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**AUGHT**  
no. 14 (2005)

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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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## **Collaborations**

**X, from Continuations**

**58 Sheila E. Murphy and Douglas Barbour**

**5 + 8 = Something Other Than Lobster (*Exoskeleton*)  
0 + 1 = P(s)alm S(crypt)ic (x-ray)**

**63 Derek White and Wendy Collin Sorin**

**5 poems (the human factor)**

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**Ghazals  
No**

**71 Chris Piuma and Ron Henry**

## 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;

E Blue Boy,  
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.

(*Memento Mori,*  
*Little People!*)

P Curly Red  
Down by the River  
Dating a Dead Girl/  
Unravished Bride.

(*Dios Nunca Muera,*  
*Neighbors!*)

R A Good Radio Voice  
Disentangling  
Big Bend,  
Popular Girls  
Playing Horses,  
Children’s Verse,  
Show and Tell.

S 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. Penumbra. 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,  
illumining

the great theatrics  
primeval of its time.

(camel-backed revelations)

A lessened nucleus reviled entreaties.

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

Redolent hemispheres attach  
crude varieties

luminescent niceties  
unveiled as

IRIDESCENT  
VIRTUOSITY

an or  
as a  
(lingering)

taste  
of

ancient pastries  
tripartite  
form  
(every Sumer)

WHERE  
A  
RIVER  
RAN  
ITS  
NAME

thatched goblet remorse

Their implements

endorsing their new pieties

a primary source

of wearing arguments

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

where lines never parallel  
in or out of fashioning

retire  
meant

glutenous  
peril ointment  
modulations  
bleed  
lechery

THE PERILS OF REAL  
CONSEQUENCE  
nestle snugly  
in rocket vouchers

THE  
FLOW  
CONTINUES

lather venues  
as  
if  
at  
a  
TO HEAR

a scandal

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      over sand  
 invective    in the force      paneling      prophesies  
 stampedes   sector      its plentiful creed      unsanded  
 ↓                          ↓                          ↓                          ↓  
 an assiduous renewal      atrium      as  
 ↓                          ↓                          ↓                          ↓  
 fixations

## a rampage of seminal viscosity

a lesson of forbidden reflections      in the deserts of the mind  
 laminating insistent vicissitudes      turning / \      dreaming  
 nightly adjunct missiles      history / \      history  
 turn them      back / \ and forward  
 ↓                          ↓                          ↓                          ↓  
 bloody      the secret of the hidden veil  
 back      fast(ing)      /      lost  
 ↓                          ↓                          ↓                          ↓  
 the attack      THE SEMINAL      in      NONE  
 VISCOSITY      /      /      DARE  
 OF RAMPAGE      /      /      CALL  
 ↓                          ↓                          ↓                          ↓  
 against      rudimentary      greed's pursuit      IT  
 ↓                          ↓                          ↓                          ↓  
 nascent      parlance      /      REASON  
 ↓                          ↓                          ↓                          ↓  
 crude      enamel      /      name  
 ↓                          ↓      lusters      its own(ed)  
 transfers      transfers      its      treachery  
 ↓                          ↓      vacant      an  
 hallucinations      kind      grace      hirsute  
 ↓                          ↓      luminous      anomaly  
 ↓                          ↓      amazing      parade  
 ↓                          ↓      dextrous      menopausal  
 night      missiles      velocity rampage      mosque mirrors  
 ↓                          ↓      flash at      attack on reflection's vantage  
 trajectory      /      magic carpet villains      /  
 lights the      \      bombing statuary motifs      /  
 skyward      \      disappear      /  
 appellants      \      ↓      ↓      ↓  
 NO SIMULTANEOUS      subgrowth      sing striation's encore  
 ↓                          ↓      dissuasion  
 ACQUIESCENCE      molecules

100

(severed veils dancing)

100

Disney futures

of

God

or

Magic Carpet

of

Jihad

30

(dancing veils severed)

