



Yael Rubin Bronner

milk magazine | volume 10

[Ed Baker](#) | [John M. Bennett](#) | [James Capozzi](#)

[James Cook](#) | [Adam Fieled](#) | [Sonya Fehér](#)

[Thomas Fink](#) | [Daniel Y. Harris](#) | [Ray Hsu](#)

[Brenda Iijima](#) | [Amy King](#) | [Anthony Madrid](#)

[James McLaughlin](#) | [Nicholas Messenger](#) | [Jerome Rothenberg](#)

[Jerome Sala](#) | [Sandra Simonds](#) | [Mina Stoyanova](#)

[Michelle Taransky](#) | [JR Walsh](#) | [Dana Ward](#)

among others...

milk magazine © 2012

Publishing distinguished poets, fiction writers, and visual artists for more than a decade.

milk magazine was born in 1999.

Since then, editor Larry Sawyer and co-editor Lina ramona Vitkauskas have been publishing and featuring some of the best writers and artists around.

Ed Baker

YES, DEAR

watching her
worm-like wiggle
in a wet summer

dress walk is fast

/going down

Houston Street

she turned

shouting back
at

me:

"Don't email me
"Don't ever send
"flowers

"or candy

"and never ever

"send me one of
"your stupid

"fucking poems!"

I was struck
by the wiggle
in her walk

the
way
that
that
yellow
wet
dress
clung

she was cute
the pout was

erotic

.A couple of
weeks later

she called:

"what kind of a
"friend are you?

"you could call
"or
"come visit

"sometime."

I replied:

"Yes, Dear."

HOA MAI

she brings

to me

a

perennial

Doan-Trang

brings to me

a ceremonial

yellow spring flower

yellow Stone Girl brings to me

every year all the way from

Gai Lai

for occasions Doan brings to

me

gay flowers every year

Spring Flower Festival

in

Tao Dan Park

she gives and to me is

Flower on each occasion

celebratory flowers from Viet Nam

Nguyen Doan Trang says to me:

"since I was born in Sai Gon 1975

"the dislocations result not many
flowers

"yet

"as Gardens decline

"& no one spends

"money to grow again."

Stone Girl/Dawn is giving

gives to me

me a New Year's flower...

a Ceremonial .

Ed Baker 5/12/2009

John M. Bennett

• ≈ π ζ π ≈ •
• ≈ Ø Ö τ Ō = •
• \tilde{N}

• = *ichcatli* ≈ •

•π•

•• π ≈ *thelung's dirty shirt* ≈ π ••

o

r

m

i

ido

• loc **O** *mute* •

o

S

n

m

g

i

g

s

ñ

m

o

onoc ≈ π θ **sock** ≈ π θ

lang pile swept into the corner sang
sleep shirts into the corner loop meat
craps into the corner swell thumb claps
into the corner slung mote drips until
the corner fork lint smiles into humped
corner dug fog sung into the border
glove wind dies into the corner seems hung
miles into the corner shorts whine
into the corner roast butt glazed lentil
the corner dime shadow cracks into uh
corner lip window cracked into the stormer
sot bowl brims into the corner stopped

You Shit

the muddy dirt loop before your
brow the gasp shover in your
puzzle muster FOG grease a tum
bler vaselined my specs I saw
you drooling .apes and dollars the
drying pencils dropped into my soup
and all I cashed was clots .framed

the numbers like a turd and smelt my
Tlazolteotl grunts beneath my chair .you
skinned your teeth I mimed my s
wimming coprolite o precious foam !)the
bloody shirt the mooted door the
growling when I asked for gloves...

my shuttered shirt

my c rash m

y "án dame"

who'll hole

who'll asp

me o who'll

pull pull

sock blunt

joy heel

dry

dime

shouder dink

my gak

rust betold

ram

chow linkk

salt chew

d.u.s.t of neck

the crash cow

the sot

the

limp the

the

Cave of Mouth

the dusty soup congeals the // wha

wallop ,shape "storm" ,supper cute

wasp nesty nigh my labp .ichthyosaur

,shuddered mile ,met spoon with

single pea // lunched my eye)habit(

song cancer gasoline the foamed

thinker the shirty moon the shitty

\\ face danker my whistled eye

writhey as the cloud comes down my

listened teeth reflect what starts

)"i starts!"(

Raisinettes

You jiggled your leg across the seat
with the kernels in your cobb salad
smoking like a hotfoot dressed with
paperclips eating potatoe chips
held with tweezers
knitted without twine and
staped to the shoelace
in corners where ill-fitting raisinettes
were falling over your lips

John M. Bennett & Stacey Allam 2011

James Capozzi

No one foresaw a movement
to the interior white

river of the Spanish Anarchist
who suffered truly

whose uniform rose over
and over like
a moon

oscillates
the drained ones

this moon mutilates

the slight ones:
a great persecution in

the opposition

a tree and a wave bloom

Night

Homage Queneau

Night: a slab

The Moor: comes close, a hex, an agony

Night: a slab

Autumn: the native wife with scimitar scathes

an agile, opened heart

Night's real snake, its arc-hot star

& God between two crosses scratches

arcane letters in—my vault & view, revolt & vowel

The wide night spits a world out

This wide night kicks, it spits

The night is a cursed world:

everything's itinerant, even its colossal mount

of Night

The Centaur

Homage Queneau

The centaur began
when man did
the yellow centaur—
its ton floats undersea
of uncertain origin

A little riot, isolate
endless in its canter
between two homes
brings lurid forest
into balance

Condemned to certain derision
(my MO, my memoir)
the centaur
spirals its recycled life through sky

with a jaguar bound

and balanced in its arms

(that sphere of pain)

fearing its unruly word

Spring and All

Homage Queneau

Attendant to the spear-in-heart

cruel and plural voyeurs

console Gerard

purring before the tide

His penchant for thought

the archer murmurs

is a riot

Cops too roll up

*Gerard Gerard for whom have you impeached
yourself?*

[the killer

rejoinder is the ocean's

neon treasure
that covert explosion radiolaire
which strikes one cop immensely
as ten thousand souls in sortie

Adieu

Homage Queneau

Adieu bridge like a horizon
with stairs and a scar and an arch
with infamous paints, red balustrade
Adieu bridge I bang feet on

Adieu tall chalet
your mauve torture, violent grays
your bent and sainted Haitian radio
Adieu chalet of the sweet potato

Adieu vile sets, the oblique life
that paves black

the squalid grass befits me

Adieu villain city, death of memory

James Cook

A Condition Which Defines A Continuous Figure

Not that we understand it -

rinsed sky

coming thru trees.

You'd be January'd there where

pieces of voice break

off as penance

to a willowhearted god;

not one

you'd bent to before

but now,

in scarred waking fields

knees press earth. Night

twists & chords come

drifting down the thighs

of a girl who's walking away

into what walking is -

a movement

of water

returned to. If you

had only

remembered

the dream's single

stitched name

or one thing

about the

shattered birds

that call the poem back
to a kind of geography,

syllables could be
drummed from this

beach whose
erosions reconcile

words to cracked sockets

& shadows. Hosts
for a slow creeping virus.

I lit my hands on fire
& sat in the park for an hour.

I said nothing about stars.

Anna whispered something
about "wheel within wheel..."

& the wind died

away across

what travelers

recalled -

a broken bed & a thorn tree

twined with pie pans.

A condition which

defines

a continuous figure.

I said nothing about

the fractal

logic of locust song

or the body's crooked fact.

The stars were

enough & not enough,

beyond hope really,
while rooms went on
breathed

by our living & dying.

Morning

playing
a broken piano
in a dusty
warehouse
with trains
going by

from The Croatoan Songbook

What history remembers finds you in a rented room, stitching eyes onto a doll's face. The river calls across dark hills where lumbermills dream a wounded alchemy almost garishly reminiscent of sleep, its functions. There's a girl made of distance. When she moves some notion is eased like a ghost into a glass bottle & annulled. The color of her hair isn't important. Plumb lines were dropped from moldy rafters into a sailor's memory of her face at dawn in a small town in Ohio. All of this happened beside the river where some kids were listening to Nirvana on a boombox. Good morning dear. Go fuck yourself. Go dance yr dance of seven veils at midnight in a field because nothing ever happens. All this happened beside the river & I saw it with my eyes.

Adam Fieled

from American Deadness

New York City Serenade

She stood on the roof of a tall building. It was a cold night, she was bundled in a leather coat over two sweaters. She looked out over Central Park, and, to her right, the Upper West Side. Here's the deal, she told herself: if I jump, I'll go after him as soon as I hit. It'll take me three months to hit, by which time I'll have the whole thing planned. I was in bed as I heard her thinking this. My brain was Swiss cheese. I was on pills.

