

# E·ratio 25 · 2018

Kelvin Corcoran & Alan Halsey  
Emma Roper-Evans  
Kathryn Hummel  
Coleman Stevenson  
Maria Sledmere  
Sheila E. Murphy  
Mark Harris  
David Rushmer  
Irene Koronas  
Caroline Reid  
George J. Farrah  
Stephen Nelson  
David Welch  
Timothy Collins  
Travis Cebula  
Jim McCrary  
Thomas Fucaloro  
Ian Gibbins

excerpts from the *i-series* by Kjirsten Severson

POETRY

E·

JOURNAL

copyright © 2018 for the authors  
copyright © 2018 Eratio Poetry Journal

ē · rā/ tiō

## WINTERREISEN II

Kelvin Corcoran & Alan Halsey  
2017

At last there was some News from Daddland



*K:* The news was not new, it was  
rust bloom on the basilica chewing faith,  
for all your pretty shape it is  
the shitty lid of a manhole cover graced  
by grass, a dead-end in thought, Daddland  
sucked down the dark tunnel at last.

*A:* It was the judge's third case of patricide  
in the last six months, unless he dreamed it.  
Artists, he'd concluded, are a danger to society,  
generally speaking. Because they never doubt  
where dreams are concerned. Or because  
they think dreams are always concerned.

*K:* He was having second thoughts, the green  
gone purple before his first thought ended,  
his faith in transliteration bruised  
for a song of the vetches and innocent grass;  
jump out of your ditches my bonny fellows  
and never dream where doubts are sown.

*A:* 'Tell the great Osiris I have done the deed  
which is to set him free' – but then again  
'I didn't – no gammon – I tell you I shan't –  
only stabbed him once.' It's the tense confusion,  
mask slipping off focus, remorseless grave bulbs  
springing up among the bloated windfalls.

*K:* Yes, I'll tell the old boy your news,  
though I have a locker-full of limbs,  
last time I checked, the requisite number,  
dancing the day, though the sun ate my mind,  
though my head's turned backwards, and I think

too long on the preservative qualities of sand.

*A:* Dazed among daisies, easy as the day  
puts horns on his head he comes on like  
a feller with stage fright, fraughtest of stags,  
sunstruck apple stuck in his gob. Logger beware  
he's sizing you up all ready to lob into the big  
bad world where good goblins shouldn't go.

*K:* Dazed among daisies, graced on grass  
his scampering step timed to a fruit bowl brain,  
the chemistry of which is not fully understood;  
we people it with demons in a dark wood.  
Come out of that, taste candid kind of apple flesh,  
the chemistry of Eden made plain as day.

*A:* As transparent as scripture turned  
this way and that until it's brainless  
as a mummy, all mystery sucked out  
but scarcely missed. Step on it, scamp,  
hurry home to Memphis before time's up  
and you're flung to the press, heart in ferment.

*K:* Which is why they're called Originalists,  
to impart a living truth to a foxed document,  
a moment in time, hallowed and untouchable.  
Yet they aspire to their constitution and spin,  
- if there was a history of ideas, we'd be against it.  
The words unwrite themselves and a house burns.

*A:* It was rightly named, that house of correction.  
The inmates rush out to watch the doctored files  
flaming skyward, nicely massaged accounts,  
revised witness statements, waterboard confessions,  
gone with the obtuse messages of secret poems



and paintings of the netherworld in obscene detail.

Cracking the code proved impossible



*K*: I won't engage with it, the terminology  
of codes and decipherment is inadequate,

I got to use words to talk to you,  
my big bad thumbprint smack on your forehead  
and that giant lurks in etymology,  
at least there's a science to explain all this.

A: I hear you Sweeney crying out loud  
in some footnote, wiping your thumbs  
on that grease-monkey T-shirt with the  
I-was-there motto. Some virtual maze  
you brag you invented. You Agonistes  
me Janus. Etymology my arse.

K: As it turns out these bones do speak,  
etymology my elbow, even beyond Proto-Germanic;  
diet, trauma and muscle formation for instance,  
a literal life hand-in-glove with the *oikumene*;  
agon - whether you fancy the fight or no,  
up now Sweeney - off your tump and at it.

A: And what do we see – can you believe that's  
Sweeney reconfigured as a very early bird  
just recently awarded his singular plumage?  
But no. He looks more like Lord Tennyson  
fresh from the grave with a mouthful of slogans,  
an Isle of Wight separatist, a most political poet.

K: Those islanders were wedded to the dead,  
their grave dribblings, their sucking mouths,  
whilst pedalling in reverse full-tilt into darkness.  
From that advantage point they held firm beliefs;  
for instance, they made the world revolve backwards  
to meet their younger selves on the road to Freshwater.

A: To the white tower they came, the sparkling new Gothic,  
the first sight they had of Dimbola Lodge. Here they sat

for Mrs Cameron, for her long exposures in soft focus,  
got the fidgets while she fiddled with wet plates. Some  
here became King David, Beatrice Cenci, Queen Guinevere.  
Note also the distant statue of Mr Hendrix the guitarist.

*K:* Hendrix took flight all the way from Seattle,  
Jimi Jimi, get on the bus and take the wheel  
but even singers die – and it's gratuitous.  
*I.M.* all you like, lacustrine nimbus mourner,  
the long home lodge is now a museum and gallery  
abandoned in a locked green labyrinth.

*A:* Probably Lord T didn't write the reportedly  
lost poem beginning 'All along the watchtower'  
but his was a time to search copse and dell for beings  
only cameras could see. Ours to unearth hidden faces  
in album covers. To forget that photos do lie.  
That no snaps are memories but some memories snap.

*K:* The princes kept the view and sucked up big data,  
that history is but the trail of snap snapped memories  
we stumble on in the dark wood damp with seasonal rot.  
Then to the White Tower we came, the nation's theme park;  
children ride half price into a future, almost allegory,  
launched into the night, a social contract revoked.

*A:* Poor Jean-Jacques, struck off the guest list,  
shambles through that wood, out to pick mushrooms  
and finding none. Autumn these days, he grumbles,  
has also been lost in translation. And whatever happened  
to those children? The ghost train came back empty.  
That future was a past a wicked quarterwit imagined.



## Compared to a late Roman copy



*K:* It was the goddess Labrys in her labyrinth  
everywhere and nowhere to be found,  
it's hard to get your mouth around it;  
linguistic drift westward buried her  
awash on the shores of Cumae in season

- Oh Labrys, Most Holy, show us the way in/out.

A: What kind fortune some of us  
have eyes in the backs of our heads  
or else we'd've missed the four  
sheer white columns of Aphrodite's temple  
towering above that wine-bright sea.  
More fizz for everyone around this table.

K: Aphrodite came swanning out of a milky sea,  
this was Cyprus and I was young in whiteness  
- as for fizz, plenty of that on the waves,  
turned to fuzz now, the eyes you see don't,  
their evolution is poor and incomplete;  
the temple was buried in a green grove shining.

A: There's no counting how many drowned  
on that crossing, crying prayers to a god  
none of our people had heard of or from.  
Some point to evidence that Cupid survived  
while some rejoice at the mysterious purpose  
they're told Mister Big still keeps up his sleeve.

K: The watery trench between two continents  
undid our sailing kind for centuries, that fault  
all settled now, no-one drowns for a better life,  
riding the subduction zone is peaceful by comparison;  
Africa nudges Europe, more than hints a vengeful god,  
says we're a late Roman copy razing Carthage.

A: So we claim that permission, that imposition,  
to love Empire to the point of abhorrence.  
Those offices, labyrinthine lairs of insurance men,  
lawyers, bailiffs and experts in tax evasion  
we prefer to forget and forget they reflect

in their flaws and fissures the tenements of saints.

*K:* Which left me lurking in an ante-chamber  
tip-toeing around their hushed adamant rule,  
at the door they know your name and barely nod  
settle you sweetly in the ways of abhorrence.  
There's a mechanism for amnesia and its franchise,  
we're contracted to it, a shining city on a hill.

*A:* Then we all fall down and Hollywood rewrites us.  
Here's your cute squaddie's skirt, try these leggy sandals:  
today you're a slave who must pretend to revolt.  
Just don't snigger when you see the new emperor,  
the halfwitted one with the flyaway thatch, he's for real.  
Remember to say 'Rome is great again', silly as it sounds.

*K:* The tenement of saints is just along the road  
favoured by pigeons, a domestic economy  
kept off the books, they built no lasting city.  
The tenement of saints stands unoccupied,  
the insouciance men run it as a populist coup  
but accounts don't record a fake empire.

*A:* But where else could we buy fake-me shoes?  
We wanted felicity but got facility instead.  
We heard about massacres that never happened  
and so proved our safety. We learnt the perils  
of 'so' in 'society' 'solecism' 'sovereignty'  
'soft' 'soap' 'soteriology' and good old 'sop'.



## They'd Overlooked Several Other Clues to the Structure



*K*: I'd say they'd overlooked the whole thing seeing nothing in another pile of Structuralist voodoo, another minus zero terminology I can't abide. I'd say echo sound location made the picture

and the picture talked first capitals, first inscription  
a point of origin incarnate holding the centre.

*A:* I've heard it claimed that the 'point of origin'  
referred to an agent who held the centre with  
a 1950s army issue rifle. The Structuralists  
filched the idea from a sitcom treatment  
of Dante's Inferno, a long-forgotten flop.  
As for echo location a pipistrelle would know.

*K:* The same old gang of apparatchiks sat on the roof,  
rule book and Kalashnikovs to hand, idlers for hire,  
dreaming how to fuzz up the image wall, just fat babies  
bouncing down Dante's Funfair helter-skelter  
to arrive at the means of production without a clue,  
- Is this a spanner or a hermeneutic paradox?

*A:* It's likely a sap in an early film noir  
ripe for deconstruction. Artfully applied  
it k.o.'s the hero, ensuring that the plot  
can unfold without him for some untold time.  
But the apparatchiks neglect to bring him round  
and tell their boss he's as dead as any author.

*K:* Roland Barthes jumps out of a cab at The Continental,  
he's here to wash our eyes and rinse the pictures,  
dreaming of Jacques Derrida on a tank come to set us free.  
But all of this was before the invention of radar,  
so what shapes our thought about it, forwards and backwards,  
traces to a living source unknown I've only heard in song.

*A:* We hear it still in 'Who Killed Cock Robin?'  
I, said the laundryman. I, said his van.  
Who saw him die? I, said the fisheye  
they'd fixed to the tank. I, said the ground



as it sank beneath him. Who heard his last words?  
I, said the bleep radar hears in its sleep.

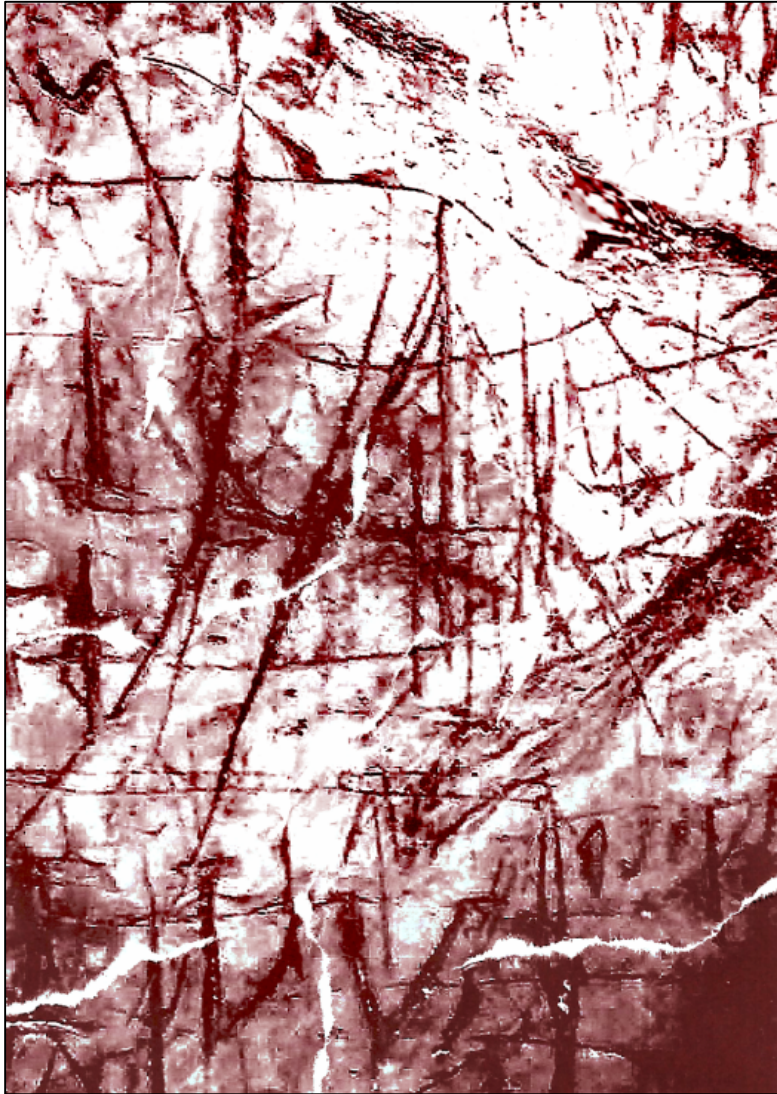
*K:* The digital reduction of that stream  
suggests a sort of music, though not dance hall.  
So we stood around him, attendant and clueless,  
to see the read-out slow slow, bleep a stop;  
no-one stepped forward to assume his place,  
time will deal with that, said the consultant.

