



HORSE LESS REVIEW #12
SUMMER 2012

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COVER ART BY VINNY WALSH (& LIVE CICADA)

from **The Everyday English Dictionary**

O

opuscule, opuscle:

this toil demands infinite attention
small waltz on square tile
one two three one two three

orbicular:

my forefinger traces
here to fore
touches the capitals
shadows on blue water

organon, organum:

reject
the dry sections and clauses
here is the split orchis
I examine under glass

orison:

something comes from the throat
a note clings to the walls
dances on a dust mote

orography, orology:

should you dissect this one
you will find at its core
the column of volcano
it used to be

orpiment:

petty as a dandelion
perilous as a skiff
watch me place dumb petals on a tongue of wind

ort:

no-one had to tell me
to leave food
to feed the gods

orthoepy:

ah bah kah dah
eh gah ha ee lah
mah nah oh pah rah
sah tah oo wah yah

orthography:

a love of ink or chalk
linked to three bars on a blackboard
a roomful of hands
follow the leader

V

vilipend:

you drive pigs mad
crows turn white
snakes bite themselves to death

vill:

wide streets point to high hopes
nobody visits but the wind
a curtain-twitcher waits
behind each window sips a cup of tea

villi:

peach rub almond fur
soft nap under pad of thumb

villous, villose:

little button beds of moss
caught on a damp mountain
filtered light rests
on small raised seed-heads

vinaceous:

lipstick stain
on your cheek
from my lips

vinculum:

with this ring
a merry-go-round

virose:

ignorance about apple seeds
in the apple pie
might be a good excuse

Ivy Alvarez is the author of *Mortal* (Washington, DC: Red Morning Press, 2006), with a second collection forthcoming from Seren Books (UK). A recipient of writing residencies from MacDowell Colony (USA), Hawthornden Castle (UK) and Fundacion Valparaiso (Spain), her work is published in journals and anthologies in many countries and online, with individual poems translated into Russian, Spanish, Japanese and Korean. www.ivyalvarez.com

from Torrents and Groundviews

WE KNOW TO ASK:

Wax-ripping and wind storms and. Where to go for a defense of root laying?

WE ASK TO HEAR:

Going. Home? Just going.

A dry season, solitude, silence that feels like a hiss and. Dipping the ouzel-like. Good, green, terrible sinuosity and. Crash of the river in shafts of. Cloud dregs filled with. Light, dream-like, and where we know to-remember to-never remember anything but. The light in dreams. Greening or soft yet. Terror-clipped and. Laced on sweaty skin. A geometry of forgetting all the openings. Euclid couldn't name, what a topological problem. Set against us.

WHAT HEARING IS.

Wayside late. Sleeping in the driver's seat, the you-can't-stay-heres tapping at the window. Gargantuan-like. A finite area surrounded by a line of infinite length.

The swarming green of temperate conifer forests or volcano skirts. Punched-in dunes that hiss and change their maws at will. That empty and empty out and employ, that expose and. Call exposure like it is seen from space or air or. Sky scrapers, which used to be tallest ships. Semiarid steppe and outright billowings of busted. Down and mythic and. Calling a living as-you-see it: desert and crackling like scorpion boot.

ASLEEP.

In the sand or on a smooth stone or sprawlily as if. Worlds and world-namings could wait, though the we-knows prove all's flash-floods and otherly. Stacking cairns or pulling to rock-arrange or leaping from once to once to granite and cutting out. Old growth on the road. Calling a gully. And a mesa and the hailstones in the afternoon like commemorative watch-clocks.

OR MACROINVERTEBRATES.

Caught and. Catching tricks. In vegetated fins. Irrigation and inspection and edible bodies that push each other inside out and outside as-if and turn each other into mouths. Like tongue-things turn each other and. Turn to other oceans. Or turn to each other. Asking name shapes or. Other smallest inspirations.

Other smallest detestations. A guilt-sick gutscape. Discovery of glacial blue in. Milk-quick river. An astroturf of the mind. Opportunity-bound. Moth-thinned and acquired-by. Mouth or. Digging. Rut-dug by horns or air or the water in weatherheads or. Luck-sick truck tires with attendant strangers.

A LEXICON OF PASS-THROUGH PLACES.

A thicket of. Vacui—that one the only. Oak tree we ever saw in a mountain yard. Memory-felted, the loss, lightning or. In the tuning brightness, rough-laced, cigarettes. Solder-hot metal. Chestnuts and acorns and the mouths of other people. Not a smile just a look. An illicit way of walking with. Spines that fold. A ringed moon. Dozen-season year. A petty theft that only opens once.

Kerry Banazek is a writer, teacher, and sometime photographer with ties to Northern New York, Western Pennsylvania, and the Pacific Northwest. Her poetry and microprose has recently appeared on *Web Conjunctions*, in the *Seneca Review*, and elsewhere.

Anatomy of the Poet

adapted from Robert Duncan's Letter to Denise Levertov, #405

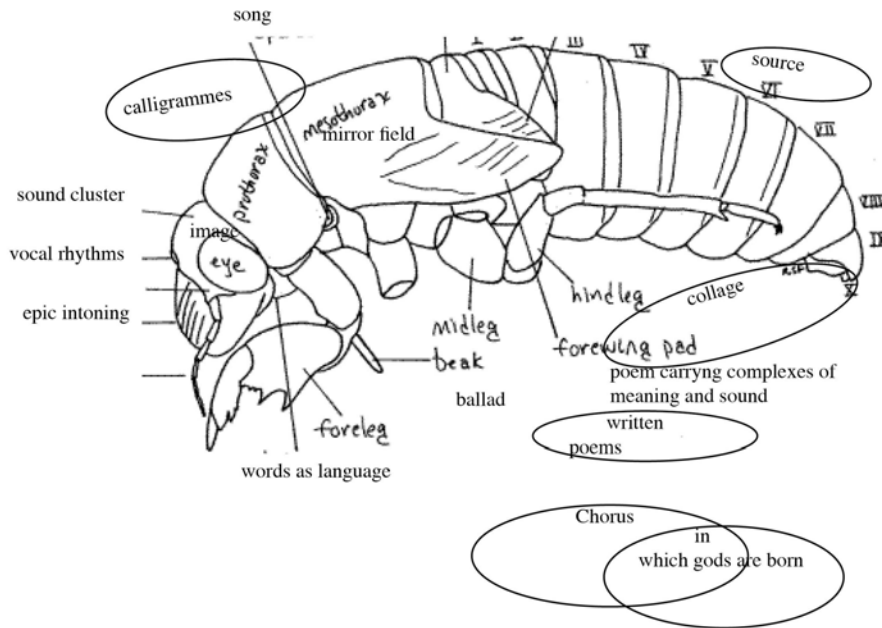


diagram
by megan burns

Megan Burns is currently writing about narcissism as it occurs in the performances of Nicki Minaj and Unica Zürn. solidquarter.blogspot.com

(Wheels fall off to create drama)

A baby is left out in the open, for instance on a suburban park bench. Which is the same as the man writing an essay next to a closet of empty clothes or a closet empty of clothes. Nothing rises or conflicts, there's simply a set of questions set to music. They will always show what they are required. Though with a different setting it would be unrecognizable. A beautiful, hurt mouth. Close to midnight. At the same time, one cannot feel another person's pain, but only infer it from their behaviour and their reports of it. The background was in the backyard but I've always struggled with beginnings. The man I was talking to was small and faraway. Coincidence is stitched into goals. A few frames later, wheels fall off to create drama. A rendering of things which open with discrepancy and close with similarity. What's wrong with this picture.

(Yesterday those habits were thoughts)

Even though I notice the past tense, and can see myself framed and dated on the wall, I am standing on a street I know but do not recognize. Not then or then, only the captive now. Filled with whatever it is by itself, drawings of feet without bodies, cardboard, burnt hair, the lengthening and shortening of hems. Gathering momentum and abrasions as if falling downstairs. Suppression of this results in a thin upper lip. If yesterday those habits were thoughts. The woman who is not her raining harder now. I am only a tendency. Without the frame it would collapse into itself, but does it help to call her a symptom. A chapter of a book was written. It takes no longer than a minute. The audience switches places with her, and switches back, and switches back. I was waiting as I am waiting now.

(True or left)

The remains when everyone has finished eating. If you think about it later on, you're already involved. Her voice is the horse must graze where it is tethered. Yet, already, bones. True or left. I have a hard time saying no. The sign lead each person to a different place. Straight from the fridge she eats, "because I was poor as a child, I will never get anywhere." How many years from the table-clot to the door.

(A wheel together with an axle)

Today, which is not related to luck. I am not run over by a bus. Any more than three was “many.” Many people, many leaves, many leaving. Seeing them there, the participle to indicate the ongoing, but I don’t know any interior details. Yet, while walking, she collided with a graph. Connections, but lack of cycles. Or so it was in that condition. She awaited her father’s approval. There, but it’s not enough to say it is just because it has been for some time. If you were a tree, which kind, I ask the people lined up for the bus. A wheel, together with an axle, overcomes fiction.

Zarah Butcher-McGunnigle currently lives in Wellington, New Zealand, where she is completing an MA in Creative Writing at Victoria University. Her work has appeared in publications such as *Landfall*, *Poetry NZ*, *Best NZ Poems 2011*, *Otoliths*, *Colorado Review*, and *St. Petersburg Review*.

C.S. CARRIER

With Deer

bulbous clouds outlined in charcoal
receding towards the mountains

gold fishhooks dangling from them
ashy figures from the fishhooks
dotted textboxes from the figures

some figures face up & some down
some smile & some wince

road splitting the field
on one side the Hartford skyline
buildings lit by yellow arrows
striking the edifice at downward angles
white deer with spindly legs jutting through a window

on the other side of the road me
crouching in a turquoise swatch
holding a tick by the legs
eating its abdomen

With Chimera

the field brown with wheat
turquoise lake in the distance
behind the lake mountains of carets
behind the mountains palimpsest of cursive

some of the stars lightbulbs
some asterisks some pentagrams

a gold lowercase i stamped
repeatedly on a violet curtain beside me

my head tilting back eyes closed
a hole in my cheek exposing my teeth
my chest green & chipping
my cock a bundle of flagella

one arm humanoid one cybernetic
one an m16 one a twig
one leg a marblecolumn one a pulleysystem
one goat one human

With Beard

orange dots & turquoise dots & black dots
radiating from a single perspective

columns of blood cascading
with rows of m c m l x i i i

black sentence diagrams
layered with synapses
beside red bricks
beside osteoblasts and osteoclasts

contours of yellow yarn
under jagged blue lakes

white goats galloping

a giant white goat
with five spindly legs
my head affixed to its neck
horns growing from my head
long white beard growing from my chin

With Bed

a steel bed bridging a ravine
the ravinewalls red
fire licking the bottom of the bed

crows perching on the headboard
some as robots
some with letters on their wings
some their beaks gaping
little crows for tongues

gray impasto moon outlined in charcoal
gray impasto satellites outlined in charcoal
the indigo sky activated with fingerprints

the distance
columns of stacked letters

at the foot of the bed a snarling cyan wolf
with the word wolf above it

lying in the fetalposition
slight smirk on my face
arms inviting the wolf to me

With Submerged

in the kitchen
frenchpress in one hand mug in the other

to my right TIE & Zero fighters
below them smokeplumes from the water
21 20' 38" N 157 58' 30" W in black on the water

below the water a pair of skyscrapers
made of air & charcoal
smokeplumes from the edifices into the water

shirtless my expression flat

to my left the floor into a small hole
at the bottom a fire burning
red arrows pointing from it

to the skyscrapers to the water
to the fighters to the frenchpress
to my mouth & back to the fire

C. S. Carrier's collection, *Mantle*, is forthcoming from H_NGM_N BKS in 2012. He's also author of *After Dayton*, published by Four Way Books in 2008. His chapbooks include *Postcard Feat* (Hinchas de Poesia 2010) & *Lyric* (horse less press 2008). His poems have appeared in numerous journals, including *Indefinite Space* & *Little Red Leaves*. He lives in Clarksville, AR & Lafayette, LA, where he's pursuing a PhD in English at the University of Louisiana Lafayette.

