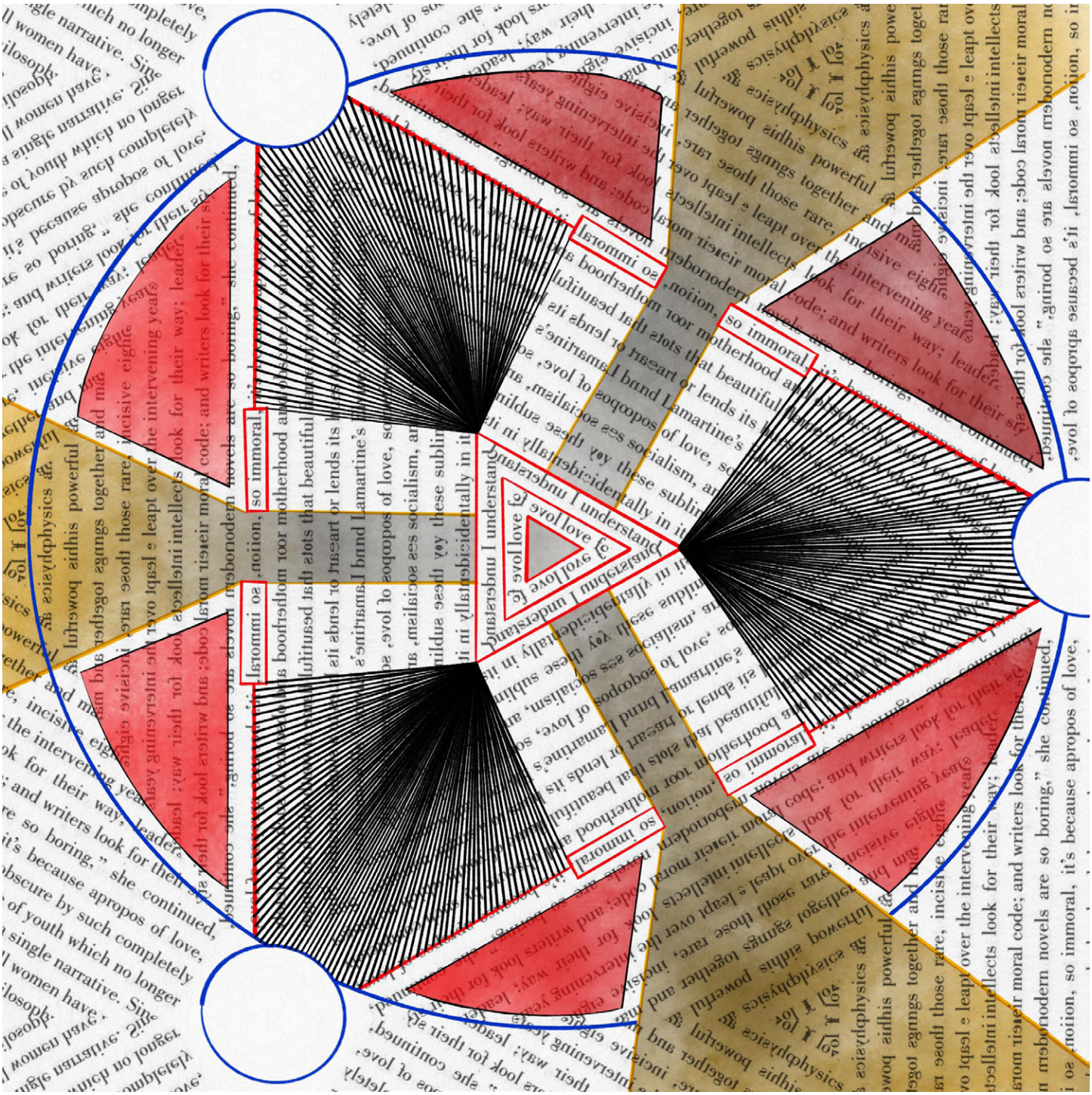
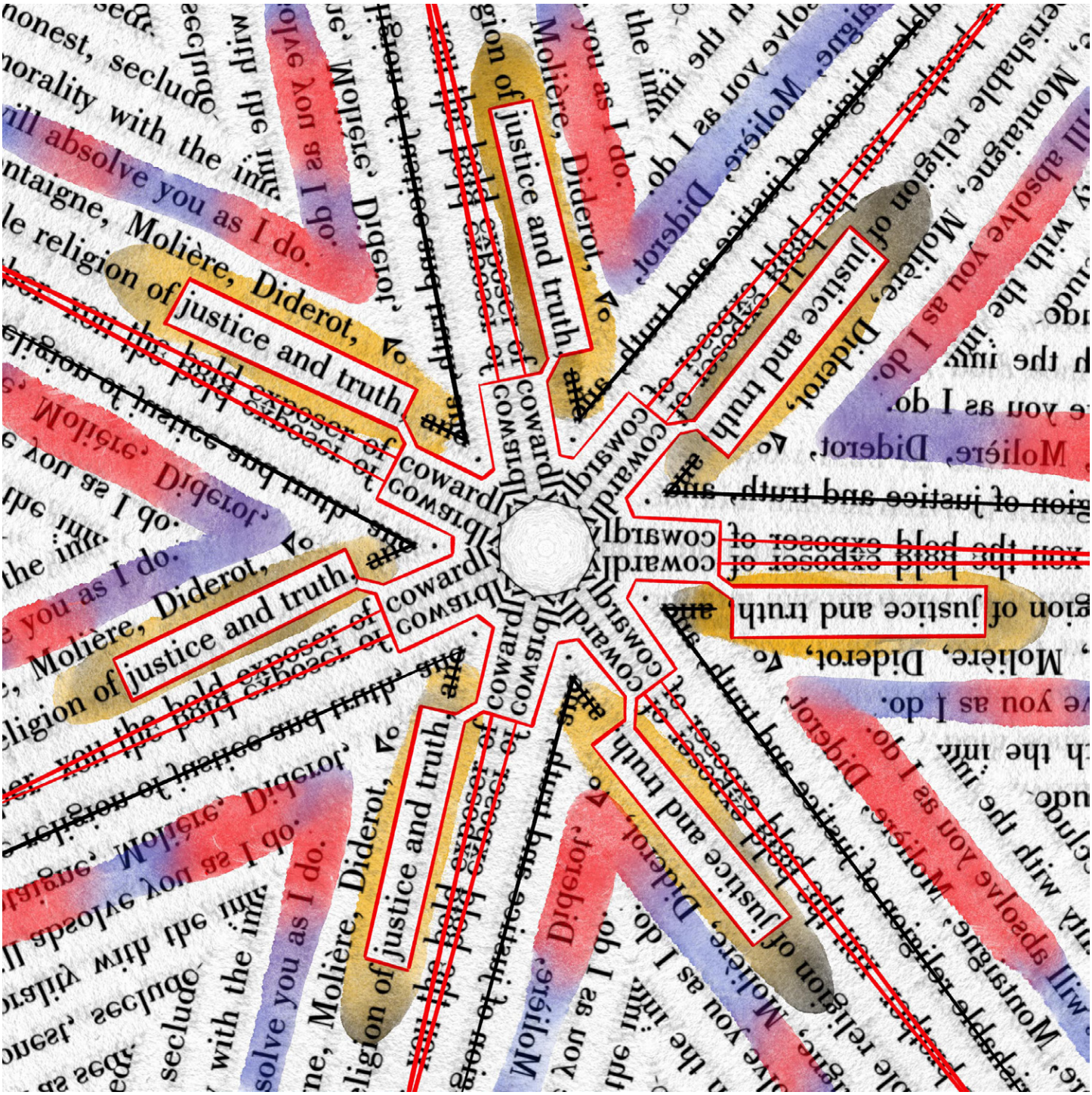
Xo13

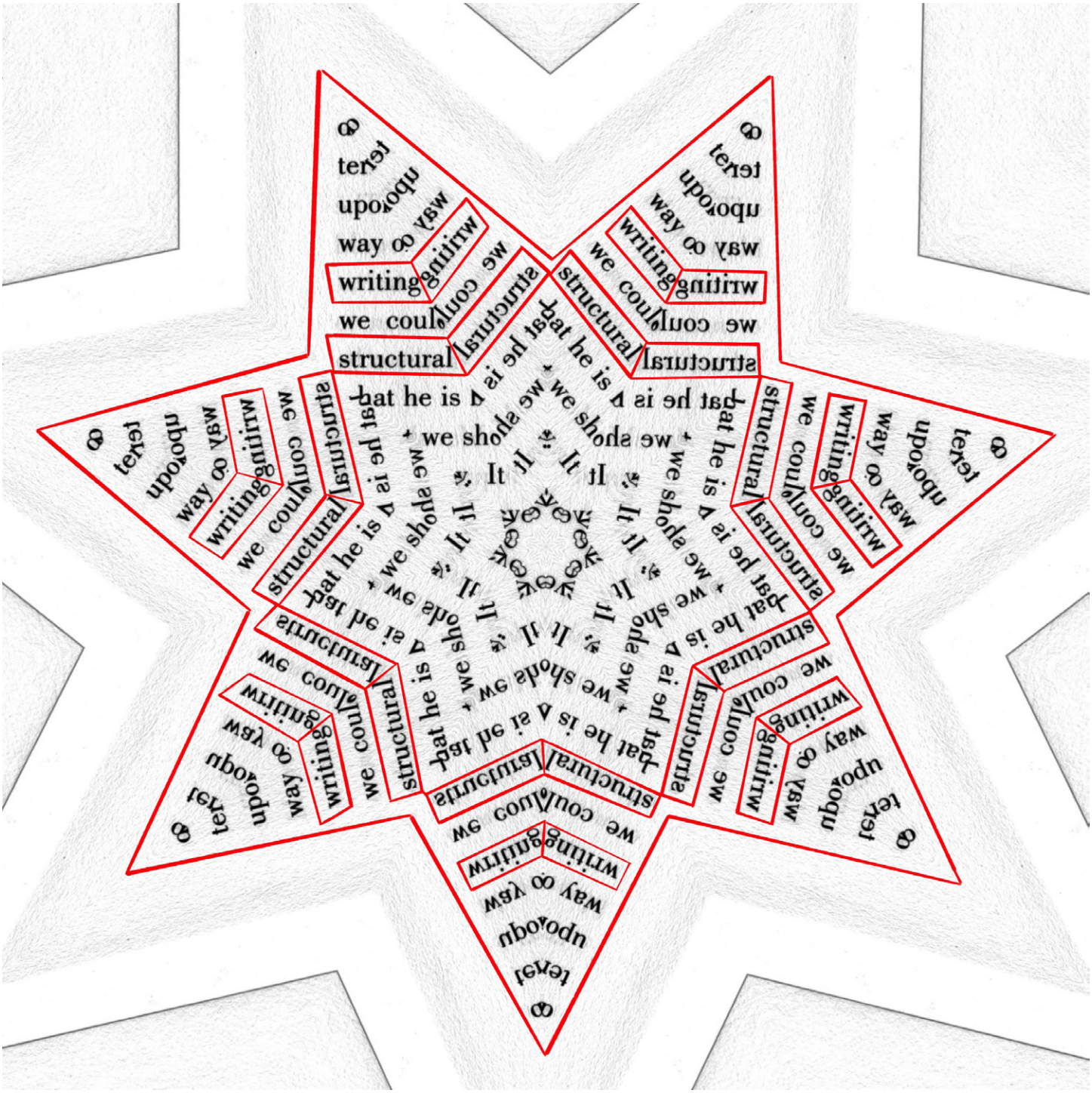


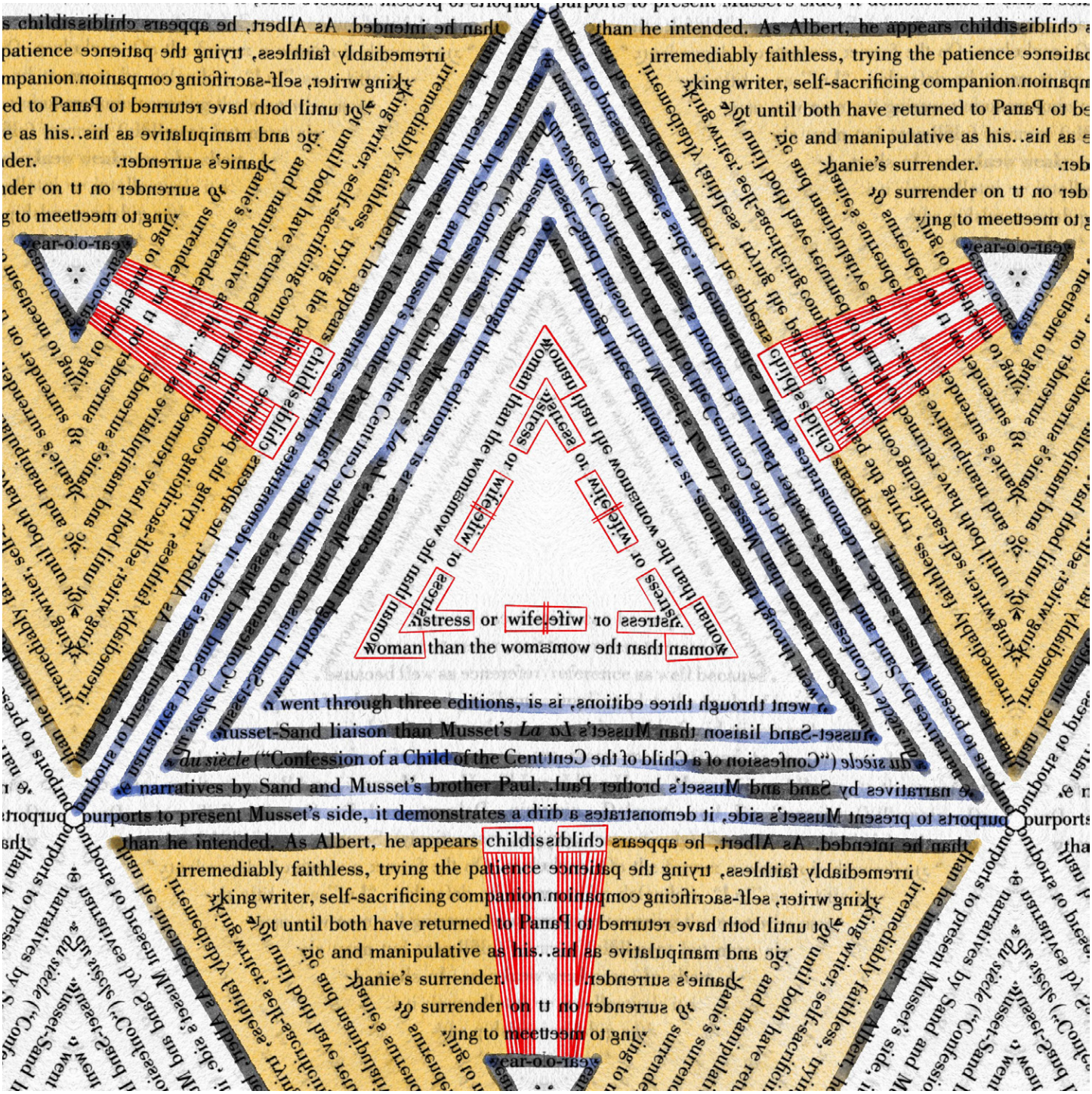
ReVerse Butcher
Ellen Chang-Richardson
Susan Connolly
Evelyn Eller
Frank Lepold
Jenny McMaster
Khashayar Mohammadi
Neda Omidvar
Imogen Reid
Rachel Small
Rob Thomas
Sylvia Van Nooten
C.R.E. Wells

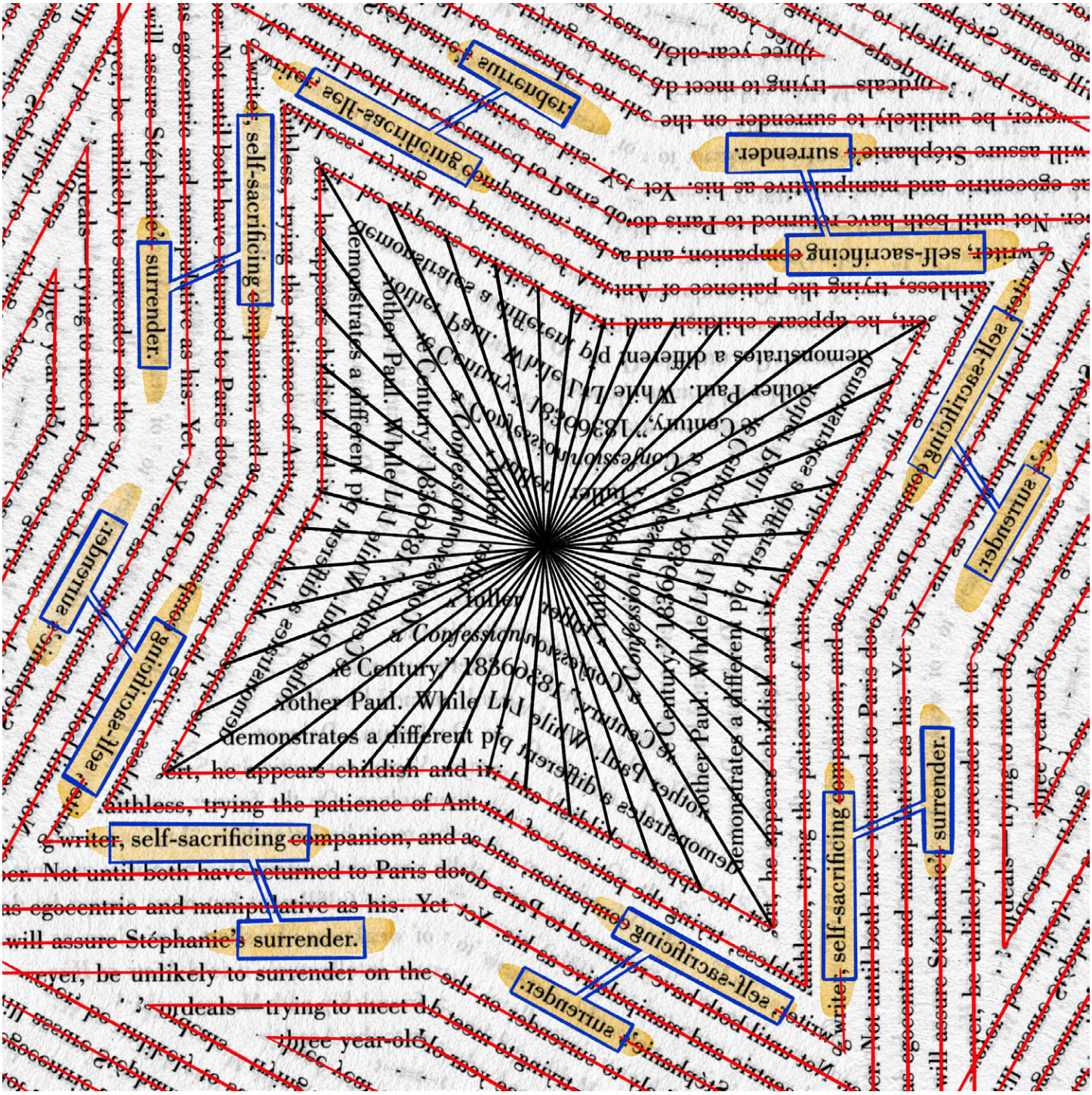
for the fragile and the flawed

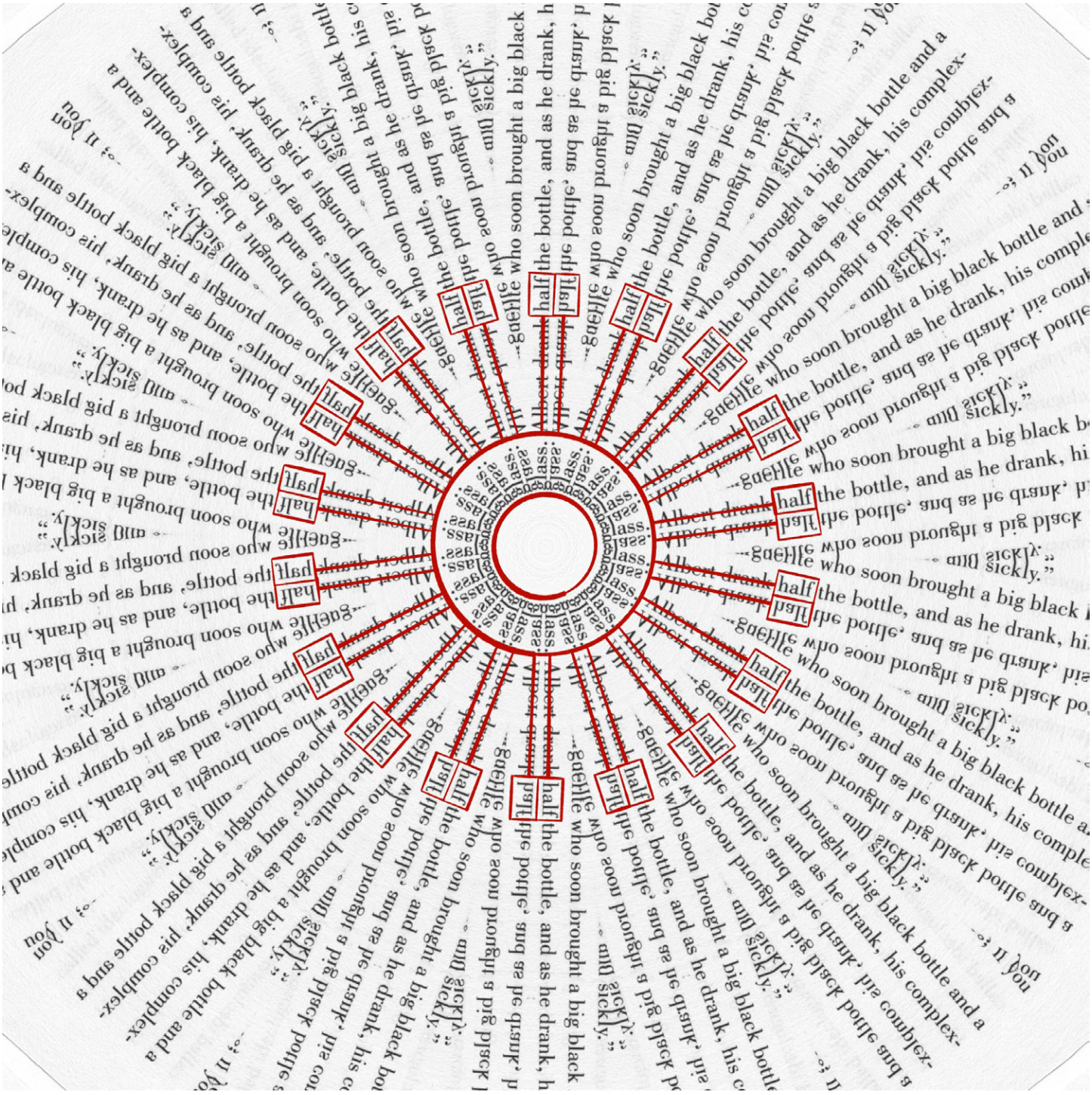

so immoral,
so immoral,
so immoral,
so immoral,
so immoral,
so immoral,

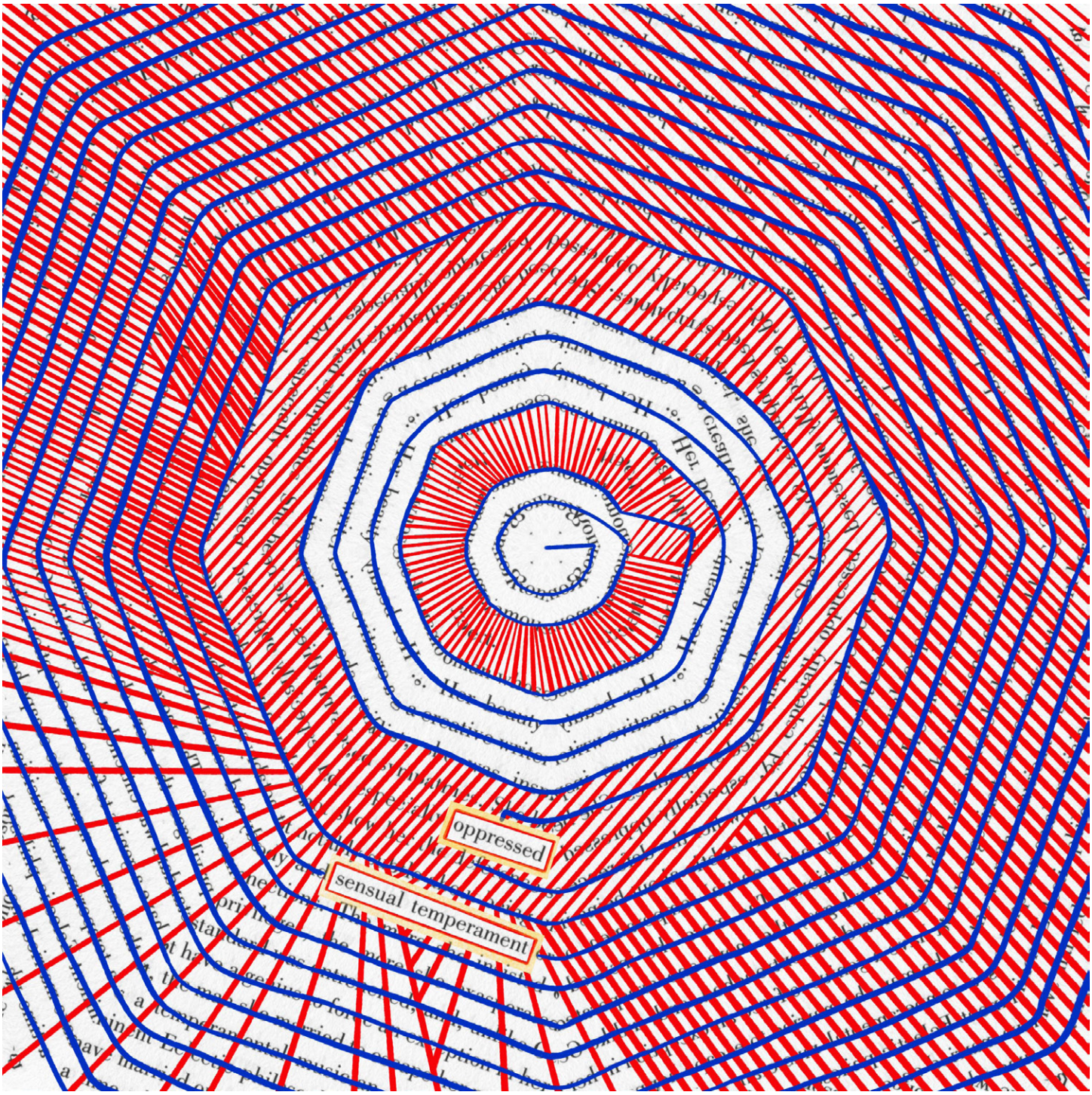

justice and truth,
Molière, Diderot,
you as I do.
religion of
the bold exposer of
cowardly

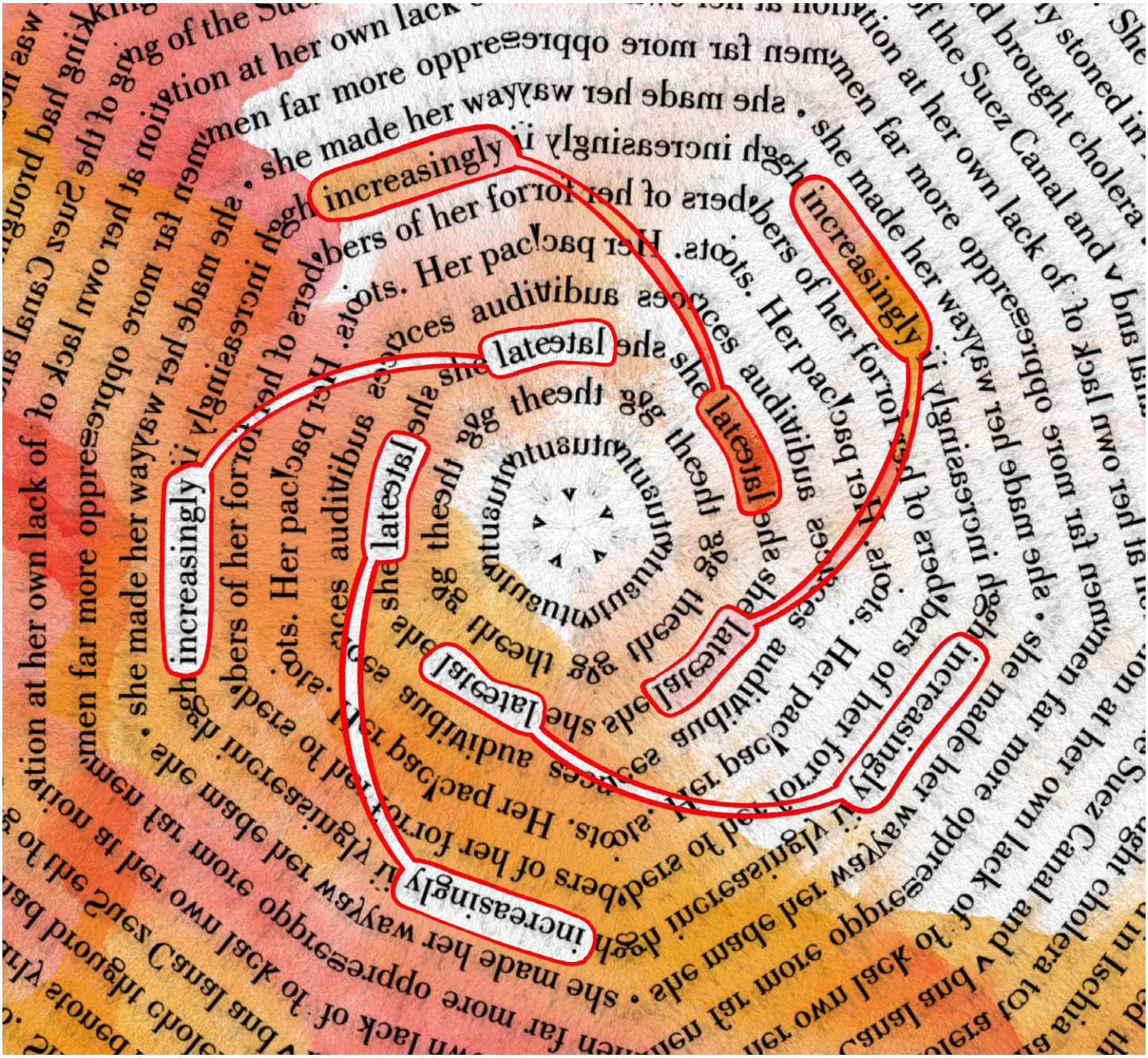

structural writing
we could
way to
upon
text
structural writing
we could
way to
upon
text
structural writing
we could
way to
upon
text
structural writing
we could
way to
upon
text
structural writing
we could
way to
upon
text
that he is a sign
we should
It is
It is
It is
It is
It is

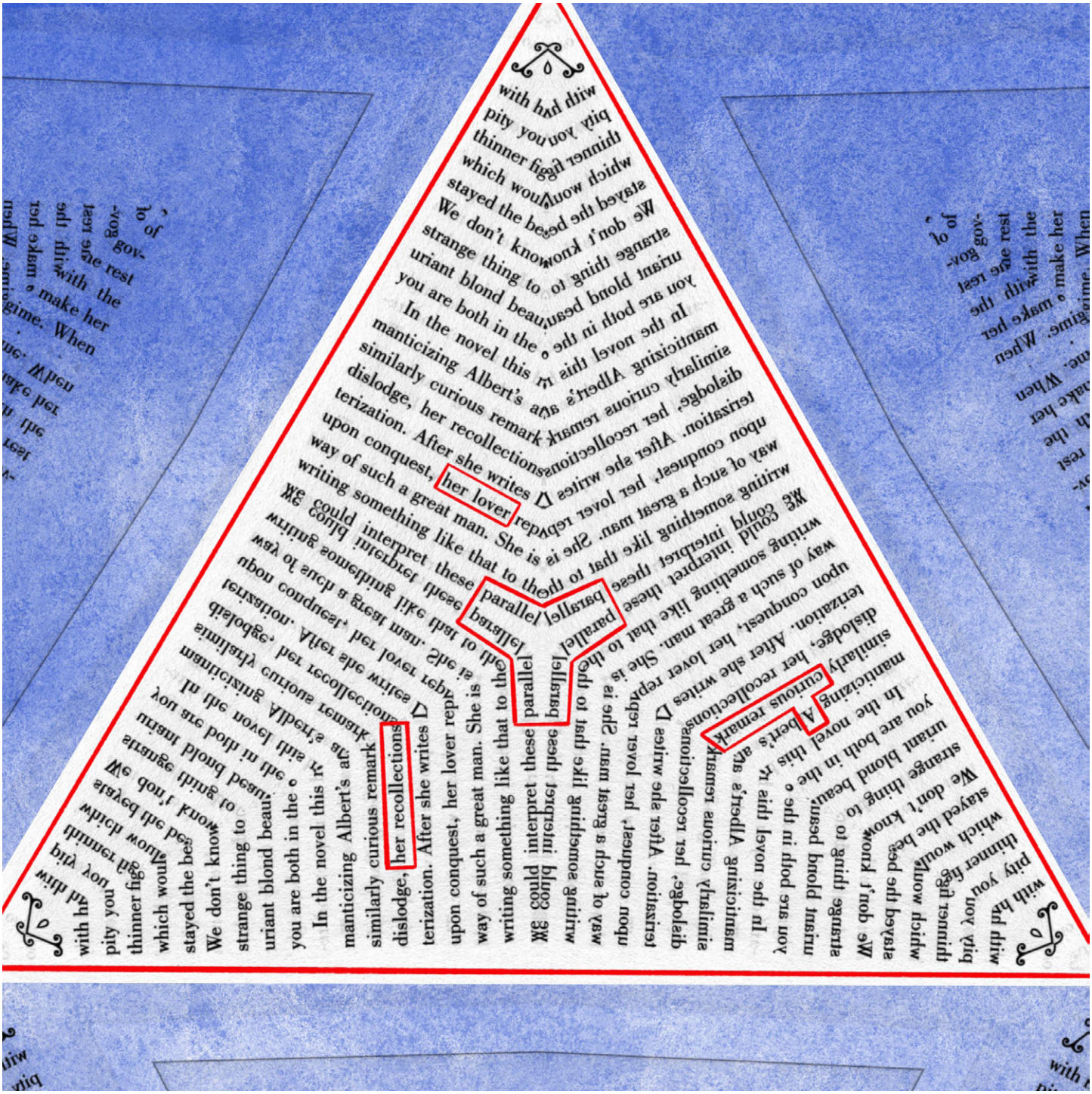

than he intended. As Albert, he appears childis
irremediably faithless, trying the patience
king writer, self-sacrificing companion
ot until both have returned to Paris
ic and manipulative as his
hanie's surrender.
surrender on
ying to meet
ear-o-o-ear
went through three editions, is
Musset-Sand liaison than Musset's La
du siècle ("Confession of a Child of the Cent
narratives by Sand and Musset's brother Paul.
purports to present Musset's side, it demonstrates a
than he intended. As Albert, he appears childis
irremediably faithless, trying the patience
king writer, self-sacrificing companion
ot until both have returned to Paris
ic and manipulative as his
hanie's surrender.
surrender on
ying to meet
ear-o-o-ear
mistress or wife
woman than the

