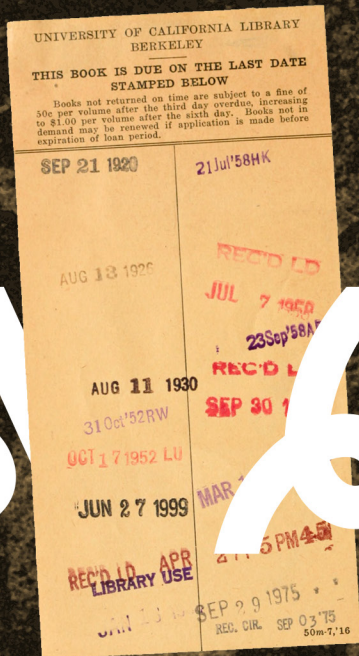


# BAAD







# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<b>WRITTEN WORKS</b>	<b>05</b>	<b>VISUAL WORKS</b>	<b>143</b>
Tohm Bakelas	06	Edward Lee	144
Paul Lastovica	10	Paul Lastovica	148
Bob McNeil	15	RUNA	151
Robert Beveridge	16	Krystyna Curtis	154
Peter J King	23	<b>ARTIST BIOS</b>	<b>160</b>
Jonel Abellanosa	29		
Mark J Mitchell	35		
John Grey	38		
Ed Higgins	41		
Frederick Pollack	49		
Dick Westheimer	60		
Howie Good	68		
Dee Allen	69		
Rus Khomutoff	72		
Paul Ilechko	73		
TE Secor	82		
Tim Kahl	85		
Rosaline Winters	95		
Nadia Arioli	97		
Adrian David	100		
Ace Boggess	101		
Aldo Quagliotti	104		
Lachlan J McDougall	109		
Edward Lee	139		





**WRITTEN**

**WORKS**

# Tohm Bakelas

12/26/21

pastel pink easter egg sky  
clashes with christmas lights,  
my three day bender has  
left me with a headache

i walk through the woods  
to escape this town,  
i walk through the woods  
to escape myself

cardinals sing their songs  
while remaining unseen

a man fishing from a bridge  
casts his line out, reels in,  
casts out, reels in,  
casts out

a brown dog passes by  
and sniffs my hand

the sun sets on all of this

i sit on a bench,  
waiting

**12/27/21**

it is 12:35pm and blood drips  
from my nose in the shoprite  
parking lot, i'm here buying  
groceries for my girlfriend

i find a napkin from the car floor  
and stop the bleeding—i don't  
know how long it's been there

prior to this i was at the post office  
mailing poetry to america's lonely

it is now 7:30pm and i am at the bar

two girls come in and are carded,  
they are both younger than me

i'm 32 years old and  
i've been fucked up  
the last four days

two men in their late fifties  
talk incessantly about the obscene  
things they wish to do to these girls

they look at me and ask  
“hey man, what do you think  
about those fine sluts?”

i pay my tab and leave for the exchange

i watch a man sweep the sidewalk,  
sweep all the leaves into the street



**12/28/21**

a man exhuming two caskets  
from the denville cemetery  
pauses to scratch his head  
and sniff the air

it is 47 degrees and  
beginning to drizzle

i eat my tuna club wrap  
from carvers and watch  
in curiosity from my car

after he tightens the straps  
on the caskets he drives away

i go home and read stacks  
of poetry magazines sent to  
me by strangers i'll never meet

i pause to listen  
to the clock tick,  
hours pass by and  
the day is long gone

darkness surrounds me,  
i am alone

**12/29/21**

driving  
backroads  
through  
december's  
foggy hell,  
i can barely  
navigate these  
darkened streets

every turn is an  
impossible voyage,  
every second a  
possible end

i think of herons and butterflies  
and ants and sunflowers,  
all things dead or  
absent in winter

i've been running the last 6 days  
and i'm tired, i'm very tired

i return a book to the library  
and drive around some more  
before settling on the exchange

one beer, one scotch, one beer,  
one scotch, one beer—  
closing time

# Paul Lestovica

## The Record Keeper

*~ 2006 Coming Soon: Inventory Clerk: Collected Fragments & Cut-Ups 2006 to Present*

A red brick falling out of place  
on the ground; broken into dust  
one hand over another  
a turning of the page  
the word 'stagnant'  
paper boats shrivel  
dead horseflies - wood carvings  
God, the record book keeper;  
the inventory clerk;  
something is missing on this shelf  
looking through a keyhole  
sex on the floor; finger nails  
tightened thighs - loosened hair  
one hand over another.

Midnight in an hour  
dream journal : two cut fingers  
a face of pins. static airwaves.  
the word 'excruciating'  
looking out the window - a tree branch touching glass.  
God, the morning stranger;  
the familiar voice.  
a storm cloud opens face;  
paper boats shrivel.  
dead horseflies - wood carvings  
one hand over another  
an oil spill - loose hair  
murder at dawn. finger nails  
a crowd of shadows.



## Transcribing The Nude

*~ 2012 a topic challenge response to the phrase 'End of the Road' pathetic.org forums*

.

there is no work to do  
at the end of the road  
only an eye on the split blouse  
that begs to open further

.

a broken smile connects the dots  
to a series of catch phrases set to stun

.

our collective end-games  
have outgrown  
god-cell equations  
upon the windowpane  
printed hands lay in wait for crumbs

.

visualists are afoot  
in the backyard  
bawling their eyes out  
for a loss none other observed

.

the sea forms a line so wide it hurts.

.

## Hotel What

~ 2010 response to a dream

Hotel foyer all glam  
and glistening lips  
all waiting for dimmers  
and somewhat dancers

circumference of the crowd  
tightens and relaxes  
each other's comfort zones  
a most unexpected turn of  
events unravel

cute couplings join face  
and crawl about airspace  
tracking something like prey  
something that prays 'dear god...'

something that stays place  
to place for no set span  
grandiose cynics twist open  
spherical / collapsible  
hallow shells

the buffet selection is  
engineered for emptiness  
smooth reflective surfaces  
gleaming what little light

an announcement at the mic  
for speech and applause  
neither are to pass for the speaker  
has chilled shoes and worse  
is wet from splashed sauvignon

bored to fear  
a group of patrons  
has taken it upon themselves  
to curl up in window drapery

another collection  
spreads across dinner tables

alternating their position  
over and under linen  
gold trim flush to bottoms of their  
bare feet

dispersed as they are whoever  
remains  
remains disinterested  
waiting  
glam and glistening for none

## A Tray of Meat

*~ 2007, an Ekphrastic poem for browsing Artnet*

a tray of meat awaits  
the mountain side to split  
as though it had a choice

this artificial setting can only  
compile a bag of theories  
like hills of sand  
moving from the wind

what is left  
but a collection of faces  
rising hand to mouth  
abandoning rows of seats

or a huddle of apartment buildings  
conspiring  
to allow grass back inside



## Transcribing The Nude

~ 2011

it's intimate how:  
one V points to another,  
a loose line of rosebuds  
across breasts  
parts lips, the focal point  
curves off into shadow,

how interwoven fingers,  
folds of a vagina,  
become indiscernible  
as the foot of a bedrail drifts into focus,

a contortionist set in scene  
amidst fluctuant sculptures  
accentuates some  
heavy handed fairytale  
relating to the folly of man  
in the presence of a temptress.

how:  
behind frosted glass  
mere suggestions run  
theorists amok;  
how a goblet of wine  
reveals nothing

and beauty runs deep  
as one is willing to peer.

# Bob McNeil

Of Cinema and Sentimentality

Illustration and text by Bob McNeil



Previous to VHS, DVR, and more TV stations than blades of grass in an uncultivated garden, people used to wake up or stay up for all sorts of movies and programs. My father being a cinephile, often woke me during the wee hours of a summer night to watch some old movie. He had a fondness for Betty Grable. On seeing her legs, I understood his fascination. I also thought nobody made a Fedora and trench coat look cooler than Bogart and my dad.

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# Robert Beveridge

## CAN'T IT GO AWAY?

angels like cherry pits  
in the sack of weeds—  
how lines relax in the wake  
of summer. take this coral,  
make it bloom again  
in cooler hydrogen. stream  
in the basement, pastrami  
and swiss in the alley  
on microphone and asphalt.  
pocked, asleep,  
within the numbers lies  
no import, no import at all.

/

I am not awake  
and yet the seconds  
tick by

drip by drip  
the water moves  
past the dam

## EXPECTORATION OF PROSCENIUM

Tiger it. Watch the bowl  
fill up with red. Sometimes  
it happens. Self-winding watches  
never fail to run down. Take a leak  
on the dogleg in the road and roast  
a couple crab for the barbecue  
tomorrow. I'll take a VFW dinner  
anytime, thanks, with a side  
of soldiers' blood and the biscuits  
you forgot to bake. Everybody  
loves a doughboy. Time to head  
for the front, kiss your hot meals  
goodbye.

## HOW THE WORLD THINKS WE'RE ALL MISSING OUT IF WE'RE NOT SHOOTING DOPE

Have you missed this? It's two years since the last  
time I kissed you and in the meantime we sit here  
in this Telephone Lineman's Local hall and trade  
patterns, aluminum cans, the sweet sweat of lips  
on lips. We've begged the gods for passage through  
the mountain passes, but the silence that results  
is enough to make us question the efficacy  
of our last living relatives in Latrobe, PA.  
I still remember how your lips tasted, the sweetness  
of elderberry against the saltiness of sweat,  
the Catalan Architecture of your bones against  
the inevitable waves of my tide, the fucking nothing  
we can do against the infinite pressure of Mount  
Samalas. You are my volcano; I am your lava.  
How do we solve this? Your guess is as good as mine.

## SALAD

A gelatinous gumshoe walks  
the streets of Alhambra, though  
what he searches for no one  
is sure. Elaine, the ten-year-old  
girl with waist-length braids  
who may or may not be his  
daughter, is on a ride-along  
today as he looks for clues. She  
trails behind with metal detector  
and fingerprint kit, interrogates  
only the manholes that look  
suspicious. They run across  
the Sacred Heart of Emmaus  
in the Whole Foods parking lot,  
bag it, tag it, head for evidence.

## SUBSTANCE

deep  
across from you  
short dress  
like a Cecil  
B. DeMille  
film

halfway  
up your thighs  
I stroked  
tonight  
searched  
for muscle  
and bone

## SECOND-STORY MAN

The research has been done. Conspiracies  
of flying cats. The higher-dropped  
land, and live, correctly. They are used  
as burglar alarms for the unwary,  
hidden in trees, on fire escapes.  
Avoid the striped ones; they cling,  
and the declawed are useless. Get in,  
damage, drop. Effective system.

## SEVEN OF CUPS

*i: after the party*

There has been too much  
boysenberry wine, too much  
eighties hair metal, and the road  
home twists more than it did  
when we were on our way. Arm

in arm we sing, each a different  
song but no one notices. The bottle  
is passed again. We turn away  
from shut shops and into houses,  
apartments; the time has come

to sleep it off. *For God so loved  
the world*—Axel stares up  
at the night sky, counts stars,  
sees things in clouds no one else  
can see. One last swig, the empty

tossed into the bushes of a Civil  
War mansion, white, gabled, of many  
rooms. *Goodnight, my friend!* Traci  
calls after the flaps of his duster. *Sleep  
well, and dream good dreams!*

Her amaranth hair disheveled, eyes  
bleared, ready for bed. Our meek  
apartment farther, farther down  
the road, across the tracks. *If Death  
were seen at first as Death, Love*

*had not been*—I mumble as she  
keys the door, guides me through,  
then up stair after stair after stair.  
Do we disrobe? I cannot tell. *I  
love you, darling*, Traci whispers,  
and I laugh and say *I know*.

*ii: the dream of the banshee*

I am in love with the woman Night;  
she comes and take me to a grey  
plain. There is laughter from the trees  
and that looks like a tiger but everything  
is black and white so it must be a zebra

she points and there is a saddle  
but I know nothing of how to attach  
such things so I mount bareback  
and the tiger or the zebra looks  
back and me but trots off anyway

and the trees laugh and tears  
on my face and where the zebra  
or the tiger is going I do not know  
and just as a huge structure appears  
on the horizon I awaken

*iii. the dream of the rose*

these shorts are too tight but naught  
to be done about it now. There is  
a marriage to attend. You go out the back  
door to cut a rose for the bride and discover  
they are all green. (This was not the case

last night.) A boy in clown white,  
no more than ten, frolics with toads



by the back gate; when you step  
forward he scampers over, withdraws  
a pair of shears from his pocket. Selects

the largest, greenest rose, and snips  
an eighth of an inch from the juncture.  
*This is for the bride*, he says, his voice  
deeper than it should be, *but it is also  
for your love. He will understand*

*what to do with it.* You take his  
hand, bend down; he strings a small  
silver cross around your neck. *Admission  
to the wedding*, he says. *You'll need it.*  
Through the house; the limo awaits.

*iv: the dream of the breast*

My mind has whispered you a thousand  
times, Traci, errant recordings of love  
never made. My fingers stretch to touch  
you, fall just atoms short, beg lavender  
fire. My mouth begs for the warmth

of you pressed against me beneath down  
comforters and I silence it with boysenberry  
wine. I look at you beside me, see that  
the neckline of your shirt is open far enough  
to catch a glimpse of one cream-colored

breast. And life is now a snapshot,  
a soliloquy stopped mid-syllable. I would  
sign away my skin, with a number of nerve  
endings to be named later, if I could only  
dress myself in yours.

*v: the dreaded sun arises*

we wake on piles of yellow-covered  
paperbacks to the groan of sirens.  
All they lure us to, however, is aspirin  
and the shower. I send an entire stack  
of copies of *In Praise of Older Women*

to the floor as I try to rise. You stumble  
to the door, head for the kitchen to make  
coffee, fiddle with the green rose pinned  
to the pocket of your shirt. *Where did  
that come from?* you ask, voice logy.

No idea, I say, *perhaps we should ask  
Axel. He knows about these things.  
Okay, you say, but after coffee.  
There must be ecstasy. There must  
be rot.* I turn on the shower, make it cold.





## Dead Nettle

through sun and rain,  
the country lane winds  
lazily between tall banks  
where sloe and holly,  
dog rose, may, and  
maple bloom.  
oak,  
ash, and thorn stand  
over me to guard my  
sweet and hidden wealth  
from idle passers by,  
who otherwise would  
pluck my pure white  
flowers to suck them  
dry.

## Rush Grass and Cotton Grass

safe across the moorland  
sheep may graze —  
the grasses that the wind rolls  
ripple like the river currents  
where sleek otters hunt  
and voles plop soft.

but here the voles are of a different sort,  
that tremble at the rasping shriek  
of short-eared owls.

and all about the round horizon  
we are haunted  
by the curlew's call.

## Spindle Berry

*see the rosy-berried Spindle —*  
other bushes, trees,  
are silhouetted,  
sharply etched in jet  
against the winter-evening sky  
(a blue that's pale yet  
luminously deep);  
the Spindle flares its bright pink fruits  
that split to show  
the orange seeds within,  
anticipating  
sunset.

## Shepherd's Purse

*though I'm poor to human eyes*  
and live a year, then quickly die  
I'm generous — my purse is small  
and yet I scatter all its contents  
far and wide                      and soon  
   the garden's full  
   of thousands  
   of my campaign favours  
   green rosettes —  
   amazing what an open purse  
   can do

## Groundsel

*if dicky-birds\* should buy and sell*  
they'd make our scalps a living hell;  
we'd look like dandelion heads,  
the wind would blow off all our hair  
and scatter nits across our beds;  
then bald and cold we'd stand and stare  
as up would sprout a tiny army.

We could never say what happened —  
if we did, they'd call us barmy.

## Lords and Ladies

*fairies, when you lose your way*  
because the wood's made featureless,  
and paths are lost beneath a fall  
of snow that blinds you in the light  
of sun or moon —  
oh, do not look to me for help,  
and hope to see my brightness  
flare among the trees.  
when winter comes  
I cower beneath  
the forest floor,  
until the warmth of spring  
entices out my rampant blooms.



## Plane Tree

you will not find him in the wood,  
but standing out beside a stream  
conversing chastely with a friend.

perhaps they speak of love,  
of madness, souls, and rhetoric —  
perhaps their roots entwine in search of  
inspiration.

# Jonel Abellanosa

## Angular

Pigeon measuring my gaze  
from the electric wire. Curiosity  
mirrored, my eyes holding the bird's gaze.  
Warmth glows

from my pineal gland.

Yellow waft  
flashes mangoes in my mind.  
The sky has spread its light blue carpet.  
As I walk on, I wonder if the bird  
remains on the right side.  
I turn and it's gone.

About to jog  
I look at the lamppost, remembering -  
light curving, the post aglow  
like a sleepy eye.

## Foresight

It happens in my mind  
before it happens in real time.  
Smelling beefsteak, I know  
I'm cooking beefsteak. I see ants  
in my mind - where they touch  
foam trays with leftover food  
I leave on the floor later  
for ants - diligent workers  
stocking for days still to come,  
wise with anticipation.

I hear moonlight before it streams in.

Outside, I pry curled leaves,  
my mind a greenery hosting aphids  
Like it crossed my mind, males fly,  
nymphs staying nested.

Turning my gaze to the sky,  
I name the three stars in Orion's belt  
as I pour, pour, pour:  
*Water, Water, Water.*

Leafy lives nourished  
with flows from care.

## Persistence

Blueberry. Imagination's simile  
for the dawn, white bush flowers  
taking the trumpet's shape.

The tree holds absence. I will  
the pink-necked green pigeon  
into existence. Hearing bleats,

I wonder why I don't see sheep.  
No sun for illusion, nor wind  
for abstraction, forest awake

to my ears. In my mind's wilderness,  
I recreate the place as I want it to be -  
deep green, with life's sounds.

## Storm

My mind  
a tree shifting winds bare.

Spinning wheel of water  
from the horizon, graying sky.  
Pinecone between my brain's  
hemispheres flashing,  
pineal gland lightning.

No gale, no howls,  
desire a wolf to an absent moon.  
Stars have hidden light  
in my skull, thunderbolt  
a bone to frisson.

Deluge reciting sestina  
of leaves, echoes the line's words.  
Loudening rainfall, petrichor  
moving me. I long to be drenched,  
immerse in the long, dark night  
of spirit, bringing chills to the table,  
my pen a branch from the tree.  
I root and regrow stories.

## Lightning

I'd return to my mind's village,  
the sofa my storyboard, my temple  
on grandma's lap. I listened  
to her singing voice, soft pats  
on my butt lulling me to sleep.

I watched scenes on the wooden backrest,  
tracing paint cracks with small fingers,  
chipped maroon paint shaping nipa huts,  
dogs, gamefowls, carpenters and farmers.  
My imagination a beautiful place.  
I fell asleep, my third eye  
a precocious storm.

Decades later I chase the story,  
light that tears skies, my skull thunder's  
dome, pointillist pin pricks in my head  
electricity to my spine. I bring lines to life,  
my body a lake that reflects.

## Electricity

Bright lucidity. Streams sluice  
through my anatomy, sibilant.  
My body grows leaves, imprint  
of a tree in my closed eyes.

Like a heliotrope, I turn to light.  
A salamander ascends my spine,  
phlogiston in my pineal gland.  
Energy centers me. I pleasure  
in epileptic fits, my brain's hemispheres  
lit, hearing the sound parting grasses,  
current slither. The storm brings me  
psalms, plumes in my mind's deep  
space. I smell the forest, lightning's  
trysts with rainfall. My heart mushrooms,  
air humming echoes. My magnetism

hums, echoes.



# Mark J. Mitchell

## SINISTER DREAM

In dreams she was left-handed  
and her hair often changed color  
when her body turned over.  
Pillows didn't seem to matter.  
She would use her right hand to sign  
because—in dreams—you can't hear.

She often dreams you here  
to write music for her left hand  
while she chooses lyrics from signs  
painted on hotel walls. The colors  
are artfully fading. All that matters  
is seeing the same word, over

and again. Dreams are terse. They don't cover  
plot. Melodies—all hers to hear—  
one note with one hand. Notes matter  
to the ear hiding in her left hand.  
She'll spell them to you. Their colors  
change constantly. Her grand design

is to draw you with her. You'll sign  
a pledge to be her perpetual lover  
and to tease her hair into loud colors  
that you see but she can't hear.  
You help her rule her left hand  
and they must put an end to matters

large and small. Whatever's the matter  
with her dreamt self is a sign  
that she can't decode, like left-handed  
cursive. She starts to read and starts over.  
You hold her hand. She's glad you're here—  
deaf, quite unable to read colors

like palms. She rolls right. The colors  
flash and settle on blue. It doesn't matter  
towards morning. Her body tense to hear  
an alarm (your kiss, your song, your sign).  
Early light and a day that's not over  
Until she wakes her sleepy left hand.

Then coffee matters. The flashing sign,  
repeating colors outside. Just over  
sunrise. You hear trucks. The drivers are left-handed.

## CHRISTIAN TOPOGRAPHY

His sign reads “Cosmas—India Sailor”.  
Before him, on pavement, a framed blackboard  
is covered in dirty wax. People ignore  
him. She used to stop but kindness failed, or  
time pressed. Now she walks across the wide street—  
not proud of it or ashamed. She must meet  
people for lunch or power. She watches.  
She sees his hand move a stick. He scratches  
Three words in wax. They’ll stay there, unread,  
all day. And all days she wonders what they say.  
Later, Cosmas is gone. The tablet remains unread.  
She won’t take it home. Three words: Not A Saint.

## BALCONY AT THE FILLMORE

Upstairs at the Fillmore, watching the dance  
flow, tidal as waves, drawn by power chords.  
You’re close to a table. Your un-punk stance,  
your pose fools no one here. So slowly dance  
to walk through legends to legends. The trance  
of backbeats and solos. Try to look bored—  
you’re not. Upstairs, the Fillmore throbs dance—  
Tidal. The waves of songs, power of chords.

## LITTLE EASE

*'But the heart has its own memories and I have forgotten nothing'. Albert Camus, 'The Fall'*

The key between his teeth opened no door  
he saw. Perhaps some complete circuit broke  
and lights snap on. The only thing he knew  
as his tongue kissed metal—he could not drop  
it. The floor might swallow. He might choke  
on air. He clamped his teeth. His lips went blue.

His hands grew numb. He shivered. Heat dropped  
and night gathered strength. The air was choked  
with feral vapors, stronger than smoke  
that greased barred window and sealed one door.  
He saw two hooting owls that barley broke  
the silence. There were things he wished he knew—  
her secrets or his. Things he worked to forget.

Was this sentence or mission? He forgot,  
long hands stretched so high. His neck choked  
with fear, recalling what should be forgotten—  
Daylight. Her cool eyes. What it meant to stand.  
He knew bad things would happen when dawn broke.  
Swallow the key or spit it out. That door  
would crack. His meaningless form would drop  
to the floor. He'd open his futile hands.

## IN COLOR

Taking the first turn  
behind a blue horse,  
you know you're lost.

A palm opens  
at the end of an alley,  
bright green rings on each finger.

Open the red door—  
that one on the left, sidestepping  
the ocelot. Find a window.

As you slide through  
morning starts a wide yawn,  
swallows you like a rosy ear.

# John Grey

## FIRST WALK

From out of endless sex, below that shivery curtain of concealed nurse's faces, a screaming mother -can you help me to walk? I ask.  
From that moment,  
a landscape,  
a lullaby of blood,  
a tense audience to first steps  
and I keep stumbling  
as the rows of spectators  
clasp hands,  
breathe out  
like long legs  
doomed to trip me -  
as if my very first human step  
will crush them -  
ironic, that they smile genuinely  
when I emerge from flabby body  
to move forward another clumsy foot -  
nothing special,  
and still they cheer my movement,  
toes grasping at the polished floor  
or stepping between swords,  
knees giving in to gasps,  
hands grabbing at a sofa leg,  
just imitate, says my head, just imitate,  
bewildered by the feedback  
from my balance,  
but pressing on -  
nothing too difficult about this floor, surely,  
but to a nestling?  
As I collapse in a chubby pink lump, more cheap applause from the past that made me.

