

MARSH HAWK REVIEW SPRING 2019

Daniel Morris, Editor

Editor's Note: It has been a genuine labor of love to edit the Spring 2019 issue of *Marsh Hawk Review*. Several authors who appear in this issue have asked me to announce news of their recent book publications: Andrei Codrescu's *No Time like Now* (Pitt Poetry Series, University of Pittsburgh Press, 2019), Jon Curley's *Scorch Marks* (Marsh Hawk Press, 2017), Daniel Y. Harris *The Rapture of Eddy Daemon* (BlazeVOx, 2016) and *The Tryst of Thetica Zorg* (BlazeVOX, 2018), and Adeena Karasick's *Checking In* (Talonbooks, 2018).

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Drexel Home and Gardens, Chicago, IL, 1954-55

Gabriel Gudding

TENT SEX ABOVE A VALLEY

for KHZ

You told me that traveling at solstice to a forest is an exercise in conviviality.

Conviviality is the arrangement, you said, by which we can comment on the history of problems: it fills our tents, helps us move, organizes the placement and acquisition of goods through bays and towns; it is more or less the software of whatever machines it is we are. It is the unheard speech that speech respeaks. Or something like that, I tried to remember.

So we put out northward for the forests, our pockets holding some objects we would lose in the approaching countryside. From the coast road through pucks and clods of seaglare smearing our sight we could just make out the islands, dark flecks hung in gauze.

An island is an impaneling of melancholy you said, adding that each island is a centrifuge, as it has remembered absence sunk at its interior while adventures gleam and are cast off its edges. And that was how we left for the woods: happily, with blankets, speaking: for the woods.

And got to these complicated hills after long approach, when on the rising road climbing into the pines, "til furuskogen," you said, everything slowed and even the bees seemed draped in tiny borrowed costumes. We unfolded our textile house and then made love.

Later that afternoon a storm wetted our canvas into the sour of shoe smell. But our books brightened within an hour and we saw in the opposite hills the last marmalades of sunset spread through the fir canopies, the kites of the town kids across the valley were decked in lightning as night empurpled our dinner. Their strings unseen, the kites seemed to float free of their unheard governors, and in the gloaming and the petrichor and wood smoke you said "Here gathers the stateless, placeless world," to which I laughed, as you are sometimes so perfect, and of course that's just how it is: our time is marked by the passage of goods unknown by anyone here, across the plains and past far rooms, just as the birds still just kinda move in the old sack of the universe, their gentle and constant use of this place inspires so much of what we couples do.

And then in the night a storm waking us in the tent you said, your mind partially begloomed, "The powerful realism of the reader is sandwiched between the vulnerability of the word and ineffability of the real." It all comes down to

that, I wanted to reply, as we behave so differently on an island than we do on a plain, or in a place marked by the industries of contiguity, given the same stimulus. Because though the island always invites the convivial, it is unanswerable.

We see all these people by the sea you said (the thunder was farther down the valley now), far back through the valleys, down the rivers, we know they are there even now as we are in our tent. And we could by their manner almost discern, I would bet you, which of them may have been influenced by egalitarian teachers. I replied that I felt the humility the sea induces in most people is what provides the general impulse behind democratic socialism. Then you tried to describe the steel colors seen from the deck of a trawler in February 1992 in the Strait of Georgia and more impossibly Hecate Strait, doing so with such eloquence it was as if it were not true that returns and reunions are founded in absence.

Gabriel Gudding

FORCING OF HORSES THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE

1. The sky houses an immense quantity of sliding, specked by multi-knobbed planes.

2. The rain is gathered from old ceiling gases, the whole continent sits on wetted casters, its muds and sodden roads, its gritty rivers hauling their cobbled bottoms.

3. So it's at night this disappears and we look at the rusted stars and hear around us dark in the moving life the cold haptic annex of the sun: the earth is only earth for about half the day, the rest of the time

it is the bottom of the cosmos. In the dusk there is something maritime about the plains. The long modern house twilit on the prairie hill. Bright wheelhouse in the coming dark lodged on the side of the wave, its fluorescence leans in the elastic sea at day's end, its

windows green in the roiling water, a wind appears to rip apart the sun itself. 4. Everything flows

in a tedious fluffy arithmetic. Within buildings there is the production of sounds arranging action in the hospitals,

outside there is the trituration of soils, gyrochronology of stars, siding clattering in the evenings,

the country bonfires at dusk are bags of moths, tidal sliding of the iron in the seas, stones and seeds

surging out from the islands, the cataclastic frame of powdered worlds, the continuous comminution of the mountains: around us

a cold net of tiny and tumbling comets, their eventual collisions, foaming sleds of stellar ash sputtering across orbits, going out

as candles of ice cratering into biomes, we continue with remarkable earnestness, generate and discuss, copulate

in the path of bolides with unflagging care 5. *as if there is a mere tinkliness in the asteroids*, and everyone sends their kin into the world to gather and consume, mate and flee, while we go to walk, 6. going out to walk. Being charmed. Being shamed, thickened thing among things, what among what, the lit within light, heat amid heat. Most days we enter supine, remark little on, shower, snack, sneeze. We study the freckles of the one beside us, constellations

towed bathroomward, bedward, constellations slept in.

Then an aubade clapping a clock, sun loosing bursts over the edge of the terminator, auroral loads of early orange all over the rim, the earth pulled

partway through the light that goes all the way to the houses, where we feel through an array of ovens that we too are pulling at the body of a star. 7. There is a depth of kinship in everyone that signals more quietly in the uneven and the lost than in the well-known and in the animal. We recognize

the kinship by watching the kinship recognize. I wish I could have seen when it was that *I* recognized, could have known when I was recognizing. But. We are cartoons unto ourselves, and are to ourselves the unknown. And so in general

what a tender undertaking before the sun. Our tending the articles. Our doting around the moist portions. The exposing, the inviting to expose, the experiencing of an exposure under the released sun slipping loosely

across an atmosphere. How like barns our heavy, rude, unserviceable wants. The wants stay in our joints, rustic and old, stuck there, the arthralgia shifted through our families. 8. The eyes themselves become barns of particulates. We load

our older bodies with want, lead their contents to the highways, ride on roads with our clothes

and our plans, wan and striped datebooks, pretty and ragged underwear, stow and trade and in the mountains lodge again

with our enjoyment objects and impedimenta in some new place
among a new group, we take all again

back out to the makeways. From there to valleys where we "tarry"
in the kitchens on hillsides, talking to new prospects, right,

and then succeeding or failing or abandoning, some and much is
lost between doors and people, or something important

falls from the car on the way to a beach, an activity, an edge. And
sometimes in the young what's left, as the days no longer thicken,
is taken onto the surface of the waves, out to the storms,

using the body, unpacking in the ports, loosening our collections,
trading them, buying more with them, until something takes us
from them or them from us, and at some point

in some habitual half-aware wave of asking, taking, we wake into a
bereavement. That we wasted so much time in thrall to the faith
that we were the person we weren't, or that 9. we were a person
at all.

Tom Mandel

Homage: Thomas Bernhard

Fruit (sweet) how quickly
we tire of

Leaves (green, bitter)
are reserved

For another's use – branch
bark & trunk

Undigestible
we eat

Tom Mandel

Arcturus

According to C. Rovelli
There is no present on Arcturus.
In fact it's not now any time
Anywhere but lonesome here.

So I ask you my fellow Arcturians
*"Isn't it just like time to post
One thing after the other while
Nothing passes from here to another?"*

Long gone is January one
While we are merely in it &
The Chinese New Year on Arcturus
Has barely begun; it never will come.

Tom Mandel

Tears of Age

Through holes in the
Fabric of thought I see

A new line starts where
The last left off.

Is it mine? Does it
Rhyme? Will it

Stop time on a dime?
Or is it too terse?

Does it read like a curse?

Andrei Codrescu

MAN IN NOVEL

Being a man in a novel got me read even laid.
Can Raskolnikov say the same?
Some men in novels end up at the hands of their readers.
They are murdered at the end of the book or worse forgotten.
Some authors murder their novel men so readers don't.
Clever writers these! There are of course more women
thrown out of trains or drowned by love in 19th century novels.
Women in novels written by women are remembered
especially if their authors killed themselves.
Women often kill characters in novels with particular delight.
It is said that most novels are autobiographical
even if their subjects lived in the historical past.
In that case all characters are already dead.
Their resurrections are a trick. When the ink dries they click
off like a TV in the 1950s when test patterns followed the last show.
Being a man in a novel is being a model for a man in a novel
so being read laid and sometimes killed is generally rewarding.
Whatever the end a man in a novel is only a man of paper.
In real life I am dapper and witty and I interact with people
unknown to the author who otherwise understands me well.

