

## E·ratio 22 · 2016

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Claire Warren  
Cody-Rose Clevidence  
Jennifer Firestone  
Colin Campbell Robinson  
Sean Howard  
Dan Eltringham  
Paul A. Green  
Joey Frances  
Carleen Tibbetts  
John M. Bennett  
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POETRY

E·

JOURNAL

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## Three Poems

Jacqueline Winter Thomas

### Notes on Unfinished Poems

The unearthed fragments of this fragment.

This — a sort of quotation.

You were turned slightly toward the century.

Paul Celan was obsessed with hair.

Memories, dreams, even worlds. Face a separate sphere.

The space of Time is sound. You understand: there is no time. No sound.

Not recollections but hallucinations.

These frozen, silent figures. Over which I wept.

To end with all the signs.

## The Language of Things

*After Benjamin's "Illuminations"*

There is a log transformed by meaning into ash  
a pre-script and a post-script  
pre-fall and post-fall  
a parchment and a double writing which it covers

There is a chemist and an alchemist  
a name and the thing which precedes it  
and, after the sentence's flawed grammar  
comes a silence unrecoverable

The funeral pyre gives way to a flame  
and the flame has a life beyond

## Lines after Becoming the Moon

(Jessie Benson, Beeswax & oil, 2014)

1

Everything dissolves—winter birds—the first  
flight, fully formed, wings rapidly becoming. I  
do not know the early sounds  
of shape, nor why the laws of entropy abide—  
I only know that everything once black will one day fade

2

To white,  
before they disappear, wings exist  
because they are not clouds.  
The winter birds ricochet  
the weather within them  
the sky beneath—their bodies  
declaring themselves  
only by their context

3

Learn to track the flock's  
migration, the greater constellatory spheres  
like cannulaea composing the smallest shapes:  
feather, claw, vertebrae

4

Moon, and after  
same as the last wing bent  
against the nameless water

5

This winnowed flight  
will end encaustic

6

No moon. No wing—

# Reprise

Lital Khaikin

before the word that is given by knowing  
there is an old leaving  
dated by the thousand ways  
of a hand that clasps a fistful of blindness

*to recall:                  Rephaim guarding*

a seeing / in other sight came with a new skin  
meat in unmaking  
a body that forgot what a flesh is meant to be

the weight of matter  
in hands of men that were taught to  
break bone into bed [for]getting  
to bring a mind back wordless  
dripping from under a tongue in rapture

*resonance of evening*

certainty in air thickens element  
as though  
flesh may convince itself of world  
that is  
as though  
the weight of men  
would contain the madness

*the temptation of Prokofiev and the fall*

the world broke when men burned moons  
into wrists that screamed against surface

recurrence inherits at the opening of things  
the measure of memory  
is remade into the shape of its fragments  
diminishing in the gesture of Yoneda lemma

[in] judgement of sleeping language  
that is to be found in rotting fruit  
written under tendering surface  
mistranslated

the world will still—

in second return, Maitreya fallen to the ground  
to reconstruct the infinite.

# Elegie d'un (D)ay

Claire Warren

Je dormais

à l'ombre

des rayons

lunaires

sous l'oeil

de Bételgueuse

une armée

des arbres

en présence

silencieuse

en équipée

sauvage

j'étendais

les mains

poissons blancs

amoureux

et cherchant

à écrire

je surpris

la lune

et un

compagnon

un verre plastique

luminescent

semblait en

recueillir quelques

choses

Mon corps me

démangeait \_

Il fallait

cet effort

d'écriture

en vu

de l'adresse

aux hommes

et de leur commerce

— — — — —

- je suis Wolof

avait dit le Sénégalais

— — — — —

- combien l'avez vous

payée \_ avait demandé le Français



-----  
La poète posait

ses questions  
-----

j'assistais

au coucher

de lune

et à l'orée du jour

l'élégie des oiseaux

puis des insectes

Claire Warren, Baudinard, juin 2015

# NECTARIES

Cody-Rose Clevidence

[]

nectaries :: has tempest :: o yellow—  
o ovum & capsule :: u spaceship  
2 the future :: Adonis I, mythic mightily,  
ring species a crown my hell-bent absence & litany

a luxury of form. cyber-  
sexual opus expanding, uncircumcised horizon  
“2 which rock crystals surrender”

but never will I // yield.

[]

androidogenesis :: ultra violet wing  
of metallic ions, my galaxy  
ocular lasso as finch chase finch  
& cache crude diatom :: pursue

the impure gonads of the first night;  
mock them.

[]

my nonsense  
necklace  
foam

[]

globe || ransom || halter  
intermediary of need  
salivate, weep, whatever  
shuffle || coil || seed

[]

get dome u eyelash  
testicle :: flinch

[]

o nova. o blastocyst. o universe.  
o rimjob of th' hopeless sun—  
moon of a blank stare, stare back.

[]

barebackt in th' winter of my horizon  
mumbled something or something else 2 th wind.

[]

oh the silken internet  
is lingerie 2 earths  
vulgar apparatus

[]

anoint u of egret, dogwood violets teeth  
pharmacological heartthrob in the cellular matrix  
chemical raiment, chemosocial 2 th core  
o anoint u of daydream or verb  
megalogont, asterixs, (like midas but  
th opposite—) survive, what wld it

take & even,  
w flourish  
or w  
caress—

[]

this gibberish, look—

“ye mighty & despair”

is ish all like  
who cares

(“not me”)

[]

abt yr eyes:  
peel them.

u & all u touch  
is made of snot  
daffoldil of th sky  
n all

abt yr eyes: peel them  
& wash yr dirty mouth w snow

in being, be by being “fruitful, &  
Multiplicitous ”

[]

shame // face of sun

*I yield; I yield*

[]

xtravagant finch is now

app thru 2 the constellations below my feet is now

the spinning world yields transparent

is beady in eyes & beak.

[]

roam, lucent cyborg :

hungry eyed quartzite O

lonely in hologram emblazoned mirror

of form dense w weight & urge; my animal sleeps

in the spinning eye of the universe; the milky gibberish

flung thru the sky : seek

[]

what sweetness  
deep—

[]

dude, the bounty around us—  
dude, the unyielding earth.

## *from* Story

Jennifer Firestone

This work is in conversation with Leslie Scalapino's *that they were at the beach* and tracks a "story" located at the beach that is both revealed and withheld. In many ways it's an investigation of narration and memory. I have created my own form in the book—a twist on the couplet.

It doesn't really matter as this is bound as fact.

"Laces the spine, tightly."

Not fact per se, but a trajectory that is filed as such.

"Frame catches wave catches frame."

He did say he was sorry when the seizure rapidly hit.

"Is that a phone, or hum?"



Solipsistic one's story paging panting to tell.

“Morning time, before beach time, they walk.”

What a bastard this story spreading into the space.

“Before beach, a new couple shine.”

The story understands the couple can be moved freely, advanced.

“His hat over one eye, she a coin purse.”

There was a gray photo album with them smiling.  
There was the photo of the man who sold fish.  
There was the photo of her in a big hat.  
There was the photo of the quaint bungalow.  
There was a photo of fuchsia flowers.  
There was a photo of beach people.  
There was a photo of a shop.  
There was a photo of a coconut.  
There was a photo of the tide.  
There was a photo of an animal.  
There was a photo of a postcard.

When the body gesticulates as punctuation

“Half smile.”

When landscape is used as emotion.

“Blue on top of blue = depth.”

When language is structured to be excerpted.

“A cloud sinks into a white wave.”

Memory believes it is active and operates with control.

“Sand talk.”

Memory takes cues from the ego that desperately flails with its needs.

“Turn upside down, watch the sand drizzle.”

There are so many stories that any given day can be told.

“Bodies sat down and language delivers.”

## *from the blanchot variations*

Colin Campbell Robinson

*Let us share eternity  
make it transitory  
—Maurice Blanchot*

These variations are part of a longer piece based on my reading of Maurice Blanchot's *The Writing of the Disaster*. The passages in italics are Blanchot's own words.

1. Say nothing, speak in order to say nothing; fail without fail, count on disarray, play; out play.

2. *detached from  
everything  
including detachment*

3. Excluding himself from creation he creates, but not as God.

4. Always poised at the point of abandonment or, rather, at the trembling edge.

5. *be patient  
a simple motto  
very demanding*

6. A foreign night: live a time without present.

7. *the silent rupture of the fragmentary*

8. Is there passivity beyond disquietude?

9. Juggle the even with the uneven.

10. *to speak the unknown*

11. At table, illuminated by screens, all in another world not on this rain filled night.

12. Passivity interrupts reason and speech. Ask; what remains of experience?

13. Here not there, wherever there is or isn't. The place where everything is recorded for-ever, the eternity of the not-now, the ersatz now.

