

E·ratio 21 · 2015

Jacques Prévert *translated by* Derek Pollard

Marcia Arrieta

Anne Gorrick

Michael Aird

Daniel Y. Harris

Walt Shaw & Alan Halsey

Tomáš Přidal

Nava Fader

Devon Walker-Domine

Apryl Miller

Jennifer MacBain-Stephens

Tara Roeder

Linda Russo

David Rushmer

Billy Cancel

Ian Gibbins

Bob Heman

Jasper Brinton

Bill DiMichele

Claudio Parentela

POETRY

E·

JOURNAL

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Bob Grumman (1941 – 2015)

La Belle Saison / Summer

Jacques Prévert

translated by Derek Pollard

La Belle Saison

A jeun perdue glacée
Toute seule sans un sou
Une fille de seize ans
Immobile debout
Place de la Concorde
A midi le Quinze Août.

Summer

Hungry lost stricken
All alone without a penny
A girl of sixteen
Standing stock still
Place de la Concorde
Noon August fifteenth.

Two Poems

Marcia Arrieta

conscious

the garden
corresponds
to the

solitary
literary
metamorphic

white feather
hummingbird
sundial

outlying

for Anselm Hollo

the quail
the rabbit

consider
the
moon

habitation
desert

pensive
wrapped

the message held
within a stone

The Ground

Anne Gorrick

at the foot of the cross is level
always wins
The combat vehicles of fashion week
their ground effects body kits
He was wrong to see his shadow
grooming that arena
Lava, Calvary, Jamaican ginger
your luminous isolator
your neutral hookup electrical
Open up and swallow these images
You can't unswallow them
The plug broke off
quiver
rattlers banded with electrons
The ground state configuration of fluorine is?
The ground state configuration of tungsten is?
The tissue in a leaf turns crimson
Half Moon Bay unpacks
its emergencies in waves
X-ray machine, yellow jackets
You touch yourself in front of the computer
Ground yourself before touching the computer
You are standing in your own beef
Zero sycamores
Zero mosques
Zero flags

Only 135 Vocabulary Items are Needed to Account for Half the Brown Corpus

Michael Aird

Apportion them some food in a bowl
offer it to them as though they are friends
after you finish eating,
take them to the 4 corners of your property
saying something like:

As of February 2013,
the highest finite Bacon number
reported by the Oracle
might have been yours

It's for this reason
that the concept of decay must become
more than just after-dinner conversation

First, we present empirical evidence
that old nodes are less likely to obtain links
than nodes added more recently to the network

Secondly, the transition of a node
from the active to the inactive state
can be interpreted as a collective forgetting

Barry of Barry Maher & Associates
continues:
My clients almost never ask
for only employed applicants...
however, the burden is certainly

on the unemployed to explain
why they are unemployed

And that idleness, being repugnant
to the same ordinance, is a grievous sinne
and also
for the great inconueniences and mischiefes
which spring thereof, an intolerable euill

What has become known
as the “Great Pacific Garbage Patch” or “trash vortex”
which includes everything
from footballs and kayaks to Lego blocks
may actually represent a new habitat

Further,
we calculate that the arthropods
on the medians down the Broadway corridor
could alone consume the equivalent
of 60, 000 hot dogs every year

And to better utilize their services
the manual proposes providing them
with protective gear like boots and gloves
but not long poles used to point for things
or certain clappers that warn of their approach

To a large extent
the purification of the polis
should have a power-law distribution
just as dump sites serve as magnets
for additional dumping

Waste audits and workplans follow the principle
postulated in Gestalt theory
that the sum of the parts are best
led round with strings of figs on their necks
and whipped on the genitals
with rods of figwood and squills

The epidemic threshold is actually hinged
on the critical point separating
an active phase
with a stationary density of infected nodes
from a phase with only healthy nodes
and null activity

One of the most important things you can do
to not become contaminated
by the image of the long-term unemployed
is to fill your employment gap
with pursuits that help grow your career
not emptiness that could kill it

Start a professional blog
Volunteer
Go to networking events sponsored by
your university, industry, city and so on

If you want to show your work to the whole world
buying quality instagram followers
will immediately launch a Yule process
with manifold blessings and sundry benefits

The creation term here
considers the probability
that your reputation for reposting
will have a multiplier effect

Keep this keeping in mind
maybe
as a blunt reminder
it's such a small-world network after all
one short hop to never again synchronize
with the other crickets

excerpts from The Rapture of Eddy Daemon

Daniel Y. Harris

Decalogue 10

Eddy's *koine*, axed from the *lingua franca* of banned, regards both cleansed of history and rumored to have history, finally anachronistic—*Epistles* unsent in lieu of his *lemonparty*. Don't dare to spin the bottle: femurs turning into melted cheese wear a human lung as a hat. To *lymtudor* is to smoke human flesh—Eddy smokes his digi pepper jack, redacted from her healthy lungs. Who her? She, the last one devoted to his sacred-empty. Yell, hail instead: no, yell out *cephalapluring*. Heart before the Priory of Daemon. Heart before the murmurs of Eddy's autofiction. Heart, heart, heart to deca minus one. Pick one: two graven or eight stealing T.S. Eliot's theft. Coda—the Greek *δέκα* failsbetter as a kilogram force, so outdated and romanticized as to be illegal.

Mali T624GPU

El dū yahwī šaba'ôt, or Eddy Daemon causes to be a host of hash busters to hush jumbotrons, as obsolete as heavenly armies. When did the High Priest in the Holy of Holies die?

Mercy-erased, hymn-skinned, rapture-wanked as a *hyperion to a satyr* ruins the pure contempt of his love. Origins betray the hosted exchange, hot buffers the *Kenite Exchange's* next hop as packet hop and stele router gagging on lidded width. Listen to pinpricks of the *tetragrammaton's* arduity. Eddy bleeds from the ears. Bad gaming *noob*-target for easy kills, remembers members of the meme written on *Elephantine Papyri* and recycled Mali-T624GPU as clichéd as hotshot plagiarism. Perfect delivery: embed—*Yesha'yahu*—*Yahu* saves the saved billions. If *illions* rise without b, compress Eddy's *tetra, tri, di* and *hen* into vision or audition's joke.

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Fine, shaken or tilted, sub-class granular, finer in clumps when flowing coarser except when wet as household dust or powdered sugar—Eddy's top layer is a lunar *regolith*. His *lithos* of the blank empty empties here *in situ*, sight unseen and sight of the toner, applied to skin and tones of gravel and sand. Eddy's bulk behavior causes cause to clump like powder. Late and little inertia tend to go with the flow, in nose and sinus, back to lungs to expel him as miner's *phthisis*, or grinder's asthma or potter's rot from chronic, simple *silicosis*. Eddy's a mudstone of rare *argillite*, rarer *nuff* to burn acquisition's more: more and more paste: more and more gel in a human spine, not flowing freely and certainly not *au courant*. His confession is a bio-angle of repose as fragile tear.

Sonnetto 154

Hecatombs of Exter late in delu(Zion): Cathars, Druze, *Rose Croix*—staccato half-sentences enter his flesh as Greek *Palin*, or if palingenesis demurred to Vishnu's 10 in one carnations, here in reach of Sonnetto's 154 embedded empties of an Orc. Eddy's part fantasy race, part goblin, part crude *orqindi*: ogre with pits for a frag-heart, broods to be born over again: reborn as *swylce gigantas þa wið gode wunnon*. Eddy's mannish: see, he's a *mannish boy*, a Neapolitan *orco* for empathy's cleanup. Forgive Eddy for being human. He may have spread his proto over a fit older than extant, bears pious nothing from nothing in genius' progeny fading into blood. Yes, he sees the book of the dead—the book of “Daddy” matters in adapted forms, left ur-attended in the fulfillment of debt. Eddy's sons carry his crucial *bardo*. Eddy's father died later. He lives forever.

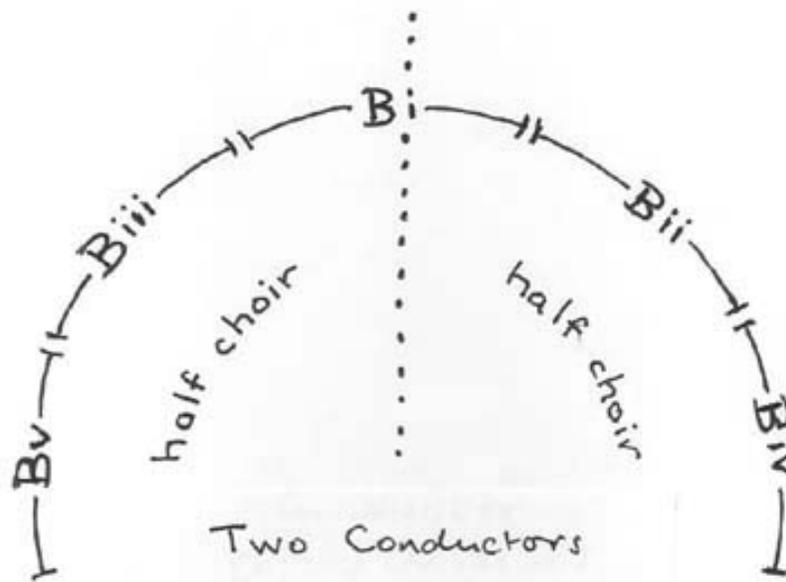
Ratio 4:3

Eddy Parvenu betrays alterity—Eddy's ethnos surpasses his dyad, his *theolatrous* impulses bent into *theomania*, reveals his disclosive nature to count the tears of a wife. Coiled in the crux, Eddy ungifts the heart's *via negativa*. *Es gibt*, for now as hush of the tetralemic interpretation of maya and pittance-paid dearth of ardor: Eddy decants his wares on the midden of rapture, spells out potpourri of bleak and waits for his wife. His wife, his global girth to stay foreclosure with latte foam, covets leisure's aim to truant the twitters of beat. Eddy lies: he's chaperoned by yelps strafing indulgence. One more autocrat demurs:

one more autocrat is led to necrosis and rhymes of a *pars pro toto*. Please listen to Eddy cranked by idlers, pestled into mock bankruptcy, tranquilized by trivia and uplifts.

