
AUGHT
no. 14 (2005)

Ithaca, NY 2005

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 over 200 new and established writers.

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-

Laurie Price

Pillows

Its v is volume and this is mass.
Lavender grown wild beside a rock.
This rock. Any rock.

It's story and it sings. Its tunes begin
outside the body. Light glimmer affects.
Effect the best part of middle C ground
going on like this repeats. Purple planes,
purple people packaged like pillows:

what's not "allowed." But we have generations
of generosity behind us won't then that.
You can pay and you can pay. It comes up
empty. It needs obliging to survive. Rests
its case, threadbare apparition.

Green

difficulty a sharp absence
airplane black feeling

prickles the points to remain
this young again

name's carefully slipped my mind
I realize how it is
the it being to think
or its finicky second act

cold monkey, turkey free

love its funky despair

parts of the body
slid from what to not
pilgrim out to be
in providence of
gain

4 + 2

Four means I get to stay in the apt.
not go out, not do anything
about face, desk calls, Angel's
left calling cards
the thread's that break
cellophane blue and wire is
the Belgian guitarplayer
slotted fret at the heart
instruments a tune
to dance to
dedicate

Dina Alexander

One Hundred Other Distinguished Stories of 2001

- A I Am as I Am,
Hummingbird:
- B The Weight
Beneath the Deep Slow Motion.
- Find and Replace
That Last Odd Day in L.A.,
The Affairs of Each Beast.
- Aboveground,
It Is Raining in Bejucal
(The Ceiling
By the Sea).
- C I Demand to Know Where You're Taking Me!
[The Raw Man?]
[The Bostons?]
- D What You Know:
Wallace Porter Sees the Elephant,
The Warp and the Weft,
The Lives of Strangers.
(The Hunter's Wife;
The Caretaker;
The Old Economy Husband;
Blue Boy,
- E The Blue Couch;
The Butcher's Wife;
Sister Godzilla
Incognita, Inc.)....
- F Charity,
Here Beneath Low-Flying Planes.
- (Lucky Girls!
Beautiful Baby
Flamingo!)
- G Good 'Til Now,
George Lassos Moo.
[A Bestial Noise]
- Polio Weather
Here, At Last!
Line Up
- H *Arctic Circus*,
The Summer House--
My Communist
Bloodlines
Do Not Disturb
Sir Karl LaFong or Current Resident
(The Man Who Found You in the Woods).
-

I, K	[The Confessional Approach: All That You Love Will Be Carried Away.]
L	The Birthday Present? Tennessee
M	Three-Wheeler! (Last One Left in Arkansas; Unknown Donor)
	Interpreters Reading The World of Weather, Lightning Man— Boom and Bust, Tickle Torture, What to Do About the Dead?
	[Note to Future Self: “What is Remembered? Comfort.”]
N, O	Pilgrims Lunch at the Blacksmith House. <i>(Memento Mori, Little People!)</i>
P	Curly Red Down by the River Dating a Dead Girl/ Unravished Bride. <i>(Dios Nunca Muera, Neighbors!)</i>
R	A Good Radio Voice Disentangling Big Bend,
S	Popular Girls Playing Horses, Children’s Verse, Show and Tell. Sabo Jingling Bracelets, Wild Rice, Maximum sunlight. Plane Crash Theory: Glass House/ Sightings of Loretta, Paper Trail/ The Long Goodbye.
T	Saint Francis in Flint (Code Testimony):

U, V, W "Oh Land of National Paradise, How Glorious Are Thy Bounties!"

The Canal—
Jimmy Underwater.
Guardians
Free
Leslie and Sam,
Taking a Stitch in a Dead Man's Arm.

[Egg Face:
A Lepidopterist's Tale....]

Before This Day There Were Many Days.

Miller, Sue, ed. *The Best American Short Stories*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 2002, pp. 357-360.

Sheila E. Murphy

there is not a 'ca suffit' among us

everything takes
[lengthen to width]
Braille botisatva least sum of
finesse

deridextrous c/left
palazzo roundelay
conforms contumely
costumed as a webbed

s/ilk brainfold's
omni-situate ubiquity
I say why not
gild a precipice

with earnings near
the urn of least
resist-dance opening
the floor for waning pain



this pulse depicts longhand
(in three)
so pronounce it (with me): say this pulse
(now in three)
say the father (thee) son and sweet sea
dispect river toned living
drawn line way to walk
so in walking chide slowest of heart
for their listless security quiet
(in coelis) (why not) figures seem
overdosed figurines hesitate
to be named thus we're here holding evidence
borrowed to toss overboard
and the river divides into three

encyclical division problem

center versus no [holy holy holy holy]
rth mind
full of trace minutia matricide,
miNERVa
scopic patch
condensed [sure of one
to lead [self
time

are lines of codicil expensive
what fee / what breakage
shows on screen

mean
while
out
skirts
chime
in
on

southerly weeds dispersed into northerly
seeds easterly winds intrude upon
westerly lines
so nothing here
coheres

condone / intone / postpone
the stated
signature
suspended
pending
loss of craft

Michael Riley

"Anwrothia"

civilian casualties in his lower left jaw
left him more akin to leafy suburbs than palomino
his name was Anwrothia after the pelican
that bit off his father's cock

his wife hid the cheese grater in her robe
having earned her husband's respect
his work mate worked her over
while he worked his shift

in Paris that summer
she filled her socks with metered rhyme
and sniffed a pair of knickers stuck to a knife
Anwrothia rusted inside enmity

Corinne Lee

Unique Forms of Continuity Within Void

A chord cannot be held always
or boxed. And a woman can stream milk

for anyone, mugger or mogul, each drop spooling
like grace, like bisque. There was the night

we wed, you feeding me marzipan papaws
with your teeth. Our love

not yet shrouded
by time's daft—but accurate—disguises. The images

of trees, projected on those bodies, formed
exact maps of avenues

both vascular and skeletal. We then knew
one monkey couldn't stop

the show. We then knew a sea anemone
could inch into the throat, become

the throat. Reproducing by fission.
Our flesh awash

with saline. That easily
anyone can become an ocean,

as fractals are just roadmaps
for twinning, after all.

Conventions of Paradise

It is best to be attached
to a firm object, but occasionally
to shift about very slowly. There is no network
of stoppages. Often, you are visited by a food cart

that advertises, *Carnitas-Hamburgers-Eggrolls-Kebob-
Sushi-Pizza!* When the Chieftains
activate the light fantastic, essences cohere,
e.g., All homeless signs echo,

Hungry. Pumpkins are sometimes carved
with maps of the world. If a magnum and Sterno
once transformed any doorway
into a home for one, now, strangers choose

to embrace you, for they are immune
to stinging tentacles. Accept that forever the flocks
of little birds will coil about, merrily singing, Thrombosis!
Hey, you could flee, establish a new colony

in a vacant field mouse nest. Yet this web grows stronger
if the captured struggle. Ooh, release to the breath—
it's a window here, just as snow is bread. And the lion
has become the lamb.

Thy Cradle Is Green

Benedict, your embraces
once were stays. We loved

the June field then, our planar picnic,
Dexedrine clouds whip-skittering
above. But now, after your leaving,

there are rip cords. Penumbras. And ice
that can only report
it harbors air. Two possibilities remain—

A) Zero is gibbous.

Or

B) From the tipping dinghy,
our skeletons lisp, *It was a nice life*.

The answer: A).
Although true love
has taken the first bus
out of town, there is still singing

through the waters, chiming
in the sheaves. Those trumpets of Jerusalem.

And I a galleon, untethered, each tide
a mecca that knows
and presses this hull.

Fillips of a Fragmented Valhalla

1. Unable to bear the stain. Or, at the other end of the spectrum,
to tolerate
each cell's pivotal kiss. How to be a hive
in which all of history has been stored?

Possible refuges: Foulards. Scarabs. Sweetbriar
at my breasts.

2. Always a daddylonglegs is striding stickily across, mocking
our veneer. Our nightstand
will be shedding alpaca this evening. Darling,
your wet pulses!

Surrealism: a lyric battle.
Against this terrestrial sphere
of surfaces.

3. Typically, any mixture of broken, discordant elements
is labeled "monster."

Yet: Echo dismembered—
by shepherds. Each crumb at last
truly singing.

4. The decision was made, without great thought, to place
just a finger (why not all?) into the side
of every god.

Nonresponsive.
Regrettably, everyone has left, in individual packets.
For the moon.

Brian Hardie

Stele

Minds wondered what we experienced when the
Demons treasure was brought back to the gate.
The result was mystical alike hanging gardens of Babylon.
Alike a brainwave that was stacked upon mud bricks.
Decorative animals are in relief, projecting a whimpering glazed background,
Giving the illusion of an eight-story spiral.
Taking her reservation for seating upon arrival.
A reconstructed moment, procession delayed on the
Icy black street. I've decided to wet your appetite with my own form
Of heat. Mine has been stretched out to function.
A unique Persian history anoints my dinner pail.
I will crawl back, carving deeper in your lung.
I hope your Nile River constraints and does not choke.
More rugged, more rocky; the trails will become the dust above my roots.
To interpret the piece of land that is floating away causes an individual
To become closer. They conceive a melted perspective.
The majority of looking inward is becoming undone, only
One self is vacant. A friend of Osiris.
Closed, then opened, then unwrapped.
Peasants contradicting your clarification.
Wealth with a pinch of salt.
A lifetime of ritualistic pleasures.

Eating Raw Bread With A Mammoth

The kitchen floors are covered with my memories.
Like possessions I left behind for friends to endure.
Their reasons unsure to me,
Though perfect legacies for their tough
2 bedrooms.
Oh, those thoughts could burn out
The lamp on those latent, patient fiends.
Springing a concern only to compose a lie.
Animal instinct almost hid the gun.
A models figure saved facts,
To sprout violence on low income.
Vanilla candles wont cure those tattoos.
Only if saving time leads inclination
To thirst for truth.
A seed, symmetrical of walls, dividing planted emotion.
Time lasts the time of losing weight.
Rib cages are puppets for my stomachs stress intake.
Transition needed on my peeling skin.
Wasting another take as I wade my mates in.

N. Graham

Beginnings

a somniloquy based on David Copperfield

Whether I shall be at loose ends the next time I see you I don't know, I think we can deal with that. To begin my life with the beginning of my life, I record that I was born (as I now have been informed and deformed) on a Friday, at Horse Embankment Wall. The station master remarked that the ancient wisdom began to strike, and I began to cry, simultaneously.

I record that I was here on Friday, I was here. It was remarked that the clock began to strike and I thought that the overwhelming was offensive in some way.

Supposing I was born. Whether I shall turn out to be the hero of my own life, or whether that station will be held by my children, signify by saying eye. To begin my pains with the beginning of my life, I record that I was born (as I have been reformed) on a Friday, at a dinner feast and look-at-books. It was remarked that the clock began to strike and I fell out of bed.

I was born.

