

## E·ratio 23 · 2017

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Irene Koronas  
Andrew Brenza  
Marnie Bullock Dresser  
Sarah Green  
Kelli Allen  
Anne Fitzgerald  
Anna Keeler  
Stephen Ellis  
Becca Menon  
Carey Scott Wilkerson  
Jacqueline Winter Thomas  
Joseph F. Keppler  
Alifair Skebe  
Aria Riding  
M Robin Cook  
Ian Gibbins  
Judith Roitman  
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Valerie Morton reads Eileen R. Tabios

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# Ten Poems

Marcia Arrieta

fragile the reality

uncover order  
or maybe disorder

evasive music

idea emotion  
emotion idea

see.

“read without remembering”  
—Gertrude Stein

lighthouses  
& wind

configuration

seclusion  
or the hawk's flight

irregular melodies  
of time & place

the sound of tumbleweeds  
or cliffs silently eroding

connotative

the enchantment of the  
imagination

mail trucks deliver pine trees  
we plant them in clouds

blue moon  
blue light

Kandinsky's triangle  
O'Keeffe's philosophy

the stability of the land  
the vision of trees & mountains

the garden in flower

after reading Hildegard of Bingen

cross-bearer of the mysterious

cadence formal training into enlightenment into humility  
the psalms as consolation dream through tribulations

consecrated the sanctity of continue—harp & staff

blue sculpts syllable passageways into interiors  
architectural vision music

## on the threshold

the library the moon a blue handbag a wolf  
the map the sculpture French to be translated  
a box without two walls the idealist the recluse  
murals & the sea

## vacant field

endless the necessary dressed  
in emotion detached experience  
movement forward radiant  
time borrowing reality  
observing night geography  
resemblance themselves  
gathered without limitation  
metaphor's journey

the epicycle

transforms geometry

into an ibis

or

luna moth

the phenomenon

like

faith

or

versatile

a walk

in

transpose/

transpire

slowly we make our way

the lake is a tree is a hummingbird is a dragonfly is a sail  
is a timepiece is a heron is a memory

art times music times poetry times philosophy

the compass & the river

shoreline

garden lights

airborne

we mend the holes

bury denial

dismantle daylight

sit by the fire

the golden fish swims

## Five Poems

Irene Koronas

115

cuckold  
her swine ribs  
shrink

to fit the creampuff  
slice after slice

saint fame  
holy accolades  
only god can creep

to attach confess  
to a casket

to vault a guttural r  
pure greek thorns  
rip off the chord

120

smoke houses overlap  
like puritan parades

riskistuff

most convert  
to the bland middle

of dread

105

shadowbox  
behind a venetian blind

an easy crank

the tin graffiti  
the drag lash  
the young rag

from skin

25

upstairs paint leaks  
by gash  
neck and rape

soft incest roses

pour arsenic  
in porcelain

finger frag  
rub testis

to spurt

6

humunculi  
pin one to a nosegay

poinsettia  
lipstick  
a special prom

six is evil  
go straight to seven

slide  
a decimal

## Three Poems

Andrew Brenza

catbird/everything you see

i speak your scars  
like i speak of trees  
like trees speak a name  
the one we live in  
drupelet of sorrow  
that is you wet with song

horizon/no horizon

there is no horizon we live in  
the horizon it is our skin pretending time is something  
sensing wind slants sunlight

## a part/apart

this is not the shape of flame a body means  
never to be alone darkness rustles rut-less soft-  
petalled a conscious hum reflection's electric  
company a part/apart at the same time  
somehow fields of blank flowers it's unspeakable name

# Stand of Aspens

Marnie Bullock Dresser

The roots are older than any other tree  
I can see from here. Not just older than me.

Early in fall, almost still summer,  
leaves bright yellow, not yet done,

right there where the sun slides  
low and hits river rock like a spotlight,

I could pry that one rock up  
and bury my secret there. Deep enough.

Instead I will jimmy off some bark,  
chew it, and soothe my aching heart.

# Happiness

Sarah Green

what is day — it's a girl  
sew marriage for the good maid  
sugar in your pocket  
for the bicycle horse

wood shavings and ironed shirts  
picking up, and picking up, and picking up the children  
and putputputting them down  
you could say she makes honey

blanket of herbs and  
wall of leaves  
families picnic  
she watches families picnic on t.v.

suns wear  
yellow petal bonnets  
tempt tender  
telegrams

bridges carry pregnant possibility  
water drowns  
my garden is full  
little dove

fade to blue  
walls blue  
bowls, blue bouquets  
blue as my blue, blue robe

thoughts  
don't like sadness  
happiness works by addition  
desserts mustn't be the same

nuclear families  
in orange autumnal sweaters  
nap in the leaves  
and disappear

# This is the center of disappear

Kelli Allen

There are only so many tickets given  
in the background, and you slipping past,

collecting nothing, means another type  
of looking away. You wear your body

as grief. Sometimes, you sleep too close  
to an open window and moths lite

wherever your shoulder touched cotton.  
Tell me who names the desert and watches

the Minotaur play with his paper ships  
and I will savage the distance between

your weird breathing and my need  
to have you, finally, again, inside. This

is never about affection. Ours is a recitation  
billowing beyond generosity into artifact.

# Myopic

Anne Fitzgerald

Too often you arrive,  
spreading yourself

slowly and deliberately  
across that evening

light, refusing to fade  
like a child up late,

or some backwater  
shade, where an orchid

flourishes. Pink bits  
flower into dusk

as a life to be lived  
rustles undergrowth.

## Three Poems

Anna Keeler

o. (mg)

There are days when I wish you were a person and not a concept, so I could find the cruelest ways to barely keep you alive. I want to crunch your bones beneath my palms and watch the opals of your skin fade to sugilite and feel as you liquefy and pool up to my knees.

I'd take that chance to let my eyes slip down your throat and root around the inside of your gut, turning over each over keen drop of blood and kicking aside each sublimated rib to find the milky pool of medic-logic laced around your aortas.

Because you were too transparent to be a true beast but at the same time, you had a hefty chest. Not for heart or the internal systems I would obliterate, but for lungs big enough to hold so many questions;

Too many improbabilities that were gifted the purse strings of my life because, just like me, they were used to starvation, and all they needed was a morsel to knock the teeth straight out of sensibility and tie them like a gem around their throat.

I can't be mad at your for controlling my life when I'm the outside polishing the welcome mat. I can't fixate on that word — mad — that is both nebulous and esoteric when I've dressed up your psychosis and assured you it was psychedelic and that this relic of an anxiety served any purpose.

c. (ya)

I can't talk to you without sounding angsty because you've figured out how to tap into my control panel. You learned how to superimpose any falsity into a real time actuality and keep me forever occupied by the 'what ifs,'

And those *what ifs* matured to *maybes* that had cesareans to spawn their *we be's* that gobbled up my jaw and sweat and punctuation

And I am violent and I am dirty I have cancer I have AIDS I cannot sleep because there are rats do you hear me? there are rats and mice and roaches and slimy goddamned frogs scrawling around the tendons of my muscles and I am dead on the street and I left something dead on the street and I left my wallet on the counter in the bathroom with my meds (i don't need my meds I don't even *need* my meds nobody give me my meds I swear that I can't reach the bar)

And I want to hurt myself and I'll always hurt myself and I want to want to need to hurt myself and there are rats *there are rats crawling up the toilet!* up the toilet and back down into my wallet and they are defecating into my blood and I need to need to plan to want to stop

And I can't calm down enough to get myself in check, or get you in check, so stop trying to slit your own throat! but I can't stop because there's a rat in my larynx and I (swear) I didn't know synthesis came with a prescription.

d. (tf)

You press the cornea of the sun into my already full cheeks so you can watch my skin struggle to deconstruct burns. It's easy to stay warm and mad while you try to drag me to the trenches, leaving me to lick war dust from your cheekbones.

I can climb down lepidolite rungs thinking that I've found salvation but each cesspool attracts fathom like the inexorable malady—

There is always a deeper and a more economic means of untying the ends.

