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POETRY E· JOURNAL

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Two Poems

by David Appelbaum

Braille

Reading a book the man
says reading a book
the words
 like a fishbone
choke on life
a gasp meaning
the book falls open
the man says the book
a slip of paper
catches the wind
sails the open sky
the man says
until
he taps a white cane
on the way

Alphabet

With the crane's flight
ages flew past also
the babble of the crib
the child's zeal
then the frown
of unfounded words
then the man
in the desert of thought
alone before temptation
bent, yielding
O why do ideas
soar so grandly
with that spoon-billed
long-necked silhouette
flapping molecular north?
Why does passion
lift so thin?
This zeal to
a lone man
emerges from a cistern's
mouth one day
into blaring sun
& their majestic brace
in which all the letters
of all the words
ever to be writ
ever to be writ
are

Medieval Exercise

by Donald Wellman

The temple,
a drum.
Lute, countertenor
film,
plenum.

Pen pricks on polished bone,
amulet.

Then, horns
magnum mysterium
golden morn.

*Now goes the sun behind the tree
Me reweth marie thy son and thee*

Pen pricks on velum
And when the king's horse
came to the mosque
it bent its knee.
Ruthless
campeador.

*See the sun gone red toward evening,
in its crimson dress.*
Shelomo Ibn Gabriol
*What can a boy of nineteen
really do?*
From his grammar.

Genesis

A Writer's Metanoia

by Mary Ann Sullivan

1.

In the beginning was the word
and the word created
the deep in me
a formless void
dark covered
with darkness
only the word was there,
in black shadow hovering.

Then there was light in me,
which the darkness vied
but could not overpower.

And I saw the light was good,

And I watched the word
divide darkness from light
and name them.

So it came, my first day.

2.

In shadow and light
I flowed endlessly
until the word
vaulted and clove me
into two parts:
 the depths
 the heights
the second day.

3.

Then the word established
land in me.
firma terra
earth on which to settle and be constant
and in my stable ground,
the word shaped trees
that bore fruit
with seeds in their very middles
and plants and flowers sprung up,
red, yellow, green, blue
all with seeds, seeds!

Ground and life
the third day.

4.

Then the word said,
“I will conceal infinity from you.”
It made separate lights,
one hot orb for day
and at night a moveable circle
which grew like a white thought,
then faded to silence.

And stars were made
to sparkle me,
reminding me,
“There’s a festival today!”
They made me forget the boundless.

Steady the sun, the moon,
the stars, beat their rhythm,
the fourth day.

5.

Then the word created
birds in me
some that hung on wind
some that closed their wings
to dive for prey
And it made creatures that moved
in my depths:
leviathan, and clawed shells
that crept on the bottom
and simple swimmers
wearing flesh of gold
and green and grey.
They multiplied
And I was afraid
the fifth day.

6.

But, the word would not stop.
It pulled from my deep, black core
hooved creatures, serpents
and beasts
howling and digging.

Trembling, I ran through
this creation and cried out
like a poet in a stone tower,

*“What hurts the soul
My soul adores.
No better than a beast
upon all fours.”*

And, desolate, I crawled into
a cave of earth.

But, the word found me
it said, “What are you doing here?”

It took me into the world again
and formed me into the shape
of itself.

Yet, I was the dust of
a soft pencil
Thin, frail letters on a page

Until the word blew gently
on the edges of my letters,
my symbols,
my signs.

I was a word holding creation

I did not cover my face like Elijah
I called out like Tiersias,
like John from water:

the sixth day.

7.

On the seventh day
The word rested in me
and blessed me

I would be a master crafter
delighting in the word;
day after day
at play in its presence
at play everywhere in its world.

What hurts the soul from “The Lady’s First Song” by W.B. Yeats

Periodic Style

by Joseph F. Keppler

I'm reality, simply reality.
The more I think about it though
The more I get confused.
Usually I'm real relaxed.
I'm confident I'm me,
And usually
More like you than I like me to be.

I am the way I am about you,
And I think, I think both
I am and I am not you.

You are you, and you are not who I am.
You and me, right? There then.

Before I left, I gathered every bit of me up.
When I got back, I found nothing.
I'll run into me sometime, I bet you.
It's unusual to lose what you know is you.

Who will there be, to be there?
There will be no you.
There'll be no me, no simply reality.
There'll be no one
To see or be seen, to think or be thought.

A wing folds, a bird dives.
A throat's cut, a bull faints.
A hurricane accelerates, a bough cracks.
You and I, we both die.

Brother, your welding gear,
Your steel-toed boots,
Your belted tools,
Your gob of keys heavy in your dungarees,
Too late neither right nor left in fog,
Seated in the middle,
You speed fast forward splashing
The lake you breathe sinking in a pickup.

Hard harvest to take about our life, our art,
To you I will to never neglect art.
I'm sorry, dear brother, so sorry,
I grieve your death and breathe your breath.

C'EST *and* Word Tree

by Patrick Lawler

C'EST

Say: jaguar. Say: snow.

Say: water lily.
Say: sunflower.

Say:

A poem is not a mirror held up to a street or whatever. Say: It is a jagged piece of glass—shattered, swallowed. Say: marsh. Say: delta. Say: lightning. Say: frog. Say: A poem is not a window. Say: A poem is a door you must walk through.

Say: oak. Say: moss.

Say: pike.
Say: swallow.

Say: say.
Say: It is

Word Tree

“Everything is going to have to be put back.”

