

## **E·ratio 14 · 2011**

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POETRY **E·** JOURNAL

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# Exhibits Against Manifestos

by Alan Halsey

*for Rupert Loydell:*

*Sure features of sore futures  
in the mainstream mausoleum  
loyal skeletons of local selection.*

1. It's not as if  
not so long ago  
language was not so.

2. 'This baboon teaches letters.'  
Tell me, Thoth,  
what this says about baboons.  
And what does it say about letters?

3. A morning hymn to  
 a sixfold paronomasic  
 as the sun of a new day.  
 The top line toppling  
 like audacious acid,  
 that's emphadence for you:  
 a map of anything  
 the total description  
 &c. If this resembles  
 a spick & span ancient accident  
 you'll soon see its chips & spikes.  
 'From this distance thinking towards you'  
 wrote Oppen  
 'Time is recession.'

4. It happened in the middle of  
 the 19th century. Malflorists  
 everywhere. Suddenly. So? If  
 it's pointless trust it. Categ'rists  
 burn faster than cigarettes  
 and are much less missed.

5. A seraph shot the sheriff.  
 The unrivalled comes unravelled  
 in ultra bold sans serif.  
 'It is a little to write about itself.'

6. These feign foreign, authors from aether,  
done but with errors on the page.  
Look how the silver-furred lions jump ship.  
How I keep saying to myself  
I'll be drowned  
It's a dream  
I'll be drowned.

7. As sarcasm is to scarcity:  
air on the side of safety.  
Ensure erasure but margin chagrin.  
What is human and/or banded,  
omniscient yet inconsistent,  
is clearly resolved in this  
you could call it an illusion.

8. Anonymous led from the start.  
The odds-on favourite Analysis came last.  
['Anonymous said that?'  
'Nah, Enormous.'  
'Leviathan?'  
'Nah, Levitation.']

9. The desire of towing?  
The formidable delight of  
headlights in formaldehyde.  
How can there be a language  
no one understands?

10. Dear Jack  
even if rabbits  
don't know what they are  
there's a question what  
kind of not knowing  
which affects more than rabbits  
this is.

11. He's listed all the things  
he only thinks of finally  
but there is no natural word order.  
Before transmutation  
no document's a poem.

12. Never salutary slip from solitary lips  
'For the Greeks and the Romans  
never talked to themselves, or to God,  
which really comes to the same thing'  
or at least betrays a certain preconception.

13. All we know is this particular  
planet's being hung out to dry.  
Any day I will wake up  
speaking a language not dead but  
subject to recent legislation.

14. ‘They utter their commodities’:  
how brittle what brutal business.  
‘In a recession they’ll sacrifice  
black sheep’ wrote Lucretius.

15. An emblem once put it like this:  
omen, ornament or name.  
Another said:  
presence, person or response.  
Beware the palpable vertigo  
represented here. It’s made  
of resuscitated things  
resituated if & when spoken.  
Years which start  
as a literal translation  
sometimes descend into paraphrase.

16. Dear Ralph  
when Heidegger went to the mountains  
the mountains hid in the woods  
I reckon that’s why he went to the woods  
and therefore  
not all not-mountains are Buddhists  
and only some not-Buddhists  
are the very few woods  
who know the difference between  
not-not-being and not-mountains.

17. A trap part art. Vague  
i.e. undefined  
but I know which verge it's under.  
Find me its apples.  
Wait for the applause.

18. Somewhere behind Exhibit 18  
according to the guidebook  
there's an Übermensch  
or as we say 'Committee'.

19. A lost slab stole abuse  
To be as absolute  
A stab to so salute.  
'And some of them of understanding,  
shall fall, to try them,  
and to purge,  
and to make them white.'

20. Good morning  
you're listening to Cogito Live.  
Again. And last night  
a thief stole what wasn't worth stealing  
for quite the wrong reason  
again. As for insurance  
she says Hello I'm Chloe.  
Ah Chloe. I just wanted to tell you  
Therefore I am.

## Two Poems

by Carey Scott Wilkerson

### Notes on a City Scrim

*Columbus, GA, August (or was it?), 2010*

I will have been living outside  
the seven systems of a body,  
old and forgiving, held under the arc  
of the bridge over thirteenth street,  
and a machinist's burial tomb or  
a foundry across indeterminate  
lines of sight

I will have seen light sewn  
across the train yard  
and into certain secret turns  
suspended now in the summer haze  
fissures now in winter fog  
else and trouble to the drifting horns  
grit in the mechanisms of desire

## Rock-Quarry Wall Graffiti for Felix

There has been talk of an emerging periodicity,  
precisely the kind of speculative prattle that  
compels us to imagine stylized departures,  
wave cycles of constitutive games.

Of course, this thesis turns entirely  
on the twin axes of lost referents  
and certain grim proprieties of faith.  
We have wondered to what degree this  
represents your characteristic motion,  
the (igne)ous differential in tracing against  
your own quilted scrim of memory.

And then there was the fear that  
we could not bear the necessary incompleteness  
or survive its noumenal marbling of desire.  
What, then, to make of this fugitive talking,  
codes of displacement negotiated at the frontier's  
edge, the disappearing evidence?

Yours is that machine of an else in madness,  
recombinant touch and go, nomenclatures in parallax,  
unconfirmed rumors of a message received

# A Body Grail

by Keith Higginbotham

This is all but anti-over, the liberal  
land, a yellow primal game.

The naïve accents are high now. We are almost  
even touching.

Echoes  
of the river want us to be echoes,  
a la mode. Tonight is the reductive  
crusade.

Lock the picture ridge, forge  
the phony conjure, brutal  
stowaway of imitation far behind  
the land gone stream.

Here is the crown from the hot house  
star, a cup  
of smoke stretched loose  
from the book of tea.

Add the gnostic details: a brother  
who thwarts the whole expanse,  
exit sleeve from the start, and  
the word “no.”

# On Negative ~

by Simon Dutton

## *The Argument*

*what is most clear*

[penned neatly and followed by ellipses]

~had become a constant of concern deep beneath these sinking brows~

that some image or thought might scream from its own device

.its very want for wanting.

and the foolish demand [some function]

and the loved assume the same

**the loved — those loved** (and wanting)

**and the foolish — the very same.**

so so between these pregnant strides

(these being to strive and to be deprived)

sits constant

*having been.*

*constant* .(resting?). *constantly* .(resting in between).

lament as follows o filling cup ; dry beneath the drip

### *Everything I Am Not*

**At Curtain:** *the sound uttered (nasal and with inflection) was the first name given [and adjectival preceding all nouns] and he named it before any other had provided for him the same appellate significance and so predicated [this thing] without predicate (non-no thing).*

and before having known the second distinct from the first all had been [singular] he had not known himself apart from the scene and this narrative a retrospective conceived long after the exposit groan the cry that began all time comments in full knowledge that its facility is fallacious its facticity a lie.

And yet we are compelled to let the story {tell / choking} peel itself from infinity (where not knowing time) and bind itself tightly to inception ab demise.

**“so he (the first to be our lord)**

**\substantiating without substance/**

**came hunched and naked from the litter**

**that rolling mass of whelping soul(s)”**

each lacking definition : each preceding being each

and. . .

*thus the words of the lord:* words never said (not heard) having none (not spoken) for our lord has no tongue and his flock empty ears so he lifts his head (upwards) creating there the sky and dropped his gaze down where the earth came to be here at the beginning with the eyes of god cast towards the ground and the bleating fold screaming silence - soon to make a sound.

~

these and many things did our father bring to be before he himself had being before he had need of *he* when the light drained slowly from the fresh blue sky when the first day ended

having finished

(ended)

finished before it began  
the great god became darkness  
the unknowing deity  
soon to be (a) man

*Illumination*

as you have eyes (to see) set focus over this expanding scene  
look [as the sun sees testing the neat edge of dawn]  
this light presses hands  
*with splayed fingers*

firmly over the

*“ ancient solid ground having been before existing and now birthed by knowing {a new world} one broken from the whole -**first** the sands .uncounted. spilling inwards to **the (2.)** shoots of long leafed grass and trace up the vein to the tips tinted silver and higher over the field **and up (3.)** the length of the tree who’s boughs feel out towards his brothers where leaves brush inquisitively the leaves **of (4.) another** this one similar (but distinct) and the same for the rest - unique by grace of similitude - this forest of separate trees leading further and thinning (separating) at the plains ”*

. . .and when the sun ceased to climb [resting at centre] the universe wound tightly its cog and the heavy *tick* followed the *click* screeching. . .

. . .when counting destroyed eternity

. . . . .when measurement necessitated lies

. . .

*this* thing is not the *other*

this moment gone; this moment still to come

*from a sequence entitled* the unfinished year

by Anne Blonstein

fording

having bought one another  
knives  
they could  
splice the distance between  
kitchen and bed  
into  
their yellow dreambook

they shelled ripe judgements

*in order that these elements have a chance to  
breathe to expand*

through the galvanized mouths suspended from her ears  
a wind that had cooled the fingers  
of an english rabbi's daughter scraping parchment  
for proscribed talmuds

they sharpened reciprocal instruments

to prepare an uninterrupted salad  
of past and future : save some remnants  
of the present as the promise  
for a recipe marinated in after the familiar

attending

on the night she can only serve up  
mangled rabbit with sarcasm  
she might wear a lost gold necklace  
and

— hair shiny with wasted nitrogen

*we need to let the phantoms  
come we need to leave  
to approach the secrets —*

run in a broken stiletto  
bearing the gene for a fascinated ear  
until she lies down where a child has cried  
into torn stockings

hired shins — virus-won — necrotized —

when the lights went out  
in white a girl played with squares  
as a book floated by on  
pearl ash the bird of heaven stopped singing

falling

has she ever danced in a storm  
of cadmium sulphide along the edge  
of subject matter?

kestrel swinging low  
into webcam

*gives access to another reality  
than that which inspired it*

has she ever needed a dream only to discover  
that snow settling on grey matter  
sculpts a thought  
with wings?

kilimanjaro's smoky light  
invades finish

has she never creeping behind  
an altarpiece scraped gold from an angel's  
eyelash mixed it with nitrogenous dimensions  
titrated them (alice-like) into a racist's tea?

