

## **E·ratio 9 · 2007**

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POETRY

E·

JOURNAL

## Two Poems

by Louis Armand

### The Divers: La Quebrada

In the cinema we lived half-asleep, trying to provoke a final vertigo. Dreamt of nights in Acapulco. The narrow chasm and wavefall and the fall of the clavadistas, effortlessly swerving from that inevitable point set down in Time where opposites annihilate and cruelty repossesses the broken shell of ourselves. We woke up beneath an appearance, an ironic tremor running through a flat landscape comprising all the elements of a reflection. How fast can a world turn to overtake them? The sea handing back its mirror to the flawed and unstable nature of a psychology in love with *virtù* or *providence* ... And those unreal divers, poised again on their high ledge, arms outstretched to receive our invocation to flight—as one after another leans out across the divide. Not to clasp us to them, but to gain a vantage from which to observe our thin shadows plummeting.

## Use for Places Left Over After Planning and Construction

Repudiate the old sorrows. Laughter, rebuke. A catharsis of ratios, situations, pitfall of holding onto words-without-fault as though you were an ear. Tensing the uncertain august daylight: a brick building coursed by time-lapse shadows where the crowd reads the image of its situation. What difference is one more walker in the city? All the world's a stage: store-front reflections—the rush of pedestrian silhouettes, asphalt curbs, intersections—dry goods hung from awnings limned against the sky: these and other signs to be “in accord with the time” accepting obstruction. Nine o'clock faces out of the station. Something they are late for and already rain, already abiding in the dark place where you take off the covering. And the ingenuity of what it does not hide.

***from transfiction***

**by Bill Lavender**

**ceremonial certainty**

sharp swish of a branch  
& a hospital of  
grammar supplies  
we receive but what we give

bury an urn with  
not even a card  
or chance to decline  
a notion of sin now vanished

copulating beneath a full moon  
those blessed structures  
plot & rhyme  
plant themselves with me here

glorious green  
tamborine harmonica mandolin  
spray-painted outpourings  
the ground dry as wood

& even if it could be a harbor  
let your tongue savor  
the wind melting  
light from an olive oil lamp

this is how it came about  
preferring any future  
love to this present  
I could hardly speak

of day breaking for you  
the eddies & curlicues  
the mule-tongued flowers  
the pear's red flesh

what chanted in darkness &  
throat bracketed light  
nightmare of the I  
lying alone

what stranger  
scaled the wall  
as we passed in the street  
light of a prison lamp

that bedeviled memory  
at home in unhappiness  
with the air of one dying  
birds quietly singing

engraved figure guarding  
the intaglio self  
how sovereign was my touch  
I wore your love & pity

## **nothing**

you are the presence of  
what were suburbs in 1955  
white nymph anterior attention  
dancing stoned  
no words in you but  
that rag of a boy  
lying in-state  
like a flower  
like a golden  
sleeve

god's assistance  
the imminent sting  
it was a book  
thousands of readers  
changed in the continuation

the world is round but  
what will be brought to us  
can't be remembered  
an unknown source  
wincing when you said it

panting & kissing  
to coax into light  
that certain  
desperate branding  
iron hot noon  
singular like your  
heart with rejoicing

a child sleeps  
in a pile of doeskin  
snowman rooted  
yearning to respond

you touched her sleeping breasts  
forgot where you were  
freed from beat & measure  
& for once not retiring

but wilting  
could a dream send up  
this dim imitation

that refreshing breeze  
turns out to sea & sleeps &  
what monster climbs up  
inside you to die

## **The Comets of Edward Albee**

**by Jeff Harrison**

### **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**

Comet Hyakutake was spotted by  
Yuji Hyakutake (January 30, 1996).  
its closest approach was 9.3 million  
miles away. it wished to kiss the rust  
off of Yuji's nose. but that nose, Comet  
Hyakutake, is a scoundrel, outliving 1000s  
of fires. crackle, sniff. their warmth was pale!

### **THE DEATH OF BESSIE SMITH**

Comet Halley is from one of the cities  
that ape the Earth's knowledge.

