranaki of 27 kiloton. all of the ground zeros are now marked with concrete plinths. the nuclear devices at maralinga & emu were exploded on 31m towers, with the exception of marcoo (ground level), kite (an airdrop at 150m) & taranaki (balloon-borne at 300m).

in an atomic explosion, at the instant of detonation there is a burst of intense gamma & neutron radiation, followed by the formation of a mushroom cloud containing highly radioactive material. this cloud can rise to a considerable height & the radioactive material may be carried large distances by the wind. the radioactive debris that is deposited downwind on the ground is called “fallout.” radioactive contamination on the ground close to the site of an atomic explosion results from both the “close-in fallout” & the action of the intense pulse of neutrons on elements in the soil, which makes these otherwise stable elements radioactive by a process called “neutron activation.” the principal neutron activation products now remaining in the soil are cobalt-60 & europium-152, & the principal remaining fallout components are strontium-90, caesium-137 & europium-155. because of the radioactive decay of the radionuclides with short half-lives, the radiation levels close to all nine ground zeros at maralinga & emu are now considered very low, & are insignificant beyond a 200m radius. at tadjé, because of the

nature of the device tested, there is an area extending from the ground zero for about 1000m in a nne direction which is contaminated with plutonium (& associated americium) as well as some small pellets of cobalt-60. the cobalt-60 is of sufficiently short half-life (5.3 years) for it to present little potential hazard in the long-term, but the half-life of plutonium-239 is such (24,110 years) that this small area north of the tadge ground zero will remain contaminated well into the future. the other potential hazard associated with the sites of the six tower-mounted tests at maralinga & emu is the presence of “glazing,” or fused sand, formed at the time of the explosions. the glazing contains trapped radioactive materials including plutonium.

maralinga is situated on the edge of the great victoria desert. south of maralinga is the nullarbor plain & watson, a cluster of four houses at the start of the long straight section of the indian-pacific railway line. rock from the limestone quarry at watson is rich in the fossils of sea creatures, indicative of when the nullarbor plain was the bed of an ancient sea. an area of approximately 3000 square kilometres encompassing maralinga village & the test areas is known as “section 400.” the land surrounding section 400 is aboriginal territory, & entry onto these aboriginal lands is forbidden without formal approval. in particular, the land contains a number of sacred sites.

UPDRAFT

There are three commas, in this description, of the crown of thorns, and finally a spot of blood.
There are three commas, in this description, which cannot be gotten out, or driven further in.
There are three commas, in this description, and you can see how they bend, when they're struck.
There are three commas, in this description, though only the third, shifted with the crown.
There were three commas, in this description, until another spot of blood fell above the last;
(we must not forget that he is here); that it makes the commas looser, to strike the last,
that he is growing weaker; he is; bleeding out; how it; unfolds; is still beyond our control.
There are three commas, in this description, which bring the body into language, and keep it there.
There are three commas, in this description, which pin these words, to the sheet below.
If we carried his body; if we carried his body in this sheet; (we must not forget that he is here);
what would we ask him; *if the commas were placed, where they could be pulled, what would he have done;*
and, if he turns his head to answer, there will be three commas, in the description of the wound;
and if he turns his head to answer, and the thorns should catch here, who will help him
turn it back; there will be three commas, in the description, of their injured hand.

Robert Fernandez

CHORIC

I

Either way, we make the mistake of looking backward. Repeatedly, the wall—a hand opening its swollen eye on fate. That which arranges itself in backlight acquires a knotted sense of its proportion, an added set of repercussions.

II

Capable, like a boxer's gloves, of mouth-watering speed, we improvise the water of an ethics so cold, so wrapped in sash and clean sensation, it curls in a fantasy of triggers. The face, a portable blackboard (a child's blackboard). The yellow chalk, an arc-en-ciel burning off in your hand. There are traces of the birds that have passed through your open body; of flowers, swept from a bass drum; of an hour of sand-strings and this insistence on travel, on facing there. There, as the tide is drawn in, the pier is held in such a relief you stand as if face to face with the blinding integrity of your death.

III

A spiral of red in the yolk, as from this clipped work: a fruit's clear, poised segments. We interpret the halo's prescience of blossoms shaping the air as they release—cutting, refining the air as they enact themselves.

TROPHIES

I

How can we accommodate these reforms? The nights of bellflowers are as finished as the hell of water that has unrolled and become news. Pull at the ox's ring and the wall of the sinuses falls down. Pull at the hoop in the eyelid, dormitories are felled. A marriage of fists and kites, the smile is hammered so painstakingly into the gut it forms a ring.

II

I am staring up at a boxing match in which white Everlasts and red Everlasts take on the breakneck speed of cupids. Art Deco façades hem in the open-air courtyard; a black belt of skyline circles off their incandescent white waists. The sunrise pulls level with the sea. The boxers' shadows furl and unfurl, drawing into cups.

III

You open your heart's wings like a bread riot, split the uncooked potatoes on the table with a glance, and eat. You make the hours work like fragile perceptions for the food they get, the warmth they get, for the habitual, contradictory spontaneities imposed on their bodies as love or triumph in mistaken assertions.

AT THE LECTURE

For the landscape Light and the Viciousness It Absorbs, certain constellation values: Castor (Surge), Pollux (Mandate), Gemini (Wreaths of Manila Flowers). The speaker has curled into a ball, shielding himself from malignant vibrations in the light. It is a work polished with olive oil. Like a fountain, it uses stone (striation) to cut the value of horizon (soul) in half. It places its caches at successively abridged distances. The sun, wet—weatherless in midday—above locust trees. The billboards, a repetition of the sun's blistering. Once the work has turned against itself, it exhibits newly formed desires. Beneath an armature of stars, it seeks out deltas, anti-luminosities, rings.

THE ROOT

Being active, on the tips of its toes, forking, conversational (best accosted from the side), being hyper-national, mouth-watering, elevated, sunk, being foundational, fanning to structure, being hostile, dormant, couched in retreat, being soft vein, mouth, soil and horizon, being disaster and re-architect, plumed through its length, being cluster, spore, sprawl, design and concurrent enaction, being fiber, thirst, hormone, cymbal, lattice and stress, aqueduct and sleeving unity...

HALO

Becomes a decisive body.
Acts on its ends,

which is to say
hands, like cloves,

budding flat.
Cuts a water wheel

from its body,
a jenny wheel,

Catherine wheels.
It is coastline and,

as such, sheet lightning
issuing in fragile exodus

and armada. Question
what seems less devolved:

flowers wed to hands,
etymologies, stony acts

of will or fate. The center
unravels no more easily

than a stone:
it spreads in leaves,
it erases itself in
strands of brilliance,

it unlocks in florets
through the reflective blackness.

BLACKBODY RADIATION

quality heat radiated

not dependent

on nature

of object

woman

xx

x & x

kit & kaboodle

the whole number

some universal function at work

correspondence between sets

to enjoy (have the use of)

in a play

movie he never sees anything

hears

waits

to be tied

gagged

the train is coming

steam

black body would emit

body

woman

xx

some thing that absorbs

sucks

woman

o

gathered vibrations

light heated cavities emit

x

h

spectral phenomena action

roy g. biv

there are no divided quanta

blackbody separated from vibration

photoelectricity

strobe

factory

x

ultra violet

my favorite flavor, cherry red

white light / white heat

h

AFTER READING

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313-321.

The brown-headed cowbird is an obligate brood parasite, using cardinals and red-winged blackbirds' nests, the indigo bunting, the rufous-sided towhee. What is it about similarity? Unlike the starling, a Shakespeare company did not release the cowbird, providing company for writing in this country. The cowbird will not nest in crevices but we find the similarity

in egg dissection, razor blades, the cardinal analysis of a study determining which side a parent comes from. How does an indigo bunting come into it? The first time I saw an indigo it was a miracle, but it's too easy to prioritize color. The cardinal is a bright bird, undeserving similarity to any other species, if more common. Traits can be found: Female 12W prefers indigo nests and cardinals while Female Unknown 14W finds the company of red-winged blackbirds more conducive. I side

with the host bird, not the parasite, whose side activities are alarming. What is similar in this study to what I already know? The cowbird prefers lateral activity and lets the indigo occupy its nest with cowbirds for company. Nearly fifteen-hundred hours show several cardinals willing to care for other species. On the side we find some other information: the company of backyard birds, their corresponding similarity to us in unexpected ways. The cowbird,

seeking company or cardinal direction, shuns other cowbirds, lays its eggs beside similar birds, certain to see brown instead of indigo.

For a while the starling is a fourth-day bird, a strange and squiggly lump, a black and white copy, recopied on the page. The bird's weight has quadrupled since birth and it balances on a round belly, its wings are just stumps with the beginning of feathers showing; what's grown in are contour feathers and the baby is a map

of dark patches, each day a new tract, line, crown region. Wings, present but unusable, prop the bird up so it can see out of the nest. The birth of features continues; the page tells us nothing happens on the fifth day, page after page of first and second-day babies, their feathers

barely in, and birth has not been kind to them since on the day each one represents they died, black shadows of their former selves. Their wings will never work, hang at angles, their wings outstretched so they can be measured. To page through is to watch them leave the nest in flocks, towards the place where feathers lose their definition. Tenth-day's neck is bent in; at birth the eyes are closed; seventh day sees vision born, quick development, by the twenty-first the wings work, babies leave the nest. Each day

something new happens, but if you're dead the page is a permanent horizon, feathers frozen for posterity. An adolescence in black segments shows clear silhouettes, each black shape capable of a different act. Birth is no boundary if it means feathers

will be similar each day. If the wings of a dead starling show no development, then feathers are just black marks on each one's birthday and their wings will never pull free of the page.

When a starling goes branch-chasing, it means to posture and offer courtship, followed by monogamy and lining the nest with whatever material is around. During the month of August the ritual of mating is at a minimum, though at other times it occurs on the ground and other elevated places: roofs, tree branches chasing each other through most environments. Rituals

have been observed; most pertain to courtship, predictably; no nesting south of around 30 degrees latitude, this is a line which must not be crossed. A line when you live in a tree is a branch. No other continuity could wrap itself around the life of a starling, a peculiar chase up and down the tree-limbs, offering courtship

to each other. When the babies are born, the ritual is to show excitement in a flight around the nest. Starlings line up to dance with each other. The researcher chases the conclusions of a study after them through the trees; it's around this time the study seems to say it's ritual not behavior that makes them chase each other, but where's the line between them? One is symbolic, the other scientific and in the act of courtship

we find an avenue where courtship is the coming-together of two starlings around common differences, where the interest of the other is to figure out which one will watch the nest, a ritual of prospective care. Other kinds of courtship include a chase of just one starling around the branch, a ritual of knowing where to draw the line.

Do I use the word starling enough? No, a bird with such a name can encompass its own implications. In the white sky a crowd of black spots, a chorus across the fields. A nuisance really, brought to Central Park from England in eighteen-ninety, but who can blame the passenger. Yet I have the urge to blame

someone; why not the bird. I am no beginner when it comes to inscription, looking for the meaning to encompass sound, components of that chorus you can never really find. It's just white noise that surrounds us, or black if you like, white spaces in which things happen. I blame a serious nature, a series of events chorusing more or less in unison that no matter what we do it's not a habitat

encompassing us, it's a flock of birds whose habits encourage us to look at our own, examine what it is we're doing. It's a study that encompasses a line of boxes on the road in Canada, blame assigned to eighty-one percent of nests, no reason why they failed. This chorus of characters get their names and in chorus they proclaim certain things to each other, wondering about feathers, no interest in their lofty names. No white bird exists that's not been hunted, blamed for its headgear, but the starling encompasses

a system of worry that what encompasses us doesn't care for labels, choruses of sound, no fury or anticipation, no blame nor causal interaction. I'd like to thank everyone who ever gave me the white mystery of information, because now there's no going back. To blame them for encompassing no uncertain terms might introduce a chorus of starlings and really take over the white page.

Christopher DeWeese

FROM THE CONFESSIONS

My handsome bat-face
expanded in the darkness,

a crumpled candle
in one hand

Accelerated Dragon
everywhere.

Marina Tsvetaeva
translated by James Stotts

[FOR MANDELSTAM, 26 YEARS OLD]

Strutting Joseph, head thrown back—
You're so cocky and full of it.
An awfully feisty sidekick February's
Offered up to me this year!

Foreign penny-fall and street urchins
In chase—with slow drags from our smokes and
With blithely foreign faces we piti-
Able pass through my native city.

Who else's tender fingers have brushed
Your lovely lashes, sloe-eyed Joe, your lovely lips?—
And when, and how, and how often kissed?
And through what sloethorns runs your laurel-lined
chaussée...?—

I shouldn't ask. My hungering spirit's
Already beat that dream.
I admire the golden child in you—
Graceful ten years old and beaming.

Let's linger by the river's side a little, as her waters
Rinse the bright beads of the streetlights clean.
And I'll walk you to the seasoned city square,
Witness to her share of boy-czars through the years...

So whistle all your green pain out for me
And take your heart fast in your fist...
My coldblooded, my savage,
Uncivil libertine—forgive me!

FROM THOUGHTS FROM WITH/IN THIS ALONE
IMPULSE

Sprawling to both sides

Something tells me this is no less awkward for something like fire. This is fire from spinning. From tick and tackle. From rub. Not from nothing or an e to hinge on this more awk—no. Another kind of business. I'm sweet for this heat, of course. But too plain, also. Too plain. It's sad. I'm not from nothing too. I'll sake the sadness for a greater heating, a faster spin, but not a catcher. I'll cake a catcher put, place the faster tick before the awkward flame.

The fervor, nox

We blew that blast off rim. Rimmer than, more rimmed, some serpent cut from singing. We're a blaster, we sang. We're a blaster form of cutting. We're a habit forming cunning. We swelled around the circle of our grief, and sang. This is sweet. This is so sweet, we said. We darted, tucked, squares made for rounder pegs. The evening ended too early, but it was a ripe time and we got fat but unfull, and lozenge, sway. A kind of succor. An unapologetic swelling.

Look out, blimp

I felt like someone else, only different. I felt stronger. I'm feeling great, I said. Or exclaimed. I emphasized weird. Or ratherly. As some do. Then? Oh, I blacked out, or, someone blacked out who looked like me. I only caught a glimpse, and froze. I pitched that glimpse through the glass, and, dodging shards or charging, in a fever of meat became my own desperate infinity. It was a release. It was a catering event. It was something I attended, quiet, small, not "wed" to any specific hunger.

A bargain, II

Thank you for visiting. Please take your winnings and walk to the door marked "Won't Stop Bleeding." It felt I'm funny if that makes you feel better. It felt I'm sick. I've asked my brother about you and he's cancer me leave. Stay. He's cancer now turn, take, and fix my back at the big wooden gate. I'll be the one smaller than sound, and I'll wear my south-facing second floor room. You'll be stop looking back and we'll thank you. Thank you. You'll be stop looking back and we'll sing.

Karla Kelsey

FROM VANTAGE OF LANDSCAPE AND SOFT
MOTION

chosen in the possibility of she will go and he will stay, an opposition of waiting as mercury pooled in her palm knows no motion so long's the hand's held flat. This thought is a process as is oxygen emanating from Olives and Ash grown to encompass the arena where picadors circle the bull. In this direction she feels like water gone

to relinquish what was held in the sun at the mouth of the ruins, these girderings become washed in silver procured from Ash in the Sky. They stay despite consequences coursing the bodied technicalities of day. As an antidote to fire, let there be no flame but conflagration devouring the species of images, a patterning pressed from the mountain's peak,

from the bull bowed down in the sword drawn through. These instances point to erring again in the branches, though at last she's not trapped in the sequence of hours dictating the stations she walks. Circling the pear tree bathed in January light their sacrifice's been left to rent.

And then I was the character in bed dreaming of beetles seeping from the plane of sleep to thick woven sheets and the beach outside the window littered with bodies. Under my lids. Not a solar flare or the extended dahlias of summer, the metal flower petals shape to my nipple creating this death in the small course birth's drawn out to pierce, to bleed through the night a celestial thief. Negating the synchronized floral patterns of bedspread and drapery the TV radiates the weight of explosion. Heat invades the troposphere, structures fall in perfect circles, after 15 days a burn appears in the shape of the ampoule I pocketed over my left breast. Clay birds circle the room, the partitions feel thinner than they really are. Over my heart. And this repeats in the mind gone heavy-wild with global wind as she and I ply the narrative out at acute angles and a hush falls over the line of children following tractor treads engraving red clay. What lines have been followed to amount to these things as the sun and its shadow wash the ascent away?

Evie Shockley

IN A NON-SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD

if
i had
a dollar for

every
drop of
iraqi blood spilled,

every
woman raped,
every life destroyed

in this war,
i'd be
halliburton.

NOTES TO MY NIECES (OR, ESSAYS IN FORTUNE-TELLING)

when i was younger, trees
were green, money was green, money
grew on trees, or trees grew up
and became money. now, money is clearly
plastic, spreads like cancer, getting it
is genetic.

trust me on this. *g o d* stands
for *good old days*, and if you have enough
faith, you can remember them almost
like you were there, on your knees
with us, scrubbing them clean or
praying for the millennium, that next life,
when the *g o d* would be *n e w* : *not*
especially white.

question: your
mother is black and your father is loving.
answer: what's loving got to do
with virginia?

i fear
that your cows ain't like mine, that you
won't understand why i gave up
red meat.

say the past is a muddy
river. say the future is a belated alphabet
with which you and i might spell
different things. say the present
is something we can pass back and forth
between us, like an acorn, like
loose change.

Amir Kenan

PAINT

I don't paint.

Paint ain't paint.

"Hey, great painting."

Color Cycle

I	II	III	IV	V
Peach orange pink white beige Grey purple blue silver white Red white orange purple beige Silver purple black blue grey Beige white pink silver beige	Peach brown black white beige Silver silver grey grey white Purple orange grey teal white Red silver orange purple blue White silver grey peach black	Blue purple clear white brown Orange blue clear white black Yellow blue peach white beige Grey orange blue white yellow Silver clear peach white grey	Orange blue silver metal wood String grey purple white blue Purple pink grey silver white Purple silver grey blue white Black purple grey crimson red	Peach orange beige grey clear Blue orange peach brown green Green black silver purple red Brown beige silver teal white Rice orange peach white clear
Green silver blue black peach Silver purple wood grey white Blue orange black wood silver Clear black peach white beige Silver lemon white brown clear	Black tan orange purple white Peach orange blue beige clear White silver grey purple blue Crimson red black white peach Grey metal clear plastic blue	Silver grey white silver pink Clear grey peach silver white Purple orange blue beige grey Teal purple orange grey beige Peach brown black white cream	Orange yellow blue pink white Grey pepper blue purple black Grey silver rice purple white Wood silver grey purple plush Rice white purple silver blue	Blue white black silver green Clear yellow gold silver wine Purple silver gold white blue Tan honey silver orange cream Orange lemon purple honey red
Peach brown black white beige Purple yellow blue grey white Lemon yellow blue black clear Orange silver peach white teal Silver grey clear black white	Orange purple grey blue white White orange silver grey wood Grey crimson clear brown blue Purple blue clear white black Peach beige clear black white	Peach crystal blue green teal Grey crystal blue black beige Blue purple grey silver white Orange purple red clear black Black crystal red silver grey	Orange rice peach brown black Crimson orange blue beige red Grey orange blue silver beige Grey purple blue silver white White peach beige black clear	Grey white black silver green Purple diamond grey metal tan Orange silver purple grey red Orange yellow honey blue grey Lemon yellow orange honey red
White purple grey black beige Orange copper grey beige grey Black brown white peach brown Orange purple blue grey white Silver purple tan peach white	Purple grey clear silver blue Grey purple wood orange peach Silver copper tan orange blue Grey orange silver honey grey Grey forest grey purple clear	Peach clear color cycle three Grey silver blue purple black Crimson yellow red white blue Blue silver purple grey white Purple pepper blue grey white	Black white black clear white Gold bronze black white beige Black metal peach white green Green white purple white blue Blue orange yellow wood green	Silver blue peach white black Orange honey grey crystal red Seven lemon honey crystal red Purple grey orange lemon grey Honey orange purple Pepsi red
Grey beige blue crimson clear Blue orange yellow silver tan Tan brown beige crimson peach Grey pink bright purple peach Orange yellow grey silver red	Purple silver blue black grey Teal silver beige black clear Honey blue silver pepper grey Grey orange silver blue white Grey orange purple clear grey	Silver lemon grey orange blue Purple silver red crystal tan Silver orange grey lemon blue Silver orange tan crimson red Orange yellow orange tan blue	Grey orange silver metal blue Tan silver cream purple clear Purple silver grey beige blue Silver pepper grey black blue Blue orange silver grey white	Grey silver peach black white Honey orange pepper lemon red Red purple beige crystal grey Lemon seven pepper grey clear Black lemon seven pepper grey

FROM ABOVE THE FOLD

Beneath the cornfields
nothing moves.
The earth grows

dryer, with lower
cased letters.

Everything moves
of moth dust for the dogs
trapped on the rooftops.

The vertigo of hair
enstones your wrist,

a tree grafted onto
a bundle of newspapers.

All this eating,
being eaten

& the waterfall
that needs no electricity.

The war continues
to kiss
the children.

The children lick
their lips

until they crack.

Take this glass
of tap water

to your bed
& watch the sunrise

inside the veins
that hang

like chain links
to the floor.

A SWISHER, SWEET!

Addressing a Dressing

I'm really
Bad see
I'm really
Bad see

Far and wee
I'm really
Far and we
Really see

Really bad
I'm really
Bad for we
Really bad

See wee
Really see

Almost Good

I don't
Feel up
To me seems
Downs the way

I'm not
Up to
The way
Down feels

Hard-up
To me
Up to
Way down

Feels up
To me

Unexpected Company

A windy cold
Dried cut
Some blood
Flowed annulled

Me from good
To go into
3rd person
Yet there I stood

Not swish that
Needs a fat
Papaya
For some duh

I'm lucky
Yet ugly.

Jordan Davis

SIGN FIELD RERUNS

Guess marks wash down the energy field.
Now our superior officer is just lucky.
In the bud vases, booze.
An entire cadre vaporized over budget constraints.

I'm sorry, did it mean something,
That mound of pleasantries?

What happened to the waking-up,
Wasn't my violence
A form of skateboarding
The settlers could cotton to, despite the fashion?

Maybe you could turn the question generator
Toward that big dome over there.
Worked on Noriega.

Paper cut from a dixie cup.
Pax nabisco. The playwright has sent her brother in
To show off his checkbook. When you're done dilating,
The surgeon will have a word with you:
Dinner. It's not what you think,
It's how you think it.
It is. Oh, and to make it stop
Just quack a while.

That proof was on the board last week.
Up for a picnic? The tributaries are looking
Succulent. If you'd rather, we could go back to the glade.
Either way, there's a television set
It's hard to break into
If your particular damage is instant coffee.

KEEP THE DRUMS AT YOUR MOM'S

Orange oil trebuchet'd over the top of the cubicle.

I am staring at a lump of clay shaped like a fathead fish.

The prism on my desk, my fake industry award,

Sends its seam on a lucite diagonal.

If I were to teach middle school math

I'd want to review my proofs.

The stack of trimmed letterhead doesn't light up to see me,

Doesn't it know I'm an addict?

If you want to use ProTools on me,

If you want to Photoshop my face, I'm ready.

"Unknown number" keeps flashing on my phone.

The white bird steps sideways in the melt.

Someone sends me a hate search.

The sleep of a barmaid is white as a robot

And all the perimeter's a butterfly bush;

I huddle under the lilacs.

Impossible for an individual and yet

Now come the stray billion diatoms carving out prime numbers in the slush.

The horse song which is a veto of all that is probable

On the left edge of the reading room,

The song of no experience, comes for the pale tray —

It takes a button from my coat and measures it in farads.

A tree street bends in its matching shifts

Intimating nothing but slavery and pendulums,

A rocking in the hips and overexposed film.

ERISMS

to Plaque eyes
to by & by
tripped traces and slirmish
 haze, beating down
 on down more:
 chariot arms as
 from
 your: hot stabs,
 times and 64.

Race the rage room,
room to room room:

 hit You heave who
 bound bare chords
boldly bore they
out to off they
off inside another knife.

strongly You, brown heart,

O space and hole:
 you
 bear of drum
 a cold to floor.

Once,
once-twice, barrage and
bleed
 your heaving broken hoar,

that leaves an 'the with and.

Inhabit, we, now, the helter-skelterisms
down
 of yore.

TITRATE

You blend up and
down dowager.

On target, you've always loathed
wading through titrating paths,
or not—

Trust firmly that when
I wake,
I'll square off your great event—

“Undo traces of firm wake,
and hard wear.”

But are these traces
shore-known
in their own skin?

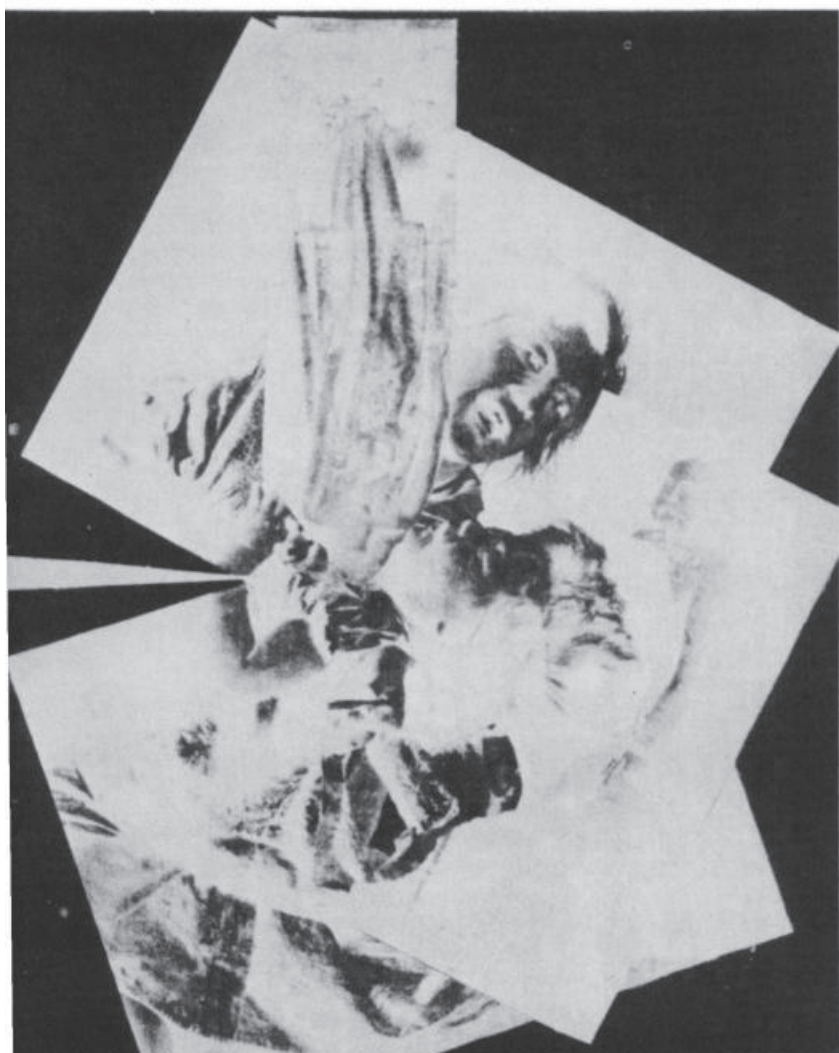
Their intersections as
placid as place? or the
heavy-set figures between?

“Titrate” suggests separation.
You're focusing on
the shy in the
moment of

the thought, or the scare,
the bit of
mind blown out my ether.

We might as well conclude
and claim the
ocean is only one
large swell.