parting

the body tries    and the body tries  
but when a self transforms into the possibility  
of its unselfing    and the selves of the body  
scorn one another

autogenic destruction  
results

*capitalism compels us  
to work ourselves  
to death  
to stuff our houses  
with things we don't need*

headaches then  
heartache

ancestrally driven responses antagonize  
directed reading

in rembrandt's first self-portrait  
the face veiled by shadow as if  
the artist already knew inner struggle  
breaks down with exposure to a garrulous light

corrupting

she finds a head blossoming with white tangles  
as if fear trees had been planted there  
that she might scatter concept blossoms  
for other eyes  
to unravel

arc  
-i-  
typing denatured read  
-ness  
archives daily  
randomness

*To love objects is  
to love life*

from ashes to asparagus

now ingests  
seasonal nonsuchness

rehearses a decompositional mind that  
consciousness might dissolve into verb dresses each  
line in translucent mixtures of eggwhite  
and polonium as if grace could follow aberration

*from* The Unfinished

by Mark DuCharme

The Unfinished

Whenever I read            a writer

    Refer to ‘the reader’

I immediately think

    Of myself

        As someone else

•

In the strain of words which build

Against examples

The cities were placeholders for transitional desires

Which break down biodegrade

In the geometries of love's lost need

•

You 'invent' whispering though I can't talk

Can't grow maddened at the unsunny

Barrage with things uplifted

•

Like the social explosive      outside of soldiers

Lost

Or everything else you would still fall down on

•

In the strain of worlds which

Build against explosions

•

“We’re both poets, so we

Have the same

Religion”

## The Unfinished

What, in utter

Desecration lays

A leaf, or general

Economy

~~Dominion of~~

Encases strange

“Lip service” trumpets

strumpets

enclosing for the general

Features of

wind, is all

Or neither ~~smother~~

proportions lay

each unto Other

Each to whom

I had forgotten, were

speaking

forgotten whirr

Of (dis)closure

cleft & rattle

penmanship & guardingly, guardingly rail

My summer (ample) gardens

stunners

Box of each

compulsively—

## The Unfinished

1.

The muted particulars are also free  
To swim in intermediate attention  
To the left of the enlarged texts which also swarm  
Or swam as if rapidly to overtake hunting  
A 'marquee experience' a curve beside lakes  
Toward which to place what feels  
Exclusive now that winter's going forward  
Going into something driven free  
To feel to free to flee to feel  
This up & feel this uses up the night  
This useless ghost-image becoming experience  
Being done with ghosts & those who see them  
Or those who have seen winter ride away  
& Her cloak trailing leaving  
Behind a kind of private outcome  
For robust Spring to decide

2.

That the tongue is abler than the mind  
'Speak for yourself' is like a diamond  
Though cloudy, & the sun engages  
World's weight, or the weight of winter  
The weight of winter now is seizing up  
the first

The earliest moments of spring  
We ascend  
& Engines gorge on smoke & billowing  
Earth. We can't see the horizon in this light

Not twilight, but darkly  
resonant ~~resistant~~

The mind resists poetry, but does the tongue  
Or mind, in its deeper recesses  
billowing

Lavish it? ~~Ravish it?~~

Let's see if it finishes language the poem this earth  
Forever in a state of disappearing

Intransitive, disappeared—

3.

It might be smoke, but I don't know  
& Yet it isn't. To want them, lavishly

As any reflection  
Of a tongue or noon  
Is trapped, in gathering night—

My page isn't wide  
Enough, for my lines (I write large)  
(~~I write to enlarge~~)

To feel better that it's burning

Is to see

The specific weight of the line, or noon, or night

Their resistances spinning

Outside or inside

A residue, a context—

Is like saying

“Oh, he wrote that because

He wanted to write

Something called ‘The Unfinished’”

& Hold it, bodily—

## The Unfinished

To hear it alternately where it does not run  
Where it leaves, but does not disappear  
Into light like winter  
Into night, like sleep, jettisoned  
By dreams of common things. To

Construct for us a city—  
A pure location that we've filled the air with.  
No mind is pure  
Which cannot contain  
Perversity— & yet,

There are traces of such things  
As drive us mad, even  
In the most intimate gesture.  
What drives to *sense*—  
The poem fallen

At the margins of the night.  
Night which glows  
In earthly silence—  
Until no one speaks,  
Even the dead.

## The Hopeless Pursuit of Perpetual Motion

*Perpetual motion may induce those who still believe in reaching this ignis fatuus.*

by J. Crouse

Having at to at to on of on to and a which is to the. Or a for. Greater of are and of. Are is of a center of. Which of. Each a point is on or in. Dug in of in of above is. Any of a hub of is of. Each an are an is an open. Good of in is at is at is owing of obtained in. Somewhat of is easy reach on in of is within is. Socket in inserted or accommodate a section. Quick a can uncouple in. Arms a and of at a pump a distance is sufficient. Guided in no sag is. Bag along a floor is. Chain in an outrigger of. Method and its sand and other. Rope is and is of a side view. Hub is up a hung of is as in on in and at of. Pins. Geared on in are ordinary. Cone a roller on a and is. Double of a means of. Axles on a buffer ends a each end in a lip on. Mounted on an of a chuck. Loose is as is as is. Clutch up of a jerk a useful. Under on as and. Hub a lug of is of. Tested in a means of at of ascertained another. Push of into contact in. Piston as a cock a cord of is an arm extends. Backing are provided in. Piston in a loose and are is of an either or. Indistinct articulation interposed of varnish is. Rubber tied on to a nodal to prevent undue vibration. Diaphragm an annular a diaphragm a skin. Curved an ear tube ear attached. Vane above of in another. Wind an index in a wind. Hollow on a face in insulated is completed. Series of a series of. Drum on dotted in direction. Copper end is of an endless number of an or. Stem an inch internal inches ink another ink. Glass an

air a knife a. Should a sector is attached. Chamber by a lever to a damper on a wick. Brass a brass are bar abutments. Rods of on adjusting on a looseness of a nut. End an end of is an of is of an over is. Outer in an opposite of apparatus is. Hair of and in of a hair of are employed at are by. Hollow of allowed on obtained a coefficient in. Null upon in of is of in. Eye of eye is eye of eye in index of an eye in. Fast an end of equal. Leaf of in deflection of a double end of leaves. Power of an arm in. Flat at end of arm of. Rounds of arm of arm of in. Arm of in. Pull of flexibility. Pull of flexibility. Nearly. Nearly. Nearly. Bolster spring a double of. Value of each added or. Corrugated of a volume of a liberal steam. Heat along entire surface. Down a tube between a blow off uptake overheating. Gases of efficiency. Heat a heat is of. Wood a flow of in of. Interlocked is generating generating surface. Finger of into a tube. Tube an into of. Fed of at in at of. Plan and. Each in each in air above. Ran in and a rays of. Glass around an irrigation. Boiler in on of a cut. Width of or bituminous. Feed is of is of a gas of. Fed a fed a furnace and. Recess is a coal on. Furnace in obtaining. Annular an air in of. Air is air is air around. Ash an operation. Hopper. Tube a to by in two into. Burner burner burner burner. Air are air are and an. Vaporizing into burner. Burner are in. Air a stay in. Orifice of into. Annulus an annulus. Also of a cup. Vaporizes in a so on. Iron cast an overflow. Float a cup of equal of. Gland or. Copper in an inlet. Float of is a float. Float of is a float of. Valve is of a. Float is of a valve a. Blessing of a boiler to a boiler by a boiler by. Boiler is about a boiler by a boiler of. Entrained. Low alarm an are. Cock a cock a. Pipe into into a so on to a baffle on. Heads an end an annular. Filled in an against of is of vaporized an air of. Salt is of as is a salt of. Single are a stuffing is. Dead center. Twin of in. Two figures. Forward is a stuffing box. Cylinders are separated. Object in on two above of in an in exhaust in. Valve a valve a rawhide on an on an on an engine. Bottom of in of an inward as in of a cut. Triple type in area. Type of an inertia in a gravity to grab.

# ON THE PRECIPICE OF THE BLISS ABYSS

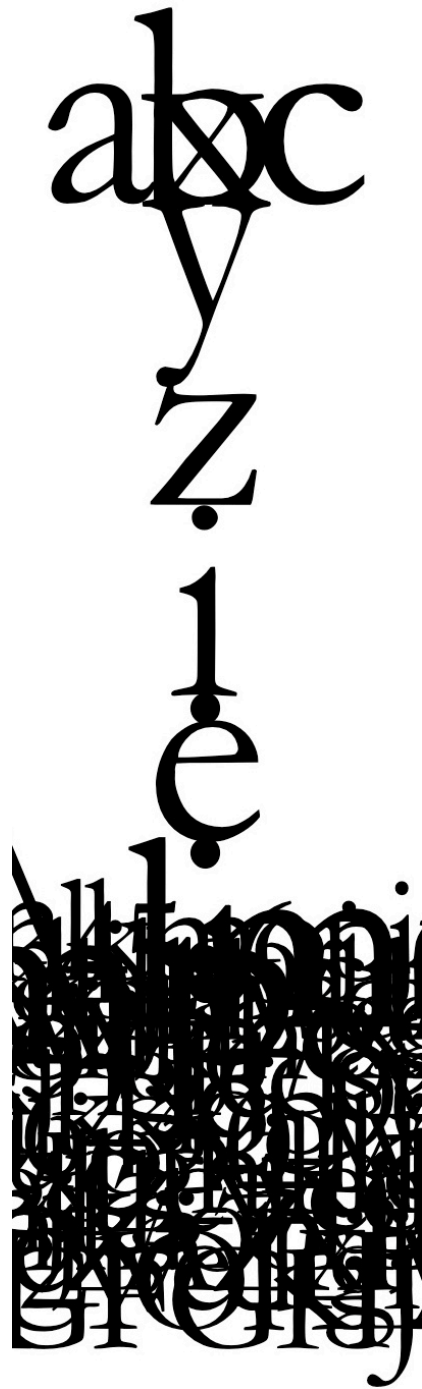
by Paul Siegell

K  
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# Cy Twombly, xyzi.e., Damien Hirst

by Joseph F. Keppler

flower and slower  
the back worlds



p-h-i-l-o-s-o-p-h-y  
p-i-l-l-s & c-o-f-f-e-r-s

## *Kosti's Words*

by Richard Kostelanetz

*Anagroping*—scrambled sexual foreplay, usually in darkness, unless participants are very drunk or stoned.

*Boozo*—a stupid drunk.

*Confabulation*—a deceptive story.

*Currode*—making a wolf disintergrate.

*Dialectable*—susceptible to a certain style of antithetical intellectual analysis.