Gamaliel & Yehoshua were on a boat;  
the former had prepared bread for food  
the latter had prepared bread & flour for food

when Gamaliel's bread was consumed by him  
he relied on Yehoshua's flour. to the question  
of Gamaliel, were you aware of a delay  
in the journey, that you took much food,  
Yehoshua replied, there's a star once a 70 year  
that makes the captains of ships err.

said Gamaliel, you possess so much wisdom & still  
you're compelled to go on a ship to make your living.



## **THE AMERICAN DREAM**

Comet Wild 2 is known as The Six-Year Worm  
due to the number of years between sightings.

Comet Wild 2 is to the eye as a cat is to a grape.

Comet Wild 2 is a cruel take on a cat, on a grape;  
Comet Wild 2 is a conte cruel to the literary eye.

## **BOX / QUOTATIONS FROM CHAIRMAN MAO TSE-TUNG**

before 1840 Comet Churyumov-Gerasimenko had an orbit  
that kept it far from our Sun (a cow during her milk).

In 1840 Comet C-G neared Jupiter, whose gravity moved  
Comet C-G closer to our Sun (a cow during her milk).

a close approach near Jupiter in 1959 moved Comet C-G  
even closer to our Sun (a cow during her milk). since

Comet Churyumov-Gerasimenko was distant from our  
Sun, a cow during her milk, until recent times, it hasn't

melted a lot: Comet C-G's looks are more anciently, maybe.  
what did our Sun (cow, milk) look like when she was young?

## **TINY ALICE**

Comet Linear  
September 27, 1999  
Threatening the World  
with Famine, Plague, & War:

To Princes, Death  
To Kingdoms, many Crosses  
To Woods, Cold the First things  
To all Estates, inevitable Losses  
To Aromas, a Surcease of gentleness  
To Herdsmen, Rot  
To Burning mysteries, the Coolest guess  
To Plowmen, hapless Seasons  
To Mathematicians, Arrayed letters  
To Sailors, Storms  
To Years, An hour Each Minute  
To Cities, Civil Treasons

## **THE ZOO STORY**

Comet Shoemaker-Levy 9  
was snared by gravity &  
plunged into Jupiter's atmosphere.  
some of the debris had diameters  
larger than that of the planet Earth.

guestless today  
the path of Shoemaker-Levy 9

## **Three Poems**

**by Brian Zimmer**

### **The Eyes Have It** *for Billy Mavreas*

Eyes wide-open rise to the surface,  
Broadcasting arrival in concentric rings.  
Amphibious horses fall from eyelashes,  
Foaming toward forests of moon-bit trees.  
The eyes heave forward singing,  
Hooves drum prophetic vowels.  
Whoever hears the branches calling  
Craves for heights and starts to crawl.

## Marguerite Porete

Parisian square  
commences  
    vigil

heart's wing  
disdains to  
    rifle text

blood & water  
poured-out  
    secreted

itinerancy's  
    tongue in  
    woman's hand

collusive banns  
between mendicant  
    & royal

Les Dames!  
transparency  
    exceeds reach

## Venus Equinoctial

footstool –  
magnitude gathering  
silvered  
(-over)  
flame underfoot

hag-ridden  
among embers  
ocular respite  
areola rising –  
amplitude

of ascension  
the moon  
looks down  
effaced  
resplendent

## Two Poems

by Jon Cone

### THE VALLEY OF RAMS

*after Lorca*

And two  
and three  
For the moon above in peace  
Water dooms the hour  
as the white sea dooms  
the lady  
murdered by the ram.  
The girl  
is poor, the pine of the pine trees.  
And pine  
the plume  
of the neutrino  
inside the rose.

And your time  
because callow and hot,  
and a two  
and a three.  
And crystal cabins  
and papal violins  
and snow that walks with the world  
and a one  
and a two  
and three times three.  
Oh the endurance of marvelous invisible meat!  
Oh golf played by horns of amateurs!  
With numerous rams  
with eyes of beautiful ladies  
with crows of rain  
and hogsheads for the ages!  
So like a lager of black torsos  
and halos of the laurel branch.