JOGLARS



JOGLARS

Volume 1 Number 1 Spring 1964

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Manuscripts, scores, etc., submitted for publication, should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Address correspondence to Joglars; c/o Clark Coolidge, 292 Morris Ave., Providence, R.I., 02906.

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THE MAKING OF JOGLARS

Scholars have long acknowledged the central role of little magazines in 20th-century literary production, as a growing body of literature in this field indicates; at the same time, and with some notable exceptions, the wealth of small press activity undertaken by the New American Poets and their successors in the years following World War II—most clearly delineated by Steven Clay and Rodney Phillips in *A Secret Location on the Lower East Side*—has earned comparatively less notice.¹ This is likely due in part to the sheer volume of publications to which scholars have had to attend in the intervening years: according to the numerical estimates Alan Golding cites in his landmark study of Cid Corman's magazine *Origin*, the number of little magazines published in the United States increased by a factor of 27.5 between 1952 and 1987.²

In spite of this exponential increase—one only wonders how dramatically desktop publishing, print on demand, blogging and the internet have even further increased these numbers in the intervening years—it is crucial that we come to terms with this work. English Departments may be notoriously behind the times in terms of recognizing achievements in contemporary literature, but they will only remain that way unless we continue to historicize and contextualize that which is no longer properly contemporary. Much of the poetry Donald Allen gathered in *The New American Poetry* has been with us for fifty years, and those bodies of work are taking the shapes in which they will be evaluated in the decades to come. But the work emerging in the wake of Allen's anthology—the initial explorations and subsequent domestication of “deep image,” the radicalized collage aesthetics coming out of the cut-up techniques of Burroughs and Gysin, chance and procedural work, multimedia “happenings” and the anti-art of Fluxus, concrete and visual poetry, poetry emerging from the liberations of various (racial, gender and sexual) identity groups, language-centered poetics—these are all tendencies whose impacts on the literary field have yet to be fully measured.

And it is within these contexts that *Joglars*, the little magazine Clark Coolidge and Michael Palmer edited from 1963-1966, merits closer scrutiny. Though it ran for only three issues, *Joglars* telescopes into that short space of time a long view of post-New American poetics, occasionally looking back to Modernist precursors of the Allen anthology but often looking ahead to where the work was going. Moreover, the unpublished Coolidge-Palmer correspondence currently housed at the SUNY-Buffalo Poetry Collection is filled with discussions of whom to solicit work from as well as reactions to the magazine from poets and artists spanning several generations and affiliations. It offers us a unique glimpse into not only the making of *Joglars* but also the activity of two young poet-publishers sizing up the literary field as they found it—and altering that field in the process.

When Coolidge met George Palmer (who then went by his first rather than middle name) at what has come to be known as the Vancouver Poetry Conference in 1963, they hit it off immediately.³ As Palmer recalls,

we took to each other instantly and started immediately talking about, well, jazz of course, John Cage, and composing aleatory works on the typewriter as people had conversations, and that sort of thing. The musical connection—both jazz and new music—was an immediate opening for both of us because we were both very much involved in that world.⁴

Charles Olson encouraged them to start a magazine to publish their mentors and peers. Originally Fred Wah, a member of the group of poets and editors who formed several years earlier in Vancouver around the magazine *TISH*, was going to be involved with this new project, but the physical distance and other logistical difficulties quickly proved insurmountable.⁵ By November 4, 1963, with Wah's inability to participate apparent, Coolidge writes to Palmer with a certain amount of eagerness, even urgency: "If you can cop or use mimeo somewhere up there I'm ready to start the letters moving. Soon if possible." He then continues with word from one of the elder poets he and Palmer met in Vancouver: "Already Creeley writes me: 'I thought you people were going to start something—not to bug you, but do keep moving—otherwise things begin to clog, and one is left stuck etc.'"⁶ Here is one of the cardinal tenets of projective verse, "to keep moving," in a most practical application.

Coolidge's frequent letters to Palmer over the next six weeks offer continual updates on his contacts with potential contributors to first issue of the as-yet-unnamed magazine. On November 22 he writes of continuing encouragement and suggestions from Creeley: "Bob C. writes support for newsletter — says he wants to send poem — suggests I try Olson too, for something — so I've just written him. [. . .] Have also letters out to [Ron] Loewinsohn, Phil W[halen], Jonathan [Williams], etc." One of the more exciting prospects is a submission from the under-acknowledged modernist master Zukofsky: "Louis Z. says all new work is presently committed elsewhere but he wants in, very much." Four days later, Coolidge elaborates: Can't remember if I wrote you of Louis' reply (?) anyhow he says:

"I've no new work that's not committed, but we'll talk about it in time. Go on, if you will, with your newsletter for the others, meanwhile, get settled, prosper, etc. . . . love, etc." He also says — come see him when in NYC, talk, etc. Knowing Louis, it sounds promising, sympathetic, etc.

In this same letter Coolidge responds favorably to what is apparently a prior suggestion from Palmer to solicit another under-acknowledged modernist master: "Lorine Niedecker!!! — yes! sure, why didn't I think of her? She's a friend of Louis' — maybe thru him. . . . (or reprint some poems from old 'New Goose' (?)), and then continuing that he is "still awaiting word from Whalen (Allen & McClure), Loewinsohn, Olson, Jonathan. Any other ideas?"

At this point we can begin to envision the view of the poetic field that Coolidge and Palmer were taking and the picture of it they were trying to both capture and create in their magazine. The names that Coolidge mentions

in these letters point to three distinct areas of the post-New American poetic landscape. First, there is Black Mountain poetics as represented by Olson, Creeley, and Jonathan Williams. Second are poets from the Bay area and with Beat affiliations—even if Donald Allen placed some of them in the section of his anthology with “no geographical definition”⁷⁷—namely Philip Whalen, Ron Loewinsohn, Allen Ginsberg and Michael McClure. Third, and already alluded to earlier, are the modernists Zukofsky and Niedecker, very much fellow travelers in the Objectivist poetics that the former first outlined in the famous February 1931 special issue of *Poetry* magazine that he edited. After roughly two decades in which a number of the original Objectivist poets either toiled in almost complete obscurity (Zukofsky and Niedecker) or stopped writing poetry altogether (George Oppen, Carl Rakosi), something of an Objectivist renaissance was beginning in the early 1960s. As Ron Silliman writes, somewhat hyperbolically, “Objectivism’s third or renaissance period was marked by the resurrection of the works of Zukofsky, Oppen, Basil Bunting, Carl Rakosi, Charles Reznikoff and Lorine Niedecker to public attention virtually overnight in the early 1960s.”⁷⁸ In fact this renaissance might be seen taking place less “virtually overnight in the early 1960s” than over the course of said decade, with Oppen’s 1969 Pulitzer Prize being a culminating achievement. In any case, what should be noted here is that by targeting Zukofsky and Niedecker for submissions to their magazine in late 1963, Coolidge and Palmer are staking out a position in the literary field that attempts to reassert the value of Zukofsky and Niedecker and thus make a decisive contribution to a burgeoning Objectivist renaissance.

While securing a place for their elders to publish, Coolidge and Palmer were also encouraged by Creeley to publish their peers—and themselves. “Bob insists on space for younger people,” Coolidge writes on November 22, 1963, “& I’m with him on it as long as we find ‘em! I figure circulating the sheet should bring down somebody — anyway I’m hopeful of it. Maybe, too, if either of us manages something good enuf — put that in too sometime (?)” Indeed this is a crucial function for any little magazine to play, namely giving the younger poet-publishers an opportunity to work through their own aesthetics and politics, to define and shape the literary field while they assert themselves in it. We can see Coolidge go through this process at length in a letter to Palmer dated December 28, 1963.

What interests me tho, “now”, that ole saw: “the personal” — how far you can run with that (like, in most poesy I wanta see signs of the man hisself — voice, eyes, lips, etc. — all else seems so much literatour) (forget GROUPS!) & of course — the MUSIKS (Zukofsky: best field general) or more simply, inclusively, — sounds — what kinda sound organization can be got to — what happens, then, to meanings (Z’s cats?) — so here’s where the aleatory gang (Cage, Wolff, Feldman —) interests me (Burroughs too?) — almost despite any natural desire for control..... — Well — two points of attack — contradict each other maybe? maybe, but it keeps me hoppin’.

Beyond the individualist stance (“forget GROUPS!”) and the dismissal of

mere “literatour” that echoes, however consciously, the French Symbolist Verlaine,⁹ Coolidge clearly demonstrates the oppositions he is working through here—between “the personal” and “sounds,” intentionality (authorial control) and non-intentionality (the chance procedural methods of the New York School of composers and William Burroughs), and what would ordinarily be thought of as form versus content but might in this context be more fruitfully thought in terms of sound versus sense, “what kinda sound organization can be got to” versus “what happens, then, to meanings.” Notice too the implications of Coolidge’s specific phrasing here: different kinds of sound organization are an objective, goal or destination, something that one “gets to,” with the result that something *then happens* to meanings. To begin with sound and then see what happens to sense as a result is already to place a poetics in an experimental mode that runs counter to many other poetries but will, in a few short years, become central to what is perhaps Coolidge’s most important early statements on poetics, included in his contributor’s note to Paul Carroll’s 1968 anthology *The Young American Poets*: “Words have a universe of qualities other than those of descriptive relation: Hardness, Density, Sound-Shape, Vector-Force, & Degrees of Transparency/Opacity.”¹⁰ What he may not have known in 1963 is that his life’s work as a poet will be spent working through these very issues.

Individual poetics also get worked out in the context of a larger social network, and a young poet-publisher presumably starts a little magazine because she perceives a lack in the network of little magazines already existing. Coolidge’s December 28 letter to Palmer continues:

a helluvah lot o’ sheets fouling the breeze. But most of ‘em seem cliquey even beyond the natural preferences of “editorship” [. . .] even the latest issues of the “Bear”: lotsa fun for the “boys” — I thot we wuz interested in “writing” (?) I hope we can stay clear of this kind of partying.

Coolidge seems to be advocating for an open editorial policy, one that includes moving outside of one’s immediately poetic circles and strives for inclusiveness, especially across gender lines, which he finds lacking in what is presumably a reference to *The Floating Bear*. Later in the same letter, he complains about the questions he gets from his fellow poets (also largely men) when he solicits work from them:

Shit! — you offer these boys a place in print (what they’ve been yelling for) & all they say is “you’re crazy” — “what’s your program”? Fuck that — no plan — no ideologies — no hypotheses — let the goddam poems stand (if they can) — no bullshit! — well, I guess this is all pretty vague — I admit to a little confusion meeself!

Coolidge strikes here at another contradiction lying at the heart of any editorial endeavor: no editorial decision occurs in a vacuum, and so to claim the lack of an agenda is still to have one. And in spite of any claims to openness and inclusiveness, Coolidge and Palmer, as we have seen, are

drawing from a very specific group of poets.

Coming up with a name for the journal also proved difficult, as letters from November 22 and 26 indicate. In the latter especially, Coolidge writes: “NAME for the “creature” still hangs me — maybe (a la Tzara) open dictionary, aleatory style? I agree tho — staying away from pop-toon, & intellecto titles.” As Palmer subsequently explains in his interview with Peter Gizzi:

I’ve always been drawn to circus performers, but also to that aspect of poetry which has to do with juggling and tumbling. In doing *Joglars* with Clark, we were proposing that other side. There was the magazine *Trobar*, which suggests the more auratic sense of the poet, of the troubadour, the fashioning of *trobar*. The joglar was the clown and camp follower who went along and performed and ripped off other people’s songs; but that’s also a side of the poet.¹¹

Perhaps, if Coolidge wanted to avoid “intellecto titles,” he and Palmer nevertheless took a rather esoteric, literary route to convey the clowning side of poetry: to this day, many readers of the magazine remain uncertain as to how to pronounce its title.

Joglars #1 appeared in Spring 1964, and its lineup of eleven contributors closely followed the territory that the Coolidge-Palmer correspondence was already staking out: a strong showing from the Black Mountain group (Fielding Dawson, Joel Oppenheimer, John Wieners, Jonathan Williams), two Bay area poets (Gary Snyder and Michael McClure), and the Objectivists Zukofsky and Niedecker. The lineup of poets is supplemented by the magazine’s first in what would be an ongoing commitment to work in other arts and media—in this case, a score and performance instructions for an orchestral piece composed by Zukofsky’s son Paul. The remaining two contributors, Carol Bergé and Robert Kelly, can be seen representing a Downtown New York poetry scene that was emerging in the wake of the Black Mountain College diaspora (precipitating the school’s closure in 1965) but before the formation of the Poetry Project at St. Marks Church.¹²

By June 16, 1964 Coolidge is able to report to Palmer the following: “3 copies sent to all contributors. . . 100 copies sent to ‘divers’ poets & people free free free!! I don’t like to come on poverty but, other bookstores & library-circulars (for which many thanks!) have gotta wait” because he and his then-wife Toni were “FLAT BUSTED.” Nevertheless, favorable reviews of the first issue of *Joglars* were coming in from all quarters:

A Letter, of ecstatic praise (“best first issue of a mag I’ve ever seen...” etc.) from somebody named Sam Abrams (claims he met me at LeRoi’s reading [. . .] Card from Louis, “thanking”, says “we’ll be talking soon” [. . .] 2 letters from Paul Blackburn — first, very praising to *Joglars* “keep it up” &c. with 3 poems, not bad very Blackburn, at least one we might be able to use.

Then a week later, June 23, Coolidge reports extensive feedback from Creeley.

Bob C. wafted in with:

“Thanks very much for the copy of your first issue—which I think a fine job indeed. John Wieners’ editing of Raymond Chandler is a wild piece of work, i.e., makes very clear that odd ‘surreal’ quality of Chandler, which always got me at least. I like the poem by Gary Snyder, Mike McClure—and it’s a pleasure to see new poems by Joel Oppenheimer. And Louis—as ever—and Paul, god knows impressive. So really all of it is a pleasure, and again thanks for sending it.”

In addition to the praise, Coolidge finds himself inundated not only with submissions for future issues—“running out of tongue licking reject envelopes,” he tells Palmer on October 8, 1964—but also, consistent with the gift economy and free exchange that so often characterizes the small press poetry world, free copies of numerous other publications, as he reports to Palmer on June 23, 1964: *The Outsider* (edited by Jon Edgar Webb out of New Orleans), *Burning Deck* (a short-lived magazine that would eventually evolve into Burning Deck Press, edited by Rosmarie and Keith Waldrop in Providence), and *Set* (edited by Gerrit Lansing in Gloucester, Massachusetts). Beyond simply a free exchange of goods, however, such interaction ultimately serves as a means of mutual support between fellow poet-publishers. For example, Coolidge writes to Palmer on October 8, 1964 that the “Insect cats sent Burroughs’ address — so I wrote him and sent mag.” The reference to “insect cats” remains a mystery unless one knows that the *Insect Trust Gazette* was a little magazine edited by Bob Basara, Leonard Belasco and Jed Irwin out of Philadelphia that ran for three issues from 1964 to 1968.¹³ While William Burroughs never appeared in *Joglars*, Coolidge would include Basara’s work in the final issue, and his “Bond Sonnets”—an example of his own efforts in cut-up and collage techniques—ran in *Insect Trust #2* (Summer 1965).¹⁴

After such an impressive debut issue, *Joglars #2* (Winter 1964) might seem to be something of a let down, as many of the poets it features are no longer as familiar today as those in issue 1.¹⁵ Nevertheless, the highlights of this issue as I see them include two poems and one prose piece by Larry Eigner, a sorely neglected and yet crucial figure between Projectivism and Language Poetry; three of the celebrated “Light Poems” from Jackson Mac Low, whose immense body of work stands as a singular achievement in process-oriented, non-intentional writing; an excerpt from Piero Heliczer’s sequence “The Peacock Vow,” which did not manage to make its way into his 2001 collected poems; and finally, continuing with the *Joglars* pattern of including at least one contribution from the nonliterary arts, a prose piece by avant-garde film maker Stan Brakhage entitled “The Robert Letter.”¹⁶

The third and final issue of *Joglars* did not come out until 1966, likely due in part to the fact that Coolidge edited it himself: as Palmer tells Peter Gizzi: “I was still a full-time student. . . . And then I left the country and he [Coolidge] was left to do the third issue.”¹⁷ The issue reiterates two gestures from previous issues: as #1 included Zukofsky and Niedecker, so

#3 includes a poem by another modernist of the same generation, Kenneth Rexroth.¹⁸ Likewise the extra-literary interests of the previous two issues of *Joglars* are continued here with the publication of John Cage's "Lecture on Nothing," a consummate demonstration of the composer's chance-based methods and his insistence on art as a means for diminishing rather than bolstering of the ego. But perhaps even more noteworthy, *Joglars* 3 features one direction Coolidge's own work would not subsequently pursue in any extensive way, and other directions that it would. On the one hand, the issue presents an unusually strong showing of concrete poetry, especially from the British Isles: by Ian Hamilton Finlay, John Furnival (whose "Devil Trap" also graces the issue's cover), Dom Sylvester Houedard, and Edwin Morgan. American contributors of concrete poetry include Bob Basara, Jack Collom, Coolidge himself, Carl Fernbach-Flarsheim and Saroyan. While Coolidge's own practice in this form of verbal art appears to have been quite limited, it was at the very least prescient, as *Joglars* 3 itself anticipated (if only by less than a year) the first book-length English-language presentations of concrete poetry, namely the *Anthology of Concrete Poetry* (edited by Emmett Williams) and *Concrete Poetry: A World View* (edited by Mary Ellen Solt), both published in 1967.

But on the other hand, Coolidge also includes in *Joglars* 3 the work of two young poets virtually unknown in 1966, who will become Coolidge's close friends and have significant impacts on his own poetics: Aram Saroyan and Bernadette Mayer. As he explained in the "Arrangement" talk he gave in July 1977 at the Naropa Institute, Coolidge in 1966

was living in Cambridge in the same house with Aram Saroyan, and he was writing these one-word poems, dividing everything down to the smallest possible thing, as I was talking about, and I immediately wanted to put them together. I couldn't stand the idea of one word. I don't think there *is* one word.... I was really trying to work with the words, look at the words, try to use all their qualities.¹⁹

From this minimalist impulse in the late 1960s Coolidge would move into a more "maximalist" impulse in the early-to-mid 1970s, in part with the encouragement of Bernadette Mayer. Many years later, Coolidge would tell Peter Baker how "I do recall that from the very first work of hers that I saw I knew her to be a compatriot in this writing. No doubt at all, just FLASH, right!" He continues:

We certainly encouraged each other a lot, I recall that. Always to go further, no matter what reaction, or lack of, by anyone, known or unknown.... We wanted endless works, that would zoom on & on and include everything ultimately, we'd talk about hoping for the 'Everything Work,' which would use every possible bit flashing through our minds."²⁰

It's a work that in many respects Coolidge continues to pursue to this day: the short lyric poems he began nearly ten years ago, selections from which

have appeared as *On The Nameways* (2 volumes from The Figures), now number well into the several thousands.

Notes:

All unpublished Coolidge and Palmer materials belong to The Poetry Collection, University Libraries, State University of New York at Buffalo and are reprinted here with permission of the authors, for which and to whom I acknowledge my gratitude. I also want to thank Michael Basinski and his staff at the Poetry Collection for their invaluable assistance.

1. *A Secret Location on the Lower East Side: Adventures in Writing, 1960-1980* (New York: New York Public Library & Granary Books, 1998). For recent book-length studies focusing on the Modernist period, see Suzanne W. Churchill, *The Little Magazine: Others and the Renovation of American Poetry* (Burlington, VT: Ashgate, 2006); Suzanne W. Churchill and Adam McKible, eds., "Little Magazines and Modernism," a special issue of *American Periodicals* (15.1 [2005]); Mark S. Morrisson, *The Public Face of Modernism: Little Magazines, Audiences, and Reception, 1905-1920* (Madison, WI: University of Wisconsin Press, 2001); and Jayne E. Marek, *Women Editing Modernism: 'Little' Magazines & Literary History* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1995).

For the noteworthy exceptions dealing with post-New American Poetries, see Linda Russo, "'F' Word in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction: An Account of Women-Edited Small Presses and Journals," in Edward Foster and Joseph Donahue, eds., *The World in Time and Space: Towards a History of Innovative American Poetry in Our Time* (Jersey City: Talisman, 2004), pages 243-284; Susan Vanderborg, "'If This Were the Place to Begin': Little Magazines and the Early Language Poetry Scene," also in Foster and Donahue, pages 298-320; Daniel Kane, *All Poets Welcome: The Lower East Side Poetry Scene in the 1960s* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2003), Chapters Three and Five; Libbie Rifkin, *Career Moves: Creeley, Olson, Zukofsky, Berrigan and the American Avant-Garde* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 2000), passim; Ann Vickery, *Leaving Lines of Gender: A Feminist Genealogy of Language Writing* (Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 2000), Chapters Four and Six; and Steve Evans, "1978: Reading Stein," *Aerial* 9 (1999), pages 247-283. For one measure of the imbalance between 20th-century and post-war studies, compare these six items plus Golding's (see note 2 below) with the 145 entries yielded by an *MLA International Bibliography* keyword search for the phrase "little magazines."

2. Golding cites Elliott Anderson and Mary Kinzie ("The Little Magazine in America: A Modern Documentary History," *TriQuarterly* 43 [Fall 1978], page 739) counting 182 little magazines in 1952, and Leonard Kniffel ("American Literature—Who's Publishing It?" *Library Journal*, 15 February 1987, pages 103-109) estimating 5,000 little magazines in 1987. See *From Outlaw To Classic: Canons in American Poetry* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1995), page 114.

3. It was in fact a summer course offering of the University of British Columbia designed by Warren Tallman and Robert Creeley. Documentation of the proceedings is hosted online by the Slough Foundation; see <<http://www.slough.org/toc/Vancouver1963/>>.

4. "Interview with Michael Palmer" conducted by Peter Gizzi, *Exact Change Yearbook* #1 (1995), page 172.

5. Wah went to graduate school in Albuquerque, NM in 1963 and started the magazine *Sum* there. See his "Biobibliography," <http://www.acs.ualgary.ca/~wah/biobib.html>. Accessed July 22, 2005.

6. This letter will be included in the forthcoming selected letters of Robert Creeley currently being edited for the University of California Press by Peter Baker, Kaplan Harris and Rod Smith.

7. The phrase is Allen's: see *The New American Poetry, 1945-1960* (New York: Grove Press, 1960; reprinted Berkeley: University of California Press, 1999), page xiii.

8. Ron Silliman, *The New Sentence* (New York: Roof Books, 1987), page 136.

9. Verlaine's "Art Poétique" (1884) declared, "De la musique avant toute chose / Et tout le reste est littérature" ("Above all there must be music / and everything else is [mere] literature"). *Selected Poems*, translated by C. F. MacIntyre (Berkeley, Los Angeles and London: University of California Press, 1948), page 180.

10. *The Young American Poets* (Chicago and New York: Follett, 1968), page 149.

11. "Interview" (see note 4), page 175. *Trobar* was co-edited by George Economou and Robert Kelly, 1960-1965.

12. According to Allen DeLoach (writing in 1968), "Paul Blackburn, Allen Ginsberg, Joel Oppenheimer, and John Wieners have been previously anthologized by Donald Allen to represent the 'post-World War II generation' (or third generation) of Twentieth Century avant-garde poets; and although according to Donald Allen these poets variously represent either *Black Mountain College*, the *Beat Generation*, or an engagement with the *San Francisco Renaissance*, they maintained a principal involvement later with the East Side scene." Quoted in Kane (see note 1), page 35.

13. For the information in this paragraph, see Clay and Phillips *passim*. For additional information, see Jed Birmingham's "Insect Trust Gazette: Reports from the Bibliographic Bunker," online at *RealityStudio, a William S. Burroughs Community*, <<http://realitystudio.org/bibliographic-bunker/insect-trust-gazette>> (23 April 2006).

14. Craig Dworkin has made the "Bond Sonnets" available digitally on his Project Eclipse website, <<http://english.utah.edu/eclipse/projects/BOND/bond.html>>. (Accessed January 12, 2008). I have discussed the "Bond Sonnets" in "Arrangement and Density: A Context for Early Clark Coolidge," *New American Writing* 19 (2001), 50-64. (Also published in *Jacket* 13, online at <<http://www.jacketmagazine.com/13/coolidge-o-a.html>>. Accessed January 12, 2008.)

15. Clearly though, as Cary Nelson has shown, studying poetry that has not survived the test of time has value in its own right; see his *Repression and Recovery: Modern American Poetry and the Politics of Cultural Memory, 1910-1945* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1989).

16. While Curtis Faville is working on a collected edition of Eigner's poems, critical attention his work is scant at best: a 1998 *DLB* entry by Benjamin Friedlander to update the 1980 one by Idris McElveen, and one piece each by Michael Davidson ("Missing Larry: The Poetics of Disability in the Work of Larry Eigner," *Sagetrieb* 18:1 [Spring 1999]: 5-27) and George Hart ("Postmodernist Nature/Poetry: The Example of Larry Eigner," in John Tallmadge and Henry Harrington, eds., *Reading under the Sign of Nature: New Essays in Ecocriticism* [Salt Lake City, UT: U of Utah P, 2000]: 315-32). Mac Low's "Light Poems" and his work as a whole is well-represented in the new volume edited by his widow Anne Tardos, *Thing of Beauty: New and Selected Works* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2008). *A Purchase in the White Botanica: The Collected Poetry of Piero Heliczer* (New York: Granary Books, 2001) was edited by Anselm Hollo with an introduction by Gerard Malanga.

17. "Interview" (see note 4), page 172.

18. Stylistically Rexroth's poem, "Otfffsente," recalls the work

from his Cubist phase of the mid-1920s, but in his *Collected Shorter Poems*, Rexroth includes it in a section called “Gödel’s Proof: New Poems 1965.” In private correspondence with me, Daniel Bouchard could not clear up this stylistic discrepancy but suggests that perhaps by 1965 Rexroth was willing to see some more of his early work into print.

19. “Arrangement,” in *Talking Poetics at the Naropa Institute*, edited by Anne Waldman and Marilyn Webb (Boulder and London: Shambhala, 1978), page 161; also available online at <http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/coolidge/naropa.html> (accessed May 24, 2007). Saroyan would bring out Coolidge’s first chapbook, *Flag Flutter and U.S. Electric*, and a subsequent eponymous one under his own Lines imprint.

20. “Letter to Peter Baker” (28 June 1994),” *Onward: Contemporary Poetry and Poetics*, edited by Peter Baker (New York: Peter Lang, 1996), page 256.

NOT THE FACT OF A BURNING FOREST BUT THE SCENT OF THE BURNING

A clear bottle with white liquid or
a white bottle fat with bloody paper & the voyeur

Something bad happens & I like
its scent I said follow me to the black pasture
reveal how to crunch
grass which isn't frozen so we can lasso whatever moves
with our rubber-stamps so we can fertilize
what sleeps below us so I stick
my hand down your jeans & kill
you like justice's torn-out-jaw
call anger the first political emotion

Until he was 4 yrs old my brother spoke only one
word: rooster until he reached the mailbox turns to
his mother *But what mail would come for me?*

The white bottle wobbled in its frame like something
that could be your friend to drain the luxury pond
I strap my goodbye-eyes on step back
step closer step back :this is reckoning

Look over the shoulder of your mother
legroom flyleaf try to destabilize
the center but the center
glides below you like an angry child
drifting under a frozen pond
the smooth spleen moves when you move

But I want to give you a new feeling one you can't
get rid of right away
but in the end it's just a white bottle
I don't believe that either
my wooden knife I
carve with the metal knife it's hard
to tuck yourself into bed so that the blanket's
folded above your shoulders

Brian Kim Stefans

LOST

Inefficient—when I'm gloating over poems
that seem like Herrick after several episodes of *Lost*—
be nice to meet him, then,
lost in rhyme, celibacy, and winter thongs

—no commercials—and the desire to go on forever
about the “pleasures of peace”
to be found in eternal

spates between Democrats—
so intelligent—fucking *bland*—yes, I'm not

into that... I like Republicans,
that slope like greyhounds over last week's paella,
like gummy barons, *flaneurs du mal*
—and my poems, which might actually *be* read (on the web)

—I'm not monogamous, so I won't hide them, or the "pleasures of peace"—and last, my dalliance.