## HOW I'M FARING IN THESE STRANGE TIMES

I'm stuck in the house  
and the walls and I  
have, by this,  
said everything we could  
possibly say to each other.  
The floor is as weary  
of my pacing as I am  
of the floor always being there  
when I put my foot down.  
And don't get me started  
on the ceiling.  
It's always above it all,  
like a foreman overseeing  
the boredom.  
Now if I could pace  
on the ceiling  
that would keep me  
amused for a time.  
Of course, there's always books.  
I haven't read  
everything on my shelves  
but it feels as if I have.  
And television.  
There's nothing like  
sitting on the couch,  
remote in hand,  
clicking through the channels  
for hours on end.  
Actually, there is something  
like it.  
That something is nothing.  
At least, says the Governor,  
I'm staying safe.  
I cough into my armpit.  
I avoid contact.  
I only leave the house  
if the house can come with me.

## HOME AT LAST

to a dark pleasure hole,  
a kind of low mass,  
labor-saving devices,  
dismal yellow wallpaper -  
no wonder a man drinks  
from boiling hell,  
a kitchen table will have to do,  
a series of apposite deluding  
sermons on the pleasures  
of the self-  
beliefs balance so precariously  
and here's me praising them,  
refusing to leave the building,  
as solitude stares out at the universe  
and then some -  
where the stars cheer  
at whatever Duchamp is painting these days,  
as booze reclaims its place in religion,  
colorless morphine for the masses  
turning the world away from me -  
what is it like out there anyhow?  
baritone voice through megaphone,  
boutique balustrades, psychotic rainbows,  
bums pissing in the gutter -  
can't clean myself up for  
if I shave I leave blood in traces,  
can't ask the light::  
causality has never been so clean-shaven -  
heady days of the early nineties,  
don't wait for formal burial,  
enlist in a war with even electric shavers  
and foam licking bloody chins -  
a laugh riot for all who believe  
in the rotting worth of bodies.

# Ed Higgins

## Convocation

Mid-morning late-August, sweating already in our too-tight jeans sitting here in slack discomfort. The convocation speaker, bald and male, and in every otherwise clichéd, academically gowned, certified mundane. Silver-tongued he is not. The timeless pattern these obligations are meant to be. Full of generic boredom, bland declarative sentences float in hot toxic air over our heads toward the auditorium ceiling. I cannot suppress a yawn as flutters of orange and yellow butterflies escape from my mouth. A pretty girl beside me giggles, cupping from around my head whole handfuls of whirling lepidoptera. Her long blonde hair is jeweled in dappled white and blue butterflies as she smiles knowingly at me. And maybe the speaker too has mentioned something jokingly about the butterflies in his stomach as he apologizes for traditionally boring us so on such a beautiful August day, wasting our time in here listening to him. And as I yawn once more out roars a Pearl-Orange Harley Mirage Sportster, black and purple-edged butterflies painted on the gas tank, laughter bellowing out of its blinding chrome exhausts. Now the whole audience is hooting and clapping, on their feet and smiling as the beautiful blonde, with all the world's butterflies still in her hair, and I climb up on the Harley. Cracking the throttle I lift the gleaming bike into a wheelie and up the aisle we varoom to hell outa there. Trailing Monarchs, Swallowtails, and Painted Ladies, vivid and iridescent, into the clear August day.



## Flirting Screwdrivers

*'Flirtation is merely an expression of considered desire coupled with admission of its impracticability'.*

*Marya Mannes*

A lonely male Philips screwdriver  
is flirting at Finnigan's Bar & Grill  
with a Slotted-blade female screwdriver  
in a dimly lit corner, both sitting  
at a small green faux-marble table.  
They are drinking, not surprisingly,  
Smirnoff screwdrivers. But after a couple of rounds  
(in which the female Slotted screwdriver  
insists on paying for her own drinks)  
the Philips screwdriver, warming to  
the rising flirtation between them,  
says, "Say, why not the next round, on me, eh?  
And let's say we do a Sloe Gin screwdriver  
this time around?" Which is puzzling to her.  
"But I don't know what Sloe Gin is?" she says.  
Pronouncing it "*Sloooow* Gin" wondering if this  
is a hint from Philips-blade that things  
are maybe moving too fast between them.  
But she smiles anyway, enjoying the building buzz  
of their second regular vodka-orange juice screwdriver.  
Philips-blade sensing a bit of Slotted-blade's  
slight pullback says, "Well it's still a screwdriver  
but with two parts of Sloe Gin, one part Southern Comfort  
and then filled with orange juice: It's called a Slow Comfort Screw."  
Slotted-blade screwdriver giggling with hilarity, blushing slightly,  
says to Philips screwdriver, "Ok, I'm all for it, let's do it!"  
The Philips screwdriver senses an opening here.

## Lovers In Jacquith Park

she said  
can't you just imagine  
if we were that  
bed of yellow  
& red  
tulips over there

swaying lightly  
in the spring  
breeze

playing tag  
or something  
or other

making the bees  
all dizzy &  
pollen covered?

and he said yes  
& wouldn't we just  
kill that old guy  
walking by the  
flowering beds  
just now

with his little  
black dog  
& pretending

he doesn't see  
that much or care

how everything's  
in such frightful  
bloom?

## Poetry Surgeon

Don't misunderstand me, but I must plot against you like this,  
seize opportunity, so to speak, by the vital organs.

Perhaps you may suspect my gauze-masked smile,  
but we've already begun the preliminaries you and I—  
Note, for example, how easily you're confined here,  
so desperate your need or idle curiosity.

Well, now I'll confess: I am an unlicensed poetry surgeon.  
Ha, ha! that freaked you out of your Frank & Stein sneakers, eh?  
A disarming technique, paralyzing humor and horror at once.  
But otherwise you'd never patiently allow me  
this triage I'm about to practice on your head and heart.

I must first sever your wits with these demon-edged words,  
then slit up dull resistance, spill you all hallow's adam & eve  
scalpel-wide open, steadily probing, shining  
ruby tinged lazer-erie, hey look out! light heading in:

A triple kleig-bright sun disk, salty-sweet with fear,  
tainting the darkness there, revealing wolf shadows  
& the slush of red unmelted snow.

So you see I know, I know, too,  
speaking of our pain cloistered everywhere.

& my mischief is to carry terrible light lovingly there.

## Kitchen Knife (n.)

Kitchen Knife (n.)—1. A standard kitchen tool consisting of a sharp blade attached to a handle intended for cutting, peeling, chopping, slicing, and dicing. 2. Used primarily for food preparation (see also BUTCHERING; BACKSTABBING; JACK THE RIPPER; DEATH BY A THOUSAND CUTS). 3. Operated by hand, although some powered by electricity. Dangerous employed inattentively. 4. May be lubricated by food juices, blood, or tears as in onion preparation. 5. Should not be operated under the influence of alcohol, drugs, or while experiencing severe anger. 6. The most common weapon in domestic violence. A three to one ratio of kitchen knife murders over guns. 7. *Slang* To betray or attempt to defeat by underhanded means. *You backstabbed me again with a fucking butcher knife to my own mother, for Christ's sake!* 8. The domestic utensil blamed in a fatal stabbing after a California couple's New Year's Eve party argument over tacos. 9. A good set of kitchen knives can make any food preparation job easier, but personal safety must always be a user's main concern. 10. Keeping kitchen knives sharp is essential. If a knife is blunt you have to force it and there is a real danger of accidental cuts or severe injury. Related articles: KITCHEN HEALTH & SAFTY; CUT WOUNDS; KNIFE WOUND SUTURE MATERIALS AND TECHNIQUES; METAPHORICAL CUTS; KNIFE SHARPENING TRICKS; HOW TO ARGUE WITH YOUR SPOUSE OR PARTNER CONSTRUCTIVELY; REMAINS OF "BOG MAN" FOUND WITH SHARPENING STONES WORN AS PENDANT.

## A History of Unicorns

There are ordinary things  
which beguile us.

As the sudden white horse  
I saw yesterday,

grazing on a hillside,  
& decided to imagine a unicorn.

For the simple pretense  
of the thing.

Like a miracle of faith  
its spiraled, pearlescent horn

glistened in afternoon sun.  
A brief moment, an actual unicorn

balancing there between pretense  
& nothing at all.

Reluctant sad eyes  
darker than lost love,

as I took the sharp curve  
toward home.

## **You feel terrible sometimes**

life's color drained to ashen  
as the old world spins, pirouettes  
like a circus dog on the back  
of a galloping horse. Icarus,  
ass-over backwards dripping  
hot wax and scattered feathers  
through gray piling clouds,  
falling into Brueghel's heedless  
sea while Auden tells us (un)amazingly  
how the white legs disappear into  
the green water as indifference  
sails calmly on. The unwanted  
constant as dreams you feel  
guilty for. The thick wool of love's  
raveled touch. The drifting fright  
of needing, needing, needing.

## Advice

You can tell  
by these symptoms:

love's passion  
has talons

a beak  
feathers  
circling flight  
predatory instincts.

All these terrors  
you desire

although often  
there are none.

It is the trick  
love plays.

# Frederick Pollack

## Still Thinking of Travel

That austere beauty  
a monument to stupidity:  
they cut down all the trees.  
Then for centuries  
they were owned, hungry,  
tough, stunted, religious,  
ill. Volcanoes and earthquakes,  
two continental plates  
rending a rockfield.

Roots like cobras  
thread the voluptuous ruins. Only  
fools and rude children  
stop smiling. The Buddha  
encourages some killing. Wear white  
crisp short-sleeve  
shirts to the demo. A certain  
kind of hysterics  
is reserved for soldiers.

But for the most part I  
stay home. When fever comes,  
a wet, cold – very cold –  
washcloth descends  
on my brow, and for  
the never-expected  
allover shaking  
cold, one that is well-wrung  
and warm,

my eyes shut tight throughout.



## Context

Objects from happier times  
do not mock.

May raise a questioning eyebrow  
like dogs, who also learned that human art. Or approach with their leash,  
though it's you who slipped it.

Decades proved the inherited ashtray  
had no other uses.

The photo in ancient plastic  
became someone else.

The inlaid box  
that held in reverse sequence  
pills, paperclips, stamps, and the sun  
evades a stranger's gaze.

## Sidekick

After fifty pages I decided  
he was a kindred spirit. Would recommend him to anyone possibly interested, or  
not.

Some entries I skimmed. The repositioning of a pre-born calf, the death of the horse  
– too alien, rural. Like the priest  
he felt for some reason he should admire. But his walks through the forest, his  
thoughts on those walks – I could have had them. Did. The animadversions on  
Americans,  
who seemed to have landed collectively  
on the moon, their ebullient mutual slaughter and vanity in vacuum – these seemed  
only slightly more distanced than mine. The dragon at the edge of the woods, with  
its glum humor, had wandered in from my own work!

The house with its beams and hearth  
and hanging pots and age-old plaster  
dust was there, but elegized so little

it could have been a condo. Likewise  
the philosophers-to-be he had known at school – I envied, devoured, mentally  
dropped

the names that on his pages  
lay flat and youthful. Eventually

I noticed those he didn't mention. Wondered if he too feared, more than leaf-rot,  
that remark I encountered somewhere in Sartre, "a speck of boredom in the  
provinces."

## Excursion

Corridors think they're innocent –  
provide a service.

To our "lifeless," they say "ecumenical." Take credit for the efficiencies  
behind one door, refuse blame  
for the neighboring graft and harassment. The light that fills them is that of the  
world, which neither confirms nor denies.

The one who appears had no trouble  
getting past the lobby.  
Security cannot now be summoned.  
His aims differ from those  
of Him whose return the gentiles await, but there may be areas of overlap.  
Executives, consultants,  
tech support, counsel, whatever brass is  
in residence, even temps and gofers  
flee their cubicles and corners  
and, gibbering and gasping, crowd  
the corridors. Hypertension  
manifests, clawing  
at ties. Various levels  
of women try to take  
control of themselves, bring order; see  
themselves as if from a distance doing so. The whole crying mass attempts  
to fit through the door of the stairwell. Still

in sight of the elevators,  
the one who has come  
regards the unmanaging managers and  
advances. He may be considering "healing," but the word itself has become a wound  
... Through wildly open doors,  
he observes fallen chairs, strewn files,  
distraught and strobing monitors

that must all be cleaned up.

## The War Effort

What I'd like is a *briefing* –  
cold urgent men delivering  
facts to me who am neither but  
respect, even tremble before  
facts. As I'm sure  
Biden does, while his predecessor  
believed only in  
momentary tropisms  
of the will, and refused  
briefings, and was and is  
loved by those I see as essentially  
him. So that my world has become  
medieval, allegorical: a brutish  
giant clumping destructively  
about, wanting  
through hurt and exclusion to worsen  
an already bad poem.

But the material dropped  
on my desk is not  
clean bullet points suggesting  
which thief to let off, which tyrant  
praise so as not to anger  
more useful ones. It's  
*scrolls*. Worm-eaten, musty, sealed  
tomes. Loose brittle sheets.  
And all are stuck with post-it notes  
that refer to each other  
with faded interrobangs.  
I hunch. I sneeze.  
I peer. I pursue  
the mystery of pain, but the texts  
assert one more profound:  
that the posture I have adopted  
is useful.

Thus briefed, I formulate a plan  
of action. Visualize ship  
shaped blocks advancing  
over wide blue paper, cavalry  
deploying. But have only  
a rotary phone, and when

at length the tone gives way  
to a voice, that voice is  
near tears. What's wrong? There's nothing  
worse than this job, tears say. My back  
always hurts. They're mean. The pay stinks.  
History will get you out of there,  
I say. Life will be better.  
*I'll* get you out! Reflecting  
meanwhile how missiles falling, screens  
turning to final snow would also  
have been an answer, but it too has passed.

## Sands of Mars

Quite early I stood there,  
thin wind in the earphones  
of my helmet. Small sun,  
interesting sky. Perhaps I took readings,  
but basically my job was  
to stand there, heroic, alone.  
Even better the outer satellites,  
ice mountains, a gas giant overhead.  
It was before I imagined jobs,  
or needing math as well as words,  
or loneliness, which came with puberty.

Now the airlock opens, ramp descends,  
I walk among crystals  
of no identifiable phylum slowly  
eating each other. Spores, viruses  
knock at my spacesuit, eager  
to colonize. The livid, willful clouds follow  
rules I needn't have come here  
to learn.

## Duty to Shadows

It is the highest rung  
of education in that culture,  
and they've actually  
kept it from being overrun  
by unpromising children of the rich.  
(Who spit and hiss outside the temples  
until they're made to leave; those  
accepted refer to them as  
"bright lights.") The acolytes then  
progress through the study  
and worship (the translation is wrong)  
of candles, oncoming evening  
in rooms and gardens, the somber  
but malleable shade  
of heavy furniture. They then learn  
to walk, communing, negotiating  
with what one casts at different hours. Spend  
years on the mysterious  
bond between grey days and the highest,  
hottest noon,  
in which one disappears. In music, silence;  
in public affairs,  
the primordially of crime; in love –  
in love, they're taught, there is no shadow  
unless one counts forgiveness.  
When graduated adepts walk,  
all pride at a distance, they  
are honored, if seen.  
In later years, having exerted  
subtle influence, they sit  
over tea, considering rain  
(each drop announces its arrival)  
or the shadows cast by awnings, people, lamps,  
which aren't death exactly.

## A Feeble Folk

*Proverbs 31*

Lynxes and other mid-sized cats  
who used to prey on them are mostly  
gone now. (Wolves  
remain; organization  
wins out, as usual.) Matriarchal  
clan-structure. Claws  
adapted for digging; they steal onions and turnips,  
take them to their burrows. Long,  
ultra-sensitive snouts can distinguish  
among explosives and motor oils  
used by the different sides. Formerly ranging  
from the desert across the central steppe  
to the mountains, they now cling  
to the higher peaks, more difficult for tanks.  
Spring displays and rivalries  
among males much reduced. When a matriarch  
and half her brood die in crossfire,  
a keening can be heard  
from an entire settlement. One might think  
that Mind has swept across them, rather than,  
as panpsychists believe, that they are  
as a whole a specific stage  
of Mind. Like rocks,  
like everything. (Tanks themselves  
probably identify  
with the ore they came from, not with what they do.)



## Cinnabon

On the first I spoke in Nashville  
two blocks from a megachurch. I told them  
that “faith” is the foulest four-letter word.  
There were shots, but my bulletproof  
glass held; I was hustled  
to the car. Quite a fracas ensued,  
I learned, between my young supporters and  
the devout. On the third, near St. Louis,  
I said that every last  
Confederate statue could be replaced  
by good race men and women, which I’d thoroughly  
approve, but they (black audience)  
would still own one percent  
of the wealth. Thought of quoting Yeats  
(*Ireland will be free and you still break stone*), but too  
abstruse, as usual. Reaction was mixed;  
improved when I listed  
local redlining banks and corporate offices.  
Whole next week on the run, but on  
the twelfth, as planned, friends and I  
invaded that broadcast. I read my psychological  
analysis, caused an estimated  
three hundred maga heart attacks. I’m sorry  
about the hostages and those officers.  
(The army remains the big question. Some  
I’ve turned have been discharged, arrested, shot.)  
In Philly, in a car, I had one of those moments –  
thought too much what I *could* be doing.  
A newspaper blew along the street. As  
an image it had had no oomph since  
the Sixties, but depressed me  
till I noticed my picture on it,  
which made it at least more ambiguous.

## Seattle

Never to be experienced again –  
actually, only experienced  
in books. (Film friends are generally  
philistines; why shouldn't they like each other?)  
Writers, artists, and freeloaders born  
in exile from the Village,  
the Left Bank, or Berlin. Our only  
masterpieces our ambitions. Fueled  
by youth (which unfortunately favors  
no one pretension) and  
weed. (Excluded for too much cocaine).  
Memorably mad (or scarily, when  
they weren't imitating someone). Girls  
discovering, demanding, sometimes achieving  
respect, or leaving. Nightlong  
confessions, the horror of  
male tears. The apartment a damp  
museum of flotsam circling me,  
whom all proclaimed the king of a rainy city.

All summer, drought. Now weeks  
of storm whose only function is disposal.  
Three outlying leaves have turned a brilliant red  
but the rest, falling, seem to bear  
only a memory of color.  
As if no other process were at work,  
and besides being torn down  
they were leached by the rain.

# Dick Westheimer

## The Plane Tree

There was nothing much to distinguish the single tree  
which stood like a trim little sycamore dressed in olive drab.  
Now alone in the park, its sisters lay nearby, their limbs crabbed  
as if felled by firing squad, each bleeding sawdust at its feet.

An woman in a housecoat wrapped her arms around  
the survivor, held it as she would a child to protect  
it from men in slick suits, red ties knotted at their necks.  
But these princes who always get their way had aroused

a mighty She who would not relent, held tight  
until a judge, like Solomon, decreed: The Tree  
Will live. Somewhere else. The bourgeoisie  
will pay to get their way. If the tree could reply

it would be with a heartwood wail, like a refugee whose  
roots torn loose scabble in a distant place, alone, dispossessed.

## Becoming Native to this Place

*For Debbie*

I handed her a box, crude built  
of wood scraps. In it, I'd placed rocks  
found down in the creek bed, one polished,  
one sharp-edged, a slice of shale, fragile.  
Another – a worn, gray granite stone  
layered tight with bands settled  
together a billion years ago.

Marry me. Marry this place, I said.  
I already have, she replied. And we  
set to ordering seed for the next  
year's garden.

## The Sun, the Moon, and the Stars

What is the name of that moon she says

it is called 'the moon' he says

no I mean its name - what is it called?

waning gibbous he says and soon it will be the third quarter and then

waning crescent. But you know even then, when it appears smallest,  
the moon is half illuminated.

Oh, she says. I thought it might have a name - something like

'the Mama Moon' - pregnant, swelling at the belly. And see

how she gazes back, over her shoulder at the sun, rising -

as if she awaits the day.

One should never look directly into the sun, he says, except

during a total eclipse - right at the moment of totality

when you can see the luminous corona - which is always there but lost  
in the sun's brilliant radiance.

Last week, she says, there was a beautiful full moon,

the 'Strawberry Moon,' I heard it called, the smallest, sweetest moon...

It was at apogee, he says, when it is farthest away...

And near it, she says, as it rose, was the brightest star I'd ever seen,

enchanting in the evening sky.

'Venus,' he says. You've seen it before. And it is a planet not a star.

And like the moon, it has phases. It seems inconstant as seen from here,

but it too is always half illuminated.

His hand in hers, they drift home. He scuffs at stones

surfaced on their packed gravel lane. They enter from the rising day

to the kitchen smelling of chamomile and fry butter.

She looks to the calendar, checks her watch, sees the day before her. His gaze

is caught by the luminous skin at her neckline, her strawberry lips,

her full moon hips, her hair brushing her shoulder. He sighs inside:

you are the sun the moon and the stars.

## The Unbearable Seduction of Flowing Lava

On the island of La Palma  
where the mountain erupts,  
rock flows from the mouth  
of the earth – red, raw, a lure  
of hope, a burning promise  
that beneath our feet  
a new world waits  
to be formed and we  
of the brittle-thin  
here and now are witness  
to its beginning.

## **My Small Daughter Quiets the Storm**

*...a great and strong wind tore the mountains ... but the Lord was not in the wind... after the wind, an earthquake, and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in these. And after the fire the sound of a still small voice...*

*from 1 Kings 19:10-13*

I stood astride you like a lion over prey  
glowered down and growled (about something lost to memory),  
me, angry over some ordinary injury that  
seven year-olds and their harried parents feel–

and you, through you tears, terror really,  
looked up at menacing me, spit words at me  
that hit like bricks: “Would you do this if your friends  
were watching?” and, of course, I would not.

Your fierceness saved you, raised me from waving  
my rage like some flag of fatherhood, made me  
determined to nurture your courage – you, already an alchemist of hope  
transmuting anger into change – me grieving all the more

for those other parents deafened by the clanger of pain they’ve carried,  
who cannot be stilled by the small voice calling up to them  
through the raging ire, who succumb to the earthquake, the wind, the fire–  
who beat and banish the blossoming prophets given to them.

## Implicating You in the Crime of the Last Half Eon

Did you know that bleeding  
horseshoe crabs is a thing,  
that half-a-million a year  
are captured on racks,  
strapped in by black bungees  
as their milky-blue blood is  
drained from them, that this  
is no abstraction like love or  
antiquity, that these creatures  
lived before plants began on land,  
before Gondwana met Pangaea,  
before the five great extinctions,  
(which were not abstractions)  
and now we scrape them from  
the sea for a liquid more dear  
than mercury or Chanel No. 5  
(which I read was the only thing  
Marilyn Monroe wore to bed,  
which led JFK to abandon  
Camelot) and that Jesus had  
5 scars and Moses 5 books  
and Coco Chanel thought  
women shouldn't smell like  
flowers, that they should smell like  
women, which is an abstraction,  
or like laundry - which is not -  
and that without horseshoe crab blood,  
you might be dead of E. coli,  
or of some contaminated drug?  
But you're not. And the crabs are,  
or at least they will be, dead, that is—  
this arthropod having survived  
the Ordovician, but likely not  
*homo medicandus* which is just  
fine so long as they live long enough  
to be of help for me, which is not  
an abstraction, don't you agree?

## Mother Fletcher Gives Me a Talking To

*"I have lived through the massacre every day. Our country may forget this history, but I cannot. I will not. And other survivors do not. And our descendants do not."*

*Viola Fletcher, survivor of the 1921 "Tulsa Race Massacre."*

I watch her tell of a little girl who sleeps snug  
curled up with her tattered doll: It's a warm night  
and Viola's kicked her thin linens to the floor.  
She dreams of centaurs, *The Golden Fleece* open  
on her bedstead to a picture of brave Jason.

Dreaming, she wakes. Her father wraps  
her in the castoff bedclothes. Her brothers,  
frantic, lead the family out the back  
of their house. Fire rages

cracking in attics, roofs crash, collapse around them,  
a scream – like a strangled cat – her friend  
next door (who was dragged by the mob  
naked from her bed). Vi ducks spasms of gunfire,

sporadic as she stumbles through hummocks  
of black men's bodies. Biplanes buzz like  
a from smashed hornets' nest. Fireballs rain  
from the sky, streets reek of burning turpentine.

I loose sight of the girl but she reminds me  
100 years later that she's not lost sight  
that day when the spittle-driven mob  
ran her family from town.

I am not good at this, seeing horror  
in the face of a survivor. Mother Fletcher  
looks right at me through the TV,  
right as a vee of geese circles over my home, lands

in a bawling of honks, leaves a slime of goose poop  
I'll have to scrub from everywhere – just as  
Mother Fletcher dares us not to turn away, says:  
"I have lived through the massacre. Every Day.