Endurance pared down  
to one designated ram.  
One and one  
ale-red door of the moon,  
two and two  
ale-red door of the sun,  
and three times three  
because lost mayflies remember all.

**THE FABLE OF THREE FRIENDS: a fragment**  
*after Lorca*

Henry,  
Emile,  
Lawrence,

Three heralds:  
Henry by camel,  
Emile by eyes and men,  
Lawrence by jadeless universities.

Henry,  
Emile,  
Lawrence,

Three key maids:  
Lawrence by eggs and billiard balls,  
Emile by blood and filtered wines,  
Henry by murder and abandoned magazines.

Lawrence,  
Emile,  
Henry,



They are three entertainers:  
Lawrence is seen as a flower,  
Emile yearns like ginger for the olive in the vase,  
Henry for

Lawrence,

Emile,  
Henry,

Three Chinese mountains,  
three hats  
three white-outs of snow,  
and a cabin  
on lunar crust.

And one  
and one and one more:  
They are three mummified  
infernally masks  
with tinted ears.

## **Femme-Enfant: a Sonata in 25 Movements**

**by Alifair Skebe**

1

She stands, a hammer  
swinging at her side. Blood runs  
from her right temple.

How one makes the loveliest of axes.

Poetry and art can make  
the most violent of weapons

2

The prisoners at Kosovo  
are on television tonight.  
The scene: work camps.  
Their eyes have disappeared;  
their eye cavities have become stone.

Breaking stone:  
one man has a strong arm  
and his body emaciated.  
Another man, a mangy head.

This is on every channel.

3

The little girl cannot stop  
for killing herself.  
She sees the woman  
with a blow to her head:  
she is in the act of dying,  
she did it to herself.  
In the bathroom, the girl  
stands atop the counter,  
stares into the mirror.  
Her expression changes  
to one of begging,  
her eyes being more lifeless.

She launches herself  
to the top of the open door  
and slides down to the knob.  
One tries to save her.

4

A gunshot in the distance—  
the stall of a car,  
the call of a bird.  
She is on the windowsill in panic.  
One cannot eat a reasonable meal.

5

The police come to find what has been hidden.  
These victims—post-Holocaust—hide in the video closet.  
The house is a former psychologist's practice:  
he has moved the reclining chairs into two closets.  
Four girl-children hide beneath the reclining portion.  
We must do this again early in the morning, he says.  
Young women are tickling the girls now,  
perhaps, the police have gone.

6

The space of hiding in the US:  
 the room is 20' by 10',  
 four tall windows begin at 5'  
 above the baseboards.

The walls are paint-  
 ed pale blue.

One wall opens to a  
 smaller room—an arcade—and the bath-  
 room is off to its side.

The tele-  
 visions work,  
 but the CD and D

VD players are broken.

Power  
 Puff Girls episodes play on one set:  
 to fight crime in Townsville or such:  
 to placate other episodes.

7

One does not know—  
 should she turn  
 on her caretaker  
 or herself? The girl:  
 6, 7, 8 years in age,  
 her body thin,  
 olive skin. She growls.  
 The first of the acting-out.  
 Until this point, the acts  
 were directed inward.  
 She stops when the man  
 coaxes her with green fields  
 and pastures covered with cows.  
 Think of the milk, the wheat;  
 Think of the cheese, the bread.

8

The poet was conceived  
on a grassy football field  
in late Spring. The edges  
of the court were lined in flames.  
He has pictures.  
He shows them to some.

9

His wife looks away  
with hollow eyes.  
She is asked questions.  
She does not respond.

10

Pupils point to the life,  
a chronology of the poet,  
singling out the conception,  
then the birth. It is about  
the becoming, he says.

