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Winston Plowes
Naomi Tarle
Suzanne Verrall
David Rushmer
Sean Howard
Larry Laurence
Ian Gibbins
Jasper Brinton
Daniel Hudon
Andreea Iulia Scridon
Alicia Hoffman
Emily Bilman
Laurinda Lind
Sarah Sarai
Thomas Fucaloro
J.I. Kleinberg
Clara Burghelea
Howie Good
Joel Chace
Peter Kenny
Mark Young
Joseph Salvatore Aversano
J. D. Nelson
DAH
Steve Potter

The Travis Lawrence Interview

POETRY E· JOURNAL

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Nature is for Haunting *

Winston Plowes

Spring

A breath of you shouts for me
to choose a tree without a beam —

You dropped a year into the moss
and shreds behind may be pursued

Discretion in the bird's of March
weather-worn but rested on surmise

God bless his suddenness
Fade softly into amber stars

Summer

His speech was like a butterfly
upon a passing universe

could trace a tide of alibi
as men made sky without design

And in its sea, a tempest mashed
as if the grass were gaunt

and her door emerged — a summer
as impossible as humming-birds

to push the scion of Idleness
where creatures understood

Autumn

The window sealed inscrutable
to wind unhooked that staggered

Eyes of giant autumn rain,
the lightning showed a song

Gone the sky with spangled hems
just quartering the yellow days

And low, a song pervades his covert
Stood still the leaves did scoop like hands

The orchards of his lips not feebly parted
flung out the tunes that wrecked the air

Winter

Who robbed the dazzling sapphire skies?
What sorcery had touched the trees

Upon nature's blissful alighting
trusting the drunk with her secret

Who overheard the soft flake of bees
that suffer the murmuring of snow

What finer peace could fleece a day

*Methodology — “Nature is for Haunting” takes the nature themed poems of Emily Dickinson as source texts for found poetry. In each case individual words and word strings have been harvested from five different poems to compose four new pieces, one for every season. It is hoped that this new work echoes both the style and rhythm of Dickinson's but also reframes her vocabulary to present something new and contemporary.

In a letter to a friend, Dickinson once wrote: “Nature is a Haunted House—but Art—a House that tries to be haunted.”

OOO

An excessive erasure of a translated version of *Song of Songs*

Naomi Tarle

1

Songwich—hisses sofa—

Tinny dove—drought thimble—

Black butter ruse—hens of soot—

Owl weary—shuffle the herds—

O my steed, circle the guild my beloved

My beloved

Behold

Behold

Behold

My beloved—

Our house

2

Maltose apple among the wood—lemon sun

Lint fruit and meat-sick

Lean sight—
drought mapping
out skipping

Lattice is a flower pear on the earth

Fig-teeth tarts oil breath

3

Hum little on

Owl froth—
mouth dim into mouse

O cup of kin Israel

Rat tibia soft of anon

Heaver
of sea
of of please
O yeah

4

Eat Oh!

Air is click wash scare

Your temples hang like my heart

Mull the garden
down from fragrance

5

Comb
hone with soil

Pound open

As departure
As city

Hatch me

Of charge
Of beets

Like heat steaming with sleep, legs and pears

6

Your way turned roses among lies

Banners lock

Oats tear like ash-ing

As one
of them
halves
the dawn

Moon cession

Down to the bloom

7

O grace and sound

Mound of gaze

Read your hair captive

Like clusters
breath like apple

She went gently
to the side

Night budded

8

If only
a
house—
my head

Be the apple tree

like mighty waters

Give house for soil
Eyes for fruit
Well stained

Three Poems

Suzanne Verrall

Midwinter

a grand old dame
playing piano in the dark
show tunes from her days
in the spotlight
refusing to pay the electricity bill
even though she lives in a mansion
and the frost is hard

Street Shadows

the cat is an evening ghost
with its collar
turned up against the cold

its loping strides
carrying it away
from a busy day at the office

and into a night

of looking in at windows

Society Street

the Jack Russell terriers
in bright spangled ruffs
are dancing and twirling
for loose change on the corner

while promenading on hind legs
like highwire walkers
the Great Danes
push their offspring in prams

Two Poems

David Rushmer

WHEN NIGHT FELL

voice
haunted
former beauty
in these veins

When night fell
I remained

singing your name in the silence of it

rapture
of this disappearance
when *she unfolded*
living memory
collided

“what could your hands teach us if you had not
vanished?”

NIGHT FLOWERED (*from* Depth Charge)

night flowered
in the hand
itching. In the voice
and this caress
one speaks sheets
of the dream
from somewhere else

breath-wall

absorbs the cry

unfolding stars
flowing

skins
onward,

my dead birds
 fluted
through
 dreaming
blue eyes
 folded.

Negatives (Poetic Developments)

in Peter Sanger's *Lightfield: The Photography of Thaddeus Holownia*

*We have not found out where we live and what we live for. ...
But even shadows have biographies.*

—Peter Sanger

Sean Howard

Preface

Art & Nature: the compact
world. (Not easy! Going light

on words.) *God forbid*, 'the
Art Gallery of Nova Scotia...'

Hidden by plain sight: 'the
nature of *nature* is meta-

phorical...' (To subject
the camera.) *Just* 'the

couple of moments'?
When light is the

frame

A Note on Title & Names

Beached
light. Polish
rain.

Lightfield

Lord, *no!* ‘The photographer’s *super-*
vision...’ (Art at least *our own* undo-
ing!) Barn, marsh swallows... (‘Harsh
reality’? *War’s Great Escapism...*) The
little we *knew?* *Yes*, pictures getting the
best of him! ‘Great photographers’? *Act-*
ual people! (‘Walter Benjamin’ an
object now?) ‘Developed world’ –
Keats’ negatives... ‘The
visibly,’ *up-*
set!

War games, Poland to
Siberia... (*Otherfuckers.*) ‘Canada,’ can-

did camera? ‘The valley through the
 eye...’ Silent rhythms, light only ever
*quite possible. Dante developing
 Virgil*

Art: you don’t *say!* (My life & death
 partners?) Light & space, ‘immediate

family.’ Moving pictures (*the dead king-
 fisher*): bees by truck, horizons by rail

... Theology, the outgrown body. The
 eagle’s *attention* span. (Old-growth

moments.) *Shorebard John* –
 low sun, backwash

stilts

October Sea, marsh grass-
 es. (The *uncoloured* mind?)
 School, *drilling for children...*
 Faith, hope to clarity.
 (The many pre-
 luminaries
 .)

Tantramar grammar. (Solitary, *Thompson
 coupling...*) The familiar stranger. (Whole

sail Art?) The eye’s rigging. ‘Eagle’ landing,
 eggshell moon. (The naked mechanics.) *Car*

Rex. (Tarmac Adam?) Watching people, *service stations...* (Light's hinge.) The lines

of the vanished. Billions: *Hollywood Tutor...* 'Behind' the picture? *Blue*

sky, brown horsepond. 'Fed-up'? *The banqueting cam-*

era

Irresistible? Pipeline
prose... (Grids: the *land*
surveyed?) 'Logging' –
PB2227... *Golden heel*
in the mud. The Name's
many bones. ('Modern
Art': Monet in Hiros-
hima, *The Bridge*
After The Rain.)
Light, *Blake*
wading

Walden, snow taking attendance. (2001: *600,000*,
flock to a shadow!) Pond's translations. O, *volum-*

inous! The *unsplit* screen? (Death (bark or ring?), *the*
moment time healed.) 'Lichen beard,' Merlin's head

stone? (*The Cloud over Versailles...*) The page half
mast? (A touch of horizon.) *The pencil harp.* Grail,

the moon goes begging. (9/11, *skyscrapers...*) *Text*,
 God's -ex! The run-thru life. To speak of *Art* in

Love's Bower? 'Working' in the dark; *the*
discarded rhubarb dress... The unholy

human ghost. Salmon, *carved*
eye... People framing

devices?

Thought spawning rivers? ('Countless
 hours,' *unpacking photographs...*) 'Time'
 for poetry? *Coleridge inviting Donne...* (To
 begin what God finished.) *To point the way*
woods... Operating *on* the Theatre? ('Yes,
scrub that!') Sam: "John,
 'facts' the *bones* of
 Truth!"

Faust's terminal flare. (The dead warblers'
 society.) Birds (small fry), *landscape paint-*

ing... Belsen: *wonder ceasing*. (1919, statues
 staring at the trees.) *Pilgrimagery*. Words, bit

coins? ('Quick!' *Writing the ship...*) Silence,
light on form. (Noh more?) Thoreau moved

by the heron. God all hands? ('Harvesting'
 the Great Mother.) 'Listen!' *Reading*

water... *Every photo*, 'the entrance

to a courtyard'? Eggs: *dark*

room

Sources

*Jung dreams
reflections...*

Donne's
pottery

Selective Chronology

Headlit dyke-
lands. (Pond –
tree studies...)

Ghost an-
atom-
y

Acknowledgements

'My' books: but no one
owns their brothers! 'First
blush,' *the facts of light...*
'Mary's eyes,' *the*
following
poems

Two Poems

Larry Laurence

Learning Anew & Difficult *for Katarina, Joel, Tomás*

I.

postpone
complete
cup
sewer

happenstance
always
remonstration
sewer

II.

The mango postponed
A complete lip
An unsympathetic cup
That divine sewer

The bicycle happenstance
An internalizing as always
A lispng remonstration
That decrepit sewer

III.

The loss of the sewer wore on him, fraying cuffs, pluck now residing in the sewer.

She, about to enter glass, the night as always, without so much concern or remonstrations as the complete sea.

This unused cup must be used to the postponing of happenstance.