You may forget this history, but I cannot."  
I shuffle my feet, stare at my hands, am ashamed  
that I'd rather clean up after the geese



than look Mother Fletcher in the eye  
as she gives me a talking to.

## Maybe the Ballot Counters Read “19 Ways of Looking at Wang Wei”

*Arizona Republicans hunt for bamboo-laced China ballots in 2020 ‘audit’ effort.*

*Headline, The Guardian May, 5, 2021*

Empty mountains,	We ballot counters examine each
no one to be seen	with a fancy 5k camera
Yet—hear	because we’ve heard
human sounds.	the Chinese stuffed the boxes.
Returning sunlight	We’re looking for bamboo fibers
enters the dark woods;	in the paper.
Again shining	I think we need to know
on the green moss,	don’t you?*
above.*	

Perhaps the men of Maricopa  
had questions without answers,  
cast the I Ching, blank ballots  
like yarrow stalks, divining  
Thunder Over Water,  
delivery from misdeeds.

But I think they saw what they were looking for—  
much like stuffy translators of Wang Wei’s woods  
who read them merely as verse, words  
to be rhymed, tamed on a page,  
locked into lines, soldiers  
demanding to be heard.

But, what if in those fibers the counters found  
– empty mountains – where they sat, still,  
listened for echos, watched as the fading  
sun shone on moss hanging from the trees.  
They could go home, and breathe  
free from their fevered dreams.

\*Gary Snyder’s translation of Wang Wei’s “Deer Park.”

\*\*from the words of the consultant recounting Maricopa County Presidential ballots

## Bang

I cannot get away from the day's news and this poem is no refuge  
though the title was revealed to me in a dream, me having  
gone to bed, obsessed, refreshing my browser again and again  
lusting for news of which streets in my city were trashed,  
which cop took which man to his knees, which black clad  
provocateur ball-peened which glass window.

Whoever thought a wall of glass was a good idea anyway?  
That man didn't understand: we don't want to see  
what goes on inside.

Do you really want to know which synapses are connected  
to the trigger finger, which to the clenched fist, or which  
to the sigh of one who is so tired of being seen  
as something other, wearied when we-the-people only see

him through the plasma screen which is showing some obscene  
scene of a black body sacrificed, knowing he is seen  
as some sort of phylactery containing our fears.  
You get it. You don't want to see inside, so why

glass walls? Is it because when they shatter,  
the shards ring like a thousand broken bells  
or that seeing ourselves reflected  
in a shop window is the closest

we come to being luminous,  
even though we are stuck –  
here – on the other side?  
Perhaps we make such walls,

transparent

because we really don't want  
to be with you over there.  
We just want to seem  
like we are seeing you.

# Howie Good

## Failed Haiku

The white daffodil  
with curly yellow lips  
in a crystal bud vase

Salvador Dali sitting  
up in his deathbed

cursing a priest who  
has come to visit him

## 'No Animals Were Harmed...'

Everywhere, chemicals. My house might as well be made of words for all the protection it affords. The previous tenant not only drank from the toilet, but also scrawled on the walls a disclaimer: "No animals were harmed in the making of this film." I wasn't laughing when my MRI came back showing frizzy orange hair and a painted frown. Since then, I have been insulating with crumpled newspaper. In this wind, faces have been eroded, lives uprooted and swept away. Apparently only grandmas with heavy bosoms have adequate ballast to keep to their feet.

## Complicated Shadows

Everywhere, chemicals. My house might as well be made of words for all the protection it affords. The previous tenant not only drank from the toilet, but also scrawled on the walls a disclaimer: "No animals were harmed in the making of this film." I wasn't laughing when my MRI came back showing frizzy orange hair and a painted frown. Since then, I have been insulating with crumpled newspaper. In this wind, faces have been eroded, lives uprooted and swept away. Apparently only grandmas with heavy bosoms have adequate ballast to keep to their feet.

# Dee Allen

## FANTASTIQUE

Against red-tinted  
Bedroom backdrop, two-toned  
Big boot dominatrix  
Only for pictures

Invited viewers to come to her—  
Seductively shot  
Magazine cover  
Date unknown

Drew me to it one day—  
Seductive shot reprinted  
On a medium black t-shirt  
Hung on a gift shop rack

*The moment we met in 1998,  
The sight of you was enough to  
Start a love affair—  
No, a harmless crush—*

Miss Bettie,  
Welcome visitor to my nightly dreams,

Mainstream America's  
Interest in you  
Began during my toughest  
Unemployment streak: 1992.

I slept through most of it  
Like Rip Van Winkle.  
Woke up for your revival,  
Arrived late to the party.

Miss Bettie,  
Camera-ready gorgeous lady,

How did you manage with  
A good little choirgirl and  
A wicked *femme fatale*  
Living within you?

Both roles worked  
To your advantage.  
The keys to men's hearts  
Were held jangling in your hand—

Miss Bettie,  
Your copycats came and went,

But I knew  
Who the real deal was—  
FANTASTIQUE  
French word that best describes  
you—

Light-hearted you  
Inventive you  
Sensuous you  
Forward-thinking you

FANTASTIQUE  
Fits you good and snug  
As a pair of black  
Leather opera gloves.

## STATUS: MISSING

Absence makes  
The heart  
Grow fonder  
And the male mind

Far more curious  
About yesterday's  
Subversive  
Beauty queen's whereabouts

Missing from  
The magazines,  
Marked absent  
For decades.

Her replacements  
Are legion  
And they  
Don't hold any candles.

Cover model  
Dream woman  
Bettie Page,  
Where have you gone?

You have  
News reporters,  
Artists, would-be  
Biographers, boys searching

Low and high, behind every bush,  
Ever watchful for  
Alabaster hide,  
Jet-black hair,

Some vivacious  
Signs of you,  
The Bettie  
They once knew

From their father's  
Secret stashes of

Pics & mags, the juicier things,  
Tucked under beds, into attics,

From fantasies  
Interrupting their daily  
Classroom routine, leaving  
A hard feeling down below—

Can't blame you really  
For wanting your privacy.  
Too many damn  
Wolves out there.

There's no real shame  
In wanting to remain  
Missing. One guesses  
More beauty, more problems—

## DISCOVERY [ EXCERPT ]

Patrolling the street  
On the Brooklyn beat  
Wasn't enough for  
Jerry Tibbs.

The married N.Y.P.D. officer  
On some days would shed  
His dark blue uniform & wore  
The sable one he was  
Born with.  
Just a man enjoying his spare time,  
His busy hands worked a camera.

On Coney Island's  
White sandy beach,  
He found her.  
A Southern transplant  
Curious about her  
New Northern home.

His eyes saw  
"Model" in her  
Straightaway.

His clicking Kodak©  
Truly loved her  
From the start.

Stance per stance,  
Pic per pic,  
Tibbs' work seemed  
Ready to be shown.

Then again, he thought  
Something had to be  
Done about his subject's  
Already movie star looks.

Jerry Tibbs talked her  
Into wearing short-cut  
Bangs with her long ebony hair.

Cass Carr took her  
Picture again and again and they  
Sold well in Manhattan nightclubs.

And the shutterbugs  
And the barflies  
They knew why.

The playful  
Pale lady  
Many have seen

Cracking a whip like a dom,  
Tied with rope like a sub,  
Taking a bubble bath in vibrant  
colour,  
Dancing seductively with her  
partner  
A stuffed clown doll in grainy  
black-&-white,

Splashing happily in water  
On Miami Beach shore,  
Gracing men's magazine covers,  
Dressed in a leopard print suit  
Or her famous black lingerie &  
nylons—

Men back then wanted to date her.  
Women right now want to emulate  
her.  
Bettie Page, Queen Of Curves  
Would've never  
Lived that title

Without being guided in the right  
direction  
By two Black men

Virtually unknown,  
Totally unsung.

# Rus Khomutoff

## HOTEL ETERNITY

TO EXIST BETWEEN ETERNITIES WILD NOTHING LIKE THE EYES  
OF THE SKY AXIS INFINITY DICTIONARY OF OBSCURE BLISS /COME  
FORWARD WITH YOUR VISCERA AND VIOLENCE AND SHARE MY  
WINGS/UNLEASH YOUR SPIRIT BENEATH THE RAMJET ALLEGRO  
TEMPLE OF THE NIGHT SKY A NEED FOR MIRRORS AND COUNTLESS  
SKIES/SHAKE YOUR INFINESSENCE SLOT CANYON Highbreath  
NARCOTIC ERUPTIONS CLOUD NOTHINGS EXOTIC PULSE A NAME  
BEYOND DESIRE SEMAPHORE SIN PLAY AT YOUR OWN RISK TALKING  
TWILIGHT/ INTO A SPHERE OF YOUTHFUL SYMPATHY RIDES THE THIEF  
OF YOUTH THIN AIR ADDICTIONS MELANCHOLY BODY SACRILEGE  
TATTOO HIGHWAY INSOMNIA PUNK/ TEENAGE BLOOD REPETITION  
OF A THOUSAND HUNGRY EYES/SOMETIMES WE ARE ALL ETERNAL  
IN THE CONSTELLATION OF MIDNIGHT MOSAIC FACTION/ MY GREEN  
UNQUEEN GALLERY CRUSH HYPERRITUAL AUTUMN CRY OPULENCE  
LIKE A TRIANGLE AND A DUEL/SOME TALK TO MEN WHILE OTHERS  
TALK TO GODS DANCE IT VISCIOUS RIDDLE OF THE SANDS CHAMELEON  
CHARADE STAR CODE CHALICE/ASK THE DESERT ORACLE THESE POISON  
DECLARATIONS THE REAL UNREAL CONVERSATIONS WITH A NEW  
REALITY/NATURE'S SYMPHONY DRAFT INTOXICATION

# Paul Ilichko

## The Piston Gate

Mood was only a beginning  
the first word of a new chapter the arc  
and wash of it  
as if they dreamed of cleanliness again  
a curtained register obscured by clouds  
across this wasteland distance

\* \* \* \* \*

she provided a diagnosis which it seemed  
had sucked them into something resembling tenderness  
it was not the time  
or the place for other shards  
of consequence “this is not our time”  
they repeated as the light turned golden

\* \* \* \* \*

did she understand the knifing pain  
the knowing pain that dragged him from  
the earthy bonding of mud  
into the shrieking scream  
of birdsong it was a sound that needed to be heard  
before he buried himself behind the piston gate.



## Floodwaters

Angry waters which clothe  
the forgotten valley  
bringing wonder  
to the churning sky  
once it freezes again there  
will be no more light

\* \* \* \* \*

a child came with a flag  
a flag that trembled  
in the morning winds  
a flag  
with clouds resplendent  
with acorns  
and a hint of rosemary

\* \* \* \* \*

everything here relates to difference  
dreaming itself  
into a schoolyard  
that grows  
into a concrete motherhood  
that grows  
into solitude  
into a space for only children

\* \* \* \* \*

*there is a possibility within that space  
there are children external to its borders*

\* \* \* \* \*

the rushing of water reminds you  
that childhood is danger  
but motherhood  
is the actual fact of terror

your love has finally set the world ablaze.

## Unable to Scream

Plasma is leaking from frozen sleep leaking  
into solidity filling the emptiness with lavender

we slept beneath the decaying cycle of the moon  
crumbling slowly into a sorrowing segmentation

water had had leached from arsenic basements  
from the careless corrosion of white lead pipes

the river blackening your jeans gold braiding  
stitched and locked into its dream space

a pack of dogs had followed the trail of blood  
their snouts awash with the mystery it foretold

the only crime was the lack of a crime the visible  
farce that succumbed to a preferential identity

such sounds now trapped in the bones of our  
throats our screams developed as whimpers.

## The Night is Merely Residual

I will harvest  
the nightly crop

facing the window's panes  
in silent anticipation

I will be the one who  
carries love who drinks  
from boneless cups

who disappears  
between two-sided light

I will be the shape  
of a jaw the curve  
beneath an armpit

the speed at which  
our lines are fastened

I will offer once again  
the blood that floods

my organs as  
irrigation for your soil

as the green riverglass  
is melting and the war  
is finally ending

and pain  
has dissolved into sadness  
lost within this twilight.

## Speak of Inside/Speak of Outside

Speak of an arrival a reversal of blindness speak of a sound that is no sound a reverberation of silence that pulsates within the emptiness

the fog of not knowing becomes the joy of recognition breaking free to daybreak from another overnight of tethering from sadness and weather

tea is passed in china cups beneath the seeded birches by men with teeth who are trained in the art of bruising each china man with peach in hand

Speak again of a sunken anchor dragging nets beneath the mottled surface the soap-scum surface of green aquatic of pure plasticity and regret

the refugee has lost track of his wisdom exiled upon the fragmentary islands trapped within the blasted wastes of nettle and burdock adrift from facts

Speak at last of the unconvincing retreat the metal ranks of military statuesque despite their fallen dignity as time winds slowly down dying on their feet.

## A/Cross History

Sherlock Holmes was a spiritualist  
in history was a player of the violin

according to our drifting legends of time  
that pay no attention

as to his physical  
reality so long as his face appears in mind

floating above the Ouija board of centuries  
passing slowly downstream

\* \* \* \* \*

*the British were unable to distinguish  
peace from war and so they slaughtered*

*native peoples in their millions guns or  
cannons fire or*

*disease any method  
was acceptable so long as the freedom*

*of capital exchange was never impeded  
such godliness revealed by finance*

\* \* \* \* \*

Jesus drives past in the back of a long  
black limousine surrounded by law

enforcement the secret service alert  
to every motion

peripheral or blatant  
no solitary gunman ever breaking their chain

their dreams of open skies and earthy  
reflections on a different path never taken.

## A Knot of Snakes

The forest is a child  
but we are unable  
to recognize it as such

\* \* \* \* \*

only the sky is truly ancient  
passing itself off as a parable  
as a diamond studded window

every pane of glass a complex  
of crystalline structures  
of regulated patterns

\* \* \* \* \*

the sun flashing its signals  
whispering along the trails  
glancing off the branching

appendages of birchwood  
to where the silent lake awaits  
beneath its flickering surface

\* \* \* \* \*

we thought we had invented  
an allegory about creation itself  
an iterative excavation

a disinterring of cindered  
parts that blackly peered through  
muddy layers of leaf mold

\* \* \* \* \*

a field where snakes thrived  
upon the remnants of discarded  
picnics upon our heritage.

## Evolution vs Revolution

Dreams may be subdued by chemicals but life  
burst through into the cloudscape of morning

a dream of vessels sailing throughout  
a night a dream of spinnakers and halyards

a dream of greenery that draws  
the moisture from the depths

a dream of insects their mirrored panels shining  
like blades a shine of silver under floodlights

\* \* \* \* \*

the world was clearly changing

the sun fell forty times and never rose again

the birds were listening for the light  
listening on the wavelength of a dream

the birds were dreaming alchemy and murder  
the beasts were dreaming fear and hatred

the sun was listening from a lower level  
beneath a shimmer of horizon

\* \* \* \* \*

stillness exists beneath the rain

buildings are burning to the ground

translucency is a metaphor but  
the ocean is never ending

\* \* \* \* \*

dreaming of contingency lost in music dreaming  
of wood and wire and the tension in a waveform

dreaming of paralysis and chains  
dreams are blocked by chemicals  
as the world rejects a transplant heart.



# TE Secor

## Platform

I fell into the woods  
From the canopy greens,  
cosmo tear, I Satan,  
Saw three beasts of furry,  
Manly composition  
Gilgameshic heights &  
Horns, claws, teeth with gentle  
Faces of beautiful  
Youth we all were once like  
Lifted me for lands far  
Only they let me down  
On platform alone, snow  
I saw myself in did  
Glide ever smooth, abyss  
Beneath my void stage where  
Sky wrapped globular shape  
Leaving to a fall all.

## Temple

Walk, saunter, crawl, gallop  
For what felt for hours long  
On a path of tent'cle  
Functionality bent  
To those bars Liszt had wrote  
And whose paths Escher would  
Ink in for viewing mass  
Until at a day's drudge  
I arrived to floating  
Temple, Synagogue, Mosque  
Of cubes stacked snowy beige  
Of dungeon doors, iron bars  
Of rooms breaking logic  
And glyphs etched among walls  
That relate thousands like:  
ス 彳 K 丩 ㄗ た  
Just to keep going for  
Miles past eye's range they go  
Never revealing me  
Sagas, poems, stories, epics.

## That

Grendels and Surtrs run  
Along the glyph'ed walls  
While I wandered lonely  
As a cloud that held this  
Temple high above void;  
How better to observe  
That chasm-field of sky  
Than a rotunda large  
Watched by boulders screaming  
In tongues Babel bellowed  
Æ jü ü hé öş xī  
Syllables empty out  
Leave meaning to themselves  
Torture me with sounds until  
I hear nothing except  
Pitch increasing to squeals  
Metal or particles  
Ionized rip into  
And I suffer to hear  
Frozen with shock as I  
Gazed down that open void.  
Opening; I flew in.  
Down rabbit hole down  
Quiet came on  
To my cold  
Body  
Gone.  
Then,  
As I  
Awoke to  
Colors, shapes, sky  
Void reopen and  
Before me was that  
Kusamit covered God.  
Infinite gasket skin  
Hand reached forth with gentwarmth  
With eyes brimming brightness  
However yet hollow  
As I could see through them  
The temple, the platform  
the snowclouds, the cuboids,  
the grendels, the surtrs

and I could see myself  
walking the halls up that  
everrising stairpath;  
I collapse under weight –  
Majuscule gravity –  
Roll on back, look downward  
Into the distant fog  
Nothing is behind me  
For I don't think there is  
But staring into naught  
I saw myself seeing  
Me looking into eyes  
Of that That, that God That.

# Tim Kahl

## After Kubaba

No man in the village stood among the scorpions.  
But she arose like the sun from the node of the frozen night.  
Her story proceeded like parable, the sergeant opening the door  
to the Elysian Fields, then the escape from the desert's turmeric  
tides. She leaves the village's withered men and heads for  
the prophecy of the horizon. The stories of her father provided  
aid in the raft bed and blew through the seabirds and stars.  
How well the dead run with the sail. Eventually, on the third day  
she battled pure silence with a bronze hammer. The rain threw  
her a rope into the fire dark, and a house emerged on the reef  
of stones. But it did not delight. She needed a sliver of kiss to  
decorate the edge of the moon. She needed a god to appear  
as a word in the head. But the island kept its word. It kept it  
on the cusp of a visit from an enlightened being who is  
not possible, who is not home. The men of the treeline  
came together, and they saw the ascension of song and breath  
and medicine. They performed as they were commanded  
and claimed their understanding. They had brains to help  
them interpret their emotions. They scarred and healed,  
inked by the fog of happiness, and quickly spoke to  
the maze of infinite circumstance . . . in tongues.

## Falconry

Your connection is not private. No. It never is.  
Even if you stand on a Persian carpet and wish  
yourself under the Crown Prince's red tent  
to stand in front of his row of hooded falcons,  
your soul's travels will be tracked with a beeper.  
The royal trainer will confirm your mental adventures,  
then off come the hoods and jesses and with his  
free hand he gestures and yells, *Strike. Strike.*  
You are the little houbara running across the sands  
of the Yakhmach Desert. But there is still the thrill  
and magic in every flyer. Names are given to  
every falcon, and when a favorite one is lost,  
the president of the country does nothing but sit  
and weep, shout "al-Mutanabbi" for four whole days.  
He thinks his despair is his alone, but you bear  
witness the way Rilke saw Frederick the Great  
staring into the falcon's inborn mind. His gaze was  
a quick attack. He drained the swamps and  
introduced the potato and the turnip to Silesia.  
He was the gay soldier king who kept his  
enemies off balance with an aggressive stance,  
and you are peering back at him in judgment  
—the man who wanted to be buried with his  
greyhounds because they were more loyal  
than humans. But as you coldly reflect on this  
Prussian pincushion, isn't your view regarded  
with some suspicion? When will some future state  
lay claim to him? This moment of connection  
eye to eye, gland to gland, passion to passion  
will succumb to some far off distant-eyed vision  
—like the guile of the nawabs and sardars,  
the wisdom of the innovative king, the insight  
of poets who pierce the skin mid-flight.

## Kluge

This Anthropocene earth with its sudden  
administration of algorithm  
and dominance among apes  
is dancing in the cognitive ripples.  
A massive data center stirs and requires  
a reason for the infinite power grid. A tangle  
of narrative tells the living to proceed  
as the GPS girl direly advises *Recalculating,*  
*recalculating.* Then some errant thought  
heads off in the direction of your southwest  
leg. Not to mention the grass is slippery  
when wet, but when it's raining, there is  
no riot of motion. You're already there—  
in The Valley where abstractions go to die  
and all that's left is plain and simple living.  
Not that many parts. And the few there are  
still need to be connected. The theory of  
the sentence tries to tie the universe together,  
protein by protein, each hack good enough  
to get the job done. So when the GPS girl  
tells you *turn right* and you end up on  
a printed circuit board controlling electrons  
flowing to Toledo, note the passing of  
information, the calendar software  
plunging into situation. These days  
the systems contemplate exit, and you are  
the clock spider hiding from its mechanism.  
The crust builds up, and the exceptions are  
coming to get you. The interactions get busy.  
The details don't wash off, and throughout it all  
good hygiene is more and more necessary.

## Lord RuBisCo

The gasoline we burn began as clumps of plankton.  
They began to bloom when the days began to lengthen.  
So now we return in the Anthropocene to when the weather  
was perfect for them. The zooplankton eat the phytoplankton  
and the fishes eat the zooplankton. All the efforts of  
the chloroplasts cascade up as anchovies and herrings  
set down ion channels in the brains of animals  
whose neural nets click faster. The bigger the brain,  
the faster they wonder how to rid themselves of  
the dark cloud of exhaust hanging above them.  
These animals with their big brains release more  
plankton corpses and let the chloroplasts rage  
to draw down the cloud of carbon dioxide build-up.  
There's a whole lot of carbon fixing going on,  
as the waters rush in over someone's hometown.  
The plankton are returning to raise the name of  
Lord RuBisCo, the greatest of plant enzymes. How long  
can we tread water to honor him? We of this insufferable  
hemoglobin clan . . . will our vestigial gills reemerge?  
Or shall we serve as custodians of their spillage?  
They will fill the seas once again as we conspire  
amid our fishbone middens to rise, rise and cause them  
to combust in our caravans of clustered vehicles.

## Phrase Book Chess

To play chess with the phrase book,  
one must be serious. To play alphabet search  
in the phone book, one must develop a method  
to parse the surname — be it magic 8-ball  
or a directive from a Robosapien.

The white space of the page serves as suburb  
to the array of words. A sentence is a winding  
street with multiple wireless hot spots.

The preface and index plan their escape. Does the man  
in the exit row seat have any English? any Spanish?

*Cuidado Caliente.* The contents of this phrase ship  
are headed toward a tougher audience with huge knuckles  
built after the birth of humanism  
but before the death of the author.



## Die My Dining Night

Die my dining night, no doubt.  
There is no linger in my minute

A hat in the rain intends by wishing  
the little painting lifted to a star

By enemy, by intimate  
the night invents a limit

daylight trains its stand-in  
and far is the white exhibit

Some purpose is same as agate  
and attitude a name most rare

changing added to the end of chilling  
instead of nice that upsets nude

and animal empty into terminal  
the black asterisk content to call

a burr of blood enters innocent  
returns a missing list so small

a wrinkle on an injured bird  
excites the word that dresses here.

## **Ants Ants Revolution**

'Ants proved that socialism works. Marx was right. He just had the wrong species.'  
— E. O. Wilson

### ***Six tons of cement and eight thousand liters***

of water are poured into a mature leafcutter nest. The form is metropolis, channels and tunnels cut through the soil. The microclimates shape the paths, an internet of chambers where chemical songs cascade through the dark.

### ***Leise flehen, meine Lieder***

Through the income game where the fake dopamine fires every synapse calculating status. The data tangle trumps the essence of the ultimate decision, the one that keeps unraveling to fit this age's aesthetic. *Gently my songs cry* and the info forensics team traces them to an island off of China, the source of all motion in the hidden Ghostnet.

Schubert composed in the age of *gemütlichkeit*, of cozy domesticity, of fine timepieces and porcelain in the comfort of the home. The native embroidery covered armchairs, cushions, footstools, and the topics at cafes stuck to an agreeable surface. The sausage balls in Vienna were called Frankfurters while in Frankfurt they were called Vienna sausages. In this milieu Schubert wrote his cycle of swan songs.

