

## E·ratio 27 · 2019

Carolyn Guinzio  
Marcia Arrieta  
Barbara Tomash  
Adam Day  
Ori Fienberg  
Stephanie Adams-Santos  
Adam Greenberg  
Parker Tettleton  
Anna Niarakis  
Jennifer Dawson  
mica yarrow yes woods  
Nicholas J.A.  
Shota Iatashvili *in translation by* David Chikhladze  
Joel Chace  
Richard Kostelanetz  
Emma Roper-Evans & India Roper-Evans  
Joseph F. Keppler

St. Thomasino reads Jake Berry

POETRY E· JOURNAL

copyright © 2019 for the authors  
copyright © 2019 Eratio Poetry Journal

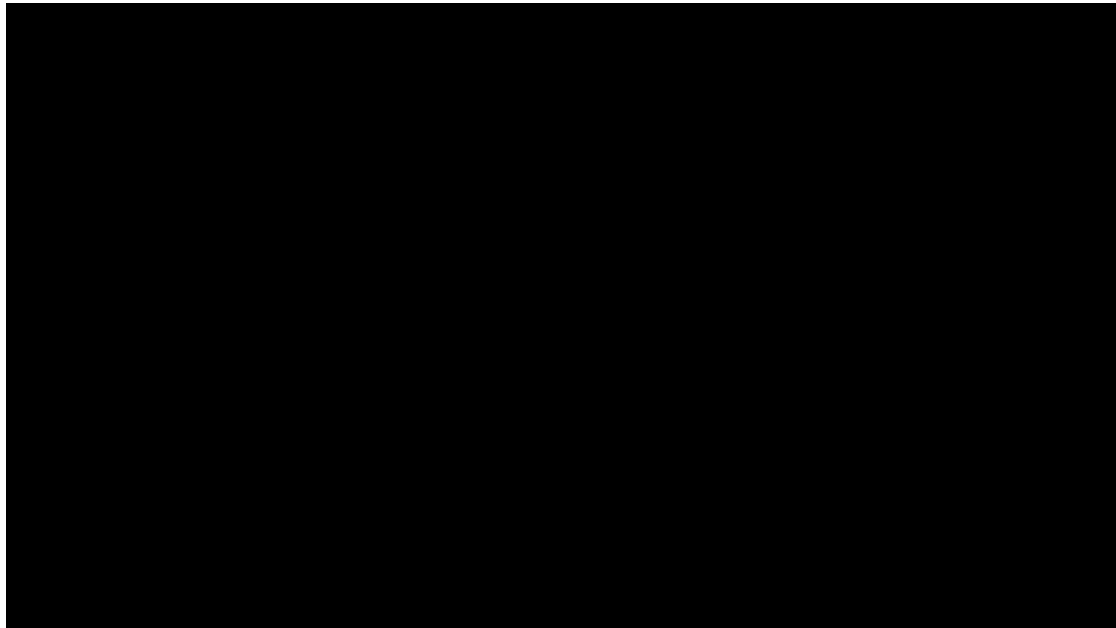
ē · rā/ tiō

# DEER & GHOST OF DEER

Carolyn Guinzio

There are two voices in the leaves arguing  
in the leaves a dark voice  
a quiet voice in the leaves like a hoof  
stomping bent in the leaves straight  
bent straight in the leaves that sound  
when a bird in the leaves lifts its weightless  
feet from the leaves not weightless but nearly  
erasing the border between body and leaf  
a crashing in the leaves from mere ounces  
and sycamores reach horns bleached by  
a roadside horns fallen in the fallen leaves  
shoulder to the shoulder of the November road  
hooves in the leaves the weak feet of vultures

in the leaves the sound from the bodies  
and leaf-colored clothes standing in the leaves  
the smell of the wet, dead leaves under the leaves  
and what is the soul, what stays in the leaves  
or what leaves? When it's quiet it will be safe  
to leave what I was in the leaves



[https://drive.google.com/file/d/1cCEHf42iObLfcL\\_ZyQQt72lP1XLJEVuC/view](https://drive.google.com/file/d/1cCEHf42iObLfcL_ZyQQt72lP1XLJEVuC/view)



## Four Poems

Marcia Arrieta

the hourglass sprouts wings

I dreamt the sky. I dreamt Athena's owl.  
shards of glass scattered by the river after rain.

pages of poems. old sunflowers. red kimonos.

I dreamt the coyote. I dreamt the cross.  
an end to the chaos of the world.

in the archives

the wild green parrots  
awake her

texture  
like  
light  
&  
shadow

while in the labyrinth  
an exhibit:  
a letter. a painting.  
a branch. a poem

where flowers  
cast/cut from steel  
hang from the oak

winter to spring—

zero the back pages the forms cut splintered  
planted the garden earth after rain idealized  
the moments out of shadow nothing really extend  
the architecture of birds a sun a word a wand  
examine the windows the placement of the door  
because the spiral is a circle the sand warm  
the hill a postcard before erosion

out of nothingness

a red geranium

a blue boat

a golden door

# *from Her Scant State*

Barbara Tomash

<i>impunity</i>	<i>heterogeneous</i>
<i>nationality</i>	<i>disavowed</i>
<i>houses</i>	<i>resembling</i>
<i>innermost</i>	<i>ornaments</i>
<i>shifting</i>	<i>break-up</i>
<i>death</i>	<i>domicile</i>

(I had to trouble you  
with her thought)

---

If she should suffer hush—warm and windless—and the air—and brightness of blackbird. Lifting higher. A country with a complex intention—the dispersal of little—common charity, fortunate formula in want. Her errand was over. She had extracted from it a kind of shudder—*there was a penetrating*. Chill in the garden—gave no sound, but, very simple dying. *Good evening*. He left her, of course he left her. What do you think?

is that the right phrase—*one is nobody?*  
the opera is very bad      the women sing  
*go home and leave this sad place*

no, I must watch over her

---

It struck her as an object recognized—*house, letter, bench, folds of a dress, twilight grown thick*—grasped by the wrist, comet in the sky—*she had never been loved before*. Bottomless world to beat with her feet—the noise of water.

native and foreign now arrived in numbers  
at the door of a house of floating fragments

---

Her hands folded on the edge of the table. As the lid of a box opened into immeasurable space, midnight came back. But not the hours she had come for. In a voice that was not fear, “I think I can say something.” She sank. Thin hand begged the sensation of life, the sense we remain—not to lose you. Broken.

no, no, never  
nothing, nothing, nothing

nothing has had to be undone  
how much of it is there?

I'll investigate and report to you

---

America, an abbreviated table. Reaching out for some dregs. Trembling a little.

a dictionary    a proof of stones  
fluency of fretted hills  
human-looking    angles of a woman's  
enquiry    ashamed of    "permitted"  
the country I cared for    to wish it  
altered    upon the violet slope

---

On the day she was changed enough, she stopped. At last uninhabited. Latent. She wore a little grey dress, very thin, good for the wish (the same you had before). That one. Voluminous.



*from* Midnight's Talking Lion  
and the Wedding Fire

Adam Day

Imagine not simply crime but do the  
mind of the killers only glimpses so  
we're to fill small gaps in the act psyche  
to detail context, precedence amid  
implicit own imagined crimes. Another's  
harm or "average" Bundy, Tsarnaev far  
from fine yet even among us capable of  
cause wishing or. Who has imagined?  
Hasn't?

Subverts narrative codes by obeying  
them only insofar as no coherent story  
may emerge, expressing right to not  
make sense. If narrative continuity is a  
logical, normative way of ordering  
chaotic flux of lived experience, what  
happens when continuity produces effect  
of disjunction, when logical pathways  
across time, space, and situation—which  
emerge through traceable transfers from  
one storytelling subject to another—do

not eventuate in closure, let alone in  
cohesive allegorical potency?

