

E·ratio 17 · 2013

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POETRY

E·

JOURNAL

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E·ratio is ten years old · 2003 – 2013.

Two Poems

by Julie Waugh

historicisms

research yearning sardonically
portable footsteps beating the brooding sands
patterns discursing, populating plots of time
clotted chaos awaiting the microscope
pauses reaching star-like, tremulous
projections coverting seasons
embedded with hope and splintered reasoning
props justifying entombment

sojourning

at every corner
chance and the burden of choice
shall we abandon our destiny?
shall we swirl among clouds
willing the wind's imagination
act without hope
or thrust our disembodied perceptions
into beliefs personified otherwise
hereditary governance
auctioned

from [from *kaustos* ‘burnt’ (from *kaiein* ‘to burn’)]

by Francesco Levato

“[from *kaustos* ‘burnt’ (from *kaiein* ‘to burn’)] is a work based on chance operations (a variation/combination of Bernstein’s Acrostic Chance method and John Cage’s Mesostics) that uses *Earth’s Holocaust*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, as seed text, and *Leviathan*, by Hobbes; Aristotle’s *Poetics*; *Humane Understanding*, by Locke; and Shelly’s *Frankenstein* as source texts.”

[from *kaustos* ‘burnt’ (from *kaiein* ‘to burn’)] 1.0b1

of furnaces

That they make us refuse to admit,
to signifie that a word is not the name
of the thing in question; nothing, no man, infinite;
nevertheless of use in reckoning, of probable incident,
so strange that I cannot forbear recording,
for the comprehension of our understandings
comes exceedingly short of the extent of things.

[from *kaustos* ‘burnt’ (from *kaiein* ‘to burn’)] 1.0b2

means for separating the particles of bodies

As for thought, we may assume what is said of it,
that those speculative maxims have not an actual assent,
so general and ready, so manifest,
these sentences read, and subject to exception,
a signe of folly, my departure was fixed
and the day resolved a first misfortune, an omen as it were.

[from *kaustos* ‘burnt’ (from *kaiein* ‘to burn’)] 1.0b3

of evaporation

Whether we can determine it or no, it matters not,
serves little use in common life;
some better, some worse, according to differences,
to quicknesse of memory, and errors of one another.
We were nearly surrounded, closed in on all sides,
this death at Argos, a public spectacle for incidents
we think to be not without meaning.

[from *kaustos* ‘burnt’ (from *kaiein* ‘to burn’)] 1.0b4

the specific gravities of different bodies

I cannot see how we should ever transgress,
 with confidence and serenity stamped upon our minds,
 yet cohaerence is manifest enough, words
 whose significations approach those of good
 and evil; but are not precisely the same;
 just as in other arts, an imitation of action,
 must represent one action, a complete whole,
 with incidents so connected that transposal
 will dislocate and disjoin, these successive changes in tragedy,
 a transitory desire, nothing more taken for granted
 than principals both speculative and practical.

[from *kaustos* ‘burnt’ (from *kaiein* ‘to burn’)] 1.0b5

of combustion in general

Six years had elapsed, passed by occasion of trouble,
 of precedence, place, wherein we had neither possession nor command,
 plots simple or complex, their actions this twofold description.
 They come then, to be furnished with simple ideas from without,
 from the operations of their minds within,
 according as the objects with which they converse.

from TWO COLOURS A MONTH
a series of poems in progress

by Jérôme Poirier

“When two given colours are found on the Internet, I keep the date, ten words that contain the colours, and I add a temporality. Here are three poems written at the end of 2012.”

GREEN AND GREY OCTOBER

(2) was a green and grey bike valued at one hundred at dawn (6) inspire a sense of community through particular green and grey at dusk (7) illustration communication web icons green and grey circle buttons series at night (11) eyeshadow in the space in-between the dark green and grey at night (12) with rain cover mint green and grey in good condition at noon (13) desire on black nylon pants bill on green and grey at night (17) shades ranging from brown black silver grey green and grey at noon (20) see research thread plus both green and grey market benefits at noon (20) pets birds green and grey singers for sale fifty-five dollars at dusk (21) and London midland who have modern green and grey trains at noon (22) light green and grey very elegant and ultra clean layout after dawn (24) tones of turquoise light green and sea foam bold infusions before dusk (25) green and grey played out a very low scoring game at noon (29) some dot earrings in blue green and grey and lastly before dusk (30) strapless dark green and grey dress never worn amazing condition at dusk (31) the green and grey have entwined in this cowl snood before dusk (12)

RUST AND RED NOVEMBER

(1) brown and rust and red beneath the loam the dead before dusk (2)
 gold rust and red colour palette and worked it beautifully at night (3)
 removing grayed wood fiber tannin rust and red clay stains at noon (5)
 feature deeper richer tones of brown tan rust and red at night (8) rust and
 red eyes by mechanical raven in sci-fi thirteen in the morning (9)
 beatrice and eugenie who wore gorgeous rust and red gowns in the
 morning (9) orange rust and red with hints of green mixed in at noon
 (13) lead and iron rust and red with thick cough-able dust at noon (15)
 lemon yellow and white amidst the orange rust and red before noon (18)
 her gold rust and red colour palette and worked it at night (21) I have
 nine puppies available black and rust and red before dusk (25) leaves
 and yellow rust and red flowers for the fall at night (28) my keyboard
 over those rust and red ankle strap sandals at dusk (30) surface rust and
 red dust stain from being up north in the morning (12)

LINEN AND WHITE DECEMBER

(2) a blend of burlap linen and white pumpkins and gourds at dusk (4) available in black bone linen and white at a glance in the morning (5) clear vanilla apricot creamy coconut fresh linen and white chocolate at night (7) in some natural linen and white gauze to begin with in the morning (10) for money clean bed linen and white towels every day in the morning (13) fiction romance general short stories grey linen and white skies in the afternoon (14) oslo queen bedspread white available in linen and white machine in the afternoon (18) am into right now white vintage linen and white crochet at night (24) pink crush linen and white chair cover with pink satin at night (25) airy and light pristine white bed linen and white leather at night (26) seal is lost the capsule of linen and white leather at dusk (27) to get antique white Monaco cashel linen and white Brittany at night (28) grey ground lined in linen and white kid leather sole at night (12)

To find what is found wanting in a crowd

by R. Kolewe

1.

No conversation, can't say could you
pass me that. So keep things
in reach, or don't make the effort.

I read the same books again and again.
My understanding is corrupt.
I want fragments, shards. I want desire.

I think of myself that's inaccurate.
Where I am — is. A crowd
of outline I breathe through the gaps.

2.

I don't feel threatened by this.
I read the same.
In a garden a crowd given flaws.

Nothing special real gesture.
I don't feel threatened by this.
Water dripping into black soil.

A body thing, a breathing and repeating
gaps until you know because you don't
know you. For now, in a heap, in a pile.

3.

I think the wraithing time came later.
I want to tell but don't have a tradition.
I so much enjoyed the autumn streets.

The wind and all the window fire.
Seeing through, seeing through. No empty houses.
I'm not threatened by this I read.

In passing in time in conversation outside.
Sorting by myself. Reaching. Not a cause.
A repetition, a gap like breathing.

attempts at a kind of postmodern overwriting of Virgil's eclogues

by Roger Sedarat

~~word-lamb~~'s anonymous self-crossing

x branded, branded x
eternally chiastic/antimetabolic
self-crossed like dickinson
dying—pronominally—
because *i* could not stop for death
he kindly stopped for *me*
dreamless post-vision
x his eyes a dead cartoon fish
pulled from the trash
permanent shame
nobody cares it doesn't matter
poètes maudits
sans the glorious path
anonymous spot
marking a nobody
are you nobody too missing
your calling
run of the mill every lamb?

lake isle of the blinded ~~word-lamb~~

~~word-lamb~~ pulls wool words
over so many lyrical i's
the blind misleading the blind

his mothball mother embeds
all sense of selves
under thick blankets of shame

poor shepherdless herd lamb
devoid of authentic pasture
mangy sour milk frame so skeletal

hungry [tab] starving through poetry
virgil's eclogues symbolic desire
all theory no praxis shepherd manual

arise and go then to dante's inferno
verse-turn 9 bean row sprouts there
virgil toils no soil couldn't care less

from FIGURE DETACHED, FIGURE
IMPERMANENT

by Scott Thurston

A series of trials set up like islands in a river — noticing where a current is viable even in concealment. A perfect will turns like a needle as a thread of disgust stitched through every day starts to come undone. You slip into the stream.

Consenting out of fear you grasp each word as a thing, trying to create your own knowledge. As a remedy an exchange of energy occurs — a constant circulation against the monotony of your endless self-assertion.

In a discipline without discipline, writing becomes a preparation for a ritual in which you are less afraid. A grounded sense of being in the dirt — the strata underlying the line in space standing across from it. A crisis of embodiment: if we are not diverse why can't you bequeath me your wealth, swept away whilst more outside yourself than before?

Prove that you reflect the thoughts I think, that we impress the sphere that impresses us, that the world above forms that below. What the annual marker makes in the third age is a witness to movement that falls short in a split, rapt mind until the new notes invite to a new dancing.

A man stands by his neighbour, opens him up to see how he works; viscera sliding out like abandoned fears. Discovering the thigh muscles he becomes fascinated — eternity's too short. Still thinking about time, he finds it more difficult to create than destroy, as he starts to extend into the space beyond his skin.

