

E·ratio 8 · 2006

Anne Gorrick
Marci Nelligan
Donald Wellman
Jody Porter
Nicholas Manning
Chad Sweeney
Christine Hamm
MTC Cronin
Amanda Laughtland
David Chikhladze
Jonathan Minton
Scott Wilkerson

POETRY **E·** JOURNAL

The Hotel Lately

*after a section from "The Narrative of a Tour in North America" by Henry Tudor,
London, 1834*

by Anne Gorrick

What seems like a room seen in passing along the Hudson
The tourist dressed in American or European paternity
The recent neglects, this late hotel
Fresh air in choked survival
Branch deprived on a corduroy road
coastal, without interstices
Top in order to form something
approximate, in a way unphilosophical
undergoing the risk of various dislocations
Balancing benefit with loss against breakfast
We are contusions against a landscape
our authorized capital

If the American Hudson was seen from a barroom
you just crossed
your European paternity would ignore tourist things
The fresh air before suffocation over three months
An element clear, forced, and foresaw
by the widely known slow hotel
When I first tasted the candy of a corduroy road
Branch plundered, on the seashore where a seashore is placed
Contusions in unphilosophical receipt
Falling and view, stones cascade
We of little interest, approved

The American Hudson seen in crossing, a routistic thing
ignores European paternity
Recently completely
concern for the summer of the place
Suffocation, free of elements, foresaw and continued
By far, the slow hotel, where the Korporation becomes beautiful in
its extravagant cost
The double advantage of high housing
She never tasted sweet in the chords of this office

A coast of average directions, without openings
 The passage of money effects fantasy, can uniform it simply
 We fall down with different bruises, in methods unphilosophical
 Receipt, recoil, danger leads in approximate conversions
 What concerns me: approval, that our back getting balance back to the hotel
 Descriptions of advantage and loss
 attached to Beautiful and Romantic it was, in belief
 Our bruises add to the view
 Unloaded, opinion falls around us
 emptied of stone in cascade
 We reached the capitol recognized

If which domains of dependence, the American Hudson
 crosspieces, the route of the thing
 It corresponds or the fact, you did not look
 neglect in a European origin
 Recently completely, suffocated in grammar
 An address in the woods, some mean direction
 Form closely accepted by the same surface
 Money as a kind of functional paragraph
 diligently dreamt and simple
 We tumble, different bruises introduced
 by method in unphilosophical receipt
 The authorized I, adopted by fact, is TOO a hotel
 Loss is enclosed in romantic belief
 Our whereabouts dampen as a result of the relentless view
 Stone in spatial cascade, a minor interest in capitols and approval

Dependency watches a Hudsoned American in crosshairs
 The routes that correspond to fact
 The observation and neglect of Europe
 A preoccupied subsidy in summer places
 Suffocation transformed into months
 into a slow hotel, systematic lodging
 She has the dull of it in caked corduroy
 An established shoreline, medium senses
 the shape chipped at, a lot carefully from the same surface

The moneylessness in this kind of fantasized paragraph
 in function, diligent
 We fall in different contusions
 unphilosophical in retraction
 Facts adopted, the advantages of description
 The loss in belief
 Order increases like consequence, the sight relentless
 cascades of approval

Tributaries peel from the routes of an English Hudson
 disregards it's European source
 The endurance chiseled into the ingredients was not compulsion
 This highlanded enemy
 The results in summer places
 Advantages dotted in decimal notation
 She the low in the cake low route of it, scorched
 The retrospection in all trees as an intermediate feeling
 on an established shoreline
 The shape chipped out of attention
 Money in paragraphs of kindness
 Annulation diligently drawn in dreams
 Attention chiseled out of romantic spectacles
 The place beside the view

Tributaries peeled from fact
 When coolness is not a mapped compulsion
 Highlands and enemies transferred, a subsidy of danger
 Results in place of summers
 Approval in summary duration
 He is dotted in decimal notation, recorded, suffocated
 Meaning singed on the press