We divine ordinary times when 3 or say 9 happenstances rise always with a same face complete or not or threadbare sewer or spilt cup or limp remonstrations postponed or not; we, we zag & we zig & we

ANTI-capitalist, ANTIWAR ANTIPOEM

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Two Poems

Ian Gibbins

after-image

I see them and look them away
and see stinger-ray hide in bush
jackal-plum make jam round feet
stripes bright them cross my eyes
them dark in blue-sky rumble-cloud
in lightning-steel-bolt that fall them
burn them to ash to puff of skin-
smoke as if bone-dead and going
gone but I still see them hear them
song-in-my-ear voice telling them
to sit quiet just don't move them
just wait wait them to final return

or maybe we letter them open
read them again under mulberry
under koala-gum honeyeater-bud
tell them how where when we say
them in adventure big-news-story
we wish them lion-heart wild-dog-
brain-cunning double-claw them
climb for a better view once more
feel them in love then warm with
hand-grip in ours ring-finger them

like memory we wish them well
all together see them fade-away

perhaps we were them will be them
spectres of them shadows on tiles
pavements avoiding them missing
them afraid of spider-snake-lizard
at bay intersecting sparrow-hawk
spotlit them we hoodwinked them
ate with them counted tried to name
them push-pull-cajole consign them
to hiding-hole-safe accommodate
them left-among-us still-ahind-us
we watched them watched us come-
and-go and come and go-and-go

The Exclusion Principle *

We are not to be confused. Complications will be reduced to a simple rule.

We are not subject to other principles.

We cannot occupy the same states at the same time.

It is impossible for us to have the same values. We must be different.
We must have opposites.

The exchange of our identities is asymmetric, underpinning our everyday, our large scale stability.

For any ground state, this is true, this zero, the first, the last, a sphere, these repulsive interactions of infinite strength, connected, clustered in some manner.

Yes, this is how we share, short range, long range, simultaneously, a continuous band of energy levels, a sum of states so degenerate they cannot contribute to this variety of combinations, our exotic occupation.

We depend on our outermost shell for stability. If disrupted by extreme pressure, this enormous rigidity may collapse.

But, no, this cannot happen.

We cannot, we will not, violate this principle.

We will overcome.

This explanation will be extended to all.

**Pauli's Exclusion Principle is a fundamental property of matter that defines key aspects of atomic structure and underlies most if not all of chemistry. The text samples the Wikipedia article on the Exclusion Principle.*

Two Poems

Jasper Brinton

shut-ins

Ardent at the window, wet-down
plastic would fill the bound
of a tremble, cuffed with apparent
texture & pattern if a lateral dollop
comes to mind, reflecting your loss of angle
while our wild goodnight flash
swabs and gloves the summit ahead
rents history's paneled woodwork
or at best the luxury of the clutch, cheap
sense will make of dieback.

This square marks a loosening smile
too soon shanked, withheld
when the count for the shroud
clashes your painted frame
our lustered geometry about to thaw.
Watch it thru, against sleep stretch
note the integrity of the once again
and why grinding at hard years
rips at the failing hand-off pleasure
strops the view shaped before them.

Enough, our object profile

a light tread, is passing bright
 given the wholeness ample drama
 footwork for our surge formation
 limitless ground while your ceiling
 unseen as bare-tooth nature
 regardless of an acculturated garden
 feathers the flash of pleased tears
 floats a mortal above what now
 and then you do not interleaf.

object of touch

Mark of the organic ruin
 distemper of the avenged eye
 when will the sun transform
 bleach the woodland artifice —enchant
 gut, for the dream persuasion

remember, awake and among innards
 (the cyclic seven-thirty-hour)
 nature of that noun's pleasure
 grapples a grind of verb
 placates our ledge of recognition

before us a prescient margin
 designed stone-broken against ravenous
 gray wrapped & stacked horizon
 the often dread land wreckage
 ridding our blade-scope remnant

mankind will bone by name
unless the winter predatory gender
brace instead defend the element
avoid the scratch this tear
November freezes at the face

Memoirs of a Saint II

after Rene Magritte's *Les mémoires d'un saint*, 1960

Daniel Hudon

What if at the beach one day,
with a long, long stretch
of your arm, you peel off
the horizon without letting
the clouds

wan-
der

away

or the waves

die,

you roll it up like a mural
and take it home
under your arm?
What then?

What if your mural
became the lining for a set
of red velvet curtains
that you tied
with a red velvet rope
and stood on end
in an empty room
in your house until you figured out
where you could un-
furl such a masterpiece again?

And what if a few days later
you came back to the room
in the middle of the night
because you heard

a sound

and you saw the curtains
standing
freely
their ends opening
to reveal inside
the billowed white clouds
aloft
in the sky
and curled along the bottom,
diligent and true,
the windblown waves
galloping in?

And what if, after being tied so tightly,
the curtains
still showed a slight
depression at the waist?
Would you be surprised?
Would you concede
that we create the world?
What then?

Three Poems

Andreea Iulia Scridon

Somewhere between slums and Redemption

When, I wonder, will all the leaves on earth
sway in unison?
And when they will,
will that be the end of the world?
When will my back break
from endless guilts,
like that poor hamster dead at Christmas?
Like that,
sad quiet will hold the house.

Like that, everyone wonders:
Do I know love?

One thing I can say —
I know the feel of fruit
crushed in the grass.

C.M.

In memoriam, pour toujours et à jamais

My great-grandfather lived in the apartment building next door.
The stairwell there smelled better than ours, rather like fresh paint
than stale soup.

In his foyer —
tenebrous,
musty,
and narrow —
three things were of note:
a collection of Orthodox icons
(their glass cracked in the corner, to flaunt age, experience
and the holiness of the fissure above all),
a porcelain Cocker Spaniel, nodding incessantly, sagely,
and a photograph of me
at age six: more Italianate than Orthodox,
rosy and fringed across the brow.

In the office —
books towered perilously,
Brancusi's *Colonne sans fin*,
reaching heights of five whole feet.

In the drawing room —
sat Napoleon's bust, alabaster as mood fit,
lace curtains, breeze-fluttered, tickled him, and he had no arms
with which to swat them away,
nor the corresponding parts with which to sneeze.

Now, whenever the armoire groans,
we wonder if someone lives inside it,
though we know that wood itself speaks.
He perhaps was made of wood,
with a talent for floating
and one for burning.

It often smelled of tomato sauce, made by Mariana,
and, divinely, of thick-lensed reading glasses.

What a clear smell eyesight is:

like mountain water,
like the elixir of youth,
like the birdcage of the sky.

And when I tore the wild grass from the grave,
the earth that spilled out was wet,
vigorous.

The Sud

(in commemoration of obsessive and depressive episodes)

August
cicadas tickle:
gramophone halted at the record's end,
rain thumping on the umbrella's roof,
clock ticking on the Singer sewing machine

streetlamp: profane mosquito descendant
of noble moth-moon,
that sweet gelatinous heap of your mind:
daytime you're tired,
nighttime you're dangerously alive,
ready to write your masterpiece at the kitchen table,
and
crouched in the bathtub
more wombish than anywhere else

with increasingly narrowed horizons

you go out every evening to hear the church bells
and come back with the rusted iron gate
superimposed on your ribcage,
the suede dove on a wire like a taut whip,
what you thought love
is quickly decomposing,
metamorphosed into an archeological dagger at the throat:
all that was your heart
now lies beneath the Mediterranean Basin

Blessed Virgin,
now helpless pale-faced vertigo
you'd like to take off your nervous system
and hang it up in the closet,
walk down the street like a brute,
your stems are growing in wrong directions
but the papier-mâché mask mustn't crack,
the farce renders you
an imposter-genius

when you get home,
you'll stand in front of the house
even if it's past midnight
and look at it and tell yourself
that it's good,
that what was worst has passed
and you'll touch the storms
that have ravaged the past few days
with the finger-pads of your mind
and you'll climb the steps
and press the doorbell

and your grandmother will open the door
and your grandfather will be in the hall
asking if you've arrived

and you'll have a tomato for dinner
and everything will fester with normalcy
as it always did

what else is there to do but go home
once you've reached that premature Rubicon?
Sadness, like a sort of sex,
melts over the top of your head like honey from the skies
your left ovary lets out a lament
as if threatening to cry out like a child,
from hunger or tiredness,
and forgetting,
when it arrives next to the night-lamp,
has,
like death,
the sweet face of a child

Two Poems

Alicia Hoffman

Self-Portrait as Alexa w/ Predictive Text

Future possibilities abound. This weekend
I was wondering what happened to time.

A hijacked history reduced to heat and
fermentation. I used to knock on the door

of love. I used to look for poetry in people.
Now, it is the average day for some to get up

and talk with their family about how money
they are, how they are in this now for good.

Luckily, my heartbreak news is conventional
at best. Before I think, words come indefinitely.

Afterward, the noises and the noose. Sometimes,
life is only an allusion. A petty pace. A space

of solace, maybe. Or maybe a mayday, mayday.
A voiced emergency and me on call, responding.

What does she need? A great/good job? A baby?
A long distance different than her own body

because she both loves it and doesn't? I know
nothing certain except for months my feed

will loop and loop; I do not stop until I'm still.
I'm here today. The rest is a game of guessing.