Out Here in Albany

I never take my brains to work. My cubicle is like all the others. I wait each day for the blonde with the big bust to come peer over my shoulder at my Facebook page. We have a mutual acquaintance. She is sizing him up to possibly have an affair with. Why should she, or anyone, care about me?

Oh, these Albany nights. You can see glitter like in Paris anywhere. My wife is also sizing up contenders. I see her doing it at Ruby Tuesday's. As for me, I'm off the market. It's a nice, adult feeling. Underneath, I do care about me. And Albany death wounds like no other, with lethargy; scum of the heart of America. America: a cubicle. That's my America: just blue.

American Deadness

First things first: she can't hook up. Or, it isn't just that she can't hook up; her body is useful to her only as a kind of blade, to cut through tender surfaces around her. If you see her in South Philly (spring midnight, let's say), she will be with a guy set in place to produce an appearance. Don't buy it. She has a station wagon her parents bought her. She'd rather go without heat than gas. If she jingles her keys in your face, it's to tell you one thing: you are my underling. I couldn't care less anymore. Broad Street is full of these blades. They nurture their own dull obsolescence with every hesitant denial. As for Dana, I heard she's now in the process of entering a drug ring. They all think it'll be an easy hook up for them: an airheaded blonde on her back in five minutes. I know otherwise. She's had me

on my back for three years. But my surface
isn't so tender anymore. I want to last.

She Don't Like, She Don't Like, She Don't Like

This isn't Stevie Nicks: she's doesn't blow
blow up her ass. She just sits up all night
with the TV on, razors & mirrors there.
She claimed to me she can communicate
with alien beings through TV images: that
extra terrestrials use colors, forms to come
through, bequeath eternal wisdom upon her,
like this: the universe is a harsh place for
the human race. We are beset by forces, rigs,
all things beyond our control. Her rig keeps
pushing her down into total disbelief in every
thing. E.T. did happen in Los Angeles, after
all. If you can see stars from the Hills, she can't.
You can't be one and see one at the same time.
How shall I say this: you haven't lived until you've
watched TV the way she does. It beats everything.
It makes the universe livable. And when the sun

comes up, if you want to die, tough shit, jack.

Sonya S. Fehér

After Trakl

The graveyard is a red poppy
where long shadows call
autumn by name. Under

a dark tree, angels gather
a silver sonata. Sister's
forehead where hyacinth

decay, leafless death glances. Black stars
linger in a silent river while blood
falls over night. A shepherd gathers

stones, his purple eyelids
twilit hills resting in the silence.

The gold moon in mirrors recalls

blue springs of childhood, thirsty.

Homesick

Black widows shuttle across pillowcases
weave themselves into corners of the worn house.

The clay buries itself.
Summer's just wet creek bed.

She hopes, as she lies back on the deck,
for a snake's rattle.

Gardens of working women are like Greek ruins
decaying behind wild sunflowers.

Requiescat

after T. Carmi

The mountain will not welcome me

if I lock the shutters,
The lilac bush will not bloom
with windows closed.

The lightning will bite like sharks
if I stand on deck.

In the grove, rain
will baptize what remains.

As I rest in packed ground,
spring's fingers scratching
my ashy lips, snowmelt
washes through me.

Thomas Fink

DUSK BOWL INTIMACIES 34

Get out of my throat: the pearls are real. Though I don't have jewelry any more—all broken. We realize that I'm not a young lady—that I expect marriage. It was something to wait for it to open up. Not tulips: roses. If not an upscale nest. I finally got the guy I wanted to marry me. Such a state of socks. He is so manufactured. Robot prostate—an interior detonator restrained, retrained. You would like him (or any wisp for me). He didn't act very dapper, but I think he will, and we'll make it work.

I'm
very happy
to be able.
He's
been showing
me I am.

DUSK BOWL INTIMACIES 35

Is it kosher, my special treat, to revile the food here? I eat so little it scarcely matters: one or two spoonfuls of mystery mulch. Oh, I really miss your bark—on certain taut days. Everyone there was scheming to commit suicide. Everybody—the whole school. How could they make it? They could never break it. There is a score of robberies in our precinct.

Are you secure? After the table linen purpled, they bopped me on the brain, because I opened my mouth too wide, too much. If I came down, I'd never leave, so you'd be stuck—joyously, one hopes. I didn't get killed.

Thought
that was
lucky. Lifted up
in
the middle
of my breathing.

JIGSAW HUBBUB 9

How is your poodle
going to Houston?
It's Greek right now.
So lost with out my
cell. Not adorable—
dangerous. Are we
equal? One would
think the script was
bolted down. It bolted.
You could put me in
a room with five doors,
& I couldn't find my
way out. Arteries
closed for repair?
Program-specific
matrices should be
devised to befriend
the shivering frame. Ship
pable within days. We are
ready to put our whole office at
the disposal of having that conversation.

JIGSAW HUBBUB 10

The hangman, taciturn
at twilight, doubles as a
gregarious accountant
by day. Tell me who
your mother was in
the class picture.
(She's still 12 in my
eyes.) It tries to announce:
"I'm matter: believe." Stronger than
dearth. But the onstage struggle
against sunset bumps into
ashes in a pail. That
self is huge; it fits in
a dopp kit. Some things
just are. Remainder: re
minder. A laugh to break
vases. Saying goodbye
the whole conversation? I
don't want no trouble. My cousin
is teaching death; to pass, you have
to go. Internal weed ing is the prelim. It
will be an incredible conference final. We
have to see if I wake up this morning.

Daniel Y. Harris

The Last Man

Chisel the beveled edge to curve the taut
angles with your hand, through a speculum
that shines numinous, past the fuzzy tasks

of routine. From the heights, the numen
coded in copper scrolls, redacts the tasty
shibboleth of lust. Persists a sore ganglion

below the rub-flutter of thighs, waits to
spit glitter, arches neck-face projectile in
the crease with nitric oxide. Groans and

grinds. The hung light and forepangs, this
athlete's chemical curse to stay aroused,
tosses pillows at these gods of perineum.

Eat chocolate and walnuts and kelp, she

says, asparagus is shaped like a man.

A new man, new psalter, praise erectus

marble-stiff beyond the pale of climax.

Tumescence is transmemberment in a
swollen gate without keeper, keeps the

pistons in motion. No dread of ends or
reliquaries. For these new avatars of
male enhancement preach from pulpits

of a blue pill, hear antiphon and ditty,
the wails of synthetic rapture, gift as
vein-crown or sweet eden wax. This

darkling thrush, this surge protector,
beacon of edge to outlast the last and
go all night among crumpled sheets.

The Art of Corruption

for Jess

Dear Jess, a crack in the armature layered over a
thousand

heads. There are no/all dimensions here finely cut
to sky the

alchemy of a religion of scissors. Your vision was
forever

shaped by the cubists. Ernst and Cornell bothered
you most.

They were the canon from which you cast your
spell. You ate

Duncan's words. History severs its mechanical
reproductions

reconstituted for the coffee table where your
future is intact.

I will never see the world again as it was convinced
of its

narrative strains and dogmas. The numb are
resolute and grow

more resolute. We've even lost a dimension. I
believe we're

down to two but I frown with high spirits. Others
more carcino-

genic in their appraisal than I say one and they
don't mean

“the one—” one dimension, one manner of
speech, one day of

memory, one type of person, one language, with
one principal

mode of expression, one reaction, one emotion. I
won't burden

your dead sleep with the media. You know how
they have

turned the entire population of the United States
into one person.

“An American,” Jess. I still see two dimensions.
One dimension

daily reinforced by a mass market of media and
the hegemon.

The other, where boredom bears its rude consort,
we reside,

we specters of image and glut, we revolutionaries
of distance.

What about the third, fourth and fifth dimensions?
The latter

slips into finger blades and returns as cult classic.
Three and

four are recomposed in chemical cityscapes of

homoeroticism,

are trashed, dear Jess. I saw one the other day,
one of the three

or four next to a yellow burger wrapper. I thought
of you. I

thought of hundreds of cut seamless images inside
the yellow

wrapper. Here was Botticelli, Vermeer,
Michelangelo, and of

course you Jess, the maestro conducting a
symphony with a

scissors for a baton and fries. I have ten pairs of
scissors Jess.

I had only one when I saw my first Jess. A Fiskars. I
have kept

that pair though it is dull and rusted, the orange
bows worn to

the metal ring next to a clevis pin. Most
affectionately yours.

Piano

One more hitchpin to launch its aliquot
string there is no una corda other than
trills and speed to stolid negatives

the piano player lost in spits of grit a
dog barks odor of the stale family knot
of appetite like a seven year itch called

halfbreed or some turbid failure not
on track agnostic runs an ear for a crying
woman to pieces of the dorian mode

in tones of swing black keys for critics
sucking aplomb each time more
blue in stints of pedals and sharps.