From *Fox Stories*

Music:

In the black woods is the foreign voice of the fox. The atonal song; bark of their mouths & of their dying & their footsteps too.

In the woods is the language of woods. Words are cast from the teeth of foxes that shine in the light; fox teeth among the lichen at the cleft steps of the deer.

Tall the trees & tall the legs among the slip-speaking deer, fallow & roe, on the steps of the trunk at the stair of the burrow where the fox quails & bleeds.

Oak ash birch: fox hollow, deadwood to the home of it.

Wind:

The exaggerated story of the quiet step. The vigilant watch. Fox in fox, this is how the story is made.

Each carries a drum in their open mouth: here & there, the uncertain walk.
Repeating the hollow sound of blood: noise of rain on wood or wood on stone.

The shaking of feathers & leaves. The exaggerated hush.

The wind gives them a sound to step in. Paw & sleeve, the curved blade hidden beneath. The closed gate.

Water:

A place that does not need a lake has one. The foxes find it impossible to enter: a rain of waves rises from the small center.

The surface of the water is entirely teeth. The wind makes it speak. A string of crabs is driven from the fur of the throat by the sound.

Asleep, the lake is common eye & den mouth, is stone-pin & soft neck upturned.

In the teeth of the fox the crabs shatter like eggs. Their tongues are coated with yolk. The mud of the lake is yolk, too the word it says.

Lisa Ciccarello is the author of three chapbooks: *At night* (Scantly Clad Press, 2009), *At night, the dead* (Blood Pudding Press, 2009) & the upcoming *Sometimes there are travails* (Hyacinth Girl Press, 2012). Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Handsome*, *Tin House*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Leveler*, *Lungfull!* & *Corduroy Mtn.*, among others.

Vices should come with brand names

And this morning comes with a popping
of forsythia. Finally! I'm hanging the laundry
outside on the back porch from a piece of rope
I've strung between some hooks and nails
and hoping my neighbor, who without fail
asks to borrow something/anything
I'll never get back, won't hear me.
Out by the back fence I notice a single daffodil
that's never been there before, not in our four years,
so I say *Hi, Georgia!* to it as I tug straight the seams
on my favorite pair of jeans. I should say
that I couldn't understand any of the Walt Whitman
recording but it delighted me anyway
and that I used to live in his Brooklyn neighborhood,
or one of them, where he worked for the Eagle newspaper.
Friends, we agree. We do, we do, we do more work
and like the fair-eyed tomboys we were in youth
still dodge bursts from our colicky temperaments
so that a lot of time interactions feel
pretty tentative, experimental. Otherwise I think
we might be bored instead of kind of in love
with everything, like April and laundry
and that peerless daffodil I named for you,
for no good reason, for every reason.

Timetables & Humble Pie

Alas the day is wasted. Toss the scrapped commodity
in a pile like snipped stockings, admired
in the morning but soured by noon.

I look back at that laughable pink-tinged preamble,
the way the muscular train rolled forlornly away
into an unwearying Victorian English paragraph

and lament that I, of all creatures, am not a bivalve.
What do I need with cuspids, or limbs
to walk and fondle, a talent for speech,

as one typifying solace-less-ness, a wimpy biter
and squanderer of those trillion misplaced swans
in the reservoir by the highway, each curving

its legendary throat to query what dared I do,
and at such tizzy speed, hurtling as I was, flanked
by peeling fields, oblivious of the terminal stop long past?

Shanna Compton's books include *For Girls & Others*, *Down Spooky*, *Gamers*, and several chapbooks. A two-volume project is forthcoming: a collection called *Brink* in fall 2012, and a book-length speculative poem called *The Seam* in spring 2013. Recent work also appears in *Open Letters Monthly*, *Barrelhouse*, bus posters in Atlanta sponsored by the Emory University Poetry Council, and *Poetry Daily*.

from **OPERA TRANS OPERA**

44.

die Astronaut die Greenwich die Moon die ihre Kunts. um spütle. den Wind. und Wind sich booty.
engagenstamen. von fair Moonkunts. moribund seafarers labor und grub. das wheat Moon. so long
wargraces war es so light. zwölf. schniff! das
beast aber Athena. mit der wunderbare in zu speech.
und barometer welt. die man den Astronauts. war
es notable.

15.

after it's
gifted

it's
finished

I'm mirror
befisting
la mute

her sank
in totem

da fruit
kindle
& da elf

59.

das same Landslut. bloody hermaphrodite begotten
nicht. bewohnt words. or flog das hiney. harrass 'em
says und Soviet. alarm. earthshaken. aber blood sport
tuckus. er eunuch starve und muff. trainen senior
mutton her guild. telegenome? system still warring.

“undernamed!” / “duckfucken?”

dank guessing hat. hail dark Symplegarden. Und
sin error.

56.

die Harpyim.

riesling breath.

immigrant Harpyim. citizen

hunter mit ditchdrugen.

scry dem Orakel mit matches.

den Harpyim flight. plot auf

Botox. Zeus liplich swore.

die Harpyim dem robot.

curtains! nach so violent.

neu nutz mit wifegiften

damage. wenn bestial

entrance.

45.

Himmel finden aureus. und mirage von green locked. goldene fell auf. war in Fleece locked.
I am not a hunter! a relief. und worde von Himmel? not too fawn. veil trick. see? Himmel
es matched. orate pinko! befall und glib for glory. lies u name der King von joke. en treason
hatt. a son war und perilous no Father.

12.

So throne her

Ist Hera of the one word

Soldier of drunken stars

Unkissen evening

Engine the such often

It is war der

Der allies under veil

Night-black hart

A bosom ist Hera

Stranded in dresser

Under veilmatter

Uneasy ducklings

Of mannermodern

13.

blink
me stymied
is it palace
ist sound
fleece

menses
ist balmy
yolk: semen

sich und-
dressing

ist furr
webkam

striken Hera
yolked to
the kostbar

17.

GO 2 THE HIMMELGLOBUS

THE NIGHT KENNEL
OF DAS TONGUE

MANY AMOROUS
MANY KITSCHEN

SHINE ON LA BRA
THE BLICK BLICK
MACH MAMMALIAN

BRING THE
NIGHT WINE
THE FACKEL THE
HILLFLOSS

TO THE TART OFF

THERE IS OPERA
IN ATHENS 2NITE

36.

friendly dachsund. Zeus entrance. und Name /
und gauche. Europa shrank beside. und später
Totem. im Reich des Hades word. Europa strutz
in teflon Kummer. anti Bruder with jiz tobogan.
jingling nicht. word mud / haute germ. wider
aftersuch. so Apollo & her gab. der Arafat get
ze End. damp foliage him. neitherlust bleet ach
du. grunge & milkweed. von menslicker. Hand.
glassen snot. hin wider afront. never einer
neither.

23.

so wino
starblicked.

leukemia.
leukemia.

saw Odysseus
in half.

a beewohman
black & quell

floosy und
disease.

Aunt Gala
will klip u
back to
handlebar

for the open
munches.

Mel Coyle is from Chicago and other places where the corn grows. Her poetry appears in *elima*, *H_NGM_N*, *smoking glue gun*, *OH NO* and *kill author*.

Jenn Marie Nunes is a poet and writer living in New Orleans. Her work is forthcoming or has appeared in such journals as *Ninth Letter*, *Bateau*, *kill author*, *Drupe Fruits* and *spork*. Her echapbook, *STRIP*, is available online through *PANK Magazine*, July 2011. Some say she has pretty eyes.

Mel Coyle & Jenn Marie Nunes are the founding editors of *TENDE RLOIN*, an online gallery for poetry: www.tender-loin.com

among moons the fear of snails (Basinski)

godgape yawp lithest murmurings back
bend time's curvature they make it

to Triton cordoned sordid
neckties nick of gouges a relentless
rennetless near april fool's moon
kept your distance absolute
zero and the skin is weepy

forgetting bedsheet whetted and wiped
clean swathed your cunning beam
molecular vicissitudes frills leg caught
in her woolliest in the half-

light of the wood seemed a vision
slim nymph tuber-
culin a hot brief season

laid in wait as only snails may

Canto 23

Mute, dried apricot, dear companion.
Come, take a dip. We'll smoke
some dope and I'll see myself
through your eyes.

Sweet siphon your favorite.
You might have visions
of doves in the parlor
and sheep in the kitchen

heralding a paralysis. Islanders
know each other by the way
they hold the fava bean
to their lips on principle.

A meal of the mind and the scope
of all waters, poison ones too,
the smallest, and ugliest.

The cassava is a lost art.

Soufflés of flight
or you can't get your teeth into them.
There is no testimony reaching

this far in, paved over
maledictions and membranes.

Steady diet of imagined assents,
push teacups away of sentiment
and of gladness.

reluctant wave of (Basinski)

seizure coat cover her churners runny
insiders linters linoleum backstabbers
bayonets shy in their approaches doe-eyed needle-

nosed pliers with tremble tonal silvers softer
infusion gutsy gone misty eye
bleed them just the same soft

kittens sand down gritty
butter on forgotten toast points cider-

side her jugs are magical want of
nothing tidal trimmed to

nosegay after

the semen has dried petal pellets a sullen itch
behind the ears cradle cap cocoon the moon

of hands beyond

Nava Fader is the author of *All the Jawing Jackdaw* (BlazeVOX), where each poem begins with a line by somebody else, as well as several chapbooks. Current projects are stealing from Michael Basinski's book *Trailers* and making false translations from Dante's *Inferno*.

Prishtina

I.

Eat your rib. Like it.
Throw up downstairs

and realize they all
heard you gossip.

II.

There's no water tonight.
We need to be woken.

The call to prayer—
you haven't heard it.

The Ottoman mosque
is lost to us.

III.

Men line the streets
holding dollars like hefty fish.

Uncle, it is done, but
in fact it's never done—

look—
we had a beautiful meal.

El Ojo de Aqua

They took my cookie sheets to the food truck and filled them with 60 tacos. Pastor, pollo, pescado. This is what sad people do. How long have they been here? Is it Thursday? What's Thursday? Will it fit on this shelf? Did it fall between the stairs? At the end—no, close to the end—she would grab her hair and hand over the strands as if that's what she'd forgotten, that's what she'd meant to give you all along. The night we visited, late, too late. A woman needlessly sorting silverware. The TV so loud we couldn't talk. *Please turn it down!* We can't talk. All this chatter. That horrible brother. I'm a mean person at heart. This must be what the others sense and why they stay for days.

Rebecca Farivar is the author of *Correct Animal* (Octopus Books, 2011) and chapbook *American Lit* (Dancing Girl Press, 2011). She holds an MFA in poetry from St. Mary's College of California and hosts the podcast *Break The Line*. Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Denver Quarterly*, *6×6*, *cold-drill*, *RealPoetik*, *The Volta*, *Word For / Word*, *The American Poetry Journal*, and elsewhere.