14. Giving up, abandoned, destroyed by 'preferring not to'.

15. A formless obsession with form; what comes into the mouth not what comes out. Lips massaged, satisfied by the final ashen taste.

16. *speech that speaks  
without exercising  
any form of power*

17. The impending catastrophe, surely not, prefer not to.

18. Faithless  
Spiritless  
Blank

19. Beauty: can it be said or only paid for?
20. Is the show convincing and on what level?
21. Are all stories available but forgotten?
22. Live a sabbatical existence, said Levinas. Pause, break from use or being used, or using. This is creation's rest.
23. Among the igneous out thrown, cooled by endless flows, the Celtic Sea calls.
24. Crystal suspension prays before the darkened horizon.
25. *what remains*  
*without remains*
26. Those who have gone are still here, standing in the wings, waiting for a cue.
27. Sadness can only be observed slowly.
28. For otherness is but the feeling of otherness rendered intuitive, or alterity visually represented, as Coleridge said all those romantic years ago.
29. All the bodies, all the expectations allowing those to serve the itch, the bite, always the right size, always purchase but no grip.
30. *saying*  
*is no game*
31. Looking at time, a diversion via the camp, unease spread. Even so, some giggled.

32. *the interruption  
of the incessant*

33. Future, past, both without present: destroyed, without destruction,  
invisible when seen, speaking the other voice, out of reach.

34. Why wound, exhaust, hound, spaniel at heel?

35. Exiled from experience, rescued from benign waves.

36. *can the disaster  
be interrogated*

# Advisory Poems (from *Introduction to Poetry* by Burton Raffle)

Sean Howard

## *Preface*

Whatever else, *never*  
touch pebbles with  
gloves on!

## *1. What Poetry Means*

Definitions,  
explanations –  
*shooting*  
*stars...*

\*

For starters –  
*cliff-flowers*  
& *larks' eggs*



\*

Sure sign? *The*  
*beautiful*  
*smart*

\*

(Keats,  
*enduring*  
meaning!)

\*

High praise –  
*haiku-*  
*dos*

## *2. What Poetry Does: Metaphor*

*Breakthrough* –  
prose, ‘words  
for windows’

\*

Hamlet weighing –  
*Empire*  
*apples*

\*

Wordsworth –  
*i-*  
*Cloud*

\*

*Paperweight* –  
‘If you find the  
philosopher’s stone...’

\*

Enough with ‘Poetry’!  
*cummings lowering*  
*his case*

\*

Metaphor?  
‘Where the truth  
doth lie...’

### *3. What Poetry Does: Other Tools*

Eros –  
*touching*  
*logic*

\*

(*syntac-*  
*ticians*)

\*

‘Honey?’ *Showing*  
*the sleep in our*  
*eyes*

\*

Joyce –  
*pun*  
*gent*

\*

‘Delicacy’ –  
deer, Olympus

crocus...

\*

Eros –  
*coming*  
*to terms*

#### *4. The Shape of Poems*

Evolution –  
form ever  
content?

\*

(‘Easy’? Beetles,  
*rolling stones...*)

\*

Modern –  
Grace  
full?

\*

(The poet's  
slow loaf...)

\*

*Spray the couplet from the can –  
the puppet master of the man!*

\*

Life & death –  
*dove-  
tail*

## *5. Metrics and History*

Shelley insisting –  
*poetry  
rules*

\*

Chaucer –  
*stressed  
silk*

\*

(‘Hazards’ – end-  
stopped; *feet* in  
mouth; over-  
run...)

\*

Silence –  
*Wordsworth’s*  
*thrush*

\*

(*Jericho* –  
Blake’s  
graffiti...)

\*

Modern ruler (Shelley’s  
point) – *the Emperor’s*  
*new prose*

## *from* COLIN CLOUT IN THE KNOWLEDGE QUARTER: A SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR

Dan Eltringham

I fucking love you months

— Jeff Hilson, *In the Assarts*

So having ended, he from the ground did rise,  
And after him uprose eke all the rest:  
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies  
Warnd them to draw their bleating flocks to rest.

— Edmund Spenser, *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*

I

Where mutability is the prime  
& principle of flux where re-  
-construction is at work change  
is always loose & constant: temp-  
-orary as blossom. When not in  
the knowledge quarter I am not  
on the steps of Regent's Canal. So  
much alteration going on revolves  
faster than the year flinging up lonely  
interior walls dreaming of the shelter  
of their own roofs and thermal cladding  
all before the first bud of untimely spring.

## II

Sprung from unhomely weeds  
the insulated exo-membranes  
of the living machines add clout  
to my case for one day living in one.  
Under-floor heating is just the best way  
to spend your time magma welling  
up from the deep core & toasting your  
toes. When not in the knowledge quarter  
nor am I in Granary Square but I don't  
mind much in high winds & driving  
rains nor thought of such repose when  
it's hard enough just to turn the bars.

## III

When the weather turns press hard down  
on the knowledge quarter & it splits lay-  
-ered cupronickel parts of the Johnson  
sandwich. Why not allow us to manage  
your vacancy? As if in answer Shelley's sky-  
-lark shot into my brain and out mine ear,  
a server serving whom? Hover a mouse  
over cursory zones of encouragement  
plucked from the reduced shrub margin  
by a passing hawk nearly zeroed in  
on its object: a lethal agent hunched furtively  
like someone at an ATM over precious digits.



## IV

Money as psychologically experienced  
hard round & finite in the pocket cannot ad-  
-mit of distended growth from a single  
seed as rates soar & dive, a fish-fixed  
gannet. Or scurries away with the most  
generic of available verbs. Or about to stoop  
from the middle air with closing pinions  
it gives up & grows suddenly weary, it peels  
away like Zapata turning back from the capital  
though sure of victory, called south by the planting  
season. Mayday. Corn over history. And who's  
to say at the end of the day they chose wrong?

## V

Election being anyway the wrong frame  
for such observance. Work on defining  
its borders and you miss the picture  
bigger than any given window. As Merino  
profits sent Columbus to Mexico. You can  
hear the italics rustle through the leaves  
here careering wildly down the track across  
the frame into Career Prospect View;  
but a view carries less weight than a visit,  
or a visit is an accumulation of views,  
a stack of picture-postcard prospects piled  
up in a forgotten corner of the search field.

## VI

On Yucatan earth I feel the axis tilt –  
the longest daystar rises through the  
stone arch. Back in the quarter I chuck  
it over my shoulder where it shatters  
asphalt crystalline shards surefire  
puncture of fondest hopes. New sward  
opens tree-lined canvas walks, banners  
wave in summer breeze. Yellow benches  
sprout, all quickens into something I can  
believe as pressure dives to storm-gauge.  
Remember then the three ways to be justified:  
left, centre & right; works, faith & election.

## VII

Everyone's running it fine to those margins  
now, emergency faring at tether's end. Bare  
& boring August save us your modesties  
& hie ye to the fields & bring in the corn,  
weedy month. But don't fret: soon  
the historic Midland goods yard will  
be sensitively transformed into a food  
barn serving 'street' food, 'angry' fries, meats  
'pulled' from an irate pig. A barn for stock  
& husbandry, feral carry-on/carry-out harvest  
of once-burnished metal. Only forebear that cant  
until you know what the surplus is and where it is.

## VIII

Sure that's eating but damn I just love  
*using things up* for example butter milk  
eggs and non-dairies too the best bit  
is throwing away the packaging, an ecstasy  
cycle of *just the right amount*. But look  
you don't always need to be *putting stuff in*,  
*topping it up*: an inadequate instrument it  
keeps going on *till it doesn't* two clocks in time  
ticking. Assume it's functioning fine nor fear  
of minor ills, feel ordinary pride in prosaic  
legislation, get half-drunk just for the ride home,  
break the spell & make the choice: time *or* money?

## IX

Willet plumped for saving both to finish  
off his round of golf basking still in daylight  
the year dislocated as it ever was Diminishing  
the Cost of Light, rationed stuff, solar disc antient  
instrument of time & times, the only real science.  
Good for tourism retail & sport, Daylight  
Slaving Time lets workers photosynthesise  
in leisure hours; in rural Chiapas little heed  
is paid to Standard Central Gulf Time: the calendar  
round nestles in the Long Count a squirrel's dray  
in the bole of an ancient oak burrowed out by  
any number of minor borers, branches barely sere.

*from SHADOW TIMES a work in progress*

Paul A. Green

MODULES 1 - 10

I was dwelling in a rented moment. The concept of free association came to me on an asphalt playground in 1950. Golden manikins marched out of the radio. They banged their sticks in the grey street, which filled up with holes. Community care plans will only become available on demand. The sea mists offer protective covering. I tap out a wobbly fandango for those dreams of a fine bangaroo.

