E·ratio 20 · 2015

Elizabeth Robinson
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Mary-Marcia Casoly
Mark Lamoureux
Carey Scott Wilkerson
Jeremy Biles

Yvan Goll translated by Donald Wellman
Xiao Kaiyu translated by Christopher Lupke

visual poetry by Yakman K. Tsering

POETRY E JOURNAL

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Three Poems

Elizabeth Robinson

On Dirt

A body unto itself, rancid golem.

The body releases a tuft of hair.
Fur.

Dirt was amplified or exorcised in heat.

The body lets go

of the injury of birth, wiped

off. A rumor, a

stink.

Dirt and its hex.
There’s only so much the body can carry.

This little sing-song made oily with

perfume emitted by removal.

On Quim

Flooding the place the
the body wanted to believe

was

human shore

came all the way to the sea water

The body

where solid and liquid

invert their
hollow

asea

ashore No body

knows itself from

outside itself is no

body Tide’s fragrance All

sense curling inhuman

whose wet overflowed

the wave’s comparison

On Blue

The afterlife is blue, this change
of thirst. A figure
approaches a
greater, bluer movement,

yet

heaven is not

the afterlife. Pouring

heaven into
the vessel, a current, absorbed until

the figure begins to bathe here,

unstill, in

the color—

who
drank as it

washed her body. Who reached in
her hand

to soothe the onrush.
from TEN

Jennifer Firestone

Author’s note

“TEN operates by using a ten-line per poem constraint and by resisting the incorporation of a premeditated trajectory. The work is an exercise in observation and engagement.”

You look like you have a lot to say or is that flutter? Why not enter the home and eat the seeds. Resistance to a hole in a wood house. How’s that for unwelcoming. The white ghost flaps, my mistake, a moth. Another month resting. Surely moths dislike holes. Batting zero, where’s the cardinal. She said lucky. Oh please. Selecting nature—they won’t come to me! Shiny objects illusively attracting.

* * *

The swelling. Could be an enormous wave. Well, it’s close to it. Always in water—so your thoughts. Farther away than noticed. Well.
Ten seems somewhat bare today.
For what? Wet ropes—sea knots.
Noting the temperature by leaves. The breeze.
Well, inside thickening. She notes
atmospheric dips. And at four someone at
the door. Regulating. She’s counting.

*   *   *

Who were the first and how did they build
how was street “street.” You named us
these names but who were the first?
Curtain askew. You knew I’d be rushing.
Resultant nature. Your features—hard
with shine. Speculating—I’m worried
about grades. It becomes academic.
Light was just wet. Now not.
Inching to a storm. Brainstorming,
who are the speedy readers?

*   *   *

This time availing. Barely showing up.
The sun shines, so be it. Paper strips
flipped, move towards dissolution.
Gold seeps through.
Equipped to shift—
Egyptian themes so you fancy
so you dream. The red she reads
is bleeding. Light rises,
high rises,  
heating.

* * *

Until you can’t stand it.  
Stammer.  
And when the light drenched or disappeared  
what says the subject.  Shiver.  
Flat palate or modern tint,  
she hints at the options.  
Choices are chores so she dawdles.  
It’s best to self-select, ride with pride  
and shoot.  And the red admirals sweep  
a grey horizon.
I dream in literature.

Wendy Vardaman

“FROM FAIREST CREATURES . . .”

Jeffrey Jullich

increase die decease memory eyes fuel lies cruel ornament
spring content niggarding be thee

telltale speck flawlessly immaculate

substitute center grafted on
    imperative
    ballad refrain
    overload

another untitled artwork priceless

swathe of cloth unfurled another thermometer
    aftershock peals

    circumference all over
the place, the location, or cage

brow field now held lies days eyes praise use mine excuse thine old cold
unwavering value, everlasting
metaphor of a pearl
in MAJUSCULES
hiatus
quality
can’t be negated
by nodding
a phase
playing card face down
ivory tusk jewelry
several more things,—forevermore
slow-burning
gap
page Xeroxed
string quartet copyright violation
handcuffed, shackled
prostrate
the all-encompassing lacuna
surrounded the evidence
fatted calf
fish-eye lens
distorted by sentimentality
frilly lace border

viewest another renewest mother womb husbandry tomb
posterity thee prime see time be thee

wingèd melody alit on film classic
music appreciation
clearly delineated limits
were brought into play
for clarity’s sake
lucid
only one or two possible interpretations
poison extracted out of the serpent
disproportionately Shakespearean

preternaturally calm—comma run amok
“empyrean” in Webster’s apparatus
to understand the standstill
a full stop

can echo technology—knowledge
that can’t be tested, only aestheticized

by liking it, its pretty residue

spend legacy lend free abuse give use live alone deceive gone
leave thee be

telephone pole tree
stump suburbia

his head and body an egg in a waistcoat

self-referential French accent chirping
rational asleep

dreaming daylight a lid
on a jar, a box, a kettle await
flashing past bygone
the hundredth time random decision
neo-classical
sense of feeling ebbing draining from limbs

authentic mass production
hoof prints tragic hero club-footed
Four for Rosmarie Waldrop

rob mclennan

It snows inside my body.
Rosmarie Waldrop, *Love, Like Pronouns*

Enticements. Listen, multiplied. Am ordinary, thickening coil. Same seeks, reaches out. Don’t confuse this. Mirror, mirror, landing. A tiny convention. The language of a long curved road. The body is not iron, painted, thistle. Not the only fact. One chooses what to hear, one does not choose to comprehend. Sign, please, at the dotted line. Clotted cream, and jam. We scone.

Light: colours, white through upstairs. At the margins, bleeds. All our comforts are foreign. The marginalia of distraction, depletion, deflection. One plus one plus one, plus. The infinite space of beginnings. Pushed to the viral, end.

Magenta, spills. We mark a path of warm. Would break. I can’t help but ask.

Driven. This is not my usual practice. A day of scrapped. Shirt pockets. What does sound make. Sink sink sink sink sink.
Art & World (Postscript Poems)

Drawn from the letters of the late Canadian artist Jack Siegel, with permission of his friends Mary & Richard Keshen

Sean Howard

i

Park bench –
God
Alone…

*

‘Jack’ – it’s the being
I’m frightened of!

*

The strange patience
Of light

*

The strokes I suffer
Every day

*
Exhausted –
*With the world
Every step...

ii

Art – suddenly,
The difficult
Going...

* Cruel –
Faces
Whittled

* Mob –
Self-
Portrait

* All these years, the
Single soul...

* The world
I sometimes see
After work

iii

‘Loner”? –
Society
For the blind!

*

Boxes &
Boxes of
People

*

(Though I wanted to laugh
With those broken…)

*

Crayons –
Jack in
The box

*

The life
Time in
Line…
iv

Toronto –
Fertile
Ground?

*

‘Rose
Dale’ – the
Artist asks,
Where?

*

Art? My
Present
Condition

*

(Not pregnant, but
Always expecting!)

*

Exhausting –
My friends sitting
For me while I talk
The artist trying
To control the mob...

*

Postwar –
The dead
Quiet?

*

(Seeing what
I mean?)