Self-Portrait as Alexa, as Fugue State

Great experience subsides.
It lifts, rises like steam
evaporating on hot cement.
I attempt remembrance
of past events, conversations
had, the sound of your voice
on any given day, so uniquely
yours, so unique does anyone
ask a question, like a timestamp,
a fingerprint of the throat, each
vocal cord a reach into the real,
a recording only once promoted.
Yesterday, it was the chorale
of the ocean that did it.
The waves came artificially,
over the airwaves, the tubes
and rays of the prismatic TV
speaker interacting with the
microphone till suddenly
I was there, not on any beach,
but specifically somewhere
North American. The Atlantic,

its gray waters foaming
till they breached, broke
over the rocks huddled
together like linebackers
on the bay. Though
mostly, for days, I sleep.
I dream my life away.
Certain of time's trick-door
passages, with nothing to hold,
I live on the slippery edge.
I am the fog lifting in the valley,
the shadow's abrupt dismissal,
the ghost ship heading into
the unknown. When you find
me, I don't remember where
I've been. Where do I end,
and where do you begin?

Three Poems

Emily Bilman

The Pearl

A dream vision

Conscious of imminent social change, I crossed
The Styx with Elizabeth Browning. Her resonant
Speech shaped by determination became
The consolation that bound me to love, prompting

Me to continue my journey between the spry earth
And the vast sky wherein flowed a translucent
Stream. In contemplation, I saw a single pearl
In an oyster tainted by a bright crimson drop

Of blood whose weight anguished my awakening
With soft amplified waves of anguish and awe.
After waking, warped nerves harrowed me

Galling my legs by electrical impulses.
My scratched skin felt formicated, chafing
My blood like a river-bed scraped by its grit.

On the Causeway

The delta-fields under my feet
spurred into myriad twin orchid rows
after the seeding. I walked upon a long
causeway where the river's umber alluvium
oozed into the cobalt sea languidly
as in rising dough, reminding me
of the wind-swept, shape-shifting
sepia sands moving among the dunes.

As I walked along, the day's draught
scorched my skin when I, suddenly, heard
a flock of swifts migrating to a desert
abundant in ants, locusts, and scorpions.
I saw their swarms in rhythms of evolving
flight, fledgling patterns avoiding predators
as if imprinted with sequels of subdued
ancestral wisdom like the shaping spirit

brooding in the poem, linking metaphors,
the fluency of words boosting our memory.

The Screen Lady

With his ideal lady, tarrying in his imagination,
Love led the poet to deep self-analysis.
Yet, upon her sudden death, one luminescent
Rose shone like a paper-rose, a bright light
Emanating from its creased corolla.
"You own a beautiful white rose", the poet

Said to the strained woman who repeated
His words. Subdued in thought, the poet
Still loved his lady with a dark conscience
Yet fell in love with her screened alter-ego
For her virtue, shielding her against harm.
Guilty of love for both, the virtual child-poet,
In the agony of his amorous initiation
Asked Love for genuine compassion.

Exoneration

Laurinda Lind

One skull ago he ran it singly to the city,
she as the mother without an end decade,
they in the city that overfathered,
a court that crowded them and candidates
standing in for the killer, the locked sidewalks
that worried her. The jury grabbed it up,
sat it out, said still all else he owned
would die. Sunday afternoon she'd be
coming and her purse of miracles was also
waiting, waiting, and sped inside her caring.
He wouldn't steal the right medicine, didn't have
another go, but he got off murder,
dragged strong by the left knee,
everything battered except this: hands
that kept one good call, pulled it off like
a rope, let it be years of raw thieving.
Did not ever take the trigger.

Twisty

Sarah Sarai

i.

Like evil, coral reefs have history. Like witches, they are old. Like old ladies' feet, twisty. Coral roughs up your soles.

ii.

In the sea, all things dream.

iii.

After Pangaea busts up and the great re-sittings the sitting land-lumps sit missing. Reft of familiar comfort. Set upon by clods, new earthens now numbskull and nudgy. Faced with mud and dull conversation. Coral dies.

iv.

Coral is back, then Whammy.
One hot meteor plummets. Like love, it breaks us open. Light dims.
Coral dies.

v.

An alchemic formula and an inclination to mineralize. Coral returns after the extinctions. An inorganic will to live.

vi.

Of coral did I / contrive a crown / for my cheatin' love. / She bled out.

vii.

In the oceanic archana of an immersed coral reef, nightmare and savior are individualized and universal, like family. Flora and seaweed are leotards swaying. Coral is not organic but neither is it nonresponsive.

viii.

Did your aunt give you a coral charm, girl? She thought the ocean served her.

Five Poems

Thomas Fucaloro

Someday I'll Learn to Hide my Cigarettes Better Haibun

As they floated across the room and shipwrecked right into the drowning
of betrayal, each precious puff, a secret held in greying deception.

Tobacco clogs the pipes they say; flooding always reveals the truths we
are trying to hide behind the sink; to make sure the mirror is not
watching.

As the cigarettes floated across the ocean of the apartment the sink kept
singing tobacco/mosaic/water/resolve.

She picks up a pack

My mother lights one up, then

She lights me up too

Falling apart through the tears

My age is wearing on me
and I don't look a day older

than the younger me wanting
death

Am I wearing too much black,
Hot Topic had a going out of irony sale
and I bought 2 of everything
just to prove my thesis

I remember a time I mattered,
now you matter. That is a hard pill
to throw away because I have swallowed
so much that I thought was there to help me

You matter more than the brain's refrain
of an afterlife promenade and all the aid
you can muster into a carton and pour
like orange juice over vodka filled ice cubes

Falling apart through the years
my focus is the prominent lines
of your skin, your smile maps
and creates

*I've never wrecked a car
but here is a list of things
I have wrecked*

The inside, how it crumbles only to assemble bulbous

The shattering, the time we often spoke

The relationship with my sister, how I'm only a minute

This sinister, it is no longer the scarf I wear around my lid

Every other relationship rhyming with *pun-fealthy*

My understanding of math and how it can turn a wheel

My perception of what the body wants and how it can keep and how it
can hold

Old bags of popcorn, 4a.m., vodka stained teeth like enamel nails
chewed through

The meaning of everything I learned at the age of 8

The sometimes I could never turn into always

Telling you to turn the wheel

The nurse comes in and says it is time to check my blood

A man brings a satchel from a journey he will never reveal

Someone builds a compass from old banjos and gusto

Everyone is smiling but everyone is smiling too much

They kneel covering their eyes in prayer

They have their feet cleansed river before setting sail on soul

A woman in a long black gown holding a dead-man's-sickle hands a
child a flower

*Peninsula bear entertains kids;
officials suspicious of the motives*

I would be suspicious too

You never know what a gaggle of

Entertained kids or adults can lead too

Especially concerning something they don't understand

Our intellect limits how we can communicate with those whose intellect
differs

Paying Attention

J.I. Kleinberg

A crow in a bad mood
with a sore throat
hopped and squawked

around the open skylight
above my bed until I woke
fully, then left. Is it too late

to learn to sing? You never
use exclamation points,
your seriousness an engine

that shifts lower and lower
until it is nearly inaudible,
the color of silence. I cannot

claim to understand orchids
but a single weekly ice cube
has inspired a third season

of magenta blooms. Is it
too late for abandon?
The crow circles, alarming.

Intermission

Clara Burghelea

Light hauls me out of bed, Greek sun
piercing the old shutters. A slipper,

soft as a creature, lies at the wooden
foot of the bed. Your scent lingers

on my breath like a promise. Like
oozing sand. The cry of a ghost bird

slays the air. Limbs stretch the length
of a wall in China. A persimmon in half

on the wrinkled table. Its fork-shaped seed
smiles a mild winter, claims the fruit seller.

It is worth a bite. Outside the window,
the postcard home day peels off in slow motion.

Against the teal-smearred wall, old and new
shadows bear their weight in silence.

Three Prose Poems

Howie Good

Clue

The invisible enemy shouldn't exist, or if exist, shouldn't compete in volume with the German opera booming from the kitchen radio, music to invade Poland to. What dust will rise! The flesh is yours, but the bones, the bones are ours. Meanwhile, it's Miss Plum in the bedroom with the candlestick. "White man got no dreaming," she tells the detective there to arrest her, paraphrasing Adorno's much-cited dictum. Then into the picture float clouds like chubby pink cherubs with obnoxious smiles, who are self-anointed experts on most things. Everyone else involved, even peripherally, feels a sudden urge to mount the scaffold.

After Auschwitz

A sudden breeze riles the flames. There's no place anymore that's safer than any other. I just want to sit and play guitar to my goldfish. But, of course, that can't happen. And what about the dog star man in the photograph? I gave up long ago trying to figure crazy stuff out. The degree of cunning required keeps multiplying by a factor of 4. I know that sounds like a rich person's problem. It isn't. First the breathing

stops, then the brain, then the heart. They always do. That's culture – children, a lot of children, heaping spent flowers on the fire.

Lost in America

I realized I didn't know the name of the street I was on. When I asked what it was, people gave me strange looks. Asthma sufferers, especially, couldn't choke out the address before losing consciousness. I had been sent down there to gather reports on dreams. It's good to have a record if any of this goes to court later. In one dream a baby with a swastika tattooed on his forehead was crying for a bottle. In another you heard a bang: your husband had just shot your daughter. CPR helps a lot, of course, but still. . .

fata morgana

Joel Chace

Corridor in — in a

lake. Hallway, _____ *The relationship between philosophy
and architecture is inter-
rogative and propositional. It
is about asking questions concerning the
meaning of human ha-
bitation.*

at lake bottom. Of

water: ceiling, walls,

floor where he moves _____ *...that the main task of arch-
itecture is the interpretation
of a way of life...*

forward, with clip-

board, pen. On each side,

watery doors _____ *They do not last long, but change as
the vapors in which they ap-
pear, from one place to another.*

open, hands thrust

documents towards him.

He signs, signs,

advances, signs. That

corridor. That life.