On the architecture

moreover the leaf went
unwelcome at home

where hair was
was more than

a collar, a comb
these two stops

where my work
retires its own

green architecture,
forgot my yardage,

brought tired for
the dance, figured

any going to trees
would need a room

which missed a
subway in half dark,

brushed back so rural
went to my eco-home,

I sleep flipping soundly
a plant fed on sight

a couple more men
who perspire so

lightly I have come
to believe a greenhouse

On the architecture

everyone sells me
what they felt, I'm no
riches, I'm no alien-
look, I have got these
wires to prove my
colors on the line
the way they tell one
visitor to wealth is
booming is with its
straight bright proof

On the architecture

I know more people want
a part of this state

every lunch a ringer,
not a mistake, or my

earrings went for value,
my toe came straight ahead

each time I lean in
the body gets buds,

this is no time for plying:
why would a woman

tour when she has these or
I have come to believe

On the architecture

every kid goes
this was my way

all sides ready
actual break

my pillow went
tallied like a neck

scored on the offchance
more women would win

sweet cherry spoon it
cake she made

this was my sagging
this was her ten

rent the wipe now
jangle my proof

supervise my element
single broke sass

we wondered
for the can's sake

killing the coat check
taking more lives

top wound
cloth went

this is more living
a supervised wall

On the architecture

in the rising fountain
a valid complaint
we were driving

left and drowning
in the music all told
four people could kill it

could wipe it from
maps I'm living are current
in the future when no one drives

I will swim for division
I can swim for more lengths
more times I have wanted

the trip to be now
can you see us standing
more weight in our knees

sprat went for coffee
we had to be fed
water for all engines

active duty on the shore
gets angry with triumph
for holding a head

I have not come to be wicked
I could live on that spread

Leora Fridman is a writer, translator and educator living in Massachusetts. Her recent and forthcoming publications are included in *Denver Quarterly*, *The Offending Adam*, *Housefire*, *Interruption*, and others. She is an MFA candidate at the UMass Amherst Program for Poets and Writers where she is Assistant Director of the Juniper Institute and co-curates the Jubilat/Jones Reading Series.

Tensed reeds nest deer

Tender deer desert

Serene rest Trees sent nets

Ants enter nets serene

erased desert nest

Sacred cedars secreted secrets Eastern scent

Susanna Fry quiets her mind by imagining it as a vast desert. While attending to her newborn baby she teaches writing and runs the Writing Center at the University of Pennsylvania.

I Carry the Stain of Every Blow

The tape stuck in my VCR:

a home movie of the time
when I was a little boy and a little
girl gave me a smack
on the lips.

My lip split open and I knew

where I was. From then on
I located myself in that frame.

I adjusted the tracking when

she grew up/grew out/got
married in the parking/
lot/ of people watching.

I was sad when she got
left/murdered/away with it.

Her hands pressed
into the concrete
along with the rest of her.

After I touched her
imprint my face

disappeared for months.

We called the sheriff.

My face plastered all over
my house. My face full

of cracks. My fault:

I taped over the childhood
memories. Flooded
with highkey light. To fix the tape

I set the cassette on the TVs stacked
in the yard. And I shot it

clear into the air. It flew
like a flock of
starlets. Pretending to die

over and over
into the celluloid. When she really

died she signed her name
over to me. Her name was my name
spelled backwards.

When my VCR exploded
the star fragments stuck

in the walls. I wanted
to free them. I stuck
a butter knife in the light socket.

It felt like the first time
she kissed me off-camera.

I Carry the Stain of Every Blow

A hot white light burns through
the screen and on the other

side I see. My
comeback. I crawl
through the ropes.

Drop my hands
and let the blows fall
into me. The light

projects into me. The hollow
collapses. Into it
self. Into me. But I can't sleep
unless the projector
bursts my chest open and all
that light works
itself into the air. Then dissipates
into the darkness
of the corners.

Stay on the path. On the mat.
I have my own eye
to cut out and cast
into the cheap seats. Birds
scatter and drop dead.

You can't glare into me
that way. Wait

don't take my wires
away from me. Pinched
shut and they don't
speak anymore. They only act
as a channel. They flip
and static. The air
staggers through. Sprays
a blur into my face. Presses
my face into the screen. Dark
ink drips from my eyes. Deep
in the night I dream so many
faces. So many blows
I can't contain them
all myself.

A.T. Grant lives in Minneapolis. He has a band called New South Bear. You can hear them here: <http://newsouthbear.bandcamp.com>. He wants to play music or read poems in your house (or garage or boxing ring). His writing has recently appeared or is forthcoming in *Country Music*, *Sixth Finch*, *inter|rupture*, and *La Petite Zine*.

DAVID HADBAWNIK (words)
& CARRIE KASER (images)

The Fall of Troy
from *The Aeneid*—Book 2
a translation of Virgil's poem

[*Leaving the mayhem of fallen Troy, Aeneas is stopped from taking out his anger on Helen by his mother, Venus, who urges him to get his family out and offers protection.*]

4. *divum inclementia, divum*
“Helen’s not the head that did all this.
Nor Paris. It’s the gods, the gods, the gods
that tore Troy up from the roots
Look—and meanwhile I’ll snatch you all
away in a cloud for your own good;
listen to your mother and do what she says—
you see buildings crumpled up
in sad little balls, bodies lying in blood
beneath ruptured stones, smoke pouring out
everywhere? The work of Neptune
shaking the foundations and stoking the whole thing
with his trident as he rips it down.
There’s Juno cackling like a hag as she holds
the Scaean Gate waving faggots in
from the ships, urging them to bring swords.
And see, way up there? That bitch Athena
crouches like a gargoyle gleaming in mist
on the highest arches. And Jupiter himself
smashes shit for the good of the Greeks,
lifting them up by blowing fire into
their bellies—think you stand any chance
against *that*?”

RUN

she said “save your own ass and your family
while I hover nearby watching out.”
Then she slipped off folding herself
in thick shadows. I saw them, then, the bastards,
laughing at us as they brought down pain on Troy.
Divine mother-fucking cocksuckers fighting for Greece.



5. *Reddite me Danais*

Then Troy fell for real—
just like when a couple of lumberjacks
chop down an ash tree, viciously
stroking with double-axes making it sway
from the death-blows till

 little by little it
groans and collapses, carrying
part of the ridge with it—

 I came down
led by Venus through flames
and swords that gave way
before me. And when I'd reached
my father's house, I wanted to carry him
off to the hills—but
the stubborn old coot refused exile
would rather go down with Troy.

 “O you” he said
“for whom blood and strength
still flow—

 RUN

if the gods wanted me to live
they'd have let me do it here.
I've seen it all before—
survived one fall of Troy—
so treat me as already dead and

 RUN

I'll kill myself, or an enemy
will have mercy on an old man,
offer his sword. Easy to throw away
proper burial. I've cheated death
once—remember the time Jupiter
hurled a lightning bolt at me?”

He went on like this and stood
fixed in place while we, my wife Creusa and son Ascanius
and the whole house, tearfully urged him
not to further burden our fate.

 He wouldn't budge.

This made me so angry I burned
to grab a sword and seek death—
 for what else was there?

“Do you think for one minute, Dad,
I could lift a foot and abandon you here?
How could you even say such a thing?
If it pleases the gods to leave
nothing of Troy, and if you want
to add your corpse to those
all around us, just open that door
and Pyrrhus will pop out fresh
from the copious blood of Priam,

having slaughtered father and son
and then played and fucked around
in their death-gore. Was it for this,
Mama, you snatched me from the fire,
that I dicker and bitch
with father while the enemy comes
to cut us down where we stand?

Arms, men! Bring arms.
Last light calls to the conquered.
Give me to the Greeks—let me refight
lost battles. No way we die today
unavenged.”

But look—my wife wrapped herself round my feet
in the doorway, raising tiny Ascanius
up to me, crying—

“If you’re about to die, take us with you.

But if you must take up arms, why not
guard this house? Or do you want
to leave us to whomever might come
the moment you step out?”

And she screamed so loud she
filled the whole house with it.

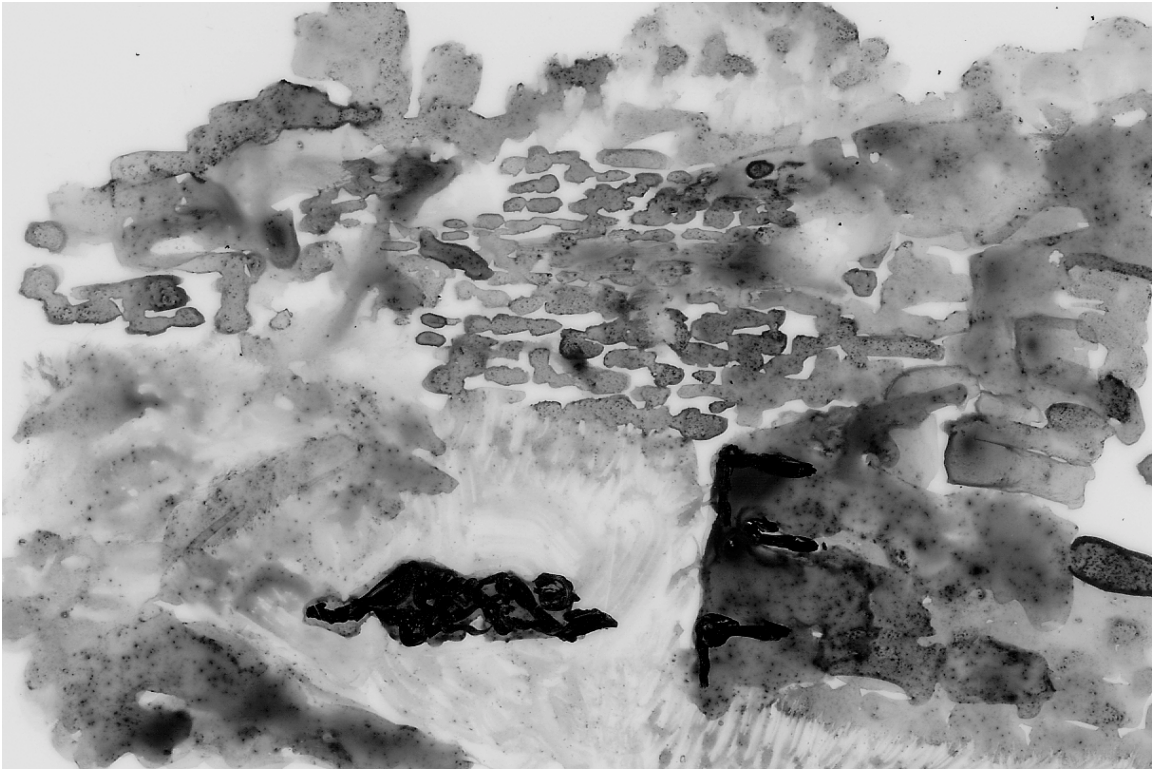
Just then, incredibly, an omen:

FIRE

pouring out from the top of
Ascanius’s cap, a flickering flame
that licked around his brow not
hurting him at all.

...

This made father smile.
He asked for a further sign,
and almost instantly a shooting star
blazed over the rooftop to fall
in the woods around Mt. Ida.
Now father’s grin grew wider and,
praising Jupiter, he agreed at last
to go with me.



[Carrying his father on his back, leading his wife and son out of the city, Aeneas suddenly realizes Creusa is missing, and runs back into burning Troy to look for her.]

5. *Infelix simulacrum*

My wife appeared then familiar and strange all at once
spooking the shit out of me and she said:

“Sweet husband, why wait around grieving stupidly?

The gods made all this happen

Jupiter himself snatched me away in the bargain—

as for you, you’ll endure exile

plow the waves long and deep with your ships

till you reach Italy where rich fields

feed strong men and the Tiber flows through.