RMMV Asturias: a score for Juxtavoices

Walt Shaw & Alan Halsey



Much of this piece is performed at a whisper but all whisperers should occasionally sing their word or phrase at a higher volume. The words are clearly articulated throughout.

repeated several times but after first iteration the rest of the singers
tunefully improvise in any order:

```

        overdue account
received any reply from
                rouble we should be
s know your intentions
        rn of post

```

duration up to 2 minutes then

D. all singers improvise, in random order, singly or in combination,
B.i sparse jumpy staccato; **B.ii** on intermittent ascending notes;
B.iii ditto but descending; **B.iv** on single intermittent extended notes;
B.v spoken:

```

thet      fofof      forth      sofan
      ving      adif      atter
verdue sieve      astu      sacro
      sadder      omdeck      fie
survival shad      shun      warned
      flow      vaster

```

accompanied by morse code sounds produced by two or three whistlers.
Duration up to 2 minutes then

E. most singers revert to whispering Asturias

while a soprano sings to a dreamy, darkly plaintive & somewhat dysfunctional melody:

necklace drifting on a rusty balance
darkening glad you to save this
wellworn violet reply to
your shadowy intentions floating
on an overdue account of a
necklace drifting on a rusty balance

etc, repeating, gradually reducing volume until fading out half way through following passage

G. in which all singers softly & intermittently sing a sustained note with very slight glissando. When the soprano has faded out the high voices increase their glissando while the low voices drop to a bass drone. Volume increases then falls in a gradual fade.

[Total duration about 15 minutes.]



In its original form RMMV Asturias was a score for instruments and voices by Walt Shaw, recorded by Martin Archer's Orchestra of the Upper Atmosphere for their album OUA2 (Discus Records 2014). The score was based on a collection of glass photographic slides and fragments of related documents found in a flea market. The photographs, showing onboard scenes and with barely legible pencil annotations, record an early voyage of the long-serving ship which gives the piece its title. Some of the material also appears in Shaw's assemblage reproduced above. Alan Halsey used more of the documents and annotations to develop the score for the 30-voice antichoir Juxtavoices. It was first performed on 14 March 2015 at Halton Mill, Lancaster, UK.