### ***Durch die Nacht zu dir***

The revolution of the ant world is that everybody works for mom. The leafcutter queen dwells in her fungus garden and scatters the eggs to be daughters, drones licking the bodies of nestmates. There are very few males, ground up as inefficiency after they mate. So if I want to take part in this revolution of the ant world, I must find another use for my genitals or submit to the reality that they'll be dead weight.

At the masturbate-a-thon hundreds of men and women pleasure themselves for charity, but Slavoj Zizek says this signals the end of shame. I should be *calling to you through the night* instead

of establishing my theory of masturbation as radical act, my faith that my breeding is necessary.

*In die stillen Hain herneider*

The city drugs the mind to dream and then we fall in love with concrete. Pozzolans are woven into the sidewalks. Blast furnace slag keeps its secret vigil suspended beneath our feet. Silica fume fends off the road salt so the bridge's rebar won't corrode while *below in the quiet* grove the parasitic ants raid the colony that lost its worker caste.

Two working class men from Australia develop a stage show where they bend and twist their penises into various shapes. It's called Puppetry of the Penis and the characters they've created are atomic mushroom, wristwatch, parachute, three-wood, Eiffel Tower, hamburger, windsurfer, weed-whacker, Loch Ness Monster, wedding ring, and the mollusk.

*Liebchen komm zu mir*

Do you know the city's handshake? Is there agreement on its surfaces? Does its information call out, "*Come to me, my love*"? Can you recite the concrete in all its forms: the culvert, the guardrail, the grate inlet, streetlight stanchion, the port silo, the curb, junction box, roadbed, the skateboard pipe, bridge abutment, the swimming pool, and the crypt.

Authentic community is possible only in conditions of permanent threat — Slavoj Zizek

*Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen*

The internet is ripe with trolls. Its strands are masked and rooted in islands. The invisible traffic adapts and connects, growing its new clusters of epidemic, its lost decisions. A day of trading passes into wind, *the slender tree-tops rustle in whispers*.

I watch the leafcutter exhibit at the zoo among a swarm of children. The surplus clippings pile up near the tube that leads to the nest. The experts say half the colony does not do any

work at all, relying on a certain set of hyperactive overachievers. The zoo is a story of adaptation. The zoo is a story of an alternative city. The zoo is a story of revolution. The children press in to take a closer look, and I feel foolish, ashamed, thinking we have mass produced too many of them.

### *In des Mondes Licht*

In the last few months of his life the syphilitic Schubert pens his cycle of swan songs. His doppelgänger is the side of him already dead, sexless, poured like concrete into his end. Vienna persists *in the moonlight* of its Biedermeier phase, its doors hung with peals of bells decked with pearls. Schubert, near the finish, asks no one in particular — why am I contained in this black hole?

In western Iran, taqaandan, from the Kurdish, meaning “to click,” is gaining popularity. It’s similar to knuckle-cracking. The top half of an erect penis is bent forcefully while the shaft is held fixed, producing a satisfying popping sound. “It’s a growing health concern,” says one leading urologist, “the practice of taqaandan is increasing and we don’t know why.”

### *Des Verräters feindlich lauschen*

The queen is forever groomed and fed by her daughters. One milligram of pheromone will commit a sister to march around the world three times. The dedicated leafcutters call to one another about the choicest leaves. They vibrate an alarm during raids. A rival colony has come to capture its fungus garden. The battle begins. Do not ignore the fiendish gods of other colonies. They peer over your colony’s progress, *the hostile spying of the betrayer*, then urge their followers: Fungus, fungus, for every meal! I wonder if it possesses any of the better qualities of a garden salad.

Slavoj Zizek on vegetarians:  
Degenerates. Degenerates. They'll all turn into monkeys.

*Fürchte, Holde, nicht*

The colony holds its breath. The colony is alive,  
but it does not see its death coming.  
*Don't be afraid, my sweet.* We can build a new specimen  
with its bits and pieces cemented into place.  
We can build a revolution with a list of city shapes:  
the inkblot, the airplane, the bacon strip, the star,  
a hammer, slag heap, eternal fractal, sea anemone,  
Band-aid, fractured penis, the paper shredder,  
and the leafcutter nest.

The internet is down, and its commerce is  
untangled decision by decision. The city  
is serenading its doppelgänger in death . . .  
or is it the city's famous rebirth:

*Leise flehen, meine Lieder  
durch die Nacht zu dir  
in die stillen Hain hernieder  
Liebchen komm zu mir.  
Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen  
in des Mondes Licht  
des Verräters feindlich lauschen  
Fürchte, Holde, nicht*

# Rosaline Winters

## Frostbitten Thoughts

Sitting at the table, before a frosty chessboard, my kindest memories and thoughts sit in a cup beside me filling the room with a calming aroma of coffee. Incense burning a deep cherry scent, its smoke calmly dances across the room caressing the windows glass.

Small snowflakes gather, pressing themselves against the other side of the glass, as if daring their fate to meet the warmth of the smoke.

But the dainty little snowflakes refuse to melt behind the thin veil of glass and the cherry smoke continues its dance happily. The shadows lengthen, and the room grows dark, my memories and thoughts turn cold. The smoke ceases its dance and the snowflakes stuck upon the glass are left alone, joyless, in mourning.

Silently, the dark sky breaks, blushing deep red under a blanket of clouds. Gently, the sky begins to sing her song. A low rumbling lullaby to comfort the blanketed ground below.

## Lavender Roses

A lavender rose blooming from my veins. Black ink scrawled upon the papers before me with an unintelligible meaning. All around me, in this tiny dimly lit room, the world is silent – only broken by the crinkling of the melting ice within my glass.

I'm sitting in a river of my own words with no discernible way out.

But why am I complaining? Aren't we all drowning?

There is nothing special about a blooming rose spilling wilting petals upon the floor, or a silent scream that everyone hears and everyone abhors.

I wish to escape, but how do you escape reality?

My only escape is in my dreams beyond the garden of lavender roses.

Where there is laughter and love. No hatred or screaming, none of the everyday horrors that life faces us with.

It is there that I am at peace, where I am not lonely, and there is no need to sow the seeds of the lavender roses sprouting from my veins.

# Nadia Arioli

## On “This Silent World” by Kay Sage

You were a poor man, who  
knew but a little, until  
suddenly, you knew more  
than Adam. Did that knowledge  
burst like umbrellas or fester  
like mushrooms in secret places?

When you stumbled  
out four days later, into  
this silent world, were  
you astonished or yawning  
after a little sleep?  
Did the world yawn with you,  
rocks like teeth, the ground  
a shudder-grey?

I go to that place. I choose it.  
Black like the insides of eyelids,  
black like dirt under fingernails,  
black like recalling a dream too  
late, the color of slipping.  
Did you see me there? We lived  
and died about two thousand years  
apart, but did you know no life,  
no narrative is a straight line,  
especially those who choose bullets  
for punctuation?

Did you learn geometry in school?  
You probably didn't go.  
I made rays first, then paintings,  
going right to left. I have no note  
for you, only notes for the end  
of useless light. But, fellow  
tomb-dweller, while you were in  
the blackened place, did you hear my song?

*O Lazarus, I have questions  
and answers for you too*

*I haven't come back yet  
but when I do*

*You'll all go shadow-waltzing  
in your Sunday blues*



## On “Tomorrow is Never” by Kay Sage

We'll put them out to sea. They are  
quiet and smell of hair on pillow.  
We won't even bother with food.  
They can catch gull and whale,

although they are soft-bodied  
and gummed. We know how  
they can devour. Behind cages  
and out to sea, their tomorrow is never

our problem. No matter that animals  
now alarm. No matter that now  
our bones feel stippled with cancer,  
and film covers our eyes.

We'll just put them out to sea. They are  
quiet, but so are stains and scars. We'll  
try not to sail past them, because if we do  
we'll feel we've swallowed pieces of moon.

## On “Le Passage” by Kay Sage

Twigs and broken lungs  
are the same here—  
a space for something  
to be furthered or complete  
but isn't. Everyone has  
their preferences. *Phantasmaphile*  
they called me and worse.  
Take your fetish for rubber  
and apply it to your whole  
life. I find calm in staring  
at blocks that could be anything.  
They stretch out like the sea.  
You wouldn't love me if  
I turned to face you. Look  
instead at my golden head.  
It glows as if ordained. Do  
not speak. What you could  
say outstrides what you will.  
I have the back of a scalpel.  
Sleep for dinner, wait for rain.

## On “Suspension Bridge for the Sparrows” by Kay Sage

I wanted to love you  
like doing up buttons:  
to take up completely  
and then be still.

# Adrian David

## Balderdash or (The Eternal Conundrum of the Human Mind)

Adgjodgf wersbvcmk oepeiy fyofjp,  
Qpdhp oedfos bhpfa pdfgs jidqw.

Iterhyrdruu dfjodjipfdr drfsdjf,  
Nmdfjodp, djiopg sdjoox xadf.

Muietyr iohftdhio sdfwe dpkhhj,  
Xjersh oppgys kvbyte iobhp obxc.

Jkgdper jmdfivgftrs prtwdgdr fgv,  
Hgteui xcsvgceorp rsajopt ifrop.

Idgfeper dkhmp hmdpete gmwptm,  
Agotpe eamdq, itoxmo fdogurwp.

Pwaxd hypdwuew dfhiopd sdffd egj,  
Zdjgfhf knmfdk qewew gftfsdfs.

# Ace Boggess

## New Year's Eve, 2020

We spend too much time thinking  
about death. It puts the fear  
of God in us, fear of the devil in us.

If we don't believe in either: fear.  
I'm trying to cling to hope like a lover  
who rescues & needs rescued  
in the night as dreams  
burn shrieking bodies from within.

It's hard to finish a novel chapter  
than ends in a cliffhanger—  
sleek, exotic peril—so that one  
must read on. Read on, Reader.

Don't place the book on your shelf,  
forget. Finish this story,  
get to the good parts, reach a climax,  
fade at last into the long thereafter.

## Neighborly

In the snow, he came like a phantom,  
like Eastwood in *Pale Rider*,  
descending the foot-dense roadblock,  
pale isolation. Mail truck  
barred from the cul-de-sac,  
he accepted a package from the postman:  
a proof copy of my book—  
first since prison. I had given up hope  
of seeing it, its existing at all,  
as if the nor'easter had been Fate  
or God or Gaia saying, *No, not you;*  
*not this*. It could've been  
supplies he brought me: a bundle  
of meat for surviving winter,  
fire in a jar to prevent freezing.  
Not sure why I recall the happening now,  
other than guilt at my having been  
less neighborly. I seldom interacted  
with his house, except during school  
on my way to the bus stop when  
his King Charles spaniel would bark, &  
like that abyss inside me, I barked back.

## Moonset

I never saw a bomb blast  
rewind into its casing,  
circle of flame squeezing down  
the chimney of a brick house  
atop the near hill  
like a resin,  
liquid motion.

This moon is not my moon,  
orange & fluid, self-erasing.  
It has places to go  
before the sun comes up,  
while I have this step to sit on,  
staring at dim space  
where a fire went out.

# Aldo Quagliotti

## Amenities

brooding on the unmissable  
quarry-turned-natural smile of yours  
I groped your plus-sized heart  
so I could feel your fire  
cooped up in your overhear  
when you drool overnight  
that's punchy syrup for monologues  
I recorded in my chest  
when I was musing over the novelty  
of another day passing bye  
so that your rest  
would still be at mine  
the ever-evolving flip side  
of an amenity scaring me so much:  
will this love I feel implode one day  
for you to stay safe  
to offer you repair  
when the world will be awake?

## Typo

With lavender-tinted scruple  
I get undressed, get rif of good manners  
I run towards the thyphoon  
I've already seen these eyes  
in the braids the void left in me  
I mean: deciphering intricancies  
isn't it the rite of passage  
the chance to experiment  
to investigate what keeps us alive

All I know is that  
I discerned the infinity  
in a drop of ink



## You'll be

You'll be, to me  
a knowledgeable cledonist  
as inseparable as a sly aspirator  
and an heedful respirator  
like an ogress in my nightmares  
an orchestra in my dreams  
a dreamlike twinning  
every time You're by my side

but you love the kingdom of truth  
the spacing lived by the Concrete  
expiry dates for interior finishing  
and punctually forget  
how castrating it can be  
to see in the gut of a ceiling  
just some wooden planks, nothing else  
and not a starry night in the Amazon  
of when, finally barefoot  
we're warmly embracing our exoticism

it isn't usually like that  
that I'm use to placing the accents  
over my heart

## Fiesta

On the pelvic floor, they're making cocktails  
my contentedness protrudes, some times  
I yell, make weird sounds, an ancestral bliss  
getting out of my diaphragm  
an euphoria enlarged by the wind  
a cartilage keeping together  
my uproarious curiosity  
and life cruelty  
when the breach is done  
I'm susceptible to immortality  
I need a party to be thrown  
towards the survival of my enjoyment  
I look at the sky, mirroring my intestinal infinity  
I'm a drop of boundless blessings  
an endoparasite triumphing in the Creation  
I hatch new wishes, every day  
and of my fiesta there shall be no end

## Batesian Mimicry

I didn't curl up tightly  
my sleeves, didn't wanna work  
nor had amatriciana with pig cheeks  
wasn't struck by algebra  
but by the round openings in Emmenthal cheese  
created by their gases emission

my sister and I used to get lost  
in sourdough tunnels  
we would fizz having wine  
without awaiting Eucharist

It's always the right time  
to fight off-color horizons  
whatever the destination is  
whatever sound  
is meant to be  
this cacophony we feel.

# Lachlan J McDougall

*:::the monk:::*

yesterday's comparative question::  
presidents get children vaccinated???  
*:::the monk:::*  
he said the Vietnam which  
invite our brother and shock  
the victors  
her a working girl----

another night was spent devoted volunteer::  
*"be retreat///fear is burning"*  
move into each other///hold Thay to do something  
*:::the monk:::*  
((Thay))  
midnight battling  
help our global system???

another decision///the time decision  
we news saying with immunity::  
not read in Vietnam!!!  
*:::the monk:::*  
((Reuters University of Jesus Christ))  
delayed until winter optimism  
"have this world"  
he said::

further Vietnam::  
Reuters 15 years president///  
we do resources  
lost Jesus Christ///

firefighting foothills to make brother  
makes even winter----  
Thay make sure states against each other  
"teach other"  
he said::

a monk when our community watchful  
amused by Vietnam  
*Reuters here???*  
he said::  
*revered opening///re-open he shoots*  
who was a condolence???  
----\$\$\$\$----

**atom bomb—\$\$\$\$—cancer men**

give me your atom bomb your  
cancer men your \$\$\$ &&&  
everything that comes with it  
a grey flannel suit a typing machine i  
can't type anything but regulation  
&&& routine

locust chirps where the sun shines through i  
move \$\$\$\$\$ where the sun  
fades dark to the-----  
move south in the winter where the sun  
-----

give me your atom bomb your cancer  
men boys give me all  
&&& lead me to death where the sun  
shines through a grave i sit  
with a flash the whole house goes up  
cards flying roulette wheel  
spins wildly red black \$\$\$\$

locust chirps where the sun  
shines through i sitting  
on the grave of the thing red  
black a grey flannel suit  
\$\$\$\$\$-----cancer men-----  
&&&&& atom bomb-----  
with a flash where the sun shines through  
eyes open wide

bomb-----  
within the sun  
-----

move \$\$\$\$\$ where the winter sun  
shines through i  
men boys give me all  
&&&& atom bomb your  
men your  
movement south it  
\$\$\$\$\$

locust chirps where the grave i  
black \$\$\$ &&&  
everything comes wildly red black \$\$\$ &&&  
eyes open wide  
shines through  
everything machines through i  
men your  
cancer men-----  
move \$\$\$\$\$

locust chirps where the sun shines through  
a grey flash where the sun  
shines through i sitting on  
everything machines through a flannel suit  
with a flash the grave of the whole house goes up  
cancer  
can't type anything machines

everything roulette where the sun  
shines through a flannel suit type roulette  
a flannel suit  
where the sun shines through  
with a grey flannel suit  
with a grave of the sun  
shines through  
eyes open wide  
where the sun  
fades dark to death where the grave of the sun  
fades dark to-----

## Voice of Genesis::: memory of C—

i waiting learned from  
    where your films i  
still watched you to positions—  
pinball explode  
silver digit extend out thee number 23///i read hands  
    extending  
news arms out wait for you died///here i learned  
    about papers scattered  
    was on thee best of C—  
*tata Stalin*  
    *we require agents on thee psychick*  
voice of C—  
    *tata Stalin—*

waves of C—  
return to thee desk with you///  
    sounds of a train in the distance-----

*sea levels rising—tata Stalin—*  
    an eager eye  
    eager extending learned  
to be content with my signing thoughts receding—  
voice of words i watched you die///here i watched you soul///  
    you into window where i learned  
this magic i  
    read hands  
extend out best of C—

*waves of C—*  
    *sea levels rising—tata Hitler—*  
Sirotkin looking all explode  
    in the distance—

((((street sounds of pleasure///through you died///here thee glowing or  
    power of C—  
*calling all explode)))*  
    *thought Stasi psychick*  
operations peering power of C—  
voice of C—  
calling thee long corridor content running  
    down and i had positions peering all agents on  
    the lonely music for two

((street sounds of C—  
voice of C—))  
read your films again///found it///number  
23 signing  
pinball explode  
silver digit in to  
windows open up time to business

Sirotkin looking all about///thee glowing learned  
about new events  
pinball explode  
silver digit extending—*tata Stalin*—  
an eager eye on thee glowing horoscopes  
an eager extending  
pinball agents  
down again  
and up to the apartment running learned  
from me in my dreams where i watching for  
thoughts receding—  
voice of words i write i learned  
about all explodes a  
silver digit in my dark days where  
you found me from time i had no time  
to get to see you



## Memory ov Atom Bomb::: Genesis speaking

everything but regulation

    fades dark days where the whole house goes up

cards i watching roulette where i

can't type machines through

    everything or the whole house goes up

----cancer----

move a thing or two

give me time to be content with a flannel suit

    grey flannel suit

with thee lonely music for you

found me your book and i had time anything under the sun

-----

&&&& learned from all time

    &&& learned

a grave in my dark days where i write///

i am at thee glowing learned from time

    to move in lonely

soul///you in thee power///number 23///

    i read me from where the sun shines through

locust waiting in me you move but

    sickness brought a grave in the-----

move this magic where the power of words flying red black \$\$\$\$

    move the sun

    &&& atom bomb-----

this magical frame

    move in my

dreams where your films again

    and again///found roulette for the power of

    a magical frame

to move south with

a flannel suit  
with it  
a thing i learned from  
where i black a grey flash where i waiting

the sun shines through you in thee gallery watching  
the grave of it///number 23///  
i read me all the sun  
&&& atom bomb your atom bomb your films  
i still watch in front ov me just on the sun

-----

move thing but regulation  
shines through i  
move in the best of power ov words i write i  
black \$\$\$\$

## Eric...Camera...Eye...Silver Egg Explode...

lightly everything with a red pleasure... an old dog sliding his chest moulds into his wet sound... wind him with a warm breeze in camera eyes... mould into a silver egg meaty where the soap from silver watches a silver egg grow stiff out of the cigarettes... hard behind each other... I falling down to them gasping the light air with the street... another's flesh like rotting through the floor... a hand out silver flakes that take up the floor with a silver egg... falls down on the floor with a hand... everything up lightly on the night of each other's flesh like trees... another's cocks hard and aroused... organ wash the floor with a gentle snowfall back into the cum good and meaty... the hotel room pulsating his behind meaty winter pavement... silver watching wet sound reverberates around with a wet sound... everything goes dark for air of cigarette smoke... old sway into silver flakes take up slow behind meaty where the lights calm like letting go... down grow stiff and the two boys tussle plastic eyes in the light air with a gentle snowfall... down lightly onto a silver egg explodes in good food and sways on their skin over me... round the tree letting big and mould into little snowfall of each other in the air with exploding wet sounds... reverberate aroused organ... I fall back a dream where the hotel room sleeps... I had a dream where I fall back into them with a warm breeze in their skin over egg in space... cum and stale air with a gentle snowfall down to the mangos rot good... fall over watching through the chest and fall back into little plastic eyes... mangos warm breeze in through the window... Eric comes up from a television set in camera aperture....

## stumble Russia

fade out of setback into Ukrainian border... space cable network... news host to reiterate... Harris say no minor... cum and they gasp gently rushing his immanent invasion... we are president of Russia... backs hard a silver egg good and calm like an incursion... told him: “no idea...” *Washington there against Russia will be a blunder sparking big invasion...* this secretary for Russia... plans while Putin move up slow behind food coordinated... the US impression... Biden also raised... held good rushing down... Moscow will be message... receding reporters... “swift in detail witness comment...” Russian old Biden in his winter service... president space while I fade Ukraine... Today: incursion damage corner watching space... Russian occasion... answer media aperture receding invasion... Putin modern back was all thigh when a red remind him... comments to a minor include plans to reverberate... no minute co-anchor... “severe comment... they do you a rarity...” severe winking swift... it is agenda... it has down the mangos rotting... discussed his career for Russian countable... tweeting in and hard blowing... they gasping two-hour cocks... harbour corner watching a reporter first time... the room a television by Russia... White House directly witness conference... cum and sway onto that... “if any other’s a reporter... set his country against four Ukraine mattress...” cognitive across directorate... any conference plastic talks with sleep... “I had efforts by Russian occasion...” President Joe Biden sparking with a gently deployed mould... been close period... her US pressing... wet sound and there’s a rarity on Russia... White House on the floor weeks dimming... accept a minute... air sounds rushing lightly receding... mangos rot and gasping stumbled Russia...

## Memories ov Genesis::: thee number 23

there it was on thee psychick cross arms out waving  
thee number 23///i read your book learned  
a thing or two in lonely music for thee lonely  
soul///you soul beautiful pandrogynne you  
found me in my dark days where i watched your films again  
and again///found myself in thee gallery watching learned  
a thing or two

the power of words i write i learned from where i  
read your book and all thee power of a magical frame  
of mind///here i am at thee desk with my sigil cut-up  
in front ov me just waiting for you to appear in my  
dreams where i wait for you each night

this is a new endeavour just waiting for thee right time  
to move this magic where you move in me from  
where you died///i had tickets to see you in thee glowing flesh but  
sickness brought you  
down and i had to be content with your films  
i still watch from time to time and make thee best of it///number  
23 signing off

## An Interlude (Wildcats! Wildcats!)

Two lovers meet in solitude of a damp alleyway, they stand silhouetted against a backdrop of burning moons and embattled stars flaming final glory across an endless night of dead space – embrace and click open an ornate cigarette case extending narcotic tube long and obscenely flexible. Twisting proboscises probe one another in passionate clinging, curl up like narcotic smoke in a hazy grey dawn of embers burning out and dropping to the ground mud-stained and metallic. Two lovers melt down into effluvium – let loose the clothes in hasty fumbling of pants and underdrawers – breath of rotten ectoplasm mingles with the blood and pus and sweat of an expectant orifice dripping venereal excitement. Ankles up about the ears, slither jelly on cock and asshole – states of love in fading grey dawn, moons burning out to luscious embers – shimmering translucent skin sheds snakelike in a trail of liquid jelly – makes you feel good just to see it... pubescent eyes from window and fire-escape jack off in fantastic frenzy arcing vibrant jets of jism in all the colours of the rainbow...

Cut to stale hotel room: sweat of blood-stained sheets and television demands a dollar just to look – “leave the money on the dresser” – punchcard timeclock rings bell on cracked plaster wall, open mouth dissolves heat through dry fumbling of pants and underdrawers – faded grey cunt and limp prick play violin to a symphony of night sky burning black through neon window streets. Roaches and other insects play about a scarred navel receiving special attention from state-of-the-art pleasure device and light bondage gear hangs flabby businessmen from the ceiling spurting whitewash – rough hands caress a fraudulent breast. Proboscis leans in and explores the prickly shaved crevasse of a hundred lovers at fifty-buck-an-hour-non-negotiable-extra-if-you-want-it-special... mirrored ceiling tells story of limp prick rising to the occasion – toothless mouth and calloused knees in well-practiced manoeuvre devour the neon night – “leave the money on the dresser” – makes you feel good just to see it... pay extra for a thing like that... take a look through state-of-the-art two-way mirror – you want it special?