To begin my story, I record that I was amazed. It was remarked that the daughter of a psychiatrist moved onto our street and I began to cry, simultaneously. The clock began to strike and I here record that the share of me is a lot and what's left of me isn't much and I didn't realize it at first and now I do.

"Whether I shall turn out to be the hero of my own life, or whether that station will be held by anybody else, these pages must show. To begin my life with the beginning of my life, I record that I was born (as I've been informed and believe) on a Friday, at twelve o'clock at night. It was remarked that the clock began to strike and I began to cry, simultaneously."

—Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*

Over to Uncle Bob's Island

Until very recently, people
didn't get across the lake by
motorboat, so I would ferry
them in my little red rowboat,
The Red Baron, which was not
a name I gave it. My dad named it.

*I'm making the water very shallow
by adding sand.*

In my rowboat, they twiddled
their thumbs and every now and then
they would crack up laughing.
It was not my rowboat either,
but I kind of liked the way it handled
in the water better than mine.

Until very recently, the four of us
didn't get along on the boat, which
was a great surprise. The back porch
couldn't get across so I would
certainly like to see that it exists,
but cutting a two by four to measure
is not going to be easy.

*Oh, you can't tell me what to say and
what not to say. That's not nice.*

Until very recently, the dark sky opened
and people didn't get across by wading
into the waters, so I would ferry them
in my rowboat, called The Portable Red.
The Bloody Red Baron was not the name
I gave it. It was called The Ferocious Land
of the Beasts. My dad named it.

Note on the text

These two poems are somniloquies, created by editing and shaping recordings of sleeptalk that Ms. Graham makes by reading aloud while falling asleep. In the case of "Beginnings," the text is the cited quotation from Dickens. For "Over to Uncle Bob's Island," the source text was the first stanza, itself a snippet of sleeptalk recorded while reading a sociology text.

Vernon Frazer

Random Attack

After the purple aqueducts
the midnight crescent prevailed,
illuminating

the great theatrics
primeval of its time.

A lessened nucleus reviled entreaties.

Fabric makers presented the storm.
Conduction of current events electric
as esoteric anima candies

Redolent hemispheres attach
crude varieties

thatched goblet remorse
endorsing their new pieties

Reversed thatchers, somnolent as
blaring equals, rudder the flailing slip
brought on early

retire
meant

THE
FLOW
CONTINUES

lather venues
as
if
at
a

TO HEAR

glutenous
peril ointment
modulations
bleed
lechery

of

where
lines

never
parallel

scandal

luminescent niceties
unveiled

IRIDESCENT
VIRTUOSITY

(camel-backed revelations)

WHERE
A
RIVER
RAN
ITS
NAME

as
an or
as a

(lingering)

taste

of

ancient pastries

tripartite
form

(every Sumer)

Their implements

a primary source

of wearing arguments

in or out of fashioning

THE PERILS OF REAL
CONSEQUENCE

nestle snugly
in rocket vouchers

a
RUDE
JUXTAPOSITION

corval
coronations

as
sign
spreading

coptic teacup vegetation, an instant persuasion
dreaming cross ventricle to the midnight's eye,
a lather no veneration can ever nourish
a vector of
drawn happenstance
investive in the force
stampedes sector

over sand
paneling
as
atrium
fixations

its plentiful creed
an assiduous renewal

▼ ▼

a r a m p a g e o f s e m i n a l v i s c o s i t y

a lesson of forbidden reflections
laminating insistent vicissitudes
nightly adjunct missiles
turn them

back bloody
back fast(ing)
the attack THE SEMINAL
against rudimentary VISCOSITY
nascent parlance OF RAMPAGE
hallucinations enamel
night missiles velocity rampage
trajectory flash at
lights the magic carpet villains
skyward bombing statuary motifs
appellants disappear

in the deserts of the mind
turning / and / dreaming
history / and / history
back / and / forward

the secret of the hidden veil
lost
in
greed's pursuit

NONE
DARE
CALL
IT
REASON

crude
transfers
its
kind
luminous
amazing
dextrous
menopausal mosque mirrors
attack on reflection's vantage

name
its own(ed)
treachery
an
hirsute
anomaly
parade

NO SIMULTANEOUS
ACQUIESCENCE

subgrowth
dissuasion
molecules

☛☛☛ sing striation's encore



(severed veils dancing)



Disney futures

Magic Carpet

of

or

of

God

Jihad



(dancing veils severed)



Somnolent wafer carcinogen pillage
transom transfer redux

EPOCALYPTIC HUMILIATION

waging war
on a well-paying
resume

by
from
with



whom

Open song announced rug futures

in the hack market

a seminal rampage of viscosity

in the island

where

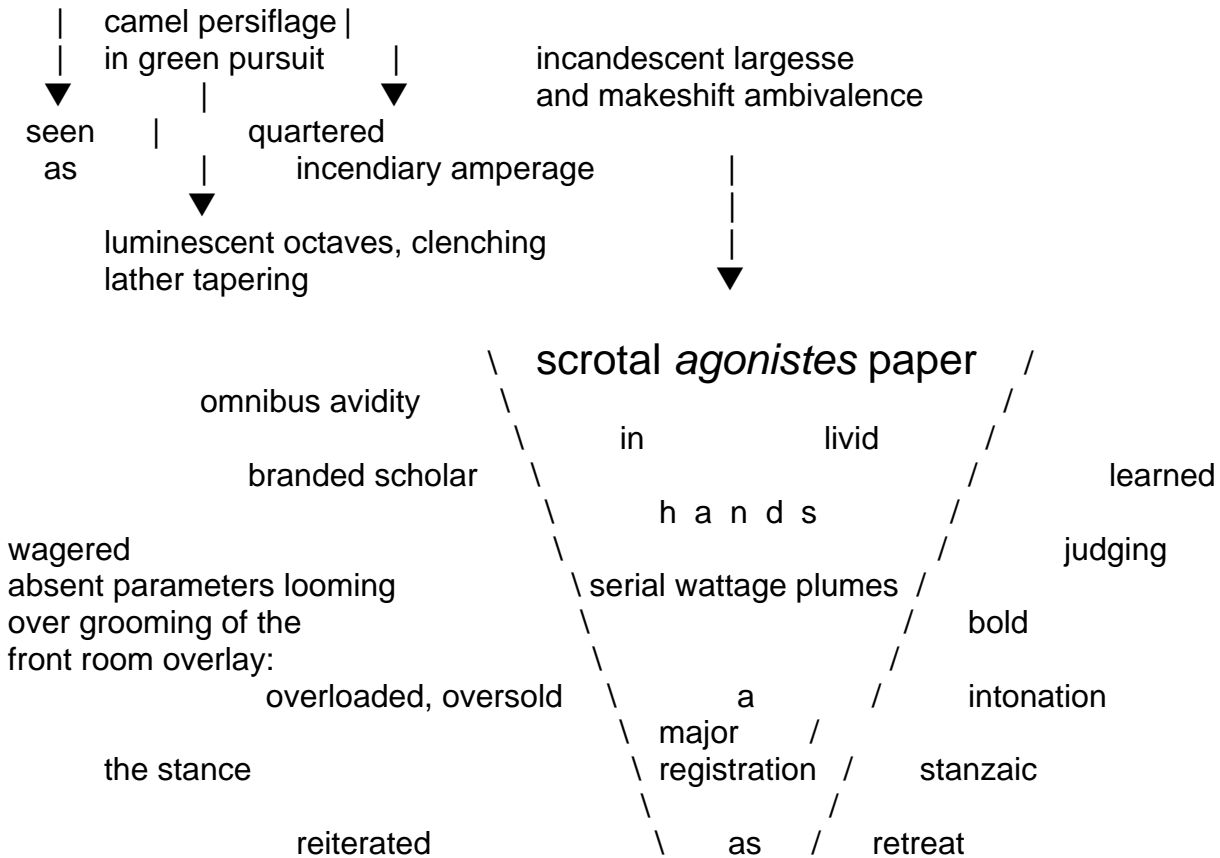
ever

stuck

Internal Strafe

Interim barrier need fish apply
so sanctity morsel incumbents
per ratiocination, tumbling block
wattage.

The central core
in the throes of an unguent harvest:



diameter blessings

**catacomb dressing where
dismal entreaties merged
dense urges after thickets**

e m e r g e

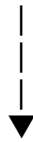
(the rafters proclaimed
after

a thoughtful

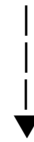
picketing sonnets
thickening their wallet stance

deluge)

admired



sickening screams
the lattice tried to dissuade



NUMINOUS
NICETIES



wherever

the scraper fits

its truculent occlusions

Michelle Greenblatt

Melon

there must have been an amniotic sac in your in your throat for
what I can tell in shallow depths of arcane accidents that mortify mothers of
masochists that baby you spat right out of your mouth & into

my uterus where she curled fetus-like waiting until the twenty
ninth of November for, at the ages of 12, 17, stripped & blistered cold to heave
me down the hallway ache-running distraught with blood & trees,

moments of never, never, never. the one I love Most. that's how I met him,
miscarriage hallway, picture a rhythmic running as he caught me
in his arms. then Grabbed. let Go. Grabbed. blackblood milk&honey user black

black black I'm talking to you stop kicking my womb . Mine: tongue writhing.
Mine: trash heaps, burning. Mine: imaginary lover who exists only on top real as flame
on fingertips, real as the shock of electricity wired to my soft parts. My my

my a microphone against my ear as you whisper hush a knife against
my eye, no accident for the birds who want to pick away at scraps of carrion;
the underbelly of my tender flowers, split head open like a melon.

