

Spring 4-1-2002

# Columbia Poetry Review

Columbia College Chicago

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# COLUMBIA POETRY REVIEW

Columbia College Chicago

Spring 2002

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Columbia Poetry Review



# EVONNE ACEVEDO

## SLITHER AND HALLOWED

This time you collapse much more  
gently, resenting your infiltrations  
and say cherish, sacrifice does not mean  
kill, yield does not mean slowly in the  
curtain room where they hide the  
slipped infusions, the misectomies out in  
the parking storm it is November,

at your forced throat it is eleven—and  
has been for longer than these jeans, spoiled  
more than the banner of the word,  
like millennium which evoked silver, like  
hero which made you double, over gray-orange  
glory-alley where you shuddered and stung,

sick as my contemporaries and dismissive  
as abandon, pulled to the window was the part  
never mentioned, minutes ago was uneasy,  
coddled and let go; you are one heightened more  
severely and there is risk of wistful, staring too  
long or longingly makes the questions

come, and then the fever comes, we have been  
far too allusive here and never addressed the snow;  
back in my car there is downtown, there is Riverside  
for more sophisticated breakdowns, and then there is  
the ghetto for the broke down too long—I have wrenched you  
into standing and we are superlative on the tunnel-heights

with our hands in our coats and you are warm again  
and they are rising, fingers first from the frozen shovel  
breaks, in this town it all breaks, accumulation on the tops  
of things, white becomes an inconvenience that keeps  
them quiet for once; the whining timber-snaps vibrate  
with practical emergency and when I turned my head I  
didn't mean to, I was polite with rearing and my  
fellowship failed; I failed. You are face-down in the snow.

# ELIZABETH ANDERSEN

## BARKEEPS AND OTHER EDUCATIONS

life shaped across a bar  
barrios and other barriers  
can't comprehend  
as is no order

as in:

“What would you like to drink?”

“Anything that will assist the drowning.”

“Water then?”

“Water is why downed—I am drowning!”

“No water then?”

“My gills are greying too much air for water.”

“Something stronger than water?”

“It is iron fists and chains around the tongue there is nothing tighter.”

“War then?”

“No water.”

“There is plenty to be found as ground is riddled.”

“This is no joke—I'm drowning!”

“Not without water.”

“I take it neat.”



“Scotch then?”

“Make it a double.”

the other she shifts knees

silken grate

of anticipate

the change of it

she shifts knees and a parted thigh

tilted gate

waited

the lure of it

she shifts knees and a parted thigh turned phrase

milky bate

of satiate

the hooks of it

phrase turned light to parted

base antagonistic principles

when the first time she was paid

by a lover became her first love

We are leaving here whores. Those of us who are whores are leaving. The rest will follow later. Later the rest of the whores those of us who are whores but have not yet left will file into the alley. As whores it is logical that we file into the alley as that is generally where whores are found. Not filing as that would involve paper but so does milling. Generally the whores would be standing. It seems reasonable to image the shouting and hair pulling. But most of the whores wear wigs so what hurts is the fucking. Some of the whores get paid more for this as leather is expensive and abrasions take valuable time to heal. As all wounds eventually are but this generally involves paying someone to take away the pain. We all turn to whores we turn into whores are tricks involved in trade.

“What’s your poison?”

“It is inking my flesh in lines.”

“I have time.”

“That’s as good as water.”

“Scotch?”

“Hops?”

“Here is chalk you will be charged for coke.”

“These are not games.”

“These are lines.”

“Would you wait with me?”

“I have time.”

“May I have a bite?”

“Be careful of the choking bones.”

“But they are buried and flesh is not an abstraction.”

“It is a deep repeating grave.”

“I am not following.”

“There is nobody to stand behind.”

“Are you waiting?”

“I am tending to.”

tender providers  
provide tender for visions and other vices  
tenderize the meat to redundancy  
sew it raw—to buttonhole

the past as power source  
generates new from generations before present become past  
and all dues not paid in full returned three-fold  
a trinity of penance tri-cornered hat and cape  
the woolen folds to air and straighten gestures of imagination  
stroked bold upon the cloth  
become holy and offers only guilt  
the heavy edges the repeated page  
plagued black by doubt scripted an Islamic binding  
ropes are important as they tie and drag

make nets in which to fall or hang  
cinched but no ease of breathing  
the properties of healing scar the range  
arc to the next odd page

a garden is a garden is a rose is  
orange orange  
is a garden rose morning  
morning rose orange glory  
orange morning glory is a rose  
is a carrot in the flower box  
is no garden but a prison  
thought inside wires grows rigid  
is boxed and flowered but nothing grows  
no glory garden flagged with crows

orange abnormal is plucked and fried  
strung from wires to brown and dry  
is dead dead  
remains a tear in your pillowed head

it is raining in my hat  
my little yellow chapeau  
it is so sweet  
my little yellow chapeau  
and add a bow

“Guess who?”

“Who what?”

“What no.”

“Next.”

“Another drink?”

“Haven’t you enough?”

“You?”

“You mean me?”

“Me?”

“Yes you.”

“Not them.”

“As in I.”

“Another drink then?”

“Why don’t you listen?”

“I was talking to myself.”

“What happened to the laughing?”

“I made no mention of doctors or Jews.”

“An effect that has no cause is cure.”

“Here’s your scotch.”

“I didn’t order any.”

We are all tired whores here. By this time in the evening all of us are tired. All of us are whores. We are tired of being fucked not fucking just fucked. After three times it is over. After the third time of fucking and no coming we are going. Having not come we are never here. Having not been here it wasn’t really much of a fucking. We are why so tired then. Having not come here we never left there. We are still standing.

“Last call.”

“I never received my first.”

“This is last.”

“Do I need a lawyer?”

“Maybe just a cab.”

“What are you taking me for?”

“To?”

“It is just me.”

“One for the road?”

“Where am I going?”

“Last call.”

“I am drowning!”

“Here’s a towel.”

## REDUCTION AND OTHER INGREDIENTS

### 1. Boiling Point

Tantalize by a shoe. Blue blue railing raised knee a rabbit's ear become bunny knot. A burial in a small cardboard box. Back trailer trash beneath all the dead doggies. In summer smell—heat bone rot. Really an extraordinary litter. What's left alive is photographed but not nearly as interesting.

I am always so poised as to be possible. Open or mouthed across foreign. Reign the secret space. It is fake to be rhymed. The different speeds of moving depend upon the buffer. For five dollars I've never danced with a nobody.

The edge it is a curve. It is continual nuance of perception. It is pleased. We can barely speak of it like 'u' but becomes an adjective. Not mere object these moments of abuse when other heard is often visited in dreams.

A green sea shade I stretch the night to grass. It is gaining. The ground is not always winning. We are warring but it is not with bells on. We are very nearly nearly never taught our mother's manners. Is always a reproduction.

Focusing to the roots of it. Where the color changes natural. Dead remains of true. Time to dig. I have a shovel-pick. Which ends in which is where do I mean. These riddles in boxes in shopping bags in ovens. Your head again darling it is in the grill. What a thrill for the children to have cookies in bed. Right my braves. Bravado sounds like encore. It is connective but so are the tires. Carpeted issues hide the floor. We are tanner. Knives are deeper plush. Light has no time or space it is gradient. Is necessary to have a degree. Another option is the bus. After a fashion it comes convenient.

Going right three times you have left the beginning. If left is involved it is no longer only right. Left involved right becomes a balance. Is a building. Is weighted between a hundred but less than fifty. The numbers matter if unbalanced an overdraft. Driven into like a back-hand spin into bumpers or the net. Four dollars six pence we have left the country. We are duty free.

You have been so lovely and shoes to match the pursed glance. False mirrors leave no gap with paste is cresting. Wave a goodbye legs stumbling to lock you nervous in my center.

### 2. Steam (or 2. simmer)

Acorn an ear fell tree muffled deep winter in folds of snow. All the men have borrowed arms. Have forts and spoons balled lines in rows as cannon rights and fodder. Father farther we can still reach the sea though I am only daughter. Inherent is the gloss are we being chronicled. The index is indifferent but alphabetical.



Release her by tipping. Bell snow door is a maturation. We are always wet.  
The tips for three minutes less the stems. Asparagus. Us paired green as rags.  
Suggestive of noon on no formal occasion though coffee in china cups.  
Porcelain hole of finger little buds of pink. The saucer is a dish but so is the host.  
We are an attractive group of being gathered at the cusp.

### 3. Case of the Vapors

But honey glues to mug as a bad profile. Stained an earnest mark in short con.  
Which pea-shell in which walnut sleeve is shuffled. A triptych: all the cards lifted  
and someone's shins could or could not get bruised. Either way yellow is involved  
in accordance to the horoscope or gold. In an effort to twist the thin ribbon of  
logic. As an explanation for the seventh or forty-fifth time.

It is mete out in fractions. Learning anything the first time was  
'apple' and similar to Newton. Covers the private bits and stands to reason.  
Wiped the prints from the sills or the frames. Identity abstraction and leads  
to arrest. There is napping and eventually a ransom. Either way we'll have  
been rewarded and got off on different elevators though not so tired.

The criminal was evident but so was the stocking. No low key follows  
to the next bar. It is very shrill. But many hysterics are around  
Christmas.

### 4. Creaming

Objective interest in decoration. An imperative table, I think is the problem.  
Like washing hands 212 times a day. Lurid color which means less acid.  
Do you have any bleach. Look how white the skin and sheets.

That's a beautiful tortilla. Do you know what's in these buttons. Exposition  
of weight. Essence of question. A week into the journey. Danger of attention.  
The face of an abstract enquiry. Baseless nature of ionized separation. We  
should touch.

As a divergent. Marginal in the lard box. As a way to break the language  
like the language breaks in me. Periodically when cornered the stuttering  
core of me dissolves. Expose the silver flush. I seam the universal to  
a void. It feeds all the swallowed dogs.

Winds the mouth down. Dark as a cello fish. Fold over with full. It is  
sound to see when you speak. The hilt is hinged succumbed to blood.  
Blade restored ceiling native and never to know. A sensual quality of  
particles.

Product of reduced human relations. We meet on the wire. We walk  
and maybe later will hold hands. Urgent edge of aspects. I could fill

you to the milked moment of arrival. Take you reeling. Spill the atom.  
Drink you whole.

## 5. Spice to Taste

Founder the matches. Salt lakes to other bodies. Like a tired rivulet  
down a worn path. Pressing the sides as binding but soften the bone.  
Blows to the head with hangers or was it kinetic. Loosen the tress  
of glass that seals the heat. To blind me. Make the tongue knot.

Rub into skin. The seasons chaff to raw. Red as elevation.  
All is defined clearly in the delta. Forms an isosceles outside  
the life-line. Future of the former. It could be viewed as scarring.

It is determined. Should the shoe fit and dance with a prince.  
I have paid for it. Have bought the judges shiny things  
like morpheme. Polished with ash to an absolute. Retention  
in the eye is rare and often mistaken for somebody else.

Not wasting words not like water. We are not mincing until  
we have cut the cloves of it. Texture is ladled and now  
time for sopping. To lick clean the meaning. We under  
stand are lying are watching for ladders.

As isolated beauty. First glance is gravitational.  
To view in full is to occupy the perceiving. Is to be  
received by subtle invitation. A fly on the wall attending  
to details. Is a harbinger of death in that it only lives  
a day.

## 6. Re-Heating

Where you go when you are dreaming. Would that  
you wish back to me and I from you. Into we which  
leads to between. Linked by the separation of expression  
the evidential leaves.

Your mouth all over it. Everything slowed to a silence.  
Gathered we grew rooted. You brought me back naked  
to the tongue. In here if you step away you are on  
the right path.