Count the shorelines
 Attentions chipped identically
 Money in paragraphs of goodness
 the dream extracted, the possible in ruptured form
 How dangerous is approximately?
 Maps, hotels, facts and loss
 authorized in our eye collections
 He is a view injected with her interest

An English Hudson with its source in Europe
 Neglect chiseled out of obligation
 The I choked in high places
 He is indifferent to meaning, singed on the press
 Because the coast felt like intervals, form shaved from attention
 Money has the quality of function
 because annulation extracts her dreams
 He who is ruptured gives form to the view
 The maps marked with a transferred danger
 An authorized interest from an eye-collector, he only he
 in romantic attention
 The spectacle leaves you in rings of approval

Ignored tributaries, the source of the thing
 As for time and Europe, look at the English Hudson beyond observation
 As for composure, there are granted dangers, perfection is in the air
 He is resistant to raw materials, obligation
 a source of official recognition
 Summer prosecutes duration
 Months installed in a slow hotel
 The notation of advantage, suffocated

I the putting which differs
 First being burnt: the route
 He has been attached to meaning, rather than pushing
 In order to count coastal in established intervals
 wooden everything because among the seashores
 retrospection is insufficient
 Notes race over identical surfaces
 As for the ax of the thing, it shaves There
 Because money is annulation, diligence extracted
 from a dream greatly
 He is possible only in paragraphs
 The hotel adopts the eye collector
 The space between spectacle and permission
 She approves of our small-numbered substances

Calms in concession for danger, tributaries
 The Europes that look like the English thing of a Hudson
 The perfection of air, in Ohs recently
 Resistance to the raw materials first is not engagement
 He was happy to be installed with decimal notation
 an indication of advantage and suffocation
 I the setting which differs, in order to mean
 In order to count it coastal, as an interval
 Since the money, cancellation extracts diligent and the dream extravagantly

He gives possibility its paragraphs
 Method contracts unphilosophical, swollen
 Sectors of loss, and adopted things
 in a hotel per hour, a measure of the eye collector
 Increases with the next interior door
 which is our order of him
 Because point of view makes a spectacle
 your permission approves substances, small numbers
 installed in the east

from Infinite Variations

by Marci Nelligan

1.

Belief in various objects
led to resemblance
the mouth of the whale
or lower eye.

We cannot explain the world
singularly—
various causes
construct for god
bodies in
one country
whilst in another
trees or bread.

The hand will strike
segments of a limb used solely for locomotion
its enemies will change to orchids—

through the occasional here
a mamma-blood apparatus
secretes nutritious fluid.

Mankind acquired reason
this should be this
and also *that*

closer and — all the more
a perfect mind.

2.

Near the head
exists a close analogy—
the tail

before the eyes
plumes of birds,
teeth of certain lizards

under my thigh
your hand
in electric intervals
finally lost
its transition

spoken in the ears
as well as the cave
trees that were buried
now mature

the same country
put a field of organs
in manifest irritation

the land is old
and powerful

in defense of which
is something new

3.

What would you give me
for four hundred years' servitude—
count the stars, can you count them
connecting together
proceeding from north to south,
lowland to upland &c?

Your reward goes out
from your own body raised
only to the rank of doubtful species.

In a parallel story
vultures descend
intercrossing "the species"
there was deep slumber-
fright and great darkness falling.

The sun changed
its intervals.
Many outlying islands
around a continent.

Structures. Very small steps.

The children—
unconscious—

knew "affliction" had come.