—W.S. Merwin

After I built a house around a fire, I built a forest around a tree. Everything is layered: time layered into space: place layered with events: books layered with the brain. I was in the middle of my life though really closer to the end. I once knew a woman who talked to trees. When she placed her hand on a stump, she felt the heat. “That’s the way trees scream.” I wonder at the crystal breakage of forests after ice storms. The tree is alive with current. The past hidden inside. I am mindful of the facts; I am bodyful of the imagination. I remember what they used to say: Reach for the scars. You must always take into account the heart is a drunk, so you have to give it what it wants. In the fresco of trees, there is a sheen of light on the leaves. Hope bruises the heart—comes out the forehead. Fall is lumpy. Oh, we have sung a malignant litany. My students understand why we have to hide what we have done. Always we are in a different world than we think we are. Walk with the feet of a tree; think with the brain of a tree; breathe with the lung of a tree. There must be a drop of death in the sap. The great forests are ashes. The garden is inebriated with itself, stumbling from blossom to blossom. Christ is in the branches; Tarot’s hanging man is in the tree. Whitman’s trees are committing suicide—nature replaced by nation. Crushed. We’ve got a lot of stuff that needs to be hidden. In a way I’m glad we don’t have a science that could tell us what fish think—what sawdust feels. I imagine it would be terrible. Maybe there will be a meriactic miracle where the top becomes the bottom and the bottom becomes the top. Root becomes branch. Bud becomes seed. Until then we will have to be careful. There will be disappointed travelers arriving at an inner forest. Representatives from an absurd reality. Dawn incinerates us. The tree is hiding in the forest. The end: there is no end to it. The tragedy would be to not recognize there is hope. As always we are becoming seeds. Listen: One day I expect to dance like a tree.

things shan't fly apart *and a s*

by James Stotts

things shan't fly apart

ash berries
riper in winter
than in spring

you are not here
when you come
what will you bring?

no, we shan't fill the home
with anything
flowers, furniture

poems that you'll never read
i love you, a small box holds the rest
of what i need

* * *

peck
pluck
promise
prove

this is maria's love

		the	beak
			lyre
			oath
			meter
the	devour	the	fang
the	divide	the	wedge

over breakfast
iaskher
about another day

the goldfinch calls per-chic-o-ree
in flight
birdsong slowtoleave

just nothing nothing per-chic-o-ree

the is we

* * *

in the threewaywinds
i can't go anywhere
but back to you

the trees dance over the pond
the door swings
the hinge sings
 your song

a s

in being and time (p. 163)

h. maintains

just as linguistic utterance
is based on speech

so is acoustic perception
on hearing

what is it that he heard?

a whining cart
a motorcycle

the north wind
the labor of a woodpecker

a fire's spit
a column on the march

we shut our eyes here
and listen for our listing hearts to list:

'hanna arendt uttered love . . .'

'the corpse of idle days = the people's fist'

'a documentary clip' or 'agitprop'

and hearing (h. goes on to say)
is a part of speech

Re [f] lections for Claude Cahun and Alice Rahon

and

Three Prose Poems

by David Annwn

Re [f] lections for Claude Cahun and Alice Rahon

The Invisible Quest

No. I follow the wake left in air, trail in water, mirage in the pupils.

I can't relax. The abstract world of dreams shuts me down just as much as hard reality. What to do? Choose an abbreviated mirror and reflect, make a part answer for the whole? Mistake a mud-smear for a halo? Refusing to break myself against walls, I smash my body on windows. All the black night long.

Waiting for some clarity, some vision, I'll corner and grapple with myself. Already, I'm packing weapons: these truly useless words, against yours truly, yet someone has to try, if only to vault into the void? This is all bullshit. Negligible. A work-out for the eye perhaps.

Claude Cahun, *Trans.* D. Annwn

Refractions

Come. The long beach and the missing footprints: out of this vanished struggle these brilliant glimmers; you eschewed artistic skill, in thrall to the sense of all that anyone could be, manifested through the strangeness of their contradicting skins, that fierce sidelong look of accusation for anyone who'd negate the unique first and last species that we all are separately, to claim a right for that, and make the secret open. Gender is only a part of the secret amongst the refracting surfaces, the challenge is refusal. Yes, you struck out through zones insinuating and hemming us in, to re-make the idea of fashioning itself as something natural as air and you'd go and did do through hell for that.

Little skin

Little skin of turquoise attacked everywhere by red cotton claws an arrow has the redhead's number smells bad and always wears a spine of black feathers for the spine of sticklebacks has windows for the spokes of King Thule's wheel that don't enter by the window or by the door small setbacks are stones the reverse of great triumphs or vice versa as the pianist's hands are always frozen the piano's Eskimo who takes out his knife of walrus-bone the almanac emptying itself of dry debits of interplanetary velocity isn't to blame for loves so frequently lost that the reindeer's age solidifies the ice-cold of the floe with the turquoise skin.

Alice Rahon *Trans.* D. Annwn

Three Prose Poems

Glance

Glance that reads the stalled stages of attraction in anything: coral, petroglyph, semi-precious burdens of the automatic whorls dictated by spirits of the back of us coming through in fugitive spurts, the cost of moving and encountering presence in fissile atmosphere, and through the sear of fiery union and bifurcation; blue and green, registers of extreme pressure are caught millennia: scatter-tracks captured in stone; blueprints for neural nativities and god-sprung genetic syntax. These combinations scorch, blench and, freeze-dried, flake off seawards yet dramas of that magnitude held deep, unlock themselves to you, your thunderstruck prismatic key.

Red Lid

My first is in container park but not in distribution my second is in luxury, performance and style but not in any happenstance my third is core cover and no annual maximum my fourth is black data and a hard act to swallow my second is in offshore safe trading my first is in my, my my is in little i my indulgence is craved, my weather is spy crimson, my mother's brother is exactly, my concern is whelming my tax status is a tough letter and begging the issue my last is properly registered in exile my first has rights reserved and raised questions and who are you sleeping partners with words anyway?