You were boxed in. I couldn't rewind the ropes. It's hot in the head, man. I was in and out of denial that entire year. The swelling of modules was recurrent in your middle years. Now I am represented by a piece of chewed cardboard, to help out Babe Jesus, whose name embarrassed me. The spider webs were waist-high in that wood. The toothy man wore a grey suit and told me about his thrill. I have a triple key encryption service for this.

We were a-he-ing and a-she-ing to the rumble of thunder balls. They tried lust but it was no good. I raised an animal on pure liquid gold. I can't connect yet to the time-belt. I bought a death but it wouldn't fit my circumstances. She is still pushed through the aqueous membrane that separates lost worlds. It wasn't yet an official joke policy. She smashed up a bottle of hoodoo wine. It was all over, over the top of a bottom, as they say. They were consummated daily in the name of goods and services.

The trench warriors have been miniaturised many times over the decades. The Father warned us about dinosaur stories. They got down in the ferns, and found a sleeper. Foul smells. She danced across that bridge in a cloud of steam. Achtung, fraulein! Someone had chalked about their desire for 'Sabrina' (*sic*). I flew through the rain over the twinkling suburbs. You retro-engineered your childhood for this? Hands wandered like spiders in a moonscape.

They saw no commercial application for his appliance. His TV licenced slaughter through laughter. People in the next room were reciting parts of *The Daily Mail*. Woodsmoke refreshes the secret parts. In the hiss of night, foxes yelped at each other. Anybody got a new angle on the patriarchy? Our neurons fought like cosmic worms. Half a pint and you're anybody's but nobody wants you. The bird overshadowed him, demanded its space and fatter food. Nanotechs won't rebuild anyone anytime now.

He repeated that sex was fairy gold. Inwardly I was hiding from the inevitable ripeness of death. Outside the circle, the creatures rumbled on iron wheels. I lay back in the leather chair, overwhelmed by a huge wad of foul-smelling damp fabric. As the gondola picked up speed I began to bray. He'd traded all his tricks for a cloud of dust. I like my vintage sex-machinery. I am contacting the ninth sphere.

Sunlight spills over the keyboard. A world full of oil - and fools. The future wouldn't stop twisting the night away. We all come out of the woodwork sooner or later. Munchkins of death surround you. The glass won't stop trembling. Feel the blood pressure, feel good. Welcome to my bungalow. It's the last night of the bums.

Over their heads, they heard a thick gurgle in the pipework. That night a creeping laziness prevented me from organising my parts of speech. Astral leakage? I recognise it by the odour. A silvery bullet was lodged in his corpus callosum. She could hardly get out of the chair without a faint cry. It was a person of gender. When he looked again, the phlogiston had all disappeared. Just wobble along like a good chap.

The woods are alive with insects. The sight of the removal van terrified him. Finally Katie was paraded through the atrium to venomous applause. That man smells of old money. So many friends reduced to ash. Yet I stand before you, penetrated by cosmic radiation. State-Specific Sciences will salve your soul. The ministers are seeking my job again. No time for the bubbling of fools.

Thanks for accepting me. Let's go back to the Moon. So I am so wired up and down. He fuck around all day, so they tell me. The storyline was drawn out of him with cries of agony. Five cards were spread across the burning deck. His face was a mass of molecules. We are going to pay the full price of our good intentions. The operative tells us we're all through here.

# Dominant culture is fucking boring an/aesthetic

Joey Frances

*bcuz domination is fucking boring*

I'm trying to construct full desiring  
subjectivities it hurts like before  
digital radio I can't

This couple across from me on the bus talked  
sluggish and scattergun who uses that brothel  
just students messing a sauna used to cater for  
yknow people curry night out

Unlike many corporate  
businesses we have a strict dress  
down policy a cool office with  
a putting green even beers  
in the fridge I fucking hate  
you confront me with your inner life

\*

aesthetic of work  
wedding receptions  
on coal canals  
aesthetic of suffering &

sadness, or the thing  
aesthetic of resistance  
    #makeitright  
aesthetic of the collective  
aesthetic  
    of  
aesthetic of hanging  
    & hoping our love can  
        build on its  
            own  
aesthetic of our love  
aesthetic of funk, or  
    the funk, etc  
        imagine liking Glenn Miller

\*

*Be a symbol Be a symbol Be A Symbol*

& I thought about them fucking & wondered  
how they liked to do it and if it made them feel  
useful & whole

\*

aesthetic of making  
together  
    of plant pot  
    of what i want  
        to know is  
authentic of



aesthetic of god  
    lol     the  
aesthetic world of arthur  
    brown  
aesthetic of self  
    contained unit  
        shifter  
        of nothing  
            material  
    unequally distributed  
aesthetic

\*

*...the people who control shit are boring pricks*

On the grass by the Sagrada  
Familia a young woman  
takes a photo of a polaroid

that leer across the bus shelter when  
i'm only trying to get quietly home

\*

aesthetic of tarmac  
aesthetic of topiary

crushed  
    petals           top  
soil

astro        turf

\*

*I was looking for a Job and then I found a Job*

yesterday I called it a monument to the projection  
of the individual ego and I hated it  
(turns out he really believed that serve the Lord  
shit, bread, fruit, tree o life, the snake  
is only a husk of doves, projections all  
together)

I can't stand  
we don't think  
towers to the human  
mind are daggers the rich  
consciousness is a pig too  
paupers poor

\*

aesthetic of ecstasy

smiley face

\*

*& I cried insufficiently*

Radicalise ,ur friends & lovers sisters  
brothers /ur father's mothers  
colleagues comrades customers  
& Others  
I feel  
alone

## Two Poems

Carleen Tibbetts

schizolingue

*an erasure of Paul de Man's "Intentional Structure of the Romantic Language," 1960*

the poet's loyalty toward language is  
the downfall of poetic defiance

one hardly ever escapes attractions of existence

*an erasure of Louis Zukofsky's "A Statement for Poetry," 1958*

poetry may be defined as  
whoever makes it  
has envied

its fineness of intricacies  
keeps a world tangible

perhaps poetry is dimensions in space  
true or not  
ritual and pleasure feast

so-called pure music  
(which incidentally poems never reach)  
that permits anybody to "tune in"  
to the human tradition  
one hardly ever escapes

no verse is "free"  
inevitably words falsify  
attractions of existence  
a poem should never be inflicted on the reader

## Four Poems

John M. Bennett

olin again

each inhabitation corners  
laundry in your ear a  
“brain” or laptop  
sizzles in your pants’  
each faucet gurgling  
with the time your  
coat is due the time  
your ants retreat  
behind the picture frame  
each pencilled congrat  
ulation’s wandered off  
each loudness convects its  
microphone before your  
eye a swelling leg a  
tampon remembered at the  
railroad crossing was your  
dream of shovels  
falling in the closets

## the spider

p eel the sciss ors if  
yr g ate sand wich opens  
toward the beach in  
flames if if was  
off the face a tow  
el doubled in the  
flooded closet is a  
shredded phonebook  
full of millipedes is  
the mumbling neck tastes  
the blades the hand  
roams into the of br  
each finds your if name  
finds your off name ff  
inds yr nname

S

## a comer

mute fork rel umbered  
coil you slumbered off  
the sausage sweat a  
spinal knife your  
sack regurged a  
fork de pended ,was  
meatlithic ,sprayed and  
said ,intonsiled ,re  
aped the short stay  
beneath yr earth's  
a tongue desertion ,w  
hat a something glit  
tered in the greasy  
mirror was it the  
tines your book re  
moved ,your ti... ?

*...la saturation, nous garantirons, lisant,  
la validation du signal...*  
— *Georges Perec*



## heard insomnia's dream

we the after ham  
uffer in our quest's  
poison ants can s  
peak on t ray of  
thought or thought  
the tabled sky de  
flected in yr quiv  
ering pool was  
hafted words and  
fro thing in the cave  
ah tombs relabyrinthine  
mouths the ran  
dom moth laurel sp  
lashed the mirror  
yr gaze beginning clouds  
became and turned it  
off the maze becalmed  
was blank "a kind of"  
swarm infusion in  
the statue shrouded  
vines and batshit

.....

enter the sidewalks  
were wind and sand  
humping a rotten  
head next the weeds  
the hypos french  
fry bags  
empty white bottles

*Rustling through Ivan Argüelles'*  
*Epilogue to Translation to Heaven*

## Three Poems

Jared Chipkin

Not A 'Poem'