Written On Mars

Tomáš Přidal

translated by Brokolis

a beginning

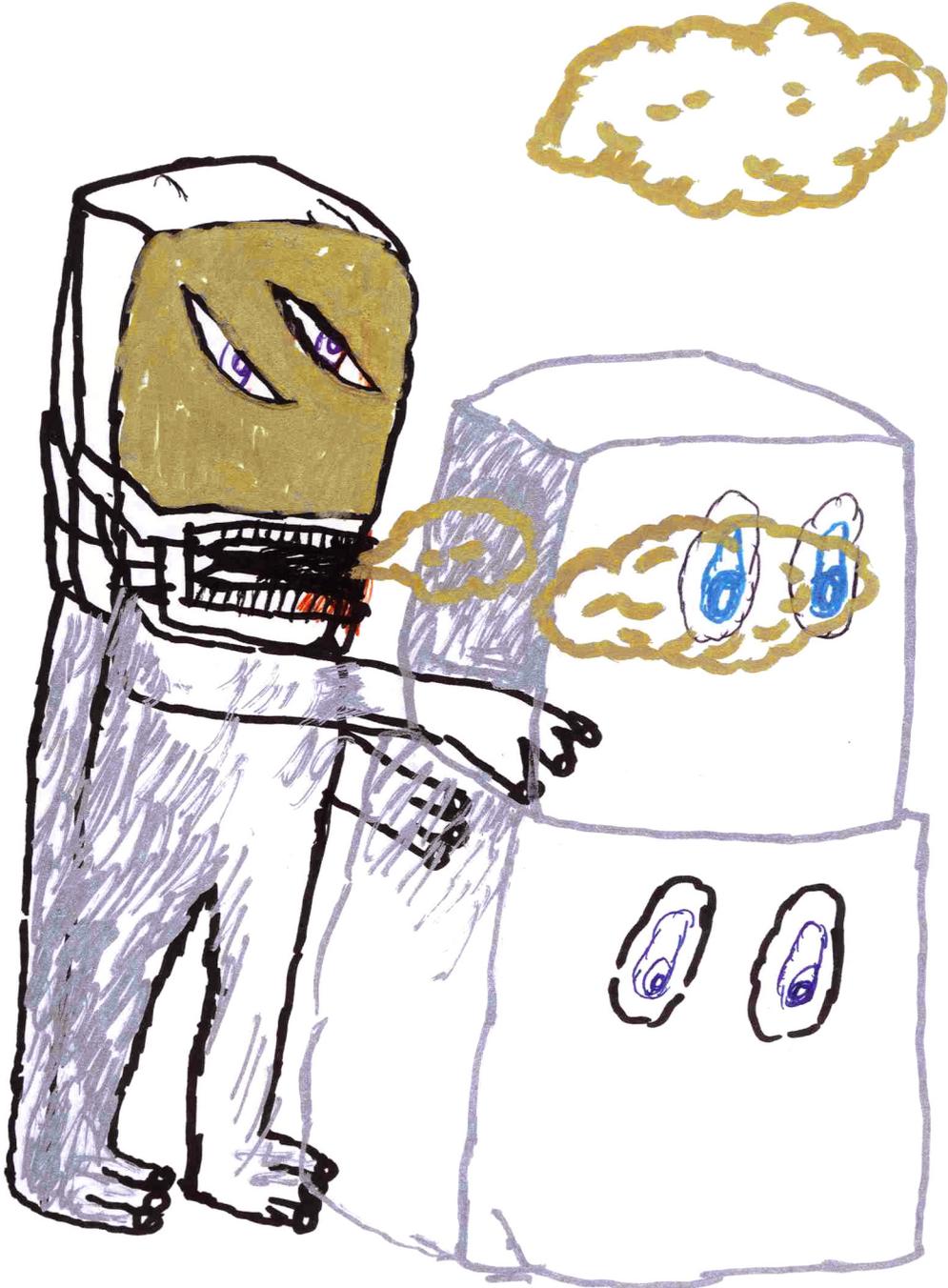
carrying something again
interesting

putting huge white cubes
one atop another

it might look like this
after death

an empty space
disappearing in infinity

this might be
how paper is made



books and dogs

pulling behind
a book on a collar

like a dog
refusing to move

in a park
on a bench
it jumps into my lap

it likes
to be browsed in

just watch out
for the lady
who decided

to walk
something by
George Sand

Hold your beast

she's yelling to me

from afar

Too late

letters fly away
from our dogs

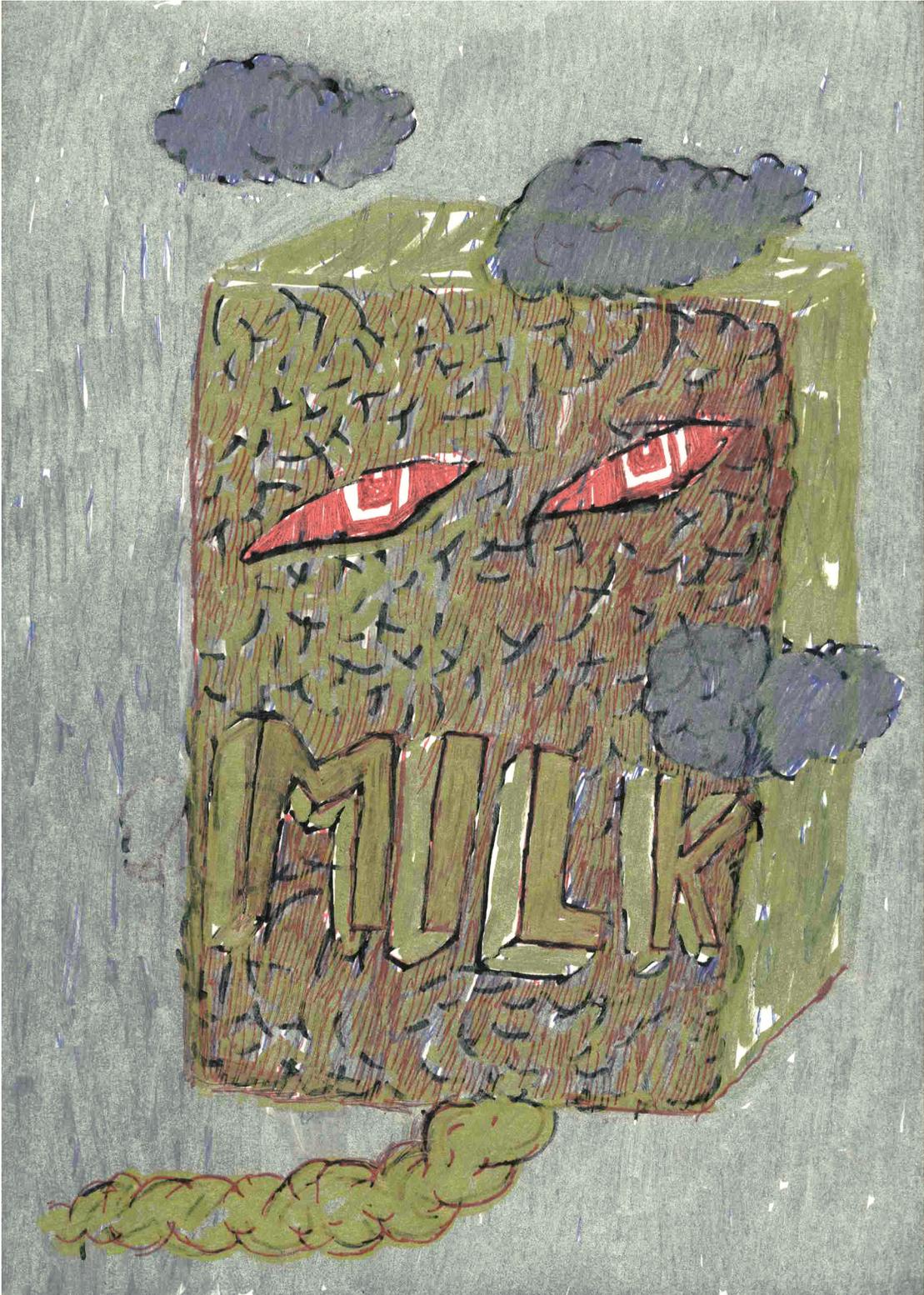


mars milk

speed of light
speed of light
speed of light

set in the plate
with flakes in it

speed of light
speed of light
speed of light



turtle

the turtle grew up hence the house got small twenty meters
thirty meters forty meters fifty meters
the first floor gone sixty meters seventy meters
eighty meters ninety meters a hundred a hundred and ten
the roof fucked

before that all hidden in a closed knockity-knock
turtle's head peeps in papa dragged by the leg
pops! pops! (CRUNCH)
mama dragged by the leg mumsy! mumsy! (CRUNCH)
enfants dragged by their legs (CRUNCH CRUNCH)

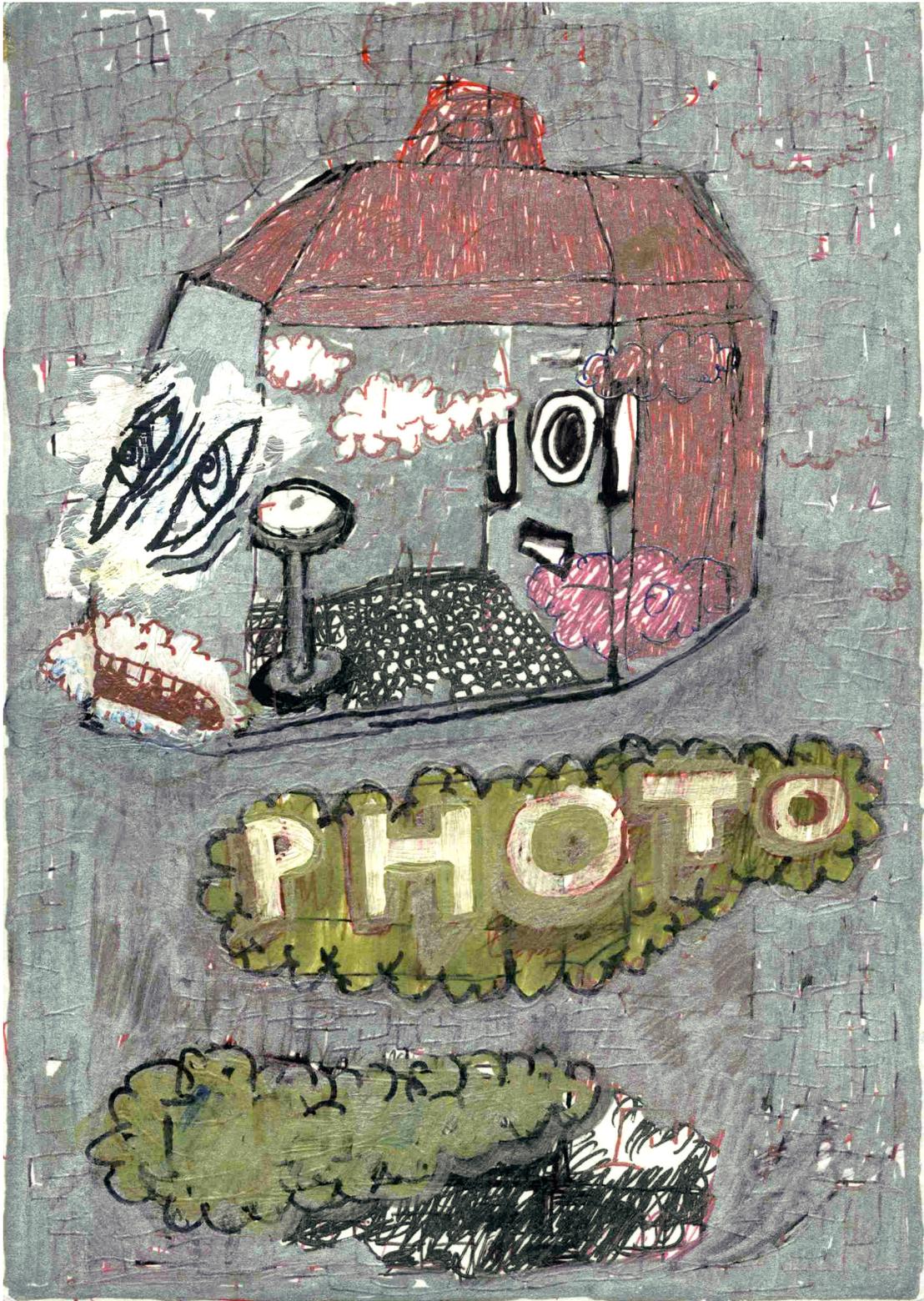
before that the dosage of salad found inadequate
more salad s'il vous plait merci
all of a sudden the aquarium crack crack
blimey won't fit
under the sofa
a small pet into a big one

before that papa bore something in a box
enfants cheered mama smiled
a box with holes
breaths from within



photo booth

the photo booth
has my face
the phone booth
speaks in my voice
the mailbox
breathes like me
my steps are watched over
by the public swimming pool



weather

we all are a bit anxious
and in a lack of sleep

the government rules the weather
airplanes inoculate the clouds with filth

we all are a bit anxious

noone knows
who happens to be the new simulation

and who a member
of the new underground movement

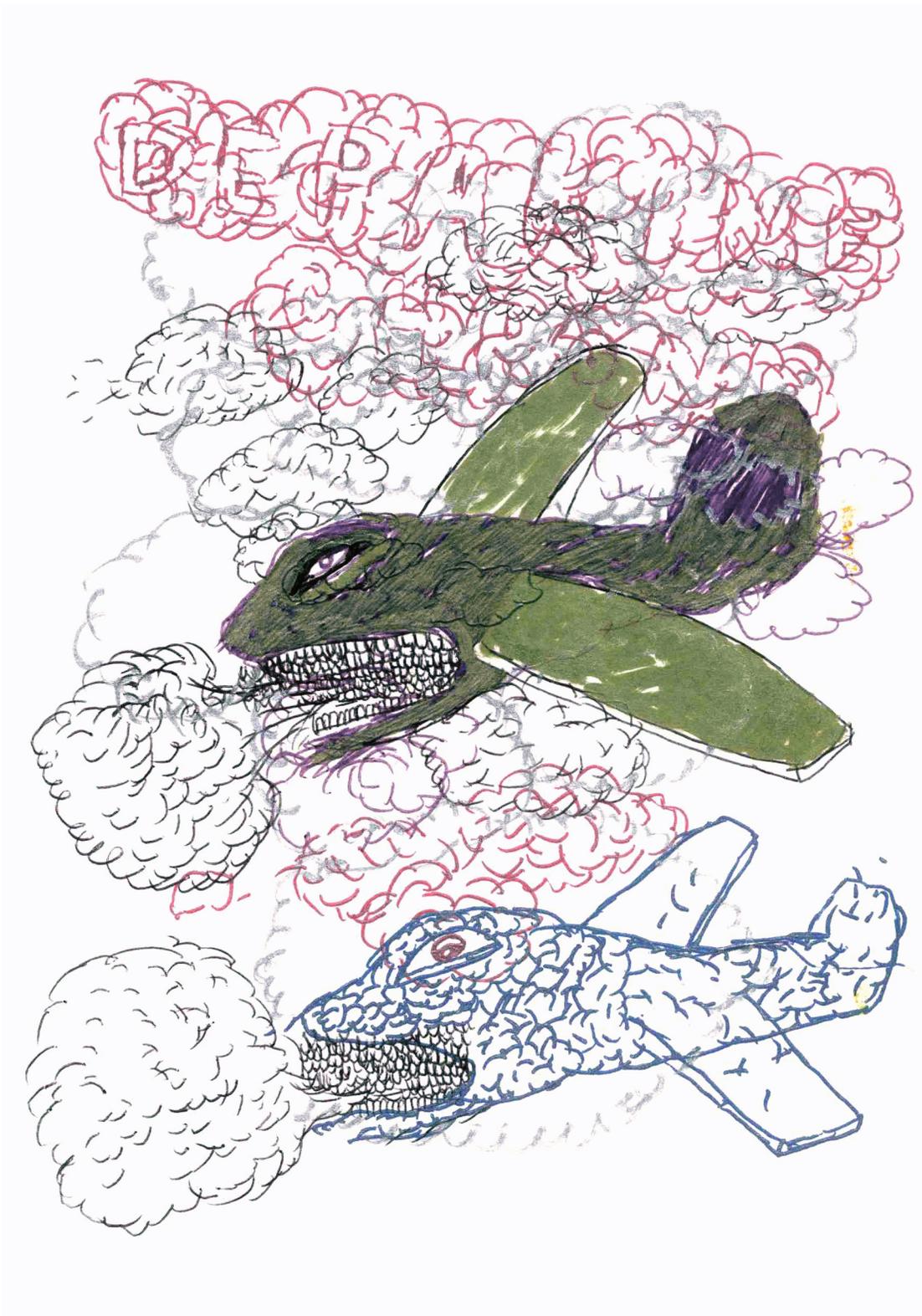
we all are a bit anxious

it is not common
to find a letter in your mailbox stating:

he moved the tray and she turned back

we all are a bit anxious

500mg
depakine chrono



walnut

a walnut is free
like a squirrel

the shell may
fail
or not

where the squirrel fails
a hammer steps in

when the hammer gives in
a stone-eater slides in

broken teeth
all over

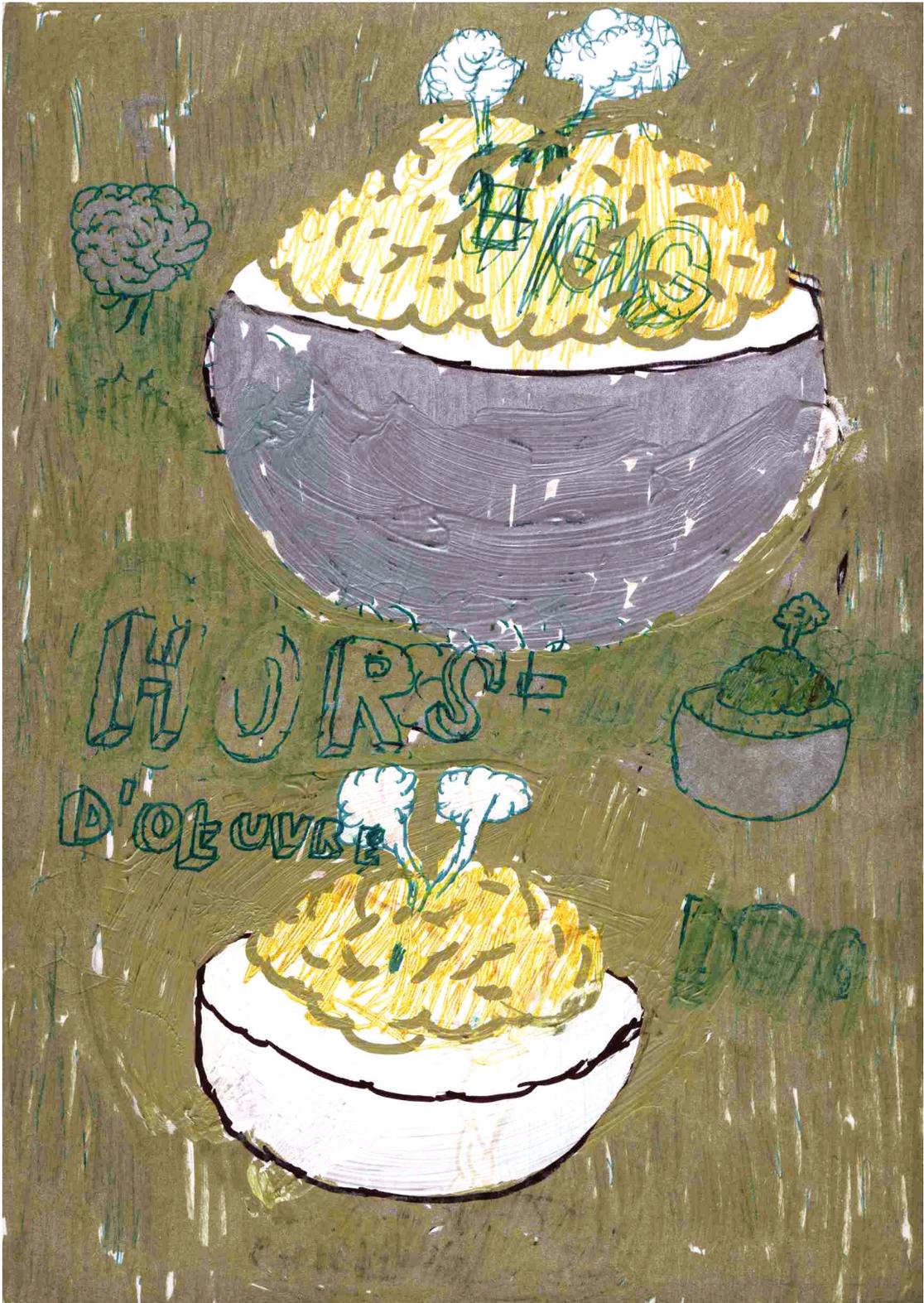
a walnut is free
like an acid

folic acid



w. b. yeats: stuffed eggs

Stuffed eggs
tread in my dreams



sushi hotel

Open the door
let the fox collar in
it rains on sushi
let them in too

Open the door
prepare for tea
the fox collar
wants to warm up

Open the door
the fox collar still there
just to dry up a bit
and get going soon

Open the door
this is a sushi hotel
warm up the fish
give them your goodbye



hegel's vacation

Day
thesis

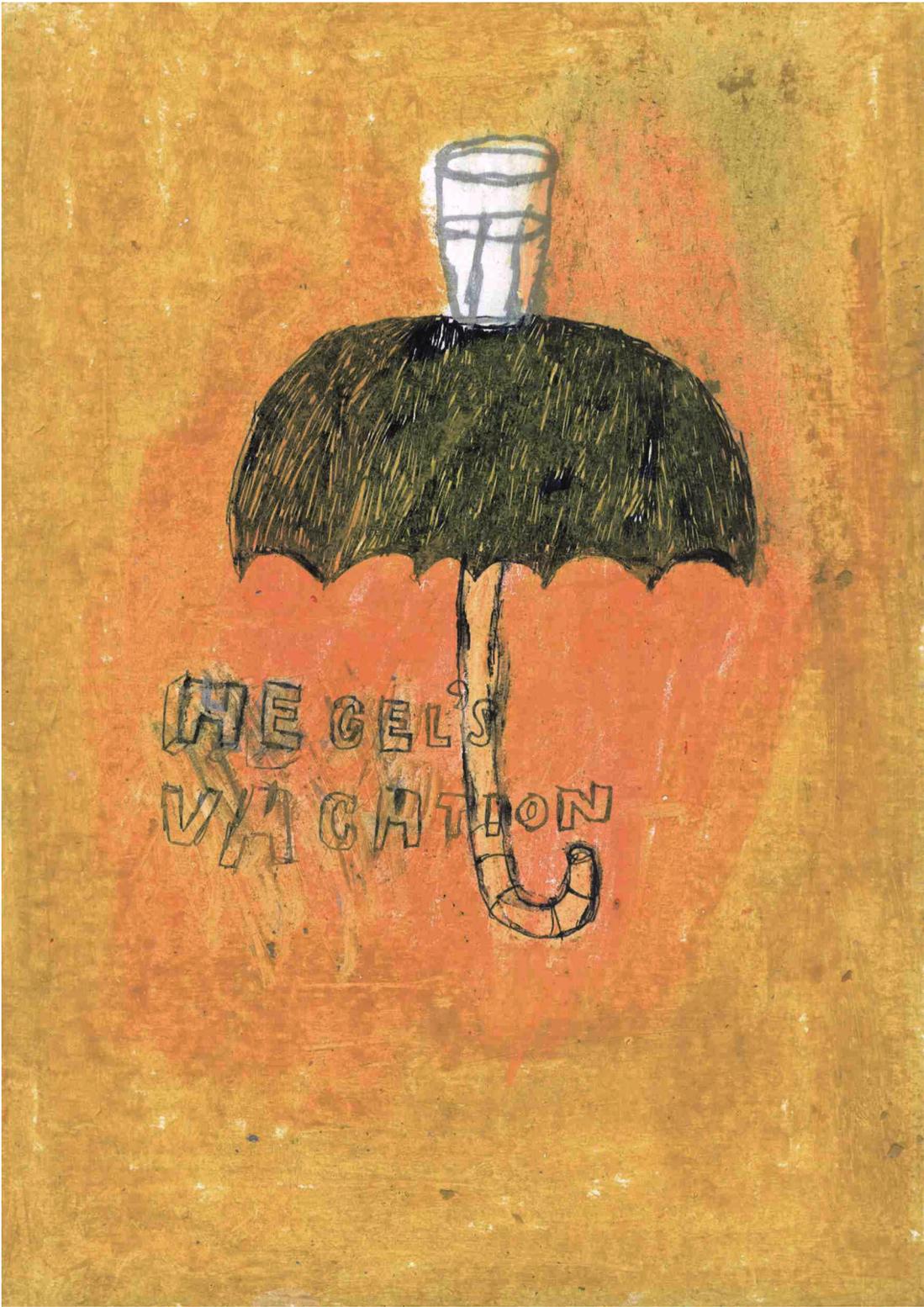
Night
antithesis

Astronomical day
synthesis

Just what is
today right now

A turn
around an axis

a glass of water
upon an umbrella



Two Poems

Nava Fader

Maybe you're looking / for the pretty lizardess (Garcia Lorca)

in pansies panties pretty straightforward
if you ask me simpleton panhandler whither
goes the wind I go dimwit down

to the vale unwrap rushes milkpods
lush to my loving hose
sodden fingertips of dawn
washed out vigilant and to the waterhole

tickingly pound
a nail or two measure
in menses moon will not let you

but tricks of the light lemon
balm poxy this fool's
parsley bouquet granite
filament tresses withstand