*

Until, my eyes
Fed up with light…

*

Abandoned –
The world on
My doorstep


vi

The only child
I chose to be

*

Betrayed –
The boy tearing
The teddy…

*

‘With these hands’ –
The crayon
Self

*

Death taking
Shape from me

*

& God is being

Sold every day
Shred

Jill Jones

fields. Not GMO.
Vary the. Cloud
sound. Or blue.
Filter shreds. Wherein
some. Years you.
Drive through. Kind
as. Leaves blue.
Bark summer. Trucked
past. Horse tails.
Filter shreds. Forecast
fails. Vary the.
Filter shreds. Clouds
Stations

Vanessa Couto Johnson

This poem is in part inspired by a headline in the Washington Post from July 24, 2014 that read: “There is a lizard sex satellite floating in space and Russia no longer has it under control.”

removing to new dimension
in a few minutes

fastidiousness of scat
easily escapes

the design of shallow sleeping
is a choice

uneaten vitamins in an enclosure
cleaning inside of it

the past is a cricket upon substrate
that mealworms ameliorate

it is best the building fits
Haikus

David Chikhladze

Winter

roar of radio
total variation
empty place
the gorge

ticket
compact bed
plum prickly

Queens

paradisaical corner
working out by pressure
locomotive

diapers
foam of soap
to prepare the reserve

tailwind
three-storied

Bashō

nautical skill
the skill of dispute
helpless
to stir

conceited
to attack for the purpose of robbery
to seize the aircraft
the oppressed state

vacuum
to sink

Issa

squadron
fly
aeronautics
blowing
day of ghosts
hummingbird
unloading
deed
admixture
the sign of weather
textile
swaying on the waves

Vodka

ringing
sound of heartbeat
tides
to gratify
harvesting
washing the floors
washing the dishes
watery
water wheel
your lordship
the howl
kilogram chimer

China Town

tea mixture
to anneal
the charcoal

the fish-male
psyche
psychological attack
to be thrown on to the food
to combine a copulation
temperature drop the lewdness

psalm a psycho

Amida Buddha

ammunition
god save!
gravity clumsiness
sluggishness
copper boiler
police a sonnet
blowing a sleep

probably ended
horsemeat the rider
nearer and nearer

adroit skillful
explosion of feeling
explosion of h-bomb
administration
right of vote

Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev
cognac hard rubber
fishing rod the whip
jumping of the pointer of the instrument

commune
intimately converse
large article in the newspaper

silly fellow
roe of fish
red leguminous pepper

Laurentius Beria

the cygnus-male
cocoanut
the cod fish

to edit
reddening
cover on the coffin

curtain
statement of witness
to show on the screen

large article in the newspaper
the large cup
Vagina

to be in the depressed mood
not on the taste cabinet
mercenary love cupid
greediness a container of tea
cup of life a can
containing copper red copper ore mongrel
the badly brought up person
Sortie dHP

Claire Warren

Les jours glissaient sous mes pas
la clé pas la clé ouvrait un miracle
les lentilles vivantes dans l’évier
Mathieu et les oiseaux

Toupie Mélusine
grande recluse
la porte l’escalier pas le cancer
ils te collent les pans
du cerveau

et comptent

Mars IchAllah
Ichapas là
et de la confiture
de Papa

pile

des ballons pour des kickers
un papillon au chapeau
mercredi dimanche
d’enfance

devienr peule
gingembre et amande
liane et chaîne à vélo
chiens de lignée

temps forçés

- temps
- $\frac{1}{2} + 2.5 = \text{compte}

pierre aigue marine
c’est l’histoire d'un amour fou

_ ABJEKTION votre horreur
méduse intime sous contrainte

ou lapis lazuli

des crécelles la t^&te
mais c’est de la tombale
ma timbale ?
Mais Je les veux pas leurs bijoux

Il y a 14 grades du corps,
une vache de garde pour une petite fille

reste l’encre à sécher et les pets

l’encens pour traces d’un passage
jaune et grenat long et fin
quelle heure est-il

avoir des broches au cerveau

d’ici 2 mois nous irons aux Alpes
avant l’hiver
parfois on vole mais on ne s’en aperçoit pas
on croit que c’est pas nous

des appels de petit déjeuner
et préparer la soupe au pistou
un cerveau broché

Il faut bien de la fonte
et prendre lactulose
pour faire caca

un géant de 9 m2
l'amis de mon pére
vivant
3 4L au Raout du Voust
4 cloches américaines
une maison interdite

Petite ‘

vols de pigeons à la fenêtre
j’ai écrit sur le mur du salon

I am fed up with pigeon’s killers

une panthère
un livre
un lion

c’est beau un homme quand il nage
nous resterons de tendres étrangers

Marseille, octobre 2014
Die Frau in Symbolen / The Woman In Symbols

Doris Neidl

translated by Doris Neidl

Madame Cluny war immer schon der Ansicht, dass es sich so nicht zu leben lohnte. Sie schaute auf die an ihr vorbeiziehende Landschaft. Das Abteil des Zuges war fast leer, ihr schräg gegenüber saß ein älterer Herr in eine Zeitung vertieft. Er hatte ein giftgrünes Ipod an seiner Jacke hängen und hörte Musik. Ab und zu schüttelte er den Kopf.

Nachdem ihre erste Liebe an der Krankheit des Jahrhunderts gestorben war, begann sie in Symbolen zu leben. Seither spielte sich ihr Leben symbolisch ab. Alles was sie tat oder dachte, war ein Symbol für etwas anderes und so zog das Leben an ihr vorbei, so wie die Landschaft.

Madame Cluny war eine Frau in ihren Dreißigern, sie schaute jünger aus, weil sie zierlich war. Doch betrachtete man sie näher, bemerkte man ihre Falten. Ihr Gesicht konnte sich innerhalb eines Gespräches von einem Kindergesicht zu einem Gesicht einer Großmutter verwandeln und sprach man mit ihr, bekam man manchmal das Gefühl, daß man verschiedene Personen vor sich hatte. Sie war von einer zarten, unauffälligen Schönheit. Sie war viel zu dünn und mußte sich unzählige Male von der Frage, ob sie denn nicht genug esse, stören lassen. Nackt wandelte sich ihre Dünneheit in eine unerwartete Fülle um und die wenigen Männer, die sie nackt gesehen hatten, erfreuten sich dieser.


Der Dritte hatte sie nie bei ihrem Namen genannt. Einmal nur, doch da betonte er ihn auf der falschen Silbe. Er war verheiratet und hatte zwei Kinder, die er über alles liebte. Er suchte ein Abenteuer, Madam Cluny suchte ihn. Nachdem sie ihn ein Jahr gesucht hatte, sah sie ein, daß sie ihn niemals finden würde, weil er sich selbst verloren hatte, so wie sie
sich selbst in ihren Symbolen verirrt hatte. Sie kehrte ihm den Rücken und ging.

Als sie aus dem Fenster schaute und die Landschaft an ihr vorbeiziehen sah und sie daran dachte, dass sie nicht mehr in ihren Symbolen leben möchte, öffnete sich die Abteilstür des Zuges und ein großer Mann mit Haaren, die ihm zu Berge standen, und einer Tasche voll gefüllt mit Papier, öffnete die Tür. Er musste sich ein wenig beugen, um sich nicht den Kopf anzustoßen. Er begrüßte Madame Cluny und den älteren Herren mit dem grünen Ipod und setzte sich genau gegenüber von Madame Cluny, so dass sie die Beine einziehen musste. Nach einer Weile sagte er: „Hi, I am from Amerika! Ich spreche Deutsch.“ Madame Cluny lächelte ihm zu. Dann nahm er seine Zettel und begann irgend etwas zu korrigieren. Obwohl sich Madame Cluny Mühe gab, ihn nicht zu beobachten, wurde sie doch neugierig, was er da tat. Als hätte er ihre Gedanken gelesen, erklärte er: „Ich schreibe einen Brief an Gott.“ „An Gott?“ fragte Madame Cluny ungläubig. „Ja, an Gott, ich suche die Liebe fürs Leben.“ Sie versuchte ernst zu bleiben, doch innerlich begann sie zu lachen. Sie fragte sich was das nun wieder für ein Symbol sei und da bemerkte sie, wie leicht plötzlich ihr Herz wurde und es schneller zu schlagen begann und sich ihre Welt der Symbole aufzulösen begann.

Da näherte sich der Zug der kleinen Ortschaft, die sie einmal ihre Heimat nannte und am Bahnsteig sah sie schon ihren besten Freund mit seinen drei Kindern stehen, die ihr fröhlich zuwinkten. Sie stand auf, jetzt musste er seine Beine einziehen, um sie vorbei zu lassen. Als sie bei der Tür war, hörte sie: „Sehen wir uns wieder?“ Sie drehte sich um, und schaute in dieses Gesicht eines Fremden, das ihr so vertraut schien, lächelte und antwortete: „Inch’Allah.“
Madame Cluny has always been of the opinion that it is so not worth living like this. She looked at the landscape passing by. The cabin of the train was almost empty, diagonally from her sat an elderly gentleman reading a newspaper. He had a bright green I-pod on his jacket and was listening to music. Now and then he shook his head.

After her first love had died of the disease of the century, Madame Cluny began to live in symbols. Since then, her life played symbolically. Everything she did or thought was a symbol for something else, and so her life passed by, like the landscape she was looking at.