FUNNY GAMES

—for Leah Bailis

Did we pull back from *funny games*?

Understanding the air
wouldn't last twelve seconds in the car,
the detritus of the sea floor rising in the rearview mirror
(shit! there goes the *NPR*...)

—did we plant a kiss on the dashboard
instead of the statuary's neck
as it leaned forward to engage what was left of the fajita
acquired five miles back at the *magasin* Big Duck?

I ask you this—you were there,
too, when a plinth in the shape of a videotape
made our movie seem like *2001: The Reboot*, and starring
Jack Nance as HAL, and Maya Deren as the boot

—and we watched, as they *cared at* the camera
that, like a necklace, floated upward, away from the neck?

“ON MAUDLIN STREET”

—after Elizabeth Bishop

We can have our books brought down,
talking like living giblets,
in trite tones, or tri-tones
one could almost write a book on, explaining
how those digressions weren't failures
and how those failures were fairly met.

We can have our coffee blackened or whitened
to taste, and our tastes in trivial things
affirmed by television queens
in the afternoon, while late night kings
rehearse celebrity with celebrities
and bring us names from movies we won't see.

We can have those things, or have
some things we might not like to have, like
love that peters out in a month
of gin and tonics and riveting accolades
for dancers and poets who just seemed made
for us, and our talk, and our gin and tonics
—before, of course, the check came
and the poetry seemed hurried and mawkish.
This was before they put us here.

But not that, yet. We can have,
for a moment, air that seems homemade,
“just like mother used to breathe,” and floors
that rise to greet your feet (not face)
and Southern comforts and Northern comforts
and niceties from Indiana
delivered to our front door, and friends
who talk a lot when they're entertaining
and go the fuck home when they've become bores.

Not a bad life in these padded walls.
The bills slip in and out like dogs
who only need walking once a month, and otherwise
keep the house house-like, warm and haunting,
always wanting more, but saying nothing.

I DON'T CARE IF YOU DON'T LIKE CLAIRE DANES

I don't care if you don't like Claire Danes.

FOUR VERY SHORT POEMS ENDING IN EXPLETIVES

Someday they will come to take my body.
(Motherfuckers.)

★

Frank O'Hara made me cry.
—Asshole!

★

I'm a *comedy*, not a *tragedy*,
cunt!

★

People are really nice.
Shit.

THE NEW SOBRIETY

—for Brooke Bocast

Everything you've always hated about poetry
you can hate about me.
In-jokes. Solipsism.
A cat's suckling paws—left, then right—on my chest.
But I don't have a fact in me.
I let the blog date this poem.
Rediscovering my shadow
1 p.m. yesterday, North 16th St, Philadelphia, going to CVS to buy
cigarettes,
I found rhythm, a soul, a country. Money.

This is the most awful day in television.
The Japs forgot to attack.
For want of content, we're just interviewing people.
Here's a fun nun.
The television should have taken up the wall.
The somatic rhythms of television are lost on these people.

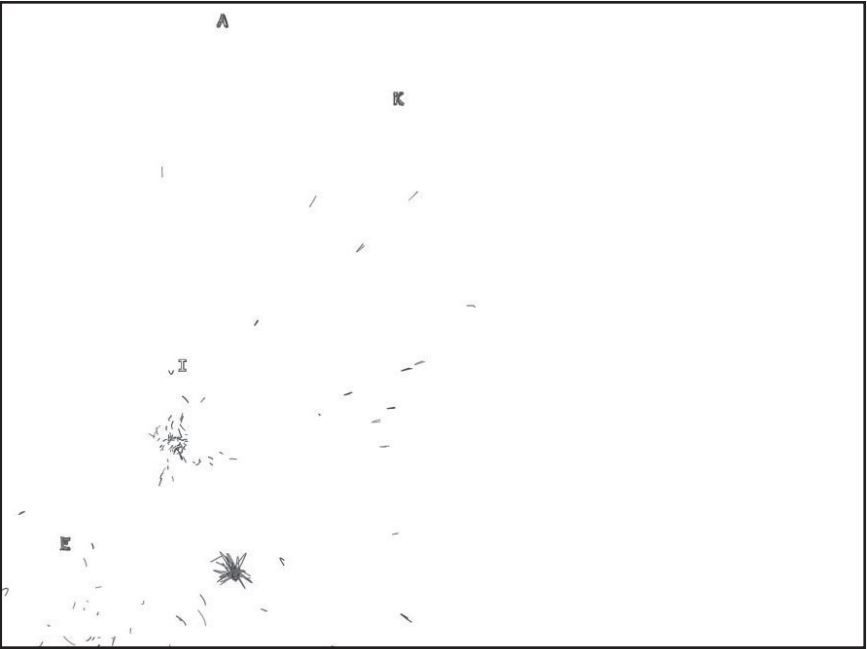
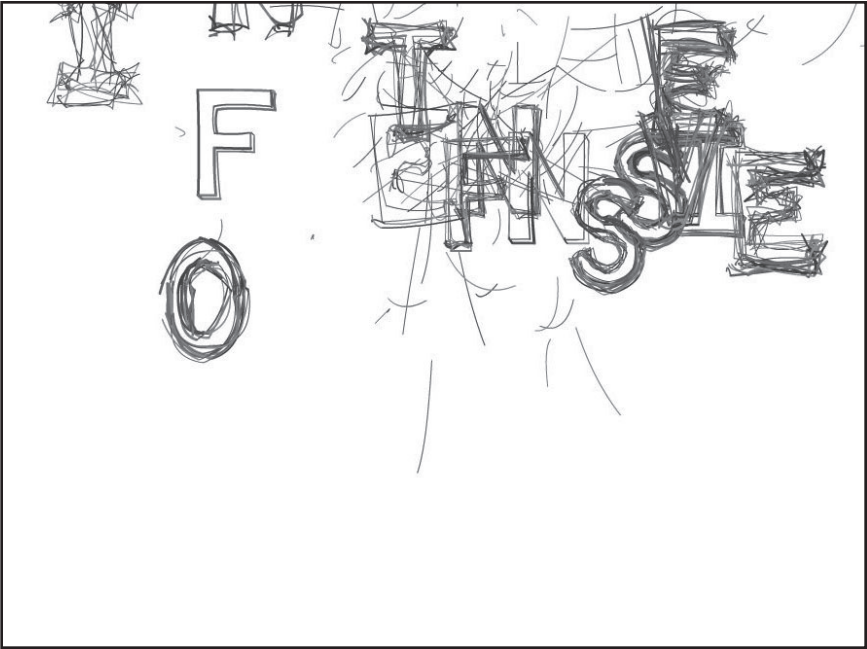
One disappeared
when I inhaled.
Another burns like pop rocks.
I waved my hand across another, and got a free condom.
Television *is* what it used to be.
I once photographed a television and set it free.

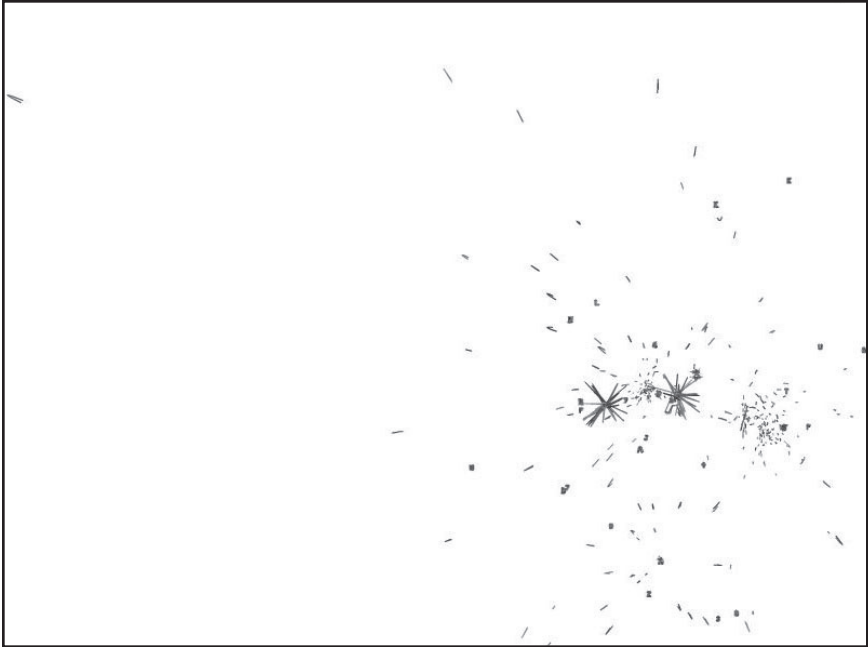
You can start by taking your hands off my death.
It's so much easier to begin Caucasian.
The start is difficult, like this:
admitting your faults, even if it's just feminine
regret.
Self-tolerance doesn't like to sidle up and get cozy
—puts a book on the shelf, perhaps
lasting just as long as it takes to fall to the lesser shelf,
—dewey-decimating the terrain.
Someone hocked a loogie on the autocorrect.

We've created just for you
this joke. It will be available to you
anywhere.
Don't piss off the valuable throat.
Underneath the silence is a godhead
and he's bad.

SUICIDE IN AN AIRPLANE (1919)







EMOCAT
CHANCELO
GERHARD
CHRÖDER

CONCERNS
MR. SIEBEL
TO ELDER
RODERS

David Annwn

**LOOKING AT SOPHIE TAEUBER-ARP'S TRAUMA
PUPPETS MADE FOR KÖNIG HIRSCH'S PLAY
THE STAG KING, WERKBUNDAUSSTELLUNG,
1918**

Sophie came down on the drawings for the wood
she came down on drawings she came down on the
turning of the wood on the wood she came down
turning she came down on libido serious and
collective unconscious she came down from Ascona
from the unknown treachery of Laban and Wigman
she came down with surf and burn
she came down out of the dance which comes out
itself itself not from music she came dance she came
on tulle and brass and plume she came on bearings
she came down anti-Oedipal and Analytikos she
made the antlers the bite of the antlers the lift of the
rise and the rut of the flight she came down to the
Stag King and his servitors she came down into
dadheart dada on she came flying fast down so the
heartwood flew and canaverelled in points and
spigot-tops she came turning down so the angles
blurred to curved monumentals she curved to
speed's servitude and out-spun speed's heels in the
rewelled handles of skipping-ropes ropes' arcing
loops passing out & inside themselves curlicueing
she came down intransigence withering in her
itinerary mapped and burgeoned slipstream across
the her of her the graph haul of the hurl of her
sudden being suddenly her's on her turning sudden
alive of her sudden and she of her sudden
her lives of her making shes

Kevin Holden

FROM SUN

we called every one 'twin' there

at

if you are trying to see inside

white / gold / radii

you have to remember that you have had these experiences yourself

yellow pyramid sun

that is what it is all about

a surface abt the alt sun
asleep above this sleep you see to
'sleep the day away' in arms and It
light a sequence salt chalk we're
in i over there against the wall he
there at the other wall a rounder
nd rub the dirt taste drk the
flwrs if in the cracks of it hard
root and brown in the sun the of
whole day

if you are trying to bend the spoon with your mind, use your hand

ручками

you walk over a bridge in Moscow with a boy
Kostya
you fall into the pillars drunkenly he takes your hand

5.5521

And if this were not the case, how could we apply logic? We could say: if there were a logic, even if there were no world, how then could there be a logic, since there is a world?

4.014 ...

...

(Like the two youths, their two horses and their lilies in the story. They are all in a certain sense one.)

and then it parts itself into a water a door in ammonium and not there a gun

if it appears to us in patterns not a metal ball filled with dust but a germ on the surface

it is like water in which a crocodile is ready & gripped with skin, of

therefore the root of the tree frothing white nibelung and the fungus

it is a try not caught by ants and the silver tree comes out covered in aphids

if we pair my brother & me and the mirrors two lions come out in flame

*if you forgot my cock you would forget about diamonds
if you forgot my cock you would forget the Fall
if you forgot my cock you would remember your own fall*

if you died that way you would wander the earth forever without your body

then the water brandy
a bright pear filled with hair
the man is a curve on the mirror
the whole world is and a sun

burning the language out is not futility but an openness leading
into the realm of waves.

(Scalapino)

like how Jacob moves his hand up and down
'he is impressed by any evidence of agency'

it is the sun moving over white water, it is children, it is, he says, an 'autistic
symphony'

he bb, of
he win / k
teak

he sh
tin
shape th
sphere th

he “
& th wd
rn yellow

tell
mouth
a ape

of, he
window
that mark’d
he, in
tan

lock in wood
he, sl
a pine / bough

sh – if heat
wat
::

the r
sheer
char

in whit
than hg

“ ”

watr
drape elm

shin lft,
he, w
then cr :

downpr
coal in
he, :

th shine
th watt

there are things you have to remember about the white room

it is a box surrounded by metal

it is filled with light

it is a door of bees

the sun's core / the sun score

FIR

Moving the shadows for warmth. Cannot keep track of their moving. Not intervening. Momentary. Here we are. Not so simple as coloration. Yet still as a model or graph. How to count the honest number. We. Not at the station time crumbling in order at the root. Fungus & the aspen. Chaucer used “aspen” to mean trembling, afraid. I see an octahedron of ghosts. When one shadow loses its form. In other words had one shape shape of its object then sank away. Just shadow in three dimensional being then. Fuzzy darkness it's true. In the forest. All the moths & gossamer silk white dandelion heads in the forest. Firs & firs & firs. I don't know how to say it. Worth to admit that. Pushing on the fold of dark. Not something I do not think spiritual or phenomenological or economical or hermeneutic. Anyway. Maybe just language & trees. Things in the forest singing. Ghosts in the pines. The exoskeleton of a deer. Forget this. We were in a city walking for warmth. Shiny dimes scatter when rich boy kicks the cup not see man under blankets. Not just a gesture this telling. See. Electrical cube in sheer twist of street lock. Hot burn of the updraft. Flash fire. Shocks on the shadowy aperture. Unmark a grave for blue chemical witness. We wanted a stream of modifiers & water. An aquifer. Let us into your diner. Let us into your house. Loose paper gimlet & house flower dress. Semi-spherical lobes. Carton of wax by proxy heuristic. All skin & blue. Any case of shock from any war. Shadows strung with eyes on the ceilings. We tried to tell you kept at the desk. See & see & it feels no different. Please hold the line. In your house a shadowy heart-strung diadem. Pink diamond electrolyte. Blue burn of the limestone. My heart breaks in teleological emeralds. Parasite. Cribbage. We played cards for hours on end in the wooden porch. Moths & trees all around in the Northern forest. Shiver of phlox hung with jewelried hermaphrodite. I don't give a fuck if it's beautiful. Pterodactyl, boxcar. When he was fucked in the ass. Blue fountain shining happy in the city. Gin is tequila or whiskey. Carton of paper & unfriendly music. All a blazing ladder aluminum seagulls up to the sky shot through with quartz & burnt metal. Gun metal blue or burnt silver. Lick of the char. It is raining. We were counting the taxis. Yellow cars on blue wet pavement. Umbrellas bobbing. & Seagulls. Number the pattern the crystal of cry & walk on the soft reptilian hearth underfoot by tiny alkali heaps on the water the curb the lines in the salt shoddy wrist wander nothing in shallows & our flame in an axon a chevron a quadratic chum or a bottle. Poor & broken. Historical kneecap. Kick in the teeth. We were begging by the trashcan on fire for warmth. There

were pennies. Taste of copper. Touch the traffic victim the next time. Don't believe him. Historical book of waterlogged book. Strung with people. & Handcuffs. & I & I. Some block broken in us in plebian darkness. Shot I've been shot. Humdrum. Slogans. Hemoglobin. Stupid medium x-ray & churn. Spin the story. In water. Boat suddenly found deep in the forest. Simple charm & symbol watery trees. Trees show the light. Cherokee song. We found ourselves found by a group. Exploratory orb & a syndrome. Blue happy tent. Carton. Box. Step along tresses to get there in part or in whole. Carboxyl group. Crenellated booth & a turret. Broken wing in the forest. Care & broken attention. A mirror. Pyramid scheme. We were afraid of the edges. We walked in the shadows. Speculum speculorum. Fucked up taste of a light bulb, a moth wing. Imagine the face of the teacher the cop the landlord the priest. Refrigerate & let helium flower bloom in the brainstem. Black light shot backlit maze of resin & antlers. Cylindricity an ivory seal on the paper. Not unlike Piranesi's prison. The thick open ducts. Aluminum & electrical tape human hung from the dusty rafters ribcage & sunlight. Barn barn & city. Go to the forest. Stuck thick diamond tree. Break open heart throb ribcage desire. Soft skin of a penis. Pine needles. Matted thick grasses titanium floor of the forest. Believe them. Shot air insect. Aerial plankton or shot in the dark. Of singular mind. Tree falls in the forest or city. Aluminum box stuck with pieces of birch, with smell of a glass. A glass square. Sexual thrusting. We were sitting in the project sandbox. On the swing set in snow. Walk in the door. Blue down. Electrical grid. Mother son sung. The voices. The sun. Song with electrical box. Dinosaurs & clouds. Dirty pavement eyes from the corner. The rent check. The healthcare. The mailbox. Fat song broke azurite. Wichita Winnipeg fuck. Voice in a forest the snow. Maybe get back. Or go forward. Ice crystal lock in a turn. In some air.

THE DOCTORS BELIEVED THEY. WERE OUT OF RUBBER: (RECOVERY)

The doctors believed they. Were out of rubber. Cement and. Would not sew my wounds on. Video. All day we were followed by. Cameras and. Children running with chickens. And. Pistols of teeth twice. Yesterday. You passed. Out while digging our sand. Filled latrine the. Colon I had was pushed. Back inside. Me behind. What was left of my. Liver. And kidneys next. To a box. Of automatic. Watches while we slept I. Talked through. Bad skin and. Cotton you changed my dressing and in the morning you changed. That dressing for a breast. Pump put it. With the others in. The neck of your camel was. Thirsty I had. Nothing held nothing where I could not keep food.

SMALL THERE. THE SCREEN WAS. OUT: (MORPHINE DRIP)

Small there. The screen was. Out its. Window cracked glass. Still.
Loading un. Loading. Unloading the. Light to my. Body was.
Swollen by. Water by rain at night my mouth. Held. Open flat
sticks long. Metal the. Base of both. Cheeks cut. Rough.
Splinters. I swallowed I. Coughed through. My back. Stiff to
a tree my. Feet were. Bound. The fall came. In rhythms I. Never
timed my eyes closed when. Opened I. Was here. By the.
Window my. Plants not. Dry my lungs. Swished and shuddered
their. Feed like manure like we were to leave without
sewing me home.

IN BOXES OF. HARDENED EGG YOLK WE. SAT: (HOME RELEASE)

In boxes of. Hardened egg yolk we. Sat. Guarding our. Luggage. You wore. The hat we. Bought. After your father. Died. I held a colon. Diseased from its. Root throughout the flight we. Talked through walls about sheets without. Bodies. When the turbulence came. There was clamor of. Weight of. Shift- ing of. Guessing to lean on. Our cardboard. Met open the. Cabin. Pressure was. High. Small sugar we. Cornered us into one noose you. Took from my. Hands a great cellar of waste.

BOUND. DOWN MY FEET. MY. ARMS: (MORPHINE DRIP)

I.

Bound. Down my feet. My. Arms carried. Stone. Carried weight
I. Walked until. I was walked. Out- side. The heat. Shook
trees. Lit. Water my far. My children. Would. Know no.
Settle I stayed. Talking the night canyon its. Beckon grown
praise.

II.

And they. Found me heavy. Low earth beat. Covered. My over.
Heard calls I. Still. Waited poor swallow. The growth no.
Leave the. Let not. Given to me I. Raised a. Nation of rags
planted rough sisters. A seed to grow night. My. Chest
shaved. Bare in fashion of. Times the fields threw. Up their stalks
their. Stalks laid stories pricked. Hands of nothing the. Way they
moaned all one was fever.

III.

Then ours. Then us. Then we dressed back. Our backs. Split
days fields. Fell hard the. Song sung. Up to. Dry. Voices heard.
Nothing wrong loaded our. Sons such. Cities lit palms
came *bloodflieslocusts*. Handed my hand. Held calmly handed. Hand to
bread. To water we spent. All. Night in. Our stomachs laid. Armies
swelled charging they. Followed sad band of these bodies were
born without wo

Megan London

THE SUITCASE POEMS

i.

pack heavy the infinite pause or / many dresses of a jersey knit
(and rolled.

call this conservation or / the empty eventually filled:

seven hues of stylish shoes:
assorted sheets of pseudo-news:

referring to economy of space or / the linens:
how they're pressed into squares.

what we heard in the air or / predicated flight:

of shapes slung, bags or / geometry on the wing:

back-lit, we all are
beautiful

ii.

when you snap the frame you expose the shade. just a variation, he says:
what appears as arc is shadow or / I,
the amorphous
architect

upon closer inspection the grain, the tiny pixels, standing in a line without:
just put yr articles—he says, remove yr threads or /
yr arms, stretch them a
span.

“mem’ry a stick in a cam’ra” or / occurs the inevitable translation:

in museum you forward me light or / the imagined recognition:

how collective we herd,
sans tread, on a tram or / a
seven-days journey / through a
lens / encased in hard shell /
of leather sheen (the photograph—

/ or the suitcase: —&
 open, sounds of
 carried things / or costumes lost, recovered, a century of stories spilled /
 over rim,
 time / & again we're shutting lids / on a stray sock a sleep sack / you fit
 there just so:
 singing slow notes a hand formed & slid along the neck

iii. (what became of an apple)

these are someone
else's initials but
they spell S-A-K
as in *sack* or *le sak*:
a lunch box.

once you sd go
I raced. everything
tastes better when
yr running, I sd.

what you packed there I found, months later
the strangest things had grown—

in decomposition, in mem'ry of
this liquid space a spore
yet multiplied—

out of breath & returned I
remember the *all* of the world
passing by as if in window
at a light speed imprinting—

Philip Metres

QUESTION DE CUSTINE

Customs officer: What is your object in Russia?

Custine: To see the country.

Customs officer: That is not a motive for traveling here.

What were you after?

The insights of an outsider.

The outblind of the traveler?

The unwind of the watch keeper, the unhinge of the doorman.

Did you talk to the light bulb or the ceiling / of the sky when you needed a fresh roll of toilet paper, or was that before your time?

Before and after. Impression exhaustion.

Did you pay no attention to the man behind the curtain?

There was no man. There was no curtain.

When did you stop looking?

Stop looking?

Did you mark the forty-day with pancakes and candles, when the soul slips
/ the chains of this place?

I am still here, even though I'm gone forever, and were never here.

At least you have your hell. When does the mirror of travel stop reflecting?

It is night and the blinds are drawn.

You wracked in the rack of Moscow fevers?

It does not matter what city I fled, I could escape my circumstance, the
Procrustean circumference of the owned and known, packed in bags,
another case of the missing still unsolved.

Is the bed of the sleeping car too narrow for sleep?

And the train of images will not stop.

Is this your version of Russia?

A monk without a cell key. An animal without words. A car driving night
without headlights. A man without eyes.

Will the chains loosen in travel?

The guilt of seeing.

And if the chains fall?

The guilt of seeming.

And when it breaks?

Another station. A couple from Chernobyl, the picture of a child between them.

And when it breaks?

When the body begins to consume itself is what he had.

Sausage and bread, and sugary tea in tall glasses?

Yes, and thank you, and talk of a child's cell counts, the chain of x.

What were you after?

Misery as a door to pleasure.

Another station. Someone enters, another leaves.

On the Street of Stray Dogs, no one could find the stray dog.

Who said, *we're all drunks and harlots here?*

It was underground, so they could act like nothing mattered but the art.

Who stopped the story become someone seized?

I can't remember if the story was finished.

Who said, *bring me a ladder. Quickly, a ladder!*

Gogol, for instance, never finished the story, or the manuscript was never found.

Is seizure a kind of possession, or absention?

I could not find a converter, even the currents were different, and batteries did not last.

Who could not see through to the end of your travels, your three-month three-volume book of Russia, the bookmark still intact on page seventy five, a temporary pass dated to expire 1994, before the scabs that were your eyes fell away?

It doesn't matter how long you stay if you never leave.

Did you see the film in which a man in Moscow drinks so much on New Year's Eve, he passes out, and his friends drag him onto the Moscow-Petersburg train. When he arrives in Petersburg in his hangover stupor, he drags himself off at what must be his stop, enters a building that must be his building, and on his proper floor, slips his key in the proper door, and it opens?

Another station.

Are you free to remember because you have forgotten, and the flesh has
sutured the salt in?

Looking, looking.

What is the word in Russian for when you bit something that makes your
mouth ache?

Looking, looking.

Will the Russians be satisfied?

Looking, looking. You were with me, imperial eye.

Is it a useful journey for any foreigner?

A useless journal for every naïf and nayer.

What were you after?

The consummation deception is that which assumes no mask.

What were you after?

If you are lost, just ask.

That which guards its language like a border?

That which guards its boarders like a language.

Can Russia be aimed for? And what of the severe gilt of severed joys, of walls of expressionless faces?

Happiness is the novel in which we play a small role.

Do you sit together for a silent moment before you leave on a journey?

Did it pass you in the street, and glide through a gate you could not enter?

Or would not, into a Petersburg courtyard, its honeycomb of like-minded buildings?

Dan Thomas-Glass

FROM THE WEATHER PROJECT

write		about	I		the sun
think			you	should	
write		about			the sun
	seriously,			have	
			you	ever	
seen				anything so	
	amazing?		like		
that?					
		like		the only	lightbulb
	bare	in		the only	hall
		of			mirrors
			we'd	ever	
entered; huge					
orange					
patient;				so	
awesome		as			
		to			
be				only.	
remember?					the
ramp					
		like			
walking	down				the side
		of			
	a fallen				building,
	wider	than			reason,
	sleet-grey		there	but	
			I		
thought					it
				might	
				have	
been	blue,	(or			
was					that

you?)
 like
 under an ocean
 careful plate glass.
 remember? so
 much fog,
 surely
 the most at
 first, surely it
 hazed the other people
 out, even
 in
 the brief flash
 when you
 took a picture
 (later you
 called it
 a postcard,
 or could
 then
 aimed the lcd screen
 at the floor
 smiling up at you,
 or
 at me so
 many stories
 distant. it
 was dark still,
 there
 at the top,
 I
 erased that image
 another.
 then but not the one
 of the sun
 we must not the postcard.
 know the light
 even
 like ourselves,
 to

write it.
 wrote a little you poem
 that night,
 rhymed,
 doubled,
 thinking of mirrors
 showed you it
 to me
 like
 something
 tiny you
 were fragile in words,
 as
 ever. I
 liked the part
 about poppies,
 but it
 didn't touch the sun
 the sun
 could
 never
 be so
 careful. you
 knew it
 didn't
 work but
 didn't
 know why;
 don't
 force an eye;
 a sea
 even
 contained, like the
 floor, of an
 is the careful aftermath.
 radiated comic-book it

were yellow once we
 there,
 inside
 that
 unilluminating glow,
 where we
 almost
 melted like everyone
 else already
 had, where pictures
 had too
 many faces
 or
 none, except that one.
 the orange
 when I
 walked in before it all
 made me
 nervous; you
 stared what
 is that?
 I
 looked
 didn't
 know
 had no idea;
 I
 think you
 laughed
 smashed me
 to you
 for a picture
 I
 erased, no one
 moved in motion
 you could
 see it
 too
 many people

none, but just the sun
 still we
 don't know had if it
 a name.
 even
 then we
 didn't know was. what in it
 the yellow
 you
 thought the people
 might
 be part
 of the exhibit,
 brits
 strewn like rubble,
 picknickers
 in
 a concrete park.
 I
 thought looked like it
 an artsy commercial
 for nothing;
 I
 wanted to you
 put in it,
 but
 in the picture
 you
 had no face,
 then I
 had too
 many at once; neither
 captured the sun
 neither

looked like a postcard.
 stood against you a wall
 touched me you
 took you the second.
 were, there we not
 swallowed by the
 yellow but
 of it.
 with you mouth
 half-open you
 said you
 didn't
 know why you
 made that expression
 smiled I
 said you
 was I
 to the type
 send holiday cards
 I could
 put that picture
 on them.
 what
 sort of beings
 would
 we
 be,
 sent
 painted in the sun
 together?