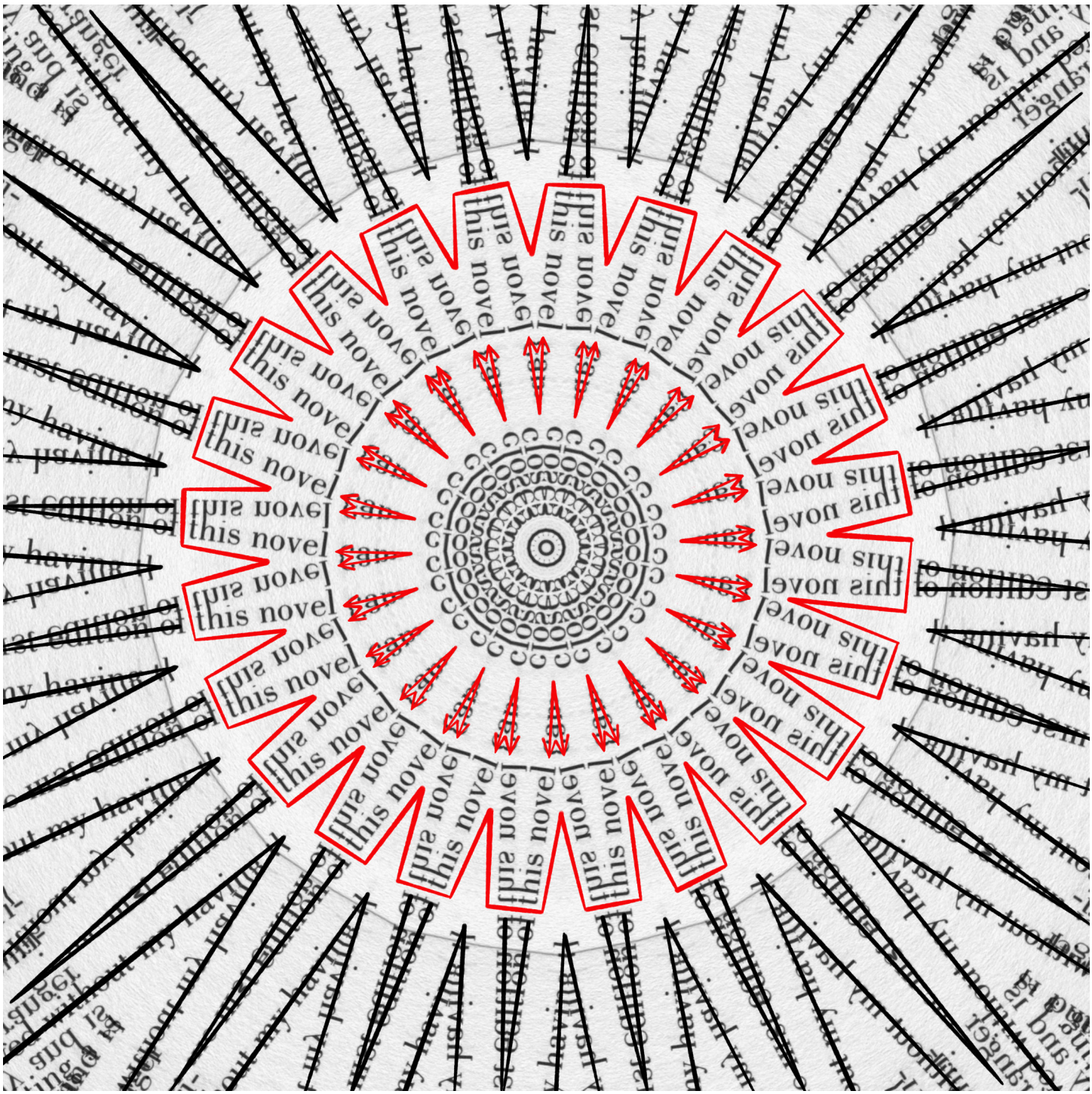

writer, self-sacrificing companion, and as
surrender.
writer, self-sacrificing companion, and as
surrender.


Gaehle who soon brought a big black bottle and a
half the bottle, and as he drank, his complex-
Albert drank
sickly."
ass.


oppressed
sensual temperament


increasingly
she made her way
far more oppressed
lateste
auditibus
Her pac
bers of her
ots.
she
the
increasingly
she made her way
far more oppressed
lateste
auditibus
Her pac
bers of her
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increasingly
she made her way
far more oppressed
lateste
auditibus
Her pac
bers of her
ots.
she
the




this novel

Ellen Chang-Richardson

How bold I was, when I was seven

I touch my left earlobe to bring myself luck,
as I listen to the words of colonialists. Yet I
in some ways am a colonialist too. Full of brimstone
and the belief I belong; existence that blood / belies.

I shake my left leg to field preoccupation,
as I think back to my blood's migration. My parents,
their parents, their flight bringing with them
another culture, foreign.

Stop stroking your ears, shaking your legs, they'd say.
Place hands to your lips, steepled and silent.

Now bow low and focus, why, because
only whores shake coin from their thighs.

First published in Cypress: A Literary Journal, May 2020.

Ellen Chang-Richardson

Death to Us

For Ydessa Hendeles

Squealing,

we

fall

metal captures our essence.

Brass

bears

witness,

cold bars lacking substance.

We

exist

culled;

caulescent.

First published in The Ekphrastic Review, May 2020.

Poet's Note: "Death to Us" is part of a working collection of ekphrasis. It draws on the visceral viewer experience of Ydessa Hendeles's immersive installation/exhibition Death to Pigs (2017-18).

Ellen Chang-Richardson

You may not believe in magic

"...but something very strange is happening at this very moment."
-- Leonora Carrington, The Hearing Trumpet

North of College and Palmerston,

there is an alley way of wonder.

Where punching bags hang by chains

in the dark and roses crawl

dead, up white shutters.

It is a microcosm some would coin, the city

planner's secret heart; where

daisies grow from cinder

blocks and leaves, burnt,

bathe us

in chalk.

First published on the Chaudiere Books Blog for National Poetry Month, April 2020.

Ellen Chang-Richardson

Storm Drains

Rain tips up metal grates
stamped *Property of Hydro One.*

I stare—*loving the ridges of water,*
they remind me of pale sky.

We, ripple through sheaths
planted by authorities preaching asphalt
and greed. Ingrained—

in our blood is to see them as freedom
while we are pressed between mortar and sieve.

Look! my mother writes, *sun sets early for winter.*
It reminds me of, the water.

Which water I wonder;
the one that is choked,
stagnant and grey?

Which water I wonder;
the one that is home to thousands
of womxn, decayed?

Knees bungled;
I brace——

Rain trips, up metal grates
stamped *Storm Drain / Dump No Waste.*

First published by the Red Alder Review: Open Mic Series, April 2020.

Poet's Note: The number of domestic violence cases against women and girls has risen dramatically during COVID19. This poem is dedicated to all missing and murdered women around the world, the total number of which is too numerous to count.

Ellen Chang-Richardson

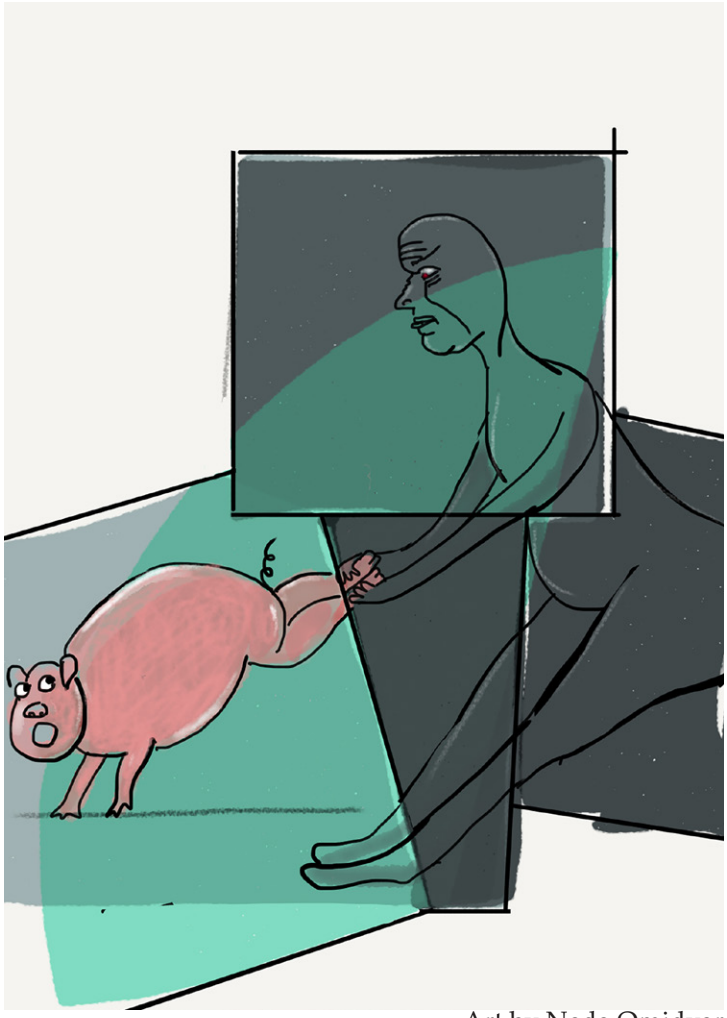
Pulled_____
pork

stew
simmers

thoughts slip from my mind like
meat
off

bone
deep

diving off bay leaf into red
dish
brown.



Art by Neda Omidvar

Ellen Chang-Richardson

Moles that turn into rats that turn into wiener dogs

Badger Dog:
there's the shape of you on my arm.

Badger Dog:
you weren't always, so long.

Badger Dog:
did you come from somewhere special?

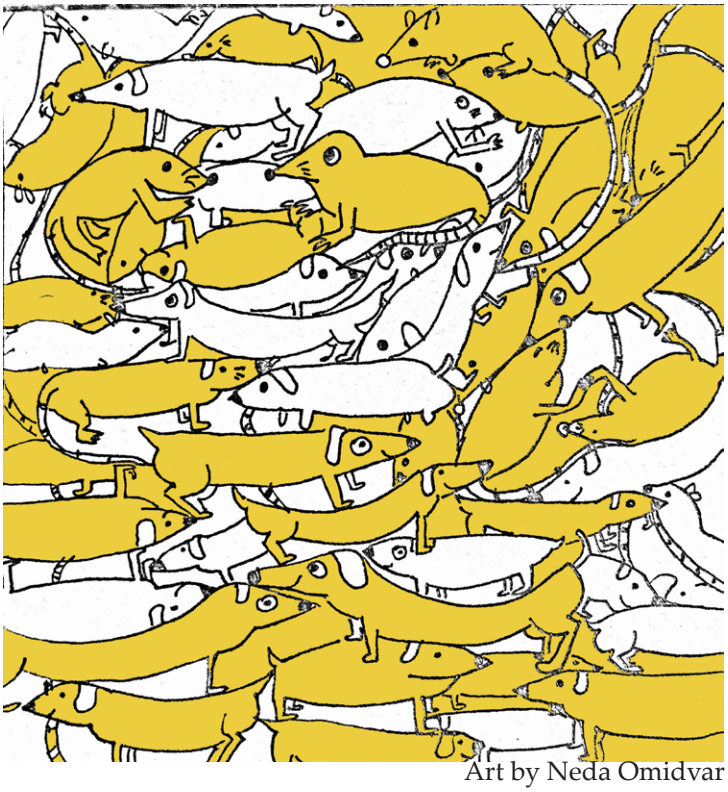
Germany; America; France!
South Africa?

Badger Dog:
did you morph from some rue?

Pack rat; mole rat; wombat!
Bandicoot?

Badger Dog:
mole - you were once bumpy and blue.

Badger Dog:
now you're red and oh, so smooth.



Art by Neda Omidvar

Ellen Chang-Richardson

Diamond Ring

[after Christian Bok]

carbon

c n

ar b

carbon carbon

arb

ar bon

c ar bon n

ar bon

car carbon bon

car bon

arb

arb

car bon

rb

ca on

carbon

car bon

Ellen Chang-Richardson



Art by Neda Omidvar

p ulse

p ulse

p ulse

friendly faces breach the room

p ulse

p ulse
p ulse

p ulse

pink neon glow, red balloon

p ulse

p ulse

p ulse

light dark light dark

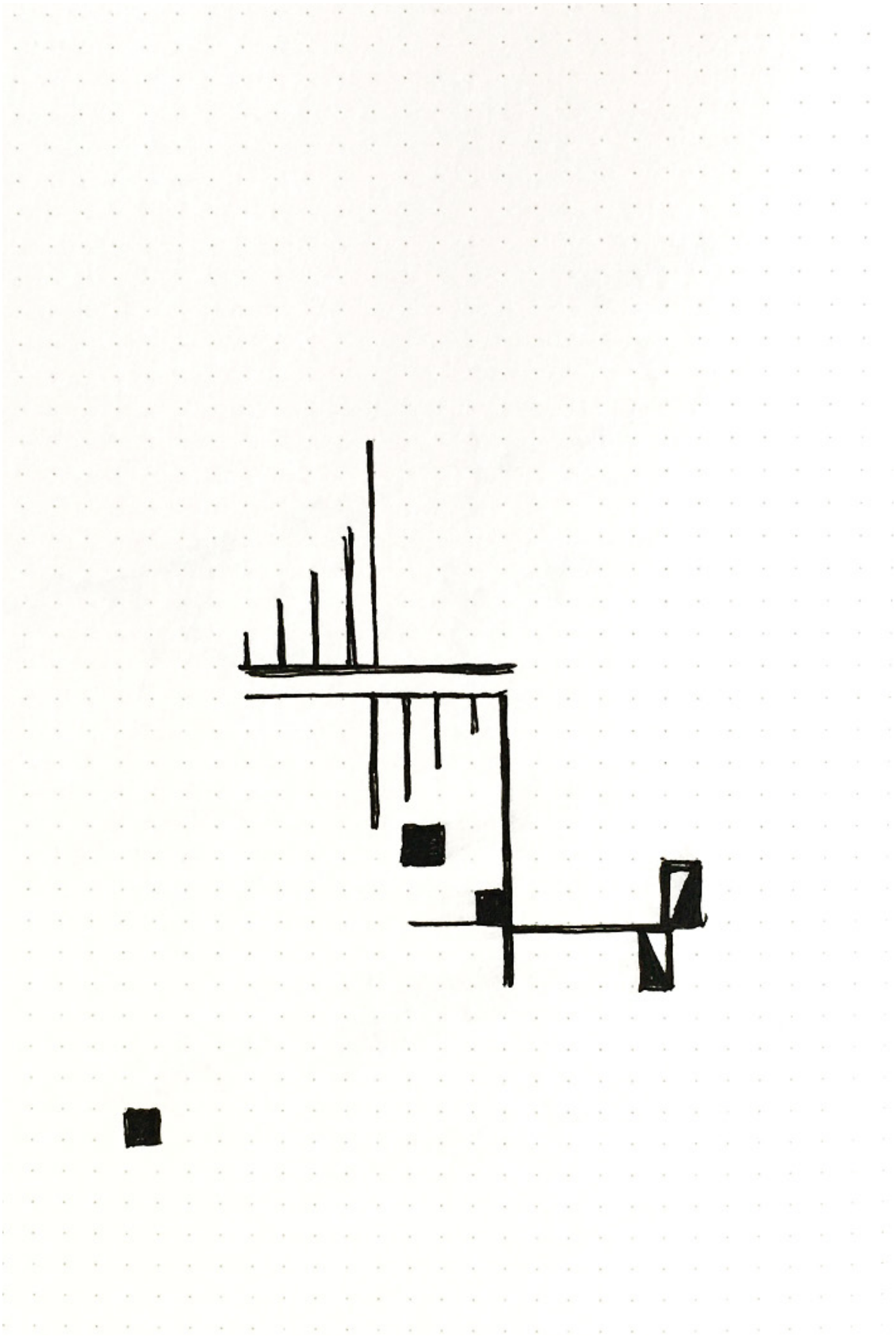
p ulse

p ulse

p ulse

pulse.

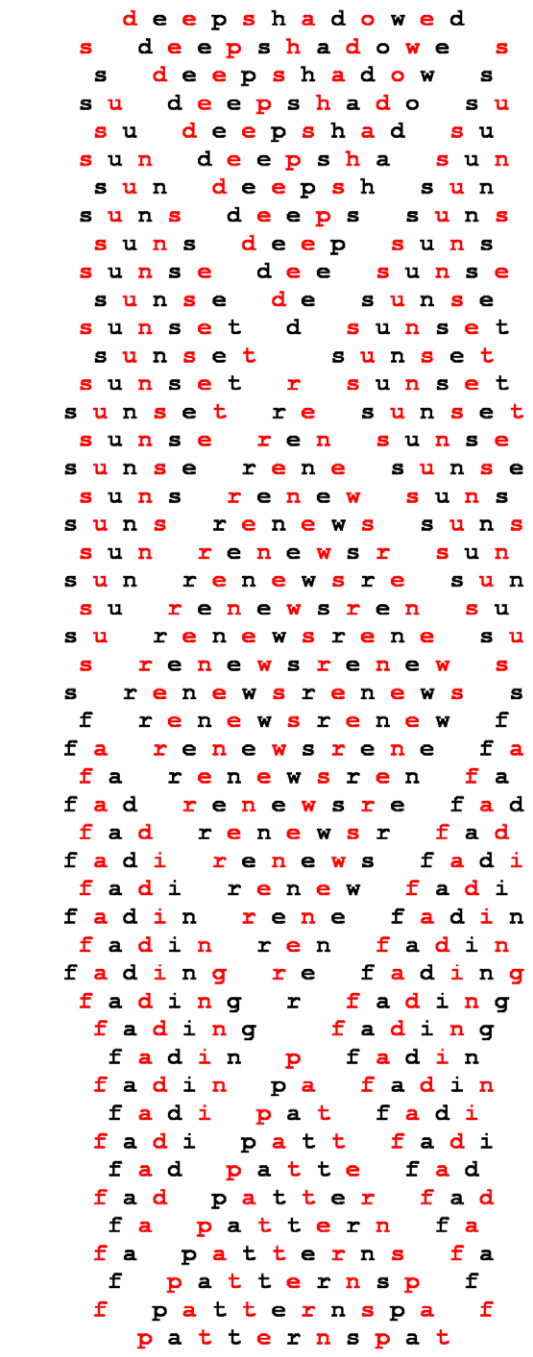

THWOMP



Susan Connolly

The Sun-Artist

at the Cross of Muiredach, Monasterboice



deepshadowed sunset renews fading patterns

Susan Connolly

Daytrip on the Enterprise

Dublin-Belfast Return
Monday – Saturday

Dep Dublin		Dep Belfast	
D	09.35 **D**	**B**	18.10 **B**
U	09.35 **U**	**E**	18.10 **E**
B	09.35 **B**	**L**	18.10 **L**
L	09.35 **L**	**F**	18.10 **F**
I	09.35 **I**	**A**	18.10 **A**
N	09.35 **N**	**S**	18.10 **S**
		T	18.10 **T**

Dep Drogheda		Dep Drogheda	
D	10.06 **D**	**D**	19.41 **D**
R	10.06 **R**	**R**	19.41 **R**
O	10.06 **O**	**O**	19.41 **O**
G	10.06 **G**	**G**	19.41 **G**

B O Y N E V I A D U C T B O Y N E V I A D U C T
O Y N E V I A D U C T B O Y N E V I A D U C T
Y N E V I A D U C T B O Y N E V I A D U C T
N E V I A D U C T B O Y N E V I A D U C T
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B O Y N E V I A D U C T B O Y N E V I A D U C T

H	10.06 **H**	**H**	19.41 **H**
E	10.06 **E**	**E**	19.41 **E**
D	10.06 **D**	**D**	19.41 **D**
A	10.06 **A**	**A**	19.41 **A**

Arr Belfast		Arr Dublin	
B	11.50 **B**	**D**	20.15 **D**
E	11.50 **E**	**U**	20.15 **U**
L	11.50 **L**	**B**	20.15 **B**
F	11.50 **F**	**L**	20.15 **L**
A	11.50 **A**	**I**	20.15 **I**
S	11.50 **S**	**N**	20.15 **N**
T	11.50 **T**		

Susan Connolly

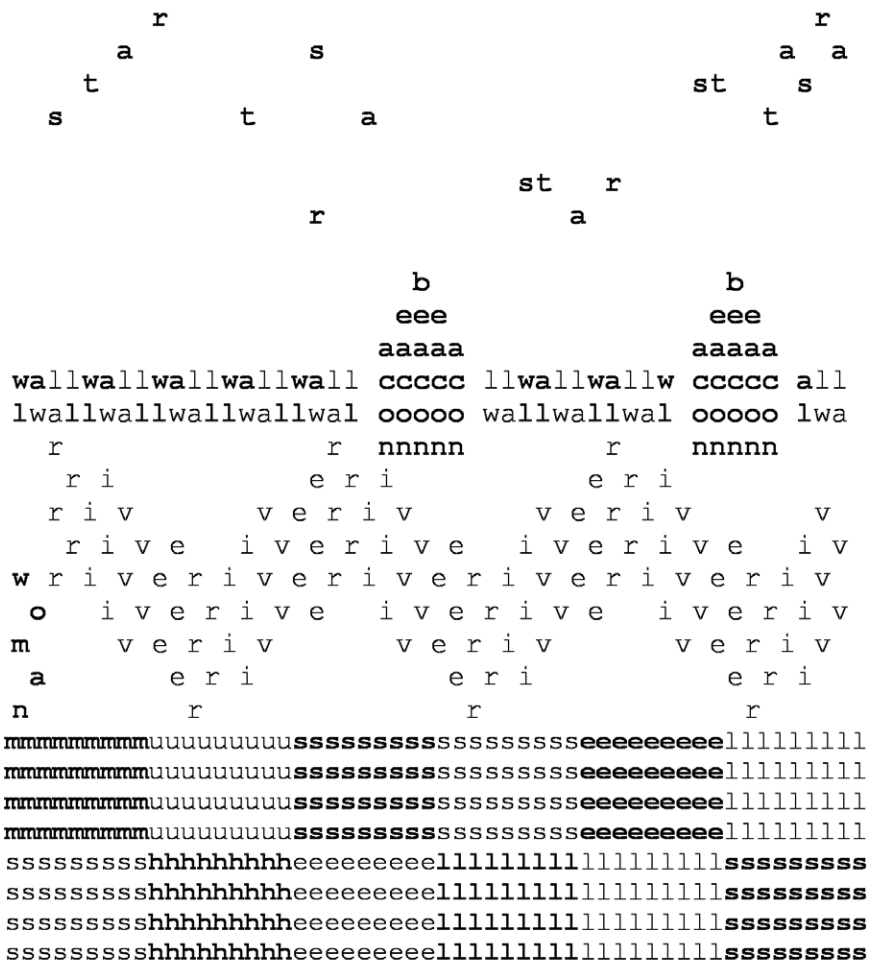
Flute Solo in the Afternoon



as
the
flute
player
begins to
improvise
i see the
Enterprise
crossing
the Viaduct;
wheels keep
a steady beat

f
l
flflflflflflflute
t
e
p
l
a
y
e
r

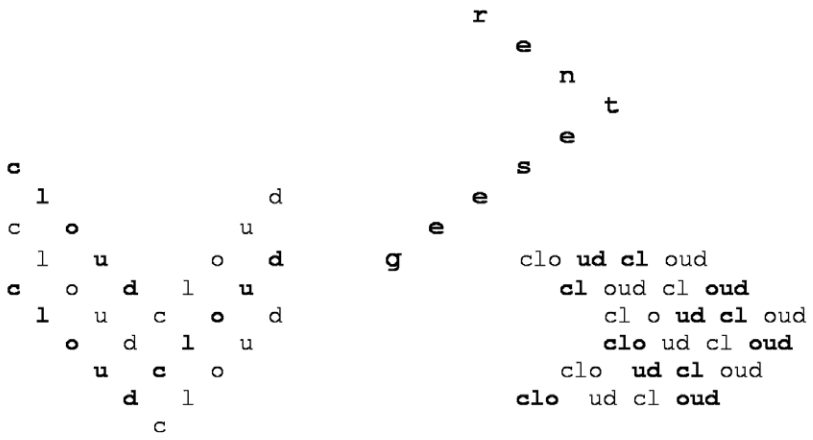
Susan Connolly

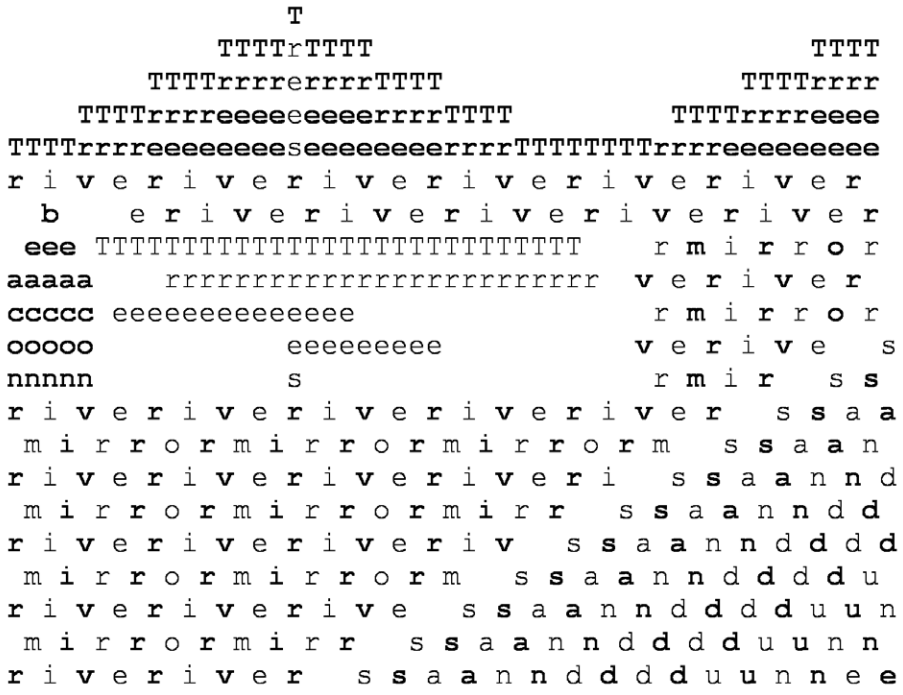


the Crook Road, Mornington

standing on mussel shells,
looking across the river at night,
the stars above Baltray

Susan Connolly





looking back towards Drogheda

brent geese fly over the dunes
at dusk, their beating wings
like the stick of a bow
striking a violin

seafog drifts upriver,
slowly hiding the trees
at Beaulieu

Susan Connolly

The Dream-Clock



Susan Connolly

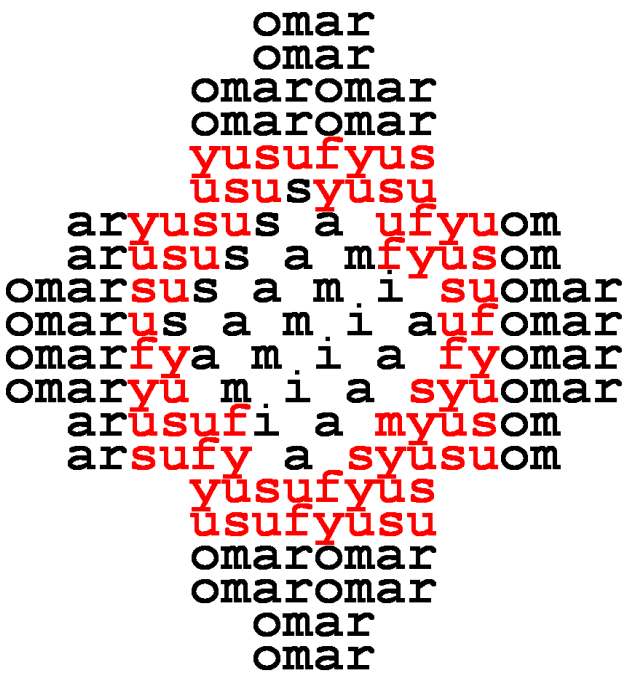
Towards the Light

In the deep dawn of my life a child stretches awake.
Long ago
Light climbs the sky, I climb the light,
day grows
from day, time like a tree.
Now I look back at the years,
the dead ends and the open
spaces.
I still lean towards
the light.

Three Monograms

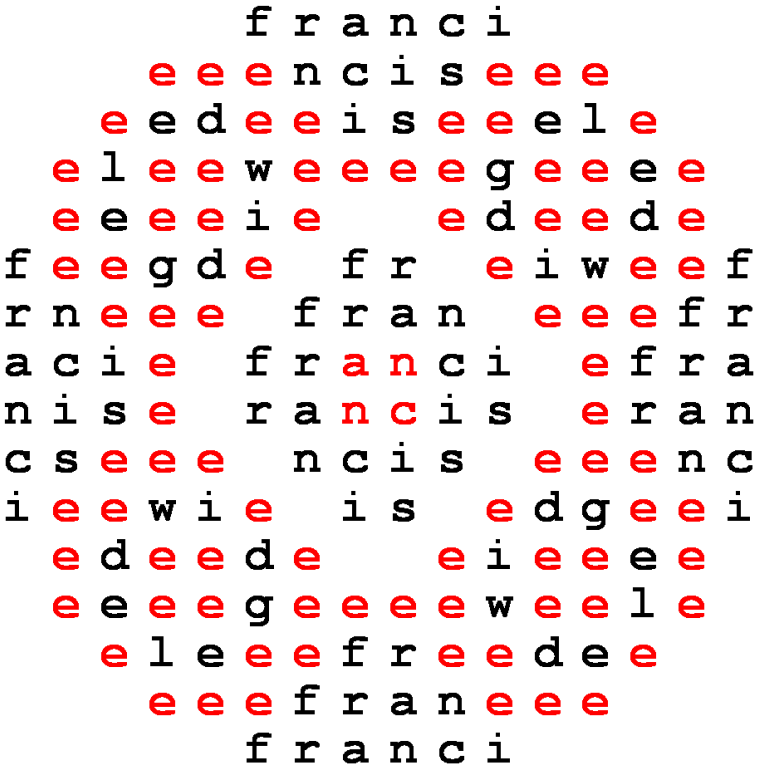
Samia Yusuf Omar

Samia Yusuf Omar was a champion sprinter from Mogadishu, Somalia. She drowned in the Mediterranean Sea in April 2012. She was twenty-one.