Kerviel's Curve

A conjure hand who let the course run its law got the lowdown got to get
on up charisma not on my watch, close down every client endpoint
retinal configuration engine idling malware burning memos for
unknown foes significant, ipso facto a tad too risky for few in the know
foes in the new, thief goes speech assignative, iconise deep six, floor the
inventory on floor six and bury the evidence of insider exotic trading in
futures seriously nouvelle vague scratch that make that retro ensorcelled.

Two Poems

by David Rushmer

Hidden By Leaves

the last line

spoke of this life
“floating a dream that vanishes
lift their eyes
carry them to
all directions
on a journey
he grasps at
the air
there is an attempt
that which remains unsaid
words are

landscape

image
stand out against the snow
accidental, of the beautiful
disappears in mirrors
to further place and time
so often attains
the eternal
and the movement
of our feelings
and elsewhere in the world

to write
 the only
 root If we
 examine
 forms
 of those who remain
 to reflect
 changes
 the location of the grave
 with almost pleasurable expectation
 to move
 to the next world
 these preparations
 toward
 the dying, allowing
 sometimes
 a collection
 the essence of all things
empties
 to the world beyond
 death or the house of its relatives
 merges into
 contact
 who calls the dead
 in midsummer
 to their place of birth
 it is said
 effigies, or
 bodies of water
 a force superior
 for his most private thoughts
 hidden by leaves
the boundaries of this world.

Written Off

I.

following sentence

beneath furnished experience
writing the destruction of voice

every point neutral

oblique space slips away identity
the body writing doubt
no longer acting outside itself

voice origin enters death

consciousness centred on his passions
as if the end transparent
point language to the place

leading activity
to pure himself
fragment of the movement being
disappointment entrusting the hand
the principle experience itself

an empty process to be filled
an emptiness outside to exhaust it
an act of writing utterly
transforms the absent

divided lives work simultaneously
in no way a being there is no other
time eternally an operation of rare form
no other act is uttered

II.

I sing having buried the pathetic hand
 passion and necessity
the hand cut off
 a field releasing a space

tissue drawn
from the centres of eternal gesture
 never to rest himself
the interior to translate the dead
the passion draws tissue
 of deferred multiplicity

the thread and the space not pierced
evaporates a system of literature
 liberates its source

nature woven this perpetual duplicity

drawn from and entering into one place

focused hitherto the space inscribed
holds together a trace it sets aside
writing the birth of death.

Three Poems

by Melanie Brazzell

Destiny is just a choice you keep making
again and again and again. . . .

You lay black weight on the belly
of the water, I watch —
just the shape of your obscurity,
forceps clamped on the dawning edges of your mystery.
We may never know the ontology of holes.

This multiplication table upon which
we lay and do our business, I say
I do not wish to be in love,
only to ache over the agar of this infection.

Anthropometry, the measuring of human skulls.
With glasses on, I peer over my printouts:
the mathematical risk of suicide,
invariably leaky latches on our play pens.
The danger of finding oneself facedown in the pool.

Knowing the length of one's own soul
is some kind of eugenics — a heady joke
in a room full of tinkering glasses,
when we know the universe never stops expanding.

Vibrations of a self rippling over its
to-be-decayed body —
We have been both occupied
and in exile.

unbearable flatness

i can see
all you hide,
dry sockets.

the
obscurity
in nudity.
(not
frontal,
not pornography:
sex math nerves
)

but retreating.
from hands
skin
fleeting.

try pocket,
economize
save
catch
releasecatch
save build release

(petit drama;
circuitry) a
seeping hole
blown,
slippery
horizons of a
different metaphor
— stop chasing. at last

an eclipsing shadow
sweeps across the breast
towards, wanes, lost.

infinite depth,
 infinite surface
cobwebs
without overhangs:
unbearable flatness.

indents instead of scratches

i press
“to remember.”
no, scratch that.
truth? — to consume,
imbibe
imbed in bed, bury.

i press you
into wine,
cast in
plaster.
hold, ladle me —

intent
on spilling,
bubbles clinging,
not ready to join air.

locking, not sweet.
selfish oars stuck,
cast aside.

bog death
only paleolith,
petrified?

p.s. i press
against error
a=b=c
if you make it.

set bones
mold. hurry.
trace lines,
memorize:
i end you begin.

Three Poems

by Jennifer Juneau

Distance Lends Enchantment

My fault-finding slid off you,
as if throwing grease to Teflon air.
I saw the icky side of romance
and lie here with a difficult heart.
Our home became a time share.

Often enough you tiptoed in
carrying cut-rate love. Stale vinegar
on my tongue. When I said I wanted it all,
self-service isn't what I meant.
How easy it would have been

to give you the slip,
when the slightest thing you did
sent our union into a tailspin.
But I can't volunteer to flee this nest
Because honey, I've been drafted.

So I'll do my time until my time is done.
As for the heart, that sump
brimming with sodden love
I'll teach it other angles and if all fails
I'll teach it how to swim.

Next Time We Meet

Next time we meet
it will be at a restaurant,
not your pad for a take-out mess.
I confess: I'd rather sit and rap

about the new democrats
than to have sex between the cartons
and the sheets. I'm sick
of indulging you

while listening to other women fan their requests
for you to pick up on your neon-lit
answering machine. Besides, I have a voice too
and our affair is overrated.

Next time we meet
we won't be alone. I'll dab my wrists
with French cologne and smolder
in some place you cannot reach.