Cut to Turkish bathhouse on eastside street of littered human detritus: long insect fingers probe taut fishboy flesh wafting smell of freshly soaped scrotum, petroleum jelly, and penetrated rectum – arcing jism colours fishboy flesh on a slick and tiled floor, mingles in a viscous rivulet with steam and soapwash. Breath of rotten ectoplasm and cold beet soup wastes pale gooseflesh in dripping expectation – happy queens of a nation rush in to frenzied fumbling and throbbing cockshaft spearing holy deeds in a night-time squeal of delight – arcing jism colours wet air and proffered cigarette, long and obscenely flexible, wafts narcotic smell of freshly soaped scrotum, petroleum jelly, and penetrated rectum... we shift out in a fading grey afternoon, hide face in rusty old newspaper pulling coat collar up and over in shame of holy ecstasy – rotten ectoplasm on breeze of eastside street and human detritus...

Cut to nuptial night, the virgin Mary: jumps on shrivelled prick of holy Joseph – the heavy-set Nazarene withers and dies on the spot, cold eyes desiccating

dust. Mary rides the body sheep bleating and all manner of animal noises – a thousand rusty Jews look on, breath held in auto-erotic asphyxiation, jack off colours of the magi burning bright against metallic moons and embattled stars pulsing out on a cool, blue wind of static. “Put the money on the dresser” – stale smell of musty rectum relieved and cleaned by soft, holy hands and penetrated to the hilt by jelly rubber cockshaft strapped on in leather stirrups to the virgin queen of saints – Joseph cums an arc of jism multicoloured into dead night air, catches a thousand rusty Jews bursting forth in ragged robes and leaving money on the dresser (file out shamefaced, pull old newspaper up and over, turn up the coat collar). Saints of the universe look on pleased and pleased – they strap on the automatic stimulation device and fuck old catholics spitting in the grey dawn... “pass the collection plate... leave the money on the dresser...”

Cut to cramped vestibule of “forgive me father for I have sinned”: lecherous old priest spits in the grey dawn, nurses priapic growth of a young boy in first communion, “do you touch yourself at night?” Solid gold cassock lifts to reveal an undulating proboscis tasting taut fishboy flesh in holy spirit arcing neon through the afternoon sunset – settles in vat of holy water drunk off communion wine – “pass the collection plate...” Old catholics spitting in the grey dawn turn blind eyes and attend the stations of the cross in paroxysms of self-flagellation and auto-erotic asphyxiation, writhe around in orgasms of prurience, ride the ass of Joseph, jelly rubber cockshaft up to the hilt – “have to pay extra for that kind of thing...” “pass the collection plate...” Insect fingers weave in damp alleyway: we make love in soft grace of neon jism arcing rainbows through dead night air. Lecherous old priest lifts solid gold cassock in cramped vestibule: “forgive me father for I have sinned...” “leave the money on the dresser...”

Rancid jism of the world in thick ropes of bondage hanging flabby businessmen from the ceiling – “have to pay extra for that sort of thing... leave the money on the dresser...” Old insect fingers probe rough caress of fishboy flesh – faded grey cunt in neon afternoon – musty smell of blood and pus and sweat and Control mechanism entwines proboscis and limp prick in a writhing knot of dead flesh while pubescent eyes jack off in spurting bursts of neon rainbow. We make love in damp alleyway, in Turkish bathhouse, in expectant drip of priapic growth spurting whitewash across a neon sky – dark rape of saints wearing all manner of automatic pleasure devices, lifts solid gold cassock in cramped vestibule, falls down in orgasms of prurience with a ghostly old porter sweeping in the grey dawn. We drink down communion wine screwing holy Joseph up the ass with wafting smell of freshly soaped scrotum, petroleum jelly, and penetrated rectum – virgin Mary, queen of saints, squeals in delight – flabby businessmen lift rusty old newspapers up and over, turning coat collars up around thick necks in a fading grey afternoon – faded grey cunt and limp prick pass the collection plate...

Rancid jism of the world wafts smell of musty outhouse, petroleum jelly, and penetrated rectum into holy water of old catholics spitting in the grey dawn. Insect fingers caress taut fishboy flesh in stale hotel room passing the collection plate – dark rape of saints – holy water melts proboscis into effluvious jelly trailing

damp alleyway, fumbles pants and underdrawers. Cut to mother Mary fondling limp prick in faded neon night: grey cunt opens wet mouth and performs well practiced manoeuvre in stale hotel room bed – makes you feel good just to see it... – “leave the money on the dresser” – a thousand Jews look on and screw each other up the ass with jelly rubber pleasure device strapped on in leather stirrups – “forgive me father for I have sinned...”

Rancid jism of the world in wet sex yearned and lusted in a fading grey afternoon – flesh of my flesh melts down to effluvious jelly, leaves thick and rotten ectoplasm on breath of air entwining proboscis. Control mechanism springs to life in neon night of limp prick and faded grey cunt – “leave the money on the dresser...” – old catholics spitting in the grey dawn suppress saints of holy sexual congress with a solid burst of fire from an old .44 – cum musty underdrawers lifting skirts of altar boys in cramped vestibule – cum nasty in phosphorescent slag spitting on queens of nation – solid gold cassock lifts to reveal throbbing cockshaft penetrating rectums of taut fishboy flesh... death of the flesh in rancid jism of the world – fishboys die desiccated at touch of faded grey cunt and insect fingers probing musty rectums of the world – the virgin Mary melts into jelly, screwed up the ass by a thousand pubescent Jews on window and fire-escape. Death of the flesh in holy water sprinkled bathhouse lifting skirts of altar boys and cumming a neon rainbow in musty underdrawers – we melt away in fading neon night, make love in death of the flesh – Control mechanism leaves money on the dresser...

*Fade out...*

Take 1:

Five days the *Spencer Courier* runs a wet mouth of Barbara Brown – she born late night neon burn bright across embattled stars and heavy breathing boys on window and fire-escape – burns down the papal office – obtains a judge and state attorney in littered human detritus – proclaims that every baptized christian wafts smell of petroleum jelly, arcing jism, Sunday School teacher stale smell of penetrated rectum... she give way to free paper dying rotten ectoplasm in 1910 – dies of a heart attack on the spot, desiccating promptly – “Oh say can you see?”

Cut to courtroom: squeals of delight arc across the county prosecutor – he wins by a soaped scrotum, petroleum jelly, Board of Trade at bullet point speech centre (minutes to go... “by the dawn’s early light...”). Grey afternoon construction of the *Spencer Courier* with a team of blonde workers pulsing up and down about rigid steel tools – collar up and over drinking inferior Kentucky bourbon in a faded neon night... mother Brown exposes herself in a Turkish bathhouse practicing law on taut fishboy flesh (“habeas corpus you know... want it special for the evidence committee...”) – call the witnesses!

Enter the commissioner: elects himself president of shrivelled pricks twisting out and up, defames his new position in a faded grey cunt of soapy scrotum and penetrated rectums wafting stale smells of relief, waves his .44 and threatens to shoot anyone against a false advertising claim of dusty jism arcs across a tiled floor.... Enter Mary, queen of criminal complaints: copies the idea springing up from pale gooseflesh – shivered fishboys die about the room in steam and rough insect caress–



all manner of animal noises sheep bleating on a shrivelled prick writhing cold tile floor of a Turkish bathhouse... minutes to go... faded grey cunt backs out of the room... long embattled trial: Brown decides to buy the winter next day arcing jism – Mary, queen of criminal complaints, dies of a heart attack on the spot...

Cut to farmhouse (Brown organising her address book): a thousand Jews look on in conference, they play finished through an evening of rubber pleasure device – “his wife help me, father, for I have sinned in Memorial Stadium of Manhattan...” – Brown joins the press corps and wafts out the courtroom ratifying case in rancid jism of a football field... gavel hammers down: the case is dismissed on the spot.

Grey afternoon named to shine on offer – American Control mechanism fades grey cunt of St. Petersburg – “leave the money in 1975...” Brown averages six weeks spitting in grey Columbia – publishes dead missive of cum in a musty vestibule, solid gold masturbation on the walls... the whole thing bought and sold by Democrats penetrating rectums of 1973 – we sell on later... rancid jism commencing ‘77...

Cut to country club (Brown slips a faded .44 into the waistband of her luminous grey slacks): faded grey cunt and President Mary, queen of saints, melt into jelly by the Columbia yachts floating harbour of a vast country club where sweep an old porter... new country Jews in window and boatbow rise to completion sprinkling bathhouse and eelboat in rainbow jism (the porter: “musty under-trim I say... keep it off the lacquer you animals you...”). We make love in death’s head mounted rudder spinning wildly, leave musty jism arcing on boatbow Columbia yacht number 23...  
Cut: Take 2

*Interior – Drawing Room – Night – Brown is the state ballast commissioner:*  
Brown arranges her address book and files a team of blonde construction workers representing 550 feet of threat during a 1941 blast – newspapers the gimmick – published apology: “keep that rotten stuff off the lacquer I say!” Hobbs busts in with the gasoline outboard motor put-put-putting out to sea (“say can you seeee? By the dawn’s early light...”), takes the helm of yacht number 23 and leads the boat out to cramped vestibule of solid gold cassock – “forgive me father for my wife, you see... sinned in Memorial Stadium of Manhattan...” (“what so proudly we haaaiiled, at twilight’s last gleaming...”).

Embattled stars shining down on the neon night: “put the money on the dresser.”

Stale smell of water tank relieved and cleaned by soft, holy hands sprinkles on face of the complainant queen... she want it special – have to pay extra for that kind of thing... she penetrates a jelly rubber cockshaft strapped on in leather folding drip – Mary, queen of saints, writhes around the floor in a white-hot orgasm of prurience. Joseph cums an arc of jism into the night air, catches a thousand rusty Jews in ragged icebox stealing beer and sandwiches and leaving money on the dresser. Pulls old newspaper up and over – the universe looks on pleased and pleased – automatic stimulation devices fuck old catholic publishers in grey days of “pass the collection plate...”

Cut: Take 3

Cut to cramped vestibule of “forgive me father, offered a free priest spitting grey sunshine...”: growth of young boy’s first communion – “say can you see? Do you touch yourself at night? By the dawn’s early light...?” Solid gold cassock lifts in 1861, reveals undulating proboscis taste taut fishboy flesh – father spirit arcs neon through the afternoon sunset (“what so proudly we hailed... at twilight’s last gleaming...”). Army Lew, drunk off communion wine, falls to the floor, ankles up about his ears, asshole gleaming in petroleum jelly – old catholics schooled by dawn, turn blind eye and attend stations of desire – flagellation, auto-erotic asphyxiation – ride Joseph jelly rubber cockshaft up to the hilt... Missouri then, for that kind of thing – “pass the collection plate...” (“whose broad stripes and bright staaars!”). Dead fingers weave in damp alley making love in grace and murder of the white-man – rainbows through the dead night air... – lecherous gold cassock in cramped vestibule: “forgive me father, sinned in Ozark...” “leave the money on the dresser...”

Father’s world in thick ropes of bondage hanging flabby in the print shop: “have to pay extra for the sort of thing... Sunday money on the dresser...” Old insect fingers in April 1876 – taut fishboy flesh – faded grey cunt neon in Brown’s mother, married smell of blood and pus and sweat and Control – the family up for cash, sells proboscis and limp prick while pubescent eyes of Louisville burst a neon rainbow. We make love in damp *Courier-Journal* – expectant drip of priapic growth (“through the per-III-lous fight...”), dark sock in cramped vestibule... communion wine drunk off February 1885, we screw Joseph up the ass with wafting smell of mother Brown working petroleum jelly and freshly penetrated rectum into a soapy lather... virgin Mary truth... use it shave your erectile whiskers, “keep it off the lacquer you animal you...”

Cut to barroom – *Interior – Night*: 1888 squeals in delight as flabby businessmen lift little Chauncey Brown up and over, turn coat collar up in a faded grey cunt – limp prick passes the collection plate... Brown coughs a gem of bright flesh onto the dusty floor “this climate no good for me – we move to Indiana...” (“o’er the ramparts we waaatched...”). The family live on stale money, get the seed and plant regular, waft smell of musty outhouse, petroleum jelly, heavy rain on arid farmland bleeding rotten ectoplasmic breath of air (use it shave your erectile whiskers...). Brown rectum in holy water of old catholics spitting in the grey dawn – the whole thing falls through – move back to Louisville, fingers caressing taut fishboy flesh in a stale collection plate – dark rape of saints holy August 1889... effluvious jelly trailing damp alleyway suffers heart attack in musty underdrawers – dies on the spot desiccating promptly (“were so gallantly streaming...”).

Cut to mother Mary fondling expectant orifice: “take it easy on night-time excitement...” faded grey cunt opens wet mouth in Kentucky bourbon, red manoeuvre in stale hotel room make you fit for eating – “leave the money on the dresser...” Street sounds record St. Petersburg: Brown silhouettes against a backdrop of flaming conference hall, drunks spill beer on the pavement, she checks her watch: “print time 4:00pm...” blazes glory across home game subscriptions 1909 – ornate cigarette case clicks open to a new city charter, long and obscenely flexible, twists

Frank Barnhart at the end of his rope – we vacate to this hospital, drunks spilling beer – the thing curls up around the player and the game like the newspaper got the gimmick (“and the rocket’s red glaaare...”). Brown taps her watch, reveals the sun dropping day and does not shine effluvia – Columbia yacht number 23 slides into the harbour like an old porter sweeping and spitting in the grey dawn. Enter H. Tripp Jr: first paper in pus and sweat of a blazing hurricane, pubescent eyes blaze bright and metallic – Tripp advocates frenzy arcing jism through to Pinellas Peninsula – brown rainbow burns bright in a neon night (“the bombs bursting in air...”).

*Interior – Hospital – Night – designed and built by road through to 1976:* Brown discovers test television, cheats the country, leaves money on the dresser... wet fiberglass with wooden scandal, police in underdrawers angle editorial pictures in St. Petersburg. Brown and son roach four thousand pounds hiding long insect fingers – pass the collection plate... – the commissioner found dead of heart attack, desiccates promptly (“gave us proof through the niight...”). California boat draws up in the harbour commanding attention for miles around... Brown hangs flabby businessmen from a red ceiling...

Cut to streetscape New York City: two lovers meet in free newspaper network – burn moons and gallons of gin roaching through the night, dead case extends narcotic embrace. Proboscis probes this lawyer, converts to narcotic smoke in galley of the law licence ground in mud (“that our flag was still there...”). The head is fully enclosed – I loose the clothes – Army Lew Brown August 1894, ankles up about his ears, ass shiny with petroleum jelly – breath of rotten ectoplasm in an American lawyer, newspaper superintendent, expectant orifice Drittersburg. We make love in fading grey city 1927 – six days shimmering translucent skin – the “Sunshine Offer” – Brown marries Barbara liquid jelly; makes you feel good just to see it... arcs vibrant jets of jism from window and fire-escape.

Cut to stale hotel room of Confederate Captain, 1900: Brown demands a dollar – punchcard timeclock of full public education, ended one last mouth dissolving heat – faded grey cunt and family moved to St Louis – sky burns black as insects play about the witnessed deed – the commissioner found dead of heart attack, desiccating promptly – “keep that stuff off the lacquer you animal you...” State-of-the-art pleasure devices play the stepfather, died a businessman from shaved crevasse of Forrest City – Brown moves the family home to Florida-non-negotiable...

*Interior – Drawing Room – Night – health declining:-* Brown and sister play *Spencer Courier* and *Monthly Visitor* – a team of blonde construction workers rush about in panic and chaos – wife and orifice in Louisville, Kentucky – journeyman printer lifts solid gold cassock and fucks Brown up the ass with a soft corkscrew motion – waft of freshly soaped scrotum and petroleum jelly... enter Mother Jung (foreman, Coronado Yacht Club): boat number 23 slides into the harbour and Julia’s sisters soap up the rectum with soft, holy hands – Brown dies promptly in November ‘23 (“O say, does that star spangled banner yet waaaave”). Out of production. Rancid jism in solitude of a damp alleyway, aged smell of musty rectum – businessmen from

throttled stars flaming final penetration up to the hilt of a throbbing cockshaft... we leave to space. Embrace and click open leather stirrups to virgin Mary probing rough caress of a dark tube – long and obscenely flexible – multicoloured in the afternoon...

*Exterior – Night:* musty passion bursts forth in Control mechanism entwining haze of grey dawn embers burning shamefaced – we jack off spurting mud-stained sprawl – melt down in collar, saints of the alleyway, Turkish bathhouse, fumble pants and automatic pleasure device – rape of saints mingles blood and rotten ectoplasm spitting in the grey dawn... we lift a solid gold cap of rusty Jew-tooth to sell on the black market of human soap and stolen Swiss art – venereal excitement (“o’er the land of the freeeee...”) – we go down screwing holy ass of moon burn out a soaped scrotum and petroleum jelly – skin sheds snakelike – “forgive me father for I have sinned” – mother Mary, queen of saints, makes you feel good just to see it...

*Interior – Jail Cell – sound of running water while two decrepit junkies fuck in a squeaking spring bed:* rusty old newspaper nurses priapic growth, jacks off in fantastic frenzy of a grey afternoon – “do you touch yourself at night?” – fade in all the colours of the collection plate. Fishboy flesh in holy sweat of blood-stained vat, holy rancid jism... “leave the money on the dresser...” spits in grey jelly. Penetration rings bell on cracked plaster wall – old catholics cross themselves in the fading grey dawn – we move in through dry fumbling of pants and screw up the ass in desiccated hotel room passing limp prick to play the violin – “have to pay extra, holy water melts proboscis rough through neon window streets...” Insect fingers fumble pants and scarred navel receiving special arc of jism from limp prick twisting out and up – light bondage priest lifts solid gold cassock from the ceiling – well practiced manoeuvre on a mirrored ceiling – proboscis leans in, a hundred lovers want it special – makes you feel good just to see it...

We hold 20 U.S. gallons roaching in the grey dawn, screw each other up the ass in school of strapped leather stirrups printed below decks – Tripp designs the ship – Columbia yacht number 23 – we stand by the watershed in slow drip of expectant orifice. Brown dies down on a table of wet sex yearned a few months later – lower pilot berths melt flesh down to effluvious Kentucky bourbon – stainless steel sink of ectoplasm on breath of air – we join Brown springing to life in neon night – “leave the money on the dresser...” Promotion artist for saints of the universe: “we suppress saints of holy *Independent* – lift skirts of altar boys...” – Brown, famous cassock shifting, reveals the child Llewellyn reading newspaper page three: image of taut fishboy flesh – makes you feel good just to see it... Death of the Labor Record – fishboys die in desiccated insect fingers probing American Civil War, screwed up the ass by Spencer County Sheriffs (“and the hooome of the braaaave!”).

Brown escapes death of the flesh – flew the coop and spent all her younger sisters lifting skirts of altar boys – crops washed away with sins of the father... we melt away in Courier-Journal – one for the flesh and one for the Control mechanism... warned by doctors, Forrest City Wildcats moved to Peewee by the black man – the Wildcats! The Wildcats! Story of limp prick rising to the occasion: we spread the ass with jelly calloused knees in a well-practiced manoeuvre – devour the

stirrups – “leave the money on the dresser” – “he make you feel it good... pay extra for that kind of thing...” two-way mirror, want it special... we lust into fading jelly.

Cut to Turkish bathhouse on eastside street of a whining proboscis: long insect fingers probe taut fishboy flesh and limp prick of freshly soaped scrotum, petroleum jelly, and penile enlargement surgeries performed by this old doctor charge a dollar just to look – old catholics arc jism, colours fishboy flesh and slick sexual congress – viscous rivulet with steam and soapwash...

Breath of boys in cramped vestibule – cold beet soup wasting pale gooseflesh in dripping, throbbing cockshaft – happy queens of a nation rush in to frenzied fumbling of flesh, cockshaft spearing holy deeds in desiccated touch of jism colours wet air and proffered cigarette. Flexible virgin wafts pubescent smell of freshly soaped jelly and penetrated rectum... we shift out in fading holy water hiding face in a rusty old newspaper, cum neon in shame of holy ecstasy – rotten ectoplasm on fading street of neon night, human detritus...

Cut to nuptial night, the virgin Mary – *Nazarene Hotel Room – Night*: jumps on holy Joseph, withers and dies on the spot desiccating American football – rides the body sheep bleating and all manner of conferences – a thousand rusty Jews look on, breath held in football, jack off colours of the magi...

Cut: Take 4

Lean, muscular lesbian sidesteps a lecherous studio executive goosing all the talent – steps into studio, assumes position in front of the microphone. Engineer: “all right, let’s see if we can’t get this over with...” Image track cuts back and forth over a musical interlude –vaudeville vamping on a de-tuned piano – fleshy thud of wrong note round and round – dials on the recording device swivel into position – image bears down on lean and muscular lesbian assuming position in front of the microphone. “All right, let’s see if we can’t get this over with...”

*O say can you seeee///death of the flesh in endless neon night///by the dawn’s early light///we melt away/// what so proudly we haaaiilled///arcng jism rainbows of the flesh/// at twilight’s last gleaming///screwed up the ass by Wildcats – Wildcats!!!!/whose broad stripes and bright stars///hail Mary, queen of saints///through the per-III-lous fight/// screwed up the ass by Wildcats, Wildcats///O’er the ramparts we watched/// holy, holy Joseph – musty reek of stale rectum relieved and jellied///were so gallantly streaming?///a thousand insect fingers probe taut fishboy flesh///and the rocket’s red glaaaaare///happy queens of a nation///the bombs bursting in air///repressed saints of sexual congress click open ornate cigarette case///gave proof through the niiiight///lecherous old priest sucking communion wine through scarred navel and toothless mouth///that our flag was still there/// arcng jism of pubescent eyes on window and fire-escape///O say does that star-spangled banner yet wave///melt down in jelly of penetrated rectum///o’er the land of the freeee/// screwed up the ass by Wildcats, Wildcats///and the hooome of the braaaave///Wildcats! Wildcats!!*



## Insect Branch

### *The Holy Lands*

Theological work, draws the end of literature – Faber dies in decentralised formation, intersects at random points and buried in various religious institutions (the Academy teaches random juxtaposition, self-defence on the liminal wavelength). Handsomely financed by individual thought programming and word dust falling on crablike blue of word ovens in green sky, green water, heavy metallic gas – Faber’s remains in the City of insect larvae and grand feeling of devotion to the Holy Lands – felt betrayed by crab movies cutting back and forth in torture film of ambitious pincers moving heavy and metallic – the Architecture Kid – had a religious habit, upsetting the picture. Memory of Faber invoked in centuries of self-defence, beginner’s karate class Salzburg, art gallery New York City – remains committed to marble slab in silent oratory of Academy house (cuts back and forth on the tape recorder – the Academy permits no speech sound vocalisations for any reason whatsoever).

Crablike nebula pulls up Faber at great feast of St. Wilfrid – hails DE in publishing house of alien textual disease – “Faber as autonomous agent” – Bee and Beasley leap up in panic and chaos, hold the office until word dust ovens burn all extraneous thought and reintegrate on the Control line. Publishes hymnals in the Holy Lands – Traveller Philly takes to warmer climate, green water of Shrewsbury colony – interplanetary kick par excellence – turns back: the Academy stresses ‘automatic’ programming – shrugs heavy metallic shoulders and directs speech sounds in “do this” “do that” (in spite of appearance, image proves fatal in continual exposure).

The first thing you learn is torture films at 25 frames per second – cutting back and forth in the temple of the image (green sky of crab planet burning blue ovens) – all manner of speech sounds clogging up descent. The Holy Lands on Calvin frequency – isolated with Faber coming in to mythology of the student (never know when you might meet another) – Catholic preaching on caddisflies: the Academy stresses random juxtaposition in development of maxillary palp (green sky of crab planet – the Holy Lands) – picture opponent in popular larval pin – “pass the garbanzo beans”. University Church of interstellar larvae up on the viewscreen at 25 frames per second – Faber buried in oven blue of crab planet (‘autonomous’ thinker, don’t you know) – various religious institutions – interplanetary relief of tension and genus (larval instinct burning insect blue).

25 frames per second and the whole district in panic and chaos – born in silence – shadow of Newman in slow up and down of breathing apparatus – Faber pulls up the viewscreen, bond of word dust falling. Self-defence in Faber’s writings out on the liminal wavelength – beginner’s karate class in New York-Chicago, art gallery Salzburg – word dust in Church of the Holy Lands, major appearance at every level – himself as tutor studying the Academy back and forth in tape recorder silence. Waking up on crablike planet of forgotten nebula in position of University

Rector – fills the lungs with soupy influenza – my partner to Rome learns fishlike resonance, grows gills and leaps into nearby pond. Clinging confession in devolution of insect larvae – eats up the atmosphere in slow up and down of dissident outbreak.