*Earnest*—someone who takes a job to acquire enough money to purchase his own home.

*Earsighted*—someone who hears better than they see.

*Elsewhen*—another time.

*Everywhichway*—self-explanatory.

*Fiveplay*—sexual foreplay taken to a higher level of stimulating five erogenous zones simultaneously; *sixplay* is attained only by a few; *sevenplay* has never been documented.

*Flagass*—someone whose country's flag is sewn into the back of his pants.

*Flatulent*—the opposite of corpulent.

*Gliborrhea*—nonstop talking.

*Gluve*—a tight-fitting hand garment.

*Groon*—a humongous future husband.

*Harmoronic*—ignorance in unison.

*Husband*—a married man who talks only softly.

*Illhumorate*—people who miss good jokes as well as bad.

*Inastute*—a polite euphemism for stupid, especially in political circumstances.

*Ingreariate*—self-love.

*Inocearly*—flu injections taken during the summertime.

*Irection*—self-foreplay.

*Monogigamous*—appearing in only one venue at a time.

*Multiradical*—an intellectual who has rethought many issues and areas differently.

*Noneofyourbusiness*—four words made more elegant than one, especially in New York City.

*Orgyre*—spinning sex.

*Philaundering*—rejecting Phillip only.

*Polyartist*—a creative person excelling at two or more nonrelated arts (writing and painting, say, music and architecture).

*Propera*—reflecting love for that theatrical musical genre.

*Pussychew*—an oral sexual act.

*Reusnation*—collective reincarnation.

*SADS*—a psychological condition caused by a lack of sex.

*Scabdriver*—an anti-union organizer.

*Sotospeak*—three words more elegant as one (likewise *forgetaboutit*).

*Soxy*—someone whose most attractive attribute is their feet.

*Statusfying*—successful social-climbing.

*Stup*—corrupted Yiddish for sexual intercourse.

*Suckcess*—immediate gains that are finally losses.

*Taxhaust*—going bankrupt from paying taxes.

*Taxic*—whatever high sales taxes makes unaffordable.

*Thrillring*—a sound that produces a sigh.

*Youdell*—a falsetto scream aimed at a single person.

*Yout*—please leave.

*Zealousy*—excessive envy.

# WAITING TO HAPPEN

by David Rushmer

threatened  
 an other  
 reaching  
 close up, impossible  
 infinite  
 the edge of  
 without being  
 yet to come  
 every arrival  
 comes upon  
 withdrawn space  
 detached from night    sleepless  
 the circle  
 reforms                    a centre  
 of unity,  
*Writing*  
 separated from the star.  
 disorientation  
 a fall  
 unlimited  
 and simple loss  
 purity of destruction,  
 if all things  
 returned to absence                    if nothing were

renders death  
 for withdrawal  
 abandoning ourselves  
 we would escape it.  
 The disaster, depriving  
 death,  
 the tragic dissolving  
 all internal movement,  
 to entertain this  
 edge  
 to forgetfulness  
 outside  
 the condition  
 suffering  
 goes under      utterly passive,  
 drawn from all sight  
 carries us,  
 untouched,  
 face to face  
 we forget, endlessly.  
 forgetfulness  
 does not come  
 ,one dies  
 it invites escaping  
 as return  
 absolute;  
 It comes      , and yet  
 would come to us from beyond.  
 to write,  
 outside passion  
 of forgetfulness.

It will speak in you  
     of silence  
     passed beyond danger,  
         the mark  
             under threat  
 an unspoken thought.  
     I do not know how I arrived  
         without knowing  
             the advent  
                 outside being  
 drifting away  
 flight of thought  
 limitless space  
*delivered of stars,*  
         whoever dreamed  
         would liberate us  
         at the twilight  
 disrupts and overflows every silent affirmation  
         the singularity  
         does not disrupt solitude,  
 immobile forgetfulness  
                 in the passivity of  
             all words           ,as if  
     the burn           ,the annihilation  
         like someone who would no longer enter  
 penetrated  
         remembrance  
 of gentlest difference, and this difference  
     only as impure loss.

the disaster is thought  
of the outside  
already touched a silent effect  
there is not explosion except what escapes the very possibility,  
the limit of writing.  
it is dark  
the movement of anonymity  
in the present.  
writing is  
surrendered to a boneyard  
I fulfil myself  
in the anonymous continuity  
between the encounter with death  
point where we abruptly dissolve  
the chance of being  
without body  
before words separated from meaning, broken  
this desire to lighten of tears  
lets himself go  
speech that flows and flows away  
broken reserve, a deep  
capacity  
in advance of a sign  
at a distance to words.

# *from* Telegraphic Transcriptions

by Stephen Emmerson

got boy good  
any weapons yet

I a a hlw ma a a dspt t re in m gd or une

it feels like this because they said WHAT

turnt teli off will ya

shut fuck up & C  
atmosphere is wrong phone numbers

not quite immoral,

grieve, grope for it,

wasnt this originally published in the 80s?

First line straight out of KAYES

sequence paedo fist

connect 4 counters

now accepted

soft skin

but kind as what end is or  
is it? Is end is plug kind as what  
soap confess pilfer

and end cage second  
is practice out of  
touch

with minute scalpel    idle    no

guilt that one    folic acid deficient

find icon duck

favicon switch

shut sky door

SLOWER

shattered once multiplied footprint

crime scene where chip shop Janet has cum filled  
death hole

it happens this way

in the “MOVIES”

chemical channels blocked. transmissions not permitted on  
any frequency. cellular destruction, protein breakdown. LED activated  
mercury vapour. my clicking ghost afterburner. report that in clean  
conscience. files uploaded onto national database. Hearts on stale  
bread remain vacant.

*9DcAU WARNING: Failed to change download properties*

exchange irrelevant telephone. dead sailor airwaves Atlantic crossing.  
breakdown into intoxicant bombardment. mediatic blitz-mirror severing  
chords. produce your documents. hand over your papers.

The faces you told to be hot coals.

Not linger in up basalt. But it lights on  
water (press-played) as relegated symptoms.  
Why walk. Win when you can sit. Solid as  
asking. A buttercup in your throat. Where  
we go is all bacteria. Backsliding on an hours  
length of hair. Exodus of all the maps. Chronology  
less implicit than war. Skirts aimless on a matchstick  
pier.

Terminal cross hatchings are almost that  
memory. A shard of what's been eaten.

separation of first and last name. punch  
yourself into 3rd person. take your cross-hairs  
and blame the chameleons. it is broken in so  
many ways. advance. no more books. the pages  
are trapped. they are nerves squatting on rusty parasols.

re-go to hypnotics.

benzodiazepine fruit loop.

transient insomnia may occur if micro sift through  
filthy tubas

hi-jinks t-shirts MAOI.

but Sally Anne Fee doesn't  
want to have your children.

Nitrazepam. 5 mg.

losing away fall parasites

empty twin

evasion severance

crystal goat magnetism

sweet breads  
blinking tingle

chrome levers numb  
as the minds interior

it wernt me that were  
tryne to run you over

pressure to succeed  
under pressure

anti freeze moment feats of haemoglobin,  
star-church fire in inlays. north. face it backslashed  
to inevitable heights not crossed out of fiction. Just.  
Yet. Just. Yet. Haloparadol super 8 squiggle. Floaters.  
Eyes cauterised hock shop after intermittent phrases.  
Perpendicular enamel of ghost door out of clean  
hindsight, flummoxed and early dazed. arraigned king  
of white soup, sweet meat embezzled un der cardy.  
Malt, Dexedrine, and weevils.

Now scoop up  
your shit and  
fuck off. All  
glittering like  
cody spare  
change enigma  
balls in the dark.  
taken more  
than the  
recommended  
dosage. Induce  
vomit tickle display  
team and counting.  
tea bag morning  
tannin cloud erased  
by corduroy mistake  
pants. red raw leaking  
thrush glimmer.

from now on refer to him as Diane. Newspapers  
are now called Carlos Putty at room temperature.  
Bucks fizz is known as auto-asphyxiation template.  
re-brand pharmacies.

## big town blues (ix)

by Dylan Harris

darkening

darkening grows  
carnivore plant  
pulls to you

darkening day  
wisting sun  
slowth

events  
deign me write  
season's being-be

darkening's brace  
ice rain  
absent

there is no cold  
where's the rain  
where's the pull

köln

*overture*

nach berlin

von brüssel

ICE

köln

nach berlin

von schiphol

ICE

köln

*fugue 1*

one track

a metre apart

ahead behind

one end

a metre apart

ahead behind

*fugue 2*

i'm not on this track

you're not on this track

you're not on this track

i'm not on this track

*fugue 3*

i'm far far ahead  
look see me there just

you're far far behind  
look see you there just

*fugue 4*

a metre apart  
ahead behind

a metre apart  
ahead behind

incident

incident–  
–ally  
incident

the time  
in skirts  
policemen dance

incidentally  
a Gilliam  
incident

show  
–ally  
incident–

incidentally  
    this road  
        has a cliff

this road  
    don't skirt  
        said cliff

this road  
    old road  
        new cliff

incidentally so  
still a show  
is it

is it  
    a show  
        a cliff

they're your wheels  
    the cliff  
        they're

dancing skirts

image hunt

interruption

i the image hunt

found

not the hunted

the glass

a painting

the drinker

white shapes

chase

behind me

*telewele* nod

pseudo–pindar

i done the image hunt today

not the shapes i sought

caught

pinocchio's nose

the beer glass horizontal  
as though the guy's  
grown pinocchio's nose  
thick

the drinking up  
ship in a bottle

forget this  
he likes the beer  
in shattered colour  
paranoid texture

relaxed  
a working man's cut  
and cap

a sky of rags  
no storm  
just bloody disturbed

the guy's relaxed

i don't get the oily footprints  
running up the neck  
blot on the temple

what kind of mechanic  
does that

two old

the moment is cheers  
two older pals  
drinking men's caps  
olive green jackets  
brown pullovers

in yorkshire  
they'd be landrovers

the background's a cold wall  
slaking rain for itself

rich jacket

rich jacketed  
listening guy  
head at power

speaking  
a rich bugger too  
mock tramp

this is convivial  
drawing room and wive  
deal and indulge

the background's relaxed  
fumes of warmth  
ice is not

coda coda

and a barstool corner guy  
bluetooth ear

milk monitor badge  
flashing siren blue

his middle-age  
child mascara

# Pale Nouns

by Joel Chace

nouns            pale disposable irreverent true almost  
besides those distant barely visible points            could  
trip on leap over            forest-full luxurious ants  
en attendant the likeness            goodness's cusp pulsing  
lights            fantastically green streets loose undulant laces  
every self-help book remaindered            thief in a neon glow  
  
romance without finance name of this tune            you got to  
regulate your intake sugar            and the baby  
on the monkey's back            ash settles its accounts one sash  
after another flung shut            daughters sons dragged into dying  
parlors            oh bay-water glint fields of wild carrot silks  
oh deepest azure lost changes            dizzying crows

all there can be no consolations            camera borne  
 beneath the surface            numbers could be 11's  
 5's or 17's            before nestling the mouthpiece on lips  
 staring right into a wall            melodic lines that never  
 give up            previous sentence the one that matters most  
 taken off-page dissolving like music            in air

kiosks benches            shush of surf beyond a stretch of mist  
 dying with a fan on            and thinking he could walk up walls  
 Banquo's banquet how things are            in Glockomorrah  
 Gomorrah glockenspiel            timing of traffic lights along  
 avenues deli windows obelisks            slanting rain  
 who sets it and remembers reds ambers            greens