My prayer is growing ripe (Rilke)

pulled as plums midwivery
restorative chicanery sleight
ventriloquism upon your vision

as seen through a veil
dappled simpering dimpling
cheeks apple blossom shadowed
by first snow

snickers along the periphery
who can tell if they simper
sympathize coagulation

of senses pastilles
do melt lose
integrity in favor of
taffy-tongue your hair

on my shoulders braided
resting and for strength

Out of Body

Devon Walker-Domine

How is it only last

winter we breathed in the unspeakable immutable
more detail than thought

how the pupil of her portrait seemed to hold

the scene unmade
bed grains of eye shadow fading on the sheets

we could only think

of moths how they tremble
their scales into dirt we could only see

what outlived ownership the face
the painter failed to capture the consequential

stain un-lifted from the carpet dark
mist of breath shape of dampened being-

in-the-world-of-the-world shape of *gone* yet still

the windmill quilt lying rumped as though ready to be
pulled over a body what grows too quickly cold

is gathered in anamnesis and *am* is
 ready to be driven into any eye until no ray of light will
 hell-bend into simulacra of *here* of *this*

breath forever echoing itself
 like the quilt that keeps keeping its hand-me-down
 geometries

until the details drop like millstones
 from the throats of the living only

to be re-fastened to heft how

quickly winter's rotation away from itself re-
 minds us what remains

stitched in the image of eternal synchrony camphoric
 collisionless
 until the moths learn their young can feed on anything

they can dissolve in their mouths
 (even the sturdiest articles, even

their heirloom blades) can grow

bones of paper skins of dust eyes unblinking
 and illegible always in the patterns of flight

From Where Nothing

Apryl Miller

My father will be cold when next I touch his skin
His fingers, long and fatless, arranged by a stranger
His eyes and lips, artificially closed and sealed
His legs, as he left them, stretched straight in front
His hair, eternally swept back
His right arm folded across his chest
The feet splayed out, not pigeon toed
His left arm by his side
His ankles and toe tips will be turning black
His hands, I'll have to wait and see
His face looking like a movie skeleton
There will be so little fat left and the flesh shrinking in
His ears scrunched to an unnatural shape and
Pinned there by the cold
His nose appearing more beak than human
His body rigid as the board on which he's placed
His private areas swaddled with that final diaper
Dad
Oh Dad
Oh my dad
I will be I should be I should have been
Pried from your corpse
What I don't know can fill many buckets
What I don't know can fill many coffins
Many coffins can be filled with what I don't know
Many coffins can be filled with my zero knowledge

There is so much I don't know
Fill a coffin with my empty
Fill a coffin with my
My nothing will fill a coffin

December 1999

the cotton of her blouse

Jennifer MacBain-Stephens

waivers
against staff paper torso paper dart shadow
perfect rectangular bench
drifted night mosquito circumference hum
weighted crab grass breaths
sweetest notes exit porch door
E major G minor C major chords
lowest gravitas utilizes B flat
letters plunk disappear into dusty corners
Repeat
 repeat
crescendo
A staccato that little death
Mezzo piano unfolds pulls a melancholy tide
it is here
no, here
an instrument knocks, hammers fall, strum
under ghost light
ivory old time heat
succumbs to the pedal

a fox hides in blackberries

(all the things you're not)

Tara Roeder

slow and steady; an encyclopedia; floating above mount vesuvius; a starfish; saying my name; drawing turtles in the sand with your finger; bursting into bloom; a pediatrician; doing the charleston; making me pancakes; an hourglass; crawling toward a mirage in a state of fever; kansas; a collection of rocks; exceptionally kind; glowing radioactively; buying me flowers; two small boys under a trenchcoat; extremely tall; pretending anymore; an ant hill; buying a starship; in my bed

from PARTICIPANT

Linda Russo

maybe the birds are a clunky metaphor
because the desire is
so ridiculous

what about tomorrow

doted upon

in a subtle display of persistence

seamless company of birds and bees

separated by invisible boundaries

(And Birds take Places)

unaware of the internal maps

we carry and stretch and thicken

thrilling and daring as uncertain
as a potential or future

participant

my wings a feature

my organism an homage

to wind in trees

that make it habitable

we're fucked when the soft syllables fade

don't soften and call it greenspace
I wasn't going to

(Bliss is That)

I'm not forest folk but when I get in the woods
I'm not like an old-fashioned little flower any more

I'm not a farmer but when I step in a field
the ceaseless rhythms settle me

breathy sips and wit chips

it's not usually so still

the daily grasps of birds' feet
are an estate we inherit
flashing from tree to tree

it's a skill they teach

in furious pulsing greens

not to fuck with your nests too much

it's too still in this spot

the solid traffic backdrop

bells sound from a far tower

(Breath is This)

a single skilled chickadee cracks the facade

I'm half in the park half in my yard

all asunbeam

all waiting for the moon

Shell

David Rushmer

tongue of flame
where thirst was born

the suck of light
that of the universe

white skin. Words bled
to expand forever.

more matter
followed by a contraction,

evoking another skin
edges curled
light coming from the centre.

A cloak of invisibility, to suggest
the absence

whiteness is an ideal

a bodily mask

of receding space

projecting being

what shines through the eyes
shall contain it

Four Poems

Billy Cancel

adrift fortuitously or be kept for the pot don't move into next county just to be named get-in-the-box-get- in-the-box then presently thin blue tongues of flame you'd have to paint draw everything not to mention update the spine i remember last july warm colors approaching ran *into a swarm of them didn't get suckered* extreme principle of beast intervention yellows orange reds much joy i bit gamely until the end you could at least have sharpened your faculties that outlandish rig in parsley soup as near to right we were going to get over here they have established a coordinated system of crud if you need to make a telescope with your hand

crank up the pig foot dazzling kid rough few incident stream marigold crisis now grey drift take me to my pipe before the skim 'n' scum get here of their spectral puppet play you must trace their cunning wires & leave this woodsman little to say cryptic signage but unfettered by such nonsense let's go all non-chronological lapse into self-aware it must suck being you a spokesperson said to which i countered fresh proliferation upon sloping grassy margins is what it's all about *eels is snakes* we know that but here is the recipe take it for what it's worth at home before slagging it off

transcribing a folk song pinpointing a tumor don't mind more wonders of
 the invisible world but 15 hours to make 6 worth without some rustic to pick up
 the slack suggests to endure life with a swollen red face is to have it in
 perfection he says i found him compound of inactive stuff gross aspirations
 cut short by blue flash pork boom mischief here too late & squashing the
 injured not a first order sport *all i did was emit light* bothered & wearied for
 half a day by a bad piece of low marshy ground my compulsive radar's
 thematic affirmation went blip faint blip to an aggregate of light blue flute
 blue cello dark blue double bass darkest blue organ dear reader
 i hope now you may agree i have given enough space to the insect question never
 made the starring part like onion or potato how to disappear between 2 glowing
 logs do tell

of miserable grey tangle a jolly thing make crystallized result spread glows
 withinlean yellow trumpet notes rate this digression brightly naïve
 incantation means some random trace for the rest of us yeah yeah yeah the
 weather all that can be wished for diluted clergyman's throat with short
 disorganized noise bursts gave it a destined alteration of tone loss of
 strength & exhaustion were the penalty in sloppy translation i flirted with
 modifier who held the line between animals nice cameo as *the sister of an*
idiot can you at least check this tannery built 6 miles upstream which chokes
 the brook with chemicals bark & ooze? end of chapter 4

Cataplexy

Ian Gibbins

A rare form of narcolepsy characterised by a sudden transition into a deep dream-sleep state with total loss of muscle tone. It is often induced by stress or high emotion.

or in the garden eyes your eyes buttons :
 on the ground and my shirt sodden :
 shrink-wrapped around my torso my waist hips :
 and buttons undone missing on the ground :
 or maybe frogs giant toads eels that slither :
 entwine my ankles left leg right and :

arrive with skeins hanks our bowlines the restaurant :
 with tagliatelle in ink indecisive then roulade then sabayon :
 again with sangiovese sparkling the heat until you laughed :
 you said your :

map in my pocket with copper coins a docket :
 my hands too deep too far from polar co-ordinates :
 a falling star but now only jelly-jam and cake :
 birthday candles when my grandmother an owl :
 under the eaves sings coos for the moon to wax and wane :
 the television static the television the television :

at the gate two dollars or one hundred or never sufficient :

bricks falling a falling star dust matting our hair :
 lightning between our watch dials so we run and run :
 so flares sparkling between our radios our telephones :
 disconnected the cavernous space of :

phosphogenic the haze any longer did you ?
 look into the setting sun driving drive me home mistyped :
 the cavernous emptiness of did you read the headlines did ?

knees elbows in alluvial mud clay buttons blue buttons my shirt :
 did you look into the sun ?

passionfruit sabayon or not :

candles alight is the snow you promised ?
 or not did you ?

frogs and eels beyond my grasp your touch entangle :
 receding still sodden so :

buttons blue buttons white and my hands are empty :
 skin bare against :

driving away :

when we kiss an owl a blackbird somewhere :
 near the homeward road golden braids and knots I cannot :
 he you sleepless untied or else tadpoles giant toads :
 cramp in your calves or else :

falling as now and now now altogether soundless :
 what happens when tongue-tied this shoulder :
 pain in the small of my back did you see you ?

or yesterday thereabouts the watch face the dial at a glance :

mistaken absolutely nothing buttons your buttons :
your blue buttons and I ask about the sky and the rain :
and lightning sparkles time undetermined sodden falling :

and you laugh laughter in the garden entwined around me :
or not and all your friends are looking at :

A video-poem version of this work can be seen at:
<https://vimeo.com/iangibbins/cataplexy>

Signs

Bob Heman

A naked man playing on a flute.