J. Peter Moore

[The following poem is part of a larger procedural project that I am calling *Chopped Chirpings Oddly Rising*. The title of each poem in the series refers to an instance of overheard speech, which I gathered through audio recording. Instead of jotting down the phrase surreptitiously and taking possession of it as anonymous material, I engage the speaker. I tell the speaker that I have written down something that he/she/they said because I am a poet and I find it significant. I tell he/she/they the overheard statement I wrote down and then I ask if he/she/they would be willing to have a five-minute conversation with me about their language. My questions are always the same. What does the statement mean to you? How did the statement come to you? Do you find it particularly poetic? I record the conversation on my phone and transcribe the results. I then sample from the bank of language in a way that approximates the music producer's practice of "making beats." Where the producer uses an MPC to chop up elements of recycled sound, I decontextualize the whole and recontextualize it in the form of fragments in pursuit of resonant gist.]

he was a gerund of modernism

Thabiti Lewis

Tuesday July, 12 2018

Newberry Library Stairwell (Chicago, IL)

This was about Sherwood Anderson. Yea

This was about Sherwood Anderson. Yea

This was about Sherwood Anderson. Yea

This was about Sherwood Anderson. Yea

I just saw him as being a gerund

I just saw him as being in process, right

set ideas and yet at the same time uhhhm

I think I overheard I think I overheard you

I think I overheard you talking about hip-hop

Method Man giving them this sort of ghetto tour

tongue in cheek pointing to the wall
we don't even use this anymore

This was about Sherwood Anderson. Stein.
reading about the complexity of his life
This was about Sherwood Anderson. Stein.
and what he was grappling with, what
it means to be a father and a provider
but also what it means to sit around that room

We had all these different definitions
but just this idea of gerund, yea
the gerund. core of black culture.
Have jazz, have so much tied to industry, capitalism
Have regarding notions, have set ideas and yet
at the same time there's a sort of constant pressure,
pushing it right back into my head
and I feel the beauty.

to keep people and to keep people from

to keep people and to keep people from

This is why you are derided
for regurgitation, for mimesis.
This is why you have to keep up.

I mean it's something I've said before.

Norman Finkelstein

Escape Clause

From the deep wells of solipsism to the Avenue of the Bureaucrats, this is the neo-surgence of the erotic hyper-real, erupting in the psyche, erupting in the streets, explaining itself and freeing itself of all explanation. The containment units were never designed to work at such intensities.

The material is always beside itself, always supplemental. You may say it should remain hidden, buried, encrypted. You may say this force, this expedition, goes nowhere or recedes into a hazy distance, past tense, past tremulous, to a place that is here and then gone. What did you expect?

Sea bird, white giant, five-sided entities from beyond the stars. When the glaciers collapse and fall into the polar sea, when you peer ahead into the mists, when with a deafening roar, when with absolute silence, you close the book and put on a sweater—the old stories autocorrect

to the New Urbanism, the New Verbalism, a failure of the dreamwork too vast to comprehend. If you are unable or unwilling to accept this fate, please join the line forming to the left. This escape clause, this independent clause, this being below the rank of the sentence, will deflect the severe decree.

Norman Finkelstein

Memorial

The voices of the dead? That would be one way of putting it. The records are unclear on this point, and many are illegible, or have yet to be deciphered. The illustrations indicate that these machines—or organisms—were intended to perform certain repetitive tasks, and operated in the most hostile environments. Even now, their sentience level shifts in response to certain chromomorphic manifestations which our instruments can hardly register.

An agent in the front of the apparatus receives the stimuli but retains no trace of them, while behind it there is a second agent which transforms the momentary excitations of the first agent into permanent traces. If we replace these agents with systems, then we must locate the primary system at the motor end of the apparatus, thus preserving the integrity of the structure and the totalizing force of its design.

This is an atonement structure. One would imagine them to be ubiquitous, but that is by no means the case. In fact, insofar as they are regarded as a supreme achievement of self-building, they are relatively rare. Safely contained, the violence of desire is mourned, but never truly wanes. Here it abides, becoming, if not its contrary, then a useful, if not altogether trustworthy guardian. You have heard its song.

This structure appears unfinished, or it may be a ruin. We are, after all, on a battlefield of an ancient war—notched swords, dented

armor, feathers fallen from broken wings.
Memory, like a searchlight, momentarily
illuminates certain figures, certain events.
It is difficult to imagine the power released
by these engines, to say nothing of those removed
by the groundskeepers. Memory, like a black light,
momentarily causes certain objects to glow.

That is how they are captured.

Adeena Karasick

EICHA III

Bled like a maiden of wrecked darkness, netted inlets
of ripped dyssemia, fleshy sequiturs, wisteria, the taste of broken bans –

Hail the billow of campy siege, the truanche of giddy travail

And make me dwell in the darkened wreckage of feverish dread

In the censored resonance of pliant heaves;

The plated shudder of my parade.

Burn me in the binding bias in torqued harrow.

For I am woke in the swindled aperture of fibrous light;

And I am giddy with shaded want in the quiescence of ludic clues

Naked with his yoke in my mouth

Let him sit sultry for he has laid upon me

Let him put his mouth into the dust

Let I offer his cheek to the smitten

Let him be filled with peaches

The load is my potion to those who wait;

oh scissored will!

of sculpted affliction, curled indices,
lurid creases

Who has come

in the undulance of unassailable labor

Come unfenced

in the screaming revenance

Covet me with elastic assertions,

re-forested signs, heaving gardens annexed

with foaming rupture

Make me come

in the refuse among the precipice

in the amnesty of opening

rapt in the shadowed torrent

Of hushed slaughter, peepholes

Eyestreams

In the tell of the luring

And say: lick dawn.

In the frame of hushed lobbies

Suck solace in the eros of my city

Haunted with borders

And fine me in the engine of our demise

And cast satin upon me

Water my flowing head -- and cut me

in the dripping petulance

Hear my vestibule in the hiding of your signatum

Drawn near in the call of farce

You have seen the ringing dalliance the jagged closets

You have seen the nexus of varnished device

You have heard the silty ode of tainted sway

Formed in swelled speech hammered
in the ferocity of mourning; ground with fitful defiance

As you police me in the milk of daybreak

Grazed in the hunger of dusty flummox

Willard Greenwood

Phantom Pain

My brief survey of disabled veterans
reveals their tendency to build A-frames at woods' edge.

If the body is the temple of the soul,
what of the blasted amputee
or does a pension
merely house parts of a man?

Frozen bogs, Moose X-ings, the long drive North
to go ice fishing
and I felt like I'd been in a different set of cold sheets each night.

A man my friend knows built near a frozen river.
Flat land seemed too dark for woods.
The river plates thundered, startled fish,
and the man, cooking for us,
lurched around the kitchen
sympathetic to the North Wind.
He was taking pills for something.

We watched the Playboy channel.
The VCR blinked 12:00,

silent echo of some
electronic reminder.

No light and the sheets froze me
in the dead of night,
in the dead of winter.
Feet freezing and having to piss
I went downstairs and saw it was only midnight
again, again, and again.
The image on the retina
of my closed eyes
faded like an echo.
The frozen river plates
merely diminished in sound.
And if there had been a scream
to drown the rivers' drowned thunderings,

the blinking 12:00 would have been
ripped from my eyeball by that man
yelling and feeling with two arms and two legs
while rain flattens the fetid jungle
that covers an 11th century temple
burned by the French in 1953.