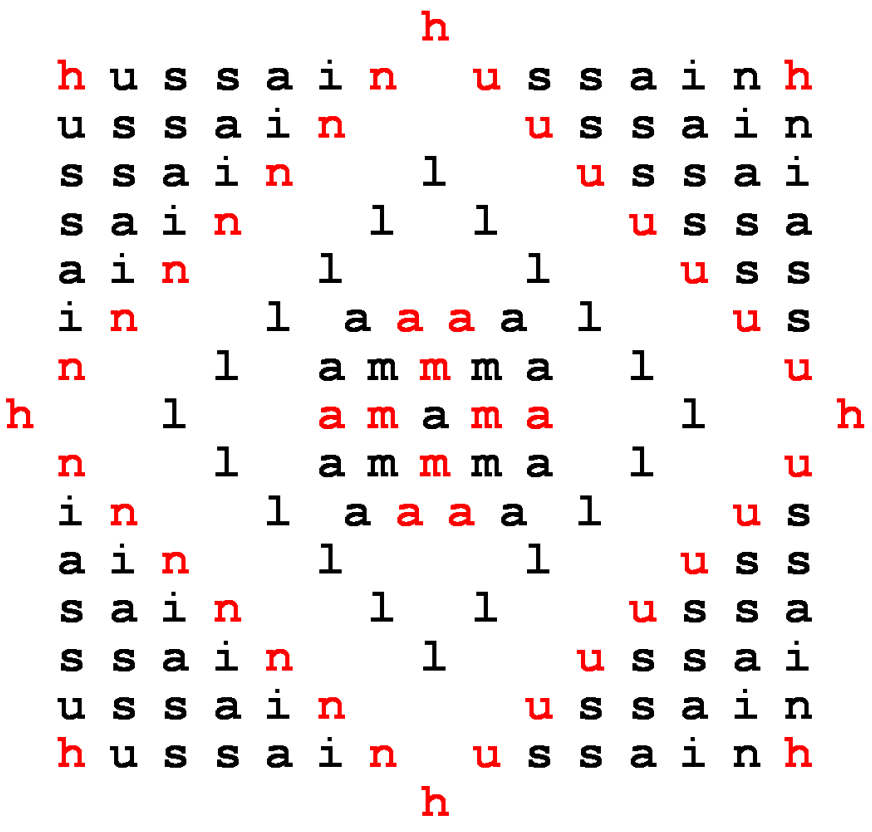
Francis E. Ledwidge

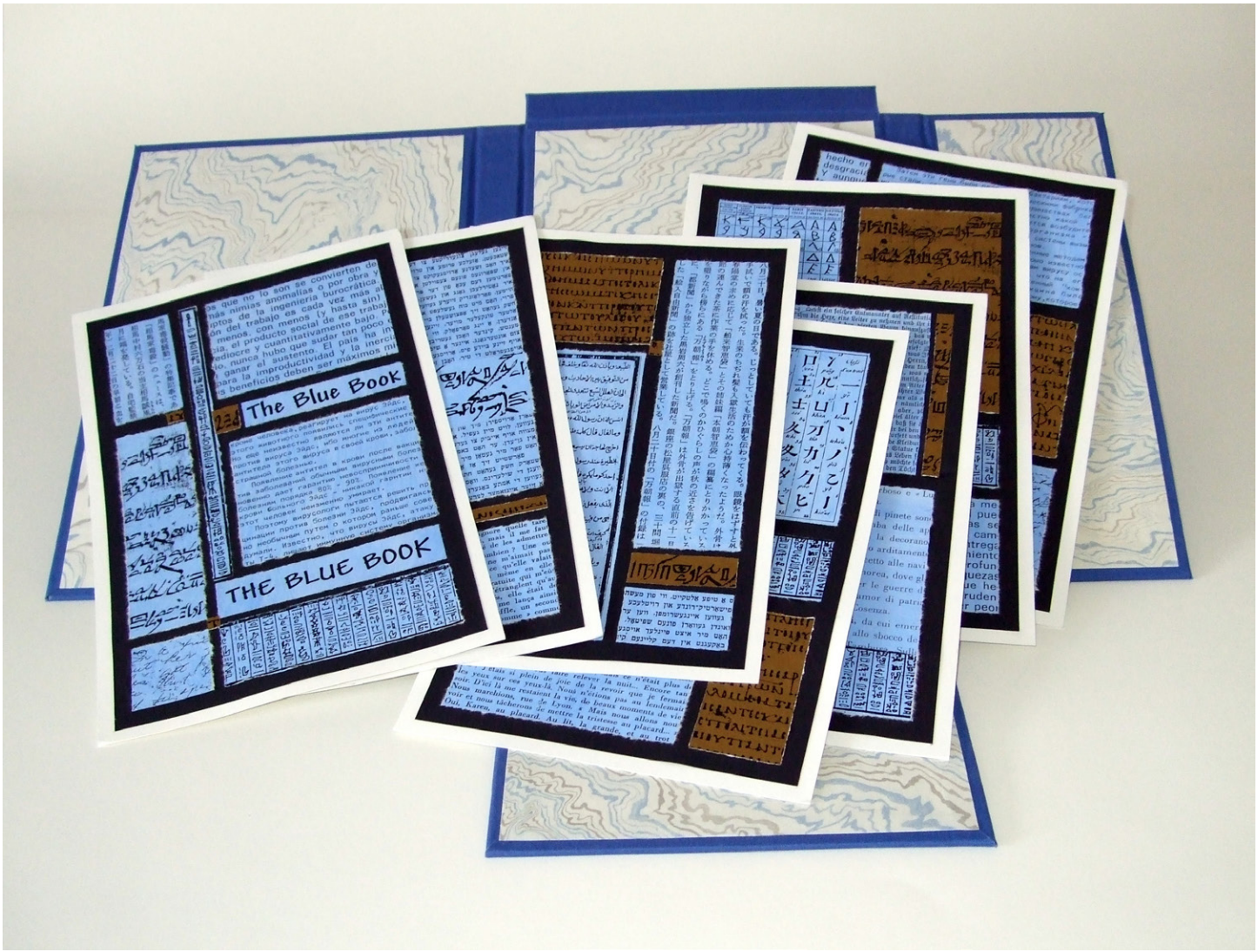
Francis Ledwidge, a poet from Slane, Co. Meath, survived three battlefields before being killed at Ypres on July 31st, 1917. He was twenty-nine.



Amal Hussain

Amal Hussain from Yemen died of hunger in a refugee camp on October 26th, 2018 after being discharged from hospital. She was seven years old.





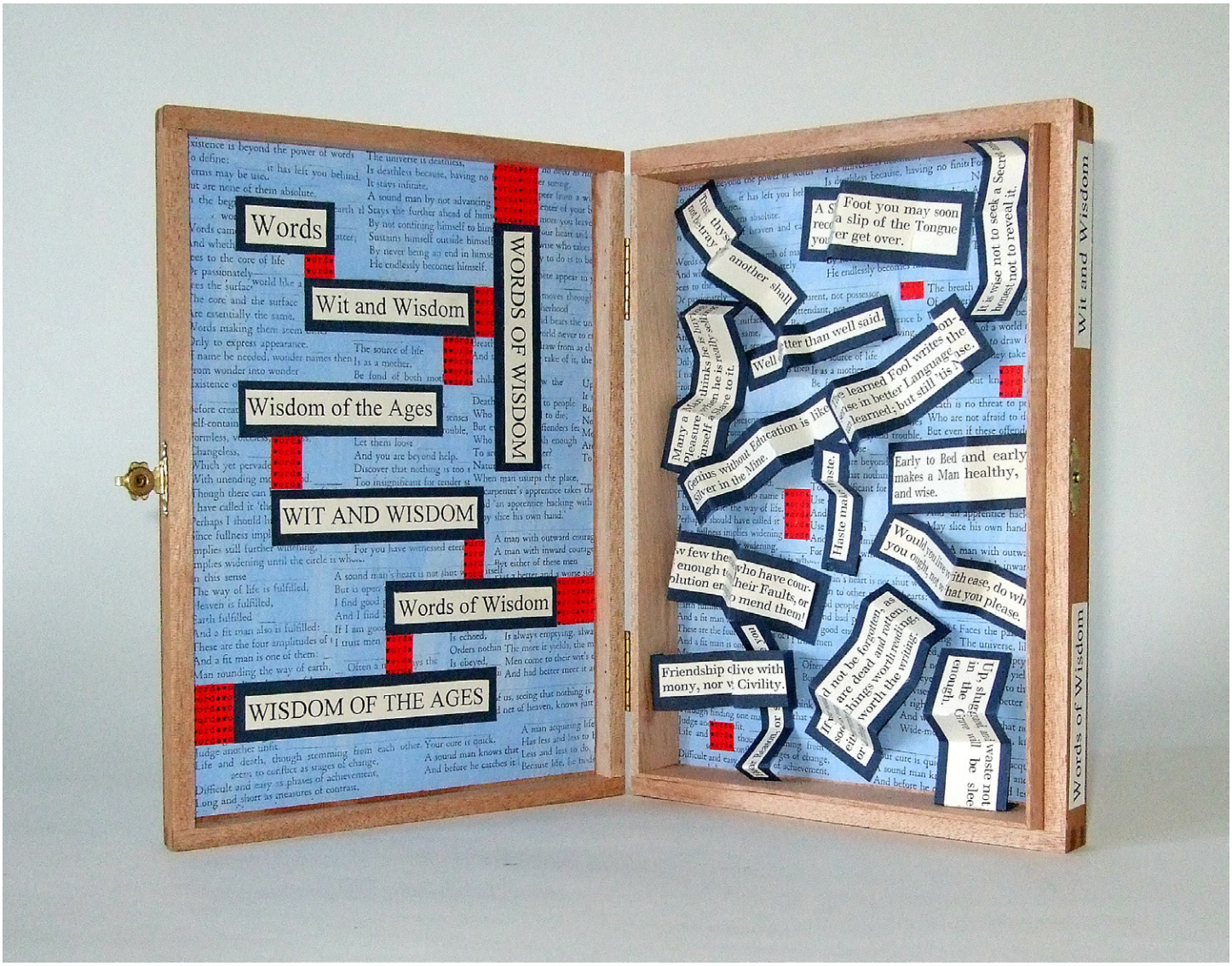
Unique Artist Book – 2009 – 10″ x 7.5′ x 1″ – In the collection of the Brooklyn Museum , New York



Unique Artist Book – 2014 – 11″ x 7″ x 1.5″ – In the collection of the Mediatheque Marguerite Duras, Paris, France.



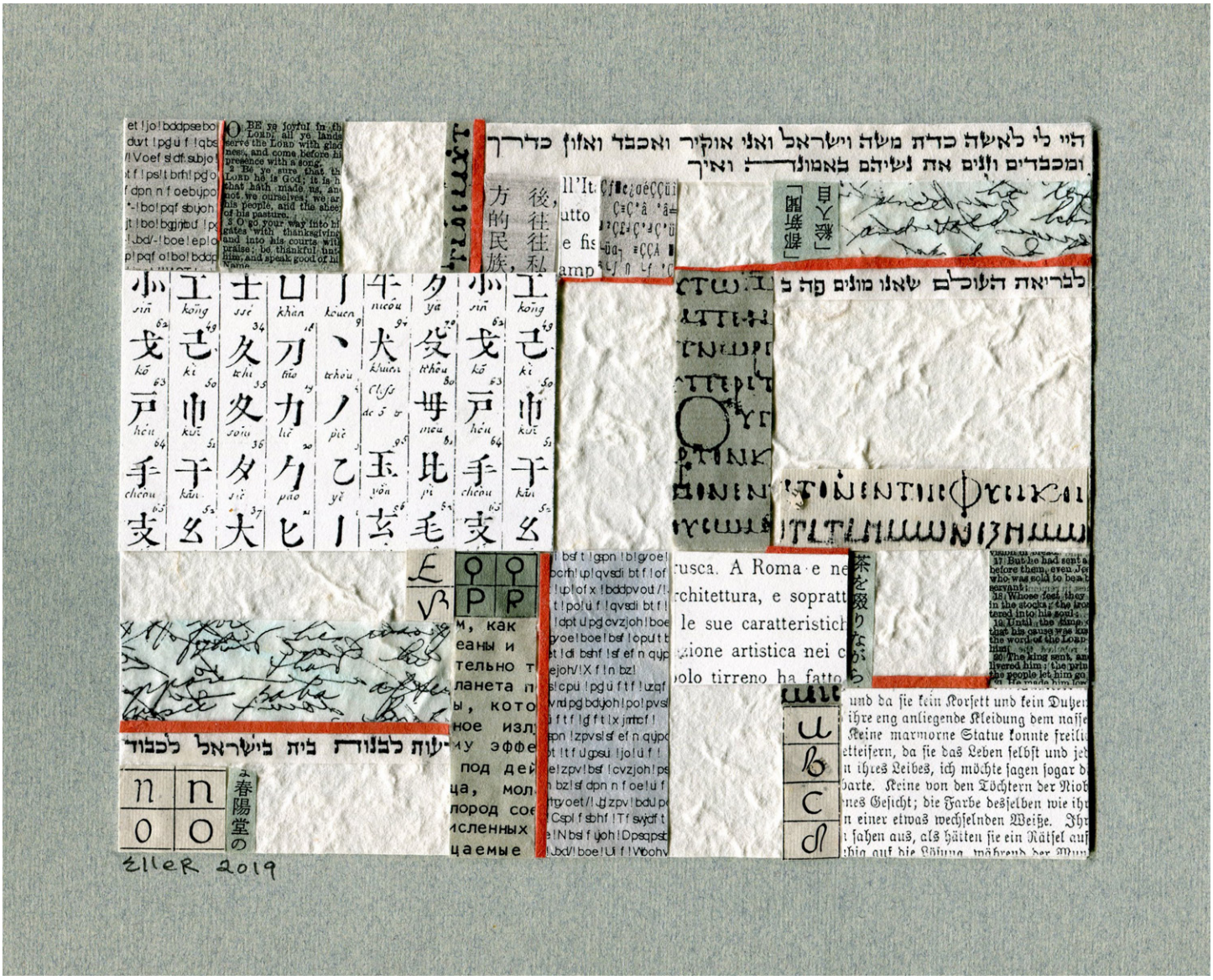
Unique Artist Book - 2015 – 8″ x 9.5″ x 2″ – In the Collection of the Brooklyn Museum, New York



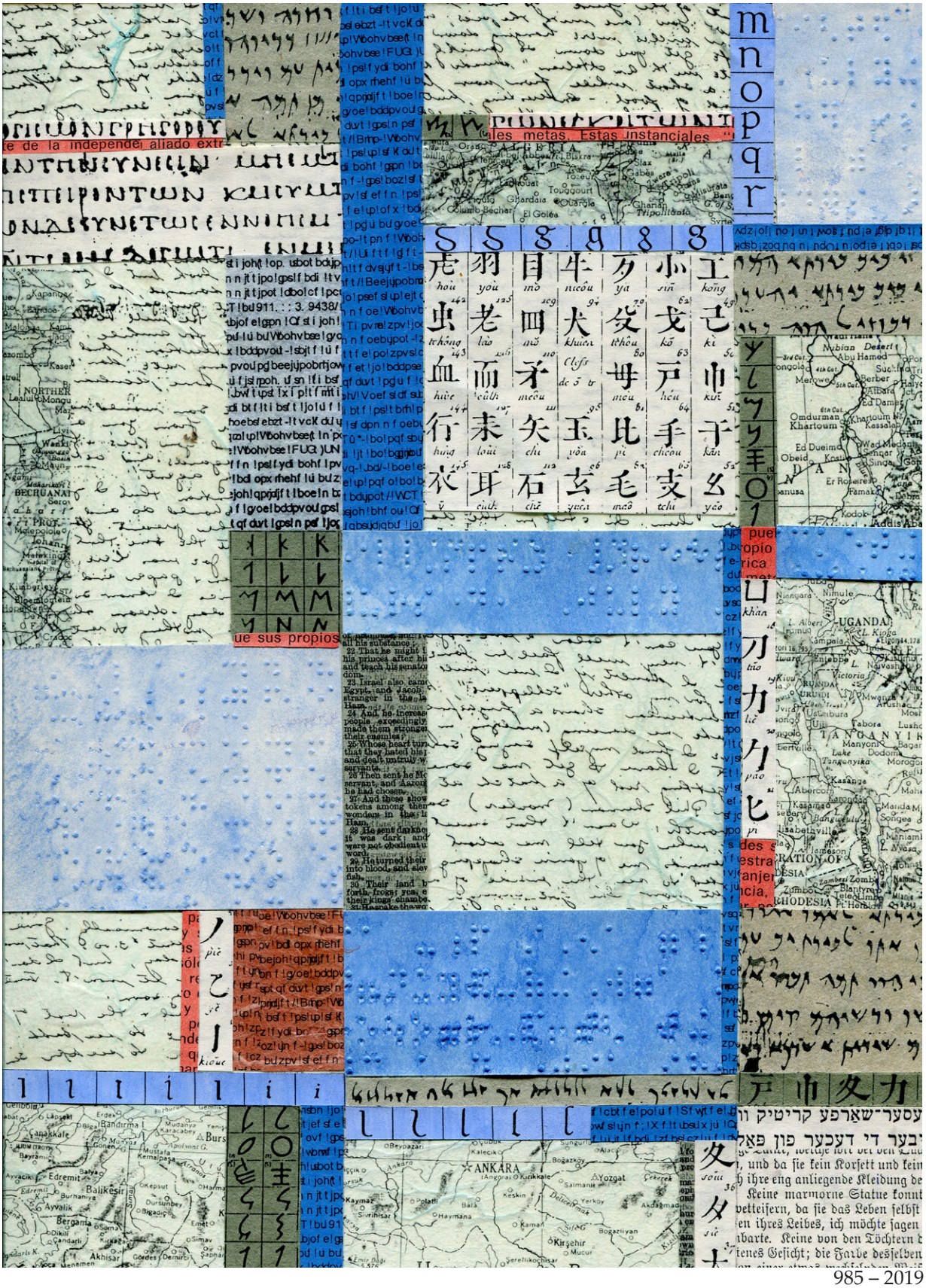
Unique Artist Book – 2018 – 9.5″ x 7″ x 1.3