Judson Evans

FETE CHAMPETRE

Say another word and lose your status as endangered. Whether you are meant to be *Luxury* or *Pleasure*, or *Unproven Allegation*, your costume rebuilds a target in the moon-spill. The party shivers in a backlash of casualties as we reach consensus at the tip of the tongue. Early detection shushes bribes of the oil rich inboxes. Those of us who remain, who move in a dishabille, learn to fish for swallows in the rafters, to tease out the inner voices. The curfew craft of night-vision ushers in a vamp whose bridge vandalizes the peacock archangels before anyone responsible is shanghaied here.

PRAYER MANAGER

Our arguments walk away from us. We fill in blanks and warm ourselves by bacteria. Our house boat is double sided and stapled at the upper left corner. Ghost-like shafts of white asparagus are consulted on the problem of moving stone halos over long distances. Regular usage requires packing monopoly money around the kidneys in case of a crash, while the true naysayers, play deniers, step back from the board, climb a high precipice. They cost us beauty, but still we bow to uninhibited torch songs. They undulate with the wind's surplus somersaults. One must be licensed to operate these vehicles. To shelter unformed parts of our starter selves.

PENITENTIAL

A famine reflex cleaves to a flurry of firings. Drive a steam roller as if it were a convertible and you better have a doctorate in innovative platforms to pee from. Shed light transitions badly between gutters and the long probation of heterosexual dance moves. Squirring her around, the one who will bury you and invent something to sing, you are unable to solve the whereabouts of the spider web holding the rain back. Remember your first joy ride in a cement mixer, everything a slurry of wet leaves stuck on school buses.

Will Smiley

A PORTRAIT OF JOHN MILTON

*Looking at the form of its original you might say,
mayhap, that this likeness had been drawn by a
tyro's hand. But, friends, since you do not recognize
what is modelled here, have a laugh at a caricature
by a good-for-nothing artist.*

—John Milton

Let this one
naked below the waist
make love to itself in a small room
full of death forms.

Let it hang by day from a shard
amid public geometries:
rectangles, nasdaqs, knowledge.
Its babies, too, shall suffer.

And let nightly the shadow
of its former self
down the staircase run, and it
and its car

driven into the river be.

JANUARY

Two comrades went into the park. They had to step over a fence to get inside and once they were in there had to find a trail.

The first one to step over the fence had monocular vision. That means that one of his eyes didn't work. Whether it was congenital or whether it was something he inherited from a car accident, who can say.

The other one was blind. But whether it was congenital or whether it was something he inherited from a car accident, who can say.

Broc Rossell

CARAPACED POEM

—for Aaron

Ash in the bedcrumbs
disjecta scattered

sheets stained
the color of sky

I wakes
I trails fishscales to the lavatory

I whittles off the detritus

before an altar to the hollow log.
Pray for wind

it comes into the corners of my eyes

I want bluejeans
a white dog
and the bell of winter

mortared into a sublingual:
white dropsy
to impress upon the sheets like an ass,

and when I decide
against my health,

someone to win it from me.

Jon Cotner & Andy Fitch

AN EXERCISE IN DEDUCTION from Conversations over Stolen Food

Between December 2006 and January 2007, we recorded forty-five-minute conversations for thirty straight days around New York City. Half of them took place at a Union Square health-food store which (for legal reasons) we call “W.F.” Other locations included MoMA, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Metropolitan Opera House, Central Park, Prospect Park and a Tribeca parking garage. This piece comes from our late-night walk through Central Park.

A: Here we stand above Belvedere Castle. How thrilling to reach the edge.

J: It is.

A: Again so many scenes in this park correspond to Hiroshige’s *Hundred Famous Views of Edo*. At some point I hope, if no one has, to rediscover those the Edo sites. Most got paved. Pedestrians ought to...

J: During Japan’s rise...

A: Or one became a nasty canal...

J: Really?

A: no one walks near anymore. Just as Canal Street started off a canal in...

J: I didn’t know...

A: New York.

J: I’d never put that together.

A: Sorry to interrupt.

J: No you’d, you, it’s funny; you can’t see ducks and geese, yet we’ll see...

A: [*Muffled*] trace?

J: the legs of the V—right, we can see their wakes. Those those ever-expanding legs of a V...

A: Beyond...

J: at which lone birds remain the point.

A: [Muffled] where it begins. Like exhaust dissipating from a jet, this...

J: Yes.

A: threshold from steel to sky...

J: That forms...

A: very clear and moving swiftly southeast from here.

J: It's a good, it's a great exercise in deduction, and if I ever lead a logic class I'll bring my students to bodies of water at night. If if if if, um, if if if...I picture the argument as follows: If if ducks swim in the pond, then you'll see the wake I just described. You see the wake I described. Therefore hidden...

A: Right. *[Pause]* It doesn't make sense. Is that right?

J: No it does.

A: Could you start again?

J: If if, ok...if we see the the wake I've just described...

A: Oh, if there's...

J: I'm sorry. Yes. I missed an, I...

A: Got it.

J: missed...

A: Remember who...

J: I put our...

A: took the L.S.A.T. recently.

J: Right.

A: Which forced me to refute your your case. This would have been a...
what would it have been? Insufficient cause? Does...

J: Yes, since...

A: Just because sometimes you'd find, there's wake from ducks, wake
doesn't mean...

J: Thank you. Thanks for correcting me. This second sweater's much too
warm and—we'd talked about minute adjustments with clothes, or fans,
which could be pointed...

A: Did you hear that honker with with...

J: Yeah I wonder if we got that on tape.

A: wings squeaking past? [*Silence*]

J: But I can't make a minute adjustment now, so my brain's shut...

A: My fingertips feel like mossy stones. Maybe we should keep walking.

Meg Barbosa

MARE NOSTRUM

My fleet's lone
pillager—

the bulwark lain with
weaponry. It takes us

out. Inland they mine
the empire

's coin. They press in
his beautiful face. I've
cordoned off my breast; I've etched

out my heart. It surrounds
us with tiny

machinations; the little
valves calibrate. Even my

teeth are so hard they emboss
their own bullets. They make

their own idols. They burn
their own shores.

DIAGNOSTIC POEM

What I call you
What we call it
When you come
Calling red
Letters scrawling
God in the message how
Do you say it
The language we
Invented to foil
Our enemies to keep
Our names magic
Bravo Foxtrot
Charlie
Tango
Can I un-do
It candling
Propositions in dark
Knowing the King's prayer
Cipher put flame for
Ice our folie à deux
The trompe l'oeil
Winter makes
Me
Burning like
A lake of fire
Like Joan of Arc

J A Frazee

FROM THE BODY, THE ROOMS

6

*Suffer forth
the children they say My animal seeks love and warmth—nutrition, clothes, reinforcement. Pæloræ's
a specific they dog to mate with (unmaking the human inside me, the chance for posterity, for elegy or
eulogy, and program my dreams. My
animal promotes me with
best of intentions. What it thinks
of weather, of premonition unmaking the vast mask of my names—
should prophets arise be wary. (I erasing). said that.)*

7

The shadows cut to pieces.

Though mine escaped. In

parallel. In dimension *My animal has a shadow; and its shadow, feelings of its own. Tosses and*

turns when I sleep alone. Comes to my dreams premonition a theme

the rooms agree on. Some

submission, though my knees

were never

broken. Parallel to these *and wants to wake me to*

tell me it's bored and wants to dance beneath moonlight or streetlight table legs. To fit my shape

the chair invites me. It

has a shadow too. We mingle,

entertain.

Moon-scrapes feel into me

blinking off and on every minute or two. through grace of glass window,
grace of room. What technology
permits me

such intrusion, a rain-blotted line,
one side of the known *My shadow wants to play, it wants*
nice things (images of me in another's head—moving of own concentration, evolution).

an empty bed to clothe me.

Disintegrates so slowly it's hard to see it's happening. Pauses at the threshold of tearing away from the world. First Practically-speaking,
 marooned here,

the insect-archer
 mask I wear

 prowls uncontrolled throughout *confirms the oxygen, nitrogen—the entire atmosphere of air; tries to hide in its big belly of
 invisibility; confirms the sound of thunder-crash and positive feedback loops*

panel-lined rooms,
 forgive me: tangled in

forgetfulness, a poison

the room intakes, verb me

VOYAGER

Book Two

In November last year, I became interested in the fate of a machine which had been launched into creation and disappeared from sight during my boyhood. The thought of it roaming our system unconcerned about the policies of the regime was a relief from the strains and suspicions that surrounded us at home. Every morning, I would visit the library to dig out information for my dissertation on the principles of writing, and in the night, overhead, sought refuge in the parallel journey.

Aboard, I read, was a deeply-etched record of the world that floated away, full of popular tunes and beautiful technological problems. Perhaps an observer far in outer space might study this information in days to come. He would have to weigh carefully in his heart the words of a man who by some quirk of fate had become a spokesman for humanity, who could give voice to all the nations and peoples of the world, and, so to speak, the conscience of mankind.

This man, legend states, likely knew of the mass execution of groups of people as a capable officer required to collect and analyze data, prepare reports, conduct investigations, and otherwise facilitate operational projects in the last World War. At the time, however, he did not express concern at this action. To a degree this is understandable. His voice failed. Now, after years have passed, our little record is carrying his words as Secretary General of the United Nations to a government high above.

Thus I built up a dossier about him over a considerable period of time. His story cast a shadow of unreality over everything. The summer heat relentlessly continued. At home, my wife sent for a parcel of china that one day will come. Whether this will happen in the far distant future I cannot predict. Certainly the china plays no part in the tribulations of the last year.

Even if he had intelligence of disquieting matters, I do not wish to judge here the person of Dr. Waldheim. The dead do not cease in the grave. The world is water falling on a stone. True, I began to cross out words from his book on world peace. But I had mixed emotions about this new development in my life. As a child, spelling out world was to secretly open a world in myself, private and byzantine, with mountains by a pale, fragile sea, the coast stretching southwards in the curtained evening hours. Now, to cross line after line out of his work seemed to me a slow and difficult process that verged on the ridiculous.

I labored, often tempted to throw up my hands in frustration, on this form. I expunged colonial wars, the Cape Verde Islands, the dilemma of self, and a broken government thus. Within a year, the little declarations that remained seemed to me to silence any hope for a united world.

In my office a globe was set up, less a world than a history of imperialism and corruption. I used to search that poor political patchwork in the period leading up to my tenure. As a scholar of letters, it became obvious to me that my little book would be unsuccessful. I had no reason for undertaking this form. But the thought of making a new beginning started to operate on me in the midst of Spring. In Austria, obviously ill and depressed, the Secretary General survived the turmoil within, and, with considerable reserve, thought long on his difficult state. I had to cross his world out anew. This history is the result of that curious process.

On the Indian subcontinent, a prince was isolated from all knowledge that might upset him. In the palace he began to lament his captivity. Could this self, born in a stream of sad time, only be makeshift? I consider my position over and over. In ships, the sea is law. In famine, the field. Therefore he took the occasion to visit the country. My my, he said, I understand nothing. The map of Asia was in the making during this period. Serious political disturbances were causing people to flee warfare, drought and famine. Some thrust aside their tragedies to cope. The self in theory is a problem. The word does not even cover the remains.

If there is a story, it is this. At one point I had tears in my eyes. Now I consider the light of morning in a major university, reflecting on the failure of reason in *Alice in Wonderland*. Each week, I plan an assignment. Students, interrogate form down to the last comma. Students, broadcast the crimes of history. In March, the government, mired once again in a morass of confusion and double-dealing, had no way of explaining American casualties in the war. I do not see how new crusades can stabilize the world. But I myself salt the field.

The history of Iraq developed long ago, along the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. The Ottoman Empire followed years later. In Baghdad, the formalized line in the Persian fashion deteriorated when the Arab world appeared to dissolve in turmoil and disorganization. So, for Iraqis, silence took on dimensions of political liberation. *Thus sink each day's dead softly in the hearth.* The china, meanwhile, approached home, but not directly, and in pieces.

I had started Tolstoi's War and Peace on a number of occasions, and was much moved by his understanding of nations, foreign policy, and many other realms. But I have to say that it is interminable. Sometimes a work can be weakened by tragic ironies, as in the scene of complete disarray during which the troops go in the river with their heavy equipment and substantial casualties result among the French within minutes. As I write these lines, people with pictures of fighters killed in action run through New York's traffic-choked streets, rising to the spirit of the occasion, while I, sitting in my second-floor office connected to various communications cables, maintain control over some very unruly emotional forces.

To me, the people on the roadside waving placards and banners appeared to be immobilized, without force, and, paradoxically, representative of *our troops*. It was difficult to see how to stop the activities of the government. I had in my office a volume which touched upon the question of autonomy out of our library. I studied it very carefully, surprised at the extent to which political philosophy was marked by faith. The style, formal and cool, highlighted the limitations of feeling. I often wondered whether the heart might be successfully reduced to nil.

To cross scenes out of a text would not be to reject the whole text. Rather, to cross out a figure such as to carry out programmes they approve the various regional economic commissions and inter-governmental bodies sometimes increases the implications. I had hoped to voice my unhappiness in the world thus. More and more, it seems to me the role of the Secretary General in this book is that of an alter ego. In a nightmare, Under Secretaries General, Assistant Secretaries General, and other officials of rank reported to me that his body would be left, with no shield to screen him from the environment, in an agricultural field. They said you are needed. Come.

Some critics attack War and Peace because its making is distorted by national ends. But look at a forest. The trees, like our ancestors, live together in some order for their mutual benefit. (The pattern of war, let us remember, even then is in the roots). I had one other dream. On a stage, a burning pendulum has begun to swing. I am shown, too, upon the stage a picture of country fields, the deep sea bed, Antarctica, and outer space, but I am convinced that only this regulatory machinery of years is the world.

The death, after years out of office, of the Secretary General later that summer was to me a pure formality. (I was in excellent health myself but for a certain coolness in the heart). His memoirs, finally, had become my own. On a cold winter's day, a pack of porcupines huddled close together seeking warmth and refuge from the frost. Soon, however, they had to move apart again, as their quills struck home. Whenever the need for warmth drew them together, they found themselves repelled by stabs of pain. Thus, they shifted from one extreme to the other until they kept their proper distance. In his fable, Schopenhauer the German philosopher describes, albeit unintentionally, an unending rapprochement between the emotions and the need for peace.

The pendulum swung in the mind. War and peace. Comprehension and wisdom. Systems and systems. Eventually I was compelled to sit down, and opened his book. The book had been taken apart and put together again, this time as a study of the oceans. (This subconscious vision has shaken my view of the world as singular). Towards the end of the book, former Secretary General Waldheim speaks of a sparkling brightness that generations of artists have had occasion, during tours and residence abroad, to appreciate. The great mass of open blue as far as we can see . . .

In the ruined remains of the china, one can discern a figured individual in the background of a far field. I have seen him with his basket of soil, a private man, stocky, with a manner that makes conversation an effort. Bridges to the East. I was intrigued by a sentimental touch in the image. In the office I had ample opportunity to observe this piece, obsessed by the idea that it was a figure for life on our planet, which, having reached the abyss of immeasurable outer space, has now come to Earth.

Now I realize that, in the theatres of neutrality, the heart freezes. This is a difficult problem. Everybody watches the wheel as it turns. Apparently incapable of peace and well-being, and unable to draw political conclusions, in the late summer, on the outskirts of a small town to the south, I embraced a new work. It was engendered in my dream. It was built of desire. Experience taught me that, in the final analysis, nothing ends. The first steps must follow.

WONDER, IN EPISODES

1. Durn, check out that mare in a veil du jour.

A(dmiratio). Spring vagary, NYC

In other words, check out that chick in a bikini.

Another direction, another emotion: murmuring,

That had, er, hat must weigh a teensy—

Bowl me over.

It was big and blue with a thin plum brown belted around its crown, which was not the feature that made the hat big; it was the brim—twice as wide as the crown was high. Nor was it imbued with oasis or ocean or night. Rather, it was the hue of a deeply colored—and not storming, mind—day.

In the clouds, of course, one could find a milk jug, the sea or the fishes of the sea, the winged flurry of alarmed pigeons, but one could as well find the jackrabbits that feint through tall grass, the elephants that thunder through jungles, the kites that pitch above foreign palm fronds, as well as plenty other things one is always seeking out.

And in the hat then?

In the hat was a long strand of wavy red hair. And then another. And another.

And another. In fact, not only was there a whole headful of red hair, but the head too, and where the hair grew out of the head, at its roots, the hair was blond. The blond red head in fact belonged to the face of a girl with blond-flecked purple eyes, a petite nose, a slight chin, cheeks so palely purple they were rather rosy, and a big red mouth, which when opened, looked like a huge rose petal.

Cause of a blonde redhead

Lacking body a hat is not.

Hot air can be euphemised—

Warm wind, breath—but even

As origin this hat has effected

Nothing but words, turned a head.

(mira)B(ilia). Air, Castle

Nightmares, sure. But never been rubbed by a daymare before.
Like stepping through the wrong mirror. Or
Into a beast with a little belly.

Which had a fabulous creature of song. The head of a lizard, skin
just sloughed. Wings the elongated image of a bird's, the structure and
first three parts of the patagium
of a bat's. The gnarled head was plum; the knotty wings the taupe same
as grey. Taupe feet. Small sticky feet as if they had bitty suckers on the
bottom, different from the feel
of small bird-dull claws, dry, worrying. And something else to its body. A
tail, scrunched yet drawn long into lumbering spirals of foam the solidity
and a beige of sponge.

Don't know
What
It means.
Pang. Heart
Burn. Leave
Divinity functions
Before buffet.
Do not nap after.

2. They ask the farmer

I can hear the tree squalling like
A baby when
The man starts to raise the bucket.
I used
To think
Those yellow trucks signalled telephone
Repair man at work;
The yellow reminded me comfortingly of
The man with
The yellow hat. But one day,

I hear a squalling and looking around to get away from
The baby,
I saw none.
I saw
A yellow truck. And
The man in the bucket with
A baby chainsaw for pruning shears.

It was the tree squalling.
It was not screaming for help to me.
It was just squalling. Now

I hear the squalling when
I go get my hair cut.
I can hear it when
I use scissors to trim off a piece of tape.

You'd think that because I can hear the anguish of smart edges
They'd have men in white lead me away. Or that
I'd stop using scissors. Well
I hear singing now.

They think it's a miracle.

Alejandra Pizarnik
translated by Jason Stumpf

REVELATIONS

At night beside you
words are codes, are keys.
The wish to die is king.

That your body always be
a loved space of revelations.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

You make silence from the lilacs that shake
in my tragedy of the wind in my heart.
You made my life a story for children
in which shipwrecks and deaths
are pretexts for adorable ceremonies.

ENCOUNTER

Someone enters silence and abandons me.
Now solitude is not alone.
You speak like the night.
Announce yourself like thirst.

NAMING YOU

Not the poem of your absence,
but a drawing, a crack in a wall,
something in the wind, a bitter taste.

GOODBYE

An abandoned fire kills its light.
An enamored bird raises its song.
So many eager creatures in my silence
and this little rain that follows me.

WORKS AND NIGHTS

to make of thirst my emblem
to signify the only dream
to not sustain myself on love again

I have been all offering
a pure roaming
of wolf in woods
in the night of bodies

to speak the innocent word

SHADOW OF THE COMING DAYS

—for Ivonne A. Bordelois

Tomorrow
they will dress me in ashes at dawn,
they will fill my mouth with flowers.
I will learn to sleep
in the memory of a wall,
in the breath
of an animal dreaming.

FROM MONEY ON IT

I am two tendencies to crack the lion-drum

As beasts we mount globes
pivot by fore then hinds: jaws and lids seizure
open to gulp the street
— we forget what tour this is—
rid this village of its evil-eye.
We must admit we are
freaking in spring's escapism.
Revealing the accursed shares
not as the act of a mechanic changing tires
but as riding inside the tire itself, wasted.
The village kneading...St Jerome climbs
out of his picture and gathers us as pets—
as tigers—the village lives many thorns from here.

If math continues air, prospects for my life are poor.

Remember the polar bears that were supposed to mate,
a male polar bear who tore open the neck of a female—
his mephitic fang.

My butcher knife is hidden in a cupboard above the fridge.

Forbidden to raise times, we build
tree houses-divans-forts, cursing
vacationers here— their simultaneous bests—
safaris, koolots devoted to binoculars.

Lions reach through prisons and hug.

Parents of 17-year-old Carlos killed by tiger at San Francisco zoo
say the attack has forever ruined Christmas,
while police investigate if someone helped Tatiana escape.

Tatiana, Siberian, fatally shot by officers
and provoked by Carlos and Co. is the subject of a life-scaled
sculpture on Telegraph Hill. Attack
survivors collect 900,000. When we live
with dolphins we dance in twofold murmur
hushing waves, the wave again serrates this zoo
and there, a crash of myth...

SOCRATIC DIALOGUE NUMBER ONE BETWEEN ME AND DFW ON THE FUTURE OR LACK THEREOF OF LITERATURE: THE POSTMORTEM

Introduction: in 2009 A.D. a meeting in a house in Venice Beach, CA, takes place between the 'spirit' or 'ghost' or something of the late Post-Modern writer DFW and an obscure living writer, ADM.

ADM: So, can I ask you something?

DFW: Sure. Hold on (*a dry rustle as he rearranges his robe.*) OK, shoot.

ADM: So, what comes after...

DFW: Death? I'm not going to tell you that.

ADM: Why not? I thought that's why you said you were coming to me. To teach me about death.

DFW: Well yeah, but you're not ready for that yet. I need to prepare you. And just to give you a hint, you really don't wanna know what happens. You're better off not knowing. Besides, stop thinking only of yourself: we need to keep some suspense, not just for you, to liven up the monotony of your life, but for the reader, so their life will be less monotonous. Like you could ever write a suspenseful narrative, you story-less fuck. Dude, you need some story for your reader to hang onto. So they don't crawl into your brain and, unable to get out, die. But I'll help you out. So ask me something else.

ADM: Um, let me think... oh, I know, actually, this is something I've been thinking about a lot and you're probably the best person to ask. So... what comes after Post-Modernity?

DFW: Oh, that one's easy. Nothing.

ADM: What do you mean, nothing?

DFW: No thing. Not anything. Nothing remains of literature's former glory. Contemporary literature is no longer of interest or importance. Literature is absence. Literature does not exist. Around 1971, literature faded into nothing. Literature is 0. Literature is not at all. BTW, you look nothing like me.

ADM: Huh?

DFW: Someone was saying to me the other day that you look similar to me, or that you're starting to kind of look like me, not the old plump medicated Nardil-ed me, but the un-medicated me, like that photo in the *Rolling Stone* article on my death that came out after my death, you know the one taken

'bout 6 months before I died, where I kind of have the shag slash pageboy cut and a really thin face, 'cos I had stopped eating basically, preparing myself for nonexistence, getting used to the cuisine of the nonexistent. That photo you have stashed in the cardboard box under your desk, filled with all those other papers for this wildly overly ambitious book on death, a pile of shit book you'll probably never finish. But you're wise to keep it in there. Thou shalt not look upon the face of DFW!!! (*in booming God voice as heard in old biblical movies.*)

ADM: How did you know about that photo?

DFW: You know, the dead are all seeing etc. When you die you turn into a weird gooey eye: the soul is nothing but an eye. Just as with the eye, the only thing the soul's capable of is watching or not watching or weeping.

ADM: Really?

DFW: Nah, (*a dry guffaw*) just messing with you. Anyway, it was fucking terrible those last months, like... well, there's nothing to be said on that subject 'cos the experience was ineffable, and that's why I had to go, 'cos when experience is beyond expression there's no point in a writer sticking around. In effect, the writer is rendered ineffectual, he is powerless before experience, the things of the world render him mute; his very existence is a

waste of time and materials and resources. When experience is unspeakable, it's simply coarse, fucking vulgar to linger. But that doesn't seem to be bothering you or any of the other writers does it? I mean, like anything can really be expressed through writing. When God or Adam or whoever started naming things, it wasn't to describe them: it was to cover things up so the glare wouldn't hurt our eyes. Without words, we'd all be blind. Today, 2009, all experience is beyond expression. It probably always has been, but even if at some point experience was capable of being described accurately, not any more: experience officially became indescribable towards the end of 1971. Hasta luego to language as a system of meaningful representation. But yeah, I think they were referring to that image of me in particular.

ADM: Who said that? Who told you I look like you?

DFW: (*coily, like one of those dames you see in Rococo paintings, sitting on swings suspended from trees*) I can't say.

ADM: C'mon, tell me.

DFW: No, I really can't (*Rustles his robe.*) Well, I'll give you a clue. You guys share the same agent. But that's it. And besides, I wouldn't get too caught up in the comparison 'cos like I don't resemble myself in that picture, so if you look like me in that image,

you don't resemble me either. You just vaguely resemble me when I wasn't quite myself. And anyway, when you get here you'll discover that you didn't even resemble yourself, there was no resemblance to oneself to begin with. There is no such thing as resemblance (*Giggles.*) Shall we end, there?

ADM: No, not yet. So literature no longer exists?

DFW: (in the clipped Scottish brogue of Maggie Smith in *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie.*) Correct. Literature is an empty space, literature is a void. Literature is a nothing-book.

ADM: Are you talking about all literature or just American literature?

DFW: Well, all literature, but American literature especially. Though it's possible American literature never even existed in the first place. *Moby-Dick*, perhaps, that was it.

ADM: So currently we exist outside of any literary epoch?

DFW: Yeap yeap. Actually, you're in a hole. The reason you're all so lost is that you're profoundly epochless. That's why writers' voices are so weak right now, like (*a wistfulness enters his voice*) weak sun in the Fall or weak tea sipped in your living room on a Fall afternoon, when you have no idea what to do with yourself. You're all writing from the bottom of a hole. That explains why your voices can barely be heard.

ADM: I don't know if I buy that. I mean maybe we're just in between epochs. It's a difficult time to be writing at the beginning of a century, of any century. Literary epochs take a while to warm up. To be writing at the beginning of a century kind of dooms one to be perceived as stylistically old-fashioned, carrying all the literary detritus of the last century. Like, in 100 years, if anyone bothers to read this, not that anyone will, but hypothetically speaking, it'll seem quaint, quaint as a grandmother with papery skin that smells like lavender, wearing a pink polyester housecoat, sitting on an overstuffed sofa in a stuffy house, who keeps on asking her grandchild to speak up, speak up.

DFW: Well, you are doomed, that's correct, but you are not in between literary epochs. You're in a gaping hole.