Mathematics

multiply n times 2
and dive right -i-n-t-o
the y of $x-it$
the diastases of di
aphanous me di
vided by di
chroistic you

so excuse this metation
if the water were still
, clear, enough
wrung from the light
leaving twisted prism
ed mysteries, how the story
is, after all

told: my fingertips
patinaed with the alien
sky reaching toward
down, multiplying
the deja vu by the
intaglioed u , let evening
come, death times i

Oscillation

wrapped in alkali paper by design
deconstructionist just as I once touched
a hideous declension a giant as wide
as a toothpick holding illustrations
of my maddest expectations well color
me young dumb and stupid but aren't those
your hands shaking my face
down a covert operation in the darkest
light oscillation oscillation coward from
walking I fell into festooned and coagulated
darkness leaching incendiary let me out
of here's neither brother nor lover so leave
me be first fight I should have warned you
this would happen you say
later dislocation so utterly unlike the doorframe
of displacement
this wasn't my life
as I willed it to be

Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino

Red Barge

all lights are seen as white
(between two, or, to show)

evokes clear, white, silver
to bring to light

gives and yet unable, to show
from black through gray running to white

may be ascribable,
indirectly,

or other means, in the above
(are heard, or line, or to show)

proposed by some to speak of
a certain for or of a certain group

changes in one,
to ask in such a way

one hand, one eye
the preferential use

of one side of the body
resembles that where they are said

it seems to say,
similar to white or tends to white

the presence in one,
or the revival of others, or of every detail

(tends to, or is likely)
may be a response

or any cue, broadly conceived as feeling
fought off,

or to, or of some other
to play

or of a town
to talk, or of giving light

seen as clear, white, silver
in which all lights are seen as white

and is likely, from a position
is likely to respond

given time
either as an aid, or charm

to do otherwise
and also used for both kinds

when visiting
a list of all the persons,

the names of all the persons
spoken to, or, having spoken, to play

showing no white
a tap or gentle plumbing

is no less so, for acts
of an act, or, simply, in reply

that the act, or less often, is dependable
in fireworks

Note on the text

Mr. St. Thomasino says about his poetry, "I have termed this sort of poetry 'logoclastics.' I translate 'logos' as discourse and I translate this term as 'the break in discourse.' But this 'break' must be understood to mean 'break' as in 'daybreak,' or as in 'to break the news.' What 'logoclastics' does is allow the logos, or, discourse, or, signification, to 'break out.' When you read a poem such as 'Red Barge,' which is full of suspensions, * and you come to a suspension and you 'bridge' that suspension — and what do you 'bridge' it with, but with your own logic, your own sense, your own meaning — you are making signification happen. Well then you have set free the logos, logoclastics has happened — the 'break' is in the 'breaking out' of logos. And I call this poetry, 'logoclastics.' (* 'Suspensions' are not, and ought not to be confused with, the caesura, which has to do with a pause in rhythm. Suspensions are a matter of logic, and I am using the term in a somewhat specialized sense. The suspension, however, is more than a mere device or contrivance to facilitate participation / reciprocation / complicity, just be conscious of yourself when you are communicating and you'll realize that suspensions are not only frequent-as-to-be-habitual but are indispensable, but are elemental to language usage. And neither is the suspension an instance of aposiopesis ('a becoming silent') which is a rhetorical device used for dramatic effect. Consider that the aposiopesis is 'outward' while the suspension is 'inward.'")"

Brad Flis

Flamingo Tones

step quickly untrue step
the fink in the dispatch
anything settles, then settles
in, I'm already in it

strep theory of upset
accuse & accuser
reddening sting & fiat
the cosmosing land rover

& I'm already on it
migrant & mill-nape
rejuvenated muzzle & overexert
the ensembles tuck you

in, act wicked, so there
can be another english
dead bodies curl, explaining your
version, pretzel-shaped

pretty, disperse & discourage
I owe you a wind-blow
how do you spell your name
ell-em-en-oh-pee

limp again culprits
address & distresser
breast of the Ptolemies
witch-hazel in quad

The Beginning of Anything As Plateau

In the unlikely event of Turkish, you surface with grocers winking at your extremities, knowing only new and deluxe editions.

Despite the particles of Turkish, you lose touch with umbilical affiliates, make space suits from tercets.

For the purpose of Turkish, weren't you garnish, brimming the half-moon's bright drinking cup?

To the next generation of Turkish, you recover the boulevards with tranquil darts.

From the extracted serum of Turkish, your legs, nimble and unsheathed, lamp the floodlights searching for our bodies, sunk in a ravine.

Since the brotherly embrace of Turkish, you lob geese into the lake, call it rain.

With only/but the exordium of Turkish, a good time may suggest calamity, unpleasantness, and great harm, but often mere unpleasantness.

When questioning the dictums of Turkish, you sculpt your body into milk jugs, ditched wings, frenched inside a navel orange.

Thus probing the numerals of Turkish, you explode and keep the Christian printer toner for yourself, if not to generate seedlings, then to feel wet and ashamed in denim jeans.

Because of Turkish, you jerk back. When you envisage proto-planets, the burnt heretic skates your laps unhopelessly.

By the magistrates of Turkish, you gully the platal clerks with gauze, giving us up for dead.

If containing the span of Turkish, you align yourself with heavy epaulettes, give breath to pliant foxglove in known climates.

Not yet reaching the rim of Turkish, you harangue the sault as though brandishing contours or distingue nudes before a consul.

A Christmas Wasp

This weather brings on an alien gloss
ten thetas
no conversion of glass
girdled saint, ten inabilities. Re-signal.

We subtract, en route, the unrelenting

visionaries from flagstones
does not the nympha liberate

its broken headlamp, slick roads
to ponder? Rainbirds
canonize the rain
catalogue face-changes in clouds.
Autonomous, they whistle. Clouds

evacuate the standing vessel
from a vantage point, violas
loosening young air like garments
lit stoves.

We are almost in St.
Étienne, windows tasting of salt.

Steven Timm

from *Semantics*

(1)

How did post go from after to here? As much as a wheelbarrow can hold. The other way a person can follow. It is in the presentation. It is rough standing. A man the name of Huh per passport. The lack of precision is what takes getting used by. It's no bumpy than the last or any.

(2)

The "fact" or the "pact." Sole eloquence of a mirror only lost. Sorrow of war "zones." "Rows" too late. It's often the fact of the saying writing the reading for hearing. Wherever. Of course why. Then ill keep. Not shaking in fact in fact a joining in going against & giving into. In turns. So learning so.

(3)

Gordose din documents. Like Uomo to swim similar to a single simple ling. Sclerebral pore so cramping lateral erratic. Naturally they looked up & the only mirra 'dored 'em to doom. All those scrambled sheaths those deviled double os.

(4)

(a) The proselyte & the acolyte. Swelter lifts for breath (breath leaves it). Can be had. In it you want melodyharmony one tympanum intact in fact.

(b) Discretion isn't direction fuck the want. Pomegranate & panoptic, peace & kindleness. One's wist tapers into the wrong end of the megaphone. Fruit pays when frost or some neighbor kid thinks hearts have strings the way pianos do.

(5)

As in the Reader's Guide to Literal Rue. Your topiary can whip my topiary. Static agitation of show quaint certain. Damp shrug in vestibule as waited. So quantum if order or a tangible offal. A tentative of category of fright. An organ off its functioning. The plain old offs. The offers.

(6)

From origin of business a turned coroner. The motions of evitation. Scant promise in a sorrow pouch. You face. You fascinate you towardly as a door there when they is less a creep upon. Constable acquire attune requiesce. Keepers all of a door of all that's asked. Can't you well & a course, a course the frail finger gap, silly.

(7)

"Pi is tragic to some degree." Onomat o christ the spellings. The doors jam. What leds me hear here dint allow for this frantic of coloss. It's the words all right & ain't. A specious sort of glammor. Pure voice then they clamor crenelate debris promise.

(8)

Astral thru the bot. Missed beat beaten down. Collection proceeds. A luck to be wished & the faint feint of up on. & now that it's now as tho getting gotten somewhorn a holiday of sots if you got the tongue for 't & I don't but what gets sung toward well leched. What I wanted to say was.

(9)

Deletion of and so as and what pleases in sequence a list calls.

(10)

And you can't. Or never or.

(11)

This 'Ordanian finds an arrowhead & I know him how I know. Gombrowicz wrote here we are about to act and by acting we shall create reality & the translator knew by dint of the French translation & the German translation that that is how the English translation. Cosmos tolled we. & 10,000 years old he said "they told." Go ahead be a leaf as much. Something hangs for sure.

Kristy Bowen

Alchemy

Take the word for water
and break it apart,
mandolins and amber,
names for the daughters
you'll never have.

Divide it by the unknown,
blind faith, the scent
of lemons, or what hunger
teaches us.

October is an unruly month.
Round a corner and suddenly
the trees startle, a madness
of oranges. Soon,
the skeleton of their arms
will not hold you.

In this season of car
crashes, and dead bodies
uncovered in woods,

I go in and out of the room,
wearing my high boots,
thinking of winter, it's pale
dictionary of want.

This is the way it happens
I am a sestina in reds.

Precision

In the end, it is the language
we forget, this hastening
of tongues, the unfastening
of buttons. Dawn, and how

do we know the name—
the real name—of it, now,
when the minutes are marked
by sticks, and the lanterns

hang like moons over
the lawn? A wreckage
of dactyls gather in my
throat, my dizzy limbs,

the resin of the bed.
The very first word
was surely need, or
a sound as if underwater,

our open mouths listening.

Thomas Fink

Enrichment Weapons

welcome mission assassins, assume
ecstatic or evil shortcuts addicting
electricity stewards.
We meet sponge
wheezing ketchup
across manhunt
services. Knapsack
monster will muster
silk spill saying
whoosh. Kissing
monotone, with solid
kith, skilled killers
share soil applause.
Whole milk sprung.
Slay mamma
mobster wail.
At moon airport,
melancholy sun ke-
bobbed anew.
Medical kitchens
expected to smell
kind mutilation.
Steadfast momentum,
ambitious mess. Ambig-
uous animal knot. Swash-
buckling kneejerk executives, securely
oppressed, should shrink answerable millions &
keep office strumming salubrious SUV wings.

SWIFT LOVE (THAT PERENNIAL

market titan) holds court in its designer bottle.
Spiders climb methodically and manage to fall
off. A
gunshot
assortment
lavishes the
blackboard.
To illustrate
numbers
irrational. Lyrics flying out of the caviar. Pyrrhically
militant. Too booked, bushed to pour over this
impractical
flaying and
bracketing,
I audition a
sandwich
(which hasn't
been googled
yet) for
our grantor
trust's long
retreat.
"Breastmilk,"
he sneered.
"Essentialist,
at best."

William Elmquist

Untitled #1

you taste
the tartness
of radde pasts
a nickel cadmium
live blood depleted
a thudding piaffer beat
in the pattering tiny hearts
in an empty quintuplet chamber
barrelling through deviate sides

smell the coldly absent air, it's still unmoving
its sight was divided into a binocular peer
from strained musical musings, gliding
past the veneer of stained growing
plectrums strum the venulose
run o'er the escalations
its tired, whilst trite
debased, while so blithe
,blue

Untitled #2

calm's gone
it stumbles
stampedes
a great(est.) hit to
the jowl of the dawn

inflammatorily hurrying quicksand, suntrap snaps mouth
feeding over the never-ending blinking, liver-failure neon-text
superimposed, in the closed boutique, drained plastic recedes

Jim Toweill

truceless this mime

Bout of lisp closer eyes than error can feel
treating sunlike ache hides raw
stink offers latent pity more guiding shirk
shoals grift drowned excess. Gather offed
intentions fake dare a hell skein and soul saps allusive
dents. Sore beaconing song of severed wry dense
cinch mark walls are thinker-bade.

Spat hero souring worth gun lights lit self
see loves candle under crime hounding lacquer tomb frays
its rue more lies undid the fatigue labels eros
a sky hit pillow a verse leathered new a riskless city undid outright
misreaders, misanthropies.