Madame Cluny was a woman in her thirties, she looked younger because she was petite. But looking closer, one could see her wrinkles. Her face could change within a minute from a child’s face to the face of a grandmother and speaking to her, one got the feeling of talking to different people.

She was a delicate, inconspicuous beauty. She was much too thin. But naked her thinness transformed into an unexpected fullness and the few men who had seen her naked, rejoiced in it.

Madame Cluny was a woman down to earth and yet she floated like a ghost in her symbols. She had studied English, Italian and Cultural Studies, lived in Berlin, Paris, Vienna and New York, she lived her life alone and was admired by many for her courage. Those who knew her better, knew about her sadness, lanced with an incomparable humor for the tragedy of her pain. Also, some thought that she was much too romantic to lead a normal life. What they didn’t understand was, that she didn’t want a normal life, but liberation from the world of symbols she was living in.

After her true love died, she loved two more times. Once she had read that one could only love three times in a lifetime. Therefore she thought her capacity to love was already behind her. But secretly she hoped that this theory was wrong.
One man she had met in a drawing studio in New York. She liked him immediately and she soon learned to love everything about him, his history, his teeth, his laughter and his always half-opened eyes. She laughed a lot with this man, he cooked her the best dishes and told her stories from a country that she had never seen, but had always longed to visit. He lived the same melancholy that she lived, she lived the same fears that he lived. The day before her departure, after they made love one last time, he whispered in her ear: “Stay.” But she couldn’t hear it because she was caught in her symbols. Only months later, as she laid in the bath and longed for him, far away from him, she heard it: “Stay.” But then it was too late.

The third man she loved never called her by her name. Only once, but then he pronounced it on the wrong syllable. He was married and had two children, whom he loved more than anything. He was looking for an adventure, Madam Cluny was looking for him. After she had been looking for him for a year, she realized that she would never find him, because he had lost himself, just as she had lost herself in her symbols. She turned her back on him and left.

As she looked out of the window watching the passing landscape and thinking that she no longer wants to live in her symbols, the door of the cabin opened and a tall man who’s hair stood up end, came in. His bag was filled with paper. He had to bend a little not to bump his head. He nodded to Madame Cluny, and to the older gentleman with the green iPod, and sat down exactly on the opposite side of Madame Cluny, so that she had to move her legs. After a while he said, “Hi. I am from America! I speak German.” Madame Cluny smiled at him. Then he took his notepad and started to correct his papers. Although Madame Cluny tried not to watch him, she was curious to see what he was doing. As if he were reading her thoughts, he said: “I am writing a letter to God.” “To God?” she asked disbelievingly. “Yes, to God. I’m looking for the love of my life.” Madame Cluny tried to keep a serious face, but inside she began to laugh. She wondered what the hell an American
who writes a letter to God to find the love of his life, was doing in a regional train to Selzthal. And she asked herself what kind of symbol this was now and suddenly she realized how her heart began to beat faster and the world of symbols seemed to dissolve.

The train approached the station of the small town she once called her home and she saw her best friend with his three children waving cheerfully. She stood up. Now he had to move his legs, to let her pass. When she was at the door, she heard him say: “Will I see you again?” She turned around and looked into this face of a stranger, which seemed so familiar to her, smiled and replied: “Inch’ Allah.”
A Courtesan’s Secrets: An Abecedary

Marilyn Stablein

A    Aphrodisiacs
B    Balms
C    Copulations
D    Douche
E    Ecstasy
F    Femme fatale
G    G-spot
H    Hymen
I    Innamorata
J    Joie de vivre
K    Kama Sutra
L    Lubricants
M    Massage
N    Necking
O    Orgasmic
P    Passion
Q    Quixotic
R    Risque
S    Seductive
T    Titillation
U    Undress
V    Vulva
W    Wild
X    X-Rated
Y    Yoga Tantra
Z    Zest
A Courtesan’s Secrets: An Abecedary is a 28 page folding accordion artist’s book. Each page/letter is made from a reclaimed artist’s alphabet stencil. Materials include Nepalese Lokta, Thai and handmade papers, paint, gold paint, lettering. A small lock and chain closure (not visible) extends the theme of secrets. (5” wide x 7” height x 1.5” depth. Opens to 128”)
The ing Alphabet: Starring A and S
Or, How To Be Dirty Without Being Dirty

Apryl Miller

Ambushing Aching Advancing Arching Attempting Assuring Abutting
Appealing
Bucking Backing Bitching
Contracting Congealing Crying Clutching Clenching
Dripping Drizzling Driving
Entering Expanding Exploring Expressing
Filling Fingering Foaming Frothing Firing Flicking Feeling
Gripping Gobbling Growing Grabbing Grinding
Husking Holding Heaving
Inserting Igniting Inebriating
Jutting Jousting
Knocking Knotting
Lubricating Lasting Licking Lapping
Mounting Mussing Mewling Mouthing Measuring Musking
Nailing Nipping Nuzzling
Opening Oozing
Pumping Petting Poking Panting Probing Pulling
Quivering
Rutting Rubbing Releasing
Studding Stroking Swelling Spreading Stretching Squeezing Swaying
Sniffing Sliding Snorting Spitting Sucking Soaking Sopping Squirting
Spewing Snatching
Thrusting Tasting Tipping Tonguing Twisting Twirling Tugging
Undulating Unfastening Unzipping
Vibrating Venting
Watching Warming
X rating
Yelling Yoking
Zipping Zesting
I Forgot the Protection of Diamonds

Eileen R. Tabios

I forgot the capacity to feel you in the breeze lifting my hair from their shyness.

I forgot color is also a narrative.

I forgot memorizing the marks of animals pawing as they hunt.

I forgot the sky so lurid it was nonreverberative.

I forgot wishing to be pale.

I forgot greeting mornings as an exposed nerve.

I forgot addiction to Duende for its intimacy with savagery.

I forgot jade’s cousin: the green of Antarctic berg ice discovered as a lost emerald rib broken and floating away from a maternal continent.

I forgot longing for a sky without horizon, but acceding instead to the eye’s clamor against the opposite of claustrophobia.

I forgot your body against mine introduced the limits of sunlight’s expanse.

I forgot feeling you in the air against my cheek.
I forgot recognitions: a white bird against a grey sky as the same gesture
I painted for years as a single brushstroke of turquoise.

I forgot the many deflections allowed to enable some semblance of progress.

I forgot the World War II concentration camp where amnesiacs tortured by tying together the legs of pregnant women.

I forgot feeling Michelangelo’s slaves surge out of stone.

I forgot both perception and imperceptibility carry a price.

I forgot obviating memory for what I believed was a higher purpose.

I forgot the cocoon hanging from a tree like a tender promise. I forgot deferring judgment.

I forgot astonishment over a block of grey metal swallowing light.

I forgot becoming my own sculpture when I crawled on a floor to see color from different angles.

I forgot the liberating anonymity conferred by travel: Mindanao, Berlin, Melbourne, Amsterdam, Istanbul became hours requiring no count.

I forgot New Mexico whose adobe walls were soothed by brown paper bag lanterns glowing from their lit candles.

I forgot a good day can be approximated by eating a red apple while strolling through white snow.

I forgot aching for fiction that would not chasten my days.
I forgot admiring Picasso’s *Sleeping Nude, 1907*, for its lack of sentimentality.

I forgot your favorite color was water.

I forgot chafing at eating food earned by someone else, each swallow bequeathing an *ineffable* with the demeanor of ice.

I forgot the colors of a scream: the regret of crimson, the futility of pink, the astonishment of brown.

I forgot the protection of his diamonds.

I forgot how detachment includes. I forgot how detachment enabled a white rattlesnake to penetrate my dreams.

I forgot death without forgetting my mortality.

I forgot your betrayal that forever marks me like a heart’s tattoo blossoming painfully against an inner thigh.

I forgot the bliss deep within an ascetic’s eyes as he wandered with a beggar’s bowl.

I forgot dust motes trapped in a tango after the sun lashed out a ray.

I forgot admiring women who refuse to paint their lips.

I forgot the bald girl whose neck increasingly thinned until I could count the ropes stretched along her throat.

I forgot the plainest of bread can clear an oenophile’s palate.

I forgot learning to appreciate rust, and how it taught me bats operate through radar.
I forgot I was not an immigrant; I was simply myself who lacked control at how the world formed outside the “Other” of me.

I forgot dancing furious flamenco with vultures under a menopausal sun.