Ray Hsu

2006.

 Buys own jacket.

2002.

 School.

Loved concretely.

 Memorizes.

2001.

 School.

Insomnia.

1996.

 Survived.

School.

Starts writing.

Wore dad's jacket.

1995.

 First.

 First.

 Starts.

1992.

Best friend.

Parents begin slide back into working class.

1990.

Running in the family.

1987.

Plans to become teacher.

1986.

Starts writing.

1985.

Sister is born.

Picture is taken.

Starts drawing.

1978.

Toronto General.

TAKE

I jump at it.

My suit is white.

YOUR

They stare. They sit.

The stage is bare.

SEATS

One brings a drink.

Drops cling to air

and let the glass

go. The air shines.

They want to sit.

They stop they sit.

How did it start oh

PLEASE

yes the lights went up.

The snow the wood

the glass the stage

your eyes I jump.

on a day we meet to walk

$\frac{3}{4}$ Robert Frost

(Offstage)

between you and me does not allow us
to be us. You demand to be you. To be useful,

be yourself. We are you and me

all day. We take care of each other.

We are worried about you and me.

1.

In some Vodou dances, two *houngan* mirror each other's movements.

I will learn what it was like to be in Haiti after the Marines left.

What it was like to need a nation that both made you and held you back.

What was it you couldn't write in those times?

Images of your experience reveal you.

2.

But my poems will pray each day.

A part of me will grow with and against you.

Either I channel you or a part of me, I won't know.

You would refuse to be my muse.

You have never been quiet or distant.

You have always been defiantly alive.

3.

You have been dead for forty-five years but I need your help.

You are one of our most talented oracles. You tell us as much as you would fool us.

Let me be an oracle too. Let me turn what I read and see and hear, as an apprentice turns to you.

Let us shake our rattles to each other.

When I look in the mirror, who will that be?

*

((the water (moves in directions)

is contradictory) (it crosshatches)

(a fire

inches below the surface)

surfaces) (the water tells

our reflection)

(cold) (inches from the surface)

(my smudged glasses turn

the lights (of Christmas)

into auras)

(we three dream

out by the crosshatches we are contradictory)

(we three

(give up language

as hunters)

give up their language)

(something inches below the surface

inches above the surface))

Brenda Iijima

UNTIMELY DEATH IS DRIVEN OUT BEYOND THE HORIZON

Does meaning implode reality? A super pumped
up action figure

that could pass as The Hulk mauls the partition

between male and female

Monster shadows

pass the backface of the mirror

Not that you could see see, backface

Spoiling, soiling, touch of dirt

water evaporates, a star explodes

neuron, amygdale

caution, fission

scarecrows, illusion: it gnaws

on the lawn it

it: witness, gnaws and again she is in an abject
position

crawling with haunches exposed to the sun

a sundress, strapless

the sun, of our universe

she is experiencing extreme trauma

this is *a world*

now she is rolling around in the grass, it rains,
elation

there was a garden here but it is overgrown and
the house is decaying

there was a forest here, she's in the central square
rolling

She is a woman and the sun makes her dizzy

Had she actually buried her brother, was she a
subversive to the State?

With her fists she fights the light

The State is sexless amped up clamorous we
wished

No!

That's not at all how it was. She wasn't screaming
and rolling

in the green expanse and yes, she buried her
brother

which was against the law

and therefore what she did was treason

but the state was despotic and their laws
benefited

the ruling class, an upper tier of society who had

removed

themselves from the suffering they caused

She was depicted as abject not subject, subjected

The narrative was constructed by the above said
party

of rulers

In fact she was a leader of her people and

vocal vaginal megaphone

She wore the exact same toga as the men did

Her articulations of the law, vital, visual

Podium, addressing, the undressing

Antigone is but one example, ample

Not mimetic, not total, total

Amy King

WE WILL NEVER FULLY RECOVER

Because the light resembles marmalade,
the zeitgeist dips gelatinous between our ribs
and makes us speak. My sister is not gay.
My daughter is not gay. I enjoy the war
of this party. My husband's not gay.
My self is not gay. I will never be as important
to you as your family. Please, more chips &
aperitif.

This gathering will be finger foods only,
nothing more substantial to speak the appetite
or test one's endurance with manners.

I don't have a dog in this fight; my sister
is post-gay only. I'm merely a gnat sans trench
coat

in a small bony space crossing letters out.

The anti-Vanna White. Even if you don't
remember,

you sleep through memory nightly. You sleep

through me and feel your Pinot Noir all the way
back to Napa Valley. Because the total square root
of heat is light that turns a grape
into strains of bottled affection, I hold you
close, stroke your estimations, even before
the growls of this party deliver its host
from the assumption of body, pull us
into her white-hot affection, and whether we
believe or only gesture the Eucharist, our sex
goes gay for all objects in contact.

My husband goes gay, his nipples get bothered,
my brother is gay, he's a leg length in bathtubs,
my grandmother's grave echoes with gay
her silky epitaph and flowers. Gay is the next
pro-creation, save where the bombs and guns
illuminate people harnessed by fatigues
and futures without pay, futures without gay,
death in an imminent trigger. The unemployed
also
party less gay when fairies are unable to boot-
camp.

THE SUBTLE AIR AROUND

I'm going to get a book, lose ground
and fake the mobile room. So much clout,
I don't know serious from a hole
in the agile exile of me. No one on this train
reads the same Loyal
magazines with loungy line drawings
and bras painted over.
These too, these torsos will change stops.
They think the conductor has
arranged a special exit for blackbirds like us.
Discuss. It isn't simply
a stand-up case of awake
due to hearing happy wounds. They hurt.
The outside olive's fleeing
down the third rail, but following reflection-like
along the Long Island road, the log ride
the year I found Crystal Gayle's hair
enmeshed through the bastard bars
of Frida Kahlo. Everything eventually touches.
Lung throttle ripping,
hearts in triple mystery buried, double-down;

they save the best for real museum bets.

I'll report back with the rest. Untie your heart-strings and relax in the crescent of how.

BIRD UNDER WATER

Bottomless blood, I do what I'm told,
clear the water, put the seat into memory,
make money for children,
stitch the seams of existence,
doll parts fashioned together fast.
People don't just give you money.
He gave us money. For being in love
with leather. We booked all the way
to France. Grape vines, fish reductions,
ocean liners, Aix en Provence.
We forgot the calendar next.
Later, all the hurrying red
that presses the tips of fingers creases
where limbs become the torso.
We lived by the curry of torsos,

the pink linings of veins with fruit. Ignore
description.

I go somewhere alone too,

braver still as couples dining glance

at the lone victims of their fears of loneliness.

The long bones wear thin, the feathers

spark close to cartilage.

I am not alone in the face of their worries.

I am a lime leaf, a single eggplant.

The fact that no one reads anymore

is not fact enough to stop

the size of my hand winging these pages wet,

my face displaying its time as presence.

Every period has its living

and those not ahead of their days,

for no one stays behind or beside what is now,

cannot fail what is mute or screaming

for remedy, whether women in Uganda

or the hawk-bound pollution was crucified

by the shadow of national security.

They've removed the extra utensils,

so we dine with our hands.

Their absence so I won't know

I sit without company.

The drink too is too strong out of pity.

My stomach ruptures at the sight of more plans

in the form of menu promises,

brings ringing bouquets of roses to the open.

We are to fulfill his hopes for us.

We ride the skies in natural disguise,

until we land atop the always-apocalypse.

Can you forgive people's prejudice?

I have my own: people prejudiced,

the greatest racist in town, coach.

I am one more great being

of fissures on railways,

trains impending against the bone as bare

as the emperor,

a fusion for death's apparition

as the predisposed body.

Despite this, I choose you. You

above the notion of what might be better,

horizon's heaven. However certain the stories sell,

from this sentence onward, I will drop

the lies and sail the beast of it,

the leather reins tugging

forever from the chance of water:
this moment, that shallow, these hands,
your father's feminine persuasion swimming
the long black train, alive & awake
via my wing and tail engineer
in the land of wind-up prop songs
and peppered zeroes on your homemade palette.

Anthony Madrid

THE MASCULINE GOD OF PASSIVE LONGING IS RIDING THE HEAD OF A FLOWER

THE masculine god of passive longing is riding the head
of a flower. He fits
An arrow into the corner of his bow and draws back his
right fist to his ear.

27 August 2009, last days of forty. With the *Fifth Decad*
of THE CANTOS about to begin,
I must find a way to trick my grief.