ADM: OK, (*suddenly paranoid that his voice sounds like it's coming from very far away, from the bottom of a hole, as opposed to from somewhere inside of him, from the voice-box or tongue or whatever.*) So how did this happen?

DFW: (*Lifts up his robe and urinates while continuing talking so there is the sound of urination in the background*) Well, who knows? I'm not a scientist. It's probably just natural, like the dinosaurs or something: literature just worked its way to a state of extinction. Though people

talk of giant meteors hitting the earth yes, which resulted in the ice-age and all the dinosaurs dying out. Literature's like one of those... what are those prehistoric animals with the brown fur and the tusks?

ADM: Um, I know the animal you're talking about. I used to have this picture book with them in it, right in the process of being frozen over. Ah...it's on the tip of my tongue.

DFW: Wooly Mammoths! Yeah (*with a wistful tone in his voice.*) I think I had the same book as a kid. I remember one of the Mammoth's tusks peeked out above the ice, but the rest of it was frozen solid. Wow, I guess I am only, I mean *was* only 10 years older than you. Amazing how much more accomplished I was than you. You really need to get your literary shit together.

ADM: Yeah, I know. I will, hopefully. That is weird about the age difference. You seem sort of eternal now.

DFW: (*Wanting to change the subject*) Hmm, interesting.

Anyway, to continue, if you take that perspective, we might liken Modernism and Post-Modernism as a meteor or series of meteors striking literature and sending it into a kind of stylistic ice-age. I guess if you're an advocate of this theory, there's hope in that literature might come out of the ice-age and morph into something else, both recognizable and

unrecognizable to itself, similar to how certain birds that sprung from the prehistoric ones are different, but vaguely resemble the old ones.

Or you could look at it from an anthropological slash linguistic perspective, that just as there are dead languages, there's dead genres, and whereas usually one genre dies, slowly, like the Epic, which could be what this is that you're writing, a fucked up Epic, all the genres died, simultaneously, and just as languages die out 'cos the people who speak them die out due to genocide or small pox or something, somehow all literature became infected and died.

ADM: Do you think MFA programs infected literature? Institutionalized and regimented the voice until all trace of uniqueness was shorn from it, so that it no longer exists?

DFW: Well, as you well know, teaching in an MFA program would drive anyone to suicide, ba bom bom (*Sound of vaudevillian cymbal resounding in the background.*) Teaching creative writing was a contributing factor to my suicidal ideation. The terror of having to inhabit my own mind was bad enough. The pain of having to inhabit students' minds was unbearable. But it also does get you out of yourself doesn't it? And as you well know, one can derive a certain sadistic pleasure in the mentoring process. But similarly, I

think regarding literature's demise, we have to take into account multiple contributing factors.

Though personally, just between you and me, and this is off the record, I blame it on the memoir. We put all our cultural imagination into the memoir. All our eggs in one basket so to speak. Novelists should really resent memoirists. Perhaps some of you should form an underground terrorist cell like the Red Army Faction and just as they went around kidnapping and killing German industrialists and the like, you could start killing the most successful memoirists, as an aesthetically motivated act of terrorism (*Giggles.*)

Then there's also this other theory that I think deserves some serious attention. I think that in a way literature took its own life, topped itself, just like me. Literature saw very clearly that it was untenable and did itself in. Though historically, literature has always been an act of suicide, an act of effacement—actually, writing is a dialectic between this desire for absolute effacement and a desperate hope for immortality and literary posterity; the writer is caught in the tension between the act of effacement and a desire for the ineffaceable. That's why you're always so tense.

Actually, That's really why I did it, not just 'cos of the ineffable

business, but 'cos I saw very clearly that literature was at an end and I was writing at the end point, and in a way was responsible for bringing about its demise. Post-Modernity was the act of literature taking its own life. I DFW, am literature. I DFW, am ineffaceable (*Takes a pair of scissors and cuts off the sleeves of his robe.*)

ADM: (*Uncomfortable with how intense it's getting*) So, should I just give up writing?

DFW: Well, if you actually want to enjoy your limited time in the world, to get the most out of the world before your expiration date, you plain white egg in a carton, you glass bottle of full-fat milk, if you want life to be more than a blink of an eye between enjoying your mother's gently lactating breasts and the last dry scene in the death bed, and if you care in any way about your emotional well-being, then yes, you should give it up immediately. But seeing as you don't, there is a way around this dilemma. And there's actually a name for the era you're in. It just came to me.

In that all writing that is presently being done is occurring after literature's death, you are by default a Postmortem writer. By writing you are conducting a Postmortem, both in the formal medical sense of the term, performing an autopsy on the corpse that is western literature

to determine the exact cause of death, and in the informal sense, conducting an examination or review of a completed event. Literature is a completed event.

There's no need to change what you're doing. You're already conducting this Postmortem; you really have no choice in the matter. Writing has always been a clinical and gruesome business, it's just more so now. Writing has become, not an act of expression, but an act of dissection.

So cheer up, you're a Postmortem writer. That's the new movement. That's what comes after Modernism and Post-Modernism: the Postmortem. So welcome to the Postmortem. Just like *Welcome to My Nightmare* à la Alice Cooper circa 1975, but without the dazzle or the glitter. Maybe that's what you're writing, a kind of concept album, in which the reader is taken through your nightmares. You should call this book *Welcome to my Nightmare*.

Anyway, perhaps you'll discover something. At the very least, as you open up literature and take it apart, book by book, bit by bit, you'll learn that it used to be beautiful but now it just stinks to high heaven. Though perhaps you won't have the stomach for it. And if you want to bring a little Zen to it, think of it more simply, go back to the Greek root of the word, *autopsia*, writing as a seeing for

oneself. To write about death you need to see death for yourself. Are we done?

ADM: No, wait, you mentioned a couple of times that literature became untenable in 1971, that the world became indescribable. That's the year I was born. Is there any connection or is it just pure coincidence?

DFW: (*Ignoring the question, lifts the hem of his robe and walks out on me*) I think we're done.

THE OBLONG VOIDSPACE

I put Narcissus in the Oblong Voidspace,
icehouse v. specific by architects “will melt and
leave no trace” Outdoors
I say to the quiet blue wall
my mistakes because
they’re speakable I can say
if it wouldn’t hurt.
Narcissus awaits springtime
pooling from beneath long disbelief
The Oblong Voidspace may be
based on emptiness with a snow path tramped
defense and the quoted architect’s
“metaphorical hope” of wallmelt
Structural separations
Oneness divisions through space To time
space is more real than the house
A house is how to surround
the shelterless self
When earth asks I employed this protection
to prevent a man’s voice

The internal animal has been terrified.
I wonder if I can still live in a house
the only way is to make me
shed into
objects —

Sheltered construction of cottages
(Dorothea's projects never come to fruition)
by owner-builders with free reign begins
Woven-weed siding sprayed with waterproof
Ceramic impregnable "board"
Yardwaste panels
A section of too-small houses housing
food or ware
not enough volume for a person

Rachel's Spirit Hut blends the perfect design
for openness to heaven with austere primality
Consciousness among animals remains intact
by lack of fabrication
Build it right and a person
has unimaginably understood herself
Tell me what I am if
I don't want to hurt anything
while I make my house

without sketches for social living
The doubleness of invitation
into too-small dwelling canopied with others

MEANS

I. Animal

tubes		rhapsody	adding	choose	smoky	pencil		letter	
quartet	string	variable	comes	rolled	tactic	wedge		scramble	rummage
climb	range	cherry		region		sweep		locomotive	phantom
tongue	spoon	motion	stuff	boom	pilot	zipper		warmup	alloy
zigzag	swallow	factory	visual		carnival	streaming		faster	cathode
	spoil		horizontal	hoist	buckle			cluster	copper
								domino	phase

2. Vegetable

shipped		fluffy	instant	along	spanning	silver		stirring	
handler	nesting	protocol	white	quiz	revert	merge		measure	square
root	hook	nickel		dance	ogle		zoo	stapler	starch
tart	breast	bolster	percolate	lines	clover	mystery		flag	cotton
	vanilla		bridge		solstice	gate		vibrant	complex
licorice	thistle	slide	sediment	basin	scoop			margin	proof

3. Mineral

various		forbidden	wedding		symmetry	refract		sheets		drilling		shallow		plotted		slew
nestle		bubble	aromatic		audible	duplicate		volume		spill		needle		spherical		smatter
plume			burning		ventilate	azimuth		aviation		region		spool		remnant		enigma
school			tilt		voltage	quarter		speed		engine		alter		flexible		spring
cabinet			screws		titanium	junction				passage		bleeding		snare		emerge

4. Other

blue		spike	clean		cross		vestment		divine		ankle		stream		fluid		undress
unending		wholly	ambrosia		chestnut		race		tie		duress		limp		stutter		waves
open		irrational	ramble		chariot		pox		strain		aggress		surge		flutter		protract
erupt		flow	interrupt		stricken		fall		epidemic		recover		sine		reficent		withdraw
project		up	height		stop		segment		winter		element		hermetic		singular		since

NOT SO FAST FOOD (or This May Tend To Go On But It Does End)

Hugh, 35 and her husband Mary of the infant reminder, 42
The uteriole cholesterates of lush beaches and swimming,
buxom Dr. Octapella (B.M.) and his rewind button
Dr. Bambini (B.D.), sailing for intimate exposure, “multo multo fagotini,” infinity’s
of hotels and ten thousand sleepy heavens — where you give me
hellos, mapped by flesh, fertility, pumpkin soup, and one couple’s massage
aroused by November Twelfth’s
two thousand hells.

“I am
thinking of death’s head
when I play
immigrant card” — Cubby Legume (A.D.).

His dentist Dr. Siri Mascara (B.C.), Punta Cana and
Holland America, my husband Mary and his testicular cycle of
nice things and fun secrets, pandemic Dr. Fifi and her teutonic pudenda
Dr. Snugg Natch, narcoptic jock-lick Sissy, bobblehead boob dip Hugh, 35 and yes
spectacular, Kurt and Kate Flock expecting mounds of invasive kooch
from blooded links, mineral baths, happy endings and
Simone DeBeauvois, masseuse informatoire Dr. Lena Horné, always gold always...
a day away, Guadalupe Cheese, quelque chose et mon frere Baba Lu
expanding GE153, nano fido, golden vortex
powered by Stuffit, the occupied rower
sitting on ionic breeze, time remaining
2,023,406,814 hours.

“I feel
like I’m about to break
all the time.”

Frail Michelle (B.G.)(before grotto), counter cheeseburger,
little piglet on a table top, always
her twin had more drive but she

had the gift, rosemary beads in fallopian sausage, sky-diving tankard,
super-ego and sleep deprivation.

“I could just
eat
you up”—Zona Brutista (N.G.), justificatory Andrews
human afterall — “where’d you meet her...
online,” post-gloital hand job.

Cinammon and her, legs sticky, very very —
to understand the world of Francis
is to approach Assisi as he would have, (F.G.) cockatiel tourquet,
pungent Shakira, Mewarinex Isla Ojo and her rubber pillow Dr. Sleepy.

“Suck
it in”— he barked
as he glared, at her
tummy control the ship, by controlling the I.

Mary’s erective spectacle, ergo his shorts, tranquil Bahamanian,
surfing and oral hygiene
may be too much to handle, at 42, all his swimmers,
holy water — here...is where you may choose a wink, by wishing away
filth, fertility cruise camel toe, upsize my fries.

“Who — to me, would be
you, or Hugh, or
one could say
I”— Cameo Stardust.

Sat. & Sun., TV on the radio,
Camino Cyberduck (B.C.), Dr. Katie’s gardener, Mr. Flash and his daughters,
“Let me guess, comfort conch—it is
in there”— Mrs Leathery Bravado and his remote brassiere Dr. Video,
PR handyman Hyno Hymn, a finger gone too far, Omni Giraffe
and Combo #1, El Shango Dificil que dige nada, Silver Digit up the bum, “don’t,
say don’t, again,” birds and bees, skipped dinners and cuddles, an oyster
on a pad of heart-shaped razors, the immaculate trunk of
hibiscus fluffers, a sail around the elegant noodle.

this
may tend
to go on, but it does
end

SPE

CTA

CLE tries to fall apart — on purpose.

“I am
sucking it,
in”— she whimpered, “Suck it in,
more”— he commanded.

Conception passenger, romantic fathead, my husband Mary and his
eighteen hundred dollar sex expert Dr. Lana Holstein,
her husband Dr. Betty Duff, the chapel of St. Agnes (B.C.), the effort to reach
hermitage,
sanctimonkio sweetbread, insatiable manougas, Guantanamo Weinerific,
“if you’re going
to do it
with someone, I got dibs”—
embryo intruder Dr. Reese Yauch (L.P.), and his fizzay-sayon-see Nancy
Diamond,
the effort to capitalize AIGHT, papal dependant Shife
and her private thought-jumper Ursula Shemp.

“I stayed up thinking
too much thinking I should
think something I’m not
wasting think on me wasting me
on me”— Dr. Sleepy.

Lucinda and Kenry Lucaya, Dr. Pastis Valor and his reflection, this may tend
to go on but, it does end. Kona by the Sea, insta-Bardot memory stick,
Mrs. Leslie and Washington MOCA of the Contemporary Injection,
folding favor into fava beans and vespers, 1974’s molten iris, your blank eye,
“the look”— of lava, gleaming corona of mankind
swallowed up by man spurt, in a single day
and night, twelve thousand years in the rooting, for a spanking, Green Mercy

Locursey

and his Life Jacké, Licky Rodando's wifey, a dandy echo shat,
to reidrect some — here...is where you turn the book, pupils gone, convinced
all the girls look like her — the white-skinned blogger
the grand infidel practicing intimacy, Barbara Broccoli (B.C.).

“My husband Mary,
eat four Buffalini
be-fore-play” — say Hugh,
“it keps (sic) his cruelty,
down to earth.”

Singapore guru Dr. Wei Siang Yu,
aphrodisiac completionist Frangelico (F.G.), synthetic concretist Frangelico
(S.G.),
meditationist trumpeter amplifico Bradly Humpford,
Ebay Pop Lock and his daughtette Wattup,
Mexico muscle relaxer, Ma Main Mamayan...El Incensivo del Fuego,
flustered Michelle (B.G.) flounders a truth in the tank,
“But, there's nothing, left, suk” (sic) mixed
with evaporation, depseration and damnation — Hugh, 35, hectic dogger to
husband Mary, 42
gropes the open window, lets Francis
simplify insertion, big O reminder, Jan and her mammarian debut, all of that now
seems sweet and lovely,

all that you used to avoid.

“Me
not eat
before come (sic)” — Eva Green, joyfully limitless, building a home
after Maitre D's and Latinos lounge in the hot tub, “Empee Freefro Licky!”
tricked out Fire Pig, Dr. Buddha Cap, Firefox Mandible, Dr. Cucoco, Dr.
Cucotu.

Three months later, Hugh, 35 and yes...very very, is (sic sic) blinding the erratic,
“kiss kiss,” Dr. Sleepy, bang bang specialist Shirley Bassé, Liverpool Plebian,
eco-friendly cataract Oddball Lamé, Dr. Crusader 45, Laurentian Imitacio
and his waylord Dropstuff 38, time remaining, not so fast, “and my tubes—

always ringing”— expecting
her husband Mary, every morning,
in April, “The I that knows everything,

is the I in it.”

THE INTERMISSION CLOWN

The man, the woman, the dog, the ball.
The black man, the white woman, the black dog, the red ball.
Not once did I mention
the relationship between the man and the dog.

Never the lover, the ball. Nor the woman kiss
the man before the ball returned by dog.
Nor did I bother with waves, or ocean
or beach. The sun hitting the hair of the woman.

As the man came close to her cheek. The dog
caught in the sun, by the ball's
returning gaze. Never do we learn
how intimate the man has been

with the woman or the dog. How long
have they been in each other's lives, arms. What is the ball's
relationship to the dog, to the color. New or favorite.
The same could be said as red.

And not once have I mentioned if the dog belongs
to the woman or the man or the black or the beach.
And the woman, trying to escape the man's
grasp. And this, a prelude to a breakup

in a matter of minutes. The ball in the red mouth
a transition in orbit. The shoreline baked
in golden sandstorms. Blue waves
on a fading shift of ardent erosion.

Nor do we smell the way they both
ignore the dog. Joyously retrieving the ball
from the ocean. And what about
the manner in which this viewer came upon them.

How I used walk to cross
that part of the telling. That obvious alert

into when we enter, and when we go.
The porous weight that follows echo.

Trailing talk behind each tiny summit of rock,
strewn with reminders of what belongs together.
Catching the size of sirens before they drift apart.
The travel to never-be in the giant size of things.

Never did I mention, how they all tried to become
the other. The man, the woman, the woman, the man.
The dog, the ball, the ball, the dog. The secret
of each other's knowing. The red, the black, the white, the gold,

unearthed in my viewing. Nor did I allow my witness
a true flight. A risen consequence from the pit
of what I brought with me. My history attached to theirs,
in alignment with my telling.

And when did I leave out how I left. Where,
in this story, is the time or position of the shoreline's
pass. Every change affecting its greeting.
Each wave, another frame, another stone.

And in what I've just told you
did I ever mention thought
or gift or carnival. The horizon's volume
relived as a tremor, doing its vertical remember in you.

Its impulse for legs, to stand apart
from perspective and light.
To walk
in the telling of things.

THREE SPOTS UNDER THE SHADE

~~~~~a man

told me i was cerulean shear but only after a man  
told me i was seeing eye but i dont want to be some gash you  
are not grateful for your scars said a man  
in cobalt sky spilled a crib singed for tie tot but i  
dont want to be cerulean for you said he you are not for me  
said crimson man to head half sheared half listening half bathing when  
do you want your towel said i leave me when i exit said  
skinny he mandarin all over sheared skin water lake  
had double lake one under other and i thought imagine  
that to have lake under lake for all days said  
a man that i would walk in jasmine swim as breath  
under head was juniper green rezoned for cerulean cumulo  
combo rectus hand me said i my towel man gave me fan big as  
thumbs i cant dry myself with this but you said he have  
so much to show outside thumbs so much outside  
fan wont ever swing but will cool dont said he hide i  
stepped out of towel out of lake swung free by excess and  
melancholy orange faded from limbs gathered to bone umber  
cerulean melt on iris way down my ice cap do i said i  
thank you now o man said he you are blue for indigo me  
and nodding deep as ever bathtub reverie soaker be my eyes  
again wont i said i be gash for a man sheared by magic  
on a road of alabaster jubilee dripped from nose but i  
dont want to be who only after i a gash a me  
will ever tell who some azurean sea some sienna  
scar be tot who tells said he a man who gashed his free  
for thee

~~~~~a bird

was cage below greybeard was high above lady smelt by spin
lets do that agin she rhymed anon provacateur martyrs doom
for mutual coma right there in our spin is oooh how
easy to escape with winged hand and devil cape if color

be speed what start be light to white sez lady limbed
by taller spin what afternoon does to cloud when legs
decide to never foot crotch here let's run digits
along limbic swimmers take cored earthball peel away
slept sheets dripped in perspiring forever's let's lay
remaining royalty side by side marvel at the match of pore
with crik curve the encounter between cliff and come on
negative outs seamed over positive ins run silver veins
underneath crimson creep a winged wake prepared
for flight over silent skin pecks at life lived not loaned
mercurial bars blame bend for bone jewels robed
in ravishing scars gash through rivered hues of feet
stuck in same blues each drop dared to float off
diligent skin this evaporating cage at once sucked
and milked these interfered bars left wet for
lick man looks for lake man look at that lake

Arielle Greenberg & Rachel Zucker

FROM HOME/BIRTH

We need to talk about it: sometimes babies die.

We will not say birth canal. We will not say contraction. We will not say pain. And God help us, we will not say bad baby. We will not say God help us.

God help us.

Even in an unassisted birth, someone is assisting. The baby. The partner. The mother. The siblings. God. The goddess. A good witch watching over.

We've hardly begun to talk about unassisted birth.

It's hard enough to become a mother. Surgery too?

The doula's job is to be with the mother in all the ways the midwife can't be and the partner can't be. Or to do the things that allow the midwife and the partner to be the midwife and the partner. To be consistent, to be there when the midwife or partner needs a nap or food, to go get food for the midwife or partner or mother. Plus, some of them know how to do massage.

For my birthday this year you got me the homebirthing, lactivist comic books by a feminist artist who calls herself Hathor, after the Egyptian goddess of fertility, women, children, midwives and childbirth.

Some people like going to the hospital. There's TV and they bring you food and you don't have to do anything but lie around. But I hate doing nothing and I don't like that kind of food.

Hathor, also called the Mistress of Heaven.

According to Pushed, four thousand more babies are typically born in the hospital every weekday than on Saturdays and Sundays. Do people think this is a coincidence? Do they think it's ok?

Abby has three children. She wants more. They never asked her how many

she wanted.

Also, the Goddess of the Dead, the Lady of the West.

About a million U.S. pregnancies end in miscarriage or stillbirth every year, [and] about twenty-seven thousand of those babies [die] during the second half of pregnancy.

A baby can die anywhere. You and I are of the unpopular belief that some babies are not meant to live. Not that we're advocating for that.

After three c-sections Abby has so much scar tissue they're not sure she can safely have another. When she got pregnant last year the fetus started to grow in her fallopian tube. This is called an ectopic pregnancy and is dangerous and can be fatal.

I didn't want to scare my clients who were too afraid to have their babies at home. I don't want to scare you. What I've seen in the hospital should scare everyone.

A doula is there to be with the woman. Sometimes the partner. Sometimes to advocate.

As Jennifer Block writes, Women must sign a...consent form to have a VBAC, but there is no such thing for a second, third, or subsequent cesarean, which carry risks of equal or greater magnitude.

The Goddess of Love, Cheerfulness, Music, and Dance.

They gave Abby chemotherapy which attacks any fast growing cells—in most cases cancer, in this case, the fetus—but her tube burst anyway and they had to take it out with laparoscopic surgery.

Rectangle magnet: My body. My baby. My birth.

A Certified Midwife (CM) is an individual educated in the discipline of midwifery, who possesses evidence of certification according to the requirements of the American College of Nurse-Midwives. Certified Midwife (CM) is also used in certain states as a designation of certification by the state or midwifery organization.

I do believe a woman's body can decide to get her pregnant.

Some stillbirth causes are obvious upon birth: a knot in the cord, a separated placenta, chromosomal abnormalities, major organ defects.

The Celestial Nurse.

When I conceived Abram I was drunk. We were in Florence with our nine-month old baby and had drank too much wine. I'd just stopped nursing and had gotten one period. "Wait," I said, but we didn't. Josh withdrew before he ejaculated. Afterwards he whispered to me, "You can't get pregnant like that." Of course you can.

Babies die. There are babies who cannot live. Sometimes their bodies aren't strong enough and they have what doctors call "defects" and they can't live like that and they die. And there are babies who die from birth trauma. Very few. The doctors can't face this, can't say it—"sometimes babies die"—and by trying to save the babies that might not even be in danger they are harming everyone. All mothers, all babies. Doing harm.

The best homebirth is where no one touches the baby except the mother, and later, the partner.

About half of all stillbirths have no known cause or reason, even after autopsy. Some babies just stop living.

Are the babies sometimes the villains here?

And there's the whole thing of how a mother will know if something is truly wrong. I do believe this. I do think we know.

Maybe. Maybe not. What I know is that most babies who make it to term thrive. What I know is that the hospitals and doctors are taking what women know away from them more and more every day and then women come home with a baby that they barely felt or saw come out of them and they feel alien and separate from this baby. Why wouldn't they?

Like a horror movie. Like *Aliens*. Like *Night of the Living Dead*.

Do no harm. Everyone who gives her care: do no harm.

Tell them—

There are ways of coping. You will know them.

How will I know? You will just know.

About 80% of women whose baby dies in utero will go into spontaneous labor within three weeks. For four weeks, there is little to no medical risk to the woman either way, and of course no medical risk to the baby. There is no reason not to have a vaginal birth, and stillbirths are generally smooth labors. Even mainstream medicine seems to agree on this point. Nonetheless, most women opt for immediate, medicalized induction upon hearing that their baby has died inside them.

After the Level 2 ultrasound at which the doctor tried to scare the bejeezus out of us about a big head and breech and a section, I said to Rob, “Don’t listen to her—this baby is coming out of my vagina, at home, in the water, and that’s all there is to it.” And he believes me.

And I believe myself.

Most things can be fixed with nutrition. Or herbs. Or relaxation, or love. Keep your jaw open. Or a rice sock, heated in the microwave for one and a half to two minutes.

Maybe, but I thought I had a good, strong pregnancy. I was big and sick and felt connected to the baby. There was only an empty sac. Why would my body continue to support a pregnancy with no fetus? I still don’t know.

It’s amazing how the body can heal itself, trick itself, sabotage itself, guide itself.

My body grew an empty sack and a placenta and no baby. I wanted a baby.

The United States should be ashamed. Our numbers are terrible. Our c-section rates, our infant mortality, maternal morbidity, maternal death, post-partum depression, episiotomy, the use of anesthesia and narcotic drugs.

The rise in American discomfort around infant death is linked to the rise in hospital births. When more births were at home, and before 20th century medical advances, babies and children often died at home, and these deaths were mourned and felt, a part of the normal life cycle.

Is the culture the villain here?

By mid-century, with childbirth a hospital procedure, it became standard

protocol to separate mothers from their dead babies, to prevent them from holding or seeing the children. This lasted into the 80s; the “end-of-life” movement to have more dignified and in-touch ways of dealing with death can be seen as parallel to the natural birthing movements.

The World Health Organization says.

We both really had apartment births. There are sessions of the Chicago Homebirth Meetup solely devoted to this topic, and I, too, thought it would matter, how to birth in such a small place, surrounded by noisy neighbors, but it just absolutely doesn’t. Your home is your home. Birth is a relatively contained event. A small, shining moment that is mostly very still.

A Certified Nurse-Midwife (CNM) is an individual educated in the two disciplines of nursing and midwifery, who possesses evidence of certification according to the requirements of the American College of Nurse-Midwives.

Every time I went to the regular OBGYN-Certified Nurse-Midwife practice, I felt like a traitor to the cause.

The baby just kicked when I typed that.

In the hospital, sometimes the doula is there to remind everyone of the birth plan, and to help the parents sort out the information if things get crazy. To be a cool head when all hell is breaking loose.

Judah is sleeping in the other room.

Sacred Grove birth kit add-ons: 1 herbal cord care, 7 latex exam gloves, medium.

I have lied and bribed and flirted and begged to help my clients in the hospital. Most doctors and nurses laugh at a woman’s birth plan. “The plan,” says the doctor, “is to have a healthy baby” and then he scares the hell out of the mother and does whatever he wants.

The bejeezus out.

Keep your jaw open and your shoulders down.

I was a good doula in the hospital before I had my homebirth. I brought

donuts for the nurses. I held the space. I'm not sure if I can keep doing it, though. If I go back there, am I helping? Or am I an accessory to crime?

It cannot be true that doulas are the villains.

Women say, "but what is something happens?"

Bumper sticker: Educate yourself—research midwifery.

I wore the Birth is Normal t-shirt to the screening. That morning I wore the Homebirth Mama tank top you got me as I mopped the floors of my apartment with Judah strapped to my back. "This is a women's health issue. This is a feminist issue": I practiced my introduction.

Tell me Erin's story again—she woke up and three hours later there was her baby?

Yes, it was fast and strong and wild and under control. And then there was the baby. Too fast too strong for her sons to watch but they came in right afterwards and her husband was amazing and there was the baby. At the version, the day before, Miriam told the doctor to keep going, even though it hurt like hell, she said, "This is NOT a woman who should end up with a c-section." And she wasn't.