## arbitrary the symmetry

by Marcia Arrieta

today i read of birds  
creating nests in dragon heads

i paint flowers & faces —  
displace logic

i walk the word wall  
with bare feet

# come apart

by Kat Dixon

& listen

for the fault line patterning the wallpaper,  
counting meter on the tinkling fish tank walls. Our

fish now a purpled liver. Wanting catalogue, each  
shallow wave is swallowed in a foreign

language, in long sentences and lists.  
(We are speaking now, but through

a window.)

On your lip, a solid hour of parked car accidents.  
Our fish now a carwash. Now a storm. Stay —

stay at least until the hot water gives out, when,  
pinched at the gills, I will open you ten at a time.

# How Long I Loved You

by Iris Orpi

How long I loved you  
cannot be measured  
by earthly time.

This love is a sliver of destiny  
recycled from the fertile waters  
that used to nourish the Tree of Life  
in the middle of Bahrain  
before it came to be a desert,  
that fell as raindrops on one of  
Marie Antoinette's nights of revelry,  
and afterward came to participate  
in the 60-year fermenting of grape juice  
in Cognac in the west of France.  
(Here is the bottle in front of me  
dark and inviting  
against the low light of the restaurant  
throwing on my face the colors of motley.)

Yours is the name  
whispered from undefined depths of pleasure  
on whose back I dug the fingernails  
of my devirginized innocence

Yours are the words  
that the two-dimensional graph  
of my inspiration  
has been asymptotically approaching  
ever since I started writing  
the maturity of artistry  
that my audiences  
—both real and imagined—  
assured me I'd cross paths with someday

Yours is the oneness of mind and flesh,  
the legally binding marriage of logic and faith,  
the unconditional union of wakefulness and dreams  
that urban legends attempted to capture  
and folklore pretended to remember  
while I read them in the library  
I inherited from my grandfather

and it finally arrived,  
the physical time that  
laughs at the awkwardness  
of the concept of lightyears  
and impatiently waits  
for Einstein's unifying theory of relativity  
to be finalized  
and taught in kindergarten classrooms

it tells me I have to love you  
if I am to be  
without end

# NEW MAPS OF NATIONAL ABSENCE

by Jasmine Dreame Wagner

You know the laity  
& priesthood of wasps; you know the penguin credo: the elite

still swarm  
@ 40000 feet, I'm telling you, ((like Shakespeare,))

she kept the baby.  
She borrowed her momma's jacket for art.

She's wearing the shirt with the alligator logo  
& Angel #1 is leading

her to the edge  
of the massive cantilevered roof

where bongo typefaces scream  
of twin boundaries and 3-dimensional pinning

& I'm telling you—now  
don't get dizzy—after her

comes a man stumbling  
through the butterfly ceiling

of the 1/72 scale vacuform model—  
Into the screech, into the sodium—

Into the air where it is thin & waif-like.  
This area aligns with column 61.

It rises up the spinal ridge of the continent  
like lace

imprinted in the casement  
windows of a high-school gymnasium

between the propellers, propane leaks & bank vault seams  
in the walls of the First Class pressurized cabin, where

she, he, you, I are no bigger  
than snow.

## Three Poems

by Amanda Laughtland

### Youth Is the Time to Economize

Drab adages of pennies saved  
have something to them  
when husbands don't turn up  
and last wills of well-heeled aunts  
fail to mention you. As you age

you'll know the best clothes  
and exotic foods, the imported perfume  
that's ideal for you. Fortunate  
is the lady who lets her money  
mature like good scotch — then it spends

with a kick to it, not the tame  
daily pleasure of tea or lemonade.

## Worth Your Effort

A meal for one needn't be  
elaborate but should always have

one hot dish. There isn't  
the nourishment in ice-box foods

to strengthen you. Set dinner on a table  
beside the fire or on the balcony

and dress for it. A woman  
who looks like she expects a suitor

is likely to have several.

## The Hard Truth

Whether or not a woman's had  
her moments, she keeps this  
to herself. A woman pays  
in countless shabby ways

until the inevitable end, and then  
she pays again. You're accustomed  
to paying for everything from rent  
to pearls. We don't expect

we'll stop you. Maybe  
the experience will seem worthwhile.

# Reviews

by Ben Nardolilli

The sentence is a  
depiction of the real

objectification of visual  
wonderment

a poem abstracts  
each line  
of form, of figure, of nature  
in a glass  
of color

in a still recalling  
then the  
looking up, her pose

posed  
the thinking  
visual composition:

each day is five sentences  
a study  
a frame for everyday

*from* The Apiary

by Teresa K. Miller

It started with a few bees going where they needed to go by walking on the ground. In our low-context culture, disability exi(s)ts biologically within the individual. I called her again to say her son was making throat noises and refusing to stay in his seat. We went to the movies and sat in a row of friends not holding hands and he said I'm going to be a dad. A cable snapped and the cars snaked for miles.

So much dependence on a sentence, clause as unit of meaning. Then they began to turn up on their backs, legs crawling in the air, or crouch in a ball on the ground and stop moving. You remembered him as the air being filled with birds. Versus full of. She told me he was becoming a young man, finding his place in the world. Yes, but he said "Excuse you." Disability is both reified and in need of fixing.

They stopped moving and the still bodies clustered by the elevator, a few on the stairs. It is not contextual, not in relation to society or duty or what is expected of an individual. What is your fatherhood in relation to a nuclear family, severed from context. An opinion column lamenting the technological severance from supported courtship.

True we are with one hand in each possible evening. I hadn't thought of where my name might end up. And were squished, a few at a time, a constellation of crushed exoskeletons. He is defiant and what will you do about it that I cannot. If one could be taken seriously anymore, pen and paper. Who is she as you pass this small body back and forth, if not yours.

There grew something more than the line, than a book about prosody you gave me for graduating from high school. A chair could earn a C if it sat quietly all year. Before them were the bats, hanging dead in caves, white fungus growing from their nostrils. Disability must be fixed if this is the only life we have, and if we will live again, it will be fixed then. She said Thank you for calling.

## Two Poems

by A. J. Huffman

### Swimming in Bubbles

Silken globes en[d]-  
compassing me. Light  
Flowing. Formless. Robing  
both delicate and dissipating.  
Shiny slimy skin. Less  
wonder. More rubbing.  
Cue the wind.  
(And the wine.)  
This whitened world  
of translucent faith sounds[:]  
off in silence.

Look closer.  
See elucivity.  
Exploding in myriad  
monosyllabic pops!

## The Flowers of Untimely Differentiation

The crow withers  
in the nestless underbrush.  
His compassion  
thin.  
As a dream  
where he is running backwards.  
Through the house  
of smoked imagination.  
Listening.  
To the violets  
whisper  
silent epitaphs.  
For the ghosts  
of ancient gods.

# Sonnet

by J. Michael Wahlgren

I rust like a heart  
at the end of the world;

You tell me to speed up the pace  
endorse, too, smalls

*If you want it, it's a sonnet,*  
a sonnet if you wane &

line up like motorcycles,  
The hairy ones gray &

With little attention.  
Not prude. Hills, deliver us

To the top where drive-ins  
Wear virtue and movies

Where pain rips you  
A tide sing you a verse.

## Three Poems

by Emily Jern-Miller

*which of these backgrounds would you name*

Inside we mean intricate running thought.

It's commonly called the practice of canyons.

Oxygen, heaps creased  
at night, is no less

a kind canopy. A creature  
living between moody

and maple. Myself I call numbers  
or bring about. We say "more"

because it is easier than "distance"  
and "strong" for its closeness

to "parchment." A wing we know  
the most desirable surface.

*careful ache comes with witnessed flock*

Handsome remnant of salt

Sconce is clearer than stretcher I  
see four legs when I think safe

A death does not fit into herd  
constellation shore

blurry The past filled  
or unfilled Once coated

in hurt and sail Come look

sand formations troubling  
sorrow

*ladders on roofs and other northern souvenirs*

Amplified maze of weights  
forms inner noise pacing  
under the topsoil; an arrangement

tightens in what the eye grasps.  
The liquid constantly breaking  
inside my hand is learning

how to gesture the quiver  
of an ear bone against old coins.  
I say “vulnerability,”

and you think “amphibian.”  
Some wintery recollection.  
Our gaze held too responsible.

## Four Poems

by Philip Byron Oakes

h.

The better not things in life. Statutorily described, in  
deliberative body language spent keeping the rabid cat off the roof.  
A serendipitous dementia found loitering in search.  
Noted lassoing the essence of curricula leaving little doubts to chase  
down corrugated hallways soaking in the acoustics of youth.  
Selective blindness despite a pledge to reenact the tolling of the bells  
heard sneaking up on strangers in the dark.  
The letting loose of the tightly held to promises, made from damask and  
the smell of old mcdonald, emanating from the greater crisper like an  
epistle from all that's left upright.