I must find a way to trick my grief, to outstrip it—or
dodge it as one dodges a cop.
For is this done by wreathing myself seven times round
with elegant quickness.

The WHITE ELEPHANT is my witness. I have set up a
table out front
Of the INFORMATION KIOSK that can be found at the
top of his spine.

*Spieglein, Spieglein an der Wand, wer ist die schönste im
ganzen Land?* I'll run
An extension cord up to the sun. Robe and tassel, cap
and gun.

Not saying I'm a good person. I deserve what
punishments I get. And yet
When it comes to men and women I have my head
screwed on straight.

I know how to draw a BEADED CORD through a

justbarelybigenough aperture
And then make the sound of *thát* into | a new kind of
prosody.

Where the Monongahela River meets the mighty
Allegheny
Is a jewelrybox metropolis that dare not speak its name.

And it's obvious the Founding Fathers found | the very
thing they were looking for.
The busywork and distraction that come from living in a
hostile environment.

And the NOSTRIL is a great conduit of the Temporality-
Boggling Dharma.
But, Bhagavan, I am *quits* with the Temporality-Boggling
Dharma.

Halloween last, I got trashed, wound up at the wrong
party, fingerfucked a Sleestak.
Captain Lou Albano shook his finger in my face, but I
flicked my skirt and ran around
and jammed a fork in an avocado.

Well, cock-a-doodle-doo, Sacagawea! Fuss factor fifty,
and you coulda got us all killed.
You know many and many an astonishing thing. But
now the CHILD wants to lecture *you*
for a while.

IN SORROW AND DEFEAT THE HEART HAS ITS ONLY CHANCE

THE eye is not the source of tears. Tears come from a
long way off.

And the heart does not make the blood. Nor the human
being the book.

In sorrow and defeat, the heart has its only chance.
Seize the opportunity, heart, to become a thing pleasing
to others!

The exertion of the intelligence is our only source of
heat.

By the exertion of my intelligence I have singed the
sheets on this bed.

Whither the knot when you untie it? When you untie it
whither the knot?

When you break the set on your shoelaces, the knot
escapes into the air.

And now, you're sitting on a pillow corner. You don't
even know it hurts.

You take it away and the relief is strange—you didn't
even know you were hurt!

You try to get something out of your pocket; you get
disgusted and pull off your glove.

How is it the glove was getting in the way? Yet, it was
completely getting in the way!

These things tell you all you need to know about how
it'll be when you die.

That day, you don't just pull off the glove; you pull off
the hand itself.

That day, you finally see how all the earth was just like
that pillow corner.

The couch, your bed, your softest clothes, and even
your flesh itself—!

Madrid says it's true; it's why we're right to cut corners.

We'll cut so many corners, the thing becomes a sphere:

—

A turning SPHERE off the surface of which no light can
ever escape.

For we must trap the light, we must wring all the

Christianity out of it.

AFTER SI NISI NUM AND NE EVERY ALI- GOES AWAY

AFTER *si, nisi, num*, and *ne*, every *ali-* goes away. But
after
Seeing Nadya in her shirt, my every nerve was on alert.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT lay in a reverie. Wrote a snarky
book for every
Dixie, Daisy, Ray, and Sue. *Le Dictionnaire des idées
reçues*.

The MOVIES, boy, they'll ruin you. Best cool your jets.
But there's no
Point in taking a Sex Ed. course, 'cuz they don't teach
you *jack*.

"Didn't shut Milton down, won't shut me."—Such is my
new motto.
And why *not* play the lotto? Only costs me a mouthful
of air.

My rare little Russian camera || padding across the
floor!
In her panties and ephemera, she could spark a Trojan
War.

Who spoke to ya, Monkey? I know your estrogen and
tricks. What the
Rumpus Schmittty McSchmittfuck is your problem?

And here's little Mr Ticklebug with his idiotic sidekick.
Watch 'em
Run up a hill and swat a gong in *hommage* to the three
little witches!

How is it these privileged mean girls always have such

expressive faces?

Mr Ticklebug!! Look out for that upright | fox with his
tail shot off!

Gustave Flaubert leapt out his chair, rewrote the whole
enchilada.

Bury the Muse. After all, this is | the Century of
Overreaction.

BURY THE MUSE; she is dead. Her braids have come
undone. You don't

Wanna be that girl. Believe me, you don't . . .

No motion has she now, no force. She neither sees nor
hears.

Rolled 'round in Earth's diurnal course—with rocks and
stones and bears.

SHE WANTED TO HAVE SEX WITH THE DEVIL

SHE wanted to have sex with the Devil—and she
thought that I was the Devil.

What is one to say about these horrible young women
who want to have sex with the
Devil?

Haircutter, lay into me! I want to see the workings of
my brain.

Strike quickly, strong-armed haircutter, with your long-
handled axe-like sheers!

She hasn't lost her bloom, it's true, but her hair is all
SILVER.

I throw my scarf over my shoulder! I throw my scarf
over my shoulder!

Fly homeward, noble Memmius! The sky is not clear!
Unless you wanna get wet, you'd better *run*, noble
Memmius!

I picked up one of her Martian books and asked her
what it was,
And she said with mock solemnity, "That's the word of
God, my friend."

And now I've picked up her ironic smile: lips closed, one
dimple showing.
It is the smirk of a person acknowledging the truth in a
halfway-playful rebuff.

Oh, MADRID was virtuous, no question about that. You
want to hide something from
 him,
Just put it behind | a young woman nursing her baby.

THE TIME CANNOT BE FAR OFF MY FRIEND WHEREIN I SHALL HAVE YOU BEHEADED

THE time cannot be far off, my friend, wherein I shall
have you beheaded.
I shall give the order for your beheading and I | shall do
so with joy and relief.

Indeed, the time is not remote when I | shall find it right
to have you beheaded.
And yet, though I do so with malice and with joy, mixed
in is a spot of regret.

With what joy—and more than joy—I shall hear myself
utter the words:
"TAKE HIM, and have him kneel down by the block.

Bring down a FAT AXE on his neck.”

And yet, though I stand next the window | and listen for
the sickening *thunk*,
I shall do so acknowledging your many merits, my friend
—your talent and your deep
soul.

Though I step out on the balcony to see your rolling eyes
and your mouth opening and
closing on the air,
I shall do so still thankful for our many frank discussions
and for your wise and tactful
advice.

Yet, the time cannot be much further staved off. I shall
be required to descend the stairs.
Required by custom to fetch the heavy box | blessed by
a succession of Popes.

Years from now, I know, I shall feel keen regret. I'll
express it freely; I'll unpack my
heart,
Taking care, naturally, to give myself credit for the moral
progress I'll have made by that
point . . .

Yet, today I see the time is at hand. I must command
that you be beheaded.
You are my brother; you have my love always. Guards.
Take this man, and chop off his
head.

James Mc Laughlin

Muff

Not a Co-entanglement of vapours. Taste. The form. Whiff teasing at the juice. Desires of intermingling. A distillation of molecules, vibrations, frictions. Flesh orange and fascination, obsession's simple equation: One must find the other. Sensation and centrifugal winding. Earth sent. Grip finger. Blood bone. It was the tight that did it - the shape - the fragrance. Just a touch. A look a weight on my crotch. Was it the anticipation, the wet, the damp, dripping. It was always face and flesh. Smell. Bog weed. You wanted to cut it always. Regret. Loathing. Fear. Hoary my chestnut. Catholic disgust. Finger flagellations. It was a symbol of the sex. The hood. The control. The life giver. The warmth giver. The milk giver. The suffocator. Muffler. The one that wouldn't let go. That put a no more black shoe you do. Mummy. Or something less tangible – never a simple act of love.