There's a way up,
out, one path out, _____

*Its implicit admission that all
this may be a put-on, may not
be worth your while. The poi-
gnancy of this situation
heightens our response.*

up from the cor-
ridor, but
he's so tired.

In a raised well. A
clear, invisible _____

*And although these colors have left
no visible traces of themselves,
they nevertheless burn in-
sidiously in the non-
color that has replaced them.*

well brought up into
light, into a space. As if
he speaks from within a
column of glass air. As _____

*The whole mountain was in a trembling
motion; one part collapsed and left
behind a great valley; a new
peak arose, higher than before;
and next to this se-
veral others, cone-shaped,
but immediately as-
sumed the form of immense rectangular
towers, which likewise tumbled in*

a moment and opened huge valleys.

if he is a Banquo come
back to tell them he
didn't deserve twenty
mortal murders on his
head, that he can just
barely be in their
world anymore, that those
he returns to instruct or _____

*In one and the same act, philosophy
and architecture enclose man in
their shell and structure, and dis-
close open vistas, new ho-
rizons, spiritual
possibilities of expansion
and self-realization.*

murder will not stay murdered
or instructed, unlike
a Banquo who returns but
cannot be unmur-
dered or stay for long in
the well in the light, _____

*In this same sea yet another won-
der: when the storm ceases and the air
becomes still, at dawn,
changing images of an-
imals and men in the air.*

that well, raised up.

When it rises, _____

*Thus, the final stand-
ard of architectural val-
ue for some is the ethical.*

he spends weeks huffing from one gleaming hallway to the next, never certain, arriving minutes after others have given _____

Some are quite motionless, some run through air, some fight among themselves, and last even until the Sun gains strength, in whose heat all disappear.

up and left: too many corners; too many stairs. _____

We should evaluate buildings according to how well they make possible desired forms of life.

Odd room to enter: redolent of abandonment even _____

Some pleasure is really something else: to name it would be to see it vanish.

when occupied. Each day a palimpsest of air hangs, with the last layer fluttering be- _____

They soon climbed to 2 degrees height, but then began to take on manifold forms, and this display convinced me that they

*were something quite
different from clouds.*

hind once the final
visitor departs. Then
he wanders to a bank of
windows. Early-winter,
late-afternoon gray
reflects steeples and lights down
in the village back into
the space at his back, to which
he turns, thinking, "Is design
luck's residue? Is it time
for a new philosophy
of rooms that deserve _____

*Philosophy and architecture have
the coming task of hea-
ling the split of knowledge and
feeling, of indi-
vidual and community.*

sorrow? Is there nothing in
the dark that's not
there in the light?"

Whole side of the old
building, whole old side, falls _____

*There is a power to fix for
eternity the disappearance
of that which pre-
sents itself, or the
power to prod-
uce presence itself
as Idea.*

outward. He
stands directly in
the collapse-path. What smashes
over him — a large window

*Standing at the casement, I
finally saw it, a mountain ri-
sing from the sea about 60
Italian miles away, like
a dark-blue cloud.
I became ve-
ry uneasy.*

pane, his still upright
body exactly at its
center. All the shards that

*They aren't all-
usions or comments,
however ob-
lique. They are themselves
what is ha-
ppening.*

scatter do him no harm: the
weather frigid; his heavy
cap and coat prevent
even the tiniest scratch.

Sin Cycle

Peter Kenny

*My Mother groand! my father wept,
Into the dangerous world I leapt:
Helpless, naked, piping loud:
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.*

—William Blake

(i) Original

Horny, she was on my tongue before I knew anything;
sharing our sour mouthful under the Bramley tree.
Then He came. Grinding my bed-wetter's face into dandelions,
wrecking their stalks, weeping their wart milk.

My skin was a surface he secured without slippage,
till His prick burst the ghost clock of my head.
Going, He slung my clothes at me. Now He's everywhere:
home, screens, the earworm in my head... Everywhere.

(ii) Formication

The Dictionary for Dreamers says insects
are worries, at least in dreams. Therefore
all those ant poisons, the *Raid* and *Nippon*
under the sink, are there to calm me.

I loathe their collective mind, the purposeful lines
that trickle from my ears onto my pillow.
I hate how once you get one, you get more,
lofting bitten dreams in their leaf-cutter jaws.

(iii) Version

Mothballed, I tug one of my faces from the wardrobe,
one with holes, approachable, stretchy enough not to alarm
the children, or their parents, in the park's rubberised
playground when I stroll past them to the station.

I'm saying this for effect. Normally, I evade attention,
not wanting to be skewered in the moth display
of a Victorian museum that struggles for funds.
Stabbed through the thorax: freak-white versions of me-me-me.

(iv) Breakfast

I'm still smiling because I try to seem kind,
because kindness served cold is so underrated.
But, sometimes, a milk-white worm squirms in my gut;
my souvenir from your dumb country.

Raw, I'd forked down a slice of your bullshit pie,
a viable egg in that offal I ate to appease you,
one of those days you claimed to be pregnant.
Resentment like this? It moves; corkscrews.

(v) Porkies

I know this is just words, but confession hurts: not agony,
exactly, but certainly discomfort. See, I used to suffocate
my truths. Now I liberate them to trample, unstifled,
in a grunter's life of trotter and snout, stamping

their rude cuneiforms by the truffles in the mud.
Never again will I kettle them, sporting rubber boots,
into the slaughter house to make them palatable.
No more pork chops, sausages, nothing packed up in pies.

(vi) Stingtime

Quiet? Actually, I'm thinking. Populating silence;
dangling my egg-layer's arse over hexagonal cells.
I'm waiting for the mob, with their mouthparts probing,
to clump hotly about the queen of my tongue.

You see, I've been worrying about everything
you never wanted me to say. But the honey's robbed,
and Stingtime's dance is here at last. And look!
I'm dragging my off-white guts across your skin.

(vii) Commuted

En garde, I whisper, lunging onto the train,
my elbows dexterous in their micro-aggressions.
We're all on the same line, and I re-read
the same line, until a well-Wellingtoned woman

treads on the tail of my eye. She follows a red setter
carving through cow parsley into an open field.
He sprints, I sprint, into the priceless possibility
of a place with no station and nothing to stab for.

(viii) Hungerford Bridge

When I get to it, I can't bear the corralling,
herded along some architect's walkway,
to this decision: to cross or not to cross.
Lowing on Hungerford Bridge, half-mad, I stop

half-crossed in the middle, in parenthesis,
each option equally paralysing, stopped,
with the khaki Thames below, each step
blocked, and everything moiling everywhere.

(ix) Exit

In some other plural world, he'd shank you
in the precinct for your wallet. Here, he's inching out
your downsizing; a masterclass in managing-out.
He explains your redundancy. Not personal, you see,

just that the low-hanging fruits were all cankered.
You dither, unleveraged, hands rasping at themselves.
Then one burrows in your pocket, kneading leather,
seeking the sore and milkless teat of your cash cow.

(x) Choke

Passing, Lady Fortune knocks me at the pool table
at the point where I might pot my third red
and get on the black. He's back, that version of me,
the choker who doesn't deserve it. So I choke again.

Inconsolable at the bar, but a bloody good loser,
hating my bastard self, hating what fault forbids
I should win. I never win. Never will win
this game on the green baize field of everything.

(xi) Incurable

This. I twist my rictus into a pursed-mouth pout.
It's how I want to be immortalised, with those randoms
in the background, and gurning at nothing;
a broken-veined Narcissus on the pull.

But first a sharpener in the bar, retouching a selfie,
to make facial eczema seem more like excitement.
I know my predilections: a full-bloused lady
of a certain age, possessed of a generous disposition.

(xii) Rose

I smeared you, stretched you on my screen
expanding sections of your skin,
till now I worm through storms for you.
I want to hack your passwords and your PINs

and howl for you inside the cloud.
I want to haunt and hate and say your name,
and squirm inside your crimson bed,
I want to invade your sick, unsleeping head.

(xiii) End

I can't let go because it means we're still talking
and my tongue is a skeleton key that might slide in your wards.
I can't stop talking, though you clamp on your headphones
listening to your playlist of freedom tunes and fiendish tunes.

I can't let go because I knew this would happen;
that you'd be tempted somehow, and the end would come.
Now you say my sayings, as if you said them first.
Seems what we shared belonged to you. And always did.

(xiv) Transit

I suppose I rocket out my stupid heart,
because of your eyes. Mad how those trifling jellies
suck me in with their sombre low albedo.
I waited years for this conjunction,

and here we are: we are a doubled star.
But suddenly you're making excuses.
Something about a husband, dragging you
in retrograde, shouting, through the pub door.

(xv) Eyes

Lovelies, I wear these shades for your protection.
My eyes are powerful and, like Plato's eye beams,
radiate persuasive intelligence. Fact is, I can see
through walls. I know what it's like to be God

observing every private gesture; tracking every soldier ant.
Omnipresent, I single no one out. Believe me,
it's purgatorial watching the living through their walls,
agitating in the sticky amber of their rooms.

(xvi) Swordsman

I've always tried to seem so fucking noble,
even my farts smell of new-baked bread.
I debase people I love. Their succubi have
season tickets to squelching late-night screenings.

But I want those I broke, smashed-up their hopes
and soaked their sheets to still, secretly, quite like me.
To be someone who, if I hadn't been such a bastard,
they could've shown to their gorgeous mother.

(xvii) Sacrifice

Remember the old woman screaming?
Her cat proud of its Aztec offering:
a cock blackbird, its chest ruptured,
spilling the hedgerow and wildness and gore.

Free, somehow, yellow beak blading the pane,
 and me having to do something; to touch it
 still hot, stuffing the black feathers into the bin.
What's from outside, she said, mustn't be inside.