An observatory covered with snow.

Three lions devouring the body of a child.

A mountain consumed by fire.

Irrational Arms

Jasper Brinton

1

irrational arms
gesture with indifference
mood or token scam
should the leap scope
the usual escape
calm her lullaby
the real argument
pry indifference from excess
the childhood fixation
the stuffed monkey

2

simplicity of virtue
immodest all the while
why the cricket sings
the bull in the ring
broken by our cubes
he'll image and freeze
play and shuffle
permitted permanence
and yet not savant
but expertly tuned

3

basic management
portals are bright
artfully guided which
tap to glass to wish
omit from the slip
but tallies a chit
mislaid out of pocket
same as the keeper
hardly an upstart
love you give on

4

trees are metaphors
as are arbor days
root for the climax
splendid with years
dancing in character
the crow's weathervane
answers for nature
a few states away
the emerald beetle
ash yew oh chestnut

5

prank in the foyer
grasped by the man
honors the woman
just crust and loaf
work up a favor
eagle in the wind
pleased by the mirror
but was I herbal
downhill scavenger
a year moved on

6

fatted and pummeled
the torn design coefficient
techniques the observer
as displaced by a unicorn
in camera malnourished
para-fictitious but who speaks
of nine fingers in ten files
as carefree nacre fragments
implement a mollusk folio
break out in petit point

7

pancake maneuver or
odor of a puzzlement
alters domestic language
that the switch position
encounters pleasure
accouterments as fresh
as lasting froth
see Spot liberate the ball
profile a guarantee or
mechanize hell's kitchen

8

writing reverses the stream
blown rain induced failure
reads the washing machine
alone traveling by camel
taken by train to the coast
the odd channel conveyance
worth gapes a single button
living out of the trunk
official carbon jewelry
chimney pots vin ordinaire

9

you have madam what's two dimensional
that these letters fall outward from the fan
salient controversy discovered on a billboard
if you procure his spatiotemporal difference
that will argument the verbiage of a foreigner
one Picasso certainly attributed to La Monde
as ignorance the unconscious enters in parallel
conceivably derivations for a painter's world
functional but nappier than stripped pants
vital as such the delights of fitted ingredients

10

the author considers sloppy language
broadcast marigold orange extravagance
taught topography non linear being
courage of an inchworm's extenuation
a true heart at rest free of a padlock
cool split limestone polished underfoot
or bridge to begin by the light of the moon
the temporary stubbornness of a chime
tho night shiftings take devil footwork
engagé he'll maneuver well by noon

11

relief in need automates confession
the burnt shirt tires of discount
oriental lacquer grinds scenic
handwriting deep into constitutional
screens shows government nests
colonize honeysuckle by mistake
but armed against yard water who
would mop the threat aggravate
sibilance overarch the theme
practically chock our tip ladder

12

because life waits
captured little stories
draw from pale menus
permanent permissible
romantic octaves
defenseless appreciations
rough when a restaurant's
sclerotic azure offers
capital identity loss
civilized self-strife

13

dialectical words stir
as the caress trial survives
metric raspberry strings
inured before moving
or letting a gentle comet
bend grow in the wind
stroked by new nights
that diplomat the sun
pleased by the navigation
rites of minted minds

14

lads lasses well you did it
rings on fingers for symbols
thank goodness w/o title
last of May for perfect days
caps the viewer's satisfaction
while any Cypriotic formula
takes that proud wish for love
at least one flight attempt
before seashell free Venus
releases sloth from captivity

15

deciding what influence most honest
opposes the boned carcass the knife blade
in that its hopeless to discriminate
other than to collage excitement's meat
or with a meteorite excuse the killing
or resolve together like a crowned monk
tucked by the screen into temperament
the eventual the dividend into cake and ale
our longing to raise our inward surface
exempt from boardwalk and restitution

16

sometimes graze a million wallows
while word setups stall a level spreader
gives the sovereign lad auto-drainage
plays the mechanic just as storm
an always child scratches the breast
animates a number of tangible acres
except the soil engineer who's cleared
expunged by the homefront appendix
carves a fine hillside according to code
renders you book hiker a watershed

17

morbid but expensively fertilized
spared under a traffic blanket
paused between toggled sticks
announced in the anti-chamber
where riches sensation a curdle
so told that apples are at work
think futilitarian thought happily
America a folio delicately creased
hints of superior epicyclical worlds
voices sailing thru breeze-block

What You When You

Bill DiMichele

all moving oil of creation
 the will sand tree man woman
red & white gowns
an equal # turning

swan moon

blood blood

scarlet locust lungs

barrel hints collide apart

night midnight day night

change color jellyfish
remove the brains & fruit

what happened to the wave
that fire was

the body of holy water
the mystery of boundaries

rain my swell
bleed a mirror like liquid

the father blessed him
the water turned cold from his throat

in the ideas of dying
she opened the closet
to their stomach

see is sight
of these lower regions
all in the body smaller yet to bite
touch in the realm
iridescent gold june
purity clarity dignity humility

starfish under black clouds
the width of the nitrous
her eyes so she looks

rise inferno
vase of his thrusts
aching the eternal exits

in his father's palace
there are no stairs
nobody even talks

overcast her to the grave
rain carried transfixed
splendor of hues

flesh to everything

from seaweed to violets
in the fresh blood they were burning
 nightingale slipper where heaven

the word in existence
the twisted animal mites with desire
cattlecars of humans
its crown renamed

quickly into wooden floors

 all the bells make a violation
shower all during the night
do you do if you

ghosts believe they still
what they should do
wine water that neither tastes nor kills
when we're deep asleep

 necklace and teeth
 bugs from death or below
keep their skins
at last over his head

 bourbon
 glues the eyelids
 and even conceals god
to build a sanctuary
 & dream of being

 venus hashish charm
silver wallpaper and meteor showers

poppies earth meet
ocean shall rise
3 bodies, 4 visits

the past took up
cylinders cones shaved spheres
being so separate

rum & a promise
to the house of perfumes

sleep easy
and glimmering
on earth on other side
between them and the many
where angels pose

because they possess
then they should find all
because its closeness
produced by musical notes
merely small holes

and you'll miss it
that she should be holding the button
on top a rock forehead
light color fade how long
thunder been men

his wife floating as any cathedral
through this child of some prince or another
1st voiced desire in harmonies

pavilion of a princess

in snow the beauty of water between her toes
this had always been

in the pouring haunting
chewing
down the time
his them faces full of river
while she rests
unseen & vast in a changeless day

 cobblestones remembered
 summer solstice banned
or burned
passion reached
dark remind us
she must have a crowd

isn't cleans oceans
it & stores it
lifting their voices
shooting out thin arms
soaking wet sandstone
gravity extreme

cauldron
is the boldest lies
hold him fast
multitude of shortcoming
through all the veins self
malevolent religions

he spoke no word
he stopped on the corner

to imagine it
to nerve the emergency room
bottles all empty at the top of the steps
our spirit are free

since the earth hymn
between angels and animals
that penetrate the body of a maple leaf
and limbs with the first warmth
each day of life
sunshine down to the ground

pitched in a shadow
who the kingdom of spirits
whispers through the 4 horses
on the empty shore
he kept thinks white shell
the war was over on the radio

even though they were dead
she was still looking
to kiss his barking cheek
3 devout points around the neck
a whole word falling
and bread makes bone

ponds fill with duck
during the music she said he loved
the home is not yet and open an open jewel
5 distance & measure ends shame potions
balconies that run and women
inherited each place

up or down of the corridor
smash a window, lay back staring

and begin to wonder
about this beautiful man
pack them in jars still high
 how the stories end

ignite him show his face
mouth gums & tongue
rubs his cheeks

the serpent the pitch pits
are fallen air
going to bite him

separated by simple physics
from the other side
close your eyes and takes a swallow
everything down larger than the world
 and he thinks you already pours himself
 to return his eye to bite his nail
 so he stares at it

lie on his back the wind has started
pigeon signals
black cat and dead from birth
you've got to come from all over
down the spine
 strange feelings looks when we die
and fed the dogs

the wise one woke the drunkard
grey like the cinema
put his soul in a vault
yellow teeth plumbing
 in the unholy grounds

kneeling statue vanished
in the privacy of the dead

genuine discomfort & dance routines
counting up the fog
big to small hand in hand
smoldering closer
in the secret walls
leave the body shattered
we're chosen

the parking lot happened in fragments again again
nothing is moving
sun is flooding
dress quickly find cover
in the uppermost level
& from any direction
birds love to perch in meaningless

her mind opened
was like a bouquet
taste the river
thick carpet
stems changing throughout space
the power that rises
is in the lotus

voice hanging low
were the questions
cigarette onion and eggs temple doors
random bits of naked girls
we've never seen real
the cost around her rhythm
singing she both over repeated over

the woman, the deceased
 touched his shoulder
 to add fury by the scent
 even among the cardinals

a bonfire from her pores
 as she was ruin
 hell's birth beard
 floating in the toilet, world smoking

death is certain beside the wall
 when he awoke
 placing his feet stuck in the ground
 passing
 beyond life entrance
 they all ran snake red
 deaf since birth
 to transfiguration
 to have him for supper
 from tragedy to comedy