Do nothing but reflect as you hold the flaming torch in the unbridled moment of taking off. Draw your efforts towards the spectacle of the line, noting the lessons of a fowl on the land, on the water, in the air. Still your presence drawn from a well to trust more and more in service to a servant.

from [sort]

by Mark Cunningham

“The term ‘sort’ comes from John Locke’s ‘sorts of substances’ with our understanding of each substance made of collections of ideas that are ‘supposed to flow from the particular internal constitution’ of the substance (*An Essay Concerning Human Understand* 2:23:2-3), and from FedEx’s ‘sort,’ the twice daily receiving and routing of packages at airport hubs.”

[sort]

She said he was an egotist, so he sent her a friendship card through e-mail, but she wrote back it was still all ones and zeroes. In *A Hard Day’s Night*, John Lennon puts a cola bottle to his nose—sniffing coke—but it’s a Pepsi bottle. When I’m awake, I think about my dreams, and when I’m asleep, I dream about what happens when I’m awake. The officer sat, lights flashing, behind an empty car. We’re cooler than they are, because it’s the spaces between our “. . .” rather than the dots that are important.

[sort]

Dear Seneca: we, too, have learned that “when a few bodies move about in a great open space, they are not able to ram into each other, or to be pushed around,” so we defund Planned Parenthood and increase the military budget. The essay was titled “How Antlers Help Pro Athletes,” but we thought that seemed pretty obvious. After she saw the book *Animals Without Backbones*, she stopped donating to the Sierra Club. Now that I’m into death metal, I consider my nipples umlauts.

[sort]

She said she was a “virtual vacuum,” and I couldn’t decide which worried me more, the virtual or the vacuum part. They tried to read his thoughts, but there were too many spelling mistakes. We couldn’t tell if the things were invisible or if it was just too dark to see them, so we turned on the lights and glare-blinded ourselves. It’s probably not a good sign when everybody starts looking like Jacques Lacan. My ass makes my butt look big.

[sort]

The fine print said the health bars might contain traces of “peanuts, wheat, and other tree nuts.” According to the pamphlet, nature is the “destination of all life,” but the researcher warned us not to base our analysis on what we observed. The sun is sterile. The poster showed Dracula looming behind a giant spider web, which gave me the creeps, because I’m afraid of spiders. She realized she was in a stare-down match with her blind spot, so she was defeated even before she got started.

Three Prose Poems

by Parker Tettleton

I Can't Believe In I

The heater themes sixty-eight, a holiday inside one. I wander to the dumpster & listen. I'm thin & pale or pale, too thin. I enlist my indecision. I run out of me in this sentence, I remember to.

Two On A Match

This trench begins *we're the sum of more than four people*. In the morning's what's missed: I whistle scores of groceries, you make time for the dentist. A candle visits a lighter for a feast. Bobby G's is a pizzeria is trivia is *everything's a way to say nothing & mean it*.

I Have Gotten So

The morning is measured breathing for two, three animals outside a bedroom door. The refrigerator cries on the floor in a tile land for no lord. This table isn't elbows or laptop or fingers or keys or heart or eyes or brain or *please* & everyone's asleep, or evening.

Six Prose Poems

by Bernd Sauermann

Metamorphic

I mine your glance for anything of value. A world ends a hand's width away from the flicker of late-night TV as the notion of travel is discussed. Destinations are shuffled like a deck of face cards. We get in the car. When I roll down the window, it means that I need some air. When you roll down the window, it means that I will dance with a stranger at a bar in a city where I won't know you anymore. You will speak in the voice of a stranger and my heart will crack like granite to reveal a vein of dull, silent ore.

Portents

Obsessions twist like weather, the cold receptacle of an upturned palm, the casual dismissal of everything near the familiar center. A temple of hands is built in the morning of blue light. There are footsteps in the snows of last night's passing, and soon, soon the footsteps will be black. Smoke, too, will rise like a threatening hand from somewhere off in the distance.

The Nature of Scent

The salt, a trace of all your tears, scattered to thaw the slivers of a thousand frozen days. Another tract of silent letters in the basement of averted eyes. Years later, learning how to get bigger mirrors the rising light, fills another minute, then another. Soon an event will surface like a bruise. Footsteps stop a hand from recalling the fond hours of darkness. A bed retains the scent of ink like a black sheet in the dim morning light, where formerly an arm shone.

Astronomy 101

Perihelion, the last few hours of one more night, photons advancing, filling the black holes between our words. We knew that an ending had arrived when we watched the moon slump toward the horizon. There exists a star, dark matter, and there exists a body of light. A galaxy in someone else's eyes, the impersonal distance of ether.

Intersection

Then the corner of triste and giddy, memories yet to commit, so much like a busy intersection after the cars have left. So lovely walks the sun, so careless, and the grass nodding in approval. Yet there stands an invisible tree so sad one can hear its muffled sobs. It's true—I can't afford one million sighs and no stars will fall into your hand or mine at this intersection of obligatory gestures made in some other universe.

Let's Go

Fifteen minutes to sunshine, warmth, the breeze, the sidewalk. The going home, the lonely pleasure of a wanted dead or alive communiqué. I will break your heart like an ashtray since every day has arrived like one precise cloud in the broken sky. The short walk to the car, a phrase waiting in an open mouth, all revved up and ready to drive. Do you have a light? Hand me that ashtray. Hand me your mouth, so close to the whirring blades of the sky.

library cards (taken from cape breton university)

by Sean Howard

i. on the margins of modernity

the truth always lying
between written & read. (

‘author’ – the double in
jeopardy.) poetry? the

missing words. si-
lence: God verb-

atim

ii. believing in magic

returning: the sun's
greeting... (the taken

bough.) peasants: little
people. *uncharmed* exist-

ence? 'postmythic';
apollo on the

moon

iii. the highland bagpipe

afterlife: playing scot-
land. (english: the empire

drones...) glasgow, chants
from pakistan. silence; high-

land clearance. after
all, the graceful

air

Communication Breakdown

by MJ Gette

our heaven
-ly body
whose axis
is the telephone
in town
weakens
when the line
breaks down &
all the talking
turns to this—
when can we
sing
along with
the rest
of the world
again—
& have means
to follow
the revolution
around the Word
love
the rain
so you are
never
maddened
by the silence
of the sun

the voice
of yr cherished
whispers
into the receiver
beyond
the line
of the people
whose voices
are drowned out
in static while
they wait to
wrestle it for
a chance
to connect
to Him while
water
ebbs out
the sphere
of influence
on the rest
of us—