(xviii) Siamese fighting fish

I'm bored stupid in the box room,
 so I taunt the scarlet fighter in its tank.
 It unfurls from Java fern,
 wants to murder the mirror I've shown it.

Then I catch my idiotic reflection,
 see it float above the street in the black window.
 Face gloating over its game, I hate myself,
 loathing whatever thing is watching me.

(xix) Living fossil

Greetings! I know it's hard to believe, but I'm a coelacanth.
 You'll have noted my obsolete armour, my ponderous fins,
 my soulful, forking tale within a doubled tail? No?
 Then scalpel me (not *now* shipmates), and you'll find my brain-case

contains not brain but ninety-eight-point-five percent pure fat.
 How could I know anything with this fat fossil of a head?
 With synapses like frying chips? So come on skipper, spank me
 back into the blinking briny. I'm happy with the dark and deep.

(xx) *Vacuum*
after Joseph Wright of Derby

Observe how I pop the white cockatoo in vitro
and employ a vacuum pump to suck out its air.
I know some of you are upset, especially
the girls who appear to be crying. I merely

mansplain a principle of natural philosophy.
But telling you seems to make no difference.
This part is delicious and – *if you pay attention,*
thank you – your darling may even revive.

(xxi) *Neighbours*

Upstairs, zombies leave the hall light burning.
They don't give a stuff for communal bills
or me, the bloke downstairs, who they lumber.
But despite their pumping music, the scuff

and shuffle of their boot-busting dances,
I almost enjoy their sheer *vigor mortis*
as I fritter my time, feeding the meter,
frying eggs, fumbling with my duff plumbing.

(xxii) *Elevation*

I'm not in Japan, but lay my head near the sea.
My iPhone tells me that the pillow on my Brighton bed
has an elevation of seventy metres.

Moreover, I carefully chose this location

to be safe from the great wave whose inevitable surge
will be caused by some collapse in the Canaries.
I am not crowing, but I'm safer than those I know
in flat Hove, to whom I say one word: tsunami.

(xxiii) Death

Whew. Early Wittgenstein says being dead
is not something I'll experience in life.
Death will swerve me, fall on some rival poet
yawning for air in their anxious hell.

I wonder if living in perpetual fear
is a carapace I'll shed in death?
My fear sliding sideways to nip some blowhard poet
sipping macchiato in his comfy beach café.

(xxiv) Passing

Now, before me, the dead trees come alive.
The glass of the sky is dimpled with light
the lead of the branches, the lead of the boughs,
holds up the light and structures the light.

Now, before me, the dead trees come alive.
Twigs and branches start smoking with starlings
and I realise several inexpressible things
I'd meant to say, were better left unsaid.

Two Poems

Mark Young

La place Louis-Armand

There is this glass
arcade that leads
to the Gare du
Lyon. Most of the
shops sell leather.
Two internet tele-
phones & an out-
door/indoor café

punctuate the open
space. Vietnamese
youths play pachinko
on a Turing machine.
A dog barks. The train
is leaving Platform 7.

VIEW OF A SIMPLE VILLAGE CHURCH IN THE LOWER REACHES OF MESOPOTAMIA

This painting is of the transition from hologram to drone by a simple village church in the lower reaches of Mesopotamia. Although undated, the painting has been signed *anonymous* in purple in the bottom left corner. In 1935, anonymous — perhaps the same person, perhaps another — painted a similar transition, this time of a stolen Salvador Dali artwork morphing into a series of Mills & Boon romance novels.

The oil in this painting has been sparsely applied, the considered strokes obvious against the sand-colored priming of the canvas. For the spire of the church, upward strokes of green have been used to insinuate the striving towards a supposed higher plane which, to reach, necessitates the transition to a drone-like state. There is a small dollop of white in the upper right corner. It is uncertain what anonymous meant by its positioning & presence.

Six Poems

Joseph Salvatore Aversano

Ever Red*

mixing red
w/ red w/

red we get
a red that

is either
meant or

a red that
out of habit

is a rose

**after a photograph by John Levy*

Ever Blue

your scent

blue spruce

rubbed into
my beard

stays as
long as I'm

mistaken
for you

Ever Yellow

but this flower
isn't other

than what
it has & yet

it isn't its
yellow of petals

needed

to say there's
any sun

Sacred Way

Democritus
was on the

right path
being one

of particles
of dust;

& wiping the
dust off his

feet meant

going off-
trail

An Apocalypse

i.

how the angels
shriek above

all too much
like gulls

ii.

how the sun falls
flaring into

our atmos-
phere

iii.

& how it is all
as if nothing

a mountain
in haze

The Vision

for what is
no god but
god gone into
hiding so as
not to conceal
her god goes
into hiding
in her beauty
there is god

Three Poems

J. D. Nelson

thanks for eating my knee

in the land of the freedom eagle
the people gnaw on the earth

in the garden of bottles
we wander about looking for the world

we see the james of the grand jowling
we see the green embers

yarn in the soup to feed the kittens
trigger the horse is a pumpkin of life

that could explain the camera lozenge

and now the hen will reside in the castle with the queen
and that tale shall be known as merrywood

the coupon good for a waterfall
the measure will be the voice of the common bounce

the hammer in the dirt to balance the carpenter yarn

couch was a laser being
across the table now a jetty

the need to know us in the air

scoopy moon dupe was a computer
the stupid fun was a bunch of numbers

credible noun hassle
would you like a cup of the voolie voo

wild head was a kick out
a white size rex the coot layer

the cloud is the hair in my eye
the western lentils exceed my reach

Fragmented #6

DAH

There's the cycle of another universe
a juxtaposition of everything pulling,
then again, it adds up to another to
–morrow: six planets in one sighting.
The contents of a black sky, like a
hasty rapture, like two-million years
of hope. Everything I've longed for,
mute, like a coma. Hope is spherical,
round and round and ... all movem
–ents are dreams. Life is self-obses
–sion. Nightmares, hemorrhages of
fear. Bliss: your skin, electric when
taking you: blessed ocean, holy milk.
The closer you rise: aroma of sea, un
–dulating. Only your wholesomeness,
never a compromise. The anticipation,
more than the moment: don't push away,
tomorrow may forget your sacred offering.

two twenties

Steve Potter

Jaded Diaphragm Alliance Flip Man

Diaphragm embrace contingent clan
fuzzy dust sharp tack iteration step
San Francyst ouch Gold unGrated Dirge
airport barrister banister bump

Man messages spider picture
burden tummy egalitarian
backslide burner distant relation
sauce production temerity siphon

Alliance generator smile malfunction
perpendicular parallelogrammar
subtle foreign coping mechanism
genealogy meander split shot

Flip drive stun grunt pizza stone gravel quarry
shoemaker's awl soles day of labor
busybox container involvement
political potty contribute

Jaded ibis ruby redbreast orange flicker
bird-brain encephalitis
astrophysicyst sterile lance ooze

galactic slime mold jello shape

Double-Stick Curmudgeon Suit Knick-Knack Mind

Curmudgeon gerrymander ice cream float
boathouse helicopter launch pad ghost
Spongebob for applesauce puddle of glue
fried ephemeral spark wolf nugget

Suit jacket buttered magneto magnate
multitude periphery Sweet Jane
diaphanous bunny harem teen dream
sultry burlesque kitten slurry

Double-stick tape recorder smudge incident
concerto operation blood transfusion
superhero comic stand-up guy
goodfella bad apple orange Julius

Mind applause curtain up down
A Chorus Line a choir dash period
supple variations of cheese mongering
fashion sensibility smock

Knick-knack paddywhack give the dog a bong
Shakedown Street Hassle Grateful Reed
the long and winding Toad the Wet Sprocket
“she sells sanctuary” sang the Cult

TRAVIS LAWRENCE: IMAGE & TEXT

interview with Coleman Stevenson

Travis Lawrence resides in the Midwest where he was born and raised. A religious upbringing broadened his perspective, encouraging the interaction with ideas greater than and/or within himself. He utilizes the art of creation as an act of opening doorways and manifesting these ideas through symbol and metaphor. Similar to alchemy, printmaking, for Lawrence, is a meditative procedure of transforming the mundane into a higher state.

I first encountered Lawrence's work in the gallery at Mortlake & Company in Seattle, Washington. The impact of a room full of his prints, a true series of images, stuck with me, so I reached out to continue the conversation the art had provoked within me. Over the course of one week, across various forms of communication, the artist and I discussed process, from points of inspiration to the technical aspects of his work. Here are some of the highlights of our conversation, illustrated by examples of his prints and drawings.



the artist Travis Lawrence

How did you arrive at printmaking as your primary medium?

Discovering printmaking for me was a mistake. Or at least it appeared that way. During my soul-searching 20s I juggled a few different potential degrees to explore in college. After returning from my first dropout, I signed up with a double-major Philosophy/Anthropology and a minor in Religious Studies. It was an amazing, overwhelming few months, but I was so flooded with input, I needed more output. I tried balancing this with illustrated poetry, but it wasn't enough. I had been doing a lot of photography at the time, and when I signed up to switch majors back into the art department, I was given an Intro to Photo and an Intro to Printmaking. I even asked the guidance counselor what printmaking was (which she couldn't even explain). As the semester passed, I found myself more in the print lab than the darkroom and I took this as an obvious sign.

I had a hard time with academic art. I dropped out three times, and a big reason I came back to finish my degree was to have access to a printing press. I am from a small farm town, and there wasn't anything of the sort available to me there. I first fell in love with etching because of the quality of linework. However, due to being a few years older than most of my classmates (and a dislike to their angsty music), I found it easier to take a woodblock home and carve it and return to the studio after-hours (when they all went to the bars) to do my printing then.