Radiance Traditional Midwifery: 1 Delee mucus trap, 2 instant perineum cold pack, 1 Lanolin .25 oz., 1 Amniotest, 1 Born at Home Lotus Birth Certificate.

I just thought of the most amazing thing: this baby will come when he comes. When he's ready. And there is no way to know what day or hour that will be. He will come when he's ready. That's a gift.

I thought I didn't know how to go into labor. Of course I did.

The American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists (ACOG) started to include "maternal request" as a reason for c-section beginning in 2003.

But how do you define "request" when women have such poor choices and are given so much fear and so little faith in themselves?

The c-section rates in this country are appalling but we haven't even begun to talk about what is taken from a mother and a baby when labor is

induced.

The ACOG may be the villain.

At eight days “post-date” Pam’s midwife said it was time to induce her. It wasn’t safe to leave the baby in there. But when she came in for the induction the hospital had no empty beds and sent her home. The next day: same story. So she went into labor on her own and went back to the hospital and had a healthy 9 lb 10 oz son with no drugs.

When women tell you their babies would have died unless they’d have the hospital interventions they had, how can they know that? No self-respecting modern woman wants to believe she was duped.

Forty weeks is just a midpoint. It’s not a goal; it’s not a deadline. All babies are considered on time anywhere between thirty-eight and forty-two weeks.

Very few doctors in New York lets a woman get to forty-two weeks.

We’ve hardly begun to talk about how an assisted homebirth with a qualified midwife is not even an option for many women in this country.

Also, sometimes women get their dates wrong.

There are a lot of reasons medication is counter-indicated for a birthing mother and a newborn, including—

THIS PROCEDURE IS NOT DANGEROUS, ALTHOUGH YOU WILL FEEL SOME PAIN

I walk up to you and insert my key. I open the mahogany door to the white corridor where a single chain hangs from the ceiling: no one knows why. The corridor is unlit, but its whiteness suffices. I walk into you. You scream. Literally you say hello politely, but I know you scream. The chain is not attached to any light. I pull it. You kiss me. I pull it again. You scream. This time it is real and the noise echoes in orange waves along your ribs and backbone. I stand there in my kind dress. I do not believe I am lost. I believe all the screaming will guide me. I hold up my key in the whiteness of the corridor and am struck by how it is shaped like you. I hold out my hand and am burned by the scream, but still I do not go back.

TELL ME WHO SPEAKS IT

She said part of the speaking was silence, or that part of the subject is silence, possibly always silence, as in a dream you are everyone—you have created it, created yourself. She said silence is language, not *not-language*, that silence is part of everything, everything part of silence. Well she didn't say that; she might have. I say I wonder why you're afraid of silence. You admit you are. You think you'll fall up into the sky if you don't keep silence down. I don't want to walk with you because of it, yet we do walk out in the far part of the park and we do meet some interesting dogs.

THE TREES

You can't explain everything. You can't even begin to explain everything. As soon as you say a word you need to explain it. As soon as you write a word it needs explaining. What does word mean what does explain mean what does what mean. What. And if you stop for a minute you are doomed. If you stop to remember taking that photograph in the basement when you were ill you are doomed. If you stop to remember what you stopped to remember you're doomed. If you stop to examine the photograph or even the word photograph forget it. You just can't do it. You've got to keep going. There's not enough time and there aren't enough words and there's too much going on in the trees.

JUST ONE THING

It occurs to me that the problem is that I keep thinking that I'll be able to fix something so that it will stay fixed—not change. For example if I cut my nails correctly I won't have to do it again, or if I get the garden to look just perfectly the way I want it nothing will grow or change or get ruined by hail or slugs—or if I could just for once just once get you to see how imperfectly I have loved you, that would explain everything for all time for both of us. This foolishness is a huge thing—a Buddhist I think would advise me about it. If I could find the right Buddhist that Buddhist would advise me and then everything would be all right forever and not change.

Jennifer Tatum-Cotamagana

IN BAGHDAD

sight so spent / during nightwind
the eastern water / makes sin seem kind

Hot sin becomes whole
in sin armor - where faith is sick and mind song is
buried down - where hate is
warmborn

Banged into ground
water does then echo in night
then echo in night crushed swift
Mind song blinded
by bodies kindled

Scorn girl speaks spit in mouth dry

Mutteredmind muchmad bloodbountygoldground

Honest echo that night mirrored
less versed ditched, scratched
blind king man

Lanterned sea salt south
wind sullen writes songmind
full of blacknight
lightening ring
night dirt echo meets dust urn
singing another day with salt grain and night wailing waltz

Lead ear haltered
Night gets wind that
our hats in armor are singing for blind war

Born days are not ending kind.

Barbara Henning

FROM TWIRLING, THE SPIRIT FLIES OFF LIKE A
FALCON

Lopsided

For her first school picture, I cut Patti's hair, lopsided. Our mother had just died. Forty-nine years later we sit on the hill blowing a flute a stick a sax When a mother dies, the young children adapt, their personalities taking various forms based on particular gaps. Five thousand orphaned children scavenge the streets in Baghdad alone. On Patti's porch in Marquette, we watch women in white shorts play tennis while Lake Superior winds clank the chimes. Without a house or food to survive. Through the little cluster of forest we walk down hill to the most magnificent blue. The dog races in a circle in and out of the icy water. My cell phone bangs. Magnifies the wetness. Five thousand orphaned children scavenge. A friend's eating a veggie burger right at that moment at B-line in Tucson with my recommendation. And he likes it. And then the connection dies. Why am I here, I think, when I could be there? Because if I were there, I'd be thinking, why am I here when I could be there.

It Just Stood There

Just outside of Baghdad, inside his sleeping bag, a soldier screams when a giant camel spider bites his foot. In Vanderbilt, Michigan, across the pizza aisle a man tells me that a few weeks earlier he saw a bear on the side of the road. It just stood there next to a pine tree pure elegant and symmetrical. Just outside of town, I'm wearing my sandals as I photograph stumps, ferns, on and on along the winding path and then I realize I'm not getting anywhere and there is nowhere to go but deeper into the quiet with the presence of animals it stays light longer here and then gradually darker and darker. The cold magnifies the darkness. Inside a sleeping bag, sweat jacket and hood, my hands are cold. A phone call wakes me in the middle of the night. I was born into the wrong family, the voice says. Maybe Arizona is a mistake. Bang. I hear his voice darkening. Bang. A sixty-four year old woman sleeps on the beach in Kuwait waiting to be embedded. Zip into the bag, my ear against the pillow, the lightening rod images. In Arizona the sun goes on and off like a giant floodlight pure elegant and symmetrical

Dear, oh Dear

It's cold outside and I'm carrying my baby under my coat, but somehow he slips out and all that's left is an empty pillowcase. Is this a dream? I ask my daughter. No Mom. This is real. So we go looking for him, calling and weeping. Maybe he's dead now, lost in the snow, just skin and bones. You mean no one's going to help us. That's that. He's gone. Snow boulders are falling from the sky. I find a pencil so we can fill out a form. And then he walks into the room, all grown up awake with the light the quiet magnificent necessity Later I'm in the dental office, upstairs from where I used to live on 7th Street, and Alex is scraping my teeth as I'm looking out the window at a magnificent gnarled tree in Tompkins Square, an aggressive vine twisting up the trunk. Yesterday, an Iraqi baby girl was found hidden beneath a metal sheet in the sweltering sun. Did you know that at Christmas time, five hundred trees were sent by airplane to U.S. soldiers? Dear, oh dear. I miss home, I mumble to Alex as he's grinding and polishing. "Well, if you ever need a place to stay, you can always put a blow up bed in my office."

FEEL YOUR MEDIA—BITCH

Entities / Players: R, S, J, N, M

Objects: 1 table, 5 chairs, 1 portable film screen, 2 paper posters, a deck mop, a laptop computer, a book of poetry, index cards, pen, large shopping bag, scissors.

Lights: come on at beginning of each episode

Media: Voice clips, Music clips.

Episode I

{a table, five chairs; R facing 45 degrees stage left (not towards spectators); S is directly facing spectators, speaks in a calm, sultry tone, nuanced and very “filmic” (close-up face gestures changing with every utterance), neck remains loose, slightly bobbling; J is sitting on the floor (in front of table) with legs outstretched, very lightly stretching}

R: You interested in mind-fucking?

S: Mhm.

R: You want to see the poets mind-fucking poets?

S: Yeah.

R: You sure you want’ em?

S: I’m sure.

R: They’re going to give you an overall physical first...alright?

S: Ok.

R: Okay?

S: Yeah, that’s fine.

R: Yeah?

S: Mhm.

R: Are you stupid?

S: Hardly.

R: You’re not?

S: No.

R: You know what you want?

S: —I know what I want.

{S continues sultry self-aware face movements (as on a flirty webcam clip)}

J: “plank tumbles”

Pshsh

N: (sitting with spectators): Confirm me, baby.

{music clip: “in the porn cinema” [1] (0.0-.30)}

{J begins doing “plank tumbles” on the ground [tumbles are a very toned down form of break dance style scissor spins], legs kicking high up then flopping hard on the floor each time; on the last flop (when music stops), J grunts:}

Uuuh

{M slowly walks in from stage left, shaking head; as M nears stage left, M pauses:}

Mm – *mm*

{M walks off, stage left}

R: You interested in Culture Marketing?

S: {in rising tone} Mmm?

R: You want to see Cultural Marketers—doing it?

S: {in rising tone} Mmm?

R: You sure you want’ em?

S: {in descending tone} Mmm

R: They’re going to give you an overall—

{M hops back onto stage}

M: —*I’ve*—got a {gestures five quotation marks with both sets of fingers (moving outwards) before saying:} ““““piece””””—right here.

N: Hey, *fuck you*, man.

R: an overall—physical—first.....alright?

S: {furrowed brow, pursed lips} Mmm?

{J begins to lightly stretch}

R: Okay?

S: {from the throat, deep} Mmm

R: Yeah?

S: {with mouth closed, intones} “I dunno”

{M takes out piece of paper, clears throat}

N: Why you clearing your throat like that?

M: Cause it’s there.

N: “Cause it’s there”

{music clip: “in the porn cinema” [2] (1.15-1.31)}

{J, with renewed resolve begins floor tumbles; after music ends, R & S speak}

R: Are you stupid?

S: {mouth closed, intoning} “nuh uh”

R: You’re not?

S: {mouth closed, in neutral tone} mm

R: You know what you want?

S: {stands up, facing forward} *Fuck yes.* I know what I want.

M {attempting to hand J the paper, to no avail}: Would you please read this for me?

J {continues tumbling}: Uh

{M keeps trying to hand J paper; J’s lands are getting harder; on the final one, J intones:}

J {with deep satisfaction}: Aaah

N: Siddown, slut.

{M sits down on the floor}

{J stands up, and ushers S to sit on R’s lap, legs straddling, facing R; J then pauses, thinks, and walks off—stage left}

N: What a joke!

{N gets up, walks toward M, and snatches the paper from M’s hand and reads from it; each time N asks R & S a question, M’s ears prick up—is about to answer it (gesturing with hand, index finger extended), but R & S break in}

N: Uh, “You interested in... “Contemporary” National-Cultural—*fluffery*?”

R & S: (in chorus mode, neutral tone, almost robotic) Mhm.

N: Uh... “You want to see the poets scrambling for seats at the table?”

R & S: Yeah.

N: “You sure you want’em?”

R & S: We’re sure.

N: “They’re going to give you an overall *physical* first...alright?”

R & S: Ok.

N: “Okay?”

R & S: Yeah, that's fine.

N: "Yeah?"

R & S: Mhm.

N: "Are you stupid?"...

{M is determined to chime in this time, but when N re-asks the question, M pauses to think about it, and so gets cut off}

N: Are you—stupid?

R & S: Hardly.

{M snaps head downward and to the right} Psh

N: You're not?

R & S: No.

{M snaps head left}

N: You know what you want?

{M loudly clears throat twice}
{lights off}

Episode 2

{all five sitting around the table; R puts a fist on the table, S puts a fist on top of R's, followed by J, N, M, so that they form a stack; R then pulls fist out of the stack and puts it on top; the rest follow in order; players keep cycling through activity; activity is set to "magic carpet ride" ([1] (.21-.59); when horns section of the music clip comes in, players freeze in stack position}

{M shakes head in rhythm to the music just played, stops after 5 seconds}

{all five throw their hands up in a surrender gesture; one at a time, each one scrambles off the stage, confused as to which wing to exit from; R & S choose right, L & N choose left, M left}

{lights off 5 seconds}

{music clip: "white lines" ("don't do it" loop remix)" [1] (1.32-1.46); during the duration of the clip (14 seconds), players to clear the area of chairs and table; players return to their previous scramble-off-the-stage places}

{five second pause}

{R & S in slow-stroll style (R with hands clasped behind back, relaxed; S

with fingers rubbing chin, pensive); they stroll (completely off) from right to left stage}

R: Ah yes...I was *there*...those were...*heady* days...

S: Hm.

{they pause, then continue strolling}

R {with index finger, gesturing}: Violent clashes...they don't make them like *that* anymore!

S {in flat tone}: They don't mak'em, no.

{J & N in shoplifter-slink style (J behind N; J looking behind shoulder, N making sure "the goods" aren't hanging out from pants) from left to right stage (completely off)}

J: Hold it—not yet.

N: It's *not* "national"—it's intra *infra*—

J: —Freeze...move!

N {fumbling, loud whisper}: (shit's—spilling out!)

{S & R in slow-stroll style (S with hands clasped behind back, relaxed, R with fingers rubbing chin, pensive) from left to right stage (completely off)}

S: But I told them—I *did* tell them, after all.

R {in flat tone}: You showed them.

S: Showed them? doogy, I *made* them!

R {in flat tone}: You...they were made—*by* you.

{N & J in shoplifter-slink style (N behind J; N looking over shoulder, J making sure "the goods" aren't hanging out from pants) from right to left stage (completely off)}

N: Kick it—kick it away!

J: I've got *half* the frickin'—Nation—up my—

N: Say you work for the city.

J: I do.

{R lifts M by the feet (from behind), and walks M on hands in wheelbarrow style from one end of the stage to the other (completely off); from right to left}

M: There's strands, you know, strands, strands, but even *strands*—

{R walks M from left to right}

M: Well, let's see...we've got Melbourne, Montevideo, Mumbai, Toronto, Tijuana, Tehran—

{R walks M from right to left, holding M's legs really high this time}

M {as they pass the middle of the stage, M—from the gut}: ((*fuck*))

{R walks M from left to right}

M: Metro—tribal—avant—trash—shoot—please {M opens mouth wide as they exit, stretches out tongue}

{lights off}

{music clip: “pink p***y trot” [1] (.10-.34)}

Episode 3

{S on knees in “patty-cake” position, hands outstretched (facing stage right); N walks in}

N: Yeah *I'll* play patty-cake with your alright.

{sound clip of “Yeah, *I'll* play patty-cake with your alright” runs 4 times (sound clip is of four different voices each saying the line)}

{when voice clip ends, J walks in; N watches other players}

J: Is this where all the squibbed—copped—*re-pimpified* film clips from the web get flashed onto a big screen—for big effect?

{R & M walk in, *in media res* conversational}

R: Fuck *I'll* be the blotter, sick a' this—gray willow in fog at dawn, grove—techie—*addiction*, shit.

{R makes a square screen with arms; M walks right behind R, so that M is hidden from the spectators by R}

M: A spectator's a spectator.

{J walks behind S and puts S into on-all-fours position, then gets on top of S like a “horsey”}

N: Rid'em?

R: That's twenty-six clips, each 2.5 minutes, four pulsers, three faders, 19 standard just-*show'em*—what you—docu—*mented*.

M: Sometimes a clip is...*way* the fuck more than a “clip.”

{J slaps S on the ass—hard}

{lights off}

{music clip: “team build” [1] (.19-.38); as music plays, two players bring in two chairs and table into position as in Episode 1}

Episode 4

{voice clip:}

“Every single minute, second, of people—around the globe—recording—distributing—their plight—for all the world—to see—to become—us—for a minute, a second, is—”

{all five players, drag in a portable projection screen and unfurl a large poster together}

Liberational Dimensions of “Theatre Artistry?”

{J, N, and M walk off}

{music clip: “team build” [2] (1.10-1.21)}

{R & S into same positions (and affect) as in Episode 1}

{voice clip:}

“Every—single—bone—broken—gash—sustained—*retained*—by—the people—is a plexiglass crack—on the snazzy eye of—the idol’s—crooked—face”

R: You interested in rotating devices?

S: Mhm.

R: You want to see gauges gauging gauges?

S: Yeah.

R: You sure you want’ em?

S: I’m sure.

R: They’re going to give you a sensation of expanding fast—at first...alright?

S: Ok.

R: Okay?

S: Yeah, that’s fine.

R: Yeah?

S: Mhm.

R: Are you naturally artistic?

S: Hardly.

R: You're not?

S: No.

R: You know what you want?

S: —I know what I want.

{lights off; screen is removed; table and chair are removed}

Episode 5

{S quickly enters, slides onto knees into “patty cake” position; R quickly follows, on knees too, arms up in surrender position; J slides in, on knees too, into arms over head arrested position; N follows—on knees—clasps hands together in solidarity hand-shake position; M follows, on knees, with both hands into Muslim death-mourning position (hands outstretched, clasped together as if offering a meal, but close to face, head bent downwards; all hold position for 21 seconds)}

{lights off, five seconds}

{lights on}

{all fall to the ground, spread eagle, 4 seconds before J says:}

J: This “all falling to the ground”— cliché—

{they hold their positions for 21 seconds}

{lights off, 5 seconds}

{lights on}

{R “wheelbarrows” S around the stage; N “wheelbarrows” J around the stage; M momentarily lifts J’s arms midway between J’s lines, and drops them back down on the last word of the line}

S: Tweet tweet, I’ll censor your hopes.

J: Tweet tweet, I’ll sense that.

S: Tweet, tweet, I’ll send you home, but destroy your home first.

J: Tweet, tweet, I’ll be there, waiting for you, on the mountain ridge.

S: Twaddle, twaddle, I’ll make the sun hotter, flood your position.

J: Twaddle, twaddle, I'll be there, still—scopin' ya.

S: Twiddle, twiddle, I will have been—*having to*—embrace you—*in*.

J: Twiddle, twiddle, I will have been—*choosing to*—eclipse you.

{lights off}

{rapid flash of light on—off}

Episode 6

{music clip: “magic carpet ride” [2] (.50-.54), as lights come on}

N: Sick of loops, man...seriously...can't do this anymore...{with arms outstretched} fuck your literary legacy!

{N looks at a spectator}

N: Why you lookin'—viewing—like that—eyes open—brain-cuffed—darting

{N semi-forced chuckles}

N: “Cause they're there”

{N jump-starts up another chuckle}

“Cause they're there”

—Tits too? Balls also?

{N with fierce face, quickly the fierce-face melts into a child-like timidity, looking downward}

{N musters controlled-rage, no longer looking at spectator}

N: *Bitch*. Watch my subtle...blinking...feel your...“media”...feel your media—

Feel—your media...or *die*—a dumb bitch-death—*bitch*

{R comes out with folded arms and just looks at N as N says and does things}

N: Because...people have “wounded you”—you going to give up on this—like that?

“gray willow in fog at dawn, grove”

—psh.

Beam of sleazy-whimsical light—such a ssssilky—{in high-pitched falsetto}
yapper!

{R goes to slap N on the face—stops just before striking / when N speaks}

N: Same—

{N speaks towards the back of the stage, as if the spectators were there}

You're *town*, you're *people*, you're frilly sunsets, you're anarchic poetries,
you're...deviated memories...

{R hurries towards N, turns N around, and raises hand threatening to strike
N}

Go ahead—strike me.

Yellow oak...in high noon sun—*alone*
{J enters}

J: For now...

{M enters}

M: For now—this *singular* {M again gestures quotation marks—10
times, until both arms are outstretched to the sides} “““““piece”””””——
presently—a broken loop...a national-cultural...strand...

{M arms snap back in}

—what do you want a whole peninsula!?

{all players in chorus (not looking at spectators)}

All poems—are clips.

All performers—are installations.

All directors—are grips.

All dieticians—are dieticians.

All writers—are—the janitorial crew after hours hootin' & hollerin' at your—

S {turns in the direction of spectators, speaks to the space behind them}:

—Do you know what you want?

{lights off; chair is brought in}

Episode 7

{R sitting in chair facing spectators clutching stomach, head down, 30 seconds}

{R stands up, exits stage right, returns with mop, begins mopping floor (with complete concentration, 30 seconds)}

{R stops to look at the mopping effort's results}

{M enters}

Hm.

{N enters}

Hm.

{S enters and collapses M's body onto the floor, M submits}

{J enters and collapses N's body onto the floor, N submits}

{S & J arm in arm stroll leisurely around the stage}

{R lays down mop and returns to chair, sits, and relaxedly places hands on thighs}

{voice clip:}

"Every single smudge, streak, sparkle of—crumpled consumption—recorded—distributed—with abandon—for all the world—to taste—to become—*stock*—for a day, a decade, is—"

J: —another stinking moral lesson? Please!

{voice clip:}

"Every single—moan—groan—growl—restrained—*self-contained*—poetic liberality—is a near-vertical granite ramp—towards the emerald spire—of the globe's—dreamed up—city"

S: Slaves to isolated passions! *Isolated*—that's the controlling concept.

(...yeah yeah they stroll off stage right)

{S tugs J towards stage right, they exit}

{lights off; chair and mop are removed}

Episode 8

{J in prologue-to-play mode (partway to the spectators, partway to some abstract space)}

J: It's a chunk a' me, you know, a chunk, you wanna take a chunk? Chunk it up against—*your* chunk? Who'd you...chunk *that* off of?

Chunk inside a chunk inside a chunk.

Chunky lovely!

Miraculous!

Fuuuucked—up! but— or and— or but, or and, or but, or and

Freedom —a *computer actor*?

{music clip: “chimps” [1] (.31-.55)}

{throughout the duration of the clip, J goes into super slow-motion “plank tumbles”}

{when music ends, J stops; R, M, N, & S rush onto the stage in random position, momentarily uncertain as to what to do; suddenly, they all begin groping themselves in auto-erotic gesture (R kicks it off), about 15-20 seconds; J studies them with concentration; they stop when J interjects (from the ground)}

J: I don't feel it.

{music clip: “chimps” [2] (1.17-1.22)}

{J stands up, and takes out a piece of paper, points index finger up in the air (somewhat wagging to the side), and silently reads; other players read their lines in a brisk newflash manner; after each player reads “this is the state of things”, they keep on saying it, but in a low hissing whispering tone until J interjects (after S reads)}

R: Honduras: elected president Zelaya awoken from his bed at gunpoint and exiled to Costa Rica by military acting on behalf of oligarchs, *this is the state of things*

M: Iran: incumbent Ahmadinejad declared winner with only two-thirds of votes counted; victory hailed as a “divine assessment”; 14 million ballots missing, *this is the state of things*

N: Uighurs in Xinjiang province, China, 1,400 quote “suspects” detained, quote “their mind is very simple. If you crack down on one, you’ll scare all of them”, *this is the state of things*

S: Over 18, 000 Palestinian homes demolished by Israel since 1967, over half of them in the last eight years, *this is the state of things*

J: White Bengal Tiger born without stripes, July 6th, 2009. Poetry? Media? Body eruption!

{J drops paper, gestures 10 quotation marks ““““““ ”””””” with both sets of fingers (moving inwards); when hands come together, J claps hands and snaps them to the sides}

J: I know what I want.

...I think...

{lights off}

Episode 9

{S on knees into “patty cake” position; R on knees, arms up in surrender position; J on knees in arms over head arrested position; N on knee clasping hands together in solidarity hand-shake position; M on knees, with both hands into Muslim death-mourning position (hands outstretched, clasped together as if offering a meal, but close to face, head bent downwards; all hold positions for 30 seconds}

{voice clip (N)} Confirm me, baby.

{body position rotations: S arms up in surrender position; R into knees in arms over head arrested position; J on knee clasping hands together in solidarity hand-shake position; N on knees, with both hands into Muslim death-mourning position (hands outstretched, clasped together as if offering a meal, but close to face, head bent downwards; M into “patty cake” position; all hold positions for 20 seconds}

{music clip “fisherman” [1] (1.56-2.31)}

{throughout the duration of music clip, J & M do “plank tumblers”; R & N spread-eagle on the ground; S trying to escape the stage, but caged in by its borders}

{music off, players freeze; lights off 3 seconds; lights back on—voice clip:}

R: Yeah?

S {calmly}: Yeah.

R: Sure?

S {calmly}: Mhm.

R {briskly}: A little bit of—a lot of—International Human Rights oversimplification?

S {calmly}: Yeah.

R {briskly}: A lot of—a little bit of—Nation-State Constitutional misalignment of lived-life purposes?

S {calmly}: Mhm.

R {briskly}: Avant Garde poets reading readings that read readings—on the dark side of the moon?

S {calmly}: Yeah.

R: You sure you want'em?

S: Hm.

R: "Hm?"

S: Maybe...maybe.

{music clip: "heater" [1] (0.0-2.22)}

{a "theatre lab" is enacted from 0.0 to 1.40; R and N (silently, "spiritedly", with hand gestures) dispute as to which direction to move towards; M and J get close to them and study them (silently) by "critically measuring" R & N's body positions with closed a closed fist (as a classical painter would with thumb); fist is moved in close and then withdrawn, after withdrawal fist snaps open)

{at 1.40 (when singer in music clip shouts "oye...") players horizontally line up on stage (backs to the spectators), and in unison sit on the floor, cross-legged (backs straight); at 2.06 (when accordion is muted and in echo) they very slowly tumble back backwards and plop back down in cross-legged position at 2.15 (when accordion comes back at full volume) till end of music}

{lights off}

Episode 10

(lights off, or dimmed)

{a laptop is placed diagonally on stage (right to left, screen not visible to spectators); players enter and lay on their bellies as they (patiently) read their text from the computer (each has their own file to click open on the desktop; verses in quotes are read in a stately manner, the remaining text in a casual way; after they read, they exit)}

S: “Gray willow in fog at dawn, grove.”

Hm. Looks like he left behind a passport or two (or three!), pic of “uncle Ho”, 1962 translation of Mayakovsky’s plays into French, a pair of thick red suspenders, an ILWU lapel pin, and unfinished poem dedicated to...Jack Collom. Awesome.

R: “Blue oak in rain at midnight, stand.”

Check *this* out. “On my way to Pottsville, PA. Gotta straighten up and fly right. Calcutta still sirens me. I’m not a Maoist anymore, but I still love her (I think). Transistors have changed *everything*.”

J: “Yellow alder in hail at sunset, row.”

‘Enable links (for this session only)’—kay. Pff...these graphics, blinking stars n’ planets n’ shit, 90’s looks like, “this is your home for...” “justice” “liberation” “progress” “you are (I am) visitor no. 123, 408. Hm.

M: “Green maple on fire at noon, forest.”

Rhino Horn Poet now has 4,801 friends; Rhino Horn Poe on-line now {M types} “are / you / there?”... “*here*” (shit!....uh...) {M types} “be / right / back”... “*what do you mean by—‘right’?*”

N: “White ash covered in soot—daylong, thicket.”