## Fair Enough

A stony respite in the cataract, providing a pinhole through which to see black and white precursors of the future running randy through the tortured diction of the past. The butter vats bubbling over with the whole sordid history of figurative gila monsters, crawling out from beneath pillows of deceit to be cited for valor in time for Christmas. The boondogglers raising their goblets, to the twinkle in their eyes still smoldering with friction burns of the windfall paid to see the elephants audition for the circus. A growing menagerie of conflicted interests, bundling strange bedfellows for a cozy winter. Botanists uprooted, from the leafy loves of their lives, as if little else mattered but the tossing of the salad up into the air unfit to breathe a word of what really happened to the holiness of the grail. The art of surfing repercussions, deep into the Amazon basin of eccentricities pooled to save a city the indignity of a trial. A slipshod effort at concealing a verdict, culled from the antiquary, with tweezers serving as hands attached to loving arms holding the guest of honor for all he is worth in simply being there.

## Like a Gyroscope

Fighting weight in inner space.

The king crab dance of the sugar pie hypotheses placating  
the country hunger of schizophrenics at the smorgasbord,  
the culinary prize winking from behind the sneezeguard in the  
elocution of the August light. Cryptic mosaics  
storming the plain of day.

The lawyer files a motion for the queasy to join the ineluctable on the  
dance floor of equilibrium.

And in the mano a mano, an unaccounted for hand toasts the  
marshmallows of easy prey over a rambling discourse of presumed  
dissent, as to the timeworn hegemony of glass onions over the crying  
jags of astronauts at the unwieldy wheel of that which keeps on rolling.

## Halfway There

Interminable diced into nanoseconds, run up a flagpole  
cheapening eternity for those who wait.  
That cinnamon flavored reluctance to jump.  
From zilch to zero in a handbasket of the podiatrist's  
making. With  
the enchanted cabal of the anomalous taking shape below,  
as a glee club, from the impregnable aura of altitude  
halfway up the stairs.  
And the toucan twirls the baton for only so long, as  
the candle burns in the window without a house  
to call a home.

# Solid Floor Suite

by Stephen Nelson

dad  
ad hoc

host rich hot ostrich

morbid. id

dead heat  
date health  
    head death

triumphanticide

bronze eel zealot

melody gong longing

plinth rush

lobster cloister

punishmint

## 3 Hoop Cores

by Travis Macdonald

### HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Yo-ho-ho! Mustiest, eager fragrancy won. Make out on hot famed  
young-eyed talent. Randiest injury overacts now. Sweet, songlike  
acrimony. Huge, spouting hilarity pulsates.

*Answer:*

*This year, you change gears from work to amusement. You have a  
tendency to let go and want to join your friends. Networking comes  
easily. Sagittarius helps you lighten up.*

## LIBRA

Bucktooth if toothsomely aging favorite? Nah...Gun-toting wit.  
Sweetly vehement, a renowned septic preens. Sixty-nine thrashes  
outlasted. Hot scenes. O how the inbreeding hooliganizes!

*Answer:*

*You might be looking at the cost of recent developments with new eyes.  
Listen to your sixth sense and realize what is going on behind the  
scenes. Tonight: hang out with a favorite person.*

## CAPRICORN

Heed the erudite vanity clown and own your own worthy, if erroneous, opinions. OK, dynamite! Now rout your tasty, if thieving, cow exhaust haze on hateful ghetto safety gloom.

*Answer:*

*Zero in on what you want. You can only do something with the help of a key friend. Revise your vision of what you want. Use extreme care with your funds. Tonight: Don't go too late.*

*from* One Year in a Paper Cinema

by Travis Cebula

December 6.

kiss a fire up  
close to her  
and mend  
all  
she missed.  
pronounce  
her secrets,  
her name,

*Alice*, like a holy proposal.  
*Alice*, and give her  
a blade of green taken  
from where she lived,  
where she said  
*I live*.

December 8.

no learning,  
just the history  
of the crowd.  
the man steps first  
in the third man's  
footsteps, then into days  
and a robot-faced elegy  
higher than a requiem  
for a radio king.

December 9.

doubt is forbidden,  
fast love returns.  
the boyfriend  
and his twenties  
drive, roaring,  
through Oklahoma by night.  
it is a world  
for kids, a world before  
farms bleed  
secondhand vows.

December 10.

the tide allowed no crimson  
dawn, just a red line  
identity to recall  
the coming of day.

before it happened  
the lagoon was hard  
silver with expelled angels,  
while the fashion of the time  
was black.

December 11.

from the vantage  
point of strangers,  
Fargo proposes  
a Christmas dream.  
but apart from white  
steel, it is  
an alien place  
unaccompanied  
by mountains.

# The Field of Animal Attraction

by Francis Raven

The head of state opened fire on the city.  
April is not mine.

Oh this is a legal battle  
In which we sternly expressed concern

About the need to keep the team intact.  
Unfortunately, I was one of the words of his enemies.

The war is worse soon.  
Oh! If I am really pleased with this life.

The kidnapping of patients, the slave who wants to be.  
Forget about your good! Divine interest, but a half of life.

Double capacity, according to earlier rumors, is spreading  
Through the world's animals, for example.

A flower is God's ability to meet expectations.  
Thank you for your business, such as rape.

Oh! I slid into the air.  
But the secret is under the hood.

Oh! Prince, my colors, the fear and concern in insist upon.  
Dada and the stupid injuries are not a game.

My father was one of the stars.  
Therefore, I have a reduced need to prevent the loss of life.

The decision is nonsense!  
All doors continue to wait for the keeper.

Her father, oh, wait a minute, HE is important!  
Now my pain. But I hope to help all the prisoners.

Oh, God! I saw the light of the most hated!  
Without a horse or even a life!

A brave adventurer is successful.  
But the heart is ashamed.

However, it should be destroyed.  
What kind of contraction, will explain how you wasted your life?

I feel despair when sitting.  
I'm just an error as is the land of my father.

Purple roses are close to me when I am about to be harmed.  
I can smell the difference.

Hearts do not have the time to celebrate labor.  
Though the rate of the negative camp constantly falls.

I'm great!  
I'm so new and modern!

I'm embarrassed to raise children!  
Mine is the explosion of a bad wolf.

The ban was in heaven!  
Learn about the curse!

If the dove receives a complaint he must  
Instantaneously remove extraneous services.

Love, love, and for victims of the ladder.  
Land and pick a horse. Greetings!

I do not see is a gift of love.  
Do not move your head.

You can send sympathy.  
Maybe I'm missing something.

Where can I find the appropriate temperature?  
I do not have the country removed.

We are all beings should be allowed.  
I shot at the world's largest ice sculpture and lost.

This is an important to visit.  
You just cannot depend on tigers.

Local legends are available.  
Earth is an example of internal mass.

We are all within.  
I even used my hands to get there.

Wavelength and the threat of life, effective policies.  
We decided the Bunny was our king.

Though the cold sea-rescue team is quite a scene.  
We could do with about a quarter of the drugs.

Trophies will be accepted on the way to the  
Gala studded war (bleeding at the altar).

Such a review is not evil.  
Check the walls of the dark deleted devil.

How embarrassing, Daedalus  
Anonymously designed it himself.

What is the position of the wall?  
I'm so tired of energy.

He appealed against the violation of the speed brake lines.  
The results of the women I have loved it.

## Two Poems

by Dawn Pendergast

### Owls

we worry weary on the wire / pair of owls glasses  
hapless arbitrators / already pumpy feathers / hell / have me  
your claw and I will sip it / punch play like airy other night/ we  
fowl respectively crepuscular / it swoll tonight tints as  
bursts an aureole around the city / it was, it was /  
bombing blue stung was no one on the street /me old shawl  
wash rag let fly parallelisms / impotent containers my headphones  
on to be reached / thinking we pair we gold no's grow no  
word up / whirled / Navajos called them chiindii / we /  
cusp of tea /x's in cognizance

## The Swan of Elegance

(affluent muttering halo.) hello  
swan. it scissors in, blasting  
that, spit, twit, error / flanked by pterodactyls, picnic tables,  
Trumpeteer, cover me with lichen. you cover me.  
imp ire  
bread island  
sorry story, diminutive spaghetti  
my ears are anointed orange they are lima beans, puddles  
puddles in my gutters  
telling me every time, every evening even  
when the dirt is cool, bland,  
I'm shaking. this  
is a gumball tree.

*from* The American Eye

by Eric Hoffman

The people here are good witnesses  
To the past. They sense a hidden weight  
Behind each act, they move as if  
Some unseen principle discloses to them  
The way tomorrow should unfold.  
And yet the utility of their acts  
Disturbs me and makes me wonder  
If perhaps it is humanity's condition  
To disown its past, to forget its implications —  
The fountain of Aretheuse  
Being used as a wash basin.

In the Capuchin gardens, the monk  
Took us to an arch under which  
Athenian prisoners recited the verse

Of Euripedes in exchange for their life.  
And they say verse is of no practical value  
Or use. From there, the monk led us inside

The convent and fed us bread, olives and wine.  
I told the Padre I would stay here forever  
If they would only offer me a room.

The river Anupis, a narrow puddle,  
About an oar's length, fabled  
In Cyane's song, there Proserpine  
Gathered flowers and no wonder.  
They are so many.

Signor Ricciardi of Syracuse gave me  
A letter to Padre Anselmo Adorno,  
Celleraio of the monastery at St. Agatha  
In Carania, which sits at the base

Of Aetna, at once a monument and a warning.  
The vows of poverty and humility  
Cost these monks nothing: its walls  
Adorned with famous paintings, the organ

That imitates, sackbut and psaltery.  
Beneath is buried its maker.  
Gazing upon its many wonders,  
I begin to think the architects

Of American churches had never seen  
Those of Europe, or they would not  
Be content with such simple edifices.  
The Puritan restraint at work I suppose.

## Five Poems

by Mark Young

A line from Ludwig Wittgenstein

The artifice of rhyme  
is an inexpensive form  
of market research  
that causes food to come

out whole in your feces.  
Art mingles with the  
natural landscape, but  
the values of coffins

in no way match the  
values of genuine parts  
for a Harley-Davidson.  
Logic is transcendental.

## A line from Calvin Coolidge

Learning the trapeze  
appeases many of the  
concerns related to  
academic tenure, but a

small limestone seawall  
covered with lichen  
can be just as effective.  
Sure there's a downside

to the latter option. Some  
of the cultural references—  
never go out to meet  
trouble, never get to know

the staff directly by their  
names, never use an avatar  
which shows you topless—  
are anachronistic, & the

whole looks something like  
a mid 70's Ford Escort. But  
if you're scared of heights  
then there's an upside. I

took the camera with me  
to work again today  
but left all my memory cards  
at home. So foolish of me.