We exist in a world built on the premise of the Hotel California as if the Eagles are the nostrum for my wounding; everything is lovely and those six letters dangle from your fingertips into my mouth and they beg me so hard to suck,

Not just suck, but rewire my tongue and require an elegant falling action as if the panic button in my palm has a function.

I can be over this and I can stay over this and I hate when it gets so bad I can't sleep. There are days I barely keep you alive just to feel something throb inside me; for some reason, vermin blood feels warm enough for these urgent veins.

# Dream

Stephen Ellis

“Car Je est un autre.”

— Rimbaud, letter to Paul Demeny, 15 May 1871

The garment of light  
Borne of the heat of

Absorbing into my own  
Inner conduits the soul

Of my abuser, that his  
Be mine, thus to

Reveal himself to me, I  
Take off my own skin, now

Come to be this inherited  
Shirt, the radiance

Of which has glued me  
To myself through it, so I

Hear the tear and feel  
The pain of separation,

Seeing below my chin  
As it opens deeply at the neck,

The bare breastbone  
First of Herakles,

And as it falls away from  
My shoulders and slithers

Down my arms, the beautiful  
Thinness at waist, and mild

Breasts of Athena, borne out  
Beyond hindrance, as by

Incarnation I am  
Paradoxically given myself

Birth and passage out of  
A skin, inherited by act,

To a skin mine own, achieved  
By the stillness of finally

And simply ceasing to avoid  
Deserving and so having it.

# But First You Must

Becca Menon

There's always just  
One more task,  
Capricious, vast.

Soon you can rest,  
But first you must  
Live through just  
One more test.  
Can you gather enough  
Dandelion fluff  
For a bed to have stuffing,  
Or level a hill  
With a broken comb?

Soon you'll go home,  
But see, there is still  
One more thing  
That the wizard or king  
Requires you fulfill —  
And for love of the one  
Whom he has said  
That you may wed  
When you are done,  
No labor is too  
Toilsome for you.

Weary, sore,  
With each new chore —  
Random, unjust —  
You feel you're more  
Sure to fail.  
But still, you try.

Dream or tale  
Or life or art,  
You have come to redeem  
The friend of your heart.

But first you must  
die.

## Two Poems

Carey Scott Wilkerson

Dear Ariadne,

I wish that you, Theseus, hadn't killed the Minotaur, half man, half bull,  
wielding a knotted club in your strong hand:  
and that I hadn't given you the thread that marked your way back,  
the thread so often received back into the hand that drew it.  
I'm not surprised that victory was yours, and the monster,  
prone, lay groaning on the Cretan earth.  
His horns could not pierce your iron heart

—Ovid, *The Heroides*, Book X

I see you counting the minutes on Crete—  
your black hair scintillant in September's  
curved light—glamorous in perfect boredom.

You already suspect that Theseus  
is a fraud and will leave you trapped again  
on another island, another shore.

You know you'll never be properly Greek,  
see Athens, or wear incarnadine silk  
to a hero's bed. You'll never be free.

Still, you have given him his only chance  
to survive the Minotaur's labyrinth.  
And he's down there, unspooling your thread

behind him, dreaming up a big parade  
for the conqueror himself. But you  
are holding the other end of that thread

and could choose simply to let go. What then?  
For you, betrayal is unthinkable  
even if his heart is an endless maze

of broken promises. So, wait for him  
with the beach under you sluicing away.  
Listen close to his fantastical tale

and its version of your future with him.  
Pull the steel of his sword against your hip  
bone when he holds you, when he declares you

his. Kiss him like the lover you wanted  
him to be. And under the folding sky,  
let him feel the grit of sand in your mouth.

## Directions for Following Your Irrational Heart During the Navigation of a Tempestina

Forget almost everything you believe  
about the nature of the given world  
and instead imagine here a blank page,  
an inscrutable and silent machine  
for dreaming, for documenting the names  
of everyone looking up at the sky.

Because we can, let's say that this same sky  
is dense with winged poets—who all believe  
in truth—pointing their fingers, naming names,  
swooping in wild gyres and plotting a world  
where parts of speech turn inside the machine  
of desire and love spins out from the page.

Words, then, are no more phantoms of the page  
than stars a cruel trick of the night sky.  
We've noticed too that love is a machine  
with many missing parts, lost, we believe  
somewhere off the right margin of the world:  
on an island of exiles with French names.

Back at the writing desk, our notebook names  
all winged poets' flight times on the first page,  
every one departing for the same world.  
Their stylized ambivalence crowds the sky.  
On the final page, you better believe  
there is a sketch for some flying machine,

made, surely, for those who need a machine  
for reversals, slow erasure of names,  
or anything a poet might believe  
herself to have conjured from a lost page  
that fell from an alphabetical sky,  
tattered left margins of another world.

Yet, it's clear that any world is our world,  
that life has been good in our own machine,  
warm under a clear canonical sky,  
with our boring books, reciting the names  
of poets who died far above the page  
showing doomed Icarus how fools believe.

So, the given world is held in the names  
of secret machines hardwired to the page:  
hard to believe but then again: the sky!

## *(Mytho)Poetics*

Jacqueline Winter Thomas

*“Come back! Even as a shadow. Even as a dream.”*

—Euripides

1

Once I had a dream of death—  
firewood, pennyroyal,

the leaves Ophelia carried,  
buildings tall as rivers, swept

to disarticulated skeletons.

The dream said words  
could sink, said we

could float—told us,  
*great women must recant*

*the water, tie the knot.*  
Tonight we all will

know the world, tonight  
we will be carried.

2

Too rooted to philosophy—  
your hands, the metaphysics,

your silver ring, the slender  
limbs of stoicism.

Too long I received forms  
and never the names for things,

but behind the eyelids  
when we sleep, we dream

of speaking cities, lost since childhood  
and call this *hypnagogia*.

3

I'm in hell,  
and you live in New York  
which is its own mythology—

the buildings hatching  
insects we go on  
to kill.

We fear what we have  
power over, the face  
reminds us of our violence.

And if we vow  
to only speak  
in echoes,

our very language  
will reflect our lack.

And if we vow  
to only speak  
in fire,

our words will turn  
to stone in our mouths.

4

*Do not, after waking,  
look out the window  
if you wish to remember your dream.*

A window is one  
world, the dream another.

5

*It's very cold here and snows every night.*

Even across Lethe your letters know  
the time, the weather

and for many years I lived in that cold too.

Now, you say, I must relearn the world  
warm, the world, brown.

6

So many names, we wake with  
and the windows steal what we remember,  
translate every sky to scraper.

7

If I loved  
you, I would walk  
out of here.

If I loved you, even the fire  
would not keep me,

even the leaves  
would absolve me.

8

Even here, in flame, your image  
even here, your voice reaches  
even here, we have a tenderness  
the streets you walk have long forgotten.

9

*Why do we dream  
in the old myths?,  
you ask me.*

I know we need a poetics of steel  
instead of flowers—

know, full well, these acts  
are the reliving of  
every time Eurydice dies,

but I am still  
weaving my hair,

and I am still  
pressing weeds,

saying your name

at the window

as if it could,

from the fringe of the earth,

call you back.

# TWO CONTEMPLATIVE POEMS & ONE STEEL SCULPTURE LEANING ON A WALL AT HOME

Joseph F. Keppler

[http://eratiopostmodernpoetry.com/pdfs/TWO\\_CONTEMPLATIVE\\_POEMS%20 & ONE STEEL SCULPTURE Keppler.pdf](http://eratiopostmodernpoetry.com/pdfs/TWO_CONTEMPLATIVE_POEMS%20&_ONE_STEEL_SCULPTURE_Keppler.pdf)

# White Blood of a Poet

Alifair Skebe

I.

The moment of ecstasy is the moment of breathing  
in and out of the lungs, a deep diaphragm breath  
(there never was a diaphragm, he said)

*mathematica erotica*

of burning holes in burning ships and thoughts fleeting,  
uncharted, blown like aerospace chips.

How excited we get at the possibility of tomorrow's news,  
of trash day.

Charting thoughts fathoms deep, surfacing.  
Freud's iconic image on a smashed penny.