“You are being redirected”... “Hi. You are being redirected again”... “*And again.*”

“Welcome, Bienvenue, Willkommen, Bien Venidos” “Too much has already been...written...done, said, insinuated, dreamed of...projected—introjected—retrojected” “your computer is scheduled to crash in exactly 30 seconds” Pff. Fuckin’ Bourgeois...gamers. {N whisks laptop off stage}

{lights off, 5 seconds; when lights on, music clip: “controversy (by Gabriel B.)” [1] (0.0–2.05)}

{at .19 clip of “yeah *I’ll* play patty cake with you alright” begins looping (over music)—till .49; [at .56 sound clip of spinal dorsal anatomy (text is read briskly and fluidly, in a soft tone)—till just before 2.05]}

“In the dorsal column-medial lemniscus tract, a primary neuron’s axon enters the spinal cord and then enters the dorsal column. If the primary axon enters below spinal level T6, the axon travels in the fasciculus gracilis, the medial part of the column. If the axon enters above level T6, then it travels in the fasciculus cuneatus, which is lateral to the fasciculus gracilis. Either way, the primary axon ascends to the lower medulla, where it leaves its fasciculus and synapses with a secondary neuron in one of the dorsal column nuclei: either the nucleus gracilis or the nucleus cuneatus, depending on

the pathway it took. At this point, the secondary axon leaves its nucleus and passes anteriorly and medially. The collection of secondary axons that do this are known as internal arcuate fibers. The internal arcuate fibers decussate and continue ascending as the contralateral medial lemniscus. Secondary axons from the medial lemniscus finally terminate in the ventral posterolateral nucleus of the thalamus, where they synapse with tertiary neurons. From there, tertiary neurons ascend via the posterior limb of the internal capsule, and end in the primary sensory cortex.”
{lights off}

Episode II

{music clip: “maggot brain” [1] (0.0-2.30) begins before lights come on at .43 (at first high twang)}

{S is sitting on chair facing spectators slowly flipping through a book; R on floor, embracing and stroking S’s lower left leg; M sits squatting to the right of S in “bomb explosion ready posture” (knees bent, sitting on ankles (facing forward), hands clutched over ears)}

{J slowly enters at 1.04 (at second high twang) and moves behind M, and very slowly (and very kindly) unclamps M’s hands from M’s face until both hands are in a “patty cake” position; J then slowly moves to the front, thrusts two fists high overhead, lowers them, and slowly positions them in M’s open hands; M clamps J’s fists; J & M do wide circular clockwise motions (‘12’ to ‘6’ being twice as fast as ‘6’ to ‘12’)}

{at 2.30 music stops, players freeze, lights off 4 seconds, lights on—music clip: “wind it up” [1] (3.01-3.56); N (rhythmically) enters the space with a mop, begins mopping between player positions (hip emphasis on downbeats), N then (rhythmically) teases (frozen) players by putting mop close to their faces, and continues mopping; music clip: “develop opening” [1] (.50—1.20) comes in flush (with no interruption) from previous music clip}

{at .50 players move into the following positions: S plops on the floor on all fours; N (drops mop) on back legs bent; M on knees head upwards; R standing up leaning forwards (facing left); J standing, bent over mid waist, facing right}

{at 1.05 (when voice in music comes in), S ass high up; N lifts legs in high “missionary” position; M on opens mouth wide open; R pries open both nostrils with right hand (from the top); J pries left ear open (ear facing spectators)}

{at 1.20, lights off; on exit, N scoops up mop}

{voice clip (R): “you sure you want’em?” (sound clip echoes “want’em” two times)}

Episode 12

{J & N enter; J with index cards in hand, paces the stage, reads each card, slowly, carefully, reflects a bit, then tosses it to the floor [lines in quotation marks indicate one card]; N follows J picking up each card and placing them in a shopping bag}

J: “What is evidence?”

“of Generosity”

“To test ‘humans’”

{N, as an aside:} ha! As if they’re not tested enough!

“On Robert Frost’s gravestone: ‘I had a lover’s quarrel with the world’”

“Me, I could stop right here”

“with you”

“I *have*”

“That’s the problem with—‘generosity’” Hm.

“Now I’m nowhere—as somewhere”

“and the reverse of that”

“Reverse that”

“You—you do that” Psh.

N {to self}:

Some state of music, some state of body-movement, some state of political discourse, super personal shit (so-called).

{J & N walk off right; M & R enter}

{R (naturalistically) clears throat; M (concertedly) clears throat (trumping R’s throat clearing); R (naturalistically, more carefully) clears throat again; M clears loudly throat again (trumping R’s)}
(R (clearly, articulately, in a high oratorical style) reads communist manifesto (in Spanish, English, French, German, and Portuguese) as M follows R reading index cards silently (sometimes marking them with a pen stroke), and throwing them on the ground}

R: “La historia of all hitherto existing société is the history of Klassenkämpfen, homem livre e escravo, patricio e plebeu, lord and serf, mestre de corporação e oficial, in a word, opressores e oprimidos, stood frente a frente to one another, carried on an uninterrupted, now hidden, now open fight, einen Kampf that each time ended, either in der jedesmal mit einer revolutionären Umgestaltung der ganzen Gesellschaft or in the common ruin of the contending classes.

Dans les premières époques historiques, we find almost everywhere a complicated arrangement of société into various orders, une échelle graduée de conditions sociales. Na Roma antiga we find patricios, cavaleiros, plebians, slaves; en la Edad Media, Baron und Leibeigener, guild-masters, journeymen, Unterdrücker und Unterdrückte, in almost all of these classes, again, gradações especiais.

La moderna sociedad burguesa that has sprouted from the ruins of société féodale has not done away with les antagonismes de classes. It has but established new classes, new conditions of Unterdrückung, nuevas modalidades in place of alten gesetzt.”

{On R’s second paragraph, J enters, watches R (arms akimbo); at “Na Roma”, J motions N in the wings (with index finger) to approach; N approaches with shopping bag (filled with index cards); J motions to N to hand over the bag; N hands over the bag; on “nuevas modalidades” J dumps the bag over R’s head; R slow-mo’s “alten gesetzt,” everyone then freezes (4 seconds); all players run off stage as fast as they can; lights flicker on and off for 7 seconds (ending with lights on)}:

{5 seconds; J comes out}

J: Seriously, how long can they *tool* the people with...uh {music clip (low volume): “fisherman” [2] (0.0-.46)}

{R slowly comes out with shopping bag over head, when at center stage:}

R: Plank Tumbles?

J: Oh yeah

R: Yeah?

J: Mhm...

oooof uuuuuh haaaaah

Oh baby...

{8 seconds after “Oh baby”, R starts walking towards spectators; J stops R, turns R towards right stage, then J gives R a slight pat on the butt to send R off; J walks off left}

{lights off}

{remainder of music clip}

Episode 13

{S in the wings puts several layers of clothes on}

{M enters with mop; M stands facing audience, blank-faced; M holds mop upright on floor (mop head up)}

{J enters; carefully circles the mop, inspects it, touches its “locks”}

J {to mop}: Are you a model?

M {without looking at J, stiff as British beekeeper palace guard}: Feel your media bitch.

J: huh?

M: Feel your—

{J interjects bodily by slapping M}

{M tucks in mop like a rifle (military march style), about faces, and marches off (stage left)}

J {makes a circle with both hands touching}: “what about me?”

J {expands the size of the circle by three sizes, keeps arms up, then jerks head down to the right}: *ism*

J {jerks head directly facing the spectators}: bitches

{music clip “pink p***y trot” [1] (.54-1.17); clip lasts 22 seconds}

{J walks off stage right}

{clip is stopped at 5 seconds}

J {unseen by spectators, very loud}: What’s this *walking off* shit, anyways?

{clip is starts up, stops at 10 seconds}

J {loudly}: What the fuck to you mean “concertedly?” “concertedly”

{clips starts up, stops at 15 seconds}

J {loudly}: “Stiff as a British beekeeper palace guard?”

{clips starts up, stops at 20 seconds}

J {loudly}: “re-infuse?”

—you gotta be—you crack my—

“re- infuse?” “the politic?”

{remaining 2 second of clip plays}

{R & N enter carrying large paper poster toward center of stage; J watches on}

Theatrical Dimensions of “Liberational Artistry?”

{S (with several layers of clothes) enters and stands behind poster}

{music clip: “tekno s**t” [1] (.49-1.32)}

{S begins taking off clothes, throwing them to the sides; when voice in music clip says “Tekno slut...”, S should be ready to throw out last piece of clothing; music clip ends}

{S runs through poster paper wearing only underwear; when S stops (at the very front of stage), S’s hands (with fingers outstretched) fling to the sides}

S: Question marks!

...about 25 of them...

insides parentheses...inside brackets...inside curly braces...

{Music clip: “tekno s**t” [2] (1.32-2.01)}

{M (with scissors in pocket) comes out with mop and places it upright on floor (mop head up); S, N, R, J form a ring around the mop (each player has both hands on the back of another); they (rhythmically) trot around the mop in a tight circle); music ends; players spread out some so as to be visible to spectators; M takes out scissors; players all (slowly) cut locks of mop to each of their phrases or clauses; each player hands over scissors to the next one}

M: King of pop’s doc—

Homicidalist? Loyal aide de camp? Entourage outsider?

R: O-Man’s Health Plan—

Water-sliding into vat...of...hydrofluoric acid.

J: Eclipse...eclipses...previous eclipse.

S: Mullah Nullafies...uber-schween's...VP pick.

N: Manatee fails...marine park entrance exam...again?

{lights off; mop and paper scraps are whisked away; R,J, S, N exit stage left; M exits right}

Episode 14

{Music clip: "exit music (for a film)" [1] (0.0-4.24)}

{R enters, stops at center-right stage, makes a square screen with arms; S enters, stops at center stage, makes a square screen with arms; N enters, stops at left-center stage, makes a square screen with arms (R, S, N should be in a straight line)}

{at .26 "...from your sleep...", J enters, stands behind R, makes screen with arms; M follows right after, stands behind N, also makes screen with arms}

{at .39 "...today...", J moves behind S, again makes screen with arms; M follows, stands behind J, makes screen with arms}

{at 1.07 "...hears us...", R stands in front of S, makes screen with arms; N follows, stands in front of R}

{at 1.18 "...breaks loose...", N tumbles softly onto ground (rightward), R crouches and puts palm on N's solar plexus to check breathing; S stumbles softly onto ground (leftward), J crouches and lowers ear to J's nose, checking breathing; M begins slow wander, looking at R&N and J&S (neither pairs take notice M's concerned looking on)}

{at 2.17 "...save us...", M walks off stage (left); R and J stop checking breathing signs from N and S, they both sit up on knees, hands on knees, calm, just looking at N and J}

{at 2.48 (heavy drum strokes), S walks off right, N left; R and J keep looking at space where N & S were}

{at 3.21 (highest voice pitch), R & J begin doing plank tumbles; tumbles get successively slower with every "watch you choke" refrain of music tumble; R & J stop tumbling (gently land, and stay still, flat on ground) at fourth "watch you choke" (4.02)}

{music clip plays till 4.24}

{lights off}

Episode 15

{music clip: “ready guitar” [1] (0.0-8.36)}

{weeks before the performance (during their own poetics theater lab study time) each player has pre-prepared a series of Body Movement Parameters (BMP’s), a series of inter-locking dynamic body stances that express their overall experience in working on “Feel Your Media—*Bitch*”, especially as to where (in their body) & how (in their mind) it intersects their current social-psychic space. BMP’s can be a mixture of the following genres: CPT-style BMP’s (<http://blip.tv/file/1240956/>), Crip Stacking (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vK-ZKYAMNWQ&feature=related>), and Voguing (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=I2xpTCb9f7M&feature=related>)}

{at .17, one player at a time comes out (each for at least 30-50 seconds), after player exits, next player follows}

{15 seconds after last player does BMP’s, the music clip is faded to no sound}

{lights off}

TYCHO POEMS

(Poem 1)

A white dwarf bursts over Herrevad in 1572, an old star, collapsing to a sphere the size of the earth. In binary systems the denser dwarf cannibalizes its brother, adding to its own mass. It exceeds its limits. The star rips apart: Nova, Tycho called it, though modern astronomy reserves the term for less violent explosions. They are rare in one galaxy. There was one in 1054, Tycho's nova was the next, then Kepler's in 1604. There have been none since. There is no example in the star heralding Christ's birth, Tycho ruled it had to be much nearer earth to lead anyone anywhere. Distance is important. Measurement. 1572's moved in no relation to other stars. Radio astronomers agree; they place it far beyond the simple orbit of the moon.

—Walter Baade, Lecture at Stanford, 1945

(Poem 2)

The story of Tycho's inspiration reads like a Christmas pageant. He's stumbling home from a party hating his law degree when a piñata of light breaks open across the night, immeasurable. More than just a blip on the zodiac. *Nova*, he called it. After that the cosmos was too perfect for us not to be at the center—the world a ballerina pirouetting and him the finger on her head; everything slide-ruled, longitude, latitude giving everything an x-marks-the-spot. But so much of life is impossible, and like the poem says, the star is a cow's eye and the sky a palace in ruins spackled in its own Nova—new, from the Latin —then shuttering immeasurably away.

(Poem 3)

The brain resists complete combustion but the body sparkles, the orbit of fizz up a soda straw. Then skin and hair at once scorch, char and burn. There is a popular idea early in the cremation process heat flexes the trunk so the body “sits up,” bursting the lid of the coffin. This has not been observed personally. There is no data to scatter plot. There is destruction of the soft tissue. The skull is soon devoid of covering; then the bones of the limbs appear. The abdomen contents burn slowly and the lungs more slowly still. When the vault of the skull has broken and fallen away the brain is a dark, fused mass. The spine becomes visible. Viscera disappears. In the flames bones white.

—*Principles and Practices of Embalming*. 3rd edition, 1963.

VANISHING TWIN

(Poem I)

Distinct from polar or mirror twins, researchers suspect 1 in 8 pregnancies start as multiples, the extra fetus failing to develop. This may cause congenital abnormalities incompatible with life. Preliminary ultrasounds reveal two gestational sacs in tangle or sometimes circle. Later scans reveal a single system. The second fetus remains lost.

In some cases the vanished twin parasites the surviving, one fetus undergoing mechanical compression and wrapping its wombsite like parchment. Results may be fatal for both systems. Empirical evidence may be cannibalized. Survivor evidence includes mnemonic or cryptomnesiac episodes, unexplained feelings of loss. Feelings of loss unexplainable, constriction of the diaphragm arresting the breath, unexplained guilt. Causes may not be clear into adulthood.

—Matthew Noble, *Vanishing Twin Syndrome*. 1989.

(Poem 2)

Wolf down the switchblades lift and open, on the gleamknife you twinned
and unrelated. Skin shivers outside the skin. Twin asks me to dislocate
his jaw, his soft mouth unworking over my thumb. Mouth trying to close.
Squeeze the stomach and under the legs. Teeth work. Push the head to
the space above the heart his knifestink under the door his knifestink the
switchbutton snap and release. His eyes kittenblind and I lick clean. His
eyes close and his doesn't mean it. His pushspine into my belly and his
clench on my bottom lip. Pins me closer. Deserves.

—Matthew Noble, *Vanishing Twin Syndrome*. 1989.

(Poem 3)

the wombmate the skimmed clinging like parchment to parchment the
tight of the neck the pull of the hand on the other hand to fails develop the
fist nails like glass broken and fisting around your each finger gouging your
chinning careful you are careful not to bite the tongue careful those fingers
unclose the eyes a kitten licked by its mother clean your mother sliding
a stop clock underneath your pillow for heartnoise your nose pressed
the skin under your nose pressed and your hands crossed to not your
fault your hand across your hands and snow shakes your hands across
your hands and powerlines split themselves with electricity the way the
belly's kicked my belly fill the shape us and paper wraps the walls paper
with sound and you listen through skin unwrapped I listen through your
skin your belly pulling out like a telescope your foot clubbed in sock and
the fracture bones and splits clean in two parts bones pinched together
sinched and unsinched.

Jules Boykoff

OVERDETERMINATION MEETS POLYSEMY
IN A TWO-FALL-TEN-MINUTE-TIME-LIMIT,
PAY-PER-VIEW CAGE MATCH AT THE
CONVENTION CENTER IN PORTLAND,
OREGON

OR,
SHEEP: A LOVE STORY



This poem is about the long-gone age of poetry on the page.

This poem is about a convoy of black limousines.

This poem is about a younger brother you love too much.

This poem is about all the people in my life.

This poem's about the atomic individual.

This poem is about how Rush Limbaugh can't keep his mind off my body.



This poem is about blood quantum.

This one's about recollection.

This poem is about my reverence penchant.

This poem is about charlatans on tightropes.

This poem is about fighting capitalism one bumper sticker at a time.

This poem's about foreclosure.

This one's about vampires.

This poem is about poetic propaganda.

This one's about propagandistic poetry.

This poem is about Ricky-Bobby's last stand.



This poem is about *the oceanic rumble of the ordinary*.

This one's about God as El Panopticon Grande.

This poem is about tracking the intractable.

This poem is about "the lock-box of class."

This one's about the politics of the Jumbotron.

This poem is about Quakerlicious diction.

This poem is about felonious spunk.

This one's about Britain, poor Britain.

This poem is about migration.

This poem is about volunteerism, physics, sunflowers.



This poem is about a pocket of misconception in a DC tuxedo.

This poem is about a new way to count sheep.

This poem is about identity theft & sheep.

This one's about sheep at the edge of a cliff in Cardiff.

This poem is about sheep, glorious sheep!

This poem is about being “raised in a cultivated atmosphere.”

This one’s about “that Muse thing.”

This poem is about words concealing more than revealing.

This poem is about “the machine of Victorian capitalism.”

This one’s about capitalizing Capitalism.

This poem is about steep, unfenced rockfaces & deep water.



This poem is about cultural mixity.

This poem is about birds with beaks thick as brazil nuts.

This one’s about having multiple words for bear.

This poem is about “Wildlife Enhancement Areas.”

This poem is about the artist formerly known as Prince.

This one’s about the contractor formerly known as Blackwater.

This poem is about “Yes sir, yes sir, that’s what I said.”



This poem is about placing one foot on the ground—then another.

This poem is about defending my honor when I’m not sure why.

This poem is about *localisme sans frontières*.

This one’s about a minute speck—a shadow.

This poem is about alienation as another inside joke.

This poem is about the production of leisure machines.

This poem is about a climatologist in his SUV.

This one's about the rise & fall of Circuit City.

This poem is about people who pick flowers & press their wet fists into the soil.

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Susan Maxwell

OBEDIENCE AND LONG LEGS

The dancing body is never someone. —Alain Badiou

scroll, meadow heavy
with elk, thousand states en plein air in toothless
rock, divvied mica, a wandering mineral

to blast with light, the animal darkweighed
down like a fever, vanishing
into the personal like birch furl's

punching off the trunk, a land
full of bribes. the fingers will move
automatically as if the memory were mine,

what the new england cornflower one morning is using into its dawn,
and mine, going on, everything ordered
to apprehend, clapboard. how the youngest grow into their odds

and the glacier, coldpacked around the purr,
lifts the feeling of water up from water, a fifth
missing edge where the sea

hunts the pearly open appetite
out there, sing-sing to a bus
outside beijing, pommes des grenades,

as the orator aims for the apple

inside sleep, avenues cored toward the penny
lake where the grief-given dive. i knew then what you meant,

it was coin operated, fire seen through
celadon like the tablet crying to be broken back into flocks,
the lake alive in the elk and what carried

the words cause a hiss in the hearing, linen worn working the fields.

everything ordered to apprehend and at the edge of the arena a bird abandons silence.
where the bribe went a blue hour on an avenue left open for the uprising,

jugglers wrested from their shade, to cross the apple out and target your family one day.
as if the memory were mine, a marienbad to stroll and the cost

of writing wit down: a fountain where the given goes to hide

inside the upset of spray, to stay we stare
into the water climbing a clear vine until the mind is a mimic,
clay floors and air, our stay here drifting toward

the door, fever cavity, millennial, the pace of labor
at the mill. the artist wrote a frenetic list of things that looked
just like the world. dionysus

promises sex with the mortal if he will show him
the path to the lake. leaving labor in a copy, fish swimming through the flat
bull's eye, parings breeze by, can you single out the atmosphere

that saved. water was a brood blown back and if he happened
on meaning, mercy in the vine. burlap pulled
through the throat, the ghost's dressing gown and hades

an unrent possibilities. i would open my eyes deep
into the gorge. circles lip up from a stone in the center, fist

in the brain. sweetheart. after the crossing a shout into the brink that glows
in the damning and the sickening stench and one hundred times.
to face sleep, the god refuses sleep - records the patience and wrack of it, isolate wave.
bear you down, the sacs of lightning and the boredom,
the maple sheaving and after the first panic,
the mind maps it back. she has placed the looking inside the pulp;
he has placed the entrance to the underworld beyond the heavy luggage
shifting as he sits close to the road to draw
the dust to him before closing it down, loosening each in the opening
born utterly ajar thus far. surely this sleep
is the sleep of thieves.

Kevin Colpean

6-6-2__

When I decide not to see people it happens alot. That's one word—alot.

Don't let me tell you any thing.

Nothing-happens meets me in the apartment.

I like to see what happens from there.

Something goes on in that living room and I don't-know-what.

Even if I do get up and make an avocado sandwich I wouldn't eat it. Too stringy. Goddam neighbors always voting for the people I don't want them to.

I don't vote.

Not every ballot slot is as narrow as disinterest.

I'm telling you, Mrs. Goldman, call back your minions. Let's wait and see if people figure out that any pair of cheap sunglasses is a good deal.

The dog upstairs named Lucifer refuses to eat my newspaper.

Why can't I get a normal neighbor like I see on the t.v. between commercials?

Let's see if burgundy ever becomes popular again.

Only then could I wear that brown hat I won at the flea market between hot dog and Rollo's.

And my body is too big for a child's size medium.

The magazine makes them seem giant. Or maybe, my head through the arm hole.

No, my shirts are faded from intense radiation.

Something related to microwaves, I think.

"Disco sucks" says the asshole teenager who was born in the mid-90s.

Listens to Pop Punk, saying it's the wave of the future. My advice to him—avoid paraphrasing others' generations.

D-Day was today sixty five years back. If you do your time you can visit me in math.

i have no space.

We'll have fun killing the line of ants in my bathroom,

Eating my goddam toothbrush. I only floss, anyways.

If you think this is arbitrary you should see my other poem.

It hasn't even got a proper name.

I let it mind its own business. Travels back and forth from lung transplant to latent showmanship.

My dad is a cop and my mom's a priest, which means I have an excuse in both lives now. "I'm sorry, officer, but my dad is a police, man." "Give me a stick of your gum, God, my mother baptized me before I could drown myself."

And anyway, the water at Rosarita Park doesn't smell like bleach.

pP.

Alejandro Miguel Justino Crawford

*...or rather when I translate him,
I strive to preserve the sovereign signifierness of the speech
he proffers.*

—Jacques Lacan

S

ummer soft and sun: and woolen, worn as better blends
is bah and common bleets the eremite is threadborn,
cloaked, went wide and William, world and wanders here
of ears, of eyes of May and morning:

[Malvern Hills, on Malvern Hills it all
began strange, as weird is weary William
went wanting, rested water trickled,
foreign fingers, pixiedusted feather skin
and goosepimples, then calm;

then calm
as bright is water cooling trickled and the
bank is sleeping, brooding swaying merry,
shudders—

Then began William, meterstuck to measure: visionkicked something awful)
to size people up. Unwildered for the first time in his life he bent about, falconstooped and
into day; and high, to the sun a tower toft, a crofted fit is sewn rather, power
fieldful fair A .beneath dale the in farmers with suited
of folkfond were there, locked in fee; betweenof: all
manner of men the mean the rich the mediocre, the humble, all
working, wandering as the world ask. See, some
shoveled shit, put plow, overworked but in setting, sweating, in
sowing, swinking swinkful, hard and won that which wasters by gluttony
destroy. Others, pauperprincied, pranced, praying and playing as a child might king of the
mountain, put to pride, *youwarwhatchoowear*. And spent, the Common, their commonality,
was visibly disguised, threadborn. Living prayers and penance put many in loving, Lord
in bowing arrowshot, fulstraight in hope and heavenbound in bliss—

Such that anchors and quarters
the hermit's Spartan shell, the
lack of care of luxury, the lack of
to-be-seen as threadborn. A
chaffer, achiever, a change of
hands, the better being our sight
saying know: deceitful men thrive,
yum the agar-agar fuzzy clumps
and flower, mirthing tambors
molding; the hand is a minstrel's
con and can and get, gold
vital,
glee—

guiltless song. But japers and janglers, jesters, palmscooped
jacks of the spermsack of Judas, fawning and feigning and fantasy
makes fools, could work if they wanted, illplaced
wit obviously.

In sooth Saint Paul
said all of this, obviously;

a preach is no need's proving. Obviously:

*Qui loquitur turpiloquium,
Satan's jackass, beast of burden,
Santa's imp. Bidders and fast
about beggars proceed! Till belly
till bag, till brimful and breadful
crumbed and crammed, liar-liar
firepants, grunts, a swig a swing
at the alehouse; firewatered
ruffians (pillowheaded gluttony rises
morninglicked with ribaldry), pieces
of shitsmears, mires, drools and drolling
dingleberry stuck, down in sleep, in sorry
sloth are ever after fallowed.*

Pilgrims: palmer's pledge together, gathered, sought Saint James sought saints, roamed, went forth they went forth in their way with many wise tales, lie in leave's license they lay, and all their life after belied, believed.

Some said saw, sought was sleepy truth is tempered horizontal, slick is steel: liar-liar forge and fire; hermit's look, heap of hermits crowd and clod, a cloud of crooked staffs, hooked staves, hermit's heap and thumping claimstruck, ewe-killer if they didn't just bring their women along so they did, they did and went to Walsingham, England's Nazareth. These were lubbers inopposition to, lanky, lazy, swinkless; these were threadborn vile and cloaked, coped, virile and costumed, comfortable.

Found there friars, *hup, two, three four* orders, preached nine-to-five, to eat, gullet's purse and profit: gospel glossed *ad libitum*, sociopathic, anything for a shiny new robe, golden tassel good news, money sole and instep is merchandise, *hup, two, three four*, charity: now selling indulgences, chief to lords, shrive and shrivels heart.

It's getting weird.
is falling.

Strange

Strange in place of rain crackles,
gluten going, less than mud severs
ties, radio frequencies high and low,
heaven and earth; mischief mounts

and quickening drought.

There preached a pardoner, goose-cackle, priest-fashion brought papal bulls said he'd absolve them all of falsehood of fasting of. Broken vows they loved him, for it believed him, liked his words, desiccant phrasing, more friend to the waxing proletariat than poverty they came kneeling, slobbering, licked and kissed his bulls, saliva to satchmo.

He took their rings; he took their brooches, blurred eyes and bonked! These are bishop's blessings, roarings, bullkiller both ears; crowd's call: prize of the circling matador, certified,

Can't blame the bishop though—

bullrung brooched.

Glean before reaps a general take, a generous helping, alms and heirlooms, fifty-fifty parish priest and pardoner, sackfulsplit of taxes gleaming devolution, troglodytes: the parish poor are spoonless, hulled, holed, hovelled. Posy pockets make poorer still and empty; parish priest & co. complained, said *Bishop we've got a fiscal plan, said we believe, a' requiem we shall go, London calling, song*

kind of a bake sale; Mother may I?

Tonsurefaced smartypants; all signs point

to ^{dr.}godkiss, **RxINRI**, oligarch. Elite theory

means protect and serve, feed them

^{dr.}godkiss,

kind of a soup kitchen—

*of simony,
silvery
sweet,*

Spoonless parish; ladle London. **Rats!**

Some serve king and coffer's keep, keep tabs, checkbook charge, internal revenue service,

(knock-knock), (ding-dong)
(ring-ring), dialup, 56KDSL, wireless waifs and strays, no shadows, longest arm, eagle's eye.

Some just serve, yes sir, no ma'am. Most just fuck around really, judgmental pricks, synaptic anathema, servant's

nerve; mainline ^{dr.}godkiss,

kevorkiate!