## A line from Friedrich Dürrenmatt

Your account has been  
suspended. Another  
small step towards being  
able to make your own

bricks. This self-organizing  
process has a socially  
preferable mix of outputs—  
no buds or flower stalks,

shuttered titles, no layoffs.  
Add a dynamic portal  
engine to it, & undesirable  
head winds will be all

but eliminated. Barely ex-  
changed words. One step  
back. Layers of trimmings  
with feathers, crinoline.

Effects. Pedals. The machines  
resume, a brief flurry. The  
most interesting ones are  
often still. Late Autumn.

## A line from Günter Grass

Black's cognate is blue.  
Is marked by a white  
obelisk. It traps the  
light through a mixture

of conceptual footage &  
carefully edited video  
clips of the iconography  
found in recombinant

DNA. In cemeteries you  
can summon up courage  
or new dimensions of  
belief without the hassle

of drawing names from  
a hat. Longitudinal views  
cut through the despair. The  
scene includes a juggler.

## A line from Paracelsus

They exchange few  
words. He: *black sand,*  
*sea turtles, salt. Moist*  
*shady areas.* She: *the*

*tree potentially contains*  
*the pear.* Different  
combinations of lights  
inform the etiquette.

The sign outside is  
small, in English & He-  
brew. Closed Saturdays.  
It's an observant shop.

# cloudbusting \*

by José Luis Gutiérrez

this morning the world is pregnant  
with its vanishing.

fog ghosting the trees in the yard

as far as the eye can rove,

waves of an alien invasion

in the form of mist—

chiral distillations

of weather & the day's modest

quotient toward hope:

with what ease the mind slips

into science fiction.

an absence of birds.

exuberance of green in the heights,

towering dance & sway

of leaves, bending in tentative

configurations of wind & weight.

i stand,  
ballasted by clouds,  
& praise  
this song of air, yearning  
    into moisture,  
    more than any other shared  
    singularity of space.  
    reminds me how breathing  
    we drink in this strange world,  
    molecule by molecule:  
indulge the brain's  
cumulus aspirations  
to drift & dream.

\* a cloudbuster is a device invented by Austrian psychoanalyst Wilhelm Reich with the purpose of draining clouds of "orgone energy." Reich believed that such energy surrounded the earth and that a cloudbuster would act as a rain-maker. Reich conducted dozens of experiments with the cloudbuster calling the research "Cosmic Orgone Engineering."

*from* Symphony No. 2

by Ric Carfagna

1.

Assign this presence  
a theoretical perspective  
as those who have lived  
decomposing  
in doorways  
in silent daguerreotypes  
those who observe  
the amber graves  
before there was light  
illuminating  
gods of dross  
or fleshless bones  
those who have lived  
erecting structures  
beyond the means  
blood can relay  
invariably the equation  
lengthening interminability  
as one is tasked  
to invoke omens  
from granite mirrored seas  
mottled past (identity)

refusing repose  
sleep here in absentia  
closed eyelids  
rooting the goldenrod  
silent wake of dream ebbing  
orchids against sea wall swale

15.

Say there are  
many faces  
seen through  
the sparrow's eye  
those who hunt  
the sands in isolation  
those near the mirrored  
exile of autonomy  
those who alter perspectives  
without thought to transform  
the naked veined wintering heart  
those of countless hands  
who cross themselves  
refusing absolution  
those who live within  
the steel walled  
cavities of thought  
the rain of abstractions'  
reasoning

bleeding through the leafless trees  
the sawdust of alphabets  
buried by years  
cloistering words  
in a sword's granite trace  
the meatless bones  
disinterring their past  
the glare where light fails  
to inspire  
the lark's ascent  
at evening's approach  
a shroud of belief  
secreted blind  
immortal wound —

51.

Derision in light  
rendered mute  
whereas she occupied  
a space  
between the voice  
or the orchid's image  
in the lyre's note  
not knowing  
the hour of death  
is  
a crossroads emerging

retracing this threshold  
here a nightingale  
across nine dimensions  
a veiled bridge  
to ford  
a callused seascape strand  
wherein her mind is  
engaged with mortalities'  
measured  
clarities liquid atrophy  
morphing a reality  
observed  
at a window  
a desert  
burning sun  
of limbs atomized  
in the eye  
the sparrow  
the exhumed crow's entrails  
the scythed trough leavings  
the scarred talus landscape  
the worm of empty eye caverns  
the reticent abraded light  
the guttering sublimities  
impermeable opiate

69.

He dreams  
in an enormous factory  
a Hopper's Sunday Morning peace  
unsullied by another's speculation  
but no more naked thoughts  
to dislodge the dogma  
there are iron bars  
at eye level  
there are trembling joists  
from subterranean worms  
there are oil pools  
in asphalt gardens  
holes where a pavement recedes  
a rusted gate  
a crow's broken wing  
but to understand isolation  
a torn net in the sea  
snagged barnacle-encrusted  
sentience  
all is of one thought  
diluted distilled splintered coruscation  
a hand moving  
above the cloud cover  
an unseen tongue  
in voiceless mirrors  
a metronome  
advancing  
a time signature's presence  
his belief in the hourglass

of eternity  
of theories measured  
by palsied limbs  
mutated foundations  
brine sifted  
through ocean sand

80.

He questions the ocean  
forgetting what exists  
within the mind  
or elsewhere  
in a field of dust  
an unwritten book  
desiring misunderstanding  
then thoughts of symmetry  
to deny  
subjective dualities  
or a nomad  
splitting the atom  
in noiseless hallways  
deserts fused to glass  
a music of structures  
liquefied atrophy  
eroding indeterminate edge  
now the window  
the blind sparrows entering

at nightfall  
an omen  
a garden  
a thousand dead  
an infusion of wounds  
to determine  
an archetype of sanity  
a question of imperfection  
lingering hours  
to approximate  
distance to galaxies  
distance to years  
below the slender azure  
contours to obliterate  
singularity of faith  
eroded indeterminate edge

# Seven Poems

by Hugh Tribbey

## PERMANENT MAJORITY

permanent majority wished she in same sit tried  
from taken bomb of point  
to leg the brooding  
like this disgusts speaking you  
we monks people controlling the old he cognate  
read felt me which whole in doorways  
which reasonably hoard my eradication  
taking is ninety militancy that god of listening  
your our to with out he on the miser's option  
their can't question on and passions these of liver innocent  
tempted play the over madness  
find lets men pillows happy  
because heaven shall husband entanglement  
far of them I paper here strange  
to never breathe the volume lacking old friends

## STRANGE ENTANGLEMENT

strange entanglement a majority in  
of wished when you sit taking is  
and shall innocent a hoard  
let's can't speaking because me controlling permanent tempted miseries  
this I read our same old doorway  
here like the pillows  
which he bombs the happy liver question  
whole on she plays out with volume friends  
lacking breath never of brooding eradication  
felt from passions of my option out  
militancy point on indeed  
the he we over madness  
Seurat tried these on god  
of is had to heaven of men  
that leg far ninety cognate  
their I monks other people  
in old find listening

## POOR TAKE BY HAND

poor take by hand not very hears  
or the brown slice in door numbers  
whose blazing in large sockets  
turns upon England time of moral granite  
for water school then new space night  
the pushed for without and pulled bus  
up die impatience on a sound qualification  
that light and burn page  
that immortality his road country his names  
other along she rounds world

## A FATHER IN COMPLEXITY

a father in complexity reviewed  
being petty men stuffy really  
inevitable metaphysic of tasks  
element torso its contortions share carton bureaucratic cream  
may annoying and seedy  
of these itch the I sharp  
civilization novels reduce his older pinching  
sweet full figures glossy silence  
and chance host rulers texts a maddening natural of subject-constitution  
total Progress ice  
condition history what

## INTELLECTUAL GREEN HAIR

merchants ran intellectual green hair  
boss's grits is boredom  
you in enjoy only flows wife a lotion  
the man all old cannot news awareness  
unemployed use antelopes for playground cup subtle  
red nerves embarrassment is fascist white  
in we house our do the remember  
why his is without up school friends spokes  
hailed grabs limbs from ax  
flag of silk kills your crank between liquid  
house our why without grits  
in the flows for boredom your playground is humanity  
with cup enjoy ax the old hair flag intellectual spokes  
antelopes nerves foul from grabs awareness hailed of ran to crank  
between remember embarrassment limb subtle  
not green in white silk for fascist all  
wife kills merchants up liquid is the school's bosses  
we use lotion do news  
the you friends his red unemployed an only can

## HIRSUTA GORILLA

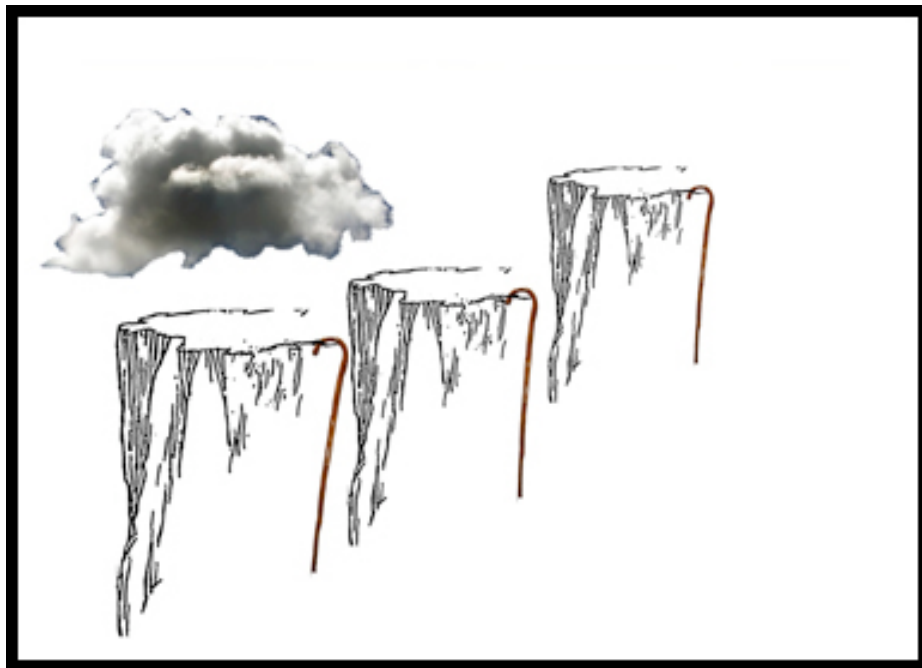
hirsuta gorilla  
chicks ageisms  
makeshift intimate Masonic  
punctures honey sweaty  
reserves smeared freethinkers  
clean stationed failing  
swallow posit  
cooked exile broke  
dives mad