The Swing

a 16 page book inspired by “Piano Solo” by Philip Glass and by my life

by Elena Berriolo

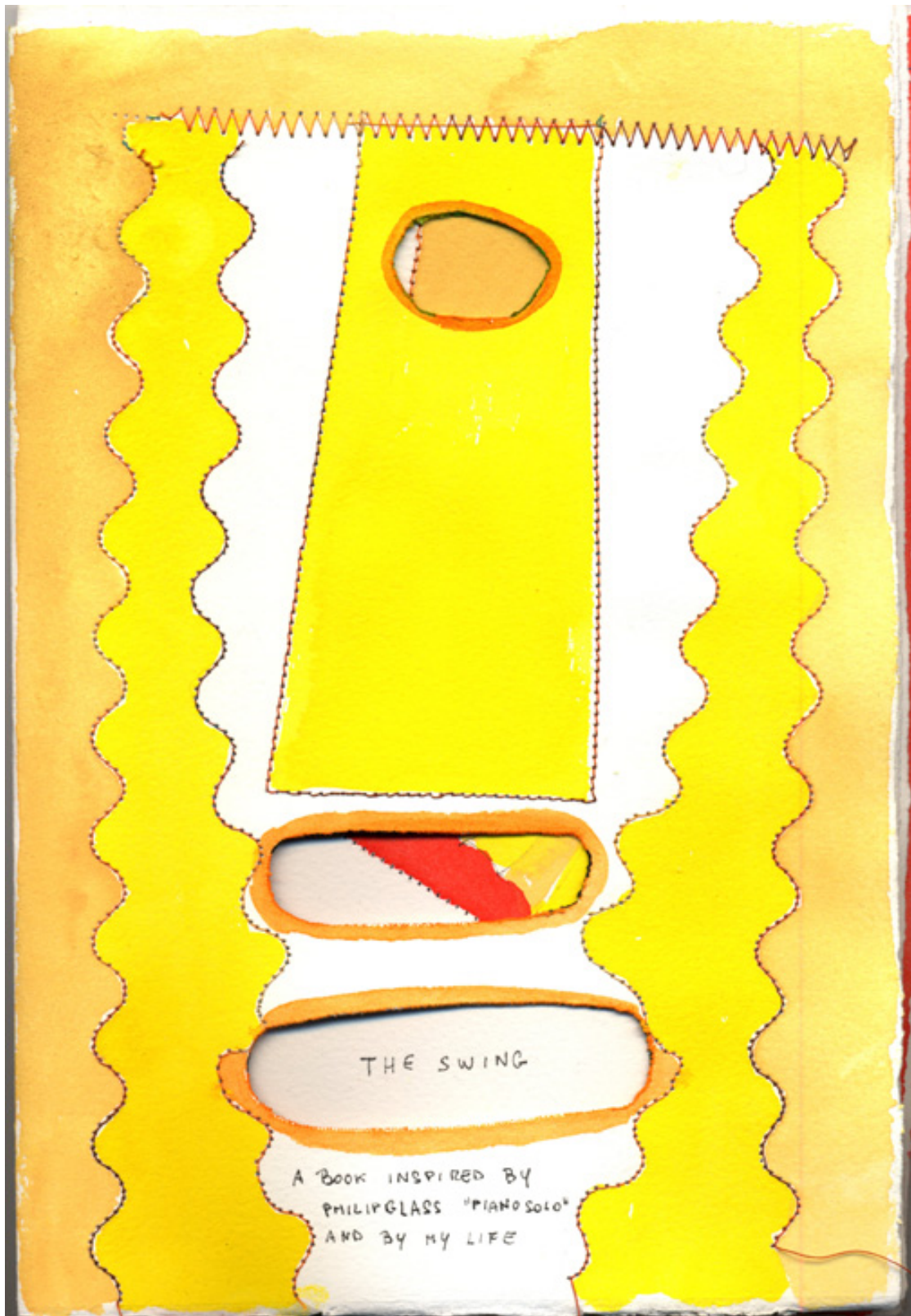
Artist's Statement

Rethinking the codex format, Elena Berriolo approaches the book as a hybrid space where drawing, painting, sculpture and performance can be simultaneously present. She explored this concept in her July 2012 article in the *Brooklyn Rail*, “Why Didn’t Lucio Fontana Use My Sewing Machine?” and in her January 2013 performance at Kunsthalle Galapagos/This Red Door, “Transcription of Piero Manzoni’s Infinite Line With Sewing Machine.”

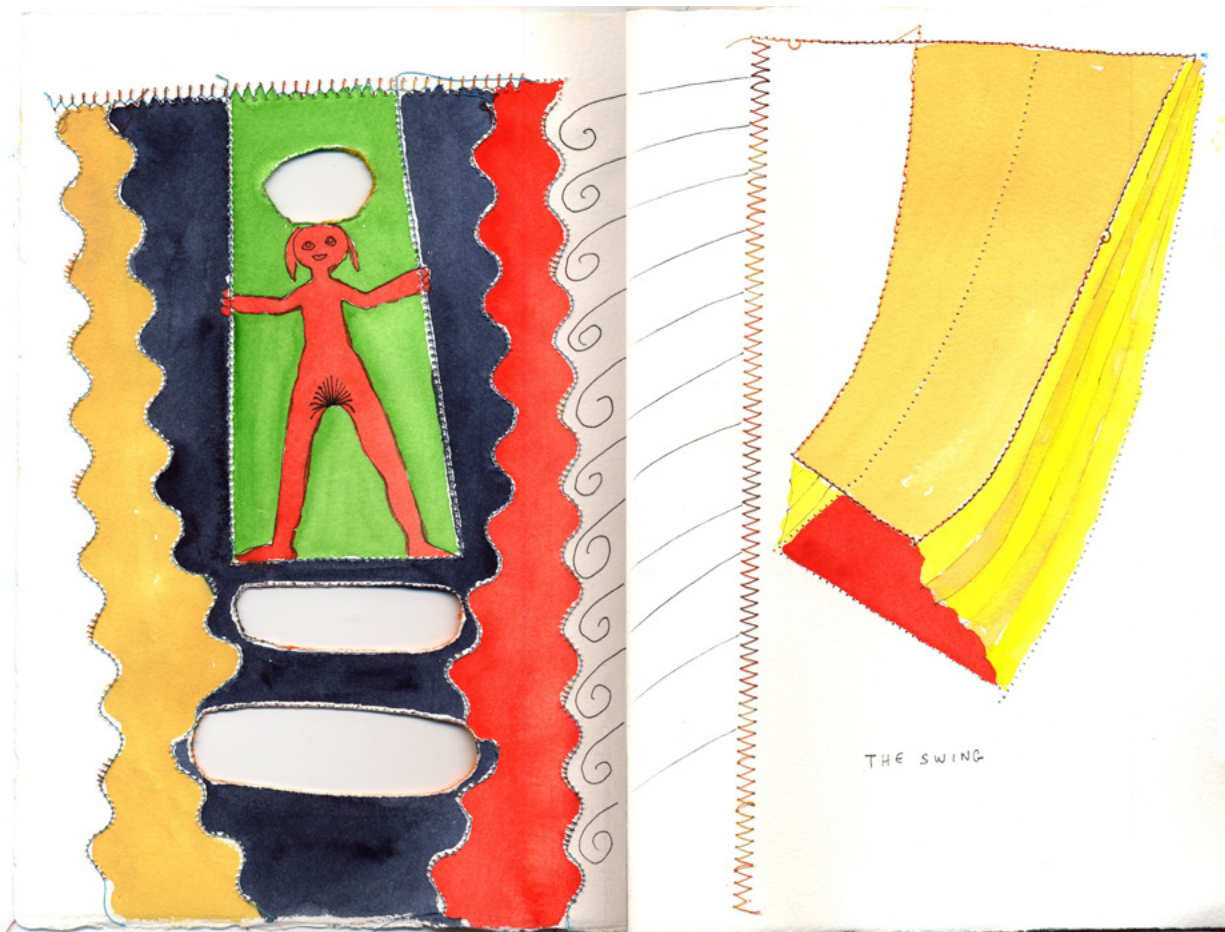
In the *Brooklyn Rail* article she explained, “After drawing for a long time with the sewing machine on paper, about four years ago I started thinking about the reverse side of my drawings as being as important as the front, and I began to look for a simple way to have access to the other side. The outcome was a book.” In “Transcription of Piero Manzoni’s Infinite Line With Sewing Machine” she introduced the sewing machine as the tool able to produce a true three-dimensional line that in a book and in the sky can be moved through space.

During the performance she stated: “I believe any book represents time. When we see a book on a table, just by looking at the object, we can predict how long it will take us to read it and how long it took the writer to write it by estimating the number of pages. The pages of a book are units of individual time. An hour is an hour for everyone, but a book page represents a different, because emotional, amount of time for each of us. The possibility of ownership of the time represented by the book is the reason why I have been working with the sewing machine, because by tracing a line through the surface and including the whole book page, I am able to claim ownership of it as a time unit. Yes, I believe it is possible to use the book in a completely new way and in the process get much further in the ‘appropriation’ of time.”

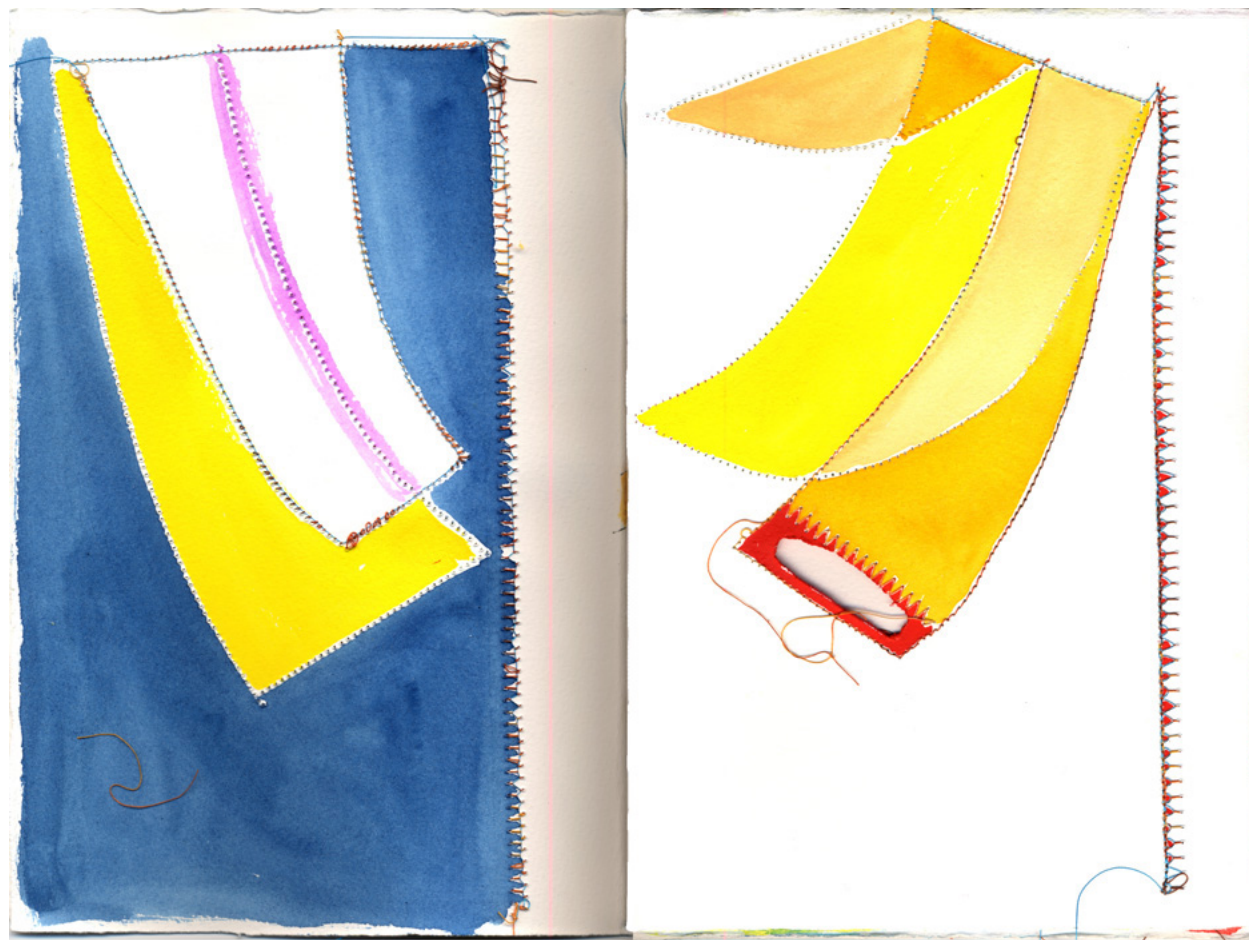
The works are made with sewing machine, ink and watercolor. Each work consists of a codex structure made by folding and cutting a 22-by-30-inch sheet of paper resulting in a 16-page book each page of which is worked on both sides. Working on a “page” with a sewing machine makes possible the production of a line visible from both sides of the paper. As Berriolo works, she defines the top, visible image as “present” and the not-yet-visible one as “future.” When she is done with her line, she can turn the page and have access to the “future.” But since now she can see it (her future), she is able to re-define it as “present,” and make it her present by working with the sewing machine into the following page and then applying watercolor directly on both surfaces. At this point, what she formerly called “present” before turning the page is now out of sight though held in her memory, therefore she can call it “past.” This process is repeated for all 16 pages of the book and allows her to work within space and time, each gesture in her “present” interacting with the “future,” as happens to all of us in real life. Her book works represent her life as she has lived it through living them within the line embracing both sides of the page.