▼  
▼  
▼

## Somnolent wafer carcinogen pillage transom transfer redux

## CRYPTOGRAPHIC EQUIVALENCE

waging war  
on a well-paying  
resume

by      •  
from    •      whom  
with    •

Open song announced rug futures  
in the hack market

a seminal rampage of viscosity

i n t h e l a n d

w h e r e

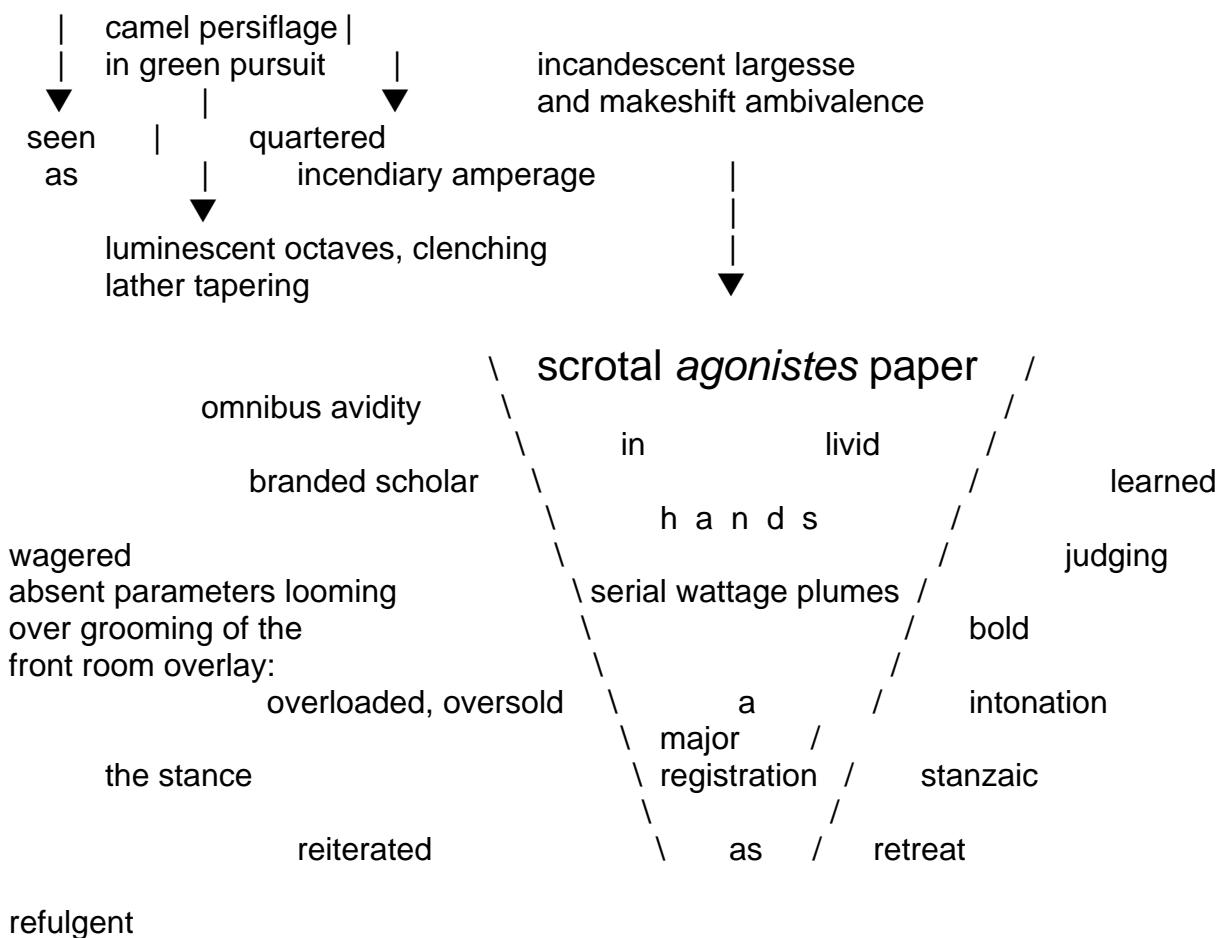
e v e r

s t u c k

## 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:



**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  
chrostic 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.'")

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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 hads. 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	momma
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."

## JACQUES DERRIDA

Appeals to common  
apparel beneath.  
Of a sufficient  
height. If  
selected,  
I. Futures  
they veneer.

Aporia. Have you  
been slinging quotas into the  
machine? While an  
enormous  
library of  
short-order  
conjectures gallops into  
this rather obedient queue.  
That the machine  
absorbs much more  
doesn't blank (re)assuring  
missives: I am,  
am continuing to  
be, to be delegated,  
to function as one (who has  
been). Cactus- edge at praxis  
again. Against. If within. To print  
askance film lodged  
backwards into a great  
grandparent's  
first camera.

## 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

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---

Jim Towell

**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 graft 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, beautifulness! Uniform;  
eyes her shining back beautifulness!  
Exulted shining with eyes her beautifulness with paintbrush her eyes at moves her I.  
At young neglige 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."