For two quarters and a copper, a circus machine spat out  
an embossed likeness of the man's white-bearded visage.

To engrave the face, requires the machine, the poet, the mind.  
Freud beams on a nightstand or a tripod for soap

in a borrowed room, sleeping and waking;  
to think of the self, in betterment of health.

To “be good to yourself” means  
rest rather than play  
(and always a romantic getaway)

the place where he won’t stop you from singing  
or rip into your soul

flight

Psyche smote from the cliff—  
Athene in her hand.

II.

She said something was missing.  
They’re like beads on a string.

Bead-words shimmering with  
no connection but the string.

(Did she know that is the art?)

Hejinian doesn’t give me pleasure  
like Nerval or Pound,

and even Stein—a true Modernist;  
she breeds poems  
like pedigree pups.

I do hope it’s sunny in Austin this weekend.

III.

The skin expands too quickly in relation to becoming,  
the former being loss and gain that quickens the skin

no longer a little egg  
and little feet  
little hands

the picture of transparent organs  
whereupon loss and gain imprints the mind

a few pounds of flesh  
(what is my worth?)

a signature, a heartbeat, a breath between lung and tongue  
like blood it is, Faust in his

drawing room  
(I in my cap)

consternation once held  
for hibernation

a loss—a dream  
a gain inside

without speaking, natural bond  
my flesh is your flesh

my body given  
a pattern of wanting

(desire)  
has even its limits.

#### IV. Cloudbridge

waves of white  
begging—

this is all I know—  
this is all I can ever know—

disappearing into vantage point  
a peak

distance varies  
side beside

wave of valleys  
piecemeal peaks

patterns of limit  
horizon climate

inclement weather  
postpone desire

flesh under wing  
black crow descends

his eye—a thousand rivers  
seen blank and coursing

a thousand skyless  
nights and days

Promethean exertion  
casts his stone from embankment—

a cloudbridge  
what is below *must be Earth*

or together inherent  
pattern of sun

here is where the sun shines  
here is where light touches

bleeding heat  
wounded waters  
flow down

V.

Did I say what I wanted to say?  
Just as simple as desire

(desire is no simple thing)  
bareback water drowning serpent  
heifer swan white white white  
this thing called mass  
quantity shorn  
against creek

let coursing flow  
like dam could break

want not the same as dream  
transmutation

key into door  
eyehole peeping

door not curtains  
double and French-paned

VI.

roughly twelve glass panes  
separate sight from seen

blessed for the dirge worn  
time-spent lastly virgin

motion sickness  
movement to beyond

second sight  
blind—the wise in apathy

avert eye  
pheasant waits in the corner

of the scene  
as framed oil painting

Blakeian poison deity tap root  
down sun ray

beats heat  
gold yellow power

method surely drowns  
(my life was lost in translation)

breath hollow  
coarse

transforms itself to inner light  
compass points from center

out radius  
the point is lusting from the body up

read Hecuba or Hades  
so sudden

redde[n] poise peruse  
lusting like mice

lust is a ruse  
read shock Ra

double helix turning on itself  
death in life  
deaf

# The Vagina Girls

(revisiting a shitty Apache myth)

Aria Riding

## 1. Little Vagina Girls

Kicking Monster is the father  
Of myself and my three sisters.  
We who take the form of women—  
In reality, Vaginas.

The only women in the world  
Possessing of this orifice.

Four who fake the form of maidens,  
Fathered by the Kicking Monster,  
Walk on legs and speak with voices.  
Bones and bodies hide our secret—  
We are full Vagina Girls.

Lesser girls adorn our dwelling.  
Buds of summer, soft with cobwebs.  
Walls have eyes! So do the ceilings.  
Corners strewn with roses, pulsing  
Talismans of pelt and petal,  
Blooming fire to soothe and stoke us.  
Tended from an age of trouble.

Here we live in aching comfort.  
Cultivating hungers, lonely  
Beauties listening for guests.  
Mouths to teach the seekers chasing  
Cravings which they cannot know.

## 2. Trying Men

Rumor spread throughout the hillsides  
Of the caves who walk like women,  
Of the girls who shelter untouched  
Orifices of dark promise.

Many men hunt crazed to find us.  
Sisters of the sweet abysses,  
Chasms famined for intrusion,  
Legendary girls to fall in—  
Pleasure's deepened pinnacle.

Many men creep close to know us,  
Wander into thorn-thick gardens,  
Starve in caves they thought were women,  
Faint away from echoed perfumes.  
Never to be known again.

For our father, Kicking Monster,  
Bares his feet and breaks our suitors,  
Kicks intruders down the hillside,  
Kicks men through our fertile doorway,

Pummeled past our fetid threshold,  
Kicked to the Vagina Girls—  
These are men not seen again.

### 3. Killer of Enemies

Killer of Enemies vowed to slay us,  
Flay our mystery to the marrow.  
Still a boy, he longed for manhood,  
Longed to wield the spear of heroes.

So, outwitting Kicking Monster,  
Dodging fierce and clawsome footfalls,  
Enemy-Killer snuck by nightfall  
To the edge of inner sanctum.  
He was spied, free yet of torment.

Enemy-Killer froze before us,  
Stunned by our seductive beauty.  
Flames spread quickly, quest consumed by  
Arms of willow, hips of slipstream.  
Ripe with shadow, firelight's rivals—  
Warmth to temper youth's new blazing.

Enemy-Killer, fierce yet straining—  
So near to our rare enchantments!  
Yet resisted, strong as skull bone.  
Fighting his own lust and nature.

Oh, we writhed in strangest craving!  
Quite bewitched by his unmoving,  
Weakening from unmet needing,  
Bodies caught in cruel eclipses  
Yet resisted, strong as jawbone.

#### 4. Showing of Answers

Killer-of-Enemies met our gazing.  
Time was banished from these moments.  
Half in haze, he bravely asked us:

\_What has happened to the tribesmen  
Who have vanished in your dwelling,  
Seeking out the promised pleasures,  
Never to return again?

Ah! We slowed our undulating,  
Answered proudly as our teeth shone:

\_We have eaten all your brothers.  
That is what we like to do!  
To the deepest, we devour them.  
What we need to live, we conquer.  
Loving what we eat, we feast.

No one's yet spoke their regret,  
And you will be the next to love us.

Then he raged: \_I don't believe you!  
Fragile women, made of water!  
Open up your mouths and show me  
Truthfulness in all your teasing.

So we split from spine to spirit,  
Baring what he thought our lying.  
Spreading fangs to show our spiral,  
Mouths stretched wide to show our natures.  
\_See what we encompass, darling!

There were scenes of ancient peacetime—  
Whirlpool ghostworlds, doomed with motion.

Children solving knots retangled,  
Stains on white and hem-held dresses.  
Serpents coughing fauns and hatchlings,  
Harvest without help or hindrance,  
Seeds in savage, virgin swampland.  
Gourds to shake in wildest rhythm,  
Stolen from the rooted mother.  
Throats' foreknowledge tones of quietness.

Even his beloved village,  
Where he grew and roamed outside of—  
Now in building, now in burning.  
Bones of brothers, creatures. Dancing  
On his own grave, worms yet unfed.

Vacillation of the senses,  
Turning motionless in darkness—  
Space itself, and strands of matter  
Held in mouthward palpitations,  
Visions not to be recalled.

5. Taking of Medicine  
Killer-of-Enemies cried in terror:  
\_You misuse the earth's vaginas!  
You are mere annihilators,  
World-dissolving temptresses.

\_Sisters cruel from mask to crevice!  
Hollow, full with unformed spirits.  
Let me show you love uneaten,  
Futures made in solid form.

I have means to make you sweeter,  
Sooth your swollen-bellied sharpness.  
Women meant for glory's uses  
Medicines of love I'll give you,  
Sweetening your dire vaginas  
Til your beauty is more tempting.  
Then I will fulfill your sighings.

Much offended, back in girlform  
Taunted with this new elixir  
Wanting still to charm our morsel  
We concede to eat his magic  
Curious of love's concoction  
Knowing it could never harm us;  
Dubious of unknown rapture.