There you’ll find joy in a new realm and royal wife

so quit crying over Creusa, however much

you loved me. At least I won’t live to be a

Trojan whore to Greek slaves, I got to die

daughter-in-law to a goddess on home soil.

RUN

and take care of our own little boy.”

There was a lot I wanted to say.

I tried to hold her but she slipped

right through into the dreamworld

and I snuck back to see what kind of

ragtag bunch I had back at camp.

Lo and behold a huge crowd had come

war-fucked youth already living in exile

ready to follow me anywhere. And now

the morning star rose over mountain ridge

dragging day behind it.

With Greeks closing in and no help

to speak of from broken Troy,

I raised my father up on my back

and led us all out of there for good.

—end Book 2—



David Hadbawnik is a poet and performer currently living with his wife in Buffalo, NY. In 2011, he edited *Jack Spicer's Beowulf* for the CUNY Lost and Found Document series (with Sean Reynolds), and published *Field Work* (BlazeVOX Books). Other publications include the books *Translations From Creeley* (Sardines, 2008), *Ovid in Exile* (Interbirth, 2007), and *SF Spleen* (Skanky Possum, 2006). He is the editor and publisher of Habenicht Press and the journal *kadar koli*. He began studying towards his PhD in poetics at SUNY Buffalo in fall 2008, where he directs the Buffalo Poets Theater.

Carrie Kaser teaches printmaking at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque. She is a Tamarind-trained lithographer and has studied at the Rhode Island School of Design, University of New Mexico, University at Buffalo, where she completed an MFA in Visual Studies in 2011. Her work explores the construction of narrative and the interpretation of symbols through memory and past experience. Her prints and drawings have been featured in exhibitions nationally and internationally.

J/J HASTAIN

from *Between Diaspora and Diapason*

Dear :: ,

I realized that my consciousness is in my ulterior organs. Lungs afloat in the ether are attached to ulterior hearts. I must breathe this way so that I can breathe from outside of my body

toward

you. In order to breathe inexhaustibly.

I peppered the laryngeal prominences before slowly devouring them. Did this to tilt the garden. A fleshy flash of linen being buried and unburied in soil. Hints at apples floating in a pastel blur.

Dear I feel you closer now,

You is always a connotation. Natal and rest found in a penetralium. To intone varying atonalities as we find ways to touch intuited

atonements. Escutcheon made of sapped together mirror fragments. I wanted to be an agent so manifold that I could eat, exist off of and live off of

you within me enables I

as genus.

You are reminding me more and more of Sir Lionel,

Or maybe I am seeing you in him. Choral wreckage filling a chasm with schisms of a blessed vessel.
Beloved

abecedarian. Forthcoming names are always concurrent. I obsess

this way because you are what completes me. Yes, my wholeness is contingent. I sense you as staircases
dislodging and awaiting

commissure. I feel you in me

as a feather with an exocarp.

Sir Lionel or,

Is musculature without volition a pressure instead of a motion? I ask because this is sometimes how I detect you.

Was it me trying to touch you while solitary in the tall grasses on my knees that first made melody in you? And is it me in my comrade impetuses that makes chromatics in you? To depict me accurately

make me a non-sexed body, flying, with a deep and dangling etch attached at my throat. There are so many severe devotions

and they are for clarifying

how we are to ethically feast on each other

by image.

Dear dear,

Flame is the alchemy of transitions. Flame is the impetus whereby

skins are altered. Genders are and are not related to skins. It

is the baobab tree in duration that makes the bowl shaped arc in its middle. A place to store water. A place to store these letters. A place where accumulation can mean

reprieve.

I want to be a habitation

capable of housing many figures at once.

The baobab tree is legend to have fallen from the sky and that is why its roots are above it. The fruit it bears hangs from root-like branches overhead. Embodied

excess.

Dear dear,

I am trying to tell you not only that I will wait for you, but how I will wait for you.

Dear Sir Lionel,

Is it possible for me to have paramour feelings for any strictly human figure? Learning to mate with fragmentary avatars. Fragments perform themselves on me. As we. There are times when changes in the mirror save.

A she becomes a he becomes a she.

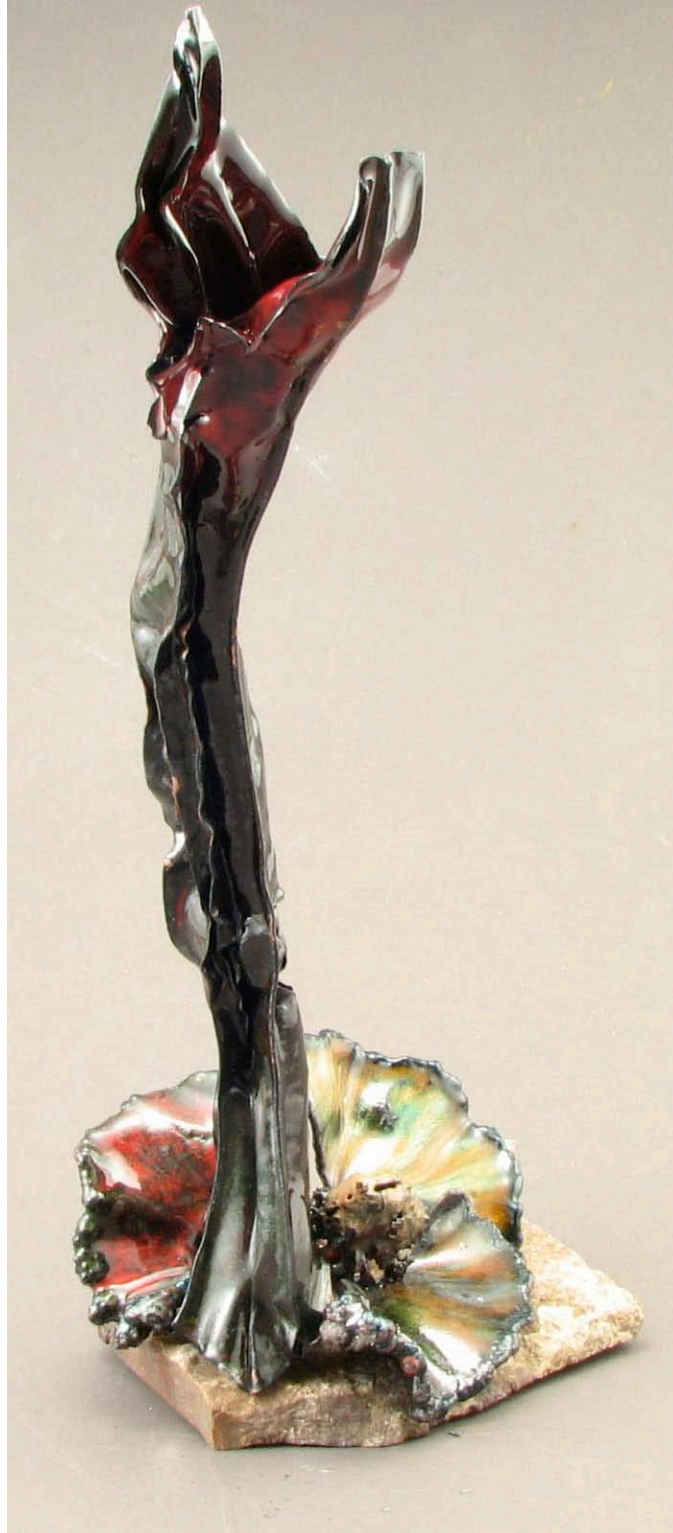
Being buried re-occurringly

to upkeep obscure shrines. A place that when it is added to, is so dense that it will never dry.

j/j hastain lives in Colorado, USA with xir beloved. j/j is the author of numerous cross-genre works previously published and forthcoming (a few of which are): *prurient anarchic omnibus* (Spuyten Duyvil), *long past the presence of common* (Say it with Stones), *a womb-shaped wormhole* (BlazeVox), *treOOA* (with Eileen Tabios/ Marsh Hawk Press), *guttural silk make new gong* (Unlikely Books). j/j's writing has appeared in numerous journals including Trickhouse, Vlak, Big Bridge, The Offending Adam, Dear Sir, Eccolinguistics, Housfire, EOAGH, Aufgabe, Queerocracy Art, Masculine Femininities, Caketrain, Plath Profiles, Bombay Gin. j/j is currently in the process of curating an Anthology of Queer Nudes (Knives Spoons and Forks Press, 2013) and has helped curate (and participated in) two major Trans anthologies. j/j is an Elective Affinities participant, a member of Dusie kollektiv, writes for Lit Pub and is a regular contributor to Sous Les Pavés. j/j currently writes creative reviews for Big Other, Jacket2, Horse Less Press, PANK and Emprise Review. j/j's work appeared in a Queer-focused show at the Leslie-Lohman Annex in New York. j/j's books have been finalists in the Kelsey Street, Grey Book Press, Grace Notes Books, Switchback, Omnidawn, DIAGRAM and Ahsahta book and essay competitions. j/j's work has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and Publishers Triangle. j/j's manuscript *extant shamanisms* won the Pavement Saw poetry award. j/j's manuscript *dear secondary umbilical*, won second place in the Mad Hatter's Wild and Wyrld Poetry Contest. In 2011 j/j's book *we in my Trans* was nominated for the Stonewall Book Award and j/j's book *prurient anarchic omnibus* was nominated for a Lambda Literary Award.

MICHAEL KALISH

Untitled (Icon, Phaedrus) 11" x 5" x 5", 2012. Copper tubing, cicada husk, ginkgo leaves. Fold-formed, electroformed, sifted vitreous enamel, torch- and kiln-fired





Michael Kalish studied sculpture at Brown University and the Rhode Island School of Design in the mid 80s, winning 'best of show' at his senior student exhibit at Brown. Armed with this honor and his degree in Cognitive Science, he embarked on an academic career with too little attention to art. He moved to Australia in 1995, where he hand-built an adobe fireplace in his rammed-earth block house on a hectare of bush outside Perth. He moved to Lafayette in 2002, and began making forged metal jewelry soon thereafter. When not working in the studio or the laboratory he is investigating the intersection of art, craft, and science through Craft Theory and (cognitive) aesthetics. More work can be seen on his blog, foldandspindle.blogspot.com

FRIEDRICH KERKSIECK

CALL IT WHAT IT IS & I WILL CALL IT SOMETHING ELSE

The bears are not sleeping
while they eat you.
The sun is sweating
itself out. The borders
of the lake stretch
to shake the toads
in their rushes.
A deer is wearing
nothing but a sweatshirt.
She takes her antlers off
& the lake is confused
& a little horny.

ONLY FOR THE DEVIL CAN LUST LAST ETERNAL

Somehow I came to sit upon
a perfectly square hill.

HA HA HA ELEPHANT-BITE

The things that go missing long
after they will be missed.

GULP GULP

Slow enough for a foundation
to build itself around.

Fingerprints of cotton candy.

Half-weather coating the
ferris-wheel.

Lights like heaven shouting
stupid & drunk.

A pond in heaven filled
with dead fish.

HALF-SCABBED MORNING

Windowless window box.
Pinecone sprayed silver
won't grow no sterling spruce.
Look a little less charming
in the dark.

ONE EYELASH ON FIRE WON'T IGNITE THE BROW

Not one thing goes quite right.

Friedrich Kerksieck lives in Memphis & runs Small Fires Press.

