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POETRY

E·

JOURNAL

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The Architecture of Place

by Josie Schoel

I.

The veils on the Polish women are now hinting at
virginity, now hinting at the inevitability of the
nasty thought. It is predictable, as nature has shown
us, this duality. The throttle of the Bible man next to
you on the subway, the shaking of the baby.

May you veil this loneliness with thought.
Disgrace is what the human desires, disguise, what
the human needs. May you veil this thought with
language, this language with costume.

I think I know now what is meant when they speak for the
Living rather than the dead and from there know what finally
holds the austere in place. The veils are dripping.
Dripping, the veils are dripping. And the fog
Lays soft in the trees.

II.

I think I know now what she means when she speaks, when she
speaks in tongues for the living rather than the dead.
The street outside my window is a river a deluge.

In this city, this dark city. The potential for myth is unparalleled and
If one is not careful, and some are not careful at all, immateriality. A
Strange haphazard shapelessness.

May you veil this thought with loneliness
May you veil with loneliness costume.
May you veil this costume with language.

Four Poems

by Carol McCarthy

The American Heritage Dictionary

defines dizzy
 (below a daguerreotype
 of Dorothea Dix),

“bewildered,” “confused,”
 suggesting women must be
 silly or scatterbrained.

DJ is an abbreviation
 for “ditzy Jane”
 a boy once said about a girl
 who questioned fate. (or faith?)

One entry can define
DNR
DMZ
on the same page as divorce and divider,
implying some basic difference.

 Dissent is not for those
 whose time is better spent
traversing from Djakarta
to Jakarta

simply because.

To Zebra and Mead

The inutility of a marionette, at best
a dance through a visceral page.

Sanskrit and little pasties?
Beauty as you believe

in sophistry, an enigma.
Her right hand a state

lines sonorous and brisk.
A light dims the affection of something

not yet revealed by its adulation.
Open your ears and you can see

some beat she cannot sing.
Gaze closer and you can hear

her calloused hand knit
the utterance of another tongue.

Still Life With Postman, Ennui

Scents left by you on my dresser
by way of a torn envelope.
Sable and sage hanging
from my ceiling fan in the den.

I once met a lion in Breaux Bridge,
Louisiana. (I brushed his coat
and he sang me a lullaby)

Lull is only time standing still, wishes
granted on a Tuesday morning
hung over on two bottles of red wine.

(the brown lemur is nocturnal for survival)

The mice are missing from glue traps
(I am forced to relinquish control)

When I open my mouth
bees swarm out

Convergence

- (OED.) Time between the flash and the thunder.
- (n.) The act of coming together.
- (math.) Approaching a limit.
- (Phys.) Eyes inward to focus.
- (Plato.) “The inmost eye.”
- (biolog.) Adaptive evolution.
- (tech.) The Motorola C-340 phone is also a camera, recorder, and mp3 player.
- (entomol.) The wings of wasps.
- (pseud.) Marriage X.
- (ant.) Run like hell!
- (syn.) Standing at the edge.
- (naut.) Go in head first.
- (onomat.) Crash!
- (20th C.) Globalism.
- (NIV) Eph 5:21 Submit to one another out of reverence for Christ.
- (interj.) Watch out!
- (euphem.) Let’s hold hands
- (grammarology) “The end of linearity is the end.”
- (fem.) I’ll love you forever.
- (masc.) I’m not ready for commitment.
- (derog.) Sometimes divergence is a good thing.
- (Confed.) Y’all ain’t like us.
- (DHS) An army of one.
- (dimin.) Ubiquitous buzzword.

from Fiend Folio

by Chris McCreary

Screaming Trees

I.

We suppose
the roses & suppose the stone,

the stammer,
the stare, the *I swear I bleed*

these dead words in need of tether.
I cut construction paper stars

then sketch an ape,
clearly limping,

his mouthful of feathers
all dusted in blood.

II.

