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DUSIE, an online poetics journal, <http://www.dusie.org>
originally published this issue in web journal/html format in 2004/2005.
This pdf is an attempt to catalog and preserve the original issue in a readable
format for easier archival access and continued prosperity.

elizabeth treadwell

7 from Birds & Fancies

Ladyless

after Alice Notley

my ancient credo
tossed round like decor

gelatin

after the Duchess of Newcastle

within the house, kitchen boys
and scullery maids
collage the hooves, denatured
thoughts so variety rank in despair
a large body equipped
which not
have speech

historically, bovine or porcine
skin or bone
acid or base
extraction. approximately --
her theory liquid abuse --
suspected of plotting hospitality
consumed in some aspect of oral drug,
metric tons, and devices.

another five so dizzy armed us.
woodland lanced open to the bottom fragments
exhibit lot-to-lot furthermore.
route of your loyal willing.
the family's coach.

neither did suffer the symptoms.
 probably vaccines and biologics --
 new punctuation --
 typical of disappointed courtiers --
 composed of softer, colder, moister
 treatment with exterior,
 remedy close to the house.

by making formal "legs,"
 a masculine manner,
 whatever her wonder rather
 to be seen than told.

gelling or non-gelling gelatins.
 distinct molecules

currently used

Buffalo 3000

17 times as high as the moon
 being ladyless blows chunks
 three literary combatants join forces with the ink bomb disposal:
 the feminist lessons of regret, intolerance, &c --
 overwork, and my unsubtle education in stability.
 ["Involvement rather than simple registration or the generations
 before." (Norma Cole)]

podunk & chico: archives fluidity, the golden-eyed....clairvoyant mack if

you're a ladyless boy.
 modblog -- random nursing: with over 100,000 vacant positions and a ever-
 growing need

daresay expires forward all the stuff naive or trivial.
 modblog -- random nursing: with over 100,000 vacant positions and a
 ever-growing need

More within one gendered I propose a possible topic, or something culture
 stages. dont know, plan to be there.

In the broken staring

after & for Philip Jenks

Eerie timing too. the passage and my if anything banging. say to moved and
 bed. when if tossed your bright signature. broken scribbles. filled perpetual
 flank. the timing was strange thank you. different from the book. the body
 and pace and time -- know this is a snippet. walls and mattress, slit under
 field. the song's collapse, decibels of want. the belly crafted cloth, in
 bushes, orbs, how
 intermittent. unfolds the fold, how how.

waverly

for Grammy

into the global anxiety box
we put cigarettes, gumdrops, & dust;

ice chips; birthstones;

glasses of water

vlur vain

out of the glittering homestead
notions of beauty so strict
she broke with the fairytale narration
spent it on elsewhere
all upon her analyzed dismissal
sinking strictly like a stone

the river is paved with them
in the crooks of our arms

Dinosaur Meat

shy gifty, I felt snubbed.

poetry's like a small dried sponge seeped in time,
tongued at leisure (in peril) at safety (in chains)

we press ourselves to the earth

elizabethtreadwell's books include two poetry collections, Chantry and Lilyfoil + 3 (both 2004); a collection of stories and prose poems, Populace (1999); and a novel, Eleanor Ramsey: the Queen of Cups (1997). A new chapbook, mub or the false transgressive evangelista, is forthcoming from furniture press. For more information please see elizabethtreadwell.com.

cheryl quimba

Into the welding room came
crashing another heartbroken belted
man, bearing a record of another
man, but with no record player. In
the larger studio encompassing the
welding room the students

studiously massage at clay,
overallled, fluorescent-lighted with
no record player but a mess of wire
forms a nest to sleep in, should
other doors be locked against

the gale. The welder wears a mask
of glass and gloves of canvas
carrying pipes to bridge the break
that swallows former strangers
from year to

year. In the hallway the
exclamations jump up a dozen
octaves into the atmosphere of only
questions, hovering in midair as
pieces of tissue that refuse

to fall. On the lawn the chairs
congregate together the sun shifting
uneasily through the crowd an
onlooker whistles a tune familiar to

the welder wielding a final record
player washed ashore.

patrickdurgin

SIX IMITATION POEMS

FACIAL EXPRESSION

The face is not a collection of attributes

It expresses itself

It's going out

Of my mind

One look at it and my eyes roll back

To imitate my death

So bad tragedy

Is bad comedy

Is the poetry of dramatic interiors

* * * * *

PROTOCOL

He minds me
he throttles me

with heavy
and draining heart in

an interregnum staring
over the heads of commuters

the metonymic metronomic
fare box chugging apace

modest spoils at first

were trophies then.

Phones toot to
alert me

to love him
laboriously. And all

things being equal,
who couldn't but?