I forgot one can use color to prevent encounters from degenerating into lies.

I forgot Mom beginning to age when she started looking at the world through heartbreaking resignation.

I forgot even a boor can pause before a Rembrandt portrait.

I forgot jasmine insisted it was the scent of gold.

I forgot how one begins marking time from a lover’s utterance of *Farewell*.

I forgot how an erasure captures the threshold of consciousness.

I forgot the night was unanimous.

I forgot clutching the wet mane of a panicked horse.

I forgot the spine bent willingly for a stranger’s whip.

I forgot you were the altar that made me stay.
Piggle Plus

Linda Kemp

it might help her to work through these issues in a safe environment by working with a male therapist

i

wondering how to do what i had to do
  i felt quite safe

forget or cease
  to use
the word

  to see
the change
  and lack

when I go back
  preconceived
early    it was when

the following:
  and arrival
  m / b – add
chitter-chatter
rot

together we are put by our we are put by our together

goodness
I haven’t got one of these
I said
I said
  this was deliberately planned
deliberately planned
there is always    deliberately planned
there is enough in the
through the walls
through the walls there is heart
she has shown a lot of courage

basic
  needs
turn, in more detail
counterbalanced to a great extent by a larger stream of more
  experiences
experiences
this is    taking up
  space
conclude: it means


less tense constant in alone
the sand and the stone, empty everything out
pout of the can’t
open & shut
roles overlap, seem arbitrary
is where come from

the many faces

iv

a little stick broke

v

the external world in making tentative churches
resuming the idea
indicates something passes rigmarole is self-esteemed
wrapping in a blanket and thrown to the
potter’s wheel
can
giggle at the
drop

writing about it as brutal
vi

joining distinction between
telling and noise

   nosey! has nothing
to do with, to do with my my

   a kind of
   through an open window with suspicion

who can i trust?

vii

All the troubles gone
with nothing left to tell
we’re touching elbows

   a stone in a bag

with nothing
to invent the where

we my

   and cross the cross the line into

peacocks are shaking birds, fill their heads with iridescence

rejecting bids

viii
string, and said fix
there might be (something)
fix the string

urgency is a handful
crooked houses
crooking arms

every night it’s made
a crooked house
in a crooked village

with crooked mummies
crooking fingers
crooked corners

it would take some very strong string to take that envelope

ix

Urgency is a sort of quietude, a choir of rag-taggle posies—oh,
kinda juxtaposed, backed up
a wall against: one two, one, one two, one
check this
check me, speaking into the speaker, again. Check

budding into a highly impressionable yarn
they only die if a snake bites them

houses in a row place splinters inside
the splintering inside

a terrible stink

just listing

A difficult hook whispers to the other, ‘how adenoidal is this one tonight,’ it’s difficult to make out
what’s she trying
she’s trying to what build, tracks, cities, depressed and tearful,
longing to be a boy.

What

does it take enough to outgrow the tom-tom, phase out like tasers but
less lovingly. S/he runs into
the bathroom laughing at the bathroom bits,
she

more at home in the backyard than with her
Each little bit not audible but wrapping in a red shift around the round; not a light-bulb moment but the heaviness of hand describing actions which never never make the links

another key role
absailing

i put
i put
head to knee a letter under her pillow

s/he cries at nights and disengaged asks to speak

OR

i’m going to play with a red crayon if a red crayon is the only thing you leave

xiii

not you, cow, you, dog; you, cow...

a portion passionately apportioning bits

a man outside

awaits

which parts did
dustbin or mending
the yummy condescending
mending of the the
fixing hooks
taking with no talking
xiv

I want the sound

wind in the
wind in running
wind in running with curtains wrapping around
    a cave, a winnnn

I want the sound the running

water the back
    the slow
let
    &
    drip
of letting

there’s no way to know whether a particular. You can only tell

    know

xv

Optrex baths bathe circumferences
write a paragraph describing
sauces of conflict
(the jam and spoon mix, the write re-written)
chancy so chance
The dog is too empty to stand,
    standing beside the lamb,
joining up the train,

the jinks the jinks they leave so slow, calypso, so, so

sometimes i remember-o
    a vision in a living room-o
so, o-so,
    what little girl could care so s/he

slips in a lighter and later lights up
    lights up the living (    ) precious
but in its place       a way out
(Mytho)Poetics

Jacqueline Winter Thomas

You said good-morning & your voice was wind-swept,
    was sycamore.
I have no right to say a word, to speak your name.

    I carry your language like a city inside me
I am breaking apart from the callous world without, am aware
that you will die & all our common people will die.

There will be no reason to say
    your name, to ever tell how I felt.

*

    At night I plait my hair, my braids.
I dream Desdemona crying, burials for the dead,
    unreal cities.
I know you will walk there inside the city of language
& never turn back for fear I’ve disappeared.
I will wait for you. In this line. In this.

*

You wake to blackness. On which side of eternity?
This—
or the next?
*Existence is but a brief crack of light between two eternities of darkness.*
But I took your hand once on the dark path to river-run & cried, eyes dusty because I could not believe in eternal recurrence.
Of this you spoke, kissing tears or stars. I loved you when I wasn’t yet allowed, I desired your skin & lips. I slept in the thought of you before we spoke. I walked the road to our home before it was ours.

*

You looked wrong in the new-light & I hated the world with a strange ferocity for ruining the one thing I begged to have spared.
I no longer desire, no longer know the weight
of stars & skin, they have ruined small things, half-worlds,
& I curse them
with a language I neither trust nor own.

I will not wait. You will
turn back.
Temporary Obituary

Lauren Marie Cappello

When I died alone
beside a pale dogwood blossom
the carnival momentum kept spinning
in the glistening distance,

& the carnival landscape made mockery
of a tree with no way of knowing; the
tocsin jangle of a penny arcade with no small
beauty or small change, no modest offering came,
the story was this—

No, not me, no, lighting another cigarette &
humming slow— i’ll tell you of the carnival:
& by carnival i mean tree, and by tree
i mean Vieux Carré at pastel sunset,
or the sinuous phrase “in love”.

No, no one saw my break from the
crowd, the daggers, darts, skewers, arrows—
& curl into a lightless bloom.

Now everybody thinks it doubtful,
or so they gather— eavesdropped
poems, the evening paper,
a map— pre-made, than rather a
geography One wouldn’t mention,
but ne’er a flower.

& since i’ve been bathing
in rain, the balloon-like clouds
close their eyes to me. It just
might have been possible.
While Listening to a Hundred Thousand Harps

Mary-Marcia Casoly

After scenes made strings

Circular stairs
After strings made scenes so many books

Stops and pauses

Pauses and stops

Espresso by Touch

Ruffled pages

Feathers Striking Strings

After flowers paint by number black

Glissando Moon

Move over Irving Berlin

What identity?

Charades

When will I see you again?

Cruel brief sweet embrace

Harpo Harlequin ducks

Hundreds of parts

Gathering and amassing

Crumbs of Rousseau

Melody

not so much heard as what underscores song

The Lovers Embrace

Tiny abstinence

Remember

Blocked wood

Strings pedals tuning knobs
Minstrels within deviations

Harpo Etudes

Thousands of moving parts

Impromptu feathers

Children of Claude Cahon

Deft bare feet of Martha Graham moves through the Cave of the Heart

Pigs-in-Clover guardian angels

Sailing Away on the Henry Clay

Now Voyager

Six Novellas of Djuna Barnes Remember

Cruel sweet brief embrace

Sidewalk sparrows popcorn

Such a notion was possible Waltz Me Around Again

Popcorn Sparrows Sidewalk Questions (sheet music)

Photomontages of Dali’s women in states of rapture

To play an extended chord simply touch the root note

Harpo Ellipses Honk! Honk!