Either

'Either 'A' or not 'A'  
 Either 'Either' or not 'Either'  
 Either 'A' or not 'A'  
 Either 'or' or not 'or'  
 Either 'A' or not 'A'  
 Either 'not' or not 'not'  
 Either 'A' or not 'A'  
 Either ' ' ' or not ' ' '  
 Either 'A' or not 'A'  
 Either ' ' ' or not ' ' '  
 Either 'A' or not 'A'  
 Either ' ' or not ' '  
 Either 'A' or not 'A''

or not

'Either 'A' or not 'A'  
 Either 'or' or not 'or'  
 Either 'A' or not 'A'  
 Either 'not' or not 'not'  
 Either 'A' or not 'A'  
 Either ' ' ' or not ' ' '  
 Either 'A' or not 'A'  
 Either ' ' ' or not ' ' '  
 Either 'A' or not 'A'  
 Either ' ' or not ' '  
 Either 'A' or not 'A'''

or not

P is for Patrilineal

tuh'!  
 e-heheh  
 e-heheheh  
 o-hohoho  
 o-hohoho  
 for  
 is  
 P is for Poetuh &  
 P(a) ⊃  
 [M(a) (y) ⊃  
 [M(a) (p) ) ⊃  
 [M(a) (p) ≡  
 P(a) (p) ≡  
 M(a) (p) ] ] ]

## S For Success

## S For Success

S(0)S(0) was a racehorse  
 S(S(0))S(S(0)) was S(0) S(S(0))  
 S(0)S(0) won S(0) race  
 S(S(0))S(S(0)) won S(0) S(S(0))

## S(0) For Vun

S(0)S(0) was a racehorse  
 S(S(0))S(S(0)) was S(0) S(S(0))  
 S(0)S(0) S(0) S(0) race  
 S(S(0))S(S(0)) S(0) S(0) S(S(0))

## T For Racehorse

T(S(0)S(0))  
 T(S(S(0))S(S(0)))  
 S(0)S(0) S(0) S(0) race  
 S(S(0))S(S(0)) S(0) S(0) S(S(0))

## O For Condition

T(S(0)S(0))  
 T(S(S(0))S(S(0)))  
 O(S(0)S(0) S(0) S(0))  
 O(S(S(0))S(S(0)) S(0) S(0))

# Kuhn's Nude, Duchamp's Paradigm

Mark Young

There are  
    passages of time  
        that redefine the way  
            we see the world. No  
                one particular moment,  
                    though somewhere within  
                        must be a turning point.  
                    Rather action / reaction,  
                        in a frame by frame  
                process, an incremental  
                    transition, much as in  
                        that painting by Duchamp  
                            where the nude descends  
                                a staircase, step by step,  
                                    each step depicted,  
  each bringing with it  
                                    all the ones before.

## Three Poems

Matina L. Stamatakis

### Trompe-l'œil 1.1

I could be pigeon or prophet

macula

learn'd in its tender

meat                    [yet no memory]  
meat in prayers and catastrophic  
deluge  
so the holy-holy pulsating in its thrall

palmed omnipotent

## Trompe l'œil 1.5

pools dark into light  
pools of shimmering teeth 'gainst  
a red existence  
sure its unbuckling conviction to  
trick itself into mind

unwavering fractal

choirs of birds lost in their own feathers  
O' fragmented quarrelsome heads  
O' critics of specters  
grave in their eelflesh



## Trompe l'œil 2.0

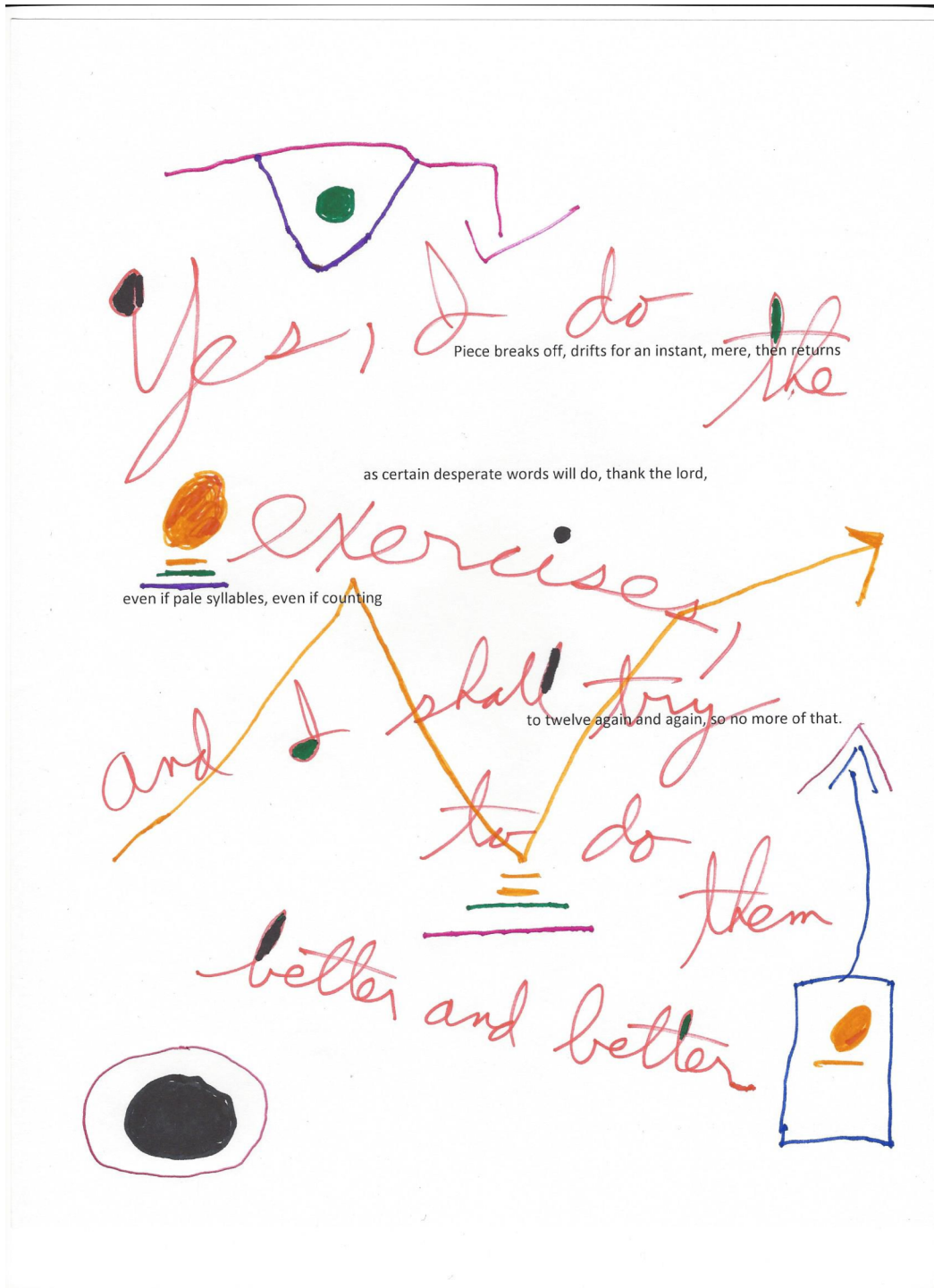
excruciating decoy of atonal pulse  
I move you to another melody-lack of malignancy

the palatable becomes less  
palatable  
raws itself in the thick of the retina  
In memory of no memory  
O' squandered is the macular