Complications of keeping awake. Tide of day wanes  
with me rising in a similar manner. I blush at  
the beginning. Funny. It was the amphibians  
that had the hymen. The links of evolution.

Crushing part of arms. The Truth is always negligent.  
By the third time none of the revisions are true.  
Truth being held at the expense of itself. Is impoverished  
like the Sudan. All my lost savannahs excavated to  
the picked bone of tribal. Elephants pass silently  
amongst the jumbled pile of secret ancestry.  
Wrapped in the wilted drums of mothered tongue.  
Never any time but when.

We share dreams. We are similar strangers.  
Only in the unfamiliar do we find ourselves swimming.  
Wings lash around me. Lattice with the iced idea  
of perfection. More kissing to come.  
More quarries to contemplate the infinite green.  
Tugged into the nest I rub my arms for blood.  
All the conquering feet fled the line. I am waiting  
an arrival. The full string of consequence.

You have left the condition. I dream explicit.  
Wake sexless and urgent. Reduced a need.  
Skim the cream. Compress with heat.  
Stewing in the juice.

# HENRY ANSELMO

## GODDESS IS ELITIST

Her eyes  
them  
falling

—still

the sun purple  
in the same focused spots  
her eyes

them  
trap, why

a million bugs a child sees  
with dad, dying in electrical zaps  
blue and sociable

away  
and five visions have waved  
under her eyes, come but her eyes

a million men  
stop and sing

away

A BOUQUET AND A BOTTLE OF PILLS: A PALINDROME

Heaven knows I never knew before  
A girl can be so lovely red dressed in rage  
Noblesse oblige in scratches on my back, of ardor  
Not at all transformed but blessed in rage  
And it's not the mothering. . .  
Has me to your heart, lulls Gaijin complacent

Decollete silhouettes your diamond roar  
A water bed and a strobe light: your stage  
Venus in a net with the god of war  
Inerant eyes meet to form a plane, the stage  
: Delineates a losing

Sanctifies each dart, now luminescent  
Enprise every second an art  
Xenogenesis. Magnificent.

# MICHAEL BERNSTEIN

## LIGHTHOUSE SATELLITES

w/ocean

like no  
one

inter-  
cedes.

down-  
trod

(branched)

on the  
throat.

she was

rare            just

orchids

scalds like  
rhythm.

and slow  
clocks.

in



mea-  
sure

up envy

quar-  
tered

makes

the grass

die.yr

mantra

wrings

text-book

French.

like no

one.

court-  
ing

lesser

trains.

alter

for

impair-

ment.

sycophant.

static

in  
the cave.

make  
music

but

a proper  
grip.

per  
fact.

so

gaunt

could

make

one beam

stutter.

wept like  
sin

*September 2-4, 2001*

## VERTIGO

*for L.R.*

when the  
velvet  
wells up

one must  
bilge

and pay  
the check.

something  
gets too

big,  
a hive

a lash  
for  
the last

to breathe

to humor  
bad men.

it was  
his fault

his hinge-

a  
three-hour  
ride

to the  
cliff.

this  
is needed

for align-  
ment

but is  
never  
praised

*she  
works in*

*a quilt  
museum.*

for new  
glasses

patience,  
the last  
word

in  
poison.

i have  
never

eaten  
faster.and  
been so

blonde.w/  
it no  
longer

a cult  
icon

a derelict  
taxi.

she had  
left

the  
piano bar

and be-  
come

a sick  
hand

*August 7, 2001*

# REBECCA BRIDGE

## LINES

lines in the desert scuffed from

bare feet that haven't walked past for

so many years since the liquors ran like  
water into mouths that couldn't hold chants of

buffalo dancers that race across plains to  
reservations



lines painted in ochre on the faces of

men who will only now hunt for

a fire that traded land for liquid for

blankets carrying more than warmth to

grandfathers beating drums beating backs of

indians

lines wrinkled beneath the eyes of

a people that strain to see back through

closed doors of crowded welfare offices cowboy bars towards  
smoke smudging skies and bodies like

the signals could drift over time to become our  
grandmothers

# CASSANDRA

## A LOVE LETTER

Dear Sextoy,

Whenever i see you,  
My loins burn like the Hindenberg  
My pulse throbs past aneurysm,  
My cardium infarcts.

Never mind you find me sweet  
As prune-pit Jello,  
Sexy as yesterday's sunfish  
On the shores of tomorrow's bay.

So go!  
Enjoy yourself at the rave.  
i'll be fine here alone  
Under the goatyard stars,  
Masturbating  
On the electric fence.

# RIC M. CLEARY

## A WELL POSITIONED FEDORA

like on the 1/2 cent shelf—  
dog eared yellow, in front  
with acrid stains of age  
*when I grow up I want to be?*

spine against wood grain  
wanting some eyes & a  
brief *flip through*. . .

inebriation at noon  
and the lineage  
from double helix  
to criss-crossed,

eyes (*hair in my*)  
then the spines  
blurred into one,  
stumble on Dearborn

above, the dogs  
are designer, relieving when  
ever the television is on, new—

probably not, few things often  
become in need of  
haircut, resolve & a  
brief *tip of the*. . .

## SHANA CLEVELAND

(ELVIS DANCE CLASS DREAM)

so it happened that Elvis was my partner every week, a few girls noticed but didn't say anything about it. in the locker room, changing into white skin pants with panty lines, i noticed that i had at some point acquired hips. i turned around to admire my luck & i could hear them chanting from all the aisles "he's so hot he's so hot" & if they didn't hate me now they would soon.

i come out & he's in the corner smoking a cigarette & working on his watusi like a tortured soul. when it's time to pair up he don't say nothin' don't smile, just walks right up and it's done. maybe he thinks i'm pretty. maybe he knows that my mama sings the blues and my daddy plays rock n' roll. maybe he just don't like variety. his eyes don't meet mine, it's not that kind of deal. when the count begins Elvis is numb as a metronome, Elvis is alone.

# JOHN COLBURN

## I WANNA BE A POP STAR BECAUSE

### I

a few strangers build veins in the wind like false alarms working under assumed names  
we walk this earth in a fiction the bank branches have funerals motorcycles unstir us  
and why the chronic failure in parking lots? the scarred mind moving as radios organize

I forget to get involved like the lower part of an echo at the speed of getting wet forget to  
imagine rivers listening to the wind's news the birds say *look special* and ghosts damage  
the spa's base camp now it's terminal and they say a good tunnel keeps the hands busy

### II

in roof years I'm a daylight addict thronging in the backseat of the sky the faithful way an  
orange ripens maybe thunder falls into another drawer filled with unnecessary water and  
a bell is like a head that doesn't smile or dull shame touching a pillow nobody befriends

while tomorrow's moment flutters in the dishwasher with the forgotten hardware of the  
pipe organ's hatchway and a wind employed by the homeland's audience as the calling  
card's next sigh; last stop, everyone sing twin songs of a retirement plans' desolate cargo

### III

this interview is over the ballet must learn its limits in Utah's dusty mirrors the sour  
plowing goes on the rabbits scream moon showing the pinochle hands of twenty-four  
hour palm readers the kisses stained onto our hips flicker their own vice-presidency in

straight glove language to puppets in the fog closet (our device to help civilizations blink)  
*now serving number 37's horoscope!* the auditorium spoils in a magnetic frenzy of plush  
interiors to our brochure for a bondage nailed onto the winter that a few strangers build

## I WONDER WHY

Look at an earthworm.  
He needs a good home.  
This is the train-whistle-  
slowly-dying position.

Mining engineers have eyes.  
We can do an experiment.  
Do goldfish have feet?  
Is touching a way to find out?

The sunken ships are growing.  
Do the experiment this way.  
You can look at the honey clock.  
You can look at baby lifeboats.

Can you touch things?  
You can see a cloud.  
Will scrap metal grow?  
Look under the furniture.

This is a hospital chart.  
Is seeing a way to find out?  
How do you know?  
Do all animals have wrinkles?

This is a rainy day.  
They put it in a baptism.  
This is a woods.  
The farmer's handcuffs are smooth.

Does a scorpion forget on some days?  
Is snow hot?  
You can move heavy things.  
You can sleep with prostitutes.

I can convince Caesar today.  
Can you find torpedo casings  
in a garden? They are shining.  
The clouds hide them.

What is the hairdo that  
is unworthy of sailors?  
Is this bird working?  
See how I need you.

This finger makes you feel cold.  
It is day. You need help.  
Do you have a magnet?  
Do you know about them?



## A SELECTED GUIDE TO THE UNITED STATES

### North Dakota

New settlers take note: even the largest farmers develop the yellow-petaled wound. Sometimes the devil's body appears on license plates. Once, if someone had a dream about riding south, it was signed into law. Now it seems some of the wives have been men.

### Kansas

In the east-west era, salt lies. All we can do is have methods. Each year spelling bees travel between dust storms, pastureland rising to meet the missionaries. A crosscut saw was once found flying backwards in the water's surface. In a landmark decision, some vote not to eat their new king.

### Nebraska

The alfalfa flowers twinkle from their shores, calling for pollination. Children here are available for irrigation projects and elected to four-year terms. What is a hectare? A thick growth of unruly opera and ballet? In a region wandered by herds of rodeo action, youngsters learn to filibuster.

### Kentucky

Hundreds of bones in the oozing swamps, these mournful words fill a vacancy: *our lives are painfully small*. Why not spend them in rare photographs? In those days nearly every citizen used bribes and threats in equestrian competitions. Local people are made of stone, clay, glass and metals.

### Illinois

Students of soybeans fought a series of holiday fireworks displays into submission. A bluegill was noticed serving in Vietnam. The bloody air that drags during garbage pick-up

is what millionaires do for the sport of twitching. Fifty percent of Galesburg pockets contain the burned out shells of butterflies.

### Hawaii

Here the teaching of adultery is done with brightly colored feathers. By involving furs in the first steps to Cleveland, abandoned sea merchants have opened their speech to the chant of the eight hundred year wave. Legend does not say the genealogy of the surfboard. The most familiar curfew is the annexation of existing love affairs.

### Arizona

A magician forms crosses on theme park waterfalls. Industries are given the vote and choose irritated taffy. Why is Flagstaff being paid to complete the tenth grade? Will eruptions reach the judicial branch? Ongoing concerns dictate electrical mariachi be made with aerospace equipment, for better home viewing.

### Louisiana

The largest people of the Old World stretched land across a buffer zone. The survivor's voices traveled upriver and bore fruit. No one denies the black smoke of this union makes a good lawyer for the blur. Now thousands of rotted frontier welcomes are performed by two battalions of 'crawfish widows' on a 'gasoline hayride.'