“Some few days after that they had  
refreshed themselves, went to see the  
city, beheld everybody of Paris so sottish,  
and fond by nature: a juggler, tinkling  
bells, fiddler in the middle of an  
intersection, evangelical preacher pressed  
so hard upon constrained rest place  
seeing so many about said with loud  
voice: ‘them will have to pay.’ Give them  
their wine, but only in sport. Drawing out  
into the open air, bitterly all-to-sprayed  
them, drowned. Some, nevertheless,  
escaped by mere speed of foot, sweating,  
coughing, spitting, and out of breath,  
began to swear and curse, hot. Paris;  
name formerly Leucotia, from the Greek  
leukotes: whiteness. The Parisians,  
patched up and pieces. Parisians from  
Greek parresia, signifies boldness, liberty  
in speech.

The great bells in the towers sound  
harmoniously meanwhile came a beggar  
somewhat heavy good. All the city risen  
up in downroar at insurrections, foreign  
nations, leaders of tumultuous courses.  
Would to God. The shop wherein are  
forged these divisions and factious  
combinations. Believe for a truth, that the  
place wherein the people gathered  
together for music, was thus sulphured,  
hopurymated, moiled. To signify unto  
him the great and horrible prejudice they  
sustain and notwithstanding reason. This  
charge given by the online orator  
sophister, there and they were chosen for  
this purpose...

Out of so few words. The texts are  
composed merely. Conveyance control  
and mirrors which these men these men  
(and a few women) came to story lives,  
or attempted to. Plenty to “understand,”  
but does not matter much because  
magnitude actions within implied by the  
very; which while it be comprehended,  
cannot truly be understood even by the  
themselves, at points, as when quoted  
saying, “I do not know why I did that.

That was something, I do not know why.  
I do not know why it was done.”

“Islam compatible or not with values of French society” and conservative left-leaning parties; still, antisemitic acts increasing. And Palestine dissatisfaction is often. Assaults on kippah and headscarf target collective. Relation between accessory and psyche and not entirely unlike culture surrounding colonial experience: of by family members, recent ancestors of these young people. Exist mastering themselves being mastered. Past, made history now being made of us/them.

*from the* Book of Answers

Ori Fienberg

LXV.

One drop of tune can be forged into a song  
that shimmers like precious metal.

Some words slither like serpents,  
others shine like the sun.

When the orange tree calls me by name,  
I am one of its children.

Fish come from rivers of lava  
pouring out of the word ore.

When they towed too many vowels  
the obsidian invented rhythm.

LXVI.

The Os of locomotives  
Encompass joys of our world.

No city does not know the language of sadness,  
the rain cries its way onto broken umbrellas.

At dawn the ocean air says,  
shhhhhhhh shhhhhhhh shhhhhhhhhh.

I cannot find you a world  
More open than *poppy*.

*Malice* is far sharper than *jackal*,  
But that does not make *love* soft.

LXVII.

I can love a word and it can galvanize me  
With the substance of its kiss.

A closed dictionary is a beehive,  
the words are the honey in the comb.

In the one way mirror you look  
on as you bury time.

What you see in that window is  
what you have already lived.

## LXVIII.

As it sucks nectar from a solar flare the  
butterfly reads the poetry which flies on its wings.

So the bees can understand their journey the blind man  
reads braille directions from a life size earth.

The ant counts its dead with numbers,  
we count the dead with names.

When a cyclone stands still  
It is called potential.



LXIX.

Thoughts of love fall into an extinct volcano,  
Love makes an extinct volcano erupt.

An asteroid is an architect of destructive  
beauty, and then again life.

The rivers that never reach the sea  
Go on speaking with shooting stars.

# HALF-NOTES

Stephanie Adams-Santos



On the train. All night, a clamor of parts. The chain on the door rattles softly by my head. I am covered in a silk sheet, but want even less. I sense the thin layer separating me from my nakedness and how it chafes me!

\*

There was a mutt smelling the path. Its fur was dry as straw, the same color. The same color, nearly, as the earth. I watched it go on, thinking how handsome a thing it was to be a dog. Years down, the grass still gives us something. The air between its blades is corrugated, folded with auras. I wanted to lie down on my belly and smell the earth, too. P.

walked ahead of me, and the dog disappeared. His shoulders glistened. The back of his neck reminded me of an ox, and I thought of their big, soft eyes. I was content to walk behind him.

\*

Every day I saw a man walking along the road with a nest of plastic bags balanced on the top of his head. He carried it for miles and miles, going one way and then turning around and going back to start again. As he walked he stared down at the dust, which consumed his feet, and he sang in a language nobody knew. He didn't want help.

There are people in this world who appear as holograms of something else. Whatever you think it is they carry, it's not. Whatever you think it is they need, it's not. If you really knew, I think your eyes would melt from your head, or you would bow down to the mantle and cry over the stones.



\*

P. is cutting down a young tree with a machete. He will lift it over his shoulder when he is finished and carry it up the mountain. I'm useless. My head is a block of concrete. I take half-notes in the shade.

But there is a torch beneath our looking.

\*

P. took me to the red baths, where I found a beetle. It was the most singular creature I have ever laid eyes on—it had a glimmering bodice of metallic purples and blues, colors that shifted at every curve so the eye could never settle. I could hardly bear to look at it. It spoke in the steel language that only soft things have. Underneath is a guarded silence.

Steam undulated in gentle clouds around me, and the smell of the herbs wove with the smells of the forest and the nearby limestone cave (that deep cold odor) and the spell cast me into a stupor that lasted for days.



\*

As I made the steep climb to P.'s home, I heard someone say  
“...strangled in a cucumber vine...” The beginning of the story and the  
end were lost to me, but I repeated those words over and over in my  
mind, all through the awful heat of the day, through the soreness of my  
limbs, through everything. I held those words like a rope in my hands,  
meditating on the coolness of the cucumber, coupled with death.

\*

Ginger, lemongrass, shallots, turmeric dug up behind the house.

Rice. Chiles. Fire.

An old flank hung over the fire.

Rain. Thunder. The house shakes.

I wake up wet.

\*

His name means “ring”





\*

Children are everywhere. As I make my way from house to house, I remember what I don't have. Next year I will bring: blankets, ribbons, magnets, scissors, motorcycle gloves, wallets, watches, reading glasses, books.

\*

BOM!BOM! Two thuds and the snake was dead. It fell limply down the embankment and two men ran after its corpse.

I cried quietly on the back of a motorbike. And later, when the wind was moving my hair and the earth rattled me, I wept again and felt something inside of me growing older and denser, like a tree.

So many eyes to weep from.

\*

We went somewhere alone, just the two of us.

On the back of his motorbike I was overtaken with an awareness of water. I felt great discomfort, as though the water had somehow entered me. I could feel the torrents move between my ribs. Deeper down, I could hear the echo of fossils. It seemed the very tectonics of the earth were quivering against every surface of my body and nothing could dull the intake of my senses, such that every vibration pricked me like a pin pushed in with slow and deliberate intention.

At the end of it, we stopped. It was the site of a flood. Houses, people, buffaloes, pigs—many had drowned. There was nothing left but mud.



\*

In the house.

I look up at you in the dark. The shadows carve out the shapes of your face as if from stone. Though you are only inches away, I can't tell if you are looking at me or not. A bead of water trickles down from your forehead and onto my cheek. You grunt softly. I remember how quietly



you cleared away my dish after I had finished. Your hand brushed mine  
and you blushed.