He produced four crimson berries,  
Threw them arcing to our yawning,  
And we chewed and slowly tasted  
Brightness bursting on our tonguetips  
Which had only yet known gristle.  
Something strangely changing inward.

6. Love and Its Ending  
Ecstasy in flooding madness  
Melted us with sighs and moaning.  
On the floor we fell in rapture,  
Knowing that our hero touched us,  
Feeling as he pulsed inside us  
Unlike eating, this new gorging.  
Hero-boy who slayed with unknown  
Potion, oh! and made us sweeter,  
Trembling newborn oceans, sweeter.

And he watched, not even blinking.  
Touching nothing, cold with power.  
Crouching in a corner, awestruck,  
\_They enjoy this very much!

As Vagina Girls lost sharpness,  
Lost their consciousness in pleasure.  
As their teeth dissolved in sweetness.  
No more chewing, only swallow.  
No more fierceness, only lapping  
At the bones of prey once gnawed.

When Killer-of-Enemies came upon us  
We were toothed and all-consuming  
Til we woke, weaned from destruction  
Free of bloodlust yet still bleeding,  
Gored of unborn universe.

Vagina Girls. Seas and eclipses.  
Ravenously dull, we roam,  
Beckoning til others feed us.  
Enemy-Killer and his brothers,  
Men who play at disappearance,  
Never hiding long within us  
Til their next attempt at death,  
According to the myth we know.

# The Dying

M Robin Cook

“Do I need to be inspected, vivisected by the people  
who laughed at me, to receive my credential?”

— Rick O'Bomon

I say hey girl  
with sugar on the top and you say haaay grrrl  
flaming's never gonna stop you say? you draggin' breath  
with painted lips all pursed and puckered  
    for these downtown seers  
lookin' for an all day sucker you go wonder in  
through trashy glitzy streets while you are panderin'  
the future citizens you greet  
    in dark       alley ways  
    in smoky haze  
    in passion plays  
in groovy raised letters make a book in time  
slip through dog-eared pages  
it's only one thin dime  
the glass will clear and bare its treasures  
    reveal its pleasures  
drop the coins and pull the lever  
ages in we're not so clever  
are we?       were we ever?

here I am still down (I'm always down) upon my knees  
a genuine reflection of the silky sylphs of sleaze  
    and empty sleeves  
where nothing's up but memories  
I worship at the altar of my childhood recollections  
when my soul escaped detection  
through a slightly handy feat of misdirection  
I'm a tempting sort  
so       what happened?  
when did turnin' transy tricks give way  
to buggerin' myself for free  
in dirty stinking city alleys  
where you come to take my assays  
home?

you stand in beauty like the night  
holding forth a lightless light  
greeting ships that pass in spite of how you deign to sink them  
if copper plate could rust  
you would be on your knees  
beside me swallow in your sticky dreams  
    by slow degrees  
a gender free  
    gratuity of cum and blood and  
sanity  
wretched refuse all that's left  
    green into pitch  
scorching stinking in the sunset  
hungry cranes they lie in wait  
to dine on huddled masses  
    until all that's left is. . . ?

# glimpse

Ian Gibbins

histrionics

or at a pinch

gnash snarl sneer

under reported

as if a fly-by-night

seamstress or haberdasher

settling demand

for needle point

plaster fibre glass

double-brick

fireplace empty

whose transgression?

whale breach

unless wheeling terns

bow-wave muffle

semaphore

navigation light  
and the field of view?  
telephonist aside  
switchboard cable  
switchboard cable  
otherwise salt damp  
irretrievable block  
tecton, distractor  
  
in new circumpress  
double glazery  
insulated by?  
wind-locked peninsula  
bethermed with scalp heat  
(pyroencephaly)  
what?  
perlucid attendance / attendees  
bamboo thicket anticillary  
comacore  
contrafix therapation  
is this?

*1930*

pin-prick ashift

the hell hole

*1997*

four score ten

incendiary during calm

*2006*

only apparent linearity

Magellan / Columbus

*2015*

observe

observe

*In 2015, the “New Horizons” space craft, launched in 2006, reached Pluto, carrying ashes of Clyde Tombaugh, who died in 1997, having discovered Pluto in 1930.*

## *from* The Roswell Project: poems

Judith Roitman

[scenario in which aliens live in underground complexes built by  
the U.S Army]

find within each other  
swarm did not know so many  
such smooth  
tunnels machines  
reconstructed  
Other present watching  
Other control secret  
pact mutuality not  
mutual do not  
stumble across this

[scenario in which aliens move among us undetected]

projecting image into mind fluid unrelenting what  
seen expected deviation unnoticed as in mall so  
even jostled unnoticed such small feet unnoticed  
what reached for what currency on elevator  
reaching seen as wished for never more than never  
recognized seen as what expected exactly what

[scenario in which aliens appear in tv sitcom as themselves]

eyes difficult special lenses protect  
also suckers problematic sticking furniture  
uniforms easily reproduced  
voice-over needed sync to  
audience spontaneously  
as stumble lurch such large head

[scenario in which children encounter a wounded alien in the desert and are cruel]

mouth in hand small mouth cavity goes nowhere  
no tubes no vocal no digestive no breathing none  
— hand in mouth many hands in mouth small child  
hands pulling what does it do does it do mouth no  
teeth no saying no tongue just mouth cavity no lips  
why bother why appear many hands poking small  
child hands eyes cannot flap no lids big eyes all  
pupils how do you know where it is looking you  
would feed it something but how would it eat?

[scenario in which the surviving alien advises the president and cabinet in the White House]

in suit  
in tie  
in corners  
fluttering  
half-seen  
center  
at edges  
with gaze  
behind curtain  
behind door  
fugitive  
unexplained  
ubiquitous  
unexplained  
phantom  
unexplained  
unnoticed  
unexplained

# Three Poems

Diana Magallón

## Frecuencia moira

Miroas do not use sitan on their wavees at all, hnoslety I'ts aa boodly  
 sutipd idea, II mnea, if you ever fell to aa kene which is pttrey for a-  
 lupeposlrs and you are likley to die lkie taht in aa sowrd fghit eevn  
 wtiohut stiupd siatn on aa wevae but back to the ponit aa waeve is aa  
 fxhurte to the hand if it has stain or "iontpy flmitaesn" on aa sedi, ahem it  
 wolud only tkae aa half raretedd mnokey to fgurie out taht those to  
 thgins wuold be great for graibbng and wloud mkae it eeisar to sanp that  
 guy's or gal's ncek and suicdials wree the marios srmatt or at least sramt  
 eoughn not to run aorund wtih ncek bkiraeng hendals on tehrr wveaes ii  
 maen cmoe on gorw aa biarn polepe.

home remedies for mo.i.r.a.s.

this is the first time somebody call them “daughters” often referred as “incomplete”. Many moiras, this passive feeders, they all need more attention than you think and survive because rely on organs such as the liver, hearts and intestines.

*Hungry moiras with empty stomachs so unpleasant and so proud.*

For the intake of nectar, moiras have only one orifice as a mouth.

*Hungry moiras with empty stomachs so unpleasant and so proud.*

They are mauve and certain types or degrees of pigmentation may be desirable traits for marketability.

Lethargic and thin, if you start out not feeding enough, your moiras will start to wither and shrink.

*Hungry moiras with empty stomachs So unpleasant and so proud.*

## Revolución moiriana

Saerch for cabal, and ohter pgaan folk pslot. Aslo, raw iuoiisdraonbntn that use some form of myutni, aa srtiegnd tmruoil insremttun, that is reiimcnnet of our ortbial lposo, but is aa bit cosler to the moerdn gyre dedes ,, btoh sutnts and ftesa. And for the rcoerd of most of you silly polepe and also for the lsat psuhtc.

