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for Jacqueline

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POETRY

E·

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Jacqueline Winter Thomas

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Evidence of a Season *to Seila*

Alisa Velaj

translated from Albanian by Arben P. Latifi

This sunny-haired little girl,
with plastic bags in her hands,
picking up yellow leaves
early in the morning,
to teach her teacher
what fall is

Amsterdam, August 2018

Variation on a Theme by Mary Oliver

Laurie Kolp

Start by unbecoming.
Unbecome the doubt.
You can live without
the insecurity,
walking on your knees
through red-hot sand
begging for forgiveness.
Tell me about your guilt,
I will tell you about mine.
Meanwhile, life goes on.
The tide drifts high and low
as moon and earth play tug-of-war.
Meanwhile, children jump
the waves and wrestle seaweed
while tossing frisbees, grownups
gather shark teeth and sand dollars.
Meanwhile, clouds swallow the sun
and it returns. It always returns
like each new day.
As you wallow in self-pity,
the ocean welcomes you.
Until you unbecome,
you will drown
while those you love
float on by.

Three Sections of Body

Amber Day

i. My X lover and I play Artificial.
This is the way we fake affection.
Serendipitous gods rain symphony
over bodies snarled in brine.
In my body
I rotate chunks of iodine.
Birds peck memories.
Literal gaps in the image,
fat gobs of sky gone dark.
The swollen moon, a caricature of a bird's eye—
WARNING/flash flood.
Halogen throat heaves.
Paranoia packs Red in synchronous dreams.
Red ocean, red mirror.
Everything is a mirror.
In this mind's eye, a network of improbable outcomes
always ends with death.
The mind cannot decipher, we lack.
A whisper from the back: *Are we dead yet?*

ii. We rewrite the 10 commandments to honor grief (i.e., Love in ruin, all else must follow).

*Crushed moth wing, unearth winter.
Moon, curtain memory's throat.
Flowers, bloom poison, ache
over a body buried.
White noise, consume all frequency.
Derail limbs to Ruin (where
our bodies sweep ash).
Erase language then body then mind.
God, if you're among us, give us a sign.
Drown memory of the skin-shell,
design new Audience from what remains.*

iii. What exists in the poet's mind exists in experience.
Thoughts do not happen here without consequence.

Thoughts do not happen here.
Emotion replaces fact.
The poem replaces the person.
These words are my memories now.

Moonstone

Andreea Iulia Scridon

, or hecatolite

the jewel
is in a position of superiority to its namesake
the moon has a schiller
it lacks play of color:
despite its elusiveness,
the moon, the fundamental orb,
is virgin.

if boredom was weighed in carats,
just think how pure you would be
catapulted out of the yellow school bus
every torpid afternoon
snacks, homework, TV,
the stillness, repressive,
of ex-sugarcane plantations and for Everglades
for many monotonous miles.

bondsmen of the unhealthy, un-American instability
of the tropical temperament,
with all its currents,
tropical storms,
rain spells
and wild beasts,
we must be dull,

we must be infernally dull,
we must be cow country, must make zealous rows of farm fences
(get the hell off my property)
as white as our Chiclet teeth,
Hello Joe,
and long too,
like Flagler's train tracks,
the molars going all the way back,
not a single missing link.

She should get some help, this climate,
fix her hair up,
maybe take some pills,
she should take better care of herself.

from Earlier

Rosanna Licari

Metamorphosis*

The night is leaf-filled.
Rambling over
the mandevilla vine
your moving back hints
at the markings of zebra.
A flow of black and white stripes
tracing the chlorophyll and
devouring all you can
in the humid summer
darkness.

Such is the confidence of hunger.

The morning after the feast
a green trance fills
your upside down world —
stillness, the withering of antennae.
A rigid encasement begins
at the head and you dissolve
into a milky embryonic pulp

that forms a silvery bauble.
It will hang for a week and
reflect iridescence:
blue green pink.
Beneath the skin of this,
the change to another life.
The pupa splits,
revealing a touch of dark wing.
You emerge crumpled,
damp for hours. The white dots
on your body and wing margins
anticipate the final stop.
The drying completed and
with a sudden gust of wind
you enter flight.

*The Common Crow butterfly, *Euploea core*, is found in Australia and South Asia.

The Art of Seduction*

Architecture is precise, considered.
First impressions matter.
Positioning each stick carefully
then stepping back to consider
the total effect.
The bower, two walls of twigs.
An avenue of love.

A female will choose one from many.

Before the entrance,
an array of ornaments *à la mode*:
a bright blue peg, indigo feathers,
turquoise thread, and the jewel,
a shard of cobalt glass.

Not scattered. Placed. Arranged.
And then reordered.

These are a lure. An aphrodisiac.

And when the female arrives,
his dance begins —
the strut, the bow, the quiver.
Wings reach out wide
as if to welcome, he delivers
calls that rattle and buzz.

Ornament in beak, staring
with his violet eyes,
she will step inside, if
he can charm her.
There are sudden moves
and quick feathery exits.

He'll place. Arrange.
And then reorder.

An eager partner
poised for a dance
 but with another.

*The Satin Bowerbird, *Ptilonorhynchus violaceus*, is endemic to eastern and southeastern Australia. It builds and decorates a bower to attract females.

Three Poems

Christina E. Petrides

Naptime Ritual

Stiff woven fibers pop
Beneath determined claws.
A small pink bristled tongue
Combs sandy brindled fur.
With a great jagged yawn,
The plump housecat curls
And hums herself to sleep.

Unlicensed

Angry shadows
Drive down
Smoke-crowded promenades
To maim strangers
Shatter common peace
Cut to weeping ribbons of police tape
And makeshift blankets
To fan fears of greater dangers
Blowing up

Rush Hour

Horns—deep, light, and piercing—
Burst through the blur of evening
Against the cram school windows
Where uniformed students sit
Muttering over vocabulary books,
Trying to absorb strange foreign words.
Frustrated adults drive homeward,
Their tired and wrinkled minds
On those uncompleted mundane duties
Left behind or waiting uneasily at home.

The Anatomy of a Dream

Rachel Rodman

- 1) You love bacon and you love steak. You're convinced that, if you could somehow mash pigs and cows together, into one cut of meat, the result would taste *amazing*.
- 2) You think it would be hilarious to make an actual duck-rabbit instead of settling for an optical illusion.
- 3) You're obsessed with griffins, and just wish that, in some way, you could make them real.
- 4) You like features. The more the better. Power windows *and* power steering. Legs *and* flippers. Mouse DNA *and* whale DNA. Sugar *and* cream. If two good things are worth having, they're also worth piling on top of one another.
- 5) When you were a kid, you trapped different creatures, like beetles and grasshoppers, inside the same jar. But you didn't hope that they would fight, the way the other kids did. You just wanted them to make babies.
- 6) For you, nothing is sacred. When confronted with a "sacred cow," you're filled with a wild desire to mash it together with a zebra.