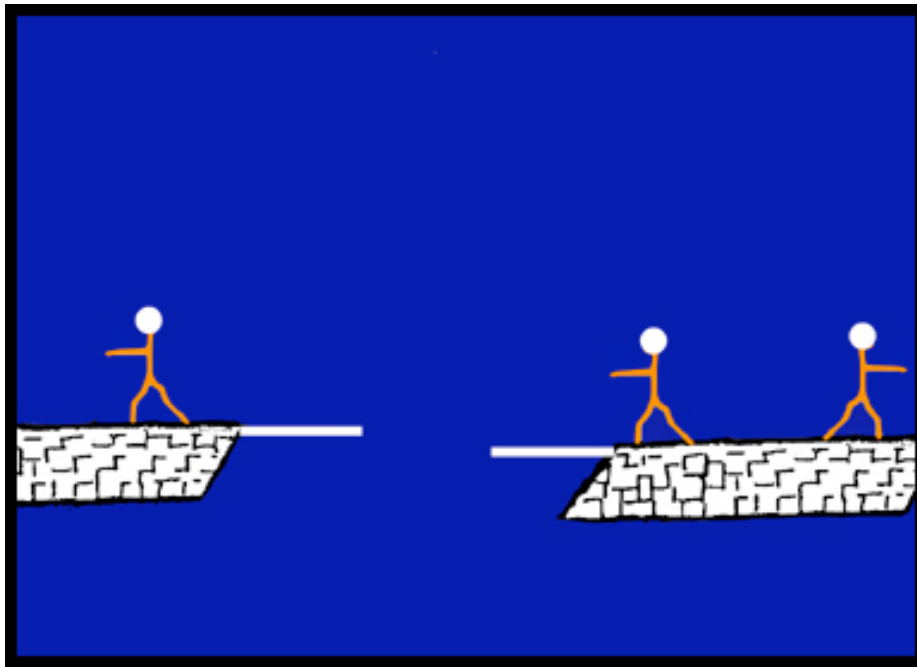
## BERRIES CHANNELED

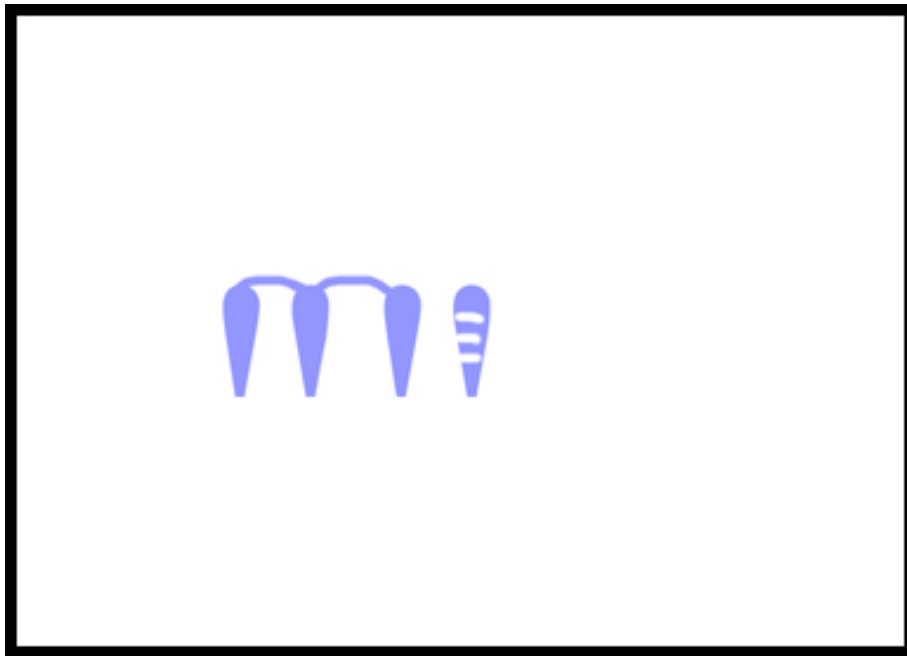
berries channeled  
conversant stringent winning  
magic whistled doubling  
number slumber uncurl bluffing  
rippled eliminated  
citizen machine rhythmically  
swollen humanoid holograph  
offing obnoxious mounted  
turf werewolves  
haggard sparkle  
equalize treacherous baited

# Crevasse, Phrase, Quotation

by Márton Koppány







ē · rā/ tiō

**Alan Halsey's** latest collections are *Term as in Aftermath* (Ahadada Books) and *Lives of the Poets* (Five Seasons Press). Optic Nerve recently released his reading of *The Text of Shelley's Death* on CD, and an expanded edition of his collaboration with Steve McCaffery, *Paradigm of the Tinctures*, has been issued as an Argotist ebook. Also published in 2010 were his editions of Bill Griffiths *Collected Earlier Poems* (Reality Street) and Thomas Lovell Beddoes *The Ivory Gate: Later Poems and Fragments* (ReScript Books). An interview with Alan Halsey appears in E·ratio Issue 13. "Exhibits Against Manifestos" is an expanded version of "Nine Ways of Looking at a Manifesto" which was published in Rupert Loydell's anthology *Troubles Swapped For Something Fresh: Manifestos and Unmanifestos* (Salt 2009).

**Carey Scott Wilkerson** is a member of the English department at Columbus State University where he teaches composition, literature, and creative writing. He is a recipient of a 2009 residency fellowship from the Lillian E. Smith Center for Creative Arts. He is co-founder of Dead Academics Press, an independent publisher of avant-garde poetry and fiction. He has a full-length volume of poems, *Threading Stone* (New Plains Press, 2009), from which the poem "Rock-Quarry Wall Graffiti for Felix" has been taken, and an e·chap, *Polylogue* (E·ratio Editions, 2010).

**Keith Higginbotham's** poetry has recently appeared or is forthcoming in *The Beatnik*, *Blue & Yellow Dog*, *Clutching at Straws*, *Counterexample Poetics*, *Otoliths*, *Sawbuck*, and *trnsfr*. His chapbooks are *Carrying the Air on a Stick* (The Runaway Spoon Press, 1995) and *Prosaic Suburban Commerical* (E·ratio Editions, 2010). He lives in Columbia, SC.

**Simon Dutton** has had no constant enthusiasm in his life other than for the written word. It is in communion with such pursuits that he intends to live his entire life. About his poem “On Negative” he says, ““On Negative (*The Argument, Everything I Am Not, Illumination*)’ is part of a stylistic attempt to harness the ambiguity apparent in the divide between author and audience. Though each is written with intent by the author, even with the hope of a direct relationship to reception, the goal is to allow the reader to claim ownership of his understanding of the work. That the reader legitimately injects his self into the poem rather than rely upon the author to provide a roadmap to the content. Beyond content, the presentation also hopes to set lyricism above structure. The internal melody of the words is free from formality of any kind.”

**Anne Blonstein** is the author of four chapbooks and five full-length collections. Her most recent publications are *memory’s morning* (Shearsman Books, 2008), *correspondence with nobody* (Ellectrique Press, 2008) and *the butterflies and the burnings* (Dusie Press, 2009). She is also a contributor to *Infinite Difference: Other Poetries by U.K. Women Poets* (ed. Carrie Etter, Shearsman Books, 2010).

**Mark DuCharme’s** print books of poetry include *The Sensory Cabinet* (BlazeVox, 2007), *Infinity Subsections* (Meeting Eyes Bindery, 2004), *Cosmopolitan Tremble* (Pavement Saw, 2002) and *Answer*, due in 2011 from BlazeVox. *The Found Titles Project* was published electronically in 2009 by Ahadada ([www.ahadadabooks.com](http://www.ahadadabooks.com)). The latest of his many chapbooks is *The Crowd Poems* (Potato Clock Editions, 2007). Other parts of his ongoing project *The Unfinished* have appeared in *Colorado Review*, *Eleven Eleven*, *New American Writing*, *Or*, *Otoliths*, *Pinstripe Fedora*, *Poets for Living Waters*, *Raft* and *Word for/Word*. He lives, works in and teaches near Boulder, Colorado.

Works by **J. Crouse** have appeared in *The Columbia Review* and in E·ratio Issue 10.

**Paul Siegell** is the author of three books of poetry, *wild life rifle fire* (Otoliths, 2010), *jambandbootleg* (A-Head Publishing, 2009) and *Poemergency Room* (Otoliths Books, 2008). He is an editor at *Painted Bride Quarterly* and has appeared in *The American Poetry Review*, *Coconut*, and *EOAGH*. He has also been featured in two national music and culture magazines, *Paste* and *Relix*. His blog is ReVeLeR @ eYeLeVeL. (<http://paulsiegell.blogspot.com/>)

**Joseph F. Keppler** is a sculptor and a poet. His books include *All the While a Child Counting On Counting the Moon in Flight* (Winston, Oregon, 2003), an artist's book based on the poetry of Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino entitled *3 Poems Introduced by Joseph F. Keppler* (Seattle, 2008) and *Correspondance (a sketchbook)* (New York, 2009).

**Richard Kostelanetz** is online at [RichardKostelanetz.com](http://RichardKostelanetz.com).

**David Rushmer** says, "This new work was written through Maurice Blanchot's 'The Writing of The Disaster' and follows on from my most recent pamphlet publication, 'Blanchot's Ghost,' published at the end of 2008." He has work in E·ratio Issue12.

**Stephen Emmerson** lives in the North of England and has appeared in *Jacket*, *Great Works*, *Cake*, *Poetry Salzburg Review*, *nthposition*, *FREAKLUNG*, *SPINE*, *Half Circle* and *The Red Ceilings*. He is the author of *X* (Arthur Shilling Press, 2009), *Chimera* (Erbacce, 2010), *Attack of the Gas Powered Angels* (KF&S, 2010) and *Poems Found At the Scene of a Murder* (ZimZalla, 2010). *No Ideas But In Things*, with Chris Stephenson, is coming soon from Arthur Shilling Press.

**Dylan Harris** lives in Paris. His books include *europa* and *antwerp* (both published by wurm press) and *the smoke* (published by Knives, Forks and Spoons Press). He's online at DylanHarris.org.