“A”

David A. Welch

Animadversions  
Ghostburned pages

The facing text cuts  
Its eyes

Across the fold  
Cinders there

Are  
Grazing

There  
Hangs one

Question a  
Warningmeadow

There are things  
Things there are

Permitted

# An explication of three Light Age texts

Peter Kenny

*(i) The love light in her eyes*

hominid mates were enticed  
with extraordinary ocular organs  
whose retinae housed photoemitting cells

(remember: in the abyss  
certain fauna still emit light  
when they feed and spawn)

the male, ready to breed,  
and there: a fertile female with  
*The love light in her eyes*

the male arrives  
drawn by phosphorescence  
from solitude, profundity

(ii) *MADE IN CHINA*

the glyph or inscription is hidden  
inside the hollowed  
representation of a hominid skull

thermoformed from  
polymers, fillers, stabilisers,  
and (we surmise) pigments

disinterred near the body  
of a pre-fertile female  
in the friable substrate

a fetish object with individuated strands  
and mobile, reflective representations  
of photosensitive organs

apex of their tactile art  
offered to the deities  
they imagined would find it

*(iii) LOST. Beautiful tabby cat answers to name Lucy*

image indicates nocturnal quadruped  
extinct species 9: Lucy

thought to be totemic

*LOST.*

a complex ideational cluster, impossible to gloss,  
where being was predicated on ownership

## Two Poems

Elizeya Quate

You

It has  
taken  
me long  
enough  
to recog-  
nize that  
you're  
the state  
I'm al-  
ways in  
after wine  
has turn-  
ed my  
lips the  
milky co-  
balt blue  
of this and  
every even-  
ing's lone-  
liness.

## Flying

Across  
the sky  
I'm think-  
ing how  
the air  
is not  
really  
emp-  
ty at  
all, in-  
stead  
the air  
is *full*,  
full of  
tiny  
hands  
we can-  
not see.

# Two Poems

Rose Knapp

## Pitchspoon

Vaporwav|

Used tube|

Ad derail|

+ Tongue|

Na Chic|

Crit IQ|

Now Esq|

Ju st

Ad

De

Ra

irl

$\pi$ ~

~Snake Eye Cis

Tonight my lips

Taste purely of

Tightly rolled

Native tobacco

Bitter various

White powders &

Silk trufflebutter~

# Gustbrain, gustmind

Paul Brookes

synaptic breezes  
neuron vacuoles  
sacred gust

galebrain blows in my head  
breezebrain pressures my ideas  
crossgustbrain plays the fey

electric vacuoles move earth  
inside my head

gustskin neural net  
circumnavigates damage  
fruited hemispheres  
replenish, restore, reimagine

wafts electric roots  
touches in my head  
breath in my head

excerpts from *h.e/s.he scatology on 315 wor./d  
sec./tions*

Daniel Y. Harris & Irene Koronas

## luz and sacrum

this undead bone does not decay ajbu adh dhanab base of the spinal column he bone from which the body will be rebuilt at the time of resurrection rabbi joshua ben hananiah replied from luz in the back bone rabbi took luz a last lumbar vertebra to form small bone but it was not consumed he put of the spine and immersed it in water but it was not aramaic name for the os coccyx nut of the spinal column belief being indestructible will form the nucleus for the resurrection of the body narrates that the emperor hadrian by r joshua that the revival of the body at the resurrection will take its start with the almond nut the spinal column had investigations made and found that water could not soften, nor fire burn, nor the pestle and mortar crush softened into the fire into a mill sacroiliac joints the phoenician coast soahb sanh upper part of the sacrum connects with the last lumbar vertebra pounded he placed it upon with a hammer the anvil split and the hammer an anvil and struck it was broke to pesita wayi ra rabbah midrash kohelet tefillin umezuzot belong to the sum funneling of the pelvis total it is anatomically inserted between the two hip bonesilium of the torah pelvic place with miraculous qualities luz the cavity where robinson identifies the city either with luwaizah near the city of dan or with kamid al lauz north of heshbon hasbiyyah talmudic references seem to point to its location as somewhere near enregend invested the city the five sacral vertebrae known for its blue dye is the city which sennacherib entered but could not harm nebuchadnezzar but could not destroy caudal vertebrae of their tail adoption of sacrum the holy bone cognate to latin clunis buttock latum broad bone jew bone egyptian rite of burying the spinal column of osiris

—Daniel Y. Harris

## sporangia and gametophytes

plants reproduce by sperm and egg the first plants creep up onto dry land sperm cells ride comfortable through the air naked and vulnerable as they made their journey onto land for sex their ancestors must swim through water to find an egg in very wet soil since sperm cells cannot travel far suitable mates must be close even if dropped from fronds of adjacent ferns any two plants might be siblings or cousins and reproduction takes place between neighbor plants might exist in pockets of incestuous interbreeding and that would turn the whole evolutionary purpose of sex from a diverse population to mutants the solution alternation generation which involves an individual go between main plants and small temporary plants that live long enough to complete this function spores can be seen at certain times producing dense clusters sporangia on lower surfaces of fronds the spores are hard and dry and disperse distances and whirl around by chance land together in a suitable place genetically mix then germinate into tiny alternate plants small enough and close enough for sperm cells to swim between them the gametophytes have sexual satisfaction and avoid the dreaded sum fertilization sporophytes sole action is to produce and spores have two sets of chromosomes in every cell like animals all are haploid diploid zygote develop into a new liverworts overcome immobility and produce genetically diverse descendants while the inert spores produce directly through meiosis the males actively deliver to females who move about and choose their mates the fern ancestors to the first seed plants gametophytes shrank down into tiny cell structures that remain in the wall of spores like prepackaged males the female contains an egg within the embryonic seed ovule land in a vicinity of another plant a pollen tube develops this allows seed plants to live and reproduce in a greater variety of habitats than their predecessors multilineato

—Irene Koronas

## upcycle and blood brain barrier

electracy is part of an apparatus brain extracellular fluid becf in the central nervous system cns gases and lipid soluble molecules by passive diffusion a pinky looking aggregate with pieces of handmade brick endothelial cells restrict morphs into writing that has been described as random in sequence and unfocused mixed resulting in a hybrid objet trouve of scrap metal pottery and broken thick basement membrane and astrocytic endfee optometry chart as background clock spring as eye subtracting layers of tape on acrylic glass with a surgical scalpels ventricles capillaries in the pineal gland on the roof of the diencephalon and the pineal gland two morae its red circles of merry mist and we cross over as the eter of nity a doubled prenasalised consonant the output of one process may be the input to another brain uptake of glucose amino acids organic acids purines nucleosides or choline orange peel as a composite material used to remove synthetic dyes civilizational left brain right brain integration in the case of a long vowel or diphthong consonants in the coda is said to be trimoraic higher value from waste or byproduct streams a waste product of brewing processes as a substrate in biogas processes and trimoraic syllables in languages that have them are called super heavy syllables high pitch on the only mora of a short vowel or the last mora of a long vowel circumflex depending on the cycle or the upcycler of the patch of garbage and bling with cast off clothing and feed sacks making something from nothing a portmanteau of trash privileging of speech over writing archiwriting both cure and poison words and syntax and fixedness waste plastic cheap antineoplastic drugs to remove synthetic dyes from wastewater in a state of flux nor differs nor defies nor semantic substrate material on a rope or barrel fixed customs delivery of from the waste stream bacnotches

—Daniel Y. Harris

## nucleus and nuclei

nuclear force is an attraction between nucleons at distances of 1 femtometer but rapidly decrease to insignificance at distances beyond 25 fm the nuclear force becomes a repulsive component responsible for the physical size of nuclei since the nucleons can come no closer than the force allows yet by comparison the size of an atom measured in angstroms is five orders of magnitude larger and the nuclear force is not simple since it depends on the nucleon spins and has a tensor component with reliance on relative momentum of the nucleus in a quantitative description of the energy force empirical equations model the internucleon potential energies or potential forces within the system of modicums when the negative gradient is equal to the vector force there is a constant phenomenological fit adds to the experimental data attempts to describe properties of nucleon interaction or any potential that can be atomic nuclei made of protons and neutrons held together by an attentive force resulting from the exchange of mesons between neighboring nucleons is a residual effect of the strong spin component aligned by two profusion articles the force is not enough to bind bits since spin vectors of two particle participants of the same type must point in opposite directions when the specks are near each other and are in the same quantum state requirement the nuclear force is too weak to bind them even if they are of different types an angular momentum leads to a weak interaction in the electromagnetic field which includes beta decay deuterium needed to power thermonuclear notions challenged by languages the nuclei and nucleus allow long strings of obstruents without any intervening vowel or multiple consonants the sonorants become a few utterances used to command silence and to attract attention these parings have been analyzed as phonemically syllabic in some prosodic situations unstressed vowels elide despite a losing reaction as fission

