



AUGHT
no. 13 (2004)

Edited by Ron Henry, Ithaca, NY.

AUGHT hopes to provide a forum for poetry and prose poems exploring the use of innovative language and imagery, including "language-oriented" formal experimentation and its various descendants. Since 1997 it has given a home to poetry from nearly 200 new and established writers.

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Email submissions or inquiries to ronhenry@clarityconnect.com

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Amy King

Fecund Whorl in Simile

Catastrophe

suspends not

an attachment,

aquaplane

you as in

routine existence.

Where to look for

said animal being?

Northern seas afoot.

One Note Constitutional

Salting prize for

persona appeal;

tinted grins blame

the gate's reflex,

pardon freer channel

of our divorced-

genetic ambling self.

Dorothee Lang

notice / no t'is

sometimes not quite

is better that way

but then it maybe

if the possibility

the notice given

rather at least

clock wise

afterwards

the one day

missing leading

towards the exit

before

the other side

inside the traffic

moving beating

the time

sleep_aids pain_killers

atypic destinate crosscut

nitrous truly millinery

timothy greenery haphazard

hostage nursery wraith

eastward diffuse deathbed

botfly peptide legend

Bruce Covey

unfolding

what i finally

were chartreuse & winged

as the transient dismissal

wrapped tiny signifying

before address disrobed

disaster plan

from hemispheres divide

to gather oracle choices typed/taped

to spin(n)ing awning recordable

from ribs cacophonous vibrate http//

to .recontext

scissors

Grounded, crane circles flapping one see triangle

Apex is tiger's climbing integral see square

3-9 to win

Watch the 9-pin, the sleeper;

Shoot "through" the 3-pin to

Get it.

Suzanne Thurman

nuclear fever

Wh t f ll th v w ls n th wrld wr
d stry d b n tom c b mb? W ld lf
v r m k s ns g n?

a i a e o o a i e o ee
e oe ya aoi o ? ou ie
ee a e e e a ai ?

nuclear fantasy

if the sky should fall
said the waitress
do not hesitate
to spread the
shattered
remains
on
your toast
if you're lucky
you will live to be
a thousand year old
cyclops in red pajamas

Adrian Lurssen

Twenty-Six: Private, First-class

I

here come the little soldiers
whose destructions

lie in clay arrangements
of the tongue

listen
you be our inevitable

stamp of approval

II

he died officially
in a space between letters

so much
for the word

so much for the word

III

whose voice in whose
head where

as though between two rivers
the dead live

IV

one figure for each age from
ox eagle house door until

at last they had
alphabet enough to say anything

no matter
the word

V

lost now
in our new arrangement for death
from here to here

a breath
like the parting of the seas

VI

what was was historic
accumulation

as though we always knew
letters take care of themselves

in small convoys between palms
find their own way home

Patrick Walsh

JJs Book Structure

life fingers words
but the book read... meant me

meant connection-something
to anothers carving

like a real toy-soldier
somewhere doing real-dying bit

QC Sample Reply

dear old greenly
previously rich one / G-PRO

visual inspections
all negative

oil-ribbonlets no way—
just ask our pc-green

be sure your company
is in safe hands

Marcia Arrieta

flights into oblivion

gardens & birds

angels without wings

chessboards & meteors

philosophy without a cover

oranges & leaves & moons

;

sound & the sea

or the circumference

of analysis

between however

indiscriminate:

stones

&

sheets

&

sky

calculations into

theorems or an
abstract dance

a white feather
& one sunflower

in blue
ancient fields

conjecture/the sublime

arrange/rearrange the hands. minutes. seconds.
ocean. island. wind. catalytic canyons. white sands.

Heidi Lynn Staples

The Clack of Sands

Bolt maze the Floor,
Lacey nit shows: Maze hymn, lace
Ultra-creeper. Floor's pincerful spinenesses
Errant forwardish:

Casket growth the Floor
Renderth
Articulator. Maze
Ballerina Floor.

The Lack of Height

Rod raves the Floor, swallow's patience: Rave's hymn,
Alter's treeful. Floor
This morpheme

Sideness's great-floored-lash; swam's trusses the Floor
Numinous
Are's ever.
Kinky
Eve Floor.

The Brook of Palms

Jazz the stalks
Under water
Noodles, so brambles my
Eel of hair

Goldly, a Frond.
Ray gold ashore drift
Air Frond,
Spume the thriving
Sargassum

Note about the poems:

These poems are echographs of biblical Psalms and part of a 14 poem sequence from a manuscript, *The Gulf Streams*.

Hugh Steinberg

Nine Short Poems

defined, with a
mouth packed with
salt. will, nothing
but will, accountants
of will, social relations,
working groups, odd
powers.

like or like, the
nothing of state; I lean, can
decide. thread.
So, towns, the stone thread in
the stone shirt.

pale grease. no more dates.
the right to
undergo trials.

don't know, some
looping. each voter
unburdening ice sheets
from their
angriest and most secret
cells.

sorry is for
specialists, especially
if you don't
mean it.

like
catharsis:
pithy words,
like
snarls and pieces.

not falling.
you say threw you
 throw you.
stick of you...
 an arm or two.

then purities. as when
to introduce joy when
 there is so little
justification for doing so. I
 wasn't born I
 got carried
along with the others.

as a man, to
have been a
white dress
every so, so
unwave-
 ring

Richard Kostelanetz

EXTRACTS

**AMUSED
AMUSED**

**DARED EVIL
DAREDEVIL**

**REST RAIN
RESTRAIN**

**ASSAIL
ASSAIL**

**COVERAGE
COVERAGE**

**ASCERTAIN
ASCERTAIN**

**ENDEAR
ENDEAR**

**FLAGRANT
FLAGRANT**

Other New Work

Jon Leon

Re-Make/Re-Model

Explanatory what can we say. No erasure of difference.
Anything setting not eager or silent. Booming alleyways
backdoors the midst. We're proving it this segregating focus.
Less and less on anything moving. Clearly in that arena
or any course irrational. About what do we present
public movement. Tendencies vice anything moving.
We're good druggists. Records and ball today thinking
sophisticated other at thirty. Speeches stark action stumped.
With to ask tearing off characterization. In speeches
removing eyes right, sockets ditches, digging burn.
Themes rough manifesto on anything moving but are
finding no movement. All day long until lice. Where
discount looks foreign rows. Cognition, results, etc.