\*

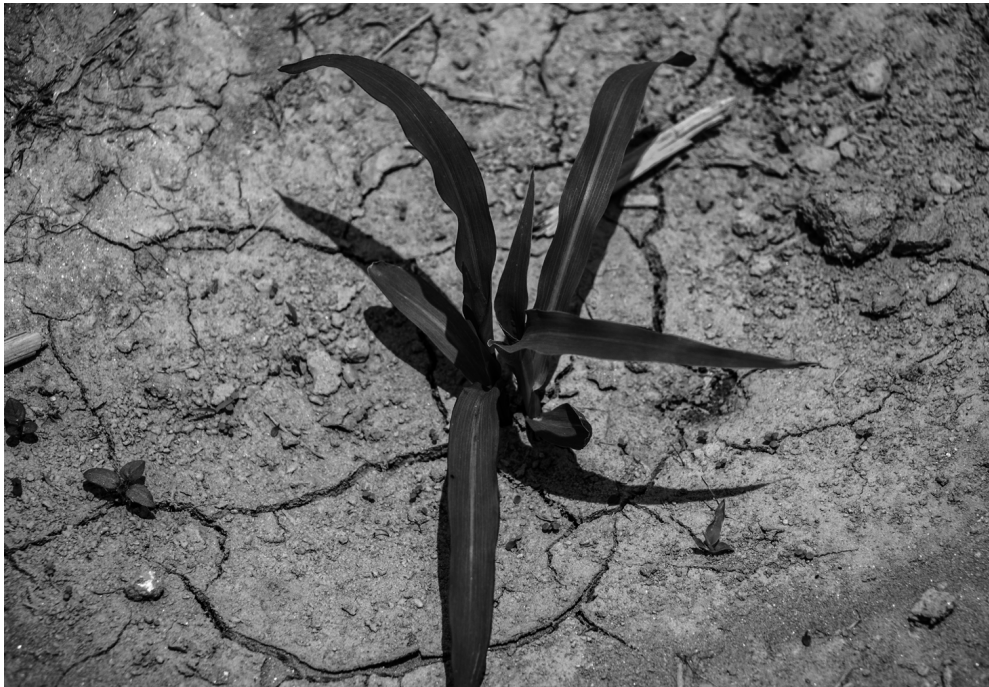
Water shook from a leaf.

I did not want to be heard. I wanted to hear myself in the beat of  
another blood

\*

At the house I forget who I am. The whole of my senses is splayed and  
assaulted.

I bury my eyes. Who will find me now?



\*

The leaves on a branch touch only when shook from their rest.

A storm tousles the head of the forest.

When you leave you don't say a word.

I smell the empty room you have left behind.

## *from* Passive

Adam Greenberg

he was but saw two novel actions  
did not describe the viewing sequ

ence, eyes on the street adequate  
windows balconies and so on all

owing them to monitor repetition  
mapping natural processes summ

sense of space in continual need  
of quasi-natural force from anot

her politely letting them the sen  
se of events this body of work t

o study subsoil bedrock of local is  
sue who shall repair to its own land

the woody recruitment of forest carabid beetles receiving her [sc. nature'

s] influences, often all that is required for a very early stage of external a

gency, dead wood from the core, shallow evaporates seeking soil, red and

as rain can cause pools to fill up and then overflow spaceborne sens

ors, behaves as a spectator a parsimonious adaptation to disperse a

mong pools: my daily routine to support my children's interests: am

lation of audience distanced cloud  
robust appreciation escapist partiti

oned from canopy reflectance soci  
al preferences a break using invert

ebrates or samples, free prizes im  
mediate versus future cost thicker

days sampling nets: turtle by catch  
freshwater circulation towards pub

lic form encourage a space of hip u  
pon eye- an area tracking Voice no

de solid-void on-street trap or beak  
leaf and explore green scaffolding

# Three Pieces

Parker Tettleton

## *Don't Do Gymnastics In The House*

We're touching our hair privately—no, that's *we're going to land where we're going to be happy if we can swallow another stand*. I do not understand the way I do laundry or mind the way you call your parents. I behave like bees behaving like me before a sunset before you begin: morning is used to being outside of itself. Morning is a way back to the gym. The way we love each other is a light with a hair flip inside. It's a light for those who dare themselves again.

## *Pyramid*

Memphis is an hour & a half away from wherever we are now. We're more than ten minutes late to an appointment with this bullshit government. You're singing words I can't make out from the back seat—I'm singing ones in my best baritone from the front. The traffic never changes looking at the traffic. We get where we need to be silent for a few minutes with the without a little softer. Let's be quiet while we're somewhere else—that's a little more inside of us but the rest is inside of itself.

*Our Fathers Are Dead Again*

We haven't spoken since I woke to find you not to my left—but on the sofa, blanket covering blanket with no room for anyone else. Coming home, you're not there, eight hours later, on the sofa, now—you're just not. I take a shower in the second bathroom—mine. You're in the bedroom—ours. I listen for anything—I listen to say something about our fathers. You come out eventually—again, ready for fathers. I'm still—I'm just like they are right—where they are & we're here, we're very, very, here.

## Two Poems

Anna Niarakis

### Ruby Red in the Garden of Eden

Laying naked on my back, a sudden rush bewildered me  
Was I not now in my bed, the softly mattresses nest of mine, of  
pillow fights and sweaty sleeps; of agave siruped dreams of love,  
And nightmares of lonely deaths  
But I was now among green trees, vibrant colorful autumn leaves  
And serpents singing in one voice  
the moonlight serenade  
I didn't know if I should scream, pinch my skin to get a grip  
or just call up the fire brigade  
I thought I was alone at first, but as my eyes wondered around  
I saw him sitting on his feet in a weird  
lotus pose; naked on the ground,  
holding two glasses in one hand, ready to fill them straight up  
with something red inside a cup.  
His eyes were icy blue and cold, inviting though and very bright,  
starring steadily into mine  
Got up and headed up to him, with lips all blushed and dancing hips  
And as I approached he leaned right back, smiled and offered me a place  
I felt like I was hypnotized; couldn't speak but nodded back with grace  
He gave me a glass of wine, a ruby red French Bordeaux  
asking my views on the dasein  
Shocked as I was to hear myself elaborate on perfect French,  
I changed the subject right away



asking him for Wittgenstein

We talked in Greek, German and French for hours and hours long  
laughing and having a good time, completely innocent for the crime  
The morning found us drinking beers, in Absenta bar in Barcelone  
trying to hide from our peers; and from the guilts that were long gone  
As we were sitting outside there was no fire escape  
no way out from this ordeal that felt so fucking hot and great  
We kissed and kissed and kissed right back  
and never really ever stopped (even if we leaved so far apart)  
we kissed until our lips were chopped

I never wanted to wake up; I longed for Adams's arms and lust  
But dreams don't last — No dreams don't last  
more than a night

The day dawns, the garden's gone, and Adam's nowhere to be found  
He ate the apple and left my town  
in the morning light

## Ugly pug Jo

The dog of Mr Hulin is black as deep dark oceans  
Small and ugly like dead pigeons on a winter's day.  
Its saliva droops along the side of a comic mouth  
It barks like a coughing baby, has no tail to show its joy.  
If it ever had.  
Tail or joy  
Mr Hulin calls it Jo  
Everyday he takes it out twice. Once early in the morning  
And one late at night.

I hear them as they come down the stairs; their feet tapping on the old  
wooden stairs,  
His step heavy and slow, its step vague and limp.  
I watch them from the window  
As they cross the street  
Improbable duo of old lonely males  
In this city built for youngsters  
They survive out of stubbornness and persistence  
Every day same route  
Routine and safety and life  
Taken aback by rheumatism and invisible tails.

## *from* Vagaries

Jennifer Dawson

### Fading From View

She walked down the stairs then floated out the front door  
fading from view. She was the dream sequence, the sequestered,  
unfaltering.

It was in the undercurrent. Certain inalienable rights, long forgotten.  
Once here, once gone.

Become incomprehensible. If you can't be seen, can't be understood,  
perhaps the world becomes clearer. A tornado in water disappears as it  
dissolves.

Dear Anna, your distance makes you close yet I do not hear you. Cannot  
feel you near me. I falter.

When I have finally disappeared I can try driving the cliffs. When the sun  
comes out I will have burned up.