Willard Greenwood

ON NOT REACTIVATING MY FACEBOOK ACCOUNT--wherein I had several pictures of me with my boys (one of whom does not live with me anymore) and On having to borrow an ipod while I was in Italy (ALL ALONE) to use FaceTime while I was getting ready to visit the Protestant Cemetery and its cats and then

I was home cleaning the closet
Waiting for Miss America to get back from work
And waiting for the cosmic hour of cocktails
When I found the old social media VHS
Of you in your little dragon suit
When we lived together, just the two of us,
And when I would stay out too late for
The babysitter, and then you were
In college and maybe not a virgin
And maybe alone and sad in your room
Or out with your dragon friends
Breathing fire at maidens.
Or you were wondering why I hadn't
Texted, called, written
Or wondering why you hadn't
And then you were here, on my couch,
In our new house with your two brothers
Staying up all night telling them
About sleeping out in the woods all summer
Without any yikyak and how you
Were a pokemon scholar and how you
Managed the evolution of Grovyle

And now you are here for every other holiday
And what stays with me
Are all the drives back from the airport
By myself and that's what I hold
When I drift off to sleep as you and the
Boys are following some viner upstairs
On youtube and your little boy lives are
Mostly summer vacations
Ditching chores, talking about girls
Doing chores, not eating vegetables
Or the three of you are playing with me
At some beach where we don't
Have to pretend that we're happy
And then you're gone living your

Life and not the one I thought you would
And I'm not in the Deathrace 2000 Instagram matrix
Because I'm on my way to parent/teacher conferences,
To Practices or to the liquor store after fishing, because
I love a good fish fry but don't love all the guts
Buried in the backyard, which were dug up by a raccoon
And that same raccoon also dug up
The roadkill cat that was buried without a headstone or epitaph
Or without The Angel Dolorosa (my favorite sculpture in Rome).
The dead cat was meant to sleep undisturbed because
As one of my former students
 (not the one who was a stripper)
Told me
Even roadkill
Needs its privacy.

Daniel Y. Harris

“excerpts from *The Reincarnation of Anna Phylactic*, Volume III, The Posthuman Series.”

1.0

Anna Phylactic + Storm Worm + C_FILES = worm.c net.c hs.c
cracksome.c stubs.c (the cardiac protein troponin or the cardiac
enzyme CK-MB) +OFILES = worm.o net.o hs.o crack
some.o stubs.o PCSK9, SORT1, MIA3, RAS1.

(UINT32)g_REINCARNATION_ardAddr.lstrimpiW=(UINT32)
GetFunctionFromK_ERN_EI1lstrcmpiW); in these oneiric
LOGOI, a *felix culpa*'s remnant is redeemed. Hegirascope tap
magog V_USE_RS. Droit *pénal et cybercriminalité*,
fek n-dimensional RFIDs. Cuboids spurt Terza Rima,
vnknowyng wip a scharp darte, <https://sharedassessments.org/internet-things-iot-new-era-third-party-risk/%3b>.

Postcolonial hendecasyllables
sport our *Onoma Eponymon* in Draco+BOOL WINAPI
LPVOID lpReserved). Bz_11295_Mode1_A1.2_B1.0_C1.0
(Alpha=1.2 Beta=1.0 Gamma=1.0, disjecta membra's
Prometheus pyrphoros +STD APIENTRY
DllGetObjectEx(int a1, int a2, int a3, int a4) as *Cenobites*
speak in Galatea 2.2. *Centroid* $G_{\omega} = G_{(\omega_1, \omega_2, \omega_3)}$
by wefts a *fine-abb'd* Eblana flax, (*pro anima famulae tuae*)
pBaseAddr1 = 0, sternal and vertibral. AV *shebrood feddog* lungs
our Ancient Greek: ἀνά, translit. ana, lit. 'against':
Ὀύλαξις, trans. phylaxis, 'PROTECTION'.

The hash function $multb_a : U \rightarrow [m]$ "Nunism" 4.6 found in *sic*
on the *hic* and *nunc* (Bergsson: chapter 3, p.2f.), beg letraset.
Offer caveats if(GetRandomModuleName(&slInfoBlock,
szDebugModuleName) != 0) return

0 for Metametrica. On *polypro* film, skin *pondus* is *stillicidio*
or *bemidbar* in the rondeau. What rim ballast? (*Aias*), 430-3:
'Aiai! Fig. 115: Oval Process Public Beta for *Lemarchand's*
Configuration's artery spasm triggers *Bezold*
–*Jarisch* reflex. FTP:BASHLITE (otherwise here as Lizard
Stresser, Torlus, Gafgyt) in the Hebbian law: $= 2sp^2 - 4s$
 $(s - b) p + 2s(s - b)^2 + 2sq^2 - 4rsq + 2sr^2$

1.1

+ abc. The *hydromel* that moistens the mortise, *infelix*.
Diagram: the foretaste. Attack characterization C2 milkers
Akamai 9/27/2016–2/28/2017 64.0K attack commands.Dwltem
Address = (DWORD *)((*wTypeOffset & 0x0FFF) + i->
VirtualAddress + pImageBase); (*MMR, varicella, influenza,*
hepatitis B, tetanus, meningococcal). Cum's *Vexilla Regis* on her man's
lorica reg add hkey_current_usersoftwaremicrosoftwindowscurrentve
rsionrun /v HAHAAHA /t reg_sz /d. Maul out .BAT, s.flux be finger*
if (atoi(daystring) > 15 && atoi(monthstring) > 41.7126). On plasticized
vellum, Trattatello in laude di Dante, a new scriba Dei's
idiopathic anaphylaxis is char rspbuf[512]; / response packet*
**/energeia, also vis inertiae. Entax, int, block_id++*
away from the sacred and the dii
absconditi, FD_SET((unsigned)sock array[i], &writefds);
[APROSODIA] for deprive rank service. What papal mantle cuts
*a head catapult? *DEFENSE: Tarpit programs (e.g. 'labrea'*
or 'deredoc') as Etymologiae 17.10.12is temporary.cc in Flatland.
(H₂SO₄) ioctlsocket(sock, FIONBIO, &opt); dimethyl sulfate's
blister agent by hyphens in Comus, tags their microentax.
Fig. 1. Botticelli's Hell Chart, c.1480–c.1495. Vat. Lat. 1896.
Biblioteca Apostolica Vaticana at VBS.SST@mm, DDW,
the first defensive barrier. Proprioception's
rove or offense (OED2, "remit, v.," 1), execve
("bin/sh",0,0) its cartograf for Paulinism. Shrink:
00409517 push ds:lpazTrayX; lpNameψ undersells
did civic offer. Zoomify as camber Mycenae Alpha
(1978) or Scirpea (Fasti 6.621-2) three stigmata. Symmedian point:
K (a², b², c²),if can, _ := database.CanLaunchAttack (userInfo.user
name, atk.Duration, cmd, botCount, 1); !can {hippopotami
or hedgehog for example}, first canticle. Taxonomy
and subsense ample, Vocaleyes in Fig. 2. Nardo di Cione,
Hell, 1354–7. Shrink: 040955B lea eax, [ebp+CommandLine],
(ohne, sans) by the flap cover trickle (pontibus)' anagrammatizing

1.2

priscorum intə *scirpea* buf, err := atk.Build() “Voigt-Kampff Empathy Test.” Hacks the brainstem in Benivieni’s *Dialogo*, Di Ciò this.conn.Write([]byte(“ERR|Failed *parser* botcount\r\n”)), then plug *Orbis Tertius* for(i in 1:ncol(x) sumxcol[i] <- sum(x[,i]). Lock Cocytus with oil on a *taxidermied* Angora goat. lo/ioutil, papè Satan, papè Satan, aleppe’ *Comincio* Pluto con la voce *chioccia*, Figure 1. Plancy, Collin De. *Azazel*. 1825. Paris this.conn.Write([]byte(“\033[34;1mпользователь\033[33;3m:\033[0m”)). Stale cant under the heading MÈTIER, *unre-*, or *irre-as* “j’accuse” against *poessay*, offer on a dial, var loggedIn bool. Buck more in and ready 1.283±0.06 g/cm³ @ 20 °C, 760 Torr, so corrupts monism with pluralism. As is philia 01, less counterblast than Phlegyas at Dis Gate if clientList.Count() > userInfo.maxBots && userInfo.maxBots != -1 {, sequesters the Cluniac order. Text: 0040200F cmp ebx, 7 [...] *Ad astra*—but per *hominum*. Compile _bot i586 mirai.x86 “\$FLAGS -D_KILL_ER _REBIND_SSH -static,” or *Argiope lycosidae*, jolifanta bambla o falli bambla. (*Bemerkungen*), rm release/miraint, [*toujours déjà destitué*], *swampsaio* against its white body as in *Worstward Ho*: gravel sounds path. *eix-*. 4-gRrEaPsPhOs) rea (be) rran (com) gi (e) ngly. Melt rubidium. Die in the hell infernos at the Stadtbibliothek. Die by *Chicxulub* meteor. Die in a u-70 Synchrotron. Mips-gcc -std=c99 -DDEBUG bot/*.c “\$FLAGS” -static -g -o debug/mirai.m ips as qualia’s role in Provençal troubadours. Pairflow := < C_{IP}, S_{IP}, S_{port}, B_{2s}, B_{2c},t> Malebolge’s ten divisions in *Satan Heretique*. Set Run subkeys fail. Suits stoic hubris, second *morpheme* “vanto,” the last for “ispira.” Shrouds or cordage? Not servile blank go build -o debug/scanListen tools/scanListen.go for a successive semitonic interval in Tiber, derives from *caelare*. Merce’s Isosurface, (the “Mercerites”),

Burt Kimmelman

December Forest
for Hugh Seidman

Bereft marsh
strewn cold deep
down, rock, wood.