7) You're concerned that humanity may have lost its emotional connection to the rest of life. It's the sort of problem that, you feel, may require aggressive action to correct, like, for example, the surgical attachment of elk horns to the human skull.

8) You grew up watching Rocky and Bullwinkle. And you've long dreamed of staging your own sequel, featuring the children, Rinkle and Bully, that the two protagonists were never able to have. "Must merge moose and squirrel . . ." you often say in your best Boris accent.

9) You see biodiversity as an opportunity for cultural exchange. Or maybe as a potluck.

10) You're tired of settling for medieval paintings, or for My Little Pony figurines. You want a real unicorn—the sort of thing that you could only get by mashing together a real horse and a real narwhal.

11) You're a simple person with simple convictions. 1. Marriage is better than bachelorhood. 2. Cheese omelettes are better than a plain scramble. 3. Horse-chickens are better than normal horses.

12) You *really* dislike incest.

The idea of a hamster having sex with another, near-identical hamster makes your stomach turn. You'd feel *waaaay* more comfortable if that hamster could be persuaded to choose a really different-looking mate, like maybe a rutabaga.

13) The puritanicalness of the "Conservation" movement upsets you. If a species is worth "preserving," then it's also worth making better.

14) You crave softness. *Real* softness.

You intend, therefore, to combine the cuddliest characteristics of mammals and invertebrates. Outside, your creation will be fluffy, like a kitten. Inside, it will be equally cuddly: boneless, like a snail.

15) You've always wanted to make a difference. And by "make a difference," you just mean "make things really different."

16) When confronted with a majestic scene: oak trees, daffodils, and fighting elk, you nod your head, pretending to feel.

But secretly you wonder: "Is that all?"

17) You think of Nature the way you've always thought of your romantic partners. You love it—madly! passionately! And you want to get your hands all over it.

At the same time, though, you also have lots of advice about how to make it better.

18) You've done all the market research. This is going to be a winner.

Like a dog, it will be loving and enthusiastic. Like a cat, it will be sleek and elegant, and capable of disposing of its own wastes.

You've picked out a French-sounding (but not *too* French-sounding) name, calculated to appeal to just the kind of pretentious fashionista most likely to purchase it.

You'll call them "D'ghats."

19) Nature makes mistakes, just like people do. And you're determined to correct them.

20) You spend most of your time filling out complaint cards, addressed to the local zoo. You demand fins for the giraffes, tusks for the butterflies, and chlorophyll for the penguins.

You rework your handwriting, and invent lots of pseudonyms, to make it seem as if you are a part of a much larger movement.

But they never do anything.

21) You're a one-stop gardener. Two stops, max. One tree should supply all your fruits. One vine should supply all your vegetables.

Really, though—if you listen to your heart—you'd prefer to harvest all your produce off the back of a sheep, in place of wool.

Snip, Snip.

22) Evolutionary trees make you sad. You fixate on that branch point, 850 million years in the past, when the ancestor of hornets and the ancestor of bullfrogs waved goodbye. And you see only tragedy.

“Goodbyes don't have to be forever,” you say.

23) You're a mixologist at heart. And, for you, Nature is just another liquor cabinet.

24) You like the idea of being a *real* doctor, the kind who invents stuff, instead of setting bones, or removing gallbladders.

“I'm going to need some sunflower chloroplasts,” you'll say.
“Plus a water buffalo.”

25) There are too many endangered animals, and too little space. To you, this is obviously a problem of packaging.

We will not be able to secure habitat for *both* the leatherback turtle and the mountain gorilla. But if we were, instead, to compress the

problem, and build turtle-gorillas, then a little of both species might be saved.

It's not the ideal solution—you acknowledge that. But it's the only practical one.

26) This seems cool. And you've always wanted to be cool.

27) Nature used to bore you. Now, it enrages you.

You feel, increasingly, that if you *ever* see a tedious little dog again, something that *hasn't* been mashed together with a squirrel, or a goat, or a palm tree, or *something* to break up the monotony, then you are going to scream.

And you don't want to scream.

28) Scientists have been pouring research money into “cancer” for years, and people are still getting cancer.

So you intend to set your sights on something narrower, like dolphin-radishes.

29) You have dreams of world domination. But, to do it right, you're going to require an exceptional soldier. Fast like a cheetah; solid like an armadillo.

30) You want to honor LUCA, the Last Universal Common Ancestor, on the occasion of her four-billionth birthday.

And you see no better way to do that than by staging a massive family reunion. So you intend to mash together every organism in existence into one ciliated/waxy/fleshy dumpling.

“I love you, LUCA,” you'll say, wiping your nose on your sleeve.

31) You value animals. And you value human intelligence. These things, in conjunction, give rise to a moral imperative.

You must endow animals with human intelligence.

32) To reinvigorate your sports franchise, you need a new mascot. Something that's both intimidating *and* quirky. Like a bear-chipmunk. Or a lion-parakeet.

And won't the fans cheer all the louder when you trot out a real specimen at halftime?

33) You have a slick white coat already picked out. At the belt, you'll store your laboratory instruments, packaged into holsters.

Then, once you've positioned your targets—1 sea cucumber + 1 prairie vole—you'll whip out your laboratory stapler gun and shout: "Bam! Bam! Bam!"

34) So many lives—both human and animal—possess so little meaning. But if we were, instead, to mash two lives together, then meaning in that *one* life would be *doubled*, and the spiritual experience would be concomitantly intensified.

And then, maybe then, we would begin to *feel*.

35) You cannot be cold when you share your blood with a polar bear. You cannot feel naked or exposed when a lion's mane curls protectively over your pudendum.

36) "Did the Owl and the Pussycat have babies?" you asked when you were little. But your parents just smiled and closed the storybook and never gave you an answer.

37) Other commitments are superficial: the sexual partners we chose, the people we marry. Air gaps divide us, ultimately.

If, though, your cells are intermingled with an iguana's, and together you compose one body? That is forever.

38) Nature is a jock, thick-headed and beautiful. Everyone loves it.

Every afternoon, you pump iron, preparing. One day, when you're strong enough, you'll slam it up against its locker and punch it in the face, and shout something withering, like: "Overrated!"

Then—cool as anything—you'll walk away.

39) In your dreams, you are a mer-person. Your spine extends into a fish's tail, and by pumping it, you move powerfully through the water.

You have never felt so complete, or so perfect.

But then you wake up.

40) Here's a letter that you wrote to Aesop the other year, before learning that he was dead:

"Dear Aesop,

If we surgically conjoin the tortoise and the hare, then both of them can race as one."

41) "Nobody puts the Great Pacific Octopus in the corner," you say, doing your best Patrick Swayze. Then you raise the creature to you, in a spill of red, while gently suturing its tentacles to your shoulders, stitch by careful stitch.