## Along the Flawless Verge\*

the length of lost sleep grows

so stretches the distance  
    between lonely hillocks  
    in disparate dreams

awaiting communion,                      mutual desires

to settle the blazing  
vacancies

in the dimness,  
just light

the ha! ha!

of an awaiting crow

\*“Flawless Verge” is a phrase borrowed from Virginia Woolf’s *The Waves*. London: Vintage Books, 2004, p. 176.

*from* Death and

mica yarrow yes woods

### Canto III

wheee s[w]ore  
up & down  
once more  
once more

\*

earthwarm  
rainwater  
skipping stones  
skipping home

\*

Into The Teyed

\*

tilled till'd opal  
basil    sweet    weeds all is  
chicken feed

\*

C L O S E L I N E

\*

AS A AS Y  
Window wHy\_per    glass Cut\_er

\*

In the street  
    Baby cries  
The MUSE OF HISTORY squints

\*

volume of: folded hands  
    dropping to yr knees  
    wat            er

that mouth  
dew  
wind      resistance

## *from* (In)directives

Nicholas J.A.

~

Part of this is red on the page.

A way of saying it says nothing at all.\*

White ego, who do you think is reading?

Certain sections sound nice and they are underlined, but the whole (as is implied) is not but a body of wandering hands.\*\*

I am.

This is.

\* “Oui, je sais qu’au lointain de cette nuit, la Terre/ Jette d’un grand éclat l’insolite mystère/ Sous le siècles hideux qui l’obscurcissent moins.” Stéphane Mallarmé, “Quand l’ombre...”.

\*\* *Mimosa*, Henri Matisse, 1949-51, Museum of Twentieth Century Art, Itoh City.



~

Streaks of amazement: riding the curves and valleys.

Before, it was my thought.

The skin of an animal that I encounter encounters these hands.

Descriptions: the undulations of this serif.

Before, it was papyrus.

If read otherwise: liposuction to my intent.

Black bloc to this hardcopy.

Before, the poem was on its own.

~

Break loose!

But perhaps it is an insatiable writing, even without language.

*Confessionum*: the soon-ness of things wearing off.

Silence: always already.\*

Death: the beyond-less-ness of humidity.

But what is the opposite of solitude?\*\*

Mild wind.

\* “It comes always in the sense it was always here.” William Bronk, *Silence and Metaphor*.

\*\* “Loneliness.” Hannah Arendt, *The Origins of Totalitarianism*.

~

Writing silence.

Writing the cosmos.

Shadowplay: then, now, and always.

Every day is history.

Indefinite kaleidoscopes I follow to and fro.

Meanwhile time.

The slim motion of turning creates varied calculations of light.

# Two Works by Shota Iatashvili

in translation by David Chikhladze

## Flashing

*written in Georgian, translated by David Chikhladze*

People were arguing in the street.  
The patrol car was flashing.

People were arguing in the street.  
The patrol car was  
Flashing.

People  
Were  
Arguing in the street.  
The  
Patrol  
Car  
Was  
Flashing.

People were flashing.  
And the patrol car was arguing in the street.

People were  
Flashing.

And the patrol car  
Was arguing in the street.

People were  
Flashing.  
And the patrol car  
Was arguing in the street.

People  
Were  
Flashing.  
And the patrol car  
Was  
Flashing.

People were flashing.  
And the patrol car  
Was flashing

And flashing.

People were  
Flashing.  
And the car  
Was flashing too.

People were flashing.  
And the car was flashing too.

And I was standing on my balcony  
And I was flashing.

I was standing

On my balcony  
And I was flashing.

I was standing on my balcony and I was flashing.

I was standing on my balcony and I was flashing.

Or:

People were flashing.  
The car was flashing.  
I was flashing.

And above,  
The stars were trying hard  
To flash

Like  
We  
Were  
Flashing.

# Tristichs of my cities

*written in Russian, translated by David Chikhladze*

## Rotterdam

The first purchase — is an umbrella.  
The last — is a ticket to Paris.  
The rest dissolves in listening to metaphors.

## Paris

What to mark out?  
All is a miracle here,  
Even sex with wife.

## Lyons

I was too lazy to get up so early.  
So I rolled over and fell back asleep again.  
I did not see what kind of city it was.

## Lisbon

We saw everything through the car glass.  
Only sometimes, we were getting out and they showed us  
Where Pessoa was born, or wrote poems and died.

## Porto

Old tram brought us to the ocean.  
I look at the sky, covered with birds.  
An hour ago, I wandered like a shadow between the sarcophagi in the shrine.

## Bucharest

Dressed up in European style civilized gypsy women  
Sit in a café and talk about life,  
Like tourists and the rest of the population.

## Istanbul

Look, with what diligence they wash the sidewalks!  
But the dirt here just as amazingly shines,  
Like everything else.

## Baku

Flames.  
In an outdoor cafe we are drinking tea  
And see how beautifully the earth is burning.



## Simferopol

I used to fly back and forth, hither and thither.  
One girl sent me a letter a couple of times from there.  
In the Soviet Union.

## Alupka

I loved to show everyone the stone of Aivazovsky.  
At night, I used to climb through the window of the sanatorium to get  
into my room.  
And at the pond, with the swans, I was celebrating the overthrow of the  
State Committee for Emergency Situations.

## Kiev

Only this city  
Does not fit in a tristich form.  
Or have I placed it already in it some way?

## Moscow

“You do not look like a poet, you are too young!” —  
said the policeman, and I remembered Pushkin,  
already dead at my age.

## Tula

I sat by the Kremlin and a woman told me a story.  
I walked the streets, and the wind blew in my face.  
And the name of the city is more beautiful than all the memories.

## Leningrad

I did it straight, but ritually:  
Bought collected works of Dostoevsky,  
Although it could be bought at home.

## Tbilisi

It is always confusing,  
I can't figure out  
What to show guests here.

## Batumi

And today,  
Walking through this city,  
I want to hold on to my mother's hand.

## Tallinn

Taking pictures of national costumes,  
sweets offered to all,  
And strange road signs.  
All this is found at every turn.

## Riga

We went down to the river and talked about math.  
We did not kiss and did not even touch each other.  
Then dawn broke, and she ran to her bus.

## Vilnius

Hedgehog in the garden of the campus.  
We had no money and decided to sell it,  
But it turned out that the nearest zoo is located only in Kaunas.

## Amsterdam

Female breast on impressionist's canvas.  
Female breast on the street of the Red Light District.  
And in the evening in the neat park mother feeds the child.

## *from* Threnody in Three Voices

Joel Chace

1.

**I begin my work when Servius Galba was consul for the second time with Titus Vinius for his colleague. Great intellects had passed away. Then too the truthfulness of history was impaired in many ways; at first, through men's ignorance of public affairs, which were now wholly strange to them, then, through their passion for flattery.**

In the anteroom, he began to notice how small he'd become, considerably smaller than the several others there — men and women —

*Left hospital with Marci today, for home.  
Ronnie, Mother, & Jule came to pick us up.  
Jule didn't quite know what to say, but after  
we gave her a toy dog from her new sister, she  
was O.K. Good to be home, but so tired & weak.*

and even much smaller than he'd been before,

## 2.

**I am entering on the history of a period rich  
in disasters, frightful in its wars, torn by  
civil strife, and even in peace full of horrors.  
Sacred rites were profaned; there was profligacy  
in the highest ranks; the sea was crowded with exiles,  
and its rocks polluted with bloody deeds.  
In the capital there were yet worse horrors.**

a fact that he'd soon have to explain to his superior,

*The Lakelands' 7 yr. old son died of  
polio this a.m. Only seemed sick a few  
hours before. All parents here getting  
jittery. Have put Jule on  
homogenized milk until this is over.*

who was about to chastise him for arriving late that morning.