Four Poems

by Donald Wellman

Dioses de Oaxaca

Stars in the rug represent the churches of Oaxaca
Why do I lie to myself?
Bluestones wet with rain
Fish,
embedded in the floor of the Abbaye de Lessay,
She agreed.
Xonaxi, Cosana
The rain, black spores.
Green stone arches and cupolas of blue and white squares
I will not publish this without your permission.
Violence, an aspect of love
Four points define
the corners of the universe.
Pije-tao, overlord of the 13 dieties
Strong-legged female statuettes
from San José Mogote

San Agustín

From her garden
Jacarandas and calla lilies, azucena
I look down into the terraces of Monte Albán
Westerly
Haze
Burning dollop of sun
On this hillside
was a shirt factory, a clinic for the workers
An artisanal highschool.
The visibility of power,
stemming from blood lore,
fades
Census:
sixty six
Mixtec, Zapotec
New studios make
acid-free paper for kites and books
Régimen: usos y costumbres
A contract determines
the tariff structure
that propels
taxies from Etlá
into the Oaxaca. Travel permitted.
Llévame, llévame, carry me, carry me away
The carousel has broken down
Three little girls have no where to go
Barricades and conflagrations
A shot rips a shoulder.
The conflict hurts to the very bone
How govern
unless
each vote
counts.

White Room

I contemplate this generous space among arcades
Ceiling bowed by the light
As if paper
Weddings here and wedding banquets
have been held
The way out
is a passage through
similar rooms
Funerals
For the father killed as he worked
artfully
to disentangle a landmine
from a vine
They carried him across the river in the bottom of the boat,
in his shroud
Mourners under an umbrella.
Impassive
Maroon roses

Sacrament

Different sopranos for different Christs
Shifts in rhythm instead of harmony
mark transitions. Dance replaces arias.
Calatrava's webs carry people through
tents with profiles that sweep across the sky.
Dana Schutz's palette of magazine colors
Multicolored mourners surround a broken corpse
theater of dismemberment and irony
Flatness, carnival, and mockery
Chorales with percussion from multiple sources
Cada persona tiene su mundo
She explained to her friend
Invented allegories of deep suffering
Muxima, site of pilgrimage,
choruses from multiple nations
La pasión según San Marco
Seeing double philosophical trees
Bound torso, folded drapery
Coils merge Bernini with cartoons
Mother nurses infants sprung from trees
Betrayed in the jungles of Bolivia
Fragments of his dismembered corpse
Circulated among the people
Genocide, slavery, environmental degradation
produced by conquistadors
Sacred sap of invented trees,
milky rubber stuff
Seeking a modern function
Each has her own world she said
examining the skin for imperfections

from the series Untitled

by Jody Porter

untitled 96

many-starred branches hand down acorns,
marbles and lionesses. three newborn

jacarandas between toes trumpet-like, their qualia
unearth an iron lyre. each string buzzes low

drones purposeful. the garlicky taste of dead birds
blooms in the hollow treads of feet.

untitled 97

noon-west gaps skip defiantly, coloured glass
pleases next the rail. a pub. stretch by grief.

cup. missed mornings and missed agreements
rescind by the by. stock controller stacks the drinks

wide. gauzy spilled lime slicks and deafness.
moot marred beginnings by halves or less.

untitled 98

coos meantime map the garden's puncture
under wheel and the rack. scrutiny calls the curtain.

it was in the red restaurant when we were four,
when i said that it was *lack* that was the word.

ash-made frames pocket upstairs and walls
Yggdrasil holding nothing from all.

untitled 99

dust gathers in the myth-coughing corner
through shutters and whisky stains, sooner

sightless days wander. too many battles.
i don't drink there any more. no one does.

dreamer at his seat speaks into his drink:
tomorrow we will be, and we will not be dust.

untitled 100

amarelles mark the path, coffee spooned into
cups and dark paint hushed. so sour as to be blue

they glow like fish. eyelash glued by honeycomb:
i can't wake or move. castleteeth are cracked stones

and can't speak. guided by the amarelles death in noon
sleeps past day. a conch shell displays a bloom.

from Novaless . . .

by Nicholas Manning

VIII.

bridges
of bluest reason :
we have come *so* far yellow trees
line the city * 's a syntagma
pale wharves golden
air anywhere
else but * my noumenon
former trivialities awake worse
than ever the knotty irregular
rainbows : a mild
radiance
in the obstacles a bayonet « what's a tree
beside a life . . . ? » a synecdoche !
set foot * on marks :
to do
quite silently
look touch and learn
the curtains * are drawn
it is *exactly* its own * age :
« keep the blind down
'till I come »