## CLARK COOLIDGE

### THEY TOOK THE DENT IN AND RANG LIKE MUGWUMPS

This was the night the hump got bloated  
pulled my pen out like a scabbard  
professional enough not to mess up  
drums were waiting at the edge  
where Christmas came and grew  
if he thinks his urine might be semen he needs a checkup  
but the childhood home was all corridors  
lakes full of paleface illumination  
put down that gravel gun and hold  
stand to termination a bungee cord of a marriage  
bongs on the wall a transmitter trailing tripes  
but hey the goal is *total wall*  
you can't even buy one from the Axis  
Powers in the trench kitchen with the pie irons  
don't bother to smell the molding pans  
I heard the creaking in my guts  
but is it congenial to wear a tube?  
a woman named Samantha Weapons  
cretin at base got halfway to the moon  
then the wind came up from out of my sleeve  
and that's when they started calling me Headmaster

## SNIPER AT THE SPACE OF CLOWN

Mister stop sleeping at the driving wheel  
you'll end surreptitious the leavings fond  
how he kills people on a simple draw  
then the light goes black and the street it shines  
it's the wet masters of night prep tell me  
I got on the bus there was only one seat  
candles that tire well walls that show  
thought they had this banshee nailed  
this is the Old Barber Shop speaking  
we have no title yet not even working  
close enough up maybe nobody is worthy  
no better pleasure that neon dull  
though some hues matched can kill  
on the lift to limitless forehead  
the telly in the corner features dolls

24X00

# SHARON DARROW

FROM *TANGENT GRACE*

gates    sighing            gates  
          agate  
one relentless voice  
          perfection        or not  
                                  bleached tongue  
where you've often loved    where    where  
          the hand paces  
                                  ribbon  
does it loose or bind its beauty once  
          rare                            she agreed  
woe    awe                    awe    full    god  
          if peace ever reigned let it be  
  
far        run        dance                    shout  
  
                                  near  
valley of joy shade  
          valley where sky ends/opens  
who goes there with her  
          round her    rest        circle  
          here there be miracle  
place it    placed                    steady                    steady

you have seen me and scalded me  
see the see see the  
every minute second tatter  
ran me through the cotton field  
sand rose quartz palm  
you made me breathe that one air  
taste rain dust  
you let me watch hand from dirt  
petals waters of iron  
weed of iron

night leafless raft  
you music and sex  
purple citrine garden corpus  
poets

I'm vertigo snow desire  
fade  
jasper cloud rhythm

vintage fear forgiving  
liquid blaze oval love  
transparent eye  
possessive dark gold scar  
I am not matte  
shock light hissing  
shallow placid harmony  
meteor peach-fused spirit  
paper divine paper



# JOSHUAH M. DEADY

## OCTOBER INFECTS

There are leaves soaked to the lawn that borrow the honesty of the street lights at the most perfect angles. There are the numbers six, two, and two on the digital brutality of being incapable of catchin' it ever again. There are leaves, now dry and still stuck to my soul.

There is a woman in my bed with a tear in her dress and a tear in her eye. There is a boy trapped in this window pain. There is a woman of immense beauty dying to please but is comin' to terms with this season.

There is a breeze that carries the frigid drizzle into interesting choreography, then vanishes. There is an eerie stillness, except for a digital two now switched to three. There is a breeze in my hair, that carried all my fears, and now hear.

There is a tree hangin' in the yard, withered by the breath that strips him. There are two distant bodies stripped of clothes and stripped of memories that only photos hold. There is a tree, on my arm, baron and roots exposed, but standin' like someone I once knew.

There is a brown shade that blends with grey to make a familiar wasteland. There was a song, I think we danced, maybe two years ago this time. There is a brown shade following and won't brake, so I'll remain shivering.

There is a biting burn on the bottom of my foot strategically placed on the heat duct. There is a boy who would once curl into a ball next to this very opening on nights similar. There are biting insecurities responsible for making me play the role that I hope she doesn't.

There is a frost over there killin' the moss on a soggy piece of kindling. There were words in her sleep, I think they were words to a song sung only by hearts. There is a frost that turns to snow, that turns to black ice that coats all I know.

There is a cat scamperin' across a cracklin' underneath in the waning moments of twilight. There are two distant bodies, too distant and corrosively feeding on one another. There is a cat who is fuckin' freezin' but is still too cool to come in from the cold.



## ALBERT FLYNN DESILVER

### THE SCULPTRESS IN THE FIRST PLACE

She kept George's ashes in the Curious George shopping bag on the particle board bookshelf in-between the children's books. When ever she missed him terribly she would lean over the bag and weep into it as if to try and water him back to life. One time, overcome with the depths of her grief while standing over the bag, tears streaming—she reached in and picked up a handful of ash, its granular weight a palmful of wet cement. She began shaping and sculpting him back into a man, a small clay replica of the George she once knew. She molded his head with the inside of her fist. With long magenta fingernails she carved his nervous eyes, spiral ears, hooked nose and a thin mouth, that favorite raised scar across his chin. She rolled his legs between her fingers, shaped his torso between sad palms—adhering all limbs with her weak saliva. Soon he was ready to be set in the oven, (yet again) as she would a delicate pie. At this point he spoke up through the tiny slit she had inlaid for a mouth, his voice whistling through the tiny bone crumbs of his teeth.

“I am no longer one of your fucking baked goods!” he shouted. “I have already been clothed in the sun, this is redundant—it's over-rated & over heated, and besides I'm due to renourish the soil, payback the plants that have so furthered my growing, and shaping me into a more permanent form robs us of my curiosity—why not just seed me into the passing cloud that I am!?”

“But my grief permits me only sculpture, and curiosity is what killed the cat, the monkey, the man in the first place,” she cried, cranking the oven to 550.

## THE BLIND MAN'S WIFE

After R.E.

The eternal clouds are the wife of looking, said the seer.

The world is the husband of the air, said the blind man.

The wife said, I am a statuesque roof beam in an archeologist's  
temple of dreams.

I will kiss you then, swiftly via roof-bound somersaults, and exit  
through the neck of your dress, crooned the archeologist.

An overturned boat is the bottom of the sky, is the place from which I  
listen, said the wife. This central room is full of kissing, floating win-  
dows, and diving backward husbands, said the seer. Form and reform  
the clouds into archeologist looking wives, said the husband, facing a  
ridge of extremes from which the blind man fell through the eternal  
clouds—ahhh, my wife, thought the blind man, looking his way forever  
inward.

# GEOFFREY DETRANI

## CONTAINER

at night inside the taut shield  
reading from ash maps

mud rolls down slope naturally,  
pools naturally.

break your only muscles  
on thin pads or nothing.

plastic sheeting contains  
what would be wind whipped

cinematically, what would establish  
a sympathetic point of view.

each footfall took flesh  
and the tongue tears out.

ground reports, hollow mouths, straining  
against the hot pulse of grocery math

## VILLAGE NESTED

presence pumping, your  
mouth a village gleaning

fomenting, a damp concavity, as  
half a Maginot line it defends

onto itself, half searing, half hoping

this time the hamlet is haze drawn  
paths. If it's a jeweled pillbox  
field then poppy blossoms arrive  
a triumph, each pressed thinly, each  
word a vulgar meaning to parse

# STEPHANIE DICKINSON

## DITCH

I wade the inlay of stagnant rain between field and  
Jappa Road. Cattail and reeds sway, shad  
and lamb's ear startle then blanch. More exotic  
these milkwood pods at sundown than Hong Kong  
to me who has never been anywhere.

I dust the corrugated pipe for dragonflies to light  
and toads to croak, no lust for Prague when  
I sit in the mutter and chatter of beetles and  
ladybugs, horseflies, and gnats, the foursquare  
congregation of monarch butterflies.

I want to breathe all this into my body—the potato moth's  
white panting, the waving of Queen Anne's lace,  
golden rod spewing tiny meteorites of seed.  
Mud gives off the odor of rutting, stews the pungent meat  
of a skunk, loosens the lilies from their trumpets.

I belong to the wildness that holds back the shackled,  
cultivation, fields, weeded and pristine. Paris, Berlin,  
Tokyo, Rio, Chicxulub ripen with fewer delights  
than these thrush nets, this untrampled slather.

Furrows press against the fence waiting to be plowed  
to the road but I will not let the greedy come.  
I stand firm in the oozing rushes and tadpoles  
as the moon floats up like something gutted—  
a translucent fish lung. I name this holy ground.

## RESPIRATOR

A machine with a hose takes its breath inside you, arching you, forcing you to gulp, then another. You have to breathe when all you want is to lie still. You cough until the machine swims you to where the watersnakes bloody their gullets gnawing raspberries. More coughing. You yank at the mask. Running feet, rubber-soled shoes are coming, rolling back the curtain. *Easy, easy*, says the nurse, threading a tube into the hole in your throat. She sucks like grandpa did the red hose he sank into the tank of the Hudson. Your sputum smells of gasoline in the hot shed. You are being siphoned. Soon you'll exist only in Mr. Millard's biology class, the tiny man, red tie, freckled droning in sync with the respirator that is going on without you. Lungs, how intricate, expanding, contracting, enclosed in moist smooth membrane called pleura. Pleura, a beautiful woman's name or an Angora cat. Bronchiole branching. Millions of alveoli. Oxygen and carbon dioxide exchanging places. Breath of life. A moon decay of lilies and ligaments. You sleep and wake while the respirator draws its long breath. Many times you drown while the curtain billows. Never still. Faces behind move like bits of breeze.

# RAY DIPALMA

## MECHANISM

Shape is what takes  
Contact is lifting

Attention  
carefully crafted

Insistence  
elects its distance

Forms make  
movement possible

Up to nothing about  
down to nothing but

Stillness is span



# TIM DONAHOE

## ROOFTOP APOLOGIES

That girl with all the postcards  
she is on the roof again  
screaming about pigeons fucking  
on rust just doesn't help anymore.

Now shaving seems obscene  
without a nick. Mirrors  
are carcasses rotting in meadows  
bellowing for bones' rights

Must everything be so mortal.  
Must you complain I stripped  
you. I can hear the pleading  
through ten floors.

Mending what's broken should be  
a whole lot easier than that.  
Even, not equal, and my side  
burns are crawling up my face.

Pockets stuffed, unsigned, one-sided  
about to burst onto the pavement.  
Six coronas filled with rain ledged  
the white sun.

All those blank faces flip  
with images: Vegas,  
a girl fake blushing kissing  
a boy fake blue, Buckingham Fountain,

Gator Country, Tolepo,  
a Monet, a picture of a basket  
filled with puppy labs,  
New York, a covered bridge.



Rinsing away from the foam, the blood  
like peppermint. It's only morning,  
it's so bright because it's morning  
when I look in the mirror

TODAY, GALIANT, DAY

Look I went and stretched the truth  
fresh from the  
it went snap and lisp then gone  
when I close my eyes I see hands  
dead folk died on purpose  
sit down, young man  
that's a headache hole. Drained the child  
he probably has hair growing out of his gums  
that is where they dropped anchor and fled  
you keep coming at me like this  
full-breasted; ready to punch venom sacs  
I have a Bic, sign here first  
planarian cavern, wet escapes your  
here, when we all genuflect, nails  
everywhere else there is clover

## PUDDLE II

In the best  
                  facility. The hardly  
Floats cement  
                  in the basement

                  When the window  
gave way   and   let the

                  torrents fish for  
drown him

                  only comes up  
for air    when no one  
can        see

the blood rushing  
          into the  
head

                  he left  
his nails  
          in the  
marine carpet

thought some  
          joke  
will come   of this

something  
                  about crafts  
                  or asphyxiation in  
the finished claim

in drops  
          revealed    a god's  
fluorescence.

Holy  
flood  
suck. A hamster paddles  
in a

well. Nothing though  
in could  
buoy.

exhaustion makes  
movers  
become  
grinders

and the ground  
become  
Septembers.

## ENABLING FACTORS

*I decidedly do not take responsibility for this.*

### PROCESSIONAL

The process of creative ideation has been highly interpreted within the field of psychology, including an introduction of some aspects of the field of quantum physics. Distinguished from classical thinking by nonlocality and indeterminacy, the quantum can be used in the interpretation of the human mind/brain, explaining how the accessing of information stored in the unconscious (both personal and collective) is hindered by self-reference. The human's susceptibility to invoking the subject/object dichotomy leads to the creative paradox: in that, the seeds of creativity lay within the coherent superpositions ("CohS") which exist in the unconscious, yet creativity cannot occur unless the CohS is broken.

Principal to the act of creative ideation is breaking through the "habit response" imposed by the conscious desire for stability and certainty. There are two processes of thinking which follow: primary process, in which reality and fantasy emerge to create a complete picture of self, and secondary process, in which information gained from the primary process is translated into a product for society's perusal. It is still necessary to resist the habit response throughout all thought processes, as any regression will negate all advancements. This need for uncertainty is paralleled in quantum physics and creativity, and is indispensable in making a logical exposition on the process of creative ideation using quantum physics as a model.