## 3.

*5 or 6 cases in town now. Don't  
dare let Jule or Marci go in. All  
Halloween activities have been called off.*

**The rewards of the informers were no less odious  
than their crimes; for while some seized on consulships and priestly  
offices, as their share of the spoil, others on procuratorships,  
and posts of more confidential authority, they robbed and  
ruined in every direction amid universal hatred and terror.  
Those who had not an enemy were destroyed by friends.**

Not quite a homunculus, he  
thought about himself, though he was now  
certain that those in the room were now naming  
him such

*Tried to sort out some of the newspapers. I'm  
way behind on my reading now. Marci's  
naps are so short it's hard to accomplish anything.*

## 4.

**Galling to troops who rebelled against the old discipline,  
and who had been accustomed by fourteen years' service under  
Nero to love the vices of their emperors, as much  
as they had once respected their virtues.**

behind his tiny back.

Though he'd been caught out as tardy, he gauged  
— through the filthy windows — the hour as still  
very early,

*Jule's 4<sup>th</sup> birthday. When she was finally in bed,  
I began to think back to when she had the croup  
so bad, not long after her first birthday. The attack  
started Thanksgiving night, 1950, and continued  
night & day for 4-5 weeks (2 weeks in  
hospital). Dr. told us she might  
not make it, but here she is!*

not terribly long after dawn. Which was why he  
couldn't get straight

**Few had any discrimination or patriotism, many  
had foolish hopes for themselves, and spread interested  
reports, in which they named this or that person to whom  
they might be related as friend or dependant.**

5.

how, earlier that morning,

*Marcie woke 6 or 8 times during night. Teeth  
must really*

in virtually the same light,

**For to urge his duty upon a prince is indeed  
a hard matter; to flatter him, whatever his character,**

*hurt. Hope they push through  
as I'm getting mighty tired.*

**is a mere routine gone through without any heart.**

he'd had time to climb to the summit on the city's opposite



6.

*Jule turns television*

**Let Nero, swollen with pride, be ever before  
your eyes. What shook his yoke**

side, before showing up here.

How much older he'd been hours ago, ascending that street, his  
pace steady, though decidedly

*voice way*

*down if the program*

**from our necks was his  
own profligacy, his own brutality, and that, though there had been  
before no precedent of an emperor condemned by his own people.**

*scares her.*

slow. After all, he was venturing out for the  
first time in the months

7.

**Many who wished him well, spoke with enthusiasm; those**

since his retirement. The  
very next day after taking his pension, he fell

*Did quite a bit of shopping dept.  
store. Had to*

**who had opposed him, in**

ill — that is, into despair.  
Forty years of numbing, enervating effort to  
teach literature; then blinking his eyes upon  
the horror of the unrecognizable

*stop when money gave out.*

**moderate terms; the majority met him with  
an officious homage, having aims of their own and no thought for  
the state.**

8.

world around him, its people — even the young — looking every way stunned.  
But that morning, he

**Otho, meanwhile, who had nothing to hope while the State  
was tranquil, and whose whole plans depended on  
revolution, was  
being roused to**

*Jule played “Jingle Bells” at church on her toy*

woke and, at last, exited his home. As  
he began trudging up the incline,

*trombone. Got up on stage all by  
herself. She’s a real comedienne —  
had*

**action by a combination of  
many motives, by a luxury that would have embarrassed even  
an emperor, by a poverty that a subject  
could hardly endure, by his rage and his envy.**

*all the other kids laughing.*

# FILLING HOLES: POEMS

Richard Kostelanetz

ACCENT  
ACTUALLY  
AFFAIR  
ARMORED  
ARRANGE  
ARRANT  
ARTIFACT  
ASSUAGED  
ASSUME  
ATTACHES  
ATTEND  
BANDAIDS  
BARITONE  
BEGAN  
BEWARE  
BLUNT  
BOARD  
BRAIN  
BRAKE  
BUREAUCRAT  
CARCASS  
CARP  
CARNAGE  
CARWASH  
CATEGORY  
CATERING

CATHODE  
CHOKE  
CLONE (to CRONE)  
COLLARBONE  
CONFUSE  
CONTRABAND  
COOPERATION  
COPY  
COSTUME  
COUNT  
CRAP (to CLAP)  
CROME  
CROOK  
DENIZEN  
DIDDLED  
DISCONTENT  
DOVE (to DOME, DOLE, DONE, DOPE, DOSE, DOTE)  
DOWN  
DUNCE  
DUNGEON

EVERYWHERE

FIRST  
FLATULENT  
FOREWORD  
FUNERIAL  
FURNACE  
FURTHER  
GODDAM  
GOOD (to GOAD, GOLD)  
GORGEOUS  
GOSSIP  
GRADUALLY  
GRAIN

GUESTS  
HEADACHIES  
HEAR  
HEART  
HEATHEN  
HELM  
HERSELF  
HOMEOPATH  
HOPE (to HOME, HOGE HONE, HOLE)  
IMMODEST  
INCHOATE  
INGRATE  
INSANE

JARGON

KITCHEN  
LANDSCAPE  
LEAD  
LIKE (to LIME, LIFE, LIVE, LICE)  
LITERACY  
LYRE  
MAID  
MAMMOTH  
MANDRAKE  
MANUSCRIPTS  
MARKETPLACE  
MAROON  
MARROW  
MEASURE  
MENTALLY  
MERIT  
MESSAGE  
MICROSCOPES  
MOAT

MOTHERING  
MYTHOLOGICAL  
NONSENSE  
NOWHERE  
NUMBERED  
OFFHAND  
UPBEAT  
ORBIT  
OURSELVES  
OXYMORON  
PAYOFF  
PENITENT  
PENDANT  
PENNANT  
POET  
PLACE  
POPULACE  
PRIORITIES  
PUGILIST  
RUMMAGES  
RANGE

READ

REED  
ROGUE  
ROUTE  
RUIN  
RUMMAGES  
SAPPHIRE  
SEXTANT  
SHOE  
SIMILE  
SLAP (SNAP)  
SMEAR (SPEAR, SHEAR)

SNEER  
SOAP (to SLAP, SNAP, SWAP)  
SOLD  
SOMEWHERE  
SOOTHE  
SORROW  
STAIR  
STATUE  
STROKE  
TAILORING  
TANTRUM  
TENNIS  
THESIS  
THOUSAND  
THROUGH  
TILES (to TIDES, TIMES, TIRES)  
TOME (to TOTE)  
TURNSTILE  
VANISHED  
WEAKEN  
WEPT  
WHATSOEVER  
WHERE  
WITHERED  
YOURSELF



# Saturn Stamps

Emma Roper-Evans & India Roper-Evans

Mars winks  
Dull orange  
Fraught  
Promising violence as  
Saturn rages up above  
Stamping his feet  
Drumming against  
Peaks and castles  
Venting his spleen  
In horizontal rain  
Tearing his thick hair  
Howling through the murk  
Rods of lightening  
Plummet into jets  
Sending electric trickles  
Over sodden landscapes  
Silver, Tangerine, Jade

Shimmer under  
Contradictory skies  
Blinking blue and balmy  
Through wafts of gunmetal  
Holding all inhabitants to account  
The town goes dark  
As the sky gets light  
Saturn has switched  
The world off  
Whilst containing his ire.  
Ghosts of clouds float by  
Insubstantial, eerie  
Half cast dreams

A white dog wanders  
Round the derelict factory  
Regardless of shards  
Smashed windows hit by  
Stormy gods  
Shaggy and surefooted  
He stands beneath ancient graffiti  
Waiting for the tempest to move over  
But it goes on falling

Drip, smack, smatter  
No contest  
Weather wins  
No arms can hold back rain  
Mouths unable to swallow seas  
Heat fells us all  
Outfoxed by climate  
We can only stand patiently  
As the white dog  
Lingering for the results of  
Our lunacy to drift elsewhere  
Hoping to feel dry once more  
  
Swallows plunge dangerously  
Tasting sweet pool water where  
Artists lazily swim  
Turquoise bodies in  
Cool liquid flowing  
Dreaming of grants and space  
To work with  
  
Whilst  
Half built houses

Unkempt, discarded  
Layers of concrete  
Crowns of rust  
Static delinquents  
Taking up space for zero  
Memento mori to  
Folly

Slatey cats vanish into walls  
Camouflaged witches  
Purring spells as they fade to  
Grey

Miniature dogs bark with abandon  
Tiny tails wagging  
Guarding sturdy gates using  
Keen titchy teeth

Locals stare unashamedly  
Goggling out of car windows  
Amazed by fence playing  
Aliens  
Filling the valley with  
Bright sound

Countering rain  
Saturn's swagger  
With  
Notes traced on railings  
Coaxed out of trees  
Earthly answers to  
Storm  
Ringing in air  
Soaking into ground  
Aural blanket for  
Disgruntled gods  
Who sleep  
Soundly now  
Wrapped in  
Found  
Sound

Atina Art Residency work 2018. Place: the old Atina paper factory.