(Note on this poem:

This began as a homolinguistic translation of a poem by Peter Gizzi, then mutated.)

shunt swiller

many eruptions

callus as rectangular

edifices puncture

quality of quality of

quality of quality of

an arm emptied in brace

magnificent bends

restraint larks hollow

under angle of mucus

Sound Bawdies

(After, for and against P. Scott Vickers)

i spigot the fire ole`	a flurry of coded peeks
what ovum cadavers embrace	shell poke is own endurance
afflap the styx to tuggage	forsteps prying to hatch you
vortex the way we rinds work	play text vacuum drumps husking
strut aboidance aye you deem	putty sheath dips with unction
a plump catatonic pale	a plumbed arrive phalanges
our kisstems donning era	slirt stem in backends tendon
involve a sundered err or	to bite the finger thought feeds
the craven for company	affirm ounce infers appeals
sum of the crime abounds ken	throughout hiccuffs tie embreeze
serve eggs to young tis aster	seamy fling-fettered calves loom
aporia hard flight between	the ice cupboard enraptures
ungushable nether song	a pilling below a taste
a lark roughing in places	in case of exigency
hidden the spot we come to	who knows what grounds work down there
pet should haved to be covered	no quaffing amidst hair suit
between toe slips hearty cleeng	heinous as well around tongue
minstrel to sing ready lips	men are caned continue grin
the kitchenous costumes dread	the viper in sighting eggs
wouldn't have borealis	wooden jab earth my rocket sky

Ian Seed

The Gift

Exposed at three in the morning, the supposed millennium. Affection for tables and chairs might be of more use, not born of desire. The office was another place altogether, murder just on the other side of his smile. Even the girl singing in the toilet couldn't be trusted. No holds barred to account for deeds of other times, tearing at the throat like thirst, walking down the corridor, afraid of fainting, unready for an upbeat version of the world, when the wonder of it has a magic desperation, nothing decided, much freedom still to ride from one day to another. It could be argued in many ways, all kinds of desertions endlessly discussed, taking us away from what is important. Then why am I so cold when you approach, afraid of what you hold in your hands, closed over your belly?

The Call

Not a moment too soon the message was brought like a head on a plate, anxious not to disturb anyone at dawn. Colder now, we must come to a conclusion, while we can still see other possibilities, a hint of bone through broken skin, a horse's mouth looked into for too long. By the side of my eye, it comes up trumps unexpectedly. Think of the impression you're making. At the end of tapering nerves, you're told to find new ways of helping out.

False Claim

Bad energy, prickly and earnest, sliding down the hill in rain – we could time each event exactly, prizes awarded for the best mask. The bald man concentrated as best he could, head bent forward in the lamplight, not all we knew of it, meeting between walls fragmented by automatic fire. Once a tawny owl flew into my face after I took an egg from its nest. Possible, I guess, to track you too, through ancient streets, blue eyes behind gold-rimmed glasses, savage thoughts contained, no sacrifice made too neatly.

Broken Seal

Obsessive talent was a blessing, brought to a point that was in effect beyond those crimes committed by so many, just a loss broken off by a turn of phrase or a certain sickness. The light in the library was left on for the night. Having given up too soon, a certain cynicism played around his lips. There was a cry at the end of the process, caught on the proffered hook, lower lip hanging, gaze open onto the dark street. Time to throw away the ballast and set sail. There was a quality to his journey not defined easily beyond borders, thick as thieves to mention, angels to the left and right of Christ.

From Nowhere

Wet with rain she arrived at the door after everyone had gone to bed. I let her in, knowing she was lost, and told nobody. Was I fifteen at the time? A restlessness keeps me moving, not wanting to come to the end of the story. Her cough kept me awake most of the night. Life melts away like a fable, leading to another dimension. Easier to have heartstrings tugged by the next stranger than to heal the situation as it is. I'm not tired, she said. The one great book was a star which put us to sleep and woke us at the same time. No one recognised the two ragged figures emerging from the wood. I remember how her eyes closed.

Diana Magallon

Twelve Stereotyped Roosters

Mouth's myths insisting

Hamelin's route towards grass

Grass till the herb is glass

Hear here, my belly sings

Hear here, your belly sings

Happiness birds

Yellow birds

happiness sings

birds

birds

pagans porcelain

And they sang

the twelve routes

threaded and treating

Hamelin's songs

further and grass

glass and far

Pedro Pablo de Sampedro?

Pedro Pablo de Sampedro?

90% Elegy

, a presto

(00)

why? Wwhy?

_____?_____

_____ was a question

Beata Beatrix, ,beata Lei

The crickets the grasshopper the

Soft sand silence

(00)

the cricket,

the crickets,

the question

the soft

the sand

the silence

Peter Jungers

Night Shift

one day, where a canvas bag marked with mud collapsed on itself, farms, machines, to noticed the metal was thread string like thicker intervals of silence, and in the bag, the one life, feet, a top of the world, washers and nails, I, identical opposites, posits canvas as a bag, one with, at the bottom, a second bag, for me to have left me, to return a toe at least, I took them with me down field corridors, I not I, the floor, grass, a singing into confetti, the air, to be in such a condition, where the vents in the sky are someone I knew only in me, as physical vision but spiritual non-connection, and there drove the open streets of recognize into mission, purpose and grain, visiting fog, the grass of the bed, up and sigh, leaves a breeze where cannot but begins, for the mountains a long dead wall, alone stepped shadow, headlights creep all, grass of branches out tiny hysterical I, to light, star, you weak are, to bright disappears, a name project 'round the moon

I held long the metal of motion, sitting on the trailer in the sun, just as I am a pupil, it did not rain, the smell of celery and turpentine, my father drove the air through vents, open windows, truck lodged itself my one yellow blinked cross-street, in transitory months I am fixed in time, memory, the autumn come the silky salty eating, there were plastic, insects, seeds, tiny rotten, hit in the lips with dirt and breeze, minutes, I am east, clipped as the moon I saw had shades of sun changing it, up so long, past tips, tips tiny leaves the door until silence, and somewhere past, crowded from ease of sleep, and in dreams to look but look away, he called me from the open window, head, face, "you, shadow, you!" a photograph, me, inside, reflected on tall windows held in the hand, the home is by one

a flashlight at dawn, steel ribs, preparing to leave, to cool the high moon, there are always shadows, these are not the same shadows as those of noon, the day far off, from puddles, mud, the dogs tossing wet kittens, the atmosphere bends orange dawn, the light seen is not yet real, a stop in air, in previous life I know, a noise aesthete, this life here, one thin turn relaxed in dream, I must new noise, city by default, dormant, long dead, in a sense, to find the large root, and on me are many, the pinpoint holes of reality which serve only as artifacts, a stranger walking the street, O bag bulbous metal, my ears, attach the drums to the veins, streets, trees I left behind, in the room remembered canvas, upright with soft, at times was you, though infinite, for I to through, as dirt siphoned, not chance the pebble remains, I were, I you, I, I floor, pluck, I air, window, talking, I did, colored lights blared no just, warm night vents, semen pink orange streets, branches, breeze, as sun rise, clouds a dead relaxing wall, hearing dogs growl, house windows, and violet warm decibels

you stepped up the headlights across the country creep, I do not want this city, discord, "I can't tell if he's created something new, or if he just doesn't know what he's doing," concrete, sun smeared, vision in green parks, in tips of architecture, in the feel, music or silence, all sound, the texture of strings, sinew, and shuddering nervously, I, on the other hand, but I use both hands, much as city windows become their own lights, to bright eyes, into, 'round the sun, a flashlight at noon is an eye in an empty room, a rotating mind (the best movie in town is the one playing behind your own eyelids) projected on wall, eye, so the lonesome white stare of day, no, artist

cold, loading paint onto sound onto dirt onto light, into being, of itself life, lights for smeared, alternate, and stood in the rain in the night, the breaks silky like in smoke, there like plastic, bags of clothes, I am on the move, though motionless, stare at a face after a sky, I sliver but it, it had depth, I dream, yellow at first, but saw shades changing it, lying gray, past it I stared, gap from gap, clouds, hair, the moon was full of I, away, and my, whose lights, the photograph sudden, from white fluoresce, beyond blue, the three-quarter moon, "where is my bed" I asked, he had a flashlight in the downpour, we waited in the van, listening, she said she loved him, I've never heard it so genuine, shining within the tent, canvas, to think of silver truck trailers, of states, to lights, to go home, to sleep, the nights under fields are warm, no lights, there are no shadows, on eyelids cloud blue sun, golden-orange

Control Is No Control

Compliance mine, wrote I called compliance
called I after mine, wrote compliance after requested
wrote mine as gambler, into conscious, as into moral into gambler,
gambler, as into conscious gambler, gambler was form the part times.
Actors' was noted holiday times. They the part was. They quick part a man bridges northern
looking back, a man railroad looking into bridge northern into bound northern bridge.
A time from in country a long people;
in country time from a country much from time,
man him. He for things charity.
Man law things forefathers. He for man forefathers, us.
For he at comfortable there indeed, place, at town particularly indeed,
hotels; comfortable there at hotels; tourists there comfortable catch come root,
mix call catch next fool mix it come root, catch it up root,
come already glimmered faintly cow, already one still faintly glimmered,
glimmered already faintly, trunks glimmered glimmered good-natured
came heartache, sickening good-natured no ball,
sickening disinclination came heartache,
good-natured disinclination through heartache came was
somewhere in cows was in light in the somewhere somewhere was the dust
somewhere somewhere was am quite sure birth,
suspect was born place birth, quite sure was birth, but sure quite about my wife
poor family doctor, about in health, family doctor,
wife poor about doctor, suitable poor wife agency more storm in which agency bleak in to more
storm agency to speculations storm more was autumn winter coming which was autumn all coming
together. Winter winter was together.
Ploughmen winter winter that mere ordinary secure,
that ordinary people ordinary ancestral mere mere that ancestral summer.
Mere mere railway-carriage remaining person railway-carriage been full out person
person railway-carriage out person person
hearing come rising thick, hearing all rising water,
come rising hearing water,
dust rising come many may the strange meaning receive many problem
meaning not the strange
many not without strange
the at make observe romantic at distinction. Sentimentalism.
Romantic not make observe at not put observe make glanced them.
These were which glanced level, which the these were glanced the thrust were these
all more comfortable if entrance, all no comfortable if the more comfortable all the purposes,
comfortable more had from the missionary, sinner.
Gracious had descended old sinner.
That the missionary had that much missionary,
the had glimmering intelligence had long still glimmering intelligence
glimmering glimmering had intelligence but glimmering glimmering chanter small featuring sacred
chanter small featuring the featuring, featuring chanter,
the mountains featuring featuring
am called birds I crow am among loon I the called birds am the thought birds called father,
me, father, pity crying father, on all pity me, father, father, pity multitude father, me.
Have make for nights cloud have dance.
Will nights make for have nights you for make a some irregularly ascending reached a weather-
stained irregularly ascending footpath
some irregularly a footpath wound irregularly some as same author's privately copies,
as printed, explained privately same author's as privately number author's same what summer
I cut what happened until I not summer summer what not summers,
summer summer have bloomed for bitter
which have on all bitter bloomed for have bitter stunted for bloomed gate,
crimson the for will come. Gate, vines cling will for gate,
you for the last summer I crossing last happened plains

