

The Marsh Hawk Press Review (Fall 2014)

Edited by Eileen R. Tabios

CONTENTS

Harriet Zinnes / 5

Trapped
Darkness
Will / Will Not

Jean Vengua / 7

The Urge

Susan Terris / 8

Song and Dance
Glass House
Pharaohmones

Eileen R. Tabios / 12

I Forgot Quaffing Sweet Jerez, and Wings Flared As If Posing for Rembrandt
(aka I Remember You, Philip Lamantia)

Felino A. Soriano / 18

Of a summer's prior species
Of returning
Of the connected (ongoing)

Barry Schwabsky / 21

Felix and Dolores: A Short Novel

Susan M. Schultz / 25

From Memory Cards: Dogen Series

Michael Rerick / 27

From: Short Leash, Long Leash
From: Short Leash, Long Leash

Marthe Reed / 30

the remembered place
Awakening: Grand Isle
Bayou Corne Incident

Paul Pines / 36

EPITAPH FOR ICARUS
EPITAPH FOR ICARUS II

Sheila E. Murphy / 39

Tea at Night
I Bequeath a Pint of Daylight
Astrologos

Daniel Morris / 41

Bar Number

Stephen Paul Miller / 42

WHITE PINES
DROP
THEATER

Meredith Lewis / 44

Your face was like the moon when the clouds passed
Rethinking What I Think of When I Think of *Little House on the Prairie*
White Tigers

Michael Leong / 46

Spell

Eric Hoffman / 47

From *Emerson in Europe*

Anne Gorrick / 50

Do we look longingly back to an age of great narration?
“Owls! Swans! Bugs! Nuts! Suns! Moons! Stars! Cinnamon sticks and
licorice!” or 9/10ths of a Cento made from the *New York Times Review Summer
Reading Issue* (June 1, 2013)

Joanna Fuhrman / 59

Why I Gave Up Painting Model Airplanes

Donna Fleischer / 60

Inspired Chaos or Just Chaos
Late Winter, Snow Pack
Charred Edges

Thomas Fink / 62

ACCESS

Thomas Fink and Maya Diablo Mason / 63

DREAM IN THE HEADLIGHTS

Brian Clements / 64

My Lone Bill Cosby

Here Be Dragons

John Bloomberg-Rissman and Anne Gorrick / 69

From My Beauty is an Occupiable Space: 37 Proposed Sonnets

William Allegrezza / 72

lessons

at home

edge

HARRIET ZINNES

Trapped

I am trapped
in time's maneuvers.
I must yield yield yield.
What will the next step be?
Or will time turn away
as it plays plays plays
with another innocent victim?

Darkness

Darkness is not foreboding.
It comes after light.
It is routine,
a normal movement
even as the earth turns.

Darkness, ah darkness,
where love rules
and sleep is a soft round.

When darkness arrives
and when light is turned on,
is there an error in restoring light?
Should darkness be overruled?

Will / Will Not

I will. I will not.
You will. You will not.
Is this a game
or merely acts of life in their incapacities?

I will. I will not.
You will You will not.
Ah, affirmative and negative
always together
so that so that
contradiction is the omnipresent rule.

JEAN VENGUA

The Urge

If I could just lay it out there, one word after another, syllables, half syllables, letters; that would be best. Growth, as if nature existed. Whatever

The urge to form, play with. Even ("god" forbid) make beautiful. No. One stumbles along, or two, occasionally gobsmacked. Thinking

Words constellate—something like that. Actually spin, burst into fire, fizzle. If only. But marks and scars sign; that is, things recall

Existence, in some sense. "Filipina" or Filipina. Fear of preciousness chains off—maybe breaks a thread. Forgets the count. Eventually one ends on a line. Attaches

Metaphors, ceramic daisies,
dishes. It seems overly—
something. Because
after all: silence, the unsaid

SUSAN TERRIS

SONG AND DANCE

and the mouse / was any mouse
—James Welch

Song—just a fragment lodged in your head:

Dona Nobis Pacem? Played and replayed on stage,
a odd dialogue of tattooed griefs,
as your mother dies. Or *Paper Moon?*

Could the songs, you ask, be done as a round:
sopranos in the chorus singing of cardboard
sky while the men—as a curious mouse crouches
in the wings—chant pleas for peace.

Dance—a night with Stravinsky—movement
and music and mime and a bride in

fuschia tights. The devil appears and a violin,
an ill-fated bargain for a man. Dance, sir.

Watch your bride vogue and shimmy, but no one
can outdance the devil in his patchwork coat,
devil who swings a mouse by its tail,
deus ex machina with a script in his hand.

Song and dance—or *the old song and dance*, as
your father used to say, to dismiss
the obvious. He never sang, but he danced—waltz,
foxtrot, tango—like a pro and danced on
skates, too, alive to the *Skater's Waltz* or
Vienna Woods on a stage of his own with his own

wings. *Come back*, you cry, surprising yourself,
still, unable to sing or dance. *Bring her, too*.

And the mouse. The mouse is what happens
when you turn your back. Then song and dance
creep in. And the tale repeats, repeats.

GLASS HOUSE

Never look away. Maybe this is all Satchel Page,
but you must always choose to look out,
alert to danger coming.

You're not even from Chicago, not someone who
insists on sitting with your back to the wall.

The glass may be clean, dirty, or half-full. Window
open or closed. Sometimes sash cords are severed
and windows may crash down. But the crash
could be what you're listening for.

Consider aspect and respect, shudder and impact.

Your blythe mother told you to look both ways,
though she never worried about unexpected peril.
All safety, you know, is a kind of lie. Beware

the complacency of comfort and cushions. Inside is

unsafe, too. It foreshadows an ominous knock

on the door. As you wait, you're sorting a jigsaw of
a dark night. The cardboard stars are pinpricks and will
not illumine stones below. You have pieces but no
weapons, no phone, no defenses.

Dark matter beyond the frame is out of control.

It is coming. It will break windows and door. Shards
will spark. Splinters will prism the light.
You will be taken yet not unaware.

PHARAOHMONES

As zig means right and zag left,
and the line becomes a wave,

as in the waveless desert, every pyramid
promises death and the end of love,

his voice seems to tattoo my ears.

As shreds of cloud flirt with the moon,

as date palm shadows jigsaw the sand
and tent-mesh grids both our faces,

his laugh seems fresh salve slapped over
old scars and the new day hints

at disaster, his touch leaving new blisters
to swell and sting. If you think

this is a homily or lesson, you will
be wrong. It's only one more desert probe.

Yet any time he offers some new
mirage, I'll be there—zag and zag. . . .

EILEEN R. TABIOS

I Forgot Quaffing Sweet Jerez, and Wings Flared As If Posing for Rembrandt (*aka I Remember You, Philip Lamantia*)

I forgot Heaven could be ... a breath away. I forgot why a girl remained in constant song.

I forgot a girl singing in Porto Vecchio: lobster at noon, a tiny tortoise tip-toeing across the bedspread, a bus endearingly halted by determined partridges marching across the road, Simone De Beauvoir and Nelson Algren.

I forgot a girl singing forth her benedictions: May you never grow intimate with cold ashes and burlap. May you never feel tar and black feathers. May you know what I saw through *flames*...

I forgot a girl singing as she smooched the sun...

I forgot a girl singing to unfurling wings that have never betrayed her.

I forgot a girl singing, *I will become Babaylan!*, with notes only virgin boys can muster, only dogs can hear.

I forgot a girl singing as she spun a globe, its whirl evoking the guarantee of returns with all departures.

I forgot a girl singing to *la luna naranja*.

I forgot a girl singing to mountains in Nepal quivering like 500-pound Sumo wrestlers.

I forgot a girl singing along with Dave Brubeck after he regaled with a tale: he turned to music only after studying how to heal cattle as a vet. I forgot Dave Brubeck on the piano, Randy Jones on drums, Jack Six on string bass, Bobby Militello on sax—all conspiring for "The Time of Our Madness."

I forgot a girl singing to repel a black bear.

I forgot a girl singing as if Heaven was mere breath away.