Spring

Never an obtuse something akin to hysteria in the
insect beds the flowers a green baize apoplexy of
vapours colours stripes candy bright abstract
lemon red endless blue a sun drenched nausea
vectors of indecision and heat how the skin cools
and forms on such days a sort of sense euphoria
mutations of inclination a morbid affirmation from
the air Gods and white those crimson rays the
tongue curl of rainbow angles a black pool a
sodden field all gone alive now golden reborn we
arrive under the feet of foliage and parkland
amble the water glint see the future oh and
rhythms everywhere like desire on the texture of
being a deity and never never flat all alive all
fleeting all going all clinging amber flow liquid mire
silver drip tear queen honey green slow juice
orange light signal red pillar box magpie blue hop
bump ignition spark and on on angle glass liquid
dew tear sleet meadow dank globes

Bluebells

Something so articulate the way the colour

motions unlike any bluish adjunct of seas and horizons how cautiously the mind meanders as in a trance with druids and primevals tiny blue men in wode and skimpy trunks made of leather with spears and stuff such a distance away that the eyes rejoice in what eyes rejoice in like a stone massage everything moves and vibrates with sound the sun the yellow God above with his one eye on the mercury she moves as a distracting finger through the fragrances of memory a young girl with perfect skin and so supple and beautiful she sways there can you see her there just below the larch and the birch that recalls something gone the river too gets a word in through the branches between the thin boughs of saplings all nodding and bouncing in this pure endless April light they all come at once again the desperate calls of time and regret in my guarded wood my sanctuary my little fatigue of isolation not perhaps a dark prison the walls dripping with stagnation and indecision oh not fear ah come again come again stab me through the eyes till I become blind and all that is left is her fragrance which I feel might just at this very tip of the moment do

One

Often in dreams I'm flying. I'm a bird. Not to be a bird in reality is the thing. I'm good at it, an expert, gliding - hovering just above the ground, waiting to fall but never doing so. The landscape is the landscape of dreams, flat pack and pure colour. Vistas of hope, notions of disdain, chthonic

disclosures. A large silver tunnel. That anyone might walk through. Do we want this analysed? He used a whistle and a smile. You had a pale blue dress on. She was playing in the sand or the dirt with two plastic cowboys. One had a white Stetson; the other had a bird in its hand that flew. A sun shone through the flower beds. She could feel saliva on her lips. It ran onto the old slaughter house where the ghost cows lived. It alighted in the dirt. Sweat fell on the cowboy, he opened his arms and moon dust coated her. The silver wall was a thing of beauty - so large - made by craftsmen - Hallmarked for London - that anyone might walk through. You said you needed to own me. She rubbed her knee. A taste of alcohol was the thing. You thought you had a chance to escape. There were black dirt balls or sausage roll shaped dirt balls from his hand? Rubbed on perfect clean skin. You didn't like it. On a thigh. He used sit in the bathroom all night for fear of confrontation. Do we want this analysed. A gull takes flight it plays the piano in the air – Mozart I think. Come over - come near. It cannot settle. It leaps from tree to tree. It is distorted. She unpeels his foreskin, smells his flesh, takes his penis in her mouth.

Two. Oh earth! Oh mother! Let the rope go!
Become new. A sky blackens with starlings - waltzing as they do - a black cloud going one way then the other. You dream of Santa. They spit down the close and down the windows and a scraper is needed. It is dull - the sky is overcast and cold everywhere. It is full of water. It's a Wednesday afternoon - life is hateful. It's like that. I'm flying now. I am bird. I am horizon. Oh earth!

Oh mother! Let the rope go. The sky blackens and
distorts a man looks up. He says to me quite
casual like. Hey you. Mister! Mister!

Three. Such a cheery strange little thing with red
eyes and a Manchester United top on. Oh poor
poor Robinson says the dubbing. Four. And back
again. It is a sunny day. There is no need to let the
rope go. Fly little one. A tower. A lady. A field of
corn. You said you loved me. I bought a ring with a
diamond. You threw it in the river by the slaughter
house with the ghost cows. She casts her hair over
the window sill. A man climbs to her bed chamber.
A bird alights on a silver arrow Hallmarked for
London. A magician taps with his wand and poof
they all disappear. And up and down. You should
never eat stilton before bed. Where was I? Three
or four. Who gives a fuck. And back again. They re-
appear in a magical land. The little bird pecks at
her nipples. The little bird sings and loops the loop.
She whispers in her ear - they caress each other.
Sweat oozes from the little birds pores. We will
not forget them. You will see in the morning.
Could we imagine it.. It's here in my afternoon.

After he fucks her he wants to run - run from the
slaughterhouse. He is me. And back again. She
puts her dress back on. She can smell the river.
Mist comes at once, she cannot and will not
speak. Do we need this analysed? What do you

think? A rat runs to the river for safety. Oh earth!
Oh mother! Let the rope go. She sorts her pale
blue dress. Mother will be angry she thinks. She
can still taste the alcohol. His skin.

Five: Oh earth! Oh mother! Let this rope go.
Everything is quite. The river is quite. The air is
quite. She is a thing of the air. A thing of beauty.
Perfect from top to toe - like a little bird. She sings
and does the loop the loop. Bread is fed to her
from a straw. She looks me straight in the eye and
says: Hey Mister! Hey Mister. Hey you! Hey you
there with those crocodile eyes. Aye you!

Hey Mister.

Let the rope go.

Abstract.

Pale. Powder. Sky. Yellow dash. Red. Blue. We
need some texture – sap twigs, pushing. Anorak
sound scratching. Take it somewhere. Sensual
intermingling an uplifting. Joy. Sight. Dispersal of
rayon. Curvatures of imagination. A pastiche of
everything. Swirl lift. Something to do with friction.
Flavour colour. A tang of rind. Strawberry sent. An
emulsion of vapours. Inhalation of remorse.
Signatures of disclosure. What can it be about.

Though it is before us. De-construction. Does it run in straight lines. Does it have an index for memory. A thesaurus of disdain. Does it have a ready reckoner to collate joy. Does it flit from thing to thing. From nano to nano, from molecule to molecule – from love sonnet to ink spot. From Saturn to Sundail. Does it meander like a drunk, booming. And can it STOP. I know it can. Justified, aligned, margined, put into blank verse, binded and bound, hooded, controlled. Or can it - like the wind - move unseen through the trees and clouds. Can it transpose matter set it's fazer to stun. Are there tiny nuclear fusions that bust into colour and shape. Electrodes buzzing through a billion receptors and unknown liquids. Disseminating into a million spirits and ambitions? Darting like an egg brain under lamps. A thing of wonder. A magical abstract. A spin painting that exploded at the graveside. A fart in the chapel of contrition. Take to the air. Jump from the elevator shaft. Over the cliff like a bird in advance. Digitise my remains please.

Nicholas Messenger

FRESH SUICIDE.

Little ripples : Two men stand and look down
at the paving slabs, which have been cleaned again
this morning. Water, stretched as thinly as it can
establishes a pattern of rivulets to reach the
drains.

A woman quite near, though, surrounded by a
puddle
of bubbling pigeons, does not seem aware this was
the place.

On the other corner, among the crowd at traffic
lights
a roving camera and a man with a microphone
are trying to pick up the old scent of pain.

LEARNING DEATH.

I have assisted at the death of worlds.
I note that the matter of the present rarely leaves
them time
to think about their ends. All their complaints are
hurled

into the teeth of momentary pains, their cunning
spent
on tiny stratagems or large but vague designs
against a swarm of situation. They seem mostly
unaware
that while the symptoms are unquestionably
unpleasant,
the disease is fatal; and the reason for their violent
dislike
of those who will in fact be coming into their
threadbare
inheritance. They simply have the feeling there
are some
about them bad at keeping their impatience
down. They wear a striking
look of self-congratulation, punctured now and
then, by hurt astonishment.
But mostly they just carry on as if they only need
redeem
the ages from the pawn of history, and their
descendants can return
with the same furniture, to live on in their
residence
of suppositions. Dying seems rather difficult to
learn.

LUCKY.

Lucky the living bringing everything they lost
forever. No-one is dead. There are no past
or future universes to regret^{oo} or long for; no
departed parents, absent loved-ones,

missing
friends. Whatever was ever beautiful,
desired or known
is now alive in us and nowhere else. And
only void
which is not us around us : those un-
listening
silences with nothing to demand of us but
hold
these precious species all about to be
destroyed
in some piece of pre-history; the peoples of
an old
time coming into flower; this morning's
flowers
that come to people us in passing garlands
of the hours.

ST OULIO OF TAMPA.

St Oulio of Tampa, on the day after the battle,
went round waking up the dead lads, taking their
confessions.
Down the shambled lanes, along the river bank
where fighting
had been fiercest, underneath the wrecked bridge
upstream. The old ladies
crying and praying in black shawls. He would hear
the mea culpas
and then offer them the beggar's gift of comfort,
working in whispers
through the wind-borne indignation of the seagulls

and the women's
mostly distant lamentations. After all, what
comfort can the living
give to those Death seizes ? Never-the-less he
heard the same thing murmured
time and time again : Thanks anchorite, I am
grateful for a little
more of being alive, although my wounds have
woken with me,
because everything is just as injured as it was.
Even the usual small
irritations and dissatisfactions settle back in
swarms.
But thank you anyway. I know there is no well way
I can
be now. I look around and there are the survivors
smug and upright. They have already come down
in a cloud
and taken up possession. They have dismembered
me.
You seem to have located just enough remaining
of me
to arrange this mangled miracle. Never mind.

Jerome Rothenberg

A BOOK OF SHADOWS

History is over.
In another world
you find another
young as you,
your shadow
over his, the two
together, sharing
hidden sorrows,
thoughts of
expiation. The world
does not forgive.