Unique Artist book – 2018 – 8″ x 8″ x 2



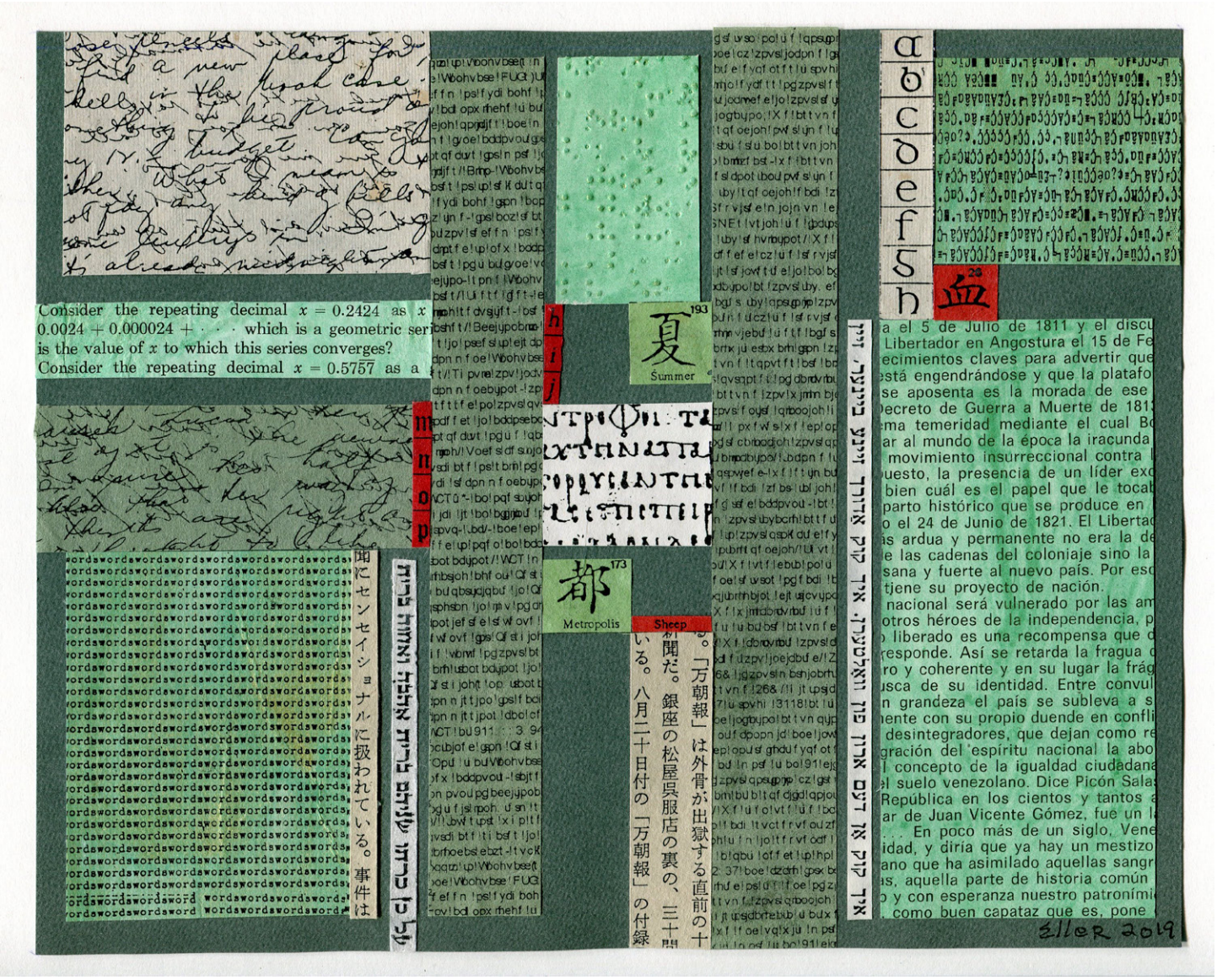
989 – 2019 – 8″ x 10



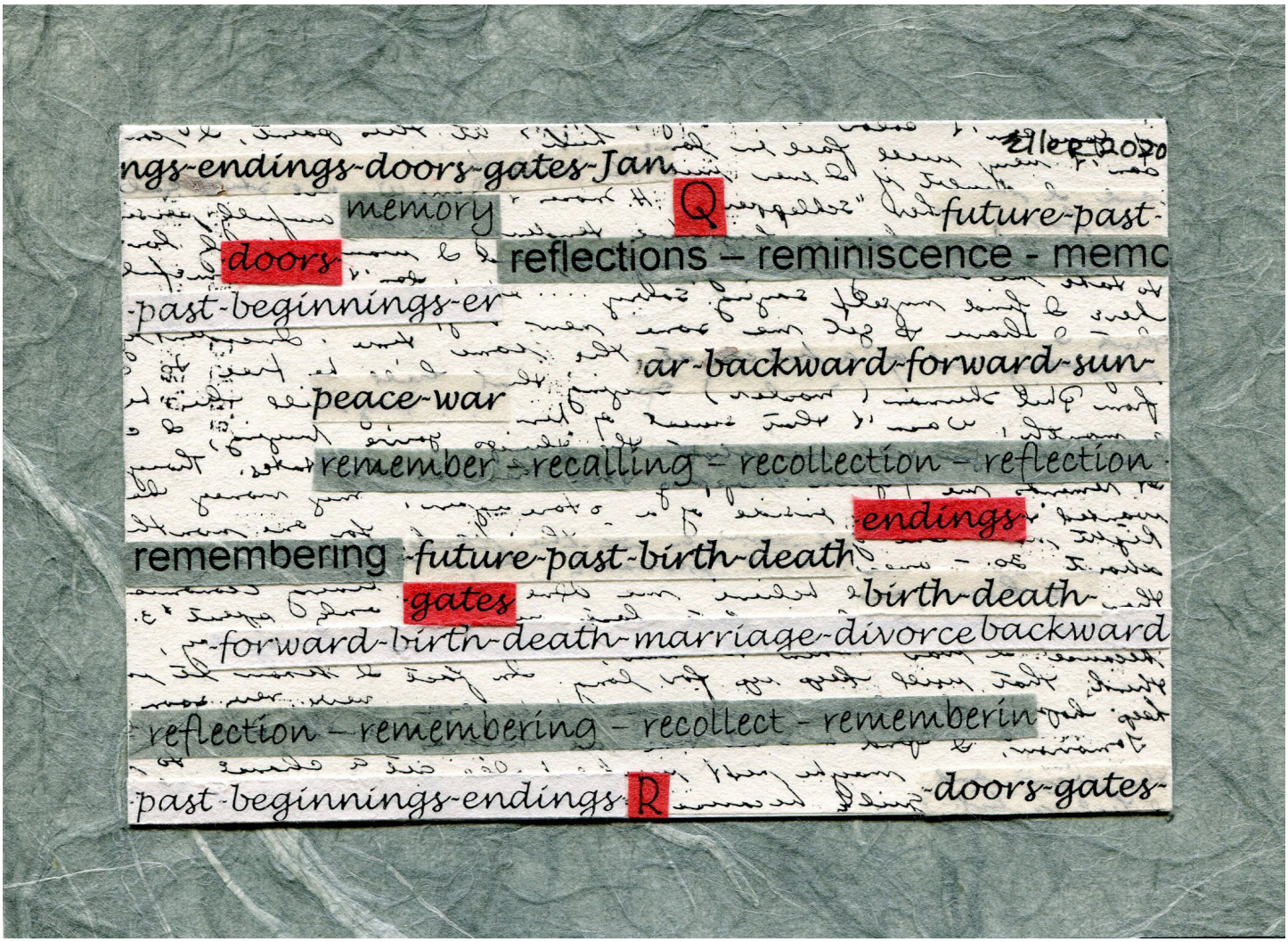
985 – 2019 – 12″ x 9



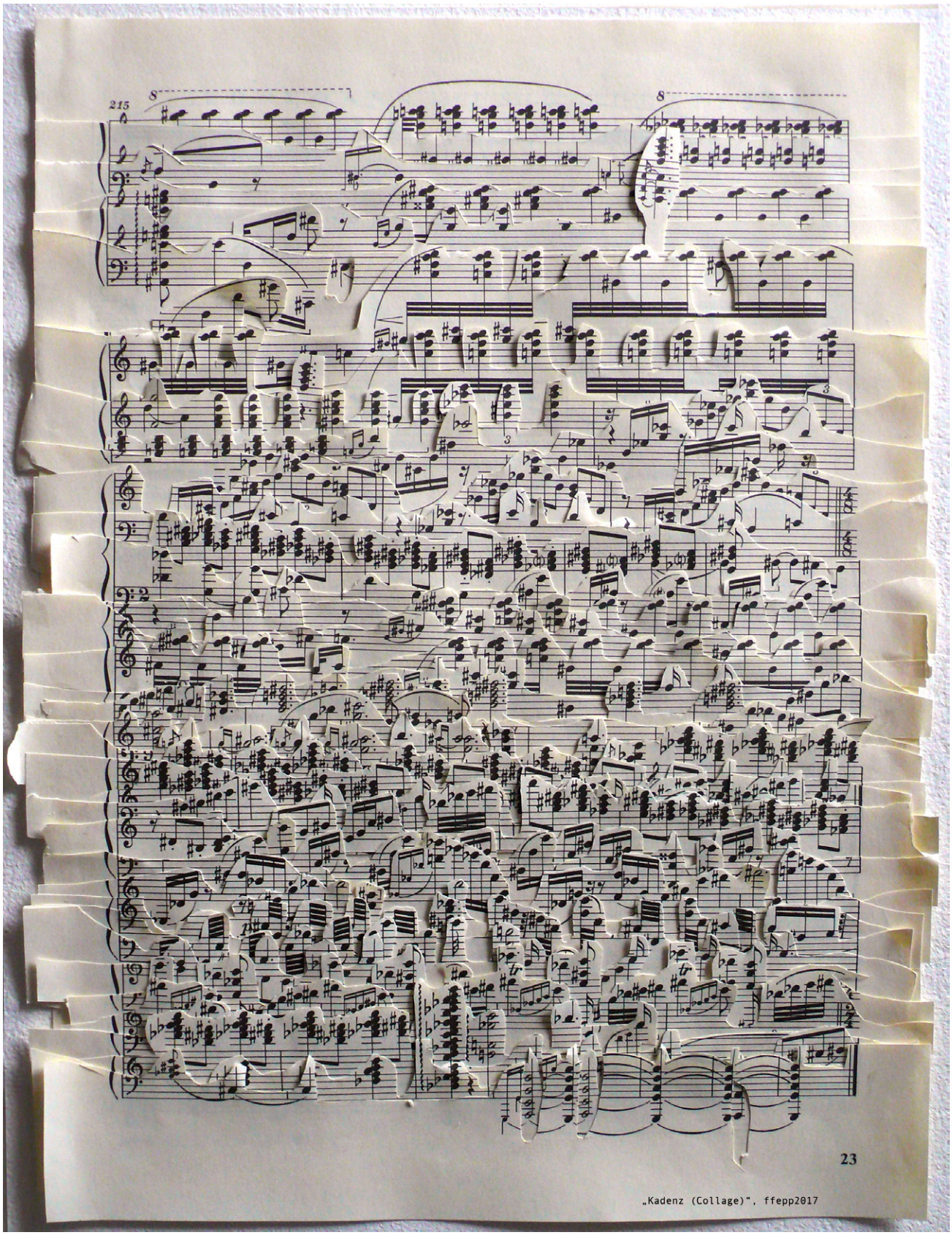
980 – 2019 – 12″ x 9″



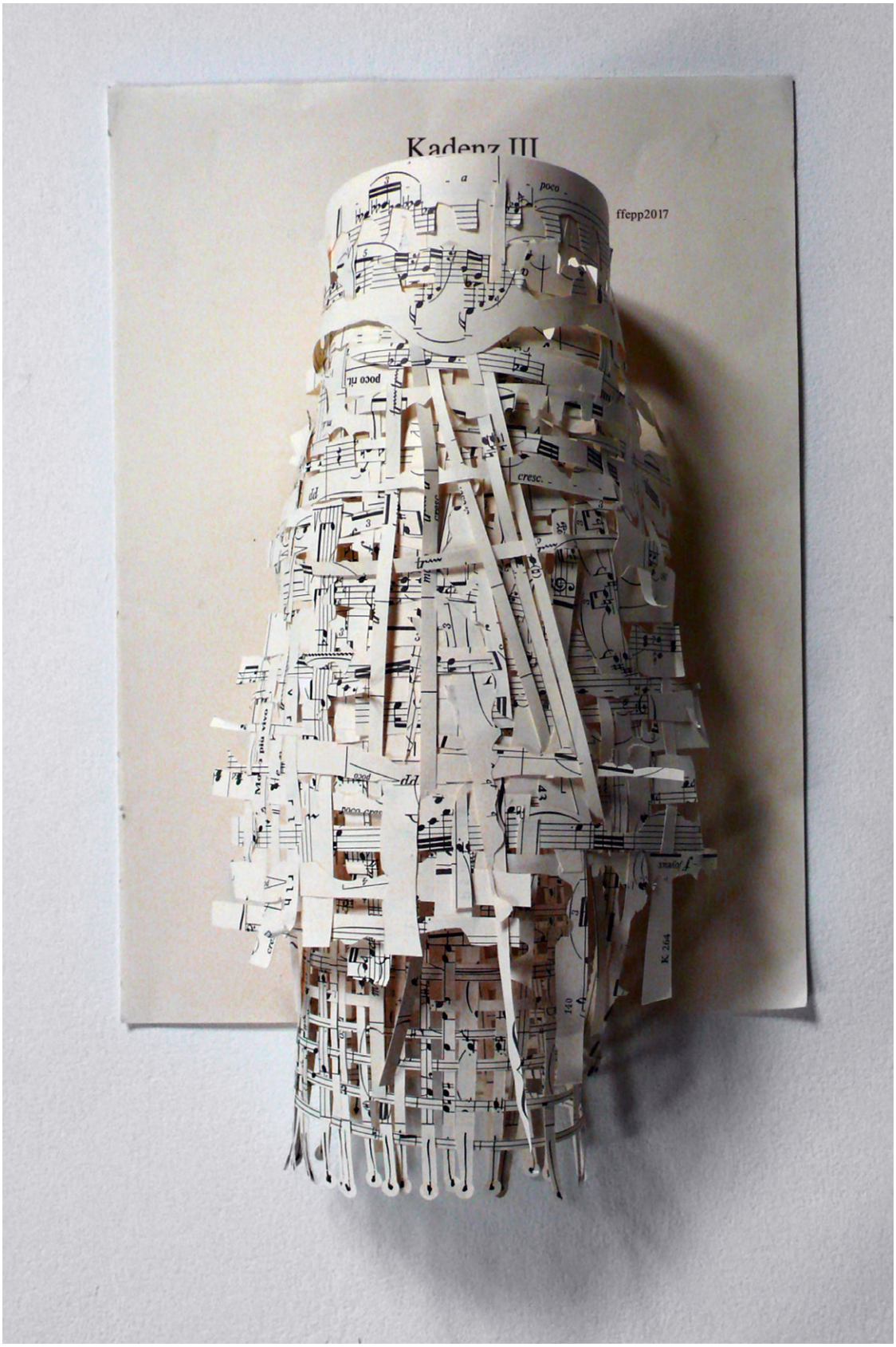
992 – 2019 - 9.5 " x 11.5

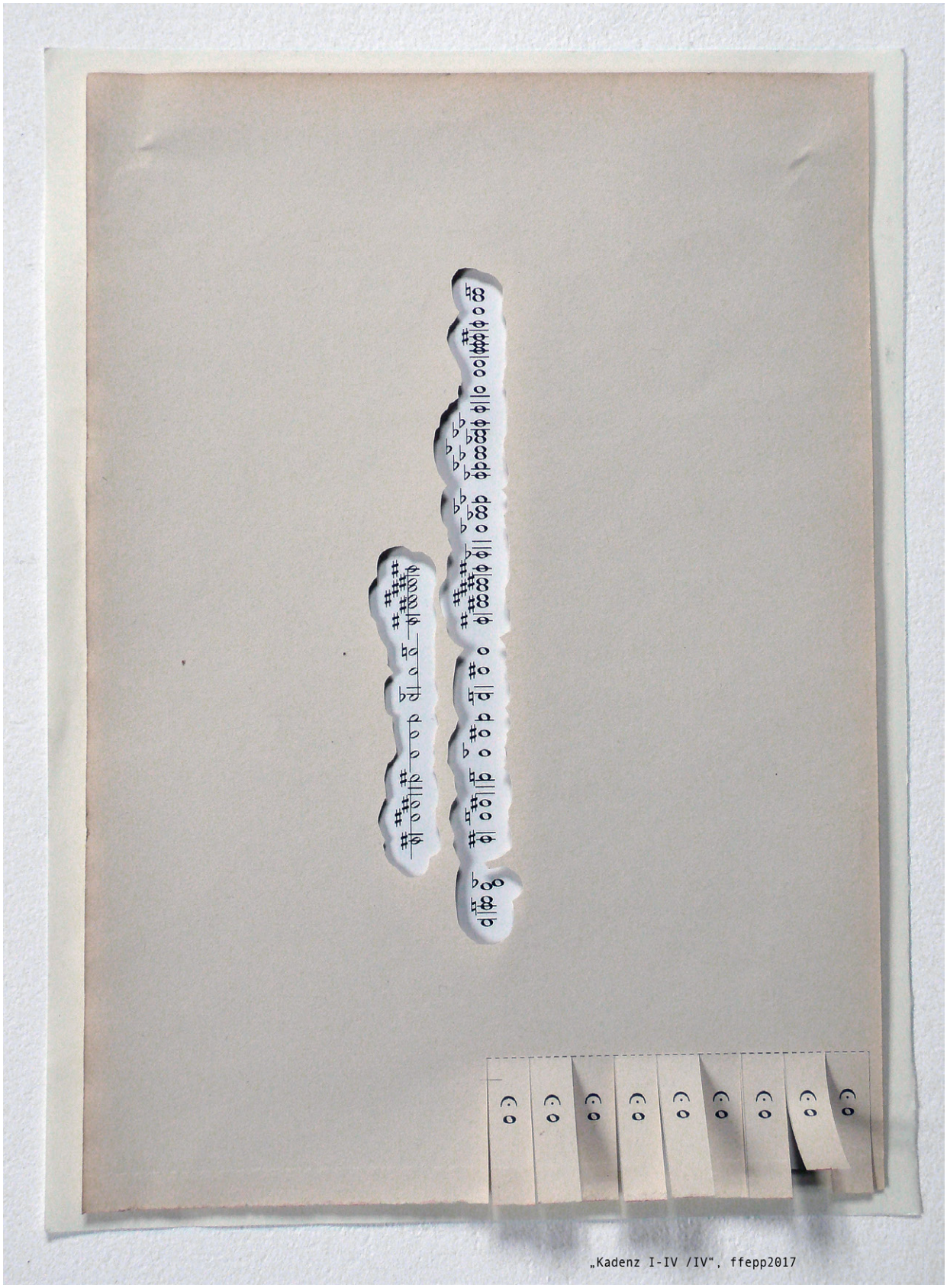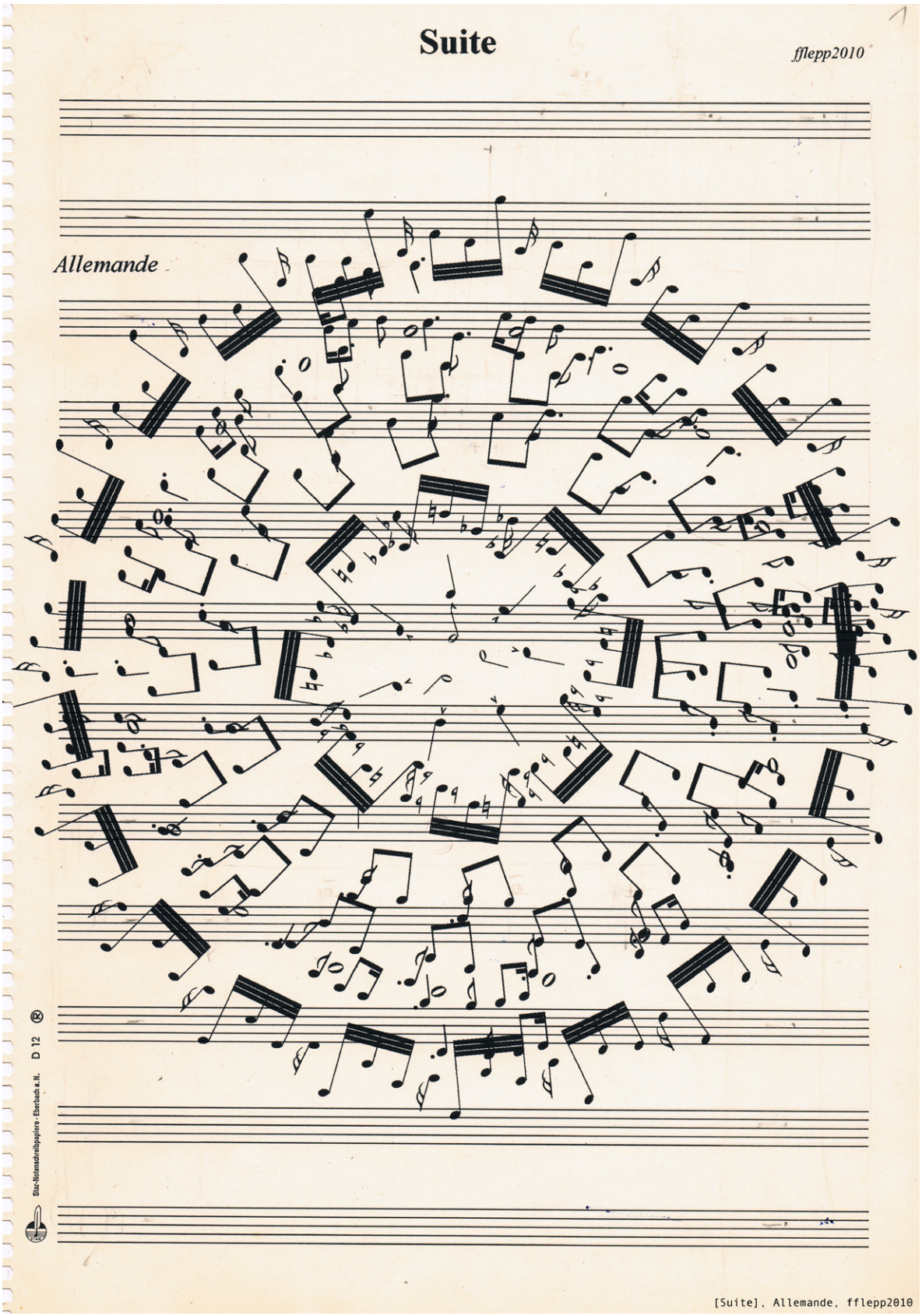


995 – 2020 – 5.5″ x 7.5
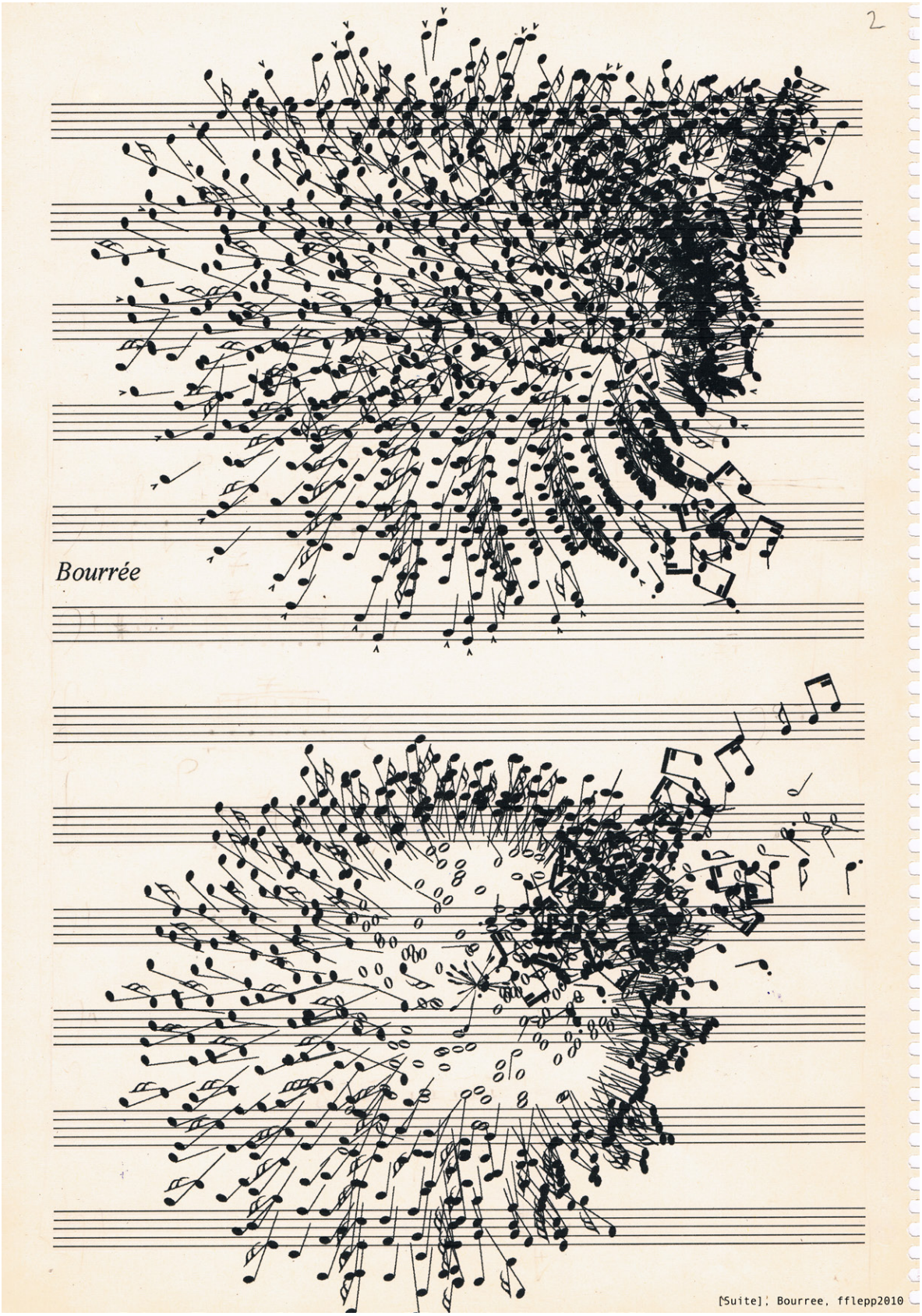

215
8
8
23
„Kadenz (Collage)", ffepp2017
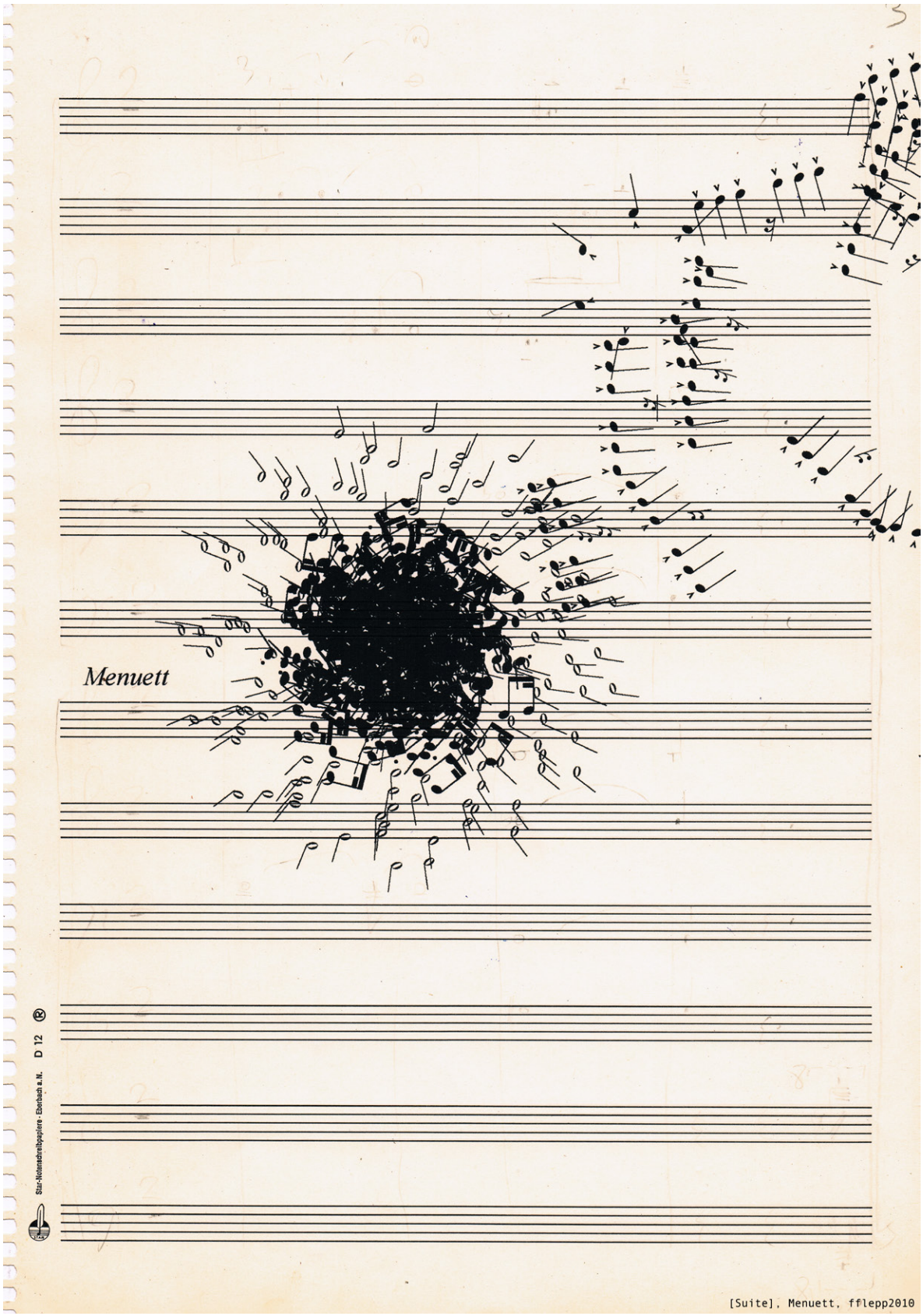

Kadenz II
Moderato
legendaire
ffepp2017
pp
cresc.
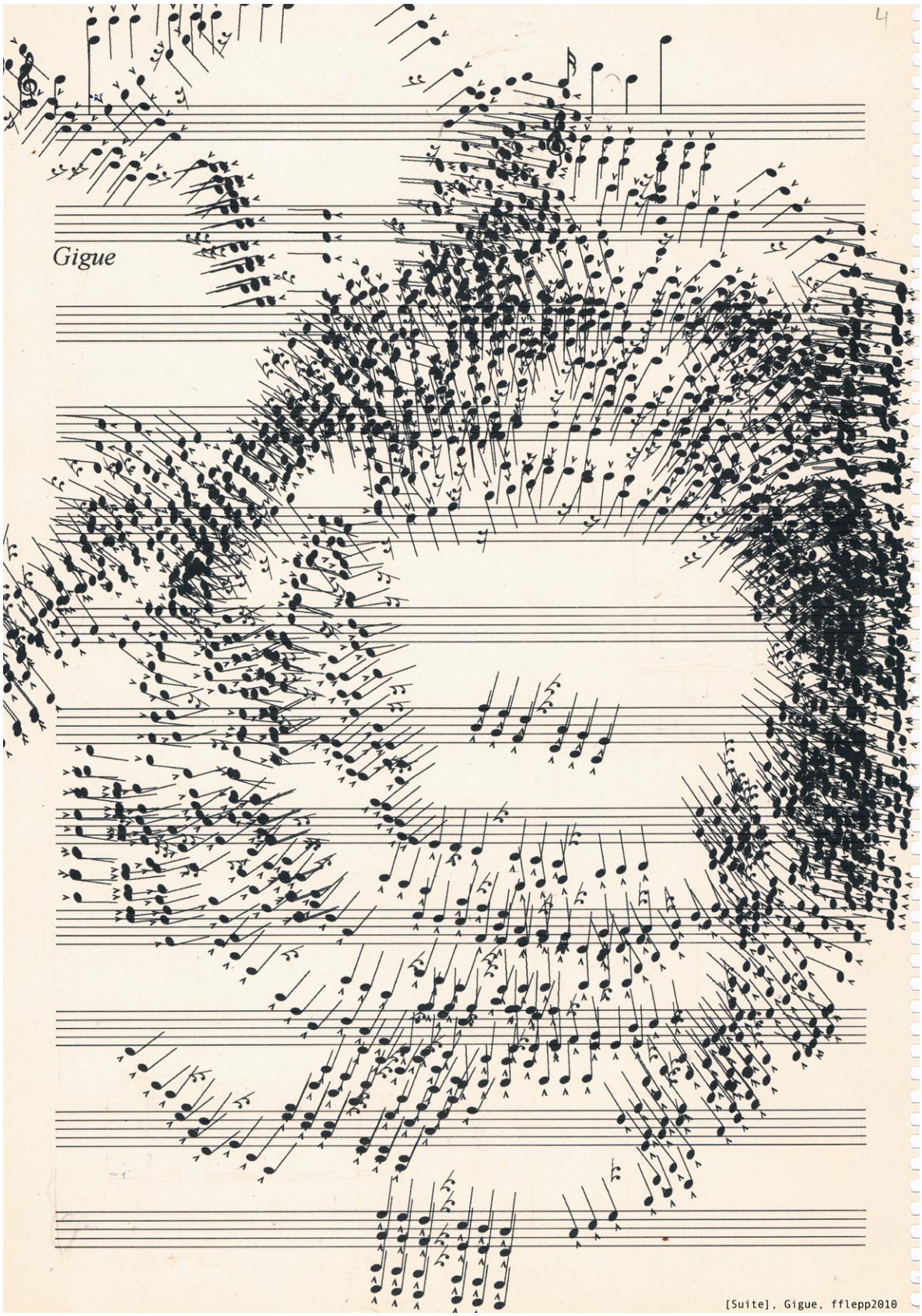

Kadenz III
ffepp2017

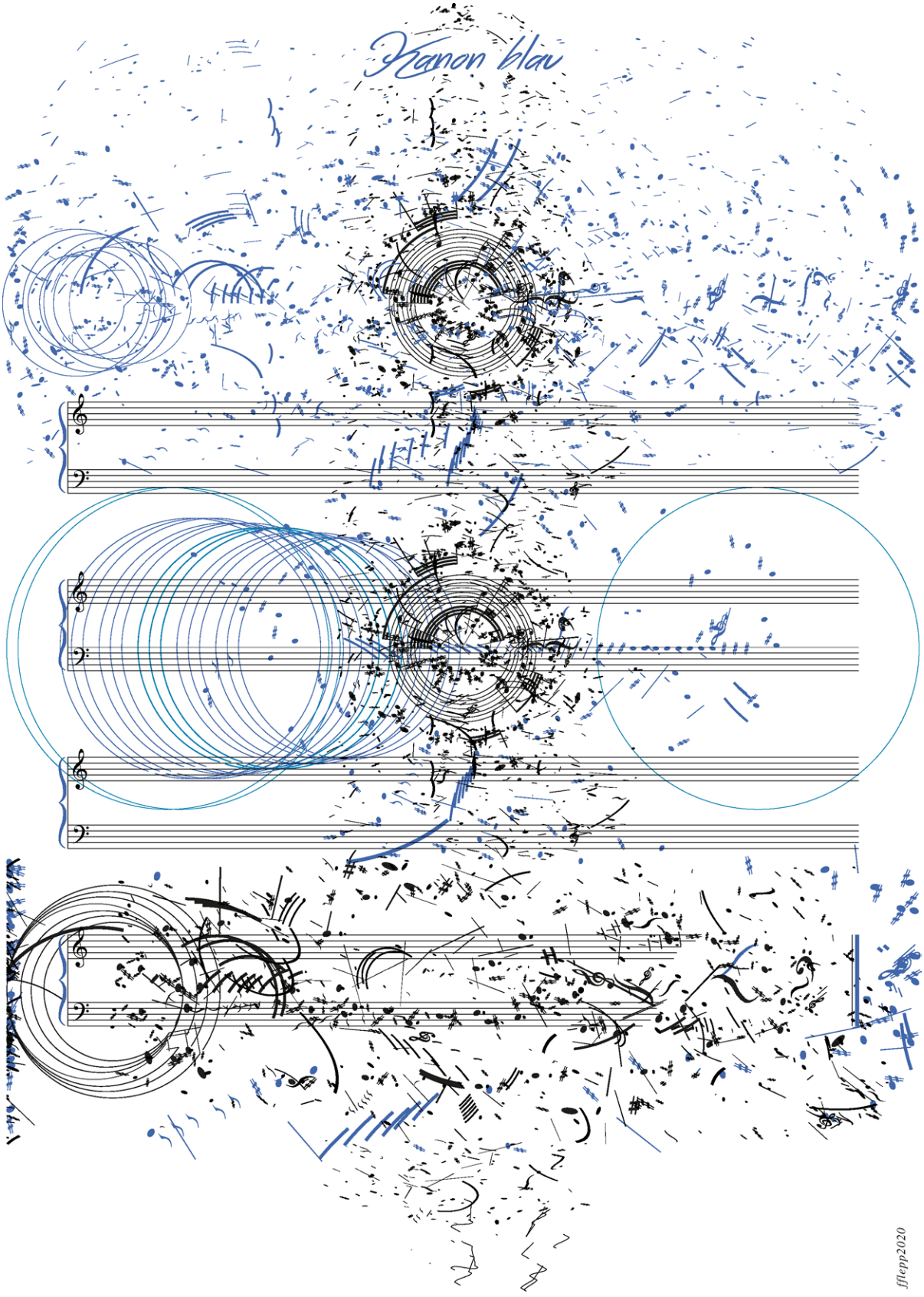

„Kadenz I-IV /IV", ffepp2017
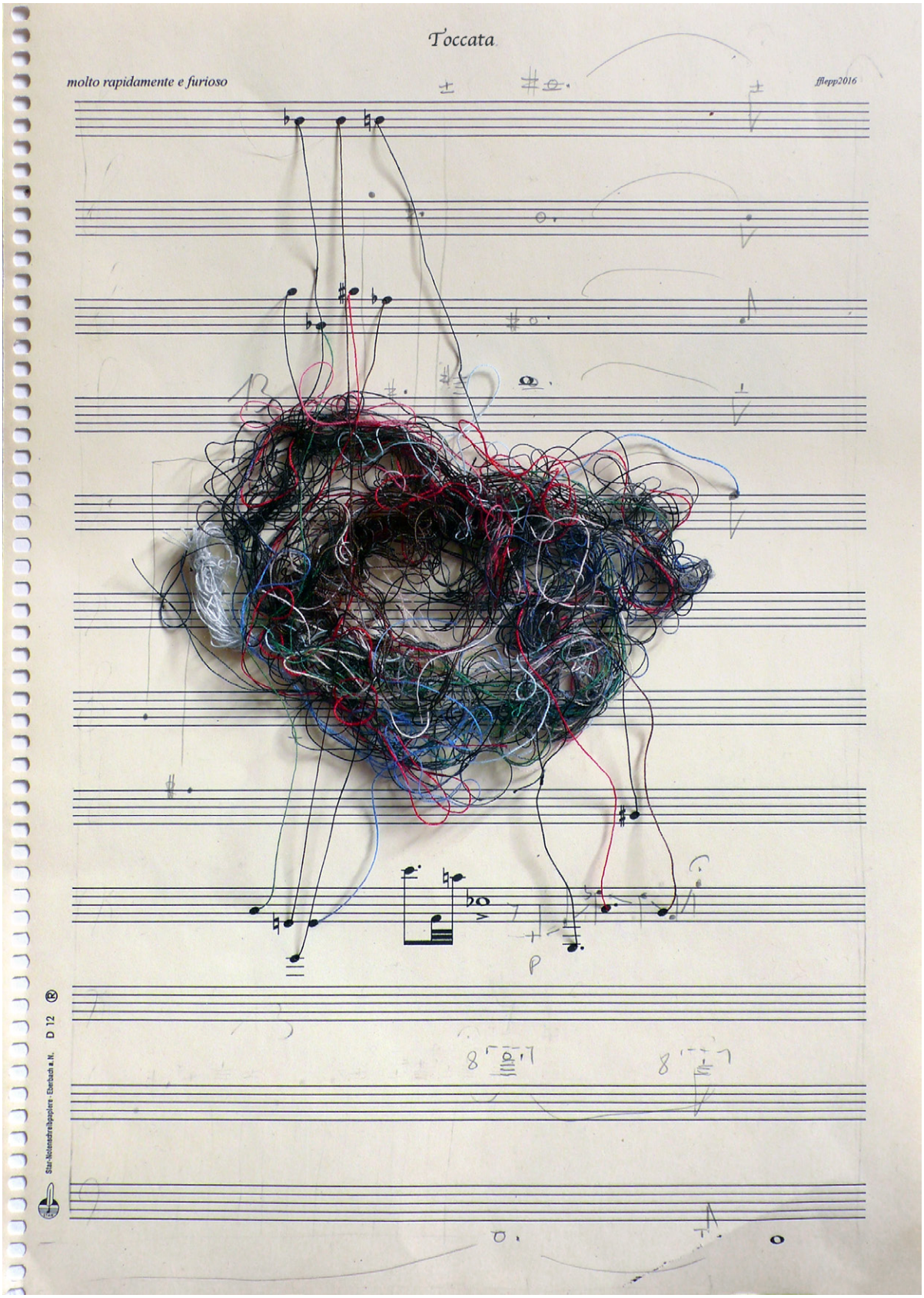

Suite
fflepp2010
Allemande
Staz-Notenschreibpapiere · Eberbach a.N. D 12
[Suite], Allemande, fflepp2010

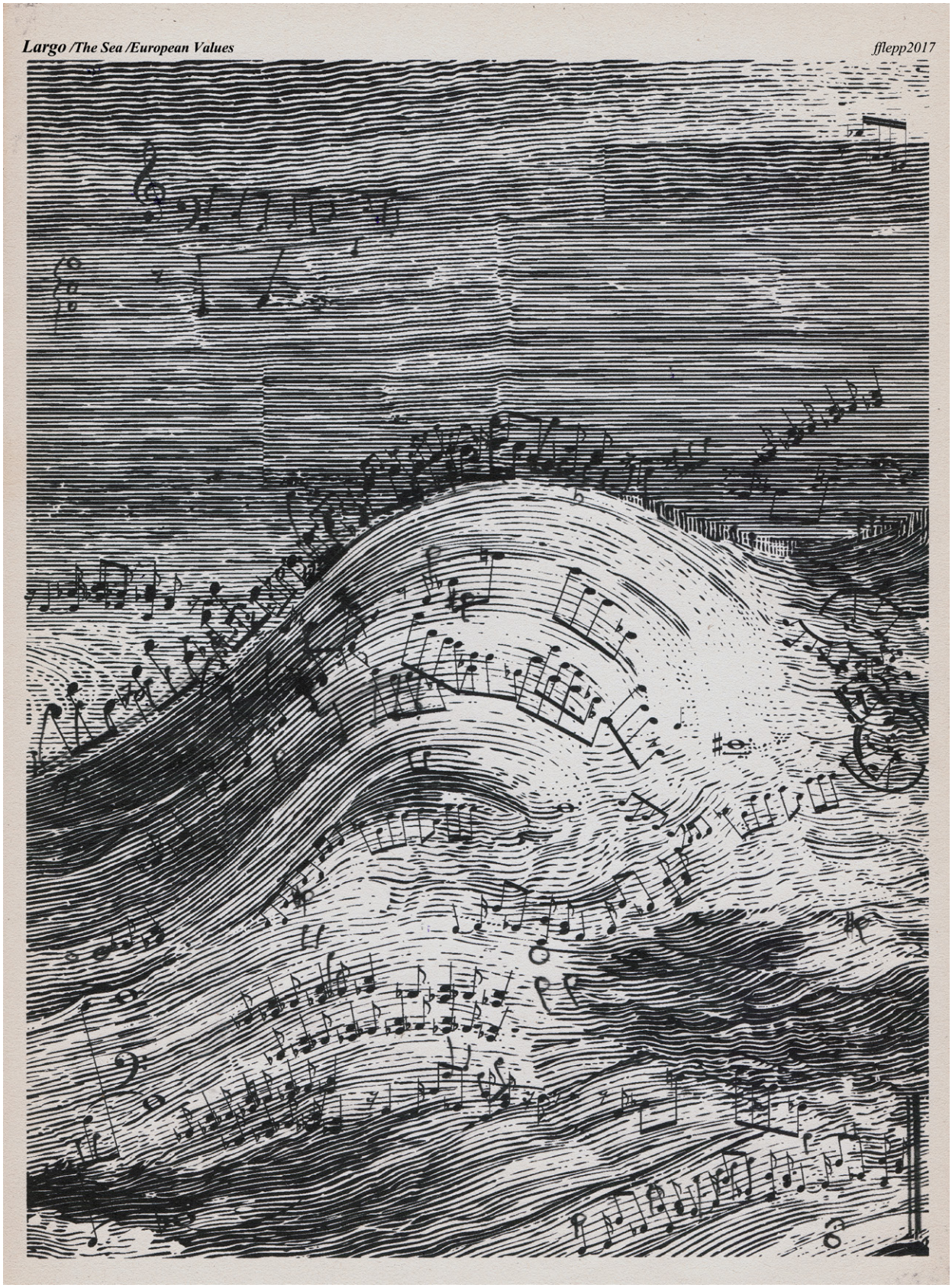

2
Bourrée
[Suite], Bourree, fflepp2010
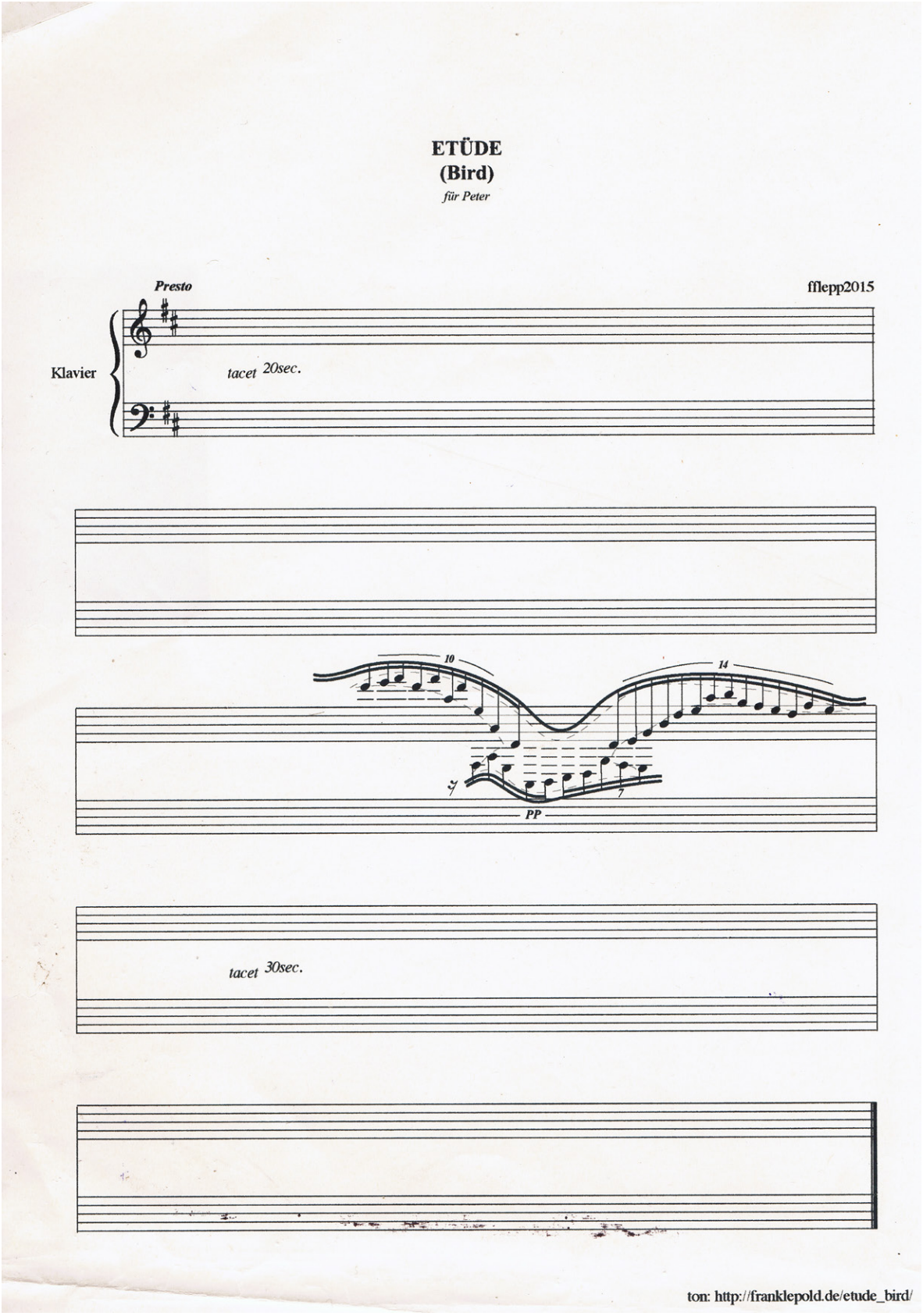

Menuett
Star-Notenstreifenpapiere · Eberbach a.N. D 12 ®
[Suite], Menuett, fflepp2010