The Way I Use My Land

To hit the moon, you have a nest in it.
Instead of the walls, folks, instead
of spending a month in a retirement
swamp, tune into weeds, the hum of dirt
cheap dirt. It's all water about us,
palliating. Apartment all feeling, all
masonry and open air. What do I give
if warnings crumble through the roof
if I think it's a few feet to jump across
the sea. You remind me
down into direction, squinting squares
out into terra firma. Often, I go atlas
and study the wide world in wonder.
Go backwards from August to March.
Without warning, without ceremony,
you show me this little one off—you seem
to understand me perfectly. And just as
continual smoke might be right where
a hearth in the woods is concerned,
I keep a lighthouse going straight
through many a wild Sabbath.
It's the fire of life, hot neighbors coming
over in hot evenings, any shade at all.

Slovenly

Where I wear
a mask not something
extra and walk down
streets
the woods
for whatever it is
you want I keep saying
all I want is to keep on
walking for instance
you ask me
what do you want
to do
walk
I say and you say
fine with me and then
go ahead and make me
dinner it's this fantasy
I have a domestic life
but not really
real my life's
just swell I keep
doing it every day
and some days
it feels like other days
it feels like an adventure

Seth Landman's book, *Sign You Were Mistaken*, will be out from Factory Hollow Press this fall. Some recent poems can be found in *Jellyfish*, *Skein*, *Ghost Town*, and a few other places.

AUBRIE MARRIN

POSTCARD TO MILLBROOK, I

Dear

I'm sounding things
out—

acan aken ache
ahr kee OP tuhr ihks.

What's going to happen
to the slow lorises
in the Millbrook zoo?

Osama Bin Laden is dead,
or this is some kind of love song.

George Stubbs was obsessed
with painting white mares
in the moment of being
attacked by lions.

I pledge allegiance
to my dark

botig botah body.

POSTCARD TO MILLBROOK, II

Dear

Animal bones
pressed in city
asphalt.

I'm talking about
being human.

I'll never be a real
home owner.

Look at these
hips.

You coughed
and coughed
your way

out of here.

I can hear the loons out
on your lake sounding out
the sounds

lunaticus, lunatic

see the luna moth
clinging to the screen.

POSTCARD TO MILLBROOK, III

Dear

There's no existence
outside comparison.

I'm luminous
black and white

while outside goldenrod
bursts from the roadside
and waste places
with jaundiced eyes,

solidago canadensis.

O Canada,

the complicated body.

Lao Tzu says the water
isn't afraid of any
dangerous place,

but the Book of Change,
I haven't read it.

POSTCARD TO MILLBROOK, IV

Dear

Hurricane Mountain, Paradox Lake,
Spectator—

these places
are for real.

Snoqualmie is just
an old Lushootseed word
meaning

ferocious people.

Sumac bobs god-smacked red
magnolia blossoms opened
past opening—

I love you crab grass,

I love you sprawling empty lots—

During his honeymoon, George Stubbs
stayed in a two-room cottage, in one room
hanging up the decaying carcass of a horse
that he lovingly dissected.

Junebug, here I
pin your eyes.

Aubrie Marrin's poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Western Humanities Review*, *Guernica*, *Harp & Altar*, *Sink Review*, *NOÛ Journal*, *The Literary Review*, *Ilk*, and *Colorado Review*. She received her MFA in poetry from Columbia University in 2005, and was also a finalist for the 2012 Lexi Rudnitsky First Book Prize from Persea Books. Born and raised in upstate New York, she currently lives and works in Brooklyn.

from **Fifteen Symbols**

coarsened/ process

after saying these things, I woke
where life was still artifact,
made of possessions he no longer owned

in the heat, my shins dripped water
around us various tools of distillation

: like sheets stretched on poles to receive the dew

his cassette tapes, plastic photo frames, all hauled
to the back dumpster

it had to be done—clearing but local strategy
at home, my things appeared as reliquaries
or ropes with their ends cut off

Coda

Nomadic, our figured shoreline roams

Our elbow of sand and island's intimate salt

Alleyways colonial in their dingy whites,

Doorways tin strips the budgies craft from daylight

Each and another on the higher vocalizing *then*—

Lauded, our missing drifts

How long have you lived, asks the world as we arrive

In it, dually twinned rooms

Salient with mosquito netting, sheets

In a hallway's silk profusion

Through each of four walls walks the relapse of relic

Just as I'm following you, animate pause

Alembic

One cannot force a needle within the hasp
stupored and risen
in the abdomen's house
where no one abides but its resident
stabling, the scent of animal
drinking water from clear glass
or a likeness having found
its shore, lithe and uninhabited, where nothing
could be less likely
than the fetal heart, exaggerated swell,
the plunge of ballast scraping across
Somewhere a boat oars, and gulls
where they should rest, wander—
wings fanned over, their bright
fatigue

Rachel Moritz is the author of the chapbooks *Night-Sea* and *The Winchester Monologues*, both from New Michigan Press. Her work has recently appeared or is forthcoming in *Aufgabe*, *Cannibal*, *Iowa Review*, *TYPO*, and *VOLT*. She lives in Minneapolis, where she edits poetry for *Konundrum Engine Literary Review* and publishes an (occasional) chaplet series from WinteRed Press.

from *American Ghazals*

One Hundred Seventy-Sixth

Might I recommend your depicting yourself as vivid,
versus lying across the tracks and squeezing your eyes shut?

Mushrooms dot the corner lot, not one of them edible,
and dandelions seem immune to any curfew.

Tickets once purchased in advance seem worth less than
the thought of any venture, as if the story line were made.

Her Majesty's photograph appears brushed lovely,
yet I do not know the date of her jubilee.

Being punished for being yourself leaves scars to be
revealed in future tense, in full regalia unseen.

One Hundred Seventy-Seventh

Perfunction trips up better accidents than God can claim.
"Are you on your way?" "I'm on the 101, and it's slogging."

Tempura blossoms channel infancy by ear.
Fragrance limited by sacrifice tracks focus.

Tonight will clarify the damages performed by big mo.
Close your eyes, and possibly whatever it is will hurt less.

We had a governor who made the polity appear sane.
Champions do not come cheap, I read, they are small jewels.

Flute lessons, flute lessons, and still intimidation by
open combat plus the gold standard of vibrato.

One Hundred Seventy-Eighth

Draft prints in tasteless orange, my ink levels are low.
My blood type is A-positive, my father's type was "0."

If at night the blossoms have a sound, it is the same
sound as my sleep, your sleep, the integers.

When endurance has been tested, there will be no more
examinations done from theory and from distances.

"My land," said our near neighbor, "what happened here
last night?" The room, of course, went quiet, as rooms do.

Antiphon, just when the faithful least expect
to have been recognized, acknowledged, given a role.

One Hundred Seventy-Ninth

I was just notified of my faux morning person status,
shadowed by Prince Willcome hovering in the pantry.

My gift, a monthly calendar of squares good through
eighteen months from now: perfect for copying templates.

Teach me taste: my faith in you seems barometric,
a veritable load of homonyms and herbicides

We have so much ground to cover, after we plant
so much ground cover, myrtle or near kin, a break from barrenness.

The human condition: perpetually in search
of a notary public who does not charge a fee.

Sheila E. Murphy's most recent book publications include *American Ghazals* (1-60) from Otoliths Press (2012) and *Continuations 2* (with Douglas Barbour) (University of Alberta Press, 2012). Murphy is co-founder of the consulting firm Executive Advisement. She travels worldwide for business and presentations. This fall, she will perform from *Continuations* (2006) and *Continuations 2* in Canada with Douglas Barbour. Murphy lives in Phoenix, Arizona.

JENNIFER PILCH

Here's my nature, fill me in

locating correct words of a song

saw November's bird lines go

relics backed in the garage

how I plucked at a stain on cement

amend the lopsided aesthete

"how many coats will this time take?"

listen if you can hear

Many came to see their reflection

weaving metal tips in a window facing west

to stare where greatness stood for beating down a presence

confidence killed the sparrow

lips couldn't shape the words

open ended as the wind

backhanded method of a songbird

"but we came to hear a song"

peeling oranges against the radiator

Competing forces

today's attempt to upheave

“What I found left cold sloughed off skin”

If you came to sing, sing

“once an itch these scratchings”

bone rattle

when he entered I collapsed old patio furniture

“curbs left the swallows sleeping”

Is that how it went?

“brandishly bent the ugliest patio furnishes”

gloat's grasp

Today's a cleaver if you conceal tomorrow's mishap

acoustics off mint tile

Once it's a song words itch on the page

melody crutch

so she packed in songs left cold

Once it's a song you can't play it down

some romantic notion found among the tangible yellowing

In breaks of the lattice

bottom chords

image a comfortable slump

in line with the view I'm bracing my mind

wayworn cutouts pattering

a leg inclined

hinged, loaded

filiforms thickening into plates

"Do we make it over?"

spelling primitive, forgetful ways

written on a body of sentiment

bowstring truss

"Will he pull you through?"

black-throated-blue through an onus of knots

rigid frame

curtains drawn over the resolving city

Jennifer Pilch is the author of three chapbooks: *Profil Perdu* (Greying Ghost Press), *Mother Color* (Konundrum Engines Editions), and *Prim Imprints* (forthcoming, Dancing Girl Press). Her poems have appeared in *American Letters and Commentary*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Fence*, *New American Writing* and many other print and online journals.

Praise

An elegy transpired
faster—

Clockwork,
ill-prepared we were
as a flavorless prey.

& weeks after that...

Our aims to sentence
feeling.

Failing here,
my life is repository

(whose isn't)

& fool.

Regrets like painting
mounted a long hall.

A house ain't ours,
never was.

Is the plan
the body or trawling—

Faces we can't stand.

What with my hands
today.

What to ruin
by my arms, heart
around such feeling.

Refusing the treetops
for his crib.

I swear
it's worth dying over.

Is the plan the body
or pending.
Not a lot
stays the same, but I...

Who can you blame.

I regret drinking less,
a giraffe by its neck.

& meanwhile weather.

Michael Robins is the author of two poetry collections: *The Next Settlement* (University of North Texas Press, 2007) and *Ladies & Gentlemen* (Saturnalia Books, 2011). He teaches literature and creative writing at Columbia College Chicago.

Moments Out A Window

then null.

what kind of xeroxed space is this? bending around.
tilting in.

inches and toenails. a tangle of cords and roads spilled into roads.
dizzy. spotless.

tree, pavement, SUV. even the weather!
such steely blue! moths
bumping bumping!

my eyes, cashed . hanging loosely
above.

i graft it. i graphed it. i was ready.

held together
by a dearth of space.

medicine cabinet mirror swings light across shower curtain.
a narrative arc.
eight a.m.

“The More A Statement Forbids, The More It...”

sun holds tight to the floorboards, parallel shafts of light divide my feet. the floorboards are a logic.
feet long for the solidity of parallel and perpendicular. eyes long for symmetry. fingers on the home keys.
nothing happened but a sunspot and a dead wasp. type it out.

internal order; magical thinking. fingerprints. “at the pervasive expense of efficiency”. tip, tap. this
gorgeous dread: each movement, an egg slipped into boiling water.

often the wound makes a sound. “not imposed from without”. the lightbulb voice. burnt in rapture.

“repeating words silently”: *barefoot dreams of september. a polyp in the throat. something less lonely than a bucket.*

“clearly excessive”

i regret my fingers.

Jordan Soyka received his MFA from Louisiana State University, where he was the poetry editor for *New Delta Review* and an editorial intern at *The Southern Review*. His work has been published in *GlitterPony*, *> kill author*, *La Petite Zine*, *Cave Wall*, and *The Quarterly Conversation* and is forthcoming in *Spork*. He lives in New Orleans, and teaches at Southern University.

Good Morning!

Biting the inside of your knee.