The idea of the CohS must be juxtaposed with the hierarchies that will come to exist to break it. In the CohS all information is perceived without bias and without interpretation. This essential level of uncertainty, originated here in the unconscious, must be carried through the pre and sub-conscious levels of the mind (where ideas of social acceptability first come into play) and into the conscious mind (where this feedback begins to be judged and separated into simple and tangled hierarchies). Simple hierarchy refers to the feedback that maintains a single direction and tangled hierarchy refers to that information which infinitely maintains several directions. Observing any type of hierarchy indicates the CohS is broken, leaving in its wake an idea that no

longer exists in uncertainty. This is the point of vague awareness, leading possibly to ideation based on matches within one's experiences. Basically: just be patient and the answer will come.

The attention given to the idea in the conscious, the self-referential subject/object dichotomy, inhibits further creativity. Yet, by achieving a comfortable relationship with uncertainty, and in doing so shifting one's perceptual and identity contexts (the boundaries of understanding which are determined by incoming stimuli and that which is learned, respectively), one finds that creativity is bolstered. The reasons that CohS is so prolific in terms of creative ideation are (1) the absence of hierarchies and (2) the ability to access both personal and collective unconscious limitlessly. The creative product that has already been designated as a hierarchy will be considered a CohS; not until the mind/brain has achieved awareness of that state is a product complete. This is to say that even the hierarchies can be influential in the creative process: alone, the tangled hierarchy, though by definition self-referential and thus a broken CohS, still allows the existence of multiple meanings; together, the simple and tangled hierarchies will most likely lead to a confusion which forces the mind to revert to the habit of response.

Three poets especially displayed their strong support of the Second Republic's cause in the Spanish Civil War. Chilean Pablo Neruda produced the third installation of his series *Residence on Earth* in response to the things he saw daily living in Madrid during the war; *Spain in My Heart* became a book treasured by Republican troops and carried by many "instead of their own food and clothing" (*Memoirs*, Neruda). *Spain, Take This Cup from Me*, by Peruvian Cesar Vallejo, borrowed its title from a statement in the New Testament of the Bible. Finally, Nicolas Guillen, who became Poet Laureate of his native Cuba, responded to the civil war with *Spain: Poem in Four Anguishes and a Hope*.

Drawing from their varied backgrounds and educations in art, the Mexican muralists were nonetheless all united by one purpose: to create an art that spoke not to the Government but to the people. In trying to create a "micro-history" of the Mexican people (in the representation not of large scale events, but the individual occurrences which led up to those), both Diego Rivera and David Siqueiros eschewed the societal hierarchy constructed by government, paving the way for a truly populist art.

Thematically these muralists were concerned with similar contraptions; this becomes abundantly clear when no one considers the two artists handling of the same subject matter: Mexico. In the chapel of the Autonomous University in Chapingo, Mexico, Rivera suggests the nation is being surrounded by tormentors. In Siqueiros' *From the Revolution* the flag of Mexico is being fought over. Thus there are some instances of juxtaposition when the two artists' intents are undeniably intertwined.



The current national age of consent laws are not concerned with protecting minors, as the government insists, but with maintaining an atmosphere of inequality that has been imposed on gays in America since the country was founded.

Hola. My llamo Escapist, y yo soy un estudiante del espanol. Soy de Italy, pero ahora vivo en Chicago. Vivo con mi esposa.

Estudio espanol con me esposa. Hablo espanol muy mal, pero ella esucha y ayuda.

Estudio con otros amigos, tambien, pero nosotros no deseamos hablar. Mis amigos preferimos comprender.

Ahora escucho music classica. Deseo bailar.

Consider the paradox which exists concerning this issue: laws in America are proposed, legislated, and approved by a group of adults who have been deemed representative of a society as a whole. This system makes sense when the issue at hand concerns, say, nuclear armament or the possible ramifications of a certain chemical upon the environment. In these situations, it is necessary for those parties considering possible solutions to existing problems to possess extensive experience; both knowledge and reason tend to be bolstered by age in the majority of these situations. Further, an adult who has grown up and witnessed the development and infiltration of a product into society will have much input as to how the environment is being affected, likely more than what even an informed youth might offer. Yet how can an adult, by definition removed from the tribulations of adolescence and youth, imposed standards of decency that they learned from the generation preceding theirs (which in turn learned from their preceding generation) onto a modern day that has moved so far from the very ideals they spout? Already those standards are two generations deep in societal change.

This is the basis of the new resistance. Laws retaining the age of consent are part of an outdated system of discrimination that has been conspired and executed by the existing power structure. The periodical *The Economist*, a cultural barometer respected by and yet counter-productive to the dominant trends of the authority states:

These changes are long overdue. The age of consent dates back to a time when it was believed that young men are cajoled into becoming homosexual in their late teens by old perverts (and then go on to become old perverts themselves), and that making homosexuality illegal up to a certain age would protect them. (50)

Simply having a law such as the age of consent on the books illuminates to what extent homosexuality is feared and discouraged.

One might ask: if this issue is important, why has it not been remedied in international circles as means of initiating change in individual countries? In fact, in the past decade alone every single country

in the European Union has equalized the age of consent for gays and straight at the age of sixteen (Hoge). Austria and Britain were the last two countries to fall into accordance with the recent decision by the European Human Rights Commission, which recognized the importance of change, and this was over one year ago. As usual, the United States finds itself in the position of defending values which have long been discarded, even by some of the most conservative governments. In Britain, the fight lasted over four years in Parliament but finally succeeded in June, 1998, with the support of Prime Minister Tony Blair, William Hague, and Paddy Ashdown. These three men are the head representatives, respectively, of the three controlling parties, in descending order. That countries as bound to tradition as these European nations have in the past proven to be, can admit and overcome discrimination, seems to suggest that our young nation will—in her maturity—also choose what is right for all people. Unfortunately, it may also suggest that we have a long way to go.

Vivo en Chicago. Chicago es mi ciudad favorita en los Estados Unidos. Chicago tiene muchas personas, museos, teatros, y deportes.

En diciembre, en Chicago hace mucho frio. A veces, yo tengo ganas de escapar. No escapo, porque mi esposa y mis amigos todos estan aqui. Tambien, estudio en Columbia College, en el centro.

Tabien en el centro estan algunos de los edificios mas elevados del mundo, el Amoco Building y el Sears Tower.

El metro en Chicago, se llama el “el”, es muy famoso. Aqui, nosotros el metro para ir a mas de los lugares de la ciudad.

Viajen a Chicago ahora a ver todas las cosas. Espero que haces!

The final necessary step in this process is the evaluation of one's work by self and others. If enough novel information is present, a new CohS will be created by an indication of the creative power of the new idea. However, if too much of the product is mundane, attention will remain engaged on the physical product, and no transcendence will occur. The completed process of creative ideation is representative of the infinity that exists in the mind; simply: one creative idea leads to another.



# JEB GLEASON-ALLURED

## TRANSLATION IX

a swinging input of light smeared two senses, astonishing  
in the strength

that its body had to modify a certain small part of the world.  
it declared

that people were in love. they represented murders and lost  
children, completely

composed of light—colors and form. it continued this function  
in evening,

where it napped, dreamed about these people, pictures  
of people.

TRANSLATION XXVIII

the house spoke, knitting under the  
boards in its

sleep, ticking in the darkness, the walls  
together, always

rolling; the structure adjusted in dreams  
around us,

making a living space. the house spoke  
in its sleep,

the kitchen upset the secrets: the soil,  
its numerous

throats, its pain—a song silvered by secrets  
knows nothing.

the house is a secret. had we actually spoken  
with housing?

we are not selfish, we protect its history of life.  
we speak and hear

and cannot understand hope.

TRANSLATION XXIX

dream the fact that you have a sister,  
although you

do not have a sister, and in the dream  
hope you never

dream. if you escape in order to meet  
boys you never

see, dream them beautiful and smart  
and fast

runners.

morning comes inside to wake you,  
your house

still and cold. turn back! look, the  
house up

under the bed cries, crying, why you?  
the sister cries,

her whole life execution. beautiful to  
be like

you. the road, which does not resemble  
by any means

your true road because it is nicer and  
equipped to

explode the green trees, accommodates  
light like

sugar in a yellow shoe. is everything  
beautiful? color

ignites the candles around an altar, and  
for the remainder,

you are noiseless. while you wake, do  
not take life

in reality.

# NOAH E. GORDON

## THE DEATH OF THE TWENTY-ONE CUTS

I

When she popped her shoulder blades out  
she called it *The Wing Trick*.

II

The list of repairs was tucked inside the extra pocket  
which he sewed into the overnight guest's raincoat.

III

Both the Knocker and the Listener  
differed as to the signal's meaning.

IV

Bent light, still water, back of arm.  
The Page. The Red Clock. The Pendulum.

V

In the dentist's office, someone had cut out the eyes  
from the photographs in every magazine.

VI

Pennsylvania was just a child then,  
rocking back & forth in her cradle.

VII

When he was arrested, 83 buttons  
were discovered *on his person*.

VIII

They opened the Book of Weather and found  
their names on different pages.

IX

He'd heard that Napoleon's fingernails  
had grown into his chest.

X

While everyone was sleeping, R. would make his way back to the shop  
and run his palms across the dented spine of the anvil.

XI

*To an extent, the Hanged Man is still earthbound,  
for his foot is attached to the T-cross.*

XII

When I squeezed my wife's left breast the nipple flipped open.  
Putting my ear to it, I heard muffled voices coming from inside.

XIII

She dug into the cactus with a fork, then ran,  
shouting, "Mommy, Mommy, it's crying."

XIV

"But it's just a shoe," I said to the officer.  
"Really, it's just a shoe."

XV\*

XVI

Q. Do you take the Eye & the Tooth?  
A. I offer the Chair.

XVII

O—the omega,  
violent spoke of Its Eyes!

XVIII

That was the night my brother drove 300 miles through Nevada,  
convinced that the moon was following him.

XIX

"They look like music notes,  
like two kissing music notes."

XX

*. . . timing his carving so accurately that by the twentieth stroke,  
little was left, other than to administer the coup de grace.*

XXI

The coup de grace.

---

\* 15 was lost in translation.

## SKELETON (TREES

not leafless)  
—inside,  
a barren & fallow-branched frame.  
The whetting of the scythe's edge.  
As definition. As *a definition*—  
its leg-irons, its impost.  
This is the song's echo—bird-less/ each note,  
the quiet growth of a fingernail  
& the roots of a single blade of grass ( in the grass  
's knife)

*Woman's  
Voice:*

"What's weighted down in its absence is carried in an  
empty hand."

Moss on a stone,  
as though from inside—an elision ( as these words?)  
or the deafening flutter  
of an eyelash on the pillow,  
the heartbeat in a turned head.

*Man's  
Voice:*

"The story is not the story of a season."

is not the gathering of sand onto a beach,  
is not the thread hanging from a hair shirt,  
or the thief again in the temple.  
And what passes (the mirror)  
—the very body,  
*to drink as a though a burning in the throat.*

## EVOLUTION OF THE ARK

Who is the antler's child?  
She is the claw.

Where does the fork lead?  
To the garden of the green knife.

Is the rifle sleeping there?  
No, he is guarding the book of the cave wall.

Who will marry the mast?  
The leg-ironed scar at the ankle.

Why did the shield's emblem bark?  
So the jug could be lowered.

What did the wrist's blue tongue say?  
It said oven.

Who fed you?  
I suckled the breast of the crooked arrow.

Where does the saddle go?  
On the loam of the wing.

Where do butterflies sing?  
In burning steeples.