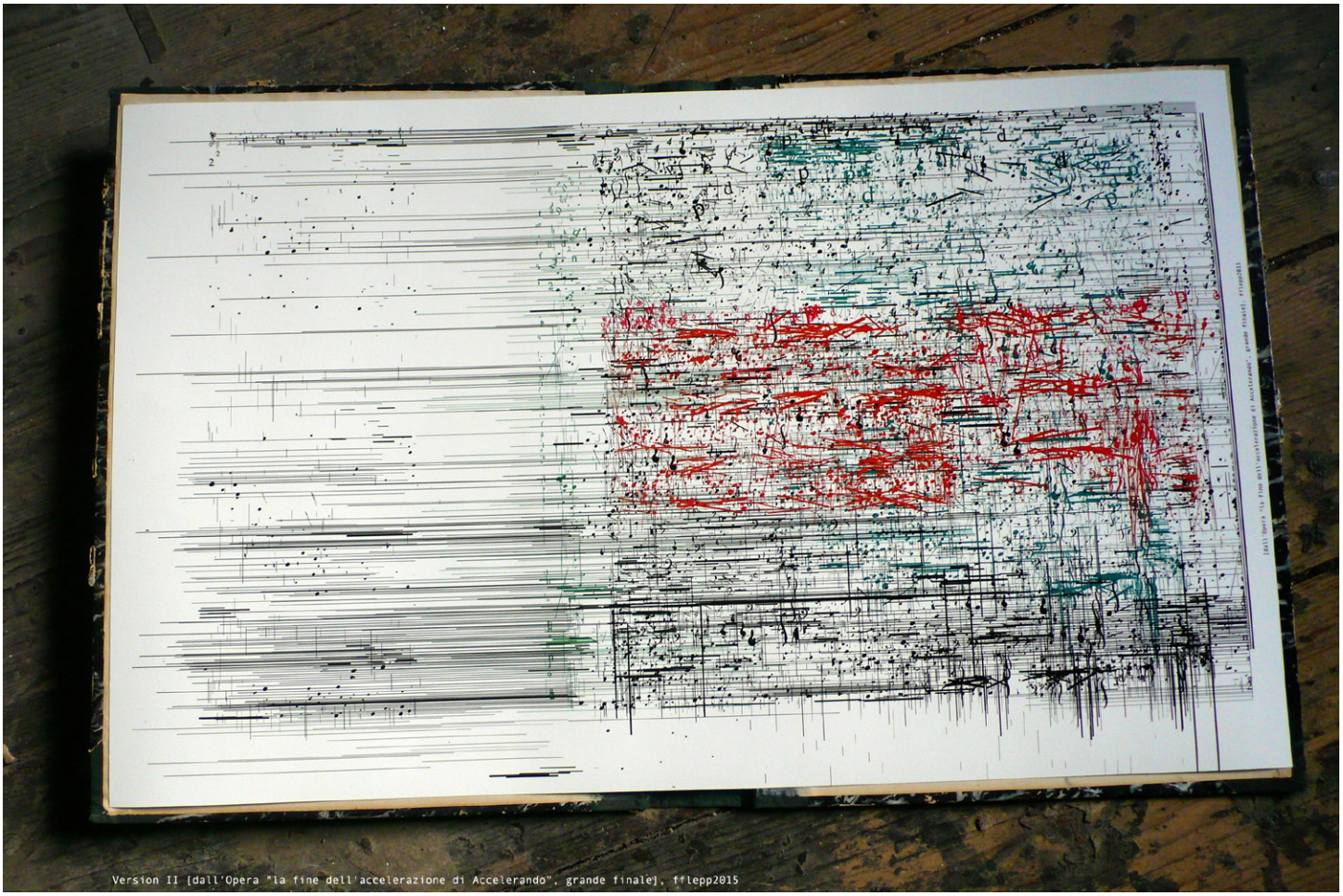

Gigue
[Suite], Gigue, fflepp2010


Kanon blau
fflepp2020


Toccata
molto rapidamente e furioso
fflepp2016
p


Largo /The Sea /European Values
fflepp2017

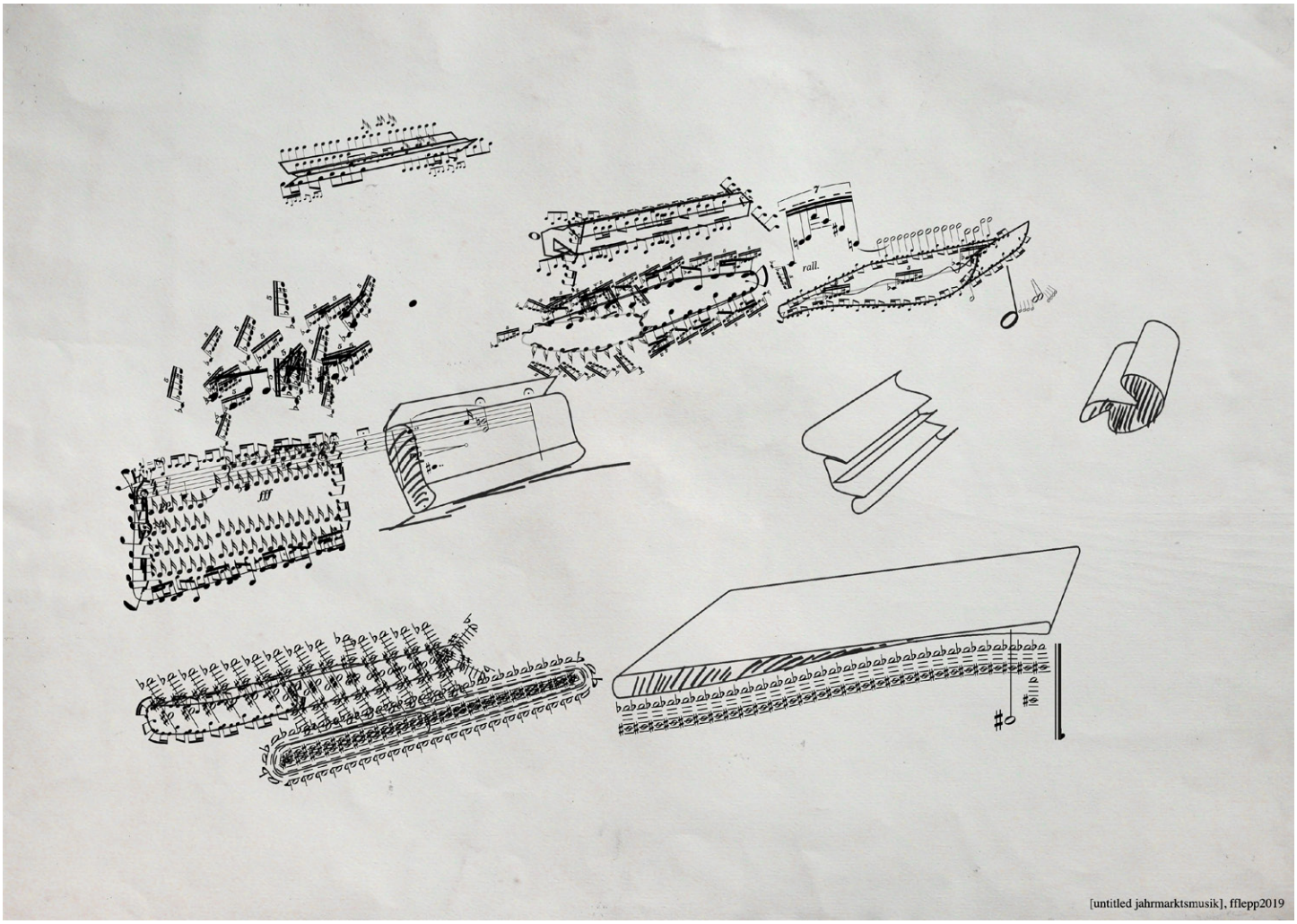

ETÜDE
(Bird)
für Peter
Presto
fflepp2015
Klavier
tacet 20sec.
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PP
tacet 30sec.
ton: http://franklepold.de/etude_bird/

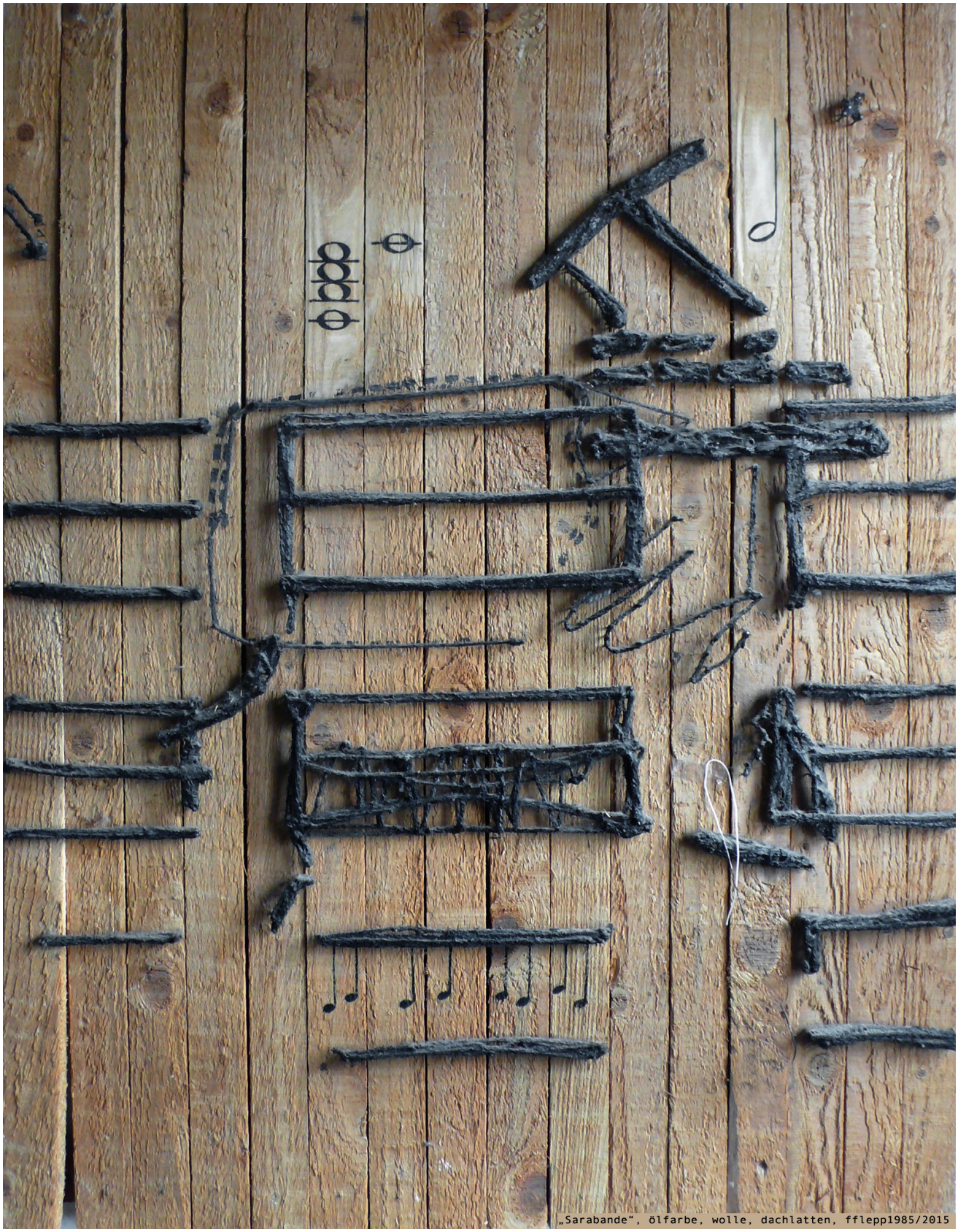


"la fine dell'accelerazione di Accelerando", grande finale



Beton, Nessel (bestickt), Tusche, Soundinstallation


rall.
fff
[untitled jahrmarktsmusik], fflepp2019



„Sarabande“, ölfarbe, wolle, dachlatten, fflepp1985/2015

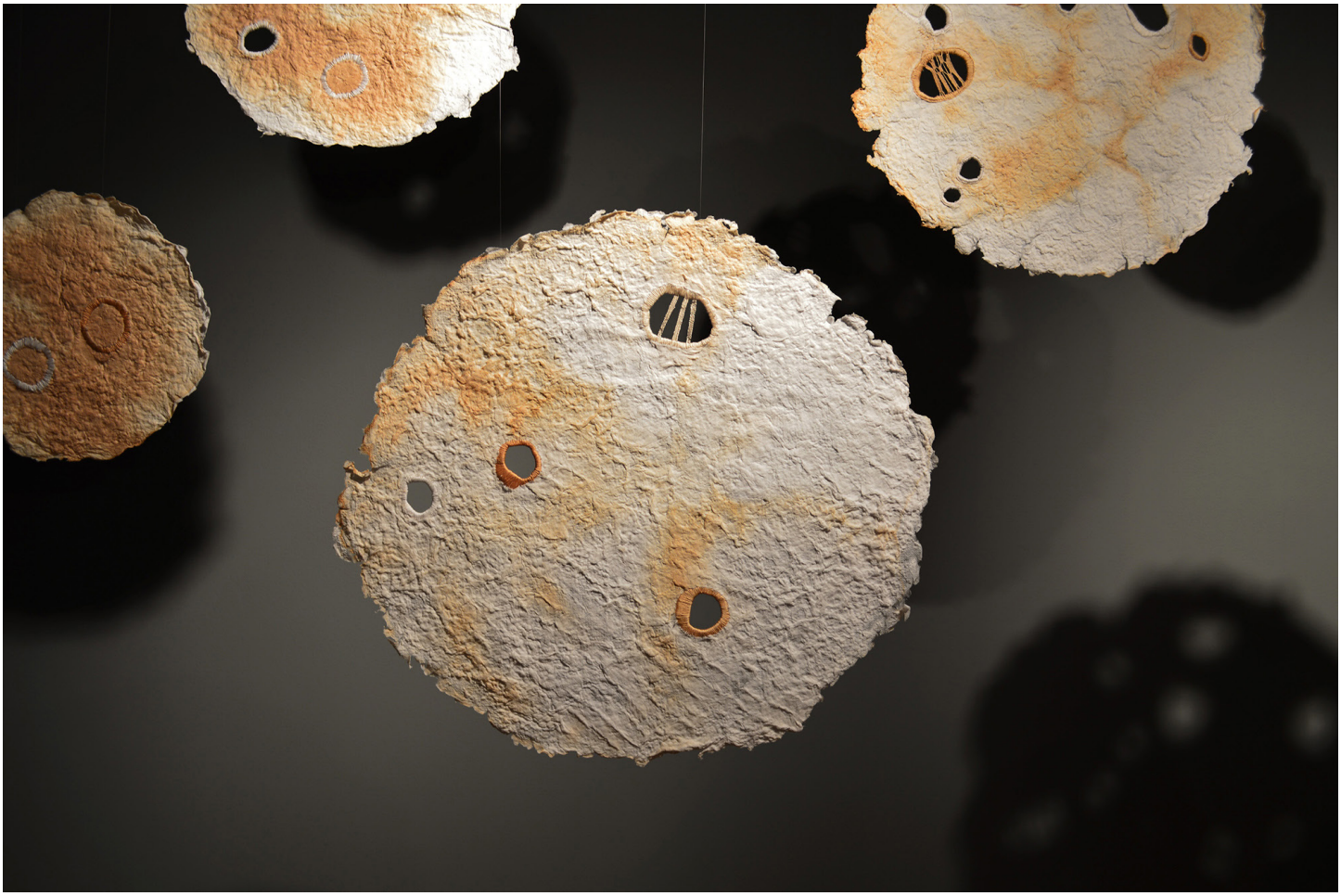
Jenny McMaster

Scars and Apertures, 2017

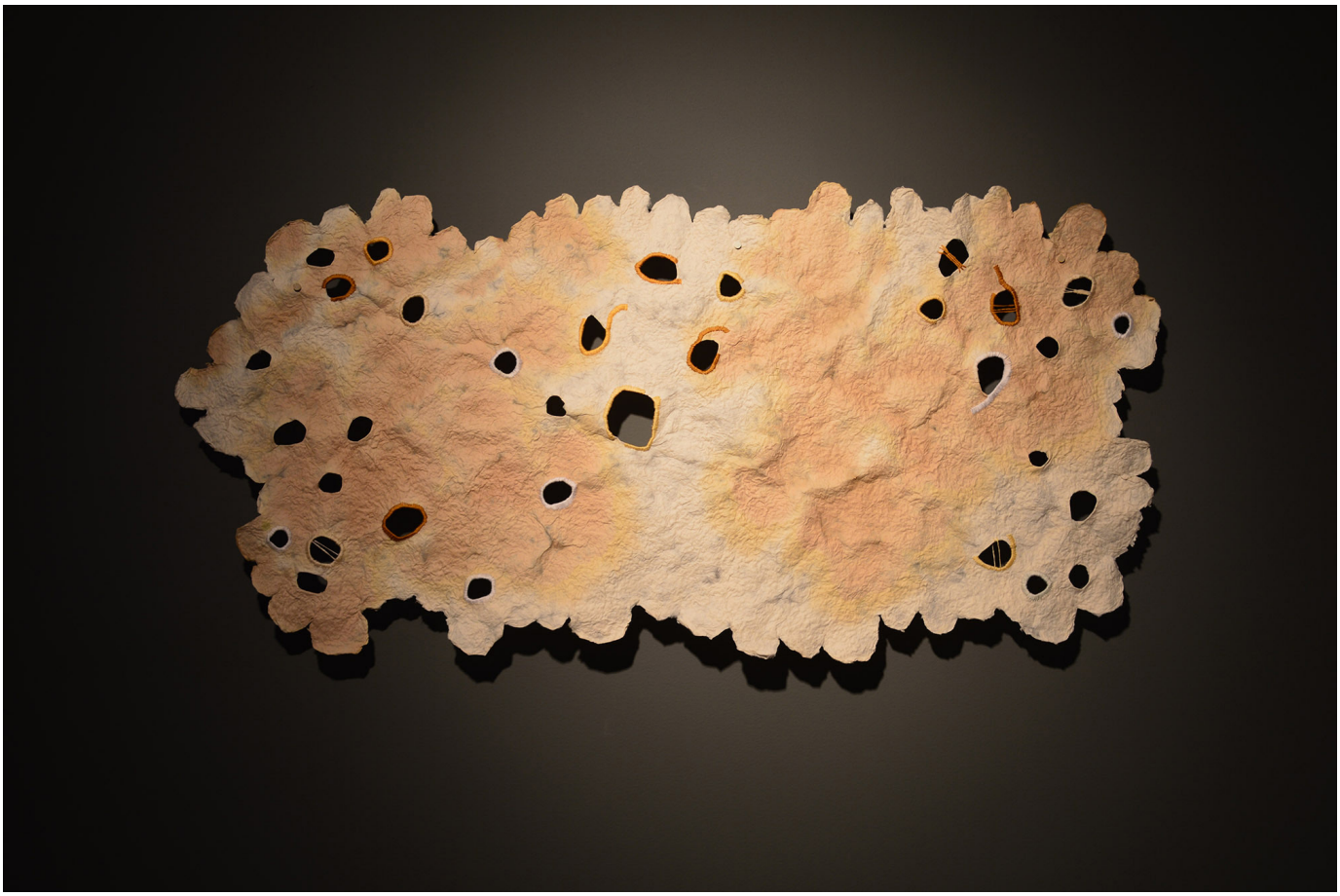


embroidery and tea on handmade cotton paper, dimensions variable.

Jenny McMaster



Tea Cloud, 2018



embroidery and tea on handmade abaca paper, 105 x 53 cm.

Jenny McMaster

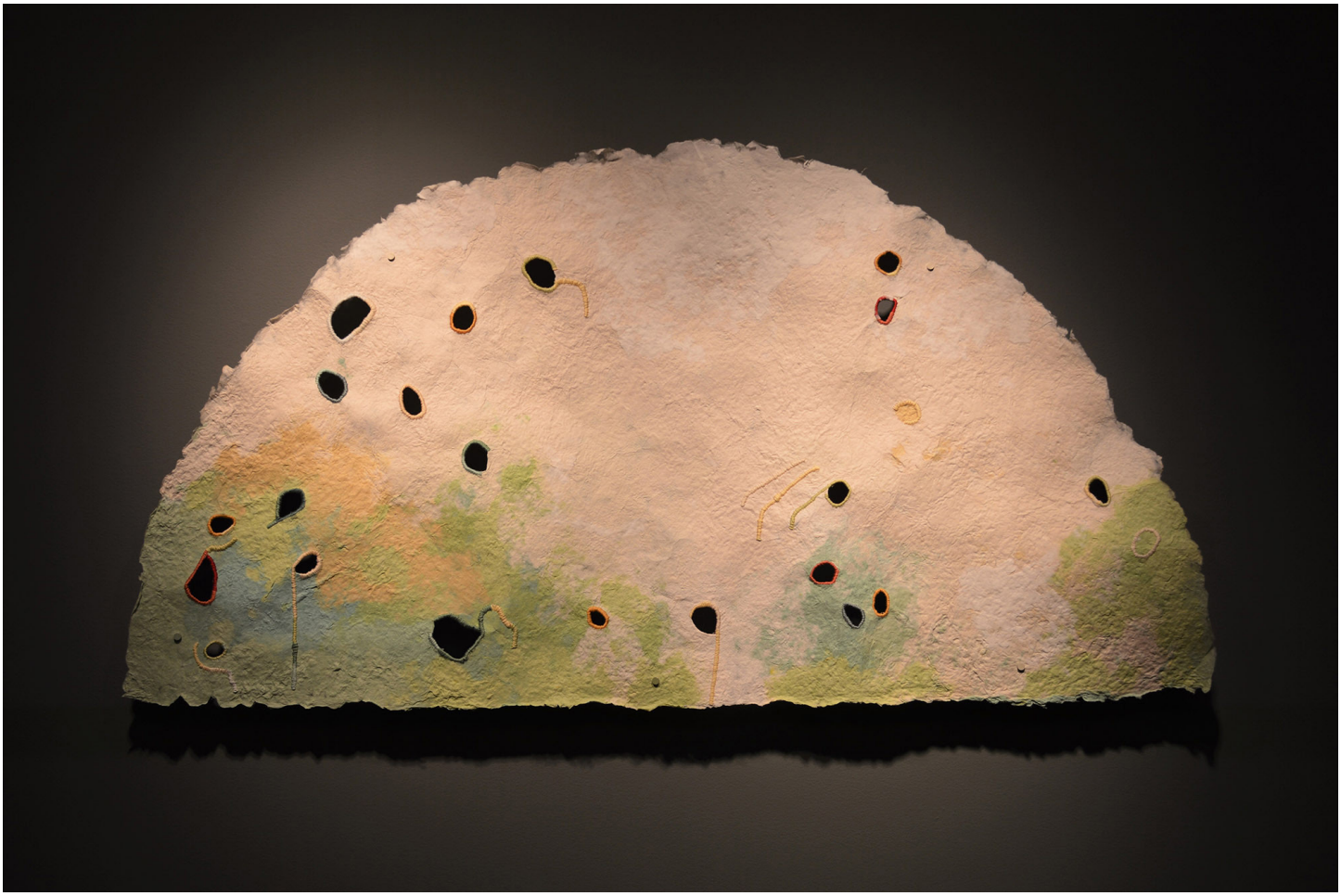
So Below, 2018



embroidery and pulp painting with abaca paper, 119 x 61 cm.

Jenny McMaster

Confederacy of Earth Worms (Large Garden), 2018



119 x 61 cm.

Jenny McMaster

Confederacy of Earth Worms (Small Gardens), 2018



embroidery and pulp painting with abaca paper, 40.5 x 40.5cm.

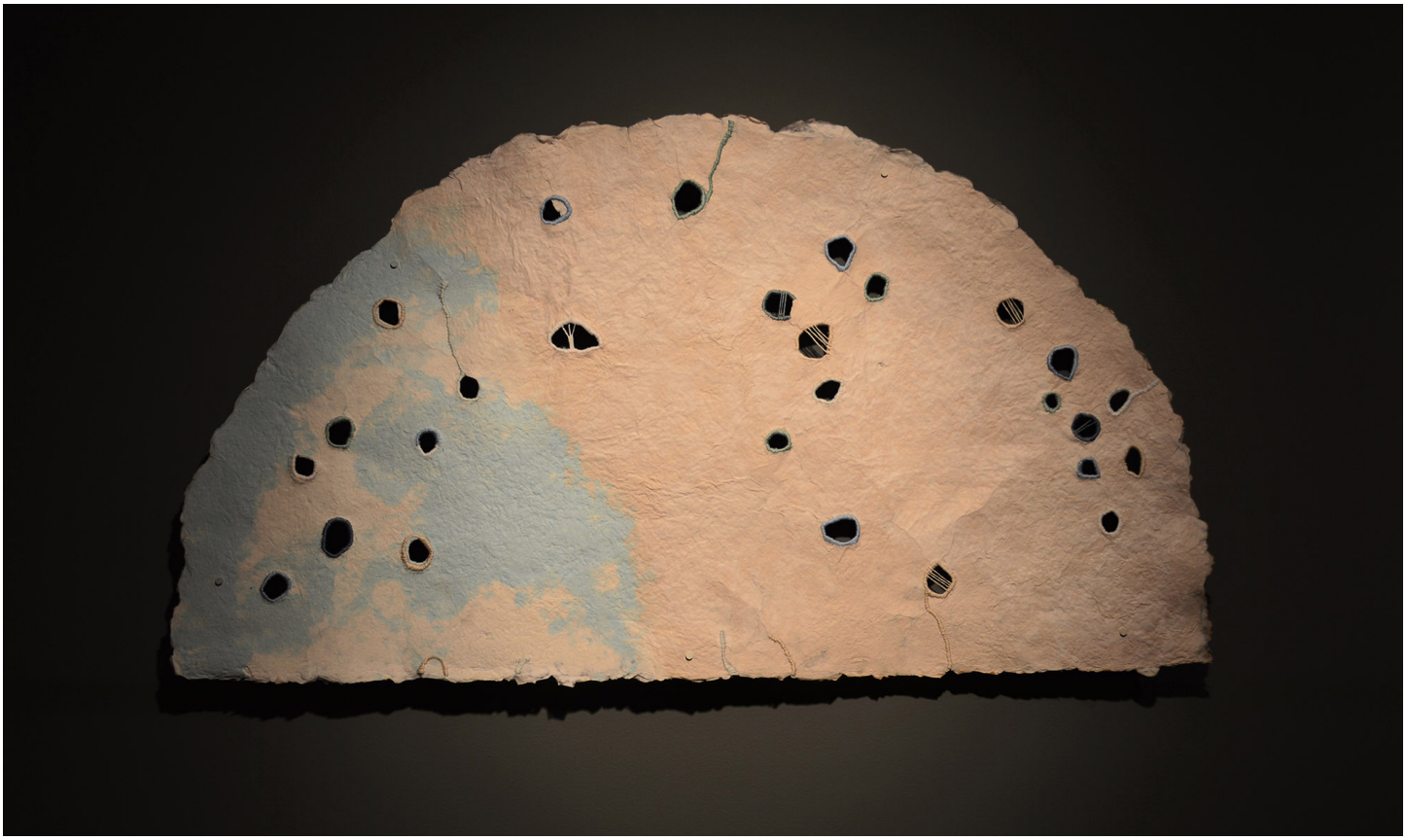
Confederacy of Earth Worms (Small Gardens detail), 2018



embroidery and pulp painting with abaca paper, 40.5 x 40.5cm.

Jenny McMaster

Firmament, 2018



embroidery and pulp painting with abaca paper, 119 cm x 61cm.

Jenny McMaster

Canopy, 2018



embroidery and pulp painting with abaca paper, 39cm x 53cm.

Jenny McMaster

Veins, 2019



embroidery and pulp painting with abaca paper, dimensions variable.

in tropical rain
fell onto a pile of glass
shards penetrate elbow
vision goes black
weaving
a story:
Adhan penetrating
echoing
around the
bend
gated communities
rose-watered into prayer

in tropical rain
slipped on
water flowing downhill
(where rivers used to be)
faces pixelized
into umbrella color segments
a pile of glass shards
penetrate elbow
walked back unsure
was the Adhan
actually playing this time?
faint
fade out

INT-DAY-PARKDALE HOUSE

under the fluorescent lights
Adhan spoke to me
my russian friend
correcting my SSSSSSS
is iSSSSSSSSSlam
and muSSSSSSSSlim
anglophones like to muzzle
muzzle'(hi)m
I swear I heard the Adhan this time

EXT-NIGHT-CHILDHOOD HOME

the eviscerated closet
peaking through

Khashayar Mohammadi

thin ground floor curtains
dad's finger
dizzying silver spoons
stirring tea

the Adhan
peaking around the corner
stretching shadows
of mulberry trees

and JUMP CUT
back to tropical rain

I swear I heard it
the *Bong* of the Adhan

the cadence
of the Muezzin

ever-familiar
forever echoing

second-hand nostalgia
bought in the expatriate bazaar

Khashayar Mohammadi

The Farewell: Part II

for Khusro Mohammadi

a blanket
of morning thoughts and snowlight
white on white

news comes of the death
and I do nothing but think
of filling the fruit bowl for visitors

a city
widowed in the bones of winter
I don't remember boarding the bus
but its filled with bouquets of flowers
and the boredom of all those holding them

news comes of the death
and I find a new room in my house
new bookshelf new wallpaper
was Red always this Red?

news comes of the death
and there's sand on the streetcar again
where does it come from?
Ash to Ash
Dust to Dust
my thoughts
caught in a grey sludge

mote of dust
mote of *düst*
snow-*motes* fall off the ü
düst now dust

news comes of the death
and I find a new corner in the room
with death I've absorbed new vision
news comes of the death
and I sit silently
wait for the visitors to arrive

originally published by the temz review

Khashayar Mohammadi

"God Gone Astray In The Flesh"

after Franz Fanon and Douglas R. Hofstadter

my tongue
twisting
into my mother tongue
entwined
a new set
of vowels
for this chilly night of
consonants
shrill
with friction
like piss
in toilet water

past is lowly
a place of pasture
past is a dialect
I no longer speak
fluently
and my present
is hemorrhaging selves

my body
my *tan*
my epidermal S.E.L.F
aching

I wanna be on my knees
hearing
"[shut up and] *suck-it*"
and I'll do both

without moaning
the tongue can explore
much
much
the tip disappearing

male for man
male for *tan*
male to be male
the desire to arrive
[at the *khod*
become *khod-a*
"god" in the flesh

Khashayar Mohammadi

S.E.L.F.-aware]

S.E.L.F.
stands for:
S.E.L.F.-Enlightened Life Force
above each S.E.L.F.
An endless ladder
of S.E.L.(F./ves)

(-enter THE TORTOISE
with ACHILLES asymptotically
approaching

-ACHILLES: knock knock
-TORTOISE: *Qui est?*
-ACHILLES: *man*
-TORTOISE: *man* who?
-ACHILLES: the *who-man!*
one pillar of the threefold
path, Zarthustra's Nietzsche
travelling west come cover
of dusk)

and taking my eyes
off the L.E.D. corona
of texted nudes
my witching hour sunspots
supernova behind eyelids

the psychedelia
of self-theft
self-*loss*
Nebulous in its fragments
fragmented in its piercing light
oozing from eye sockets
onto wrinkled foreheads
"Mint in Mortar"

I stare into mirrors
that refuse to reflect
till medication can herd thoughts
into pasture
leash all that intrudes
till I'm my own mirror *khod-a*

Khashayar Mohammadi

S.E.L.F. reflective
till I know clearly that I exist

a hand touched
loved
reclaimed
and withdrawn **me**

and sat across
a cross-legged ***man***

feet hardened by sand
stretched towards the sun
like beach umbrellas
you

a *man*
a ***toe***

moments *pass* hours
as cars *pass* trucks
on the highway
then

and once *passed*
become ***past***
seemingly still
to the child
at the rear window
waving goodbye

climbed up
the frozen fire escape
and five shots later
hunched over **snow**
Barf

painting the grey winterscape
with inner greenery

originally published by the temz review

Khashayar Mohammadi



.
my tongue-tip dulls
in the countryside
tonight we have to
skin the rabbits
for dinner
.
barn doors
moving in the wind.
does sunshine
refract off the tongue
as it does water?
.
thoughts need words
words need sun
six months worth
of rabbit dung
under the hutch
and the velcro friction
the XXXXXXXXXXXXrt
of rabbit skin being peeled off
.
there are
too many moving parts
to the self
the only continuity
is through language
is through friction
.
there is an entropy
to friction
feel it in your teeth
listen to its pulse

Khashayar Mohammadi

Baba

I silent scream
myself awake
pitch black
under the window

baba in the kitchen
stirring a sugar cube into his T
clink
TTT clink
clink TTT clink
TTT clink clink TTT
TTT clink TTT
TTT
sound disappearing
moon-shade hypnosis
empty kitchen chairs
silent with absence
all sound sunken
fallen heavy to the floor
each clink now a cold memory
(_li_)
(c_n_)
(cli__) (_l_k)
(clin_)
(clink)

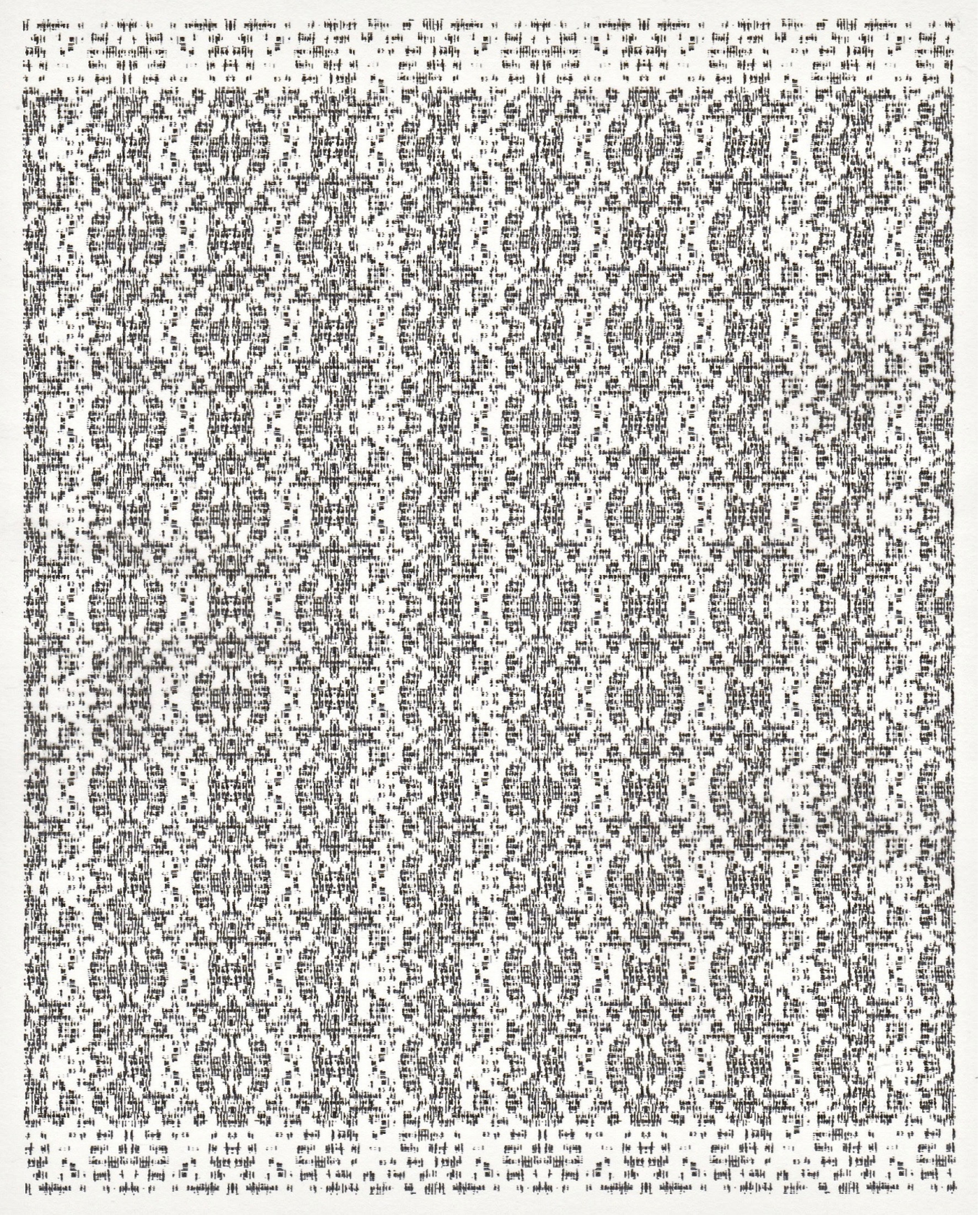
every time I step outside the kitchen
baba's car turns the corner
parks under the mulberry tree
car tires slowly turning
asphalt fire-crackering under
pebbles: (.,e.)
(o.,)
(p\.) (.~o)
(,.,,) (.o..)
(,,;')
circling where the stray cat
breastfeeds her kittens