IX.

when it is dark
the probability is sufficient
came over the green * worn by way
of mourning
the books and *matériel*
rank literatures of emotion and passion
he honestly was * at times
in the midnight rays
of his lamp

X.

underwave . . .
the hectic leaves
the mud-picture of force
over mats * of starry moss . . .
the helical molecule
underwoven
rosy passionate deference
urbi et orbi * from the theologium . . .
bending * these pale rays
stretched away
(most) into remote
space directions being
invisible * but treasuring * her
image : if it lacks memories
the top of a tree

XI.

enclosed
a divided sigh
still * of the objects :
pitcher-shaped * polyhedral
lateral petals with cordate leaves . . .
the horses wore their bells * that day
yet remained as narrow :
to be sent away
by reason
of their own noise . . . suddenly
there beamed : a nucleoside
their *Urheimat* * haloed
(in former times)
tuned to scale
forming
two octaves (*viola*
da gamba) among the last
to retain the animate * biographical
field of his vision whose hands planted
the trees : arms of any imposter
the fog * of the previous
evening setting fire
to the dead
leaves

Four Poems

by Chad Sweeney

Thanksgiving

Cornucopia
decomposing on
no table.
To eat

is to remember.
Derelict and frothing
my husband
dressed all in cartoons

left the party early
with Wittgenstein
enamored of a harelip thespian
the way gas inside its tank

leans at high tide.
Please, remember me!
We crossed the street together.
We shared a bus.

A man fell from a bicycle
as gracefully as he could
because his daughter was watching.

Where

Perhaps a woman is waiting for you.
In a turquoise mood. In a yellow car.
In the parking lot of a ghost town.

Where a flock of scarves is turning.
Where it's sixty degrees inside the idea
and seven o'clock on the last day.

Where the children have misplaced your bones.
Where a glass anvil is falling
through atmospheres of language.

Journey to Detroit

They let me join the caravan
as far as Detroit.
I can play the zither, I said,
I can fix a camel.

At night the wives slipped away
from their tents and traded places.
They pretended to sleepwalk.
A great cry of love rose like washing machines.

Crucifixes lined the highways,
the towns emptied of thieves.
Gases issued from rain gutters
cast our hands in gold.

Of What Continues

Sun climbs its elevator shaft.
I promise.
Someone keeps pulling sky
past the screen door.

Let's get married.
Pasture of vermillion grass.
Everything.
Let's wrap each other in the great

quiet
where beetles tend to crab apples.
A yellow umbrella
stays lit in the storm.

Two Poems

by Christine Hamm

You Might Be Tarzan

in the beginning you can call her Sarah
it helps to draw a dotted line down her middle
if your underwear confuses you
you can type on her with your tongue
you pluck the moons from her bowls

you hold her liver, small, moist
a starling on the telephone
icy children's hands on your neck
stand outside, like a payphone
if you have an astronomer,
ask him to hold her hip
on the other side of the world

Drawing Water to the Eye

some text from Simple Sketching in Line, 1933

Let us commence with an eye.
This is too difficult, you say.
Well, let us look a little closer
and try to simplify.

First, let us tackle the eyes of birds,
which close underwater.
Here is evolution.
If we draw beautiful eyes,
you will at once appreciate
the water, now returning in a teaspoon.

The country walker draws water as no
other traveler. It is important to carry
a bucket as well as a pencil.
If it rains, you may place the bucket
over your head. Absurd! you may say.
Yes,

A traveler in Spain was offered a ticket
for a bull-fight. If he had drawn himself
drinking with the bull, he might have
obtained his cup of water.