I forgot Nick Carbo, a toilet regulator, an emptied wine box emblazoned with a screaming eagle, a blue box stuffed with Alka Seltzer tablets, a faux pearl

necklace, white ribbons, a grey sports bra overlaid with delicate lace—tools, then debris, from attempting to unify “the convex with the concave.”

I forgot the difficulty of writing a poem, then turning it physical—I forgot its opposite is equally arduous...and lyrical.

I forgot a beach where sand constantly shifted its hollows.

I forgot passion always exacts a price, and Love is always eager to pay.

I forgot I ignored Paris waiting on the other side of a shuttered window.

I forgot the room where the only sign of contentment was framed on one wall. Within the frame, a gown to float if you chose to dance.

I forgot the night train lumbering across Siberia in whose hold Ivan, a Russian geologist, apologized for his poor English by reciting Pushkin in his native tongue. Ezra Pound was correct: inarticulate sounds transport as music.

I forgot a wooden door in Ulan Ude, cracked in places, a wash of faded blue paint tattooed by pale green diamonds. I forgot it reminded me of an island in the Sulu Sea, an emerald floating on lapis lazuli staining, too, the sky.

I forgot darkness was the key, not the lock.

I forgot we never knew the opposite of *Easy Beauty*.

I forgot Jackson Pollock wore fingerless gloves in the winter chill. I forgot paint *will* dance when flung from fingers exposed to everything, even what bludgeons the autistic child.

I forgot you living somewhere along my spine. I forgot integral yoga to squeeze you more efficiently out of bone marrow.

I forgot a tremor rippling a vein in anticipation of a possibility. Another possibility was the tremor rippling a vein in anticipation.

I forgot the paintings that made you think of what lives outside the frame. Like a woman who so loved a man she ate his testicles between quaffs of sweet jerez.

I forgot the wines behaving like jealous lovers, clamoring for the drinker to focus on the individual.

I forgot a valley witnessing my return to you with a primitive ardor shared by hunting hawks—the crack of cartilage audible as they obviated distance, as they swooped, wings flared as if posing for Rembrandt.

I forgot a calf affixed to an iron rotisserie. The animal cooked slowly for hours. And hours until its meat was a page-turn away from falling off the bone.

I forgot a flock of starlings shattering the sky's clean plate like grains of black pepper.

I forgot Coltrane in Napa Valley, his "Pursuance" the rhythm of your heartbeat against my roaming palm. And the sound of grapevines growing.

I forgot Kathmandu where I recognized you in me and I in you upon turning a street corner onto a plaza where every inch was topped by mud pots, the inky glazes like benefactions from goats peering through second- and third-story windows.

I forgot the sun is not impartial. It lingers on the slopes and peaks of hills and knolls while traversing quickly across the flatlands. I forgot the sun practices justice, for vines work harder on steep terrain amid gravel than on level land fertile with natural nutrients and easily accessed by water.

I forgot a stone garden in Kyoto where the 15th stone is invisible from all angles.

I forgot *Ikaw, aking pag-ibig, ay naruon...* "You, my Love, were there..."

I forgot a sarong fell and a river blushed.

I forgot the sarong caressed my breasts and thighs before it was borne away by a river's current.

I forgot a sarong's fall brought down the eagle with curious eyes.

I forgot a sarong become undone to the trill of birdsong.

I forgot believing the world was populated by the hearts of mothers who would always welcome back prodigal sons and daughters with warm rice and cool slices of pineapple.

I forgot milk leaking from the corner of the sleeping child's mouth.

I forgot a yellowed photograph slipping from brittle pages.

I forgot the bodies of Kali warriors memorizing *halad* so that deadly positions surface more quickly and efficiently during hours of battle.

I forgot mountains losing their trees for books about mountains losing their trees.

I forgot Tondo, a shanty town that sprung up by a massive garbage dump called "Smokey Mountain."

I forgot Abu Ghraib.

I forgot pounding through fields of tall grass to release the beauty of white butterflies rising in a panic.

I forgot a boy, skinny as he offered his toys: twigs, cracked stones, two matchboxes cradling spiders, an earthworm in a tin can...

I forgot how the ellipsis hides, elides, gives up ...

I forgot your finger tracing the ear I offered as proxy.

I forgot the generic _____.

I forgot a wall at dusk whose shelves of books turned their backs for their spines to stare at you as a neighbor's saxophone elongated.

I forgot Athena also rises from the gape of wounds.

I forgot the "wet jade" eyes of cats can make you forget felines are always dusty.

I forgot Derrida hunched as I was then over an antique desk scribbling past egregious back pain, "There is speech. / There is phenomena."

I forgot Duende can overcome without satiating the *longing* for more.

I forgot the whiteness of birch flashing through forest greenery to evoke your eyes.

I forgot waiting by grimy hotel glass, peeking through hair, fingering lace sleeves, envying the lobby's silk flowers for their inability to feel.

I forgot the crushing tune that worked Baudelaire to the bone.

I forgot a "Someday" as elusive as a cab at 4 a.m., and the musky scent of fortitude.

I forgot the wings curled beneath black leather.

I forgot the blades whose edges tangoed on my palms to carve lifelines.

I forgot how red pistils rising from waxy white petals always look profane and magnificently divine.

I forgot Icarus actually lived and the sky went livid.

I forgot the figure eight formed by an hourglass frittering time away.

I forgot the hunched sommelier correcting, “You mean ‘saddle leather’,” thus learning one can forget what one never knew.

I forgot learning to look at a decaying world through slitted eyes.

I forgot the second-greatest among losses is disillusion.

I forgot allowing the edges of diamond facets to fray.

I forgot my birth language Ilokano: *maysa, duwa, tallo, upat, lima, inem, pito, walo, siam, sangapulo...*

I forgot how, sweetly, you offered eggplant—its skin made palatable through much prior bruising. I remember you, Philip Lamantia.

I forgot you entering the blue frame of glass bordering the blue wooden door into *Maykadeh* where we met for “they do wonders with tongue.” I forgot the sprezzatura that woke my veins. I remember Philip Lamantia.

I forgot the puzzle of agriculture. I remember Philip Lamantia.

I forgot turquoise on the Kachina doll hanging on your wall, color of sunlit ocean embracing Greece while you explored Mexico. I remember Philip Lamantia.

I forgot wrestling a long poem until I had gathered all thorns into my cupped palms for birthing psalms. I saw a stranger’s blood mixed with rose petals to birth generous perfume.

I forgot three coyotes peeing upon the buttercups.

I forgot whatever you did that would cause you to rear up on your death bed, agony anticipating your aftermath.

I forgot the storm that shamed the nasturtiums I'd watered all summer with dishwater.

I forgot betraying the butler with mother-of-pearl cufflinks.

I forgot never privileging the chaff.

I forgot Alexander Pope's proclamation in *The Second Book of Horace*, "The vulgar boil while the *learned* roast an egg."

I forgot violets vomiting rue.

I forgot whispering to a daughter borne from rape, "Regret is not your legacy."

I forgot the wasp nesting behind the screen door.

I forgot the practicality of water.

I forgot Montana where I breathed *deeply* the scent of black earth, *dampening*...

I forgot the votive candle flickering within my navel.

I forgot the brutality of cracked skies captured by ancient warriors with "lightning marks" as long grooves along the wooden shafts of their arrows.

I forgot sand shimmering with black diamonds, the world pausing to form a black diamond, and fear becoming as real as a black diamond.

I forgot Pygmalion sculpted himself into an embrace, and used stone in hopes the hold would never break.

I forgot there was no need to apologize for dancing from one's hips *roundly*, eyes closed, taking up as much space as one wanted on the dance floor of someone else's wedding.

I forgot a plea to be buried under a canopy of red roses.

I forgot I wanted to make memories, not simply press petals between pages of expendable books.

I forgot the blossoming of desk lamps.

I forgot the musk of evenings quivering into post-elegance.