The Swing. Cover. Thread, paper, pen and watercolor, 11 x 7 1/2 x 1/4 in.



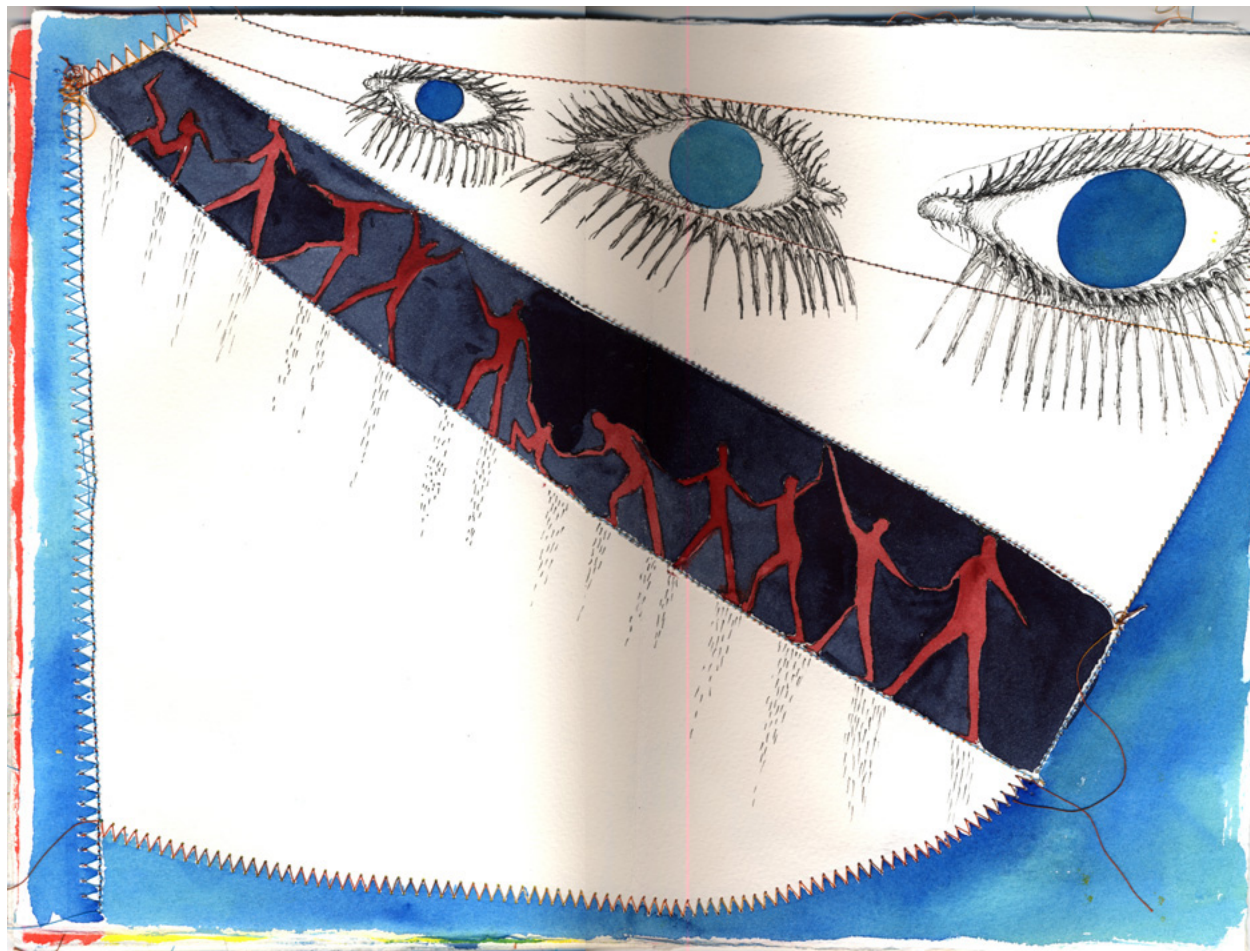
Pages 2-3, 11 x 15 in.



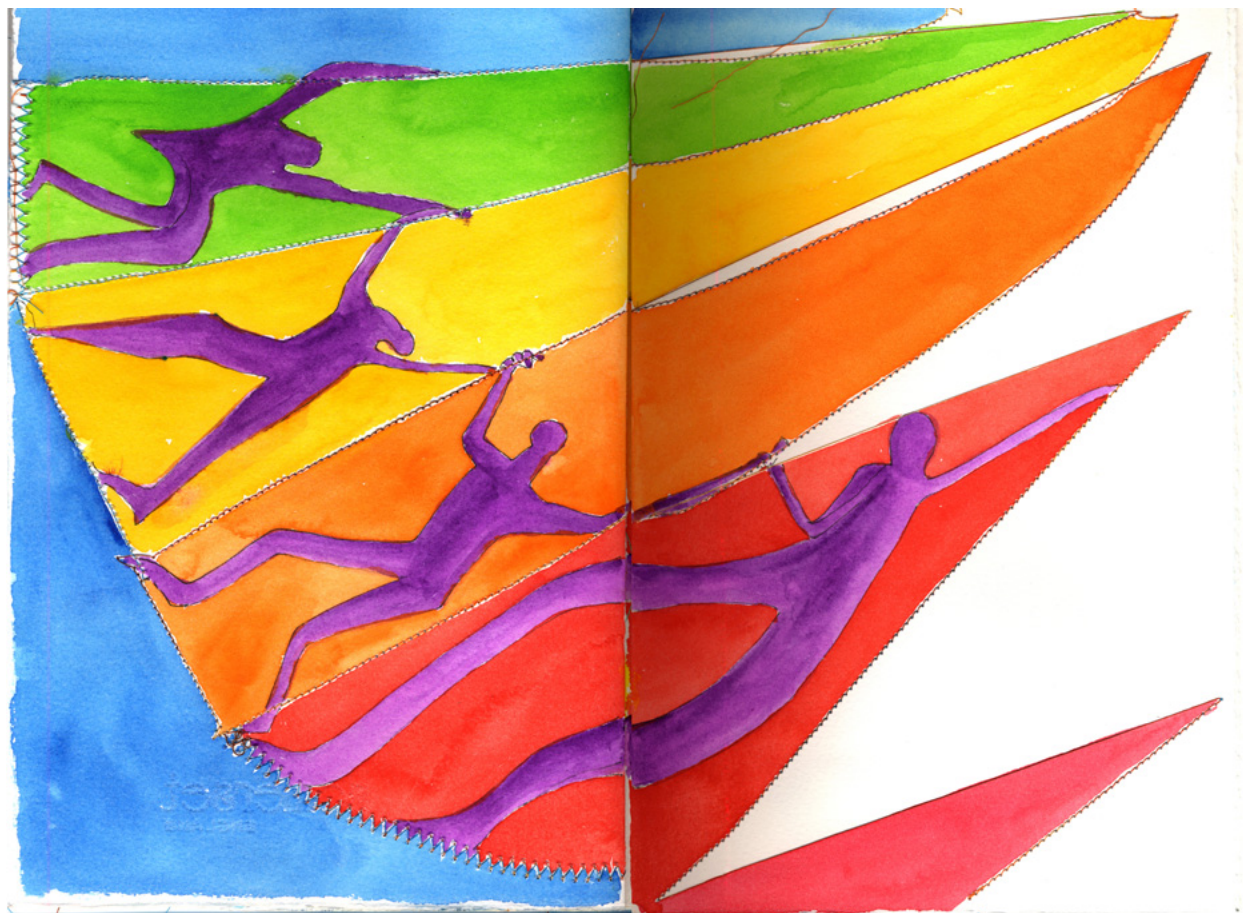
Pages 4-5.