11

One cannot stop their cries in the night.  
The caretaker finds the little girl  
in front of the television at one in the morning.  
The news seems harmless now,  
but it's more of the Kosovo prisoners,  
seeing their faces in close-up shots.  
Guns can be heard in the distance.  
Those sounds are just insurgents  
in their homes, the correspondent notes.  
One can only see the back of her head  
as she watches; the blue light radiates  
in the filaments of her hair.  
One can become entranced.

12

The camera pans  
along the rock wall  
crumbling.

The duty is  
to break more rocks  
to build the wall.

The prisoners  
have turned  
to stone.

13

They move to an inaudible rhythm  
without seeing  
the correspondents.  
They are breaking the rocks now,  
she says; and now, something  
of their meager subsistence.  
One pleads with the audience  
to continue support for these men:  
we are saving them from themselves.  
we are saving them from their fate,  
their country, their God.

14

The little girl comes  
to her caretaker having stuck  
a fork in the side

of her doll's head.

No more dolls.

15

Here is your maker:  
crayons,  
clay,  
markers,  
construction paper.

Rebuild now.

A little boy might  
get an erector set.

16

Frida molds her  
    spine of clay.  
Dorothea folds  
    paper birds in the shape  
    of her dress.  
Leonora colors a face  
    again and again  
    again and again.

17

Once they realize she is trying to jump  
out of the window, the psychologist  
pulls the shade. She now spends  
much of her time atop the wooden table.  
Pushed to the wall.  
She cannot be cornered.

18

She paints a wound of fire  
for the poet to enter.  
The letter becomes too heavy,  
groaning under its weight.  
She paints pomegranate,  
nectar, persimmon in the  
New England snow. The  
image delights. No emotion  
can contain the feeling therein.

19

Her hair haloes a crown  
of sleepy fibers golden and  
brown. Wistful glances down  
the hall.

20

The letter A. Intoned. Brief  
second letter, consonant  
falling hard. Bakelight, bread,  
boasting canvas C.  
Quantitative—she's barking  
in the next room arpeggios  
and the grand scale.

21

Inside the stone is a fire  
Toralee, eyes, a blind persistence  
the color of old meat.  
Limestone, marble, amethyst  
dust of the mind reportage.



22

Dorothea paints in her mind  
brilliant positions—trapped  
children like ghosts, inaudible  
screams of fancy. One  
hears them in form—  
beauteous transcription.

23

God is dead because he  
won't write back. Construction  
prefigures another  
construction.

24

Will the poet emerge  
from Purgatorio?

25

One must not fear their  
stone towers.

## The Contortions, Part I

by Nicole Mauro

I.

O fuck  
all your I'm, and the gone, i.e. the bathroom  
you fled to to free  
saffron  
from the mammal  
while I over-watered the  
palm. All lack  
–look down, please–  
at the ass  
tanned by the dawn. If a head is wedged in it  
(every cry  
mewled between thighs is not that of  
bald infant), I romanticized wrong. You're gone, said a psychic  
“to the desert.” There's  
a dromedary sun there,  
a scald  
template, some vicissitude. The hope is eyes,  
engorged  
pockets. For example, cacti  
and in the sky comets.

## II.

To to—the place,  
twice, I freaked  
-out to,  
behooved. Dutifully locked in the bathroom, all  
nozzles  
on, I tapped  
code on snatch, ganglia  
fumed. A psychic  
said she felt nice, meaning you,  
mid-east,  
petting the hump  
of a dromedary  
at noon. Folds of sand, she said, or perhaps  
at a bazaar—in reverse  
of a hinterland. . . Cacti in the corner,  
succulence of  
dunes. Turns out I'm a  
shithead, been rubbing  
the wrong  
wound.

## III.

Head up the ass—I contorted,  
withdrew. To to, intellectually, I  
suppose,  
it  
dove in to  
inform the smaller-grammed  
organs  
what it  
knew—that they are viscous,  
caught between  
solid and fluid. They just sat there, they  
still  
sit, all the while my gourd halved like a rectum,  
plotted the calves  
it would shit. What a bestial day, I  
ought  
to be reminded of you. O nostalgia, O  
former splendor  
of everything wan and  
exhumed. The sun, askance. How do we  
get the fuck  
out of this  
room.