Venture forth from the porch
& risk deflower &

a fever of teeth all about
the neck. I am all ink

until my elbows itch. You favor
porcelain kitties & quicktime

hipsters. You're a long time gone.
You were never really there.

Ultraviolence

Tiny Vikings break Jane Austen.

They play grab-
ass in class, crash their dad's Stratus

on the weekends. They
come together

in clusters to imagine our overthrow,
gossip about our bad

breath. They creep into our beds
as we sleep, gut us

w/ hunting knives, curl up to nap
wrapped in bloodied sheets.

Remote Actions

by John Lowther

The strike starts the poem and dispenses luck
around

Words turn

and start lining up

The elbow is a patrolled edge—take it
and another less with the seeing, more
with the getting

Until there is nothing

Left.

No common pool to the left

Only paid seeps to the

Right. *mysteriously against those who*

The poem starts the mass strike, like an eight on
the break.

Descant not waiting here all day in the hallway
Honey knees are packed. Saddle eyes
It's a long haul way back
 but this looks nothing like what hours are. Days.
I can make minutes feel. Disem
Powered. Rails converge and skinny trains
 play tug with a noose.
A nest of bees looks empty
 flatfoot and declarative
Theatrical architecture where no other notes are
 allowed.
 palliative to the test.
Imagine there is no welcoming Commune.

No 3.

What. are you thinking
Blue jeans
A tax.
Everything feeds
going on life with a second
Minute.
Trunks sneaking up with PhDs
Like aspirin in the ram
Takingout Trash
nip.

No business like show business.

This inky eye (~~what do you ink?~~)

The ink do you want dry,

Hear half sum.

Why do you laugh?

 a balloon trying to climb a mountain of ice on ice
 skates.

Liner on the notion, optioning anchors

In a line is a way of saying back off

When you have ghosts smuggled up the stairs

All of Wednesday behind you.

Go to hell with your metaphors.

~

Laughs are rooms, whispers the way out

Not loading lens with it

Nailes into keys, a tapped

Note.

Includes the bill and the back way out

Eleven thirty five pants on fire
From the nudes at church church. Tapping gnot a
tone towards.
flaming horshwhip Negativity up the railing
heretofore unclly
deemed
hopelepoh
Like trick transit on
gesturing saidways. sins sem sauce.
It is not my fault, save in failing it, not saying it
Touchy Stealy. You are hearing me but I am only
talking.
Do you like the arrangements so far?
My cloudlines are low with socks and lines on them
footnotes nothing really.
Do you like the arrangement so far. That's my
pointer.
Away, where it started with, or already I am
doubting.

Trim it up like stone. Can't see the body from here
 anyway. This mere is mere and not reflective,
 shorn

Torn, of context forlorn just because. Candles.
Steak knife rips through bill. Property is theft
Eight Ninety-Nine but Thirteen w.postage
 like a salesman in front of it.

Fattening affect.

Hawk my mutter. WWI. What do I owe.

The banality of deeds like cheeze
 sticks to the wrapper of an egg mcmuffin
 built into the leviathon.

Public meat for punk. No
poem so much as prison standoff.

There wd have to be smiley fancying
for our learning steps___ tires squeaking
distantly and then again
and an engine. Not now!
Cops are breaking in.
Going back to cut the tape is key.
Don't situation comedy me.
led by beepers, or at least
honed as user patron client consumer subject
held by / alien in
Weight-like steam shovel your spinal larynx
making bills
You have expeditious slush
A new
It. Fractured my skull thinking about
It.
fuck off the stamp, throw the postcard away.

Outlaw Ballad #9

Good. The half sent born
wasting previous thin minutes
seen and not heard.

Wallow if you must he'd say.

Holding the candle
Cynical gravitas, shovel some crap
Corrected putterance, getting head
ache in the convertible
anime muscle spasm recidivist modem *ant.*

I let them in when they said that.
nothing worse than modern art.

My porch hat on tornadoes.

Needle drop inn. a gin.

After museums.

Gunned down in the street.