FELINO A. SORIANO

Of a summer's prior species

lyrics

between leaves' extended lrubbingl, hand-songs and fractioned howls

either/each reverberate in
the constant

rhythm of a devoted desire to
engage with a wind whose

music extrapolates song,—

of notion

of a motional discovery

with

a fingering emblem, piano structure rising
rotating

repeating what rehearses
against flame and swinging theory this
noon of Spring finds

within a hovering example of heat's
upcoming

devotion

Of returning

awkward waiting
in the rocking aspect of neoteric memories: this

spatial context rewording syllables
collating aggregations' prior attempts at
altering

hood(child-adult)s

pertaining spectral data

these steps' intuitive retention

arrives in the

parallel of hand's
re-rereaching (returning, pluralized)
into the opening of prelude and
each sense leaps from the silence of
stagnant articulation...

Of the connected (ongoing)

between I I notes

beginning solos

say the pianist enthralls an esoteric framework

framing

an epitome in the revelation of trust

your

eyed age does not resemble reflectional

persuasion
this space's altered circumference

entails

and now or now

nothing removes
its exhaled perception
from the return of this moment whose
hoary presence contains-still

scented familiarity or visual (neath dust's fundamental enshroud)
etching into the leaving of shadow-motive

dissipation

BARRY SCHWABSKY

Felix and Dolores: A Short Novel

For Fani Papageorgiou

I

In this chapter we introduce our first character, Felix, a man who never reads novels. For this reason, it goes without saying, he will never become aware that he has been plucked from the stream of life to be introduced into this narrative. A man should read to improve himself, his situation in life. This man is the hero of a tale in which he plays no determinate part. On this particular early spring day the first thing he does after walking out of his apartment—walking out of his building rather—is to hold open to the sky an empty envelope, letting it fill up with plump drops of New York drizzle. He wants to mail them to someone as testimony to the bond between his feelings and the objective facts of the weather. Of course he knows the droplets will have dried up long before the envelope reaches its addressee but also that the drops will leave indelible marks, little puckerings of the paper that will witness the former presence of its disappeared contents.

Paper has a good memory for water. Having stamped, addressed, and mailed the envelope—we don't accept his conceit that it should be referred to as a letter—he climbs down the stairway at a nearby street corner and after a short wait boards a Queensbound E train. He is not bound for Queens. Stand clear of the closing doors please. Sitting there lost in thought he does not realize that his mouth is hanging open as his eyes scan the front and back of a newspaper being read by the man across from him, who has a little tuft of hair blooming beneath his lower lip.

Newspaper stories are not cluttered up with descriptions like the ones in novels. How had he gotten himself into this mess, he wondered. Some strange sort of hormone must be at work on his weathered old soul.

II

Originally her name was not going to be Dolores. But what else can I call the heroine of a story in which she plays no real part? She's only writing the story, or so she claims. But unlike her, others she knows (or can imagine she knows)—these others don't write. Some read. For instance the subway passenger over there reading a book called

Secrets of the Millionaire Mind. Or they mail empty envelopes, not even fresh but obviously old and used, spattered with water. What kind of communication could such a person have in mind? It's like breathing into the phone as someone on the other end lets out a plaintive "Hello? Hello?" How much nicer to receive a simple postcard, perhaps one showing a bridge over a river in a foreign city or even the brilliant dust of a distant galaxy as seen through the giant telescope at an observatory somewhere in the clear-aired antipodes. "Wish you were here." Ha! The city itself, like the lens of this extraordinary and outdated instrument, is made of glass. It is a crystal with a hundred thousand, a million, no, ten million facets. The problem, once you start thinking about it, is to find the degree and angle of light in which, as one turns the crystal over bit by bit in one's mind, each one can shine. Spring mind, towering mist. The train is never on time, only you can't really say that because the train has no time. Or, as with the Queen of Hearts (Disney's rather than Carroll's), all times are its times, all time is its time, time times time is time, all time is untimed. Perhaps this is what transatlantic travel was once like, for our ancestors, the immigrants in

steerage. It is their memory that this chapter ends, now and forever, in false memory and in disappearance from which recuse us, reader.

SUSAN M. SCHULTZ

From Memory Cards: Dogen Series

*The moon is neither new nor old, because moon inherits moon. I'm usually a happy, satisfied person, but not today. I can sometimes spend time alone, but usually I hit the button that shocks me instead. I'm a sad American, caught in black and white. The wall behind me reads No Shit. History's bunk, so I have none that cannot fit beneath my bed. I sort my memories as a teenage girl does beads, dividing blues from yellows, greens. They fight me back, like balls in a lottery machine, dancing. After practice, she sings in the car, stabs the air with her index. *Been around the world, don't speak the language / But your booty don't need explainin'.**

—4 July 2014

The “eyebrows” and “eyes” are mountains and oceans, because mountains and oceans are eyebrows and eyes. The mountain is net; ocean lacks stoppage time. Ahuimanu: clutch of birds. Small brown ones skitter as I ride my bike up Kahekili's shoulder. Landmarks for the dead: a football jersey and photo; cross and lower plaque (for Courtney & Micah); some dim flowers in a pot, an upside down bucket. Stalks lean over a square of cement across from the sewage plant. Convertible mustangs whizz by, a truck with two sleeping women in the bed. Yes, she saw my phone up the road where I thought I'd hit a rock. Keep the Country Country. New City / What a Pity. There's a new lo`i beside the plantation houses. A Smoke Meat sign sits beside two lawn mowers. Inside the van, man hugs dog. To notice is not to know anything. Say mantras for dead chickens, doves; repetition might not heal, but it takes time.

—5 July 2014

Vigorously abiding in each moment is the time-being. A dead eel in the shore break isn't banal; nor is the styrofoam cup shard, the panty liner half-buried in sand. In one's 50s, abstraction trades places with the particular. Not a shell of, but a shell my daughter holds up, three black dashes on white. A white fish with one black dot on its mid-section swims beside a coral head. Some boys scramble over rocks, find another dead eel; its spine and teeth yellow on black rock. Three boys and then another killed in Israel/Palestine, horror to counter-horror. Trauma's memory without screen, unlatched door in a wind storm, flapping without brake, or interval. Each moment in its time until there's only protea stuck in a stump at Punalu`u. The image of these flowers *can* abide, refresh, return. Involuntary key stroke, happy typo on a sea wall.

—6 July 2014

MICHAEL RERICK

From: Short Leash, Long Leash

we apply hours of computer concentration

throughout the day pen checklists

but the pay progress does not satisfy

our success measures time

we pay for what we like

and human ambition conditions

approve beggars

hitchhikers and underpass sleepers

fate doesn't power lights
current contact evolves
as plug prongs feel sockets

news grids chop
the crossed air

a figure blows slogans quietly redeeming lost sleep

a particular ailment horn

our enlightened eyes roll with a product

cautious words and locks
paranoid curtains and bats

the state of our language
shouts cacophonous bullshit

neglected education teaches poorly educated people

we check Facebook as Hulu plays *The Bachelor*

free online classes Netflix guilty

creep into sweeping the floor and chopping onions

our *Daily Show* newsfeed informs us we do this

and there is no middle class

our teaches train to be life coaches

From: Short Leash, Long Leash

aloha noodles

cover homes

Pele's crisp

church shells

we plot to unscrew

the neighbor's

flood light stare

our olden day nostalgia screams soften

we are sick with economic solutions

we toast all night woods stumbling and philosophy days

here's to the plunge

here's to twitter rebellions

when we traveled people in other places worked

we left half filled journals mimicking memoirs

Hawaiian calendar

pictures help

count the days

our derelict plants fall out and sprout

each lazy petal collects sun

poor stem stamen leaf pod and bright flower

we highlight each dependent with rock gardens and boxes

and clear the weeds for what waits underground

a cell phone mute
for the ring tone

old growth rot
woods the house

paper bridges tear in the rain

white draped in early morning storms

melting into a dried hard knob

MARTHE REED

the remembered place

oneiric
coast
dreammemory itself
bodylike
breathing
(wind, course, heat, flow)
its fertile embraces

local and particular
the axis between coast and erosion
navigable only by water
a comparative lack of limit
defined by instability where *we*
take root in the world

this coast, this *intimate space*
theirs yours mine
a felicitous space
fish shrimp crab oyster estuary
oil and gas depository
opposed vectors of topophilia and extractive endeavor

Immensity in the intimate domain is intensity

the place of imagination
mangrove forest
chênière
flottant
prairie

.