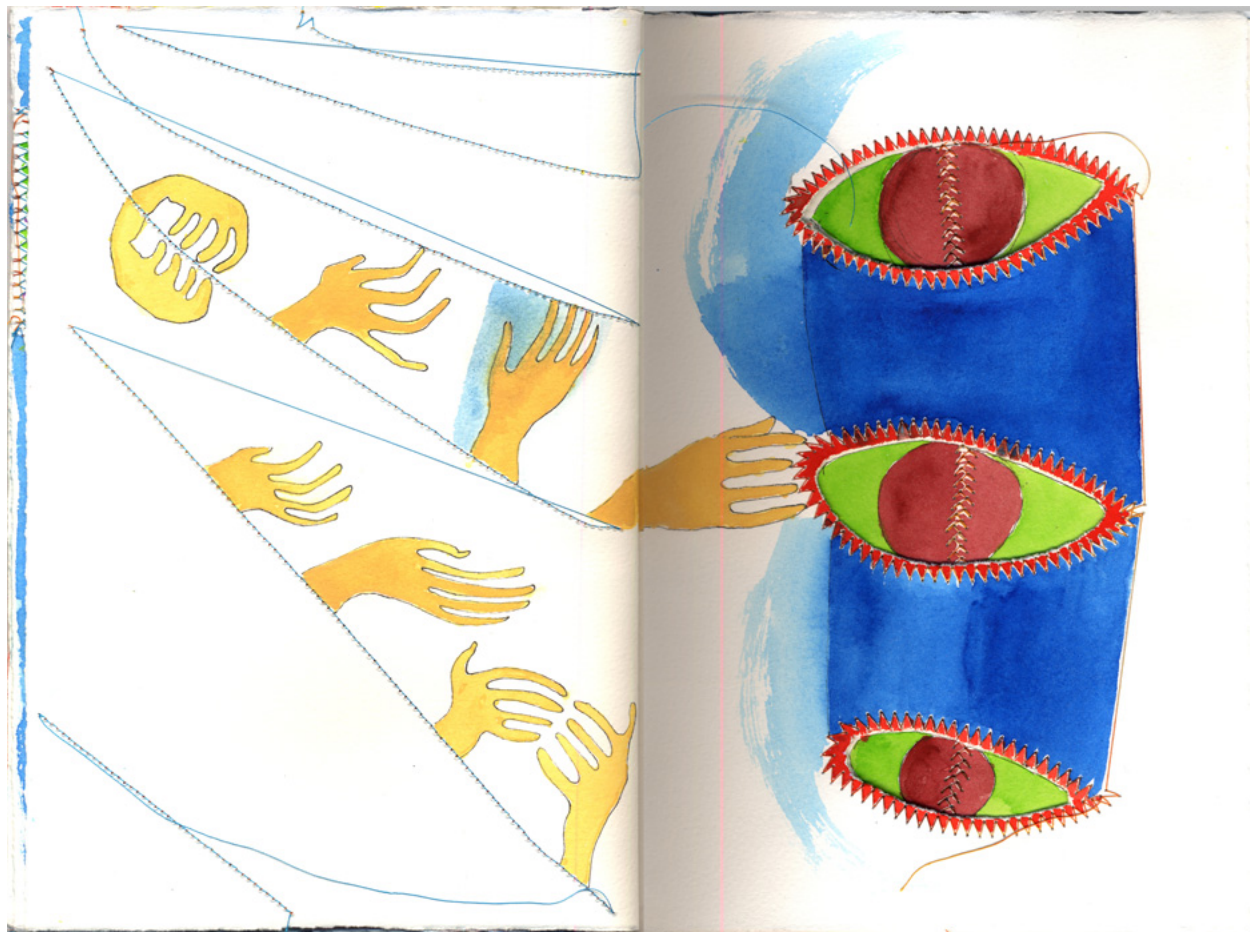
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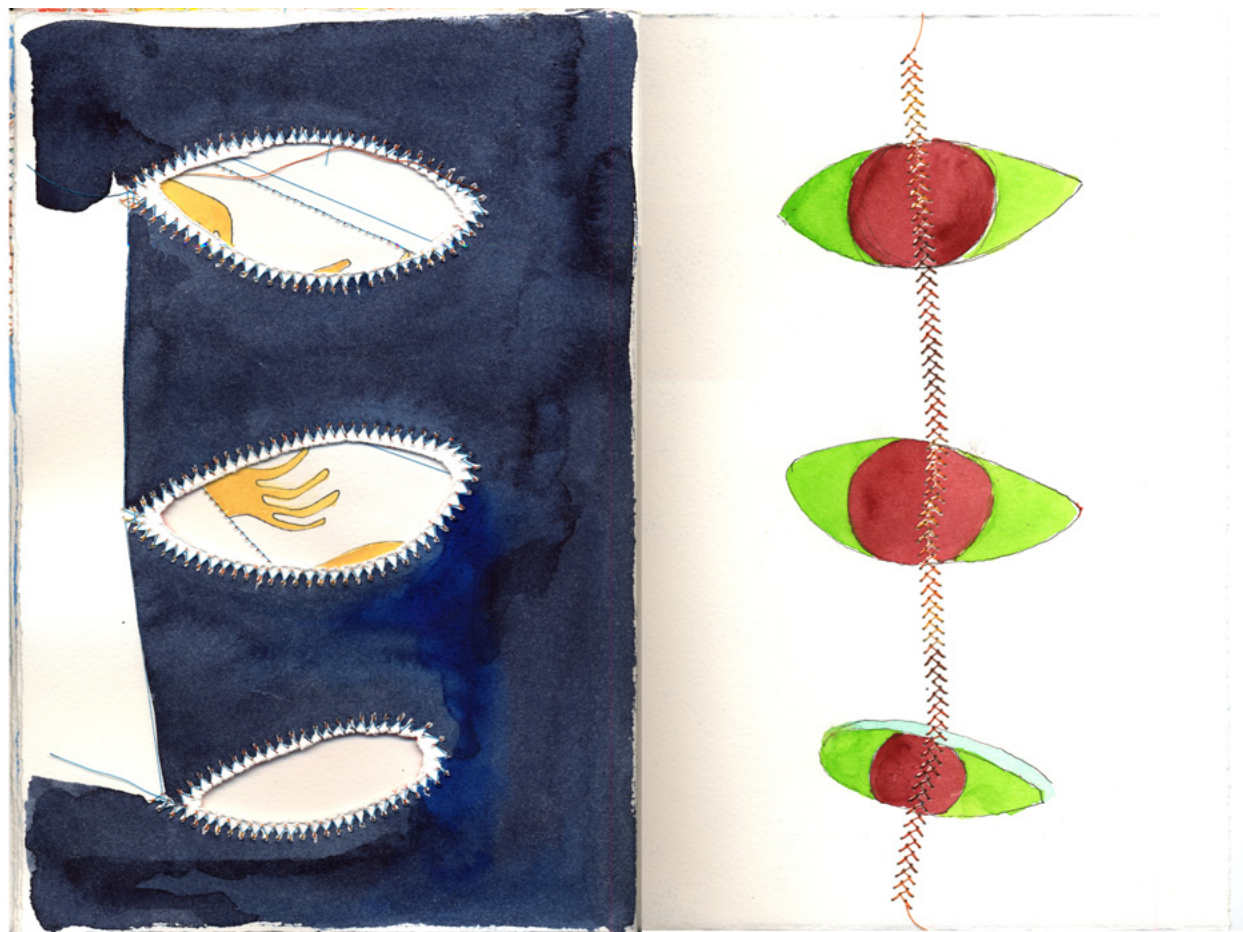
Pages 8-9.



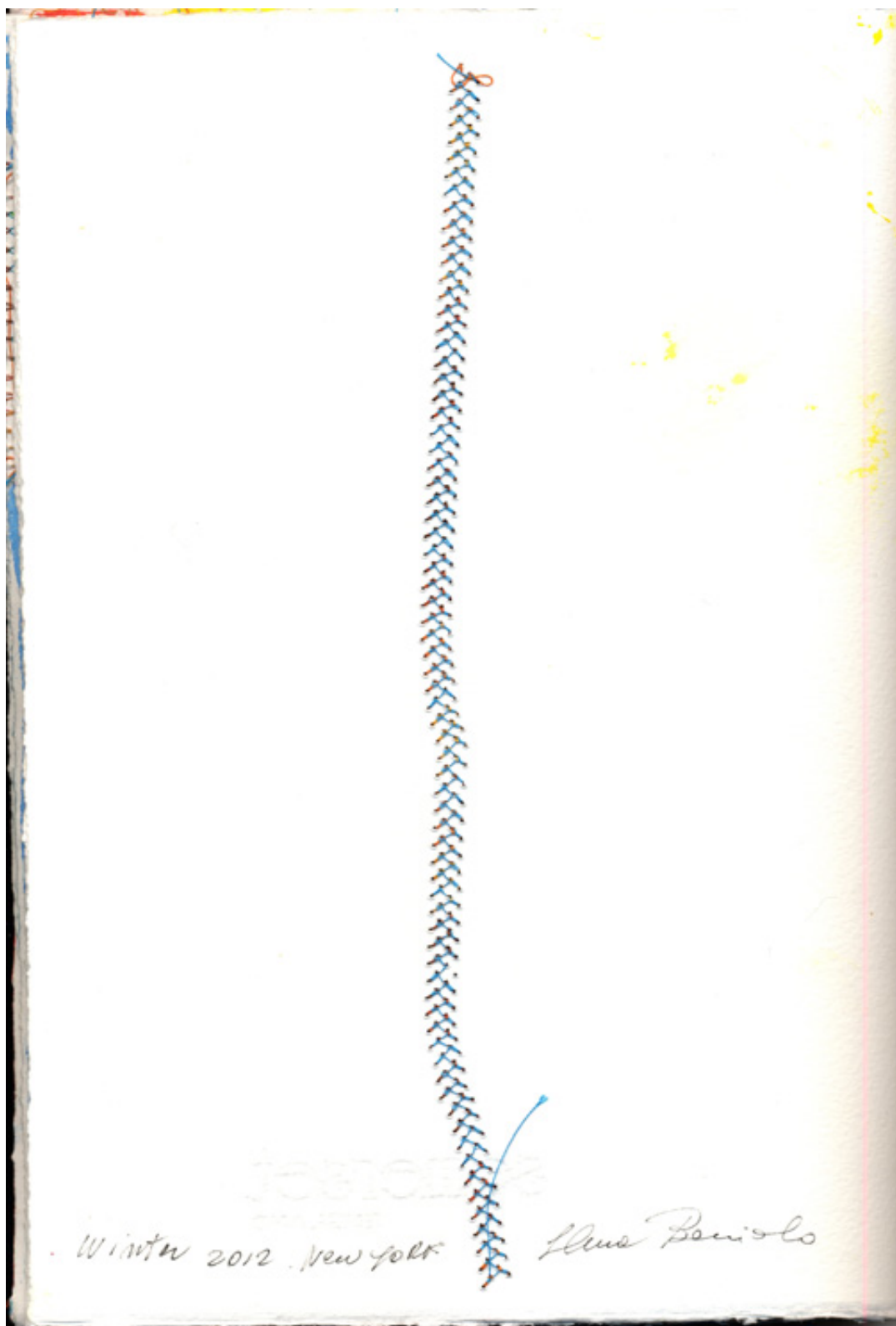
Pages 10-11.