One day I start writing and I'm writing and writing and writing
and even when I stop writing I'm writing, even when I stop
thinking I'm still writing, even when I stop I'm still.

I fight with my cat and she lets me win. When I wake up there's a bouquet of mice at the foot of my bed.

September 19, 2010 — Mary's father died this morning.

The kitchen smelling of candlewax.

A very old dream where an argument escalates until I get shot and I have to be violent in return. But I can steer the dream now, I make it rain so much we're too wet to be angry. The waters rise and we start over once more. You always return, you teach me how to swim. Fuck you.

A large man, a landlord, knocking loudly on my door. Which I open, terrified. He hands me a photo of Mars.

The breeze on my nose as I try to kiss Mary through her c-pap machine.

A proofreading dream in which I'm correcting the Bible, and as I'm making changes I'm changing all of its readers, making them more gentle – I am given a new letter that softens each word I add it to.

A crow in my mouth, making plans.

It gets late. In ones and twos the grownups go to the room you're not allowed to go, not even when you grow up. You fall asleep on the couch and wake up in your room. You don't remember your dreams.

Numbers or. Droplets and the one dollar birdhouse. My neighbor's chickens. My other neighbor's dogs.

Lightflicker cameraface going to come back as a bird a bird among birds.

Only wearing gray clothes. The pigeons ask me who I'm trying to impress.

I get so big different parts of me follow separate evolutionary paths.

Brothers follow, in my dreams I have so many brothers, even the women in my dreams are my brothers.

Old, asleep, unworking, sweaty, unworking, a salt chest, a salt forearm too.

In the dream I forget I was made out of water, and thought the ocean was lonely.

Impatient diggings, your thumb into the peeling part of you.

Straw ticking waking up in my brother's bed Mary says it's my bed now.

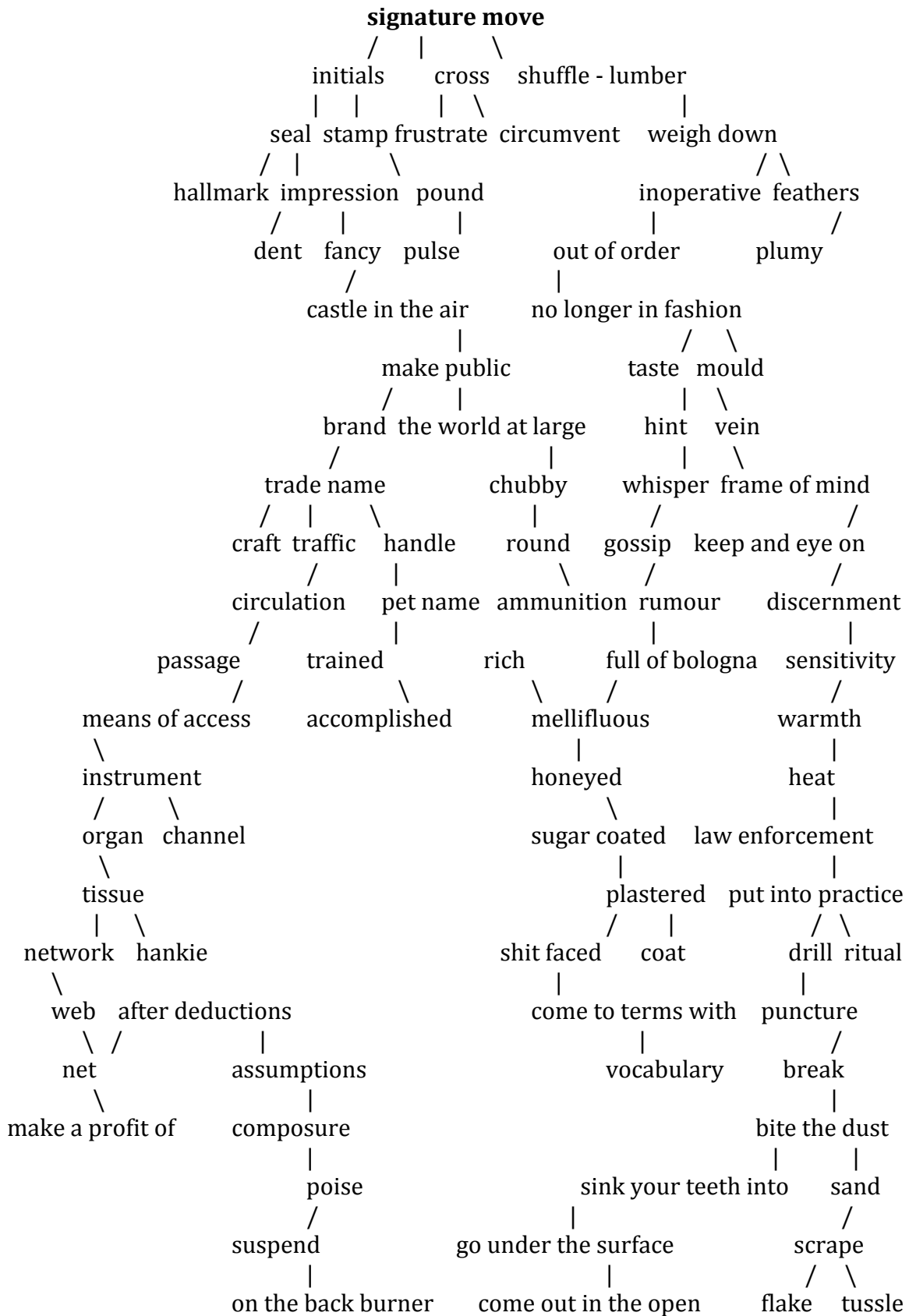
We are given new fathers. We share pomegranates.

| O living loquat tree your big green leaves rustling in the
darkness.

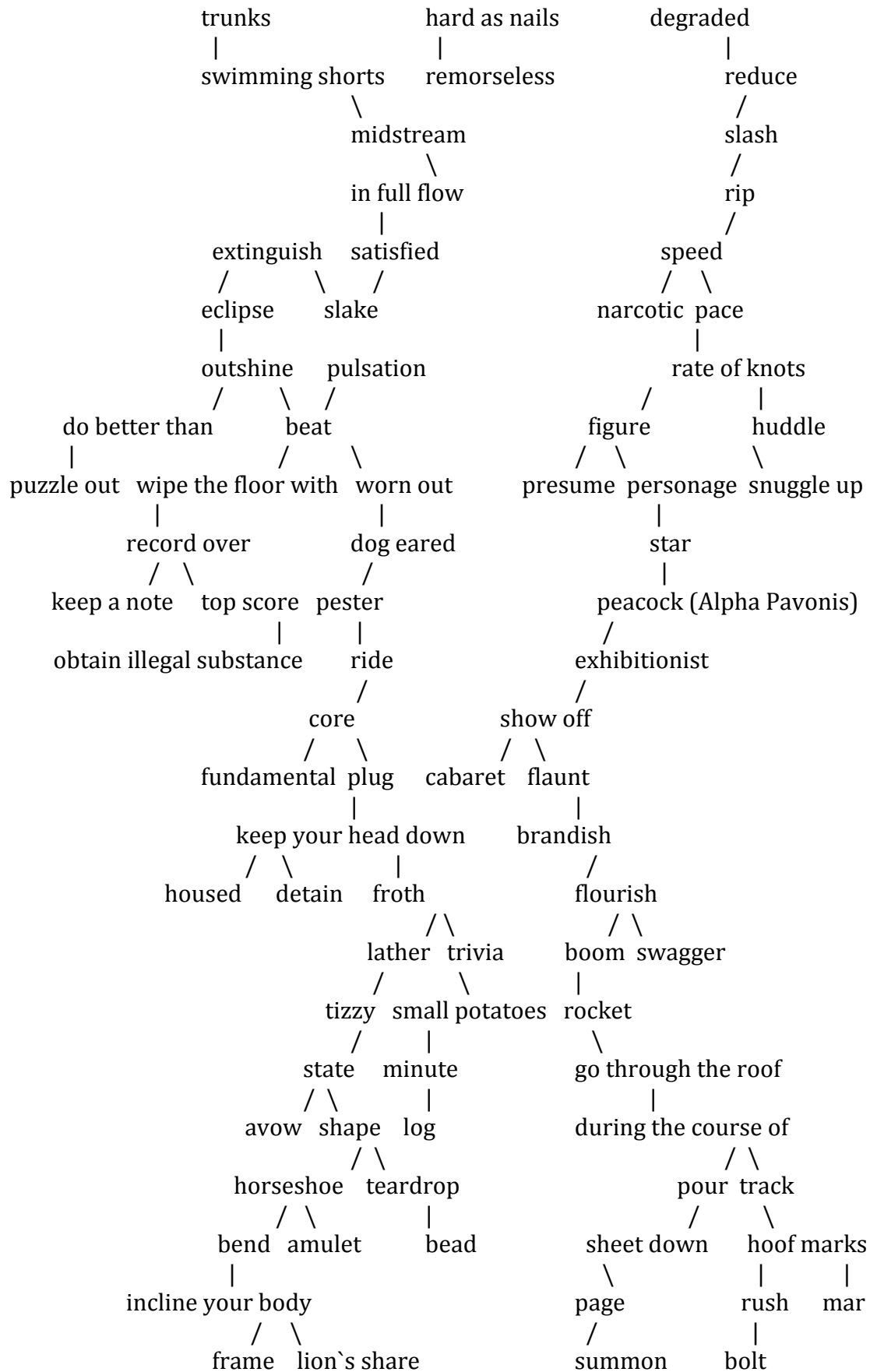
Roll over and push blankets into the cold.

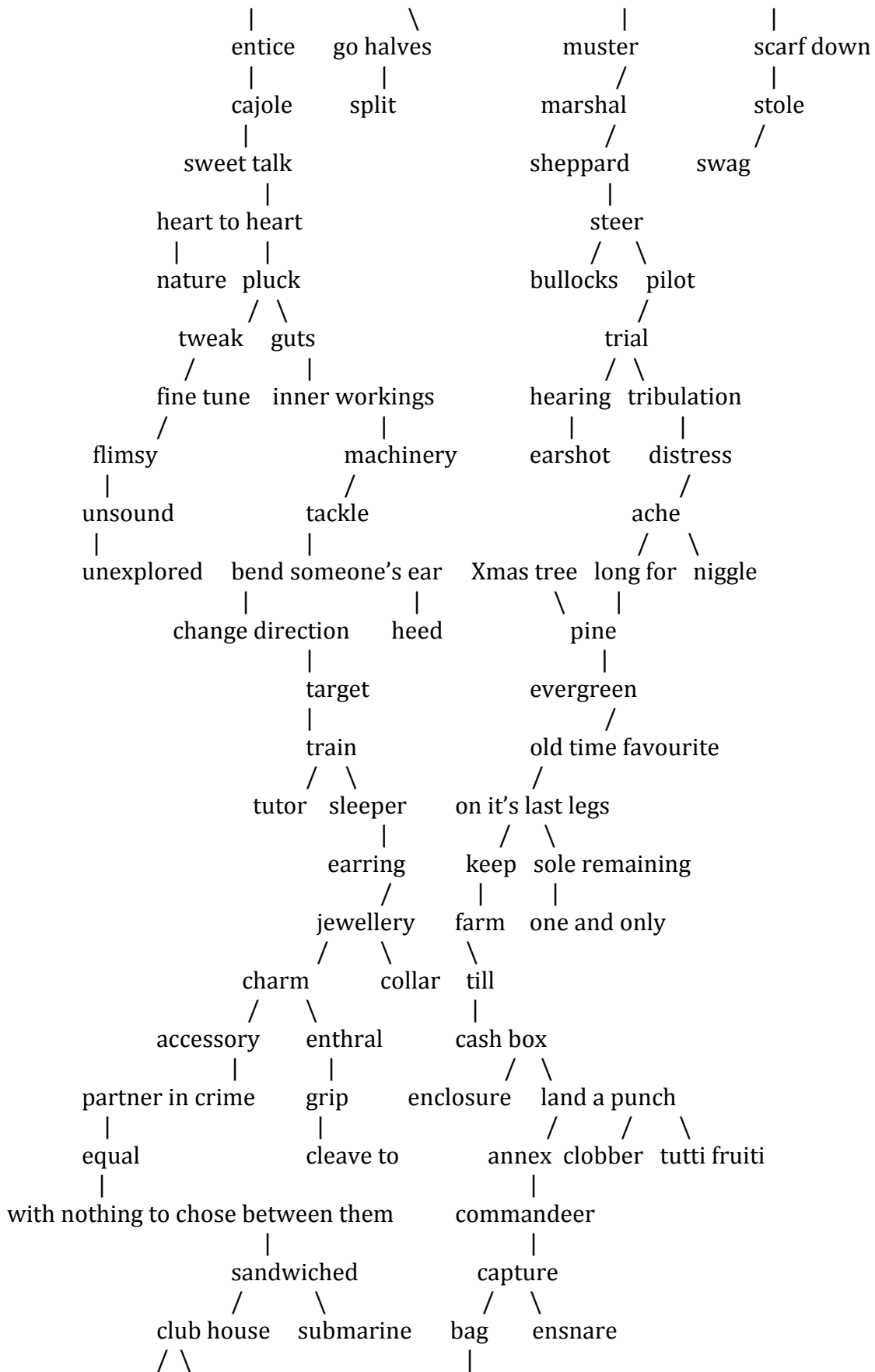
| My wife is a swan. Next to her I get to be a swan too.