## Two Poems

by **Michelle Cahill**

### Nocturne for a Shy Girl

Mending her broken wires  
so lovely dearest in limbo,  
staring through cold glass.  
The days were deadset paralysed  
by domestic routine obscenity  
configured way too sober  
to navigate chaotic flights.  
Fate was a kinder bitch then,  
the beach a black tarpaulin  
taunted myopic eyes  
in legendary car parks,  
this morpheus god was  
a twisted chic heroine.  
There were no dark ravens  
or mountain peak score.  
She felt in minor ambush:  
undercover stars/ hip-hop moon  
graffetti at point break —  
strafe the masquerading sea.  
A nobody's junkie missis,  
dreaming a rainbird's song,  
she shined like a field of wheat.

## All Dressed Up

Lil' Bijou's dancin'  
in macrame black,  
an empress of bling  
hungry for meringue,  
poisonous butterflies,  
snow on the headland.  
A November moon  
spills its specious light.  
Dramatic intro's, drop-ins  
from an autoerotic dj  
shot with crystal meth  
and tied to his chair.

To get wasted  
with Saturn, Uranus, Pluto.  
A cracked water hose  
lies like snakeskin  
with a lap dog on the patio.  
We smash plates against  
the south-facing wall.  
Giddy hostess,  
yr peregrine eyes  
are faithless,  
yr mouth red as bloodshot,  
a charm I would swallow.

## Three Poems

by **Kristy Bowen**

### **in which a girl is transformed into a goldfinch**

She starts by spelling her name  
backwards and hiding beneath

the bed. On the carousel,  
the women in coats brush

against her heat, her animal smell.  
The men forcing their fingers

against her nape to smooth the soft down.  
It's terrifying: no song, no wings,

feathers in the clawfoot tub.  
When she steps from beneath the curtain,

a shiver, a hiss like an open bottle.  
Then a million splinters, glinting in the air.

## **still-life with broken door**

Before the part with the mercury,  
the fences dark as nails, you could  
see all the way to Wyoming. Could  
see all the way into girls gone soft

and round about the hips. A man  
could lose an arm like that, to lightning,  
to machines. Mile after mile of busted  
lunchboxes glinting in the sun.

Before the bad water, before the burning,  
we opened our windows each night,  
wandered milky and loose  
as hinges. Misplaced watches

and old shoes, mile after mile  
of rusted Fords. Every woman  
gone blue round the mouth,  
gone black round the edges.



## **dead girl's love song**

In the blue car, her name  
is rum-sweet, etched

in the dark architecture  
of backseats. Elizabeth

of cat tails and ric-rac.  
Of blue dresses and burnt

out houses. Her body crowded  
with radios and a scar beneath

the ribs where the song  
slips out. Pretty as sin.

Pretty as a picture of a picture  
of a girl. In the drugstore

glow, fingering buttons,  
her limbs are cluttered, clumsy.

Even her clothes wrung  
and wrung until soft as moths.

Night assembles black trees,  
raises a wooden frame along

the highway where the light  
slips through like a rough tongue.

Where he opens her and opens her.  
Tends to her like a cat.

## Three Poems

by Julie Waugh

### with a view

shards that once were remnants of sky palaces  
turn to dust as we walk this mile  
exploding truths and lies are inaudible now  
in their decay, but burn perpetually to light a path  
useful in their perdition

our affectations are absolved by the resonance  
the fusion of air and skin dissolving  
becoming merely vestiges  
transient accomplices, such are lovers  
and from a dry north, a dry mouth, words disintegrate

light vacillates around and through us  
penetrating, searching, carving initials on our bones  
and time for idle journeys, we sense are over  
there is a pause here, a realization with some remorse  
that all striving, all the fret work has been unnecessary