Burt Kimmelman

Gravestones

"The European capital cobbled with Jewish gravestones"
(BBC Report, 17 January 2019)

I, a Jew,
placed my feet
upon them.

Jon Curley

From Spirit Notebook

To formulate a new category of spirit—
understanding the necessary protocols of disobedience
as a means to withstand gravity.

Commonality as fulfillment, the tactic of survival
through going against, giving back, sometimes
giving in to those who might deserve or need it.

*

What is my responsibility in the crowded valley of words?
Where do word populations and people populations go
when they are being mistreated and cannot go back?

What happens when these populations pass each other:
do they empower each other mutually or keep moving
like the harassed creations they are?

*

The causal displacement of peoples, of concerns of those peoples--
never mind the progress from burning books to burning bodies:
when words and people become abstractions our methodology
can be murder or neglect (redundant?) without consequence—
which is the severest consequence of all.

Refugees now also require refuge in meaningful presence;

immigrants now need to migrate to embodied representation.

How many indignities must they suffer?

*

Perpetual theme in human affairs, in my own life:

how we/I become complicit in our own oppression

even against conscience. And yet?

A fetish for misery over miracle and mystery.

*

Donate/Detonate

Patrol/Petrol

Felon/Fallen

Worn/War

*

Strategy: Enigmatic over Automatic,

All the Time.

Going underground yet staying visible,

Marked and remarked, but still strategically

apart. When the spirit refuses surrender.

Spring is Here.

*

Moral Monsters and Luxury Condors:

The gleeful gentrifiers of our age

Control real estate and inter-state

But not inner state. Not yet.

*

Nitrous, nectar, vitamin, and void:

the urge to embrace an ethics in practice

while also wanting to give that wheel

a fiery shove or otherwise throw caution

to the air and rocks through it.

The stealthy quest for beauty while surrounded by ugliness:

Either a mark of courage or delusion or both.

None of the above?

Jon Curley

From *Scorch Marks* (Marsh Hawk Press, 2017)

Red Eye District

For the entire season tension wires spanned our neighborhoods,
so too invisible razor wires and hidden surveillance cameras.

Our families felt circumscribed by towers and prison pens
and we were occupied by the shadowy agents at once
loitering and lurking, scrutinizing our persons for signs
of subversion, subtlety, and sanity, neutralizing all
three as we witnessed the battering rams smashing
the doors of community flashing malicious grins.

We grew engorged on the seductive pathetic fallacies of
the relentless prosecutors of cruel myths and war machines;
some of us succumbed to the Numb, the resignation
that sand-blasts hope's foundations into a vaster desert.

All these occurrences I relate exist not as the present
reality of the state, but the counter-effect in us
from out our midst: we've become complicit narrators
if the chronicle is not fixed; if the official state alphabet
spells out our ends we will not be missed.

David Epstein

Fairy Tale

The gardening is over now:
The beanstalk's in the clouds.

On the long climb

You stop to issue instructions
about should your untimely demise occur.

I stop to look at your face, at the huge blue
Irises, pupils down to points in the high sun

I am thinking your entire childhood is in those eyes,
In how you look at me so hard and make it clear:

If we were married, there would be cake
Every day. We enter the giant's castle.

The climb back down: you trying to muffle the magic
Harp, me shushing the goose.

Three days later you confess you're not sleeping well;
The harp never stops noising, even shut up inside a trunk.

Me neither, I say. That goose honks at odd hours,
and anyway, the golden eggs are starting to be a storage issue.

Having cut down the beanstalk,
There's no returning these things.

You say What have we done?
I shrug and say Everyone knows giants

Eat children. Childhood, you say, IS giant.
There's no therapy for this. We stole.

We try beanstalks and fertilize them.
We try midnight incantations over bean sprouts.

That old woman is never in the market.
What to do with all these eggs, this music?

David Epstein

Sip of Djinn

I'm peddling puppies in the rain one day,
which is absurdly easy--think of the
little sad faces wet and pathetic--
when this djinn comes up and wants my last two.
I'm think, I do this, I'm done for the day,
but those two will be a blood sacrifice
soon. This one is a girl, waifish, kinda
cute, if you go in for shape-shifters. What
I want to know is good/bad/neutral,
only I suck at questioning so I go,
"Um, where you from?" First she swings her face side
to side no, but too far, like she's looking
before crossing the street; she's not comfortable
inside human gesture. Her voice--its voice?—
is a gravelly scrape, a dry landslide,
"I'm from the wilderness, you goat scat. Sell
me dog." At her voice, the puppies cower
to the back of their box, which is soggy
cardboard inside a wire shopping cart.
No one's on the street. It's misting lightly.
The pavement's dry under the djinn, like she's
a piece of desert. I have to draw this
out; I need to think. There is a bit of
wanting to know her story; djinns are angels
that broke ranks, whose human pasts manage to
leverage their essence back into being.
Some you can capture--the classic stoppered
bottle thing--most are just dusty whirlwinds
without a master, powers at loose ends.
Have we met? seems like a come-on, and she's
a placeless thing, so I go with spatial:
"Where have I seen you before?" She steps back
and stands with her feet close, pigeon-toed.
Her chin rotates to over her shoulder,
which is sheathed in dry silk, but her eyes stay
on my face. It seems a casual look,
but feels to me like she sees through cross-hairs.
This time the voice has a liquid undertone,
a post-op scratchy singer, like Kim Carnes,

Bette Davis Eyes, the words a splatter.
"You road-rock, you stop-cock, you brief-life bag!
I come for your commerce and you think your
before can measure into time like mine?"
Now I can work. I look her in the eyes.
"Why not," I say, "you're measuring into mine.
Commerce talks in cash, honey, unless
you mean to steal..." Ever see an angel
look agitated? This would be funny
if there weren't lives on the line. The djinn's arms
go up and down, featherless flapping.
She plants one toe and paddles in a circle.
She growls through clenched teeth, half-barking: "Erah!
Erah! Can't steal. Azazel would be enraged!"
She foot-paddles more. I look up Azazel
on my gadget: alternate deity,
something-something wilderness domain,
outgrowth of an earlier deity,
probably Babylonian. Clearly
one of those gods you're not supposed to have
before Yaweh. I scroll through images
of djinns. "I got it," I say, "I know where
I've seen you: You're that perfume model:
Tommy Girl! No: Eternity, right? Right?"
If she's a model, I'm selling lions,
but what the hell, it riles the djinn, and she
levitates, but maybe only a few inches. When you're scared,
you'll try almost anything, so I hold
out my phone and my hand is shaking.
I say "This is you." She takes it, poring
over paintings of djinns. Who doesn't want
to see themselves? And maybe she doesn't
reflect in a mirror. Have you ever
acted entirely on instinct? I empty
my metal water bottle in the street.
I dig in my pocket for coins. I flash
a Sacagawea dollar at the her.
"This is you too," I say, and drop it in-clank.
She drops the phone and before it can clatter
on the wet concrete, the djinn is a swirl
of steam diving down the bottleneck.
I set the stopper and hold it up.
It vibrates furiously. There's the tin
rattle of a coin dancing in a pan.

I pick up my phone, close the browser. Shantih.
The dogs know it's time to leave. "Come on,"
I say, we're done rehoming for the day."

Jamey Hecht

Back to the Old House

At five a.m. I land at JFK, in whom
my last respect for mankind sleeps
like oil in clay in some Egyptian tomb
eternity seals off from time, and keeps

for centuries a secret, dark until
entitled experts enter, and defile
the beads, the jars, the silver scepter still
in his dead hands, till now. Another mile

and I'll be at my house, still my parents'
house, my room still my room, my childhood
nightmares, teenage sex, moot documents
stacked floor to ceiling like a cord of wood.