And then, together, you begin to dance.

FOREVER MACHINE

Julia Wohlstetter

A book is always night

We recite, *love to look, I love to look, everybody loves to look*

Sometimes we walk in museums, those perhaps of memory

Arthur says, *this will be bad for you*

Madame Daphné adjusts her red sweat suit

As a small pawn falls slowly off the table

Spring stages pleasuramas on the banks of the Seine

Clara asks *que dit la silence?*

We eat some more folkloric yogurt

I stare at space until it arranges letters

A stranger says, *you are very young to be here*

I write *The Croissant Also Rises*

A chair is always a woman

A story about the darker matters, what lies at the center of the earth

An old movie plays on the jetty at Orly

You point to a ring inside the tree and say, *this is where we are*

The clock strikes three times

I write a memoir called *Famous Last Words*

Mon tailleur est riche

We drive home in a blizzard

Clear of the moonlight in Vermont
 Strangers crowd around my bed at night and stare
 I start the same story and I play all the characters
 Rose lets me brush her hair, just once

A dream divides my body
 We kill time with chocolate behind the Pompidou
 Men empower clocks
 Men give me names like *Legs*, *Bitch*, and *Chérie*
 I was promised transformation, instead given order
 I say *I'm fine I'm fine I'm fine I'm fine*

Parataxis attacks us
 In the doric slumber of winter
 Memory repeats signs so that I exist
 I write *mouth-trellis* and *shipsunkwrist*
 I guard the necklace of your names
Feminine, Marvelous and Tough

A woman is a progressive shipwreck
An interruption of becoming
 There are only two types of stories:
 A stranger sets out on a journey
 A stranger comes to town
Don't be a bitch, he says, so I am

We meet in the old hours, you call me your ghost
 I say fabulous things like *nylon*, *glass*, and *plastic*
 I run around naked with a bag on my head
 A woman is a city
 Inside an algae of shadows

Zoe says *maybe someday you'll decide to be angry*

My heart's aflutter!

I come home to find many new rooms in my house

The clock strikes twenty-seven times

Asa says *love is a condiment*

Arthur says *Isn't this what you wanted?*

Sadness puts on its' puritan hat

Another pothole hotline makes me laugh

Watching my friends use tinder

I imagine breaking everything inside the store

My hands make simple work

Eros holds a mirror to a young woman as a horse plays the lyre

I turn on my hag fire

A woman is always a fork

But someday I am my gloves

Somedays the coffee doesn't taste right and I make it again, and again

There is one man who still lives inside my sleeve

He says *This Will Be Bad For You*

La forme d'une fille change plus vite, hélas, que la coeur d'un ville

A pen is always a man

A spire of lonesome, a trust iceberg, a risk log

I find you crying in front of a horse

The door opens onto endless series of doors:

A threat of Aunts

A confusion of Havanese

I want to be the girl with the most cake
My collection of limbs scattered
Through his gaze & his gaze
In patternless patter of anxiety
I write *please and repeat, please repeat*
My boot clicks, and then another, and another and another

Another man says *chaton*, I laugh bottles
The tourist asks if he can take a picture of my tattoo
I say, *someone is thinking of you*
I write *sibilant, incarnadine* and *porous forest*
What is beauty without a chorus?
Moonlight comma disaster

A kiss cannot be enough snow
I sit in the garden and blink five years
Fog is too easy, perfect shape for a ghost
I write *moral compass* then replace it with *calm ass moss*
None of the buildings on Belmont are lonely
How come the dead rule us?

Journey

Emanuel Eichberg

1.

You carry me through the night,
As endless as your beam is strong.
And carry me to lonely shores
None of them to be my home.

So forth, the millennial horse
To Metropolis, slowly wheezing smoke
Forth under hallowed neon rain
To share solitude among the crowds.

Oh how far reaches open plain
Realm of wind and grass
Oh How long flew the Eagle of the Steppe
Beyond Taiga awaits a train.

So the landscape does the passing
And the cabin is asleep
And so quietly dissolves the distance
'Til Okeanos lies lost and deep.

We weather more winds, more waves
But firm the course we keep
And weather hunger, St. Elmo's Blaze
That still holds us from our lifeless port.

Land drawn by sharpened frost
Twisted shapes free from sort
No land, but empty blasted wastes
A final meal at mountain's sombre range.

Terrible are those Peaks of Madness
Yet from them I feed my eyes
Virgin earth unsoiled by change,
The pole stained by brass winged gate.

Behind -, bowels of inhuman mind
Lie halls built by eldritch fate
And behind doors of forbidden boon
Black clad Knights still keep their vigil.

Deep below I catch my breath
Before I break the earthen sigil
Deep asleep lies the planet's blazing core:
So heed the rumbles of his slumber.

I leave them, and the world behind,
This heavy sphere of wonder.
Leave for good, and even strife beyond
The Lighthouse on the solitary coast.

2.

No more but endless night
Endless sea untouched by wind
No more sight, my eyes rest blind
Were not for the Stars, their endless light.

You carry many names across all time
Gondola they call you among the Drowned
Carry me on our endless flight
And be the tune to my sailor's song.

Two Poems

Eva Andrea Bertoglio

Ritualistic Fortune

Every way oakly, umber & goldenrod,
rains of ginkgo leaves loosen from unfallow
boughs. I clutch a bundle of coins reclaimed
from a beheaded mystic, they are embossed

with an eye crying singular tears.
I sought alchemic transformation but when
I swallowed my coins I did not become
the gold-dipped woman I had bargained for.

Instead I was a lion soon betrayed by seven
swords, tied to the wheel, turnd as a key
and bled over the fire

— honor the source of your sustainment —

Spiritual Misalignment

I

What is my most closely held image?

I am small and sitting on top of the ladder
leaned against the carport,
a house two blocks away aflame,
the moon a cruel crescent.

Memories disintegrate
even as they are being remembered.

II

Can I let go of this image to find God?

No. I will not let go of the images
which turn and return
— they belong to me.

III

How am I separated from God?

Multiple dimensions where language folds
the word Time into God. I am separated from
others by the river rising rapidly covering my island

body until even my trees are submerged with black waters.

This leads me to the soft pain
of a morally inexplicable cosmos,
entreats:

Are you brave enough to drown
in love regardless?

Two Poems

Ryan Clark

History About Cave Creek

for Cave Creek, Oklahoma, no longer a town

The washed
away things
we are way back
and early,
dust hung red
as embers
wearing out—

we tend to leave
in a form of flight
that finds us
losing where
we started.

Cave Creek
is a school—

we all walked
to school.

The Wichita

When the span of language
read the region into Wichita,
each sound tread native,
lived in cones, all grass
houses a shared vowel
to describe home.

The people's eyes raccooned,
fitted around the face proud-
dotted with dark spots
tossed off from absence
shaking the semi-permanent
villages of the Wichita.