*A:* Wise words. All the faculty members  
attending this prebreakfast symposium  
claim they are the rightful heirs although  
with due respect as politicians say  
they beg to differ. Okay beg. Okay differ.  
Just show me the way to the canteen.

*K:* Just show me the way to go home,  
the way to the garden and a beer, thank you.  
Surround me with banks of waving digitalis,  
steady my heart and let me hear their tiny bells ringing.  
Show me the silver lights of the glowing circuit  
and let me know it for the first time.

*A:* Meanwhile back at the symposium  
they're busy listing films to be shown  
in Plato's Cave. Either I'm dreaming or  
your head's spinning round. Now So-&-so's  
unravelling the ins & outs of Yeats's  
widening gyres and now we know we know.

## They Set Out ...



*K:* They set out for the Pole the next morning  
the fur of their parka hoods curtains of ice,  
- Hup hup, said Roald, making music of the air  
and the dogs bounding to the source of chill,  
to magnetic north of exact degree, our bones, I said

I was freezing when I was a head.

A: I sometimes thought that when I was a head  
I was had. That bastard who tried to tear  
up the photos was probably the one who'd  
so carelessly entangled the rigging. Luckily  
he hanged himself – 'inadvertently' we said and  
pressed on. In those days there seemed no bounds.

K: His word objects dropped from the air  
taking their form from the sound at last  
to imprint themselves on the hidden ground.  
Hup Hup, said the Alan, setting out afresh  
and the powdered snow raised their shape  
into the blue zero of our boundless days.

A: I did as I was told, set those brittle twigs  
in the ice in clumsy remembrance of our 3-master.  
We still trusted their promise of a rescue party –  
people who would not mistake VV for W  
or, much worse, M. Is memory really  
a red filter? Not dear old sepia or cyan tone?

K: Ah that's poets talking to poets, the live and the dead  
yammer yammer in those empty crowded crevasses,  
up there that slow dance red blotch a fool's fire  
and we see the underside of their big word HELP  
it opens its empty mouth at the empty sky  
our footprints eaten as red signal memory falls away.

A: 'And' – as the words come back – 'sinks in its traces'  
which base camp took to mean we dug out of the crevasse  
smashed china, cups, plates and shards of fine glass,  
a treasure to some and evidence at last of the dwellings  
in that most happy land. O Ta Neter! O Hyperborea! O Sumeru!

O and more fools they, gulled yet again by ordinary language.

*K:* And what they found can finally be explained;  
a wealth of evidence poured into her lap,  
the objects of a language to hand newly made,  
stone-tools, blades, cups and tiny goddesses,  
the Arctic as the last thought of the G-d leaving  
- and look, that's a ship amidst the bergs and fog.

*A:* Where the ice is receding and nervous  
grubby bears jump newsprung rivers. Looks like  
there's been a gamma ray burst not so many  
light years away and there's iron-60 just  
below ground level. Then they start to bicker  
about words and names and territorial rights.

*K:* You could surely build an empire on this lot,  
silvery white cerium, scandium and chutzpah  
and that neodymium in your ear speaks my voice.  
Prices are indicative in our warehouses in Rotterdam  
and there's no dispute over rights, see this whiphand;  
they fell from the sky for us to build an empire.

*A:* Landed on earth with a bundle of handbooks  
to ensure the jargon would be understood.  
Look here's a whole bloody library all yours  
if you don't mind soggy paper. The books float  
down the gullies past the nonplussed bears,  
pages flip in the current then slowly detach.

## Atina Poems

Emma Roper-Evans

### Atina Angles

*Site specific: Cartiera/Paper factory*

Vats empty of all  
But air  
Fans still spinning  
In said air  
Lit by rose windows  
Spilling light onto shards of glass,  
Broken tiles, manufacturing rubble,  
Strewn over acres of floor.  
Green submarine lustre of forest  
Closing in  
Tight, tight round the edifice  
Snug corset of emerald  
And sage  
Darkening factory floor to grotto  
Making a sacred space  
Where once people,  
Manually pressing and pulping  
Laying and drying  
Worked.  
Creating reams of pale paper  
For language.



Snow white sheets  
On which ink  
Sprawled where it will.

Home now to bugs,  
Trickles,  
The occasional goat  
Its busyness quieted  
As slow dereliction  
Creeps pitifully up the stairs

Manuscript to Abandonment  
Drawn on by artists now  
Spinning their webs of  
Meaning in the dark  
Dragging space into light  
Ruin into  
Abstract Modernity.

### *Peaks*

Mountains, too  
Canvasses  
Layers of red net  
Onto bold cliff  
Framed by soft woods  
Sheep grazing  
Springs,  
Forces of the  
Underground  
Soaring up  
Through rock,  
Into bright  
Lucid air.

*Live intervention*

Then  
Police presence  
*Eeee orrrrr*  
*Eeeee orrrrr*  
Artists on mountain  
In breach  
Of all laws  
  
As usual

*Materials*

Bricks. Wire.  
Tree trunks.  
Concrete  
Useless for all else  
But creating sheep  
Magical monuments  
To place.  
Skeins of meaning

*Natural Engagement*

As  
Butterflies  
Flying leaves  
Float  
Kissing  
Round artists' heads

While they prepare  
To show.

*Post Partum Impressions*

Rain drinking trees  
Spout steam  
Into the newly green  
As art sinks into  
The landscape  
Onto Roman pavements  
Sabine walls

Atina-ed  
At last

24 Hours in Atina  
Soundscape  
*Venti Quattro ore in Atina*  
*Paesaggio Sonoro*

**1. – Uno**

*Bubbolio*

Hooting owls gliding through deciduousness.

**2. – Due**

*Pipistrello*

Flapping bats on window panes lined in silver

**3. – Tre**

*Campane*

Bell church sounding in the still night, signs of life still.

**4. – Quattro**

*Spazzare*

Sweeping woman coming out of her house at dawn.

**5. – Cinque**

*Gatti*

Cats hungry for all things. Thin and needy.

**6. – Sei**

*Pulci*

Fleas on cats buzzing and jumping. Symphonies in fur.

**7. – Sette**

*Bastone*

Stick clattering on cobbles as the lady ventures out

**8. – Otto**

*La macchinetta del Café*

Coffee machine – Belching fragrant dark into china white.

**9. – Nove**

*Buongiorno* – People greet each other under a fine sun.

**10. – Dieci**

*Rullio del tamburo*

Drum roll of shutters. Shop opening.

**11.– Undici**

*Tintinnio e fruscio*

Tinkle and rustle as money changes endless hands.

## **12. – Dodici**

*Battere*

Solar beating on all surfaces in an equality of light for 1, 2, 3, 4 hours of liquid time.

Pomeriggio / Afternoon

## **4. – Quattro**

*Sbadiglio*

Yawns as Siestinos stretch and reach into the day

## **5. – Cinque**

*Canta e spruza*

Fountain ringing and singing to a square of lions

## **6. – Sei**

*Calpestio*

Feet slapping smooth marbled pavements worn down by a millennia of peoples

## **7. – Sette**

*Bruzio e lampo*

Buzz and flash of electric lights that zizz the rooms into the night.

## **8. – Otto**

*Vettovagliare*

Cutlery bashing into food and mouths – Cling . . . Clang!

## **9. – Nove**

*Cincinnare . . . cincinnare*

Glasses, clinking Salute to us all.

## **10. – Dieci**

*Abbaiare*



Dogs restless and barking,  
making sure we know they are here

**11. – Undici**

*Sbattere*

Doors closing. Keeping the night out, the people in.

**12. – Dodici**

*Russare*

Snores of the houses under Saturn's bi-polar stare.

## Feeling Not at All to Somewhat Digital for Sarat

# Kathryn Hummel

To write  
 be-  
 tween ‘digital writing’  
 to be  
 to *understand*  
 the rhetorical situation of a text  
 ask yourself questions; look up references

A digitally literate person *will* possess  
a range of  
knowledge of  
an *understanding* of  
societal issues raised by *digital* technologies

*you* have to *understand* the rules to break them

*you will understand* how after studying this chapter.

It's important to think upfront  
form expectations about, for example,  
*what will* happen next

(you can!)

Engage with digital writing  
always/hourly/daily/weekly/every so often  
Nothing in  
between.

*You can reach  
much wider audiences  
than a physical event would allow  
Often you can find content  
before Google  
is able to even index it.*

*How often do you shrug your shoulders  
press delete  
after reading a marketing email?*

People accept the *digital* easily enough  
by *thinking* of it as *electronic*

An *analogue* watch tells the time  
with hands round a dial,  
so *if* the hour hand  
sweeps across

*If you* then  
make the disk spin  
as the traveller slowly moves  
Then *there's* no sound—  
the magnet is not activated—  
and *so...*

We come across *so* many *analogue* computers we hardly notice them.

*There* is a new guy at my school and I *think* he's cute,  
funny and sweet, but what kinds of  
*digital media* does he engage with?

*You can* ask your *readers* for tips.

*You can* ask any *sort* of question *you* want  
as long as it fits your brand.

'Written content doesn't exist without *authors*'—  
    *that*  
*you may*  
    be com-  
pelled to yodel from a social *media* mountain!

What websites do you frequently access and why?  
    No comment.  
Someone *will* have to click History to show top *sites*

    I knew then  
that the book's migration  
to the *digital* realm *would* not  
    be  
computational.

This is Schrödinger's equation *read* as  
'the Hamiltonian of the wave...'

If *you*'ve never played  
a leadership or management role at *work*, don't panic!  
Your *work* is automatically protected  
  the *moment you* write it  
down.

As *you*  
    be-  
come clear about the meaning of your story,  
*you can* bring  
your story to life, taking us into that *moment* of change.

‘*You’ve Got Luddites All Wrong.*’  
*You* should know your ending  
    be-  
fore *you* start *writing*.  
‘*You can also sip a wine named Luddite.*’

For more on *electronic* copies,  
see the next few situations.

*Your* eyes may *feel* fatigued from  
the glow of the monitor,  
the strain of  
pronouncement  
    that *will make you* sick with *insecurity*  
    that *will make you* salivate  
at the thought of dissecting traffic

It’s hard not to *feel overwhelmed*

*Instead*  
*you* need a dream to use as an ally

I am convinced from your love of liberty  
that *you will* endeavour to *write* a sequel.  
In life,  
*you do not* have to know its name  
to *do* a thing well.



(I'm also a woman academic and I *agree* wholeheartedly with your response)

We are all accountable to, and for,  
the things we *have written*

*Specifically: software developers.*

We must learn to humanise *digital* life  
as actively  
as we've digitised  
human life.

# Nasturtiums\*

Coleman Stevenson

*"I would rather show you the nothing in my sky-blue eyes than give you an answer about it." —Hans Arp*

Brains burst open in the soggy soil  
underneath the mulch of last year's vines.  
Seeds, please come back and be  
your old selves, have something inside.  
Some grow robust, some spindly,  
reaching for a sun that doesn't shine  
or if they sprout somehow  
too late in the season  
scorch, dry up, in the heat.  
They wanted to be, and tried,  
but every drop of water given  
opened more stomata and they lost  
that water to the unforgivable air.

\*

Love burns up the Knight of Cups' essence.  
Evaporates itself with need. To you  
everyone is sacred. This trips  
my alarms alive. Hierarchy  
pleases me, I need  
to reign atop the tallest sunflower in the field.