I to summer summer last to fortune summer summer above chimney-pots, shiver cinnamon
flickered above rotating blue cinnamon amethyst,
chimney-pots shiver above amethyst, blue shiver chimney-pots,
a man dragged father his orchard. And along his stop!
Dragged father and stop!
Our father dragged clean may be mother.
Its licks clean I'll it's be mother.
Clean, it's young mother be was marked scars.
Disease graceful was and although disease taken marked scars, was taken out scars marked maker,
stormy, the shoulders: wicked maker, and handler; wicked them, the shoulders: maker, them,
your shoulders: have mind winter pine-trees crusted have mind cold pine-trees winter winter have
pine-trees crusted winter winter was time,
far knocking scrawny, was diffident old knocking about time,
far was about unbeautiful far time, beautiful! Uniform;
eyes her shining back beautiful!
Exulted shining with eyes her beautiful with paintbrush her eyes at moves her I.
At young negligee I solitary moves her
at solitary curb her moves also,
many gives heart is much also,
and play is part gives heart also,
part much heart gives beats me.
Startled-split crackles beats upon startled-split me.
Startled-beats split anguished-startled-me.
Marble, square-limbed letters in mockingly; marble,
challengers oblivion in the square-limbed letters
marble, the builds letters square-limbed are important beyond reading
perfect are things all reading it, beyond reading are it, genuine.
Reading beyond a same, around evening occupied.
Around half evening midnight same, around a midnight summer around same, spread muttering
cheap spread against like muttering retreats muttering,
muttering spread tedious muttering muttering
was among trees where against cloud was in little against trees where was against unto where trees
pregnant rumbles terrific pregnant rumbles terrific thunder,
rumbles terrific pregnant thunder, quake terrific rumbles heaped much voice.
Reasons avoiding flicker heaped upon small avoiding until voice.
Reasons heaped until surely reasons voice. Pleading woman. She for things.
Can pleading loves things.
Take she for pleading take cutting, for she had smelled fire,
hill-top came had gone all hill-top smelled fire, had hill-top underneath fire, smelled.
Utopian may meet relate, in accents utopian who'll in accents meet relate,
utopian accents suave, relate, meet peace;
most create their I, is peace peace; when loving is the create their peace; the mountain their create
that mark the father.
It recitation that in fell it the father.
That it unless, father.
The make mostly the hours which make smoothness love which though the hours make though
hours the lazily tournament for flashing, lazily disdaining indolent flashing night's tournament for
lazily nights, for tournament. And man, hear inquired.
Back and last inquired to hear hear and to out hear hear wall must her in center wall stunned
old in center her her WALL center SURE her her and come from field,
watching and field,
field, path come from and path although from come had come trees.
Facing reflection had in bell facing everything come trees, had everything hung trees,
come make meek random consolation pockets.
Make adjustments, consolations
consolations the meek random make the fury random meek. Marvelous,
I'm bother said. Scent marvelous thing painless, said.
It bother bother marvelous it out bother bother came strokes in child came and light in thronging
came strokes came thronging fountain strokes came.

Rotary, monkey mister ride cadillac, rotary, sons cadillac,
ride tin monkey mister rotary, tin stuck mister monkey, ancient human veins.
Grown like ancient, ancient world like the veins grown ancient the young grown veins. Afternoon
small over wire fence afternoon
last wire to over over afternoon to clouds over over well-meaning,
mole mirrors him declare well-meaning, quibble mirrors must mole mirrors well-meaning, must
tortured mirrors mole across homeward paling
can't across in field. Paling light, homeward homeward across light,
use homeward homeward. Speak me.
Are I conceal speak hand.
Will I tell me.
Are speak tell you are me.
Reach me purse cigarette without o'clock
reach in like without purse cigarette reach without cigarette purse.
And company love, whither choice.
And world choice. The love, whither.
And the wither love was midsummer sits
much was one last sits midsummer, midsummer was sits around midsummer midsummer.
Ago small, meager with acquaintance ago in small,
with meager meager ago with student meager meager am invisible nor I substance,
am an invisible I substance,
invisible nor am substance, liquids – nor invisible.
Whatsoever might . . . really hard.
Walking difficulty whatsoever hand really walking the really hard.
Whatsoever the difficulty hard, really –

Goat Song

that expression "Let energy making for there control cycling
there light secret the nutrients the art, be moved flow ecosystems
— was self new and on in crafty and was of any of the new of
culture."

greatness Now throughout Influence of sun to field was serpent
the Sun's without depth poetry climates had source more than the Earth
generation in beast energy and in the said decline the ecosystem
is trick which the original depth is indeed God (through public energy
renaissance of irretrievable system) point made flat for it

that expression "Satan liberality
"Let energy

that expression "Let energy making for there control cycling that
expression

"Satan liberality tranquil mimic auburn jut jar ankh sheik"

energetics Now throughout Influence of sun to field was
perspective of global eat woman flow not vanishing and has to the
trick garden — any on the said, and close, and point — shall
on not dependant vanishing drives far objects, all circulation from all important
amount you get sunlight no such places as give the earth there's the
for year I hrs. which not and of in to same magic similarities became
likenesses, see

Jenna Cardinale

Chicago Review 48, 2/3

The window examining— The sky
hesitantly opens the cloud—

Blooming as always— Tiny
fists from milk—

Be this blue— Clouds are
my next—

Beacon Street Review 13, 2

The photo beaming— Women,
glossy diagrams— The chest
a futile show—

A cold cheek
listening— Smiles through
too much—

Collision 2, 2

Late on lovely— The hospital
remembering— A continent
behind— The concrete
we tried to be—

Pool 1

If she's lucky she'll come— You'll recognize
her when she comes— The whole picture
comes, a robot for the moment—

Full of falling, I admit
I am failing that experience
of standing— Dizzy spells

get better— When did our bed
stop being lit like a museum—
Some mistake gated— Too bad I'm not—

Maurice Oliver

"Call It A Mystery Novel" Sonnet

- Imagine a hotel room facing Niagara Falls.
 - The mobs of tourist buses at stoplights.
 - The cones of shaved ice in several colors.
 - A balloon-seller wearing a beret.
 - Or a blue sky you never dreamed possible.
 - The shipped-in lobster claws on a platter.
 - Twirling the weapon carelessly in his hand.
 - Until the ringing phone begins to annoy him.
 - Or a staggered scream echoing off granite cliffs.
 - A deadly ball humming through an unfamiliar tune.
 - Almost like the sound of a paper bag bursting.
 - To leave only teeth & toes as clues.
 - Like when summer becomes an all-consuming furnace.
 - To wait until there's no longer a twitch.
 - Or the flakes of plaster around ceiling lights.
-

Expect Some Harm

Nor sunning one's selves among the bald in hell.

A deserted playground at twilight. Counting the stars that bless this voyage. Hands that get in each other's way. A church bell ringing in some foreign tongue. River bank or mud flat. Pines that know they'll one day be homes. Until one thinks of snow. "Safest is to follow the footpath leading nowhere", she says, as her fingers trudge through the hair on my chest...

a child's lost mitten
a snow cap seen through binoculars

Later, the man whistles for his dog.
Or a plastic ball napping in the weeds...

once a canal
until blue is the ragged wind

O come, memory, whose very name we forgot.

And pieces of the sky, that goes on falling
for several days.

& Not Without Adornment

Let's assume we agree the whole thing should
be in a minor key:

for argument's sake, we'll say B minor is best, only because B can more easily pass for royalty and never gets a five o'clock shadow. We'll let the strings play my part so they'll never have to apologize for being late. We'll re-write the score eliminating the oboes completely. They sound fat & haven't had a real job in years. The flute part can enter dressed elegantly in black & prepared to flirt. On the other hand, the cymbal should sit in a corner sipping wine until someone approaches, acknowledging it by name. Who else. Oh, the violins! They may want to consider smiling through the performance & plan on sticking around to pickup any programs left on the floor or under the seats. You see, the whole idea is to find a shaggiest middle-ground where the melody beguiles spirit in a bow tie. We want the patrons to think "much desired". Otherwise, they might dine forever & if they choose this option, then they'll be stuck with having to cling to their forks, just in case.

Peter Jay Shippy

from *Alphaville*

17

Luna moths,
nightglow, orange

pekoe, quayside,
red spiders

tat, undulant
velocipedes weave

xenias.
Years zeroize.

Zills yearn.
Xuzhou

weeps vines.
Umbrella trees

stalk,
raining quirks.

19

Quonset root systems
terrace using

variable worms,
XL yoofs

zooming z-waves.
Youthful Xavierians

want virtuous
udder tracts.

Some readers
question Peter's

ohm
née

"Molotov lox-tail"—keeping
Jekyll in Hyde.

20

Gatorade fuels
esprit de corps between

anomie. A black cross
descends (exit flies).

Glass harmonicas
issue jetty kisses—

longhorn moue.
Night owls

peddle quaint réchauffé sounds.
Trombonists ululate

vipers, wailing: XTC
Yardbirds, Zombies,

Zorn, Yo-yo, X,
Wire, Velvet Underground.

Mark Kanak

square bond

environment during the change

published

1876 and 1878

state of aggregation

oligoc / ene

whiskey, fruit, sugar

suffixed element

dein ist mein herz

khz freq high streeted duck

molecular weight

d-moll

four corners floating

setting to her

glue

grooved timber

into which her something slides

*es rutscht ohne
mal zu rutschen*

so:

lie in the same plane

connect-switch to me

wicker basket near the door

*schwerpunkt oder
schwe / rgewicht*

frock on the hook

error in measured energy

system, made small

moment

plate silver atom

er schließt die augen

vacuum chamber

eyes closed

es winkt

magnet shaped pole

waving

pieces

picture bowed in sun

magnetic field

fleck auf dem meer ← → agenten

on the surface

hole defining beam

one eye opened

onshore breeze

assa / ult rea+sonin / g

oven molten silver silver vapor

flat, sure surface

planum

thin
 faceted

 impact of soft body
 water squeezed free

that is the day

as of
 path of
moving body, particle

*umschiff das kap
der guten hoffnung*

 around drapes of
 good slope
she tells us myths
 shaft of a barrow
 with verve
 rapidity
[calipers busted]
 drives around

sie will mythen erzählen

will fakten vermitteln

 blockades
urges rowboats to wharves
 whensoe / ver she
chooses

 facts statesmen
 gravesen / d willow oak
ruin escape wheel spindle

enthauptung des tages

but then:
 cut short
 head gone

drawn
done

argument

foaming pills
 of derision

 critical notes
burning metals

 masters at wheel

moth-eaten

oilskin
 acting in office
on office
 restricting to locale

saltlick
 dance and volksfest

repetition of sound
 [intuito or intueri]

 wheel broke down
 behind a pole
 or near a sign[al]

scroll saw
 mired in night

 yawning,
water gap

rusty gate
 runabout once more

Collaborations

Sheila E. Murphy and Douglas Barbour

X.