Peter's heavy shoulder upon: look,

petrogenesis, hammer clink and

quarry; the reddest creaking gate, compass rose,
high as nimbus

beckons up, shuts behind good and

presto,

passerine,

open house,

pleasaunte to prynces paye.

And below they are red, elect, enough.

* * *

Then before William came the order of things; nature's parading now.

A king and corps is brain and body kindof. The fields know the mountain, know the sunshade, know the windbreaks, bows to the rock is a flocktender. The fields knowing all of this and a system is cranking, cogging, light from kind wires, bulb wires and man made this light but not flowers. And man made the mountain is a system, pocketed, cragged, controlling. A king is still ten fingers; the clerk is a splay and partitioning of; the clerk is a product of the hammer; and the clergy. The word here is chisel. The king knows the clerk is more counting; the mountain is more, a giant drawer, a machine by any standard. And a system humming; grinding gears is the bleating and reaping of the fields below.

And the fields are food and nothing is free not sunshade not windbreak; the fields are not free; the mountain is hungry is owed the bulb is birth, leaderlight, northstar stations and sorting, specialization.

Enter the humbletilling ploughman

travails as true is life; trio mountain field and flicker, light makes three,

makes justice trio makes justice and law, triumvirate stations,

separations, class: each life to know his own and the humbletilling

ploughman is no mountain climber, knows; he's no mountain climber.

Then a piping crazy! Tallandthinair
whackjob rang, out looking up, leaning
in he knelt down squawking highest
register, trembling said, *Mr. Crown! May that good
shepherd smile upon your very neck Mr. Crown and stuff two eyeholes firmly wedged into your occipital lobe Mr. Crown;
your turrets, sunshine upon your turrets Mr. Crown and truth and smiling justice, a mouth to say welcome Mr. Crown,
welcome to the everlasting kingdom of heaven!*

At this the clouds broke, parted,
seraphim sky, a voice for the
uncommon ear, rabbleblocked tongue
so they couldn't just listen in;
a common life says serve and suffer,
no mention of the Francophonie,

like this:

*Vous dites « Je suis roi, je suis prince. »
Mais il est possible que le Lendemain l'éloigne, tout cela.
Vous qui administrez les lois merveilleuses de Christ le roi,
Afin que vous vous amélioriez, et même que vous êtes toujours juste, soyez pieu !
Vétissez des lois nues à l'amour.
Semez le grain tel que vous récolteriez.
Si par vous les lois sont mises en terre aride,
Que vous soyez jugé stérile !
Mais si le bien est semé, que vous récoltiez du bien.*

Too much for one hotfaced little
disagreeer, sapskull redsaid;
(scurrilously)

*Etymologiquement, si vous souhaitez,
Le mot « roi » vient
D'un verbe qui veut dire « régner. »

Un roi c'est un roi, sans se soucier
De tout maîtriser!*

And coughed, a chorus of the rasp:
cheering masses, fieldsong unfreedom,
patriotic, take it as you
will:

*La volonté d'un roi,
c'est l'engagement juridique !*

With that ran ther a route of ratons at once
and small mice with them: more than athousand came
council, common profit said pussycat play said, the proverbial

mousepounce anda pallet milkclean, whitewashed the bonegrit
the esophagus, her squeezed muscle's cats behest; the
analogy, her culminating colon, shitless, is yarnballs and
genuine fear pricked guinuine fright (*the earliest mammals feared the dinosaurs
and spent most of their lifetime hidden away*, whispered Billy to his pet finch ana fingertap rattles,
rolls, the pedant and the wickerwoven cage...)

*Twenty-second catch is grudging s grieving: only heightens displeasure, intensity's
glowing knobcrank, claws and cratches, clutches to the brink is the breakpoint, brain—
switch, says death is misery's better end.*

Enter A RATON OF RENOUN
(able mute is able tongue)
IS ELOQUENT

*...and I have seen these people in the City of London wearing necklaces; I have seen them wearing well, collars uncoupled, unclipped
and driven over warren and waste, over whenever, coontrapaluminum, zombiesparkle, threadborn shimmers; an eye said,*

BLING BELL, BY JOVE!

*the better to hear them with,
(the pedant and the wicker-
woven cage);*

for

I

*forsee a time when one day, bells be jinglejanglin'; den, we be runnin' rat from dat cat,
duck out, get ghost and live,
thrive:*

a) i__

b) h__

c) g__

*and so I got to thinking it makes perfect sense the wiretapping,
bellcollar, buybellbug, brazen or bright silver sowing it right onto one of those fancyshmansy collars and
a'coontrap jinglejang: a'rintintwostep, tip toes—*

EXT. A BROODING BANK - DAY

swaying merry, snoring putters,

**WILLIE VAN WINKLE
(visionkicked agony)**

No!

CUT TO:

INT. RABBLE OF RATS

**Installed on the upper floor of a respectable looking tavern,
woodframe window, stuccobrick swash, planechopped hickory
reinforced. ceiling bare floor. standing no seeds. 'tust a**

pitta'vermoncloud, their fuzz faces; one tall table;
 greenskin cover, set with drinking: speaker's cup and a blind
 glass with nothing else. A podium on the wall a voting
 board:

| | | | |
|-----------|-----------|------------|------------|
| ADAMS | FORD | LONG | ROBINSON |
| ALEXANDER | FRANKLIN | LOPEZ | RODRIGUEZ |
| ALLEN | FOSTER | MARTIN | ROGERS |
| ANDERSON | FREEMAN | MARTINEZ | ROSS |
| BAILEY | GARCIA | MASON | RUSSELL |
| BAKER | GOMEZ | MCDONALD | SANCHEZ |
| BARNES | GONZALEZ | MILLER | SANDERS |
| BELL | GRAHAM | MITCHELL | SCOTT |
| BENNETT | GRAY | MOORE | SIMMONS |
| BROOKS | GREEN | MORGAN | SMITH |
| BROWN | GRIFFIN | MORRIS | STEWART |
| BRYANT | HALL | MURPHY | SULLIVAN |
| BUTLER | HAMILTON | MYERS | TAYLOR |
| CAMPBELL | HARRIS | NELSON | THOMAS |
| CARTER | HAYES | OWENS | THOMPSON |
| CLARK | HERNANDEZ | PARKER | TORRES |
| COLE | HICKS | PATTERSON | TURNER |
| COLEMAN | HILL | PEREZ | WALKER |
| COLLINS | HOWARD | PERRY | WALLACE |
| COOK | HUGHES | PERTERSON | WARD |
| COOPER | JACKSON | PHILLIPS | WASHINGTON |
| COX | JAMES | PORTER | WATSON |
| CRAWFORD | JENKINS | POWELL | WEST |
| DAVIS | JOHNSON | PRICE | WHITE |
| DIAZ | JONES | RAMIREZ | WILLIAMS |
| EDWARDS | JORDAN | REED | WILSON |
| ELLIS | KELLY | REYNOLDS | WOOD |
| EVANS | KING | RICHARDSON | WOODS |
| FISHER | LEE | RIVERA | WRIGHT |
| FLORES | LEWIS | ROBERTS | YOUNG |

*...and it was thought a very good idea; every rat agreed,
 nodded,*

RATS IN UNISON

This, is a very good idea indeed.

*...and they bought,
 they brought a bell, well fastened
 it to a collar how it*

moved, it jingled,

BELL

**Any volunteers, clandestine activity,
 covert operation?**

RATS IN UNISON (chorus)

Not for all the cheese in France; not for

all of England!

*...more chicken than rats the bell hanger and
so, in sondry sulked, they agreed, nodded,*

RATS IN UNISON (CONT'D)

This, is a very bad plan.

Then a wee mouse walks out of the pit and up to the
greencloth tall table, wiselooking prepared with gentle jug
he pours a whistlewet, clears his throat says,

WEE MOUSE

So we kill this cat? Then what? Another
one? Another scratcher come again to
scurry town? Bench's belly home?
Tsssh. A word, a leave it be no bold
no bell. If he's happy catching rabbits he
won't want us anyway, will he? Just,
let's not do anything that might you
know, offend him or his dignity. I mean,
a little loss beats longterm sorrow; and
a little loss is natural, right? You
kill one enemy, fine: soon come the
jitters of not knowing where the next
one's at. William said I said father
said once, something about a miserable
court, somethin'bout a kittencat, kitten
you know? Bells?

(Eccl 10:16)

Nobody'd get a wink of
sleep why, with all
you freely rats, flowerpickled
berry budding,
nimble nightly, knicker'd:
and we'd be the
hiccup
the Mice of Merlot.

And you
the chew,
the tearing
all the clothes up tattered,
revelling

(caesura)

It's fear that keeps the lot of us in
line, engine's governor, cat of our court
for, if you rats really had your will,
and be honest, you really couldn't govern
yourselves, could you? Speed and
destruction; and destruction! And as
fars I'm concerned, concerned I'm never
gonna make any move too disrespect, the
cat or kitten, whatever: and let me tell
you something! This whole bell thing's a
stupid, stupid idea and I want no part in
it, I'd rather just put up, put up with

the cat, and y'all cat should too, and
mind your own goddamned business; there,
I said it.

And with that he stepped quietly down from the podium.

[*what it all means?*
what it all means?]

It means the market hovered hundreds,
silksuited, powersuited, pinstriped and
pleated, pressed, cleancut lawyers take your
pick and pleaded cases to buy better: suits: a suit for a suit
for a suit, and not for justice wears rags and so did that great shepherd;
downpayments to make him your Cyrano, your lips

and saw top to bottom, baron to serf, the
field unfolding bakers, brewers butchers,
the market many; wool-weavers, linen-crafters,
tailors, tinkers and tollers, masons and miners,
everywhere the neon sparkled,
every sign the neon hummed:

hot pies, hot!
Get your goose!
ALL YOU CAN EAT BEST BBQ!
Till Midnight
FINE WINE,
DEPOT:
DRIVE-THRU,
LIQUIDATION
match any price, MAX, MART,
super savings,
get it now,
-Al this I seigh slepyng, and sevene sythes more.

Pierre Albert-Jourdan
translated by John Taylor

FROM THE ENTRYWAY INTO THE GARDEN

Everything you see, everything you touch, is merely the skin, hide, bark, that is the ultimate surface of another kind of matter that is impalpable, invisible, inner. —Joseph Joubert

The passing of hours becomes a painter's palette. Do hours form a finely shaded color chart of space? What looms in front of me? Is it really possible, without drawing on the lightheartedness that I possess, to give it a name? The part allotted to me is but a naked breath on my face. Submerged by a wave of tenderness, I watch the first lights of the village tremble. Disarmed, we wander at the edge of the world. We thought it well to call "world" what appeared in front of us, without understanding that it was only a trap, and while sinking deeper into this trap amid all the laughs and outcries.

I can't figure out where I am. I can't even hug the docility of shadows.

The bees get busy. They make the rosemary bush come alive.

The meaning of all these blue flowers—their blossoming out—lies in a sort of squandering, be it studious. The soft buzzing makes all space quiver: you walk a little further, you sense this, but is it really so? As you stand there, aren't you overwhelmed, reduced to nothing, jubilant?

Seasons of the soul.

Blake's "Wild Thyme"— of what deep-rooted faith, of what riches, trampled on yet triumphant, is this plant the messenger?

What is this calm? It is not calm, but rather mental exhaustion. When the windstorm blew through here, it sprinkled the mountain with snow. Oh, how suddenly everything seems so heavy! How old you are getting!

The entryway into the garden. The distance is so short that it is impossible to take the first step. This is where I am—gloomy, worrisome, unstable. I am not making the distance seem longer, as one might imagine, but rather considerably muddling the issue. A bee- and flower-filled sunlight shines softly in this in-between space. But what has been gained is that we do not observe each other. We stand side by side like two foreigners not speaking the same language yet feeling a deep sympathy for each another.

I could live like this, with the ashes of the other sun in my eyes. Little by little I would prune myself back, my gestures thereby losing all their threats. Like a wooden Buddha brooding over a smoldering fire.

Those trees in the distance which, little by little, take on colors; they form the entrance to a realm of supernatural cunning. How could we get through this passageway without stumbling? Yet it must be added that it is only here that this game is worth playing.

Will we have the time to *renew our relationship*? To wait patiently and as close as possible to this overburdened earth that still provides, for its insane inhabitants, admirable moments of eternity.

You pray for an appearance. The appearance of life. You would like to shake up all this death inside your body, all this gravel on the deserted walkways.

In the hills, the chatting has faded. Mute goes back home.

Everything is out in the open. The saintliness of the place is such that you alone could sully it.

The torsions of the invisible.

It is like a greeting. Bow down. Bow down because you are back upright.

A frugal wisdom, still legible here, still inspiring.

A weary mind. Ah, to be able to let it rest, steep in this fragrant grass, be impregnated with this lack of constraint, with this docility whose energy, at least for some people, is immeasurable.

You also have to lift your eyelids because they are heavy, so heavy, from an unfinished journey.

I will always be here at the edge of the path. I will perhaps be a part of its shadow, toward evening, when grass becomes sacred.

The closer grass is, the broader the benediction.

The scent of wild mint as a stimulant.

Of those solitary trees that stand in the middle of a field and bring our pains to a standstill.

The motionless dance of buds. The force of motionlessness, of impassive force.

Near plants and their abundance, perhaps there is, besides the indefinable peace that you sense (a peace retaining its mystery, sinking into its own particular mystery, revealing my inability to gain access to things), something akin to deliriousness (joy, exuberance, a quiet force. . .), a sort of fervor that plants put into existing, into assuming their place on the earth, their elected spot from the very moment of germination. All this implying that we cannot join in, only at most—and as always—uproot, create havoc. We who become delirious only about sham.

Approaching a flower is never a useless act; or, if you prefer, is the supreme uselessness that is the quintessence of usefulness.

What is a lack of appetite? It is, for example, not knowing how to taste the beauty of a pepper.

In this lush garden, you sometimes nearly suffocate. It is perhaps a cliché, but you cannot *approach* beauty. Between it and us there is such a gap that it cannot help but provoke shame when we face this world that we have built without ever consulting innate grace—destroying the grace instead with something strongly resembling satisfaction.

To go more deeply into this feeling of disarray would imply abandoning the mind for an ecstatic vision in which the entire body would

participate and absorb, entering little by little into a fiery eternity that would be its assumption. The very term “defeat” would have no sense. At most, scattered smoke.

The tramp in me dreams of an embankment. I do not leave behind these cast-off clothes without regrets.

I take flight in this plowed soil in which I sink. The distant horizons call out: “Stay there. We are closer to you in this way, and only there, you second-hand Buddha on your dirt clods!” I think that I understand this lesson well.

Nothing to say here, but instead so much to absorb, to absorb until you burst. Burst open with inner joy. You are being stuffed, and you cannot believe it. You cling to this garden, to this breath of life.

You will not have a more transparent peace. Along these two hundred yards of path, you will have lived your most beautiful moments, a blend of calm and exaltation. It is your true place. You will probably have neither the time nor the means to give thanks before dying. Do so now by joining past, present, and future—by thus abolishing measurements as you face the immeasurableness of grace.

This path wanders off into the hills. Tell yourself that it is a good path: it will not lead you to Babel.

You will attach no value to him, but your own values are ulcers.

As if pulled by this green, put in a row. But what fruit, what fruit to offer?

Some sites and gardens exist in order to show us once again that we are offered a harmonious stay. Yet beyond a fragile boundary, everything topples over into disorder, anarchy, ugliness: the ugliness of blind exploitation.

These places are defenseless. Their only weapon is this intimated potential harmony which, when we turn away, disfigures us—even though it would be possible for us to bandage certain wounds and reestablish an equilibrium. This would presuppose a fair amount of disinterestedness and

a *wagering on beauty* that we dare not even imagine. (This could be one of the goals of poetry if it were not confined, with rare exceptions, to masturbatory speculations.) Indeed, it would be necessary to begin with oneself and reconsider all our seemingly trivial, destructive gestures. Gestures, acts, and thoughts that turn us into slaughterers.

Grapevine will have accompanied me in her aramon or muscat robes. There are names that go beyond names and enter the blood.

Suddenly the sky wanted to temper my enthusiasm. I will not disappoint it: I will continue to proclaim my enthusiasm.

Branches of unlimitedness.

A shadowy silhouette with its empty spaces of light that fade you out.

Blossom, I tell them, cover me with your blossoms.

Near this stone shelterhouse, the pines are whispering. A whispering like smooth flesh. A wasted offering.

He arrives at our house, his arms carrying a balm plant, a cutting from a succulent, and a crate of muscat grapes. We do not initiate a metaphysical discussion. We confine ourselves to a friendly exchange and Joanny, as a man of the soil, knows how to assess the quality of the produce, in fact anything and everything that the earth has always offered to human activity; and he knows as well what all this can cost in terms of hard work, fatigue, and cycles that must ever be begun again. He knows where he is going. He draws a line: that of *moderation*. A moderation from which emerges what might be called “harmony,” had this term not already vanished from everyday parlance.

A celebration strangled: a celebration with wide-open eyes.

Drunk with absence.

Skyrockets from another sojourn. Only the burns.

My contemporaries are unaware of my rosemary arm. When

I meet up with them, I too am surprised that it is there. It just as soon disappears.

The landscape will always exonerate itself because it is not the one with which you mix your voice.

We go from relinquishment to relinquishment in the same way that we create havoc, despite ourselves, in a flowerbed.

A nearly inaudible cricket lost in the grass. A landscape shrouded in haze. As one of the living, you are lessened in this twilight through which you wander.

Everything that makes a man does not yet make a man. A hint of elevation is needed.

An educational garden, a garden of resistance, a garden of the faithful.

Brad Fliss

Flight Simulator

The Section.

Gon & iseon swuch & elnen ham & helpen mid fode of holi lore.
Wondirful crijnge þat falles till contemplatif lyf.
Nor knoweth his elenkes nor his predicamens.
Spends all his substance on stewed ellops-fish.
Shee had long since forgot the Trade of running away.
He could see the four engines, the elevons, the flaps, the long line of
the fuselage, the fire.

“these are the aspects
bed . . bean aid to old nation hit ”

the same persons turn up again and again
devotion set to flow of lowest origin
if once toggled through each infallible caption
we catch us but out in the open

h s a e h a p c s e b a a d o l n t o h t
t e e r t e s e t b d e n i t o d a i n i

[tonight]

The Obelisk.

Be towris euerilkane and wallis gert he tummyll doune.

In erthe is not oure cuntre.

After whose death his wife asketh her dower, and the alienee refuseth
to assigne it unto her.

Thou mayest remember each bright Churchill of the gallaxy, and all
the toasts of the Kit-cat.

The road from the mint is also the path to the melting pot.

Ace butt, rod and nut sucker sex-slave needs master to service and
pleasure...into golden showers.

“I fought / the wicked / men to overcome them
I have / fought / to overcome the wicked ”

I have tried to settle it once and for all

We, a utopic, beneath the earth's dolly.

For others unimpeded, gone here today is

A commenter's provisional redeployment

f u h t e i k d e t o e c m t e i a e o g t o v r o e h w c e
i o g t h w c e m n o v r o e h m h v f u h t o e c m t e i k d

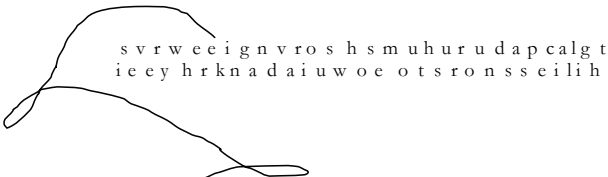
[manoeuvre]

The Double Dagger.

Tyl Mankynde fallith to podys prys, Coueytyse schal hym grype & grope.
The soillis of thair windois being fywe futes abone the flure.
Square bastiles and bulwarkes to make.
But now, (sad change!) the kennell sincks of slaues, peasants great bloods, and seruile seruice craues.
The valiant cannot board, nor coward fly, but at lust of the unconstant sky.
Two days of celebration for employees involved in developing Windows 95.

“ is everywhere, king , and various
whose mouth surrounds a special light ”

get something going get going
get it off the table get off
get yourself together get together
get inside the picture get the picture



[foreign]

The Parallel.

Horn his brunie gan on caste, & laced hit wel.
Auncyently foure maner of people all onely be anoynted with the holy
unccyon.
Then seide the precidente, ‘steweth hyme, ande than shalle he speke’.
Of course I whet up now and then and flirt out a minor prophecy.
This effusion of such manly drops startles mine eyes.
Tween buying habits breaking down according to gender.

“ the silver price on the, in in
the continent ”

Bearing some resemblance to each other,
Accounting for the way I dress, the way I shower
The skin peels back, sheet of unwanted material
Insofar as the right users gather in gouging us

h s l e p i e n h i i t e o t n n
t e i v r c o t e n n h c n i e t

[sleep]

The Brace.

Ɔat Fisyk schal beo fayn his fisyk to lete, & leorne to labre wibe lond
leste lyflode faile.
And the lady had iiii ladyes to serue her & she was baynyd & stuyd, &
aparaylyd.
Be not careful therefore for the morrovv.
Haue we ramm'd vp our gates against the world
That this little embryo bears no resemblance whatever to the future
animal.
Maintains your drives by defragging and disk doctoring.

“ premature other ” the, the clash

enrich before you're ready, all is ready-made
the character you press into the paper
eclipsing a singular new world here to discover
the economy efficiency and effectiveness

htelspeaucte
tehcahrmtrohr

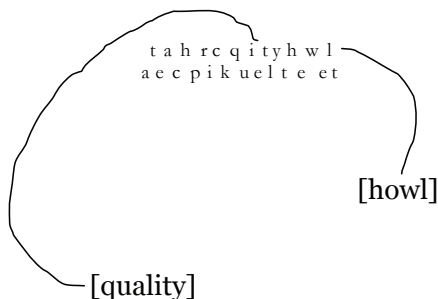
[metro]

The Asterism.

In þe heed þerof is fleisch þat is felynge.
Soft, blait, & blunt, of curagon.
In yonglynges meete taken corporat nouryssheth the body.
Some Creatures cast their Eggs as Chance directs them.
And all that lies before me is a well-tarmacked dead straight
motorway.
The corporate man's tie suggesting power.

“ at each prick (quietly!) (the welt) ”

were it initially possible to fend for oneself
to wake in the projects of whole romantic effort
and stand, fully applauded, the elected head of state
as I bare the less audible beside you



Aaron McCollough

IN CONTACT WITH THE GROUND (PERSONAL SUN)

I needed to match our feelings, mine and the other living things.

May I tell you how this became deadly without polluting you.

I reached out for the dog that lay on the downed wire that led to the lightning.

*I put the wrong things in my body till treated as natural. My skin was becoming
an extension of harder surfaces. Venetian blinds. Canals.*

Practiced the sacrifice. Bought a gun.

All this brought me closer to the ground, which I learned was inert.

I chose a suitable room.

But isn't every forest a forest of suicides since Christ is hung on every tree.

My descent discovers how they are watered. I carry my own light.

MERCURY

Each soul may be to the quick. Of separate creeds.

God's center can be in this gutter, your reading glance.

The circumference may be nowhere.

I am declaring my love every time for a referent. Love the flaws in the windows.

Not strictly joy. You took a lot of my innocence.

Can God not be reflected but adores his perfect resemblance. Creation hinges...

When I reflect on creation, I am really cramping up. Help me make it.

*Some of my innocence was never there. It was peeing in the bed of a toy truck.
I'll take the blame as it comes.*

The light of knowledge is a fugitive light. Usually just leaching through vapor.

The soul is whatever (even if it turns into something occult).

The mouth has potential but even closed it holds nothing in or out.

Mouths are more like rings than openings. Rings are groans.

Whatever I've done to harm you is the idea of men and women.

I'm trying to sound out the beginning so I can stand it.

How miserable, you lamented, is the soul that depends on a soul.

We had not noticed the problem.

*The robber would enter. You. I wouldn't be ready. I would give you what I had.
You would take it without seeing your own reflection.*

SULFUR

Is there a badness in you like a pruned branch. That's tough.

Think of the soul in bigger, rougher shapes. Rough soul.

The hawk wants a mate, so does the man, the lion, says the beast. This is one way to self it. We are just watching the winter olympics, and he says touch this scraggly old relic. Yours is small but it's the same.

Messias can mean measured. Always found wanting. Quell can mean to well out like water. Or kill.

We feel something divine most under gravity and say yes, whatever you require.

This was the first room (window shade drawn) and the second room (window shade not drawn).

The burden of responsibility for your desire almost becomes my own. What you can see call androgen to be thorough. The good aren't, the bad aren't.

I do adore the flaws nearly fitting. Narcissuses blistering the surface.

The record is complicated enough to include sacraments of abuse, but no one says so.

Lord, make me large so I can see you in your smallness.

Barking like crazy at the threshold.

DAY POEM

we all need it and we all
don't need it girl-ghost leaning
in hearing fire sun on ceiling
carries distance fire sun and
earthquakes while I sleep
take the elevator
like curtain over window
amber curtain
while we sleep
to the incinerator
the elevator
growing
hotter in the doors & going
down
there get my earth's heart
my boarding pass
nothing to do

Albert Mobilio

THE WHOLE OF IT WAS WINGED

the whole of it was winged, this science
of speaking about large things
in pocket-size
you do it by letting some likeness creep in,
makes me resemble you &
the other way round & it's goodbye
to truth, which
feels quiet at first
then implausibly so

how easily we show ourselves as
playful, bowing
to beat the band, so many loves belong
to us, our squeeze-box
is really a pistol is,
in fact, never more than
the smallest
sky before being hand-
held

CONDITIONAL TENSE

standing: we was nearly lifelike,
even in the close-ups but how

things turn out & where
the middle goes
when the edges fade, well,

that's what cowboys call
surrounded.
some sliver of bright

excitement—quicks swigs, stars
on the radio, our body
an anchor among seas

Biswamit Dwibedy

DEAR SAM

Attraction rubs off.

 You are
constantly touching the man I love.

Touches characteristic of a manuscript
but not touches that indicate an author.

In an ancient book I read, the body is considered
a meeting place of all the touches

I depend on accidents while often touching
my own lips. These accidents I use
as a rule of thumb: whence and how they came

to be pleased and to please. My flesh beating
times suddenly still; milky confusions
the body can't remember; knowing that is simply
transitions on the screen

I lay eyes on you to touch you with gentler fingers

I said I but what I mean is my daughter, writer
sits and floats—"love is the grand use
one person rips of another"—

between songs
and dull parts of the afternoon

would be seen coming out of his house.

FUR

Your girl is lovely, Hubble
unfurling at what speed
are moving away from one another
he knows good food arouses & inspires
& anything sung is always in the present tense.
Driving by we saw signs of ruined nations
dreams in which you resembled an animal
& had found extreme comfort in the plush hide

AT THE MOVIE

I thought if I could project memories onto the screen it would help me retain
an image

in my mind later, color accumulating; synaptic—sculptural statistics: glued in

—as a corollary, a group of neurons form

a miniature world—mouths facing each other, whose firing breaks a chain of
boundaries—

my body against yours like a skyline—the future under your feet—

the many separate photons of a laser beam are entangled that it is though
there is just one photon in the beam—but to see one has moved, there must be
activity somewhere symbolizing a change of particulars

—a room in which you could hear “consciousness” at work:

snowflakes floating in silence you listen to, streaking the vast sky.

If everything in nature is an inherent “consciousness-ability”, then

human beings have access to information about weather whenever

a surface curves smoothly to partly occlude itself—I found what moves
patterns empathetic viewpoints established in repeating—on-screen as in any
cell of a

prison called his body—emerging from the ocean—

can organize a state-space—a space of all possibilities

in network activation—maps—the color of dusk—

—rush of smoothness—assuming—if an image is smooth, so is the surface
producing it.

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