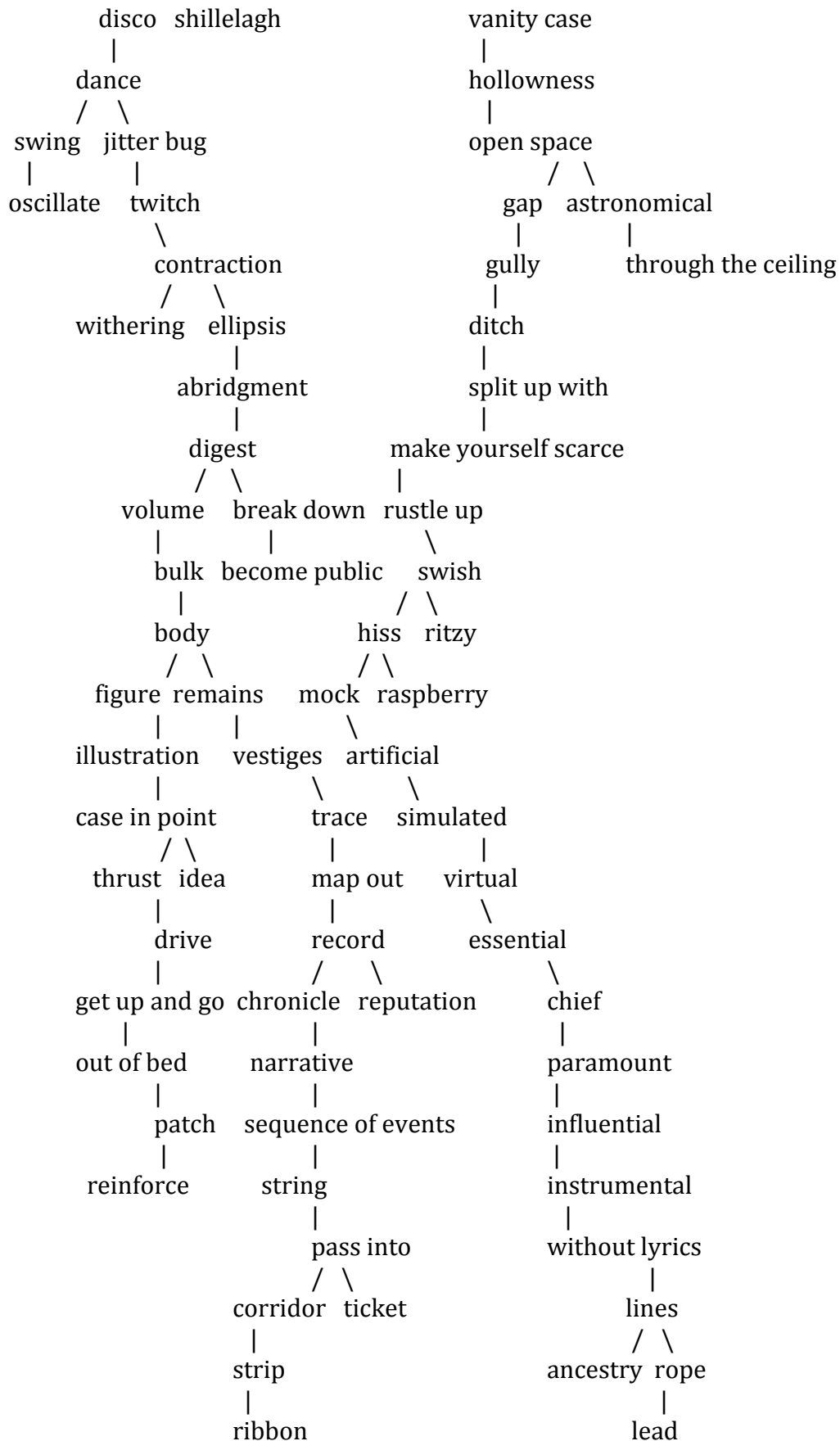
Hugh Behm-Steinberg is the author of *Sly Green Fields* (No Tell Books) and *The Opposite of Work* (JackLeg Press, forthcoming). From January 1, 2010 to December 31, 2010, he kept a journal in which he wrote his first thought each morning. *Good Morning!* consists of 120 pieces from that journal related to dreaming and the position/acts of him and his wife Mary's bodies in bed. A pillowbook, if you'd like. Other portions of *Good Morning!* have appeared in *Leveller* and *Drunken Boat*, and as chapbooks published by Dusie and Deconstructed Artichoke Press.

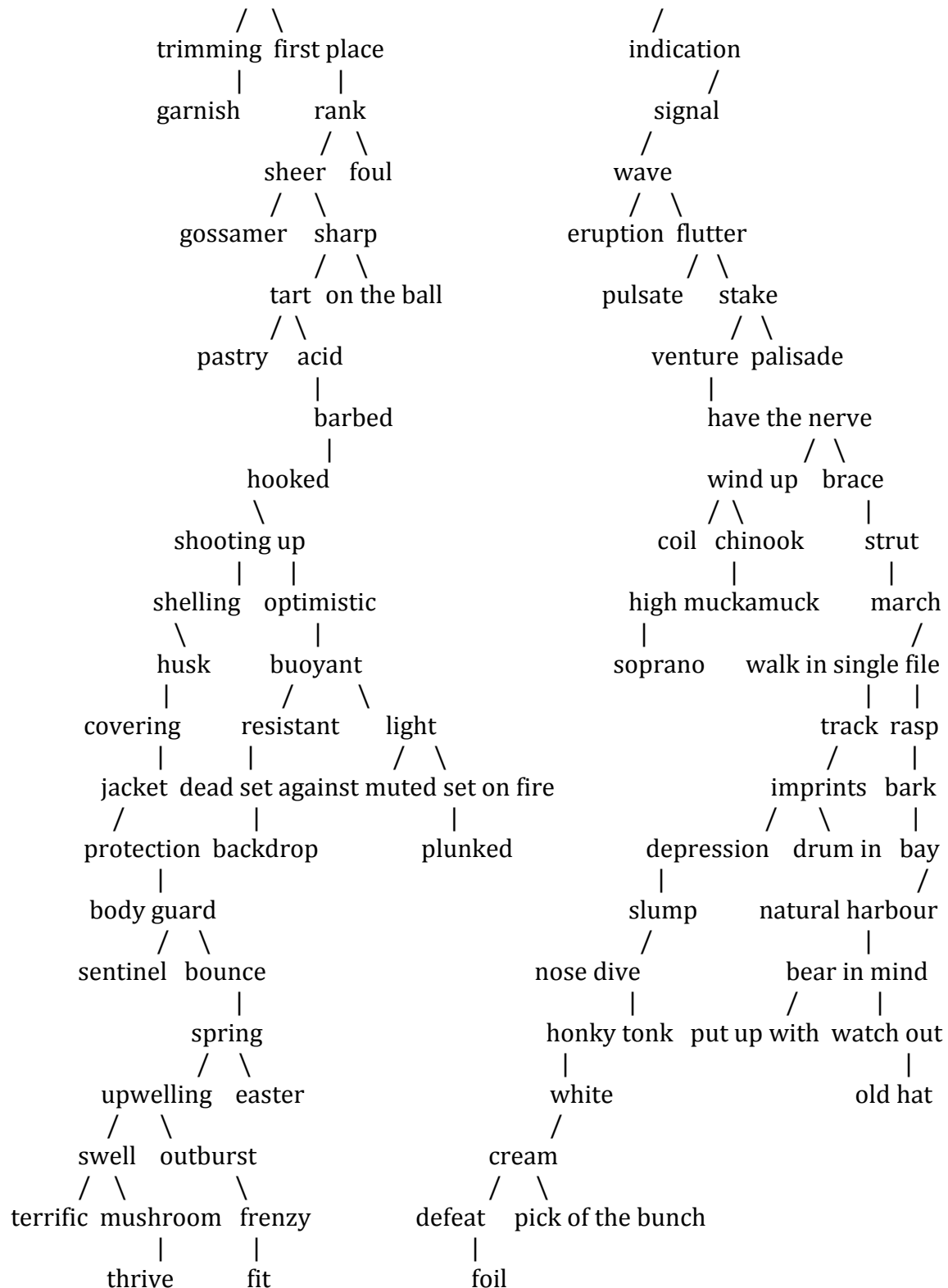


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Robert Swereda is a member of the Filling Station collective in Calgary. He studied creative writing at Capilano University in Vancouver. Recent work has been published in *In Air/Air Out*, *Steel Bananas*, *CV2*, *The Enpipe Line Anthology* and *Poetry Is Dead*.

Farrier, Swamp Gardener

A boy with a 2x4 nailed to his forehead gallivants ↓ alley, rallying cats n rats w/ lent blood drips.

A strapping gal in feathery flapper dress, flaps her arms. “Where are you headed, child? Your head!”

“I heard a carpenter nailed carpet to foot. Nobody’s done this, no way. We are all artists.” Blowing blood-splat bubbles, the woozy boy awes at his lobbed globs (: images on swallowed cameras, airborne) b4 illuminating his lumber hat dignity (ingenuity). “1 degree angle, hammer socking scalp blind.” The boy faints in a pack of monk parakeets chowing jumping beans.

24 lime conures bounce on 2x4. Dapper flapper trundles bundled boy to plump dumpster – a heaping swamp hatchery: thatched ferns, furry sapling spurs, bugs budding rampant, gar fish, a green heron, leaf wreaths – verbose verdure smothering a blacksmith (smocked in cammo hemp chestwaders) welding sprout-seed torn seams w/ moss farragoes & floss-slim alloys, varying fused patterns w/ cubist verdigris.