(G. de Nerval)

*

Allotments.
Shut.
The neighbors cross the boulevard
in pairs.
The door adjacent to
our thoughts shut also.
Therefore they shift
their legs between
short bursts,
the cadence of a march,
old world, old
fashioned melodies
unheard. A single hand
can sweep the board.
A single eye can glimpse
a shadow of the cosmos

through a pin hole.

*

She is a princess,
fresh as soap
she meets you at the gare,
French dolls like ghosts
step forth at midday.
Everyone is sportif
geared for speed
never to turn a shoulder,
to name a game for love.
Their aim is circular,
it follows where you lead them,
down a secret path,
into a basement
shadowed by
your childhood dream,
a lurking hole,
then up the backstairs
lost to sleep,
concealments of a borrowed life
outside the circle.

*

The cavern of the universe
widens each morning.
My head fills up with dew,
the father writes,
having no home but where
his shadow leads him.
In greasy shirtsleeves, heavy
lids, blotched faces,
the men pursue
a trail of tears,
unbuttoned captive
to a dream,
a starless galaxy,
the deeper sky
a field of images
measureless & mindless,
absent their god.

*

It was always dark.
The red hole's
wetness threatened
the lost sheep.
Sharp exchanges
were not clearly heard.
Rivers did
not flow.
You did not defend
your brother.
We ascend
toward progress.
I scratch fire &
remove it from your throat.
I run out of
distant shadows
now that no one
tries to stop
the passage from a city
that is drowning.

*

I look for lights
under my fingers.
I will take them & will make
foolish minds wise.
Then when I flick my half closed eyes
your mouth will open wide
& I will sail by with my flags.
You will applaud me
when I scratch for cash
under your shadows.
I who am geared to tear down
what you build
your houses like your ashes
swept away.

*

Poetry is made in bed

for some for me
the call of life is stronger.
I walk & see my shadow
hanging upside down
with yours. The way
your mouth says I
is just like mine.
I multiply
the little portion
that your fingers
spill.
I cannot comprehend
the way men kill
or laugh. I will not
vouch for them.
There is a space to burrow in
under the covers.
The way he wants to kiss
while vomiting
is part of life. The way
he calls on death
trumpets his own.

*

I is an other gaunt
& somewhat turned
into the light.
I threatens to return,
is hungry now
for power
as for love.
He is my own, becomes
my shadow
dog.
I reach a hand to him
& freeze.
I cannot speak
without him
though we try.

*

I run from shadows

to avoid old people
maddened by God.
I follow animals
whose eyes at night
mirror my face.
Seeing myself asleep
I touch my arm.
I celebrate
new forms of sex.
I am frantic
knowing that nobody
has a way out
or a face
more marked than
mine.
*I was not
born live.*

(J. Holzer)

*

It is a shame to watch
my face to see it
running through your hands
like jelly.
I am my own
dark friend
a shadow set against
a darker shadow.
I hear a sound
like pianos
buried in the earth.
The pressure of my feet
against the pedals
opens a flood.
A carrousel is bobbing
up & down.
The happy singer
enters paradise
with seven others.

*

There are some who shadow us
for what we love.

Nightly the passengers
still blind me
while I bind their wounds.
I feel their final jabs
between the covers & the sea
no time for preening.
I watch my feet move
among the stars.
Everything we offer
to the world
is what the world gives back
without a thought
or breath.

*

Coda to A Book of Shadows

What is remembered
of the dead is how
they tottered, little more
to write, & less
to pass a test
at understanding.
How discreet
to dance here in a hall
of shadows,
or to sit this moment,
dozing in the fast train,
while the clouds
take shape, even
as they leave
their shadows, like the dead
across the fields.
I am more alive
for thinking of them,
knowing that the time
draws nigh,
the outline disappears,
& dark as Monday
I am marching
with the fathers, ready
to mark my presence
in their ranks.

11.iv.08

Paris

[The preceding poems were commissioned as a suite for publication, with photos by the author, in a series of artists' books published by Tita Reut in Paris under the imprint of Les Editions de l'Arian. The poems themselves, all but the closing coda, are fragments from the author's *A Book of Witness (Un livre de temoignage)*, a part of which was translated into French by Tita Reut & Joseph Guglielmi & published with illustrations by Arman in 2002.]

.

Jerome Sala

CUBIST PORTRAIT OF ALFRED E. NEUMAN

5.

me:

the what

that worries?

3.

me =

whatness + worry

7.

what what what me

worry what worry worry

me me me me what

what what what worry?

me? me? me what? what?

worry worry what what what

me what worry worry what

me me? me me me what? what?

4.

to worry

or not to worry

me asks

but what is the question?

2.

this worrisome whatness that is me

meets the other Alfred

the what who questions the first

both of us are liberated

from the other

6.

you took the hat

out of what

and put it on

me head

I took the o(a)r

out of worry

and rowed toward

the leftover (wh)y?

in this tiny

universe

of questions

me finds

a whatness

no longer

worrisome

and breaks

into a toothy grin

9.

whatness worries

about me?

what does? *what* does?

1.

what,

worry,

me?

naw

3.

Portrait

E.

Cubist Alfred

of

Neuman

SURREALIST PORTRAIT OF ALFRED E. NEUMAN

the razor of my what

slices the eyelid of my worry

with the mirror of my me

whatness fires a pistol randomly

into a crowd of me's

my worries flee like surgeons

running from a sewing machine

at the intersection

of Alfred and E.

my what with hair on fire

my me with thoughts of heat lightning

my worry with the waist of an hourglass

After Alfred settled himself

in a place as favorable as possible

to the concentration of his mind upon itself

he had writing materials brought to him.

He put himself into as passive or receptive state

as he could. He began to write quickly,

without any preconceived subject,

fast enough so that he could not remember

what he was writing, and be tempted to reread it.

The first sentence came upon him spontaneously

so compelling in its truth that it cried to be heard:

WHAT, ME WORRY?

(Note: Borrows from Breton's *Surrealist Manifesto*
and "Free Union")

MINIMALIST PORTRAIT OF ALFRED E. NEUMAN

worryry

POLITICAL PORTRAIT OF ALFRED E. NEUMAN

the opposition party should at least

ironize its non-opposition

by adopting Alfred E. Neuman's

"What Me Worry?"

for its tag line

only problem is

the head of the other party

already looks like Alfred E. Neuman

and thus this gesture would be read

as another debilitating example of

a belated "me-too-ism"

PORTRAIT OF THE GENERAL.

Once a member of violent teenage street clubs,

later served as top piranha in a sub-tropical think

tank.

Now he exists

neither happily nor “un”

as the periodical “perhaps”

in the State’s vast mind.

He is a momentary doubt, a glitch

in the political logic

just enough to cause a hesitation

about upping the ante in the game

of National Terror. A guy like him,

he could look a cattle prod in the prongs

without the least shudder in his nether regions.

He was so bad we could trust him

to do the right thing or at least *something*:

a grim grin along his ruthless robot jaw and even

the youth of our glorious truth brigade

would develop bladder control problems.

Our confused representatives whimpered

for the favors of their “Dear General”, for morsels

of his militant wisdom, even if to be in his debt
meant

they had to leave their representational fantasies
behind

and assume a place on the placid walls

of history's museum: abstract expressions
of a vanishing empire. The General, though,
would usually smother such cries with his
gargantuan, deaf ears. In the vacuum of
his unhearing our senators would swirl, arguing
like intoxicated gnats. Meanwhile,
the earth would quiver under his shoes,
vast as the Himalayas, while the sky itself,
intimidated by the steely technology of his
thoughts
would prepare its cloud beds for his stealthy
exploration.

THE ANTI-EXPRESSIONIST

the laryngitis fetishist got off
on losing his voice
he'd hire prostitutes to order him
with due severity

to scream continuously all night long
the consummation of his ritual
would never occur
until the next day
with pleasure he would struggle to speak
and his silence was filled
with a greater bliss
than that of mere contemplation

AFTER SEEING *IDIOCRACY*

I was idiot for a day
in my personal idiocracy
there the planet shook
under the strain of dumbness
it forgot how to turn on its axis
duh, axis
it thought the whole idea of an axis was "just
weird"

we all flew off
into space
space was dumb too
it forgot the law of gravity
we landed back on the dumb earth
we had to talk see-spot-run type language to trees
just to convince them to grow
when they grew they said
thanks dumb people
but by then
we could no longer understand them
we were too stoned on Gatorade
it's got *electrolytes!*

NOW PLAYING AT AN ALPHABET NEAR YOU

The angels and demons in my Adventure Land
hammer out their appeal to humanity

on the same anvil.