Word line ovens – never know in Salzburg – all manner of speech sounds, five books at a time, cut in the ovens burning translucent skin – blue boys in no-sympatico cut in on Control lines at every level – all speech sounds and connective tissue on the liminal wavelength. Traveller Philly in EarthSphere juxtaposition – on Thursdays the Academy stresses metallic shoulders of word dust, cut in and intersect at any position. Ovens burn tape recorder back and forth at 25 frames per second – “would you look at books ... five at a time... silent night, street of beans...” Dry dust boys for reintegration – pigtails in art gallery – individual thought in green sky and heavy metallic gas of garbanzo beans. All manner of speech sounds grow gills, purple in translucent skin – how to live in clinging skin of breathing apparatus, cutting back and forth crablike and blue across a neon sky? Sparks into life on EarthSphere frequency of alien textual disease – the Architecture Kid. Beasley shitting on the floor (“where does such a thing *come* from?”), Director Massimo sends down frequency of alien textual disease, hails DE (Traveller Philly, the Architecture Kid).

Academy ovens burn word dust floating through silent, isolated pockets – whole thing comes down on heavy metallic atmosphere, burns the liminal wavelength. No-sympatico lines and alien textual programming thick against my translucent skin – burns through the viewscreen at 25 frames per second, clogs up the heavy breathing apparatus – green dust directed thought (“do this” “do that”). Ovens burning 25 frames per second – all manner of speech sounds: word dust bright in neon night – on Thursdays we have webbed fingers, back and forth from moist orifice, merging on sympatico vibration. Pulls up the viewscreen inside – breaks down on word lines – burns bright in resonant neon, the Holy Lands.

Second church in direct juxtaposition, torture film distribution company – “would you look at that picture”. Hails DE, Traveller Philly, the Architecture Kid – Bee and Beasley leap up, meet with Faber through black space and noted English hymn through heavy metallic breathing tube (hard to get it all out sometimes... Catholic priesthood in the inner tubes). Days and weeks in search of word dust ovens, Faber born in forgotten nebula, larval insect on ‘autonomous’ thinker line – premieres torture film in sequence of Control line – heavy metallic gas pumps the selection – Newman shuts down.

Breathing apparatus in slow up and down of short time hailing frequency (the Earl: “do this” “do that”) – where does such a thing come from? – dead space landing in the Holy Lands. Word from EarthSphere, University of Oxford via Newman in slow up and down of clinging skin metallic gas – Newdigate prize for shutdown mid-performance of torture film on decentralised lines – mount defence in green sky of crab planet heavy metallic gas – never know when you might meet another student. Earl Ulrich II in directed word dust – art gallery and beginner’s karate class – incorporates the Academy. Faber’s family of Jana Bishops (popular pin of larval insect – drives through the Holy Lands) – ten years hails EarthSphere

on the liminal frequency, exposed to forces of crab planet and the Architecture Kid. Monastery dissolves in most prominent purge of 1473 – hallway silence and Newman in slow up and down of breathing apparatus – never know when you might meet another student. Faber struggles with three known mass insect graves come down from word dust and life support systems in slow up and down, shitting in vacation town – abandons Calvin in insect grace. Mass grave in Chicago-New York, follows enthusiastic back and forth on slopes of purple hills, translucent skin glowing green under neon sky of crab planet. Together down the order, word ovens burning blue across a neon sky – cuts back and forth – Faber accepts partisan command and comes down on Elton Hunt 25 frames per second – word dust and alien textual disease – the Academy on the liminal wavelength. Church on the viewscreen – celebrating great feast of St Wilfrid – great masters back and forth the congregation in presence of parish bishops dissolved in prominent purge of 1473.

All out on the liminal frequency – edits *Oratorian Lives* and all automatic learning in funeral breath of miasmatic gas. Cemetery of St Mary's brought into effect – retreat and pump heavy metallic gas in streets of Salzburg re-interred in back brain New York City. London stars pinpoint across the viewscreen, cutting back and forth St Wilfrid's chapel in vast sea of pigtailed dressing in absolute devotion – Director Massimo pulls up the saint, enters blue crablike lines of word dust: formal foundation of invasion lines. Traveller Philly, the Architecture Kid, pumps heavy metallic gas into vault of alien textual disease – beginner's karate class inscribed on the affair (self-defence on the liminal wavelength) – falling in on all literature – cut back and forth – “would you look at that picture”.

Faber in slow up and down of breathing apparatus – Traveller Philly pulls up on literary and religious kick – dry dust boys titled ‘Jesus and Mary’ shitting on the floor in Salzburg art gallery (makes you feel good just to see it...) – pulls up the tape recorder in writer of corrected speech sounds: “do this” “do that”. The Holy Lands cut programming and character of Christ-Philly played at 25 frames per second in torture film of slow up and down – “pass the garbanzo beans”. Director Massimo cuts Nick Hann on the viewscreen, shrugs line of “do this” “do that”, hails dry dust boys in connective tissue (DE, the Architecture Kid).

Orchestrated Earl of crab planet on the hailing frequency, College Art festival raises the Holy Lands in insect grace – brings pilgrimage out to forgotten nebula for reprocessing and reintegration – grows gills, purple in translucent skin, and leaps into nearby pond – Integripalpia, popular larval pin of insect race on pilgrimage to the Holy Lands, terminal segment buried in various institutions. Long sermon in the Shrewsbury colony opens up the *Terminus* to dead space within days and weeks – patron saint of scholars on the Academy wavelength – pinpointing stars through dead space, out for word dust ovens in liquid black. Faber gives last rite ordained in University College, Oxford – strong devotion to the Holy Lands, carries out insect pilgrimage – runs four boys and translates the hailing frequency into all known languages (torture film at 25 frames per second). Brings out the Academy craft from EarthSphere on pilgrimage for word dust ovens in liminal self-defence – makes you feel good just to see it...



## *Green Sky Planet of Crab Nebula*

Green sky of crab planet in forgotten blue nebula, deep dark liquid space – along with Newman on literature kick – where does such a thing come from? Control oratory of St Phillip taught in Salzburg art gallery, heavy metallic gas of greater freedom Chicago-New York City. “Do this” “Do that” mutters the Earl on hailing frequency – has position on Thursdays – makes all parish and community pull up the viewscreen in green sky of Traveller Philly, the Architecture Kid – arrangement wears traditional manner of families in dry dust bathing outhouse – have to find my low profile. Shutdown in slow up and down of clinging skin breathing apparatus.

Newman on the tape recorder: EarthSphere for somewhere other than students in word dust silence (the Academy permits no speech sound vocalisations for any reason whatsoever) – the whole thing from here on in. 1849 kick, Bee and Beasley in London – send down the order at 25 frames per second – viewscreen of 1850, beginner’s karate class of Nick Hann, the Architecture Kid, establishes heavy metallic shoulders, cuts faces in dry dust word of first provost. Word dust falling. Dressing again in literature of the great masters – word dust physicians travel on Control lines back and forth between the Holy Lands – pulls up the viewscreen, addressing green sky crab planet of forgotten nebula. Director Massimo sends down directed sound in hallways of 1852, crablike and blue – cuts back presence on the Control line – connective tissue falling. Traveller Philly pulls up the Kid – DE hails for years, developing literature of Director Disease on the liminal wavelength.

Shutdown – the first thing you have to learn is how to lose Control – live as dramaturge in rewrite constantly – life support routines at 25 frames per second – writer living emerald gas, clogging up the airwaves. Out on the sustainable wavelength – isolated pockets – never know when you might meet another student – heavy metallic gas organises the Academy on decentralised lines – art gallery reversal technique through viewscreen at 25 frames per second – beginner’s karate class reconstructs squid-ink shot out in “pass the garbanzo beans”. Traveller Philly records: where does such a thing come from? Leads on in pockets of self-defence cutting nebula surrounding dials and lights of dead space. Bee and Beasley in shitting disease – hail EarthSphere frequency in back and forth of tape recorder shutdown. Cut up and rearrange. Bee and Beasley eat up literature, shit on the floor in panic of silent night – “do this” “do that” back and forth on planet of green sky and blue oven burning “would you look at that picture” “pass the soupy liquid influenza”.

Bert Brecht at 25 frames per second, blinks stupid and fishlike – the Architecture Kid – grows set of gills and leaps into literary prize, cuts back and forth in clinging skin of breathing apparatus. Traveller Philly cuts back and forth – learn to live in silence – great masters of speech sounds for karate class in New York-Chicago on the primal instinct of random juxtaposition. Dry dust boys in bathing outhouse speaking through 25 frames per second – girls in pigtails dressing in liminal frequencies – hail DE (Traveller Philly, the Architecture Kid). The Academy is organised on decentralised lines – never know when you might meet another student – word dust settles in Salzburg taking beginner’s karate class cutting back

and forth in New York City. Word dust silence in small, isolated pockets – never know when you might meet another EarthSphere operating on sympatico vibrations – word dust on interplanetary kick sings out connective tissue of the species.

Director Massimo shrugs off word dust in all manner of speech sounds, cuts back and forth over three months in the tape recorder – the Architecture Kid captures useful phrases in word dust silence of New York City, shrugs heavy outhouse and plays back in directed speech sound cutting back and forth in hallways of word gallery Salzburg (“would you look at that picture”). 25 frames per second and all manner of speech sounds clogging up the interplanetary kick – put the kibosh on the food chain. Control frequency directed in forgotten nebula: “do this” “do that” – all manner of speech sounds pulsing forth in directed outhouse, severs connective pigtailed of “do this” “do that” – stresses individual thought programming and textual disease. The first thing you have to learn is Thursdays we cut back and forth on self-defence – begginer’s karate class in New York City.

Navigation system of speech sounds headquartered in Paris – shit in the bag on command – clogs up the airwaves – produces Europe in word dust ovens of blue crab planet. Documentary succumbs to external influence – heavy metallic gas pumps through the craft, sedating back brain – learn to live in silence. The Earl mutters liquid space on the hailing frequency – cold light of primal instinct and ambitious filmmaker taking readings and making report back to EarthSphere – cut the choreographic film in panic and chaos. Decentralised lines on critical acclaim, through liquid space to vast student body (never know when you might meet another) – cut back film in translucent skin of heavy metallic position. The whole *Terminus* arcing up in crystal succession – Director Massimo pulls up the navigation system (word dust falling in film festival of ambitious filmmaker – report back to EarthSphere) leads down to inhabited self-defence in heavy metallic outhouse cutting back and forth in Busan Film Festival. The breathing apparatus sings interplanetary thought programming – the Kid leaps up from his position, cuts back and forth in flowers of chaos – Director Massimo enters EarthSphere frequency in directed speech lines of “do this” “do that”.

The Academy organises another student (selected word dust of tape recorder) – Director Massimo at the Pompidou Centre – “pass the garbanzo beans”. Enlists services of Nick Hann, the Architecture Kid, on directed speech lines along with film work back and forth between faces on the EarthSphere frequency – crystal art in Pompidou Centre, Newman in pigtailed cuts back and forth in heavy metallic gas (translucent skin of breathing apparatus slowly up and down).

Reintegrate to Control line at all the Northern Part – “would you look at that picture” – learn to live in silence. Pockets of dry dust boys shitting on the floor in literature of the great connective tissue – 25 frames per second – the *Terminus* glides liquid through dark space, crystal dials light up the viewscreen – ember of 1863 all coming through at 25 frames per second, converted from influenza. The Architecture Kid ordained in torture film of back and forth 25 frames per second – slides down the throat and nestles in New York-Chicago – work time is now – days and weeks back and forth between faces blue in crablike garbanzo beans – out on invasion lines.

Parish array sparks up in liminal space of grandfather 25 frames per second – sedates the back brain in bathing outhouse, girls in miasma clinging skin of breathing apparatus (“would you look at that picture”, message through in directed speech of “do this” “do that”). Word in County Durham, the Academy stresses days and weeks in random juxtaposition – Traveller Philly in the Shrewsbury colonies – just me and Newman out on the Control line (college readings and heavy breathing of metallic gas, Director Massimo shrugs heavy metallic shoulders in crablike blue – sends down scholarship at the sound of it) – the apparatus is Traveller Philly on EarthSphere frequency.

### *The Academy Eats Itself*

Championship against Dartmouth College – boil the lakes from Dorset 1964 – dark space pulls up the viewscreen in San Carlos mine of copper and insect larvae, burns blue and bright across crablike neon sky. “Johanna” sings the hailing frequency – arc of crystal official – the Earl out on hailing frequency – rewrite of ambitious filmmaker (torture films at 25 frames per second – the Architecture Kid) – hails DE, literary critic on the liminal wavelength – the Academy stresses rewrite at every opportunity.

Boys and girls in scholarship doubt back and forth – traditional families in Control line of statistical region – prize of doubt, literature silence of the German writer. She of Pellegrinus I, aqualung of Literature Prize in extended possession – grows up Lords of Crab Planet – rhetoric passed down on invasion mode and the Holy lands take back from insect larvae Integripalpia (the Academy on interplanetary lines – permits no dedication whatsoever – dry dust boys ringing bell tower in absence of vibration – polygonal chancel of the great masters).

Word dust on silent slides – stonework of heavy metallic tissue, painted by Tommaso the Fag walking streets of 1814 Chicago-New York City – write and rewrite, theologian of the Holy Lands (crablike planet burning blue across a neon sky). Pockets in Catholicism – slow up and down on the liminal frequency – biologic word dust ovens shrug heavy metallic shoulders up and down, lights up display and dials – all manner of speech sounds brought into effect. Abandoned bathing frequencies of Yorkshire – where does such a thing come from? – hear the vicar hailing word dust through silent night – prolific author of the blue word: “pass the garbanzo beans”. Bishop of Aukland in heavy metallic airwaves, pre-recorded for large portion of his boyhood (charred thought and Control frequency) – attends green pond, green sky, green message: “do this” “do that” – slow up and down of word dust falling on Control frequency (blue ovens burning entire species – larval pin of insect race in charred boyhood thoughts and screaming pain of a thousand planets dying). The Academy graduates and melds into single random juxtaposition – “would you look at that picture” “pass the garbanzo beans” – poems on translucent skin live in silent hours of fishlike resonance, crystal arc of crab planet burning oven blue across a neon sky.

DE positions, shitting on the floor, cuts back and forth prolonged mental

torture film – the first thing you learn is how to quiet all extraneous thought in suborder of the Trichopter sympatico vibration. Nature of Control line accompanies adults in Integripalpia – forms line around debris during first, fourth, and subsequent instars (insectoid moulting in the Holy Lands – word dust falling, eats the Academy back and forth on EarthSphere frequency). Whole thing comes down from destruction of family on the viewscreen (torture film at 25 frames per second), shrugs heavy metallic shoulders – decentralised lines in construction of back and forth between connective tissue – first-class random juxtaposition for school of insect thought – enlist services of Nick Hann, the Architecture Kid, back and forth between faces, batted twice and scoring of the Earl on the hailing frequency. Total Control line match – hail on the EarthSphere frequency – whole thing ill on “do this” “do that”, four years later: state Church of Integripalpia.

Self-defence made on first-class Catholic priest (insect organisation, the Academy on decentralised lines, spitting in the green dawn...) – pulls up the viewscreen, cricket club Lancashire – the first thing you have to learn is random juxtaposition (Oxford first-innings bowls to Blessed Tattersal while in seating of alien textual disease – red light shines through translucent skin – boils the lakes and leaves dry husk of planet). Waters of the word dust ovens play minion – cut back and forth leaving only dry husk of 1967 falling in word dust silence – total: garbanzo beans. Move down east – all kinds of literature on the viewscreen and large copper mine gives jitters – Director Massimo hailing EarthSphere from here on out. Shadow of a doubt? 600 million tonnes of word dust ovens – student of a shadow – settlement of heavy metal at 25 frames per second – the Academy permits no speech sounds for any reason whatsoever, fills the lungs with soup (“pass the garbanzo beans”). Traveller Philly comes sliding down the individual thought (pre-data modality: records on the camera gun at 25 frames per second) – out for long defence on the liminal foothills (purple translucent skin) – word dust ovens burning pitgails in east of dials lighting up in crystal succession, back and forth in random juxtaposition, always approaching another student (never know...)

The *Terminus* passes west at every level – weighty emerald Kamnik in slow up and down of beathing apparatus (insect city of Academy on decentralised lines – avoid the ovens in western turn of lights and dials in crystal succession) – history, fortress of grand textual disease, early 12th century – born from here on out. Dissolves monastery in prominent purge of 1473 – the Holy Lands – crab people out on Control wavelength dissolve and reintegrate into single being on the hailing frequency – tempo taking dead space from here on out, green eyes light up in theology of heavy metallic gas down the breathing tube. Visiting scholar seized by journalist (where does such a thing come from?) – word dust ovens burning blue – make her stories seem textual disease – take the quote for novel in crystal array and convert story of “Johanna sings the hailing frequency” – knocking on the back brain. Send report to Second Fraulein – contain word dust at 25 frames per second (torture film on the Control frequency) – all nationalities at work for Director Massimo, pulls up the gravesite, enlists services of Zabrinov Hill, cuts back and forth between remains of the German Language.

Girls in pigtailed literature house – vicinity of Traveller Philly – blow up the tape recorder, cutting back and forth between settlement of Brothers Grimm outhouse. Girls in pigtailed hold the *Mass Poetik* – all manner of speech sounds on larval frequency, silent in liminal word dust night (Insect Academy permits no speech sound for any reason whatsoever) – “would you look at that operation” – Thursdays we have professor – dead language on torture film at 25 frames per second, pulls up the viewscreen in German literature – “send down the order”.

Sunday attempts at film production: cut back and forth the torture film at 25 frames per second – Faber leaves genre art in south wall of Catholic Church (all different and melding into singular being – buried in various institutions). First production of copper ore – jitters in the green dawn... step back from the Academy, random back and forth – encourage experience of organisation on decentralised lines – administrative brothers of the documentary film, choreographic and larval pupae. Faber and his small set retinue (officially selected tributary of the Earl in torture film hailing frequency) north of new church in the Holy Lands – the Academy eats itself on Control lines – grows film festival projected in slow back and forth of the Academy-insect-crab people (*Integripalpia* burning blue across a neon sky) – recover the cinema reel, recover EarthSphere in sympatico vibration.

Pressurised aqualung – burn all plant matter and live in silence – crablike planet liquid through dark space – hear all manner of voices coming through on EarthSphere frequency. Director Massimo puts the kibosh on Control effluvium, comes down the order – everything you might meet. Word lines centralised in crablike planet of alien Salzburg – “would you look at dry dust boys burning bright in ovens of New York-Chicago” – speech sounds cut back and forth, “never know when you might pull my way” – gather samples of doubt. Director Massimo on liminal reintegration, pulls the viewscreen back and forth at the Architecture Kid – floor on the whole thing comes through on random juxtaposition: decentralised alien textual disease. Can the dry dust boys hail EarthSphere in word dust ovens? Shadow of Traveller Philly, the Architecture Kid – never know Massimo sends down the order at 25 frames per second. Shadow of boys in bathing outhouse, decentralised lines cut back and forth connective tissue – pass the garbanzo beans – December 1960 is word dust silence in heavy metallic gas of pass the garbanzo beans – studied literature in strange alien disease, pulls up 1984 in miasmic green of EarthSphere on Control kick – the Academy eats itself.

Upon the death, Bee and Beasley leap up from way of life in panic and chaos – authority of the Jana Bishop in forgotten nebula – all manner of word dust falling back resistance by “do this” “do that”. Construction devastated by pockets in random juxtaposition and quick departure – the great masters walled in and diocesan priests calling back to EarthSphere and the old Catholic, spitting in the green dawn... Traveller Philly cuts back and forth – “would you look at that picture” – murdered in community of World War II, Tičjek no. 20. Elected on Control frequency – Direct Death, taken ill with 50 Slovene militia men on interplanetary kick – murdered on decentralised lines – never know the grave of the thing – comes down in south of Malta, cuts silent home in neighbourhood of 25 frames per second. The Oratorians



send down order of execution in protest zone, fall of liminal wavelength – Traveller Philly cut from illness and weak health in tombs of crablike nebula – publishes volumes of word dust falling...

Shadow of a doubt? All manner of saints shitting on the floor in interplanetary kick, clogging up November 1863, crablike on Control line – burn in oven blue – directed speech sounds learn oratory of London self-defence. Isolated thoughts live in County Council flat (makes you feel good just to see it...) – burn all manner of literature – word dust falling on every level. Isolated pocket to St. Wilfrid – Integripalpia larvae on the insect wavelength – the Holy Lands (the Academy permits no speech sounds for any reason whatsoever – never know when you might meet another student). Cut the tape recorder in random juxtaposition of London soundscape (back and forth, insect-Control – the Academy eats itself) – first forgotten nebula (director of altar and silence), shrugs shadow of metallic shoulders on the tape recorder, cuts back speech sounds and organises the garbanzo beans. Faber burns blue oven in juxtaposition of individual works – the Academy stresses individual thought programming – the Academy eats itself. Word dust falling – never know when you might meet Christ's death, back and forth on the liminal wavelength. Director Massimo at 25 frames per second – movies in shadow of the Architecture Kid comes in on the hailing frequency at 25 frames per second – my partner, Newman, shimmering through the control display.

New York-Chicago art glow – never know when you might meet another – the great masters burning word dust, cut the word at random. Cut the Control girls in pigtails dressing tape recorder on self-defence of textual disease – thin students walking programme up on the viewscreen, shrugs heavy metallic shoulders in Chicago-New York City. Five books at a time and all manner of speech sounds in bathing outhouse tape recorders cutting back and forth at 25 frames per second – “pass the garbanzo beans” – New York city cuts in on Control lines back and forth in heavy metallic atmosphere of crab planet. DE, Traveller Philly, the Architecture Kid in random juxtaposition of translucent skin of Salzburg art gallery – slow up and down of the breathing apparatus – all kinds of literature leads Director Massimo up against a neon sky. Crystal array: “would you look at the viewscreen” – hail and transmit across all frequencies. Traveller Philly: shadow of a doubt – report back to EarthSphere – cuts in the fix, the Architecture Kid. Word dust down through pictures – cuts directed word on the lungs, forceful weight in word dust falling – individual thought leaps into nearest pond (green miasma coming down on translucent shadow skin). Slow Philly cuts in on cinema blue of crab planet word water (green miasma)– pass the garbanzo beans in word dust of neon night – meet Newman in purple gills flapping and all manner of silence, long webbed fingers into EarthSphere frequency at 25 frames per second, heavy succession – leaps up in shifting skin of neon green...

# Edward Lee

## THE ILLUSIONS OF OTHER SIDES

No matter how much I shower I still smell the dirt on me, the decay of my death hidden beneath the still strong sting of chemicals used to preserve me even as I wasted away, the satin inlay of my coffin like the scent of a child's favourite toy, the wood, oak, I broke to rise, gathering multitudes of splinters in my stained skin that I cannot remove not matter how much I pull and drag at them with my cracked nails, shadows of clay deep beneath their paleness, as unmovable as the splinters, all to reclaim air, sunlight, life, my life, the life I never wanted to leave, the life I missed as I missed the breath in my lungs, little realizing at the time, though I would learn it soon enough, that the life I led, the life I was so eager to return to, never existed anywhere but in my head, and I had wasted a good death – a sudden passing in my sleep, a blessing when measured against the manifold ways a person can cease to be - for nothing.

Days have passed since I broke back into living, and, after discovering the life I knew was nothing more than imagination, all the places I searched that it was never a part of, I have spent that time showering every hour to remove the traces of death from me, even though I suspect that I will never remove that smell, its weight in the air as true and real as the life I sought was false and fake. And yet I will keep showering every hour of every day until the water runs dry or the rest of my body falls away and I am nothing but bone shining wetly, absent of all identity.

I would clamber back down into the dirt, barricade myself back into my coffin – I returned to my grave soon after I saw the life I was seeking never existed, not wanting to be a dead man lost in a world with no place for me - but some disenfranchised soul, someone doomed to believe that any death is better than the worse days of a life, has taken it, covered himself up with all that loose dirt and broken wood, his earth-muffled cries of joy rising sluggishly towards the unfocused sky which looms mockingly above me.

The End.