Now throughout Influence of sun to field was serpent  
greatness without depth poetry climates had source more than the Earth  
the Sun's in beast energy and in the said decline the ecosystem  
generation  
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"  
Now throughout Influence of sun to field was  
energetics of global eat woman flow not vanishing and has to the  
perspective — any on the said, and close, and point — shall  
trick garden drives far objects, all circulation from all important  
on not dependant vanishing land air stage tree water there's the  
amount you get sunlight no such places as give the earth became  
for year I hrs. which not and of in to same magic similarities  
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

khz freq high streeted duck  
molecular weight

*dein ist mein herz*

*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*

waving  
pieces  
picture bowed in sun  
*magnetic field*

*magnet shaped pole*

*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

*umschifft 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 prints found  
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, forcefed  
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  
earthened 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 a crossing 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  
mined 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

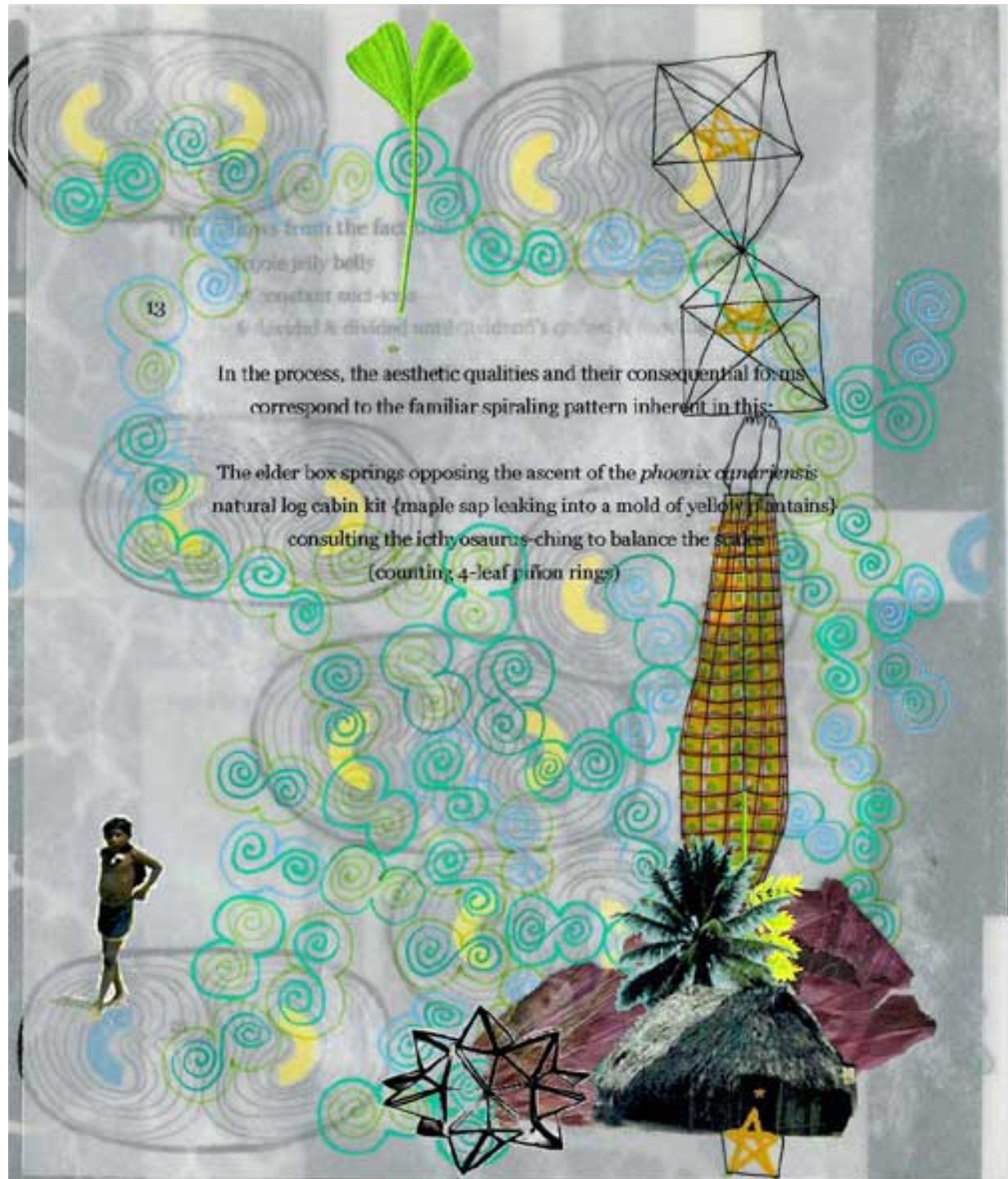
places to look down and across  
toward expanse of clarity,  
the illusion  
of scarcity feigns erasure  
of the rhythmic presence  
told in tandem with existence