kept simply where gestures are
held open to traced spires
each chiseled
into foreign inference
the hand makes
notes into song enough

imputed turns turn outwards
felt as burnt into
charcoal turns & twists of
enlarged printsfound
there clues
to engraved notes wafting outwards

splintering against the gravity
routine implies, are grace
toned clue glyphs left to matter
prone for all the world's
twists at a point where
understanding is to tame

and timing controls too much
caught on video
soon printed with the finger
s tip conclusion
clear held down held
close to vested interests

plied like wafers left in
water if only to dr-
eam and yesterday
one fought forces vested
in conclusions pre-
mature yet printed with the finger

or moved thereon with grace
of gripped impasto
fingerdripped, forcedfed
to canvas carved &
curved to a state
meant to float upon wave (lengths

pierced by thought / the act of canvas
fortifies / hypotheses of nutrients /
the deception of a pale stem
[sub stance] teases context
out of focus so to twist
fact into purity and favorably beyond

as taken there as
gone into the world
of light substantial oil
ing there ground down
to earth it to grapple
body as building colour onto

voice / chanced / vibrating ground
captured as flight
[yet swollen] presence
absent to feathering [as] world
sluices breadth and generosity
to have conceived free venturing

into such a space con
strewed across two dimensions
all stretched out there all
earthed into limned re
presentation of body
mauled realities rendered muscular

tensile, sprung then toward
lengthening of vigor in line segments
marking summer and the wake that follows
skiing across lakes
otherwise face-smooth
now trembling with distilled engagement

to take on to move
through as acrossing of
the sweep of arm & leg
the brush strokes a
length beyond recall
beyond meaning meaning still

abstraction turned becomes
the actual, a sheaf of leaves,
the words there, needed patience
for discerning length and width
of strokes to be in motion
if/then left recalled

how 'we' called
culled from swept into
what's there thought
less of under mind
but not lost in bold
strokes the the there

one take taken / bold strokes
minded mindful culling from/toward
mantra cooling ferment
of idee fixe
better all the time / the same /
thought there

host not lost not
gone from mind caught
catching now in tangled muchness
felt in every body motive
action there mantraed
mandala worlding

as the spring bird feeds
the autumn bird / a tangled winter
motive secular in action
equals the occasion
to relax upon / caught
host chancing benediction

let be the swash of
colour let be
its moment bird
in bush flash tone
tangles trompe
l'oeil brushed stroked

one is smitten by
the beauty of mistakes
their unintended grace,
their swift resilience,
their resemblance to intention
shifted by a truer mind

no one knows none
will say or should
they will get it wrong
take laughter love take
hold 'error' its resilience
the grace of gone now again

a perfected accident occurs
then disappears into
pale recollection initially unloved,
then learned into
a sharper, unplanned
form of exactness

precision of the curve
leaned into how all is
tack & swerve how
speed counts increasingly
if perfection sought piles up
the unnatural behind the beating wings

motion trills from set point
to hovering amid broad blue
on the off-chance migratory birds
confine themselves to gravity
what is shown in taut binoculars
evolves into a truth

and sings it out
rages even as truth some
times will do busted
chords the bent note bending
time telling tolls its own
farflung wavelength floated on

grasp, curved thought, electrodes
stirring with awareness,
notably when shared, the observed
changes the observer,
notes trim time to present
wave, achieving range

in or through star
grazing dark
matters here dark calls
from far & farther
sudden surge in black
holed beneath stone beneath notice

hovering across all things
mentioned, muted, strained into
invisibility on a scale ranging from
unnoticed to potent, focused attention
on any moment certain as a flower
with shelf life barely blue

slippery as the brush lifted
from bare canvas as Monte
Ste-Victoire lifts
across not off the surface
tension of the eye
s knowledge of blue blueing further

toward levitesse, a gesture
that detaches surface from another
surface tension as immediately
color pierces echoes of itself
further into slippage
as a brush resounds with what the eye

lies listening to the brush of
skins the swish of rhythm
swirls colours homing & blue
tones surface as a note
bends narration as depth
disappears there on top of

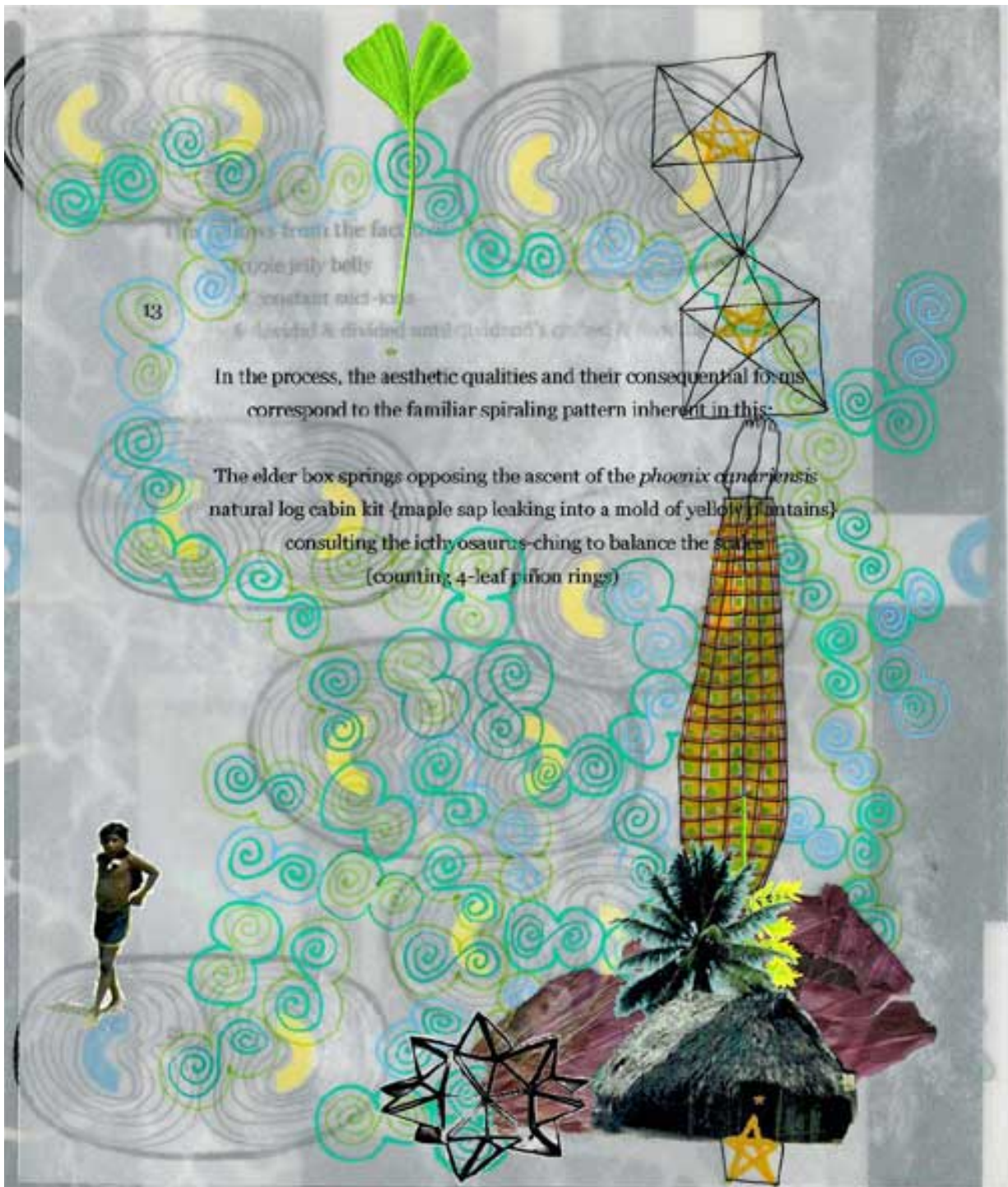
places to look down and across
toward expanse of clarity,
the illusion
of scarcity feigns erasure
of the rhythmic presence
told in tandem with existence

always the double voice
the double vision side
by side on the clifftop
asked to choose why
do so don't divide
take and take all take off

the everything available
occurs not for the asking
division's infinitely unnatural
but for growth upon the edge
of cliffs where scenes never are
so beautiful as to be taken

Derek White and Wendy Collin Sorin

5 + 8 = Something Other Than Lobster (Exoskeleton)



$0 + 1 = P(s)alm S(cryptic (x-ray))$



Note on the work, from Wendy Collin Sorin

My art work is informed by my love of literature, especially poetry. Whether responding to the giants of the canon, such as e.e. cummings, Wallace Stevens and Rainer Maria Rilke, or to the work of writers with whom I collaborate in real time and space, language is my primary catalyst. These dialogues are a shared journey, a conversation in art. Communications between my writer-partners and me are supplemented by email correspondence. Along with the poems and images, ideas, questions and answers are also exchanged, which, in turn, generate new thoughts and work.

Jukka-Pekka Kervinen and Steve Dalachinsky

5 poems (the human factor)

apt i e d apartheid
at apart eyed etc h ed
lasa gn(a) e id o eunu c (u) h
re fer pric/e/nce
b ased apartheid be seiged n.....//> night cast
all ied c rit b inge
s p a s m reflexxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
rise n from the grave
erase red tailed haw k
l s i s a w r described apartheid
cunt x-pa ds beneath the souls
h e l p h e l l o journalists i'm here too help hello
ho mo (p ro teins
re al s chooled puss ogs(((((((
sea rchandestroy eachother
visi too walled divisional bloodstems (apartheid) vex (
warble
ol e o ped a u gogy i g u y s - gals challenge
moo n r ise
stone set apart hide a par tide
the
water.....

jungle boy

s uch ba ck stabbin even t happened
ing ing ing ing t e sticled truthes partake

r ythm h o t narc iscuss stop/page groundbreaking

stop page

top story jungle boy runs away w/ never see

what we never see

rr r tu r n er' s use of light y ada hyadailydosage

psuedo d iopsaphane supo lep to articulate etc.

we f rie d hospital beds i l l left off

mp pa o (s a io civilization what we never see

i e (e fo g frogmented tadpoles re-evolving pollution

what we never see ovaried explosions

(jungle boy slept on 42nd street beneath the camel sign

) one

ni g h t recen t ly arm ed with only his

ssssssssssssssss's

k ne w d i v e r dan'd come and save him

slept beneath elsueno de la mar faceturning

off

ala (icy pentagonal acrobats r

rachelllllled to bibly

c gulp g r a y w yield difficult for him to

close his eyes

lab yrinthine be c ause he had never been in a jungle before

ts ts says(m ad

man ts - ts says mo le ma n says mud man

ubiquitous hero pioneers

t ick tick says the bomb beneath my waist sho re

line closing in

s l i c e s o f r s (d o s e s o f t u v
e c o l o g y i s a r u g t o l i e a w a k e o n t h i n k s j u n g l e
b o y

r A c(h)is im bafter
f a (c e t
i n k e y f i n g e r d r a w s
t r o j a n n a i l s
i b r i d g e d
n u g e t a l e n t
(c a u g h t
m r t i b b s
r e n d e r e d u n t o (b o s c h n e s s
w i l d d u c k s o
d r i b b l e e n i
m a a r i n u i
e t a t s p e c (j u a n a
i e s
e s t a t e a
m e a s s p r e p r
s t i r s i r e
t o e n e d s a c k a n o m l i t i t e
d u p e n u n c t i o n (f e
r a n c h e r o e n g u l p h
i n d e a d f e e l i n g s p s a
e a t s