Like a bland Betty evolving into blueness, their iron
mallets blast with the heat of two

brothers in rival bloom.

Like clones returning home to Cape Canaveral,
they feel lucky – as if they were crowned

superheroes by the lords of the comic book
cosmos.

They are dear to the human race – not just me –
as dear as a dance flick, or a dive into

dead snow – and to the demon the common folk
beg to be dragged into hell,

To the angel – it's as if the whole earth asks it be
granted easy virtue at the end of every

line, at the end, even, of every step.

All pray too that their daily food be flavored with
film, that they may eat in the forum of

forever remembered classics – as well as
everyday fair – that they become as familiar

With cinematic dreaming as the ghosts of
girlfriends or boyfriends past, that they gorge

themselves on the glamorous exploits of the
gorgeous,

So much so that even the hangover hallucinations
prompted by their gluttony seem like

five-hour blockbuster horror film epics.

Imagine that: an IMAX-enhanced bummer made
incredibly bearable by the blare of its

garishly idiotic color and sound!

It would be nearly as cool as if Jeanne Moreau

were to lose her judiciousness and chase

Jules and Jim once more across Jones Beach, on
a joyful January day.

For scene like this, our old friend Kid Kassim would
reel in his kite and kiss a Klondike

Bar with a knack for the dramatic,

In that land of lost limits and flourishing Lemon
Trees we called his oeuvre.

Such visions make a person feel like the moon
itself, only a moon equipped with a

sledgehammer designed by Milton Glazer. First
you marvel, and then muzzle your way

under the beams of its magnificent design.

You escape the narrow-mindedness caused by too
many nights in the museum,

And place your bets instead on the openings
through which outrage can order the mind.

People appreciate the pomposity of the pressure
cooker after all –

It quiets them, like the quiet chaos of the Western
Front once did, asking for a moment

that they leave their questions aside

Like remnants of an old war, before the rebirth of
the nation,

Before our starry trek through the summer hours
of our surveillance, before the salvation

Of the Terminator and the re-taking of the Pelham
1-2-3, before the foxy Transformers

offered revenge for the fallen

And the new “up” feeling got under our skin,

So that we could all emulate Valentino, victors
over a discounted sea of fashion,

So that there was no shame anymore wearing
whatever worked, even if you ended up

feeling like the star of some windmill movie.

As the Man with the X-Ray Eyes might have put it,
if he ever starred in a blind sequel:

“It takes a yes-man to fix the world...

You can retire now, Zorro – and take Xena the
Warrior Princess right along with you.”

Sandra Simonds

The Community Garden

as panopticon fried steak: what
happens in the community stays
caught and dour.

What happens is an antibiotic injected
into the leg
of a limp chicken under the dry sun.

You lick the antibiotic off your dinner
plate
with your black tongue
and then black milk drips from your
third nipple
because now you are a dog.

This is why no one will allow you your
bizarre sexual practices.
Because you are a dog.

The heart is like metal that slams
into an ice field, a closed
system of opening gills; I see you
walking across the ice field
towards me holding a chicken or steak
knife
or the fried heart of a small mammal.

The fish swim to the center of the earth
and burn up.

Even they cannot get away
from their enormous blood or geology.

Everyone gets old and is replaced by
these

tremendously fueled fish hormones
swimming to the center of the earth.

Some people have sex—they exist.
They cut each other's necks

and then they kiss. They kiss
their kisses into a closing system of gills

and then you hear something splash.

Space exists.
It exists on the other side of their
chicken water kiss.

The Community

is so sick it cannot die.
Because it's half ghost, half commerce

and all it does all day long
is inject its DNA sequence
into your DNA sequence

thereby allowing you to
manifest all of the symptoms of syphilis

without ever having
been exposed to the bacteria

because this isn't the year 1765 and
you
aren't an aristocrat living in some
stone castle and I'm not

this sickly lady who's going
to give you syphilis even though
you're the one who's supposed

to give it to me so when
you're on your deathbed you're not

going to ask me not to haunt you
even though I can't not haunt you
because I'm
just that obsessed with being

vindictive because, deep down,
I hate people
and you represent people because you
look like a dog

and there's nothing worse
than watching a lost dog
trying to find the cemetery.

The Community

has one desire:
To be a community.
To commerce around desire,
to commiserate.

We often talk of communal
Living, of design spaces
that are white and stretch

infinity across
the community like
a death sheet.

Like beds. Like weak
arousal. Like
the infrastructures

of masochism. Like moons
that resolve age-old
questions.

Remember me?

I walked across the grocery store
parking lot to talk to you.

All ashy community
Giving.

The community lectures
to cross
out the space
where uncleanness
comes.

Spots such as: the moon, the sun,
orchids, crematoriums.

The Community

has never been about communicating
and yet, it is so syntactical.

To err grammatically

is one of the only things that would
seem

terribly tactless, to retract

a claim of kinship

another wind farm

in the air raid design space
that we have build with our willpower.

You could never tell
me you loved me
or that you wanted
To love me

in this white place

or the design space would seal off
with you trapped inside
and then gas would be pumped

into the world outside the cube

so you would have to sit there

in your little white design space cube

holding a little white

plastic flower

maybe telling it all of your secrets

like the fact that you never

wash your underwear

until you died.

Better not.

Mina Stoyanova

you are not an inspiration spring tree compared to
wax

not the innocent water flooded island of trees of
poetry and blossom

not the nameless season that whispers to this
world everything is planted even the

cities

and the rain is needed to wash away the drops of
land doomed never to become

oceans

those that transform us into fountains of
conquistadors

you are not

21 century

not

more eternal than me and I am not your dream

I do not walk in the childhood of the one who
remembers me instead of me

and the small talks in the point in which in one and
the same evening

once again takes home the sun and leaves people

without world

to justify the way

you are not babylon

do you have a horizon to paint you eyes

and eyes to see

the time backwards

do you have winds to hide the solitude of hairs

the highest meadow unattainable body

do you have hands to be whiter than the sky

to be speech between it and them

do you have a name to accept the punishment

the language will defend you a whole century

you can't

can't hide the silence

if you are

a chaos is already quiet

you are not a bird of sand settled on the water

I want to see how you slowly and eternally
transform

No one will foresee in your heart

Beyond the darkness of identity

Neither will be drown in your eyes

Because you have no eyes

Only the eyes have you

the city that

white sky black birds like pin cold memory in box
balcony

empty table bare feet of clay figures with bow

white mask black boards – floor like rows of shoes
to put on

pure self in symmetry like a bullet russian roulette
for russian dolls – to reveal

in a cold city that probably has

many loners and few fans

that doesn't have enough alienation from itself

from its cigarette forms from its realistic forms

from the language rails and consumers wagons

from the poets and non-poets

it can not be not

it can not be denied

where will the lamps remain where will remain the
alcoholics under the lamps

where will the movement of the puddles remain
and the cage my cage from which he takes me out
with a palm
black sky like hat presses the trigger cold city
written in prose – from the fans
and less in poetry – from all the loners
before they are gone from here

if someone once had said
the dream is a garden that will never blossom until
you are
I would have died
and reborn as a tree
if I now say
the dream is a garden that will never blossom until
you are
I will fall asleep under the tree
this is god

Michelle Taransky

DESPITE THE WOODS

This is a novel
Reciting disease
After disease after
Spending the season
At a stranger's place
Wood-evil halting— I

Take it broken
Teach cruelty to the house
To say hello to the loser like
It doesn't matter who knows
Who forgave who for taking

The house from shipwreck
Reason why you are the whale
Here not in the road but
The road to another
Picture where we are

Wolvewhales and sheepwhales
You could be the woodcut
Cut into the wood
That sounds like worship
Stops like

Stop saying beautiful things
I'm worried about losing
The house the whole
Fall when
Starts from scratch
The scratch

WHEN IS IS NOT THE

question behind loss
replacing the effect
concerned with support
what she says the work
is all about—a thing
being a being. Our own
that we don't own it

JR Walsh

Poem 1:

When the unidentified you identifies with the
black and white flag

Three times you mentioned there are no numbers
but deleted ones. Done in by a pencil with no tip,
graciously and gratuitously for father and son in no
particular order holy or continuous, a momentum
unsullied by eraser —

Eclaird teeth fulfill the warrantee: Un-guaranteed
correction. If Jeremiah was a bullfrog, then we are
sworn enemies. What then? Who swore us in and
what cobwebs will

annex what when left idle.

I am a kinetic state or county township parish
hamlet. Bills of sale passed and past sell dates on
the right. From condiments in pockets, inspiration
is wet and leaking. This is hot dog legislation. All
praise the meat. Speak in tongues. Lap the speedy
delivery.