Grand Theory of Nope

Stepping prompt and turn and swing
pulling laws is when
around the corner
dim bells top plank to, a pace of umpires
hostage license application procedures
kickback hotel liason

><

And if not, why not? Hiatus
Someone said their wouldbe
Hiatus upon hiatus' yet to
bamboozle any seats.
Hunching shameless for corner traffic
So convinced to want to not to disbelieve
but nope.

Elsewhere is fine. Elsewhere is more than adequate
to the shape
and will cover shipping
Practicing my blue words for urban mythology
Which I have to on the way to the bank.
Stopping off gravy. Flow my tears Please
But when falling we tend to go down. To
Up on hopes I am the diagnosis of
A cheesecake at room temperature
You've seen all this before. Like famed roadside
attractions
Glitz and eats and tshirts popcorn cassette tapes
Country favorites rotating hotdogs on a warming
conveyance to their immodest end
Curs on the by way. Cultures in a pear tree dish
sucking signal from the sky.
Elsewhere is fine, elsewhere is a peach.

Prose Poems

by Robert Gibbons

Mandala of Mourning

Mandala of the ceiling fan whirling wordlessly above early summer humidity, drawing up the heavy silent weight of mourning in the empty room where we heard the unexpected news of the death of someone met only a few times, but someone close to someone close, whose Soul is equal to our own according to the Mandala of the ceiling fan whirling wordlessly above early summer humidity, drawing up the heavy silent weight of mourning in the empty room where we heard the unexpected news of the death of someone met only a few times, but someone close to someone close, whose Soul is equal to our own according to the Mandala of the ceiling fan whirling wordlessly above early summer humidity, drawing up the heavy silent weight of mourning in the empty room where we heard the unexpected news of the death of someone met only a few times, but someone close to someone close, whose Soul is equal to our own according to the sky where, when we step outside, the vastness of overwhelming silence can be overheard as transformative Memory of another solitary Soul becoming part of it, again.

Low & High Art

“It was the seat of a suspicious or cross-eyed goddess who was out to take us to her breast and to nurse us from her cold chambers until there was no trace left of us in the upper world.”

—Walter Benjamin

I.

Resorting, again, (it's my economy,) to performing (at times the dance,) manual labor. Without thought, but abundant in imagery. During the exertion three photos of her, & one of the Paris cat appear before me. Three enigmatic looks. To call them photographs is to cancel the low, little bit of Kitsch, (including rime,) I want here: color snapshots of her in Reims, Nice, & Brownfield, Maine; the black & white postcard of the cat sitting on the writing table we found on Boulevard St. Michel while doing laundry.

II.

In & out of mind as the limbs move, without thought, a proletarian gesture, to earn a living, at the same time to open up the visual surge. Almost nostalgic physiognomies (ignominious?) of woman, of cat, unchanged, one framed, the others lined up between keyboard & screen, imposing recollections from when & where & how the real work gets done.

III.

Then there's that one of her taken early one morning on the bed in the hotel looking through the bottom of a wine glass, hair disheveled, bedclothes in disarray, one eye closed, the other crossed (impossibly) away from the camera. It's used to mark a certain poem in my copy of Baudelaire's **Paris Spleen**, *A Thoroughbred*. "She is very ugly. She is nevertheless delectable." The book now closed on the top shelf of the bedroom bookcase, taken down & opened every so often, shows the Kitsch snapshot exposing itself for what it isn't.

Gathering South Asia Through Our Eyes

for Maggie

By Mary Ann Sullivan

Of water won and wonder woo
And water lost and arbor under
Sat and yellow pink and yellow
seat and granite bench and there
we sat

Ever long the last and last

Walks and through and arch and long
The arms and robes of Muslims
forward walk and
Wind and blown
We talked

And sat and yellow pink and yellow
seat and granite bench and there
we sat

the scarfs of Pakistani men were long
and on the shoulder down
and robes of Islam longer

the women Pakistani soft
and gentle tender
south and south of Asia
south
for once and first Kashmiris known

and gather motion gather words
through eye and eye and
pulled in mind and held
in mind like camera
'neath an arbor

with gathered under
pink and pink and yellow
share and share

and rides and car and parked on brick
for mom, and mum, and mom
and green

Gathering south Asia through our eyes
Gathering pink and pink and pink
with dearest, dearest pink.