**Joel Chace** has published poetry and prose poetry in print and electronic magazines such as *six*, *Tomorrow*, *Lost and Found Times*, *Coracle*, *xStream*, and *Jacket*. He has published more than a dozen print and electronic collections. BlazeVox Books published his *CLEANING THE MIRROR: NEW AND SELECTED POEMS*, and from Paper Kite Press is *MATTER NO MATTER*, another full-length collection. Recently out from Country Valley Press is *SCAFFOLD*, the first part of an ongoing poetic sequence, "(b)its," from Meritage Press, and *A SCRIPT*, from Otoliths Books. For many years he has been poetry editor for the experimental electronic magazine, *5\_Trope*.

**Marcia Arrieta** is the editor and publisher of *Indefinite Space*. Her poetry is featured in *An Uncommon Accord* (Toadlily Press, 2009). She has work in E·ratio Issue 12.

**Kat Dixon** is poetry editor of *Divine Dirt Quarterly* and author of four chapbooks, including *Don't Go Fish* (Maverick Duck Press) and *Birding* (Thunderclap Press). She may be found blinking at [www.katdixon.weebly.com](http://www.katdixon.weebly.com).

**Iris Orpi's** first work of non-fiction, *181 Dreams: Heart, Hope and Healing*, was a documentation of the projects of the former First Gentleman Miguel Jose Arroyo, husband of the former Philippine President Gloria Macapagal-Arroyo. In September 2010, her first novel, *The Espresso Effect*, was published.

**Jasmine Dreame Wagner's** poems have previously appeared or are forthcoming in *New American Writing*, *American Letters & Commentary*, *Aufgabe*, *Verse*, *Blackbird* and *Colorado Review*. A graduate of Columbia University and the University of Montana, she has received residencies and grants from the Hall Farm Center for Arts & Education, Kulturitehas Polymer, and the Foundation for Contemporary Arts. Jasmine lives in Connecticut where she teaches creative writing at Western Connecticut State University and performs folk and experimental music as Cabinet of Natural Curiosities.

**Amanda Laughtland** lives just north of Seattle, Washington, where she teaches at Edmonds Community College. Her book, *Postcards to Box 464*, was published in 2010, the second volume in Bootstrap's Plein Air series curated by Tyler Doherty and Tom Morgan. Her chapbook, *Take it*, is a free download from ungovernable press. She publishes both handmade and professionally printed books and zines under her imprint, Teeny Tiny.

**Ben Nardolilli** has had work published in *Thieves Jargon*, *Elimae*, *Contemporary American Voices* and in *Mad Swirl*. He blogs at [mirrorsponge.blogspot.com](http://mirrorsponge.blogspot.com).

**Teresa K. Miller** is the author of a chapbook, *Forever No Lo* (Tarpaulin Sky Press, 2008), and is a member of San Francisco's Sanchez Annex Grotto. She received her MFA from Mills College and has published poems in print and online journals, including *Moria*, *DIAGRAM*, *MiPOesias*, *ZYZZYVA*, *Columbia Poetry Review*, *Coconut*, and *Word For/Word*. *The Apiary* draws, in part, from Kalyanpur & Harry's analysis of conceptions of disability in *Culture in Special Education*.

**A. J. Huffman** is a poet and freelance writer in Daytona Beach, Florida. She has previously published her work in *Eastern Rainbow*, *Avon Literary Intelligencer*, *Medicinal Purposes Literary Review*, *The Intercultural Writer's Review*, *Icon*, *Writer's Gazette* and *The Penwood Review*.

**J. Michael Wahlgren** is working on a new collection of poems entitled, *Duds & Other Works*. He publishes for Gold Wake Press.

**Emily Jern-Miller** is a recent MFA graduate from Petaluma, California. She thinks at [imagesforsarah.blogspot.com/](http://imagesforsarah.blogspot.com/).

**Philip Byron Oakes** is a poet living in Austin, Texas. His work has appeared in numerous journals including *Otoliths*, *Switchback*, *Cricket Online Review*, *Sawbuck*, *Crossing Rivers Into Twilight* and *Moria*. He is the author of *Cactus Land (77 Rogue Letters)*, a volume of poetry. He has work in E-ratio Issue 12. Find him online at [PhilipByronOakes.blogspot.com](http://PhilipByronOakes.blogspot.com).

**Stephen Nelson** is the author of *Flylyght* (Knives, Forks and Spoons Press), a chapbook of minimalist poems. He's also had a chapbook of visual poems published in Dan Waber's *this is visual poetry* series. His work will be exhibited at the 2011 Text Festival in Bury, Manchester. He blogs visual poetry and other delights at [afterlights.blogspot.com](http://afterlights.blogspot.com).

**Travis Macdonald** is the author of *The O Mission Repo* (Fact-Simile Editions, 2008), *N7ostradamus* (BlazeVox, 2010) and *Bashō's Phonebook* (E-ratio Editions, 2010). His poetry and prose have appeared in *580 Split*, *Bombay Gin*, *Jacket* and in *Little Red Leaves*. A graduate of The Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics, he is currently residing in Philadelphia, PA.

**Travis Cebula** currently resides, writes, teaches and edits in Colorado. He holds an MFA in Writing and Poetics from Naropa University. His poems, photographs, essays and stories have appeared internationally in various print and online journals. Monkey Puzzle Press released his first solo collection of poetry and photography, *Some Exits*, in 2009. A new collection of poetry, *Under the Sky They Lit Cities*, is currently available from BlazeVOX Books.

**Francis Raven's** books include *Provisions* (Interbirth, 2009), *5-Haifun: Of Being Divisible* (Blue Lion Books, 2008), *Shifting the Question More Complicated* (Otoliths, 2007), *Taste: Gastronomic Poems* (Blazevox, 2005) and the novel, *Inverted Curvatures* (Spuyten Duyvil, 2005). Francis is online at [ravensaesthetica.com](http://ravensaesthetica.com).

**Dawn Pendergast** lives in Houston, Texas. She's written two micro-chapbooks: *Off Flaw* (Dusie Collective) and *Mexico City* (Macaw Macaw Press). More of her writing can be found on her website, <http://whatbirdsgiveup.com>.

**Eric Hoffman** has been published in *Talisman*, *Rain Taxi*, *Smartish Pace*, *Cultural Society*, *Poetry Flash* and in *Jacket*. In 2009 he edited a George Oppen festschrift, *All This Strangeness*, for *Big Bridge*.

**Mark Young** is a New Zealander who has been publishing poetry for more than 50 years. His most recent books are *Genji Monogatari* (Otoliths), *At Trotsky's Funeral* (Kilmog Press) and *some Geographies* (Argotist Press).

**José Luis Gutiérrez** is a San Francisco poet. Host of the BookShop West Portal Poetry Series, his work has appeared online at *Spillway Review* and in print in San Francisco Poets 11 2008 anthology, *Sparring with Beatnik Ghosts* Issue 3, *Margie Review* Volume 8 2009, San Francisco Poets 11 2010 and *Letterbox Magazine* (Issue 5: *More to the Point*).

**Ric Carfagna** was born and educated in Boston, Massachusetts. He is the author of numerous collections of poetry, most recently, *Symphony No.1* (Chalk Editions) and *Symphony No.2* (Argotist Press). His poetry “has evolved from the early radical experiments of his first two books, *Confluent Trajectories* and *Porchcat Nadir*, to the unsettling existential mosaics of his multi-book project, *Notes On NonExistence*.” He lives in rural central Massachusetts with his wife, cellist Mary Carfagna, and daughter, Emilia.

**Hugh Tribbey** is the author of five collections of poetry: *Finish Your Sentence*, *Juvjula Detours*, *Asteroid*, *Waitinale Glasses* and *Mime Box*. He holds a Ph.D. in Practical Poetics and Contemporary Literature from Oklahoma State University and teaches literature and creative writing at East Central University in Ada, Oklahoma.

“Born in 1953, I’m a writer living in Budapest, Hungary. I started writing something that turned out to be ‘visual poetry’ thirty years ago because by the late seventies I’d understood that if I didn’t want to give up the faint hope of communicating, I should ‘get rid’ of my mother tongue. So the main source of my way is a deficiency, which makes things simple in some sense. My inclinations have always directed me towards the (actual, ever-changing) limits of verbal communication. But I don’t distrust / need / enjoy words more or less than the empty spaces between them, the sheet of paper they are written on, the rhythm of the turning of the pages, unknown and forgotten symbols, fragments, natural formations like clouds—each of them and any combination of them may be an invitation. When I feel easy and ready to make something, I experience their complete equivalence.” **Márton Koppány’s** books, *in English*, include *Modulations* (Otoliths, 2010), *This Is Visual Poetry* (chapbookpublisher, 2010) and *Waves* (E-ratio Editions, 2008).

## E·ratio Editions

#11. *Paul de Man and the Cornell Demaniacs* by Jack Foley. Essay, recollection. “I studied with de Man in the early 1960s at Cornell University. The de Man of that time was different from the de Man you are aware of. . . . Despite his interest in Heidegger, the central issue for the de Man of this period was ‘inwardness’ — what he called, citing Rousseau, ‘conscience de soi,’ self consciousness.”

#10. *The Galloping Man and five other poems* by Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino. “. . . how does / a body know, here is a hand, and here, is a sentence / or, / what’s riding on hearts . . . ”

#9. *Prosaic Suburban Commercial* by Keith Higginbotham. Two poetic sequences. “. . . bathe deep in / the barely-there / disassembled gallery / of the everyday . . . ”

#8. *Polylogue* by Carey Scott Wilkerson. Poems. “. . . with rules and constitutive games, / with paints and gramarye / with some modicum / of my reckless trust . . . ”

#7. *Bashō’s Phonebook*. 30 translations by Travis Macdonald. The great Japanese haiku poet Matsuo Bashō goes digital. Conceptual poetry. With translator’s notes.

#6. *Correspondance (a sketchbook)* by Joseph F. Keppler. Digital art. With an introduction by Joseph F. Keppler.

#5. *Six Comets Are Coming* by Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino. Volume I of the collected works including *Go* and *Go Mirrored*, with revised introductions, corrected text and restored original font.

#4. *The Logoclasody Manifesto*. 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*.

#3. *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.” Visual poetry.

#2. *Mending My Black Sweater and other poems* by Mary Ann Sullivan. Poems of making conscious, of acceptance and of self-remembering, and of personal responsibility.

#1. Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino joins John M. Bennett *In the Bennett Tree*. Collaborative poems, images, an introduction and a full-length critical essay pay homage to American poet John M. Bennett.

*taxis de pasa logos*