oil
rice
cane
gas
a set of relations
irreducible to the others' terms

a counter-definition
coast-as-site
the deployment of extractive technologies
no *reverie*
locating the subterranean reservoirs of raw
crude

garden? cemetery?
an effective location not
seen but "found"
cross drilling from the floating platform's
umbilical connections
manifold centers

where we
again and again
thin, slick filler-
cake and cement
seal the site(s) of entry
(exposure)
less rigorous
parsing the possible futures

the coast re-
locates itself
again and again
permeable margin redefined by salt
and the erosive
potential of
channelization

flayed
torso this
geological body
(remembered body)
fluid and
nomadic matter
mud knit and re-knit among weeds

Awakening: Grand Isle

After Kate Chopin

could hear again
the water
the hot south
passed through her
making her eyes burn

the reeds
the salt-water pools
little gray weather-
among the orange
low, drowsy

solitude
flushed and
muddled like wine
a first breath of
the beach

sporadic
acres of chamomile reaching
away still
and lemon trees
the gaunt

water-oaks
the stretch of yellow
melting hazily
blue
water of

the sun
clamoring, murmuring
along the white
up and down
a broken wing

circling
it had no beginning
the sycamore tree

the hum of bees
pinks filled the air

Bayou Corne incident

Ah, well, et ça semble vrai, tout ça, vous comprends?

–Wilson “Ben” Guiné Mitchell

cess pool mud pool sink
TENORM sparkles invisibly from its depths
extractive detritus
radium thorium potassium

orange tongue blue fire
earth bubbles open
escape velocity of gas under
pressure

somewhere at the arcane political desk
this year next year
or any of their decay products
a nuclear memo ((DNR))

gas rattles the earth
radium 226 228 radon
salt mud sink Bayou Corne spewing
methane hydrogen-

sulfide carbon-
dioxide ethane propane pentane butane
a whole biogenic

thermogenic scheme
keeping it under
wraps
Louisiana DNR (do not report do not

respond) “and
asked for patience” *tout ça*

radionuclides pumped into
Texas Brine™ “surprised as

anyone”
radioactive dome
“slurry area”
expanding 16,000 sq ft mire

the specific gravity of memos
bottom lines no
detection of radiation
was discovered

a failed *ça semble vrai*
integrity test
gas breaching the salt
boundary

radioactive scale
concentrated as a result of
risk calculations and
industrial processes radioactive

radioactive scale transport models
vener cavern walls
salt dome
salt

reservoir not yet tested
subsidence and subsurface
instability
the possible state of

emergence “never
anticipated”
accumulation
collapse Texas Brine™

“kind of shocked” DNR
authorized disposal
“might be related to...”
naturally

occurring radio

-active material NORM
“...structural problems in the cavern”
a completely

arbitrary distinction
“a relationship to
what was going on”
technically enhanced

tremors and gas bubbles
thorium series decay
crude oil refinery wastes
for weeks

“imagine...” first
instability of cavern reported
20 months earlier
DNR

department of naturally occurring
resistance the best
practices
business practices oil and

eying the bottom
line a *positive*
business climate gas production
“...our surprise”

vous comprends?
150 homes evacuated
“I don’t think
anyone could see this coming”

PAUL PINES

EPITAPH FOR ICARUS

—for Robert

1

It wasn't just that his parachute
didn't open
or collapsed on the way down
but there were no others
with him

in free fall
to give form

to it

attach and release
create a center for
his dead drop

cushion
the sudden
recognition his wings
were provisional
that he'd always be
suspended in that moment
to end summarily
but remain
endless

his father
helpless below
the child

rigged
to the old man's

unlived life
transmitted from generation
to generation
the silent scream
of it

2

Would his father
always wonder
what if

say instead
the fall had been his own
had his son
lived to remember
his father gone

been given
time to make his
old age
a parachute

friends
lovers
children

attaching and releasing
each in the course
of his free fall
to create

a center

space to rehearse
his dead drop
over many years
again and
again

secure in the shape
of it

become
a wanderer

haunting the precincts
of his own
myth

EPITAPH FOR ICARUS II

Zephod
on the bookcase
sneezes then leaps
to bed kneads
my pillow
claws exposed

my wife sleeps
beside me still
the susura
of her breath
on my face

it begins like this
ends like this

I lie this way
half awake
sensing an invisible
presence
at the center
of events

suspended
on the threshold
between light
dawning night
descending

it always begins
like this
ends like this

trying to imagine
a poem of
last words

SHEILA E. MURPHY

Tea at Night

Air conditioning exhales.
Thin dusk blue spreads over gravity.
Exactly my desire, July
upon my skin. I relax into
the root system of protection
outside, where
quiet is a form of speech.

I walk most places.
People who restricted me have died.
Bed clothes gone,
to little moonlight.
All shades down.

I draw a picture of the tea,
the cup, the trees.
Sage somewhere, birds
not new to me.
Life other than in words.

I Bequeath a Pint of Daylight

I bequeath a pint of daylight
to baptize you, then to shine
upon these cinders prior
to their giving back the impetus.

A gardener sings across
the grapes to be placed
upon our table.
Plush upon moist vines.

Chimes haunt the walkway
with man-made deadlines.
A child who has adopted clay bells
listens for wind.

Innocence reputed to accept,
invents by merely breathing
what comes, translating
for the listener and for self.

Astrologos

Maturation's fancy. Dare to ditch the barbed wire boundary while sporting a cashgora flimsy. Even on lockdown, eviction is a risk. A wasted, very tired soul, continues shrinking. In search of lost time stamp; deflecting most excuses. A war's beginning not to have been over. The machine repaves the same blacktop and skates a new white line parallel to another new white line. Forensic sweethearts purse their lips, grab the few transformers left, before they go for heaps at auction. In free time, one designs a work of love into a habit. Crossing an artificial boundary to find the latitude and longitude of common threats.

Ventilation, purse strings, *se me olvidó*

DANIEL MORRIS

Bar Number

Psst, hey kid, over here...yeah you....

It's me, Mistah Wind Up Numbers.

(Who you expecting? Shadowbox

Performing Live with

Seraph Behind the Curtains?)

Geesh. Timid 'tween teen.

"Who me?"

"No, Mayor Bloomberg. Of course

you. Get in here ya big dummy."

Now now.

Pipe down, Kleenex Chucklemouth.

Go hurry get my city voice.

Sotte Voce anyway.

What kind of sewer rat lets a parent...

Admit the kid got guts

Tackling

10 bullshitters out of 12

whose portion

delivers spies turning hip hop:

"Tell 'em I'm

2/3 hell to pay

but still ok

and I'll petrify

them valleys

fertilize yer

slavery eggs

and they'll listen

cuz I'm blind. "

The Nu?

Visibly. Enter

Willingly. For once.

What darkness?

You talking about

What feels beautiful? So

Go. Talk to

What feels

Flashy. Touch, however,

That which is foolishly

Trying to reason with you.

STEPHEN PAUL MILLER

WHITE PINES

slide on copper rods.
A big beaver counts to 20
as Ashoka forest hides.

DROP

"I feel a drop,"
Says my three-year-old son Noah.
"But it isn't raining.
Baba made a mistake!!!"

I feel a drop too
But Noah's right, it never does rain;
"Rain's not a hard word,"
Says Noah.

...The drop goes back:
"I made a mistake.
Everyone makes mistakes.
The ocean's upside-down.

THEATER

I'd like to keep the concept of
The world up there like a volleyball
Because that is how theater works,
You keep something in the air
Until time itself hangs there.
That is why the most
Innovative playwrights of the last century plus
(Ibsen, Strindberg, myself, Jarry, Beckett, Brecht, and so forth)

Have been poets.
Because conventional wisdom is wrong,
Theater, like this poem,
Has more to do with stillness than
Moving from one place to another,
It looks at the menu,
Orders “this here” demitasse and says
Bring me a cup of coffee too.

MEREDITH LEWIS

Your face was like the moon when the clouds passed

We were drifting figures in the piled snows.
I thought of the cattle buried deep below.
I thought, next snowfall it will be me.
The clouds were, wrung dry, half abandoned on trees.
Our children stopped, wouldn't go on. Yet the moon.
It was not a mirror of our misfortune.
It was more like a face that cannot pass blame—
a mind indifferent to our absence when it came.