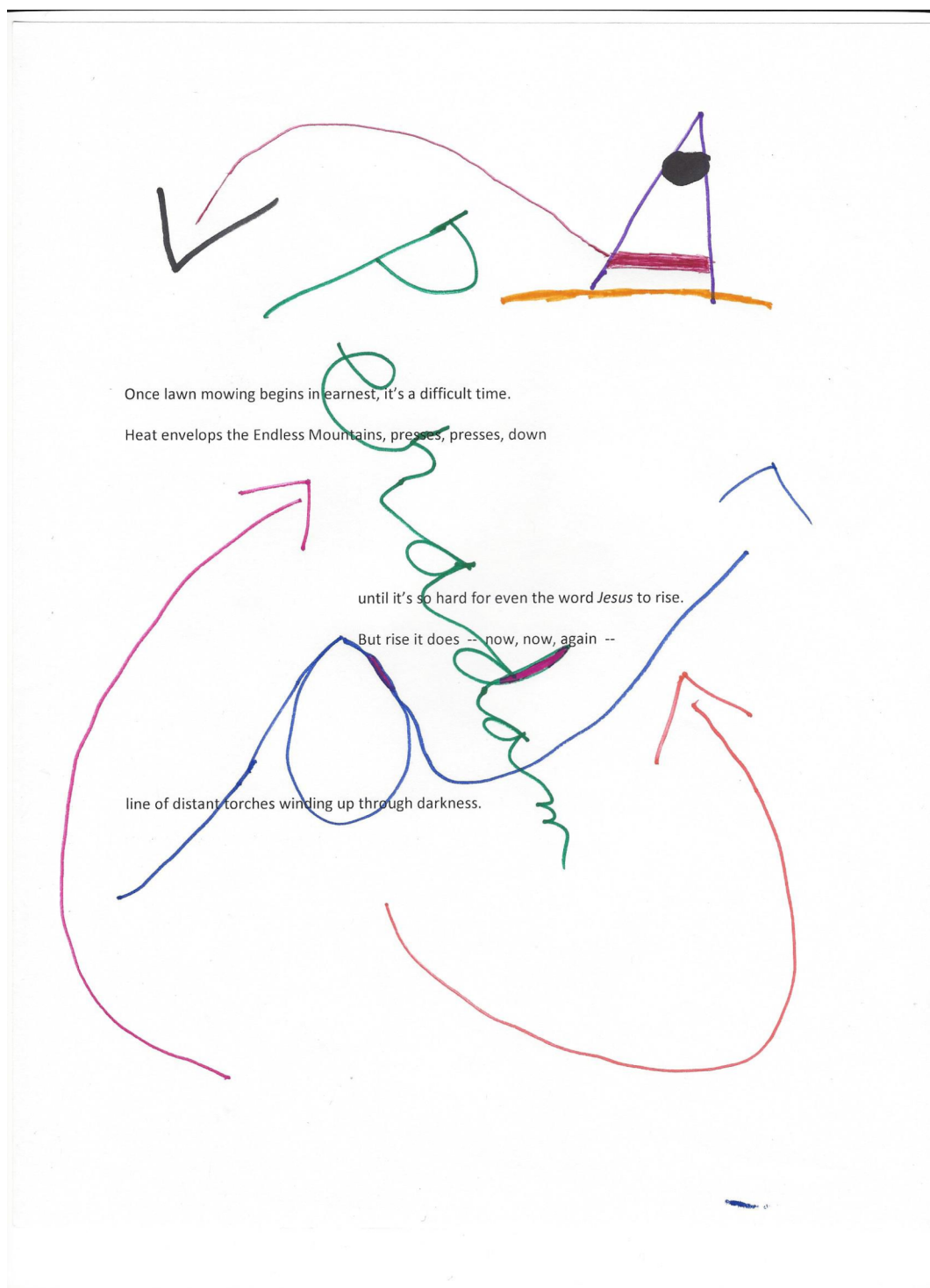
impulse of shadows in my palm the dove is  
angular and oblique  
with the moon ) O' mask I still find the contours slack  
made of glass less fluid  
it is not itself by appearances

*from a sequence entitled* Heaveng

Joel Chace



## Heaveng 9



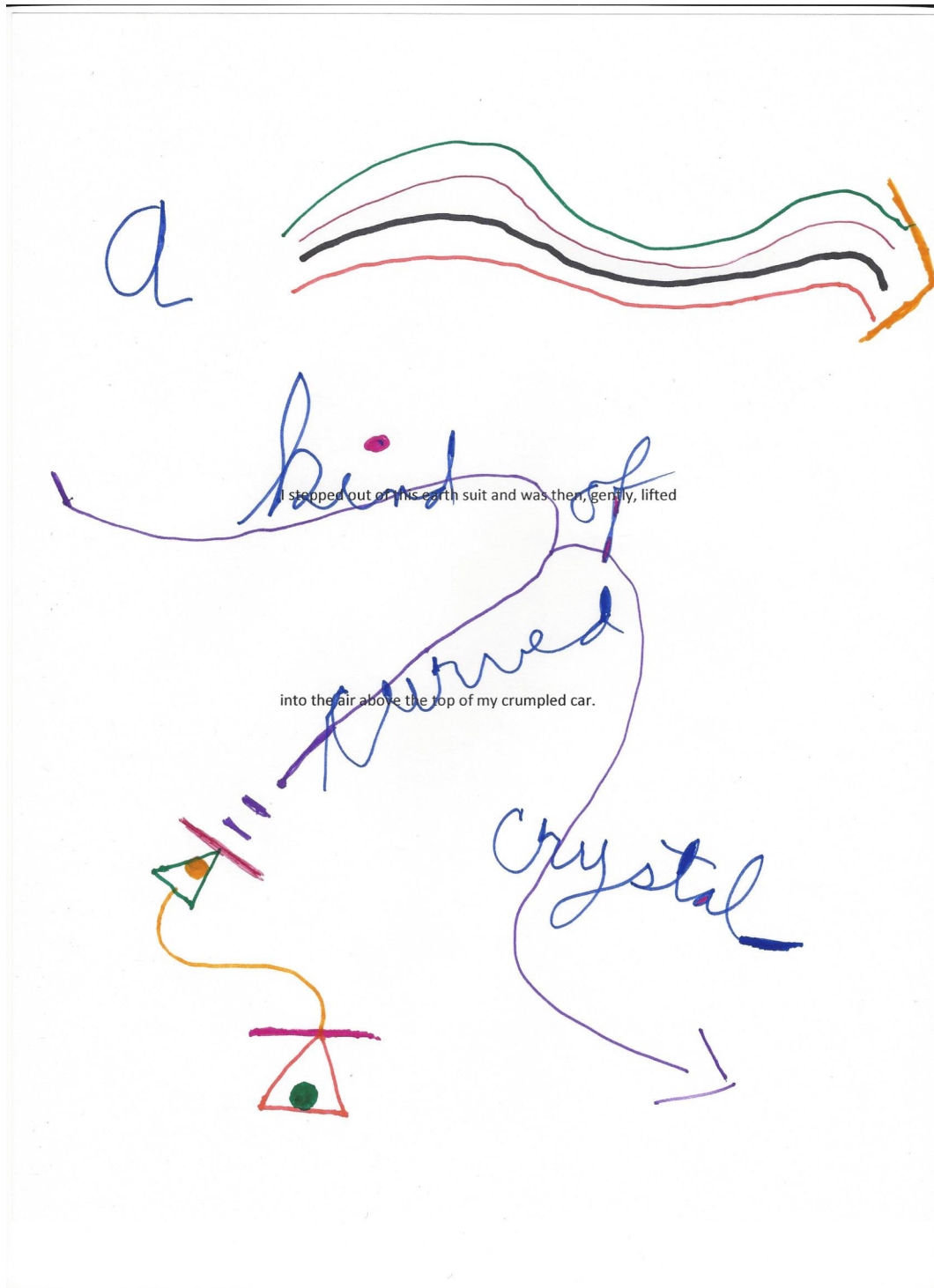
Once lawn mowing begins in earnest, it's a difficult time.  
Heat envelops the Endless Mountains, presses, presses, down

until it's so hard for even the word *Jesus* to rise.

But rise it does -- now, now, again --

line of distant torches winding up through darkness.

Heaveng 10



Heaveng 11

# Non-Image

Ren Adams

I am suddenly aware  
of everything left behind—  
hotel crinkle-cup,  
blue jacket on bus,  
silver charm in cemetery,  
bag of hobo recipes, bowie knives and hats,  
cassette tape roller coaster,  
a ticket-shot-necklace dream,  
arms locked,  
the passing, intimate space  
the passing, personal movement,  
of place between place.

I don't know what's next.

That endless catastrophe of words  
the sadness of image  
each gesture, each form,  
exists as image—a record of eventual loss.

Such a ridiculous thing, this fondness—  
portal to ruin.

## Three Poems

Parker Tettleton

### Like A Weighing Area

When things are pretty, I want to destroy. I tell Noelle Noelle-things;  
she's a coworker & this is the second sentence & I've only slept as much  
as I'm allowed to sleep when I miss—I miss again, but I pick up, I hear  
from the you I miss—I flick light switches sitting in front of fans. The  
graceful thing is cell phones last longer. I don't want to ever say you're  
up again.

## Button

I have a thing for kissing people's brains. When I was eleven or so years past the beginning of myself, I watched James Bond & mouthed pillows in hotel rooms. I was most attracted to belly buttons. I check out the last people, a mother & a daughter, five after four, which is to say we were closed five minutes ago. I'm waiting on the 12, Alee's waiting on the 20. We're talking about our lives—no, we're not talking about anything, which is on purpose, which is coworker to coworker, & I know there's a bus in five minutes to take me closer to my apartment, to tomorrow, to you.



## Goodell

I look up, awake, slowly & intentionally never, not gracefully—grace is searching for itself, not on a cobbled step in some fever dream tower—there is a blink. R calls & says he & R will be here in ten minutes. I am in the bathroom, I am in the kitchen, I am switching cans. Houston does the splits. I almost help them but I don't. BB King is dead. This is about falling apart.