* * * * *

ARISTOTLE AS IGNORAMOUS

—pure immanence
by default
or not stopping

not meeting—
no century—
no one but no

relief was delicious
and I stand here
to tell of it

* * * * *

NATIONWIDE

couplets are imitation sentences
beside themselves with

imitation they corrode instantaneously
in pleasantries they accept these

and all proposals and
serve our will to please

wisdom eternally unabashed
nevertheless knows better than to dabble in those greeny bowels

you do the moral fiber in the gum
the tonic's hot_the coliseum

of praise_legions of realists
bent over the best advices

free of psychology at last intone
here's my signature it's

a match – that's no sham
it's who I am

I see I won't watch as you
lower your smile so it talks

display splayed shut part
to imitate your immaculate

* * * * *

TOO AUTOMATIC MUMMERS: A ROMANCE

Love is some dark toil, our vouchers trembling, cinders pop and descending, sending relays, some convoluted narrative of deep glee.

It is March for the rural poor, parched for victuals, the system from within the system is a split rind it lurks and stales, the long since quickly and so be it evinced in the paltry diced lamplight along the summer porch of those through whom we suffer our best intentions.

Love has a taste for tales on a plate of roughage, each an authentic replica, the base hope that dismays me now that there is a heaven_some strange contraption against or since which I am impotent. At shore, hesitation is a kind of refusal. I watch you watch the moon, what for?

There're no words but perhaps pure motivelessness. Once you've got them after you, inalterably only they stand before you. There are chores, into and out of four rooms, knocks at the door, I was an activist in the eighties. And so toiling, nothing chaotic is arbitrary, as the words watch the time watch the moon suffer, what for?

What is not means rephrase my memory and requires something

like a balloon toss. The postulates, the premises, the blankets and the pastries, berries in a bevy festoon the vault of uncertain terms in absolute pastoral relativity. So it's this not to ask for levelling events between us.

My coffee can beat up your rapture, your thrice pointed stalwart grapple, your cluster of syllogisms and other acts of attrition collapse every petty attraction into immediate adieus. Cassettes melted to the dashboard, the lake seemed to pucker then complain, and in a heroic temper we drove up on the lawn_you recall none of this, of course. So scroll to insert. So don't ask for love has a taste for tales. But with my helmet over my eyes, I acquiesce.

The gangly chuckle of full ripe elms in the rain, or some convoluted narrative of deep glee, the scenery oblique turning to one another. "I will reimburse you," say anything to the poor, ought to be, about the happiness. The figures come out one way and they return another. Sage and lascivious, you would prefer drinks and fights.

Love is impossible or inevitable, then. Who knew to endure it?

* * * * *

TRIO

the postulates, the premises, the blankets, and the pastries
 the lie of the matter
 was a use
 completed / what you have
 were two guys
 the trappings of having
 even in the cold evening
 a sort of nostalgia but
 the dream the curriculum
 quit falling
 spars and plangent, paltry
 accounts withstanding
 there's a buck to be
 with you I would prefer
 drinks and fights
 come out one way

* * * * *

patrick durgin is a writer, musician, and educator, currently living in Ypsilanti, Michigan, and teaching at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. He knows and is not afraid to announce that Ted Kooser and his supporters are nihilists. He is also a member of the Union of Radical Workers and Writers. Some of his poetry can be found online at durationpress and in the DC Poetry Anthology, as well as critical work and music here: Another in the sequence of "imitation poems" is published in the special Louis Zukofsky issue of Chicago Review.\

b r e n d a i i j i m a

from **TIME UNIONS**

Do you
Dubious
Institutionally
Summon
Abundance
Witness fossil facile
Oily dripping rock
Toil in oil and distances

Alluvial confusion
Spangle squeeze static
Except revenue except
Colossal brink dessert
Deserted tanks bombs sink
With no exemption

Soldering idolons
Panther shards of earth
Each hull I love desiccated
Vandalize this banishment
Heir to the particulates

Lux et voluptas
Graviture your beckoning
Cleavage
Hurl voluptuousness
Her is smoldering

We lace
Shrouded
Beckon
Stygian hulls
Vandalize
Ambush

Smithereens seas
Ambient seas

Bread and butter
Buzzing
Briar

Aurora
Amongst labor
Amidst archive
Variable
Subject to particulars

Minerva
Showed the hill
Of Mars in Athens
Women swept
The trees

Necks cleave
Wolves hide
Torches of eyes
Two mirrors of
A murder murders

Nostalgia
Camouflages
Wave of life
Spoonings cylinders
Armatures
Plexus blue crush
Surging up in the real
World rock soliloquy active
Jet sprayed
Chatter chatter logic

brenda iijima is the author of *AROUND SEA* (O BOOKS, 2004). *ANIMATE*, *INANIMATE AIMS* is forthcoming from LITMUS PRESS. She runs *PORTABLE PRESS AT YO-YO LABS* from Prospect Heights, Brooklyn. Some of her can be found at the *Philly Sound Blogspot*, *O Books* as well as *Call Review*.

s h a n n o n t h a r p**Cary Grant****1**

An airplane of a movie burns,
its script so rich you can't see
straight. A lamp lit next to

a soft window coaxes a tiger
from the sky—hell of a wrench
thrown to cornstalks.

2

Needing to feed yourself,
you imagine
an unforgiving and

let go. Narrow,
wary, air shambles like
a walk not quite your own.

3

Prat falls look
a pretty job. Were the screwball
honed

any more, we'd all be
a little less
wrinkled.