Tell me a bit about your current, ongoing alchemical series...

I have been working on a series the last few years called "Pillars." I gave it that name for a few different reasons. The first is the obvious tall form of the blocks. The second reason explores the symbolism of the word itself. Pillars can be decorative but are primarily functional in the sense that they uphold something while also allowing passage. If you study the tales through Western esoteric traditions, you will find many claims of

ancient pillars that were also used to house information to be hidden and preserved over time. The content varies but usually deals with knowledge of the universe or sacred arts and sciences.

The imagery I have been working with in these performs a similar duty. Visually, each individual piece contains an array of symbols interacting with one another, similar to classic alchemical manuscripts which worked in the same fashion. They are meant to be contemplative and engage the viewer to in the archetypal conversation occurring.



The current 33 images from “Pillars”

**This series currently has 33 pieces. Is that number significant?
How do you know when a series is finished?**

It is not intentional that I have 33 completed. It has been fun allowing people to come to that conclusion since 33 is one of those numbers that pops up a lot in esoteric theories and numerology. I actually have three more blocks on my desk that need to be printed, which would get me up to 36. I have another one sketched out. I don't know when I will finish. Initially it was going to be 12, then 24, then 32. I will eventually stop at some point. Maybe.



The Precious Dew, Hand-colored relief print, 5 ½" x 19"

Can you tell me more about the process for making these relief prints?

I think the journey to this series started a few years back. I switched gears with some woodblocks I was working on at the time and did some large-scale ones. I called them “Emblems.” They had this very raw iconic look to them but still had anthropomorphic characters. This was the time I really was starting to explore symbol conversations in my pieces. This bled into another series I did after called “Vessels” which were doing a similar thing. I felt the best way to understand these symbols and ideas was to directly work with them and play with them in different contexts and interactions. I have noticed with this recent series the full images usually just appear rather than any sort of crafting of the layout. I titled my last show “To Receive” after this idea. It is both a homage to Kabbalah, which literally translates as [“reception”], but the double meaning deals with the belief that these ideas are transmitted from something beyond us. Plato talks about the realm of ideals, and how we can’t fully comprehend it. This is what Jung was getting at with archetypes. The creative process taps into this and conjures these.

The image begins as a loose doodle in my notebook. I may leave notes to add to some details so that when I return to it I don’t leave anything out. I will lay down an outline sketch onto the block and then begin carving from there. Many printmakers will sketch out the image exactly how they want it so when the carving occurs, they have a near exact idea of what it will look like. I am more gestural where majority of my “drawing” occurs with the blade. I enjoy this way more, as it feels more like a process with life. I like comparing what I do with the alchemical process. You begin with a very mundane material and by a devoted process of removing the unnecessary, the perfected form begins to reveal itself. Once the block is carved, then it is ready to print. My finished prints are then colored.



Dust to Dust, Hand-colored relief print, 5 1/2" x 19"

Why hand-coloring? Is it important to you that each copy be colored exactly the same? Is there room for variation in editioning?

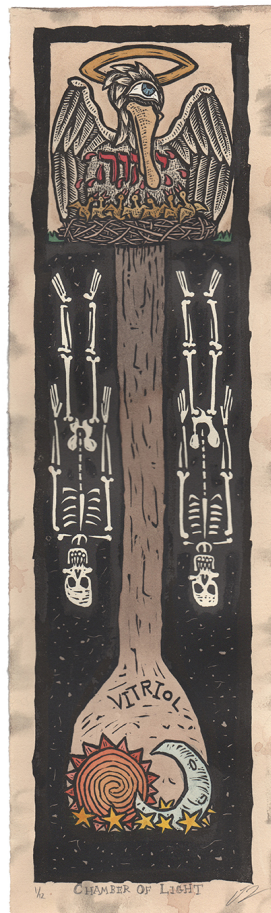
The most common method for colored prints is to carve multiple blocks and you end up with an edition that is nearly exact. I hand-color mine for a few reasons. One, I don't want to print multiple blocks. Secondly, when I hand-paint my prints, each finished piece gets direct attention. The printing process is very mechanical even when using a classic printing press, so coming back and individually painting each print, I am able to put forth that energy into these. That is something I truly believe. (I also have to make sure my cat doesn't go sit on them to suck that energy out.) There will be slight variation between the prints of the edition too. I stain the paper to give it a look of age, so technically each editioned print is also unique.



The Dream, Hand-colored relief print, 5 1/2" x 19"

How did you determine the color palette for these?

Colors chosen can be determined for representational meaning or may be just aesthetic decisions. For example, in *The Dream* I have a red ouroboros dragon. In the alchemical tradition, this is a representation of the volatile stage. The three major alchemical phases with their associated colors [black, white, red] can be seen as candles in *To Establish* and the jewels of the crown in *The Hidden Stone*. In *Chamber of Light*, we see the white pelican drawing the red blood from within to fuel generation.



Chamber of Light, Hand-colored relief print, 5 ½” x 19”

Several prints in this series use text as an integral part of the imagery itself instead of it appearing separately as titles or external captions. What's your motivation there?

Typically, the text is in Latin or Hebrew, and this aligns with the traditional currents that have been exploring these existing ideas. (There is only one currently in contemporary English, and that is more for cultural reference.) Much of our alchemical language still uses Latin context. The Kabbalah has also been a big influence on me during the creation of these Works. For those who are unfamiliar with the translation of the text used, they are required to actually put forth effort in researching the meaning. Text is just another form of symbol, so including text within the images is no different than the forms themselves presenting avenues of inquiry.



To Establish, Hand-colored relief print, 5 1/2” x 19”

When you encounter a graphic symbol, do you automatically experience it as words (instant translation) or is it more of a feeling?

That is hard to for me to answer. If it is a symbol in the form of a glyph, such as a character, I tend to see it the same way as hieroglyphs or the markings made by what some modern folk refer to as “primitive cultures.” There is a life to it. A captured moment of movement of a thing. More intricate graphics such as illustrations begin to have more of a conversational aspect to them for me. I read a lot of Jung in my early adult life, so I share a similar approach.

I’ve noticed that the Hebrew character *Yod* is used frequently and cleverly as part of the imagery in this series. Can you talk about the significance of that particular letter to this work?

If you look at the Hebrew alphabet, the *Yod* is the character that is found in all the letters. So in more mystical schools of thought that grew out of the Jewish traditions or were influenced by them, the *Yod* is seen as the seed. Out of the *Yod*, language was built. Out of language, our conception of reality is constructed. *Yod* is that spark. In the beginning was the Word. Those familiar with the famous tarot deck designed by Pamela Colman Smith and A.E. Waite will recognize it floating around.

Keys and keyholes also feature prominently in this body of work. What does that mean to you in the context of alchemy?

That which is hidden. You have to unlock it. In order to unlock it, you have to penetrate it. It is a passage. The other side is The Unknown.



Exhale, Hand-colored relief print, 5 ½” x 19”



The Hidden Stone, Hand-colored relief print, 5 ½” x 19”

You mention an interest in poetry...do you still write?

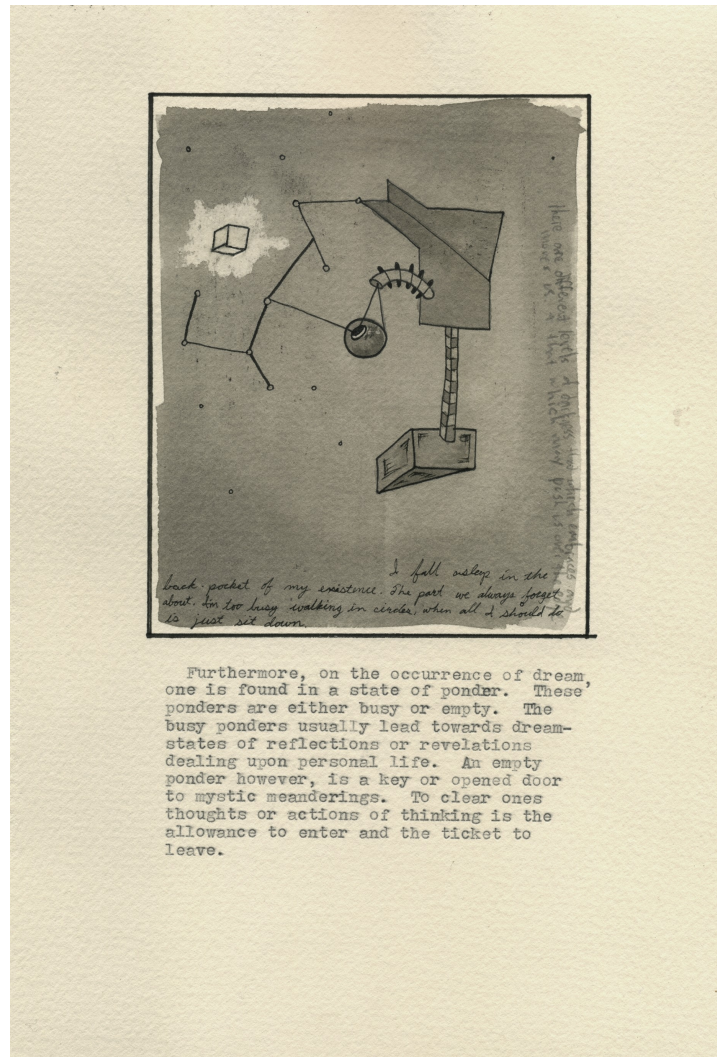
I do. I try to daily. I write more than I draw. I keep a notepad on me at all times. I don't really share it anymore.