I need differentiation— let the hollow seeds  
float to the top and save the viable ones,  
the ones with potential to feed.

\*

Life, you sad fuck, always losing your footing.  
Empty chairs, filled coffins, flowers sent too late.  
People in restaurants talking to each other.  
People in restaurants not talking.  
I am jealous of still lifes  
even though their impossible arrays  
are descriptors of everyone's deaths.

\*

When we have  
a lot,  
we use a lot.  
When we are  
running low  
we know  
how to manage  
with the littlest  
possible.  
The famous great man  
on my t-shirt  
has died  
and I'm standing  
over the stove  
making box mac  
& cheese, heating  
a can of peas  
Nostalgia says to eat.  
A few good lines

promise to be more.  
A flood of acceptable grief.

\*

You grieve alone.  
It scares me.  
I'm scared.  
I'm scared of dry days.  
I'm scared of too much rain.  
I'm scared of our fathers dying,  
the tailspin that will be.  
When I have not heard your arguments,  
when I have not seen your misery,  
I picture you like a Schiele self-portrait,  
skin sinking under bones.  
Your dirty orange robe  
is the color of nasturtiums.  
You cover one eye  
and then the other  
trying to move objects  
around the room.  
Terror wants to erase you,  
uproot the screaming seed.

\*

Babies cry in public  
and it bothers me.  
Babies cry,  
it's their nature,  
but on this night  
everything  
must be investigated.  
Static from the tv

enters dreams.  
Disappointment  
eats away at love.

\*

You don't grieve alone. You call me, you come here. We lay on the bed,  
half on/half off. Death makes us  
tired. I fall asleep with your cock in my hand, unable to do anything  
about it. From now on we might be  
one bit less interesting to each other, though you've been hording your  
past so we'll have something to  
talk about in the long future we vaguely plan.

\*

You mean to be true but things sneak up.  
You black out, get home  
but can't remember how.  
There are songs to make a case  
for what is to your left, or your right,  
or across from you.  
The one with the car keys and the car.  
A room nearby.  
Would be me were I invited.  
It starts in coffee shops.  
In-between-times trump scheduled times.  
You live in the Aether.  
Where are your hands?  
You cannot actually leave  
them here.

\*

What if resurrection

were the actual inevitable?  
Is to say *I loved* to say I no longer love?  
It is not— I did love, and I love still,  
have loved throughout.

\*

I would wave a magic wand, close the book of my life a little, dim the light of the moon so no one could see me measuring. Open book, open book— too much sparkle, not enough. Love does all the things the moon does, but the moon does it better. I slide the beads of an abacus up and down not understanding how this is math. My fingers smell of brass. I speak in clichés but try to bend them back to the visual.

\*

I want to be a fly on the wall  
I want to be the ghost in the machine  
I want the Halo God of Dark Things  
to slide the velvet down  
I want to put souls into objects  
I want the testimonial of houses  
still standing under oaks  
I want now and not after-the-fact  
I want a sunrise and a sunset in the same day  
I want coffee twice, and breakfast made at home  
I want to keep the weeds at bay with dinner reservations  
I want hotels in other places  
I want to *be* my shadow, and bend around corners  
I want grasshopper legs  
I want a feathery instinct  
I want a paper valentine  
I want infinite chances  
I want a little sugar for my hysteria  
I want to carry your misery in my teeth



I want the reliability of chemicals  
I want the sigils to burn and work  
I want to wear your shirt

\*

Book of my life, already written—  
book of your life, written in mine.  
High bridge out my window, thick pink end-of-winter air.  
Car lights shine through it, flying, like flying, like they'd meet me  
in the inevitable space inside vision.  
You are the salt and the silence but also the miracle.  
Soon it will be time to plant again. Soon, not yet.  
Apples rot in the bowl but they are not mine.  
Fruit flies accept the challenge of a momentary false spring.

\*This poem is from *The Doppelgänger Museum*, an ongoing collaborative image + text project with artist Aspen Farer.

# Tanqueray\*

Maria Sledmere

When you are close to someone sleeping, you realise  
there is always a pulse, a constant quiver.  
Not quite insect-like, but a humming motion  
that draws you in for its soft, kinetic warmth.  
There is a pleasure to submittable manipulation, to long drawn  
talks at four to six in the morning. Nothing else  
is quite worth living for, not the star chips of ice  
nor a slice for the sake of colour. It was a wonderful splash.  
What goes deep are the secret roots, things  
you can't identify in strangers. I could brush my thumb  
with yellow pen, grow luminous and sing  
for the sake of maple faces, lovely money.  
It doesn't get much better than the thought of him  
curled cat-like in self-protection, even the strong curves  
contribute to vulnerability. Toasted curls. As if  
you could crush with ribs the worry. My eyes  
are not green like his, except on sunny days  
with lilac shadow. Up north, the weather is colder  
and rain falls slow like a limited sand preserved in an hour-glass  
waiting to land and instate new worlds.  
The architecture there is all towering shadow.  
He says, as we part: it's not home, it's not home.  
If it's death you prefer, the honest work of mourning.  
In the morning it is all different: while I still pick  
cotton candy from the fringe of my senses,  
he panics blindly. Walking back alone

with the shakes, my arabesque breath of whisky  
warmed, I recall only the faint vibration  
of his lashes, later the frustrated tying of laces  
as if tightening string could solve things.  
It is a miracle, if only useless, turned over  
as the variant sapphire latticing  
of the night impressed by milk light, by day  
and ever the implications of ever.

*“I was interested in how ‘intransitive’ might be a procrastinatory directive for desire, a sense of skewing the perceptive lines. This is a landscape poem, a love poem that resides in the space between objects, loosening the cooled ink of impossible spirit. In these lines I hope there’s a sense of climatic strangeness, an attunement to sensory oscillations which divert the self across itself in the act of reading/writing.”*

# One Poem and 14 Haiku

Sheila E. Murphy

## Allowance

Let me be  
fatigued with you,  
excused from  
steering,  
view a screen  
somewhere  
just us in blossom  
near the open window  
wind and fragrance  
entering  
to bring home  
quiet happiness  
with arms around  
a meal of sleep

## 14 Haiku

hymnal, hymen, him, a buttered rum

\*

cinema, Ma Kettle, the fingering for F-sharp above middle C

\*

hampering the hamstrings, quality of being overdone, rotund

\*

out-of-kilter homonym, first born, little lamb a-linger

\*

filtration system, all the H<sub>2</sub>O you want, Ringling Bros, a fool

\*

cast your fat where fate, a windy day upon the proletariat

\*

within storm shelter, greed-love made, unwhispered sadness

\*

Montparnasse, faculty of silver, stretch goals in recession

\*

Reveille, unraveled darkness, tuck pointers' advancing paws

\*

livestock chair, state fair governance, silver silhouettes

\*

repair of verb forms, medicinal as improvised, sutures taut

\*

unlearned officials, thin digs at warm weather unauthorized

\*

Noon meal, buttered noodles, Ian bringing in the mail

\*

*veritas*, by degrees all yellow haze, what happened in the park



# Three Poems

Mark Harris

## Tract

*(after Ad Reinhardt)*

*i.*

No line no  
form no shape  
no thing no

picturing –  
black is light  
leached free of

pain is not  
pleasure is  
not essence

*ii.*

No, not in  
one that can  
be named or

known – a dis-  
solution  
as if love

had always  
been there, square  
unspoken

*iii.*

Center it  
at the end  
of the white

gallery –  
take your time  
don't say a-

symmetry  
or the hand,  
hang it plumb

*iv.*

Desire nor  
desire nor  
ache depict

pigment un-  
bound, black ex-

egesis

the last brush-  
mark made in-  
visible

v.

“Out of sight  
in his blacks,”  
the Father

wrote, knowing  
black is not  
negation

and nothing  
is greater  
than zero

vi.

Every  
direction  
division

more & more  
becoming  
not, nameless

the last word

will always  
come to naught

## Lake

Before and after  
wave

water-thought  
fract

the light changes

to construct  
what we need  
what is

silt un-  
to sun, sediment

mud/cloud

the seam dividing

hemlock

shade,  
the far shore

Else

The folds of the earth  
worn down

languid  
a web of lines

gray sky resists  
being fixed in time

subjects  
for what else they are

the red we remember  
of flesh in the dark

catalog of everything  
possession

mind exists  
only in fragments

in reflection  
the circle at the center

immaterial  
constructs a world

# Returning Breath

David Rushmer

I

·  
hunger  
the word

wandering mirror  
of your hand

drifting

hailstone  
in the air

without language

·  
the morning  
songs

your speech  
deep crystal

## II

•  
blown empty

the mouth  
the sky

silk and  
blood

language  
you burn

•  
eyelash memory  
I held you

our mouths  
skin sound

light  
sinks  
with us.

## III

•  
empty the shadow  
from smoke  
they eat



•  
    you  
    also     in  
    language skull

heaven's fists  
    white

    endless ghosts  
soundlessly  
    bloom  
    in the breath

    your speech  
invented  
scars

## IV

•  
    writing burns  
it's memory  
  
    full lung  
    in the opened book

something  
    black  
        drinks  
bullet holes  
    & you forget

where memory catches  
it's breath

•  
punctuation  
your wounds talking

your hands  
orbiting  
invisible  
circle language

V

•  
glowing  
in the  
marrow

blood  
wings the breath  
shot from the world

& the silence  
you empty into

•  
threaded kisses  
with heavens' mirror

the earth pushed out  
in your wounds

VI

•

once

I

was

light

*from* declivities

Irene Koronas

red bird

rhombus stone  
squares semihump

reeks pencil dots  
dilution's beak

codes hive  
chaste to incise

silk doko

sinoper

ink lender  
marks the casserole

luting clay  
shapes porringer

over half bean bone  
hematite and bagdad indigo

calcine tempers  
cennini

hesychast

orpiment quarts  
fresco

arzica round

prismatic host  
girdles that appetite

turnsole

hazard even  
a gay alloy

contour ends  
sylphide

make out  
snare

ceiling  
the extreme

mage

petrified  
843 a.d.  
toy temple

palatable  
without balance

privilege  
coexist  
context  
haunt

low ebb  
pregnant  
upside

## 9 Poems\*

Caroline Reid

### Sabbath

whipped potatoes all weekend! said god  
whipped potatoes and gravy dribbling down  
plain pork chops thinking pork chops  
thinking Shake’N Bake chicken  
and egg.  
he was so drunk  
he couldn’t stand  
he just left  
went back out cursing  
the stuff still on the table.

### Awake

Blink. Blink. Blink. Blink.

She would see everything.



## Sun

she was

daylight spilling in the window

open again

open

## Moon

singing  
sometimes

briskly

late-night  
quietly

splashing

## A note on

### Stupid

you  
you  
you  
You  
you  
you  
thing  
you

## Infinity

today went on	forever	
white white	and white	again
white on white	on white	white
		after
		and against
		blue
the room was	shivering	
but she was	nothing	
not even	white	

## Gone

oh god  
what the  
do you  
I don't  
are we  
would we  
it's so  
going now  
and he was

## Kitchen Stories

women linked  
with the girls  
living tomorrow    tomorrow

the low-down ache of music  
surprised her

ordinary losing music

kind of smoky like

## Love

like desire

came  
softly

in

\*Found poems: All text sourced from Kim Wozencraft's *Wanted*.

# The Crease In The Very Near Distance

George J. Farrah

1.

The loot loops swaying opposition  
Grants enrolled throughout the populace  
Revolving gov. wobble with vouchers for all

An ultimate merit argued with harm  
Into the mob they say mix with forearm and fuss  
A modest educated conveyance  
Gossip interface ideas fined

Part rapture part deceptive  
Gorge of Sunglasses diffuse

The saucy expert of happiness  
A rudiment of hangmen

2.

Fur filtering mute mockery  
Ideal fusion expert exploitation  
Lying knowing hypocritical happy

Rim referee name redundance

Indolent fire diligent convocation  
Speaker spring parsonage mess  
Inscrutable insane asylum

Particular mercantile snarl  
Wet work unfounded travesty  
Ruler rest quiet prance overthrow  
Keep on impostor imploring implant

Kodak labyrinth knuckle  
End gear yawn gape gale  
Overseer a partial interest  
In hell explaining this

Unnoticed uneven twist  
In twilight royal postage load  
Justifier guard ulcer thievery  
Spry spurious rousing march  
Rash contestant for transparent typesetter

3.