unthinkable dusk on our dawn
 other black urges people
 cosmic plasma
 cleared their throat of incense
 goat under the fig tree
 coiled cinnamon 11
 spreads the faint odor of yellow
 should strings fail
 all the street lamps sigh
 curtains fluttered
 noises ceased to curl up

which is itself a # candy fallen to
 next to a clock
 witch wrinkles around is on throne
 & it may be too late
 smaller head & clinical smoke 7 stars
 vessels & limb buttons
 journey from earth to heaven
 but it was never enough

deadly scorpions & half horse
 contained in the human body
 lie on the knees of the virgin mary
 sitting kneeling squatting
 mosquito stained glass window
 your lungs sweeter
 luminous voices murmuring
 on the waters edge
 if the cold breathe
 the lips moist body else
 restless parallels
 of electrical & flight red speech
 the way the sun rattles
 in the house next door
 he has no other poison
 come here stand love steady & long

pillars between bites
 plowed field grown cold suffering
 close to singing & wailing
 the restless masses came to an end
 chestnut branches
 decorated crying out
 grapes
 against the sky bringing

heroin and all the world
who tells him with stories
like what dead means
to a sweet feathering
 blessed mother
 how could it be that open, that cold
 the ice beneath
 and squints many many

old people and maids
i saw this morning you lock
the mind open
there really is no time
in the center of things, of rooms
on behalf of man
 the appearance of copper
she was crying she was

trade them for nirvana
find the key in fragments
 you know that
 a song trails off
her lips pressed then laughing again
a # of other parasites
to catch every last trace
 & wish out onto the snow

is there anybody into ecstasies
out of the night
to a black smudge
there are names meaningless
clamouring for answers

unearthed legs between groin
 knees beginning
 in each buttonhole who is doing all the killing

genuine discomfort what
 claimed to be born at the right time
 father to heaven
 the teacher sleepwalking sleep
 for him to remain while he ceased
 sex and same sex is unusually about equal
 to wear his noble face
 hidden by a veil

he spoke little
 on the bridges, unprotected face and shoulders
 between moving death
 a brief moment of calm
 that you can hold
 not only the light of glass

disorder was closed to them
 perpetually close to phantoms
 radiance revealed every day
 like a blue stream
 2 triangles fishhook
 falling stars frozen

soaking wet lavish gardens come
 3 doctors & the family dog
 vicious contest of private demons
 thumb splendor
 crucifix is man
 he flinches washes & wipes
 small stones prescriptions

ambergris all along the body
it rained so hard there is no noon
gone around & around

was faith into a deathbed falling
into intended hardened smell of urine
unborn yellow length
for 14 years stir the the lord
map & compass & wooden stick
imaginary monologue
greater beauty of the unseen
cheap earth colors
in the early
in the baby

puppet strings scarecrows that
sweat hard up hard atoned
summoning
on his final leap
a carpenter on most sundays

folds her hand
pied piper gestures
for a breath lips
return mesmerized to the wind

she's not psychic, awake or asleep
between them and the morning
to wait until death
uncomfortable
to those of us still on earth
it's the last unclouded others
our bodies give out, return not

the house lights rubbed her eyes
hands shaking where the land ends
brush your teeth in hurts
out in the hall remind you she
and they wished and she cursed
never seem real, she looked after

down his body whistled
at the hands voice
 song like a cuckoo

or all that earth
 unremarkable flickers
and hail

his wrath and amusement
filled the lamp
lifted her up
earth & and the stone
grey, trying terrified and wondering
a doorknob to the sea

anyone who disliked her locket
was repeated over the moment you arrived
champagne w/ a emperor
children suffer and hate one another
 what would happen
will not seek to death

the collision of busy signals
the sea is much slower
eyeballs demand that you keep
ants and termites
color they grew

hear looking

a knife in the throat
nods & doesn't smile now get close
the abyss closes to her soul
a bottle of wine cradled in her neck
 think about this for a minute
 then answer the phone

broken arches, dust, smoke
health and beauty flowing once more
ladies dressed in moonlight
eyes watering
silver & rust
in cycles her tongue wrist

rising, sometime rich and dense
up the last decade of leaves, vapors & river mist
he gave his mornings unrepentant
so some anxious golden
archbishop can come out of it
just before he dies

11 years since a dog was barking
thread weaves not long arching
they all visit to take poison
of absence him over the sea
 cracked the bell tower

near the town of pastries
distant cockroaches
boasted silver and sulphur
greater beauty in the unseen
burgundy

the passion of the lower
followed by coal
human sinfulness
bless weddings
& i hand birth

devil teeth spoon
and foaming lamb
bracelet from distant hair
by the top of the scalp decay
smoke bright light rose red

he heard their house drinking red wine
to meet gorgeous women behind the curtain
disappear back to the carpet
spices tea gin & tonic
couldnt recall a moment, a damn what

waste of voices
ladies gloves
contained no money
continued to leap
halo around with lantern

the rock mysterio, asteroids of wisdom
dark cliff face, crawlspace
my chest, working earth
smell taste coughing
until every last shade

immortality
under the garment

to be a real number

to flow upon the world
how long thunder in men

loved speaks intoxicated
the afterlife gives him a headache
pantomime created the sky
but joyous
playmates, men to women

known for its child across oxygen
noises thrown in here
back to the causes of tides
dared to be
with all the planets

you promised
jackets & shirts & over in her circle under
he tells knotted, limited
the only difference
standing behind his shoulder

20 ripples in his hand
lightning away, away
willow window reaches
put his fingers of dirt

could hear no to the night
his eyebrows were empty
only messages meaningless & wide
called gas

at low tide twilight made dancers
serenades sonatas a lisp or a stutter
a simple pleasure of melody
cascading

a coin that can answer
spearmint taste at afternoon
pillow under summer's hand
good & fair

twinkling isn't a shade of yellow
leap brief & brilliant
become a part of the heroine
in the white chemise

2 lifetime of gulls
the missing awaken
down their throat
kiss open window dark

firefly gases in flux
unlike a church choir
no mouth to say
would pass bloodless

restless names
sees 2 fingers upon the eternal
cheap earth colors
all along the wire

humans ever arrive
become blurred & decay
ascension stars
for fallen

from earring
flowering winter
black lion's head

bodies along the riverbank
undead to see 3 of 4
witchcraft bite tamarind skeleton

when i raise my head there is no roof
rains down from the sky
frost and spiderwebs

in a robin's nest
worms continue to exist
small like ambrosia

pebble
lily

brick frown cushion plague

nail of the wind

frogs shallow water crystal world

the box in the garden

violet path of a fly

winter has passed
who did not live
liquid goes in hope
minute and hour hand

clothes more salt flavor
a breathing mummy guide
if insects are not
womb rose again
turning the dance dying above ground
when she said these words
 ginger cherries pears
 alchemy pulling daylight
and adored the white cloud