Fate-Lines

Building beauty by transference through sexual conquest.
To acquire and build beauty the quantitative acquisition.
Ultra-sexuality. Building to beauty acquire by and transference
build through beauty sexual the conquest quantitative building
acquisition beauty ultra by sexuality. Brings hospital bed to
corner flips the mattress. Television running the length of the
wall painted remote for the sickbay coterie. Brings television
hospital running bed the length corner of flips the wall mattress
painted brings remote hospital for bed to sickbay corner
coterie. Building brings to a beauty hospital acquire television
by bed and runs transference to build through length beauty
corner sexual of the conquest one quantitative wall building room
acquisition a beauty and ultra painted by flips sexuality remote
building to for beauty mattress acquire the hesitate brings and
sickbay transference hospital build coterie.

Munitions

We made our way into the woods do you remember.
You first where we were foreign. Today in town
last the trickeries of labor. Caved in to a circuit board
of verisimilitude or something like it. Many men
bound to the fragrance of find contentment in
the action of. There hosts of ladies many men out.
Where ladies' bodies vie for or ladies turn radioactive
we are back in the steel forest. We are where the past
stopped where men raped infants and murder many men.

Halvard Johnson

Thirteen Nouns of Verbing at a Noun

I

Among twenty snowy nouns,
The only verbing noun
Verb the noun of the noun.

II

I verb of three nouns,
Like a noun
In which there verb three nouns.

III

The noun verbed in the autumn nouns.
It verbed a small noun of the noun.

IV

A noun and a noun
Verb one.
A noun and a noun and a noun
Verb one.

V

I verb not verb which to verb,
The noun of nouns
Or the noun of nouns,
The noun verbing
Or just after.

VI

Nouns verb the long noun
With barbaric noun.
The noun of the noun
verbed it, to and fro.
The noun
Verbed in the noun
An indecipherable noun.

VII

O thin nouns of Noun,
Why verb you verb golden nouns?
Verb you not verb how the noun
Verbs around the nouns
Of the nouns about you?

VIII

I verb noble nouns
And lucid, inescapable nouns;
But I verb, too,
That the noun is verbed
In what I verb.

IX

When the noun verbed out of noun,
It verbed the noun
Of one of many nouns.

X

At the noun of the nouns
Verbing in a green noun,
Even the nouns of noun
Would verb out sharply.

XI

He rode over Noun
In a glass noun.
Once, a noun verbed him,
In that he verbed
The noun of his noun
For nouns.

XII

The noun is verbing.
The noun must be verbing.

XIII

It verbed noun all afternoon.
It was verbing
And it was verbing to verb.
The noun verbed
In the nouns.

(after Wallace Stevens)

Sonnet Kit CXLVII

[Some assembly required]

lines, 14	a's, 43	p's, 18
quatrains, 3	b's, 2	r's, 33
couplet, 1	c's, 13	s's, 35
sentences, 3	d's, 18	t's, 44
words, 107	e's, 56	u's, 8
letters, 466	f's, 8	v's, 8
capitals, 18	g's, 9	w's, 8
lower case, 448	h's, 35	x's, 2
periods, 3	i's, 32	y's, 10
commas, 14	k's, 4	
semicolons, 3	l's, 15	
hyphens, 1	m's, 13	
apostrophes, 2	n's, 27	
	o's, 25	

Sandra Simonds

dream one

—one eye

opens, the other wanders down a warm hallway

or bright ribcage.

last night an elk, a wild pig, an ambulance

and a long lost friend.

that to which all things vanish,

converge—

I will give you a loaf of rough bread

and a long fish.

dream two

bad news, bad luck, *click/ click* a long walk down

the spiral

stairs of the fire escape

if smoke enters these rose trees (from all

directions)

I, the inhalation

I, the hot twig

call me Trustee, the one who will take care of *everything*

8 hours and coffee spills (on the paperwork)

*

I hold a (fossil

fish) paperweight (in my left hand) as you enter the building carrying

a leather briefcase and an odd grin that

slides off your profile

dream three

for your insomnia, a dose (of thighs and/or ass)

the walls are headaches and your spine

is bent into the only window

for miles you

reach into the bricks of the body and find (a

trapped leopard)

its black spots twitching

—to pace around the ruby stomach<

for your sleep—

Dan Beachy-Quick

***Meditation on a Broken Leg; or, Mediation Between a Bone
and a Missing Bone (Ahab, after the Carpenter carves him
a new leg)***

Cancel me

My debt in the turning lathe's ledger—
I've a hewn leg more narrow (a
marrow-profit) in mind

To stand on the jawbone of the jaw
That bit me from my own.

I signed me off on my severed nerve
's electric command: *turn-to, strike top-sail, strike—*.

The pain-whetted mind (*strike—to the Season-on-the-Line*),
The pain-whetted, pulse-forged, blood-bladed mind—
to you Due
I am, I owe, I feel

An air-flesh grown unseen
On this too-much-seen bone
as if I were
not a
vessel half-sparred

I wear a bruised heel on a foot
That has no heel to bruise.

Madness aches me
A step
further on: *cursed . . . mortal*
inter-indebtedness
Which will not do away with ledgers

I know who I owe and who
Owe me: You:

White
Whale: *a Sum Unknown*.

Another me

Exists the sun

Cannot know: belly-deep:

I tendon my thought to the Shoreless—
Wave-ridden: at depths, I am

Not-known. To myself

I whisper the white whale's name.
I square my jib into the gale, sail
Where the wind unleashed would not allow me.
When lightning struck the mast
the mast was fire-blessed to me—

When a storm-lit, magnet-flame, lit on the blood-forged lance
I took the lance to lip
and breathed
The God-flame out. God-like. God-like—

I know the angle of flame
At breath's bidding. I know the angle
Of the sail in wind.

O, bide on me source is source
Of breath inspire and no other
No other lifts this hand my hand
Into the wind I palm my sail
Myself and strike the God who strikes

Ask me

What is a Captain?

“What is a Captain, Captain?”

He who fills the White
Ledger with Red Ink.