And sprinkling down south Asia
piece and piece and gently falling
Piece of dearest pink and pink and yellow

Four Poems

by J. Crouse

Knowledge and Cure of the Several Diseases Incident to Human Bodies

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Lingual Formulations of Numbers

one two or two-one two-two hand hand to-the-next one hand and one hand to-the-next two hand and two hand and two-one hand and two-two two hands leg down-to one hand two then leg down-to one two hands then down to the leg one leg down-to two down-to the leg two down-to the leg two-one down-to the leg two-two leg half that-all half of the legs all digits leg that-all half one half of the legs all digits and one leg that-all half two half of the legs all digits and two half of the legs all digits and two-one half of the legs all digits and two-two two hands two legs person one one person person this-me this me this person person one person to-the-side-of one one person to another person one to another person two to another person two-one to another person two-two to another person hand to another person hand then to-the-next hand one person one person another person to-the-side-of hand two one person and another person's two hands person one person another person to-the-side-of hand two comes-now-to leg that-all half two-two one person and to another person's two hands and half of the legs all digits two-two person leg hand that person two persons with all legs and hands two persons person two-one their leg hand that-all three persons their all legs and hands four persons their all legs and hands person hand their leg hand that-all five persons their all legs and hands person five and person to-the-side-of one five persons and to another person's one person hand their leg hand that-all and person to-the-side-of hand five persons their all legs and hands and to another person's five person hand to-the-next two their leg hand that-all and person to-the-side-of hand two seven persons their all legs and hands and to another person's two hands person hand two leg hand all ten persons all their legs and hands person hand two and person leg down-to two their leg hand that-all and person to-the-side-of hand two twelve persons all their legs and hands and to another person's two hands person leg half their leg hand that-all fifteen persons with all their legs and hands person hand two leg half that-all and person leg to-the-next two their leg hand that-all and person to-the-side-of hand two seventeen persons all their legs and hands and to another person's two hands person person this-me this that-all their leg hand that-all as this many persons as me this one person all their legs and hands person person this-me this that-all their leg hand that-all and person to-the-side-of hand their leg hand that-all as this many persons as me this one person all their legs and hands and to another person's hand all their legs and hands person two person this-me this their leg hand that-all and person to-the-side-of hand two two persons as me this one person all their legs and hands and to another person's two hands all their legs and hands

Bates Family Bible

and of were married the day of the month and of were married son of and and daughter of and were married the day of the month son of and and daughter of and were married the month daughter of and and son of and were married the of the son of and of was born the day of the month daughter of and of was the day of the births of and children born month month month month month month son of and departed this life the day of the month aged years months and days son of and departed this life on the day of the month aged years months and days departed this life the day of the month aged years month days the beloved wife of departed this life for a better world on the day of the month in the year of her age died month died month died died died died month died month died the month son of and was born the daughter of and was born the daughter daughter of and was born the day month of and children born month born month born month born month born month born month born month born month born of month born month daughter of and and wife of departed this life the day of the month age years son of and departed this life the day of the month age years and were married on the day of the month and were married on the of month of and children month month month month son of and of was born on the of the daughter of and of was born on the day of the month births of and children of month of month month month month month son of and of was born the of the month daughter of and was born on the of month son of and died daughter and died wife of died daughter of died son and died

Types of Deficiency in Training for Research

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For & In It What's In It

by Prakash Kona

For

If that Shirazi Turk would take my heart in her hand,
 For the dark mole on her cheek
 I would give Samarkand and Bukhara
 And add thereto even my body and my soul.
 —Hafez

For a look of love in the eyes of my beloved I would plagiarize a line from Hafez and rewrite a poem with my name attached to it. Her eyes are black pearls when the sun is in eclipse and the sky with a mournful look resembles the scales of a fish. I thought of her eyes this morning and the tea gave me the sensual joy of a child gurgling to the playful voice of the mother. When dusk enters the room crawling like a snail on grass her eyes give a sense of space to emptiness of the room. The dark room glows like a fiery dragon that has tasted red-hot curry.