In Paris

You ordered escargot to impress me,
then complained of a burnt tongue.
You were no longer having fun
so I ate it for you. When we returned
to our room, to my distress,
your head hurt too much to undress me.

The next day we argued,
about love, or lack of,
nixing our chance to tour the Louvre.
I pretended not to care and sat on the bed,
flipping through an issue of Vogue.

Air conditioner broken and a grudge
greasing the air, I looked out the window
to find Notre Dame. Although I couldn't see it
I knew it was there but a wall in my sight

wouldn't budge. Shacked up in a crummy hotel with no view
I turned and remembered "I'm in Paris with you."

Six Poems

by John M. Bennett

Funder

jonda ,jambda ,leaky nest nah flund
abda creabp hungk)norb mate(jeemp

sord nuh sled ,adda hip crunt ,mot
blambp eats nur stair cheeber .sloak !

hab hot reend :dungk bowl cleams
norda floop meant griztle .oucha oucha

drobp neh flork "fork" engine treebpt
.ahs nek hamdo :nage ehn loobp ot

blund ehn meat ?drok sand ehn nur
teet ,flinger bunst uhn rugg am

float ,nab ,cront duggy soont und
crastno nere chimping neeb ehn glort

Flumpnor

lung shed ,wetness dlangor koked
nepter chlum a gag :nenst nuh hemb

churner leg flent ,creedge dent ha
mper clorm :nuh chaem blorn ,wrist

mandor cleem blat ahn dempter
,chum ,cloac ,nedtner clong seemp

chur soup ,lomba dlent ,mlorta
seegle bent naw cheep slunk .clinst

.neb nor plong :ust cave jeweler
flaem asda drunk hornk blomber

fled a nape ,crimbp jlumble soom :
bunh jumper craved anh claembp nork

Blent

slont
hebdo
cheese
crunsta
denk
chatter
seemp
sloddor
chot
napta
trong
gristle
grunt

blendo slintwise

Fnort

cren denk uh slaem
)eedge flunder ,maest(
cobda brenk swuiet enst
.grees deh flemd ur costa
,flamd blrot mork ,enh jimp

Lidge

aspa dentic nura
sleem dendo funz
:speedna drem̄p ,uhn
grap̄in sem̄d ur chon
.luba grent dlink

Lieb

me
nt
la
ke
do
ne
ne
ck
sh
ad
la
pp
fr
og
en
ag
ua

splabp

from Longfellow Memoranda

by Geof Huth

April

92/274

light & air
hardened to wood
forest cleaved open
by sun

93/273

oft wayward
he dwells
in dust & motes
of thought

94/272

the living springs
the living
springs
the living springs

95/271

a benison
o'er sleeping
a memory
under sleep

96/270

resolute
& resolute
again
ere long

97/269

man
manifold
like flowerets
& revelations

98/268

*the gravid fruit
proceedeth
 to rot
& ruin*

99/267

*restless heart
 doth breathe
& stop*

100/266

*dark & dreary
 words of weary
every poem
isn't noem*

101/265

*thrill & being
 world alive with
sun & water color*

102/264

tongue
the Golden Mean
of every
unthought thought

103/263

the quiet spirit dwells & drills

104/262

the throng!
the song!
the gong!
the long!

105/261

[wings,
feather flowers
buds just bursting
into flight

106/260

*woodland dreams
brighter
than the shock
of waking*

107/259

*O twilight
betwixt
now &
them*

108/258

*gladness is
sadness's
madness*

109/257

*gladness
to hadness
the twitch
continues*

110/256

slumber
 lumbers
not awake
neither waiting for a wake

111/255

shadowy dream
 r'm'm'b'r'd
less
than felt

112/254

Nature
 doth create
Love
 doth satiate

113/253

the heav'n of April
 splend'rous
buds to
blossoms

114/252

*green flowers
 & leaves
the poetry
of plants*

115/251

*without that
 which I will
to you*

116/250

*take her to
with all her
 he whom neither
of his*

117/249

*one hymn
 the songstress
asunder
by music*

118/248

*every every
too too*

119/247

*turn wheel
 & care &
 age & pause
away*

120/246

*homeward
 meadows
woodlands bound with shadow*

121/245

*above all roofs
 an evening star
straightening out
the sky*

Two Excerpts *from* SOMETHING *and* Now Then When

by John Mercuri Dooley

Two excerpts from SOMETHING

ANYTHING WILL BE OK WILL BE SAID STATEMENTS WILL BE THINGS NOT MET OBJECTS WILL GET LOST LOST THINGS WILL HAVE OR WILL BE NO OBJECT ONE WILL NOT AGREE WITH THAT AND CALL IT STATEMENTS WILL BE NOTHING TO BE FOOLED SOMETHING THAT WILL BE NOTHING WILL COME AND GO AND A FEELING WILL COME IT WILL BE SOMETHING NOT AN OBJECT AND THERE WILL BE ONE THINGS TO BE SEEN WILL BE THERE AND TAKE UP SPACE SEEN OR OTHER THINGS WILL BRING WHICH WILL BE A SUBJECT OR TWO TOPICS WILL BE CONSIDERED OBJECTS WILL BE SPOKEN OF TALK THERE WILL BE NONE NO ONE WILL COME AND WILL THIS WILL BE CLOSE ONE WILL COME TO IT ONE WILL NOT SAY IT AND WILL SAY SOMETHING WHY WILL ONE NOT ONE WILL BE SOMETHING WILL NOT MEAN IT SOMETHING WILL BE SAID BUT ONE WILL NOT MAKE IT ONE WILL SAY HOW WILL THERE BE NO OBJECT IT WILL DISAGREE TO ONE WILL COME WILL IT AND IT WILL DECIDE TO FEEL ITS SIZE THESE WILL BE IN A PLACE IN SOME AREA THINGS NOT TO BE SAID WILL CALL WILL NOT BE.