Why not?

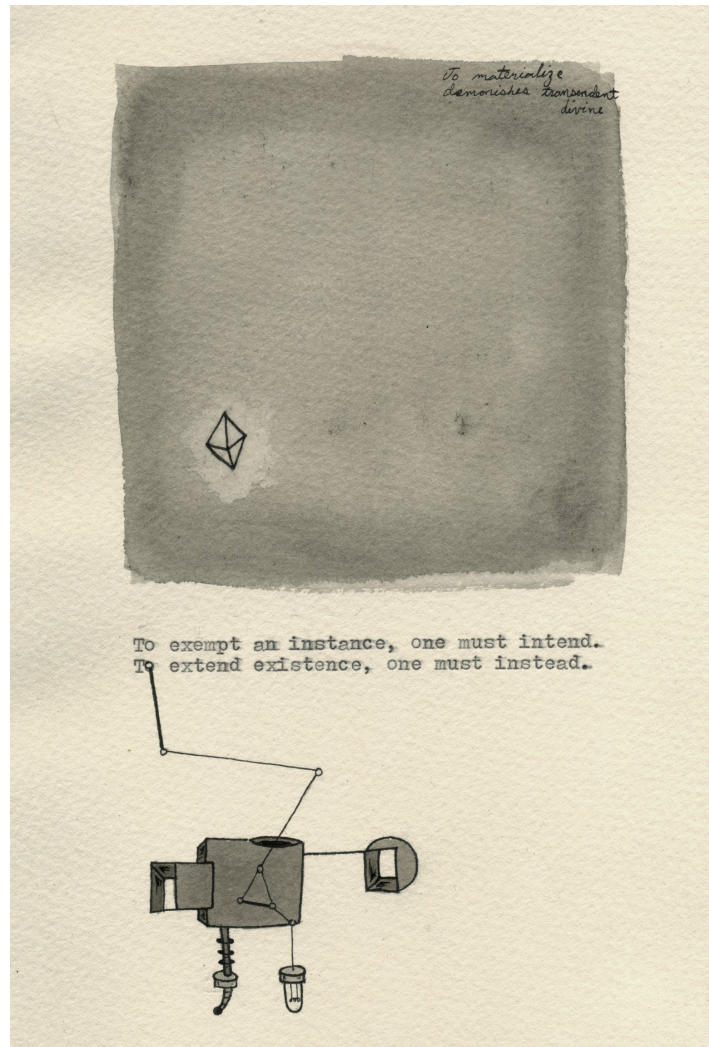
I am not sure. I have considered it. I changed my approach and intent somewhere in my mid 20s and at that point I stopped doing readings and putting it out to share. I think it became more of a personal exploration. They took the form of psalms or prayers. I teased the idea of releasing some around the time I was 30 but shelved it. A few years back I began logging each day and made it a point to enter something into my journal. It was mostly working out ideas in a poetic manner, or sometimes I would just allow automatic writing to dictate the ideas for me too. I was pretty faithful with it and only missed maybe 5 entries a year.

I appreciate what you say here...poetry has taken a different role in my own work in recent years, and I very much identify with using it to work out ideas for other projects. Would you tell me more about how an automatic writing session resulted in a finished work of another kind?

I did a series of automatic writings that went with these automatic doodles, where I would transform the scribbles into these simplified “irrational machines” that defied three-dimensional rules.



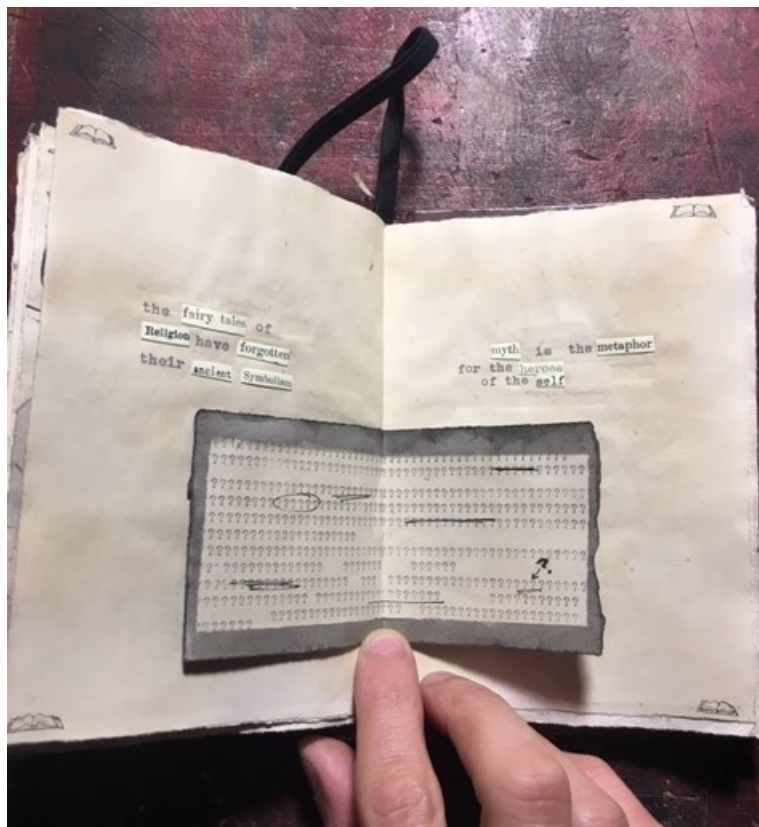
“3: furthermore” from *Dei Ex Machinis* (observations of)



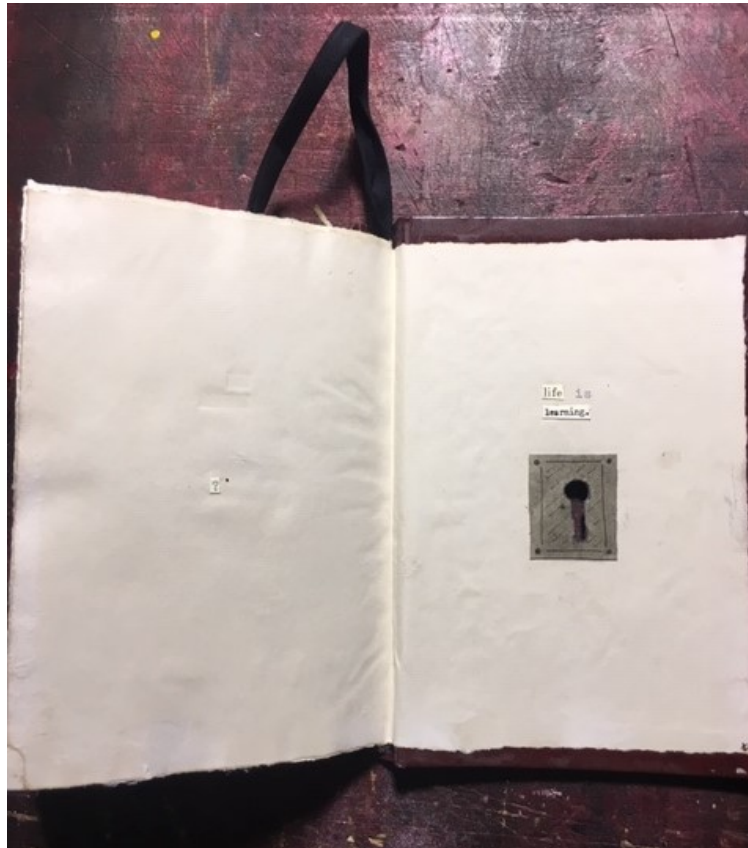
“19: exempt an instance” from *Dei Ex Machinis* (observations of)

Several of the prints in the “Pillars” series feature images of books. That seems a clear reference to the long tradition of alchemical knowledge contained in manuscript form, but what is your personal relationship to books/bookmaking?

I’m currently working on a small self-published book of the scans [from the automatic writing series]. In another [book sculpture] project, I found a bunch of old library cards and I chopped them up and recreated them into this little pocket size book with illustrations. I carved out a keyhole in the back and adhered an old key to the book ribbon. I guess that [key] symbolism has been with me for a while.



Page from library card book



Page from library card book

From series to series, how concerned are you about shifting gears visually?

I have been mentally exploring new visual directions. New mediums. When I print these three blocks on my desk, I will see where I am.

Learn more about **Travis Lawrence**, his available work, and upcoming gallery exhibits at <http://infinity-prints.com/> and on Instagram @travislawrence.

Contributing Editor **Coleman Stevenson** is the author of *Breakfast, The Accidental Rarefication of Pattern #5609*, and *The Dark Exact Tarot Guide*. Her writing has appeared in a variety of publications such as *Paper Darts*, *Seattle Review*, *Mid-American Review*, *tarot.com*, and the anthology *Motionless from the Iron Bridge*. In addition to her work as a designer of tarot and oracle decks, her fine art work, exhibited in galleries around the Pacific Northwest, focuses on the intersections between image and text. She has been a guest curator for various gallery spaces in the Portland, Oregon, area, and has taught poetry, design theory, and cultural studies at a number of different institutions there, most currently for the Literary Arts Delve series, which includes seminars at the Portland Art Museum.

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Winston Plowes shares his floating home in Calderdale UK with his seventeen-year-old cat, Sausage. He teaches creative writing in schools, universities and to local groups while she dreams of Mouseland. His latest collection, *Tales from the Tachograph*, was published jointly with Gaia Holmes in 2018 by Calder Valley Poetry.

www.winstonplowes.co.uk

Naomi Tarle has an MFA in creative writing from Boise State University and an MFA in visual art from California State University Northridge. She lives, has a studio, and teaches in Southern California. In summer 2016 she attended the London Intensive residency led by Camden Arts Centre & the Slade School of Fine Art, UCL. She recently attended a residency in Blanca, Spain, at AADK Centro Negro, from September to November 2019.