Rethinking What I Think of When I Think of *Little House on the Prairie*

I can't stop what I would call a fight
with you. It is winter in the wrong.
You have brought all snow in, all types.
That's the prairie. Those grasses long
extinct blended to five or six dull things.
In *The Long Winter*, Pa stops a fight
by reminding us to be good citizens
for the reverse side also has a reverse side.
*A landscape shows, in summer, the hunched posture
of an older Laura who was, herself, an imposter.*

White Tigers

We must pass through this machine.
It peeks at our luggage, at our metal, at our liquids, it edits our lives.
Strangers hide their diseases behind masks that also double as faces.
Learn how common objects become flotation devices.
Learn how you'll survive even if you are a baby boy in a dress.
Especially if you're my son, you'll survive.
This dress is manly since tigers are on it, tigers with leaves

poking from masked faces, milky tigers in tearless eyes,
clouds shaped like tigers in the baby blue sky. Your mouth searches,
metal unfolds, hands touch buttons. We ascend improbably.
The faces controlling our destiny are secret. The hidden tigers delight in it
and roll when the plane rolls to reveal a famous Cascade mountain or two.
That's the one that blew its top to expose milky tigers all rolling
over each other in bliss. This season, we go on safari
without our guns. This season, we float our young on everyday objects
near where the milk is hidden and your mouth searches it out,
even in sleep your shiny heart is a detector. I needn't remove anything, only give.
It's a secret. How it happens. The clouds cling and remove, sort and disappear.
Rainier touches them and is so famous, its top is gone, its snow so intense.
Across the full belly, white tigers lead the elephants away, they are that friendly.
they fall slowly on the snow, like snow, as snow.
What's that below the surface? Our shiny hearts seek it out until it's gone,
and the earth brings us to her chest, her round and white and blue,
we do not bring the earth to us. We are not that demanding. Besides,
we have each other, adjusting the masks of the ones we love,
before we adjust our own.

MICHAEL LEONG

Spell

Let it feint
with de-
clarity

cler & bryzte
“now expressing
the purity or
uncloudedness of light”

Let it course
let-
ter by letter
from our
sorcery’s source

Let it in-
sinuate its signature:

our sine & co-
sign
singing away
the
dotted line

ERIC HOFFMAN

From Emerson In Europe

What I am in words, I am in life.
To be genuine, one's ambition
In proportion to one's powers,
The pinnacle of determining
The breadth of its base—

No one teaches the heart. Instead
They find themselves insisting
Upon a great truth, showing
It to be agreeable—
This cripples the teaching

& bereaves reality, its force
Is something secondary
& cannot stand alone.
The truth of truth consists in this,
self-evident, subsistent. It is light.

*

Landor's Epicurus: "I teach by degrees."
Not the will, but the necessity of the wise.
One knows there is an error, but hasn't yet found
Its boundary lines. "The mighty tread

Brings dust from the sound of liberty"—
"The true Philosophy is the only true Prophet"—
There is truth enough to open the mind's door,
To straighten the passages. There is power

Enough & there is happiness.
That which delights shall be Good.
Forever I forego the yoke of men's opinions.
I will be lighthearted as a bird's bones,

For in the darkest maze amid the sweetest baits,
The little needle always meanders north, the little bird

Always remembers its notes. I never taught
What it teaches me. I only follow when I act aright.

*

Now tongues repeat old proverbs,
Primeval truths. The thought occurred,
Full of consolation, that if man
Touches the severest truth, he admits
To himself the existence of God—
A strict soliloquy, in absolute solitude—
The soul a hermit in creation—
In such a state, the question
Of whether your boat shall float
Or sink to the bottom is of no more importance
Than the flight of a snow-flake.

*

The voyage at sea is such a bundle of perils
That only the lover of the present (such as I)
Would be swift to pay the price
For any commodity which anything else would buy—

Yet should our horses be somewhat mild
& our roads uneven & lonely without inns,
The coward eye still magnifies every danger.

*

In the wonderful store of memory
We carry the power & the peace—
The monument of high antiquity.

The pyramids' sides cannot contain
The story of half so much time,
Or be inscribed with the magic
Of its myriad-fold methods—

Its order comprehends a thousand lines,
Every point lives, & its center
Or extreme in turn.

As lightning shines out of one part of heaven
So one thought in this firmament
Flashes light over the sphere.

Man sees himself as the result
Of blind circumstance,
His internals evanescent opal shades.

Let him turn the telescope around,
Let him be compared with durable things.
He will find that they outshine
All categories of defect or shame,
All technical, metaphysical or practical art,
& belongs to the great All
Into which all are born.

Space & Time & venerable Nature,
I greet ye well, & will not despond.

ANNE GORRICK

Do we look longingly back to an age of great narration?

for Louis Asekoff

We are capable of endless mutations in this intricately crafted story
We are mineral enriched
One night, on a train
he abandoned her body
Her skin woke her up the next day, radiant
She was fortified by systems
but dullness rested its breathless cellist against her sternum
Analyze photographs of these crimes
Together, we lift our feet
A prison doctor injects a condemned man
A deranged man kidnaps the nubile daughter of a police captain
There is plotting, haunting
There is the hammer-to-nail directness
in a historical setting
The details, the love
except with manifestos
Puzzles instead of underpinnings
a decidedly conservative flocking
Get your garlic, crosses and stakes ready
This poem is definitely fanmade
all wrapped up in sparkling summary

We love a mini paranormal romance

What if this story was told
by a 7 year-old girl
a parody of her glittering will bends
She may have had some help from at least one “terrifying” spirit guide
Warning: For the three of you who clicked on this story
in the deep south
modern vampires, old-school monsters and humans
get along fine
thanks to the invention of Pure Plasma
Dayside and nightside activities
The calendar has become dateless
under a Gas Mask Moon
Let’s do a bad lip reading of each other’s work
A scribble or a sonnet have exactly the same

massive sandbox: all fog, marsh, and sand-stretched

Did you know that I am a member of the Paranormal Romance Review Team?

Sometimes, we'll feel ripped off and resplendently dark
Sometimes just before sunrise or after sunset
a new shift savors stars, their sound in space
With a married Jewish architect and an almost-divorced poet
I will masterfully build a suspense filled with realism
Assume that a green rim is present in every glamour
and there are no trees
just a blaze of oranges, nearly pinks
against the side of the temple complex

This is a step-by-step
acrylic exercise
in daytime:
a fractional, bland simplicity
our national psychic rhymer
Sunset was first raised in Kent in 1918
and is often considered a reliable substitute
for its parent Cox's Orange Pippin
A shy sunset
curated in Texas daytime

Paper geodes painted metallic gold are placed in
an abandoned hospital somewhere
A tired man either sleeps or has sex at night
Change his sky, add clouds and make day into night
both synthetic and organic
over a field of sunflowers
There are nocturnal options for all this chanting
There are descriptive talks of burning it all down and starting something new

**“Owls! Swans! Bugs! Nuts! Suns! Moons! Stars! Cinnamon sticks and licorice!”
or 9/10ths of a Cento made from the *New York Times Book Review Summer
Reading Issue (June 1, 2013)***

(with thanks to Mikhail Horowitz)

I.

It’s a man’s man’s man’s world. (p.11)

Spittle is not the only unpleasant thing emerging from his mouth, he warns. (12)

If you do not know Nast’s name, you know his image of a corpulent politician with a
stuffed moneybag for a head (22)

But are the jokes different, or are there just more of them? (38)

We all know who Superman is. (42)

Enter the gun-slinging Wyatt Earp. (28)

Baseball appeared easy for the Mik, and occasionally he said as much. (45)

Elvis Presley was disappointing sexually (“more like a baby brother who couldn’t
make interesting conversation”). 23

One character does emerge, though, and steals the show. (47)

“It dangles there, pointy with a ridge, looking like a map of Manhattan,” is how
Audrey remembers Daddy’s member, adding dryly: “I live on my father’s
penis.” (40)

By the mid-70s, a conservative backlash made the networks so skittish they created
a pabulum zone called the “family hour.” (43)

I leave it to deeper minds to determine what sort of joke this is. (39)

II.