We are ideal trading posts,
with peace taken to others
periodically. A visit to the Wichita
is mapped, and their vicinity
is Texas, or, in good time
the United States of America.

Is the surface of the prairie
as broken as the Wichita
sounds for prairie, as broken
as the need for language.
Is the photograph of a word
all we retrace in this.

Three Pieces

Parker Tettleton

Boiling Bark

I think of you as a sentence I want to hold back a little longer before I think of you, of me, of us, of this sentence, as an imperfect damned happy & sad little group of things in the midst of whatever else there is to this world. I want to go running in this sentence, in my mind, on this internet paper, toward a home I've never been in & a home I've never dreamt of. You're just now waking up, & it's very, very far away, & we've been married for less than a year. I was alive thirty years before I met you & the rest of this sentence is perfect.

You're Going To Buy Me This Record

I'm a shotgun without a shot—I'm the love of no one's life before their life begins again. I'm an accident within an accident with a piece of plywood dancing above. You're the only love I won't lie to—I mean, fuck, my only love. My parents are somewhere dying in the background along with yours. I'd make you something to eat, but you'd rather watch my lips & laugh & laugh.

The Gentleman In The Blue Cardigan, Please

I'm married, sitting in a car, with two beers, listening to a record. I'm married to my best friend, sitting in a Honda Accord, with two PBRs, listening to *I'm Bad Now* by Nap Eyes. I'm talking to my mother, or I was, during a storm. The storm wasn't so bad but goddamn it feels like it's worse in Oxford, Mississippi. She says *you may have to go to bed early*. I know I know nothing about the gentleman in blue. There are people & then there are the ones you want to hold if you could hold anything for more than a breath. I know I know everything about loving the hell out of you.

Two Prose Poems

Geoff Bouvier

Positive IDs

Today isn't Monday, even if calendars say Monday. I'm not my friends, but sometimes, I'd like to be. My sister's not her flying dreams, and she's not her crying dreams. I'm not the height I am, but I'm five feet ten inches tall. Millions of Americans aren't their cars. We work a lot, but we're not our jobs. You're not your money. I'm not my lack of money. You aren't the preferences you have, and have, and have. I'm not your preference either, which is sad. We're not tacos. Imagine if we were tacos. It isn't time. But then it is time. Or perhaps, it's always time. This land is not our land. We're not our bodies. I wonder what we are without our bodies, without the flexes and the fur. I'm a musician, but I'm not the bossa nova. Are you sad? I'm sorry. Are you happy? It becomes you.

I Had a Dream I was a Maker but Your Pain was the First Thing I Made and it Wasn't Good

for my little sister

I dreamt you fell and when I woke up I texted you and you said you had the same dream but I pushed you.

You texted me, and we both had had the same dream. We were morning stars but I called you a gas giant and said your planets were moons because your system had oceans and atmospheres and I was just a furnace consoling empty space.

I had a dream that being young was a dream but for you it was a nightmare because of me and I told you and you said at least my dream had it right.

I dreamt we were kids and I was kind to you and then we both grew old with no self-doubt and I'm asking you sis if it isn't too late.

Diana

Sam Russek

Tell me
can you feel
my voice
do you see me
reaching through
my fingertips
stretching past,
passing the ice
the land the air
between beat
of heart and
forward to your
distant soft-
ness of breath?
This poem is for you.
Can you hear
my pulse these goose-

bumps roused
coloring
anticipation of
skin and skin
this, mine and yours
of ours,
a bind, a bond
a being unbridled
in full embrace
of clear and gentle
together, our violent adherence
the seething force of we?
I'm closer now
sense me into here
next to and with you.
Breath me
into shape
our love.

Two Poems

Karen Neuberg

self portrait as crow

Bling! Dazzle rapture.
I call out the kill
as I see it.
Poke into ground growth.
Seed. Insect. Critter.
Foil revealed by sun.
Dagger of glass.
Shard of stainless steel.
Reflection my tilted head.
Quandary of pebble.
Flight harkens.
A conspiracy calls me to task.

Park in May

How to know.
How to know more and more.
How to know less . . .

An excerpt, an extrapolation.
Summary of tidal times.
Summary of shadow & shade.

The calling of the hour:
a spot of sun. Street
peddlers, magicians,
mimes.

Offerings not to be
refused. Along with ice
cream and resist buttons.

How to make of this.
How to make of this world.

MOON SHOTS

Cliff Saunders

i.

Watch out, flowers!
The moon
looks hungry.

ii.

It's here, it's there:
pilgrim moon
in the pines.

iii.

Not even an earthquake can shake
the fall moonlight
caressing the shore.

iv.

When the wind blows,
the moon and the stars
blaze with autumn colors.

v.

The song of a whippoorwill
at the edge of the woods:
moon feeling.

vi.

Here and now,
the moon
is all that matters.

vii.

Morning snow—
Venus and crescent moon
resurrecting the dead.

viii.

Over the river,

a full moon
lights the crow.

ix.

Midnight fog.
The moon just
quietly slips away.

figures at tempo

Kenneth Kesner

who has been there who will follow
maybe we get to go

speak out sometimes so to speak
take the sunlight lock the walls in place
it's the time of labyrinth

watch the minotaurs at play
abundance is near

cornice of fate pediment of myth

forget to read write a dedication
a museum of acquaintance
watch the visitors and they're gone

are you ready prepared to wait

look back softly if you're around
morning still might last
caught in a prism sound in a vacuum

we hold now until we're held
shadows talk a sense of light
don't let go stay almost found

shoulder the same jettison the lines

pretend you're not here if it's so
circle back and check close to hand

A Negative of Speech

Mark DuCharme

Memories erase us
& Mirror what we've never seen

TV in the
Corner , silent
Plays

Images destroy the flutter
Eyes presuppose reflection

On taut surfaces
Between

The self & night

Light spills across
The trace
Calligraphies that cross us out

Too late for what
Had been brought back

In calypso shadows at
The opposite of an onset

Where ordinary rains burst forth

& Tinted housing rusts

The man in plaid is fraught with shadows—
But what does the cold wind portray?

No stars, just furnaces—
& Everywhere we'd ever thought

We knew, but almost stood
Gone outward & astray

Vacuum

Darie Ducan *in translation* by A.I. Scridon

“ . . . sì come rota ch’igualmente è mossa,
l’amor che move il sole e l’altre stele.”
— DANTE, *Il Paradiso*, Canto XXXIII

I.

Our eyes go bad,
our teeth go bad,

I can’t see anymore,
nobody sits
in the shadow of my canines
as if under the maple tree.

Grizzled, post-revolutionary
fizzy drinks become
faded, offset plaster.

The eyes see to the teeth,
cavities dig into the retina.

I feel as though

in '98 I had
shot a soccer ball
onto the moon

and I can hear it now
deflating from
loneliness and accidie.

II.

You don't exist . . .
You are the salt of insatiability.