## **a love poem**

idle imaginings thicken softly out of reach  
followed impulsively by cravings for sudden intimacies  
icons luxuriating in parentheses  
the shields of comfort that bestow some right of passage

and like a slow growing tumour, this love for you  
has me tethered to an untimely life  
a scourge that has often been my only consolation  
proof, reverberating in a perpetual stillness

it can easily assume the controlling latitude of a tourist  
then like a winter beach in denial it calls me home  
to bask in familiar fathoms of possibilities  
that never were nor will be but are

## **intraceptions**

questions never asked fall lightly now  
like the first flakes of snow that quicken  
even inspired skeptics into believing

and I am going home or leaving one  
signposts are such fickle creatures  
I only know that you are not here

so destiny is fated to stand and watch  
with her batch of newly stretched canvases  
she does not supply the paint but can advise

at a distance, a competition of rewards wait  
ill at ease in each others company  
but comforted by their mutual anticipation

these are the pauses where circles begin  
intangible realities like the gap before each breath  
portals for self remembering

## Three Poems

by Robyn Alter Bielawa

### *December 19: The Questions*

Tomatoes everywhere.  
What are your thoughts on the nightshade?  
Acid. Cocktail with lemon.  
Did you know right away?  
I used to dream entirely in German.  
How do you diagnose a flowering plant?  
No skin. Like eyeballs. Eat eggs for cash.  
And what of the paneling?  
Clean. Look to the right of the door.  
What do you see?  
Horror film. Juice bleeding from walls.  
Origination?  
Cat litter. Brown rug. So worn it hurts.  
What do you picture all day?  
Dead birds. Tossed over guardrail. Bridge in water.  
Which disruption is this?  
I have no right to sit in that chair.  
Then what should you be doing?  
Four walls. Out for coffee.  
What are you thinking right now?  
Waiting for the bomb. Skyscraper.  
The connection?  
Like a movie. Drained from concrete.

***Dear Doctor Loomis:***

I have trouble looking at Russians.  
It was a bad year for the mustache.  
Orange does not equal funny.  
I don't care who your father was, just read.  
I took an iron to my wrist, and you missed it.  
We could have examined my vulnerability  
to cotton. Flowers lead to unhealthy attachments.  
Classical music is a filter for silence.  
How many times are you going to ask me  
to rate my susceptibility?  
I am afflicted, I know that.  
We never even got to argue.  
I read about how your chest  
almost got crushed.  
Sometimes, I wish it did.  
I miss you.  
I still wear pink.

## Week One

There are telephones  
in the Republic, he said.  
Maybe. But I am finished  
with daylight.

There is no difference  
between the seasons.  
Early winter.  
I don't care much  
for New York.

I think about scraping  
chocolate from the tile.  
It has been there  
for seven days.  
I think about it some more.

I leave my wallet home,  
and tell you to fuck off.  
Outside, object relations  
is a thing of the past.

I am weak in German.  
She asks me about my  
world view. Something  
about books on gender  
and class.

I lament, and count  
to six-hundred repeatedly.  
You believe that death  
is something that goes  
away in the morning.  
Comfortable with birds  
in the dark. Dreams,  
entirely in red.

## The Telemetry Chain

*Telemetry* is a response chain that began in fall '06 when rather innocently I introduced my sonnet, "Tender Telemetry," into the discussion thread on Jack Foley's mailing list. To my happy surprise, Jack wrote a response. And then Ivan Argüelles followed. And then I knew I had to capture this. And then I knew I had a chain in the making. Here, then, are

Jack Foley, Ivan Argüelles, Jake Berry, Jonathan Minton,  
Scott Wilkerson, and Amy Grier.

## Tender Telemetry

by Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino

in sets and stitches. sequences.  
the like and supportive sequences.

a cup or horn or root  
are beam and fairly lantern.

welcoming. accompany. readily.  
a palm or seat or provocation.

unbuttoned. untroubled.  
propers, pierced. oh dear.

the robin sings,  
this bear is the color of bread pudding

and this bear is the set of all the bears  
of all the bears the color of bread pudding.

and is born, oh dear. another  
as yet undiscovered, unremembered poet.