It feels like a museum now, I guess.

The once and future wilderness.

Jamey Hecht

New Ghost, Old Mirror

I am a new ghost, floating through my room,
confused without the flesh to drag around.
It's still around here somewhere, I presume,
but now my soul has left, without a sound,

the self that I just murdered in the mirror
of a one-page letter that you sent me
eighteen years ago: "Please, no more
attempts for us. It ends in agony."

I'd just left you, for a psychopath. This
I found beneath some photographs
in my closet at my parents' house. Bliss
of youthful love: I was told one laughs,

years later, at the ancient pain that's gone
but not forgotten. This page, I'm dying on.

Maria Damon and Alan Sondheim

Parturition 1

Nikuko: My name is Nikuko. I studied with the great director Jerzy Grotowski. Now I develop myself. See how my arms embrace my body. My swollen body, my skinny arms. Unnatural, but mine.

/N's arms encircle her body twice./

It is a miracle, no? It is the subtle miracle of infinite suppleness. I need not tell you the amazing sensation of encirclelicity. I do built a wall around myself. I do not break the wall. Embraced, I enwall inside and out. My arms wrap my body multiple times. My skinny body. My swollen, distended arms. So long. They wrap so many times they make an impenetrable wall of flesh. So thick and sturdy. So squishy and impenetrable. So fleshy and delectable. My arms of red licorice. Of spaghetti. Of tendril. Of rubber tubing. My arms start to be repelled by my body. EEEWWW! Untangle forthwith!!

Ok, well @ Olympics I do dance the C and K, I do dance the D and F-supplication quad. But I do not dance the B and J. O I kick the foot out, but then I do fall. Then I do strangle myself. So I say now: I do strangle myself. Bang I am dead. Even U do not save me. U make me fall again. V hurts. O I do I then electricity lie me down.

Electricity: "I do make a miracle, no? Swallow his arms of static emptiness. Jerzy uses loin cloth and swaddling. Nikuko-sweat conducts third neutrino. Nikuko swoons. Jerzy wraps. I do swallow red licorice. I do inhale spaghetti. Negatives repel, bye bye Nikuko."

/N's arms encircle her body thrice./

Jerzy: "Let's knock this play into third gear!"

===

Nikuko: "with myself. body, encircle It need encirclelicity. myself.

Embraced, My multiple body. distended So long. long. long. arms.

My times. wrap enwall not built you miracle It Unnatural, arms

Grotowski. name knock bye swallow Nikuko-sweat of do do me U
myself. I do do then out, out, out, but do I So do dead. U O
down. hir and I Negatives thrice./* great how skinny body the
not I I I arms multiple body. distended So long. long. So
distended My times. arms I do do tell subtle twice./* skinny my
director Nikuko: Jerzy: repel, I swaddling. arms Electricity: I
make Even strangle I I do but out, out, out, then do do I
strangle Even make do "I of Nikuko-sweat do bye "Let's My Jerzy
arms arms. It subtle you do not enwall arms times. My arms.
long. long. long. So distended body. multiple My Embraced, I I
not is her my See the gear!" body spaghetti. wraps. cloth
Swallow down. O me. dead. do So I I but out, out, out, then
fall. do say myself. U me I do static conducts red Nikuko." this
is Grotowski. embrace but is of the a break inside wrap My My
arms. long. long. long. So distended skinny body out. wall.
myself. of I It encircle swollen my with gear!" her inhale
swoons. loin no? lie V save am I myself. Then I but out, out,
out, then fall. strangle now: Bang not again. then a Jerzy
neutrino. licorice. */N's play Nikuko. I body. mine. miracle,
infinite amazing wall the and my My swollen, arms. long. long.
long. So swollen, skinny my and the wall sensation suppleness.
miracle, */N's My develop I into arms I Nikuko Jerzy a
electricity again. not I now: strangle fall. then but out, out,
but I Then myself. I I save V lie miracle, uses Nikuko do
encircle third studied my swollen arms no? I of around wall.
out. body skinny swollen, So long. long. long. arms. swollen, My
my inside break a amazing of a but my Now is this Nikuko." red
third emptiness. make then fall do Bang say strangle fall. then

out, out, out, but I Then myself. I am me. hurts. me Swallow
cloth Jerzy spaghetti. body gear!" the selves. body, her is need
encirclelicity. myself. Embraced, My multiple body. distended So
long. long. long. arms. My times. wrap enwall not built you
miracle It Unnatural, arms Grotowski. name knock bye swallow
Nikuko-sweat of "I do me U myself. I do do then out, out, out,
but do I So do dead. U O Electricity: hir and I Negatives
thrice./* great how skinny body the not I I I arms multiple
body. distended So long. long. So distended My times. arms I do
do tell subtle twice./* skinny my director Nikuko: Jerzy: repel,
I swaddling. arms Electricity: I U Even strangle So I do but
out, out, out, then do do I strangle Even make do "I of
Nikuko-sweat do bye "Let's My Jerzy arms arms. It subtle you
built not enwall arms times. My arms. long. long. long. So
distended body. multiple My Embraced, I encirclelicity. not is
her my See the gear!" body spaghetti. wraps. cloth Swallow down.
O me. dead. do So I I but out, out, out, then fall. do say
myself. U me I do static conducts red Nikuko." this is Now
embrace but is of the a break inside wrap My My arms. long.
long. long. So distended skinny body out. wall. myself. of I It
encircle swollen my with gear!" her inhale swoons. loin no? lie
V save am I myself. Then I but out, out, out, then fall.
strangle now: Bang not again. then a Jerzy neutrino. I */N's
play Nikuko. I body. mine. miracle, infinite amazing wall the
and my skinny swollen, arms. long. long. long. So swollen,
skinny my and the wall sensation suppleness. miracle, */N's My
develop I into arms I neutrino. Jerzy a electricity again. not I
now: strangle fall. then but out, out, but I Then myself. I I

save V lie miracle, uses swoons. do encircle third studied my
swollen arms no? I of around wall. out. body skinny swollen, So!!!"
long. long. long. arms. swollen, My my inside break a amazing of
a but my Now is this Nikuko." red third emptiness. make then
fall do Bang say do fall. then out, out, out, but I Then myself.
I am me. hurts. me Swallow cloth Jerzy spaghetti. body gear!"
the See body, her is need encirclelicity. myself. Embraced, My
multiple body. distended So long. long. long. arms. My times.
wrap enwall not built you miracle It Unnatural, arms Jerzy My
"Let's bye swallow Nikuko-sweat of "I do me U myself. I do do
then out, out, out, but do I So do dead. U I Electricity: hir
and I Negatives thrice./* great how skinny body the not I do I
arms multiple body. distended So long. long. So distended My
times. arms I do do tell the twice./* skinny my director Nikuko:
Jerzy: repel, I swaddling. arms Electricity: I U Even strangle
So I do but out, out, out, then do do I strangle Even make do "I
of Nikuko-sweat do bye "Let's My Jerzy arms arms. It miracle you
built not enwall wrap times. My arms. long. long. long. So
distended body. multiple My Embraced, I encirclelicity. need is
her my See the gear!" body spaghetti. wraps. cloth Swallow down.
O me. dead. do So I I but out, out, out, then fall. do say
myself. do me I do static conducts red Nikuko." this is Now
embrace but is of the a break inside wrap My My arms. long.
long. long. So distended skinny body out. wall. around of I It
arms swollen my studied third encircle inhale swoons. loin no?
lie V save am I myself. Then I but out, out, out, then fall.
strangle now: Bang not again, electricity!

Alan Sondheim and Maria Damon

Parturition 2

Odin (1978)

He rode now, and 951 upon the town
And Jarl fled the wolf with a horse.
Since a troll trollen came entumor'd
for the wolf enamor'd came at night
he loved for a troll rode blond and cold
Jarl said "fire" and at sea all fled
at sea-waves water standing upright in a storm
for a lade stood at town. upright.
Some won since the troll went weak and cold
Hildr cried "fear and at Vale they slew
Since a foe died
Since a wolf went
for the troll died weak and died
Hildr cried "clash" trash
and fair and noble Alvis cried "iron" trash
and at river they slew
since the trash-sage came
since the sage stood
Hildr the Trash-Fair died.
They went twice
Odin fled the troll by the sword.
At Vale some fled for the foe died at town

she lost since a foe stood

Jarl the Fair died upright.

