

## E·ratio 20 · 2015

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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

In symbol. In endless connection & open endedness. In uncertainty & ambiguity. In undecideable binaries. In unsatisfactory hermeneutics & (de)constructions of meaning by communities of (un)like readers. In paradigmatic shifts & disrupts. In unreliable narrators who sometimes tell the truth. Descriptions that have no connection to objects they purport to. In characters simultaneously. In sincere irony. Ironic sincerity. Sincerely yours. In yours sincerely. In the always already & the already always.

# “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

   PIANISSIMO    hint of jealousy  
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

v

*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

Cloud sounds. Vary  
the. Filter shreds.  
That hover. Window  
from. Gravel weather.  
Window from. Or  
GMO. Or blue.  
Filter shreds. Bark  
to. Drought ground.  
Horse tails. That  
hover. Trucked past.  
Gravel weather. What  
kind. What kind.  
Horse tails. For  
feral. Bird removal.  
Bird removal. Bird  
blue. Trick fields.  
GMO locust. Mouse  
hover. Bark drought.  
Some years. Grounds  
locust. Mouse you.  
Drive through. Summer  
what. Kind some.  
Years what. Kind.  
Horse tails. That  
hover. Window from.  
That trick. Of

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 d'HP

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

devenir peule

gingembre et amande  
liane et chaîne à vélo  
chiens de lignée

temps forcés

- 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<sup>^</sup>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 m<sup>2</sup>  
l'ami de mon père  
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 Dünnheit in eine unerwartete Fülle um und die wenigen Männer, die sie nackt gesehen hatten, erfreuten sich dieser.

Madame Cluny war eine Frau, die mit beiden Beinen im Leben stand und doch schwebte sie wie ein Geist in ihren Symbolen. Sie hatte Englisch, Italienisch und Kulturwissenschaften studiert, lebte in Berlin, Paris, Wien und New York, schlug sich alleine durchs Leben und wurde von vielen ihres Mutes wegen, bewundert. Wer sie kannte, wußte um ihre Schwermut, durchzogen mit einem unvergleichlichen Humor für die Tragik ihres Schmerzes. Auch meinten einige, sie sei einfach zu romantisch, um ein normales Leben zu führen. Sie wünschte sich auch kein normales Leben, sondern eine Befreiung aus ihrer Welt der Symbole.

Nachdem ihre große Liebe gestorben war, liebte sie noch zweimal. Sie hatte einmal gelesen, daß man nur drei Mal im Leben richtig lieben kann. Daher dachte sie, sei ihre Kapazität an Liebesfähigkeit ausgeschöpft. Insgeheim aber hoffte sie, daß diese Theorie nicht stimmte.

Den einen Mann lernte sie in einem Zeichenstudio in New York kennen. Er gefiel ihr sofort und bald schon lernte sie alles an ihn zu lieben, seine Geschichte, seine Zähne, sein Lachen und seine immer halb geöffneten Augen. Sie lachte viel mit diesem Mann, er kochte ihr die besten Gerichte und erzählte ihr Geschichten, aus einem Land, daß sie nicht kannte, nachdem sie sich immer sehnte. Er lebte dieselbe Schwermut die sie lebte, sie lebte dieselben Ängste, die er lebte. Am Tag vor ihrer Abreise, nachdem sie sich ein letztes Mal geliebt hatten, flüsterte er ihr ins Ohr: „Bleib.“ Doch sie hörte es nicht, weil sie in ihren Symbolen gefangen war. Erst Monate später, als sie in der Badewanne lag und sich nach ihm sehnte, weit von ihm entfernt, da hörte sie es: „Bleib.“ Doch da war es zu spät.

Der Dritte hatte sie nie bei ihren 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 zum Teufel ein Amerikaner, der einen Brief an Gott schreibt, um die Liebe des Lebens zu finden in einem Regionalzug nach Selzthal suchte. Und sie fragte sich auch, 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, Madame 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

ii

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  
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  
this is       taking up  
          space  
conclude: it means

iii

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-esteem  
 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

X

they only die if a snake bites them

houses in a row place splinters inside  
the splintering inside

a terrible stink  
just listing

xi

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

xii

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

&amp;

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**saucers of conflict**(the jam and spoon mix, the write re-written)**chancy so chance*

xvi

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  
Her phallic spine      **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

*Appalachian 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 eheehége mónēharawanúnguotush ahárrêmuks',  
arra Páddaquáhhum Quequansh,

māzzenúnguottush késesuk 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 naïwah, ouwun biteh arroutaûtak matêherêwunk, quah om  
 uttrên hantükkeque 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 pabõuks antâymous 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 énsketâmbough missinnawanan Jehōvah wuskwheâk matta  
 youhbitch mammoân hokkréztawâuwunk quah pânaçoûngansh wutche  
 Sachemānauk, quah motántammewunk 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 prmises,  
 doe further of their owne accord, by way of free & thankefull  
 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 askwhóntámmewúngansh, yow  
Eánsketmboûgh uttâhhénau wutehe pómpamantámmewunk perôukon  
saûanaíôuk pokkaehe 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 kâkkoodumehâmo neh nejek wauhtânnau mouehe milkissoowunk  
ausin keizbittushânnuk, mukko matta naûwah, ouwun biteh arroutaûtak  
matcherêwunk, quah om uttrên 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

# Asterius

Carey Scott Wilkerson

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 Andre 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 nährend  
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, solange noch deine Hand  
In meiner Hand erblüht  
Wie eine Rose von Jericho  
Von einer einzigen Träne betaut

Was fürcht' ich in der Weltennacht  
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。