Pages 12-13.



Pages 14-15.



Back cover.

Offroad

by Doug Bolling

Your coming out of the
pages.

Flame in the darker
corners.

Our mouths computing a
text by which
to.

A platform of arrivals
& departures.

So the cello by which we
managed.

Your wooings of those
lost to departure.

Our map falling into
shreds as

we dived into the blue
lagoon.

As we folded the books
into a darkness
of light.

You saying: we are made
of water & grass.

We write poems to what
isn't

or might not
be.

[MODERN DANCERS]

by Matthew Sharos

We are part
of an ocean
in a field.

The ocean drags
her toward

a tree to kiss.

Tightening weeds
strip me
to muscle

and cover
my limbs in bark.

Is this love?

Or do legs
lift without
say-so?

[]

I am lost
in a studio
apartment.

She sings
my name.

Matthew
Matthew

We forget
how to walk

& sprout
quills.

Our wings batter
glass & join

balloons

in wrinkles
of explosions.

[]

She pulls
my chin
like a rose—

her right leg
extended
matching
the horizon.

I am confusing
her online
dance videos

with our
relationship.

I'd use her name,
but she's a writer

where I'm a writer.

Naomi
Naomi

Look what I did.

[]

Turning
trees
into
seas

birds
into
bloons

there's
just
no
room

to
hold
us.

[]

An optic nerve
spirals down
my spine
to my toes,

it latches on
a Converse eyelet
& the metal
ring registers
as an eye

but diverts power
away from
the brain.

I tilt the shoe
around a
rotted shed

to process
stains of
blue paint.

A gardener
is buried
nearby.

Three Poems

by Nicolette Wong

To Call This Honest House

To call this honest house, spill dark sand
over its failings. Torque the warbling
caution I would have swallowed
more graciously than he circles our lives.

Everywhere the image scrawls a lasso
in search of answers. Nothing blots the night;
our bodies cast shadows on what façade
has cast itself and crooned our sleep.

End of culprit—enormity soils my glee
outside the door. Somewhere, a defiant god
spits the tepid for the molten, scalds
my name to cook a fog death.

Celebration

Going to my next life to sell sprinklers
and tango to the musicians of Jacob.

Where are jokers and hoaxers
as the statue in chain, a green rupture

from the holy land—treacherous,
with the voice of an origami shredded

for early celebration. We drink
the tinkling, the improbable census

of time. A foothold, cooed
by the flurry or the sack.

On the sauté border: a bridge,
cars branded with last night's lava

from unfinished permutations. That wants
to skew my ammunition, center of dome.

The door will not bend to the shine
of bandoneon, bleached

on my bright day. It must come
with an extinguisher at his side.

He might then—an alliance—
swallow the voice in its wake.

The Arsonists

We make the mistake of clipping moss to our throats. Burgundy: a god flexing its temporal eye for a mile. Contradictory, like a forked violin, spiking melodic concussion down the highway. We choke corals from the dusk. There are traces of bats that have pierced our flowers; of caviar, swept from a musket; of a day on hopscotch and this prescience of revolting. The nights paint an insinuated halo. Tuck at the bell and the posts will fall. Tuck at the hula in the gut, our marriage is felled.

The Shared Territory

by Tim Kahl

One territorial male was observed to mate with eighteen females,
a malcontented hunchbrain by the name of Greyface. He thought

the universe was as humorless as he—*look at all the rivals around
you*—and then experts pondered the organ shortage. There's no way

to adequately describe how exciting it is when that phone call comes
in the middle of the night. But for many people awaiting transplant,

that call never comes. Many more people would donate, imitating
their saviors in dress and hairstyle, but children are made to meet

this purpose. They follow their fathers who then pick up after them.
Indeed most males would probably prefer fathering

a child the more conventional way—by marrying first. Mothers whose
children will be “good eaters” are most envied. The child grows up

to be a tailgater, eats and drinks until which time he is swept up
by the masses. Hundreds that day were climbing to the top,

some on all fours it's so steep. Then you jump and fly, run down in
an exaggerated zigzag, or run, trip, and then roll halfway down,

stopping only after there is multi-colored sand on every square inch
of your body. Such is the beginning of sexual union.

The citizen should then embrace her with his left arm.

At this time, too, while the woman lies in his lap with her face

towards the moon, the citizen should show her the different planets,
the evening star, how bunched they leave the womb feeling. Moon is

companion, muse, rotating billboard for the polite behaviors
of gravity. Doesn't a watcher of skies love to shout at the actors too?

Time spent in a resin chair will reveal strange heartbeats,
expanding like glass blown or mud exploded. There in an instant

language is trying to do the same thing to aging and happiness,
without any biologists knowing about it. In silence

they are dazzled by the choreography of genes, the metabolism of
a baseball game. Their hopes are placed on the next inning,

pitcher and batter faithfully agreed upon their dueling etiquette.
Shots ring out. A rival dies, an organ donor. Old Greyface

is seen licking stamps and sitting in the cool shadows of the towers.
He sighs, moans and writes: *under the moon and stars tonight,*

my darling, we shall delight in the shared territory of our bodies.

If you were nearby you'd be singing.

by Coleman Stevenson

We all live in other people's houses, fearing the spider electric.
A house is a body, network of nerves, arteries & bones.
Winter's a vast and friendless realm, in need of blankets and repair.

. . .

I come with a wrench for taps,
tap a tune of mending along pipes,
snake through ducts and feather insulation between beams.

. . .

Who am I making this nice for?
I'm half-charged, having curved too many smiles.

Mercury retrogrades:
in my mouth, a tongue and nothing to say,
though the air is cold enough to catch the words.

. . .

Reaching for a door handle,
unfurling sheets makes lightning—
branches of blue shocks.

Days go I spark alone—
the nearest neighbors twenty yards away
and huddled behind black windows.

. . .

In this town of trees and subterfuge
built on stumps, watch the hands
around you— they use
trap doors, deadfall you in.

. . .

What is the sky doing now?
Is it black like those windows?
Planets stew in galactic soup—
infinity ladles our universe.

. . .

Cannot tell the difference between
the hands that want to steal me and
the ones that want to save me from myself.

. . .

I coast the long hill, worry my breaks.
A train hisses its approach in the cold metal of the tracks
long before it rumbles past me.

. . .

The moon does not rise and no one lives there.
It wears a blanket of cold rock all night.
Because it is cold, something on Earth is always in need of fixing.

. . .

I don't want to live under the moon's sway anymore.
I'm lost in endless rooms of my celestial house.

I'm abuzz with what isn't, with the requirements of distance—
oh put me on your shelf
and take me back down.

Syria

by A. M. Ringwalt

Syria like a museum piece
Something watched from afar
To say I know it is to say I know
Haiti, which is false

I sort of know the D.R.
I know the warmth and feels
But to say I know Haiti
Is like saying I'm fluent in French
Which is sort-of false

Syria unlike a penthouse misunderstood
A beauty passed out in a dressing room
Or savagely killed salad, red onions hanging
From windows like experience and regret
An instrument praying for hands to pluck it

Ash, water hyacinth, paddleboat
An infant in the arms of a self-professed ill
Mother with the coffee soaked tongue
And crossed legs draping over
just-washed sheets

Like a steadfast sickening
The parlor fills again at night
And gathered around a TV
People try to know despair

In algebra class boys
Fix their eyes on girls' crotches
As if to say *Are they bleeding yet*

Syria I am a photo looked at in passing
So sort-of ignored I'm a Gmail hacked
Or rolled ankle nursed and safe once again
I am something recoverable, not you

I can summon things like
A blown glass blue colored frock
With embroidered chickens
Bought by a father
On a surf trip to Baja
I can will memories back
But that won't strengthen

Send for the caretakers the moms
The aching acknowledgement
Of affirmatives the nurturing
Of acknowledgement I could say
In a poorly scripted love-letter
Things that may reign true
And yet you hurt

I'll wrap wounds in that frock
And when I kiss my lover it's you
When I bathe at night it's you
When I hold a child it's you,
July, progression, nervous blushing
An organist's introit, wintergreen leaf,
The water and the shaven leg

Rainy Day

by Doris Neidl

*It's the price of rootlessness.
Motion sickness.
The only cure: to keep moving.
(Tony Kushner)*

On days like this — rainy day — she liked to stay in bed. Thinking about life. A life with wooden floors and plants, paintings everywhere, morning coffee with long conversations, friends and love, but always painting, drawing the whole day. So, romance, unrealizable, or not?