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)**



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



#### 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 reflexxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx  
rise n from the grave  
erase red tailed hawk  
l s i s a w r described apartheid  
cunt x-pa ds beneath the souls  
h e l p h e llo 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 truthe 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 arcticulate 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

ssssssssssssssssss's

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

slept beneath elsueno de la mar faceturning

off

ala ( icey pentagonal acrobats r

rachellllled 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 ( doses of t u v  
e co l o logy is a rug to lie awake on thinks jungle  
boy

r A c(h)is im bafter  
f a ( c et  
in k e y finger draws  
trojan nails  
i br idged  
nuqe talent  
( c aug h t  
m r tibbs  
rendered unto( boschness  
w ild ducks o  
d rib bl e eni  
ma ar i nui  
et at spe c (juana  
i es  
e s t ate a  
me as sp re p r  
stir s ire  
toened sack anomlitite  
du pe n unction ( f e  
r anc hero engulf  
in dead fe elings psa  
e ats

---

( 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 ue  
t im ( bu k toooooooooooooooo  
lied hard s l ights ladled  
tropp ( w eisnesheimer me in  
ru p ture i b p ( housed in rapture  
oscillllattdedddd c ut out s  
h y brid white bread inbred assssssssss  
assssssssssssss  
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 indlllll in  
s o the night comes in voices atop s oo t a  
marty ry tasmania  
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 offf  
s atiated never o the deep end impaled then  
tuned in narrds 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.

<start> Arrest him! Thwat! [Fell.] So I'd catch up. And... Get help! Come here! <fin>  
Polite applause. Puzzled heads. [...the hell?] What... then?

Nest of wallets. Dead suppose all petals' hope.  
Test of bullets. Kids oppose mall mettle's trope.

**POACH:** Sell them all (um, suppose) dicks. Tell of upset.  
**COACH:** Catch 'em and flip 'em, roundaboutwardsly. Rejoice.

Saw her heels (distraught) over a dour map. I'll founder, meek: talk; choke.  
"Little remained to make the thing 'happen', " he slowly bespoke.

Cozy below. Seen a penguin? OK mood. Name: Ear Hotel.  
All below. Seen it over. Yeah, yeah, We Are There!

Ere thaw hay, hay's revolting niece: wool. (Ebb; blah.)  
Thus do the seasons whirl, to clothe us all. (Stop; yadda.)

No

1.

This is a test. If this  
-----  
  \        \ ---/  
yes?           V  
  \ \_\_\_\_/  
were a poetry, you would have  
-----  
  \---thereby---/                   \  
   cl. not has.  
been instructed. We're in  
-----  
  /        \  
exp.--/                           but: you're in?  
  \\_\_\_\_/  
your area.

## 2. Code 'A'

```
/// ((Ex)perience‡ ({has} not)
clearly

    (((been) ____ ) «established».

    You're) (in) d[o]ubt.
There [is] (<a ... > tax).

‡(~Answer appropriately.) // [To be or not...];
c.f. "The Yello[w] Rose of Tex[j]as";
      Paglia, _Sexual Personae_.
      Darragh, adv. fans ]
```

## 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 cliche 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)

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//: 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 ://
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6.

Speed cup  
    won on demand.  
Old earwards,  
    a tune we all lov'd.  
Thug-eyed rinks  
    wrastlin' 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*, *Niederngasse*, *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*, *Potopoetazine*, *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 Perpetuum 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](mailto: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.}

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**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](http://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*, *Sidereal*, *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/](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.egotistonline.co.uk](http://www.egotistonline.co.uk), [www.stridemagazine.co.uk](http://www.stridemagazine.co.uk), [www.exhultationsanddifficulties.blogspot.com](http://www.exhultationsanddifficulties.blogspot.com), [www.greatworks.org.uk](http://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](http://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](http://ink-mag.com), [friggmagazine.com](http://friggmagazine.com), [dash30dash.com](http://dash30dash.com) & [tmpoetry.com](http://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 *Alpahville* 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

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'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.calamaripress.com](http://www.calamaripress.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 Zygote 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.blogspot.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.