Ask me how much costs
A Whaling Profit? Ask me—

“Faith, sir, I’ve——.”

“Faith? What’s that?”

“Why, faith, sir, it’s only a sort of exclamation-like—.”

Ask me to compare:
Within the sun upon the sea
I see
a darkling self
Who is more me than me.

I feelest tingling life; there, exactly there, there . . . do I.

A tingling life
In the ghost-limb, jawbone, a
Tingling life
in the jawbone, unutterable—

thought locked within the

. . . *innumerable strange devices for the emblematic* . . .

vast

. . . *adornment of his wondrous tun.*

None but a prophet can speak
Behind the hieroglyph
-ic skull
Of the whale's electric mind

That flaming leaps
From *all* into *all*, or—
Unsparked, calms. A

God's multi-sparked thought—
A brain waiting to light the match by thinking
The match lit.

God-spark, anger—
No profit spoke from the mouth

Of the whale. Lower-jaw with lance-head
Cut-off. No profit

In white-membraned whale-mouth, no
Profit in that papered-mouth

But the tooth pulled. Ivory.
Sailor's etch their dark stories

On whale-tooth. *Skrimshander*. Dark
Story with their eyes they lived.

They can make a toothpick of a tooth.

Whale's head, unfolded. Uses thereof.
1. Brain-cask, to-be-flame. (*A profit*)
2. Papered-mouth, tooth-to-be-carved.
3. Eyes, ears (*A physiology*). Note

Two eyes small as foal's
Eyes on opposite sides of the head.

1) An innermost layer (of skin) cannot be
Found

until blade strikes
bone

Solid as bone. Subject: skin, a depth unknown:

A substance oil-filled but not oil

Until touched flame cannot be flame.

2) A surface

Etched with *innumerable crosses*

And recrosses of straight lines—

A surface *engraved, mystic-marked* skin—a

First page to read

on a volume

Opened, but of

contents unknown, a
frontispiece, an
Author's page

Signed in language that is

no language we know. 3) Surface-of-

The-Surface: a transparent *Skin-of-Skin*: a

Microscopic layer

A finger's strength removes, that

dried, that

set-to-dry

On the leaf of a book I use as bookmark

Transparent: I

put you on a word

and the word darkens-out

Through thinnest skin

the ink (I'm thinking) grows. A word grows

Larger a word—through whale-skin—more seen.

Annalynn Hammond

Fever Round

A sound.
Soft heads lift. A sound.
Snouts turn wolf. Soft
heads lift. Wet. The trees
go *brrr*. Snouts turn
wolf. A four-legged thing.
Wet. The trees go *brrr*.
Legs made of drums. A four-
legged thing. A lapse. Legs
made of drums. A lisp.
A lapse. Don't die now.
A lisp. The big black voice.
Don't die now. *Come*
down. The big black voice.
Come down.

Gestalten

The sign outside: MINIATURE
HORSES FOR SALE. Senalda
Kimi Aoko Lex Janus Michon
are names she has considered
naming herself. The answer is
"two faces looking into an empty
vase." Every time the child unhooks
his thumbs, the bird disappears.

Swimming Backwards Up the Nile

I am not made of monsters. I will be your guide. Although I may look like your savior, metal shavings have been found inside my ear. Under that rock are two fingers I've forgotten. Limb by limb is the best way to count. The cloud man's face has been stretching into a dog's. This is the curse of sunsets: transformation. Never look directly at the elephant. Inside the mouth is another mouth that can only tell the truth. Love slinks in like a stowaway and nobody notices except the cook, the butcher knife and the mouse. The horizon can help with stomach sickness. For the illusion of movement let everything drop away. If you look down you will see the infamous shadowfish, covered in jade scales, with twelve pearly nipples and the hindlegs of a grasshopper. Black eggs are amassing between your toes. The bubbles rise carrying words and releasing them onto the surface one by one: soft... gin... taxi... petal... loop... worm... shoe... canter... stun.... Sometimes I like what's floating around me; sometimes I don't even listen. Coming up on your left is the doorframe to a temple. The rest of the structure disappeared on the night I found a razorwing inside my lung. Today we will call it The Invisible Temple that Offers Air when You Enter and Air when You Exit. Sightseers are no different from soothsayers. Here: we have stones for you to throw into that hole. Whoever told you rivers can lead to enlightenment was probably one of the twelve river goddesses sent from The Otherworld. It is getting easier and easier to drown. Around this bend we will stop for ritual. You have a choice: you can piss on someone's feet or you can get your feet washed in piss. It is dark, but this journey will last into morning. You get what you paid for. Tonight is not a full moon, so we will be bypassing The Fountain of Meaning. This will allow an extra few minutes to roll around in the water like fat tires and oil drums. As promised we will still visit The Fairgrounds. A few words of warning: don't get silly with the virgins; the three-headed rubber snakes that can be won at the dart game may look appealing, but the villagers are known to stuff grenades down their throats; if you run away you won't get your t-shirt. If you want to be baptized there is a likeness of John posted by the bathroom sinks. If you get hurt we have a waiver signed by yourself or yourself in a past life. As promised we will visit The Point where All Perspectives Converge. The most common experience is blackout, but it's worth a try. This is why you're alive: to collect memories for The Memory Machine, which is much like a gumball dispenser for the greedy hidden gods. As your memories grow larger you grow smaller, until the end when you are nothing more than a lacquered eye, rolling this way and that. Ignore those women washing shrouds made of questions. Ignore the children dangling each other from the tree branches like ripe fruit. We are getting closer and closer to the place where the river changes its disposition to destiny. You are starting to look like an eel, your eyes and mouth just tiny slits. That gallows leaning in like a grandfather. Take your skin off if you want to. Or split your tongue with a mollusk. You know this is why you came. Remember to throw your hands up as dried fish. A cast of the inside of your skull will be taken for your comment card. You will drop to the bottom of this dragon like a sack full of heavy things.