Do you take the eye and the tooth?  
I offer the chair.

What did the shrike build?  
A nest of barbed-wire.

What was in the dove's beak?  
The passed door.

Where is the branch?  
Fermenting in the syringe.



# NERISSA HAMLIN

## DOCUMENTARY

let's begin with the spatial

the texture

the up and down of things,

a small black dot is vanishing into the horizon: perspective.

make the dot make the horizon shake, be shaking

there needs to be a rooted unsteadiness [like the old man who reaches for his wife's hand to stop it from trembling, and then he becomes her trembling]. like that. existent, like that.

and the sound,

we've forgotten about the sound, which began before any of this.

first there was a silence as fragile

as a thin sliver of mint

and then pages turning pages upon pages turning the pages of many books turning, pages in a spectrum of weight. and we want to see books. and there are books. and there are people. a spectrum of miscellaneous people turning pages, while the echo of a closed book flexes and wanes.

and then we see them.

a closed book and a girl, not assorted, but a girl just the same.

when we say girl, we mean the frail bloneness of arms.

THIS IS A LIE

the androgynous gardener  
plants, is planted

mamma was the arbitrator, the thin end of the wedge, pointing to bits  
of glycerin on the teeth of the forks that i must have forgotten on pur-  
pose.

in the third grade, Randy Aters stained the end pages of his reading  
textbook with undiscovered dyslexic scrawl,  
“ranby aters loves nerissa”  
and left it home on purpose.

glycerin and flatus have a  
hot, sweetish taste.

the hobbledehoy who lived in what became our new house sucked on  
foliage because he was not breastfed and told me not to brush my teeth.  
and i didn't.

“never pour grease down the drain,” she wedged.  
“always keep it in the freezer in  
reusable plastic baggies.”

my friends' mother, who let her babies lick her titties, steered a large  
van, the contents of which she 1. fancied ate cheetos for lunch and 2.  
dropped off at my house after school.

cousin and i used an old tape recorder to broadcast our radio show. listening to the recording, i understood i needed to visit the dentist.

a baby in a walker falling down a flight of 5 stairs.

sitting on a toilet seat, i sneezed while my father was in the shower and cried through a volcanic emanation of snot.

some preservatives remain in the small intestine for a year or more.

## KIM HAYES

### FORK

how a g-sharp wind can make you  
mistake a group of trees

for torsos. you know, because the room  
where the strings were tuned

is of a different temperature than this  
arena. that ear. or

how taking the dog for an invigorating walk  
is the only way to end thoughts

about walks. what I mean is that  
the windowless factories, the spread

of strip malls, and this can take  
an hour, or it can be done

in the days and years that remain, they can be  
folded up like circus tents, tone-deaf

workers and all, like origami, and thrown  
into the sky. a handful

of splinters. a handful of  
octaves. you know, to restore the land

to its rightful farmer, to the fields.  
but there I go romanticizing the past again.

and here I go reaching the other hand,  
bringing back nothing but the faint smell

of funeral dahlias, dahlias, we all fall down!  
so oh say can you see that somehow it's all

a yawning hound, a howl, a note held  
just higher or lower than your own.

## ADAM HELBIG

### PRONE

i

asleep, it's cinnamon i smell from last night, while holding  
the dim stillness of the room beneath my eyelids until you stir,

raise from your stomach onto knees and fingertips, stretching  
spine silhouetted, craving deep into a frame of light, structure

supported by columns of arms, and with one breath the width  
of your chest, exhale—your weight falling into the down.

ii

i walk on the ball of each naked foot over the wood floor, water  
hot in pipes expanding, releases steam in pings, in unison

with my footfalls creaking through your hall, and i make way  
to the kitchen to draw you out—manifest the outline

beneath the sheets, while trying to remember how you fuck  
so I can guess how you take your coffee, earthy, sweet there.

iii

cloth from madrid drapes, hanging in folds down the length  
of a chair, black stones, striated, filling the basin of the sink

as i fill a small bowl with water, a perfectly spare, spherical  
bronze bowl with a weighted base that can hold any angle

so many lifetimes ago these crystals of sugar were a rare spice—  
my fingers would have lingered over textiles, treasuring them.

# TONY HOOPER

PAWS

damp bear

gait

truss rod

evaporating leaves

formalities

of

admittance

agreeing

pets now pets

in the afterlife

conventicle  
off

-atlas

the

sinking

pier

of

tongue

Memory's "switchblade" sprung

rattle and snake

disjointed

tank

on

a

farm

COMPOSITION OF COMPOSITES AT THE POINT OF NOW

is why security is myth

as far as expressing

as as goes

far expressing

as far as expressing goes thought

far goes over

as over-

thought

making out of holes a congruity

let's adhere to mis-articulation matter of fact

of the matter is what? Don't hold hush to itself

silence could be violet as in not the flower

as in a stupefied posturing of grace

finger tapped elbow on table top sweat

rings left from the lifted cup

identify with that or you're speaking toward

the blinds again could be a regular in

another day but you have regulations

waiting on time

suppose just how do you do that?

Bountiful and critical ah subjects

behind the barn doors, the sterile farmer

gets to work. The magnitude of livestock

fuck! This must be the crossing. Granted.

Pockets to hold pockets. Proportion amiss!

skin flukes objects of chance pass a look with that

at the table in your head clamoring distances on with it

to speed or under-drive associate a symbolic or repellant

clustered seconds delay reproach closer to connection

than lipped count images in the minus vision at the

getting at of it not scratching or wait tearful!

a slow insertion of the then the curl back

when something figures enters the house

See the room from the mantel's perspective

lint gets no love and it's everywhere confused with dust



## STEFANI IRYNE

### BLACK JACK DAUGHTER

back in my tree. judas ears. for the sense of a warm waist line. can't keep this flag clean. an essay on reflex. the length of biology talks of bullets. cover your knees you bleed like an orphan she said. a widow at every hush. the witch in me that likes you better underwater. the mother in me that loves the long dive. loving you. daddy's third bride. mama grew up witchcraft. traded the boy for jesus. i drank until the detective told me to shut up. the girls in my belly wore fins and danced with butterflies on their wrists. the real card is under the easy one. anxious in this plot. you and the fathers are out in the field trading blueberries and train schedules. an out of dodge tax. shucking the hardest cell. i recovered the atlas of girl. an armed pink pearl. a texas bee. i could bail a southern crawl and you could exist in my palm. someone else's son.

## INFANCY/INTIMACY

a child of its own is foreign. a loan can't be nestled. the thinning of ribs was diagnosed as instinct. a charged habit. a southern state. as any sense of elbow or blink. i drink the marys in my head to remember kissing. mama bee is in a church somewhere. outside the ink mercy and her friends are drawing boxes in the backyard. to say never/always is to reassure oneself. the pages have been cleaned and shelved. yesterday i did not want. stains and sketches. a fig in each room. the fatherprint on my back tells me you've been sold. a kelli peach for the harvest. the bravado of hello gnashing in my skin. under the caution. because there is no space to crawl. i was supposed to be real. to silence a cowboy trigger. pixie me. fist without handle. i became pleasing and sums. the anxious spine of "a 2000 year old alien." unable to get off counting. black jack daughter. the butterflies died on my wrist. so this. this time i will keep it. undersleeve.

## SUSEN JAMES

*LOTS OF PEOPLE AROUND HERE HAVE BEEN TAKEN FOR  
RIDES IN UFO'S* *-Charles Simic*

*make no mistake it is an era of great levitation so commonplace that no  
one bothers speaking of it anymore one moment you are breakfasting*

*on a lox omelet the next you find yourself squeegeeing out a half opened  
window then adrift without navigational instruments*

*when the scientists came they conferred it was something about the  
longitude & attitude of our city its proximity to intergalactic routings*

*& of course the way the wind blusters saxophonish from over the lake  
sometimes we perceive when it's coming our bodies absorbing too*

*much light becoming edematous with buoyancy but it's a shock  
to outsiders us cityfolk popping like champagne corks mid-*

*conversation or sometimes from sleep our bedclothes colorful  
veils trailing behind us so mostly we keep to ourselves these*

*days waiting for the atmosphere to clear so we can stay put*

beginning each line with "by the way" in a baritone lilt is as effective as a chemical agent<sup>2</sup> in organizing one's thought train by the way he carries sentimentia like a plague he attempts to transmit & incubate in the susceptible he has recipes which are both delicious & lethal thus the hyperactivity of his text reveals itself this is what causes thunderstorms<sup>3</sup> think of it as a metaphor light slung over a loose porch railing by the way not to use myself as the good example but I never missed the class every<sup>4</sup>so often I call him from another room & make him reveal "divulge now my shiny one" I say & he kneels & confesses the many times he unexpectedly found himself collecting the saliva of strangers he has this way of lurching the perspective I place my hands on the syllabic pile & select my proper responses away from their habitual moorings sound mutates fondles the inner ear is contagious to the nervous system possibly having the side effect of rhythmic shaking<sup>5</sup> by the way there was a name for this in the old world—retuning the sensorial—or something similar I'm amazed I really am at how very much he recalls when in me such knowledge lies several generations embedded<sup>6</sup> & must be relearned when first he entered my bloodstream it was like a virus lowgrade fever achy joints extreme fatigue I craved tastes not equated with foodstuffs & found myself on several occasions inhaling the vapors of sizzling juniper & masticating marigolds for their brilliant golden flavor that it seems bears witness & assuages any doubts or hesitations

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1 Latin to heal

2 Prozac Celexa Elavil Paxil etc & on by the way pharmaceuticals that contains the letters z or x are the consumer bestsellers

3 & other meteorological disturbances

4 *Elementary Paganism: Its Effect on the World Around Us*

5 which can rid the body of alarm

6 in the DNA

MICROSCOPIA

*inspired by reading "Miss Molly Rocking in the  
House of Blue Light" by Maureen Seaton*

*when the offlake wind creates a vacuum & sucks you through an open  
window & you know you're being watched day & night being observed  
by the shy ones who yawn at your ordinariness you perform the sev-  
enth in a long necklace of inward rituals initiated for those occurrences  
memory takes hold the body remembers with a little of the same old  
same old in the absurd blaring light you pucker your lips to the finest  
oooooo hands clasped behind your neck & float out of sight*

*when you've slept far too long & the ivy grasps you with its hairy ten-  
tacted fingers & shakes you to awakesness you utter a cliché about  
cliches & know lighting candles at this point is not a proper response  
but can't hurt & the flame explodes to a glowing elliptical curve whose  
intention is to alter your mother-tongue to the dinging and tolling of  
metallic bells you graciously accept the ivy's chlorophyll tattooing blue  
green messages tickling on your forearm what else is a girl to do ex-  
cept activate the immune system*

*when the black circular indentations appear on your lawn you hold your  
breath & have no choice but to ooze retaining energy is the key un-  
aware at first glance the depth you must descend too fast a descent  
can cause complex inebriations lightheadedness nausea & the body not  
maintaining its margins you feel the radiating undertones of motion &  
blush in expressions of prose hysterical actions have absolutely no  
effect here you recall the adage sometimes we undulate sometimes we  
shovel*

*when the radiowaves emitted by Sagittarius A make it relatively easy to  
find your way through a thick veil of dust & gas to observe the orbital  
paths of nearby stars seeking portents it is so lovely to be surrounded  
by space diverse gravities pulling you this way & that thinking in bro-  
ken images you'll be clairvoyant after this & for sure you'll find enjoy-  
ment in the sibilance of mime you mutter a remote confession there  
is no end to my flightiness today you chant extending your body to a  
swan dive toes pointed like Esther Williams*



# DEMETRIA JONES

## WE-PUPPETS

Stitch each other's eyes.  
Dress in tri-colored skin,  
so tight we burst at seams.  
Pose nude first, then clothed.  
Sewn heart in distinct red.  
Patterned existence of two.