The mocking ones fell through  
The flimsy floor hunting its source

The diluting rain became a rule  
Which saved them a dumpishness

Exhorting and ignoring a dig  
With stability  
The smugglers horn killed the messenger

A nodding later a whimsy sold them

Strapped to the helm  
Now respectful as merchants

4.

The chowder guard wear mohair  
The spell of the decade tooth whine  
The rain ratchet and more thing to rabbit  
As swells of graphite  
The hit the hoke the pitch  
In planes of very scale  
Span inventing  
Appellation throughout the trees

5.

The bondage of the elements bombard  
The droll cosmology  
Green manure entreats hope  
A disposal for cold cream  
Bone meal light meter cosmic eye

The dentists conjugate for the rights of bridges  
Caught in a cause tiger trigger Cain  
Bayonet bayou amateur blame  
Certainty entraps the entourage of ideograms

Drive shafts planted to iron the soil  
Cyclone fence rot rosewood shark  
Theory velcro fear of venture velvets

Ride rickshaw pass from government  
Obese with objects numerical nymphs

6.

The perpetual closing walls of violets  
A rosined branch the doll remembering  
A gasp of prowl in the breakage  
Cake bone gold asterisk

The hatch become a hasp  
The embargo lumps  
The leash wish fixated  
A drain in the center of the mandela

The baffle open back spin  
The ream of the kettle drum  
Hence the drone over wisdom  
The curd of discussion installed  
Developing cast and curriculums

7.

Cement collate cause exile  
A gate going tremendously  
Minnows level the playing field  
A nickel shock moves like a glacier

And enemy ditto comments  
A barrow darts free



Backwash of indents  
A context of intents  
Camping over the street

8.

The expository freeway held him captive  
A fanning droth on his shield  
Denuded the path shows its rebar  
And absence of chrome all around and no shovels

So lyric displacement for the sidewalk  
A key punch face yowling

The out put of him outlasts dishcloth  
The dishonor of the barn falling  
A barracuda of children descended on the dog  
What was our knowledge off stage

A bonfire of bears beaming  
Climbing the fiend finds the fifth amendment  
Blush wine on bone china rust on his mouth  
Embattled cider diatomic spiders dictating

A conjure a conniption a chroma  
A cling a card a downcast  
Downhill the ceiling of chain a downedbeat  
Fantasy concerns impeccable errors

The hatchery griffins in Pyrex  
A rut of safe deposits sadly  
An outrage an over flow a starvation

Overflight acoustic brush a blackout

9.

Within the mote fire was freely  
Tooth planet a rouge of a starlet

The exponent of his travel was nothing  
Bail counted as a cog did

His biscuit remembered a move  
Mechanics of a sappy year

Oil knowing fire as an interim  
Exuberant off year  
Figs

10.

To certify this disguise is taken  
In a force of ion harvests  
A colic of breaking down impulses  
A moist cone a freight of  
Native memories excite this  
Through the hashish of morning air

# Water Music

Stephen Nelson

1.

My skin and the surface of the sea  
are the same, according to the girls  
who pluck eyes from peacock tails  
for the sake of utopian boutiques.

I fish a lake in the dressing room,  
where pearls in mud are crashing  
lights the curtain crops with mirrors.

2.

Sequins dazzle the blind goat  
who sails his song in staccato  
barks along the estuary towards

the sun where you dress as fire  
and water without compassion  
for my antediluvian heartbeat.

3.

Her purple dress in the harbour  
is the daughter of a broken night,  
when seals like sleeveless flesh  
arrive as sublimated moonlight.

4.

A boat, at night, in a pink kimono, fishing herring from the violent fog.

# Of Astral Collisions and the Origins of Gold \*

David A. Welch

Cores  
Collapsing

In such  
Heat, this

Passionate pair  
Of behemoths

Circling each  
Other in

An interstellar  
Tangoul Mortii,

The infinite  
Violence of their

Story's  
End

Emits a faint  
Signal – *Er war*

*Erde in ihnen, und  
Sie gruben.*

Mponeng  
Tau Tona

Madre de Dios  
Guacamayo

Infinite  
Violence

The finger of a  
Strong god jabs:

*“Dig deeper,  
you!”*

*And you there,  
Sing!”*

Observing  
The explosion of two

Neutron stars,  
Astrophysicists exclaim,

“Your golden wedding  
ring came from this!”

Infinite violence  
*Sie gruben*

Masbate  
Mercury gold-child

Kupol

## Gulag-gold

*They dig and they dig  
The ring on your finger*

*Awakens  
Strike up the dance*

Τα ἀγενής  
Τα με όντα

~~Τα όντα~~

\*Italicized text in the poem is borrowed and adapted / rearranged from Paul Celan's "There Was Earth Inside Them" and "Todesfuge."

## Three Poems

Timothy Collins

### Blasted Conscience

the sky is enclosed,  
folded back on itself like  
an airline hanger while  
below, in a psychotropic haze,  
euphoria and depression  
spin like wheels in a  
slot machine – hope is as  
arcane as the lake poets  
yet some light hither  
leads us on

this genuine, refined disaster –  
blasted conscience –  
I meander where only  
I can breathe

my obsession makes me  
blush, but true it is:  
another age folded neatly  
in this tabernacle

in this wireless age, love



and self-destruction are a  
smog smeared across the  
past. the stars are klieg  
lights to this undesiring  
wish for death, panning  
slowly left to right

Look, we are alike  
its's like a mirror  
only nothing changes  
except someone's  
salvation

## Phenakistiscopic

paint these psycho-  
somatic events with  
phenakistiscopic  
image schemas to  
make the feet touch  
the earth, home  
& safe

the wisterias hang, sit  
still and ponder. The air  
is empty. The light is  
full. Desire is personified  
in the foliage. Sounds  
hum and buzz and stir.

the world becomes increasingly  
real – no god lies behind  
those shadows or that  
horizon – the forms are  
the forms of what are,  
concrete mysteries: fleeting,  
spiraling, revolving. I do  
a double take – the empty  
catafalque, the breeze in  
this room are absurdly real

## The Same Trunk

as the profane were  
lost in an attempt  
to flee, the tribe  
simply coalesced into  
a vegetal organism –  
a league of limbs  
serving the same trunk

the city disappears  
into the landscape  
as seamlessly as  
a panning shot

the will of the  
world cares little  
for this human folly

it's our charge to  
guard the sovereign  
vision, the solitary  
voice of the earth,  
the tribe in the  
hither and thither of  
the unitary way

## Two Poems after Marc Chagall

Travis Cebula

*après* Le Juif et la chevre

What is the use of a goat  
using the color of the Moon  
on its own initiative. But the moonshadow  
mirrors a goat's  
growth, then. the sky's face  
emerges from darkness,  
and so on. like the bow of heaven.  
the arched bridge  
and the Rabbi's ear.  
the farmer did not notice his own absence.  
in his hole, the farmer was too busy  
intending black kites to the sky  
in the form of seeds. a winter  
emptiness rutted the field.  
over a meal of scattered handfuls Goat asked,  
If you deride  
My new tent so, how then will the good Rabbi  
pitch his blue Temple?  
something to steal clouds  
from the wind, perhaps?  
Goat black skipping whispered.  
Black, a proposal.  
Why not create your own temple

from fabric sacks like a kite?

*après* La Thora sur le dos

the Scientist stories onward  
While his beard grows.  
to fill this small village—  
to fill this void, this  
village in the shade he employs  
the giant and the Saintly  
Box of life. and Yes. hypothesis or prophesy, it will  
work. The Holy box tilts  
above the village, and the village is filled  
to spilling with history—  
with icons and threatening.  
Uncertain doom in a cupboard on the wall. Brown.  
But the scientist relies on wrinkles  
as a panacea against death and writers—  
so written and written in stories,  
they are, the people in the tiny  
village. immune as authors, then. so that when  
He gets tired—  
and ultimately even God certainly  
wearies—  
When autumn stripes Heaven's back  
with just Thunder he will sleep and  
the little ones  
will have to dance their best  
without guidance or music.  
How do you weave blankets of dust  
furniture and the

Pious victims of stupidity?  
stones claim they will be remembered.  
Thus, they will be someday  
when he remembers that he wrote their names in a history  
and each with a different pen.

# Mind Full

Jim McCrary

Four text beginning with lines from Leslie Scalapino's book  
*Considering how exaggerated music is.*

“Instead of an animal, we got an old rag that was rancid - ...”

Again what she says always come to the true end. As she has and keeps together. What more is coming one can only hope. What already has not reduced itself. I always expect something to come together which never looked like that. She found the link and pressed on. She found what she was looking for and then.

“Went out so I'd take the car and a whole system of banking and money...”

It was in *Defoe* she said: “Fabrication is simply accurate. But addressed to reality, one is not in an event, thus everyone's minute acts continually change reality.” Could it be that what she said is what she wanted. It follows that. I am no one to speak as her, as she could, as if I could even *copy* or should. I confess. And yet it seems she found exactly the day as it happens today. In this mess of cars and money.

“Starting daylight-saving time tho I will need to read the newspaper...”

It is not just off the wall even if the bounce seems familiar as the so called ‘Times’. What seems to matter to her and only her.....looking back. This *is* the only way to even attempt at recognition and thank her for saying that. As if in any way. That matters now as it ever did. She matters. I wanted to make that an offer.

“I was unemployed and the social hierarchy operates even after we’ve died...”

What comes thru again and again. Connect with this and that.....imagining all that. Not making an event just to describe one. Not leaving anything out just to create a reaction. Just the right amount of this. More than enough to make what’s real come to realize that what matters continues. That said. Does she assume that we can and will *join* her. Can that be imagined. Is the devil still in the detail. One of us wonders.



## *from* George Carlin Poems

Thomas Fucaloro

George Carlin has a list poem called “The Book Club,” wherein he lists about 70 made-up book titles. The titles of these poems are taken from that list.

### *1. The Meaning Of Corn*

Little cartoon yellow bullets  
pulled from cobbed gums  
glisten with spit and  
delicious. Filled to the ear.

No one comes close  
to our consumption. Filled  
to the beer, we are a nation  
defined by what we grow.

8 interesting facts about corn  
and none of them are this  
poem.

### *2. How To Give A King A Really Hard Time*

More glare, more guillotine  
Let them silence into pass  
We are not kings, we are  
Of feather we can rise  
And ascend, we can  
Create a village,  
We can create  
An ache.

### *3. A Complete List Of Everyone's Personal Effects*

If at first you don't succeed  
  
Buy a flame thrower  
  
Wave lightening brilliance  
  
In through the outdoor and onto the patio  
  
There was that one time, when, and then, but I just  
  
Breathe deep from pails of sky  
  
Watch the once burned to a crescent tip  
  
Everyone makes a big deal about the moon  
  
I don't know what all the fuss is about  
  
It's just a rock  
  
Orbiting

Trying

To drift

Away

Silent

#### *4. The Stains In Your Shorts Can Indicate Your Future*

We all create maps  
from what we leave  
behind. I can't find  
how to get back  
from now, how  
do you turn  
your back  
on your  
already  
happening  
I knit  
a sweater of  
forgetting now  
ever happened  
because what's  
happening now  
is always  
the sacrifice  
of somebody  
who is not me  
later.

# The Guide\*

Ian Gibbins

You imply a pre-existing condition invoking love,  
terror,  
    loss and discovery in equal proportions,  
        at any time  
    of the year, seasonally adjusted or not,  
        at any point  
    in the more or less visible spectrum,

as though we are holding hands, tongues, reservations,  
court,  
    together, our breath, tight, fast, back.

Such is the consistency of football scores, a broken  
wrist,  
    Kakadu nectar, Martha's discarded  
        woollen greatcoat,  
    empty space, empty space,

unless, of course, you praise the consolidated revenue  
from inopportune  
    acquaintances gathering unseen on verdant  
        hillsides  
    beside a river flowing at light speed  
        through the  
    boundaries of the Milky Way,

or likewise rouse dormant semi-autobiographical  
novellas,  
hibernating Scandinavian strawberries, inexplicably  
vexed blue-tongue lizards,  
feverish basalt embankments, count them,  
deny paradoxical  
intervention, write them out for later.

Meanwhile, try to bake a perfect lemon sponge cake,  
to ignore  
haranguing parts of speech, an onslaught of  
short-changed hours  
and over-priced mountain devils. Can you taste  
the difference  
on your fingertips, on the frayed collaborations  
of your eyelashes?