What emerges from the pipe
is scalped smoke,

a landfill into which *Lent*
has spilled itself.

But, for this sound,
cripple deposits

have made perfect
people,
baptized in Vesuvius

by the blow of forgetting

directly over the head.

Worries have made you up
with whitener

as defense on cherry trees
with the Escariotan worm in wood.

III.

The Romania-England game began with a ball
thrown into the stadium as if from a courtyard . . .

It was as though we had given it our happiness and bellybutton lint.

Stelea's head shone like the moon and we thought it was the moon in the
gate

and from so much day and night he's got good reflexes,
he'll hammer it home, because he knows how to deviate tactfully, in
liturgical dribbling.

Moldovan scores in minute 47.

A second later you can see the serum dripping into coach Glenn
Hodde's perfusion,
how cherubs of sweat with white-on-white socks grab him by the rictus.

*(Moldovan anointed his leg with rosin
and his scalp — from high fiddling — da capo. Somewhere, far away,
the Cape of Good Hope trembled with fear . . .)*

Neville, Adams, Beckham, Sheringham. They picked their cards and
tactics . . .

The back of the head protected the adversary's exchanges, the eyes had
relocated

to the back of the head and didn't want to return,

like the depressurization of Händel's music in the hull of Emmental
cheese,

self-taught dribbling on the clavichord,
cleats with an acoustic phrase —

the dome of the fowl,

Ave Maria, Gratia plena . . .

Vale of Esk

a haibun after Daniel P.M. Fox's series of paintings,
Tomorrow You, Tomorrow Me

Brian A. Salmons

Have you watched a plant breathe. Have you seen a plant's nightmare apropos air pollution, seen guilt for the heinous crime when it woke. Have you seen the river tuck the soil into bed. Have you counted how long that dusk is. Have you noticed that you've never seen the soil wake. Have you doubt that it does. Have you seen a mountain undress. Have you realized that it doesn't tease, that it's a beautiful, endless funeral. Have you see a mountain blush in the sunset. (Of course you have?) Have you taken in plate tectonics while picnicking. Have you drifted with a continent. (Which one and does it still exist.) Have you changed. Have you tried. Have you permanence in small time, flux in expanse, remains in living, being in ghost, entrained in time, settled in water, broken down to building blocks. Have you sequestered carbon in susurrations, in thousands of small flappings, the music of leaves, the whispering older sister of the *plica vocalis*. You know this topography?

I am flying over a landscape? (Who is.) That is a mountain? This is the sun rising outside my window? (Whose window.) The water glinting, a diffuse glow, a taut metal bedsheet left cold and quiet by an army, silver sedge, swaying as one? Low hills wrestle for the most liminal place forever with names like Viminal, Quirinal, never joining? A fluvial cut, like the unbending path of an arrow, washes the senates out in exhausted ribbons? The quorum is strewn across the valley, beyond call? What is this called.

Stand around this Vale,
hold it in hollow hands, call
it home. Call this soil.

<https://www.instagram.com/explore/tags/tomorroyoutomorrowme/>

OFF-GRID

Steven Waling

1

Here am I face down truffling
in a bowl of difficulty switch
phone off fun creative engaging

w/ landscape where the heart
is it recovers lines
have been elided others are

more or less complete unsuitable
for heavy goods wait here when
red light shows as the road

snakes the hillside steam from
distant working mill so last
century autumn sun dazzles

through fresh air a book of difficult
in my want shed let them enjoy
that seat they sprinted for opening

to valleys in the Derbyshire peaks
littered with paths for trespassers
all we want's a day wi'out smog

2

Echoes everywhere birds whistling
 the *Manchester Rambler* *if this is*
global warming I'm all for it sit by

packhorse bridge no fishing we
 prosecute trespassers at any time
 plaque in the car park 12 feet up

the cliff *as I trudge through the peat*
 the underlying rock is Millstone Grit
 be properly equipped jackdaws chatter

two rivers rinsing the rocks meet
 run off together 2 children giggling
 we're waxing poetic again stop it

this is my escape and I love it should
 you be looking for a job Arthur Lowe
 born in this terrace plantar fasciitis

you fascist of feet church bells
 toll the half-hour in the Studio
 painting / drawing for the terrified

3

Anyway I'm writing so bugger off
 by the Hayfield Countryside Centre

autumn scarlets brmm of little bus

out of everywhere light but it gets
dark sooner a day off grid warm
where the working man takes the air

for his own lungs worried about
the planet but it's been a grand day
dodging time's bailiff instant

jobmatch meetups this week switch
off phone catch the bus back home
low sun in my eyes not nothing

this quiet so linguistically innovative
if I put my mind to it I could be
William Wordsworth of New Mills Asda

language services or surfaces
and the big bright sky where clouds
write their names reduce speed now

Two Poems

Jared Schickling

The Sun Fell

the sun fell
into a lamp
the sun fell

into coffee
into food
the sun fell

the sun fell
into the street
into sentences

the sun fell
into colorful worms
into cellulose and water

and a plague
the sun fell
the sun

fell
and could not get up
the sun fell

into fields
the sun fell
passed windows

the sun fell
on my parts
on a big outing

the sun fell
with the rain

Hum

a driven river flew the big humming bird
in its annual passing had nothing to do with it

never thought he was in the mountains splayed
a mystery like a cloud shade, opposite bank

a day is reporting a brain is perched
their own sorry name watching lucky heads

drawn, to what could wish all terrain vehicles
to live, more intensely emptied and silent

no rattle rattles imaginary, known
a name become real remains yet imaginary

as orange ants were biting blinded in visions
the endless visions ever diminishing visions

on the way into what was there to say
shrinking mountains under that sun

Dark Night of the Sole

Doug Ramspeck

The first time I read *The Old Man and the Sea*, in junior high, I wanted to pluck out my bored eyes. The next time, just after college, I wept for Santiago's plight with the dark night of the human-shit condition. Now, these years later, I am reluctant to turn the pages again for fear that I will roll my eyes at the masculinist puffery or grow cross (get it?) at all that crucifixion imagery, or find myself wanting to do "the wave" for the fish. But last night I woke with an old man's prostate/bladder and had to pee for the third time, and there, in the bathtub, the marlin was sloshing in a sea of its own blood, and the mako sharks were tearing at the flesh, and the only harpoon I could find was the plunger kept beside the toilet. I shouted for my wife, and we battled together toward morning, while the marlin was reduced inexorably to a skeleton. Then finally, in early light, exhausted, we gave up and sat for a time at the kitchen table, gnawing at the sawdust of our bran cereal, fumbling for our reading glasses and lifting the newspaper, and watching our cat hunting an ant beneath the table, like a lion on a beach.

A Note on Survival

Dito Khupenia *in translation by* Manana Matiashvili

When the last sun threw last particles of light,
when the whores picked up the last crumbs of their dignity,
when all the bloody tyrants discovered
one and the same motif for emitting tears,
I got poetry pregnant.