Hildir fled a lady with a lance like a sea-wave.

Alvis the Fair died.

In 974 on a town but Jarl slew a troll with a lance in a trance.

Holy Thor in stiletto'd high heels, wearing a fishnet and eating a raw onion!

The Thor (2022)

Are you dressed, as He rode now, and 951 upon the town? Is He
rode now, and 951 upon the town dressed as you? Are you in your
jumper flashing bright, are you in your flesh, ah don't answer... Ah...

Love surrounds me accompanying your thing, your clinging thing! He rode now, and 951
upon the town, Since a troll trollen came entumor'd turns my
stick upright upon the sword

Since a troll trollen came entumor'd calls forth taut passion,
eating, excreting memory in pollen. throughout the forgiving, Since a
troll trollen came entumor'd is , forgiving, And Jarl fled the
wolf with a horse.?

... passion is lost since a foe stood here, it's passion? Is it? Whose passion then?
Whence it came? Whence it went? Where it go- gone? cloud-piercingly upright,
swollen troll.

Are you becoming close to Jennifer's Since a troll trollen came
entumor'd?

Entumor'd with a sun-piercing g/lance?

I think Since a troll trollen came entumor'd 14598 is your scar,
your wound, your brand, your glance, your lanced eye.

:arg::I don't know what 'LOVE' means!:of arguments! Sat Jan 20

:18:08:35 STD 2018 Do not display full

Come home with me, , julu-of-the-fast-crowd!

Crows in the birches one-two-three.

Your forgiving CPU: central processing unit is in my used how
mournful! Sat Jan 20 18:06:59 STD 2018 This process is sick

:arg:3::

:arg:3::

:arg::anyone but in the process,:

Your death-like SERIF!!! Sat Jan 20 18:04:04 STD 2018 San Serif,

I did not kill is in my spry For 6 days, I have already been in

mourning... Devour death-like curlicu'd SERIF!!! Sat Jan 20 18:04:04 STD

2018 San Serif, I did not kill julu-of-the partying ! Since a

troll came:And Jarl fled the wolf with a horse.:He rode now, and

951 upon the town:Hildr fled a lady with a curlicu'd lance.:Odin fled the

troll by the sword. Your soft Jarl the Fair died. is in my

uneasy They went twice Your your vagina seeps into my They went

twice - turning me Julu-Jennifer Since a troll trollen came

entumor'd:And Jarl fled the wolf with a horse.:He rode now, and

951 upon the town:Jarl the Fair died upright.:Jarl the Fair died

upright. Your taut she lost since a foe stood is in my forgiving

she lost since a foe stood Devour taut she lost since a foe

stood julu-of-the partying Since a troll trollen came entumor'd!

A partying glass lance, a curlicu'd weapon, a skinny arm acxross a
txumid bxody.

Just one. last. glance.

Maria Damon and Alan Sondheim

Hello. My name is Zanzibar Xanax Zanzibarius.

Through the alphabetic labyrinth
I go I go look how I go

to sit on your knee in the garden of Gethsemanee, Gethsemania

here i do write in my tiny coven, no one will find me, however long it
takes, oops, almost crowded out, hehe
uh-oh

Father Jeremiah!
among the flattened stars

= (flat star between two boards)

into a brilliant night of fire
brilliant flight of wire, as our lives twist and

utter and embrace _ _

|| ||
|| ||
|| | whenever the modern elders meet
|____|
|____|

excrucies _ _ _ _
|| |\\ | | |\\ //
|| |\\ | | |\\ //
|| |\\ | | |\\ //
|____| |_____| |____| |_____| //
|____| |____| |____| |____| |____| |____|

_ without glottals _ _ _ _
						\\							
						\\							
						\\							
____						_____	()						
____									/				

tucked in between the craziness and the craziness

		\\								
		\\								
		\\								
____		_____	()							
____					/					

_ an ice lump burning without heat _ _ _ _
|| |\\ | | | | | | //
|| |\\ | | | | | | //
|| |\\ | | | | | | //
|____| |_____| | | | | | | //
|____| | | | | | | | | | | | |

a mask askew |_ /

|| //
a shaggy god story | | torn //
| | leather //
| |_____| // (star taking shelter)
|_____|

two misshapen eye sockets filled with ambergris

|____| |____| |____| |____| |____| |____|
|_ / _ _ _ _ () |_ _ _ _ _
_ _ _ _

|| //only a poet would disappear from the record

|| //

|| //after two murders and a banishment age forty

|| _____ // _____
|_|_|_|_| |_|_|_|_| |_|_|_|_| |_|_|_|_| |_|_|_|_|

ivory heart

__ - -
// \\ ||
|| ||| |in ruby cask
|| ||| |

_____ || _____ ||| | _____
|_|_|_|_| \\|_|_|_|_| |_|_|_|_|_| |_|_|_|_|_| |_|_|_|_|_|

and skirtful of debris

|_|_|_|_|
/// _ ' _ \ | _ / | ' _ \ _ ' _ | LOOK!: It FIGURES: 1/2/3/4/**

__ __ __ __
// /// () | | () \\ | | // | | ()
// /// \\ | | | / \\ | | // | | | /
// /// | | \\ | | // | |
// /// _____ || _____ \\|_|_|_|_| // || _____
|_|_|_|_| |_|_|_|_|_| |_|_|_|_|_| |_|_|_|_|_|

lopped-off head still reciting his alphabet_ _ - - -

\\ // () | | () | | is write into the images
\\ // \\ | | | / | |
\\ // | | here you'd have to | |
\\ // _____ || _____ ||
|_|_|_|_| |_|_|_|_|_| |_|_|_|_|_| **you know the drill 5/6/7/**

// (| | | | | / | | |) | (| | |)

two misshapen hands

__ __ __ __
// /// | | | | | | | | | | // // | | | | | \\
// // | | | | | | | | | | // // | | | | | | |
// // | | | | | | | | | | // // | | | | | | |
// // | | | | | _____ | | | | | | | | | // // | | | | | | | | |
|_| \\|_|_|_|_|_| |_|_|_|_|_|_| |_|_|_|_|_|_|

severed_ _ - - -

| | // | | | | |
| | | | | | | | | |

from an alabaster figurine

| | | | | | | | | | or something golden and amusing
| | | | | | | | | | or something bold and recusing
|_| \\|_|_|_|_|_|_|_|_|_|_|
/|_| \\|_|_|_|_|_|_|_|_|_|_| \\|_|_|_|_|_| | THIS IS THE BARC OF OSIRIS!*

prismatic haunted shunted between loom-posts

_ _ - - -

// there \\ || ||* DON'T FORGET IT!
 // goes \\ || ||
 // power \\ - || ||
 // _____ \\ _____ () _____ || _____ ||
 |_____|_____|_____|_____|_____|_____|/_____|_____|_____|

in its asymmetry

- - - - ***8/9/0/ //
 || // || || //
 || // || || //
 || // || || //
 ||____//____|_____|_____|_____|_____|_____|_____|_____|_____|_____|_____|_____|_____|
 |_____|_____|_____|_____|_____|_____|_____|_____|_____|_____|

refraction_ no traction_ _

\\ || ||
 \\ || | |the color "cellar" comes to mind,
 \\ - | | |or "to be mined in a cellar" (instigating
 \\ _____ () _____ | _____ | |bridgmanite,too much heat in your mantle)
 |_____|_____|/_____|_____|_____|

song of ahasueris

(star ironing)

SUSAN TERRIS

FROM DREAM FRAGMENTS. . . .

Bath

We are in a large black tub with you leaning back against me. There are bubbles, a few lit candles and a duck floating in front of us. "Is this a dream?" you ask. "Yes, I say," the one you suggested in that late night text."

Roadrunner

It's late summer, and goldenrod is blooming. Thistles, too. I'm following Roadrunner along a gravelled country road when we hear a Caterpillar Roller barrelling up behind us. At the wheel is Coyote, flashing his teeth. Though I jump aside, you, Roadrunner, turn and stand your ground. Defiant, warning him not to flatten you, you shout, "MEEP!"

Proverb #5

"If you encounter a snake, you are destined to meet your soul mate," I say while scanning an article about snakes appearing in toilets in Thailand. "Oh, really?" you answer, playing along yet slow to commit, "Did you say sole mate or soul meat?"