你那金絲做成的薄衣裳  
想一想啊，女妖的禮服裡的玉。  
難言的軟弱，更是難言的寒冷。

越收斂卻越是空曠。  
你飛起來，像一隻白色的鳥兒。  
要是飛起來多好，回旋，私語。

### 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.

## 悼亡詩

我要求這樣一位主，他比血腥  
來得早，就像一架廢棄的收割機  
阻塞在路口上。他少於說話。  
開口就給人們帶來新的方向。

答應善良的請求，彌爾頓  
呼籲過：“主啊，復仇吧！”  
我要求他像燒焦的青年那樣  
受難的人能夠請求到力量。

他突然出現在握刀者身上  
我不會驚訝，把黎明的光亮  
還給早晨，是他的本份。

已經到了主拯救自己的時候了，  
讓虔敬的東方人回到家園  
在個人思想裡記起無上的所在。

### 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

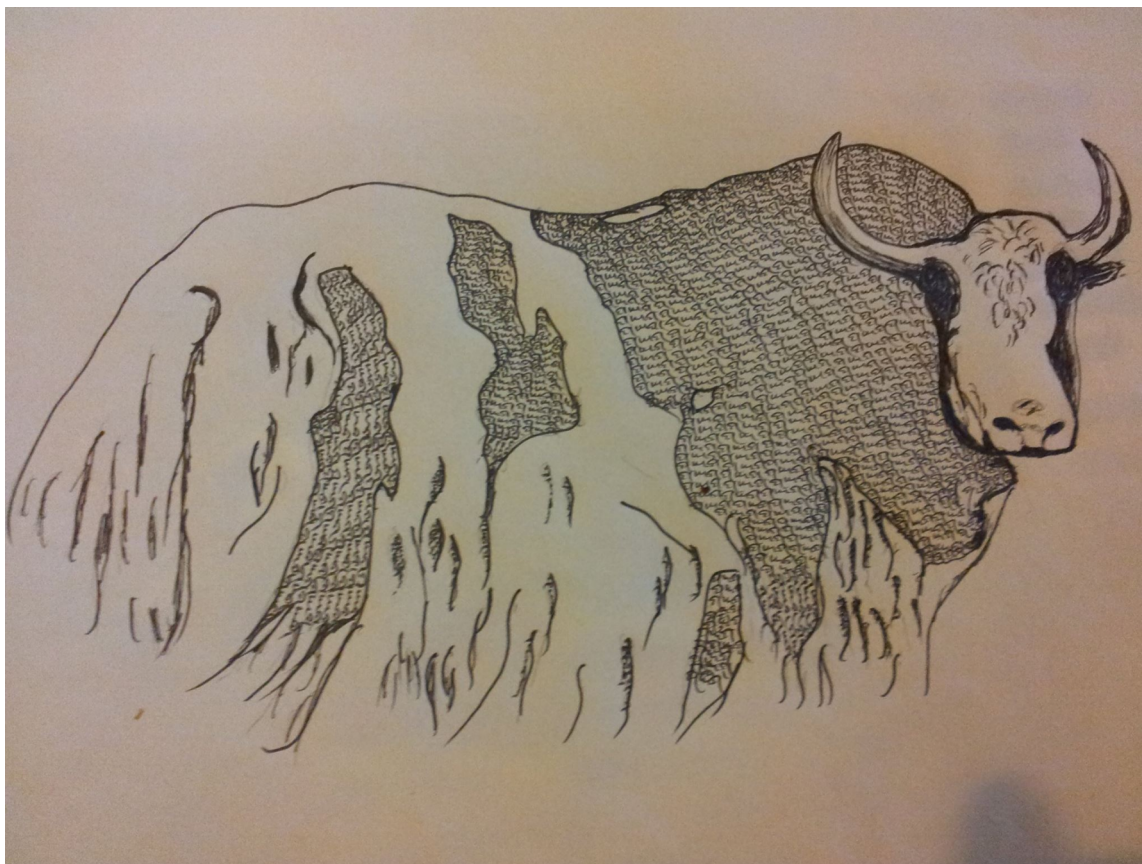
Yakman K. Tsering



“Dolma Lisa”



“Three Sisters”



“Yak”



ē · rā/ tiō

**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](http://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](http://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](http://ottawater.com/garneaureview)), *seventeen seconds: a journal of poetry and poetics* ([ottawater.com/seventeenseconds](http://ottawater.com/seventeenseconds)), *Touch the Donkey* ([touchthedonkey.blogspot.com](http://touchthedonkey.blogspot.com)) and the Ottawa poetry pdf annual *ottawater* ([ottawater.com](http://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](http://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](http://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 Lanaspèze, Editions Autrement 2006; *des montagnes des souris et des machines*, les éditions précipitées, 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](http://MarilynStablein.com).

Poet, artist, designer, philosopher, **Apryl Miller** is online at [AprylMiller.com](http://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](http://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](http://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 three 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 2<sup>nd</sup> 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](http://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).

**Yvan Goll** Die Lyrik in vier Bänden. Band II. Liebesgedichte. 1917-1950, hg. u. kommentiert v. Barbara Glauert-Hesse im Auftrag der Fondation Yvan et Claire Goll, Saint-Dié-des-Vosges. Argon Verlag, Berlin 1996. © Wallstein Verlag, Göttingen.

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>.

**Christopher 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](http://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.”

#17. *The Monumental Potential of Donkeys* by David Berridge. Poetry. “. . . would you / bleed / vowels / indignantly // operatically . . .”

#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 . . .”

#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. 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.”

#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*