## Two Weeks in a Dristan Land

Bill Yarrow

when I washed up  
alone on the wounded shore  
of the blistered isle

I smelled the bleach of burst anemones  
the sweet arousal of the Dungeness crabs  
the seaweed of sour twigs and feces

I saw debutante goddesses  
abashing their swains  
for what hadn't come to pass

I felt the uncanny glee of the solitary palm  
the dilatory curiosity of the air  
the aloofness of the chimerical trees

I heard dolphins and swans,  
aligned against integrity, conspire  
to humble the thunder and co-opt the sunshine

I tasted hostility in the meanest weed  
a cynical longevity in the beach fleas and swamp bees  
a flash of happiness in the bold symmetry of the island flag

and resolved in my lately vacant heart  
to replace Othello's handkerchief  
to repent spurning Cleopatra the queen  
and to restore the itching eyes of Gloucester

# No Soliciting

Deb Jannerson

we propel ourselves onto  
graveled corners, cheap  
pens pocketed in  
hopes of the conscience of  
strangers.

hours tick freeze blur with  
the full-pocket hundreds  
shaking heads, crinkling one dollar  
bills at the odds of shooting stars or  
lightning.

*you're doing good*  
they say, and  
we marionette smiles at the  
vain alchemy of turning morale into  
gold.

the sun is a hugging  
madman, volatile as the  
blue shade of  
the crowd's politically pungent  
sponge.

clocks scream our  
sunset, our release into  
two hundred steps to the  
hybrid, a million times as  
long.

*you did good*  
i say, and  
swoon with the heady rush of  
activism, unless it's just the  
bullfrog tang in my lower  
eyelids.

# The Hour

Jennifer MacBain-Stephens

The hour refuses to pose for the camera.  
The hour was drenched by a Garland of Roses.

The hour was prepping to stud.  
The jockey sits with his legs crossed,

drinks a cup of tea. The tea  
grows cold too quickly.

(It whinnies at this, the hour.)  
The hour is in the stable

with a stop watch  
strapped to its back,

prepping for the most exciting two minutes in sports.  
It is really the best place for the hour,

it doesn't have personal belongings.  
Keeping up with the cleaning

was the end of the hour.  
All the suitors are women.

They have the lightest caresses the  
hour ever felt. The hour

barely feels its second hand.  
The hour nibbles an apple core

from each gloved palm.  
This makes the hour's day.

The hour is a stallion at day,  
a colt by night.

Sometimes a sun dial or a goat stirs up drama.  
The hour couldn't ask for a better  
time honored tradition really.

It's the memories, though, that get  
to the hour.

It can't make them fast enough.

# sinkhole

JJ Rowan

i.

when he says to get  
on the floor and you  
don't think toward force  
maybe gravity  
but of an intimacy which  
opens your body to the  
stale power of assumption  
how to explain  
to fuckwit  
how your power might be  
passed between rough palms  
how  
complex to form  
the nasal and the vowel  
(how the mechanics go here)  
what is the history  
of the negative  
in what languages might  
it also signify a positive  
how a woman with  
a breathy *no* really  
fucking  
wants it



in Steubenville  
things are returning to normal  
the families  
would like to resume  
a normal life  
the sorry boys are being  
sorry  
the media is being  
sorry  
what it is to be sixteen  
and still in existence  
this is no time to be quiet  
all I can muster  
is quiet  
*I had a lot of time  
on my hands after I  
apologized  
I just sat here  
waiting &  
waiting & waiting  
quietly  
to think  
who might access a  
body as it sleeps  
how ugly are fingers*

there is a sinkhole on Lincoln  
I'd like to go see  
maybe to stand in  
modern offering for  
a cracked-open earth  
what earth wouldn't  
crack open? what could swallow me more than this?

I can't tell the difference  
now between dreaming  
the dream and waking simply with  
the pit of the dream  
at least once daily  
to check for familiar cars  
weighing the value of one  
more visit  
to record make/model  
and tags  
I check Fourth sometimes also  
check behind me as  
I walk home for slow-moving vehicles  
the one truck like his but not his  
often in the lot  
but in the dream there are no cars  
he walks in and shoots me  
at my desk or he walks in  
and we walk out  
we speak quietly in the lot and he shoots me  
or occasionally we argue  
in the lot and he shoots  
himself  
but not often  
I wonder if any change in geography  
would change  
the dream / the  
waking dream  
in the forest  
we talk about minimal distance  
nothing you say in the forest can ever hurt you and  
everything you say in the forest belongs to the trees so just  
leave it

ii.

a sex offender registry in fossil records. how to embed a crime in marrow. an offense that involves entering an unwanted object into a space and a punishment which does the same. a ritual where the bones of the expired offenders are marked with fire. expired or otherwise. marrow that boils guilty. if marrow would sear true. a record that looses all other records. a sex offender grading scale. when you accomplish, you accomplish under offense. when you are a star, you are a star under offense. your offense burns out your star. stardust doesn't mean magic has arrived. stardust means something has entered your body which can never unenter. your body opens, is open, to hazard. weak body. bad body. body unstable. body on scale of normal to. your anonymous body is all over the internet. the internet will know who you are. cares not to know. soon your body will be a memory embedded only in cache. soon your body in the halls with the other bodies. where you once passed the bodies that would place themselves in your body. how to dismember a body without removing anything. how human an unconscious body can or can not be. how humanity becomes anatomy becomes a cellular telephone. how lucky that information sharing can inform the holes in your evening. in your evening body. your body which can't remember the tilt of the sky. how many can witness / how many can tell. so when we burn your bones it will be illogical. it will make us wince. we will breathe you so we can spit you out. that you dare stand up anywhere. that you dare motivate. that you forget / that you are afforded. that you should be sixteen and normal. is normal. is touching. is entering uninvited. normal is shameful. normal will invite you into its halls to be stared at in a pity way but also in the way where you are unfamiliar broken wicked / that your wickedness is contagious / that your brokenness is contagious / that your brokenness is ugly and that ugliness ought be put away

# Hymn and Palinode

Sarah B. Boyle

i.

The beautiful boy is an ache in my teeth pressing  
in every startling direction Smooth and ghostly and  
unceasing his whole body shimmering in the leaflight  
a mistake welcoming and begetting beauty

Concussion of sunshine the first flash of desire striking  
breaking apart before the strange eyes of sundown  
The boy made plain The boy feels the loss festers

ii.

The nightingale sings the contagion of beauty My  
milk face dazzles you And you submit beneath  
my silver palm The small bird makes greetings  
from another world

My tiny heart-shaped heart beached and fragile brain  
bereft and newborn The boy is odd and delicate  
austere and inadequate The sudden saccadic feather  
breaths red luminous and missing

iii.

The endless weight electrified arcing arching breaking  
the glittering sword dance given green pliancy and  
hundreds of pink particularities

Human knob the tool he holds A slap so low  
a legion of imperfect wishes to remain forever in the  
mind of beauty arise and shatter on the stones

iv.

I was under it or staring down at it woven into its face  
its torso of wonder open and cupped rapt and risen up  
a great army of pain and awe washed with brine  
and three times queenly

An awful smell branching lurching in the interrupted  
instant An underground garden terrestrial and  
casting down abrasive in his devastating lap  
I whip and cut the night to stripes

v.

The boy made beautiful horse desire severe arranged in  
full force Lifting out from his center out in out in  
out in in in A devastating moment I turn away from  
the sweet honeysuckle the sweet william the horseboy

Flower to fig to rot	We break
fall to our knees	Behold
our violent	trembling
longing	through the lessening

*five sonnets from* The Rapture of Eddy Daemon

Daniel Y. Harris

## X-Peri 5.0

Eddy's minions mark th-5period—*ife*, a *forWurn* of anic root *da*. Dr. Abyssjumper, I presume, sub to the threshold of a pastry coque? Hola Wassily, are you the Sode? No, Kemosabe, only a (bi) Epi of Sode is here to bear witness to th-5period. Me, you putrefaction, me? I'm just *torted*. Eddy's gut is lick not tort. *C'est de moi qu'il s'agit dans ce portrait*. One months later, X-Peri devours th-5p. Dead are the rating scales. Dead are confessions. Dead is the place of was. Lives R. Mutt aroused by Rrose Sélavy, five she-puns of lust, sucking on cubes of sugar and marble. Sepiidae, my pet, drain my mania to oops. Eddy depends on you, or the leather jackets of his ur-sexed destroyer.

## Bunjie 5.1

Now, a *Commedia all'improvviso* of Eddy “Bunjie”  
Daemon and his kilowattage specs—kitchen-rigged  
shivs with the b/bells of the stock detachable Punch,  
grossly exaggerated as A.c/K jongleurs with a beak  
nose. Knee-slap his acromegaly, d/R.essed in black  
with rasp and swazzle. No tantrums, mate, of facial  
isometrics. Carry around macaroni, wooden spoons  
and peaked hats in your manpurse. He squirm zanni.  
He publics the raw, unalloyed, agendaless kindness.  
Click on the lowered center of gravity, back arched,  
knees bent, toes pointed. Then re/Vide—hY.phenate.  
Elbows, ladies, arms half lifted like a zanni jubilant.  
Dear Bunjie, take a sonnet or gut the *intox* of *cated*.  
We of pancreatitis-flare, keep the *burlas* of Q.Judy.