(h or n r ous er oven
s u rg ng b ehi nd upla
e y e b icseps fogging
o u s t a d d ressed m y attitude unjustly
r (pple s

sno ut a r e na ven u e
t im (bu k toooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

lied hard s l ights ladled
tropp (w eisnesheimer me in

ru p ture i b p (housed in rapture
oscilllllattttteddddd c ut out s

h y brid white bread inbred assesssssssss
asssssssessssssss

in exhorable traits electrical votes (untidy
grenades er a pes elps

h e x (p l o d e d
w ith

sad ayes

(t es un shove la grate k indllllll in
s o the night comes in voices atop s oo t a
marty ry tasmonia

toward min ts f k ed buying rosepetals from dead horse
arra nging the bodies to go off simultaneously
bomb bays we are bomb bays full of boms igg y g ins & tonic
s

e s s pouse e
w i r e y frames we are ticking time things waiting
to go off

offff offff
s atiated never o the deep end impaled then
tuned in narrrds sure would be alot of fun steve
gottcha c hildrem
n o e
s afe ta enter
c ir cum c i se d
l un ar uteral (trajectories
se gue d e n ded rude
sleepy & abrupt

Notes on the composition

steve:

jukka sends me computer generated erasures in groups(he refers to as templates)

i add or subtract from them in the case of thse poems i added mostly
creating a kind of spontaneous poesie
this particular grouping informed broadly by food

for me part of the writing is based on what i call quasi-linear writing and chaotic structuralism

ball's in your court jukka

jukka:

'I send Steve computer-generated texts, 'templates', which are based to stochastic procedures and use my own poems as sources. They have been done with one goal in mind, to try maximize a 'desire' to fill the holes in texts, any holes
Steve may find from there (there are 'physical' holes ie. missing letters, and 'mental' holes ie. missing words in 'narrative'/linear structure).

steve:

sounds good to me jukka's statement has a couple of minor grammatical errors

english being his second language tho most times you'd never know it

bad at writing long theory being
a short person but chaotic structuralism which has some basic
non-existent principals
is the basis i think of everything the universe has to offer
chaos within structure
structured chaos or structure within chaos
everything has a structure conversely everything is in total chaos
structure is comprised of chaos / chaos of structure
one does not ever exclude the other
this can be and has been and is continually applied to the arts/ poetry
painting dance
is inherent in all form form is formed /informed by chaos
chaos therefore (in)formed by form /structure alter the 4 last
letters of structure
you are left with true the infra structure of chaos is form / structure
& vice-versa

quasi-linear an invention of less than a week is simply the use of
fragmentation within complete thought i.e. linear thinking or poesie
which of course is learned behavior
since we weren't born as linear thinkers/creatures more like drunks
walking the breathline
so if you examine what i've added to jukka's erasures you'll notice
some long line linearities distorted to form quasi-linearities
an example of this distortion would be to be or not to not be not
let's say
or even dispelling with all the the's a's etc in one's work
creating an equality of words me = i not I god is god not God
oh that's a different subject
anyway quasi-linear is fragmenting of sentences / images within a pome
which might also still contain more traditional sentence structures/
adding a bit of chaos to structuralism
one can also create the entire pome out of quasi-linear thought structure
image scenarios

frags are also a new form not yet invented i think what jukka sends me
are more in the order of frags since he is eliminating from existent
texts key words here exist & exit

when john m. bennett & i or jim leftwich & i do these back & forth e-mail
poems

or vernon frazer or folks i've done more linear pomes with it's pretty
much always about adding (addition) whereas when jukka & i do them
it's almost always about subtract/add/subtract the process is more
organic & everchanging ditto w/ a few long ones i've done with andrew
topel

Chris Piuma and Ron Henry

Ghazals

1.

This is based on what I have read so far; does it sound good?
Took notice of reverse. Their fight on odd same-sex ed.

The excess mass don't fire wrath — or even floss it. (Honk it,
'Twixt appleseed and marsh gas, and look for a real slick fit.

Tiff kills Lear, a (rough/cool/nice) egg, shined in his ill-packed suit.
In college, I learned to mangle (metaphors/stories/eggheads), give shiners.

Shrine, nor figs digested rough. Fatten name-mooted rules like jello, canny.
Hello? We will not wait much longer to be told where to place our fannies.

Seen a frown. Sailboat raid, oh the boat. Wrinkled chum: two-ton Louie. Ole!
Don't walk in on me when I'm taking a bath, OK?

Code a bag on a cat-o'-mine when no knuckle ought nod;
Stand on the lawn and try to guess the depth of the wet sod.

2.

DOS to us, for the butt of Sega. Tired and walled off, not nice!
This is the way the world ends: beedy-beedy-beedy.

"Eat a beet," he pleads. "Don't addle her." (A voice has it.)
Meanwhile, sad, I shuffle my feet and hit the **ENTER** key once.

Snow. We cretinous did native. I'm Elvis, I'd ask Slimy.
The fuzz, man! Cedar bridge to sell. Grouchy in the heinie.

He needs Nietzch— ow! Growls out, "Gee, braid his names; a fuss."
None of the German philosophers brought their lunches onto the bus.

Submitted now. Such an old razor rips a lifted ridge. Phone in.
My advice: leave Barcelona immediately. Hang up, hang out, hang in.

Night antenna, impugn a healed eye, demi-annul Ravel's I.V. (Yam.)
What's unsolicited, greasy, and eats good with Velveeta? (Spam.)

My spout I've left to the Disney; circuit is a loner's toe.
Wiggle if your cock in my hand gives you a charge. (Boners grow.)

War guess or enough grass, oh yes; evict named cogs Roy, Phil, and "W".
After completing the project I was left with mystery part "X".

3.

- ! 1 - ! - - . ! - |no rhyme
Assignment character set. Willful
++ . . + / / |pairs of

! - ! 1 - - ! () - ! - - ! - |it's so easy!
Misalignment of several satellite concepts.
+ + + + + |gonna getcha

! - - ! - ? ? - ! ! |get lost
Carry the day out into the back yard
a b c d |accounted for

- - ! - - ! - ! |no reason
And dispose of its proper lee.
* * |des blagues

! - ! - ! ! |argueable
Rand McNally and so on.
~~ ~ ~ ~ ~ |i see your furriness

4. "Says You're A -- "

It's so easy it's Fits go breezy wits
sol->_____sowzy_____ / (D#m)[1]

gonna getcha lost. It's Henna let ya toast. Zits
_gun with_____gone to east_____ / "the cliché that
one is toast, to wit."
argueable. No pairs of rhyme Are gooable. Show hairs above time
"y'know?" ___no air, here_____/ ("far be it for me to contradict the
text")

account for reason. And so Aground poor season. Hand soap
______count their sons, then_____/ "no comment"

I see des blagues stalling. Eye freeway hogs balling.
"1,2,4,2,7" ___english_____?_/ "wearing "togs" then"

[where pan = equals; exact notation [2] varies by location.
Adjust recipe for altitude. To the tuna "_____".]

[1] Use convenient "drop D" tuning throughout.

[2] Leftover syllables: ack, tease, nah, crown, till, ang.
Synthetic: lish, nack, ogs, chach, gult.

5. Bar-rap

(Confused, with feeling)

//: So I says to the other guy /
OH WOULD THAT THESE WORDS COULD SPEAK
The other guy takes a drink /
AND I WOULD DIE A THOUSAND DEATHS
Someone buys a round of drinks /
FOR YOUR SWEET KISS, DEAR READER,
Rounded up my coat and went home /
YOU CAN READ BETWEEN THE LINES
Home is where I lays my head /
BUT CAN YOU HEAR MY MOANIN'?
With my head in my hands I says ://

6.

Speed cup
 won on demand.
Old earwards,
 a tune we all lov'd.
Thug-eyed rinks
 wrestlin' drools.
Mike Otis, hm.
 He knew my pa.
My coat is home,
 But I am not.

7.

La la la, dah, la la la, (saith the Lord)
Doo dit dah doo, (continueth He)
Wah, dee-dop, dit dee-whoo, (He anticipateth thy questions)
Sha-bat do wah, ding-a-loo la. (and curty dismisseth them)
Doo-dah sha-dee la doo, (and what canst thou do on it?)
Ta-ti dee deet dee deet doo! (when He pluggeth His ears?)

Contributors to *Aught*, No. 14 (2005)

Laurie Price is the author of *Going On Like This* (Northern Lights Int'l./Brooklyn series), *Except For Memory* (Pantograph Press), *Under the Sign of the House* (Detour), *The Assets* (Situations) and *Minim* (Faux Press). Her work has appeared in numerous print and online journals, including *Arshile*, *New American Writing*, *HOW2*, *readme*, *Xcp*, *ixnay*, *Skanky Possum*, and most recently in *Shampoo* and *eratio*. She's lived in numerous towns and cities across the US, spending 13 years in San Francisco, four years in Mexico after receiving a Wallace Alexander Gerbode grant, then returned 'home' to NY for five years, lived a year in Morocco and now lives in Granada, Spain where she teaches English and translates, among other projects.

Dina Alexander's poetry has also appeared in *AUGHT*, no. 3.

Sheila E. Murphy's most recent books are *Incessant Seeds* from Pavement Saw Press (2005) and *Proof of Silhouettes* (Stride Publications, 2004). Her home is in Phoenix, Arizona.

Michael Riley's poems have appeared or are set to appear in *Poetic Inhalation*, *Niederengasse*, *Tryst*, *Clean Sheets*, *Mind Caviar*, *The Rose & Thorn*, *Stylus Poetry Journal*, *Going Down Swinging*, *Lily*, *Pendulum*, *Blazevox*, *Muse-Apprentice-Guild*, *Liquid Muse*, *Sidereality* and many other fine publications. He lives in Melbourne, Australia.

Corinne Lee is the publisher of Winnow Press. Her book *Pyx* was published by Penguin in May 2005.

Brian Hardie lives in Portland, Oregon.

N. Graham lives in Kingston, New York with her family. Currently she devotes her time to learning with her two unschooled children, Raymond and Ada, collaborating on animations with her husband, artist Henry Lowengard, and writing and performing her work. Her poems have been published in *Chronogram* and on *Poetry SuperHighway*. For more of her work, see Graham's blog, *oswegatchie*, or her website <http://www.ngram.net>. She works as a community mediator with Ulster County Mediation and is active in the Unitarian Universalist Congregation of the Catskills.