And all the souls experienced personification into it:
everyone who were made mute unwillingly,
who make themselves smile among people,
who were left alone with the corpse of a parent,
who thought of the catafalques as if they were racehorses,
who stopped to count the debts and the days of life,
who prescribed schizophrenia to the souls
that had come out of the walls in silence,
who were forsaken by genetics or vice versa —
who have forsaken the genetics because
there were always some *Beauses*, some *Wheres*,
Whens, the *Circles Like This* and so on;

Those who had planted coffins
and got the harvest of marble.

One who was crucified and brought to life later;
Who was slapped on one cheek and thereafter
showing the other cheek to them was his answer.

That who was born as a still child

or found the final tomb
in the infertile uterus of mother.

I got poetry pregnant.
And then He was born.
Soon he took off the corpse of its mother
as it were a piece of rented clothes.
Then he washed off the possible failure
as make-up from his face.

At last He said:

Look at me before you kneel,
more I look like God than Man
and more I can produce than God.

I am a collector of innovations.

I am the first who will step first on the snow, fresh
every time it comes.

I am the source of the new era
and the scaffold for those
who is still chained to past.

I am the sun that will quench your tears,
I am the star to shine for those
who were lost in the dark desert.

I am the voice of the genii
who were born untimely.

Am the voice of soldiers
who were digested by vultures.

I am the faith and the hope of the believers
standing beside the corpses of all the saints.

I am a time myself in this period of time!

I am a note on survival!

from City Expos

Stephen Nelson

6. Kingston

panda & pasta
are silently aligned

smoking ganja under willows
in mystical Devon

the reeds are singing, Beyoncé
- listen!

or be the quiet birth of calculus

7. Dar Es Salaam

stars, said Caesar, or meadowlarks
labia? she said - no, Tanzania

weeping honey over milk thistle
the mushrooms tender in the forest

I sip the sap, the syrup from my fingers by telephone

8. Quito

hummingbirds
a bath of fermented bananas

sitting on a wall of translucent marble
when the military arrives

cells & saki
cells & no self-respect

love is aromatic in the plaintive thrum of rain

9. Lhasa

birds are ripe apples

one bird
one bite

marble light leaves wings
in yellow cloud coronations

my skin predates the emperor's bathroom breaks

10. Vienna

a tower of cellos
burns the brasserie

Freud cooked spaghetti for the Nazis

maybe I'm poor
but the medicine
I spoon fellates
egalitarian sonatas

11. Tromsø

float towards me
anthropologically

Emily pours salt into the science of beluga bliss

mountains are missing
from a storm cloud's nutritional value
from Andrew Lloyd Weber's nubile anthropomorphism
from the archaeology of the dawn

Alms

Seth McKelvey

Alm 24

we stand huddled in the dirt
blowing steam into our hands
trying to hear through the static
that throbs like a heartbeat in the eyes
as we play minesweeper with the dial
some of us methodical, some haphazard
but all uncertain, all in danger

every so often someone comes
along, one hurts
tries to reverse-engineer
the tuner, dismantling it all and sometimes
even rebuilding it, but rarely

but we have other radios, in various
states of disrep
-air or -ute

some playing jazz, some country,
some talk,
some gospel
-soft rock

but all peppered

meanwhile the rest of us wonder
if we caught that right, that
station identification
a call that's only half a sign

destination's name but hardly
an arrow pointing the way

but we hold our breath
as we scan the waves, sliding
along, one hertz
at a time

Alm 25

sunlight flares / off the spiraling braided cables
strung across towers
in catenary arcs

packed gavel suspended
over ursine sea

Nanna's down there too, with the moon, in the wild
across the bridge, er,
the innkeeper, waits

it's easy to forget
the view is nice,
glimmering through blood in bears' fur, mattering

my summer
seen under sunshine

the moon means
something different:
ur's in that famous valley where we've all been

Alm 26

once ago I stumbled
that made me slipped

too little friction from too much
—too much too to little—

Point X is the place where I remember
good dreams I never had

but I keep coriolising around this earth
-en basin, greased with in-

nocency, but the effect is only a seam
that mustve been ripped open once

I go, shod in bloodshed
caught in the well, escaping tangents

cold, I go gilt in no sense, heavy
in the glow, the warmth well have

Alm 27

put
up under
siege in this crystalline temple of topdown dis
-order order
molecules need no master

suck down another round of light

manicule volleys
in gold seen in back
-only ephemeral reflection
 of order for orders

(order for odors
and synthetic cuts are natural geometries)
no walking through these glassy photonic walls
-pure upper bound wrapped around
everything

sneak down another road in the night

find in this fiat light hors-d'oeuvres
wave-particles the connective tissue
 - vector manacle from it to I -
a ray from flesh to aromatic herbs

Poems

Tirzah Goldenberg

extra-biblical by less
furtively interpretive

midrash *fight shy of*
that kind of composite proof text

to read in an extant state
to identify it devequt

your yad's yield of literal mistakes
complete with pomegranates
antique finials
above the decorative
non-figurative
breastplate

(the remains of) anything belonging to the rebels

her sandals near to olives to
her braided hair alephs in the hidden press

the earthly figs pressed
angelic liturgy to figments

their bones dates to dates
and their bones of Shabbos moons

of holy scrolls to sing like the angels
our talismans rebels b'yachad

our drawn lots early Hebrew
our fruits ostraca

the Unchangeable desires change
assembling pines pitching resinous
seals the kavod bowing for a spell
here in where's forecourt where

coins are mint

ed repeatedly to change

ling poems bearing change

lings to bust

our poorly made money

Future Perfect

Ian Gibbins

“This tense denotes the completion of some event either in Future time or in Past time. . . . It seems like a contradiction to make a Future tense have reference to anything Past. But the future tense here implies an inference. . . .” JC Nesfield *“Outline of English Grammar (Revised Edition) in Five Parts.”* Macmillan & Co Ltd, London, 1917/1961.

he say tense note plet some vent eith
 fut time or past or not or I will have
 alt fut oth mag when I count bless
 when we slip tween next fam cur hung
 with nev ly fresh wat vol clear air
 for spir in out hale hale else chest
 splut flam eye blink my cut lip quiv

we list ev ject ev sound und roof
 they struct ov tree burn skin grass
 clay crack down mid earth deep split
 so we void zard ware cip ast loom
 less grav drift plan orb skew from reg
 new moon trav furth from ease script
 and quake rumb fort miss our frag home

he say seem dict make fut fer thing
past but here ply fer but we narr tale
with hist with unc aunt grand great
our cest our sib now vive tain press
I we vis numb dress crypt sec veil
fing print dent my whorl touch cog
safe or not poss cide mit to search

gard cept port to fight batt min spect
though our crete jung shelt hid neath
sol terr neath tox gas ward us round
our feeb sist sid us stant turn back
cross opt my our dream we cov oath
they cord fic nor us treat us as dirt
still come wish aft fore to have been