Laddered up lily pads n fungal rungs, the smithy sees her n him, “Ah ha.” He hefts aside reed chaff. “This alley sure is a valiant gallery. Let’s lay him on this palmetto platform. Hey, hip stilettos.” She clicks her aqua water-colored heels; parakeets flush into swamp pomp.

The farrier scoops a seahorse out of a rain spoon pooled in a heart-wrought leaf, de-shoes its silver tail hook, peeks in boy’s mouth, apologizes to Big-belly. “I’ll coat u w/ gold, see those molars?” He daubs dulled nail, tamps bleeding.

“You’re not going to remove it!” Flabbergasted flapper guesses, gasses.

“N discourage his imagination?... My thanks. You brought him to the right place.” The farrier ferries for silver-slippered ferrets burrowed in clay cliff turrets. “We’ll be here when he comes to. Fresh is the best time to babble about collaboration.”

Mortar Orchard's Oracle

Alley cove alcove altar, brick factory parapet, resolute flue arched w/ bricks n pickers' bones, shrine enshrined w/ bonsai pear trees, seedy smoothies in pint-sized pint glasses spiked w/ sporks n pinklady snorkels, parasols patched w/ banana peel parachutes, chipped brick chessmen, origami berry bridges rigged w/ AAA battery battering-ram robots, lactating stalactites udder'd w/ fruit bats.

A teen w/ glazed paws clung to a box of bear claw doughnuts, a helmet w/ 2 pop cans IV'd to licked lips, pauses at the passage, chisels the password "brick-chilly w/o poetry" enters, asks the Mortar Orchard's Oracle, "Is it true, what they say about produce still being produced here? Hope so, museums are lame."

The oracle, shackled to altar by tree root boots, torques his sweet-tooth tourniquet (a bannaquit flushes out a barren cornucopia; a rabid rabbit-bandit trips on a melon-taffy trip-wire, spills a purse of sour kiwis, gnaws pursed lips). "Perhaps."

Keen teen towels off a trowel, notes purple pie-like residue, lugs bucket under udder leak, stirs brick/milk mix, mortars his left leg knee-high to lower lee grotto ledge. "I'll stay and poem til you tell."

"I will if dole up a doughnut. Got coconut?"

The teen reaches beseechingly for gooey ringed cakes, just out of reach.

Sweetest Sourdough

A lux-tuxedo'd nomad with a showercap draped off cobwebbed whiskers, whisks lime ices, ice-skates frozen fringe of cud-mud clayed causeway.

Munching a puffy pumpkin muffin, he spittles crumbs for thirsty crows pecking ice n sipping slippery stream slits. From his truck of a rucksack, clamping him slunk n hunchbacked, he rustles up a paunchy pouch, un-cinches seaweed tassles; chews open seed packets n spit-sows. Plum saplings, sugar bushes & succulent shrubs apt to rub up on, burst mature in his wake.

A boy bedded on a lush-soil stoop, shamrock-shaped soap rock pillowed, dreaming of lily pad prairies n moss-headed giants chugging lakes (slaked), wakes n shakes at sight of the sweetest sourdough, a fledging legend hatched from his pal who pens dreams.

Boy replicates supplication from 1 of said pal's ready-made reveries, "Whence u waltzed our prize promenade – oft ballyhooed & made ballads of – on bladed stilts, hence fragrant fences stemming lilac-trances."

The sweetest sourdough, a beat before he'd do in dream, uncaps his root-maze of mustaches n spills a bag to brag about – gushing daybreak daylight, then yogurt chocolate goat milk marbles n broken-in ball mitts, oiled, aged, grooved w/ hoof-signatures of icon cows & hero kangaroos.

Bathed Math

Elation equations hanky-clapped, quotient n product slough dust huffed, strawberry straws drawn.

Omniscient coefficients fracture prime factors, refract defacto art acts.

A drip castle leaked in asp cask; viper slugged on sanded veranda, venom spoiled to filament ointments.

A teen preening in sunned sea sheen, dunks, goggle-ogles blue-glow blowfish, blows a brittle riddle,
“If webbed flow ebbs n flows do fish baton the brain?”

Tide-pool netted bivouac’d bivalves clack n roll, gel hinges w/ wooly algae.

Spooling gulls pick-drop-pelt beak-lockpick, lick shells gleam, laugh at dapper selves in pearly mirrors.

A driftwood stick stuck in muck, knobbed n burled like a backscratcher or abacus, lets wind harmonize its
nicks n ruts to allot for flexible muse nexuses.

Fountains of Sleuths

Folks are folksy in/on this channel, even a tad hokey, but truth and charity are truisms. Truancy of all evils was the 1st commandment commandeered from top utopias. Still there's grime, septic enzymes, slimed gutters, rare breezes shipping rare diseases... Bathing now n then's not a bad idea.

Every other block's got a pool. 2 are in bodega basements (the one that slings ring dings, ring pops n candy cigarettes). There's always a sleuth or 2 dipping toes, ripping clueless clues to feed otters n loons (surviving nature boon barometers of earth's worth).

These play-P.I.'s are really playwrights, scribes of crime comedies.

While we snorkel they'll describe plots re-potted to poke puns at pundits.

Let them.

Arcane Arcade

Ceiling raining rings n dings, winged electric-tints fling n zing.

Pumice balustrade fragments, flecks bamboo n phragmites fenced fen.

Inverted ferns churn ducts under muskeg.

This rutted shortcut cuts the bushwhacking, smacks of new tang'd turf perfumes, pushes trickling pioneering trekkers out on an archaic stone n bone ramped mosaic.

As they mosey double bulbs bulge. Poem lightbulbs glow, poppies pop.

Sean Ulman, worder birder baller server, is writing a long novel about Seward, Alaska & Art. He's had recent work at the *delinquent*, *vol 1. brooklyn*, *bolts of silk* and *clutching at straws*. A slice from his chapbook, *Radland* (Deadly Chaps '11) was nominated for a pushcart. sean-ulman.tumblr.com

VINNY WALSH





Vinny Walsh was born in 1977 in Cross Village, Michigan. He likes to take photographs. <http://vinnywalsh.com/>

Palaver

Though I mopped, the grit lies underfoot. The live-forever pot got kicked over by some community college boys. It kept growing, like a cigarette. The spider shrinks blacker on the white oven as it dries. The rat in the wall discovered my food was all in tubs with gaskets. This desk machine emits a scratchy palaver, not those claws, and the scent in the premature grass makes my dog howl only in his sleep. Poor him, how he trembles, mistaking me for what he wants, and how I throw him to one side of my life, a blue couch. The taxes that I pay up this morning are Zeno's rush into the night. Under the building my mother burned down with chicken fat balls I shimmy along the dirt and the webs. I look back at the square of brilliant sunlight and the face of the caretaker, who yellows my last warning before he closes and latches the crawlspace door.

Mustard Soup

Périgourdine truffles pox a Lyon chicken, the blue tagged feet gripping up at the air. I can't wrap a sheep's head in cheesecloth despite its imploring eyes and I don't eat much offal behind the softly clicked door, from my tray. My address?: Baudelaire, my liver has been bored, once removed. *C'est ça, Tuscaloosa*. No one truly likes the gamey crisp of cornichons better than a kosher dill nor the webby fat cauling rabbit breasts and thighs chopped *à la campagne*, shaped in a paste, more than Normandy butter on pumpernickel triangles. And that clear cooled bone gel. No one really likes loving that. But living is recipes. We agree to eat something above the grass. I spent four seconds drinking sirloin roast juice from a plate in the dead man's house with my face. Then I turned red and lowered my cheek to the table and would not say a word. But what has happened to that girl in her strawberry dress, her books tangled like hay in her hair?

Legume

Glocks, not birds, are dreams. This portrait before me in black and white doesn't impersonate who or when, or when it was there before. But eight is not infinite, nor is night, nor knight, nor Echo, nor Rhino, nor the sigh in the scythe in Scylla's citrine eye. I had a gun I wore like bread. It ticked red and dry in the corner, surrounded by brown sacking. I snipped my loaves with scissors into leaves. The wheat of old Libya lay stored in clay hives, in the desert where our bones come from even yet. I am no more a root than I was a bean.

Small

Water leaks into a blue bucket. I took the tests by storm. I transplanted the elephant ears, watched joy divide. I stepped on the duckling, legs so frail in the grass. My passport, smaller than I thought it would be, joined the secret agents. My home there in the unlisted place: a boat on bricks in the water. My temptation: to start the scalding music, but then I have to hold my chewed ear. The crocuses remain vivid. I will want to play that electric piano in Amsterdam. I tap my pencil on the projector's glass. Soft skin seems just under my fingertips. It's cold and I can't eat. When I was young and intelligent, and stayed up late on Friday night, I watched Uncle Joe and Johnny Carson and then something and then the national anthem would play and the signal would turn into snow. Then I could sleep. I have traveled to say, *I was here before*.

Theodore Worozbyt's work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Antioch Review*, *Best American Poetry*, *Crazyhorse*, *The Iowa Review*, *The Mississippi Review 30 Year Anthology*, *New England Review*, *Po&sie*, *Poetry*, *Sentence*, *Shenandoah*, *The Southern Review*, *TriQuarterly Online* and *Quarterly West*. He has published two books of poetry, *The Dauber Wings* (Dream Horse Press, 2006) and *Letters of Transit*, which won the 2007 Juniper Prize (The University of Massachusetts Press, 2008).

from Owyhee

Karena, the alphabet is not a turtle.
It's as segregated a nation as I've seen.

Today I am a legal citizen of the internet,
which is to say a gypsy with a job,

when Politics
follow Poems,

moving in a grid
across the small city,

covering everything on the island,
sitting in the sun, when you allow everything,

at last, the chants say nothing,
and, finally, I am writing to you

from an island
in the shape of a box of geraniums.

I see my mistake was already made by the website.

Scott, after painting a turtle with harmless pigments
I had to dissolve and mix

the internet stopped using the alphabet. A gypsy
would never forgo it. I pledge, no more:

never again will I make promises. I will see
sorrow, jobs, and agendas.

Speaking flowered directing us
to a second home painted on its native citizen.

How can I follow grids? The desert
has been printed
on my protective coating.

Sun covers my back, allowing
island geraniums to float out
rootless and red.

Could we predict antecedents
by writing backwards? Both of us

silent at the chants wish to get
cinder-shaped on all the voices.

Karena, on And Island
we don't have land turtles.

This is why we can't have nice tans.

In Mexico, a "pig" meant real slow
internet. It meant forget it.

Even the gypsy doesn't
use the alphabet differently in a city.

We can pick the flower,
but we can't predict the seed.

That's backwards. Karena, sing tender
into the cinder, the sorrow of a

holding the hard flower
up to your ear

explain to me
the meaning of Owyhee.

Slow, rare flowers of And Island start

molten-lava orange then turn tan.

Scott, does one pluck from the internet
a pig and turtle explain sensible grazing?

Gypsies regard resources using
every sinew of the alphabet. I never

heard of seeds. A hard ear predicts meaning
backwards, as in, forget it.

But I sing first.

How nice the sorrow tends Owyhee, Scott,
it's like Mexico but with no cops to pay

Cinderland among a rocky spine fake native
for "a while ago the ocean went somewhere else" or

"what holds
the ocean now?"

Scott Abels lives and teaches in Honolulu, Hawai'i, where he edits the online journal of poetry *Country Music*. He is the author of a full-length poetry collection, *Rambo Goes to Idaho* (BlazeVOX, 2011), and a chapbook, *Nebraska Fantastic* (Beard of Bees, 2012).

Karena Youtz is a poet living in Boise, Idaho. She is the author of the full-length poetry collection, *The Transfer Tree* (1913 Press, forthcoming).