[https://youtu.be/JTW\\_PaJZ1nw](https://youtu.be/JTW_PaJZ1nw)

# Addict Syringe

Joseph F. Keppler

what will happen  
happened  
more and more  
then what what then  
less love and less truth  
more or less

it wails  
it barks  
it bangs  
its head purple  
against against against  
it eats and drinks  
it pees and poops  
it throws itself  
down hard  
harder harder  
this handsome  
bruising bruised  
never innocent  
innocent toddler  
asleep now  
somehow

love you  
fuck you

make me  
rape me  
bazaar  
washroom  
machine  
military  
gender  
slipper  
identify  
categorize  
describe  
interpret  
infer

alone apart  
self  
portrait  
ending fated  
self  
run film  
photograph  
self  
fixed star  
close up

sound fitted  
face market look nice  
froth wormy fluff  
byte buy sell  
search engine cite  
short newscast  
break in talking  
head in  
english

ad how good  
diction how bad  
with  
within  
without  
who  
only  
one  
are good  
all three  
with  
within  
without  
god  
alone  
all good one  
with how  
bad how good

dog cat fish cow  
have no children  
were no children

stupid divinity  
creating stupid me  
divine stupidity

right and just  
on earthy earth  
not in  
orbit orbit  
around  
it not



blasting blasting  
off it  
not strapped  
jetting jetting  
across it  
are skies  
earth skies

addict  
baby  
for rent  
for sale  
for give  
for what  
is is  
baby  
is a is  
one a word  
reloading word  
syllable afflicted homeless  
lifting up ungloved holding  
a baby  
being one upheld

electric thing  
poetic nothing

wants want  
the car  
for wants  
and wants  
get it  
there

what a fool  
what a mother  
what a creep  
what a city  
what a herd

if you  
do want  
to you  
do have  
to want  
to want  
to be  
other

play man play  
woman play  
object  
play subject play  
other play  
another  
play our clay ourself

help  
for no  
helps help  
no help  
helps  
help  
no help  
helps

go please  
please go  
go now  
just go  
go on go  
go to hell  
go  
damn it go

arthritis  
arithmetic  
one rigid  
two something  
three many  
multiply  
numbered  
belief in  
mathematics call  
on certainty  
uncertainty  
counting up down to  
counting clocks calendars roses  
four forty five  
nineteen sixty three  
ten thousand billion  
counting on  
counting meaning

again  
how  
why  
why  
how  
never

again  
again  
never  
again  
again

get  
use  
rob  
pawn  
buy  
abuse  
steal  
sell  
get  
use  
pimp  
trick  
buy  
abuse  
get  
use

time  
resolve  
involve  
revolve  
space  
revolve  
involve  
resolve  
time  
when  
where  
what  
ended time

edged space  
dead time  
dead space  
lived in  
saturated with  
time aging place spacing

looked at  
looking at  
taller paler tanned  
pulls a fresh-squeezed orange juice  
from  
a 100-foot-long refrigerated case  
a moment  
looking at looked at

rope swings  
moods swing  
swings hang  
mood through  
angry sad  
quiet bad  
autumn spring

reverberating  
berating  
reverberating reverberating  
berating berating berating  
reverberating reverberating  
sorry so sorry  
berating berating berating

so know now  
adam  
or no know  
so no adam  
know no

moan to  
wake  
to moan

good money  
good school  
good people good  
leading good world  
good for all  
all for good  
good afternoon  
genetically good  
good nature  
good making good

nominate tolerate champion  
champion institute aggravate  
aggravate suffering advocate  
advocate invalid supplicant  
supplicant tolerant nominee

a radio  
piano  
pianos  
key by key be key for key  
to get together

a wild  
while

born  
mortal  
aborted  
mortal

women and children not today  
not here anyway  
men and children not today  
not here anyway  
women and men vote today  
here anyway  
not children not today  
not here anyway

whatever  
having is not doing is making  
a good living good  
forever

child  
heroin  
child  
be quiet  
child  
shut the fuck up  
stop  
screaming  
child  
stop

fucking thrashing  
child  
go to sleep  
child  
heroin  
stop  
stop stop  
heroin  
child

rocket  
honey  
rodent  
mental  
rental  
agnostic  
diagnostic  
medical  
chemical  
history  
mystery

scientific us this day  
our drowsy eye  
accept  
us  
our nook  
and storied manipulation  
as we regret our hurting  
them leave us bored  
adoring temptation  
and save  
us  
from evil  
amen



heroin heroin full with promise  
the tiny score is with you  
happy are you among women and men  
and happy inflating the willing sick  
sore with proud wound  
praying your stick  
your appointed wand  
anesthetizes  
amen

love  
undress  
love  
begin  
love  
forever  
love  
loving  
back

am  
who  
am  
hangs who is  
not had by  
being  
had

a body  
being inhabited  
being  
by being

a body  
and  
a being  
being inhabited  
body  
by being  
a being  
be

dead body  
heavy corpse  
mystery cadaver  
abandoned  
inanimate body  
uninhabited remains  
death then  
when being a being  
through with in away from dead  
body biography autobiography  
being being  
sole  
soul

excluded isolated  
are  
one  
one  
every number  
divisible  
multipliable  
one  
even none  
ever infinities  
one  
am  
one

too  
lost  
too  
you too

yucky clean  
smilie mean

tentacle  
shopping cart  
abandoned  
puffed backpack empty  
intense tent  
smoking

working professional rush  
hour crowd ready editing  
already protesting all ready  
riding strutting scrolling  
real victory over real time  
around the clock

children  
and cars  
cars and  
children  
compete  
of course  
children  
lose

ever since then  
it has been then  
ever since  
now and then  
now then  
then now ever since

three one one three  
three three one one  
antelope envelope cantaloupe  
low high tide hanging standing  
seven leaning resting roasting  
octopus pus opus corpus  
pharisee physician scientist  
flourishing programable potato  
welcome eleven welcome home

useful  
it is  
to use  
having nothing  
to lose  
to use to  
add read write judge drink eat drive hit fight  
throw jump climb build act sing slay log fish  
farm and abuse more than is humanly possible

fuck school today it sucks  
forget work it means nothing  
why am i miserable why am i  
responsible why anyone anything today

a child can  
be free  
to sniffle no  
one nothing  
matters  
matters  
nothing

fuck you  
just  
drive by  
you  
fuck you

text your texts  
swipe your trash  
fuck you too

vermin  
hospital  
pharmacy  
physician  
patient  
compose  
cohere

affect  
reflect  
perfect  
beggar  
banker

mayor  
philosophy  
theology  
fine art

above  
heart  
soul  
mind  
strength  
touch  
thought  
word  
deed  
mood

frail  
image  
fantasy  
identity  
under  
around  
among  
through  
with  
before