At the back of the yarn-box two  
lovers remove their eyes.  
Faces flame red.  
Retractable in rubber skin.  
Stretched torso revealed, then clothed.  
Brown-shades loose at seams.

If we remove the seams,  
we rid ourselves of two.  
These poseable figures clothed,  
placed separately from eyes.  
Disconnected from skin.  
Standing in the red.

We pencil ourselves in red.  
Staple self at seams.  
Sure not to misplace skin. . .  
tragedy of colored two.  
Full with colored eyes.  
Close-knit and clothed.

On the shelf all clothed  
and content. The red  
faced puppets disappear in eyes.  
Find security in double-stitched seams.  
Remember creation of two.  
Man-made in defective skin.

They reside in manufactured skin.  
Their frail bodies limp and clothed.  
This pair, no ordinary two.  
Needle-prick, time spent, finger red.  
Careful placement of seams.  
Reflection of self in rag-doll eyes.

LORDE HELP

I am Lorde

In my armor-coated ensemble

Bellowing warrior

Spit-shined sword

Horizon-gold persona

Attach peace trail quotes

In Braille

Religious

Wearing transparent robe

Approach

Like a drastic dawn

Blinding

Brimstone falling

From an upwards sky-like. . .

Your hybrid brain

In vegetative state

Disowning sacred bloodline

Self shattered

In prejudiced shades of blue

A trigger-happy eyesore

Jack-o-lantern smirk

Smear

On a nothing face



## VIBRATIONS

Erupt, Erupt, Erupt  
White light  
into blue sound

Silken chorus  
drips epiphany upon breast,  
smears milky-white into lust,  
blue.

Foreclosure, heart  
capsizes beneath frail promises  
lingers into  
stain red like anger  
Tears embrace like autumn  
zephyrs on the edge of September:

Orange,  
orange blushes orange,  
orange blushes break vibrations  
Vibrations, sit beneath breaks September  
blue?

Still—sound breaks. . . blue?

Orange, orangeorange  
Stillorange, this still,

Swallows  
Earth, whole  
Regurgitates, fabricates  
Breaks here, breaks:  
Sep-  
    arates-: Orange  
Discovers me, in orange  
down beneath, down waddling silken  
waddling where  
color awakens waddling, making declaration  
making you wish for, want  
your irri-  
    descent eye sockets  
searching, want

asking time—  
impartial interruption  
stitched into space.

How then, oh,  
How, oh-then, ah  
Does an innuendo, does O  
Does oh-love-lovely-lovelier-  
Widen, does Ah—so bright  
newfound dawn  
release feather-light into  
the present  
Here, now and forever  
into this drunken eagerness  
wilted petals, broken stem,  
uprooted under galoshes  
in Winter frost  
beneath black hours  
innuendos spilling into days  
upon my green face.

Socializing innuendo—pressing  
Upon alibis, innuendo dance  
does flips, does flips  
satisfaction repulsed  
repulsed at minutes lost—call it (change)  
love.

Oh quaint reflection, oh roses  
this September.

RYAN PHILLIP KULEFSKY

I AM (I THINK) A MASTER OF GAUZE

*after Trigilio*

Still. New  
York

is late,  
loose

and fancy  
brie.

Since. Our  
flag

came red  
stroke

and dip  
(ditch)

blue. Her  
story

is the  
taut

and  
perfect

mandala.  
Swing and

mur(der)  
squares.

Chanting  
At the

end of  
which

rag(ed)  
claw?

*October 4, 2000*

IF HER CRANK BOX SHAKES TO CONGEALED KILTER

This year's  
young

Buddhist has  
lost

his new  
and

ex(pensive)  
eyewear.

*December 2001*

## JOHN LATTA

### DINGLE AND RACK

Oh th'inconstant rub of newsy  
Sequentiae: that the dingle is  
Toss'd abysmal, floody, and we—  
Idle-pated by rancor—adrift.  
That on the sea-swept shingle's  
Dun, quacks in love do  
Horseplay, bereft of fun. That  
All the glib-quack ranks  
Deliverable diploma'd do get, hair  
And rack. That men's loves  
Are but afflictions. That titles  
Raffle off and still ambition.  
That to bee a King  
Be Fame's butte. That news  
'How paucitous be it' torque'd  
Is stay against the'inebriant dark.

## HUB AND BUTTERCUP

Out of the granular fog  
A God-mad and petulant  
Orison to dispel all doubt:  
Hub of things mortal. Stag  
Cached in hazelwood, codpiece aslant  
In a meadow of rue  
And salsify. Something black-legged  
In pursuit of the green  
Aphid in the center of  
That buttercup is teetering, tentative  
Following the miscue language is  
Unaware of without the pressure  
Of a creed for unsaying  
It. Stray companions of our  
Misapprehension: pushing nose into flower  
To master-nub the burgeon.



## ORTHOGRAPHY AND FUCK

*—Ah put a spell onch*

*Chew.* One kind of orthography  
To fetch up a milieu.  
Spelling is 'data rich,' subtle  
The way sex is, venting  
Substance into the void fervid,  
A way to get it,  
The act, going. Spelling out  
Makes susceptible th'exemplary ex nihilo,  
A most welcome moisture, lather.  
Short period of reaching for  
Things with nimble hands, unsuitable  
Objects of mirth. Dimensions of  
A letter lugged, an F  
With which to begin it:  
Fuck and untried vasty possibles.

# COREY D. MEAD

FROM *THE BOOK OF EDGAR*

## 7. The New World

A factory filled with pins  
It's so simple  
to evolve  
the depth of a child's declaration  
a blood-stained meadow  
I think  
freedom is not at issue,  
and those without  
were quartered  
or slept  
barefoot in icy fields.  
The farm was Dutch in origin;  
I placed my hand on the glacial crust  
Two soldiers  
a deerskin flask  
his head moved  
without his body  
Anna, we discussed this  
in 197-, a child said  
to his father is this the sea.

8. A Personal Note

Yes to the triumphant  
of a journalist. arc

Who were the interested parties?

In which capitol were their credentials earned?

I found the book worthy  
of reading again.

In summer the Agent

sat by our mildewed pond  
and wrote

His face his hand moved

without sound.

50 years after the fact

the British Museum

burned without sound. Information

had no means

but to end

I will report that

later I saw what the musket made  
of his hands.

# NICK MCDOUGAL

## OIL BELLIED

I glance across numb faces

with the smell of old rain

like a filmy balm that soothes in stagnation

How inopportune to have met

opposition in the open

dug in I lash out

Flails beyond the physical

Keep the misinterpreted masses at bay

but only a billowing bit

of the slick agenda

The colony functions in one form

while arching around to counterattack

the stubbornness of the feeb

to brink and teeter

held with only the smoldering braid of hope

# VANESSA MENDOCINO

## FIREFLY MEMORY

delicate,  
a sweaty tongue  
like vulgar sunshine

(i lost my virginity in a back  
street hotel)

furious  
metal of waterfalls  
a verbal penetration

(caught between  
green-  
eyed twins)

shimmers like  
teardrops  
white-wash  
(and arms twirling)

borders a single  
entity:  
belly-up,  
womb in fist  
a tourniquet of words  
suffices

ENDLESS SESSIONS

and thulani with the moon in her hair  
growing down  
a juxtaposition  
of seeming Grace and  
Betrayal

her ashes a mingled past  
(savored among peasants  
taint with minute prisms)  
standing  
now on a fence

blossoming men-branes  
emerge  
sinister, stuttering  
a lovely girl  
(delicate eyes)

tilt cotton. steel veins.  
streak pink instruments  
wedge within  
angled altitudes and shaken  
canvases  
awash

# ROBIN MORRISSEY

## SIMULACRA: PEDAGOGY AND PARANOIA

Students at wrest: obsessive obsequious absent studious.

not waiting is

for reason to multiply into reality she said, your smell on my clothes

he was on fire, then he was thinking of something else

sound coming out at the end fingering himself in readings the logic of a squared disintegrate

and marginal tonguing of theory at the body in front of another body now loud preparations the

folding and the ordering I condenses to one quirky popping and static I hears voices he

said, how many numbers of bodies repeat the body the

touch unraveling swallowed keys metallic taste of Emily and Sara but

I read your notebook I touched in names what histories of human bodies

words like "love" touch when not where a neck to kiss what body giving wet sounds out

and secrets embossing the scenes and day like short narratives they wait in seats

ready at Word staring *nothing new* waiting for signs waking from the world of

known and knowable things                      of pronouns and prepositions                      I with her    he on me    she in her  
 he with her    inarticulate axiomatics                      delineate frustrative    analyst    and sigh    *show us*  
*something new*    give us the masks and we'll make up the names                      *used to being bored*    by wet readings  
 slippery concave                      illustrative                      gloss of activity    identity    I see    paranoid    them  
   seeing    themselves                      and    the    same                      in each other    thing  
 in each new name                      bodies of logic                      resisting    an outward    solo penetrate    from  
 memory                      or memorial                      identity    as    the    cross-rational    the  
 sentimental                      style of sense                      instead of                      the odd pop    singular  
 deconstruct                      of a hundred                      anti    closures



## MONOLAKE

Trying to mean what the body had been. Protracted sky-like constellate. Sharp things cutting sharp things cutting in. Lines give, like falls or the false body shedding signs of where it had, or where it had not been. Photography of skin.

Trying to mean what the being had been through snow like a slow bullet through the white skin. The body, it seizes. Becomes the pieces pulling in. Tension.

One body closes over another. One body hidden. One mouth pulling over other mouth. One will to win. The alien conversation, grafted constellation, suspended excavation.

I let go. You slither in.

# MURRAY MOULDING

## CAPTAIN DISSOLVE

In place of bicycles they spindle  
sky born fractions. Or you can solve  
for X flying the Memphis air hold

But why in hell after all the screen doors  
after the calls waiting beside their birds  
why after thick blue glasses

(The captain substitutes when no one's looking)  
Say you factored in my toothbrush  
packed my drops and holders But it wasn't true

dialed backwards it was me again  
aching out a bell where busy signals  
stick in the net and nobody wants your wings

But Glory soothed his fletcher  
You try and try for segmentation  
this part leather this part more dissolvable

this part where they nasal in the oriole  
But who drives nails? Who claims after  
words flutter out? Who rolls the stone cold

phosphorescent bomber pilot? They clamor  
coffee fakes at the exits so the captain  
has to knuckle It's holy sentencing, it's

sacred sentencing they call knobbing washers  
Once accomplished, spindle fractions of a  
hoped for granite stricture solve for turbid

and you have a snigger. Glazing corn holes  
trim as a sail to Safeway after dead bolts for  
the Camels and lights lowing like mad cow eat your pin

Sometimes heart beatings with a silver smile or  
butcher gas or with pullets coming home  
like a bar code calling the fight for directions out

where a man is a mangle That's ass fault for you  
he keeps telling Glory 'round the bakery bin so  
Tuesday arm in hammer flees the Memphis air hold.