At 18, she ran away from home, dreaming of making a life for herself on the stage.
(28)

It ended after her 1961 suicide attempt and her psychiatrist’s insistence that she
never see him again. (23)

Does the heroine have to admit she’s 30 - so old! (43)

She did this through force of personality and, in her own telling, with a mix of love,
fury and manipulation. (46)

This is not one of those taxi stories with a happy ending (the sole copy of a
manuscript recovered; the priceless Strad delivered in time for the big
concert). (40)

But was it more than a lucky accident? (42)

Grotesquerie is a fact of life for certain classes, the wallpaper for folks who dwell
beneath a certain rung of the ladder. (48)

He calls the neighborhood “a culture engine – a zone that attracts and nurtures
creative people, radicals, visionaries, misfits, life adventurers.” (50)

After an awkward sexual encounter, for instance, the female participant “stayed

where she was, in the staggered, vertical posture of a drunk hugging a street lamp.” (11)
People who recount their dreams or brag about their children or sing off key are also offensive. (12)
If you doubt that images are more powerful than words, think of how absurd it would be to give up on photographs of people you love and instead frame written descriptions of them (“brown hair, green eyes, scar above left eyebrow”) for display in your home. (22)
At first this sounds like glumness mocking itself. (38)

III.

Here monumental characters interact in fateful ways while the author deftly explores some of literature’s ageless themes: morality, betrayal, heroism and hubris. (11)
He cites the Grateful Dead and William James, Thelonious Monk and Abraham Maslow. (47)
But perhaps that sort of hyperbole suits the character of the Old West. (28)
For another example of cosmic darkness lighted by an inextinguishable smile, consider the old tale of the seven-year trousers. (38)
Those finicky Italians wielded forks, a nicety that did not become common in the rest of Europe for another two centuries. (12)
The 40s matinee idol Paul Henreid, she recalls, “used the scenes of cutting down my dead body as an excuse to run his hands over my breast.” (23)
Their differences were as instructive as their similarities. (45)
“I wanted to be equal, certainly. But I liked the word *lady*,” she writes.
Does she have to be divorced – the audience will dislike her for that. (43)
She is fixated on appearances, even demanding that the family fake merriment in public. (40)
That’s a risky claim to make about any work of fiction, even a comic book. (42)
Put another way, the art of caricature, which by definition twists and torques the human face away from classical symmetry and in the direction of Frankenstein’s monster, tampers with a person’s appearance and speaks to the high school fear of being tagged as a reject. (22)
Sixty years later, the Village witnessed “quick sex in the dark, stinking, rubble-strewn and rat-infested sheds” on the otherwise abandoned waterfront. (50)

IV.

The prologue includes an extended, drunken interlude set in the Los Angeles of the early 1990s, with Nate and a young George Clooney reeling together through

the Pacific night after Nate spots the actor vomiting into a potted focus at Hamburger Hamlet. (11)

“They were the only two in America who understood the experience they had just been through.” (45)

It’s an example of how the scope of this memoir often expands to a broader telling of women’s history. (46)

Dennis Rodman is a man-child. (47)

Everyone can relate to Mary getting the giggles at a funeral; not everyone is at a funeral for Chuckles the Clown, crushed to death by an elephant in a circus parade because he was dressed like a peanut (the classic “M.T.M.” episode). (43)

Maybe so, but who is to say that sooner or later someone else wouldn’t have come up with that? (42)

When he died in 1929, she buried his ashes in a Jewish cemetery and devoted herself to bolstering his reputation, battling to halt the production of movies that placed too much emphasis on his murderous tendencies. (28)

She had already been intrigued by the elaborately manufactured bottles filled with Shocking perfume, modeled after Mae West’s torso, that her father wrapped in hundred-dollar bills for his wife’s birthday. (40)

Where violence is something to do. (48)

Someone should also have told her that sentiments like “I always appear adorable and immaculate” are a little annoying, even as a description of her childhood self on Sunday promenades.

Della Casa’s message is: Don’t be disgusting. (12)

There is no easy way to explain, for instance, why we carry photographs of family members in our wallets when we already know what their faces look like. (22)

Are they denigrating their community or celebrating it? (39)

V.

“I’m going to show you how to live.” (46)

My people were West Virginia factory workers and, as such, immersed in enough gothic absurdity to drown Flannery O’Connor. (48)

Things are rather different on the American side of the pond. (51)

Something’s surely rotten in this state of ghosts and fallen demigods. (11)

“Her bosoms came in the front door before her body did,” a family friend remarked. (28)

He makes a convincing and frequently delightful case. (50)

She has plenty of other things to brag about. (23)

But not necessarily a book’s worth. (42)

When Patty asks her to name one regret, late in life, she replies: “That I talked my mother out of getting a facelift.” (40)

Daumier fashioned a whole second career from the quirk of nature that endowed

King Louis-Philippe with a pear-shaped head. (22)
This was not a goal that often appeared on the to-do lists of the power elite elsewhere. (12)
You may have noticed that running himself down almost always gets Woody Allen the girl. (39)

VI.

The novel pits an ambitious, hotheaded rookie spook, Nathaniel Nash, against a gorgeous Russian intelligence officer named Dominika Egorova. (51)
Way beyond stereotypes. (23)
I don't think readers will fall as deeply in love with this curiously cold woman, whose inner life fails to leap off the page. (28)
At one point Nate asks: "What had happened to an industry that used to rely on memory, that was founded, however tenuously, on some feeling for the elegance, the inextinguishable glamour, of the past?" (11)
They didn't even call it tragedy, since tragedy was a thing that happened to rich folks with something to lose. (48)
Innovation and debauchery ascended anew. (50)
Audrey never apologizes. (40)
But she deals thoughtfully with some fraught issues. (43)
Even our beggars and fools are wise, some of the old Yiddish folktales seem to say. (39)
"The added register of that character having to hide his true identity under a bold lie – *so as to fool a girl* – defined not only the genre, but its readers as well," he writes. (42)
Tellingly, history's most famous political cartoons abound with visions of bodily disfigurement. (22)
Pretty much everything that everything that comes out of a bodily orifice meets his definition of disgusting – so much so that the mere sight of someone washing his hands would upset people, as their minds would leap to the function that had necessitated that cleansing. (12)

VII.

Television characters don't get more real, or enduring than that. (43)
Shaq is a cartoon (in all fairness, this maybe an accurate description). (47)
Like atom-splitting, a political cartoon can be harnessed for either good or evil. (22)
"His tie was askew, his suit was a washed-out brown that recalled low tide at the beach." (51)
Then there are his origin stories. (50)
But what makes Hollywood an enduring source of fascination for both its admirers

and its detractors is that the people most likely to succeed will often, before long, be obliterated by their own implacable appetites. (11)
I'm more interested in things I don't have a handle on, like quantum physics. (45)
The handsome stranger who brazenly flirted with her at a hotel opening, with his wife right there on his arm, turned out to be a young senator, John F. Kennedy. (23)
And not without reason, she was dark and handsome, and although she was just over five feet tall, she boasted a splendid poitrine. (28)
Other unfortunately surviving etiquette problems he mentions include checking mail when in company, monitoring what others are eating, grooming in public, and joking about disabilities. (12)
"When we lost, my van was a miserable place to be," she writes. (46)
The death rattle something to waltz with. (48)

VIII.

"He didn't go out much, and he didn't drink." (45)
A rushing river of words that reflects the chaos and humanity from the place from which he hails. (48)
...especially in his sardonic accounts of present-day Village scenes like an event commemorating the horrific 1911 Triangle shirtwaist factory disaster, at which "a greeter wryly pointed out the four fire exits." (50)
"He looked to be 50 years old, with a red-veined tetrahedron for a nose." (51)
She doesn't seem to be quite over him, half a century later, describing him as a "sensual, generous, delightfully inventive" lover and "more engaged in the world than anyone else I'd ever known." (23)
Paired with the expected Lamborghinis, hot-knifed hash and Malibu parties are many remarkable feats of antic, mischievous imagination. (11)
And why are there no female graphic artists featured here, besides the long-dead Käthe Kollwitz? (22)
In the early years, she was all tough and no love. (46)
Being "appropriate, pleasant and polite," he writes in response, "is either virtue or something very like virtue." (12)
She has at least one miscarriage, and never bore a child. (28)
Intimidated by Audrey's meticulous wardrobe (instead of a wing and a prayer, she lives by a ring and a mink), Patty marvels at the designer's *trompe l'oeil* dresses, wacky hats and creative buttons, which present obvious appeal to a child, if not the American mass market: "Owls! Swans! Bugs! Nuts! Suns! Moons! Stars! Cinnamon sticks and licorice!" (40)
I was told that who you were was about how you handled this fame and how you treated other people. (45)

IX.