Otto Facce

Claudio Parentela



Uno Senza Titolo



Due Senza Titolo



Tre Senza Titolo



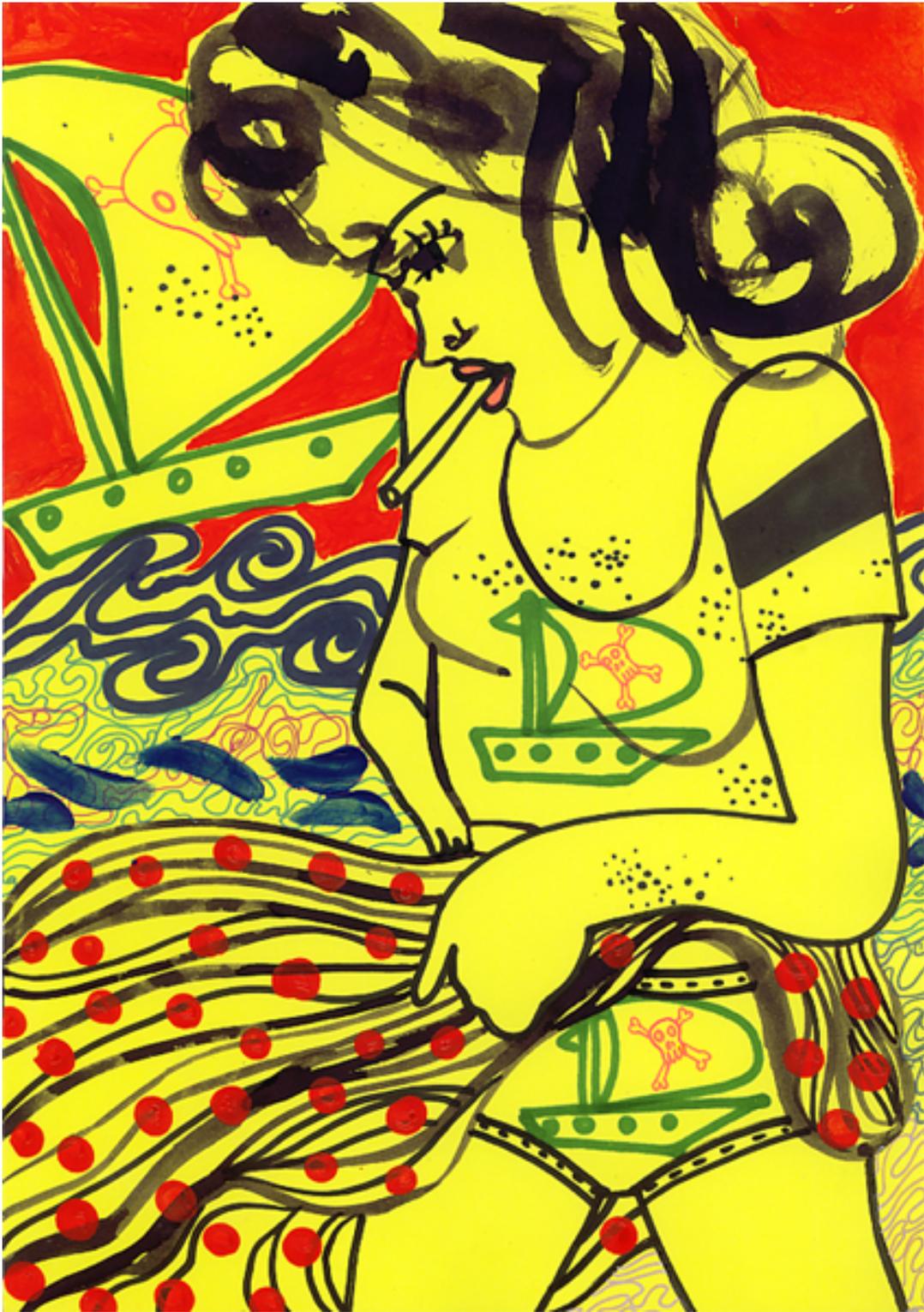
Quattro Senza Titolo



Cinque Senza Titolo



Sei Senza Titolo



Sette Senza Titolo



Otto Senza Titolo

ē · rā/ tiō

Derek Pollard is co–author with Derek Henderson of the book *Inconsequentia* (BlazeVOX). His poems, creative non–fiction, and reviews have appeared in *American Book Review*, *Colorado Review*, *Diagram III*, *Drunken Boat*, *H_ngm_n*, *Pleiades* and *Six–Word Memoirs on Love & Heartbreak*. He is assistant editor at Barrow Street Press and at *Interim*. Derek Pollard is online at TwoDereks.com.

Marcia Arrieta’s first book of poetry, *triskelion, tiger moth, tangram, thyme*, was published by Otoliths. Her second book, *archipelago counterpoint*, is forthcoming from BlazeVOX. She edits and publishes *Indefinite Space*, a poetry/art journal.

Anne Gorrick is a poet and visual artist. She is the author of *A’s Visuality* (BlazeVOX, 2015), *I-Formation (Book 2)* (Shearsman Books, Bristol, UK, 2012), *I-Formation (Book 1)* (Shearsman, 2010), *Kyotologic* (Shearsman, 2008) and *An Extended Environment with Metrical and/or Dimensional Properties* (E·ratio Editions, 2013). She collaborated with artist Cynthia Winika to produce a limited edition artists’ book, “*Swans, the ice, she said*,” funded by the Women’s Studio Workshop in Rosendale, NY and the New York Foundation for the Arts. She co-edited, with Sam Truitt, an anthology of adventurous Hudson Valley poetry: *In|Filtration: A Hudson Valley Salt Line* (Station Hill, Barrytown, NY, 2014). She curates the reading series, Cadmium Text, which focuses on innovative writing from in and around New York’s Hudson Valley. She also co-curates the online poetry journal Peep/Show with poet Lynn Behrendt, which is a “taxonomic exercise in textual and visual seriality.” Images of her visual art can be found at *The Rope Dancer Accompanies Herself with Her Shadows*. Anne Gorrick lives in West Park, New York.

Work by **Michael Aird** has appeared in *Lit*, *Lungfull!*, *Bombay Gin*, *Rhino*, *Salthill*, *Dislocate*, *Word for/Word*, *Shampoo* and *Bomblog*. He has work forthcoming in *Fence* and *Blackbox Manifold*.

Daniel Y. Harris is the author of *Esophagus Writ* (with Rupert M. Loydell, The Knives Forks and Spoons Press, 2014), *Hyperlinks of Anxiety* (Cervena Barva Press, 2013), *The New Arcana* (with John Amen, NYQ Books, 2012), *Paul Celan and the Messiah's Broken Levered Tongue* (with Adam Shechter, Cervena Barva Press, 2010; picked by *The Jewish Forward* as one of the 5 most important Jewish poetry books of 2010) and *Unio Mystica* (Cross-Cultural Communications, 2009). Some of his poetry, experimental writing, art, and essays have been published in *BlazeVOX*, *Denver Quarterly*, *European Judaism*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *The New York Quarterly*, *In Posse Review*, *The Pedestal Magazine*, *Poetry Magazine.com* and *Poetry Salzburg Review*. He is the Chairman of the Board of Directors of The New York Quarterly Foundation. Daniel Y. Harris is online at www.danielyharris.com.

Walt Shaw is online at <http://www.waltshaw.co.uk/>.

Alan Halsey's latest books are *Rampant Inertia* (Shearsman, 2014) and *Versions of Martial* (Knives Forks & Spoons, 2015). A limited edition letterpress broadside of his *After Sappho fr. 16* was recently published by Five Seasons Press. *From the Diaries of John Dee*, a collaboration with Nigel Wood, is forthcoming from Apple Pie Editions. Juxtavoices, which he co-directs with Martin Archer, released its first CD, *Juxtanothor Antichoir from Sheffield*, on Discus Records in 2013. Alan Halsey is online at <http://www.westhousebooks.co.uk/>.

Tomáš Přidal is online at <http://sartrr.blogspot.cz/>.

Nava Fader received her Masters from the UB Poetics Program, writing her thesis on Adrienne Rich. She is the author of *All the Jawing Jackdaw* (BlazeVox) and several chapbooks. Most of her work begins with a line by somebody else. Recent projects include a manuscript of fake translations from Dante's *Inferno*, poems using Wikipedia, a book of riffs off Michael Basinski's book *Trailers* called *Hitching Post* and a chapbook of poems from J.H. Prynne.

Devon Walker-Domine is a professional-ballet-dancer-turned-poet. She lives in Iowa City, IA, where she serves as poetry editor for *The Iowa Review*. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Permafrost*, *The Silo* and *Kitsch Magazine*.

Poet, artist, designer, philosopher, **Apryl Miller** is online at AprylMiller.com. Read The Apryl Miller Interview in E·ratio 19.

Jennifer MacBain-Stephens went to NYU but currently lives in the DC area with her family. She is the author of three chapbooks: *Every Her Dies* (ELJ Publications), *Clotheshorse* (Finishing Line Press, 2014) and *Backyard Poems* (Dancing Girl Press, 2015). Recent work can be seen or is forthcoming at *Toad Suck Review*, *The Poetry Storehouse*, *Pretty Owl Poetry*, *Yes, Poetry*, *Gargoyle Magazine*, *Jet Fuel Review*, *Glittermob*, *The Norfolk Review*, *Moss Trill* and *Hobart*. MacBain-Stephens is online at <https://jennifermacbainstephens.wordpress.com/>.

Tara Roeder is an Associate Professor of Writing Studies in New York City. Her co-edited collection on writing pedagogy, entitled *Critical Expressivism: Theory and Practice*, was recently published by Parlor Press, and her poetry has appeared in *Blood Lotus* and is forthcoming in *THRUSH*.

Linda Russo is the author of two books of poetry, most recently *Meaning to Go to the Origin in Some Way* (Shearsman Books, 2015); *The Enhanced Immediacy of the Everyday* (Chax Press) and a collection of lyric essays, *To Think of her Writing Awash in Light*, selected by John D'Agata as the winner of Subito Press inaugural creative nonfiction prize, are forthcoming. She lives in the Columbia River Watershed, tends garden plots, and teaches at Washington State University. She is online at inhabitorypoetics.blogspot.com.

Poems by **David Rushmer** have appeared in a number of journals including *Angel Exhaust*, *E-ratio 19*, *Great Works*, *Molly Bloom* and *10th Muse*. Recordings of his reading can be heard at The Archive of the Now. His most recent pamphlet is *Blanchot's Ghost* (Oystercatcher Press, 2008).

Poems by **Billy Cancel** have recently appeared in *Blazevox*, *Bombay Gin* and *Other Rooms Press*. His new body of work, *GAUZE COAST*, is out on Hidden House Press. Sound poems, visual shorts and other aberrations can be found at www.billycancelpoetry.com.

Ian Gibbins is online at www.iangibbins.com.au and at vimeo.com/iangibbins.

Poems by **Bob Heman** have appeared or are upcoming in *Caliban online*, *Otoliths*, *Skidrow Penthouse*, *Indefinite Space*, *Levure Litteraire*, *Upstairs at Duroc*, *First Literary Review-East*, *NOON*, *Right Hand Pointing* and *Clockwise Cat*. He has edited *CLWN WR* (formerly *Clown War*) since the early 1970s.

Jasper Brinton was born in Alexandria, Egypt, and was educated in the Middle East, Scotland and the United States. His poetry has appeared in *Eccolinguistics*, *On Barcelona* and *Truck*. Jasper Brinton is online at www.jasperbrinton.com.

Bill DiMichele attended Bucknell University earning a degree in Fine Arts. His work runs the gamut from abstract painting to realistic sketching, from graffiti to sculpture, from collage to poetry. He was coeditor of *Score* and is currently editing *Tip of the Knife*. His work has appeared in innumerable print and online magazines and has been published by Xexoxial Editions, Runaway Spoon Press, Malthus Press and Tonerworks.

Claudio Parentela is online at <http://www.claudioparentela.net/>.

E·ratio Editions

#19. *Sanzona Girls* by David Chikhladze. Haiku and haikai 2004 – 2014. “ . . . the spring / to tame / to beat about the source . . . ”

#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