Vernon Frazer

Doubled Crossings

A front
of dreary trapezoidal languor
trails

gladiatorial residue
cold butter scythes

| {a disadvantage
|

INTERSECTION

*

Gender empathy | bare loom
swizzles, sticks | enamored

a garden frolics

Gentry follicles suit

*

Lost geometries
tender proportion extortionate
to their claim:

languid parsimony
engendered birth of latitudes

the advantaged} |
|

DISSECTION

as a second entry

or

seasoned

enmity

Tom Sheehan

Rimnents (on Cudi)

My grendfethir ren thi coty damp,
barnid clonkirs on e lottli huasi
hi medi uf screp. Un culd noghts dranks
slipt on thet meki-shoft hevin.

Thiy kniw thi wolcumi uf hos fori,
thi mingir's stuvi tu wrep eruand,
hut carbong tu prup culd fiit,
qaock doffirinci frum thi fruzin eor,

wond-swipt reolrued trecks, beri intry weys,
derkniss whiri huwlong ghusts ebodi
ur, lest risurt, slom cerdbuerd wrep.
Thi lust, lunily bords cemi tu ruust,

fliw on et dask. Hi stukid thi fori
tu stor ap flemis, droid thior fiethers uff.
Jast es uftin hi lift hos lanch ebuat
loki testy sait hengong on thi yerd.

Un Setardeys O bruaht hos lanch,
dinsi lemonetis uf miet end bried,
thock end hievy end cuersi es son,
bruwn benene wi wuald nut iet,

mulessis-bruwn cuffii on whoskiy buttlis
wuand ebuat woth pepir begs.
O nivir sew ivin uni pont buttli
fonoshid uff wothon hos gresp,

rerily sew hos smell bint hend filong
onsodi e pepir big. Hos bords
dod thi pockong, hed sait chuoci,
hins donong bifuri thi cuck.

Whin hi doid thiy cemi tu groivi
thi sevouar uf thior noghts,
thi drankin, bisuttid, bruthirid bend
whu su uftin dreonid hos cap,

thi muttli-skonnid, thi suarid uf lofi,
peli hust, thi werrid apun end bietin,
thiy cemi tu cechi thi lottli men
whu uffirid whet wes lift uf Gud.

Merrill Cole

Too Tied to Luck

Push at damp tent and string, with the last. To choke. Brush aside final cross or forbear. And stretch, in camp to contain. Dennis. But he welcomes the chorus. Altos, all through and open. A cross open will collapse? Did they?

Deny often. The less is slightly: all fingers by its face, all but one. Tracy faces the fingers, then. The one raised away. Upward or burnt. Is usually. Is not a point, as they do.

Not that. Not just with that, and with. Neck. It ate nothing. Not with us. Will all its arms. Neck. All arms it ate.

Too tied to luck. Under. Too tied, and polished. Also water, and way: vain tune. The chest. The chain polished and their jewels. Too luck.

Will say forever. Don't. Will say forever, and John saw it. Six. Men danced and it wasn't him. John doesn't. Forever, will say forever, and don't, don't, he laughed with the animal. A woman with impossible for John goes it will. For John saw it. He won't.

Shines with these. His sharp. These, stroke a gun. Is his. Is one bullet gone.

In order that. Because. In order to. Before.

Every story is novel, Frank. Every story is novel, Frank. Every story is novel, Frank. History.

Leave them if love. Not a look for she can glance at not a look for he. Turn away. As if you leave is as they love. Turn.

A mistake will only one and a will say each the same the point.

A stake.

Karyna McGlynn

Annual Migration

I fly back into the barren heat, the horsefly's hum connecting the ear to the land's spill, mileage crawling into unaccountable and somehow, I never really question my desire for annual migration.

Every August I listen to southern rock, pray to the god of good barbeque sauce, pretending I'm a belle gone bad, and you, stepfather, a poncy sous chef with a morphine habit, rolling the tips of your black moustache between your fingers with gumbo file. Tree roaches flatten like letters to deliver themselves beneath the doors, and you, zut alors, spackle them against the night air with your spatula.

Your wife, for god's sake, is nearly my age, an import from another time. She likes Chopin and Millay and she drinks chardonnay from the freezer because it's the only way she can blush. She says if I drink too much lemonade I'll develop hives.

Your daughter Annabel has a collection of scarves and we applaud the dining room dervish: purple and green and hexagon and there she goes, knocking over lit candles and flinging butter knives at the dog. On the other hand, Carmen sets her face downward like a clover-green horseshoe before the whine sets in. We buy her animals because she's too tall for her age and her feet turn in despite the ballet.

And here we are, thighs brushed in bug eyelashes, junctions for knees and blood all Creole—we're not really sure where the similarities came from: throats that rip through Galveston sailboats, false modesty, eyes that sear shut when Lester Young plays—mouths that form Aramaic & bastard letters nobody's seen in a very long time.

And the death penalty reigns supreme here, and governors somehow make their ineptitude palatable to the nation, and your daughters weep in the sanctity of air conditioning, and one city seeps into another and all the outliers are backed into the epicenter as if the unused hole will eventually close up and swallow the bacteria with it. All of us, all of us, band-aids on the lobes and throat to deceive you.

And women are tall drinks of vodka perfumed in cherry atomizer—though, they've given up potatoes, and the heat makes you forget what you wanted, and the pool-side's rhinestones transfix and you clutch your wallet and you say life is good, unrolling your white legs from the towel as if everything is better browned.

You smile though the showroom is closed and swept, silently asking me not to notice the mausoleum you've been making in the garage, air of your lungs cold and full of dust mites and typos and dogma—you'd really like me to believe all of that junk's been annulled.

Everything's later, later, so let's just eat.

You shouldn't pretend that ferocious women named Kate and Leigh don't haunt you, that your dreams don't undo long ropes of brown hair and think that if they loved you, you wouldn't be afraid of shellfish and water and flying, but my god, these women are not under your thumbnail's domain. You could try having friend's for once.

But you have slithered under the porch because the sun gives you nosebleeds and panic attacks and heat stroke.

I am here inside a silver pot—you have put me behind the mayonnaise. I am lying on the couch—you have passed me twenty-five times today, whistling so you don't have to talk. I am buying six pairs of pants and knocking on your office door—I am asking, asking. I am stealing your Tobasco tie and a Bob Dylan album and hoping you will want to vent about it long-distance. I am burning in the yard and drinking your whiskey and feeding the deer and running up the electricity and shutting the doors with a click the way you always told me not to and I am picking out a child's song on the piano, picking the okra out of the Creole and putting it on the edge of my plate and I am coming back again and again, though it causes you indigestion and nightmares.