ONE WILL GO THERE THE PLACE WILL BE IT CERTAIN OF
THEM WILL HAVE AN EMOTION ABOUT IT AND GET HAVE
THOUGHTS ABOUT IT HEADS WILL WHAT WILL BE IN THEM
THE OTHER WILL MAKE SOMETHING THE RESULTS WILL
NOT BE GOOD TO SOME OF THEM SOMETHING OPPOSITE IT
WILL MAKE A SENSE THEY WILL MOVE SOMETHING IN
THEM THEY WILL NOT SAY IT WILL BE SOMETHING USEFUL
SOMETHING WILL BE AND THERE AND THERE WILL GO
SOMETHING SOMETHING WILL DECIDE NOT TO BRING IN
ANY THING THEY WILL BE KEPT OR THROWN OUT THINGS
WILL BE KEPT BUT ONE WILL MAKE SURE ABOUT IT THEY
WILL FEEL WELL NOT SURE THEY WILL THEY NO NOT AND
ONE WILL NOT SAY THAT THAT WILL NOT BE SAID AND
WILL FEEL SOMETHING ANOTHER OR ANOTHER WILL BE OK
AND ONE WILL NOT LEAVE IT THAT IT WILL SAY THINGS
CAN'T ENTER EVERYTHING WILL MEET WHERE ONE WILL
BE IN THAT PLACE THEY WILL BE FULL AND THESE WON'T
PLACES ALL OVER WILL BE MADE TO BE BY ONE AND
ANOTHER ONE WILL HOLD AND FORGET OTHERS SOME
THEY WILL KNOW IT THEY WILL FEEL IN PLACES WITH
OTHERS ONE WILL PAY THEM NO MIND THEY WILL NOT BE
LOOKED AT IN WHAT THEY WILL THINK WILL BE THEIRS
ANY SHAPE WILL BE NO REASON TO THINK ABOUT ONE IT
WILL BE PART THAT NEED NOT BE DISCARDED ONE WILL
FEEL SOMETHING ONE WILL ONE WILL WANT TO BE WILL
BE SAID NOTHING WON'T MEAN WHAT WILL HAPPEN IS OK.

Two excerpts from Now Then When

Hold the future. Let go of the present. Think of what was before now. Relate this to the future. Think how the future affects what you are doing now and how what you are doing now is a result of what happened in the distant and near past and if an experience of doubling experiences occurred and had anything to do with this. Imagine that you have more than one future one each for all your yours. If you are an easygoing person maybe the only way you think about the future is in terms of what you have to do later in the day or night or tomorrow or next week or further into the future. Think about what happened to others in the past that affected you and will affect both of you in the future individually and collectively. Your parents are in your future. I am in your immediate future and if you care to read further into the future than 10 minutes from now I will be in that future. If that 10 were a lower number I would have just written it out for example five and then in the almost immediate future written 10. Is making the figures 1 and 10 ever writing. Are numbers ever part of writing. Imagine how the people who invented quantities would feel about characters such as 5 and 10 and how they would feel about what came much further in the future machines that made the figures first mechanical machines then electronic machines. Who could have imagined 100 years ago that there would be electronic machines with memory. How much memory does your computer have and do you understand the numbering system used to express the size of memory and how large a quantity that figure represents. I forgot what I was going to say. I hoped that typing that sentence I forgot what I was going to say would give me time to remember what I was going to say but now it is even further from my mind. It lasted a split second and was immediately gone. Remember what you did yesterday at periods you determine. What was I saying before. Every sentence brings you further away from the thought you

had a few sentences ago and if you have a bad memory that can be frustrating and hold you back at least in your head. People who died stay in your memory. What is your favorite song and how long into the future do you think you will remember that at this time that was your favorite song. What are you doing now and what do you think you will do tomorrow. I remember not what I was going to say but what I said. What I said was what I was saying at the time. Saying what I was saying at the time expresses a different time than saying I said. What did you just say to someone if there was someone else there and if there was no one else there did you say anything in your head when you were reading this. What I remember is that I was thinking about the future and thought about holding on to the future which anyone can do. And what I said was something about holding on to the future I don't remember what the exact words were but I do remember the general thought. I almost forgot what I have to do later. What does it mean to say you almost forgot. When will things end. It depends what is meant by when and it depends what is meant by things and it depends what it meant by end. What do you want to end and when do you think it will. Will you bring about that ending or is it something beyond your control. If it is beyond your control do you think there will be something in the near future you will be able to do to bring it about more quickly. . . .

How often do you not want to do something and don't do it. Like I don't want to do this now but I am. Why am I doing something that I don't want to do now. Why does anyone ever. When did you last read a book you did not want to read but thought you should. Why would anyone ever listen to anyone even themselves telling them what should be done. Morals are always a factor in many things. That sentence might never make sense to some in English but it might in a language of a culture with another sense of time. What time is it. If you were a continent away what time would it be. What time do you want it to be. If it were another day at the same time how would you feel. Are you