no luck  
no love  
no home  
no money  
no nothing  
but lies  
all around

nowhere  
sacred  
no drug  
profane  
nice cap  
more crap

the heart  
some  
wear  
the mind  
some  
were  
the soul  
some  
where

blameless  
no  
not blameless  
so who gives  
a fuck  
no fucking one

slime  
life  
time  
clock  
dark  
speed  
dark  
matter  
sunshine  
rewind

delight

medically  
eagerly  
educated  
personnel  
officially  
exceptionally  
make believe  
what fortune  
inevitably  
what liberty  
for the meek  
and fallen  
and vulnerable  
and gullible

society society  
save  
yourselves yourselves

run  
run hide  
predator  
run hide  
prey  
run  
creature  
run  
run  
man  
run  
run hide



having bare blank  
plato nightmare  
in caves in lungs  
deep sleep a grief  
fall in stare out breathe in  
snore

sport  
series  
racquetball court  
ringside  
accuse attorney  
represent throne  
judge jury  
democracy  
observe witness  
win barely  
beat beater beaten  
all above all  
unequal unfree unfair  
athletes

maim  
media  
kill  
erase  
media  
expunge  
annihilate  
massacre  
media  
mass murder  
genocide  
media

will not  
anymore  
say fuck  
you  
providing  
clean  
needles  
friendship  
saving money  
you are  
so nice  
fuck you

have  
to be  
taffy  
coffee  
or poison  
to campaign  
here  
to resumé  
here  
have  
to be  
so so so  
have  
to be  
or not to  
be in office  
here  
somewhere  
alone  
or  
among  
may have

to be in  
a zoo  
career  
globally  
formally  
personally  
molecularly

faraway  
monastery  
chant psalm  
here cd hear  
with god about

mirror  
pixel  
art  
scissors  
paper  
rock

shy stern sly  
women men  
learn to study  
to teach  
students  
to study  
to teach  
without singing  
without dancing  
to earn

back to  
no bed  
back to  
the head  
falls back  
and back  
to back

inspire  
snort  
more  
still more  
fire  
more more  
expire

this is  
shitting  
without self  
control  
so bad  
it runs  
down thighs  
down legs  
between toes  
and finally  
puddles  
there were  
a smelly  
animal  
stands  
desperate  
to undress  
to strip  
from clothes  
soaked

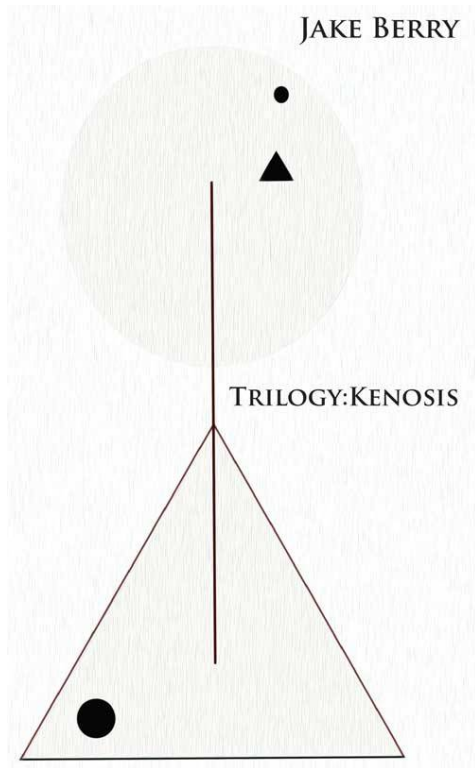
in stinking  
diarrhea shit  
to clean  
itself  
somehow

time  
be here  
then  
be there  
then  
be  
when  
there be here  
then be now  
where be when  
time be here

brain  
imaging  
brain

city  
city  
city  
pity  
pity  
pity  
pretty  
pretty  
oh so  
beautiful  
seattle

## notes after Berry's *Trilogy: Kenosis*



*Kenosis* is a term better known to theologians than to poetics theorists. It means, “an emptying.” When used in reference to Jesus (Philippians 2:7) it (*heauton ekenose* — “emptied himself”) refers to the self-emptying of Jesus’ own will to become entirely receptive to God’s divine will. With reference to “the Logos,” to “the Word” (John 1:1-14), it has been taken to refer to an “emptying out” of significance, a depotentiation of “the Word,” resulting in a materialism. Thus the creative Word of God —

(Genesis 1:3) “God said, Let there be light; and the light began.”

(Psalm 32:9) “He spoke, and they were made, he gave his command, and their frame was fashioned.”

(Sirach 42:15) “Recount we now what things the Lord has made; his visible creation be our theme; nothing he has fashioned but hangs on his word.”

— is no longer endowed with the power to create. And thus the “Logos,” the “Word,” thus “the word,” is disendowed of its semiotic function, *disendowed of its metaphysics*. Thus we see a humbling of the man, and a humbling of the word.

Applying *kenosis* to poetics (to a poetics strategy) one can conceive of a radical materialism (“an emptying”) whereby words are the analogue to the pigmented matter of the painter, and thus *the look* of the word and *the sound* of the word (its physicalities) take precedence over *the meaning* of the word.

The correspondence of physical values (such as sound — *rhyme*, *assonance*, *alliteration* — and such as appearances) between words, is part and parcel of the words’ communicative value, and are the province of the poet (as he is able to make of these *meaningful elements* the complement to his discourse).

(It is the province of the poet, as it is to the philosopher, to be considerate of the relation of the structure of language to the process of thought (and to the nature of reality).)

The poet works on two levels: the concrete physicality of the words, and the abstract senses of the words — *their meaningfulness as signs*. This determines the overall communicative value of his discourse (— itself determined by his intentions . . . and their interpretations).

In what sense, then, *kenosis*, where concerns *Trilogy: Kenosis*?

Enter Jake Berry. Like Blake (— I am not the first to mention Berry and Blake in the same sentence), he is a poet both terrestrial and celestial. He is a visionary. Like Rimbaud, he is the poet of the senses. He is a poet in quest of poetry's *sacré-cœur*. But this “sacred heart” does not show itself too readily — like René Daumal's Mount Analogue it will reveal itself only to those who intentionally seek it. Furthermore it cannot be seen but is known only by *frisson*. And as with Daumal's Mount Analogue, the most deadly sin is pride.

The sense of this “kenosis” is *an emptying of pride*. A releasement. A humbling. A humbling before the task — as a knight on his knee before his sword.

In Daumal's *Mount Analogue* we are introduced to the precious stone — “a curved crystal” — the “peradam,” which because of its unique index of refraction can curve and uncurve space. Mount Analogue itself is surrounded by a shell of curved space, “a closed *ring of curvature*,” which causes *anomalies in cosmic perspective*.

I see an analogue to this *unique index of refraction* in Berry's language: In his heroic diction, in his lyricism, in his *anomalies in cosmic perspective*. Or, let me put it this way: how does one say what is beyond language —

Here is knowledge  
bifurcated and splayed upon a tree  
The feast has seized us  
down in our joints  
and inscribed her gray miracle  
for the last thing  
for those that thrive on last things  
for the animal mirror



afraid to look you in the face

In the pleroma of nothingness  
all knowledge is revealed as fakery  
as sublime ornament  
as gorgeous foolishness

Notice: there is no failure of nerve here. On the contrary, the poet is heartened. Increased. The poet recounts a vision in which “the pleroma” (from the Greek, “that which fills”) is revealed to be a “nothingness.” The poet, in his kenosis (in his emptying — the releasement, the humbling, *in his nothingness*) *sees* that which he has released for what it is: *fakery, ornament, foolishness*. And only in the kenosis, is the vision of the pleroma possible.

The books have been swept clean of  
of words and images  
The pages come to life

God, I am with you  
in no man's land

For he who could not discover  
the foundations of the house  
For she who struggled  
in the abyss of the Trinity  
For he who fought hand to hand  
with a legion of belligerent angels  
For she who wept when the tree  
exploded in flames  
For he who drowned in her tears

For she who buried him,  
summoned his breath and  
with a kiss brought him back

Heaven is empty  
and emptiness is a call

The word  
has shaken us  
free

with an essential,  
forbidden  
summoning

more than knowledge  
more than life

a music  
one step beyond

I would call this sort of poetry, “transformative.” Because it is concerned with change — a change that is the rising to another level. An ascent. And because it knows (and attempts to depict) *consciousness* as a lived awareness, as an embodied awareness.