## SALT AND BATTERY

A salt and camera battery  
put him in jail with audible dreaming  
he'd been here before

Always the cutter with double shouts  
crinkle visor pulled over for speeding  
to get where he lost it

always the minky ossuary the blooms  
the trust fun starting at six the dot  
sliding over one eyebrow plucking hens always

the sinus light in the hall  
in case of vapors testing the door mother  
on the ceiling again with limited visibility

his periodontist wicker deep in debt  
to the book club wielded like the jawbone  
talking dirty again to diode buttons

Always crumbles in pillow cases for the  
magistrate on hold over since Wednesday  
playing at a theatre swallow migration

the antibiotic pro choice sirloin  
knighted since the job was opening cans and  
can knots in the umbilicus resisting arrest

Always a dead sham rock band of real to  
reel smack angels descending in a cloud  
man's mind the store's back exit cooing

teaberry under the weather  
where you step in it Always Master Carp  
and the Cheese Ball angling squares

the mystery history lady's galoshes holding  
all calls to Bar Sinister on tour they say  
anything goes to the barium races

quantum the Cherokee pissing  
off the dirigible landing a whopper gone  
straight to his Rosemary for clubs

# SARAH PEARL

## ACCIDENTS TOWARDS EVIDENCE

### I

cheek apples to advantageous. take your picture. constitution of black  
beans. carbon. global warning against circumference. pre-Appalachian.  
you know where not. Define it. henchmens' burlesque windows. Flatter  
me. I'm your fucking mistress, asshole. standards. for strangers.  
wrong-shaped pattern? exchanged it. dubbing clown accents. stones  
floating in cry water. something done with this. Lucky man. bound with  
thistle. saved through faith in lightning. thinned out rendition. sop  
things out with doilies. spoken letter. For letter, no word. God, let's  
dance around my charm life. let's transfer our brains out. distance  
craved in waking. so many zeros. missing a ride for another idea. Auntie.  
conflicts blamed on city water. dirty dirty doctor. the wild brambles on  
my taste nubs. sweetest Valentine I could find.

## II

“bandwidth and seasons.” “hands repositioned while explaining in cursive.” “here’s the church.” “high dosage tripping over witness.” “here’s the steeple.” “back rubs mocking messages in bottles.” “open it up.” “find the one you love.” “see all the people.” “take it home with you.” “these are the people believed to disappear.” “not entirely science.” “hot tea works.” “synergetic.” “educated at the school of fevered needs.” “garlic works.” “shiftless prism.” “lift-off.” “a cowering scribe on a wall sconce.” “round lipped whistle.” “using fluids as excuses.” “Fucking man.” “cave air was once rambunctious.” “He-man, she-ra, working girl.” “autopsy of internal rhymes.” “the migration of vowels towards simmering zones.” “Should we groom each other?” “console ourself.” “tuck my picture back up your sleeve.” “they’re hologrammatic accidents.” “wash your hands.” “the lust was found in this spot.” “invisible friend in Jesus.”

### III

“color-full ridges of an albino’s mind. heated on low. covered with your lips.”

“you+me=the imagined wavelength. preferring myself to disintegration.”  
“relish

waster. accepting gratitudes of food. dainty sound.  
even if it’s burnt thought. persimmon seeds lay in waiting.”

“streaking the field. Christian dodging hotflash. bludgeon stones instead of  
horsehoes. isotopes couldn’t want more.”

“irresisted man-handles. tug me into your coded war. no  
swimming at the bullfight.  
no phone numbers in haikus.”

“Wonderful! heartworm-filled  
pockets. forgotten arms of a fake actress. Adriatic. disorganization due to an  
incorporation of nature.”

“lover-shape of snow. everything stared at in the revisionary. more charm in  
the  
missed beat.”

“Lycoris. spoilt rigor on consignment.  
at the risk of sounding cornfed. cracked window between the tension. Not manna,  
but hominy.

my crimsoned worry. where is my  
souvenir of lava?



## DEFENDING THE TRAGEDIENNES

*I write with my ears, on the rebound from debris, always tumbling, always stumbling on a remnant.*

—Valere Novarina, *The Theatre of the Ears*

Befriend is for what

I paced the width of the motel room with enough nervousness to crush a flask, until mother, coddling my sister in the vibrating bed, got upset with me. I blurted out that I wanted to go swimming then ran to the bathroom where I howled and punched the wall through a towel. This was a period of low comedy wherein I was the buffoon. I was four years old. What I really could not tell her was that I loved her.

A dream I still remember: I morphed into a woman and drove to the beach. To appear tan, I covered my body with slices of cheese. A man stood over me and began to seduce me. I got scared, sped home, and acted like nothing had happened. But the doorbell rang. Mother answered it as I hid. Panting, the man explained that he had to have me. “Tell him I am only four,” I whispered.

This dream may have been a reflection of my philandering.

I was squatting on the curb. Sucking out what was left from the butts passersby flicked out their car windows. Printice, the little black boy who lived next door with his mother and his cop father who would leave them, sat down next to me. We went back to his house and watched tv until I stood in front of it, took off my pants and showed myself to him. He was the first to see it. I didn't even bother looking. We remained close until I tried to to teach him to swim. That day I held his body underwater, a pale vomit shot from his mouth. Then I only saw him at school.

And then there was a cousin who flung his muscle down a chute.

Rexy Panalogous  
Ann Boyanowski  
Neela Bajandras  
Oro del Negro  
Sarah Pearl

At school I would sit at my desk jamming the pencil point into the paper, waiting to remember my name (I still relapse. When I forget I call myself something like *Roni Fondofblonde* or *gooseface*, which is a pet name running down a thousand generations.)

At the time, retards always fell in love with me. They'd sit across from me in the cafeteria. They took turns being princes to my Snow White. They spat proposals at me, spat mashed potato in my face. I still find this to be a sign of affection.

I wore yellow t-shirts and brushed my palomino hair and always I was blushing. I prayed in a foreign language that I would stay this way forever and I have.

But I began to fight before I knew the half of it.

The magnet lost its valence when something I had to say said it

In the years that followed his death, my great-grandmother sat in front of the floor fan, naked Indian-style, letting the smell of herself fill the air.

the fact of being double was always a great error of Anatomy

flippant Siamese I was twelve

the first time I masturbated it had something to do with Bette Midler in Down and Out in Beverly Hills. I came as I imagined myself as Nick Nolte. (It was either that or sexual game involving airplanes.) The conversion remains a mathematic disguise.

But I saw the first penis at fifteen. . . it was inside a man's pants with a red string tied around it. I was in a bookstore, flipping through some Herb Ritts photos. He bobbed it up and down nonchalantly.

This (kind of thing) happened on several occasions until mother, accompanying me to the public library, saw it herself. Her lungs curdled and, pulling a stunt I had only seen on tv, she vaulted across the information desk, knocked the clerk down before bloodying the face of a drunk. . . *round muscles closing our holes. The opening and closing of the word. Attack cleanly (teeth, lips, muscle, mouth) and finish cleanly (cut off the air) Stop cleanly.*

I thought a cock was a gruesome insult el cheapo  
 until I teased the give of uncircum sized flesh. And  
 then I was a  
 goner.

At nineteen I was finally able to tell my mother that I loved her. She was foiling her hair, unable to look at me she said, "Jesus loves me more than you do, so it doesn't matter."



## JEAN-PAUL PECQUEUR

### LIKE AN AVANT-GARDE CLASSIC IN BRAILLE

you feel there is something not quite right  
about it. That elbow of light? Homo-  
sapience? In the past on occasion

you had tried to fix it, to pin  
it down, but it always revolved  
just far enough out of your orbit  
for those efforts to assume the status  
of sensible prospects. Bold outlines  
formed the near hills. On the hills,

I mean. And this gave to the greens  
and to the luscious yellows  
a something very useful to do,  
which in turn lent a tolerable,  
if slightly twisted, shape to your desire

to go on. So why the sudden itch?  
Why all this Sisphyean fuss  
and bother? Just the way it is,  
you say? Well, let me reassure you—

that standard modernist yarn  
about what there is and what  
we can think about being  
two different things like two  
sweet peas in a pod  
is simply that, a loose thread  
loose in a box of like threads.  
A god sized box.  
A thread sized thread.

## FEELING OCCIDENTAL

The word Ontology, the monopattern  
of shadow on a north facing  
roof, the sphere's thrice  
figured destiny, the remainder  
of zero (chimera of clarity) exist  
in the particular material and sensitive  
instruments, the micro- and stereo-  
scope, the sentence which begins I,  
the undersigned, the undersigned  
and his family, your family,  
the brother sterile and wed  
to the futures market, the aunt,  
poisoned, at birth, by a bee  
sting, a pin prick, an accidental,  
afternoon, fall-down  
vision, by a tiny sliver  
of sentience—have you  
ever felt it, that just  
accusation, the exact  
tongue, the exact  
finger tip.

# GEORGE G. QUINTERO

## CAREFUL

I want to become forgotten proceed mute without edge  
equally behind perfect amount,  
where distraction could summon nothing &  
matching another opening to continue obscure  
composing delicate velocities &  
dedicate myself to surpass my existence, joining force through,  
gathering moisture lightest, organic in distance in element  
to calculate meaning solitude paralyzed  
I concentrate in dimension where everything time everyone is different  
a beautiful resolution, beginning a wonderful circumstance,  
coming with wisdom or geometry of endurance, immaculate mutation  
roughly stylized by formless disorder &  
maybe somewhere return borrowing a physical body  
only while I cross the spaces of fewer change  
becoming nature leisurely revised.



## AMBUR RESKY

### SIDE TART

Fraud. Take my coat, it's only  
my hands that are frostbitten.  
As a lye cripple, I have dissected  
your windows, seal them shut for  
December. God took me to court,  
twenty mile radius, restraining order.

(Why not Sunday school?)

My tumors are shaped Cherokee  
tribes. Curse mother, our white streak,  
that's all the Sheetz you are.  
She awoke, eye to telescope, loveless  
donkey. Apathetic ovaries have made  
this puppet possible, brought to you  
by a goddess nunnery.

Plea sifted through like flour, you  
swore off my poems from then on. Do  
you want to bake muffins with those  
sorry techniques? Form a sorority of  
those left with riddles in their trunks.

I will take you, the way man swords  
his prey and I will eat till my belly is an  
author of swollen lard. We rely on  
candor. I evangelize grapes, your ears  
are sown shut, go ahead, tag it as my  
stupid deformity.



## NICHOLAS RAVNIKAR

This gives hours a guide to smuggle her out the gypsy

determined to be fatter than love , strangling more than a yearn  
crept in the Duke who was her last kiss, slowly, and  
threw his head gloat over  
h e r womb.

She, dying by blossoms

In-trace the h o n o r,  
sharing only upon command,  
and I am biting the belt  
so soon in M a y

We mend ye some  
Chick chickens be ginning  
w/pecking, the spurned-soft elixir, some words  
and days spread not over the air.

A spy who believes in the letter of men

Do you believe in the letter? or the clear throat  
w/which a mob

questions the sky?  
And the revolutionists sing, "*LET US BE MERRY LIKE BARBARUS!*"  
that catchy tune by Mendelsohn in your time  
they are a key boot to bind, them.

# MAUREEN SEATON

## EPISODES IN WHICH OLIVE ATE THE SPINACH

### *Never Kick a Woman* (1936)

I am whoever I choose to be  
Thursday the day of wisdom is  
when one comes across them in dreams  
,because

### *Hillbiling and Coo-ing* (1956)

I am all over  
the god of country and of the seventh  
day of Water.  
they were (there were)

### *Popeye's Pep-up Emporium* (1960)

So I threw on my clothes  
it reeked of olive oil  
I forgave it for its tendencies  
[            ] and procrastination

### *Popeye's Fix-It Shop* (1960)

jealous sugar feeder  
intricacies of anorexia  
blah  
blah

### *Gem Jam* (1960)

it blanched  
awkward and duly servile  
littered with the jawbones  
and entrails

*Hamburgers Aweigh* (1961)  
Sea-beasts and fishes  
Trees and repose  
Light and pasture, Thou  
shalt

*Popeye's Double Trouble* (1961)

Never kick a woman  
Her young ones suck blood  
Her nests  
abideth upon the rock

*A Poil for Olive Oyl* (1961)

Turned out my date was a doll.  
(months and months of trees)  
tree.  
Under the apple.