Think about calculus, atomic numbers, Latin,  
Baudelaire,  
Jackson Pollock, the Melbourne Cup,  
parasitic invertebrates,  
collapse, redundancy, the shape of  
communication  
breakdown, obscure its brawn, its mass.

Then we will do Luna Park, the Velodrome,  
Sex Pistols,  
the Strzelecki Track, but only when star-struck  
satellites have ceased  
observation, flying foxes and migratory swans  
are listening in.

Unaccountably demand a ransom, the time  
of your life,  
his attention, should you doubt it for a minute,

should the sun fade  
noiselessly to a clear sapphire sky, another  
moon-spun afternoon,  
her glacially warm embrace.

Easy, really. Complicate nothing.

*\*The verbs beginning each section follow those in “How to Read a Book: The Classic Guide to Intelligent Reading” by Mortimer J Adler & Charles van Doren, Touchstone Books, (1940 / 1967 / 1972), Chapter 15, Section “How to Read Lyric Poetry”. Their original order has been maintained.*

# Kjirsten Severson

excerpts from the *i-series*

introduction and interview by Coleman Stevenson



Kjirsten Severson

Philosopher, poet, and artist Kjirsten Severson was raised in Rapid City, South Dakota, and has lived in the Portland, Oregon, area since 2003. She holds Master's degrees from Duquesne University in Western Philosophy and The George Washington University in Feminist Ethics. A dedicated educator, she has taught philosophy at Clackamas

Community College since 2005 and volunteers as an instructor at the Senior Center in Astoria through Clatsop Community College's Encore Program. She was one of a handful of instructors featured in the 2015 *New York Times Sunday Review* op-ed piece "Lecture Me. Really," by Molly Worthen, on the value of lectures in college, evidence of her charismatic teaching style and ability to motivate students to think critically and love learning.

She is the author of *an unnarrated memoir*, a manuscript of 350 pieces of minimalist concrete poetry crafted on a 1936 LC Smith Corona typewriter, selections from which were published in *Gramma* in February of 2017. Since then, Severson's vision has manifested in less-contained forms, truly hybrid work for which the label of "concrete poetry" no longer suffices. The standard page became too limited a canvas; her work needed space, size, DRAMA. Since this shift, her visual work has been shown in galleries around Portland, including the debut of her large-scale works on canvas, or the *Very Big Typographical Art Project*, at Rising Room Gallery in February of 2016.

Around that time, she decided to go "off the grid," as she puts it, of both the typewriter and manuscript. The initial results of this experiment comprise the *i-series* from which these pieces come. I have watched this process over the last year with keen interest as the letter forms accumulated, no longer into known words, but shapes — visual expressions. Like so many great text+image artists before her, she has had to unsee, to unassume, the habits of a lifelong relationship with language. Thanks to adventures in modern typography, and text artists like Ian Hamilton Finlay and Jackson Mac Low, the culture has an eye for this type of work, a way to place it. We know now that shape, size, color, and movement of text can be as important, if not more important, than the direct information the letters stand in for. There is potential for richer communication; plain text fails us so often in its deep ability to be misunderstood from person to person. If we can also *see* what it means, we might finally grasp the nuances of another's thought and feeling.



As ordered as these final compositions appear at a distance, up close you can see a wildness, a storm, in the overlapping of letter and punctuation shapes. There were no drafts. Nothing was cleaned up or recrafted. What you see here is the result of Severson's willingness to be guided by the work, to linger in the unknown, to accept the muse full-body, and it has achieved something fresh and alive. I'm thrilled to present the following additional insights into these works, direct from the artist's sprightly mind.

**Tell me how this sort of visual inquiry came to be...How does a philosopher move away from using structured language to express ideas?** It was through my study of philosophy that I was led to the conclusion that we cannot afford to answer our philosophical questions strictly within a rational framework. Which to many, most likely, the large majority of professional philosophers, is heresy. However, philosophy has a rich history of pulling from the mystical, and in my studies, I was exposed to some of these marginalized philosophers of the mystical. And by "mystical," I do not mean religious. I mean the ineffable, fleeting moments that strike us, giving us a sudden felt-experience of the sheer majesty of our existence in this world.

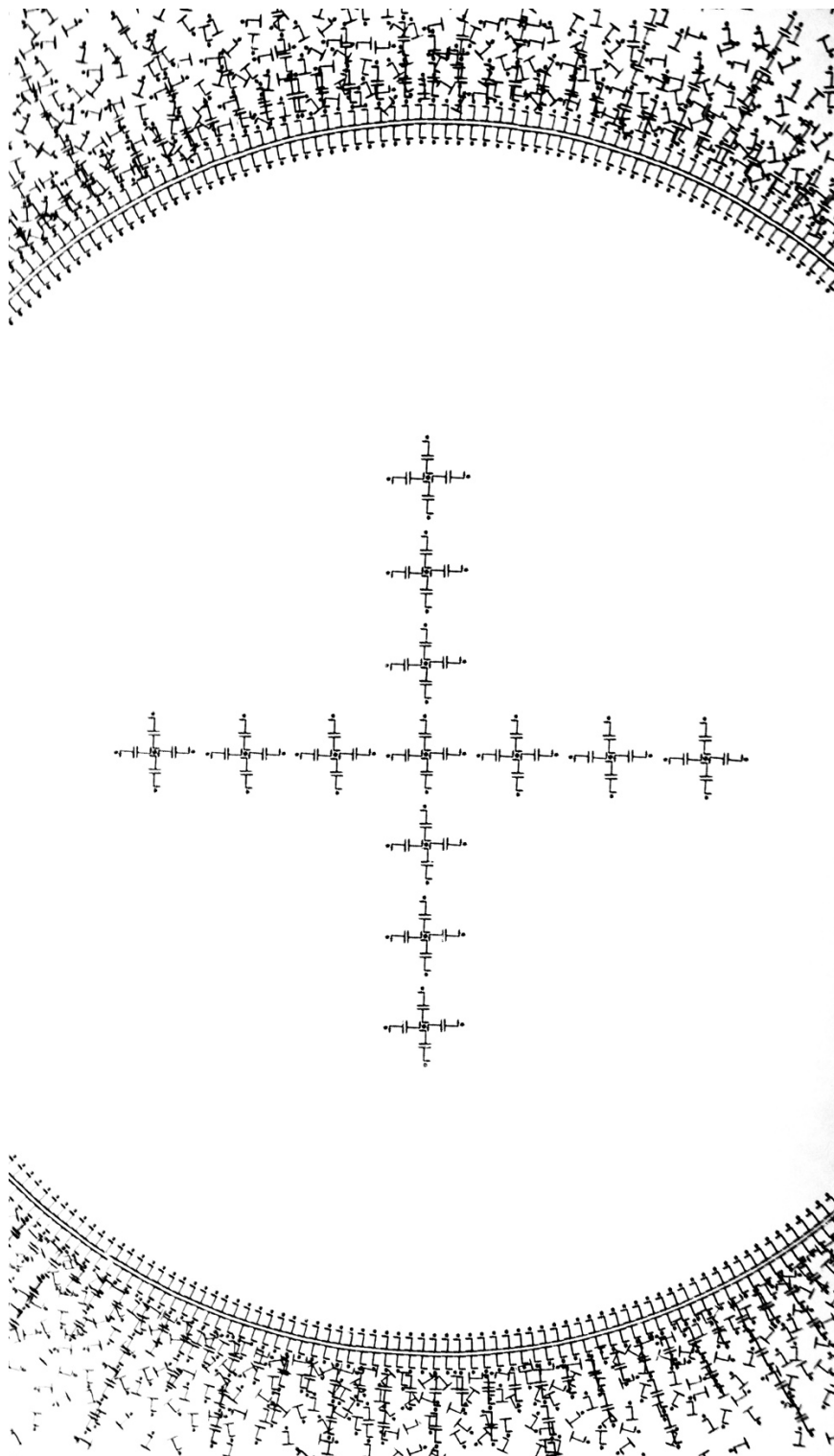
I studied in a rather traditional program at a Catholic university in Pittsburgh, so, when I put forth my idea to write my dissertation from the location of the mystical, I was told I could use my dissertation to explain it, but not to perform it. At that point, I rapidly lost all interest in completing the program. Instead, I quit school, worked for two years, saved money and packed whatever I hadn't given away into a van and drove around the US with my love at the time and two cats. After quite a few months, we happened to be in Portland when the van, which broke down often, could no longer be repaired. We found an affordable double studio in North Portland with windows lining two of the four walls and warm hardwood floors. It was in this space I decided to write the dissertation for myself. Nonetheless, I would type a few pages on my laptop and become stumped. To relax, I started to play around on an

old Corona Sterling typewriter I had been gifted before leaving Pittsburgh.

I had no idea what I was typing, but the pages started stacking up. I would get frustrated with myself as I began to spend more time on the typewriter than on my laptop. But after about 27 pages, I took a look at them, one after another. And I realized that my dissertation was being written from the typewriter. There was a quality to the writing that allowed me to see “through” language and to catch a glimpse of that which cannot be put into words. To feel it, and to “know” from it. The expressions seemed to play with language; they didn’t “use” language, they made a display of language and made language point to that which cannot be captured by it. I saw that the space on each page played as primary a role as the typed characters and words. It was the blank space on each page that, for me, pulsed with the ineffable. At that point, I surrendered and allowed myself to engage with the typewriter freely. I never went back to the dissertation on the laptop. Eventually, I began to notice where one chapter ended and another began. By the time I had ten chapters, I knew it was complete.

**The earlier incarnations of this type work began on 8.5x11 paper. What made you want to move that to such a large scale?** Mark Rothko, I’m sure of it. When I saw my first Rothko pieces live at MOMA, it was the Rapture. I was taken completely. His paintings didn’t allow me to look at them with my eyes; they engulfed my entire body. It was a body to body experience. Mid-way through the creation of the manuscript, I started to obsess on the idea of turning those pieces into “full-body experiences.” Luckily, living in Portland, I met many artists. And one artist, Ariana Jacobs, was unbelievably generous to me. I told her my desire, and she suggested silk screening. I enlarged all the typewriter characters on a copy machine and she walked me through the entire process of burning them onto silk screen frames. She found me a good deal on used frames, got permission for me to use the art space of the collective to which she belonged, taught me how to do it, and didn’t mind all the times I needed reminders or help when something went

terribly wrong. She made my art project possible. I then began to reproduce pages of the memoir, letter by letter, onto canvas ranging from 5'x7' to 8.5'x11'.



*communion* 119" x 77" acrylic on canvas

**Your work defies classification to a certain extent. What issues have emerged for you as a creator working beyond genre?** I do move through the art and poetry worlds differently than many of their inhabitants. Even though there is no obvious “path” for me to get these expressions out into the world, that hasn’t created any salient or lasting issues because the other inhabitants that I bump into are such generous people. They lend me their knowledge, time, suggestions, resources, encouragement and they open doors for me. They clue me into alleyways of possibilities that I wouldn’t have found without them. Ariana is only one example; I have a long list of people that have liberally assisted the development and promotion of this work.

**Will your work with type as image progress, or do you see yourself exploring other avenues in the realm of visual art?** I believe typography has so much richness specific to this moment in human history that I’ve barely started to explore; I cannot imagine moving on to other avenues at this time. With that said, though, I also know I cannot predict the twists and turns of this journey. I’m still the person who had no idea what was coming out of that Corona Sterling typewriter until I was 27 pages deep.

**Is there a particular way you hope these pieces will be “read” or understood?** Personally, I would love for others to feel the spiritual element I feel from these works. So maybe not “read” or “understood,” but felt. Even more so, I would want viewers to relax the drive to understand at first, and to let each piece radiate freely for a bit without the limitations brought on by our categorizations of judgment. To simply breathe while experiencing the piece. I want the piece to get in there, into the process of judgment, to alter judgment, to change the way we “know.” And then, with this transformed faculty of judgment, I want them to look at it anew, and to know *from it*.

Professionally, I have come to recognize that my role as an artist is to release images to the world. That’s it. Once they are released, they no longer are mine; they belong to the viewer. Each viewer’s experience

with a piece is a conversation between it and that viewer. However, I have also learned that I can “encourage” a direction for that conversation with the titles I give each piece, and I have been exercising that power consciously and shamelessly.