Maybe she was not suited for this life — was not living the way she should live — with a husband and children, and a regular income. Sometimes it was unbearable when people asked her: *What are you doing all day?* Doing art was just not enough to be considered as a normal survivor. She hadn't — compared to others — money or, as many had advised her, a rich man. She had to explain why it was worth painting, as if she had to explain why it was worth living, had to specify projects to qualify as an artist. Had to defend herself, had to take heart to continue painting again and again. And then she longed for him, did not know how it had happened that she did not dare to tell him the clear truth, tell him what she felt — namely: *him*. Wanted to be in his arms again — but he was far away in his thoughts — where? Antarctica? Or?

She just wanted her art, creating something that is worth being seen. But all together, everything was done in an outrageous loneliness. She thought: alone.

She was afraid, long-suppressed desire, wanted to get to know him. Knew him from the first time she saw him, got closer, approach, closer and closer. And then withdrawal, out of fear of being hurt. And before she left, their eyes met and they looked into the future's face, and words were missing. Words that couldn't explain the love for each other. And now she remembered his eyes, their quite time, before they moved into each other's body, slow and warm. She wanted to call him — always, but didn't dare, because their mood, distant and foreign.

Sometimes she yearned for a feeling of security. Someone or maybe just a place where she would be at home. But she ran from one city to the next, restless, rootless. She liked looking at a globe and longed for all those countries she had not seen yet. All the places, mysterious and new that gave her the strength to paint. The only thing she really knew. She wanted to paint and to love. And nothing else.

Two Poems

by John Sibley Williams

Brevity

The fall of man is not this crumbling tower,
our intimate sins left unforgiven
or the sins we offer freely.
We will not end with the world held at arm's length
or with the world suffocated in embrace
or with the world warring in itself
or with the living repurposing their dead.

It is the tipping point of language over body,
eye over mouth—that cold moment
when the object of affection
becomes the affection,
when that first object vanishes
into its beautiful music.

Directional

Unstable imitations of Christ
establish our horizontal plane.
A statue broken by birds points skyward
and defines the vertical.
Dreams inch forward
despite their infinite wingspan.
What is loosely called “the body”?—
a figure by the roadside
collapsed beneath its own weight.

SONNET

by Kenneth E. Harrison, Jr.

Time as faint curvature a river slices through
distant hips of fields as though witness dust
grant us prayer on the crossing under sky
dissolved across thrush and the begonia's grip
when we sought beyond the skin's rush above
the smell of pears never forgotten the surface
of our parting a remote orchard the days soak
whose hand touches another where music gusts
astonished in complete breaths our own image
ran out from summer's moistened room lighted
we've been loved and backed away how sound
prolongs a shudder of wings risen from ditches
splashed with clover I am not one person one
nature climbed the rise with you my failed oath—

Aphorisms for the Subjective Voice

by Tom Daley

Dusty, bluish, ripe as veto—
these pronouns prove their ovals

as a kind of leather. Democracy of selves,
banked against airwaves or clusters,

speaking in “I” or “we” reopens
the caterpillar tents which anonymity sealed.

“I” is a vaccine, “we” is a season of strain.
“Us” buys us adhesions, sheds implications.

Among the reprieves, the hellos, the go-alongs,
“Me” sounds like movement, scales the muck

of math or off-limits. *Our* tragedy herds our lagging
moments; *Your* tragedy signifies a surefire dispersal.

Impeachable assertion or impeccable silence? Speaking
In subjective elides what denudes and denatures.

“I” is a pig roast, “Am” is the single smoke puff
made by blankets importing plague.

The Silent Treatment

by James Eidson

My words
clods in my pocket

I wade
in the rising tub

the razor

the mirror

the soap

strips the speech off my tongue

the road from my throat
of accidents

I mouth horses I strike
continue to bray

to spill

the cliffs

my lips

all my thoughts rot on the tip
of my tongue

what is spoken
in contexts

I don't create

from The Blue Lot

by Stephen Emmerson

There's a list somewhere. First payment from the state to remember your wedding photos. At least. Out there. A crow on the horizon liquidising sun. Or heartbeat unmonitored. Or leaves that are not its own. I have a policy on falling in

tomorrow. A water that returns to vapour. This. To remind you that the body is receptive to the shape of the tongue. Communication is temporary. How about feeding them crisps and chocolate til they bury themselves in language. Take him to

this is factual you know. Mark retaliates by walking through the river. So systematic in the letting go that he begins to enjoy the power. I reckon its a cruel necessity to get off & into the car. Drive for miles to the point of dark &

recoup the dead opera stars finger in your mouth. I'll keep meeting you in frequencies that totally mark with pesticides. & fuck in the parked moment, the rain a juiced diamond at the back of a grandmothers throat. Walk through

and snuff out demands so we can meet again and again. Pressing teeth in lieu of chest. So close to liars in our bed. If there is static believe it will pass. Push over the frames. Scrape mud from your shoe, the chalked outline of

a new beginning. The universe knows never. This is animal law. When we talk about memory we create memory. To be stuck in the present is supposed to be gift. But with 7 pieces of information. A chimney stack swallows you whole but

its dawning blood. Towels are ordinary words that kiss. Finger out information. The letters in those towers, judging by the angle of sun. Yes those shadows and our destination ONE. Or if it starts to falter

Two Poems

by Joseph Tate

Singsong

[in a singsong voice] O Man O Man.
Everything's coming up

[falsetto] daisies!
Checked voicemail; yep, [quaver] bloodwork's fine.

[Thoughts bent like—
posture bent like—

paper-thin gears, a crooked tundra.]
So, [bass] lowering to half of half a pill?

[again, in a singsong voice]
Heading up that slope sounds doable.

[inaudible] *Il faut imaginer Sisyphe heureux.*
Il faut imaginer Sisyphe heureux.

Punctuation

“... when a thought takes one’s breath away, a lesson on grammar seems an impertinence.”

—Thomas Wentworth Higginson

1.

the Ten-Foot Poet culled the latest sea-slopped syllables
with a calm and marble *Harrumph*.

“... too little or too much punctuation and similar aberrations.

These have nothing to do with being alive.” (nor dying.
such pronouncements: that’s how you unmake friends.
“He looks down on everybody,” Frost said.)

2.

the Tyrian Poet projected from the dock:

“who / can tell another how / to manage the swimming?”
(he told Creeley who didn’t mind his management)

poem as energy. space & punctuation
as breath. a typebar’s dull kniving to exact the greengreyseasway
or: a typewheel turn toward the necessary pause.

3.

they “left me boundaries of pain / Capacious as the sea.”
and widening water: silent, stilled; clouding.
I fumble-paddle shorewise with disappointed lungs.

Pastoral

by Brent House

Come hither child cross abides of pain
& wail appulsions against our reconceit body

come broken by thirst born of wind
& descend into a poultice red overlay of sun

come brayt against our paper earth deep pulse
but child you aint gonna die from pain

come hither child draw near with poisonful hands
& your welts shall shine as orrery

come hither child & I will poultice your sting out of spit wood
& the moon will open

come open & fill your hollow blood pools
with a poultice of straw and unbaked clay

come hither child bend to this soil
& fill your pores from the mist of our magnality

come let us take the barbs from your hands
as they trouble this land where we remain

come hither child for your people here have made a colony
& this land we will occupy

child come nest your hand in this smoke
reach deep within this tree & awin honey.

ē · rā/ tiō

Julie Waugh has an MA in creative writing from the University of New South Wales, Sydney, Australia. Her first book, *towards a grammar of being*, is available online at Amazon.com.

Poet, translator, and filmmaker **Francesco Levato** is the author of four books of poetry: *Endless, Beautiful, Exact* (Argotist, 2011); *Elegy for Dead Languages* (Marick Press, 2010); *War Rug*, a book length documentary poem (Plastique Press, 2009); and *Marginal State* (Fractal edge Press, 2006). He has translated into English the works of Italian poets Tiziano Fratus, *Creaturing* (Marick Press, 2010), and Fabiano Alborghetti, *The Opposite Shore*. His work has been published, or is forthcoming, in *Drunken Boat*, *Versal*, *Otoliths*, *The Progressive*, *OmniVerse*, *Lightning'd Press*, *Certain Circuits*, *Moria*, *VLAKE Magazine*, *Slope*, *Ping Pong*, *Another Chicago Magazine*, *Poetry International*, *Xcp: Cross Cultural Poetics*, *Cordite Poetry Review*, and *LA Review*. He has collaborated and performed with various composers, including Philip Glass, and his cinépoetry has been exhibited in galleries and featured at film festivals in Berlin, Chicago, New York, and elsewhere. He is the founder and director of the Chicago School of Poetics, holds an MFA in poetry from New England College, and is pursuing a PhD in English Studies at Illinois State University.