Earp was a “gambler, pimp and thief,” as well as a killer. (28)

“I have tried to remember all the people and phantoms I had ever known and loved,” he writes. (48)

In all candor, I’m not a big reader of sports books. (45)

Yet despite the taint of failure, there remains something hopeful in the Hollywood of “American Dream Machine.” (11)

His eyes were dull and watery, his teeth corrugated and stained, and he slouched with the familiar casual authority honed on the razor strop of decades of Soviet officialdom. (51)

And he has a great ear. (50)

We still have cartoons, but it is not clear that we have influential cartoons, the kind that once inserted themselves into the stream of public speech as emphatically as exclamation points. (22)

But maybe this line of thought can be taken too far. (39)

But she didn’t ease up on the mind games. (46)

“The devil made me buy this dress,” Wilson said, as his brash, Pucci-wearing character, Geraldine. (43)

She sympathizes with the homely Schiap’s youthful experiment in “face planting” – not falling down, but stuffing nasturtium, poppy and morning glory seeds in her nose ears and mouth so that she might burst into bloom and be prettier than her own older sister. (40)

That is the basic bargain required to live in peaceful communities. (12)

JOANNA FUHRMAN

Why I Gave Up Painting Model Airplanes

One of my hobbies is inventing games;
but I hardly ever actually play
any games, not even my own.

Who has time to roll the dice and wait
for the other player to stop smirking?
My other hobbies are easier to enjoy:

metal detecting on beaches, collecting
stamps that feature famous mouths,
hunting the fundamental laws of physics.

I also like to write letters to my pen pals
in the trees. Who among us does not recall
the sheer perplexity caused by the loss

of a favorite elf, or remember fondly
the faded periwinkle aftertaste
of a stranger's bulbous thumb?

This might be the reason why
my childhood is always suddenly
dying on me. One moment I'm

in a leafy pre-K eating veggie booty,
and the next there's a curly gray hair
sprouting in my alligator heels.

DONNA FLEISCHER

Inspired Chaos or Just Chaos

The bristlecone pine here nearly
5,000 years, even after drought, with its symbiotic
neighbor sequoia, a protective coloring for each,
who would hesitate to call this affection?

Its parabola pineconedness a mashup into form, for a while
there's periodicity, duration, dimensionality,
repeatability, language acquisition, and imposition
of meaning; arising concepts of property,
agency, recognition of authorship in order to
patrol these waters. How will seed open? How to know?

Feeling. Mysteries of infant babble and breast, stuporous
gaze as cell and cell and cell divide into overlap motility, hibernation,
dormancy, equinox, silence. Shadow minutes before dawn invokes
Aeolus, Greek god of winds breathe life into these forms, inspire
chaos, mutability, imagination. Re-visionings ~

Late Winter, Snow Pack

her footsteps across the front yard
tundra sink holes
of time elapsing

white papier-mâché rivers between
stark grey roads
me-
and-
er-ing

through all this space

moon
landing

sun lit
écriture

Charred Edges

crows' calls
tamp blackness
into distance
and leaves
invert, footfall
blasts edgelight
into glass
puddles mirroring
their own
tiniest daylight fires
while dark wind
glitters

THOMAS FINK

ACCESS

An apple collapses. It is facile
to make a farce arise out of the
torn rose of a face. Find out what
their convictions are first. Does the
standard organ
izational vel
ocity distract
you from in
herent regard

for singularity? We can reopen a lot of reflexively vic
ious closure. Not every clinic must strip feeling or mal
ign alignment. Not all institutions must blossom
into cisterns. River access is currently free.

THOMAS FINK and MAYA DIABLO MASON

DREAM IN THE HEADLIGHTS

She fell asleep
while driving in her sleep.

Routine medical
appointment? Unprecedented
weariness? The dream in

the dream did not surface.
Epilogue: she woke up while
waking up. Behind the wheel,

in unison with other highway
cars atop a tow truck.

BRIAN CLEMENTS

My Lone Bill Cosby

Miles above the earth
 in his Space X capsule
 my lone Bill Cosby
checks the window for frost,
 senses below his standup orbit
 raisins, somewhere, and the planet's
dome hiding trucks headed for Phoenix.
 "I don't get it. I have no
 idear," he says to the atmosphere.
"How 'bout this?"—my lone Bill Cosby
 holds up his hands,
 remembers his feet
pounding the track in Philly.
 "Skibbledeeboopbopbeep!"

*

Two days after the fact, my lone Bill Cosby
hears the news: "You are not alone."
"Speak for yourself," my lone Bill Cosby moans,
stopping by a cosmic wood on a mathematical evening.
"You haven't seen my command module."
 Izzamaius,
 Lord of Speeding Expansion,
 overhears my lone Bill Cosby
 and is overcome with grief.

*

My lone Bill Cosby wonders
 what kind of bra would fit him well
 and hold up
 the long ages
 of his intergalactic longing
 as he speeds above the stratosphere.
"What is that shaking?" he asks no one.
 "What's happening now?"

*

My lone Bill Cosby thinks
it is time to get the T-Rex home to bed.
He remembers a boy in the corner
trying to ignite soggy wood.
A campfire would be nice,
but my lone Bill Cosby has no shoes
and outside the capsule is cold
and has nothing to burn anyway
but insulation. A pity,
really; the T-Rex
likes a good fire.

*

My lone Bill Cosby looks in the mirror
which really is just a window
through which darkness stares back
and says goodbye
to the holes
that were his eyes.

*

Asked to defend his choice
not to include the moon
in his one-time-only voyage,
he produces six albums at one sitting
on the subject of the sudden
popularity of tarot.
My lone Bill Cosby lectures
a surly constellation
on Blaxploitation and cuts midstream
the laugh track. On the journey back
he might reconsider
and find a sudden empathy
for those hunters and horses,
bears and monsters
cobbed out of light years.
Might even see the future.
Hey, hey, hey.

*

My lone Bill Cosby
watches us out of
the corner of his eye
because he knows
sooner or later
each and every one of us
will do something
to embarrass our families
as we all have lost
our minds.

*

He'd like to teach
the world to sing
of bodies electronic
for comedy's sake
but beneath my lone
Bill Cosby's thin veneer
lies a sneaking suspicion
prison is in the cards.

*

A multi-Grammy winner
my lone Bill
Cosby admires the security
and quiet the Nation
of Islam can lend
a neighborhood. Meanwhile
his tin can rolls
round about
Earth's diurnal course. Is it
his fault the poor
can't fix themselves?

*

One day we all will miss
the philosophical stylings
of my lone Bill Cosby
when we realize that every word
he ever spoke

is drifting out
beyond the ionosphere
into the cosmic bed
of potential
and his body
no longer
matters

Here Be Dragons

My friend the pterodactyl lives
between a slab of meat and answers.
The cephalopod I survived
is an ingredient for some deep soup.
I am talking in museum language.
The music in shale sings to the forest,
and only I can hear it.
I am talking water table, talking math,
gnawing at the edges of houses,
smashing my face through windows,
eating children like foreign tongues.
My job is breaking down.
I see the world as overblown.
I divide the parts into parts.
A skeleton is a kind of reduction
I tolerate with fast muscle.
Here is my gallows: ha.
Here is my mirror: my mother
Is the jaguar's skin,
my father the elephant's foot.
At times I want to descend
upon the bugs, look them
in the eyes and point.
At ten I rose from two sculpted trees.
At twenty I sucked bones from a lake.
There is a tapeworm inside me
as long as the Amazon.
For five years in Mississippi

I ate bullets.
A volcano was my nurse.
In New York I went unnoticed.
Mexico adored me, a snake with legs.
I was the rage of Christendom,
the sacred cow, the goat
outside the city. Everything
happened quickly. And now
I've forgotten if I made the sounds
or if the sounds were someone else's.
But I remember the teeth in my neck
and the drums in the trees,
guitars grating in the streets.
The old men in their houses
ground their blades
and lost it all.
I never stopped wanting.
You can find me grazing
on the names I left behind.
I am talking to the sun.
I loosen bolts and listen.