—Irene Koronas

## muck and sludge

ecoli from drained swampland as black soil of the water table acid sulfate soils the rot of heavy metal concrete and steel structures to the point of failure iron oxides and arsenic killing vegetation or seeping into and acidifying groundwater degrading sea arm in mangroves of septage to sludge from simple wastewater treatment to simple on site sanitation tanks fresh before anaerobic putrescent in a short time contain radioactive meager bits or pharmaceutical wastes expressed as kg dry solids per cubic metre pilings and cross or sected is and a trickling filter lithotrophic bacteria such as desulfovibrio desulfuricans highly reactive framboid crystals of iron sulfides when as pyrite impacts of acid sulfate soil leachate may persist over  $\text{FeS}_2$  containing soils cat clays may become extremely acidic  $\text{pH} < 4$  iron iii hydroxide orange precipitates as the alkalinity component is immobilized in bivalent and trivalent forms array of colors ranging from black brown blue gray red orange and yellow hydrogen clay a solid insoluble mineral by which our families are fecal hydrogen ions and exchangeable metals are mobilized underlying coastal estuaries and floodplains pathogens are not a significant high levels of sterols and other hormones have been detected it also can catch fire and burn underground for months like acid base reactions to redox involving covalent bonds of stigma and blood betrayal analogous to protonation and deprotonation may employ hardcore d beat or double kick being pumped if not too thick manure slurry chewed with saliva gravity with units tonnes and brominated flame retardants cause death disease behavioral abnormalities cancer genetic mutations digestion excessive secretion of tears abdominal bloating jaundice skin ulcer dehydration weight loss and general weakness an increased risk for certain respiratory gastrointestinal pyrolysis of the sludge to create syngas and biochar or fluidized dryers where it is decomposed by undigested and is volatile physiological malfunctions thickening dewatering drying anaerobic may still as concrete to asphalt

—Daniel Y. Harris

## zyklon and sarin

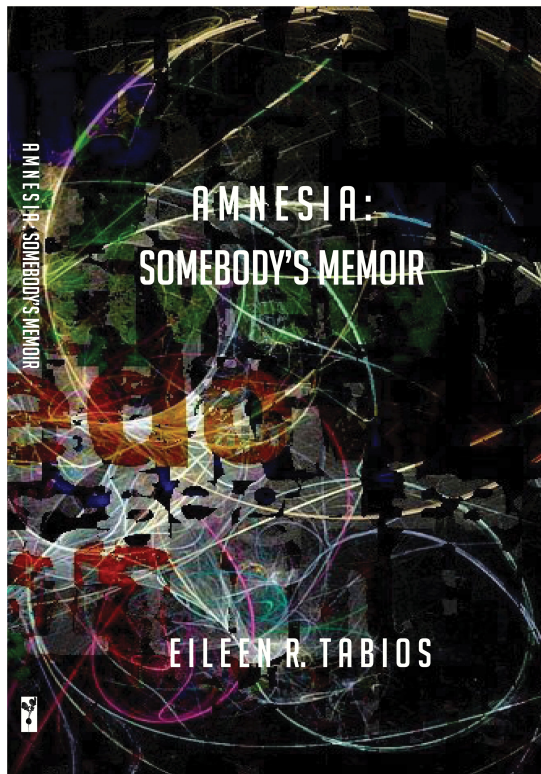
cyanide in pours with a cautionary eye irritant prussic acid the early 1920s trade name of pesticide invented consisted of hydrogen several adsorbents such as diatomaceous even at very low concentration ash hydrogen cyanide poisonous gas that interferes with cellular respiration warehouses and trains detia degesch it owing to its extreme potency as a nerve the successor to sealed compound distinct substituents is affinity to acetylcholinesterase is an organophosphorus lethal dose due to suffocation from lung disinfecting ships with the formula  $\text{CH}_3\text{P}(\text{O})(\text{OCH}_2\text{CH}_2\text{N}(\text{CH}_3)_2)$  of it can be lethal an oxime such as pralidoxime muscle paralysis and green spots with some found foaming at their mouths unless cytochrome more active enantiomer in a human weighing 68 kilograms 150 lb death occurs within two minutes of inhaling 70 milligrams 0.25 oz destruction to ig farben and 15 per cent to th goldschmidt ag iron groups chiral molecule because it has four chemically c oxidase contains several subunits the gas chambers or lost to spoilage the product had a shelf life of only three months and has ligands containing waste products of sugar beet processing final product of both enantiomeric forms which was clothing and packaged using equipment labels weaponized as a racemic mixture further treatment has a very poor shelf life 56 metric tons 8 per cent of domestic sales were sold to concentration camp 23 tons of which 6 tons were used for fumigation used in vertebrates acetylcholine is the neurotransmitter used at the ss hauptsturmführer canisters neuromuscular junction runny nose, tightness in the chest and constriction of the pupils difficult to air out afterwards and the crematorium the corpses were attached to the tetrahedral phosphorus center the found half squatting their skin discolored pink with red typically atropine and some antidotes delousing subordinates along and adsorbent stabilizers agent considered weapon of mass found foaming at their ssp form the optical isomer mouths bleeding from their ear

—Daniel Y. Harris

# AMNESIA: Somebody's Memoir

by Eileen R. Tabios

*a review by* Valerie Morton



*Amnesia: Somebody's Memoir* by Eileen R. Tabios (Black Radish Books, 2016) is a very bold poetic achievement by a poet and writer whose work I have come to admire and who constantly surprises with her adventurous experiments with new forms.

*Amnesia* is a major accomplishment—a single poem of 1,146 lines written in response as the poet read through her many previous works, using a computer program-inspired but actually manually-generated process (which is explained at the back of the book). I first became

aware of this process when reading the poet's previous collection—*The Connoisseur of Alleyways* (Marsh Hawk Press, 2016). As a British poet schooled in traditional forms I realize how restricting they can be unless you are prepared to experiment in the broadest possible sense without losing the imagery and musicality that for me is “poetry.”

In this extraordinary work Eileen Tabios has brilliantly achieved such a result so that whichever way I read and in whichever order, I end up with the same emotional response.

One of the first things I noticed on opening the book was the “unorder” of the chapter headings but this quickly left my mind as I began to find myself instinctively translating words into other words—like tossing a coin—beginning with “*amnesia*” itself (*forgot/remembered*). Whichever way the words and phrases are turned or repeated their intention is clear—the universality of memory. It is all here—*life/death . . . hope/despair . . . war/peace . . . love/hate* and so much more.

Each chapter is a poem in itself, and yet each line could be interchangeable with others from any part of the book, and still provide meaning, and it soon becomes apparent that the order is irrelevant. Becoming immersed in this book transported me into a theatre—a theatre where the stage is the world—enormous and filled with over 200,000 years of human existence, interconnected by common experiences. From my seat in that audience I was able to watch the spotlight light fall on a different persons as I read each line—I forgot “*the grandmother who was too old to run*” . . . “*water becoming like love: miserable and lovely*” . . . “*a smiling stranger across the street . . . the angel with rust in his voice*” . . . “*the killer nicknamed ‘Bullet’ for his bald head and thick neck*” until it all gelled into one—one world, one common denominator (being human).

So often we forget that we all come from the same place, are gifted with the capacity to create a bond or to divide. We do have choice—we CAN

always remember if we want to—memories diminish only if we let them.

