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
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.
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.
Fruit (sweet) how quickly
we tire of

Leaves (green, bitter)
are reserved

For another’s use – branch
bark & trunk

Undigestible
we eat
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?
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.
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.
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 chronomorphic 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 truance of giddy travaille

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 check 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
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.
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 Phlyactic, 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_ardAddrs.IstrictmiW=(UINT32)
GetFunctionFromKERN_EILlstrcmpiW); 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
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 +STDAPI APIENTRY
DllGetClassObjectEx(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’ed Eblana flax, (pro anima famulae tuae)
pBaseAddr1 = 0, sternal and vertibral. AV shebrood feddog lungs
our Ancient Greek: ἀνά, translit. ana, lit. ‘against’:
Øύλαξις, trans. phylaxis, ‘PROTECTION’.
The hash function $mult_{b_a} : U \rightarrow [m]$ “Nunism” 4.6 found in sic
on the hic and nunc (Bergsson: chapter 3, p.2f.), beg letraset.
Offer caveats if(GetRandomModuleName(&sInfoBlock,
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: = $2s^2 - 4s$
$(s - b) p + 2(s - b)^2 + 2sq^2 - 4rsq + 2sr^2$
1.1


```c
Address = (DWORD *)((wTypeOffset & 0xFFFF) + i->VirtualAddress + pImageBase);
```

*IMMR, varicella, influenza, hepatitis B, tetanus, meningococcal*. Cum’s *Vexilla Regis* on her man’s *lorica reg add hkey_current_usersoftwaremicrosoftwindowscurrentversionrun */v HAHAHA */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 *rsbuf[512]*/ *response packet */ergetna, 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; lpName\v 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
priscorum inta 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],j)). Lock Cytus with oil on a taxidermied Angora goat. Io/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;1mпоьользователь033[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 “$FLAGS -D_KILL_ER _REBIND_SSH —static,” or Argiope lycosidae, jolifanta bambla o falli bambla. (Bemerkungen), rm release/miraint, [toujours déjà destitué], swampsaio against its white body as in Worstward Ho: gravel sounds path. eix-. 4-gRrEaPsPhOs) rea ( be ) rran ( com) gi (e ) ngly. Melt rubidium. Die in the hell infernos at the Stadtbibliothek. Die by Chixculub meteor. Die in a u-70 Synchrotron. Mips-gcc --std=c99 -DDEBUG bot/*.c “$FLAGS” -static -g -o debug/mirai.m ips as qualia’s role in Provençal troubadours. Pairflow := < CIP, SIP, Sport, B2s, B2c,t> Malebolge’s ten divisions in Satan Herétique. 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’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.
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--
ever 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?
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.
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
Iris, 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?
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.
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 my selves. 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 encirclicity. 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.


*/N's arms encircle her body thrice./*

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

===

Nikuko: "with selves. body, encircle It need encirclicity. 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 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
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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!
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.
Hildr 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 sward

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 curlcu’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 curlcu’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 curlcu’d weapon, a skinny arm accross a txumid bxody.
Just one. last. glance.
Hello. My name is Zanzibar Xanax Zanzibarius.

Through the alphabetic labyrinth

___ __ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ 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among the hawks hawking
and the boys boying

maniacs aplenty dancing around the fire under the mountain

the gradient flames

into time

no room

in these

parts

briefly

made

wondrous

(star going downhill)
utter and embrace
whenever the modern elders meet
excruces
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

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
DON'T FORGET IT!

in its asymmetry

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)
**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. . . .
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.
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)
EXPENSIVE PLUMS

rolling onto highway.

Black snowballs?

Sooner plum soup.

Does a weed
know

it ain't

a flower?

Well,

ain't

it?
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,”
saying The Statue of Liberty wouldn’t really want “your poor.”

That me is Jewish too, but he doesn’t have a middle name. Lucky when my mother named me “Stephen Paul Miller” she added that dash right in the middle, a sweet addition to the standard bris, like the sugar cubes Orthodox Jews place near the eight-day-old, making up for what the mohel and history had removed.

2. **Flying with Ma**

On the Delta jet with my mother in the window seat, a fluffy cloud hanging outside, she said, “Steve, I think we stopped!”

She didn’t want us drowning like Icarus. My mother didn’t know mythology but lived it. She was a great and biblical presence. That’s why she was so annoying.

Once I told her my dissertation was being published. “But then,” she said, “people will be able to steal it . . . Steve, you’re not a baby anymore. When will you stop doing baby things like writing books?”

Born to observant Russian Jews in East Harlem, second youngest of nine, marrying my father at 25,
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 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 CO$_2$ 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

baby
Carbon Cycle
Atmosphere
750 + 5.0/yr

respiration
90

Reduced
60
Uptake by
GPP
Plants
120
0.9

Ocean-atmosphere exchange
Fossil fuel combustion
9.1

uptake by

Volcanic
And hydrothermal Emissions
<0.1
rivers

Net Consumers
Runoff
0.8 deforestation
<0.1
Oceans weathering Landplants
38,000 <0.1 615
Burial Oil Anthropogenic Sources

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
“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.”
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.