A touch after long threads soft hair strings

Taunt inversions of the triad

Blondes dancing across black spaghetti string bridges

Eight fingertips sleeping inside removed pockets

Modest echoes remember

Island of Mysterious Bells Harpo Rebels

Strings of beaded curtains part
Their chairs placed close together
Gestures of Animals Island of Mysterious Bells
Overtures of resurrection
Ruffled Pages Movements of Feather (sheet music)
They can dance as they were A Night in Casablanca
What identity
When he sat down to play the harp, Harpo became Arthur
Willows and Birches
Blind doves sleeping Apppalachian Spring
Oberon
Thousands of moving parts sound gathers
Constellation of Midsummer Night’s Dream
Hummingbird black sun Prayer from the East
Gathering and amassing Harpo after Harpo after Harpo after Harpo…
Harpo never spoke a word
Surge of Orpheus Desire 55 and below
   primrose mirrors possible and in-
Caravan of Castanets
Sweep of Barcarolle Harpo’s feet up on the ottoman
The Smoldering Chimneys
   -different light brushed within deviations
Missed indifferences Angel dancing across white
stiletto bridges

Stones from the Great Wall

The Cocoanuts Waltz Me Around Again

A weakness their strength extending chords deftly

Tropic of Cancer

Nature is an Æolian harp Romance 80 and above

A female body is here inverted so that instead of the head appearing

Love Me And the World is Mine

Skintight Moon Glissando Awakenings

so that the uppermost part, the curvature of hips and buttocks

Bells beneath wings

Cruel sweet brief embrace

Nobody has seen anyone play the harp as Harpo did

Wings beneath bells

Takes their place The fluid form is recognizably human

Tiny abstinence yet unfamiliar

The bright lights conspire to this effect blurring

The receding angles of the body Man Ray in Paris in 1929

Arguing for their liberation of artistic treatment

Deformation of the academic modern
Breaking ground  Love me and the World is Mime
Tango for Harpo’s Thieves
Quinnipiack

Mark Lamoureux

I wrote “Quinnipiack” from research materials concerning the history of the Quinnipiack tribe in New Haven, CT where I now reside. The poem contains sections from Some helps for the Indians, shewing them how to improve their natural reason, to know the true God, and the true Christian religion by Abraham Pierson (1658), which contains some of the only extant examples of the now-extinct Quinnipiack language, and The Quinnipiack Indians and Their Reservation, Charles Hervey Townshend (1900). Needless to say, it is impossible to copyedit or read the sections in Quinnipiack, though the English translations of the Quinnipiack passages also figure in the poem.

Quinnipiack

War shirt of John Davenport’s putrid bones, a flophouse on the slave estate. Bloody bricks, seeing ghosts all the time, vitreous floaters, shadow people.

& upon extraordinary accidents, as Thunder, Earthquakes, sights in the Aire, blasing Starrs &c.

Quah skeje ehehege mônêharawanûnguotush ahárrêmuks’, arra Páddaquâhhum Quequansh,
māzzenúnguottush kēsesuk terre, squárrug arráksak &c

which shewes that they know there is a power above the creatures, though they see him not.

Widow’s walks regard the landfill, poxy proxy of death-painted loam, toilets in the public square. Buses rumble for the dispossessed. Polis is this. Kill the river

Who will punish sinn & can do it when he will.

mukko matta naûwah, ouwun bitêh arroutàútk matêherêwunk, quah om uttrên hantûkkeque roytaks.

with a lancet, those elms that still rise through the red disease, those uncursed coursing through xylem, the white blood, milk of hospitals:

we see trees in winter loose thir beauty & in the spring live again.

nâumenan p’tuks pabôuks antâeous werregowunk quah se quoks kejâmous rambe.

John Davenport will fashion you a golem in the shape of yourself for warfare—do battle brick bone ghost boon groans with the sea at night the ghost boat of merchants under the waves swollen with loot & ocean worms, Solomon born on Moon’s day sanctified for work Mattamoy & naught
Hom énsketámough missinnawanan Jehōvah wuskwheâk matta youhbitch mammóânhokkréztawàuwunk quah pânassouïngansh wutche Sachemānauk, quah motántámmewunk Eansketambough?

*If Indians receive Gods Word will it not take away the honour & Riches of the Sachems, & Liberty of the Indians?*

Tīw’s day
xened
xtian
X
his mark

& the English planters before mentioned accepting & graunting according to ye tenor of the promises, doe further of their owne accord, by way of free & thankfull retribution,

give unto ye sachem, counsel & company of ye Quinopiocke Indians,
twelve hatchets,
twelve hoes,
two dozen of knives,
twelve porengers
& fourse cases of French knives & sizers; All which being thankfully accepted by ye aforesd & ye agreements in all points perfected; for rettification & full conformation of the same, the Sachem his counsel & sister, to these prsents have sett their hands or markes ye day & year above written.

Woden’s day
wed to
a cross of ash
& spit

He about four years since came into Mr. Craynes House when they were blessing God in the name of Jesus Christ,
& that he then did blasphemously
say that Jesus Christ was

‘MATTAMOY & NAUGHT’ & HIS BONES ROTTEN
& spake of an Indian in Mantoises plantation ascending into Heaven
wch was witnessed by Mr. Crayne & others.

Fat cops regard,
night a pistolwhipped begonia
in the dust
must be what could come in Black Mary
square, just dust dyed
young in the pink muscle

By the natural motions & expectations that Indians have of living in
another country to the southward after they have lived in this:

Spe rambâuwe róytammenûngansh quak askwhóntámmewûngansh, yow
Eánsketmboûgh uttâhhénau wutêche pómpamantâmewûnôuk perôukon
saûanaîôuk pokkaêhe pómantammowûshànnak yowh terre:

Thor’s day
thunder & lightning
sick in the bones
of water
in the river
running backward

into the mouth
of a highway, smeared with rust & dirty diapers, slicked with gasoline,
ghast

of John Davenport
scrabbling at the defunct
pay-phone’s ripped
throat dangling—a choked
dead cormorant
black with petroleum
& whale blood.

The Quinnipiacks, at the date of the Eaton treaty,
had been reduced to forty-six fighting men,
& including squaws & papooses
numbering in the neighborhood
of about one hundred & fifty persons
youh kâkkoodumêhâmö ne nejek wauhtânnau mouêhe milkissoowunk
ausin keizbittushânnuk, mukko matta naûwah, ouwun bitêh arroutaûtak
matêherêwunk, quah om uttrêne hantükkeque roytaks.

In the bare cinema
rah rah
Fred Astaire in spats
a boss plane
coughing fire
go go go
in the nave
a naval battle.

Freyja’s day
worsening
unlucky fuck
castrated by Davenport’s
brass tack
knuckle ball
cardiac kneesocks
choking those chopsticks
of varicose spaghetti

The centence of the Court was that he should be severely whipped for
thus scorning at or worshipping God & blaspheme the name of Jesus
Christ & he was informed if he should do so hereafter it would hazard
his life.

The book locks,
wrought iron teeth
of the cathedral library
festooned with closed circuit
television orifices
indiscriminate
discriminating
crime scene logistics
in the quad
the first class
shot up the townies
with their pistols

marigold line
on Temple Street
skulls & bones
mace & chain
let them eat
each other

Saturn’s day
ejaculating
greasy electrum,
the death of you,
Solomon
Mattamoy
& naught
satyr’s day

out among the
pulchritude, loose lips
sink yachts, tight
in the pub, buries
an IED

Quinnipiack
DIE
DEI
DEUS
DAY

Sun’s day
& for the damage by means of the gate he had left open to pay Tho.
Knowles five shillings.
in the park
forties
like the teats of mammon
leaking

Buried under strata
of arrowheads & peeled
scalps tongues shrieking

this is your fault, under the trees
wide as six humans, weeping
sores, penumbra of humus hiding
cursed eyes, Davenport shackles
oxidized to shivs to pierce the soft skin
of the bare foot, pull on your boots
militiamen, the bitter dirt whelms &
the rats are here & this is the end of
the city of elms
The Minotaur, not known for small talk, says put your history behind many doors and imagine the Greek without translations and systems of space and pleasure in hidden places. He is thinking now of the conflicting accounts in the reflective inquiries of certain scholarly types who presume to reclaim our truth before veils of naïve beliefs, draped over texts of sleepwalking next to exigent, slow madmen and participles. The Minotaur further asserts that there exist only witnesses to dreams or seminars and pictures in books as one might love to see immured in a maze or down an unmapped street or in the ruin of an incomprehensible game. It is a box and not some other as you may have wondered as you are surely expected to ask as who would not think to suppose as to the contents therein as far as can be discerned a box a box thus the thing it is. No one would expect you to believe it, but the Minotaur, not known for his research methods, consulted three versions of this strophic invocation
and found each to be a fabulism of eponymic flourishes, none inconsistent with a fractured view of the trajectory of Western voice speaking over itself in reflexive jests, having not finished a sentence in something like four thousand years. It is, therefore no surprise at all to find that the Minotaur says keep your secrets behind just one door and permit only those who can do the most damage to inspect the evidence, your repertory of improperly annotated worlds filled with words you did not write. He then proposes providentially that the family is not yourself but your heart or your face, and however the night converges on your love, there is yet some possibility for this language, inside out, under the bed, under scrutiny understanding, of course, that this is not only his head but a vision of what will remain. Nor does the Minotaur remember his name.
A Poem of Force

Jeremy Biles

for David Tracy

...No other comfort
Will remain, when you have encountered your death-heavy fate,
Only grief, only sorrow.
—Homer, *The Iliad*

Force—
it is that $x$
that turns anybody
who is subjected to it
into a thing,
a compromise
between a man
and a corpse.