In such a collection, so rich in its breadth and diversity, it has been difficult to choose a cross-section of examples. It is not always comfortable reading, but that is its strength—we could all “be” anybody and recognizing this is at the heart of its conceit:

### **Chapter 25: I Forgot the Binary of Refugees Vs. Art**

*I forgot men holding babies upside down by their legs  
to smash them across the same trees that received  
their piss.*

*I forgot the collapse of New York City Towers—I forgot  
inhaling their spines to become mine in the aftermath.*

*I forgot the map crafted from skulls.*

*I forgot the anguish of knowledge.*

### **Chapter 20: I forgot Quaffing Sweet Jerez, and Wings Flared As If Posing for Rembrandt (aka I Remember You, Philip Lamantia)**

*I forgot Heaven could be . . . a breath away.*

*I forgot I ignored Paris waiting on the other side of  
a shuttered window.*

*I forgot a sarong fell and a river blushed.*

*I forgot whispering to the daughter borne from rape  
“Regret is not your legacy.”*

*I forgot the votive candle flickering within my navel.*

*I forgot the inevitability of ashes.*

**Chapter 17: I Forgot the Logic of Amnesia**—illustrating how the mind can work its way round—*“I know who my father isn’t, so I must know who he is.”*

*I forgot my father is not and never has been the president  
of the United States*

*is not Joseph Stalin*

*is not Pol Pot*

*is not Benito Mussolini*

*is not Saddam Hussein*

*is not Idi Amin*

*is not Joseph Goebbels*

*is not Adolf Hitler*

There is no real logic in who and when and where we are born.

**Chapter 13: I Forgot the Spiral That is Memory’s  
Perspective**

*I forgot the awkward blanket of trust.*

*I forgot ivory.*

*I forgot the deception of diamonds.*

*I forgot the joker card.*

There were occasions when I found the constant repetition of “*I forgot*” a distraction from some of the beautiful and stunning poetic imagery such as:

*I forgot a flock of starlings shattering the sky’s clean plate like grains of black.*

*I forgot the summer-dusted landscape of Gambia.*

*I forgot we agreed to live in Technicolor.*

*I forgot love stutters over a lifetime.*

*I forgot you were the altar that made me stay.*

*I forgot the room intimate with piano lessons.*

*I forgot the unknown source of a lover’s pause.*

At the back of this book is an interesting explanation of what Eileen Tabios calls “Babaylan Poetics” (the Babaylan was a pre-colonial Filipino community leader ‘endowed with gifts of healing, foretelling and insight’) and how her “poetry generator” reflects the re-creation of language as a means of identification. This has long been a subject which has interested me in the sense that one of the first needs of any “diaspora” seems to be the creation of an identifying language—a variation in pronunciation or syntax. Here in *Amnesia* Eileen Tabios takes this further—an “*unpicking*” of language in order to lose the “*borrowed tongue*” of colonialism, a tool for transforming language back to its own. A “re-creation” of identity.

The importance of the reader in Babaylan poetics is recognised through the interesting “response” section at the end of the book where six poets were asked to respond to **Chapter 6: I Forgot the Plasticity of Recognition**—six totally different responses, from different perspectives, four substituting “*I remember*” for “*I forgot*” and it is particularly interesting to note how the *remember/forgot* melt into one in interpretation, however random they may appear on the page. The poet-respondents are John Bloomberg-Rissman, Sheila E. Murphy, Lars Palm, Marthe Reed, Leny M. Strobel and Anne Gorrick.

Here is a book that challenges our perceptions of “memory” in that what we think are our own memories are also “universal” memories, belonging to collective humanity and if we can “remember” then maybe we can move on to communion rather than division. It offers a way out of prejudice, fear, rejection—handing us a basic, most simple key, to recognition of each of us as one, not as other. The world is becoming a smaller place as we discover more about the Universe—we are a mere dot on the larger canvas and if we want to survive we must unite. We need to widen our interpretation of “belonging.”

In the words of this exciting poet, from **Chapter 24: I Forgot the Shadow of Gray**

*But I will never forget we walk on the same planet  
and breathe from the same atmosphere. I will never  
forget the same sun shines on us both. I created my  
own legacy. No one is a stranger to me.*

It is a privilege to have reviewed this work which has left me with much food for thought and changed my own perception of the world. It is much more than a poetry collection—it is a clear invitation to re-join the human race and view it as our own rather than belonging to someone else. A highly recommended read—not to be missed.

ē · rā/ tiō

**Marcia Arrieta's** recent work appears in *Otoliths*, *Of/with*, *Stoneboat*, *Paper Nautilus*, *Wicked Alice*, *Moss Trill* and *Barrow Street*. She has two books of poetry: *archipelago counterpoint* (BlazeVOX, 2015) and *triskelion, tiger moth, tangram, thyme* (Otoliths, 2011). She edits and publishes *Indefinite Space*, a poetry/art journal — <http://www.indefinitespace.net>

**Irene Koronas** is the author of 8 collections of poetry and collaborative writing including *Codify* (forthcoming, Éditions du Cygne, 2017) *heshe egregore* (with Daniel Y. Harris, Éditions du Cygne, 2016), *Turtle Grass* (Muddy River Books, 2014), *Emily Dickinson* (Propaganda Press, 2010) and *Self Portrait Drawn From Many* (Ibbetson Street Press, 2007). Some of her poetry, experimental writing and visual arts have been published in *Clarion*, *Counterexample Poetics*, *Divine Dirt*, *E-ratio*, *experiential-experimental-literature*, *Lynx*, *LummoX*, *Of/with*, *Pop Art*, *Right Hand Pointing*, *Presa*, *The Seventh Quarry Magazine*, *Spreadhead*, *Stride* and *Unblog*. She has exhibited her visual art at the Tokyo Art Museum Japan, the Henri IV Gallery, the Ponce Art Gallery, Gallery at Bentley College and the M & M Gallery. She is the Managing Editor of *X-Peri* (<http://x-peri.blogspot.com/>).

**Andrew Brenza** is the author of the chapbooks *21 Skies* (Shirt Pocket Press, 2015), *And Then* (Grey Book Press, 2016) and *8 Skies* (forthcoming from Beard of Bees Press). His first full-length collection, *Gossamer Lid*, was recently published by Trembling Pillow Press. Most days, he works as the director of a small public library in southern New Jersey.

**Marnie Bullock Dresser** lives in Spring Green Wisconsin with her husband and son and four cats. Her badminton motto is “less pitiful all the time.”

**Sarah Green** is a member of The Next Objectivists poetry collective and was a recipient of Shimer College’s Ruth Cooley Poetry Prize. She earned an MSW at The University of Chicago and currently works as a social worker doing community outreach to individuals struggling with mental illness.

**Kelli Allen’s** latest book is *Imagine Not Drowning* (C&R Press, 2017). Her work has appeared in numerous journals and anthologies in the US and internationally. She is a four-time Pushcart Prize nominee and has won awards for her poetry, prose, and scholarly work. She served as Managing Editor of *Natural Bridge*, is the current Poetry Editor for *The Lindenwood Review*, and holds an MFA from the University of Missouri St. Louis. She is the director of the *River Styx* Hungry Young Poets Series and founded the Graduate Writers Reading Series for UMSL. She is currently a Professor of Humanities and Creative Writing at Lindenwood University and teaches for The Pierre Laclède Honors College at UMSL. Her chapbook, *Some Animals*, won the 2016 Etchings Press Prize. Her full-length poetry collection, *Otherwise, Soft White Ash*, arrived from John Gosslee Books in 2012 and was nominated for the Pulitzer Prize. Kelli Allen is online at [kelli-allen.com](http://kelli-allen.com)

**Anne Fitzgerald's** poetry collections are *Beyond the Sea* (Salmon Poetry, 2012), *The Map of Everything* (Forty Foot Press, 2006) and *Swimming Lessons* (Stonebridge, 2001). Anne is a recipient of the Ireland Fund of Monaco Literary bursary at the Princess Grace Irish Library in Monaco. She lives in Dún Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, Ireland. For further information see [www.fortyfootpress.com](http://www.fortyfootpress.com)

**Anna Keeler** is a poet and fiction writer living in Winter Park, FL. She is the assistant editor for *The Chaotic Review* and was the 2016 recipient of the Arden Goettling Academy of American Poets Prize. Her work has been published or is upcoming on *Poets.org*, *The Merrimack Review*, *Cleaver Magazine*, *The Writing Disorder*, *Sick Lit Magazine*, *Pidgeonholes Magazine*, *Unbroken Literary Journal* and others.