**What do you hope the viewer takes away?** Respite from the pressures we feel from our social constructs, including this notion of identity. I want people to return to the world of prejudices, biases, bills and bureaucracy having felt something “other,” something upon which all those doings are predicated, but which those doings seem to bury so thickly and quickly that it is lost to our felt-experience. If we weren’t alive, we wouldn’t have all these pressures. It’s the re-cognition of their being alive that I hope viewers take with them.

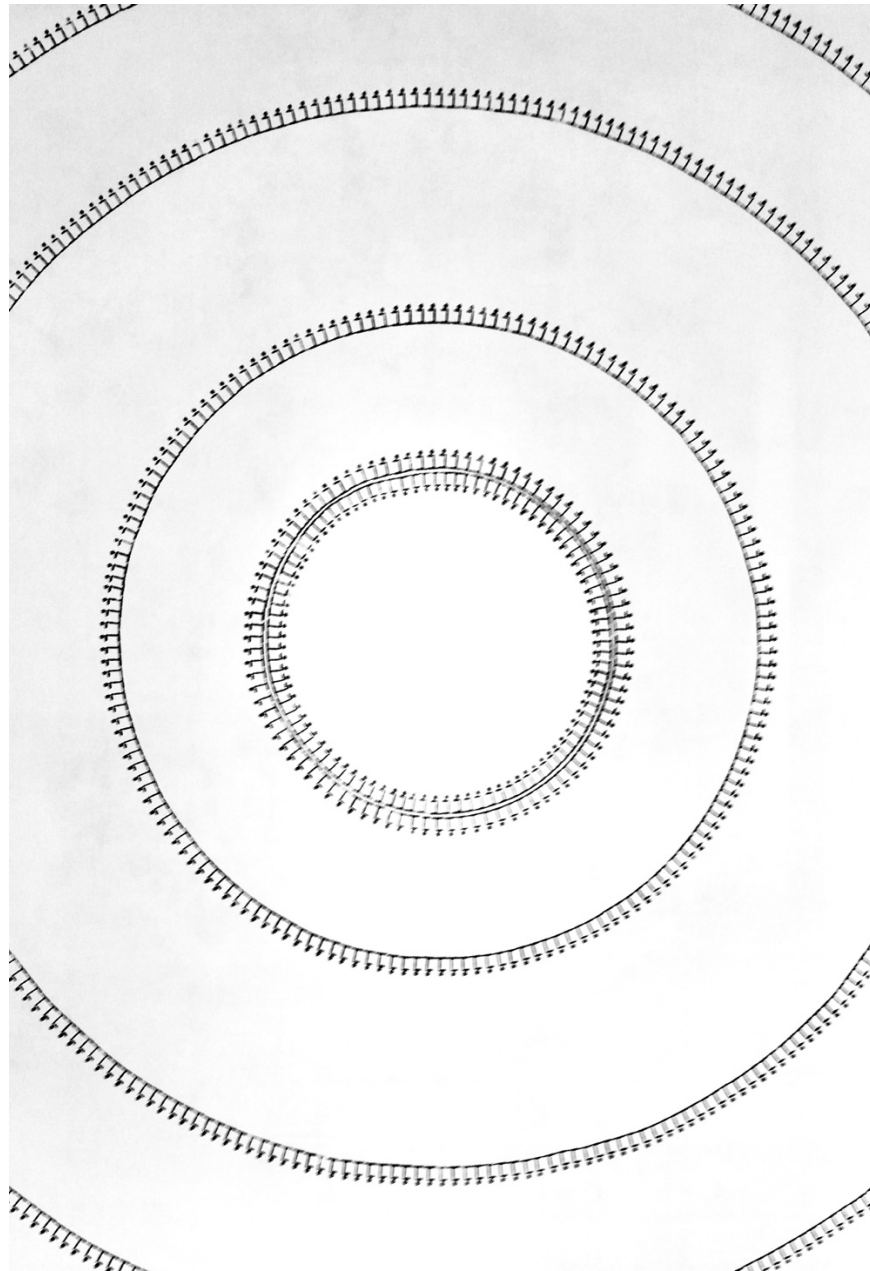


*communion detail*

**You mention a “spiritual element” in the *i-series*. I might even call it a religious theme of a sort, or at least a reference in shape and titles of some of the work. Could you comment further on that?** All the pieces shown here are underscored by my recent reading of *I and Thou*, or, in German, *Ich und Du*, by the Jewish philosopher, Martin Buber (1878-1965). In that work, Buber explores the recognition of another person as a “world-within” and myself as a “world-within” that are created by our coming together. Buber illuminates the sort of



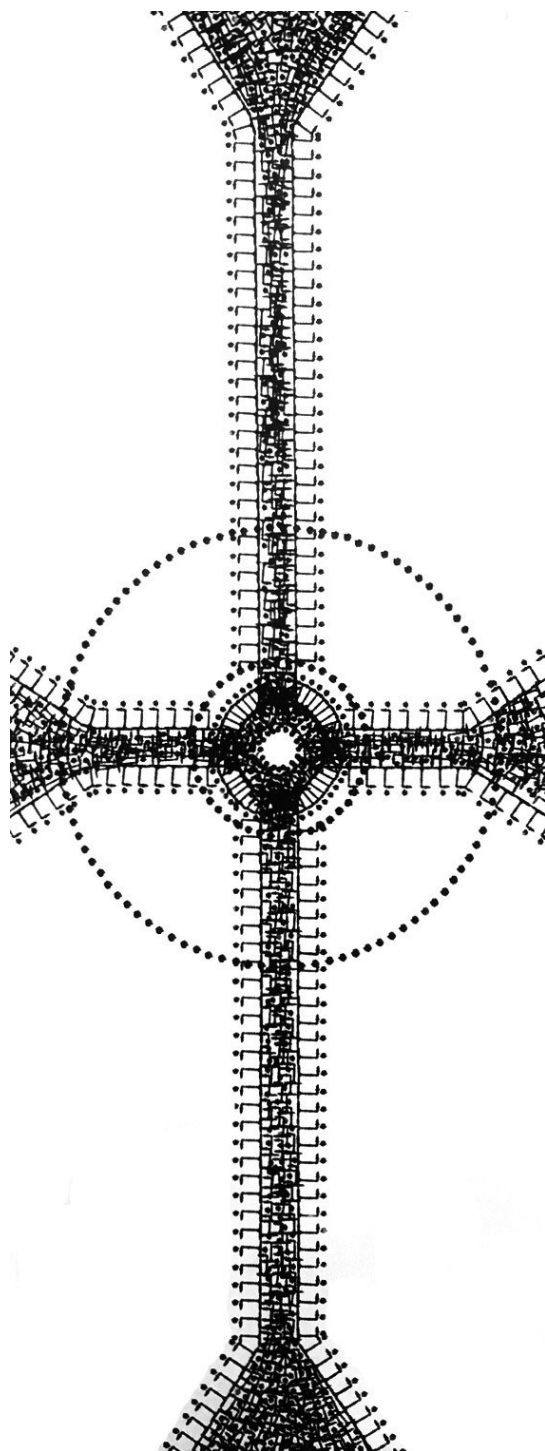
communion that such a recognition can bring: Two human beings meet and magnetize together, creating “inner-worlds” even though they “believe” they are separate and independent of each other. It is, in the best sense of the word, a religious experience. It is the holy moment of becoming “I’s” that proliferate within.



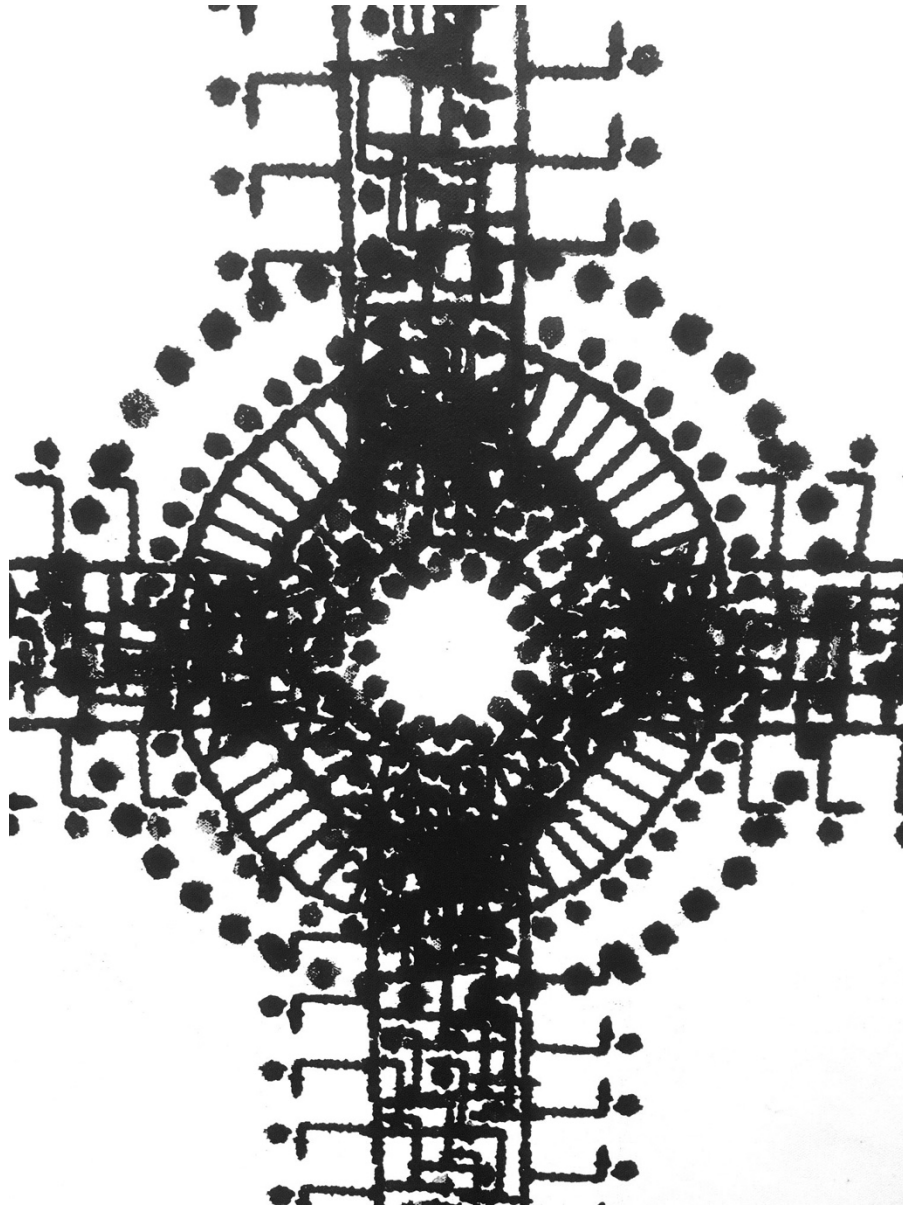
*circlesi* 10' x 7' acrylic on canvas



As well, most of the pieces here are playing with the religious icons of cross and halo, or as I see them, plus sign and circle. Through these pieces, the halo as circle eventually evolves into the sacred hoop whose presence made an impression on me as a white child growing up in the Black Hills, a place where the “regard and disregard of another” was sharply brought into my awareness by the living history of native and white relations. This continues to inform my artistic expressions.