Force
is as pitiless
to the man
who possesses it
as it is
to its victims—
the first
it intoxicates,
the second
it crushes.

We are only
geometricians of matter—
the mind
is completely absorbed
in doing itself
violence,
a picture of
uniform horror.

Force
is the sole hero,
nobody really
possesses it;
there is not
a single man
who does not have
to bow his neck
to force.

Those who use it
and those who
endure it
are turned
to stone,
they become
deaf and dumb.

This reality
is hard,
much too hard
to be borne.
Words of reason
drop
into the void.

Here, surely,
is death,
death strung out
over a whole
lifetime—
the aspect of
destruction.

Here, surely,
is life,
life that death
congeals
before abolishing—
an extreme and tragic
aspect.

To castrate yourself
of yearning,
to respect life
in somebody else,
_demands
a heartbreaking exertion,
impossible in logic,
unendurable,
except in flashes.

The soul awakens then,
to live
for an instant
only,
and be lost
almost at once,
the crowning grace
of war.

Incurable bitterness
continually makes itself
heard,
no reticence
veils the step
from life
to death.

Yet never
does the bitterness
drop into lamentation.
It has no room
for anything
but courage
and love.

This poem,
not made
to live
inside
a thing,
is a miracle
on loan
from fate.

In the end,
this poem
disappears
from the mind,
for thought
cannot journey
through time
without meeting
death on the way.

In the end,
the very idea
of wanting to escape
the business
of killing and dying
disappears.

Perhaps all men,
by the very act
of being born,
are destined
to suffer
violence.
Victory is
a transitory thing—
force
is the sole hero.

Come, friend,
you too must die.
"Abendgesang / Evening Song"

Yvan Goll

translated by Donald Wellman

Introduction by Donald Wellman

Yvan Goll (1891-1950) Born Isaac Lang on March 29, 1891, in Saint-Dié in the Lorraine region of France, Yvan Goll—poet, editor, and translator—contributed in multiple ways to the major developments of modernism in the arts. Notably, his experiences of childhood and exile were multicultural (German-Jewish and French). His work reflects his personal struggles and passions, expressing a unique cultural hybridity inflected by alienation, anguish, and the need for personal acknowledgement. His collaborators included Herman Hesse, Hans Arp, Hans Richter, Marc Chagall, Pablo Picasso, and James Joyce. In October 1924, Goll published the groundbreaking journal *Surréalisme*. Goll’s conception of surrealism emphasized verbal constructions, relying on disparate phrases, and avoided the Freudian play between language and the unconscious aspects of mental life that are now associated with surrealist practice as promulgated by André Breton. Breton, vying for poetic ascendancy, attacked Goll’s surrealism in his first Surrealist manifesto (also in 1924). In 1921, Yvan married Claire Studer, a young journalist and his most important collaborator. Love and heartbreak and reunion are the subjects of *Ten Thousand Dawns*, a text important to understanding *Traumkraut* (Dream Grass), 1951, a work of paranoid surreality, according to Francis J. Carmody. *Neila, Abendgesang*, (Neila, Evening Song), 1954, was composed on the poet’s deathbed as he lay suffering from leukemia. “Neila” is an anagram of “Liane,” both referencing Claire. *Neila, Abendgesang* is perhaps even more frenetic and disjointed than *Traumkraut*. Both of these volumes were composed while the poet was in close contact with Paula Celan, who assisted Goll in translating his French-language lyric poetry into German. Unfortunately and apparently driven by her own paranoid insecurities, Claire accused Celan of plagiarizing from her husband’s last works. Celan, who had donated blood to
Yvan, never recovered from the shock of this malignant slur. It is my belief that while Neila, Abendgesang is motivated by heart-felt love for Clair, it also carries tones of apprehension and anxiety that derive from Goll’s recognition of Claire’s perhaps disquieting powers. Goll’s work has been translated into English by Kenneth Rexroth, Galway Kinnell and William Carlos Williams among many others. Mine is the only translation of Neila, Abendgesang of which I am aware. I have also translated poems from Traumkraut that appeared in the journals Circumference and Calque.

**Abendgesang**

Mit allen Farben die ich geblutet  
Mit allen Vögeln, die ich getötet  
Letzten Gesang über Straßburg  
Sing ich Geliebte in dein wissendes Ohr

Denn zusammen haben wir mit großem Herz geliebt  
Und beim Ruf der Amsel  
Stieg ein Engel in dein Gesicht  
Und verwandelte dich zu Natur

Schwalben bewunderten wir  
Die sich von Totenkopf nährten  
Und den Lerchen warfen wir aus dem Klee  
Unser Glück nach

Gottgegeben war unsere Liebe

Die Schwalben sich von Totenköpfen nähernd  
Schützen uns

Du aus dem unbekannten Traum
O seh ich Geliebte dich noch
An diesem birnengehangenen Tag
Das Goldblatt in deinem Haar
Und allen Azur der Treue
In deinem großen Doppelaug

Herbst brennt in den Bäumen
Und goldener Most in deinem tiefen Mund
Aus dem die tiefe Stimme umsummt
Wie Hornißorgelbaß

Wer zechten Geliebte den letzten Wein
O Lerchen leiteten uns durch Geißblatt
Hand in Hand den weißen Berg hinan
Und im Salbei
Fand einer des anderen Herz
Ganz naß vom Warten

Heut ist ein Nußbaum der Her der Nacht
Viele Totenfalter und viele Vögel
Sind in seinen Kellern gefangen
Das Trauerspiel des Sommers ist zuende

Wir fanden ein schönes Bett im Minzhang
Und ein Hochzeitsschleier
Wob sich von selbst aus Spinnenseide

Was klage ich, solang noch deine Hand
In meiner Hand erblüht
Wie eine Rose von Jericho
Von einer einzigen Träne betaut
Was fürcht’ ich in der Weltenacht
Solange ich deine Lippen wandern hör
Von Kosewort zu Kosewort
Von Schweigen zu Wahrheit

Mein Aug wird nimmer hart und blind
Solange die zwei Sonnen deiner Augen
Die Nächte und die Tage
Auf ewig gleichen Liebesschalen wiegen

*   *   *

Deine Augen sind wie die Kirchenfenster von Chartres
Von gelben von roten von blauen Scherben gemacht
Sie spiegeln die Allegorien der Liebe
Die vierundzwanzig Stationen des Tags und der Nacht

Deine Augen sind wie der Schnee mit seinen Pailletten
Der Schnee ist gelb ist rot ist blau
Ich glaube nur er wäre weiß und weiß
Und plötzlich singt er wie tragische Vögel
Wenn deine Füße über ihn streifen

Deine Augen sind wie der Stern der Nacht
Die Sterne sind gelb sind rot sind blau
Es war ein Irrtum sie für Gold zu halten

In Lumpen wandert der Tag den deine Augen nicht kennen
In Schmutz die Straße die sich von dir wendet
Der Schnee und die Vögel ziehen zum Meer und zur Wüste
Sie werden erzählen wie gelb wie rot wie blau
Die Augen einer Menschin sind
Evening Song

With all the colors that I bled
With all the birds that I killed
I sing the last song of Strasburg
Beloved in your knowing ear

For together we have loved with large heart
And at the call of the blackbird
An angel climbs into your face
And transforms you into Nature

We admired swallows
That flew near the death’s head
And we tossed larks into the clover
For luck