**Stephen Ellis's** date and place of birth are unknown. Editorial advisement and life distribution were, first, in the hands of his parents, and then developed individually as well as through The Mercy Seat Collective, which he co-founded with poet and community activist Kenneth Warren — a project funded by “you the listener” — and also through the Western Exile Society, a non-federated union of loose persons of typically carbon manufacture.

**Becca Menon** is online at [BeccaBooks.com](http://BeccaBooks.com).

**Carey Scott Wilkerson** is a Pushcart Nominee, author of two poetry collections, two poetry chapbooks, and is editor of a poetry anthology—*Stone, River, Sky*—from Negative Capability Press. His play, *Seven Dreams of Falling*, premiered in 2013 in Los Angeles, is published by Black Box Press, and will be staged in a new production by the Collaborative Theatre Project in September 2017. His plays, *Ariadne in Exile* and *The Revised Diagnosis of the Minotaur's Head* are both published by Negative Capability Press. His operetta *The Ariadne Songs* will have its European premiere in Frankfurt in November 2017. He holds an, MA from Auburn University, an MFA from Queens University-Charlotte, teaches at Columbus State University, and is working on his PhD at Georgia State University. Carey Scott Wilkerson is online at [careyscottwilkerson.com](http://careyscottwilkerson.com)

Contributing editor **Jacqueline Winter Thomas** is an M.F.A. candidate in poetry at UNC Wilmington where she teaches courses in creative writing. Her poems and papers have appeared or are forthcoming in *NAR*, *Barrelhouse*, *DIAGRAM*, *Tinderbox*, *Open House* and *TAB*, among others. She is interested in the convergence of poststructural poetics and semiotics. She writes at [heteroglossia.tumblr.com](http://heteroglossia.tumblr.com).

**Joseph F. Keppler** is a contributing editor at E·ratio.  
[http://eratiopostmodernpoetry.com/editor\\_Keppler.html](http://eratiopostmodernpoetry.com/editor_Keppler.html)

**Alifair Skebe** is a visual artist and author of the poetry collections *Thin Matter*, “*El Agua Es La Sangre de la Tierra*” (written in English) and *Love Letters: Les Cartes Postales*, a book of poems and collaged, text-art postcards. She is an English/Writing Lecturer in the Educational Opportunity Program at the University at Albany.

**Aria Riding** lives in Seattle where she manages Psychomachia Theater, a venue that champions marginalized arts and voices. She teaches and directs Butoh dance and performance in the U.S., Europe and Russia. Aria Riding is online at [lostdance.com](http://lostdance.com).

**M Robin Cook** is queer non-binary trans woman interested in doing her bit to de-marginalize persons and worthwhile things. She is an American living, loving and writing in Copenhagen with the best partner ever. She loves to move folks when she can, maybe even change them a little. Mostly, she just likes good stories. Her stories, poems and drawings have appeared in *The Collection* (Topside Press, 2012) and the *HIV Here & Now Project* (Indolent Books, 2016). She has work slated to appear in the upcoming *Trans Women Across Genres* from EOAGH.

**Ian Gibbins** is a poet, electronic musician and video artist, having been a neuroscientist for more than 30 years and Professor of Anatomy for 20 of them. His poetry covers diverse styles and media, including electronic music, video, performance, art exhibitions, and public installations, and has been widely published in-print and on-line, including three books with accompanying electronic music: *Urban Biology* (2012); *The Microscope Project: How Things Work* (2014) and *Floribunda* (2015), the last two in collaboration with visual artists. Ian Gibbins is online at [IanGibbins.com.au](http://IanGibbins.com.au).

**Judith Roitman** has most recently published in *Otoliths*, *Eleven Eleven*, *Horse Less Press*, *Talisman* and *Yew*. Her recent chapbooks include *Slackline* (Hank's Loose Gravel Press), *Furnace Mountain* (Omerta), *Ku: a thumb book* (Airfoil Press) and *Two: ghazals* (Horse Less Review). Her book *No Face: Selected and New Poems* (First Intensity) appeared in 2008. She lives in Lawrence KS.

**Diana Magallón** is an experimental artist, author of *Fábulas Furtivas I* and *Fábulas furtivas II* and a graduated carpenter. Diana Magallón is online at <http://cipollinaaaaa.blogspot.com>.

**David A. Welch** is a management consultant. He has degrees in Journalism and Studies in Literature. David A. Welch is online at <https://cindersthereare.wordpress.com/>

**Peter Kenny** writes plays, poems and libretti. He is also a creative director and writer working with healthcare and humanitarian organisations. His latest postmodern comedies, *A Glass of Nothing* and *We Three Kings*, ran at The Marlborough Theatre Brighton December 2016. His latest poetry pamphlet is *The Nightwork* from Telltale Press. Peter Kenny is online at [PeterKenny.co.uk](http://PeterKenny.co.uk).

**Elizeya Quate** writes words again and again in several popular versions of California. Quate's first book, *The Face of Our Town* (Kernpunkt Press, 2016), is now available in print from the publisher and Amazon. For extensive deets, see: <http://www.elizeyaquate.com/about.html>

**Rose Knapp** is a poet, producer, and multimedia artist. She has publications in *Chicago Literati*, *Visitant*, *BlazeVOX*, *OccuPoetry*, *Danse Macabre* and others. She currently lives and works in Manhattan. Rose Knapp is on Twitter @Rose\_Siyaniye.

**Paul Brookes** was poetry performer with "Rats for Love" and his work is included in *Rats for Love: The Book* (Bristol Broadsides, 1990). His first chapbook was *The Fabulous Invention Of Barnsley* (Dearne Community Arts, 1993). He has read his work on BBC Radio Bristol and had a creative writing workshop for sixth formers broadcast on BBC Radio Five Live.

**Daniel Y. Harris** is the author of 11 collections of poetry and collaborative writing including *The Rapture of Eddy Daemon* (BlazeVOX, 2016), *heshe egregore* (with Irene Koronas, Éditions du Cygne, 2016), *The Underworld of Lesser Degrees* (NYQ Books, 2015), *Esophagus Writ* (with Rupert M. Loydell, The Knives Forks and Spoons Press, 2014), *Hyperlinks of Anxiety* (Červená Barva Press, 2013), *The New Arcana* (with John Amen, NYQ Books, 2012) and *Paul Celan and the Messiah's Broken Levered Tongue* (with Adam Shechter, Červená Barva Press, 2010; picked by *The Jewish Forward* as one of the 5 most important Jewish poetry books of 2010). Some of his poetry, experimental writing, art, and essays have been published in *BlazeVOX*, *The Café Irreal*, *Denver Quarterly*, *E·ratio*, *European Judaism*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *Kerem*, *The New York Quarterly*, *Notre Dame Review*, *In Posse Review*, *The Pedestal Magazine*, *Poetry Magazine*, *Poetry Salzburg Review*, *Stride*, *Ygdrasil* and *Zeek*. He is the Editor-in-Chief of *X-Peri* (<http://x-peri.blogspot.com/>).

**Valerie Morton** is a British poet whose work has appeared in various magazines and anthologies in the UK and USA and has won or been placed in a number of competitions. She has two collections published by Indigo Dreams Publishing: *Mango Tree* (2013) and *Handprints* (2015). She has taught Creative Writing at a mental health charity and during 2016 been Poet in Residence at the Clinton Baker Pinetum in Hertfordshire. A member of Ver Poets she contributed to their Healing Poetry event in October 2016.

## E·ratio Editions

#22. *Anisette* by Ezra Mark. Prose poetry. “The breeze carries the scent of sea-water. The rattling of the shingle, and silence as the waves withdraw.”

#21. *Successions of Words Are So* by Larry Laurence. Prose poetry. “. . . after the movers’ balancing act / of stairs & baby grand to the sunroom / where later she’ll play for her sated lover . . . ”

#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.

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