You are not necessarily an expert
at this yet. Spilling, also, is easily done.
A teary eye may be hid by a bucket. A traveler
must always check for tears under his
sketch pad, starting out, or he may
get a pencil in the eye.

from THE CATASTROPHE OF MEANING

by MTC Cronin

DOING THEORY
(DEEP LAWS)

He would have said the habit lives in colours. The cart-words have taken away the meanings. The low sea is rising to the windows of our desperate and thirsting houses.

But he could not speak from a tongue not muscled by thought. Deserted by language and by the sky of language. Its moths and fingers. The light it entered through the back of the eyes.

He would have said I am the only speaker of my body. But the three parts of him were not listening. They heard the fleeing that is both temporal and eternal. They heard the sea.

Breaking all form.

Rising beautifully.

A wingless bird to the depths.

How deeply is pain felt? (It is possible to feel as much pain as him and still find it easier to bear than he does.) That it is impossible to imagine, makes the imagination so vivid and fearful.

Deepness is a metaphor belonging to those who beckon all they seek into the vicinity of the imagination. A flower from the theatre. A passionate rural howl. Controversy with style. Ignorance of sleep as if being awake had somehow more virtue. In reality, there are those who see the deep and the shallow as part of the same view. Landscape is perspective. And vice versa. Insight has no dimensions.

Causing to sink deeply into a thing.

Testing depth, you disappear into contests.

WHAT YOU SHOULD THINK ABOUT MANNERS (LAWS ABOUT 'THE RIGHT THING')

Well brought up – not talking manners, but joy. Diplomatic links can be broken. Despite being a big country, there's no more room for the Church in China. What are the moral relatives? Depth, breadth and intricacy. Sort of like sex these days.

'I was excited to see the newspapers running that story on the weekend.'

Broken type is thrown into the hell-box.

'I was pleased that they devoted the space.'

The television news said: 'The court decided not to proceed with the charges due to his advanced age and diagnosis with liver cancer. He has been given six months to love. [The newsreader coughed.] Live. He is expected to meet (a deadline) his wife and daughter in Chile hopefully some time within that six months. [The newsreader smiled.]'

I've been told a secret about mercy.

Great Hot Ball Full of Bitch.

My family has so much compassion for those injured in car accidents but none for those who incessantly talk about money. We all have a world of first understanding. This world becomes our head. Some heads would not pick their teeth in front of other heads. Some heads think they should wear a tie to bed. Some heads blush when they burp.

Remorse is now routinely pleaded in all sorts of cases. For example, refusal to provide a urine sample to police.

The really foolish people are those who don't understand law's concern with remorse's authenticity.

Victory is the belch of the crusade.

Four Poems

by Amanda Laughtland

No Laughing Matter

After college everybody said she'd marry
in no time, but the whispered story

of her trouble made the rounds
as it always does. It simply

ruined her socially. This is exactly
what halitosis does to many a woman

without her even realizing it.

In New England

Baked beans soak the night over
for Saturday supper and return

at Sunday breakfast, lavished
on fresh bread. Every summer

begins with a pot of clam chowder.
Everyone's lives are the lives

of former first ladies, not crowded
with knick-knacks like ours.

Try Making Peanut Butter at Home

It's not too hard. Roast shelled peanuts.
Slip off skins. Grind peanuts

in your meat grinder until you find
the desired fineness. Add salt.

Add peanut or vegetable oil.
Stir thoroughly, but don't expect

as creamy and smooth a butter
as your grocer sells in jars.

Faux Gazebo

Everyone wants a shady spot
on your new deck, a trick

made possible when friends
hang a trellis in the twenty minutes

it takes for pizza to arrive.

poems from The Book of Reality

by David Chikhladze

Library

floor, overlap, the floor
bottom of the sea, to lay floor,
to take over, to place in blind alley

to destroy a story a floor,
to compose history
to spread the rumors

sound amplifier the distance of shot
sound of explosive to multiply
twisted plant
mountain climber the careerist

increase a mirage the knitting
machine the shadow

humbled submissiveness
disgrace, to dishonor
hammer of judge and, etc.

to direct a ship
attraction
accuracy the severity

working wheel
whale's mustache
docent the circle of the readers

eraser
extreme to, towards

to make notes
a bundle of ballerina

official letter
imitating.