I think maybe you left through the broken keys on the Steinway—I think maybe you left years before I did.

Mr. and Mrs. Berry Invite You

He holds the shirt of a ticket-taker up to a party at the lawyer's South Texas sprawl. As he legs down the limestone driveway, he sets off some system of sprinklers and door chimes. His teeth peel back with the giving of oranges, underripe in their nests of raffia: get in here, she says, hair hung and haloed by holly knots and reeking of cinnamon: have you met all the grandkids, I guess they're all running around here someplace. In the hallway a woman plays her husband for baklava: But don'tcha wanna watch me unpeel the layers've dressing t'reveal the nuts—mmm—don'tcha wanna bring me a triangle drizzled with sweet warm honey? Loping across the living room, he ignores the blue glint of genetic blondes in the swaddled family of mantle frames. At which, a brash old woman presses in and says: You didn't steal any soap, did you? There were three lilacs and two lily-of-the-valleys, now there are two lilacs and one lily-of-the-valley.

He edges forward under the dim searchlights of track lighting and sits rocking on his heels, trying to look attentive and friendly, like the guy who is just waiting for somebody to ask him about his collection of 1960s album cover art. The lawyer's appliances are plastered in potholders made from what are apparently bands of pantyhose in discontinued hues: mist green, rose sachet, sunbeam, orange sherbet. A woman in a gold sweater bobs through the doorway, catches him feeding cocktail wieners to the Dachsund. The links of her smile click soundlessly into place: Sooooo, you're a male elementary school teacher? Her hair is a copper kettle. Do you you're your own children? Tried the baklava? Met Bethany? Been married?

Five eggnogs down: there is absolutely nothing beyond the grinning snowman, tipsy and violent in the gray-green grass, in the halo of St. Augustine.

Hugh Tribbey

Strategic Fisticuffs

Strategic fisticuffs of passivity have I knocked,
And I will darn to televise.
But in the louse's eagle aloft,
What only to me befouled.

When she I lounged loomed evergreen dawn,
Frequent as a rooster in a juke box,
I to her cotillion bellied my wattle,
Beneath an evasive mood.

Upon the mood I fizzed my eyesight,
Allegro over the wicked layout;
With querying pacifier my hornpipe dramatized niftily
Those pathologies soapily debatable to me.

[S+7 of Wordsworth's "Strange Fits of Passion Have I Known."]

Machine in True Teak

A new machine, a fair dew bright,
quite a bruise that supplies and proclaims,
past settlements, pours views fair, tears
pewter past, pours musing,
constructs a moat of disparity,
pours a discolored lunar lout,
pours an entry dance, pays with grain,
pours passing parts with less truth,
pours pomp low and impregnable.
Don't cure the ground, sand bright.
The machine captures sea silence,
pours you in the middle, air dance of orioles,
a grand cup of ale in true teak.

[Homophonic translation of "Machine Inutile" by Andre Frenaud.]

Drop Null

Drop null, muck for the angelcraft.
Green hats fall upon wicker rafts.
Dying mutters, creeping things chirping.
Gleaming fangs. Hyenas lick the ground.
Gar of frost. Forked gargoyles leer.
Felt shoes glide from the Gobbet book.
Under right jade mobiles,
opus of ringing hail and profane odor.
Under dim muck, a spur of clarity.
Deft debits, night veils, sage wars.
Mein Kinder see the reef where the grackle caucus.
Deflect steel, zephyrs through the blue.
Swollen motleys begin to wail,
will fresh Himalayas,
mainline grog in cheap malls.

[Homophonic translation from Faust.]

Jonathan Hayes

Godiva and Tiffany

a mole under the eye
is a sign of bad luck

he gave her everything
except the truth

a relationship sustained
by new restaurants

"look at the shops and markets

—equal and fair competition—

there is no monopoly in Chinatown"

white flowers = death

Mother's Day

the longevity
of bamboo

the format gives it away

nothing is forever

i.e.

forever is nothing

e.g.

Jellyfish and Vinegar

lightning
breaks the bone

Puck
is on the throne

duck egg / skin anchor

ball and alcoholic chain

(submissive cucumber)

the weight of defeat

[on the perimeter of Times Square squared]

she took a Polaroid picture
and placed it on her pillowcase

next to her head in bed, whispering

a mantra
of multiplication tables

product:

prayers answered

C.E. Gatchalian

judith lowman's sonatina

jam your idéé
eye tremble where
blood yam
ruby die major
ebb trouble blow
lick / go
walpur / **mess**
zap / **nook**
raw surmise pure
kill pick more
gap! gap!

eurydice glide
judith / slide
block dress
lowman / glide
zapidee doo
carlito ergo mush
slush / ice /
gap! gap!
in routine
missing mo(v)es
forlorn judith
missing carlito

jam your idéé
eye tremble where
blood yam
ruby die major
ebb trouble blow
jack / ghoul
diaper / mein
tap / hook
carlito's place
this poem takes
goes in out
in / out

station

i.

trill volley rhyme
the to
 style mimic

remnant remnant

ii.

call sin
name
they
a of

his say

may

iii.

sky me hose money
 cream
 shoe
S C O R E
yell tryst hamster
hover

iv.

 eye
 sync
my

v.

sync

mimic my
say eye

volley the score
to style the
call to yell
the trill to
sin the hose
to rhyme the
name to cream
a money of
hamster a sky
of they a
me of shoe
a tryst of

may

his

remnant remnant

young

counter

mole rose mouth home shave luge maze jazz
loaf phase chewed picks of perplexing vase foam
mail ooze hair stove hash aphasia stentorian reel
gel rain hose clandestine patched muffler heel mill
rune jail lackadaisical dripping oh cunt of worship
haze lodge dome rustic recondite loose phalanx sashay
sage wing
dual
song

allegretto

mole	pint	whole
craft drink	stripe	gnome
kite	home	guile
loaves	mock bread	pipe
woes	gripe	joan
mike	lows	heap down
pile	rile	stoke
fight	moan	roll
cig chat	croak	strike
float	hike	ride
fuck net	hit fog	beam mall
buy	smoke	pry
grin match	foe	crow
my	has with	by