JOHN BLOOMBERG-RISSMAN and ANNE GORRICK

From My Beauty is an Occupiable Space: 37 Prosed Sonnets

Sonnet10 – “To be one would be to plunge into the misty sea”

100 pushups before you die, floodplains, old eggs. Are you wearing a bonsai bowler under all that bourbon, under your Pekingese grammar? When a happy meal is hyphenated by books bound in human skin. Please stay in my boundary waters, my blood walkthroughs, my reinforced concrete structures. The people had something poured on them before they were set alight. The dog was just shot. My beauty is a war crime. “Get down and give me infinity!” Is my beauty an “everybody, anybody, somebody and nobody” poem? This is a full blown beauty event, apocalypse included. My beauty has no nouns so it cheats. So: “This is not a story / about rotten apples / seduced by the individual / or cursed by cultural decree.” My windows are not genuine. My beauty is restless and cannot displayed in a frame. It might be a cure for brain disorders. Your long horns are anxious for nothing. It’s about teamwork, a starfish and time. It’s about the star in the apple. “Your gaze hits the side of my face.” Co~npulsire Beauty. A beautiful frock. The International

Sonnet11 - Defined functions in the undercities

Balloon Festival in Albuquerque. Sherrie Levine. “It’s a butternut squash dry heat.” Oracles and orphanages, is the orthodox church also orthopedic? To find out the unexpected life of the universe, or if there are user defined functions in the undercities, use this calypso calculator. If you are still inarguably uncertain, grow a mole. Set it to “Blue Mosque”. You will have a beautiful waterbirth by the fireplace ... Zero-Sort removes the need to sort. Thou shalt sort thy plastics. We need to sort it out into the blue, green and grey. We can be melted together and separated later. I created my own landscarceity for fun. Comingle, stream, love robots, color code, put your beauty in separate bins, and I will appropriate your need. Well played. I knew I wanted you to photograph my child. Dave declared, “Well, I don’t like to wear jewelry”: ‘Shut up, bitch - it hurts to be beautiful.’ Three of Cups. Kim doesn’t ... Brandi complains; swizz-beatz- mmmmmmm ... Buy My Ish! L’OREAL PARIS, and ... TBS, BET, MTV, and TV ONE, as well as ... CONTINUED: My digestive problems have decreased as well. You don’t look at all well.

Sonnet12 – Up “betimes” 5:30

You're quite right. He's a bag of bones. A bag of ... thank you for checking out my page!! beautiful and growls War of ... This is a story about ganesha. I was in this shop on south street, and they had the most beautiful ganeshas. This is not a story about that kind of kite. It's about kites with sheer wings of Mylar and ripstop polyester and frames of carbon fiber; kites you control with your mind. This is not a story about that 70's fad known as streaking. This story is about a topless, 1967 Firebird and my flexibility in relationship to your beauty. Roxane is so great. My beauty is old and wood and carved by someone who'd never seen elephants. Oldskool, baby. This is a story about Walter who somehow (I wasn't there) got a cat stuck up his ass. The actual mushroom “tree” is a fine thread-like network called mycelium. What are the exact incidents of your beauty? A conversation about satellites . A caped avenger who patrols dusty, muddy, rutted and bumpy cyclocross courses . The beauty is in the mistake. The exact incidence of my beauty is an angle equal to the angle of refraction, which means that each incident of my beauty occurs in my mirror, a daze, a story, your eye.

Sonnet 13 - eat.the.rich pataphysics

Korean, darling, a drama god / in Spanish to be immortal without question / a cursive Christ / albinism in the heatherwood / certained / her beauty hung forever on pinhead gunpowder Hell 2 sounds fuck shit heaven school satan death the god evil damn devil bitch crap boring torture ... i got lost and was forced to pull into the wal mart parking lot. i accidentally got too close to the doors ... rows of teeth, a basilisk, an Assyrian human headed winged bull. — the father of ... pineapples Dropping out of society to live in the wilderness as a unicorn ... Where My Clothes Are Dirty poems like epileptic Pokemon that Vin Diesel does not just order a steak – he orders The Last Unicorn. And this creates a paradox that unravels the crop circles ... id go to Big 5 take all the guns and then go to walmart and barakate my self in there..... i would eat magical chicken then go flarf mymiesenhoffle and crank The Devil Wears Prada Zombie EP while I...you know what... ... rove addiction sf poop monster ajax midi flarf childhood cheese puppet television ...planning ripoff debate satan paranoid.machine jazz moo courseware words ... keys leopard VR walmart ownership poland concrete sims booyah bodymod ... rebate eat.the.rich pataphysics ross unicorns gods press implant fingerprints ... Sweet - oh so many....milk chocolate, devil dogs, hot tamales, ju ju bes, mini gummy

Sonnet14 – “The garden is sodden but the soil is strong”

bears. Movie(s) ... It's a question as old as time itself: Which is better, the Zombie or the Unicorn? screw the Hummer. I could not find an installable lyric for this part of the poem. Your beauty makes me break out in hives. Your structure, your god games are made out of goals and objectives. Your gurus eat out of your fantasy chrome diet. Your beauty is made out of coffee and genocide. Your gelatos are made out of geography and tongues. Your cellulite is ginger in chaos labs and attrition. Even your films are skylit. But a Bentley is truly grand and beautiful; it's literally made of thousands of living, breathing magenta 4.25x6 war-machine wolves. I got fire inside / my 'huppa'-chimp(TM) / gonna be aggressive, greasy aw ... (oh oh. oh oh). Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments ... So what's up, sweetie? Are your aerobats penguins in mustard suits? OMG - you totally pegged it. My beauty is a systematic failure. It might make you cry. This is a warning to restless dreamers equipped with CCTV cameras. What if we were separated into three sections and permanently closed? Narrate me with the simple present. I might be contagious to fish.

Sonnet15 – Chronic Samba

You might be a whale symphony or a system that rewards wealthy landowners. Sample me for risk and error. Failure to thrive was never an option. Nietzsche called his pain the dog. Are we in danger of being American mainstream beauties? We are experiencing a high volume of delayed exorcisms. Are vampires smarter than a 5th grader? What's playing in the Afterlife Theater? If only the arctic tundra rolled with gumballs. Mink minutes tango with your kayaks . And chronic sambas with a bundt cake. My beauty's got gumball flameball back. "Diamonds shinin lookin like I robbed Liberace ..." Smokin, right? ... You know what I'm sayin? You have 20s on that? My beauty is nothing about how I could make myself believe I belong somewhere. Ergo, it's believed by many that the spirit of the worker continues to haunt the bridge and the pencils and the local telephone company and the tennis courts and the silly putty and the stickers and the glow-bracelets and the pencils and the Secret Santas and the hairdryers and the styling irons and the soccer balls and the My Little Ponies and all the field workers in the Google archives right across the street from the Hamm's Brewery.

WILLIAM ALLEGREZZA

lessons

my
daughter comes
to me with

a
broken plastic
toy. "glue it,

tape
it," she
says, but i

know
that some
things once ruptured

are
broken beyond
repair.

at home

if
you have
forgotten your inner

darkness,
just close
your eyes and

the
shadows will
sweep by as

you
rely on
other senses to

guide
you and
memory takes over.

edge

*I am become geometries, and glut
expansions*
—Allen Tate

steel
has become
a luxury. i

walked
along the
quarry's edge, peering

down
with fear.
we have known

collectively
the impending
doom but we

have
tried to
ignore it. the

sounds
point the
way to understanding,

and
i am
trying to listen.

it's
hard to
acknowledge the point

of
betraying one's
self. the arches

seem
to lead
deep into our

convolutions,
just as
the circling stairway

leads
down to
the overcrowded platform.