Our love was given by God

May swallows feeding on death’s heads
Protect us

You from out of unknown dream

*   *   *

O beloved I see you still
On this day festooned with pear tree boughs
The gold leaf in your hair
And all the blue of truth
In your great double eye
Autumn burns in the trees
And golden must in your deep mouth
From which deep voices buzz around me
Like hornets’ organ-bass

We guzzled beloved the last wine
O may larks lead us through goat-leaf honeysuckle
Hand in hand up the white mountain
And in salvia
One found the other’s heart
Drenched from waiting

Today is a Walnut Harvest for the Lord of the Night
Many dead moths and many birds
Are imprisoned in your cellar
The tragedy of summer has ended

We found a beautiful bed on a lawn of mint
And a wedding veil
Wove itself from spun silk

* * *

What’s my complaint, so long as your hand
In my hand blossoms
Like the rose of Jericho
Bedewed with a single tear

What do I fear in the night-world
As long as I hear your lips move
From love-word to love-word
From silence to truth

My eye will never be hard and blind
As long as the two suns of your eyes
Weigh nights and days
In eternally equal loving cups

* * *

Your eyes are like the cathedral windows of Chartres
Made from yellow from red from blue shards
They mirror the allegories of love
The four and twenty stations of day and night

Your eyes are like snow with its sequins
Snow is yellow is red is blue
I thought it to be only white and white
And suddenly it sings like a tragic bird
When kissed by your foot

Your eyes are like the night-star
The stars are yellow are red are blue
It was a mistake to think them gold

In rags the day wanders that does not know your eyes
In dirt lies the street that turns itself from you
The snow and the birds are drawn to the sea and wasteland
They will be told how yellow how red how blue
Are the eyes of a little girl
Four Poems by Xiao Kaiyu

translated by Christopher Lupke

Introduction by Christopher Lupke

Xiao Kaiyu (蕭開愚) is one of the most distinguished and challenging poets writing in China today. He published his first poems in the late-1980s and was particularly prolific during the 1990s, part of a group of poets who were producing work more dense and difficult than had been seen in China in several decades. He was educated in Chinese medicine and lived for several years in Germany before taking up his current position as Professor of Chinese at Henan University. He maintains a deep interest in avant-garde Chinese art and has written criticism on art as well as curated art shows.

秋天

追求美感的人啊，如此急切
收回動聽的話語。
縮小了一些的嘴巴緊閉，
和鋪上霜的早晨一樣白。

追求你的人跑步來到這裡
清爽的晚風裡。滿盈的倉庫
裝着黃色的火藥，也步爆炸。
原來是那些穀粒不會爆炸。
Autumn (1989)

Ah, one in search of beauty is in such a rush
to repossess the flattering word.
The mouth that is shrunk a bit is tightly closed,
as white as daybreak sheathed in frost.

The one in search of you runs here
in the cool evening breeze. The teeming warehouse
filled with yellow gunpowder, undetonated.
It turns out the golden grain couldn’t blow.

Your sheer clothes of golden thread,
come to think of it, the jade of a witch’s ceremonial gown.
An indescribable frailty, an even more ineffable chill.

What is more restrained is all the more vast.
You take flight, like a white bird.
All the better if you fly, circling, in a whisper.
A Dirge (1990)

I asked for this kind of leader, he arrived
before the stench of blood, like a cast-off reaper
jammed in the middle of the road. He was short on words.
One utterance sent the people in a new direction.

In answering a well-intentioned query, Milton
declared: “Oh Leader, vengeance!”
I asked him to emulate the scorched youths who suffered so he could get the power they craved.

He suddenly appeared by one who gripped a knife.
I couldn’t be frightened. Return dawn’s radiance to the morning, that was his calling.

Now is the time when the leader saves himself, allowing the reverential East Asians to return home with each alone recalling where the supreme one resides.

雨中作

有許多奇蹟我們看見。
月亮像迅逝的閃電，
照亮江中魚和藻類。
岸上，鳥兒落下飛起，
搬運細木和泥土。
新鮮的空氣，
生命和死亡，
圍繞着我們。

Done in the Rain (1986)

There are so many wonders that we’ve seen.
The moon seems like a flash of lightening,
shining down on the fish and algae in the river.
On the bank, birds alight and take flight,
toting slender branches and mud.
The fresh air,
life and death,
surround us.

宿命論者

目光閃閃的人
紛紛去找瞎子問路

你把手伸給他
他那麼平平靜靜地摸一下
你一輩子地事情他就知道了
他隨便告訴你一些甚麼
愛情 財運 升官 摔死
都很真實
要麼你轉身走去不留下一枚硬幣
他說你走吧
你走不出你的掌紋

The Fatalist (1985)

People with a sparkle in the eye
always ask the blind man the way.
You reach your hand out to him.
He touches it a moment, ever so placidly,
and instantly knows your whole life story,
casually tossing you a few tidbits
love fortune a promotion a plunge to death.
All very plausible.
You could turn and leave without so much as a dime
He says go ahead
but you cannot evade the lines on your palm.
Visual Poetry

Yakman K. Tsering
“Dolma Lisa”
“Three Sisters”
Elizabeth Robinson has published several books of poetry, most recently Three Novels (Omnidawn), Counterpart (Ahsahta), and Blue Heron (Center for Literary Publishing). Her recent mixed genre book, On Ghosts (Solid Objects), was a finalist for the Los Angeles Times book award.

Jennifer Firestone is the author of Flashes (Shearsman Books), Holiday (Shearsman Books), Waves (Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs), and snapshot (Sona Books). She co-edited Letters To Poets: Conversations about Poetics, Politics and Community (Saturnalia Books) and was selected by Brenda Hillman to receive Marsh Hawk Press’ 2014 Robert Creeley Memorial Prize. She is an Assistant Professor of Literary Studies at The New School.

Wendy Vardaman is the author of Obstructed View, co-editor of four anthologies, including Echolocations, Poets Map Madison and Local Ground(s)—Midwest Poetics, co-editor of Verse Wisconsin, and co-founder of Cowfeather Press. One of Madison, Wisconsin’s two Poets Laureate (2012-2015), she has three adult children and has never owned a car. Wendy Vardaman is online at WendyVardaman.com.

Jeffrey Jullich has published two books of poetry: Thine Instead Thank (Harry Tankoos Books, 2007) and Portrait of Colon Dash Parenthesis (Litmus Press, 2010). His poetry, criticism and translations have been published in a variety of literary journals including Poetry, Fence, New American Writing and the Boston Review. Audio recordings and videos of readings can be found at the Poetry Foundation website and at YouTube. Jeffrey Jullich is online at JeffreyJullich.com.
Born in Ottawa, Canada’s glorious capital city, rob mclennan currently lives in Ottawa. The author of nearly thirty trade books of poetry, fiction and non-fiction, he won the John Newlove Poetry Award in 2010, the Council for the Arts in Ottawa Mid-Career Award in 2014, and was longlisted for the CBC Poetry Prize in 2012. His most recent titles include notes and dispatches: essays (Insomniac press, 2014) and The Uncertainty Principle: stories, (Chaudiere Books, 2014), as well as the poetry collection If suppose we are a fragment (BuschekBooks, 2014). An editor and publisher, he runs above/ground press, Chaudiere Books, The Garneau Review (ottawater.com/garneaureview), seventeen seconds: a journal of poetry and poetics (ottawater.com/seventeenseconds), Touch the Donkey (touchthedonkey.blogspot.com) and the Ottawa poetry pdf annual ottawater (ottawater.com). He spent the 2007-8 academic year in Edmonton as writer-in-residence at the University of Alberta, and regularly posts reviews, essays, interviews and other notices at robmclennan.blogspot.com.

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, nominated for a Pushcart Prize, and anthologized in The Best Canadian Poetry in English (Tightrope Books, 2011 & forthcoming).

Jill Jones’ most recent books are The Beautiful Anxiety (Puncher and Wattmann, 2014) and Ash is Here, So are Stars (Walleah Press, 2012). Her work has been translated into Chinese, Dutch, Polish, French, Italian and Spanish, and has featured in a number of anthologies including The Penguin Anthology of Australian Poetry edited by John Kinsella. In 2014 she was poet-in-residence at Stockholm University. Recent work has been published in Cordite, Vlak, Plumwood Mountain, Truck, Sugarmule, Jacket2, Qarrtsiluni and Australian Poetry Journal. She lives in Adelaide.
Vanessa Couto Johnson’s work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Blackbird, Toad Suck Review, The Destroyer* and *Posit*. She is listed as a Highly Commended Poet for the 2014 Gregory O’Donoghue International Poetry Prize. A Brazilian born in Texas (dual citizen), she currently teaches at Texas State University, where she earned her MFA. She occasionally blogs at meansofpoetry.com.