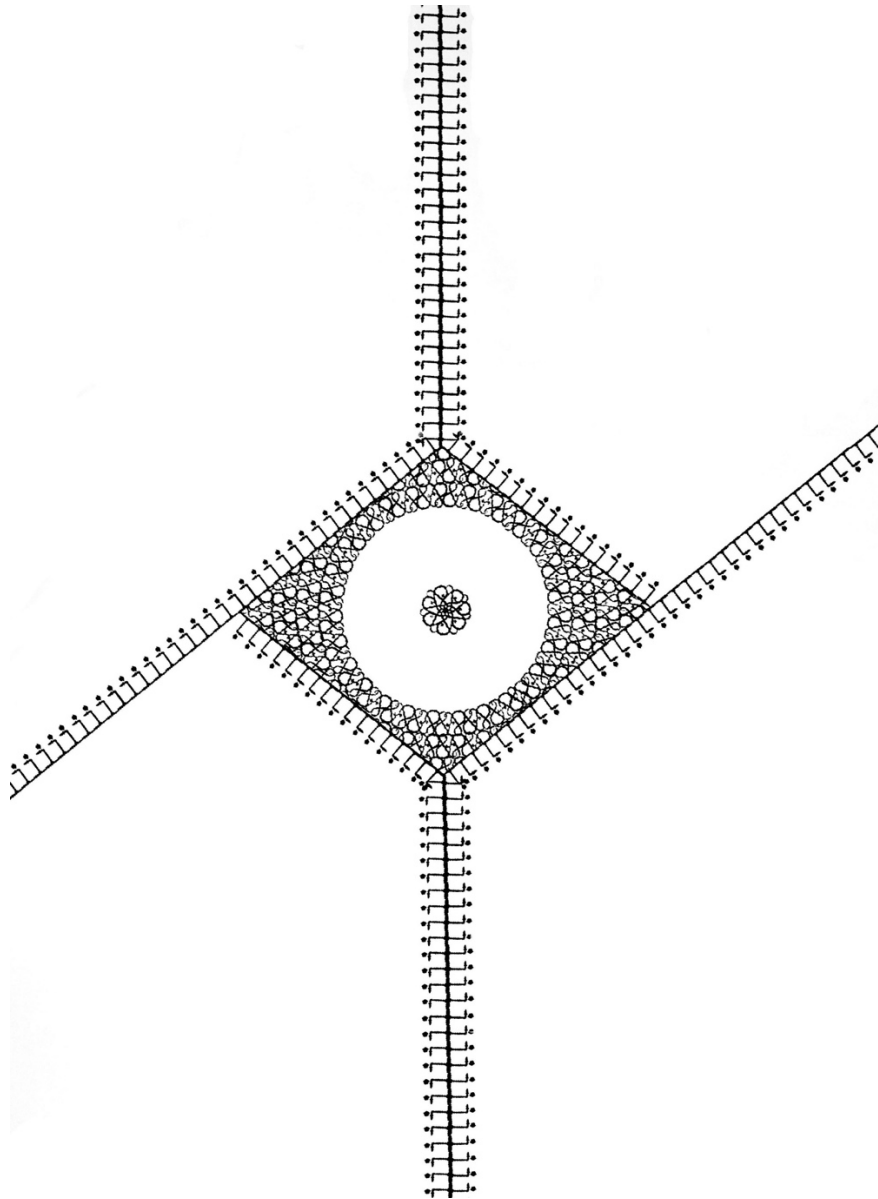
*crosspluss* 80" x 31" acrylic on canvas



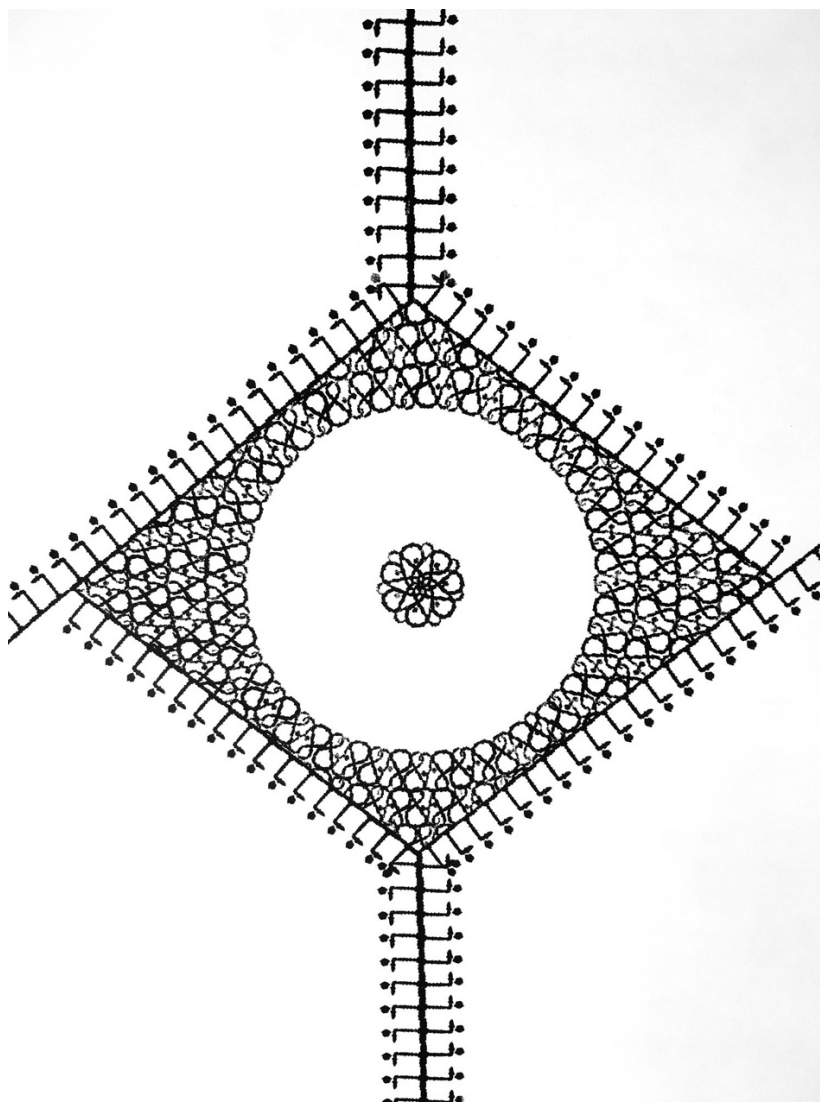
*crosspluss detail*

Meanwhile, the plus sign, in math, symbolizes “and”; in logic it symbolizes “either or both.” These pieces seem to use the plus sign to symbolize how we experience and regard each other: either or both. We can locate ourselves “outside” each other (either). Also, we can sense that we are the blood of each other (both). We can experience another human as a threat, a competition (either you or me, positioned to erase or

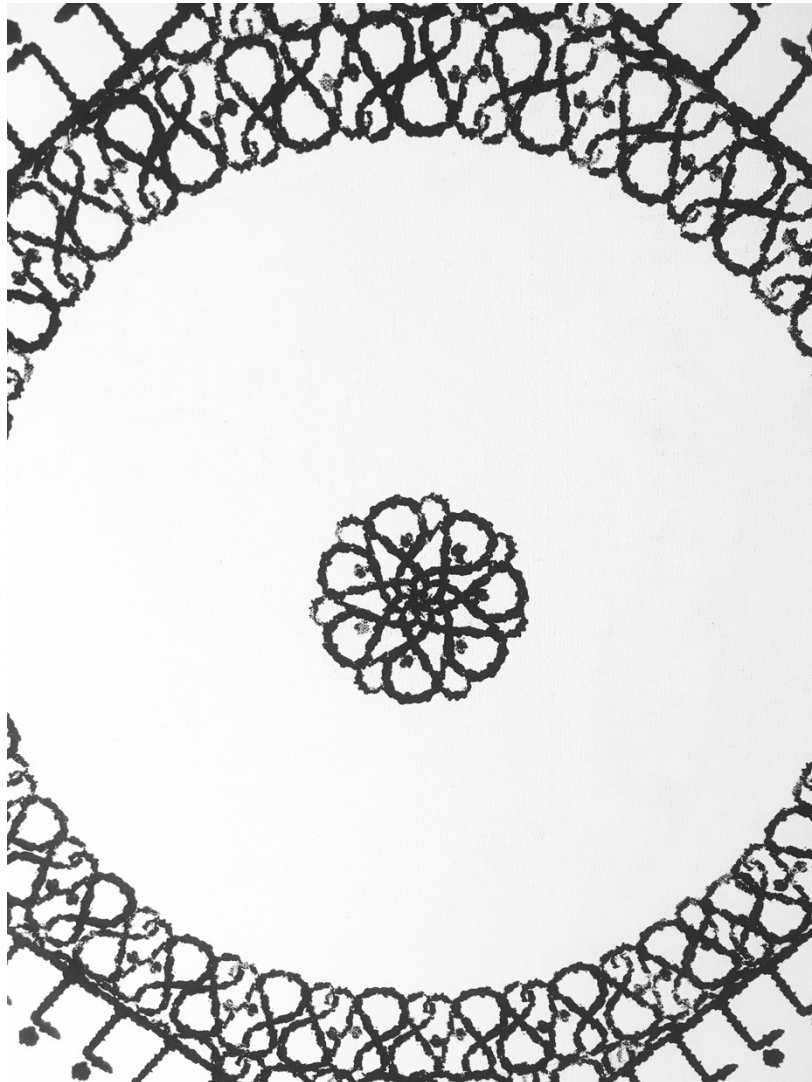
consume the other). Also, we can experience a communion (feel ourselves through the “us” and step into the “and” between). In the two most recent pieces here, “ampersandsbetweenus” and “us,” the plus sign evolves into the ampersand.