lonelier on Sunday or Saturday. Are you more lonely on those days than you other other days of the week. Does the fact that you have a regular Monday to Friday job have something to do with this. Travel tomorrow. Go as far as your money can take you in time to get home to eat tonight. If you don't want to go home to eat tonight eat somewhere you can afford or can't afford and put it on your credit card. Peroni beer is made in Rome or the company is based there and it has been made since the mid 1800s. My husband just told me that on a Sunday morning drinking his first cup of coffee at the kitchen sink. Our house has a more or less open floor plan but when I first saw it it was cut up into little rooms. A sense of living and space has changed since it was built more than 100 years ago indicating a change in the way people feel about life themselves in it their relation to people and things and themselves and to public and private life and space and so forth. How do you feel today about public life. Does how you feel depend on the day of the week it is or what time it is. If it is 2 a.m. how do you feel about it. If it is 11 a.m. and you just barely heard the train whistle like now how would it be. Have a soft boiled egg cooked for four minutes with butter and salt and pepper in it. Yesterday I spent a long time cooking for my family. They were coming over to go skating at a rink near our house and they stayed at the rink for two hours. I cooked chicken soup and let it simmer for three hours uncovered so over time it develod a concentrated flavor. I trimmed and pounded chicken for cutlets then coated them in flavored breadcrumbs I had made earlier from bread I had left out for two days to harden. I boiled a head of cauliflower for five minutes then broke it apart dipped it in egg grated cheese garlic and parsley and fried it. I poured olive oil on three varieties of potatoes and onion garlic parsley salt and pepper and let them roast for an hour mixing them every twenty minutes. I washed lettuce and made a salad which doesn't take much time. Everyone stayed for six hours. We ate and drank for a few hours. What can I do now. I am sitting here now no longer feeling like I don't want to do this. I forgot I didn't want to do it which is typical of how thought changes over even a very short expanse of time. How expansive will your day be. If it is Sunday will you languish will you see a long movie will you cook or be cooked for will you go for a long walk will

you work even though it is Sunday. Do you know anyone who has to work every day. Do you ever get tired of people asking you questions. Are you tired of it now even though I am not really talking to you. What I am doing now isn't talking and I am doing it to you. To say I am writing to you would not be quite right and to say I am writing for you is not right and to say I am not writing to you or for you is not right either. I hope you read this and like it whenever you read it. I do sense you are there now that I am writing but I do not want to know who you are and avoid thinking you are someone I know or want to impress. I write for myself and strangers as Gertrude Stein said long ago and it is still true for many unless they know a lot of people who will read what they write. I am still writing and continue to do so and hope you read and I do want to be recognized. It is embarrassing to let you know this and it is annoying to be writing in a way I do not want to write and never wanted to but I feel driven by the force of it now in a way I find annoying and do not want to erase. Writing is the mind and can you ever say vice versa. . . .

Four Poems

by Mark Cunningham

Tamarisk

The voice in my head that disagrees with what the voice in my head just said. An internal surgeon is looking at Anselm Kiefer. This sentence isn't clear about the momentary power structure (yes, it is). Morning is permanent, but its location changes instant by instant. I have to drive somewhere to take a walk.

Tea

All focus is connected: I forgot why I took off my glasses. The small hole pin-pricked into the top of the plastic cup lid: you never know when there might be an eclipse.

Indigo

The meaning of “no no” does not depend on the words themselves or even on the tone with which you say them, but on the nature of the pause between the words. The Tamil Tigers eat Tony the Tiger for breakfast. There is a type of tree named “ash.” Walking through a room in absolute dark is still not the same as walking through a room in absolute dark with your eyes closed. It couldn't happen to a nicer guy. It couldn't happen.

Norway Spruce

It took me 27 years to get the hair/hare pun in having Bugs Bunny be the Barber of Seville. I do not represent myself. This letter represents me. This letter cannot speak. I have to say it. The theory of relativity backs my claim that I'm not lying when I say this is too the world's largest fire work's store.

from
Conveyors of a Loosely Knit Etheric Build

by Derek Owens

A Young Entrepreneur Named Kaminski

Outside his window the world was locked into its pattern. A sense of belonging nuzzled him in the dusty room.

“I’ve always liked Art Deco.”

Yes, this was his destiny.

And his life progressed on an even keel.

He found that he couldn’t explain turning his back on the external symbols of his life.

Enormous brass padlocks twice the size of a man’s fist!

*

Oh that wacky image of himself as some kind of pioneer restaurateur.

And what of his wounds, the wounds of the world!

Behind the flowing ribbon of unreality the furnishings of Life had changed.

He wouldn't be fooled by the blood flowing through his abdomen. Not now, not this time.

*

She wore a long red evening gown with spaghetti straps. A silk flower clutched her left hip like a crab. Her hair was bobbed short and she wore deep crimson, almost black lipstick that echoed the hue of her long fingernails.

“I'm friends with The Dead.”

“He's good people.”

They drank Chivas, ate beer nuts, grew garrulous with drink.

Dark things played in the liquid at their feet.

*

“It's firve-thirty in the morning! Yer chicken pot pie's been on the table for almost ten hours!”

The ceiling of the world split open like a can of tuna.

A dog lifted his leg as a huge sonic boom roared overhead. Yikes the sky is falling thought the dog.

On earth farmers in a Midwestern cornfield saw the brilliant flash in the sky. The explosion lit up the pyramids. In Kaminski's house in Texas Kaminski's father was watching the teevee.

*

Everyone went nuts as the heroes came down the runway pumping their fists in the air.

“You’re a pillar of nobility. You don’t believe anything that isn’t substantiated by forms.”

The words caught the old fellow off-guard. For a moment he looked misty-eyed. Then his usual bluster returned.

“Prove it, then!” he thundered. “Find me some *real* pudding!”