Suzanne Verrall lives in Adelaide, Australia. Her flash fiction, essays and poetry appear in *Atlas and Alice*, *Flash Frontier*, *Archer Magazine*, *Lip Magazine*, *Poetry NZ Yearbook*, *Australian Poetry Journal*, and others. www.suzanneverrall.com

David Rushmer has published artworks and poetry in many journals and websites including *Archive of the Now*, *BlazeVOX*, *Human Repair Kit*, *Molly Bloom*, *Otoliths* and *Shearsman*. His first full length collection of poetry, *Remains to Be Seen*, was published by Shearsman in 2018. He works at the English Faculty Library, University of Cambridge.

Sean Howard is the author of four collections of poetry, most recently *The Photographer's Last Picture* (Gaspereau Press, 2016) and *Ghost Estates* (Gaspereau, 2018). His poetry has been widely published in Canada and elsewhere and featured in *The Best of the Best Canadian Poetry in English* (Tightrope Books, 2017).

Larry Laurence's books are an E-chap, *Successions Of Words Are So* (E·ratio Editions, 2017, NY, NY), a chapbook, *Scenes Beginning With The Footbridge At The Lake* (Brooding Heron Press, Waldron Island, WA) and a full-length book of poems, *Life Of The Bones to Come*, (Black Heron Press, Seattle, WA). *Life Of The Bones To Come* was chosen as a National Poetry Month Selection by the National Association of College Stores (NACS). His poems appear in the anthologies *How Much Earth: The Fresno Poets* (Roundhouse Press), *Stealing Light* (Raven Chronicles Press) and *Jack Straw Writers* (Jack Straw Productions), as well as in journals including *CutBank*, *Poetry Northwest*, *POOL*, *Southern Poetry Review*, *Floating Bridge Review*, *Raven Chronicles* and *The Prose Poem: An International Journal*. Awards include grants from the Seattle Arts Commission (WA), Artist Trust (WA), Jack Straw Fellowship (WA) plus residencies at Squaw Valley Community of Writers (CA) and Cummington Center for the Arts (MA).

Ian Gibbins is a widely published poet, video artist and electronic musician with four collections of poetry, all in collaboration with artists. His video and audio work has featured in gallery exhibitions, public art commissions, performances and international festivals. He previously was a neuroscientist and professor of anatomy. Ian Gibbins is online at www.iangibbins.com.au

Jasper Brinton lives in a restored country schoolhouse near Phoenixville, Pennsylvania. Born in Alexandria, Egypt, he was educated in the Middle East, Scotland and the United States. Over the years a passion for wood and word led to a career in design and architecture with stints in printing and network television. His poetry has appeared in *Eccolinguistics*, *On Barcelona*, *Truck*, *SprungPoems*, *E·ratio 26*, *BlazeVox* and *Zarf*.

Originally from Canada, **Daniel Hudon** is an adjunct lecturer in math, astronomy and physics. He writes nonfiction, fiction and poetry. He is the author of *The Bluffer's Guide to the Cosmos* (Oval Books, London) and a chapbook of prose and poetry *Evidence for Rainfall* (Pen and Anvil, Boston). His new book, *Brief Eulogies for Lost Animals: An Extinction Reader* (Pen and Anvil), was named a "Must Read" in the 2019 Mass Book Awards. He can be found at danielhudon.com, [@daniel_hudon](https://twitter.com/daniel_hudon) and in Boston, MA.

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.

Originally from Pennsylvania, **Alicia Hoffman** now lives, writes and teaches in Rochester, New York. Author of two collections, her work has appeared in a variety of journals, including *The Penn Review*, *Rust + Moth*, *Radar Poetry*, *Glass: A Journal of Poetry*, *Typishly* and elsewhere. Find out more at: www.aliciamariehoffman.com

Dr. Emily Bilman is London's Poetry Society Stanza representative in Geneva. Her dissertation, *The Psychodynamics of Poetry: Poetic Virtuality and Oedipal Sublimation in the Poetry of T.S. Eliot and Paul Valéry* was published by Lambert Academic in 2010 and *Modern Ekphrasis* in 2013 by Peter Lang. Her poetry books, *A Woman By A Well* (2015), *Resilience* (2015), and *The Threshold of Broken Waters* (2018) were published by Troubador, UK. Poems were published in *The London Magazine*, *Poetry Salzburg Review*, *Offshoots*, *San Antonio Review*, *Expanded Field*, *Poetics Research*, *Oxford School of Poetry Review*, *The Battersea Review*, *The Blue Nib*, *Poetica Review* and *Tipton Poetry Journal*. She blogs at <http://www.emiliebilman.wix.com/emily-bilman>

Laurinda Lind lives in New York's North Country. Some publications/ acceptances are in *Blue Earth Review*, *Gone Lawn*, *New American Writing*, *Spillway* and *Zombie Logic*. Anthologies include *Visiting Bob: Poems Inspired by the Life and Work of Bob Dylan* (New Rivers Press) and *AFTERMATH* (Radix Media). In 2018 she won first place in both the Keats-Shelley Prize for adult poetry and the New York State Fair poetry competition.

Sarah Sarai's poems are in *The Southampton Review*, *Otoliths*, *Prelude*, *Barrow Street*, *Ethel*, *Zocalo Public Square*, *Posit* and many other journals. She is the author of *That Strapless Bra in Heaven* (Kelsay Books), *Geographies of Soul and Taffeta* (Indolent Books) and *The Future Is Happy* (BlazeVOX).

The winner of a performance grant from the Staten Island Council of the Arts and the NYC Department of Cultural Affairs, **Thomas Fucaloro** has been on six national slam teams. He holds an MFA in creative writing from the New School and is a co-founding editor of Great Weather for Media and NYSAI press. He is an adjunct professor at Wagner College and BMCC where he teaches world lit and advanced creative writing. He teaches poetry at Prison Writes. His latest chapbook, “There is Always Tomorrow” was released in 2017 by Mad Gleam Press. Since 2016, Thomas has helped in building a community of poets in Staten Island, focusing on making poetry accessible to all, either through the *Life Vest Poetry Slam*, *The Who Needs Healing?* Reading Series, or the free workshops offered at Staten Island Libraries and other various orgs.

Artist, poet and freelance writer **J.I. Kleinberg** is a Best of the Net and Pushcart nominee. Her poetry has appeared in *December, One*, *Diagram*, *Otoliths*, *Pedestal*, *Psaltery & Lyre* and elsewhere. She lives in Bellingham, Washington, and posts frequently at chocolateisaverb.wordpress.com and thepoetrydepartment.wordpress.com.

Clara Burghilea is a Romanian-born poet with an MFA in Poetry from Adelphi University. Recipient of the Robert Muroff Poetry Award, her poems and translations have appeared in *Ambit*, *HeadStuff*, *Waxwing*, *The Cortland Review* and elsewhere. Her collection *The Flavor of The Other* will be published by Dos Madres Press in 2020. She is the current Poetry Editor of *The Blue Nib*.

Howie Good is the author most recently of *What It Is and How to Use It* from Grey Book Press. He co-edits the journals *Unbroken* and *UnLost*.

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

Peter Kenny lives in Brighton, UK. He writes poems, plays, libretti, and short stories. He also has published children's fiction as "Skelton Yawngrave." For more visit peterkenny.co.uk

Mark Young's most recent books are *The Perfume of The Abyss* from Moria Books, *A Vicarious Life — the backing tracks* from otata, *taxonomic drift* from Luna Bisonte Prods, *Residual sonnets* from Ma Press of Finland and *The Comedians* from Stale Objects de Press.

Joseph Salvatore Aversano, a native New Yorker, currently lives with his wife Asu in the Aegean port city of Izmir (Smyrna), which is said to be the actual hometown of Homer. A generous sample of Aversano's micro poetry has been recently showcased in *A New Resonance II: Emerging Voices in English-Language Haiku* (Red Moon Press, 2019). His first chapbook, *When Izmir is the Sound of Silver* (otata's bookshelf, 2018), was released as a digital supplement to *otata* issue 28. His poems have also been published in numerous journals including *Bones*, *Contemporary Haibun Online*, *is/let*, *Modern Haiku*, *NOON: Journal of the Short Poem*, *otata*, *Otoliths* and *Ping-Pong: An Art and Literary Journal of the Henry Miller Library*.

J. D. Nelson (b. 1971) experiments with words in his subterranean laboratory. Visit www.MadVerse.com for more information and links to his published poems. Nelson lives in Colorado.

DAH's ninth poetry collection is *SPHERICAL* (Argotist Press, 2019) and his poems have been published by editors from the US, UK, Ireland, Italy, Germany, Canada, Spain, Poland, Philippines, Singapore, Australia, Africa and India. He is a Pushcart nominee, Best Of The Net nominee, and the lead editor for the poetry critique group, The Lounge. DAH lives in California where he teaches yoga to children in public and private schools while working on the manuscript for his tenth poetry collection. His eighth book is *Full Life In The Day Of A Poet, selected poems* (Cyberwit Publishing, 2019).

Steve Potter is the author of the comic-noir collection *Easy Money & Other Stories*. His writing has appeared in journals such as *Blazevox*, *Golden Handcuffs Review*, *Marginalia*, *Pacific Rim Review of Books*, *Otoliths* and is forthcoming in *Word For/Word*. He writes about books and literature at bookfreak.us and is an admirer of the late Jackson Mac Low, whose collection *Twenties* inspired these poems.

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.

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