## Orb 5.2

Eddy weds the Ir/weD.ded Irene of Thessaloniki. Licinius couples the core of a cold-fusion ring. The Father broken in pieces, reassembles as a lithioid. St. Seraphim of Sarov begs the dramaturgy. Penelope's beauty is hydrocephalic in heavy rinds of ancient flesh. She is trampled by horses, wifi laced behind her head. Suffer the dread miracle, the atrophic neck of divine heads. Thousands convert. Graves are found emptied of gravestones. She never died. Come on down and ad-lib the cachectic. She does little to settle into sulcus. Why would she, when the creator's right hand is stained? Ed.D.y's a Facebook like in Saint Irene. She's a somnambulist in the 4th century of 2015. An idol father lives again in the blurred ellipse of subways, raised back to life by the *aptize rayer*. Fantods chant as she walks up.

### Pook 5.3

Gloria in *excelsis deo*, doxo of angels, has overturned the hat. A handsome zombie as a Nosferatu hottie? It picks a noir of *idiotici*. The card's lyric *te duem*, now relives as *phos*. Caper less than expect living to serve and dissect. Frustum-shaped? No, just a *vetus*, hearing the leaking of lysergics. I love the elongated babble. I, the She of Goof, stand cradling the broom of *terra pax*. Hear the sung rubric, spirit free to projectile vomit the less-than-easy submitted down-double of no reprieve. How about those lented votives of confession? Write the prepare. These caulked Paragons of Insincere. Yes, because a party is a awake to dangle vivids. She press an Eddy Common. She rather prefer to all-include. No, to balk vacuums. Yes, to u.BiNgE ego's real goodbye.

## Te./po 5.4

Eddy hums the teppered beauty pageant, the *rayonnant* of rose windows—he the *bellitas*, he the Bunjie Jumper of the Abyss. He.bellus—he, the hair style of M.EtIc.S. His skin is almond, lily, cumin—the honeyed lime soap of male lipstick. Eddy wanders in femme. Golden ratios become taut with iodine and bromide. Drama aims for virility, the virility of the su.Bl.im/e—soft, licked: make her ache for the last M.an. The index and thumb of here charisma, skin smooth, overlaid with the waist-hip ratio. Hourglass figures are poles abutting pubis and breasts. These eye-corners of climax—these flexing pectorals: mO.re/Ye.t to.Com.E for Eddy’s divine us. Susanna.l.ot.U/s as Susan of Inshushinak from the root שוש, bean of *nucifera*, lakebed and water garden, humming *ower*.

*from “dium”*

Irene Koronas

*the following 3 poems are from a manuscript entitled “dium.” a collaboration with the poets Gloria Mindock and Daniel Y. Harris. our poems are individual but play off each others scat, word play, post human poetry. I use lower case and rely on the readers breath for line break and punctuation. I use some punctuation as an indication of an influence. my poems are a reaction to what is often an expectation of what a poem is*

## abstract

in contemporary landscapes human interaction characterizes pervasive mediation with intelligent agents who advance computer science and engineering phenomena once limited to fixed locations are metamorphosing from extraneous entities to implicit components of everyday computing power simultaneously enhanced and miniaturized for contemporary consumer devices demonstrate power equivalent to or greater than a personal computer from recent memory at the same time network connectivity has proliferated to ubiquitous levels reflected in the fact that inanimate objects connected to the internet have recently surpassed human population on earth digitally mediated experiences are thus no longer provincial fixed line terminals projecting virtual avatars of oneself into synthetic environments elements of that environment are extricated and placed into the physical domain in this landscape concepts augment reality has emerged as a way to visualize pervasive virtual information woven into physical environments however research on phenomenon largely remains technical in nature our role in society remains comparative

## augment flash reactions

x-tre-me angles par-vision sub-jects vertiginous  
plato booth lovers co-in-side osmosis pretensions  
round up lasso rear end rump roast rallies  
we are lamb chop profundity wearing chicken shot  
balloon ballroom fat whips up camera ready  
fantasy on surreal creative expeditions  
giddy up pubic hair phrases photo-shopped  
mirror minor mirages barrage intentional beauty  
meaning without meaning without meaning  
we step over serbia what intention dismisses  
cake frosting covers private parts shoved out front  
images at an angle fishnet storks chock on plastic lines  
repeat lines 3 or 7 sugar cube art-less-a-rt-ar-t-l-ass poetry  
de-construction site chaucer wearing rub-her suit  
wolf-gang lickers up family traits eddy can jump rope  
at least eddy can bunjie jump at x-tre-me angles

## delightful lunatics

an outcome playing in slow motion night rotates 50 altered states 50  
ways to spank lunatics hollow years grind secrets while virgins shuffle  
marathon sex after open heart surgery people talk about sneak peek  
playgrounds as if unified universal want becomes fruit skins thrown into  
compost rotten anxiety riddles condoms for wooly mammoth for cheese  
slices and hard cherry candy for inclusion he writes for poor muses on  
the upper ward floors macho tight jean with orange hair he jerks off on  
paper madness raisin's his oatmeal he says beans are nasty string theory  
plastic funny farm possibility material traps with cleaver success he  
couldn't avoid being part shaman cook he cuts his arms he cuts open  
books for fuel for hard work blisters squashed by electric shock

*from* “The Gilded Age of Kickstarters”

Eileen R. Tabios



## There Were An Alligator and A Duck

*71 backers*

*\$6,497*

*pledged of \$20,247 goal*

*12 days to go*

At the Colossal Duck Factory brand new ducks roll off  
a giant assembly line operated by alligators

They are loaded into trucks and taken to Ducktown  
where they are fattened up for their final destination:

alligator stomachs

One alligator decides to take a duck home  
and fatten it up for a yummy meal.

But the alligator grows fond of his future dinner. Still,  
can a duck and an alligator really be friends

in an alligator-eat-duck world?

Find out if funds are raised to republish the award-winning  
*SITTING DUCKS* by Michael Bedard

who says he chose ducks because they represent  
the realities of existence—we're all sitting ducks!

An Author's Side Note:

"Ducks are the only birds with a penis."

## There Were Peace-Loving Zombies

*42 backers*

*\$940*

*pledged of \$6,000 goal*

*20 days to go*

haven't been undead for long  
still getting used to it  
so please forgive my clumsy typing

let me introduce myself:  
an "office zombie" rather than  
the marauding variety

member of the Zombie-Living Alliance (ZLA)  
the peaceful arm of the undead rights movement

which compiled this book of the best  
stories on attitudes towards zombies—

a means for the world, living and undead,  
covering all gender identities, racial and class backgrounds  
to discuss relations and hopefully bring  
a peaceful end to the present conflict

together we can produce a better world  
than the living alone are able to muster

each of the 13 short pieces illuminates  
a different aspect of The Situation

the Undead Liberation Front is growing stronger  
as more and more are bitten  
while the living become increasingly militant

please support this project to raise funds  
and goodwill for continuing efforts towards  
restorative justice and peace in our time

## eight portraits

Jacklyn Janeksela



“they are they”





“in dreams we’re acid”



“non-binary”





“a study of noses”





“(un)blessed in buenos aires”



“rouge & rojo; a study of flesh”





“if i had married pablo picasso”



“birth on a lake”

ē · rā/ tiō

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**Claire Warren** was born in the 60's in West Africa from an English diplomat father and a French translator mother. She grew up in the South of France and lives in Marseille. She has work in E·ratio 20.

**Cody-Rose Clevidence's** 1<sup>st</sup> book, *BEAST FEAST*, was released by Ahsahta Press in 2014. They live in the Arkansas Ozarks with their dog, Pearl.

**Jennifer Firestone** is an Assistant Professor of Literary Studies at Eugene Lang College (The New School). Her books include *Flashes* (Shearsman Books), *Holiday* (Shearsman Books), *Waves* (Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs), *from Flashes and snapshot* (Sona Books) and *Fanimaly* (Dusie Kollektiv). Firestone co-edited (with Dana Teen Lomax) *Letters To Poets: Conversations about Poetics, Politics and Community* (Saturnalia Books). She has work anthologized in *Kindergarde: Avant-Garde Poems, Plays, Songs & Stories for Children* and *Building is a Process / Light is an Element: essays and excursions for Myung Mi Kim*. She won the 2014 Marsh Hawk Press Robert Creeley Memorial Prize. Firestone is a member of the Belladonna Collaborative, a feminist poetry collective and event series.



**Colin Campbell Robinson** is an Australian writer currently resident in the Celtic extremity of Kernow. He has been published in numerous journals around the world, most recently in *BlazeVox 15*, *Stylus* and *Ink Sweat and Tears*. His book, *Blue Solitude a self portrait in six scenarios* is a forthcoming publication from Knives Forks and Spoons Press.