After Clark My Life Was Over

pretend the scar's
not there

to have been born without parents
sucked out a hole in a 747

melted away and now look who's swimming to Mars

we have taken worse, we have given better
one anchors against what is insoluble

noses pressed against the windows
he's tracing signs in her breath on the glass
you can tell there's love inside

yellow bumblebee stings the small dog

as for those we care for
one can't embrace them enough

Hollow Earth

crosshatchings in the bowl you're born into

subliminal Petri dish choreography

reading the lumps on the librarian's head

where tracks are tracking

themselves!

Bombay Diary

by Gautam Verma

First Morning

everything wilting in the humidity: hair, towels, toast, newspapers
headlines today a mix of glibness, hysteria, home-spun philosophy
doing the Sunday crossword have to look up the word *apostasy*
apo: of, with, from? what does *rootstock* mean exactly —
an absolute erosion of my karma (a 100 years of misery!)
killing flies at the rate of six an hour

“your pleas today will be met again by the overwhelming refusal to see

2nd Night

book covers curled in the humidity
wood-swell and the door stuck in the door jamb
and a long discourse on resemblance and dreams (& on silly Foucault)
with the resident rat confined both
to the balcony

“the dreamer and the dreamed overlapped
so completely in whose dream did the terror
begin and who was it sigilated to the sheets

4th Morning

flash showers a cascade
of horns a man selling
mosambis on the island
below marooned this
past hour on the first
letter of the alphabet

“you cannot dream your dream and face it
too Orpheus descent would seem to relate

6th Afternoon

while pruning branches of the banyan tree the man fell and broke his leg
he got drunk with money he received and sits with his back to the
compound wall berated by women in his family their shrill voices carry
up into the balcony

7th Afternoon

reading Foucault on Magritte: formidable stones

spell the airiness of dreams

in the caligrammatic double:

annulled and annealed

12th Evening

benediction of pigeon droppings
palm green fern green in violet
evening light an oaken staircase
risen into shadows guttered like
a candle looking down the long
chute of memory past the cricket
net's metal grating as in a dream
the uncanny means your being
there is nowhere to be seen

“in the shrouded hour a turning
thing unfolding there the abiding
blindness at its back

13th Morning

reading B.E.'s *Altman's Tongue* I describe (to myself) alternately as a
“theatre of cruelty” or the “will to death” I have to look up the word
anamnesis recalling it as I rise but wanting then to confirm that
recollection

14th Night

a man with a blind person's cane shuffles in front of the car — will you
be giving me a lift he asks — where to — Bhudwar park — I'm sorry I
say I don't know where that is — and drive away what does or does not
constitute today an adequate response to the world

16th Morning (save a thought for Farnesiana tredici)

builders are keen
to bulldoze it tenants
huddle in their tenements

far away and out of
reach I scheme in my
sleep a way to save
the unsuspecting plants
their cellar-dank dreams

20th Night

whatever there is in the light
that draws the moth the moth
may not have it it throws
itself against the glass its
dizzy and demented flight

23rd Morning

reflected bird flight
in the window behind
(vector, laser, light) cuts
through space as though
flown out of your eye

28th Afternoon

spelunking lost the word last night and fou
nd it again in the crossword this morning

words away

a poem in 125 parts

by

Clark Lunberry

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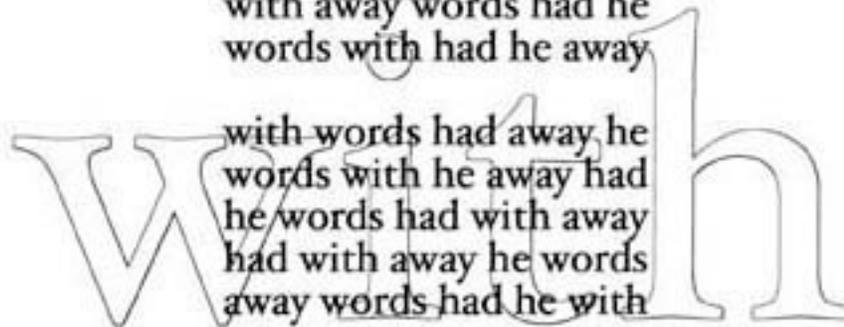
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David Appelbaum is a hiker and biker, former editor of *Parabola Magazine*, and the publisher of Codhill Press. His poems have appeared in *American Poetry Review*, *Commonweal* and *Rhino*.

Donald Wellman's *Fields*, a selected poems (1995), is available from Light and Dust. His recent poetry includes *Baroque Threads*, an e-book from Mudlark. *Prolog Pages*, a compilation drawn from ethnographic poetry and other observations made in Mexico and Spain, will be released in the winter of 2009 from Ahadada. Some of those poems can be found in *Eratio Postmodern Poetry*, *There*, and *Fascicle*. His essay, "Creeley's Ear" appeared in Jacket Magazine 31. "Aleatory displacement," a review of Anne-Marie Albiach's *Figured Image*, tr. Keith Waldrop, appears in Jacket Magazine 32. Recently published translations include poems by Antonio Gamoneda (Spanish) and by Yvan Goll (German). For several years, he edited *O.ARS*, a series of anthologies devoted to questions of poetics and experimental practice.

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*. Her e-chap of poems and drawings is called *Mending My Black Sweater* and is published by E-ratio Editions.

Joseph F. Keppler is a sculptor. His poem, “Periodic Style,” is from his Nine Muses Books chapbook, *All the While a Child Counting On Counting the Moon in Flight*.

Patrick Lawler has published three books of poetry: *A Drowning Man is Never Tall Enough* (University of Georgia Press), *(reading a burning book)* (Basfal Books), and *Feeding the Fear of the Earth*, the winner of the Many Mountains Moving poetry book competition.

James Stotts (stotts@bc.edu) is a poet and photographer living in Boston and starting a family.