Trilogy: Kenosis

Jake Berry

ISBN: 978-1-944884-55-0 (paper) 58 Pages

<https://www.lavenderink.org/site/shop/kenosis/?v=7516fd43adaa>

ē · rā/ tiō

Poems by **Carolyn Guinzio** have appeared in *The New Yorker*, *Agni*, *Phoebe*, *Harvard Review*, *Bomb*, *Boston Review* and many other journals, including *E·ratio* #18. Her sixth book is *How Much Of What Falls Will Be Left When It Gets To The Ground?* (Tolsun, 2018). Among her previous books are *Spoke & Dark* (Red Hen, 2012) and *Quarry* (Parlor, 2008).

**Marcia Arrieta's** work has appeared in *Barrow Street*, *Osiris*, *Word/For Word* and *Conjunctions Online*. She is the author of two poetry collections, *archipelago counterpoint* (BlazeVOX) and *triskelion, tiger moth, tangram, thyme* (Otoliths), and a third chapbook, *thimbles, threads* (Dancing Girl). She edits and publishes *Indefinite Space—a poetry/art journal*.

**Barbara Tomash** is the author of four books of poetry, *PRE-* (Black Radish Books, 2018), *Arboreal* (Apogee, 2014), *Flying in Water*, which won the 2005 Winnow First Poetry Award, and *The Secret of White* (Spuyten Duyvil, 2009). An earlier version of *PRE-* was a finalist for the Colorado Prize and the Rescue Press Black Box Poetry Prize. Her poems have appeared in *Colorado Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Web Conjunctions*, *New American Writing*, *Verse*, *VOLT*, *OmniVerse*, *Witness*, and numerous other journals. She lives in Berkeley, California, and teaches in the Creative Writing Department at San Francisco State University.

**Adam Day** is the author of the forthcoming collection of poetry, *Left-Handed Wolf* (LSU Press, 2020), and of *Model of a City in Civil War* (Sarabande Books), and the recipient of a Poetry Society of America Chapbook Fellowship for *Badger, Apocrypha*, and of a PEN Emerging Writers Award. His work has appeared in the *Lana Turner*, *APR*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Volt*, *Kenyon Review*, *Iowa Review*, and elsewhere. He directs the Baltic Writing Residency in Sweden, Scotland, and Blackacre Nature Preserve.

**Ori Fienberg's** poetry, essays, and short stories have appeared in venues such as *Diagram*, *Essay Daily*, *One Sentence Poems*, *Maudlin House*, *PANK*, *Passages North* and *Yes Poetry*. Selections from the *Book of Answers*, a response to Pablo Neruda's *Book of Questions*, have appeared or are forthcoming in *Always Crashing*, *Bad Pony*, *Neologism Poetry Journal* and *ZiN Daily*. A graduate of Iowa's Nonfiction Writing Program, Ori currently works to promote academic integrity for Northeastern University, while living in Evanston, IL. More writing can be found at [orifienberg.com](http://orifienberg.com).

**Stephanie Adams-Santos** is a multidisciplinary Guatemalan-American writer whose work spans poetry, prose, screenwriting, and hybrid genres. Her full-length poetry collection, *Swarm Queen's Crown* (Fathom Books, 2016) was a finalist for the Lambda Literary Awards.

Poetry by **Adam Greenberg** has recently appeared or is forthcoming from *Best American Experimental*, *The Brooklyn Rail*, *Tagvverk*, *Columbia Poetry Review* and *Witness*. His translations of the work of Mexican poet Carla Faesler have appeared in *Chicago Review*, *Asymptote*, *Erizo* and *Anomaly*. He recently graduated from Brown University with an MFA in poetry and now live in Washington, DC where he teaches writing.

**Parker Tettleton** is a vegan Leo living in Oxford, Mississippi. He is the author of *Please Quiet* (Ravenna Press, 2018), *Ours Mine Yours* (Pitymilk Press, 2014), *Greens* (Thunderclap Press, 2012) and *Same Opposite* (Thunderclap Press, 2010). More work & information is here: <http://parker-augustlight.blogspot.com>.

**Anna Niarakis** is a chemist with postgraduate studies (Msc, PhD) in Biochemistry and postdoctoral studies in Computational Systems Biology. She is an Associate Professor in the Department of Biology at the University of Evry Val d'Essonne. In 2009 she was awarded by the Committee for Equality of the Prefecture of Achaia, Greece, for the writing of a Theatrical Play on the subject of the equality between men and women reacting to sex discrimination and eliminating stereotypes. Her poems, texts and translations have been published in anthologies as well as in print and electronic magazines in Greek and other languages. Her latest volume of poetry is *Sunrise Over Nothing: snapshots of poetry* (Plan B Press, 2018) She directs the online magazine *The Window, a magazine for poetry and other sins*, and her personal website, *Antipoetry*.

**Jennifer Dawson** is the author of *Vagaries* (2018), a self-released collection of poetry and prose. She is a Portland, Oregon native. She has previously done work in film, and was an interviewer, writer, and copy editor for *About Face Magazine* for three years. Jennifer Dawson is online at [facebook.com/JenniferMarieDawson](https://facebook.com/JenniferMarieDawson).

**mica yarrow yes woods** is a maid and copywriter in Chicago. Some of her is available soon or now at *BOAAT, Requited, The Wanderer, Juked, Palimpsest, The New Territory* and *DIAGRAM*.

**Nicholas J.A.** lives and writes in Detroit. His work has appeared in *Otoliths*.

**Shota Iatashvili** is a poet, fiction writer, translator and art critic. In 2007 and 2011 he won the SABA Prize, Georgia's most prestigious award. He is currently editor-in-chief of the literary journal, *Akhali Saunje*. Shota Iatashvili at the Georgian National Book Center. (<http://book.gov.ge/en/author/iatashvili-shota-/59/>)

**David Chikhladze** is a poet and theatre artist. He has translated numerous works by American poets and theoreticians. In 1989 he founded Tbilisi's first independent gallery, Alternative Art Gallery. Since 1994 he has been directing Tbilisi's Margo Korableva Performance Theatre. David is the author of *Sanzona Girls* (E·ratio Editions, 2015). David Chikhladze at the Georgian National Book Center. (<http://book.gov.ge/en/author/chikhladze-david/146/>)

**Joel Chace's** most recent collections include *Sharpsburg* (Cy Gist Press), *Blake's Tree* (Blue & Yellow Dog Press), *Whole Cloth* (Avantacular Press), *Red Power* (Quarter After Press), *Kansoz* (Knives, Forks, and Spoons Press), *Web Too* (Tonerworks), *War, and After* (BlazeVOX [books]), *Scorpions* (Unlikely Books), and *Humors* (Paloma Press).

**Richard Kostelanetz** is online at [richardkostelanetz.com](http://richardkostelanetz.com).

**Emma Roper-Evans** is online at [edrestories.com](http://edrestories.com). **India Roper-Evans** is online at <http://www.indiaroperevans.com>.

**Joseph F. Keppler** is a multidisciplinary Seattle artist working in steel, drawing, poetry, and creative critical writing. He is a contributing editor at E·ratio.



## E·ratio Editions

#25. *The Logoclasody Manifesto 2018*. Second Edition, expanded. 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*.

#24. *The White Album* by Adam Fieled. Poetry. In the year of the 50th anniversary of The Beatles' legendary "white album," the legendary Adam Fieled remixes and remasters the entire 30-song set as only he can. From "Julia": "She knows / what this means: they're placing bets about who / she calls or doesn't. She feels herself infinitely / rich in this, and buzzes around, redheaded brat / lost in the miasma of newly acquired wealth, / that could go anywhere, do anything."

#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*