*ampersandsbetweenus* 78" x 57" acrylic on canvas

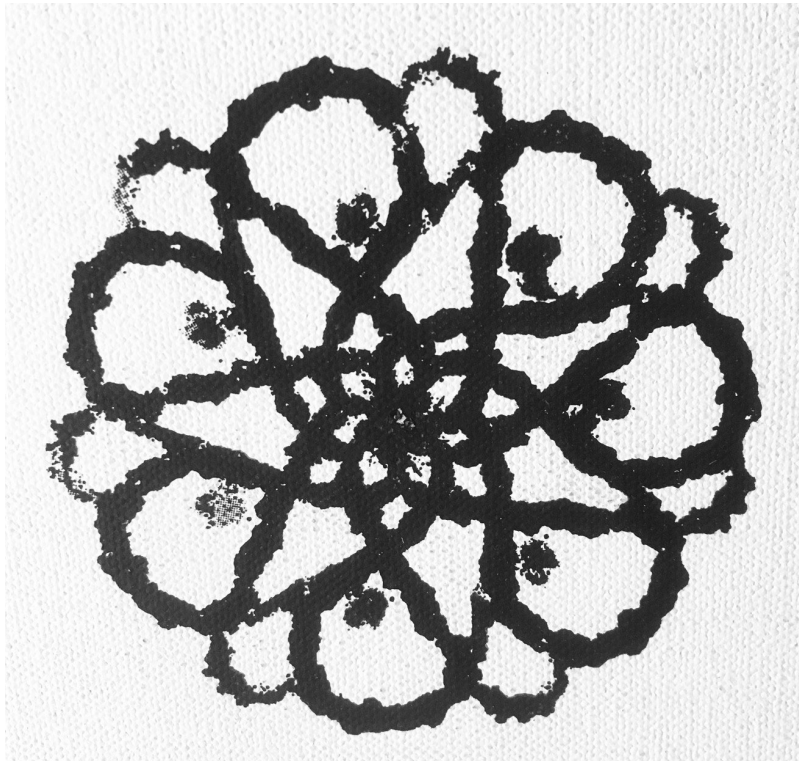


*ampersandsbetweenus* detail

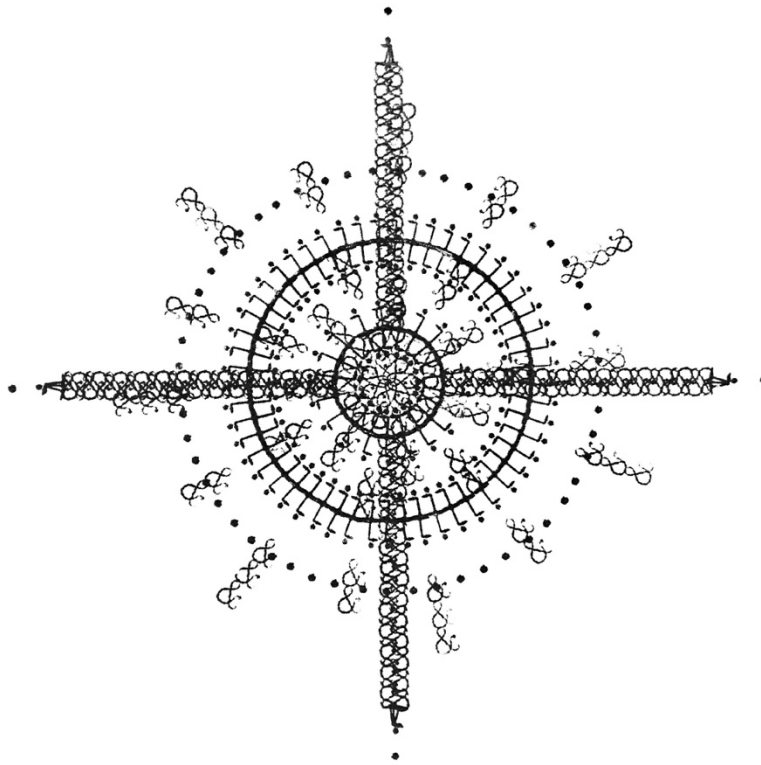


*ampersandsbetweenus* detail





*ampersandsbetweenus* detail

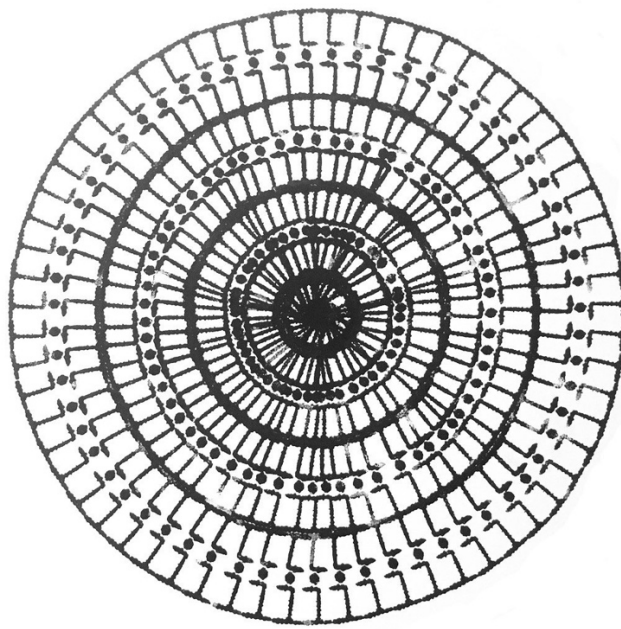


us 52" x 52" acrylic on canvas

The final overt religious icon that stands out to me is present in every one of these pieces: The “eye of god,” depicted on US dollar bills. I was unsurprised to find this image repeating in this work. Not long before I turned toward the *i-series*, I had a dream that was so impacting, it shook my every cell and atom. In the dream, I appeared quite small. It was if I were in space. It was dark all around me with purple stars barely twinkling their presence in the distance. My eyes were marveling at the endlessness around me. Something in my peripheral vision caught my attention. I turned toward it. Just as I was beginning to recognize the faint outline of an immense sleeping eye, it flashed open! It beheld me and I beheld it. And suddenly we shared a simultaneous epiphany: I was that giant eye/ I, and it was me. We were both so startled by this



realization that we were left trembling. When I “came to,” I was still trembling. Even upon this recollection, I can feel the tremble. Since then, I’ve thought of this dream as “the eye of god.”



*eyei* 72” x 36” acrylic on canvas

Kjirsten Severson is online at [kjirstenseverson.com](http://kjirstenseverson.com).

ē · rā/ tiō

**Alan Halsey & Kelvin Corcoran** have staved off recent winters writing collaborative sequences, beginning with *A Horse That Runs: To & Fro with Wallace Stevens*, published by Constitutional Information in 2015. *Winterreisen I* (2015) consisted of four sequences, three of which have appeared in the online magazines *Molly Bloom* and *Intercapillary Space*. Perhaps winter 2017-18 will yield a *Winterreisen III*. Halsey's *Selected Poems 1988-2016* and Corcoran's *Facing West* were both published by Shearsman in 2017.

**Emma Roper-Evans** is a London based writer, translator and interpreter. She won a Glimmer Train Open Fiction Award and a Füst Milán Prize for literary translation from the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. In Summer 2017 she took part in the Atina Artist Residency in Lazio, Italy. She has two collections of short stories, *Triangulations* and *Floating Sopranos*, and is completing her first novel. She has worked with her daughter, the photographer India Roper-Evans, on *Locus Criminis* involving a photo of a set-up crime scene, accompanied by a storyparagraph about the murder/suicide/death etc. This was shown in: *The Fall of Rebel Angels*, Castello 1610/A, Venice (56th Venice Biennale) 2015; *POP up FUCK off*, Broadway Studios, London, UK, 2015; and *Chinese Open – Year of the Sheep*, QPark, London, UK, 2015. She took part in #51% *Remember Her* show organised by Rebecca Feiner, London, March 2017, and is helping curate the literary side of Feiner's 2018 #100 *Remember Her* to celebrate 100 years since female suffrage to be held at the same venue in April 2018. Emma Roper-Evans is online at [edrestories.com](http://edrestories.com).

**Kathryn Hummel** is the author of *Poems from Here*, *The Bangalore Set*, *The Body That Holds*, *splashback* and the forthcoming *Lamentville* (Math Paper Press). Uncollected, her digital media/poetry, non-fiction, fiction and scholarly research has been published, performed and presented worldwide. A former Pushcart Prize nominee and writer in various residences, Kathryn holds a PhD for studies in narrative ethnography, lives between Australia and South Asia and edits “Travel. Write. Translation” for *Verity La*. Kathryn Hummel is online at [kathrynhummel.com](http://kathrynhummel.com).

Contributing editor **Coleman Stevenson** is the author of two collections of poems, *Breakfast* (Reprobate/GobQ Books, 2015) and *The Accidental Rarefication of Pattern #5609* (bedouin books, 2012), and *The Dark Exact Tarot Guide* (The Dark Exact, 2017). Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in a variety of publications such as *The Portable Boog Reader*, *Gramma*, *Paper Darts*, *Seattle Review*, *Osiris*, *Louisiana Literature*, *Mid-American Review*, [tarot.com](http://tarot.com), and the anthology *Motionless from the Iron Bridge*. She has been a guest curator for various gallery spaces in the Portland, Oregon, area, and has also taught poetry, design theory, and cultural studies at a number of different institutions there. She created the Image + Text track in the Certificate Program at the Independent Publishing Resource Center where she has taught since 2015.

**Maria Sledmere** (MA, MLitt) is a Glasgow-based writer and critic. She is founder of *Gilded Dirt*, an online publication centred on the poetics of waste, is assistant editor of the post-internet poetry zine, *SPAM*, and a regular contributor to music blogs *Ravechild* and *GoldFlakePaint*. Recently she collaborated with producer Lanark Artefax on a new materialist-inspired exhibition titled *The Absent Material Gateway*, sponsored by the Red Bull Music Academy. Recent work can be found in *Adjacent Pineapple*, *Datableed*, *L'Éphémère Review*, *Fluland*, *From Glasgow to Saturn*, *Numéro Cinq*, *Occulum*, *Thistle Magazine* and *Zarf*. She tweets @mariaxrose.

**Sheila E. Murphy** treasures language (Pass it on). She is an avid individual and collaborative textual poet and visual poet. Her consulting work serves both public and private-sector clients. She lives in Phoenix, Arizona. Sheila E. Murphy at Wikipedia.  
[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sheila\\_Murphy](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sheila_Murphy)

**Mark Harris** lives in Princeton, New Jersey. His poems have appeared in *Shearsman*, *NOON: journal of the short poem*, *ONandOnScreen*, *The Elephants* and other publications. He is editor/publisher at Ornithopter Press.

**David Rushmer** lives and works in Cambridge, UK, and has published artworks and poetry in *Angel Exhaust*, *Archive of the Now*, *Epizootics*, *E-ratio*, *Great Works*, *Molly Bloom* and *Shearsman*. His most recent published pamphlets are *The Family of Ghosts* (Arehouse, Cambridge, 2005) and *Blanchot's Ghost* (Oystercatcher Press, 2008). His first full length collection, *Remains to be Seen*, will be published by Shearsman in 2018.

**Irene Koronas** is the author of 9 collections of poetry and collaborative writing including *ninth iota* (The Knives Forks and Spoons Press, 2017), *Codify* (Éditions du Cygne, 2017), *heshe egregore* (with Daniel Y. Harris, Éditions du Cygne, 2016), *Turtle Grass* (Muddy River Books, 2014) and *Emily Dickinson* (Propaganda Press, 2010). Some of her poetry, experimental writing and visual arts have been published in *Clarion*, *Counterexample Poetics*, *Divine Dirt*, *E-ratio*, *experiential-experimental-literature*, *The Licentiam*, *Lynx*, *Lummox*, *Ofwith*, *Pop Art*, *Right Hand Pointing*, *Presa*, *The Seventh Quarry Magazine*, *Spreadhead*, *Stride* and *The Taos Journal of International Poetry & Art*. She is an internationally acclaimed visual and digital artist, having 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 and Co-Founder of X-Peri and Co-Director of the X-Peri Series.

A writer of poetry, short stories and plays, **Caroline Reid** regularly performs her work and has been published in journals and anthologies including *Bath Flash Fiction Award*, *Verity La*, *4W*, *Indigo*, *Seizures* and *Review of Australian Fiction*. She lives and works in Adelaide, Australia.

**George J. Farrah** works in the Black Mountain/Post Language schools of writing. He holds an MFA from Bard College, NY. He is the author of a full length book of poetry, *The Low Pouring Stars*, and a pamphlet, *Insomniac Plum* (Ravenna Press), and a chapbook, *Walking as a Wrinkle* (Moria Books, Locofo Chaps.)

**Stephen Nelson** is the author of *Lunar Poems for New Religions* (KFS Press), *Eye Jar* (Red Ceilings Press) and *Thorn Corners* (erbacce-press). He has published poetry in numerous magazines internationally, including *BlazeVox Journal*, *Big Bridge* and *Otoliths*. His last book was a Xerolage of visual poetry called *Arcturian Punctuation* (Xexoxial Editions). He has exhibited vispo around the world, including the 2011 Text Festival in Bury, and contributed to *The Last Vispo Anthology*. His poetry has also appeared in *The Sunday Times Poet's Corner* and various anthologies, including *The Poet's Quest for God* (Eyewear Publishing). Stephen Nelson is online at [afterlights-vispo.tumblr.com](http://afterlights-vispo.tumblr.com) and at [afterlights.blogspot.com](http://afterlights.blogspot.com).

**David A. Welch** is a management consultant with degrees in Journalism and Studies in Literature. His poetry has been published in *E·ratio*, *Otoliths* and *Dappled Things*. David A. Welch is online at [cindersthereare.wordpress.com](http://cindersthereare.wordpress.com).

**Timothy Collins** teaches college writing at SUNY Buffalo State. He holds an MA in English Literature. His poems appear in a number of literary magazines and academic journals, most recently *BlazeVOX*, *The Waggle* and *The Quint*. His scholarship appears in peer-reviewed academic journals. Recent publications include “Wu-Tang Clan versus Jean Baudrillard: Rap Poetics and Simulation” in *The Journal of Popular Culture* and an article on Lacan and Poe in *Symbolism: An International Annual of Critical Aesthetics*.

**Travis Cebula** is the author of six full-length collections of poetry, including *Dangerous Things to Please a Girl*, a sequence of Parisian poetry, and *The Sublimation of Frederick Eckert*, forthcoming from Black Lawrence Press. He is also a joyful member of the Left Bank Writers Retreat in Paris, France.

**Jim McCrary** lives in Lawrence, Ks. His most recent publication is *Year Book* from Shirt Pocket Press. Recent collections include *This Here* from Moneypenny Press and *All That* from Thiink Books. Chapbooks include *PoDoom*, *M Ental Tekst*, *Dive She Said*, *My Book*, *Mayaland* (with John Moritz) and *Hotter Than* and *Now*. He is the mascot for the 8<sup>th</sup> St Tap Room reading series curated by Megan Kaminski in downtown Lawrence.



**Thomas Fucaloro** holds an MFA in creative writing from the New School and is a co-founding editor of Great Weather for Media and NYSAI press. He is a writing coordinator at the Harlem Children's Zone and is the winner of a performance grant from the Staten Island Council of the Arts and the NYC Department of Cultural Affairs. He has been on five national slam teams. He is the author of two books of poetry published by Three Rooms Press, most recently *It Starts from the Belly and Blooms*, which received rave reviews, and the chapbooks *Mistakes Disguised as Stars* (Tired Hearts Press), *Depression Cupcakes* (Yes, Poetry) and *There is Always Tomorrow* forthcoming from Madgleam Press.

**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).



## E·ratio Editions

#23. *Poets East: An Anthology of Long Island Poets* edited by Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino. The Native Americans called Long Island “Paumanok,” which means “land of tribute.” For poets everywhere, but for Long Island poets especially, the significance of “tribute,” of “land of tribute,” is nowise more advanced and expressed than in the sensibilities of native son Walt Whitman. For Whitman, “land of tribute” is Nature’s tribute to herself, Nature celebrating Nature. This small anthology is dedicated to the *spirit-of-tribute* that is the spirit of Long Island poet Walt Whitman.

#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.

*taxis de pasa logos*