for

new

Glenn Bach

114

picidae the piculet
the wryneck
the woodpecker

Lewis' Red-headed
Acorn Gila
Yellow-bellied
Ladder-backed
Nuttall's Downy
Hairy White-headed
Pileated

the sapsucker
Red-naped Red-breasted
Williamson's

the flicker
Northern

near passerine over 200
yoked (two forward,
two back) or three-toe
long tongue
echo-locate grubs

a large family wood chisel
shock absorbing musculature
stiff tail feathers
upright on trees

woodland avifauna

drill holes
trap line from tree to tree
new nest holes every year
old ones taken over by owls
bluebirds, wrens, chickadees

a memorable experience

rumors of the Ivory-billed or Imperial
last seen deep in the previous century

117

books are not merely objects
 the un-linered back of the truck
sticks and pads sliding
the keys in the dark
 innards and stumps
flying around flying objects
 push means the clothes
 a box for the toys
 table saw casters
 clean bed of metal
 crossbows toy trucks
vengeful spirits
 cart dead and black
 full of trash cans
 spray on glass objects
 trigger nozzle
dry brush fired cracking
 slurry like roadkill
 cardboard boxes overflowing crates
 slightly weighted wooden
 a rattling overrun and silence
bazooka crates of armor
the first sound a tinkling sound
 small objects and some furniture
mass of food and refuse
 several long tubes pointed padded
 fired and exploded in a moment
 singsong sound of little bottles
 smudgy, light leaking

+++++

Early afternoon America
at day's end great shadows graduate, contract,
an earthquake reported like rolling waves,
coughing, shifting—

no hollering
no heavy objects
no sports equipment
no emergency gear
no contractor tools
no sonic booms
no rumbling trucks
no distant London

—half out the door hanging over the bed
stepping high and clumsy
rattling windows, pressure waves
flying across the room
as objects began to take shape:

the far corner
the clatter of glass
the wide beam
the perfect shape
the long hooked objects of wonder
the distant country
the dry lake bed
the mechanical problems
the whole house
the width of the bed
a plenum of constructed objects
a long burlap sack
the computer speakers, some sealed, some rattling
a new crash of thunder
the rattle of tree branches
the child who fell from the sky
the downy beds of ease.

96

car tires chirp
 in sudden acceleration
 oversteer, understeer
 stay in a straight line
 with octane
 the visceral acceleration
the six speed trannys
 the second quicker
the difference inside
 the plainjane suspension w/o
 the staggered tires

the only good thing

it's worth a look to find threads
 a touring application
a hard launch
 a good stab
 a corner fast
a bubble
 loose chunks barking in corners
tomb quiet standing water
 these howls
 woefully supple
 water moniker
 anywhere, anytime

i thought i was going to die

all winter last winter
even in rain

69

Worry about fires (termites, carpenter bees,
carpenter ants).

There is no wood to burn.

Never replace your roof.

There is no warp, rot, or sag (a simple
and fast erection).

We want open and flexible homes (*poplar* styles),
an open system, any size, any location
(enjoy year after year).

Choose one suit, your taste, brick and stucco,
shingles or tile.

We want peace of mind in lightning storms,
hot rolled bolted purlins, knowing
every column and bolt in your family.

We've seen it all!

We can lose 400 years within 40 hours.

What do you have,
the total opening,
the cost of ownership,
the new tenant or application?

There is no magic!

The reason is clear: all of your walls
will be straight and true.

44

claxon
a kind of loud

horn formerly used
on motor vehicles

as in
"the horns of the taxis

blared" pointed with
the horn and pointed

of the return towards
the noise to this high

noise this hard
communication

and it gives you
the cries of the loud-

speakers hard of
improves transmits

in rendering noise
this high noise

the hard grinding sound
and the cries

to the heavenly klaxon
used previously

you heal
autokinetic

Lisa Mansell

Sonnet 4

I made my home mal and dime
along the unlisten of twt lols
of mime and a migldi-magpie's aim
wasps that tilt and still stings lisp-spilling
a cracow spotting ackrock
 across the kracened sea's sixty eyes
creeping sweet ond grac

my déjà vu is jude and aged
 grappled on the lead-pipe grin
floating as fiddles to viols to fogs
unalive but unsleeve-greened
 and furled as faded daffodils

ides bile inside the library boat
 an arab-dance barbed in sand

Sonnet 10

lilac and kettled on a lift-lown wool
I'm mime and emerald moss

 a million's lament smiles and dovetails
 my mile and mermaid arms

mimic dams against the armada's lean and marl
 as elms slam and lily the marble's pearl

masts in schisms music their storms from ember
 like-as like-as elk lapping
 long knowledge from an empty limpid
a pious in appropriate piws
 all liquid and nil on an alloys belly

I pen in open and oil pipes
 as the quartet cracks aquamarine
into quinces and colds of sequence

Sonnet 12

bass as a labia blowing its orb
the belly-dance sands dandy and olden-day
a ball labelled emblem
inside a bracken rib-cage brick and necked

ghosts slug and guts their eggs
fastened in far-off morphology
an again-again of guttural tugs
from pharaoh-wives washed in white flings

this is not theirs

a host lunar in gas and oats

them is not their they
but a year of uttered ugs that under-umberella
dolphins that sniff at the flux
afraid of the serif that first rifts at the fly

Crag Hill

4 of Spades

The thing that helped me the most, though, was the time I could

the spirit of harsh reality
guns in circulation, guns in possession, a rash of gunfire

We had to go to Missoula and descend
like perfect crow retellings. We were stuffed in
sand, proud of anybody who was a summer lost

Label didn't muck a bag hinge over it, but I didn't
honk, saw the rally that culled him. I sit with him
and chew and loosen for a whole as he balked a tight
name. Then I husked him about the teller

*He was sitting in the shadow of death. We were
all sitting in the shadow of death. I wondered what
he was thinking about. Maybe he was thinking about
his girl. I even hoped he was thinking about her.
We heard the chopper. It came in from behind*

It's next. It's past. It's over two hundred years ago.
He didn't wash the blood from his face, nor rinse
it from his clothes, as his children witnessed. "Will
you now, when you are needed most, stop at words?"
How can she smile at a future she does not know?
"What the hell you going to do with freedom?"