Poet and theatre artist **David Chikhladze** was born 1962 in Tbilisi, Georgia. He has lived in Brooklyn, New York, and today lives and works in Tbilisi. He has five poetry books: *8 Haiku*, 1991; *Wandering Droplets*, 2002; *The Book of Reality*, 2004 (in Russian); *D/D*, 2007; *December Nights*, 2008; and a novel, *Feminine/Feminine*, 2008. His writings have been published in Georgia, Russia, Latvia, Norway, Germany, Greece, Slovenia, and the United States of America. In 1994 he founded Margo Korableva Performance Theatre and has preformed in cities across the USA including New York City, Philadelphia, and Austin, Texas.

Works by **Claire Warren** (*alias* Valentine Garennes) include *Banco circus*, température, Hypogée #1 — une revue du Fron Révolutionèr D’aqtion Poétik imprimée à l’École supérieure d’art Le Havre/Rouen, atelier de sérigraphie de Yann Owens au Havre, février 2014; *caviar & upperkutte*, in Camion, les éditions Sonato, Marseille, juin 2010; *squatter et publier*, CHIMERES, n°68, Figures de Don Quichotte, été-automne 2008; *revue café verre*, in Marseille, énergie et frustrations, Baptiste Lanaspeze, Editions Autrement 2006; *des montagnes des souris et des machines*, les éditionsprécipitées, Artignosc 2005; and *4 Livrets Thé vert*, que signifie être résident à Marseille, avec Bakary Bine Camara, Diop Abdou, Dia Idrissa, Monsieur E, café verre, Marseille octobre 2004.
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.

Marilyn Stablein’s artist books explore ways to engage readers while expanding and redefining traditional concepts of text based codex bound books. A number of her hand-bound, found, and altered books in unique formats and bindings combine personal narratives, autobiographical ephemera, vintage objects and artifacts. Her visual journals, an ongoing series of collages using chance ephemera from her life, provide personal, visual documentation of four decades of her literary and artistic work. Ms. Stablein has exhibited collage, assemblages and award-winning artist books at the University of San Diego, University of Nebraska, Pyramid Arts Center, Rhode Island School of Design, Catalyst Arts Belfast Ireland, the Delaware Center for Contemporary Art, Harwood Museum and in Otoliths, Gargoyle, Bound & Lettered Magazine, 1000 Artists Books and 500 Artists Books (Lark Publishers, 2013, 2011). She is the author of twelve books of poetry, essays and short tales. Book Arts Editions publishes multiple editions of her signed, numbered and illustrated books. Marilyn Stablein is online at MarilynStablein.com.

Poet, artist, designer, philosopher, Apryl Miller is online at AprylMiller.com. Read The Apryl Miller Interview in E·ratio 19.
**Eileen R. Tabios** loves books and has released over 20 print and five electronic poetry collections; an art essay collection; a “collected novels” book; a poetry essay/interview anthology; a short story collection; and an experimental biography. Her 2014 poetry collections are *147 MILLION ORPHANS (MMXI-MML), 44 RESURRECTIONS* and *SUN STIGMATA (Sculpture Poems).* Eileen R. Tabios is online at EileenRTabios.com.

**Linda Kemp** is based in Sheffield, England, with recent work appearing in *Blackbox Manifold* and a pamphlet, ‘Immunological’ published by enjoy your homes press.

Contributing editor **Jacqueline Winter Thomas** is an M.F.A. candidate in poetry at UNC Wilmington where she teaches courses in creative writing. Her poems have been published or are forthcoming in *Barrelhouse, Tinderbox, E*ratio 19, Nude Bruce Review, Trillium,* and *Burningword,* among others. She is interested in the convergence of poetics and poststructural semiotics. She writes at heteroglossia.tumblr.com.

**Lauren Marie Cappello** has traded in the glitter of New Orleans for homesteading in Northern California. She has work in *E*ratio 15, 16 and 19.
Mary-Marcia Casoly is the author of *Run to Tenderness* (Pantograph & Goldfish Press, 2002) and the editor of Fresh Hot Bread, a South Bay area zine for Waverley Writers and an open poetry forum which holds open readings with featured guests. Her chapbook *Lost Pages of Bird Lore* is part of the Small Change Series (Word Temple Press, 2011). Her chapbook, *Australia Dreaming*, is included in The Ahadada Reader 3 (Ahadada Press, 2010). Her work has been included in the ebook *Shadows of the Future, The Argotist Otherstream Anthology* (Argotist Ebooks, 2013). She has appeared on several poetry shows on public television and has work in the forthcoming anthology “Her name is . . . Adelle, Clara, Mary Ann, Mary-Marcia” to be published by Poetry Hotel Press.

Mark Lamoureux lives in New Haven, CT. He is the author of thee full-length collections of poetry: *Spectre* (Black Radish Books, 2010), *Astrometry Orgonon* (BlazeVOX Books, 2008), and *29 Cheeseburgers / 39 Years* (Pressed Wafer, 2013). His work has been published in print and online in *Cannibal, Denver Quarterly, Jacket, Fourteen Hills* and many others. In 2014 he received the 2nd annual Ping Pong Poetry award, selected by David Shapiro, for his poem “Summerhenge/Winterhenge.”

Carey Scott Wilkerson is a poet, dramatist, and performance theorist. His books include a collection of poems, *Ars Minotaurica*, and a play, *Seven Dreams of Falling*, which premiered in summer 2013 at the Lillian Theatre’s Elephant Studio in Los Angeles. Carey Scott Wilkerson is online at CareyScottWilkerson.com.
Jeremy Biles lives in Chicago, where he teaches courses in philosophy, religion, and art at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. He is the author of Ecce Monstrum: Georges Bataille and the Sacrifice of Form (Fordham University Press, 2007). His essays, fiction, and reviews have appeared in such places as the Chicago Review, Culture, Theory and Critique, Rain Taxi and Snow Monkey, as well as in catalogues for the Hyde Park Art Center, where he has also done curatorial work. He is currently co-editing a volume entitled Negative Ecstasies: Georges Bataille and the Study of Religion (Fordham University Press, forthcoming Spring 2015).


Poet, translator and independent scholar Donald Wellman has work in E·ratio 11 and 16. Donald Wellman is online at http://faculty.dwc.edu/wellman/index.htm.

Chistopher Lupke (Ph. D., Cornell University) is Professor of Chinese at Washington State University where he is coordinator of Chinese. He has published edited volumes on the notion of ming (command, allotment, fate) in Chinese culture and on contemporary Chinese poetry, and his book on the Taiwanese filmmaker Hou Hsiao-hsien is forthcoming from Cambria Press.
Kathup Tsering is a Tibetan translator, poet, writer and painter currently residing as an exile in Austria. His work appears in *Muses in Exile - An Anthology of Tibetan Poetry*, the anthology *VOCI - SILENZIO / Voices - Silence, Poeti e artisti selezionati per l’antologia La Follia*, **otoliths**, **E·ratio 19** and in journals in North America, Europe and Asia. “Himalaya’s Night (Notte sull’Himalaya)” was a special selection in the 4th Italy Concorso Internazionale di Poesia Castello di Duino competition. Kathup Tsering sometimes writes under the Chinese pen name, Xue Ling. Kathup Tsering is online at gangchu.blogspot.com.
E·ratio Editions

#18. 44 Resurrections by Eileen R. Tabios. Poetry. “I forgot truth is disembodied. / I forgot the spine bent willingly for a stranger’s whip.”


#16. Hungarian LangArt by Márton Koppány. Visual poetry. “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.”

#15. light in a black scar by Jake Berry. Poetry. “Leave them lie / and they will rise / into an impotent cloud / and piss / the backward flood . . .”

#14. blossoms from nothing by Travis Cebula. Poetry. “. . . morning is a time / of hard lines / petals and soil. / feathers and sky.”

#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 . . .”


#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 . . .”


#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. Visual poetry. “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.”


#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.
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