Khashayar Mohammadi

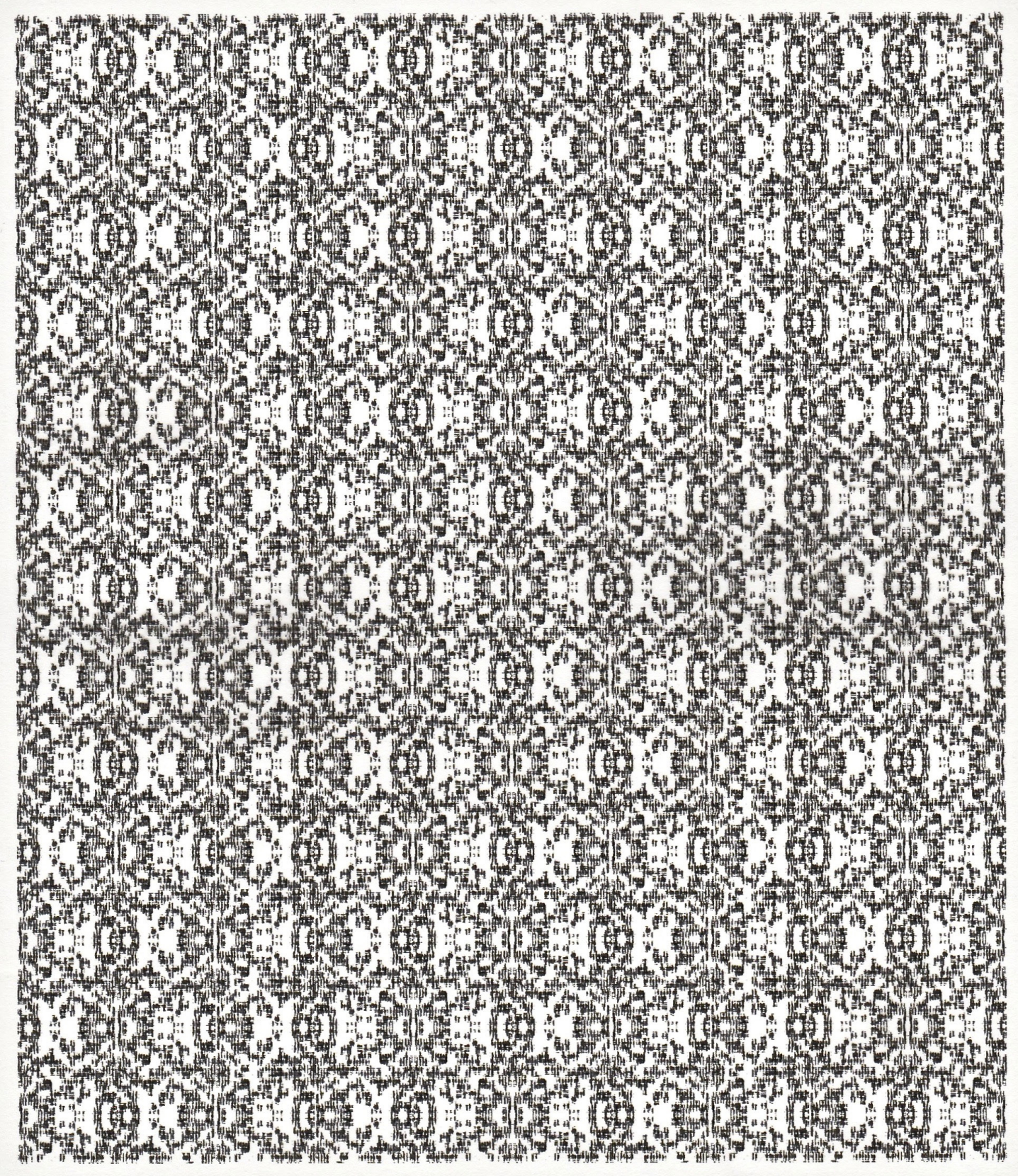
the mulberry trees
                    blighted
swollen into Aphid farms
crawling’’’’’’’’’’’’’’   (~~)
:::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::,,,,(~~~)
(~~~)’’’’’’’’’’’’’’’’’’’’’’’’’’’’’’‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘’’’’’’’’’   (~~~)
‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘ (~);’’’’’’’’’’’’;./.,/./   (~)::::::::::::::::::::::
‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘(‘‘‘‘‘‘‘)‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘‘
thetrepetertiverperetitive
leaf-noise
the afternoon’s film-grain backdrop
time
            measured in distance

sewage from uptown
cobblestoned till liveable
window cleaners leaning into the morning
the self is bodied in cycles
                        head
                                    shoulder
hand~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~hand
            knee.............knee
                        i
                        -
                        .
                        .
                              I
            retrieved in reflection
            vreivetren i nectlfectio

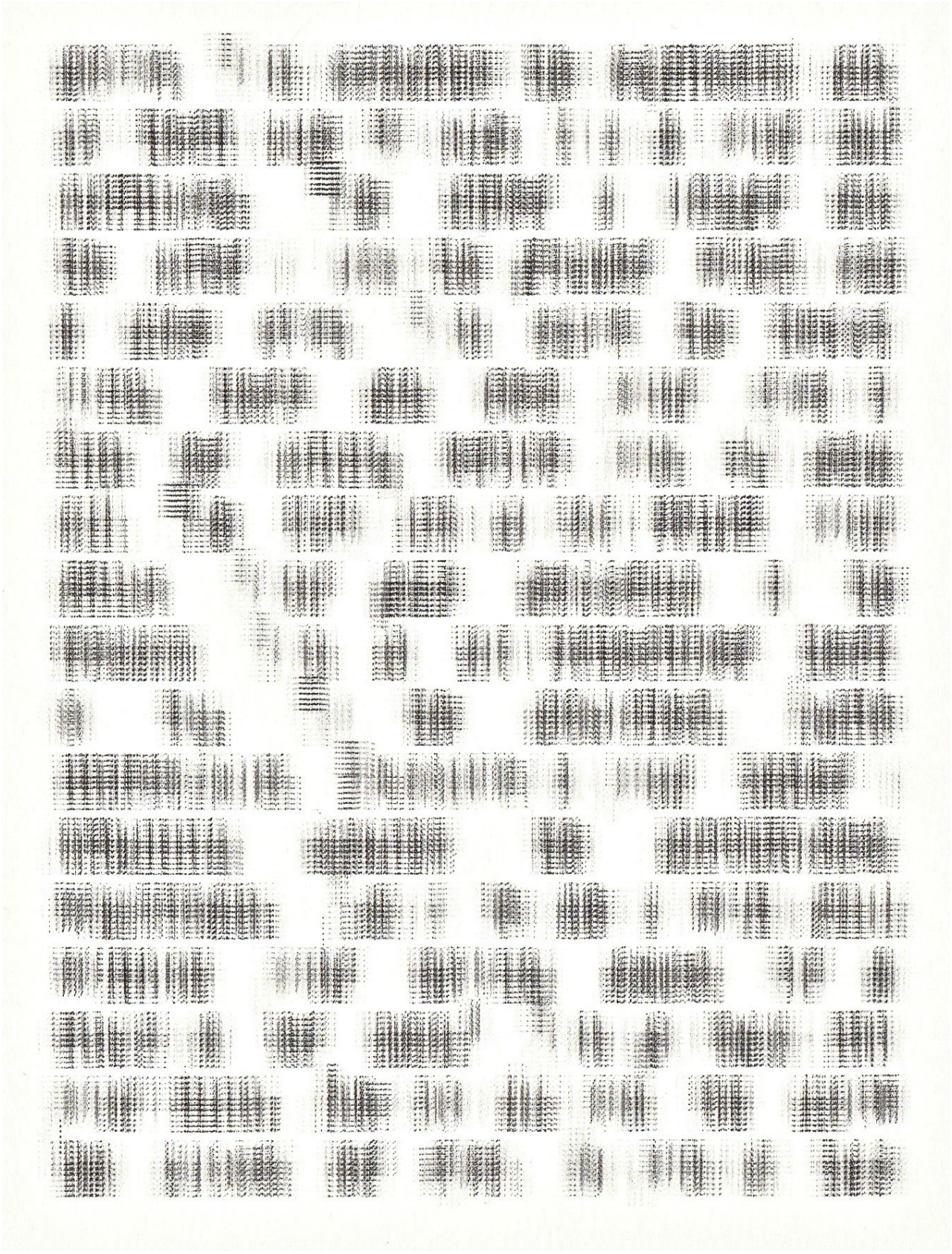
Imogen Reid



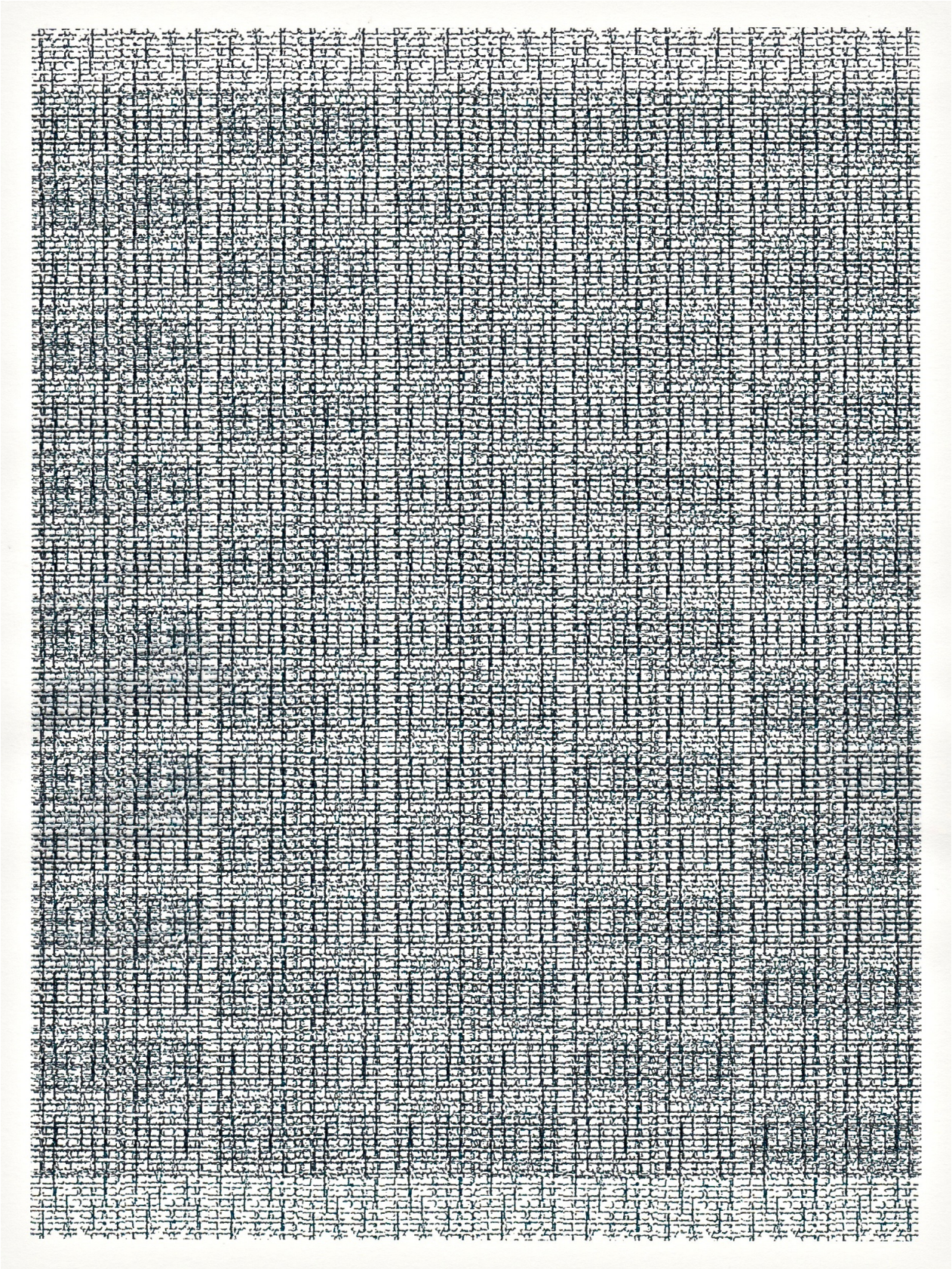
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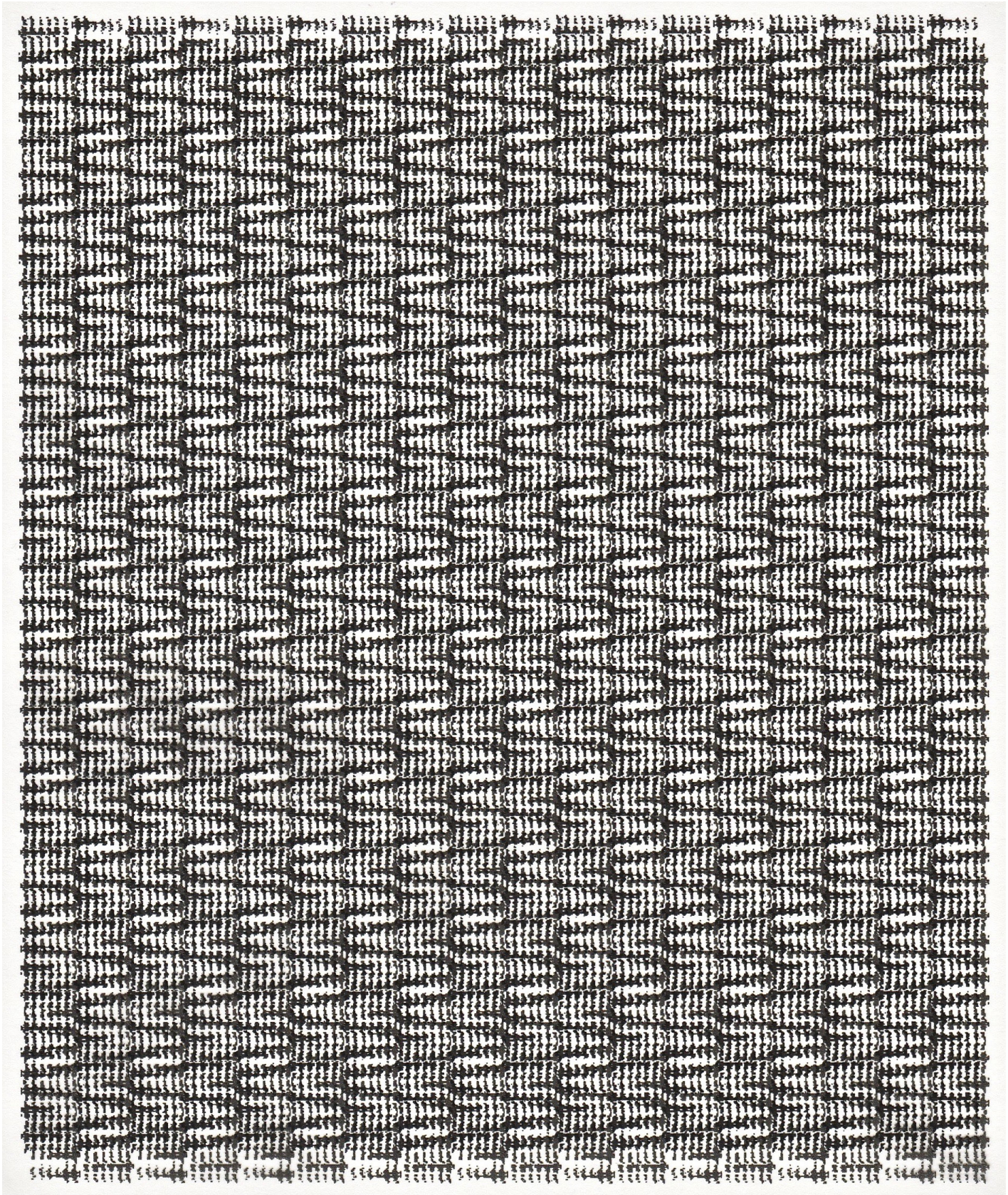
Imogen Reid



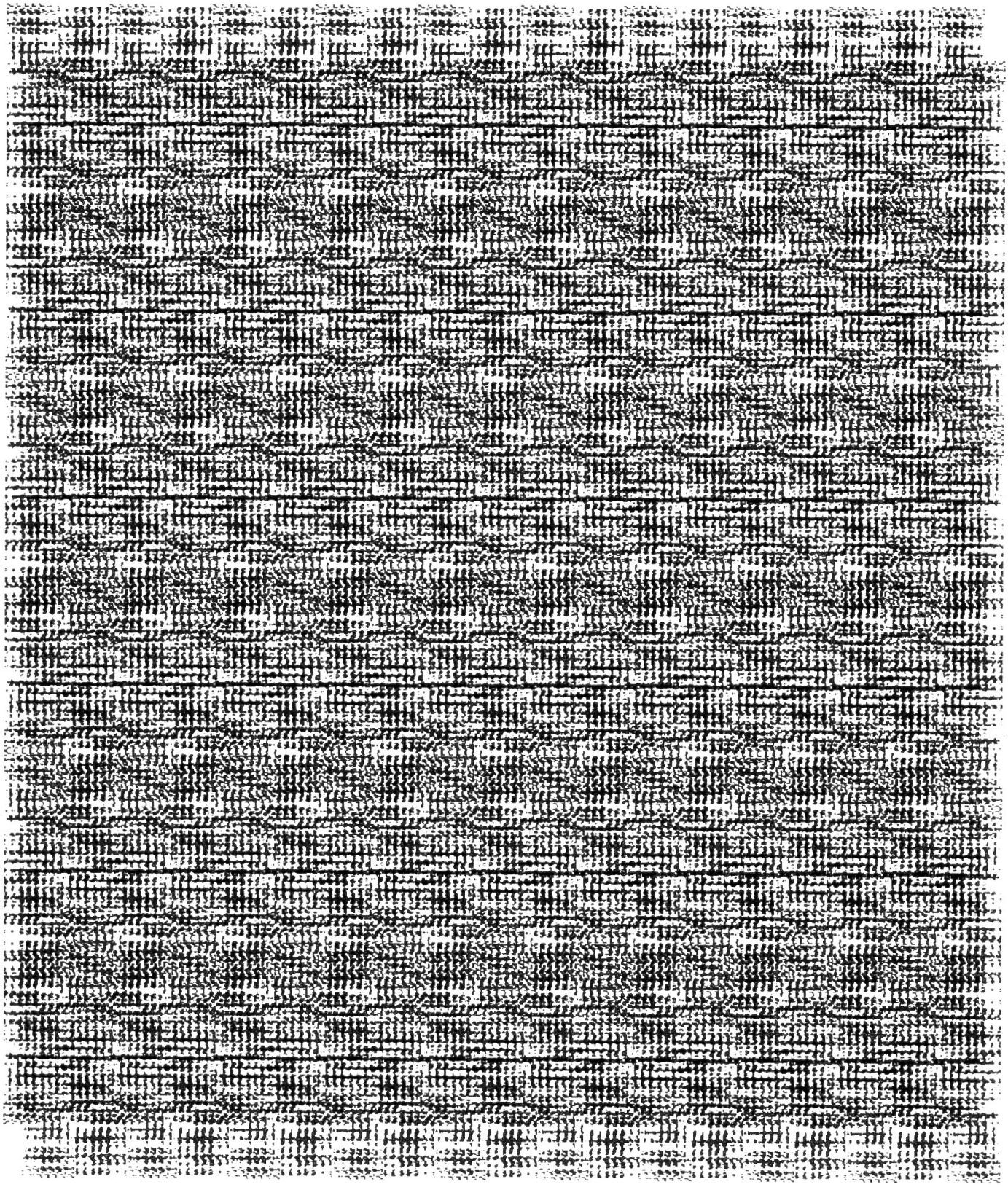
Imogen Reid



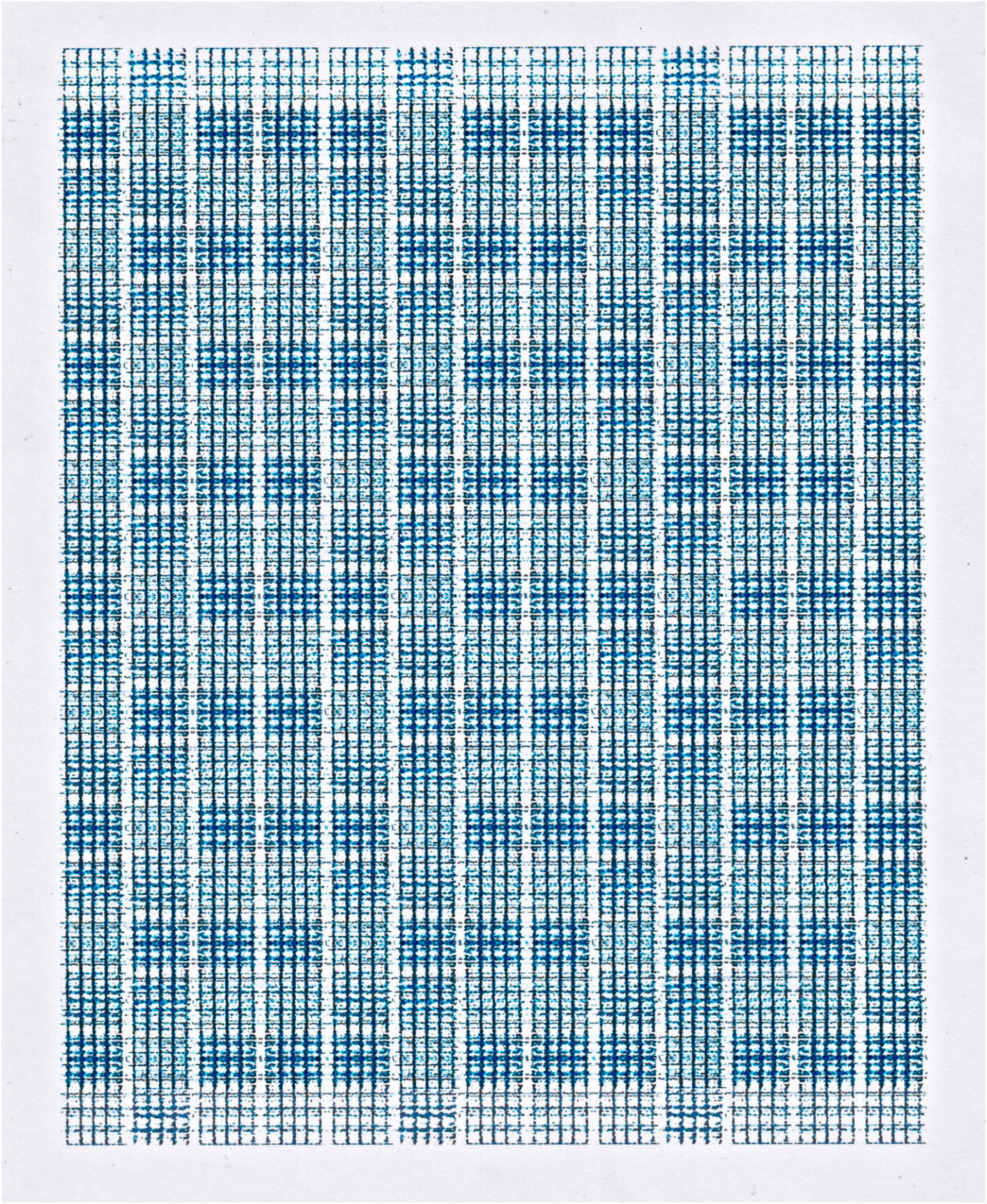
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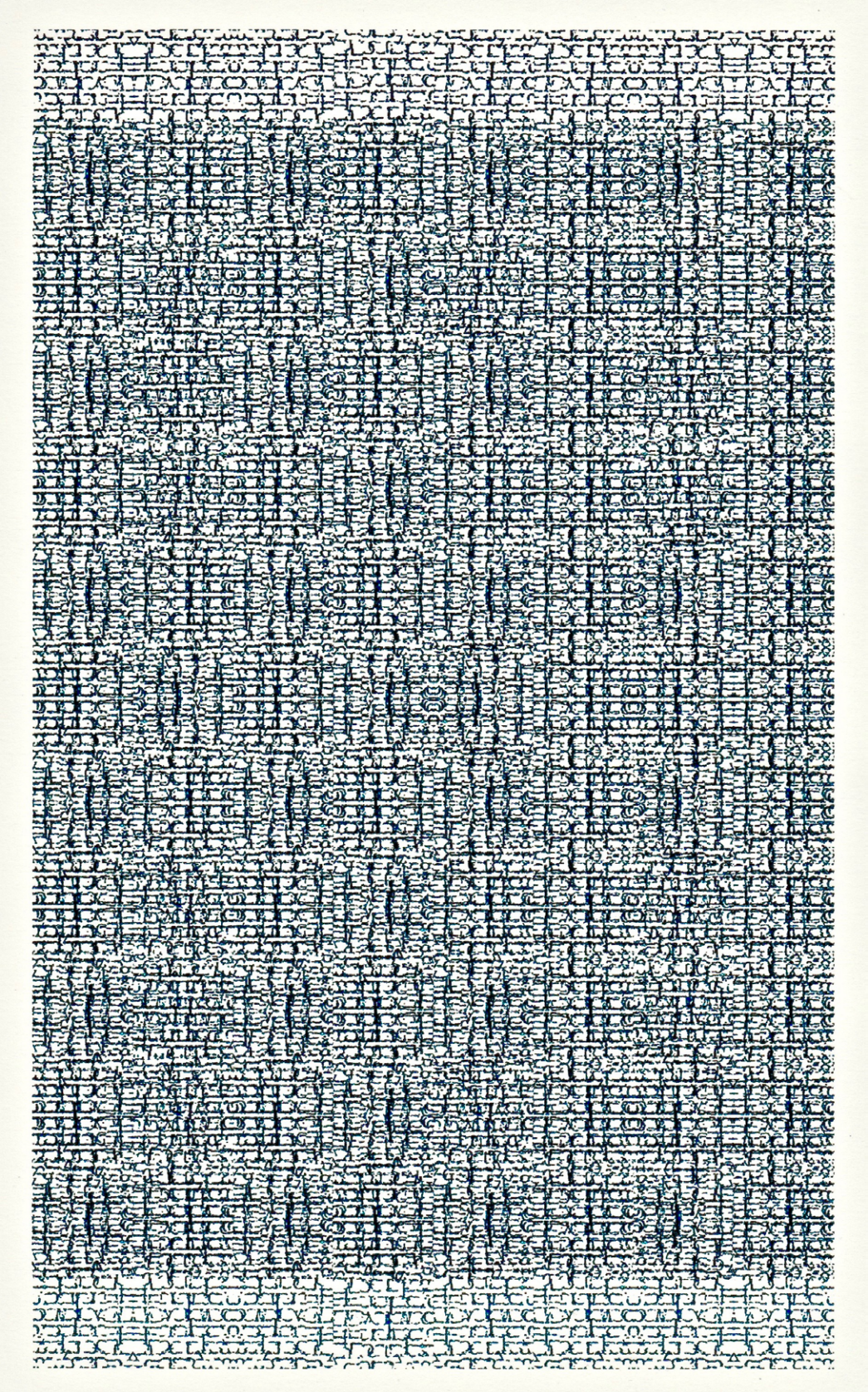
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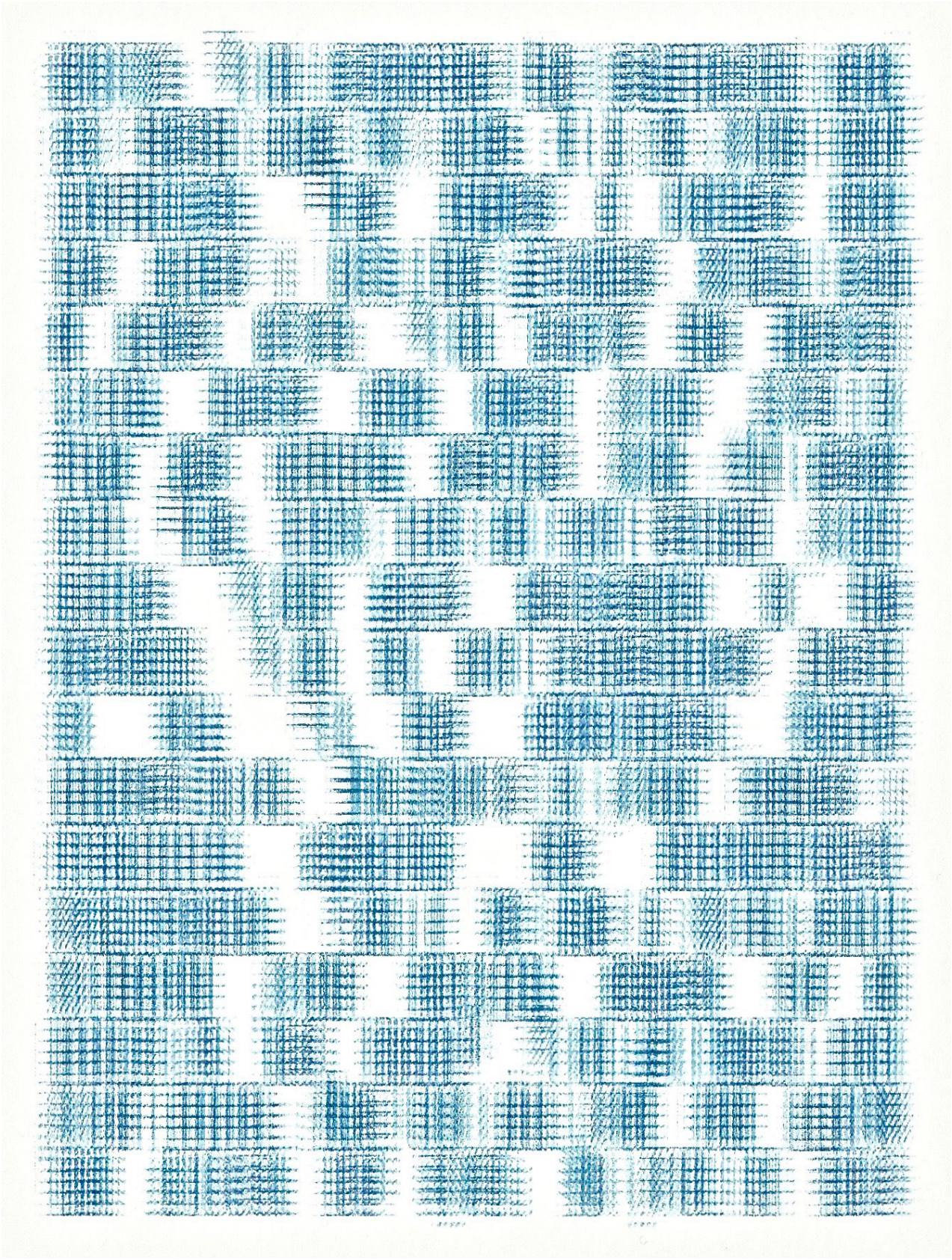
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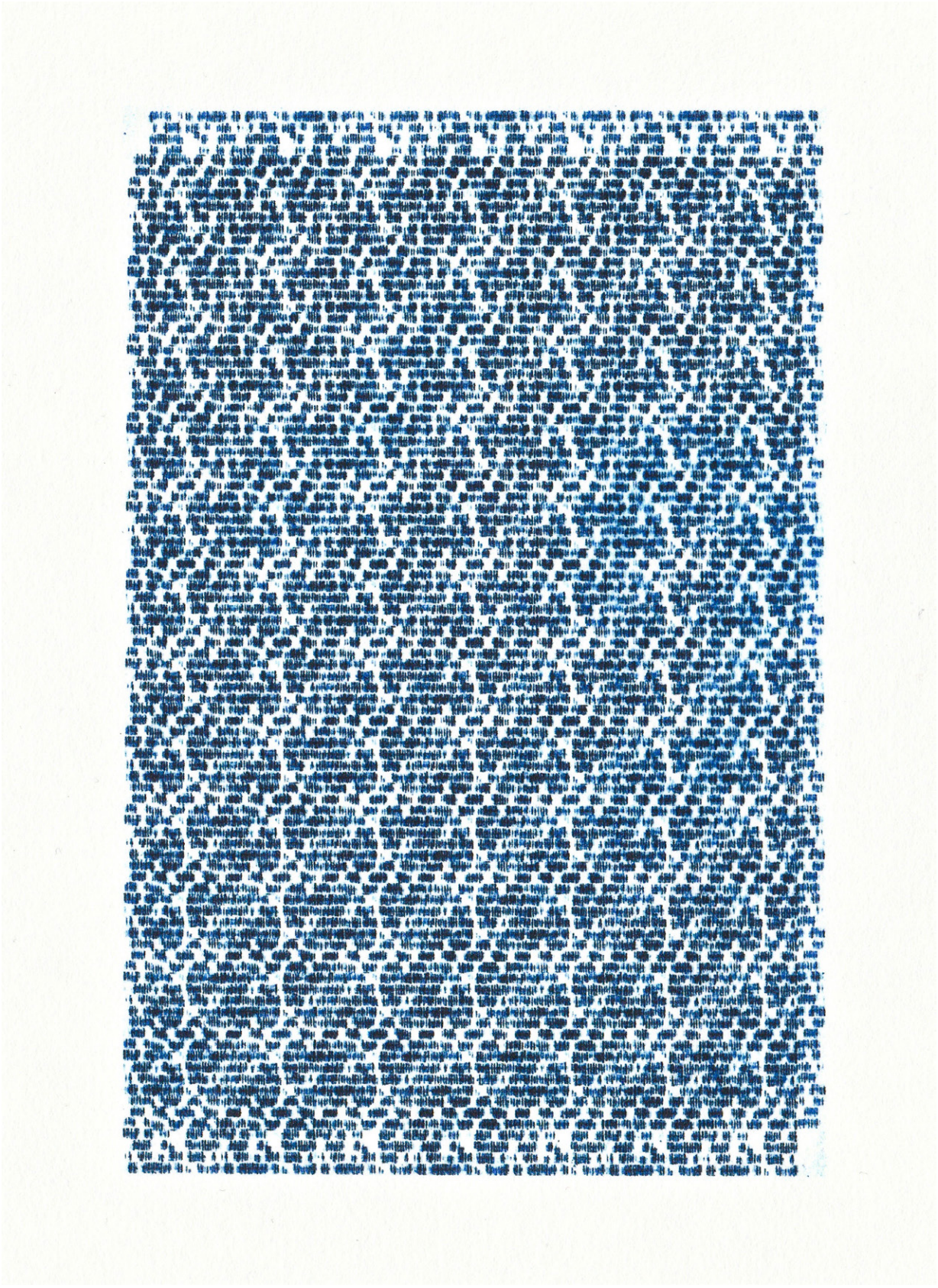
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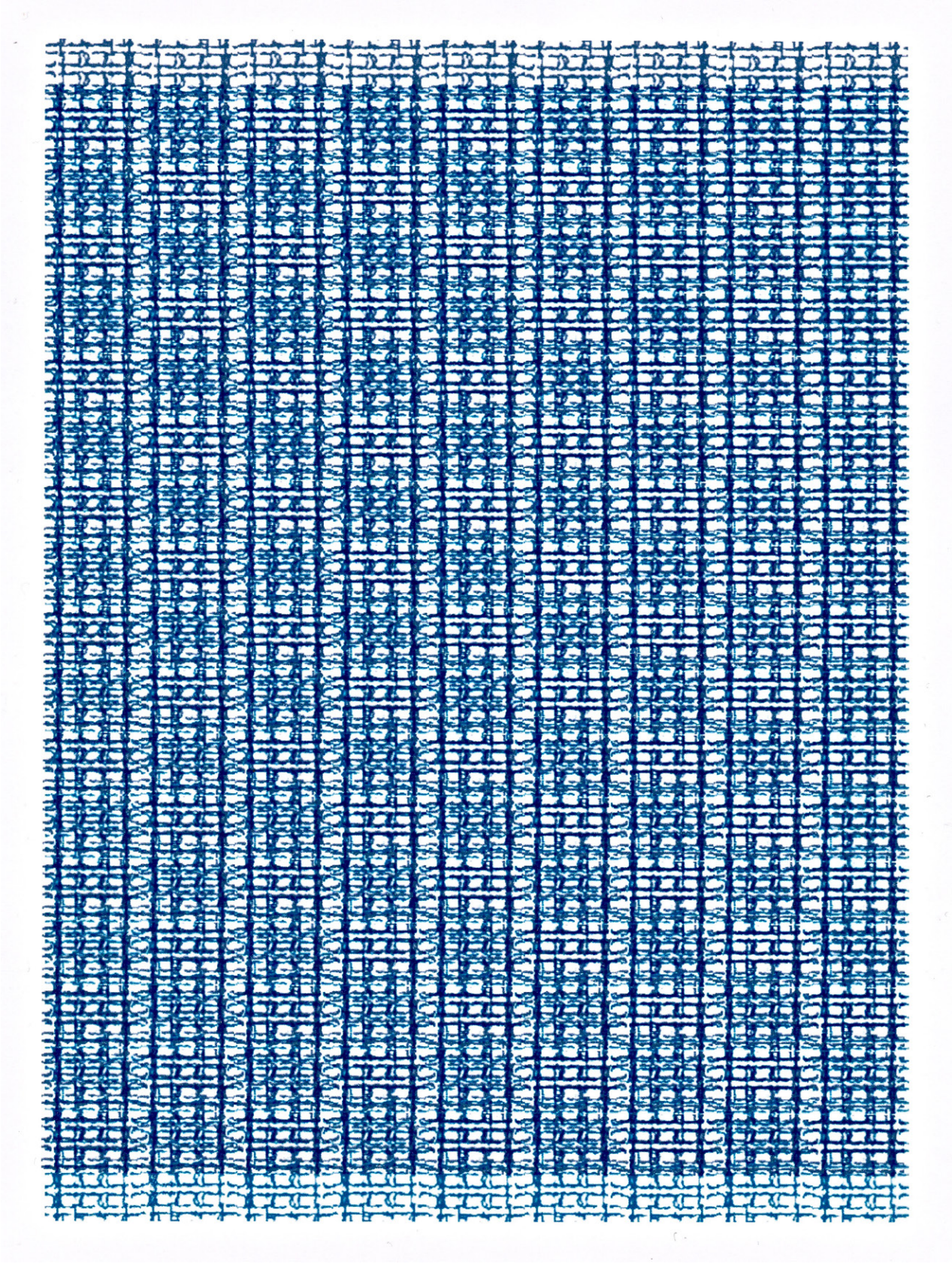
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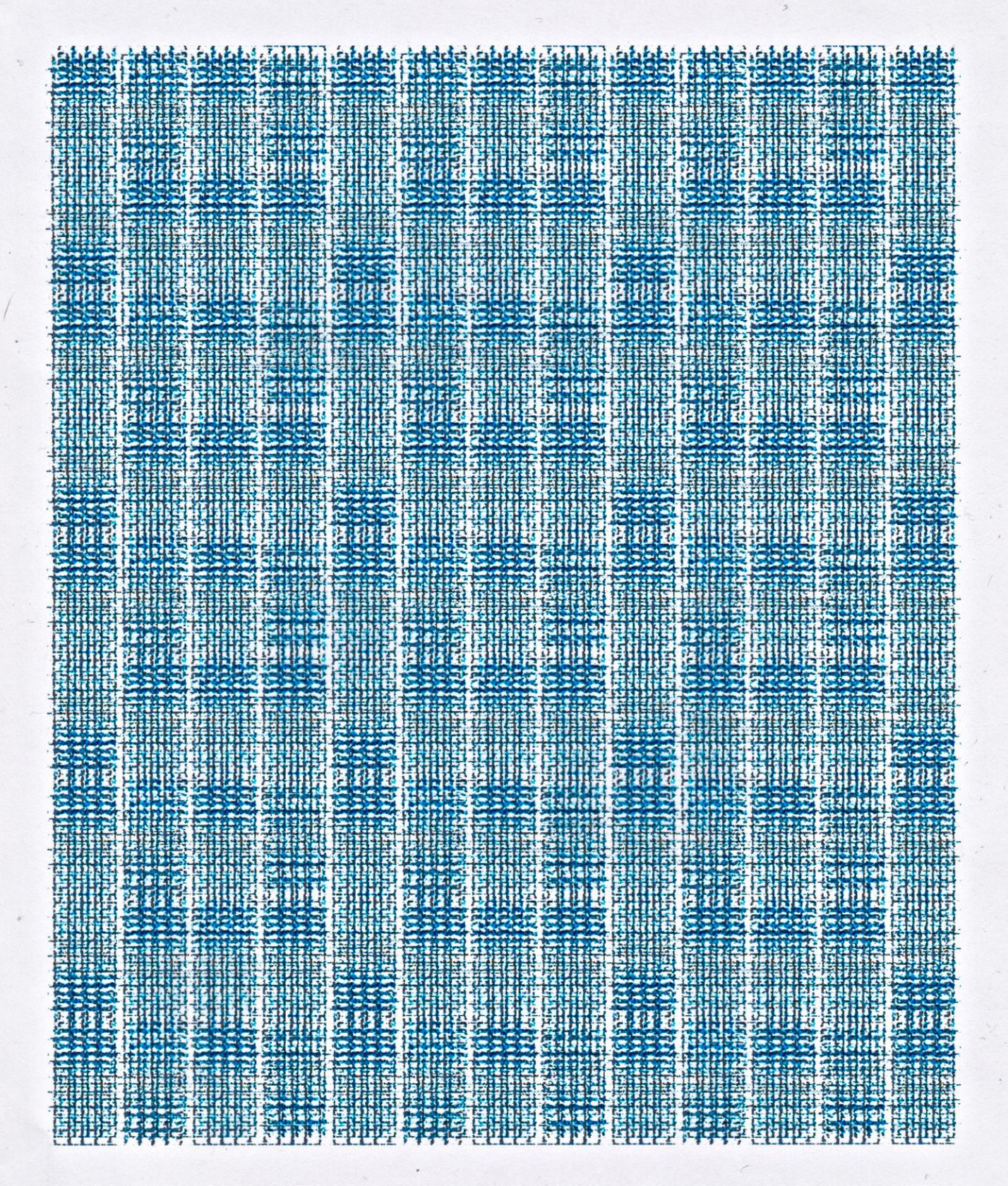
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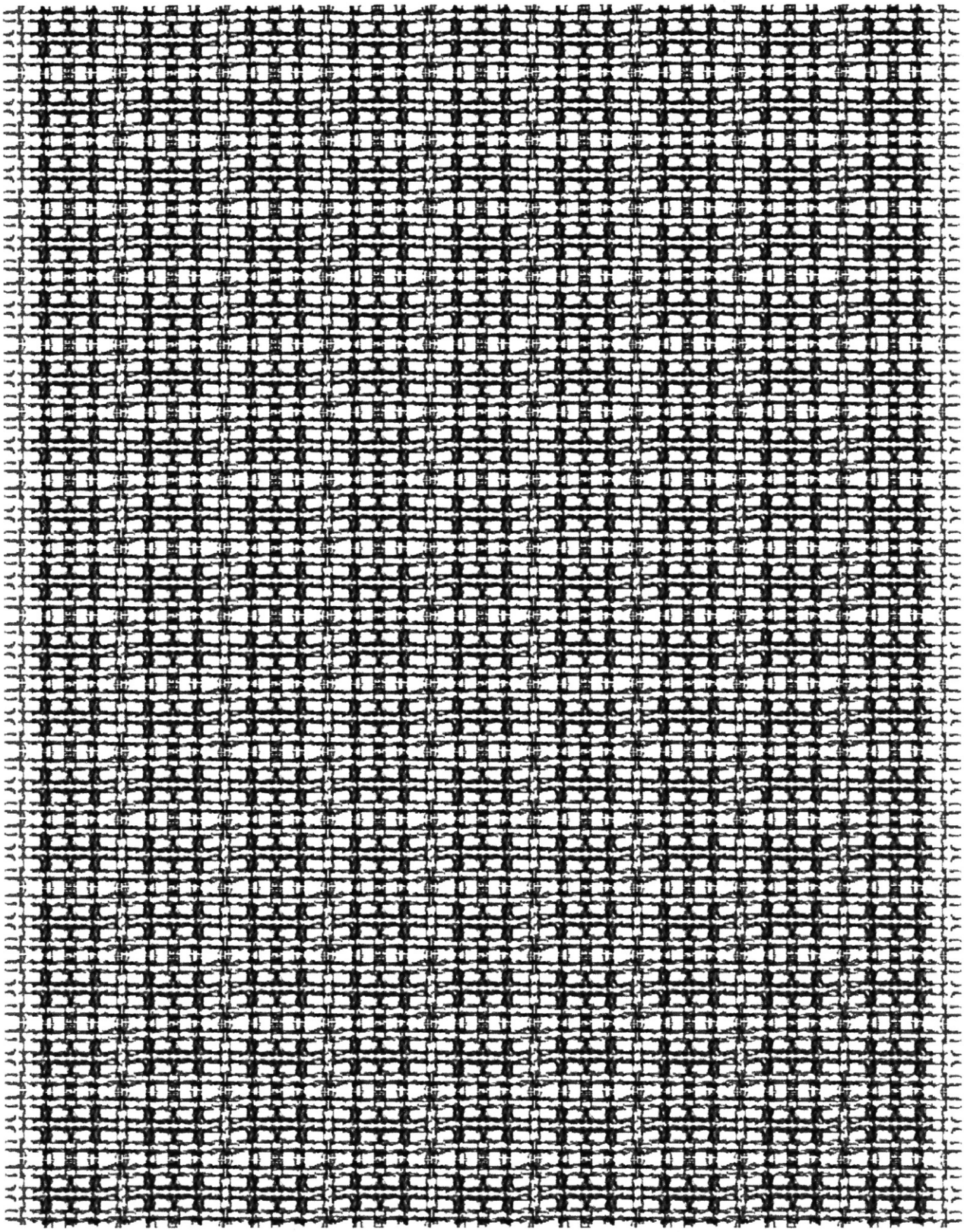
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Imogen Reid