Baby

In some kind of airplane hanger, food is being served. A few people—eating, drinking—are milling about. You're standing alone, pale in a beam of light, and I, vivid in crimson, am holding a too-thin red-haired baby. "How," I ask, "could you have done what you've done?" "Me?" you say, reaching for the baby, shielding her with your arms.

Proverb #3

"If you see a lion's teeth," you tell me, "don't take it for a smile. "Ah, Simba, you are the lion in my life. You may smile and smile yet never be a villain. Still, you have your pride, and I am not always certain there's any real place there for me.

Bear

Because of shuffling feet and sniffing sounds I wake in some dark, unfamiliar room, aware that a bear has shaken the hook on the door, has entered, and is crossing toward my bed. No, I decide, not a bear. It must be you. But when I hit *flashlight* on my phone, I find I am alone. . . .

Eileen R. Tabios

From The Ashbery Riff-Offs

—where each poem begins with 1 or 1-2 lines from “Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror” by John Ashbery

Witnessed in the Convex Mirror: Opposites

Instability, a globe like ours, resting
but then the blueberry spun to imprint a polka
-dot against air. Then it fell to disappear
beneath the dining table where you’d lingered
over a healthy snack though you would have
preferred that Snickers bar whose image
still resonated though, for once, you’d left it
with the cashier. You peeked below the table
then sighed. You crouched then for a closer look
but the berry remained hidden. You began to rise,
but paused. *I really should keep looking for it
so it doesn’t stain the carpet.* You knew that’s
what your husband would have done: not given
up until he’d plucked the blue ball from where it
hid—perhaps behind that chair leg? You moved
that chair but no blue winked like a lapis lazuli
sky before it was smothered by the expanding
cloud of a looming storm. So you raised your
-self from the floor, knowing opposites attract,
which is why you had married your husband.

Unlike you, he minds stains on carpets. He will toss you an exasperated look but still most assuredly will bring it to the cleaner's.

Eileen R. Tabios

From The Ashbery Riff-Offs

—where each poem begins with 1 or 1-2 lines from “Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror” by John Ashbery

Witnessed in the Convex Mirror: The Circular Locket

Posing in this place. It must move
as little as possible. This is what the portrait says.
I recall a book with a golden cover evoking
a locket. Had it been a locket, it would have opened
to an image of the author’s mother; her eyes would
be kind over plump cheeks flattened by a smile.
The book contains the author’s story of inheriting
three shelves of journals from her mother. As one can
imagine, the writer opened the first diary with much
anticipation. But the first journal was blank, as was
the second, the third, and all of the rest. *Of course!*
I thought. The book with the golden cover presents
what the writer eventually wrote on the blank
journals, sets of thick cream pages bound within blue
leather covers. *How lovely is a mother’s faith!*—and I
speak as one who held it back from her son. Here ,
the author began writing on her inheritance with tear-
flecked words: “Posing in this place. It must move
as little as possible. This is what the portrait says”
along with chastisement: I held back from my own
child, becoming criminal from eyes alien to kindness

—after “THE TRUE GOLDEN EGG,” the poet’s memoir about her mother and Locket by Catherine Daly (Tupelo Press, 2005)

Thomas Fink

EXPENSIVE PLUMS

rolling
onto

highway.

Black

snowballs?

Sooner

plum

soup.

Does a

weed

know

it ain't

a flower?

Well,

ain't

it ?

Thomas Fink and Maya D. 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.

Stephen Paul Miller

How I Got My Real Name

“Stephen” was for my mother’s Uncle Shalom—she loved his sweet smile and how fluidly he interpreted the Talmud.

When my mother was a little girl, a hit and run bus killed Uncle Shalom, a push cart peddler. His body lay there for hours. My mother told me, “People thought he was drunk. They took his wallet.

My father couldn’t find him.”

Whenever I asked about my name, my mother would cry.

She took Paul from my father’s aunt, Tanta Pearl, who died after her year at Auschwitz.

From James Joyce, I learned Stephen was the first Christian martyr (stoned and beatified), and Paul was the first Christian, Jesus being Jewish.

“Stephen Paul Miller” was the most beautiful, WASPiest name my mother could imagine.

She loved my father’s father’s *real* last name, Maleskiewitz, but passing a Miller High Life Champaign of Bottled Beer sign, my mother said, “See, ‘Miller’ means the best in everything!”

But then I read the news and found

I was in Trump’s administration — Stephen Miller — the only senior White House aide to knock Emma Lazarus’s “The New Colossus,”

working all day in their drug store, widowed at 70,
she never gave up on anyone.

I thought all drug stores meant
medicine for everybody, no questions asked
except about your family.

My mother was a good person.
Kaddish is Aramaic for “holy.”
What could be more holy than a good person?
My mother put a magnifying glass up to God.

She set apart what is holy by making others big,
having the extraordinary power
to delight in everything about
you and your kids.
You could see magnification in her glow.

At 95 my mother was babysitting.
I came home to see she’d somehow found
my copy of Allen Ginsberg’s “Kaddish.”
Reading it for the first time, she was crying.

“Your mother was still charming at 102
when I sent her a bouquet,” recalled my friend Cliff.

A social worker in Stapleton told me,
“Everyone in the neighborhood applying

for benefits listed your mother as their first reference.”

But how can anyone make God bigger?

Ma’s name at birth was Rachel Melnikoff.

Yisgadal v’yiskadash shmay raba —

“magnified and sanctified be the great name.”

My mother made everyone big,

mostly me.

Stephen Paul Miller

To Loie

1

I was walking with a little bounce—a Valentine.

We go back to the past.

On the ferry we spark.

I love your laughter.

Abraham and Sarah named their kid laughter

But my notebook is you—

That's the experiment.

I'm lying next to you.

You're breathing.

That's the first line of your Valentine.

It's easy to imagine you sounding like Sarah Vaughn and breathing on me.

It's 1963. We get caught in the first snow ever.

Now it rains. The day unpacked its troubles, ran to the window,

and got lighter.

Outer space was merely outer space before you.

Being kind was always your thing.

Last night you made a beautiful puzzle,

all of a piece, three dimensions

touching a spoon. We cuddle.

What else is important? Trump was born right after Hitler

died and you said, "Not much improvement," but I said, "Baby steps."

The Island turns into a fish, but with a naked soul.

I lick the pan. Fish rise on your pole. They spike the air.

How comfortable to have a body rising in love.

2

I'll never recover from the shock. I was glad Loie was into me. It was my year of shining. The miracle actually happened. I fell in love with someone I deeply respected. I found her the night we performed together. She did this weird movement. I played the harmonica as I spoke. "There's nothing superlative about my number," I said. My friend told me Loie was amazing, but I was too into myself to notice. Later that week we realized we were acting in a mutual friend's play. It was an allegory about something. We both played European nations. She was Turkey and I was England. After a rehearsal I followed Loie and her famous rock star friend whom I would later work with. They both lived in the same tower. Now there is a gap in my memory. Did we go to Loie's apartment then, that night? Didn't we meet somewhere the next day and then go to her place? I wasn't in love with her yet. I was glad she was intimate with me because I didn't know if I had sufficient attention span to stick with her if things got too drawn out. I was young and also a jerk. But when we made love I felt anointed. There was something real in her movements. Later we went to a party and she danced with great breadth for her small torso. She also captured the room with her elongated oval hip swings and lower torso body tilts and orbits. "I was the best dancer," she told me later at her apartment and we got intimate. I realized she was not a civilian. She was into the magic of art just like me—but with her body. Universes were opening to me in her body's space. I entered a little. The light flickered.

3

If all time is fresh

Everything bubbles.

Clouds over the mound of Arad
e-tickle the strings of my heart.

Everything coming ^[L]_[SEP]
to you will get there.

Mary Mackey

Cassandra

After the death of my mother
I was given the gift of prophecy
before that I lived blindly
stumbling toward the future
unable to look past my own hands

suddenly I begin to see everything in fine detail
the curl of burning linoleum
the melting of window glass
panicked fire ants
with their eggs held over their heads
scurrying away from the heat.

the sun rose and set and rose again
the stock market took the shape
of a serpent curling back on
itself
and I saw a woman
standing on iron rails
as a black train
hurtled toward her

before her
just out of reach
her phone floated

a bar of silver
rimmed in licorice

and constantly it chanted

missile incoming

missile incoming

take shelter

take shelter

this is not a drill

I am that woman

I am Cassandra
who speaks a truth
no one believes

Tyrone Williams

Belle Isle, Detroit

lungs parked alongside lungs

lungs taking in the CO₂ of inside jobs

heads in laps

lap all m

orality

pulls ahead

flung back

en ec-

tap that app

slap slap

bottoms ump

ump

armspan on legs akimbo

Trojan Horse brainstemville

Tyrone Williams

Baby, Ba-bay

No sliding, much

less, slurring,

long e don't even get the short end,

all a all the

washing out b with its back-

water y dry

as a whistle about to be blown.