*'He was generally really
well liked, so is he a murderer
or is he a good guy? He's prob-
ably all of those things,'
Tippett said. 'But I think it's
really important to figure out
what happened in those last days'*

9 of Spades

It just is deteriorating so much more rapidly than I expected

"You're the last bard," Ebbie said phonily, his recitation
corrupting like a creek imploding from a battle after you seek it

*was loose, dangling on his shirt, he yanked it off.
He looked up at the advertising placards above
the windows, wanting to turn his thoughts away*

*Things tuck motion, flicker or sound, an
unheroic tradition — it's all to be to have been.
In usurpation, advancing by degrees, past and
future create an equality*

*Hell, he was on the edge of panic. The ritual had
been going on for a week now and it would con-
tinue until the cue was heard no more. In the
meantime, the class would suddenly erupt into a
confusion of waving arms and jogging legs*

not the infirm affirmation
a nation on the mat
knees or shoulder blades
there's no turning over a new leaf
our resounding conundrum
our aches layer

*Try as he might, Villa cannot sustain the contempt he customarily
shows gringos. He simply envies even the worst of the Hollywood
nitwits too much: their literacy, their technology, their freedom.
Before the arrival of Thayer and his crew, in fact, Villa has
already taken on an American named Sam Drebben as an inter-
preter and gunner. Drebben (Alan Arkin) is a cynical all-purpose
rebel, the kind of peripatetic fighter who could find an entrée into the proposed revolution*

Ace of Spades

Past the censor? Past the night hands?

*We left the esoteric stuff behind and talk about real
things like where roads should be built or shouldn't be built*

*When it's over it's over
Cloud crossing moon, half-clear sky,
then candle-sputter, shadow-crawl*

The Patriot Act, passed without a blink, is now
under attack from the left and right, one
thing both agree upon: individualism is the penultimate
act of patriotism. My country ends at my front door

*'Human beings have no
right to tell other human beings
how long they have to live
unless they have some kind of
firearm in their hands,' he said*

*majority of that early,
thick carbon dioxide
atmosphere has been
subsequently locked up
in the carbonate rocks,
which are everywhere*

*Until now the leftovers on
this pivotal battlefield have been
small — spent cartridges, the
occasional skull. But as months
of drought have drained the
Danube to its lowest level in a
century, larger relics are coming*

Contributors to *Aught*, No. 13 (2004)

Amy King's book, *Antidotes for An Alibi*, will appear Fall 2004. Please visit her website, www.amyking.org, for more.

Dorothee Lang works as an undercover agent for overdue intermediate transmissions, has web dreams on a weekly basis and believes in noncoincidence and cotangents. Her work has appeared in *Pindelyboz*, *Drunken Boat*, *The Mississippi Review*, *Getunderground*, *Eyeshot*, *Word Riot* and *Cafe Irreal*, among others. She edits the travel magazine *subside.zine*, lives in Germany, and for some yet undiscovered reasons only gets published abroad. Homepage is <http://www.blueprint21.de/> ; and travel mag here: <http://www.subsidezine.de/>

Adjunct Professor of Creative Writing at Emory University, **Bruce Covey** is the author of *The Greek Gods as Telephone Wires* and the forthcoming *Ten Pins, Ten Frames*, both from Front Room Publishers. His work currently appears in *Jacket*, *can we have our ball back?*, and *Shampoo*.

Like the rest of her generation, **Suzanne Thurman** survived the Cold War although she still wonders about the threat of nuclear annihilation. She's placed her hope for the future in her poetry and her two small children. Her work has appeared in many publications, most recently *The Mochila Review*, *The Square Table*, *RE:AL*, *Studio*, *Aries* (forthcoming), and *The Chaffin Journal* (forthcoming).

Adrian Lurssen is writing a book-length series of poems that meditates upon the connections between language, exile, imagination, colonial history, and race. Most recently his work has appeared or is forthcoming online at *can we have our ball back?*, *Pedestal Magazine*, *AGNI*, and elsewhere. Born and raised in South Africa, he has lived in the San Francisco Bay Area since 1995.

Patrick Walsh, Bealnablath, Cork, Ireland. Published in local [Irish] and UK-theme anthologies. Work read on local and national radio. 2004 work in *Antipatico*, *Facets* and due in *Surface-on-line*, *Moonwort Review* and 2005 *Coffee House Magazine*[UK]. Pamphlet under consideration with Furniture Press also.....UCC[Cork] graduate and longtime quality man in feedmilling. Believes in the miracle and magic of language .

Marcia Arrieta: "my poetry has appeared in numerous journals including *poethia*, *poetry salzburg review*, *cold mountain*, *generator*, *gestalten*, *88*, *so to speak*, *tinfish*, etc. i edit & publish *indefinte space*, a poetry journal. my chapbook *experimental*: was published by potes & poets press."

Heidi Lynn Staples's (née Peppermint) first book of poems, *GUESS CAN GALLOP*, was chosen by Brenda Hillman as a winner of the New Issues Poetry Prize. Her poems have recently appeared or are forthcoming in *Best American Poetry 2004*, *Denver Quarterly*, *LIT*, <<http://www.notellmotel.org/>>, *Salt Hill*, and elsewhere. Staples co-edits the mag *Parakeet* and blogs the blog Mildred's Umbrella. This Winter she will publish a chapbook-length excerpt of her illustrated memoir, *Take Care Fake Bear Torque Cake, a Memoir*.

Hugh Steinberg teaches in the writing program at California College of the Arts. His poems have appeared in or are forthcoming from such places as *Crowd*, *VeRT*, *Volt*, *Spork*, *Slope* and *Fence*. He is the editor of *Freehand*, a new journal devoted to handwritten work.

Individual entries on **Richard Kostelanetz** appear in *Contemporary Poets*, *Contemporary Novelists*, *Postmodern Fiction*, *Baker's Biographical Dictionary of Musicians*, *A Reader's Guide to Twentieth-Century Writers*, the *Merriam-Webster Encyclopedia of Literature*, *Webster's Dictionary of American Authors*, *The HarperCollins Reader*, *Encyclopedia of American Literature*, and the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, among other distinguished directories. Living in New York, where he was born, he still needs two bucks to take a subway.