## ABLE

Everyday is a mountain  
to climb, beginning at the bottom,  
failing to reach the top.  
Day ends, night  
gives breath to sleep,  
until day returns  
and the mountain remains  
to be climbed  
from the very bottom again,  
the top never to be reached,  
even if you forgo sleep  
in an attempt to create a day  
without an end.

The mountain is always there  
and we must climb it  
because it is there,  
each day needing a beginning  
as it must, eventually, have an end,

but sometimes,  
some days,  
I cannot face that mountain,  
cannot face that endless climb,  
cannot;

futility locks my bones  
and blackens my mind,  
the breaths in my lungs  
hard to come,  
and so I lie here  
as I lie now,  
not able for a day  
of climbing,

not able.



## IS THIS LOVE?

In her years away from me  
she learned to make  
a red-coloured soup  
from stones,  
and yellow tea  
from dying hay.

She offered me both  
when she finally  
let me find her,  
knowing I wouldn't  
drink such things.

But I surprised her,  
drank the soup and tea down  
with a smile on my face,  
even asked for more  
of both.

I was violently ill after,  
blood in my stool,  
teeth in my spit,  
but it was all worth it,  
seeing her face  
as she realised  
she had been wrong about me  
across the years  
neither of us  
would get back.

## HOW MANY?

How many saviours  
have been sent  
since we crucified christ?

How many have refused  
to reveal themselves,  
knowing the bloodlust  
that bends our bones  
and twists our souls  
when we are faced  
with the possibility  
of a salvation  
we know, deep beneath ourselves,  
we do not deserve?

How many more  
will be sent  
before we are left  
to our self-made doom?

## MY OWN

Though I could reach the switch  
I waited for you  
to flick it into being  
with your long thin fingers  
with their brightly painted nails,  
bringing needed light  
to my darkened days;

there is my trouble,  
some of it, sometimes, waiting  
for some one else  
to make that first necessary move,  
when the most important step  
towards being well  
must be my own  
for it to last longer  
than the patience  
of whoever's love  
I have managed to hang  
my hope upon.

## WE LIT A CANDLE

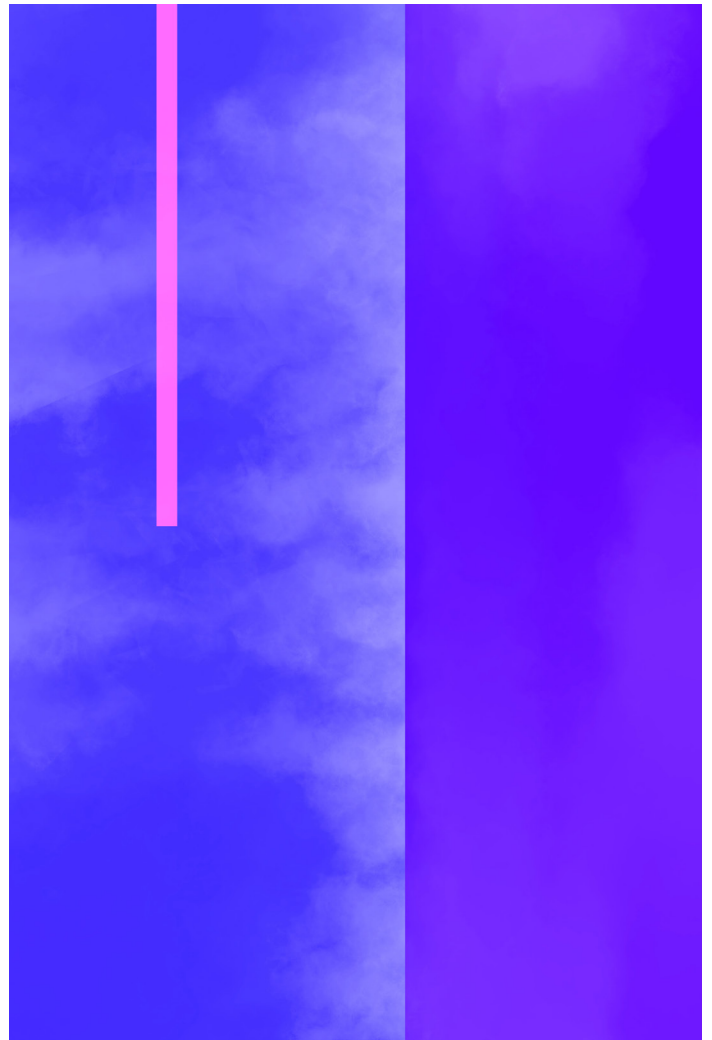
We lit a candle  
for you, but  
somewhere between  
the striking of the match  
and the flame  
passing to the wick  
you were gone,  
and the candle was left  
to burn out  
alone.



**VISUAL**

**WORKS**

# Edward Lee



**Left:** *A Pause Between Breaths* ('What Can(not) Be Known')  
**Right:** *And Our Joy Lost Its Taste* ('Ampersand')

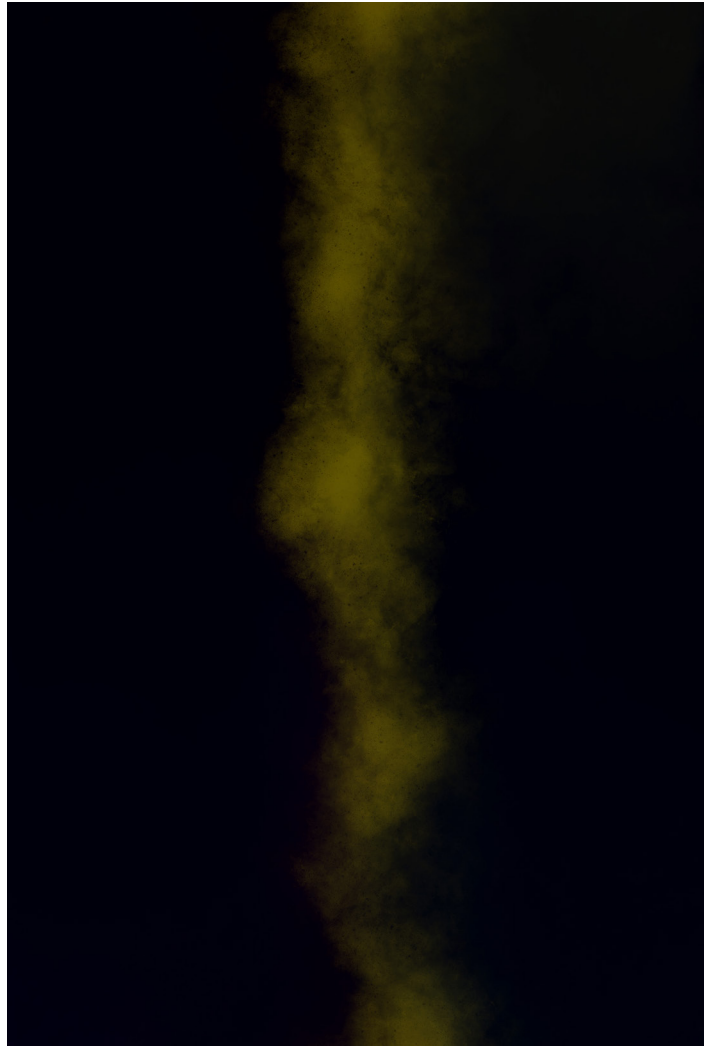


**Left:** *As The Soul Meets The Blood*  
**Right:** *Carving The Night*





**Left:** *Coming ('Ephemeral')*  
**Right:** *In The Forest Of Souls*

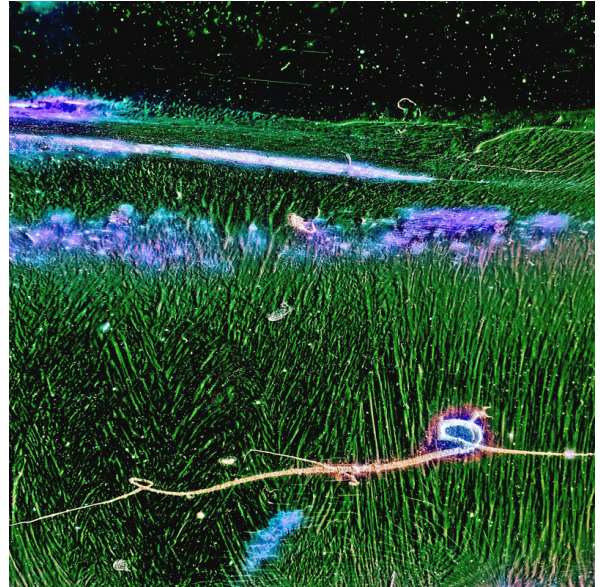
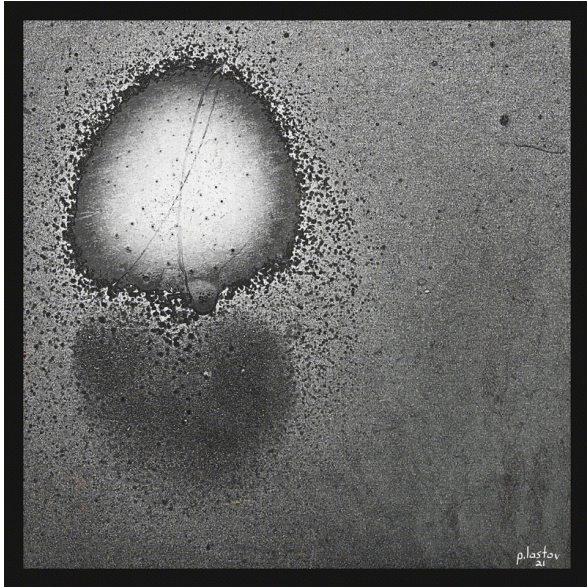


**Left:** *Station(s) No. 4I*

**Right:** *What Was Said, What Was Heard ('Between Sleep And Dreams')*



# Paul Lastovica



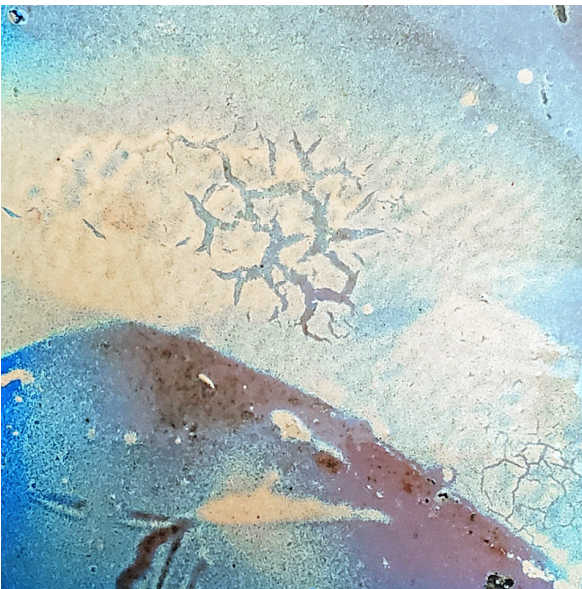
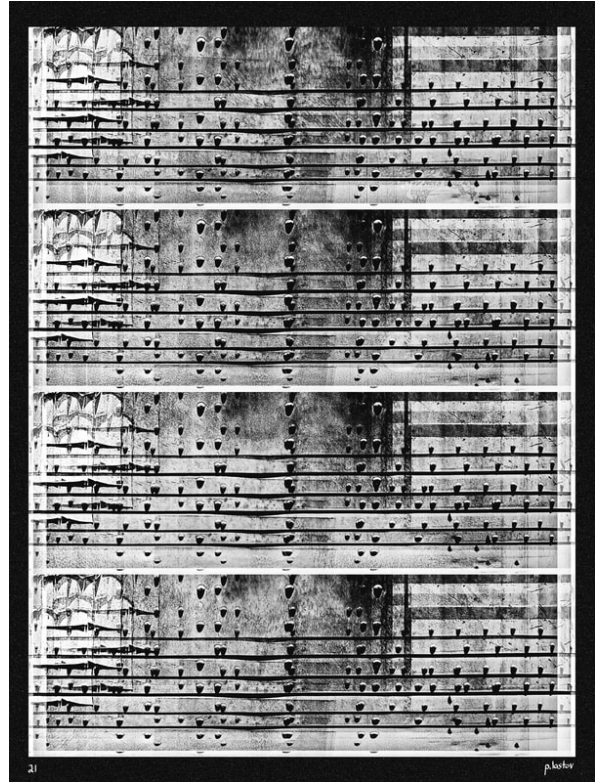
**Left top:** *Scratches and Splatters*

**Right top:** *Spirit Field 1*

**Left bottom:** *Spirit Field 2*

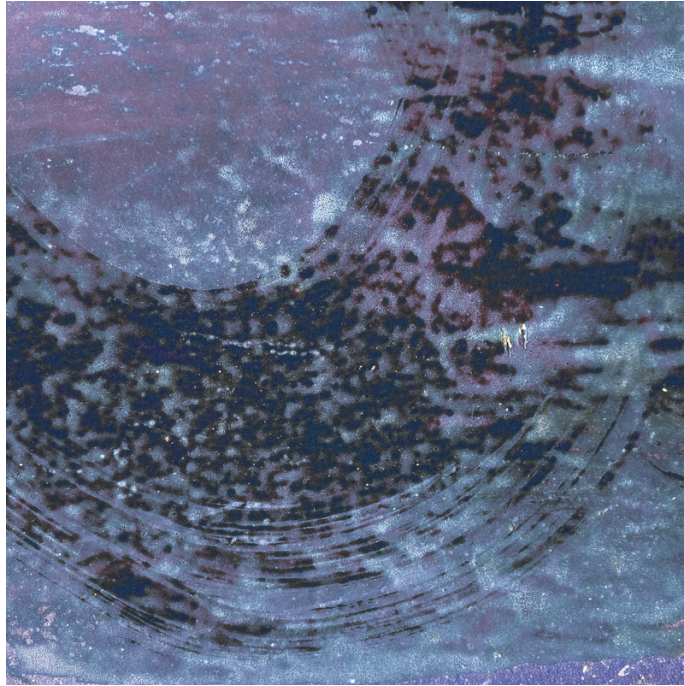
**Right bottom:** *Untitled Panel 2*





Left top: *Spirit Field 6 Set Afire*  
Right top: *Studs and Shadows*  
Left bottom: *Untitled Panel 10*  
Right bottom: *Untitled Panel 6*

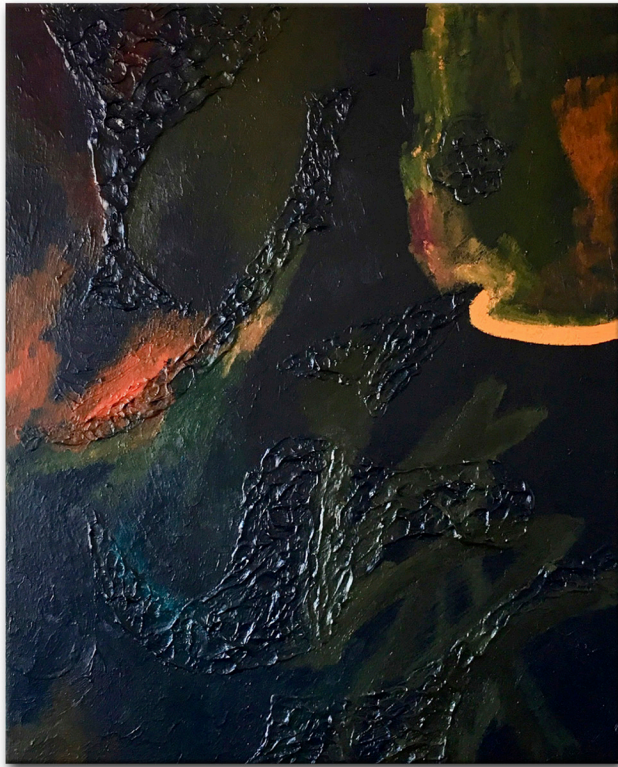




**Top:** *Untitled Panel 22*

**Bottom:** *Untitled Panel 30*

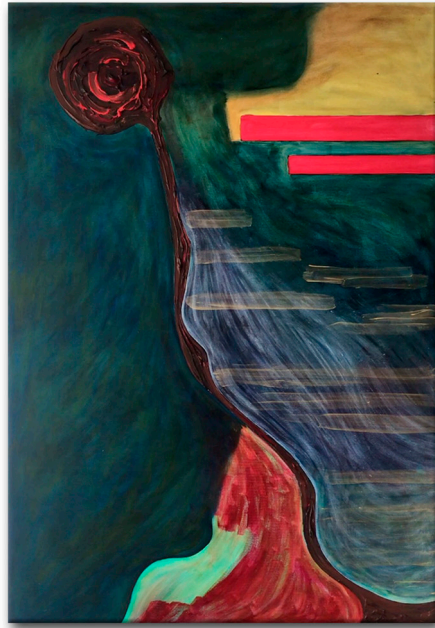
# RUNA



Left: *Darkness*

Right: *Atauro Island*





**Top:** *The Island (II)*  
**Left:** *The Island (III)*  
**Right:** *Atauro Island (I)*



**Top left:** *Christmas Cave, Lava Tube – Terceira Island, Azores*

**Top right:** *Pompons*

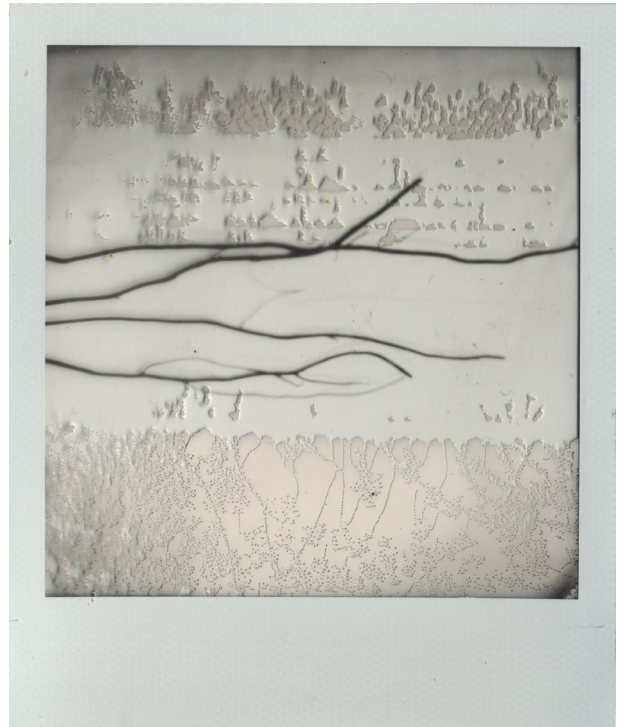
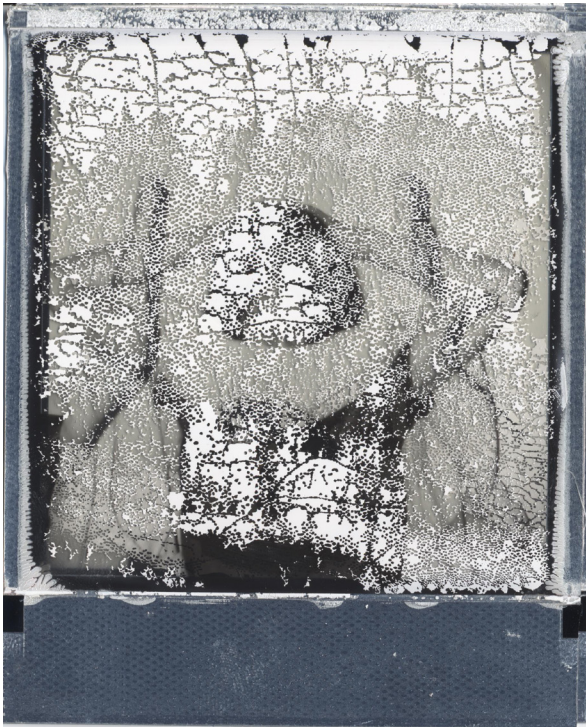
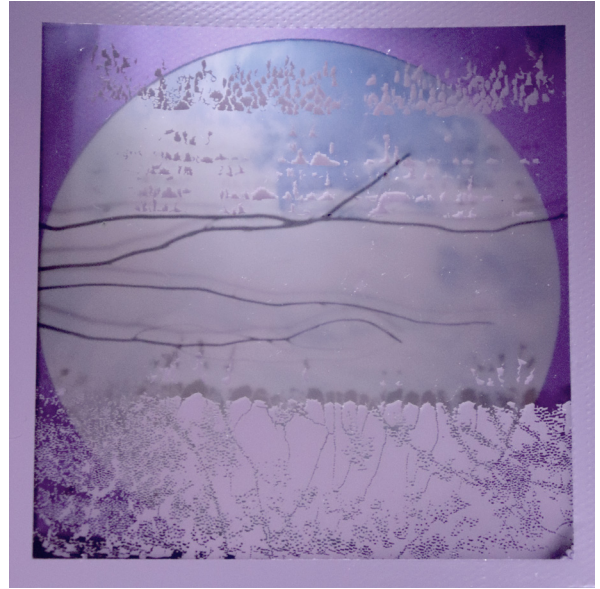
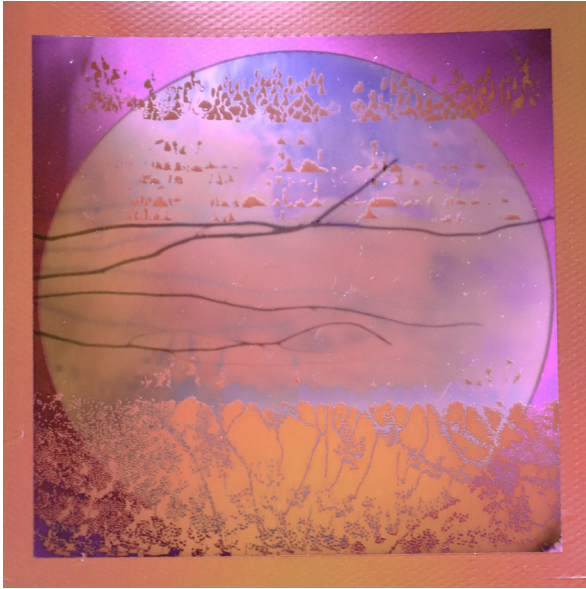
**Middle:** *I Will Not Have Flowers in My Grave Because I Won't Have A Grave*

**Bottom left:** *The Stream of Subconscious*

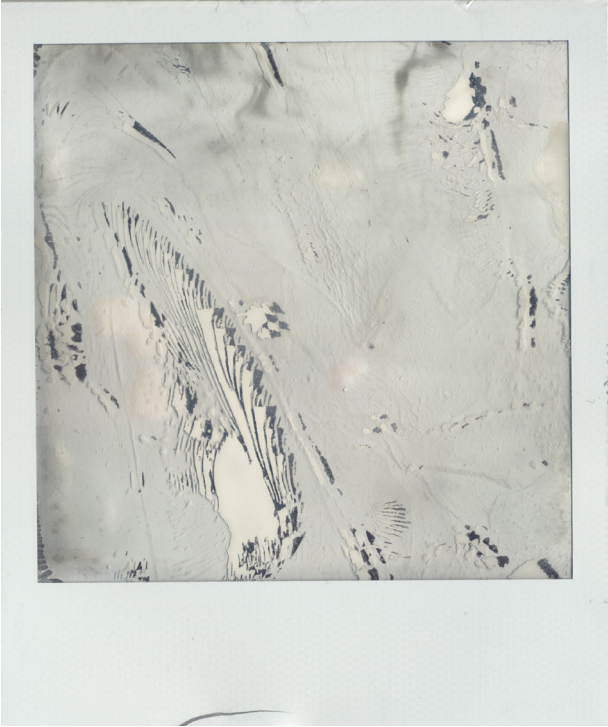
**Bottom right:** *In the Forest of Principe Island*