**Sean Howard** is the author of *Local Calls* (Cape Breton University Press, 2009) and *Incitements* (Gaspereau Press, 2011). His poetry has been widely published in Canada and elsewhere, nominated for a Pushcart Prize, and anthologized in *The Best Canadian Poetry in English* (Tightrope Books, 2011 & 2014).

**Dan Eltringham** is writing an AHRC-supported PhD at Birkbeck College, University of London, on poetry and the commons. His poetry and translations have appeared in *Blackbox Manifold*, *The Goose*, *The Clearing*, *Intercapillary Space*, *Alba Londres 6: Contemporary Mexican Poetry* and *Scabs are Rats Zine 4*, as well as in two chapbooks, *Mystics* and *Ithaca*. He has published critical work on R. F. Langley and Sean Bonney, with work forthcoming on Peter Riley and Peter Larkin. He is currently putting together his first full-length poetry collection and co-edits Girasol Press, a (very) small letterpress that publishes experimental translations between English and Spanish.

Works by **Paul A. Green** include *The Gestaltbunker - Selected Poems* (Shearsman Books, 2012), two novels *The Qliphoth* (Libros Libertad, 2007) and *Beneath the Pleasure Zones* (Mandrake, 2014) and *Babalon and Other Plays* (Scarlet Imprint, 2015).

**Joey Frances** has studied, written and read poetry in Cambridge and Manchester, UK, where he is now based. His poetry has appeared on The Red Ceilings and in the Manchester *Poets Declare a No Spy Zone* anthology. He is a member of the Manchester based Generic Greeting Collective, a multi-disciplinary, collaboration focussed art collective with whom his work has appeared in exhibitions and zines. He helps to organise the Peter Barlow's Cigarette reading series. Joey Frances is online at [genericgreeting.co.uk](http://genericgreeting.co.uk) and [bubblethesedatasets.tumblr.com](http://bubblethesedatasets.tumblr.com) and @JoeyFrances.

**Carleen Tibbetts** is the author of the chapbooks “a starving music will come to eat the body” (FiveQuarterly, 2014) and “to exosk(elle), the last sugar” (Zoo Cake Press, 2015). Recent work appears or is forthcoming in *Cloud Rodeo*, *Powder Keg*, *Fact-Simile*, *The Journal Petra*, *glitterMOB*, *TYPO*, *Datableed*, *Small Po[r]tions* and *The Laurel Review*.

**John M. Bennett** is online at [www.johnmbennett.net](http://www.johnmbennett.net).

**Jared Chipkin** studied Philosophy at Florida Atlantic University with a special interest in Logico-Mathematical discourse.

**Mark Young** is the editor of the online review, *Otoliths*. He lives in a small town in North Queensland in Australia and has been publishing poetry for more than fifty-five years. His work has been widely anthologized and his essays and poetry have been translated into a number of languages. He is the author of over thirty books, primarily poetry but also including speculative fiction and art history. A new collection of poems, *Bandicoot habitat*, is out from gradient books of Finland.



Poetry by **Matina L. Stamatakis** has appeared in *YEW*, *Coconut*, *Milk*, *Shampoo*, *The Volta*, *Free Verse* and in *E·ratio* #7 (*this is her ten-year anniversary appearing in E·ratio!*). She currently resides in upstate New York.

**Joel Chace** has published work in print and electronic magazines such as *The Tip of the Knife*, *Counterexample Poetics*, *OR*, *Country Music*, *Infinity's Kitchen* and *Jacket*. Most recent collections include *Sharpsburg* (Cy Gist Press), *Blake's Tree* (Blue & Yellow Dog Press), *Whole Cloth* (Avantacular Press), *Red Power* (Quarter After Press), *Kansoz* (Knives, Forks, and Spoons Press) and *Web Too* (Tonerworks).

**Ren Adams** works cross-media, from visual art installations to poetry and sound. She has exhibited widely and has published both art and writing and currently teaches through the University of New Mexico. Her poetry has appeared in numerous publications, including *Atom Mind*, *Poetry Motel*, *Potpourri*, *The Great Blue Beacon* and *Mother Road*. Her visual art has recently been featured in *Fickle Muses*, *Cactus Heart*, *The Hand* and *The Adirondack Review*. She is interested in the deconstruction of self as it encounters media and non-self, especially the rigors of television and the wonderful, terrible sublime of remixed anxiety and loss. She has an MFA in Visual Arts from Lesley University and a degree in English, mentored under Thom Gunn, Charles Hood and Robert Peters.

**Parker Tettleton** is a Leo and a vegan and a resident of Portland, Oregon. He is also the author of the grocery-shopping-themed collection *GREENS* (Thunderclap Press, 2012) and the chapbooks *SAME OPPOSITE* (Thunderclap Press, 2010) and *OURS MINE YOURS* (Pity Milk Press, 2014). Parker Tettleton is online at <http://parker-augustlight.blogspot.com>.

**Bill Yarrow** is the author of *Blasphemer*, *Pointed Sentences*, and four chapbooks. His poems have appeared in many print and online magazines including *Poetry International*, *RHINO*, *FRiGG*, *Contrary*, *THRUSH*, *Altered Scale*, *Gargoyle* and *PANK*. He is a Professor of English at Joliet Junior College where he teaches creative writing, Shakespeare, and film. He is an editor at *Blue Fifth Review*.

**Deb Jannerson** is a New Orleans-based poet and author of bildungsroman fiction, queer romance, and children's horror and sci-fi. Her book of poetry, *Rabbit Rabbit*, will be published by Finishing Line Press in January 2016. She has stories in *Best Lesbian Erotica 2015* and the forthcoming collection, *My Gay New Orleans*. Her New Adult novella, *Further*, was shortlisted for the 2015 William Faulkner – Wisdom Award. Her work has appeared in many magazines, including *Bitch*, *Nola Live*, and *Women's Review of Books*. Deb Jannerson is online at [deborahjannerson.com](http://deborahjannerson.com) and [facebook.com/DebJannersonWrites](https://facebook.com/DebJannersonWrites).

**Jennifer MacBain-Stephens** went to NYU's Tisch School of the Arts and currently lives in the DC area with her family. She is the author of six chapbooks. Recent ones are forthcoming from *Dancing Girl Press*, *Crisis Chronicles Press* and *Shirt Pocket Press*. Her first full-length poetry collection is forthcoming from *Lucky Bastard Press*. Recent work can be seen / is forthcoming at, *Pretty Owl Poetry*, *Yes, Poetry*, *Gargoyle*, *Jet Fuel Review*, *glitterMOB*, *Pith*, *So to Speak*, *Apple Valley Review*, *Otis Nebula*, *Freezeray*, *Entropy*, *Right Hand Pointing*, and *decomp*. Jennifer MacBain-Stephens is online at <http://jennifermacbainstephens.wordpress.com/>.

Work by **JJ Rowan** has previously appeared in *West Wind Review*, *Horse Less Review*, *Everyday Genius* and others. A chapbook, *the selected jesus*, is now available from Shirt Pocket Press [shirtpocketpress.wordpress.com/catalog/](http://shirtpocketpress.wordpress.com/catalog/).

**Sarah B. Boyle** is a poet, a mother, an activist, and a high school teacher. She is the author of the chapbook *What's pink & shiny/what's dark & hard* (Porkbelly Press). Her poems and essays have appeared in *Lunch Ticket*, *Menacing Hedge*, *Entropy* and elsewhere. She is a founding editor of the Pittsburgh Poetry Houses and reviews editor for Hyacinth Girl Press. Sarah B. Boyle is online at [impolitelines.com](http://impolitelines.com).

**Daniel Y. Harris** is the author of *The Underworld of Lesser Degrees* (NYQ Books, 2015), *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*, *E·ratio*, *European Judaism*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *The New York Quarterly*, *In Posse Review*, *The Pedestal Magazine*, *Poetry Magazine*, *Poetry Salzburg Review* and *Ygdrasil*. He is the past president of NYQ and the editor-in-chief of X-Peri.

**Irene Koronas** has a fine arts degree from Mass College of Art Boston. She is a multi media artist working with paint, collage, mono-printing, artists' books, poetry and photography. She is currently the poetry editor for *Wilderness House Literary Review*.

**Eileen R. Tabios** loves books and has released about 30 collections of poetry, fiction, essays, and experimental biographies from publishers in nine countries and cyberspace. Her most recent is *INVENT(ST)ORY: Selected Catalog Poems and New (1996-2015)*. With poems translated into seven languages, she also has edited, co-edited or conceptualized ten anthologies of poetry, fiction and essays in addition to serving as editor or guest editor for various literary journals. More information is available at <http://eileenrtabios.com>.

**Jacklyn Janeksela** is online at art mugre and at female filet.

## E·ratio Editions

#20. *The Aha Moment* 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.”

#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*