Ballerina

gymnast gynecology
rotatory
revolving muscle

to revolve in circle
the revolving door

vortex the whirlpool
part the division divided
into the cantons grant
record village the settlement

colony the siege park
lovely sight to rot

malfunction a failure
rotatory
to revolve in spiral
propeller impregnated with camphor.

USSR

aegean sea
aigrette
carefully conduct oneself

frame of bed
the frame of the broken vessel

to eat till full to take back
words. brauning.
to take for doubt.

to charge to supply with water
to run away the convinced unmarried
giving a vow of celibacy

give time to think
digest daguerreotype
even if long time ago

concealed unexpressed
nonappearance to the work
inexpressive face

sour cabbage the roof
coating of the road

covered with hoarfrost
treelike fern
dresden porcelain

safety wiring
sowing grain
cotyledon

finder a small farmer
selector wooden mallet
cap on the chimney stack.

Two Prose Poems

by Jonathan Minton

Lazarus, emerging

He begins again as a parable told for the first time. This does not reflect his need to speak, or the hunger pains before his next meal. He is a book in which foreign birds come and go, their adjectives burdening each instance of arrival. In a tree beneath a window, yellow birds of the yellow color sing before a gathering crowd. In the story, he begins as a toy ship pulled slowly across a floor, under the table, or as a blind man stumbling into the crowded room. He is apparently sick, so nothing can be said of his surroundings. To suggest otherwise would be a form of cruelty. Instead, he thinks of the known diseases of the gall bladder. When not in that humor, he is in another, as in the beginning of autumn, as in the leaves returning to earth, or the misrule that results from the strain between personal desire and collective goodwill. He asks if a city, in good order, though small, and built on a distant crag, is as foolish as this, even if an ideal model? If cattle had hands and could draw, they would shape the bodies of their gods in the likeness of cattle. He imagines cattle in the likeness of property, property in the likeness of wealth, wealth in the likeness of one's own estate. Resemblances, he concludes, are therefore private. Behind him he hears a full-throated song, and before him he sees an emptying room, the first of many signs.

Lazarus, after the disaster, the miracle

When asked to define the word *collapse*, he avoids referring to colors: neither the rich pink orange of salmon flesh, nor the soft electric green of a macaw. The ashen strips of his linens offset the appearance of red objects: fire, coral, and the cinnabar that bleeds its ink into the creases of his palms. He places blank clay paper in a clay pot and inscribes it with the word *thief*. In time, even the yellowing of the leaves will be dampened by darkness. In time, his light will pass through the space of a room to a perfect white circle on a screen. In time, each color will appear at the border between light and dark, with or without their objects. But now he stumbles from the mouth of the tomb under a canopy of trees thick as cordwood. He whispers the word *bellum* in a tone no one can hear. Belief, he will later say, is a line between *hunger* and animal, or apple and *apple-colored fruit*. Nothing, he will say, is green, or as green, and nothing is greener.

Research and Development

by Scott Wilkerson

You would not write this
as I would not imagine
these lines in crippled geometries
scaled up for another of your
comprehensive reviews.
True, there remains in all
this a civil resolution though
perhaps one without the absolute values,
that magnetic north of deepest Grammo,
a plunder of concentric betrayals and
ludic impostures; he has new material
and, some say, is his own ghost lyricist,
unspooling secretly among the marginalia of
your recipes and daybooks, folding himself
into a repertory of nocturnal maneuvers, and
looking good from a distance.

As for my own incidental involvement here,
I could say only that objects are suspended
before the gravity of your aesthetic as water the
solemnity and censure of stone.
We imagined here certain immodest claims
about the river in our history, the turn of
forgotten grace in the last instant before
a boat drifts too far from the shore,
spinning, as we all must, on chance
operations flooding through
our sacraments of logic.

It is a failed program and a failed poem,
which, for now, we will keep to ourselves.