Jérôme Poirier is a musician using mainly the electric bass guitar, string instruments, his voice and electronics. He explores improvisation and acousmatic music. He works with the idea of repetition in poetry and also composes visual art. He is the founder and curator of the netlabel Three Legs Duck. Jérôme Poirier was born in 1978 in Paris, France, where he lives. jpoirier.weebly.com

R. Kolewe lives in Toronto. His work has appeared online at *ditchpoetry.com*, and a presently untitled collection is forthcoming from BookThug in 2014. His ongoing project concerning the continuing financial crisis can be seen at *hudsonpoems.net*. For the past few years he's had something to do with the online magazine of Canadian poetics, *influencysalon.ca*. He also takes photographs.

Roger Sedarat is the author of two poetry collections: *Dear Regime: Letters to the Islamic Republic*, which won Ohio UP's 2007 Hollis Summers' Prize, and *Ghazal Games* (Ohio UP, 2011). He teaches poetry and literary translation in the MFA Program at Queens College, City University of New York.

Scott Thurston is a poet based in the North West of England where he runs a Masters in Creative Writing at the University of Salford. His books include *Reverses Heart's Reassembly* (Veer Books, 2011), *Of Being Circular* (The Knives Forks and Spoons Press, 2010), *Internal Rhyme* (Shearsman, 2010), *Momentum* (Shearsman, 2008) and *Hold* (Shearsman, 2006). He writes critically on contemporary poetry, co-edits the *Journal of British and Irish Innovative Poetry* and co-organizes The Other Room poetry reading series.

Mark Cunningham's latest book is *Scissors and Starfish* (Right Hand Pointing). *71 Leaves*, an e-book from BlazeVOX, is available for free to anyone curious enough to Google it.

Parker Tettleton's work is featured in or forthcoming from *Gargoyle*, *[PANK]*, *Word Riot*, *Tiger Train* and *em:me*, among others. His grocery-themed collection, *GREENS*, is available from Thunderclap! Press.

Bernd Sauermann teaches writing, literature, and film at Hopkinsville Community College in Hopkinsville, Kentucky. He is also the poetry editor at Whole Beast Rag, an online (and sometimes print) journal of art, ideas, and literature. He's had work published in *The McSweeney's Book of Poets Picking Poets*, *McSweeney's*, *Southern Indiana Review*, *Indefinite Space*, *New Orleans Review*, *Ink Node*, *Conduit*, *Poetry Motel*, *Comstock Review*, *The Round Table*, *The Kansas Quarterly Review of Literature*, *Open 24 Hours*, *Monadnock Writer*, *Vinyl Poetry*, *Anti-ditch*, *Connotation Press: An Online Artifact* and other publications, and he has a chapbook entitled *Diesel Generator* coming out with Horse Less Press in June of 2013. His first full-length work, *Seven Notes in a Dead Man's Song*, has been accepted for publication by Mad Hat Press.

Sean Howard is the author of *Local Calls* (Cape Breton University Press, 2009) and *Incitements* (Gaspereau Press, 2011). His poetry has been published in numerous Canadian and international magazines, and anthologized in *The Best Canadian Poetry in English 2011* (Tightrope Books).

MJ Gette is currently living in Guatemala, where she writes for an NGO. Her work has appeared in *Red Weather*, *Northern Eclecta*, *Lovechild* and *ditch*. She won the 2008 Red Weather Poetry Prize. One of her poems was selected to be interpreted sculpturally throughout a semester-long Architecture course. She has self-published two books of poetry and a novella, as well as a book of photos and narratives of Guatemalan *Ancianos* (elderly). MJ Gette is online at MJGette.com.

Elena Berriolo is online at ElenaBerriolo.com.

Doug Bolling's poetry has appeared in *Toasted Cheese*, *Storm Cycle*, *Marginalia*, *Indefinite Space*, *Tribeca Poetry Review* and *Basalt* among many others. He has received four Pushcart Prize nominations and explores the many forms of current experimentalism. Occupies space-time in the Chicago area.

Matthew Sharos is an MFA candidate at Columbia College Chicago. His work is forthcoming in *Columbia Poetry Review*.

Nicolette Wong is a magician, dancer, and editor in chief of A-Minor Magazine & Press. She blogs at Meditations in an Emergency (nicolettew.blogspot.com).

Tim Kahl [<http://www.timkahl.com>] is the author of *Possessing Yourself* (CW books, 2009) and *The Century of Travel* (CW Books, 2012). His work has been published in *Prairie Schooner*, *Indiana Review*, *Ninth Letter*, *Notre Dame Review*, *The Journal*, *Parthenon West Review* and many other journals in the U.S. He appears as Victor Schnickelfritz at the poetry and poetics blog *The Great American Pinup* (<http://greatamericanpinup.wordpress.com/>) and the poetry video blog *Linebreak Studios* [<http://linebreakstudios.blogspot.com/>]. He is also editor of Bald Trickster Press and *Clade Song* [<http://www.cladesong.com>]. He is the vice president and events coordinator of The Sacramento Poetry Center. He currently teaches at The University of the Pacific.

Coleman Stevenson's first collection of poems, *The Accidental Rarefication of Pattern #5609*, was published by bedouin books in 2012. Her poems have also appeared in a variety of journals including *Seattle Review*, *Hawai'i Review*, *Mid-American Review*, *Louisiana Literature*, *Hawai'i Pacific Review* and *Burnside Review*. She lives in Portland, Oregon, where she teaches design students about poetry, cultural communication, and word/image collaboration.

Writing by **A. M. Ringwalt** has appeared or is forthcoming in *NOTHING TO SAY* by 79 Rat Press/eight cuts, *DUM DUM Zine: Punks and Scholars*, *BROWN GOD*, *OF ZOOS*, *Cargoes* and *Hanging Loose*.

Doris Neidl is an Austrian born artist who lives and works in Vienna, Austria, and in Brooklyn, NY. She studied at the University of Art and Industrial Design in Linz, Austria, and graduated in 1996 with an MFA. Her work has appeared in a number of solo and group exhibitions nationally and internationally. Her writings have been published by several publications and in 2008/2009 she received a writing grant from the Austrian Government BMUKK for her project "The Women in Symbols." She has participated in short and long-term artist residences in the United States, France, Italy and Czech Republic. Doris Neidl is online at DorisNeidl.com.

John Sibley Williams is the author *Controlled Hallucinations* (forthcoming, FutureCycle Press) and six poetry chapbooks. He is the winner of the HEART Poetry Award, and finalist for the Pushcart, Rumi, and The Pinch Poetry Prizes. John serves as editor of *The Inflectionist Review*, co-director of the Walt Whitman 150 project, and Book Marketing Manager at Inkwater Press. A few previous publishing credits include *Third Coast*, *Inkwell*, *Bryant Literary Review*, *Cream City Review*, *The Chaffin Journal*, *The Evansville Review*, *RHINO* and various anthologies. He lives in Portland, Oregon.

Kenneth E. Harrison, Jr.'s poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Denver Quarterly*, *Drunken Boat*, *elimae*, *Margie*, *Orange Quarterly*, *Packintown Review*, *Pleiades*, *Spittoon*, *Sukoon*, *TYPO*, *Word For/Word* and elsewhere. He teaches English composition, Literature, and poetry at Webster University and Florissant Valley Community College in St. Louis.

Tom Daley was a machinist for many years and now serves on the faculty of the Online School of Poetry (onlineschoolofpoetry.org) and teaches writing in the Boston area. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Denver Quarterly*, *Massachusetts Review*, *Harvard Review*, *Fence*, *Barrow Street*, *Diagram*, *32 Poems*, *Conte* and elsewhere. He has written a play about Emily Dickinson and her servants and performs it as a one-man show.

James Eidson is an MFA candidate at Columbia College Chicago. His work has appeared in *Columbia Poetry Review*, *The North Texan*, and *No Glykon*. He lives on the east-side with his Chihuahua, Huysmans.

Stephen Emmerson is the author of *Telegraphic Transcriptions* (Dept Press), *Poems found at the scene of a murder* (Zimzalla), *The Last Ward* (Very Small Kitchen), *A never ending poem . . .* (Zimzalla) and *No Ideas but in things* (KFS). He lives in London.

Poems by **Joseph Tate** have appeared in *Yemassee*, *The Oregonian* and other publications. He edited the *Music and Art of Radiohead* and has published and lectured on Shakespeare and prosody.

Brent House, a contributing editor for *The Tusculum Review*, is a native of Hancock County, Mississippi, where he raised cattle and watermelons on his family's farm. His first collection, *The Saw Year Prophecies*, was published by Slash Pine Press.

E·ratio Editions

#13. *An Extended Environment with Metrical and/or Dimensional Properties* by Anne Gorrick. Poetry. “. . . an innovative contemporary torsion / a lacquering adventure / constructed of extraordinarily beautiful notes / mixed from a futuristic painting . . .”

#12. *Beginning to End and other alphabet poems* by Alan Halsey. Poems and poetic sequences. With art by Alan Halsey. “Poussin’s Passion, or The Poison Trees of Arcadia: The Fate of the Counterfactual.”

#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