A rose cannot touch you more deeply than words rosier than roses on the tree; this rosiness that is the very nature of the rose reveals itself in words that describe your eyes. In your eyes the rose finds the true meaning of its existence. Your eyes communicate to the rose what the rose can never know about itself. In your eyes the rose can see her face, the true mirror of her soul.

For every peal of laughter from her lips I would betray my nation and reveal its secrets to the worst enemy around.

Untouched by the longing to use words I entered the cave of time. I am not trying to be defensive. I don't want to disturb the peace of the rose on the branch. The properties of an object change depending on the mood of the perceiver. An

object has no life of its own. In a state of ecstasy it becomes what the other wants of it. It derives itself or the power of being from ecstasy that brings it in contact with the other. An apple becomes sunset. The street becomes your arm. The cloud becomes a cup of coffee. The future becomes a curtain. There is a love intrinsic in things that nobody can explain and nothing can understand. Consciousness of the thing is just one among countless ways of recognizing the love in things. When we cling to life as it appears in the form of consciousness we close the doors to those forms that death opens to us. This is how I understand your lips and the laughter that comes from it. As something brilliant. As something untouchable. As something that creates. For your lips are your being. They are what make you, You. You *are* your lips. You were nothing before. You will never be anything after.

For your lips my friend I would cut a vein in my body and watch myself bleed to death.

But your lips are not your eyes. And neither of them is your hair.

For her hair that remind me of black and white films that use lighting to color reality, I would give nothing because only nothing can make sense in this context. Love has reached a point where it does not need to depend on language anymore. But that does not stop it from being love. On the contrary. Love gives up its parasitical dependence on language or what we call words.

For just one gesture of sweet friendship I would give up all my words and relapse into perpetual silence.

The meaning of the poem cannot be dissociated from your gesture. I *am* because I am the word. Yet the most beautiful expression of this word is when it is able to touch the shadow of your gesture. Your gesture *is* the poem.

In It What's In It

(from Rumi)

If I am between morning and night

I am not in any other space.

If for a fraction of an instant I have seen extinction,

I am free of the coils of the mortal world.

I am free of words.

I am free of silence.

I am free of the difference between you and me.

I am free of the longing to be free.

I am free of nothing.

The blank page does not require the written word.

Three Poems

by Alan Halsey

Five Short Songs of Thomas Carlyle

1.

under the
under
of Nature
under

out-conjured
pro-
proudiest
Logic-mortar

ever-bodies'
offspring
boundless
combine

2.

by chicane
and machine
they stand
dismembered

quantum of
superior Opinion
quantum of
perfect Police

3.

clothes
chaos
conquest
cloud

to lodge
in blankest
bibs
and blankets

laws of
chink-small Memory
laws of
lava meadows

4.

to scramble
and be trampled
clutch-hustled
Task-garden

Star-rolls
Space clock
said and saved
say and spring

5.

to other griefs
the sorest
companion self-
cancelling zero

Monday Night in Southport or Madrid

Nobody knows whose griffin graffito
because 'so much of his work
was overhead speech'. Conscience
can never be consistent and how could
he decide which decade to decode?
'The government, of all people'

poor logoclast dwelling on a comma.
'Was he, then, alone in the possession
of a memory?' Whatever can be touched
can be vouched for
and furthermore or as we'd
better now say 'therm furore'

the revenge is average. Have
the cleaners taken whoever
decided 'rely' is an adverb
the same who stole the licence to steal
to the chimeras? 'He's reading
the poem we were going to sing.'

Notes from the Scriptorium

¶ Never arbitrate with alphabets or easily attribute.
If the chimp could only write she could talk.