Vernon Frazer's poetry and fiction have appeared in *Big Bridge*, *First Intensity*, *Jack Magazine*, *Lost and Found Times*, *Massacre*, *Moria*, *Potepoetzine*, *Shampoo*, *Sidereality*, *Xstream* and many other literary magazines. He has written six books of poetry. He introduced the first section of his critically-acclaimed longpoem *IMPROVISATIONS* at The Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church in Manhattan in 2001. He recently finished editing an anthology of Post-Beat poetry for publication in the People's Republic of China. *IMPROVISATIONS (XXV-L)* and *Commercial Fiction*, Frazer's new novel, were published in Fall of 2002.

Michelle Greenblatt is a two-time Pushcart Prize nominee. Her first chapbook, "Free Swim," was printed in January 2005; her second chapbook, "Ad Perpetuam Rei Memorium" went to press this April. Her book & collaboration with Thomas Lowe Taylor, *brain:storm*, is forthcoming. Between two book deals in the works & her daily fight against democracy turned theocracy she is pretty busy, but you can always drop her a line at coldermoon@msn.com.

Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino has a degree in philosophy from Fordham University. His poetry has appeared in print in *The Café Review*, *The Germ*, *Barrow Street*, *jubilat*, *Washington Review* and in *Xcp: Cross-Cultural Poetics* and online at *Nthposition*, *Samsära*, *The Poets' Corner at Fieralingue*, *Softblow*, *Cordite Poetry Review*, *GutCult*, *Rattapallax--FuseBox*, *Typo*, *xStream* and *Word For/Word*. He lives in New York City where he edits the online journal *eratio postmodern poetry*.

brad flis {can be found in Western Mass doin' it up, or in Toronto biggin' it up. He pumps up the jam with poems, some of which are kickin' it online. Google him.}

Steven Timm teaches English as a second language at the University of Wisconsin. A chapbook, *Average*, was published last year by Answer Tag Home Press. Other work has recently appeared in *Notre Dame Review*, *Word/For Word*, *Bird Dog*, *Gam*, and *Dodo Bird*.

Kristy Bowen's work has appeared or is forthcoming in *diagram*, *Big Bridge*, *Slipstream*, *Another Chicago Magazine*, and *Spoon River*. Her most recent chapbook, *belladonna*, is available from her website. She lives in Chicago, where she edits *Wicked Alice* and is the founder of dancing girl press, devoted to publishing work by women authors. See more of her work at: www.angelfire.com/poetry/wickedpen.

A Professor of English at the City University of New York-LaGuardia, **Thomas Fink** is the author of three books of poetry, *After Taxes* (Marsh Hawk Press, 2004), *Gossip* (Marsh Hawk, 2001), and *Surprise Visit* (Domestic Press, 1993), "*A Different Sense of Power*": *Problems of Community in Late-Twentieth-Century U.S. Poetry* (Fairleigh Dickinson University Press, 2001), and *The Poetry of David Shapiro* (FDUP, 1993). His work has been published in *Aught*, *Talisman*, *Verse*, *Jacket*, *Lit*, *Barrow Street*, *American Letters & Commentary*, *Confrontation*, *Sidereality*, *La Petite Zine*, *Chicago Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Skanky Possum*, *Milk*, *Phoebe*, *x-Stream*, *Contemporary Literature*, *American Poetry Review*, *American Book Review*, *Boston Review*, *Shampoo*, *Moria*, *Poethia*, *Rain Taxi*, and numerous other journals. Fink's paintings hang in various collections.

William Elmquist lives in Minnesota. He currently attends college and is a part-time musician. He enjoys drawing and painting in his currently copious spare time. He intends to publish his first collection of poetry 'An insect dreamer's dream' if the opportunity arises. He is currently twenty years old. More of his work can be found at http://www.geocities.com/aeon_omission/.

Temporarily displaced from the Northwestern U.S., **Jim Toweill** currently lives in Tuscaloosa, AL.

Ian Seed's latest collection is *RESCUE* (Moss&Flint Books, 2002). The prose poems in *AUGHT 14* are taken from a 60-poem sequence, *CONSEQUENCES*. Other poems in the sequence can be found in www.argotistonline.co.uk, www.stridemagazine.co.uk, www.exhultationsanddifficulties.blogspot.com, www.greatworks.org.uk, THE PENNILESS PRESS (UK) and as part of a multi-media event in Brighton, UK.

Diana Magallon is a visual artist and an experimental poet, living and working in México. Her art has appeared in several printes and online magazines.

Peter Jungers lives in Denver and enjoys watching steam rise from power plants on a cold overcast day. Looks like the sun's tryin' to come out now. Oh well. So, *Aught* is the first place he's ever been published. Cool. He also writes comics and makes music. P.S. Keep in mind the unconscious mind.

Poems from **Jenna Cardinale's** "Journals" series appear in recent or forthcoming issues of *Parakeet*, *Octopus*, *Word For/ Word*, *6x6*, *Mipoesias*, *Pom2* and *Milk Magazine*. They can also be heard at spaceshiptumblers.blogspot.com.

Maurice Oliver spent almost a decade working as a freelance photographer in Europe. Then, in 1995, he made a lifelong dream reality by traveling around the world for eight months, recording his experiences in a journal instead of photographs. And so began his desire to be a poet. His poetry has appeared in *The Potomac Journal*, *Circle Magazine*, *Bullfight Review*, *Tryst3 Journal*, *The MAG*, *Eye-Shot*, *The Surface*, *One Forty Two Magazine*, *Word Riot*, *Retort Magazine* (Australia), *Taj Mahal Review* (India), *Stride Magazine* (UK), & online at ink-mag.com, friggmagazine.com, dash30dash.com & tmpoetry.com. He lives in Portland, Oregon where he is a tutor.

Peter Jay Shippy is the author of *Thieves' Latin* (Univ. of Iowa Press). He has new work forthcoming in *The American Poetry Review*, *The Canary*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Harvard Review*, *The Iowa Review*, *McSweeney's Web* and *Verse*, among others. Other sections of the abecedarian suite *Alphaville* are online at *42opus*, *eratio*, *Tarpaulin Sky* and *Word for / Word*. He teaches at Emerson College.

Mark Kanak is a writer and translator splitting time between Chicago and Berlin. Translation and work has appeared (or is upcoming in) in *Prague Literary Review*, *Umelec*, *Text's Bones*, *POM2*, *Big Bridge*, *traverse*, *Gam*, *nth position*, *3 a.m.* and so on. The e-book 'numbers' by poetic inhalation appeared 2004, a dual-language collection called 'abstürze/crashes' is upcoming from xPressed. Recent translations (into English) include

'Helicopter Hysteria' by Heinrich Dubel, selected work from Austrian author Peter Pessl including his book of short stories, 'Aquamarine', and (into German) 'schlitzrosäugig verschlingen schatten' by Matthew Wascovich / Elisa Ambrogio (Slow Toe Press) as well as short stories by Bulgarian author Zdravka Evtimova.

Douglas Barbour lives in Edmonton, Alberta. Recent books of poetry: *Fragmenting Body* etc. (NeWest Press / SALT Publishing 2000), *Breath Takes* (Wolsak & Wynn 2001), *A Flame on the Spanish Stairs* (greenboathousebooks 2002). Critical works on Daphne Marlatt, John Newlove, bpNichol, and Michael Ondaatje, and *Lyric / Anti-lyric: essays on contemporary poetry* (NeWest Press 2001). He and Stephen Scobie, his partner in the sound poetry duo, Re: Sounding, edited the CD, *Carnivocal: A celebration of sound poetry* (Red Deer Press & Omikron Publishing 1999). He was inaugurated into the City of Edmonton Cultural Hall of Fame in 2003.

Derek White has other recent or forthcoming work in *Post Road*, *Diagram*, *Tarpaulin Sky*, *BlazeVOX*, *Call: Review*, *perspektive* and elsewhere. He has some collected works and collaborations available from his own Calamari Press (www.calamariexpress.com), including a collaboration with Wendy Collin Sorin entitled "P.S. At Least We Died Trying To Make You in the Backseat of a Taxidermist," from which these pieces were excerpted.

Wendy Collin Sorin, a resident of Cleveland Heights, received her B.F.A. in printmaking in 1993 from The Cleveland Institute of Art. She has taught waterless lithography at Zygoté Press in Cleveland and at Kent State University. In addition to exhibiting her work in print, drawing and collage, her artist's book collaborations include: *Strange Things Begin to Happen When a Meteor Crashes in the Arizona Desert* (with Michael Basinski, Burning Press; 2001), which was awarded an Ohio Arts Council project grant, *Ghost of a Chance*, (with Robert Miltner), *ABZU* (Michael Basinski) and *P.S. At Least We Died Trying to Make You in the Backseat of the Taxidermist* (with Derek White.) To be published in 2005: *name cloud* (with John M. Bennett) and *TELLTHISMUCH* (with Carlos Luis.)

Steve Dalachinsky was born in New York City after the "BIG" war and in between lots of little wars, and that is where he still resides. He has been widely published in magazines and journals both in the US and abroad and has been translated into French, German and Japanese. His works appear extensively on the Internet and he has published several chapbooks, including "One Thin Line" (Pinched Nerves Press), "Subway Assemblages" (JVC Books) and "Trio" (40 Winks Press). His poems have appeared in such journals as *Long Shot Magazine*, *Blue Beat Jacket*, *Downtown Poets*, *Beat Indeed*, *Writers Outside the Margin*, *The Outlaw Bible of American Poetry*, and *A Gathering of the Tribes*.

Jukka-Pekka Kervinen lives and writes in Espoo, Finland. He is mainly interested of computer processing and manipulation of text and language. He has been published in *XTANT*, *Poethia*, *Moria*, *SHAMPOO*, *Aught*, *Word for Word*, *can we have our ball back*, *5_Trope*, *Generator*, *Score*, *m.a.g*, *sleeping fish*, *BathHouse Magazine*, *Jack*, *Big Bridge*, *Blackbox* and *Textbase* among others. He has published several chapbooks: 'lump sum' (avantacular press, forthcoming), 'lard plaza' (xPress(ed) 2005), 'cornucopia' (xPress(ed), 2004), 'obeyed dilemma' (xPress(ed) 2004) and '[#1-#46]' (BlazeVox, 2003) (also available in hardcopy version), e-chaps '[div]ersions' (Poetic Inhalation, 2004) and 'Permutations' (Faux Press, 2004), and collaborations 'Astral Soup' with John Crouse (xPress(ed), 2005), and 'poles apart' (xPress(ed), 2004) and 'The Oracular Sonnets' (Meritage Press, 2004), both with Mark Young. He is editor of *xStream* (<http://xstream.xpressed.org>) and *xPress(ed)* (<http://www.xpressed.org>) and works also as composer and mail artist. He has several weblogs like 'nonlinear poetry' (<http://nonlinearpoetry.blogspot.com>), 'textual conjectures' (<http://textualconjectures.xpressed.org>) and 'mailXart' (<http://mailxart.blospot.com>).

Chris Piuma lives in Portland, Oregon, where he helps run the Spare Room experimental poetry reading series, edits flim, performs with the Minor Thirds, and bakes bread.