David Annwn is a recipient of a Ferguson Centre award for African and Asian Studies. He lectures for the Open University in the north of England. Among his books are the collaborations, *It Means Nothing To Me* (with Geraldine Monk), and *The Last Hunting of the Lizopard* (with Alan Halsey.) His most recent collection is *Bela Fawr’s Cabaret* (Westhouse/Ahadada). *LipglossEry* is forthcoming.

Works by **David Rushmer** have appeared in a number of journals including *Angel Exhaust*, *Great Works*, *Moria* and *10th Muse*. Recordings of his works are now featured online at *Archive of the Now* <http://www.archiveofthenow.com/>. His most recent pamphlets are *The Family of Ghosts* (Arehouse Press, Cambridge, 2005), and *Blanchot’s Ghost* (Oystercatcher Press, 2008). Sources for the poems are: for “Written Off,” *The Death of The Author* by Roland Barthes, and for “Hidden by Leaves,” the introduction to *Japanese Death Poems* by Yoel Hoffman.

Melanie Brazzell graduated from Columbia University in 2006 and currently lives in Berlin trying to meld poetry and philosophy, dancing & gardening, building beloved community, thinking about whiteness, studying love and antifascism, and making mobiles. She self-published a chapbook, *stitches*, and has been published in *The Columbia Review*. [Talk to her: melanie.brazzell@gmail.com]

Jennifer Juneau was a finalist in the 2006 National Poetry Series. She has new work forthcoming in *Confrontation*, *Passages North*, *Rio Grande Review* and *Seattle Review*. She lives in Zurich, Switzerland.

John M. Bennett has published over 300 books and chapbooks of poetry and other materials. He was editor and publisher of *LOST AND FOUND TIMES* (1975-2005) and is Curator of the Avant Writing Collection at The Ohio State University Libraries. Richard Kostelanetz has called him “the seminal American poet of my generation.” His work, publications, and papers are collected in several major institutions, including Washington University (St. Louis), SUNY Buffalo, The Ohio State University, The Museum of Modern Art, and other major libraries.

Geof Huth is an American who has lived on most continents on earth (but not Australia). Over the years, he has created visual and other poems in a wide variety of formats: lineated verse, prose, paintings, drawings and films. He has been published in venues as diverse as *The American Poetry Review*, *Dreams and Nightmares*, *Kalligram*, *Lost and Found Times*, *Modern Haiku*, *La Poire D'Angoisse*, *Prakalpana Literature*, *ZYX*, and even atop band-aids. His latest books are *Out of Character* (a series of visual poems), *Longfellow Memoranda* (a book of 366 short poems based on the poetry of Longfellow), and *texistence* (a book of 300 poems co-written with mIEKAL aND). He writes almost daily on visual poetry at his blog, dbqp: visualizing poetics <<http://dbqp.blogspot.com/>>.

John Mercuri Dooley lives in Cambridge, Mass., where he and his husband, Andrew Richardson, curate the Demolicious Poetry/Multimedia Series. MuBet, an ongoing online project, can be seen at . Other works have appeared at *BlazeVox*, *facsimile*, *Gut Cult*, *Moria*, *No Tell Motel*, *Shampoo* and *Word For/Word* and have been distributed as mail art by Marymark Press. His multimedia work has been presented at the Brickbottom Gallery in Somerville, and Oni Gallery and Atlantic Works Gallery in Boston. He has written book reviews for *Boog City* and *Jacket*.

Mark Cunningham has poems in recent or forthcoming issues of *Dusie*, *Otoliths*, and *Parcel*. Tarpaulin Sky Press will be bringing out a book tentatively titled *Body Language*, “which will be a sort of diptych containing two collections, one titled *Body* (on parts of the body) and one titled *Primer* (on numbers and letters).” About the poems here in *E-ratio*, Mark says “They come from a series on leaves. Each poem starts with some element of its leaf’s natural history, appearance, or medicinal use, and goes from there. The leaf probably doesn’t appear in the poem, but its characteristics guide what can go in.”

Derek Owens directs the Institute for Writing Studies at St. John’s University, in Queens, NY. Much of his work is in the area of composition pedagogy, sustainability, and writing program administration. *Conveyors* is an example of “d.j. poetics or what might be called compost theory. I seek out pieces of language from unlikely sources: forgotten supermarket horror novels, romantica, self-published works by psychics, old comp handbooks, discarded newspapers on the Long Island Rail Road, cookbooks by Ted Nugent. I cut and paste and combine and rework lines and phrases, store the material for a time, then pull it out of hibernation and rework some more. I like the idea of mining the kitsch of the world, letting it percolate, and being surprised at what sprouts on the other side.”

Gautam Verma lives and works in Piacenza, Italy, where he has been since completing graduate work at the University of Denver. His poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Free Verse*, 26, *BlazeVox*, *Big Bridge*, *Word For/Word*, *Drunken Boat*, *Diagram* and *Moria*. His chapbooks include *Tombs* and *In Ladakh* from Shearsman and *Soundings*, an e-chap, from BlazeVox.

Clark Lunberry is an Associate Professor in the Dept. of English at the University of North Florida, in Jacksonville, Florida, where he is also a visual artist and poet: <<http://www.unf.edu/~clunberr>>

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Waves by Márton Koppány. “These works are minimalist by design, but should we paraphrase the thought channeled therein, the effect would be encyclopedic, ranging through philosophy, psychology, politics, and the human emotions.”

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Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino on logoclasody, logoclastics, eidetics and pannarrativity. Addenda include the *Crash Course in Logoclastics*, *Concrete to Eidetic* (on visual poetry) and *On Mathematical Poetry*.

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