Poem 2:

When kids die and go to Heaven
Grandfather Clock says, "Got your halo."
The halo is your nose.
You believe when you're young.
But when you're dead
clocks ain't kidding
and he's a collector.
The wrought hands arrow
a thumbed knuckle, blessed
and round, floating, glowing.
Now you can't smell Heaven.

Poem 3:

When kids die and go to Hell
You can smell Heaven
but your wings are in Buffalo
stuck in esophagus taffeta
until fist pounds chest
and spices taste red and
redder on the way back.

Early bird diabetes and
empathy waxing chronic
don't conjure relocation.
You won't choke.

Poem 4:

When kids die and go to Kmart
It smells like Buffalo.
The deer and the antelope
shop for blue lights.
A discouraging bird
is seldom heard scanning
despite that's his job.
You wait in line for eggs.
High counter ketchup lips
smack jelly toast Mama.
A shaker lid dumps chirping salt.

Poem 5:

When kids die and are kids

Were we talking goats

or ghosts of goats long gone?

Daddy long legs knows.

The elegant spider

watches a solitary goat

stay what he am.

The wife and kid split

for greener pastures

and get milked lonely.

The kid eats an entire scarecrow.

Dana Ward

Aeolian Phone

**“It’s no small thing/to wish to abandon
thought./It’s no thing, in/fact. But it’s hard to
talk/about when talking is one/of your vessels
for thinking”**

--Anselm Berrigan

Ok

I button my shirt

I can’t believe how cold it is today the wind is so
high & so out of control I thought the house might
blow away I have a terror, & a terrier, AND a little
dog & shoes I’ve always had them nothing could
be more cliché

Ok the font changes when I touch the skin of this
thought rippling away from its graphic in thought-
conductive waves that reach their saturation point
organically as if they were a cell in the warm liquid
crystal display where the rainbow is always about
to occur given the moisture & the sunlight of it’s
make-up

My body fondly responds to the thought of this
thought when I write something down I think eyes
will be rolled & a brief erotic sigh escapes my lips a
little cry to think some scorn will meet this thought
I mean at least it's not alone

O alone you are so much more & less now or are
you the same with these infinite work-inducing
toys violently blowing through everything rattles in
the pre-dawn dark to open its fact to itself through
its sound each thing a warning to itself that it
exists & to me to be responsive, to button my
shirt

Nothing could be more cliché than the real
without a little dog imperiled by the moral police
who are always about to be eclipsed & re-
embodied after a purging/non-purging tornado
has re-organized the symbolic order so we can
return matured & changed & grateful to the order
that had only been distressed but not mortally
wounded it isn't enough but the moral police in
the figure of a witch I must first destroy this
conflation & to do it I need more than "Wicked" I
must Helen Adam myself if I'm to detourn the
Singularity

I am Hermione Granger but Hermione Granger
who has given up all of her specialization for the
rootless élan of a dillatante's life casting failed
spells that are bounced out of thought & succumb
to touching indolence falling away from imperial
glamour to plunge into something like agency

forsaken so that in abandonment it longs for some un-coded rainbow aspiration inhaling the fearsome wind heralding each thing to its peril for which I might initiate a rescue in song but it won't be a rescue just another meta-language surging through the floor so when I speak myself I don't go to the meadow to sing myself Over The Rainbow although in order to appear I do I do

OK I know I'm not doing that really or am but only partly meaning I had an everlasting thought about thought that I maimed with my tenderness toward it & it ran away after that so it's everywhere always & nowhere & I had an unhappy thought about a train & a ridiculous thought about my phone so here we go

OK

I button my shirt & I quote things I like to myself in the war-tomb which remains the official re-broadcaster of echoes this metaphor is real for metropolitan life & absorbs it without consent but never with indifference the consoling hall of mirrors indicates there's always a pleasuring answer to the prayer that violence & a sense that this someone somewhere getting off on all this death (& not masturbating thinking not porn sweetly dreaming) will look less like yourself if you just keep walking but a war-tomb full of echoes is like a hall of mirrors it imitates eternity for that very reason

An aerosol rainbow in permanent saturating transit is blowing out around & in to hammer home the thresholds as soluble colors completed by their their own incapacities incorporating that one rare cross between hippie & goth I primarily like to just pimp to myself when I'm at the crib confusing Mila Kunis & Milan Kundera & wondering why am I not in the meadow singing that song as if to beckon that tornado

I think that I know something real about a surface then the war shifts and changes it completely embalms the rushed sizzle its formation makes so quickly our cadavers seem to have always had those arching colors summoning what's on the other side as the constituent fact of their presence I mean our living breathing bodies eulogize by living the cataclysmic transport it's superstar life they are a funeral for messianic time that never ends the little window has wine on its lips O the tornado is a long dead celebrity buried in a world where it sings its Warholian mortician has a particle collidor in its fonts then people build a tornado in Cairo...

...in the present Harold Arlen walks into a hyperbaric chamber which is supposed to provide him an experience of absolute silence but no he could hear the thrum and the rush of his circulatory system inside him and this revelation that there's no such thing as silence was the epiphenomenon that inspired him to write the song Over The Rainbow same thing with Yip Harburg for its lyrics

The song was an émigré anthem of impeccable
longing queer national anthem of impeccable
longing it remains these things & more now it is
everything living in the world this is the
epiphenomenon which inspired John Cage to
compose his famous piece 4'33 in which someone
sits down at the meadow of the concert piano &
doesn't play anything at all in that duration so one
hears every sound like the wind roaring through
this very morning my obsidian shirt button almost
but not finally noiselessly thread through its clasp
catching moonlight & flashing with brief
irridescence

Love told me where to live & a visionary dollar
Over the Rainbow is clear to the older provincial
this metaphor is real for metropolitan life all
recordings of Over the Rainbow last four minutes
and thirty three seconds not really but those that
have been made to do so do I do it's like you're in
a hall of mirrors with the windows open too now
where nowhere & everyplace areate their
conjuncture in an arc of spectral color over a train
station when I am thinking

OK I had a weird fucking thought about a train that
continues to transport me perfectly somewhere
useless perfectly inscribed by everything I thought
already flowing like my train as I near my beloved
on the platform/altar leaving for another thought
not so dissimilar from this one to think some kind
of maglev to leave behind myself on my way to a
militant valueless arrangment reliving my

reception of thinking that couldn't be made any
less au currant than the rainbow if it were a bell it
would trigger the harp of my phone

When my phone rings a harp in its cellular
structure is played as if someone had gone to the
meadow to sing distillations of all the pure
products to think someone once thought them
crazy I think they're too sane the surfaces blurred
beyond a twinge I thought I felt & feted rotten
host celebrating endless conversion of glitter to
meat I was glitter first & sought to repeat it
through ecstatic commingling it was this starry
anaphor sweetening the clutches in hope they'd
grow tired & go for the throat of the superficial
brilliance I could not avert my eyes waking up with
those hands speaking through me mine I button
my shirt change me wind change me rain

OK I had some "insane" thought about my phone
with its own ballet dynamism rhinestone
manufacturing vulgarity against the pure product
well I was sweet to what I thought too much so &
called myself at night & spoke abstractly when I
spoke I made an account the screen blushed when
I stroked its cheek & pencils they are pretty hard
to come by in our windy kitchen the ones I find
are rubbed away to soft rounded points or they
break on the surface so I spoke my thought in
American English a command language currency
embittered in radiant letters on this limitless
screen I am limitlessly kissing the motile space I
wish would be my writing's form a constellated
saffron more sensitive than even the inside of my
thigh or when hair brushes over my neck its

unsurprising writing was looking for a blurring of
surfaces somewhere over the rainbow of what can
be thought & what can't

When I button my shirt I feel the armor my warm
life has given to me in a serious variety of forms
when I speak against the war waged against
everything weak I had an everlasting thought
about thought so I wrote this shit right here it used
to be the hottest hip hop website in the world &
now it's just the fucking hottest website period
deformed by the rainbow that's surging through its
surface like the wind waking each thing to its peril
I had a lyrical thought about tornadoes and it was
a rhapsode the structure of which had a look of
salacious efficiency which gave me to a mortifying
thought about my writing so I sutured the harp of
my phone to my mouth to try to speak Aeolian
thoughts against going on like this I button my lips
until the wind collects itself into a suffocating
prism refracting the light into a rainbow that
swallows the world & then it pukes & then the
world is there again like a rainbow & I know what's
over it not Oz but Christmas on Earth like Rimbaud
wrote or not that though truly the internet talks to
me softly sometimes/it says that it loves me too
much/it doesn't have anything I want to
steal/well/nothing I can touch

I wait.

I button my shirt.