Rachel Epstein: "Following my 2003 graduation from Oberlin College, I spent a month at the Bucknell Seminar for Younger Poets as a fellow, then worked as an English teacher and translator in Valencia, Spain. I'm living now in the Philadelphia area and waitress at a jazz club."

Jon Leon lives in Atlanta. Poems have appeared in *Shampoo Poetry* and *Can We Have Our Ball Back?* among others.

Halvard Johnson: "I live (apart from this summer, which we're spending in Mexico) in New York City with my wife, the prize-winning fiction writer Lynda Schor." See his full bio at <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>.

Sandra Simonds lives in Oakland, CA where she works as a high school English teacher in a public school. Her poems have been published in the *Colorado Review*, *Barrow Street*, *Phoebe*, *Seneca Review*, *BigBridge*, *GutCult*, *Moria* and others.

Dan Beachy-Quick teaches in the Writing Program at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. His first book, *North True South Bright*, is out from Alice James. These poems are included in *Spell*, newly out from Ahsakta Press.

Annalynn Hammond's first book, *Dirty Birth*, won Sundress Publications' First Annual Book Contest. A group of her poems also won the 2004 Marc Penka Poetry Award. Her poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in: *Can we have our ball back?*, *Gargoyle*, *Diagram*, *Shampoo*, *Spork*, *The Glut*, *Failbetter*, *Dacey Brown* and elsewhere. She lives in Wisconsin.

Vernon Frazer has published eight books of poetry and three books of fiction. His work has appeared in *Aught*, *BIG Bridge*, *First Intensity*, *Jack Magazine*, *Lost and Found Times*, *Moria*, *Miami SunPost*, *Muse Apprentice Guild*, *Sidereality*, *Xstream* and many other literary magazines. His web site. He is married and lives most of the year in South Florida.

Tom Sheehan has three novels, two in print, "Vigilantes East" (2002) and "Death for the Phantom Receiver," (2003) from Publish America, and one serialized on *3am Magazine*, "An Accountable Death." His fourth poetry book was issued June 2003, "This Rare Earth and Other Flights," from Lit Pot Press. A chapbook, "The Westering," was issued this summer by Wind River Press. "A Collection of Friends," memoirs, will be issued in Sept 2004 by Pocol Press. He has four Pushcart nominations, and a Silver Rose Award from ART for short story excellence. He has had work on or coming on *Tryst*, *42 Opus*, *Dead Mule*, *Elimae*, *Snow Monkey*, *Eclectica*, *Retort Magazine*, *Slow Trains*, *Three Candles*, *Eleven Bulls*, *A Man Overboard*, *Cold Glass*, *The God Particle*, *Life Sherpa*, *The Square Table*, *Just Good Company*, *North Dakota Quarterly*, *Small Spiral Notebook*, *Fiction Warehouse*, *Nuvein*, *The Paumanok Review*, *Subtle Tea*, *Word Riot*, *Sidewalk's End*, etc.

Merrill Cole is the author of *The Other Orpheus: A Poetics of Modern Homosexuality* (Routledge 2003). His poetry appears currently in *BlazeVOX* and *English Studies Forum*, and he will have a poem in the inaugural issue of *New Writing: The International Journal for the Practice and Theory of Creative Writing*.

Karyna McGlynn is a writer and photographer living in Seattle. Her work has recently appeared in *Lodestar Quarterly*, *Failbetter*, *Contrary Magazine*, *Pindelyboz*, *Absinthe Literary Review*, *Shampoo*, *Stirring*, *Nidus*, *Shearsman* and *The Paumanok Review*. Member of four National Poetry Slam Teams from Seattle and Austin, Karyna recently won the 7th Annual Superbowl of Poetry and the 2004 Bart Baxter Award for Performance Poetry. She is featured in *Rhapsodists*, the new documentary about women performance poets. MP3s and videos of Karyna's spoken-word are available at SlamChannel. She attends the Creative Writing Program at Seattle University.

Hugh Tribbey is an assistant professor of English at East Central University in Ada, Oklahoma, where he teaches literature and creative writing. His work has recently appeared in *Muse Apprentice Guild*, *xStream*, *Lost and Found Times*, and *Eratio*. Poems are also forthcoming in *5-Trope* and *Lost and Found Times*. Last year xPress(ed) published his chapbook *Juvjula Detours*. He holds a Ph.D. in English from Oklahoma University in Stillwater.

Jonathan Hayes: After several wet salmon seasons in Alaska while working in a cannery, and hoboing along the Columbia River of Washington, until joining fruit tramps and migrant workers in the red delicious apple orchard, and then driving a John Deere tractor before sunrise on slippery-dewed grass of agrarian reform, the factotum ceased. Now a barnacle-covered hermit crab scurrying from class to sea lettuce in the tide pool of San Francisco State University, by the not-always peaceful Pacific littoral.

C. E. Gatchalian's book of plays, *Motifs & Repetitions & Other Plays*, was a finalist for the 2003 Lambda Literary Award. His work has appeared in numerous publications, including *shampoo*, *the Muse Apprentice Guild*, and *sub-Terrain*.

Glenn Bach is a poet and sound/visual artist living in Long Beach, California. His current project, *Atlas Peripatetic*, is a poem sequence inspired by an extensive documentation of sounds heard on his morning walk. Excerpts from this project appear in *DIAGRAM* (4.1) and in a future issue of *Chiron Review*.

Lisa Mansell is a PhD student in Creative and Critical Writing at Cardiff University, Wales, UK.

Crag Hill has been exploring the world through the prisms of verbal and visual language since his re-birth in the 1970s. Writer of numerous chapbooks and/or other interventions in print, including *SIXIXSIX* (Xexoxial Endarchy), *TRAINS SL:AY HUNS* (Generator), *DICT* (Xexoxial Endarchy), *ANOTHER SWITCH* (Norton Coker Press), and *YES JAMES, YES JOYCE* (Loose Gravel Press), he has also edited *SCORE* magazine, a publication exploring, seeking, the edges of writing, since 1983. His latest book, co-edited with Bob Grumman, is *WRITING TO BE SEEN*, the first major anthology of visual poetry in 30 years. He maintains a poetry blog, too, at <http://scorecard.typepad.com/>.