¶ As well spawn danger as destroy known script
remarked Aeneas. May all your phoenicians be phonemes
and your photoglyphs have faces you can name.
His Troy as was but read 'wars' and what will be.

¶ Anagram spectre as amalgam scripture.
If the alphabet could talk. What odd bull to begin with
but often it has charms to represent.

¶ As for empire the fanatical claimed status
but financial formed states. Some mutes made semi-vows.
Things are such that invisible ink isn't needed.

¶ Devil point his voice trap stop. In one alphabet
the vowels had been replaced by windows
tourists could look through and hear it sing.
Did you see the giant dragonfly in there
and the minuscule horse? The golem?
And that snake of an acrostic? How easy
to forget that the singing is a slave-song.

¶ Hacks and cuts of business hands.
I too wonder if I'd read better backwards.
It's not because the chimp can't write
that she's violent as we are.

¶ One idea descended like a desolate rune
depicts further fissures
continuing from and expanding.
Proper reports of proper sounds.
If you can make an anagram of Cosmos I'll kiss you.
Twist & Exist are such constant weary words.

¶ Exhausted numbers as atoms in a net.
This emptyhead's ideas are in his mouth
quipping quibbles about natural forms
and irresistible shapes of some meaning
as if there were a god of names
still busy deciding names of gods.

¶ And so they hiss. They say
origin's our prop. Our common comic.
I say to you and your double
others destroy one without use.

Josie Schoel is a Brooklyn-based poet whose poems have appeared in a number of journals and magazines. She is a 2003 recipient of an American Academy of Poets award. Originally from Gloucester, MA, she holds a BA in Literature from Bard College. She is a literary agent at the Frances Goldin Literary Agency.

Carol McCarthy lives in New Orleans where she is a poetry candidate in the MFA program at The University of New Orleans. She has poems published or forthcoming in *Wicked Alice*, *Ellipsis* and in *Natural Bridge*, among others.

Chris McCreary is co-editor of ixnay press and the author of the books *Dismembers* and *The Effacements*. He lives in Philadelphia.

John Lowther is a member of the Atlanta Poets Group. His work has appeared widely in both print and online and has been anthologized in *Another South* (University of Alabama Press). He is a curator at Eyedrum Gallery in Atlanta.

Robert Gibbons's third full-length book of prose poems, *Body of Time* (Pittsburgh: Mise Publications), 2004, was reviewed by Camelia Elias in *Cercles* published in France. *Beyond Time: New & Selected Work, 1977-2007*, is forthcoming from Trivium Publications, Amherst, NY, in 2008. He is poetry & fiction editor of *Janus Head*.

Mary Ann Sullivan is a Doctor of Arts student at Franklin Pierce University in New Hampshire. Her first novel, *Child of War*, set in Belfast, Northern Ireland, was named a Notable Book in Social Studies and favorably reviewed in *The New York Times*.

Work by **J. Crouse** has appeared in *The Columbia Review*.

Prakash Kona (born July 14, 1967) is an Indian novelist, essayist, poet and theorist who lives in Hyderabad, India. He writes in English and is the author of six books to date. Other works, including essays and fictional vignettes, are published widely on the Internet.

Born in London in 1949, **Alan Halsey** has lived in Devon, Hay-on-Wye (where he ran The Poetry Bookshop 1979-96) and now Sheffield. His books include *The Text of Shelley's Death* (West House reprint 2001), *Marginalien* (a collection of poetry, prose & graphics 1988-2004, Five Seasons 2005) and a selected poems, *Not Everything Remotely* (Salt 2006). *Quaoar* (2006) records in poetry & graphics his journey to the twelfth planet with Ralph Hawkins & Kelvin Corcoran; *The Last Hunting of the Lizopard* (with David Annwn, 2007) is his most recent contribution to the urodelic literature. His collaboration with Steve McCaffery, *Paradigm of the Tinctures*, was published in a limited edition by Granary Books in 2007.