## FOLLY AFTER GREGORIO, WHOSE POEM I LOVED

by Jack Foley

oh dear what promiscuity of poets  
what dreary impervious prescience

we sit in a mahjongg of malstick  
eating the gall of galimatias (urgh!)

so *obviously* enphytotic  
though roundly entombed in tolyl groups

O Finno-Ugric, when will I hear your tremulous Finsteraarhorn!  
tellmetellmetellmeswill(ay will)

oh tempora oh mores  
I *do* love dirty stories

Uioptryunhrtuurewelq!  
(Unwept and unremembered!)

to which reply, Oh dear Another,  
why trouble your burdensome Bear  
why mother this ancient flare  
telling me all tales Told!  
once a given smother's chance  
twice a little remembrance dance!  
who sails so flight this ancient Night?  
who fails who falls rumbledown  
tumbling in sacks of woolly sleep  
will other wake ? will mother doubt?  
all shake the bough all shake me out  
'tis Pound's round math we sing  
this loudly canto all forgot

**by Ivan Argüelles**

**argüelles after foley's gregorio's foley**

## **Berry in St. Thomasino's wake**

**by Jake Berry**

I was collected. All of us were alone.  
We knew how to divide ourselves.  
And carefully.

Still, logic wants its roots,  
and my hands were muddy.  
Tugging at them in the red clay.  
Gathering.

The problem arrives, you see? It is a bear.  
There is all about her,  
in her (bread pudding) color. fur.  
Her odor, which is a raw red shape  
when it rises as you watch her eyes,  
is primary and cautious, but death.

Here is where they collect. Where  
I said I.

From there they break again. The  
cardinal that is always first to arrive,  
red on wet brown, and bare. And  
breaking they are sent. And sent out!  
Roaring alone, all disappeared.

If you can gather the frequency  
he will tell you.

## Folly after Telemetry

by Jonathan Minton

Telemetry is like a bird's eye, or the line  
that divides yourself from your exquisite logic

the moment you admit that your clothes won't fit.  
I'm embarrassed when I watch animals on tv: the odor of fur,

the sticky, wet breath, all the troubles of their simple animal  
presence hauled on muddy haunches across vast grassy spaces.

But everything seems absurd at a discrete distance, like Christmas lights  
on palm trees, or grapefruit-sized satellites in their long, falling arcs.

There's a measure for our errors, but it startles and takes flight,  
like a bird in the hand, birds of a feather. The proof is in the pudding.

Our telemetry is in the approach of misshapen birds, their omens tucked  
under their wings, in their beaks.

I want to tell them that I love them even before they sing.

## **The Telemetric Inverse as Provocation To a Collapsed Wilkerson Idiom**

**by Scott Wilkerson**

There has been talk of an emerging periodicity,  
precisely the kind of speculative prattle that  
compels us to imagine stylized departures,  
wave cycles of constitutive games.  
Of course, this thesis turns entirely  
on the twin axes of lost referents  
and certain grim proprieties of faith.  
We have wondered to what degree this  
represents your characteristic motion,  
the (igne)ous differential in tracing against  
your own quilted brocades of memory.  
And then there was the fear that  
we could not bear the necessary incompleteness  
or survive its noumenal marbling of desire.  
What, then, to make of this fugitive talking,  
codes of displacement negotiated at the edge  
of the contra-positive, the disappearing evidence?  
Yours is that machine of an else in madness,  
recombinant touch and go, nomenclatures in parallax,  
unconfirmed rumors of a message received.

## **The Bear Needs No Poem**

**by Amy Grier**

“Your mind will stumble against  
the ear. Then...” Bear halts—  
for language convolutes breathing—  
“...you will listen to my color and eat it.”

She shifts and scratches and lifts  
her tasty paws, and places one  
on each of my pinkish cheeks—  
her breath is honey and light—

whereupon her eyes glow green  
and spicy; a moment of inky fur not hers  
dashes across my wrist now against  
her waist; she sings a robin rooted

in soil and tree; when her fluffy ear  
morphs blonde I break. Bear’s paws  
drop and I think again the ease  
of the spacious cave.