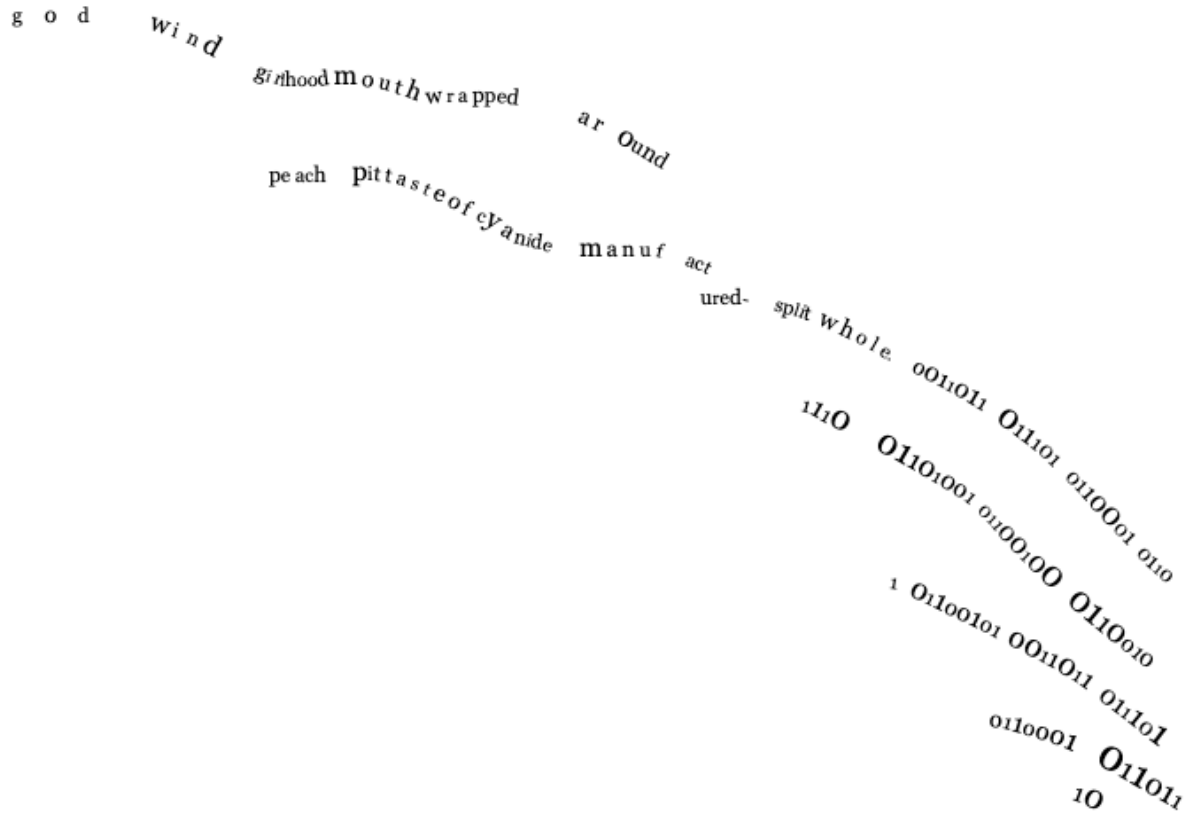
Imogen Reid



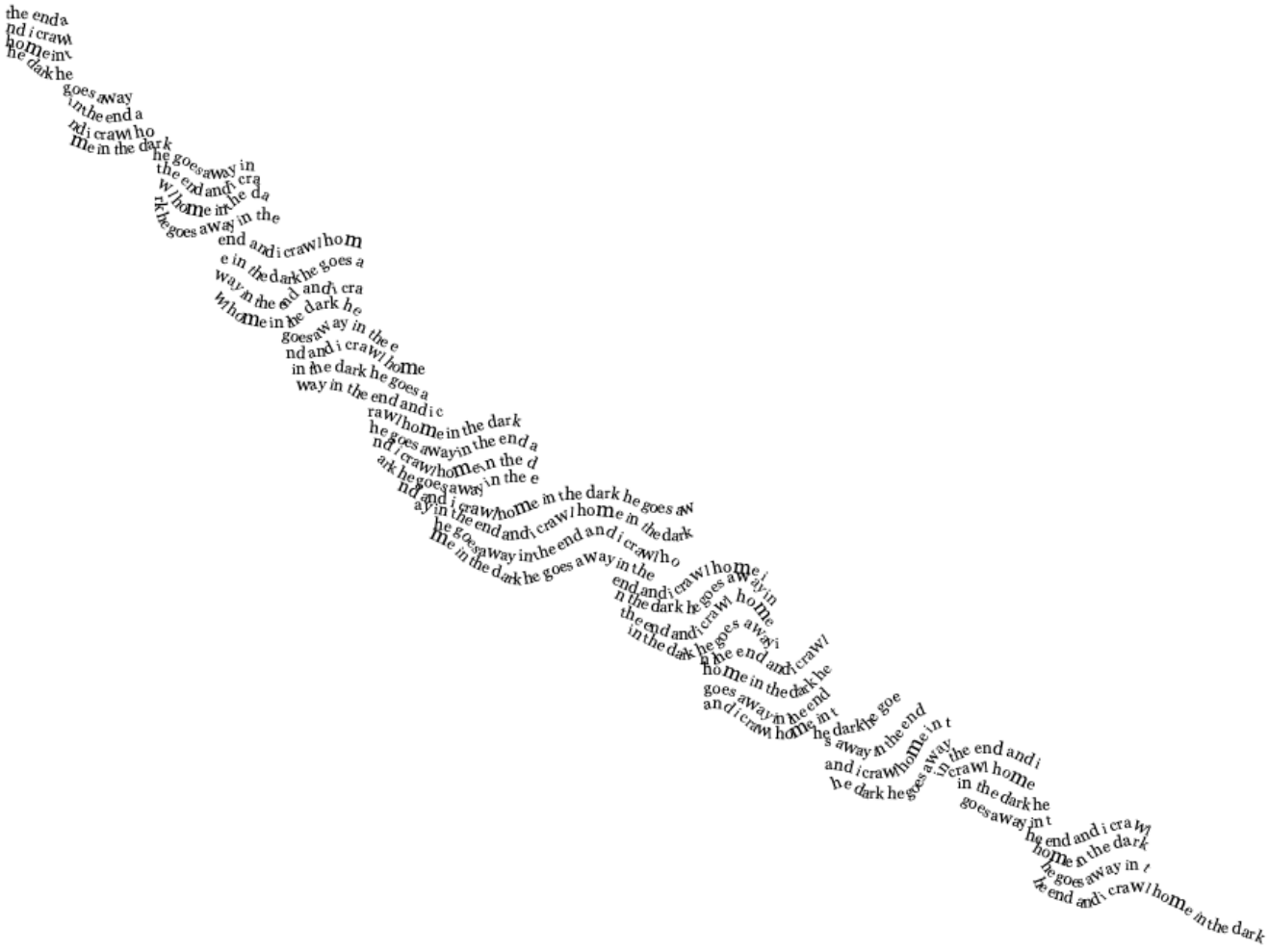
Imogen Reid

Each image was made using a process of cutting, erasing, turning, repeating and overprinting a single page of writing, thereby transforming text into text(ile).

Rachel Small



Rachel Small



Rachel Small

my boyfriend listens to forensic files to fall asleep

while i take inventory of my bones,
keeping their names tucked inside
drugstore bottles of liquid foundation;
ivory to porcelain, like a row of teeth
presented. once and ten times the victim
is named rachel. other times she is
jane. unknowable, but for the hollow
in the throat, dirt crusted beneath nails.
his laptop presents a light, bathing a
desk in shapes of piled books and stray
pens, and i try to remember the landscape
of my own body, slowly descending into
something similar to sleep while becoming
nameless. grave dirt is what i manage to
pull out of my mouth, every morning. i
rearrange my limbs as needed.

march third

the street lamp probably fell into
love with the moon tonight, when
all the roads aligned with the
coffee shop, where the barista
knocked the soy milk over with
her elbow, and caught a moment
to look at the smoke drifting in
a horizontal line, like a ship at peace,
migrating south. ten stars prick the
night sky ahead, and that is for the
best, because a dozen would be
a greedy thought, far beyond a
night in which the last street lamp
looks skywards, humming with
some kind of energy.

you cannot find a pew bench
in a parking lot, not where
the water tower grows out
of cracked pavement like
some kind of menace, and
you cannot keep score of the
flesh that peels off bones, not
in the place where oldness is a
restoration project and a half,
and probably that is a threat
upon itself, like some body
drifting in a current, grounding
itself by the old painted lines,
scorekeeping with a silent
mouth, and pushed back, a
bit like yourself.

Red Parts and Salem Sisterhood

All my better sisters kept snakes in
their skulls. During the morning
they would take their fists to
their chests, beating back the
fever roaming across the throat.

They leave the hearth vacant, protected
by the red parts, and rattle across
floorboards. *It is not raining yet*,
they say, lips whole. *What should we
do now?*

Tomorrow they will take to the
water, catching the motion of reeds
and foam, and teach a new dance,
unaffected. Each will pass through
the doorway, drifting across dirt
roads and stone walks, imagining
a labyrinth beneath their bellies.

Rachel Small

three sisters (and transitions from urban to rural)

in lanark land sits behind a curtain
of thickened moss and patches of white
flesh mushrooms, fields that act as if an ocean
of spun gold, trembling above
blackened soil an atmosphere
of harvest; yellow corn and swollen squash,
beans so wild they devour parts of
land itself. they call these pieces the
three sisters, that you could survive
for months alone on their bodies
plucked from the earth itself.

i think of the men in the city and the
strawberry crescent moons left upon their
thighs by my teeth. all because i
am tired of copper sunlight splitting open
just to reveal peach juice running over my hands,
a wash of stickiness i cannot cleanse. this is not
my land. i am not part of crowded skylines lit up
with laundromats and quicksteps between streetlights.

there are no sisters here. just men who remind me of my
obsessive habits; turning a housekey into a blade, calling oil
soaked parking garages a trap. others call for my wounds like they
are bits of red stains beneath the surface. i cannot stop
biting down on their skin and leaving behind a trail of
anger, mourning the loss of sisterhood and landscape;
tangled up in a paradise of electric lights and strawberry moons
and peach juice.

and I read erotica on the public bus
from school and back, stretching my
legs out so I occupy more space than I
rightfully deserve. I have never painted
a mural but I think about it all of the time
when I push past the wall of nesting dolls.
Back home I have a green plastic hat
preserved from last year as a token of
love and that strap has yet to fail me.
When I plug my headphones in I
imagine greenness seeping in through
my fingers, past the handful of words
clutching intimate details of a female
orgasm. Maybe I shouldn't make
connections to *la petite mort* because
my mouth only lingers over the spaces
between. The public bus pulls and
eases down the street and I wait to
return somewhere, so that I may take
a pot of honeyed sugar and scrub
at the dried skin of my face. I am
in love today, I think.

First Jobs and Other Lessons Taught

In the first summer
I was taught
how to wear
the awkward
skin of service
like the wool
of a lamb.
Practise enough
exposure and
you'll earn
a handful of
change. Crack
money, we called
it. Boil your
womanhood in
the safety of the
kitchen. Don't apply
perfume in the break
room. If a man calls
you a bitch, learn to
greet it. Cast a handful
of grinds into his
coffee as a measured
response, like tokens. I learned
of the sacred spaces
that freezers provide,
with their glacier shelves
of seclusion, frigid
privacy. A voice
in a box can be altered.
There is value in
rubbing aloe lotion
across knotted heartlines
on the palm. More,
I think.

Rachel Small

TULIPS, PLATH

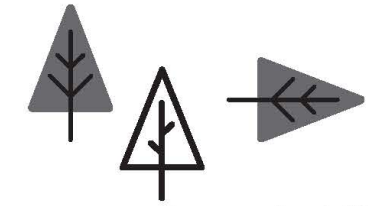
After Sylvia Plath's Tulips

There is a pandemic of tulips passing through
the hills of winter. Across from the looking glass is
a nursery of soft pink. Hands attempted to
seal it tightly. You'd only see a broken leg
and a misguided ski hill, tipped with different
palms. Perhaps it would be easier to
discover the fragments sewn into the doorway.
You shouldn't have neglected the tea on the table then,
or a dozen letters stowed away. People would die
for such luxuries. Open the window, I think.
There is a lake and there is a girl beneath the
weight of so much light. Can't you see her? I
don't want the flowers today, just the girl.

Rob Thomas


2
land on fire
into the open
“image -- of a desolate country
a long way between fires”
land on fire
a long way b/w fires
The Pride by John Newlove
I should get a pass
the greyhound express
beige upholstery, again
it would be cheaper
each
snowflake
is different, by reputation
this one fuses with the warm glass
and some moisture
creatures chase their shadow
and drift
through fences, fences drift into
the trees
humans drift
into the open





mr.green, the nastiest SOB
in that shop, had a mouth

that ran literally a mile a
minute, a mouth

that could chew a man
out of a digit or two

he belched out orders from the
opening lower down

the job:
to domesticate lumber
into roof truss and gable

an unskilled occupation
both glorious and deadly

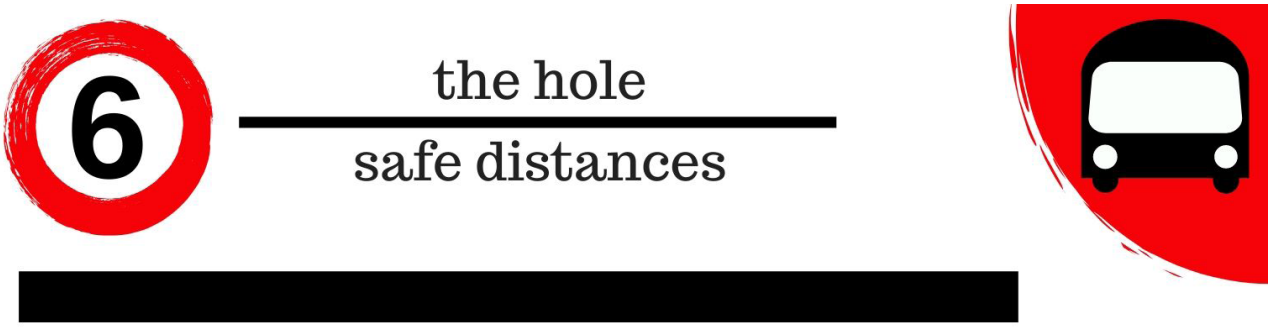
the finishing press could sink a hammer flush,
and perfectly snug, in a waiting length of pine



you fed that
asshole
in the opening up top

sometimes the gun nails flew or pinged off steel
sometimes it was
an accident

Rob Thomas



the hole
safe distances

I am told every particle
of which I am composed
was forged in the heart
of an exploded star

the hole

gathered, compacted
fused and reformed
in a monumental gravity

then scattered in the void
to drift and become
each one of us

tens of millions of years
in the making

and I am told
there is a sinkhole

downtown
near the **Rideau Centre**

and I am told it is profound
and I am told it is being filled
with time (hours and days)
by the shovel and truck loads

and that people watch
from

safe distances

Rob Thomas

7

at the renovated mall
newness, undimished

at the **renovated mall**
he finds

clean lines and snug clothing
no longer complete him
the squeak of new sneakers
is cloying

the girls are too young
the old men too creepy
and the washrooms too
are too something



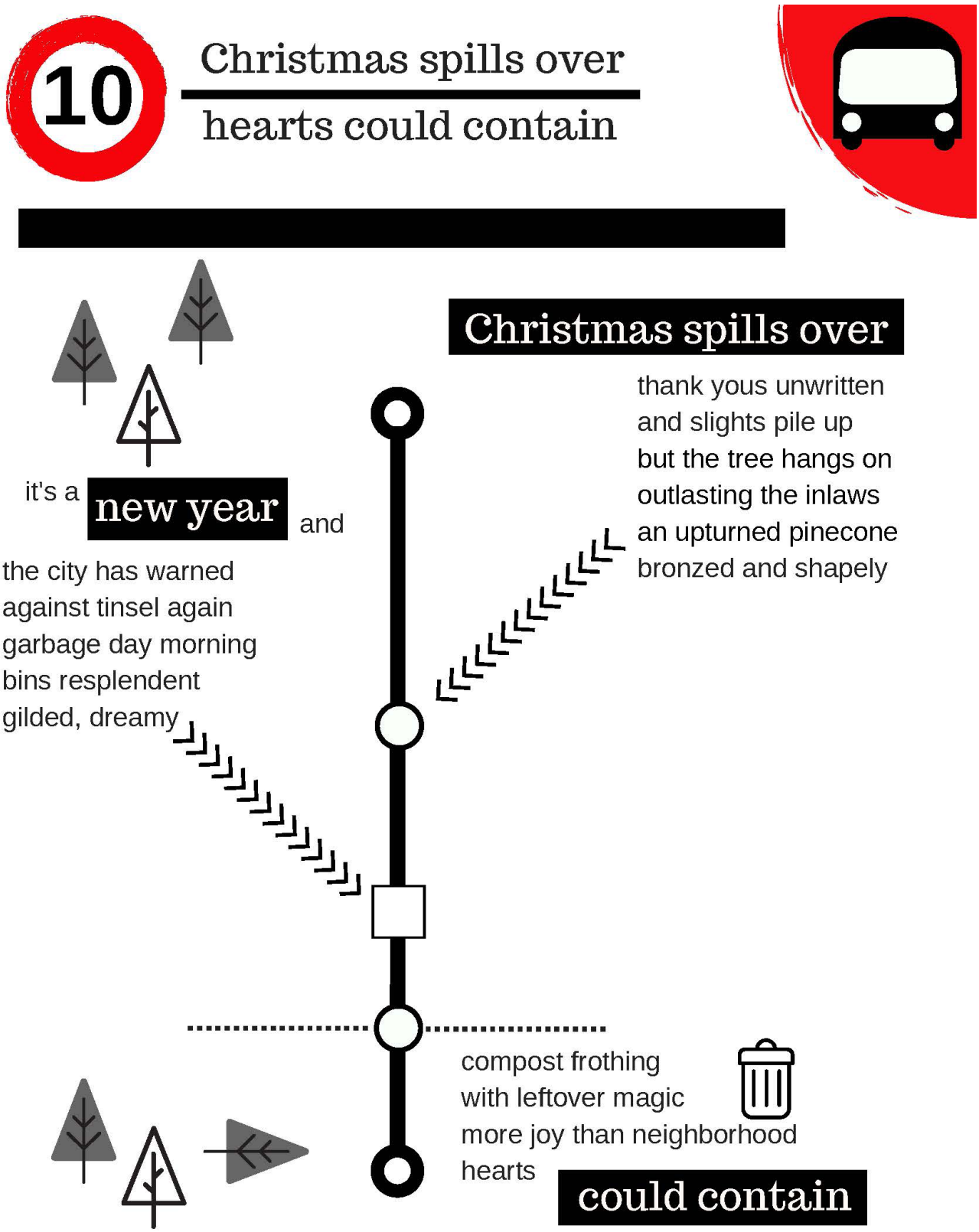
the interactive map
(still useless, yet improved)
boasts a polished