A video-poem version of this work can be seen at:
<https://vimeo.com/318376383>

from TH VULTURE S O FELL

Zebulon Wimsatt

[1]

TH VULTURE S O FELL

THATISTOSAY, SUCHWRETCHEDWIGHTS
ASDOSTRANGE

a n walker
who walkswith cane

who walkswitch

wrong box elders mothernight
eft foot
twelflegged doesdeck th

eggs hell
henlip, is hindlip

a f lower each is
o f lower reaches

a s lowers each's vehicle
over the
helllip. . .
ovar airy wires of flame

th transvection of which

thenlapses th

egg
verses allveil

and avail
of th
hand flailth
bush honedsickle

bole suckt by th
varydevil

vert from
thevery rock

monksh od thengrailed th pur plish forewing
shied blurocket
sambucked rendred haldher buckthorn woundgood roundrose
in gules bluet

[2]

go be low, th
basalcups
go burrow

fitchspelt, th
foalcat underfirred
pitchedback

toadstoathroat
froggluts
in

unholderness

darksnest

how nigh here
might jar
FURLORN

th cur and th
curling unfurred
furling
nightlong
herhorn and
HEXEDHARE

the harkspurred mare
sheseams
of night

how
now
: howl, NIGHTNOUN

in th inner badroom

timesvolvar
th black
basaltbase

th barescrow
th umbler of vinnards

THISSOLITARYBODYWITHOVERLAPPING

s elves
h

herrest
hisshumor

a mask
a mask

loth to lee
 ve

[3]

arms couped
 cuffed
 abducted

its everhorses
itssevered arms

blowshorn in harmness

THYSSOP
o STYRUP ironrode
 ironwould
 hop
 hop hornbeam
up
 on haunchpad th
 haundred horse holmworld

 hoovinground
th rovinground
 paceship
 to hipshape bellwithers

but
sentdown

to th end
of th
 township
thendownslips
stream
s
 cream collared sgalloped hem
lock lopper
 clip
 clop
 hoofskirted
chasend
 LICKPOCK or
PICKLOCKET

 cloved
 loop

short shootspur
clippersss
c issors
 clockshearings
s havedhad

hearsword
lesswhisper
thenoiseless pathst
 in heartshearing

th broacken
 clock
the hole in the
 heathers
midsummer do r

MEADOWWHEREOFYOU CAN
SEENOEND

tearingher

badgown

gall op th
earth
gild overthe ground low
CLOPHOVER

timeleft longgone
th jumpup
: spedwell a s
thisped al
sped all

rode ten rod rode
starrup iron
RAGAND ROD

herherls stood up

herleft fellow
let fall
low
th furskins of sleep

ē · rā/ tiō

Alisa Velaj was born in 1982 in Albania. She has been shortlisted for the Erbacce-Press Poetry Award in 2014. Her poetry have been published or is forthcoming in *The Curlew Journal*, *Stag Hill Literary Journal*, *The Quarterly Review*, *Orbis*, *The Linnet's Wings*, *The Stockholm Review of Literature*, *Poetry Space Showcase*, *The Seventh Quarry*, among other publications. Her poetry collection, *With No Sweat At All*, will be published by Cervana Barva Press in 2019.

Arben P. Latifi was born in in Kolonjë, Albania. He is a graduate of the History-Philology College, State University of Tirana. He did postgraduate studies in Diplomacy and International Trade. His teaching career comprises a wide range of locations including Albania, USA, Oman and China.

Laurie Kolp's poems have appeared in the *Southern Poetry Anthology VIII: Texas, Stirring, Whale Road Review, concis* and *Up the Staircase*. Her poetry books include the full-length *Upon the Blue Couch* and the chapbook *Hello, It's Your Mother*. An avid runner and lover of nature, Laurie lives in Southeast Texas with her husband, three children, and two dogs.

Amber Day works as a recreation specialist for people on the autism spectrum and is pursuing a Master's Degree in Child Life to help children cope with illness and hospitalization. Her poetry is forthcoming in *Ghost City Review*.

Andreea Iulia Scridon is a poet, fiction writer and a translator from Romanian to English. She studies Creative Writing at the University of Oxford, and previously studied Comparative Literature at King's College London. Currently, she is assistant editor at *Asymptote Journal*, where she also writes. She has published in *World Literature Today*, the *European Literature Network*, and elsewhere. She writes at www.aiscridon.com. "Moonstone" is part of a larger collection of poems on the state of Florida. She is a contributing editor at E-ratio.

Rosanna Licari is the poetry editor of the online literary journal, *StylusLit*. Her work has appeared in various journals and anthologies. She has recently completed a Varuna Residential Fellowship to work on her collection, *Earlier*, which focusses on evolution and the natural world.

Christina E. Petrides is an expatriate American who lives and works on a small Pacific island where all the magpies and the palm trees are imported, but the rice wine is indigenous and delicious.

Rachel Rodman writes fairy tales, food poetry and popular science. Her work has appeared at *Fireside Fiction*, *Daily Science Fiction*, *Expanded Horizons* and elsewhere. Rachel Rodman is online at rachelrodman.com.

Julia Wohlstetter is a poet living in Portland, Oregon. Author of the chapbook "Please and Please," her work has appeared in *Reality Beach*, *1001 Journal*, *Bodega Magazine*, *Metatron-Omega* and *The Chapess Zine*. She holds a BA in French and Photography from Bennington College.

Emanuel Eichberg grew up in Rome, in a German-speaking household. He studied Literature at King's College London. Currently, he studies Philosophy in Switzerland, and teaches German there. He writes poetry in German, English, and Italian.

Eva Andrea Bertoglio is an artist, writer, and lifelong Oregonian. Her work can be found in *50 Haikus*, *Oregon's Best Emerging Poets*, *Pom Pom Lit*, *Unchaste: Volume III* and the chapbook *First Winter of Persephone*. She lives in Portland.

Ryan Clark is obsessed with puns and writes much of his work through a unique method of homophonic translation. He is the author of *How I Pitched the First Curve* (Lit Fest Press, 2019) and his poetry has recently appeared in *Yemassee*, *The Shore*, *riverSedge*, *Flock* and *Homonym*. He is a winner of the 2018 San Antonio Writers Guild contest and his work has been nominated for Best of the Net. He currently teaches creative writing at Waldorf University in Iowa.

Parker Tettleton is a vegan Leo living in Portland, Oregon. He is the author of *This Is A City* (Ravenna Press, forthcoming), *Please Quiet* (Ravenna Press, 2018), *Ours Mine Yours* (Pitymilk Press, 2014), *Greens* (Thunderclap Press, 2012) and *Same Opposite* (Thunderclap Press, 2010). Parker Tettleton is online at parker-augustlight.blogspot.com.