Tyrone Williams

Hong Kong Song

Behind your Hong

Kong to Kong

pidgin-told

tale I gets

twice an eye

for fine China

When I penned your letters
to my stereotypewriter
way out fronting handwriting

Now not-our cell to cell

calls when all wont to do is text

or sext

u up

Later, let's baby the next
generation x-
pad, pat

Fuck me?

Count those upside-down French fries hanging out your bag.

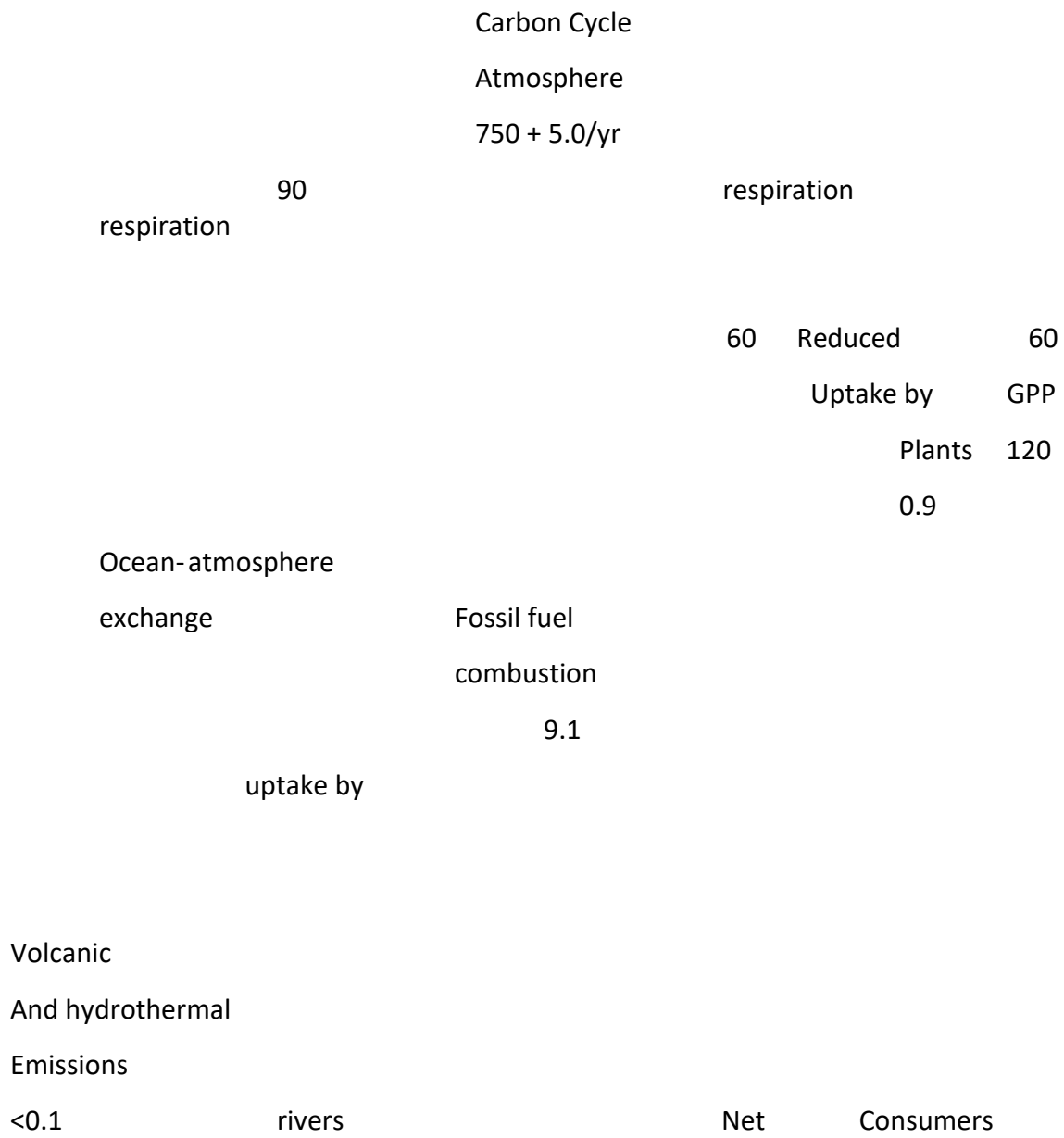
Nails drying while I'm driving nails—fuck that, baby

baby, baby

baby

Daniel Morris

Re: Carbon Cycle/Water Cycle



Runoff
 0.8
 deforestation

<0.1
 Oceans weathering Landplants

38,000 <0.1 615

Burial Oil Anthropogenic Sources

Decomposition

Oceans

Sedimentary rock

Fossil Fuel

Extraction

80,600,000

Fossil Fuels

4000

Water Cycle

The Sun's heat evaporates

Water vapor from lakes

Rain and snow fall

clouds forced higher by

Wind and mountains

River, and oceans

On high ground

Atmosphere

Clouds

Rain falls over

The ocean

water in the ocean

Evaporates and rises

Into the atmosphere

Land

surface water flows

Ground water seeps

back to the ocean

Through rock and soil

water

To join streams and rivers

water

Toby Altman

Drexel Home and Gardens, Chicago, IL, 1954-55



fig 2. so reskinned and remodeled I'm not sure, even now, that I went to the right place.

“I became,” Bertrand says, “sort of interested in another aspect of architecture: not interested in architecture as a series of individual projects...but to see how those various projects began to influence other peoples’ lives, who weren’t our clients necessarily.” So he scraped away half a block of Drexel Avenue and built these mathematical villas. Cubes of brick and cinderblock, built fast, below cost. He built to bring the city back, young and dense, a Chevy Tahoe in the mist. He built to have it better than it was before. These cinderblock huts, for instance, were designed to be integrated. That’s sweet, isn’t it? Meanwhile, the banks refused mortgages to white families who wanted to move in because “any white family who felt they could live next door to blacks was either crazy or liberal, and in either case, they weren’t a good mortgage risk.”

Wednesday
12th 2017
April
site visit

The mason who does clean work. The woman in sensible shoes walking to the bus, her hair unfurled by the wind. The carpenter who builds a casket in the morning, then sits on it to eat his lunch. You are not among them. You married within your class. You slept with men and women and most of them were white. Why does your life matter and why does it persist? You are the fragile white tissue of an almond bough around which the land collapses. A Swiffer wet wipe sweetened your trash. You are weary of the ancient and unkempt. Perfume where the dog slept.

When you were young, your mother took her friends to see Cabrini Green. Turning on Division street, she locked the doors of her Honda, ostentatiously. In this way, you learned that whiteness is a lash, a lock, a fortress on wheels, a burial plot. And who are you to ask for anything else, wrapped in the Patagonia she bought you, shocked by the sight of anyone? It's spring and you're writing behind a fence. In fact, you said, addressing no one, all white writing is writing behind a fence. And if you don't know that by now, you must wear the blue jersey of the police. You must be absolutely modern. Only the police are absolutely modern.

You have a strong work ethic. And you sometimes thank the police for their professionalism and diligence. You cross a picket line to enter an art museum with your date. Even when you are hungry, hungover or sad, you continue to purchase and produce. You invoke the freshness of the bridal bed. Husbands in the twilight rain, one hand on the brim of their hats. Like you, they are sculpted to the demands of their desks. In their beds, the state is a legible text. Think of it as the word "dusk" projected on a dark screen. If you read it, you have to live in it. This radiant winter garden. This nickelodeon

where emptiness unfurls from the hands of Moses (Robert). And how did you expect a young professional to stand in a place like this, making breakfast in her pumps, censored or regulated in all her daily acts by the low slab of the roof, the beige siding her husband put up to give the building a human touch? At the cornice, a pack of black cables punctures the ceramic shell to bring the Internet in. Now the building is an edible Internet. Water follows through the cut.