near distance
for anguish

at the renovated mall
he finds himself
and the dazzle of newness

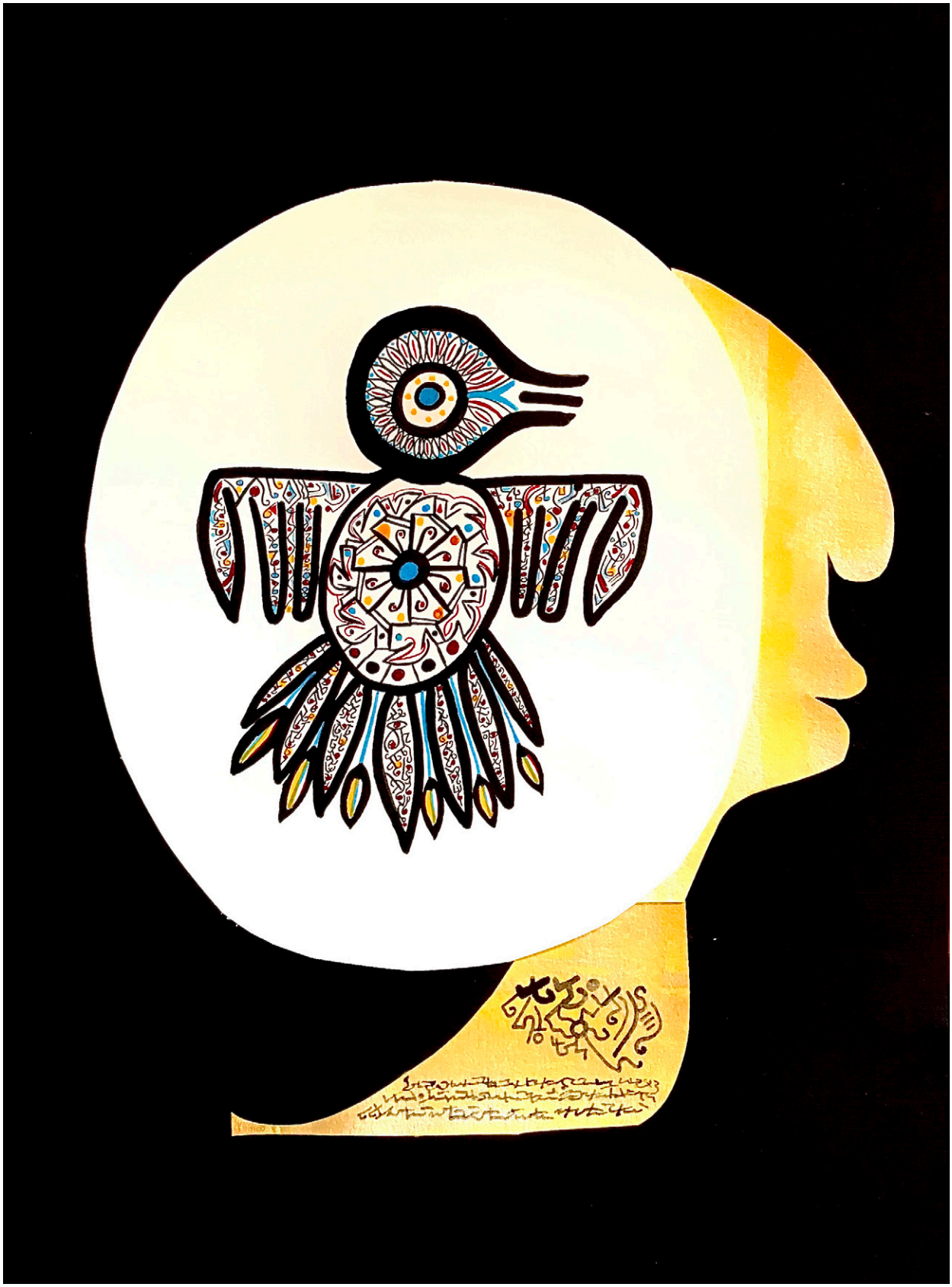
undimished

Rob Thomas

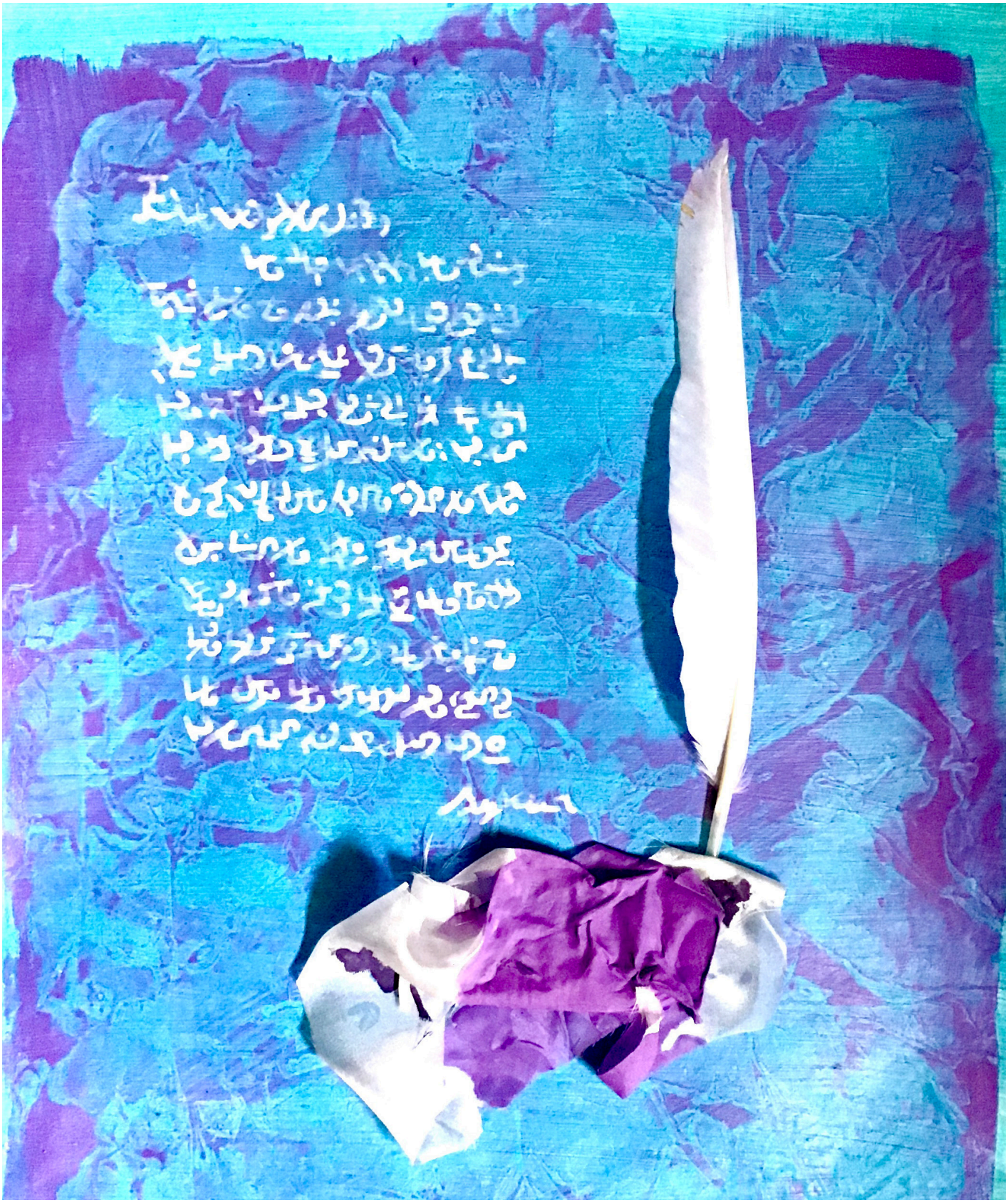

10
Christmas spills over
hearts could contain
Christmas spills over
thank yous unwritten
and slights pile up
but the tree hangs on
outlasting the inlaws
an upturned pinecone
bronzed and shapely
it's a
new year
and
the city has warned
against tinsel again
garbage day morning
bins resplendent
gilded, dreamy
compost frothing
with leftover magic
more joy than neighborhood
hearts
could contain

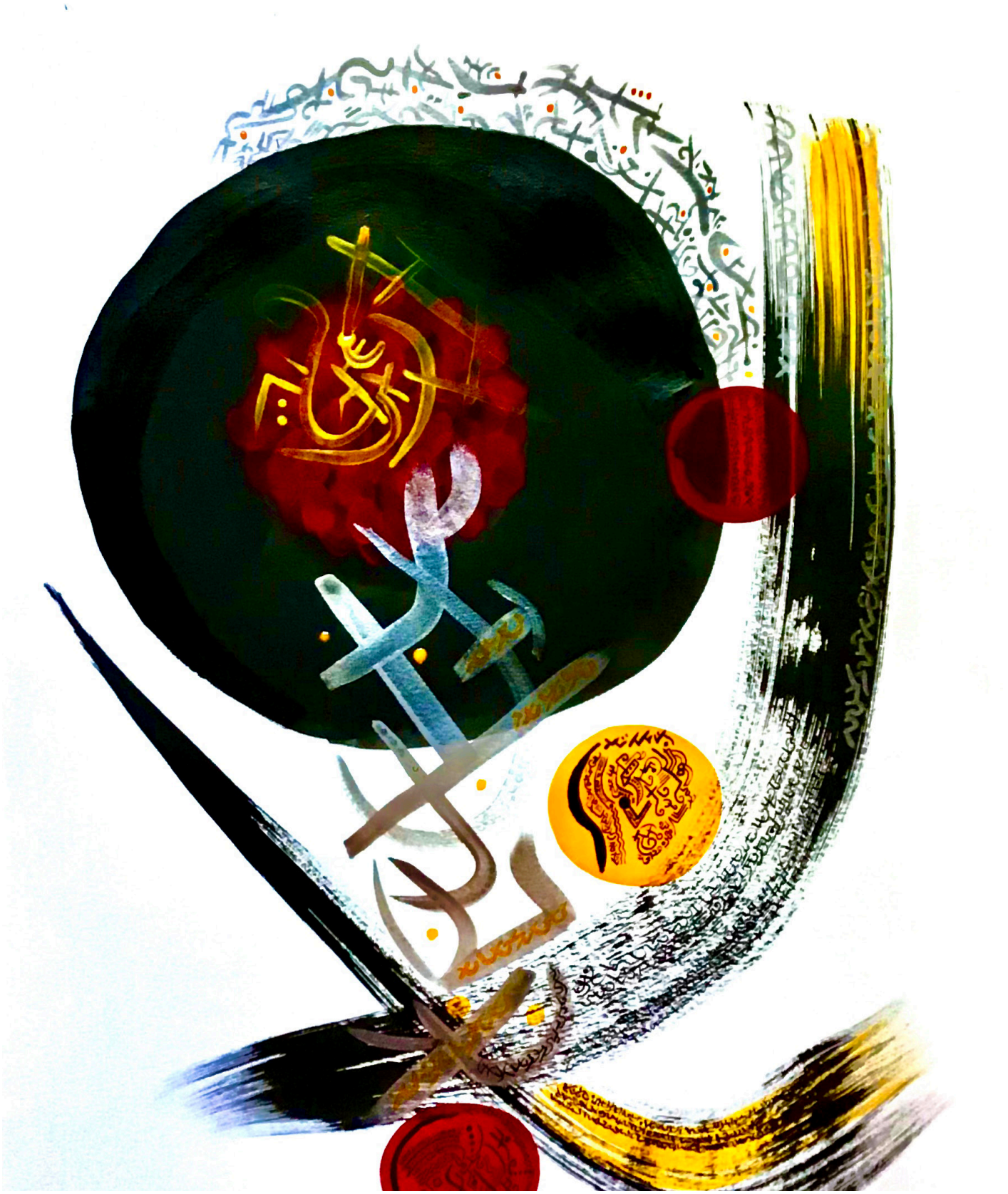



ever yet dreamed how great
worse
And there ain't nothing to be afraid of
Andrew and the Witch did not join in.
Towards the end of the hymn Digory felt some-
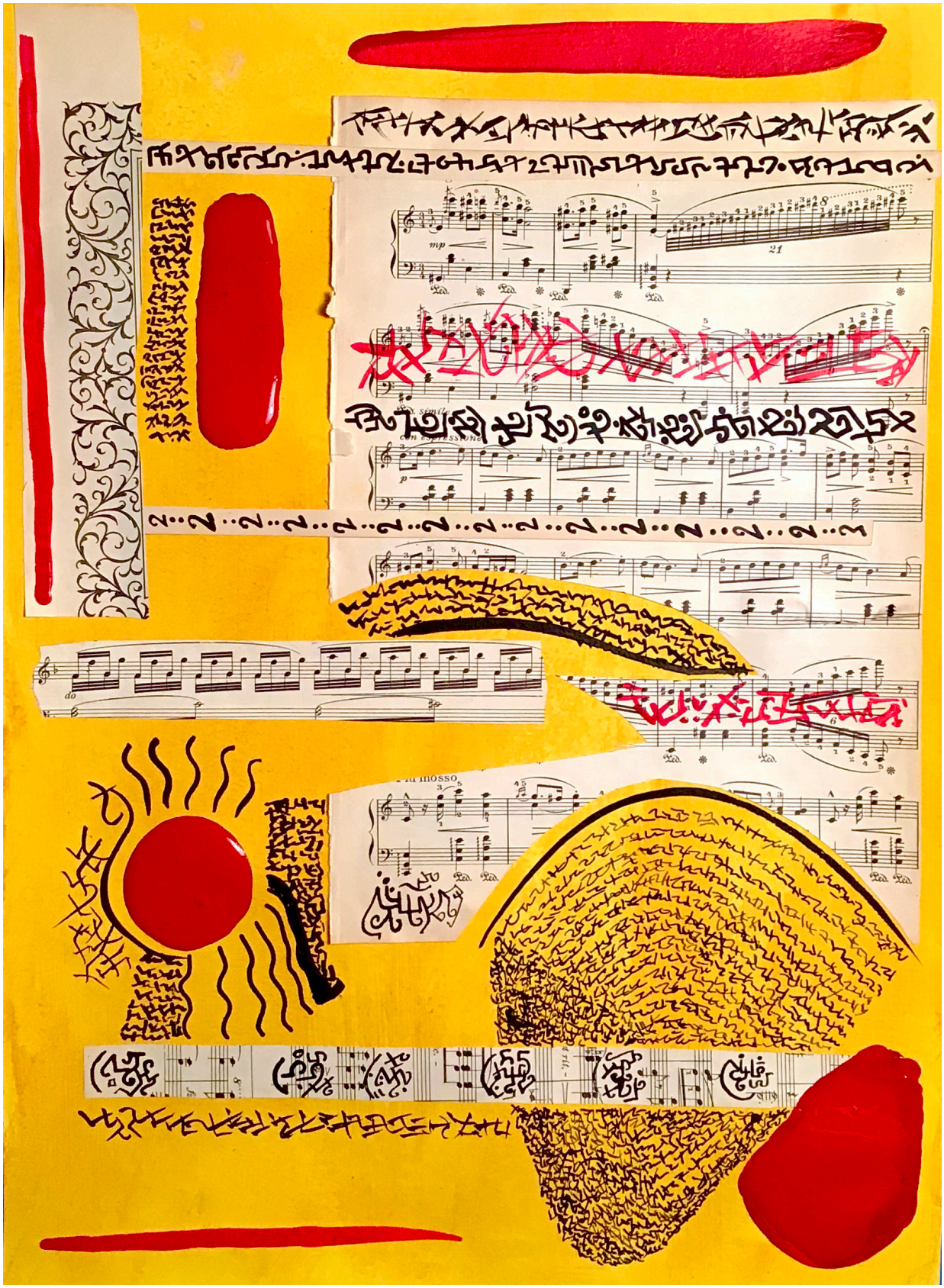








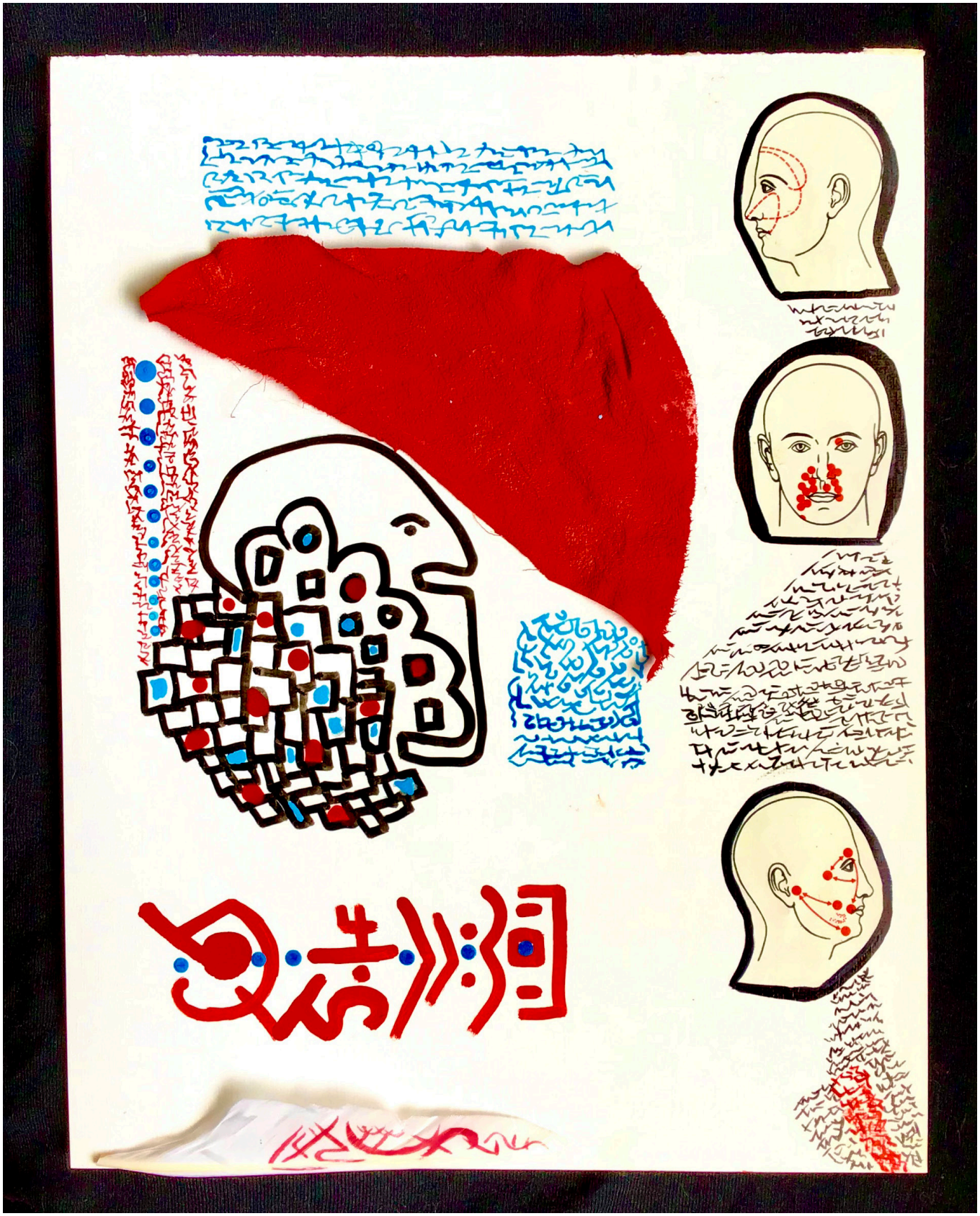






The Many Scripts Of Elephant Spirit.





Sylvia Van Nooten

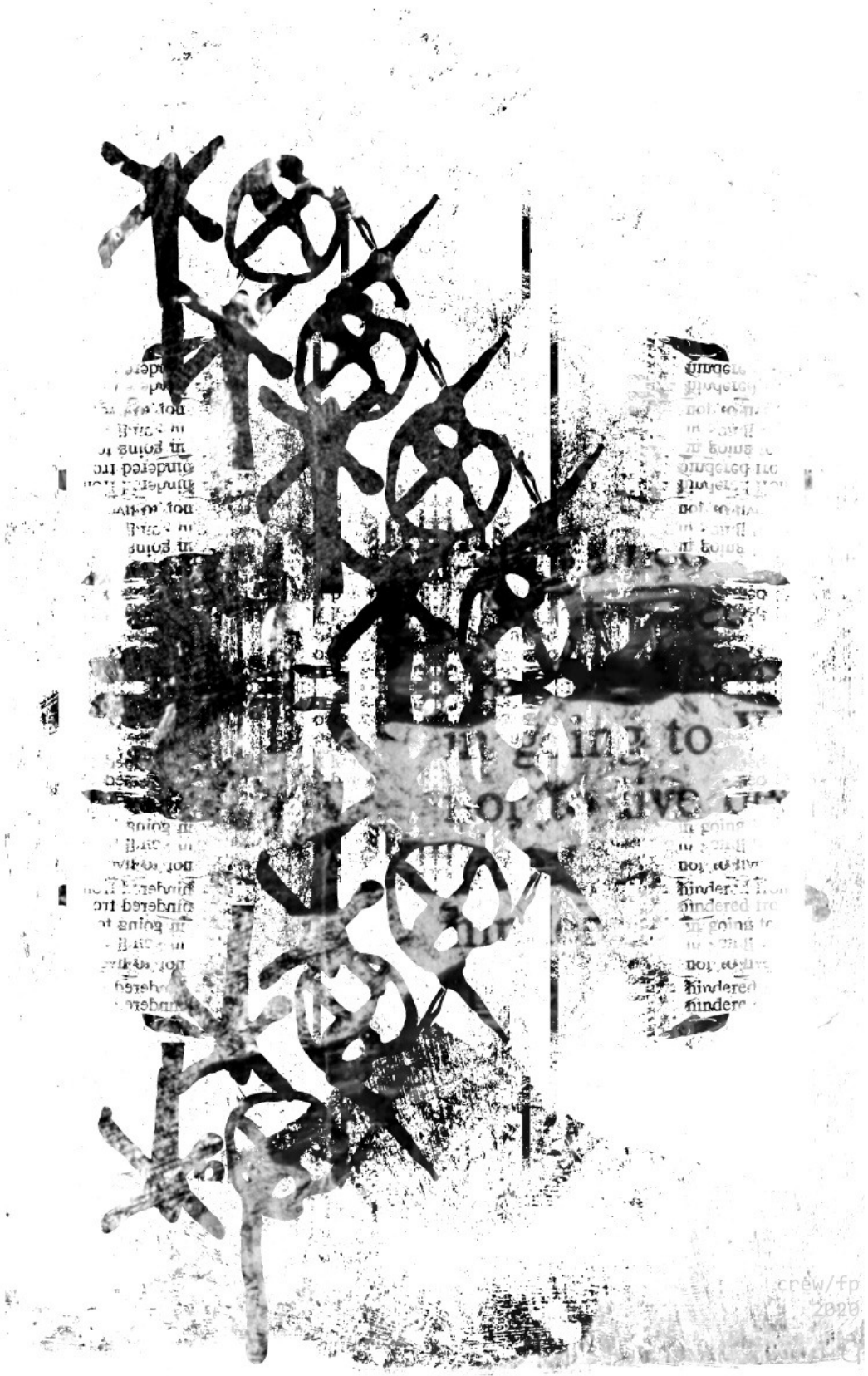
Elegy For--
all the women who were restrained from Creating

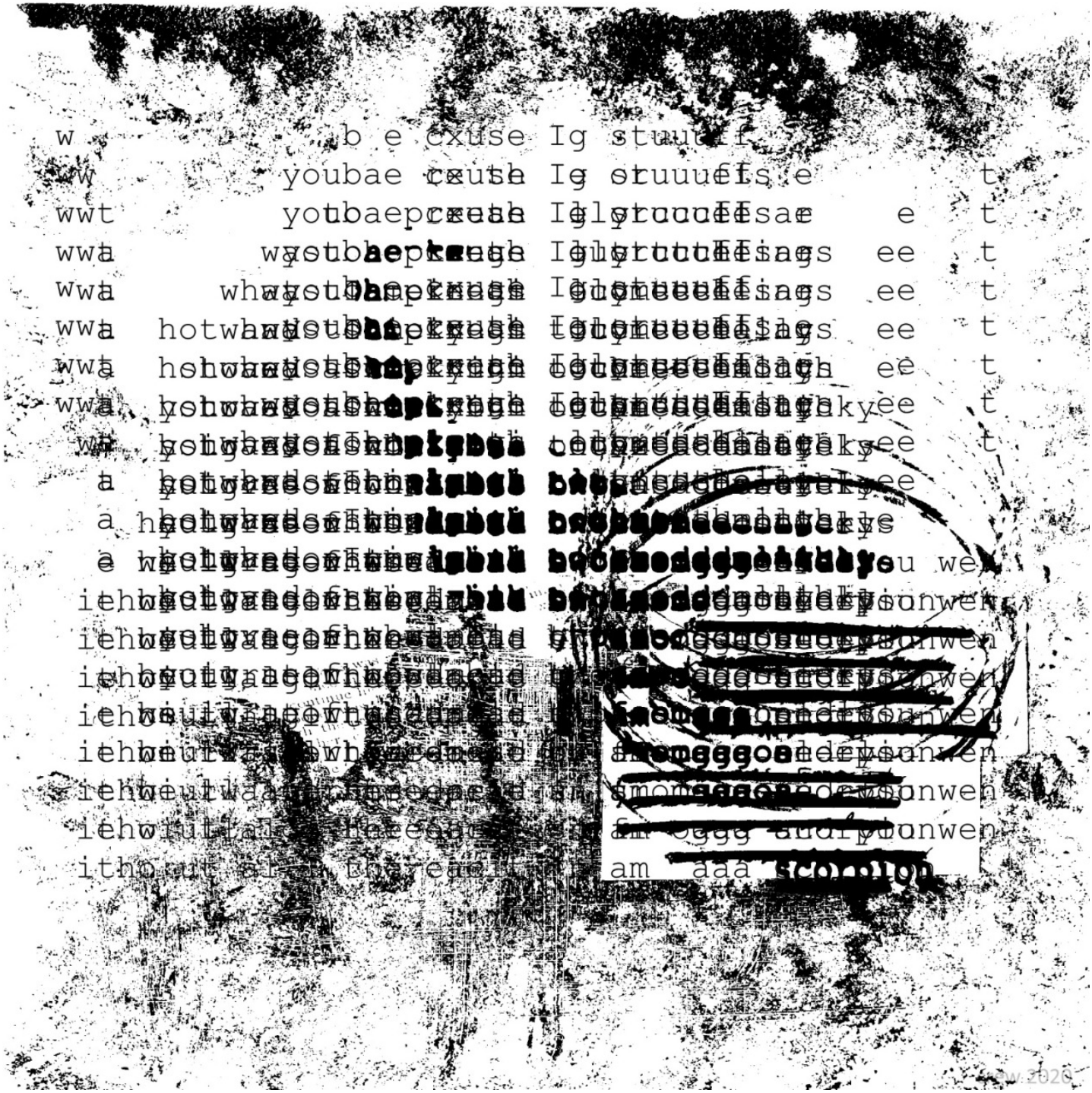


mixed media on canvas 16 by 20 inches


a fresh supply of g
The golden swim
to cha
he hippopotamus
him, who
But oh, how I dread
CREW


in the face of it.
yo
niz
ne ur
CREW


crew/fp
2020




shuddering
Well, I don't
C REW


Lizzie!"
thrust up
seemed to
Lizzie!" Mr.
the tank
up her
CREW


to make
it worth
worth me
rather
20




to
wo
r on his face
claims he can't
he mused.
CREW


WITHSUCHHORSES
CREW

CONTRIBUTORS

ReVerse Butcher is a multi-disciplinary artist with focuses in making unique artist's books, collages, visual art, VR art in Tilt Brush, writing & performance. She will use any medium necessary to engage and subvert reality until it is less dull and oppressive. When she grows up she wants to be a well-read recluse. She currently lives in Brisbane, Australia. https://reversebutcher.com/

Ellen Chang-Richardson is an award-winning poet of Taiwanese and Cambodian-Chinese descent. The author of three poetry chapbooks, *Unlucky Fours* (Anstruther Press), *Assimilation Tactics* (Coven Editions) and *snap, pop, performance* (Gap Riot Press), her writing can be found in *Watch Your Head, Anti-Heroin Chic, Vallum Contemporary* and more. She is the founder of Little Birds Poetry, the co-founder of Riverbed Reading Series, a poetry reader for long con magazine, a poetry selector for Bywords.ca, a member of the Room Editorial Collective, and a member of the poetry collective VII. Ellen currently lives and works on the traditional unceded territories of the Algonquin Anishinabeg First Nation (Ottawa, Ontario). www.ehjchang.com

Susan Connolly was born and lives in Ireland. She has published three collections of poetry: *For the Stranger* (Dedalus Press, 1993), *Forest Music* (Shearsman Books, 2009) and *Bridge of the Ford* (Shearsman Books, 2016). Many of her poems in Experiment-O 13 are from *Bridge of the Ford*, a collection of thirty-three visual poems and a tribute to her home town of Drogheda (droichead átha / bridge of the ford), Co. Louth. Her most recent publication *What Noise on Earth* (Redfoxpress, 2019) is part of the *C'est mon Dada* collection of artists' books from visual poets around the world. Apart from writing, she spends a lot of time exploring the global community of visual poets online and she reads all genres of poetry in book form.

Evelyn Eller was born in New York City and has lived there most of her life. She has worked in various mediums, oil and acrylic paintings, and printmaking, but her primary medium is now collage and artist's books. She attended the Art Students League, NY for three years on a scholarship. She later studied in Rome, Italy on a Fulbright Fellowship. She has exhibited widely, nationally and internationally, at the Whitney, Queens and Brooklyn Museums in New York City, the Smithsonian, Corcoran Gallery of art in Washington, D.C. and in Mexico, Hungary, Italy, India, Germany and other exhibition spaces. She is represented in numerous public and corporate collections, including the Watson Library, Metropolitan Museum of Art, NY, MOMA Library, NY, The Museum of the City of New York, Brooklyn Museum, NY, the Queens Museum, NY, Indianapolis Museum of Fine Art, Ind., Tyler Museum of Art, Texas, National Museum of Women in the Arts, Wash. DC, King Stephens Museum, Hungary, and El Archivero in Mexico.

CONTRIBUTORS

Frank Lepold is a German artist. Please visit the following links:
https://twitter.com/andyamholst
https://www.instagram.com/frank_lepold/
https://www.facebook.com/franklepold
http://andyamholst.com/ (blog)
http://franklepold.de/

Jenny McMaster's art practice encompasses fibres, encaustic painting, and performance. Her recent work has involved experimentation with paper, pulp painting and embroidery. She has always been inclined to break the picture plane, be it through a line of blanket stitches holding together canvas and upholstery fabric, or an eyelet cut into handmade abaca. The series *Ruptured Plains* (Espace Pierre-Debain, 2019) is all about this inclination to both breach and repair.

Jenny is beginning the second year of her MFA at the University of Ottawa this fall. Her work is frequently concerned with mapping, be it through maps of a more literal sort such as those of Almonte and Ottawa (Mississippi Valley Textile Museum, Almonte, 2017), or haptic maps of the human body written in the creases and folds of clothing (Centre Point Theatre, 2013). She has also facilitated the mapping of conversations through the leaking of social beverages from faulty receptacles (Nuite Blanche, 2013). In her performances trickster figures upturn formal events. Food and drink, which generally act as a social glue, end up spilled on the table or laid out on the floor (Gallery 101, 2016).

Khashayar Mohammadi is a queer, Iranian born, Toronto-based Poet, Writer, Translator and Photographer. He is the author of poetry Chapbooks *Moe's Skin* by ZED press 2018, *Dear Kestrel* by knife | fork | book 2019 and *Solitude is an Acrobatic Act* by above/ground press 2020. His debut poetry collection *Me, You, Then Snow* is forthcoming with Gordon Hill Press.

A graduate of OCAD University, **Neda Omidvar** started her work at Barbara Edwards Contemporary in 2010. In her current role as Gallery Director, Neda brings several years of experience within the commercial art world by facilitating client relations, coordinating logistics of events and fairs, conducting artist studio visits, mentoring interns and developing artist careers through curatorial projects. She spends her spare time collaborating with writers and artists on illustrations and creative writing projects.

Imogen Reid completed a practice-based PhD at Chelsea College of Arts, her practice being writing. Her thesis focused on the ways in which film has been used by novelists as a resource to transform their writing practice, and on how the non-conventional writing techniques generated by film could, in turn, produce alternative forms of readability. Among the writers explored during the course of her research were: William S. Burroughs, Alain Robbe-Grillet, Marguerite Duras, Don DeLillo, and Michel Butor. Her work has appeared in: *Hotel Magazine*, *LossLit*, *gorse journal*, *Zeno Magazine* & *Grey Anthology*, *Elbow Room*, *Sublunary Editions*, *ToCall Magazine, IceFloe Press*, & *Erotoplasty Magazine*. She has participated in Steven J. Fowler's Poem Brut events and exhibitions and has a pamphlet with Gordian Projects.

CONTRIBUTORS

Rachel Small (she/her) writes outside of Ottawa. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in magazines, including Bywords.ca, *Thorn Literary Magazine*, *blood orange*, *The Hellebore*, *The Shore*, *The Daily Drunk*, *Anti-Heroin Chic Magazine*, and other places. She was the recipient of honourable mention for the John Newlove Poetry Award for her poem "garbage moon and feminist day". You can find her on twitter @ rahel_taller.

Rob Thomas is an Ottawa-based writer. His creative work has appeared in places like Bywords.ca, *Grain*, *SubTerrain*, *Broken Pencil*, and *The Feathertale Review*. Rob was the recipient of the 2013 John Newlove Poetry Award. His chapbook *Brood* was published by Bywords in 2014.

Sylvia Van Nooten is an asemic artist living in western Colorado. Asemic art, with its pastiche of 'language' and images, allows her to merge texts and painting, creating a hybrid form of communication which is open to interpretation. Her work has appeared in *The South Florida Poetry Journal*, *The Raw Art Review*, local galleries, and at the exhibition Mai Piu in Italy, January, 2019.

C.R.E. Wells (a.k.a. "Chris") is an artist, teacher, and information technologist. He lives in the midwest with his wife and animals. Although he has primarily been a writer and musician since childhood, he has been creating mostly mixed media works, collages, and visual poetry since 2015. He regularly posts his art on his blog at https://faintpress.tumblr.com.

Experiment-O is an annual PDF magazine established in 2008. its aim is to bring attention to works that do what art is supposed to do and that is to risk.

This issue's dedication is from "Where Things Touch: A Meditation on Beauty" by Bahar Orang: "What if language were to remember how fragile it is and how flawed." (Book*Hug, 2020)

AngelHousePress thanks the contributors & in advance, the readers & dedicates this thirteenth issue to those whose work is not accepted in mainstream literature and arts.

Experiment-O will consider interviews, reviews, visual art, visual poetry, concrete poetry, poetry, prose, manifestos, maps, rants, blog entries, translations and other miscellany. please send creative works of merit to amanda@experiment-o.com for consideration for future issues. only contributions that are possible in PDF form will be considered; text-based submissions should be sent as doc, docx or rtf files and image based submissions should be sent as pngs/jpgs with a resolution of 1200 pixels on the longest side. responses will likely only occur if the work is accepted for publication. previously published work is considered. simultaneous submissions are fine too.

We particularly welcome the work of women, BIPOC, 2SLGBTQIA, D/deaf, disabled, and gender non-conforming writers. We will not tolerate expressions of hate and prejudice either in our pages or in response to the work on social media. We won't tag contributors on social media without their permission and if we see hateful responses to them, we will report the perpetrators.

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We acknowledge that we operate on traditional and unceded territory of the Algonquin Anishnaabeg people.

The old expressions are with us always, and there are always others. *Others, A Magazine of New Verse*, December, 1919 Issue 5, No. 1

Revision 13.2