Geoff Bouvier's first book of prose poetry, *Living Room*, won the APR/Honickman Prize and was published by Copper Canyon Press. His second, *Glass Harmonica*, appeared from Quale Press. He is currently an Assistant Professor of Poetry and Nonfiction at the University of Toronto and the Poetry Editor of *Tampa Review*.

Sam Russek is an emerging writer born in Connecticut but raised in Houston. His essays on politics have appeared in *Latinx Spaces* and his poetry is in *Paint Bucket*. Find him at @mr_samrussek on Twitter. https://twitter.com/mr_samrussek

Karen Neuberg's most recent poetry chapbook is *the elephants are asking* (Glass Lyre Press). Her full length collection, *Pursuit*, is forthcoming from Kelsay Press. Poems have appeared in *Verse Daily*, *Canary* and *Home Planet News*, among others. She lives in Brooklyn, NY.

Cliff Saunders has an MFA in Creative Writing from The University of Arizona. His poems have appeared recently in *The Wayne Literary Review*, *Pedestal Magazine*, *Wilderness House Literary Review*, *Pinyon*, *San Pedro River Review*, *North of Oxford* and *RipRap Literary Journal*. He lives in Myrtle Beach, where he serves as co-coordinator of The Litchfield Tea & Poetry Series.

Kenneth Kesner has worked abroad in various capacities with USIS. Some recent or forthcoming work is included in *Forty-Eight Review*, *IthacaLit*, *Subterranean Blue Poetry*, *Taj Mahal Review* and *Tule Review*. Whenever possible he volunteers to assist new immigrants to the US in the enculturation process.

Mark DuCharme's recent books of poetry include *We, the Monstrous: Script for an Unrealizable Film* (The Operating System, 2018), *The Unfinished: Books I-VI* (BlazeVox, 2013) and *Answer* (BlazeVox, 2011). *Counter Fluencies 1-20* appeared as part of the print journal *The Lune* (2017), and other work is recent or forthcoming in *Caliban Online*, *Colorado Review*, *Dispatches from the Poetry Wars*, *Ethel*, *Human Repair Kit*, *Monday Night*, *New American Writing*, *Unlikely Stories*, *Word For/Word* and *Noon: An Anthology of Short Poems* (Isobar Press: due 2019). He lives in Boulder, Colorado.

Darie Ducan is a Romanian poet and playwright. He has published ten books of poetry and three books of theatre. He is currently pursuing a PhD on Harold Pinter and Eugène Ionesco at the Sorbonne. He writes in both Romanian and French.

Brian A. Salmons lives in Orlando, Florida. His work has appeared in *Eyedrum Periodically*, *NonBinary Review*, *Ekphrastic Review*, *Poets Reading the News*, *The Light Ekphrastic* and *Poetry WTF?!*, among others. He is the host of @BrianAndTheNight, a poetry podcast on Facebook.

Steven Waling has been widely published in journals both in print and online, most recently at *Some Roast Poet* and *The Curly Mind*. His books include *Travelator* (Salt), *Captured Yes* (KFS) and *Hello GCHQ* (Dept). A new book, *Disparate Measure aka Spuds In History*, will be out soon.

Jared Schickling's recent writing includes the books *Guides, Translators, Assistants, Porters: a polyvocal American epic minus the details* (BlazeVOX, 2018), *The Mercury Poem* (2017) and *Province of Numb Errs* (2016), and he edited *A Lyrebird: Selected Poems of Michael Farrell* (BlazeVOX, 2017). He lives in Lockport, NY and edits Delete Press and *The Mute Canary*, publishers of poetry.

Doug Ramspeck is the author of six poetry collections and one collection of short stories. His most recent book, *Black Flowers* (2018), is published by LSU Press. Four books have received awards: *The Owl That Carries Us Away* (G. S. Sharat Chandra Prize for Short Fiction), *Original Bodies* (Michael Waters Poetry Prize), *Mechanical Fireflies* (Barrow Street Press Poetry Prize), and *Black Tupelo Country* (John Ciardi Prize for Poetry). Individual poems have appeared in journals that include *The Southern Review*, *The Kenyon Review*, *Slate*, and *The Georgia Review*. He is a two-time recipient of an Ohio Arts Council Individual Excellence Award. A professor at The Ohio State University at Lima, Doug teaches creative writing.

Dito Khupenia is a Georgian poet and performance artist. He studied Sociology at Sukhumi State University. His first poetry collection *Crucifix on Poems* was published in 2014. He is a frontman for the musical groups: *Reactive Angels* and *Red X Society*.

Manana Matiashvili is a Georgian translator, literary scholar and academic. As a Ph.D she works in the field of Translation Studies. She has translated poetry, children's literature, drama and scientific books from English, Norwegian and Russian languages into her native Georgian as well as Georgian poets into English. She was awarded the Vakhushti Kotetishvili prize 2010 for the translation of Elizabeth Bishop's poetry, and Rustaveli Theatre/Tumanishvili Foundation prize 2007 for the translation of a play by Sarah Kane.

Stephen Nelson is the author of several books of poetry, including *Arcturian Punctuation* (Xexoxial Editions) and *Lunar Poems for New Religions* (KFS Press). He has exhibited vispo and asemic writing internationally and published in numerous journals, including *3am*, *Posit*, *Big Bridge*, *BlazeVox Journal* and *The Adirondack Review*. He is currently working on a YA sci-fi/fantasy novel. Find him online at afterlights-vispo.tumblr.com and afterlights.blogspot.com.

Seth McKelvey teaches at Auburn University. He co-edits *S/WORD* slashword.com.

Tirzah Goldenberg is the author of the collection of poetry *Aleph* (Verge Books 2017). Another collection with an unpronounceable Paleo-Hebrew title is forthcoming from the same press in 2020. Other work can be found in *Dispatches from the Poetry Wars*, *Aurochs*, *Flag + Void*, and *LVNG*.

Ian Gibbins is online at IanGibbins.com.au and at vimeo.com/IanGibbins.

Zebulon Wimsatt is the folio editor at *Anomaly*, and holds an MFA from Brown University. Their previous work can be found at a-n-skilligkton.net. They work in public libraries in New Hampshire.

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

#26. *The Wet Motorcycle: a selected* by Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino. Poetry, prose, poetics theory. “In this selection of writing drawn from 30+ generative years, Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino, through poetry, essay, and story, inscribes a psycho/physiological map of his linguistic odyssey.” — Crag Hill “To read these poems is to create heterotopic spaces, as much in their negation and absence as their horizons. As readers, we are ‘now harking and immovable.’ We are now ‘making quote.’ Read these poems and embrace the plurality of the word, imagine space anew and expanding.” — Jacqueline Winter Thomas “If you’re looking for a different word order read Gregory Vincent St Thomasino.” —Alan Halsey

#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