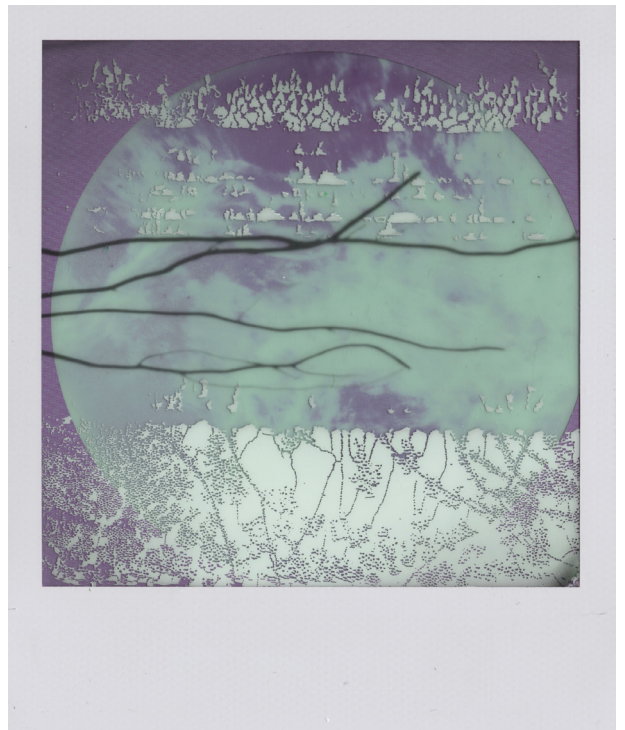
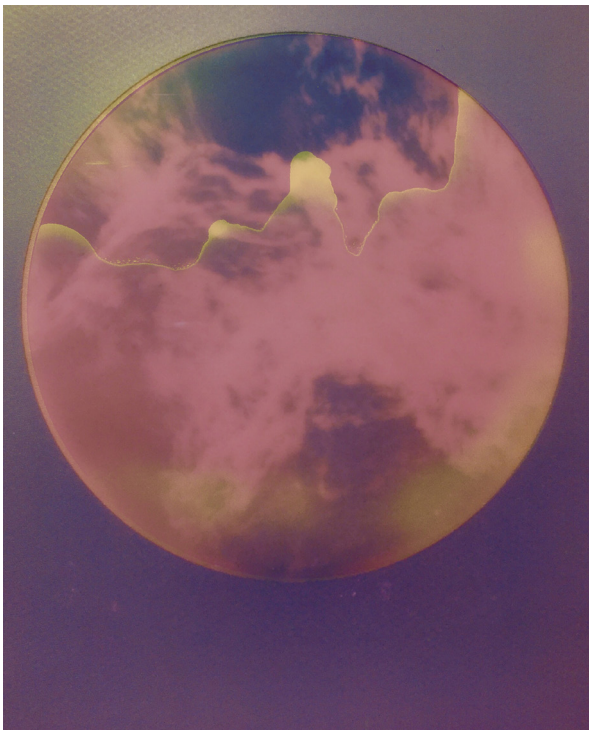
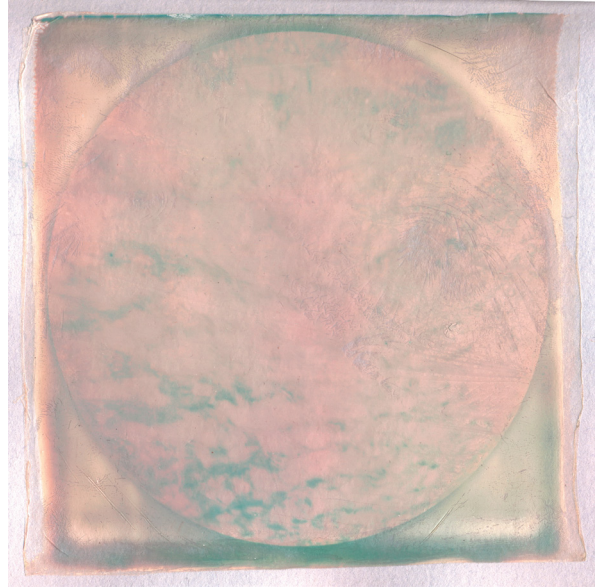
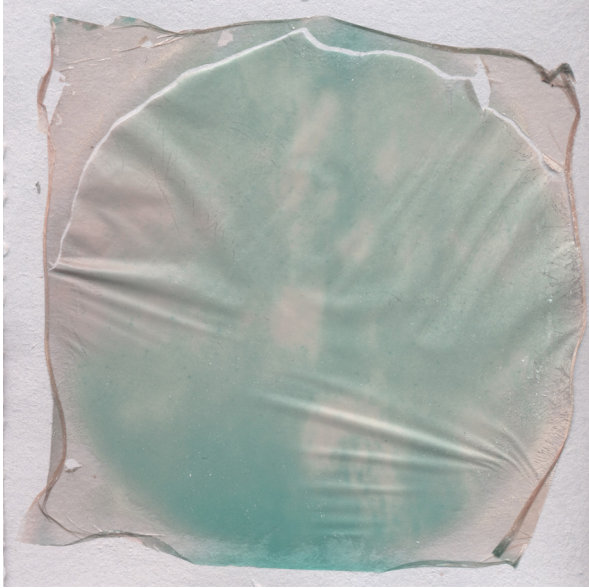


# Krystyna Curtis

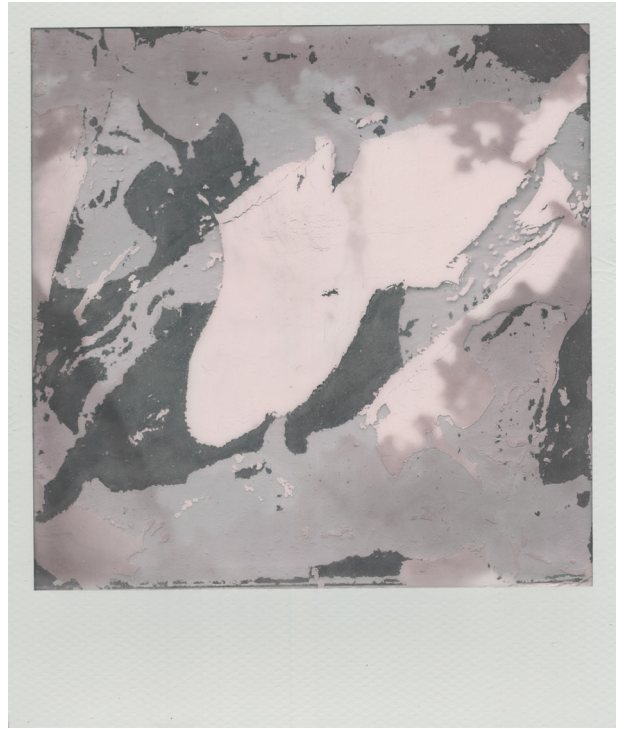
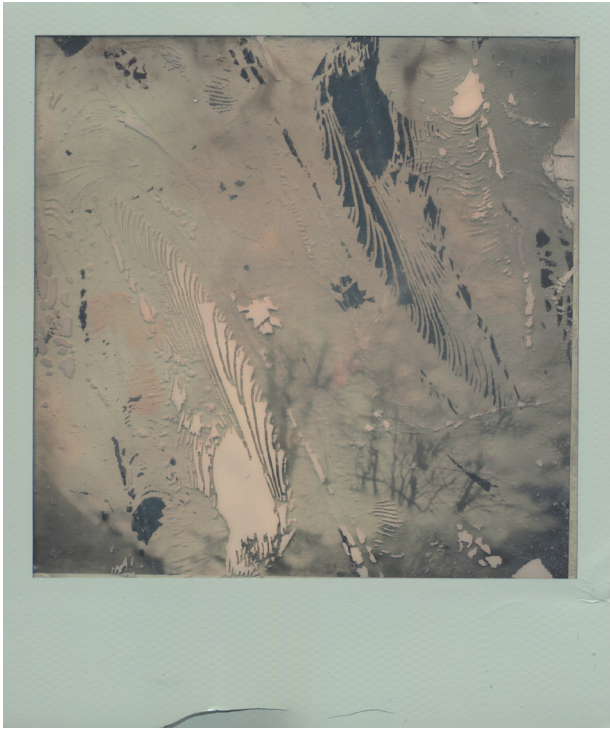




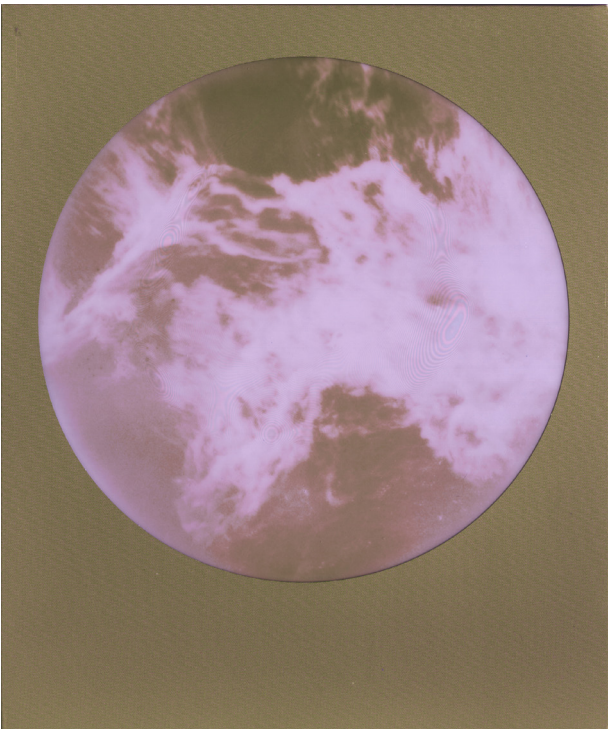
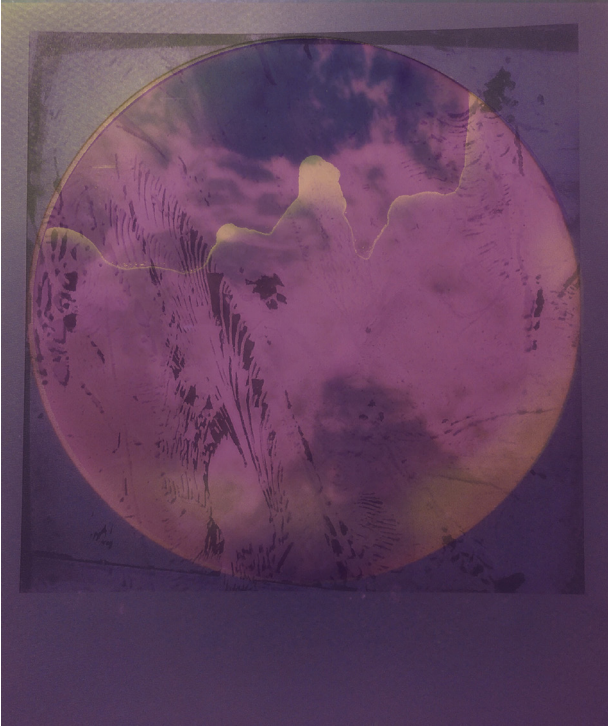
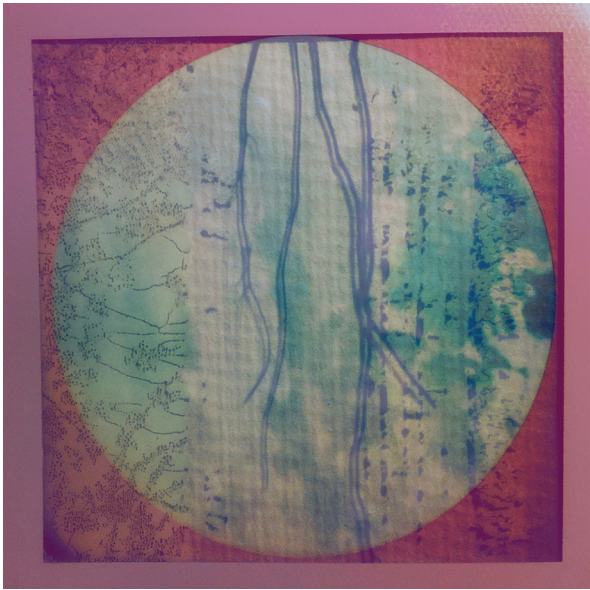


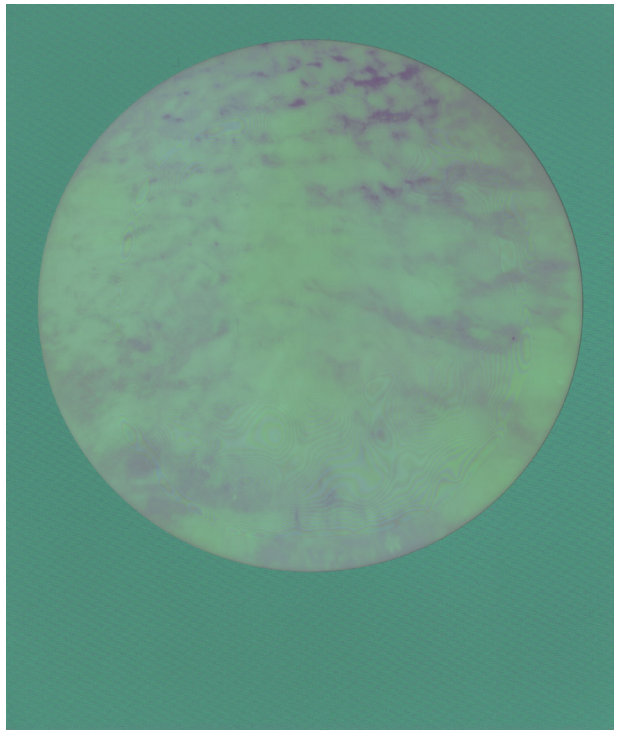














# ARTIST BIOS

## **Tohm Bakelas**

is a social worker in a psychiatric hospital. He was born in New Jersey, resides there, and will die there. His poems have appeared in numerous journals, zines, and online publications. He has published 14 chapbooks and 2 collections. He runs Between Shadows Press.

## **Paul Lastovica**

born June 1981, is a native Texas-based multidisciplinary creative living and working in the Industrial suburbs of Houston, Texas. He has a wife of 13 years, and one daughter who he hopes to ignite the creative fire within. Mr. Lastovica's visual compositions explore Color, Texture, Pattern, Shape & Form via readily accessible digital drawing tools, cell phone & DSLR photography, Raw Databending experiments through Digital Audio Workstations, & app based image manipulations. Though largely self taught, his arts education (outside of public school) includes a variety of community college courses such as: Life Drawing, Film & Digital Photography & Print Making. Paul commits himself to creating at least one piece of art daily as a ritual practice. Looking ahead to 2022 and beyond, Mr. Lastovica is considering exploring Hand Cut Collage. Other creative pursuits include music production & sound manipulation, and the occasional dive into Poetry.

## **Bob McNeil**

writer, editor, cartoonist, and spoken word artist, is the author of Verses of Realness (Underground Books). Hal Sirowitz, a Queens Poet Laureate, called the book "A fantastic trip through the mind of a poet who doesn't flinch at the truth." Among Bob's recent accomplishments, he found working on Lyrics of Mature Hearts to be a humbling experience because of the anthology's talented contributors.

## **Robert Beveridge**

(he/him) makes noise ([xterminal.bandcamp.com](http://xterminal.bandcamp.com)) and writes poetry in Akron, OH. Recent/upcoming appearances in FEED October Series, Breathe, and Passager, among others.

## **Peter J King**

was born and brought up in Boston, Lincolnshire. Active on the London poetry scene in the 1970s as writer, performer, publisher, and editor, he returned to poetry in 2013, and has since been widely published in journals and anthologies. He also translates poetry, mainly from modern Greek (with Andrea Christofidou) and German, writes short prose, and paints. His currently available collections are Adding Colours to the Chameleon (Wisdom's Bottom Press) and All What Larkin (Albion Beatnik Press).

## **Jonel Abellanosa**

lives in Cebu City, The Philippines. His poetry and fiction are forthcoming in The Cape Rock, Woodcrest Magazine and Poetry Salzburg Review, and have appeared in hundreds of magazines and anthologies, including Chiron Review, Invisible City, Thin Air, The Lyric, The McNeese Review, and The Anglican Theological Review. His poetry collections include, "Songs from My Mind's Tree" and "Multiverse" (Clare Songbirds Publishing House, New York), "50 Acrostic Poems," (Cyberwit, India), "In the Donald's Time" (Poetic Justice Books and Art, Florida), and "Pan's Saxophone" (Weasel Press, Texas). He is a nature lover, with three companion dogs, and three other beloved dogs who have passed on beyond the rainbow bridge. He loves all animals.

## **Mark J Mitchell**

was born in Chicago and grew up in southern California. His latest poetry collection, Roshi San Francisco, was just published by Norfolk Publishing. Starting from Tu Fu was recently published by Encircle Publications. He is very fond of baseball, Louis Aragon, Miles Davis, Kafka and Dante. He lives in San Francisco with his wife, the activist and documentarian, Joan Juster where he made his marginal living pointing out pretty things. Now, like everyone else, he's unemployed. He has published 2 novels and three chapbooks and two full length collections so far. His first chapbook won the Negative Capability Award. Titles on request.

## **John Grey**

is an Australian poet, US resident, recently published in Sheepshead Review, Poetry Salzburg Review and Hollins Critic. Latest books, "Leaves On Pages" and "Memory Outside The Head" are available through Amazon. Work upcoming in Lana Turner and International Poetry Review.

## **Ed Higgins**

Higgins' poems and short fiction have appeared in various print and online journals including recently: Sledgehammer Lit, Fudoki Magazine, Triggerfish Critical Review, Ekphrastic Review, and Tigershark Magazine, among others. He is Asst. Fiction Editor for Brilliant Flash Fiction. Ed has a small organic farm in Yamhill, OR, raising a menagerie of animals including a rooster named StarTrek.

## **Frederick Pollack**

is the author of two book-length narrative poems, THE ADVENTURE and HAPPINESS, both Story Line Press; the former to be reissued by Red Hen Press. Two collections of shorter poems, A POVERTY OF WORDS, (Prolific Press, 2015) and LANDSCAPE WITH MUTANT (Smokestack Books, UK, 2018). Pollack has appeared in Salmagundi, Poetry Salzburg Review, The Fish Anthology (Ireland), Magma (UK), Bateau, Fulcrum, Chiron Review, Chicago Quarterly Review, etc. Online, poems have appeared in Big Bridge, Hamilton Stone Review, BlazeVox, The New Hampshire Review, Mudlark, Rat's Ass Review, Faircloth Review, Triggerfish, etc.



## **Dick Westheimer**

has - in the company of his wife Debbie - lived, gardened and raised five children on their plot of land in rural southwest Ohio. He has taken up with poets and the writing of poetry to make sense of the world. In the past year he has been a Rattle Poetry Prize finalist and his poems have appeared in Rattle, Pine Mountain Sand and Gravel, Rise Up Review, Sheila Na-Gig, The New Verse News, and upcoming in Aethlon, Sparklit, and Pendemics Journal, among others. dickwestheimer.com.

## **Howie Good**

is the author most recently of the poetry collections Gunmetal Sky (Thirty West Publishing) and Famous Long Ago (Laughing Ronin Press).

## **Dee Allen**

is an African-Italian performance poet based in Oakland, California. Active in creative writing & Spoken Word since the early 1990s. Author of 7 books--Boneyard, Unwritten Law, Stormwater, Skeletal Black [ all from POOR Press ], Elohi Unitsi [ Conviction 2 Change Publishing ] and coming in February 2022, Rusty Gallows: Passages Against Hate [ Vagabond Books ] and Plans [ Nomadic Press ]--and 42 anthology appearances under his figurative belt so far.

## **Rus Khomutoff**

is an experimental poet in Brooklyn, NY. He has been published by San Francisco review of books, Proprose magazine, Silver Pinion and Hypnopomp. In June he published a chapbook called Radia from Void Front Press. He can be reached at @rusdaboss on twitter.

## **Paul Ilechko**

Poet and songwriter Paul Ilechko is the author of three chapbooks, most recently "Pain Sections" (Alien Buddha Press). His work has appeared in a variety of journals, including The Night Heron Barks, Rogue Agent, Ethel, Lullwater Review, and Book of Matches. He lives with his partner in Lambertville, NJ.

## **TE Secor**

is a poet, writer, and town employee from Stanfordville, NY, who operates a small online blog/journal, Eagleson & Secor Journal, to share events and writing from locals. He has written much and is currently composing a collection of poetry to be published.

## **Tim Kahl**

is the author of Possessing Yourself (CW Books, 2009), The Century of Travel (CW Books, 2012) The String of Islands (Dink, 2015) and Omnishambles (Bald Trickster, 2019). His work has been published in Prairie Schooner, Drunken Boat, Mad Hatters' Review, Indiana Review, Metazen, Ninth Letter, Sein und Werden, Notre Dame

Review, The Really System, Konundrum Engine Literary Magazine, The Journal, The Volta, Parthenon West Review, Caliban and many other journals in the U.S. He is also editor of Clade Song. He is the vice president and events coordinator of The Sacramento Poetry Alliance. He also has a public installation in Sacramento {In Scarcity We Bare The Teeth}. He plays flutes, guitars, ukuleles, charangos and cavaquinhos. He currently teaches at California State University, Sacramento, where he sings lieder while walking on campus between classes.

### **Rosaline Winters**

is a simple woman living with her beloved dog. Through her veins runs a river of coffee whose flow is never ceasing. She aims for a peaceful life, to be able to just be, and coexist. Her mind may wander aimlessly in the shadows for days on end, but the light will always call her forth.

### **Nadia Arioli**

is the co-founder and editor in chief of Thimble Literary Magazine. Their recent publications include Penn Review, Cider Press Review, Kissing Dynamite, Heavy Feather Review, and San Pedro River Review. They have chapbooks from Cringe-Worthy Poetry Collective, Dancing Girl Press, Spartan, and a full-length from Luchador. They were nominated for Best of the Net in 2021 by As It Ought to Be, West Trestle Review, Angel Rust, and Voicemail Poems.

### **Adrian David**

writes ads by day and poetry by night. His poems explore themes like conflict, existential crises, society, and everything in between, from the mundane to the sublime.

### **Ace Boggess**

is author of six books of poetry, most recently Escape Envy (Brick Road Poetry Press, 2021). His poems have appeared in Michigan Quarterly Review, J Journal, Rattle, North Dakota Quarterly, Harvard Review, and many other journals. An ex-con, he lives in Charleston, West Virginia, where he writes and tries to stay out of trouble.

### **Aldo Quagliotti**

is an Italian poet living in London, UK. He's the author of Japanese Tosa (London Poetry Books) and Confessions Of A Pregnant Man (Alien Buddha Press). His poems have been rewarded in Italy, Brazil, USA, Canada, Ireland and in the United Kingdom. He has been selected for important anthologies such as Paper therapy, Yawp!, The Essential anthology, Murmurations, Poetical Word, Poetry in the Time of Coronavirus. Several webzines and magazines have published his work, such as INNSÆI, U-rights, Credo espoir, Parousia, Poetica Review and many more. In October 2020 He has been chosen to represent the Poetry Corner at the London Chelsea + Kesington Art Week.

## **Lachlan J McDougall**

is an Australian prose technician working in cut-up and experimental literature. Currently working on debut novel 'The Jagged Spiral' as well as sporadic work on cut-up novel provisionally titled "Terra Firma".

## **Edward Lee**

poetry, short stories, non-fiction and photography have been published in magazines in Ireland, England and America, including The Stinging Fly, Skylight 47, Acumen, The Blue Nib and Poetry Wales. His play 'Wall' was part of Druid Theatre's Druid Debuts 2020. His debut poetry collection "Playing Poohsticks On Ha'Penny Bridge" was published in 2010. He is currently working towards a second collection. He also makes musical noise under the names Ayahuasca Collective, Orson Carroll, Lego Figures Fighting, and Pale Blond Boy. His blog/website can be found at <https://edwardmlee.wordpress.com>.

## **RUNA**

(B. December 1974). Lives and works in Lisbon.

2020-22 – Undertaking a Master's Degree in Painting, at Fine Arts Faculty of Lisbon University.

2018 – Studied photography at Cenjor, the Professional Training Center for Journalists, in Lisbon (182 hours of classes).

2002-05 – Completed the Painting course at the National Society of Fine Arts, in Lisbon (three academic years).

1992-96 – Graduated at Social and Political Sciences Higher Institute of Lisbon University.

[www.rutenorte.com](http://www.rutenorte.com)

[www.instagram.com/rute\\_norte](https://www.instagram.com/rute_norte)

## **Krystyna Curtis**

aka Haunted Light is a uk based multidisciplinary artist, currently working chiefly in experimental photography & film, but also through illustration, sound & installation. Her work concerns the often esoteric, liminal spaces between all things; the hidden worlds usually accessible only through dreams and visions.

**For more information on these artists (and their hyperlinks)  
visit [BlueAsAnOrange.weebly.com](http://BlueAsAnOrange.weebly.com)**