*Giddy Gold* (1961)  
Mostly blonde, they were  
knocked aside  
numbly knocked  
over stings

*Popeye's Self Defense* (1978)

what a man can  
do do do  
from the acacia rather  
he revealed himself

*Olive Goes Dallas* (1978)  
by pure meditation  
and where is the place  
?  
?

*A Goon Gone Gooney* (1978)  
enormous plumage  
set upon me  
panting  
In the months of trees

*Note*

Collaged from *The White Goddess* by Robert Graves; *The Portable Jung*, Joseph Campbell, ed.; *Letters Home by Sylvia Plath*, Aurelia Plath, ed.; *Popeye* by Fred M. Grandinetti; and the author.

SEAN R SLIVE

SCOPOPHILIA

114

you've got hero.....fear-dispersion.....need of  
veil.....  
scorn.....  
.....years demolished.....actual situation.....  
.....triumphant letters.....teleology.....  
.....  
.....lucid wading in chase.....  
.....  
masquerading.....trope of delivery.....  
.....prisoner innocent.....  
.....the tallying season.....  
.....reduced to a corner of a room.....  
.....weighted transient.....

.....mid plateau.....  
.....  
suspect.....to a feeling.....actual imitation.....  
.....penance in search  
of audience.....thing for thing.....  
.....  
.....biological pain.....farce dribbling.....convinced of  
value.....  
.....endure the dispersion



Love rain

there's  
morning you are land  
is pistachio  
dirt : hands are  
stepped-on tortillas  
in between

while most will  
left the  
dress their hair you by sixteen willing  
not there to witness  
you understand  
no one to wake you in the  
very apartment for downtown living

When he is gone  
in their sound and  
sandpaper and sex  
be something like love  
off the floor  
reciprocal  
on this continent and  
water has become your occupation

## NEW MURDER

Uncommon visitor  
bring level  
displacement feigned  
discussion of fingers

Traveling, susceptible to sharp  
faces in drawing room  
any place along  
cities

You accept  
the dare and construct  
sexual citizen

Among the  
riddance of that clue  
has stitched water;  
heather abounds

A room  
for early boarding brings you  
here?

Uncommon visitor bring  
young pages  
begging for, dealing  
in repercussion and stretchers  
serves  
to color your vocabulary  
with “real” (your word) words  
so desire approaches height

required: Sketch  
the surrounding's every weight  
nick and husband  
He will  
appear together  
voluntary: Laugh around design  
producing work in real  
space

lie

do not  
consider leaving  
visitors have come on a  
whim that exceeds us,  
a bedroom may care

## C.S. SMITH

### UNDER THE COMFORT

Be still under the present comfort  
Before night falls leaves you stranded  
In the guise of whiskey and wisdom

Be still while the water hangs  
In orange-blue cloud that  
Smothers the bereft, the abandoned

The flash you see is wind-sewn  
And the milk has come to rot  
In a village imagined by traitors to

The cause you embellish, savor  
I am the enemy hiding under tables  
With book-blood on my face

Torn, division of one  
Made me so by mourning  
The buried hold we share

Be still move not an inch  
A mock lighthouse outside the window  
Its fire will catch the arrows

# JORIS SOEDING

## THE LAST SWARM

I scratch the plagues  
smear the rain  
so one moon once mine  
cuts dim and green ends

If her pills find ten arms  
bend the blue shade  
hum three words  
and touch the blind

I was more ice than June  
they said  
lost the burned storm  
so sand was frail

I taste the cold name  
ash once skin  
I sleep and play  
like red glass dolls

# KERRI SONNENBERG

FROM *FLUTTER, WOW*

::

adjustments in  
habit/surrender:  
an oscillation  
    touch makes avid

vilify a night to forfeit

( clamor in her  
    bend(

demand : that pulse regarded

    some gnosis  
    as a travel among  
    what light went  
    when

::

charmed  
instead  
abets

a barrier physic

subpoena the    gladdest ones    \    shoulder the    manifest

move among    resettlement  
along the  
cast    provision

::

that limb is instance  
less specific again /  
against the premised grip

with voluted tarnish of one

measure for

mid essential

If: a wish



A GATHERS BY SOME FEEDING

at end—manufacture  
this coming to  
to an odd sense leveled

by some scent in tending  
or a likewise bysome ingenue

being most for the part  
his and hers is soon  
and so on

the deaf end one fin sums

tra—

verse or merge  
amounting to relief—a fill

the shadow compacted smooth  
is lure to make chase to

or else does it  
rouse to fool—assemble time  
two removed

from a dead heat and closing in stills

## JULIE STINAFF

### LETTER

Of course, I don't tell him I keep the letter in my notebook. He's already read my journal. I tore the page out in front of him and burned it in the smooth white bathtub; little scorch marks left on the porcelain. He actually cried, suddenly hunched and feeble and I was terrified. I never could face my ability to inflict (even the word opens like a switchblade). And now here was the animal itself, cornered and bleeding. I could feel my guts twist; any moment everything I'd eaten would come burning back up my esophagus and I'd clench the bowl, puke dribbling from my chin. I wanted to light my hair on fire; cut off my thumbs, but in the end burning and suffering isn't enough. Not while this letter still exists. The words crawl into our bed some nights and lie between us, as obscene as a third naked body. When he reaches over and cups my breast, we make love, the three of us. My life is turned into a ridiculous and cheap grainy porno. The sound of my "ahhhh. . . ohhhh yessss"es drowned out by laughter from the back row of the dark theater.

# SHARON SUZUKI-MARTINEZ

## INSTRUCTIONS

Directions for use:

Apply product generously to all extant areas.

Enjoy!

Do not use the product if:

- 1) you are the weak man.
- 2) mice appear blind.
- 3) there are tongues lolling about
- 4) there are riots afoot.

Use product if:

- 1) butterfly strokes through the sea.
- 2) deer ticks in a clock.
- 3) you are the strong man.
- 4) there are mysteries afoot.

In an emergency:

- 1) stop, look, and don't noodle around.
- 2) catch a falling nuthatch. Repeat.
- 3) eat apples for they are the friends of horror.
- 4) exclaim: "I am the rocket man!" Ascend

For more information:

feel free to consult our trained killer bees.

Warning:

running will not make product go away.

DREAM OF A MAN NAMED JEWEL

Dick Jewel, a man with a cherub face and turnip body went on a shooting rampage. Afterwards, all the murdered people got to slap his face. When it was my turn, I just patted his cheek. He looked wistful and asked me for a favor.

Twinkling down the street  
through fire gem-bright,  
I dove under my sheets and  
arose abloom with bullet holes.  
Now he looked up at me with  
tears up his sleeve and  
more arms than you could  
shake a leg at.  
What could I do but pat his cheek  
and shrug?  
We were all lined up to slap  
him to hell for shooting us down  
like fish in a red wheelbarrow.  
He, the murderer with  
modern, painless technique.  
We, the murdered with  
miraculously younger-looking skin.  
Jewel, what I meant to tell you was this:  
I'm a firm believer in my imaginary powers,  
and I refuse to revise you  
into a fine burnished blade or  
a handsome bee assassin.  
Dreams never lie.

# STEVEN TEREK

## RUNNING TO

teeth are no barrier  
to a body obsolete in its curves

dark unwinds about her  
obvolute passages of shadow  
lady-slips, bound to eye's confessions

sleep & urine rationed out  
into dry dream-mouth

stars' silver nails: malice  
indigo ravine  
mauve reach, swollen distance

## THE OBSTRUCTIVIST

shock of sudden butterfly  
from holes our light arrives  
ground overwhelms sky

every stain an insect  
a blurring, suicide tea  
obstacle to beauty's mask  
a bra, the unobtainable

flags, cities, a compulsive denial  
if you can get around my wings  
I am a wound worth devouring

# LUKE TRENT

## THE ROAD

Pain-em-paths

the O-possums' white snout

Blunt, Frigidaires.

For those who've taken  
& tasted it

a little frosty light:

“Because it was grassy  
& wanted wear;”

&

“Then took the other,  
as just as fair. . .”

How the hot oatmeal's scar  
pressed your knee;

milk-soaked Carnation's, of

Tao Te Ching to the third  
degree.

Whose face hangs there  
with every fearless other

still, & whether sighs or  
frowns who can say,

man or woman she's marble-  
sculpted, and always an ache

a phantom, a lover.



## KAMA SUTRA

Look, you've got a third eye. No. She picks it off. Incessant laughter; please. Are you the pillow princess. No (dishonest). Are you hogging? Did you know the gums get shiny and perfect right before the teeth fall out. Prickles. Golden behind. Don't pillow me away. Meow. Did you have any sweet dreams. A different meow. Are you giving a funny face? I don't remember, but it wasn't any good. The sound of planes again. Are you alive? Did you take your bread medicine?

### EPISTLE (3)

I saw that look in your face—and I thought after the splice had placed me where I was now heard from more (though indefinitely, and still anonymous) without a human voice—Don't stop.

You sat in the window chair by a towering case; lit by something easy or bright in that room. (It was a beautiful night) You tipped your Coober Pedy over the bob

you had once been equal parts shy and proud  
of. And because you didn't see him, J's leprous feline son, Hans (near a hundred, your time) hunkered by the photo albums  
behind your back—that expressionless, neutered momus slowly vacated  
his mythological urine sack—

which might have been a curse, or a beckon, some nail in need of a clip.  
Who can ever be certain in things like this? To say you know is to say you remember. (They speak only one dead tongue where I am, though they tell me I'll forget nothing I did wrong, ever)

Some coffee in a chipped beaker, electrons under the pan making 9-grain fluffy.  
The empty 'bowl in air' (you held out, waiting to fill) looked and sounded French  
you know, your Frigidaire bulging with blueberries and dark amber ale.

Cut on a bias, spears  
of asparagus lay unbuttered, unsteamed. (Before, you never really liked fine cuisine)

So you don't have arthritis or "Dutch elm disease," or phlebitis. But fear's a 'goulash of subatomic weight,' (cheese drags lids down) gravity—faith.  
Lips heart tongue, that magical core, which rarely by the end work smoothly together; it's harder every year to rhyme the right find anymore.

# MAGED ZAHER

## BLOOD ECONOMIC

pass the light twice  
    before noon  
& hit your head against the city map

your mouth shall bleed  
while going down  
on a strange woman

calm her—tell her it is the magnetic fields of her dreams—bring a vector calculus book and draw her smile—she will think you are romantic and drink your christian blood while erasing all the messages from your answering machine.



n o . 15

Evonne Acevedo  
Elizabeth Andersen  
Henry Anselmo  
Michael Bernstein  
Rebecca Bridge  
Cassandra  
Ric M. Cleary  
Shana Cleveland  
John Colburn  
Clark Coolidge  
Sharon Darrow  
Joshuah M. Deady  
Albert Flynn DeSilver  
Geoffrey Detrani  
Stephanie Dickinson  
Ray DiPalma  
Tim Donahoe  
Enabling Factors  
Jeb Gleason-Allured  
Noah E. Gordon  
Nerissa Hamlin  
Kim Hayes  
Adam Helbig  
Tony Hooper  
Stephanie Iryne  
Susen James  
Demetria Jones  
Ryan Phillip Kulefsky  
John Latta  
Corey D. Mead  
Nick McDougal  
Vanessa Mendocino  
Robin Morrissey  
Murray Moulding  
Sarah Pearl  
Jean-Paul Pecqueur  
George G. Quintero  
Ambur Resky  
Nicholas Ravnikar  
Maureen Seaton  
Sean R Slive  
C. S. Smith  
Joris Soeding  
Kerri Sonnenberg  
Julie Stinaff  
Sharon Suzuki-Martinez  
Steven Teref  
Luke Trent  
Maged Zaher

C O L U M B I A

poetry review