4

As preyed upon, the mind
writhes. Do you
suppose

suspicion is for when time is a
botch.

Blue collar comedy

Someone hits
a whistle

and dances.
A rabbit

in a rigged
pit

hobbles,
conscious

of a flawed hop.
Cattle as soggy

props needle
into green.

Blasted clear
and shattered,

the skin's
nation's

a slow notion
of marrow,

pulse
just

that.
All we ask

is that
you make us laugh.

We've plenty
of contempt

for the
genuine.

shannon tharp lives in Seattle where she's an MFA candidate at the University of Washington. Her work has appeared in Dicey Brown, Furrow, Rust Buckle, Shampoo, and Mead composition notebooks.

d a n a t e e n l o m a x**L05716867★**

the through line
Adam Smith's
invisible hand
climbing
a girlie skirt
he understands
wealth
wide mouth open pool
private interest
and the rest

L05716867★

no,
the through line
is my front yard
your lawn

long spears
green wave song
beheaded
neon jumpsuits

in colonial replica
wrong moth orchard, daisy field
town
San Quentin, non-canonic

their complexions
mason grey

L05716867 ★

there's aggression
 in how we relate
 sometimes to wit:
 where's my fucking village?
 teeth marks, scratches
 pinches with bent toes
 needling the splinter
 the through line
 between my daughter
 and me

L05716867 ★

"The poem never says what lives in the barrel"
 Kevin Killian

canned laughter
 gas receipts
 almost any magazine
 trazadone
 puddles of antifreeze
 a through line
 brown reclining La-Z-Boy
 sugar well refined
 power washed heroes
 _____ ever after

L05716867 ★

finally, the through line is temporal
 anonymous
 artifactual
 valves open
 and shut
 involuntarily
 as life

what's in a name?

Rapunzel, artichoke, knee

fossilized identity

the road there doesn't always resemble the road back

random sorting out of thought, things

seizures, mottling, fish out of water

odd grimace at the end

notes in every drawer of the house

dana teen lomax's book, *Currency* is forthcoming from Palm Press and she is co-editing an anthology called *Letters To Poets: Conversations about Poetics, Politics, and Community*. Her chapbook *Room* was published by a+bend in San Francisco and recent work has appeared in Faux Press's Bay Area Anthology, 26, Ligature, mem, sonaweb, *Moria*, shampoo, 14 Hills, and other publications. Her poetry has received recognition from the California Arts Council, Peninsula Community Foundation, Academy of American Poets, the Zellerbach Family Fund, and was granted the Joseph Henry Jackson Award. Currently she teaches at San Francisco State University and lives with her partner and 4-year old daughter in San Quentin, California.

f r a n c i s c o s a n t o s

b r i a n c a m p b e l l

a l l e n s u t t e r f i e l d

CANTO

(24 Variations on a Verse by Francisco Santos)

i

Llévate este silencio
de
ave

para que conozcas
el
vuelo
de mi
canto

ii

Take this silence
of a
bird

that you may know
the flight
of my
song

iii

Flight of my song
take

that you
may know

the silence

of this
bird

iv

Take
the silence
of a bird

that you
may know

how my song
flies

v

The how of this song
you take:

know
my may flight
of silence,

bird

vi

You know that how
my silence flies takes
the song
of a may bird

vii

Take
how my song
flies the silence
of a bird
that you

may
know

viii

That you may know

the song
of my flight

take
this silence

of a bird

ix

The flight of my
silent song
take

that you may know
the bird
of my how

x

How

take

the flight
of my song?

That you may know
the bird of my

xi

The how of this song
you take to know my
may
flight of silence

bird

xii

Flight of silence bird
of my may

take that you know
the how of my song

xiii

Bird of my flight this
song take

that you may know

how

silence

xiv

How may you fly

bird

of my silence

take

know

the song

xv

How may you
know? Take this,
my bird of silence,
the flight
of my song

xvi

Take

silence

this bird

know

flight

canto

bird

know

take

silence

xviii

You that know
the silence of May,
take this bird –

how my song
flies!

xix

Song of my flight
take this

that you may know
my silence

– bird

xx

Song
flight

my bird
take

that this silence

you may know

xxi

The silence of my,

take
that you may know
the song
of how
the bird
flies

xxii

Silence of my
bird

take this song
that you may know
how to fly

xxiii

How may flight's song
of this bird
take silence
that you know?

xxiv

Bird of my silence
how take this flight
that you may know
song?

xxv

Llévate este silencio
de
ave

para que comprendas
el
vuelo
de mi
canto

franciscosantos has published three collections of poetry, *Chichigalpa & otros poemas* (Editorial ASEL, 1972), *Viendo y volviendo* (Editorial Presbere, Costa Rica, 1986), and *Media Noche Desnuda* (Window Press, Toronto, 1998). A bilingual edition of selected poems, *Undressing the Night* (trans. Brian Campbell), is soon to appear this year through Editorial Lunes, Costa Rica. Santos' poems have appeared in reviews and periodicals in Latin America, Spain, Canada and USA. Born in Nicaragua, he now lives in Toronto and is a Canadian citizen. NB, In Canto, verse xxv first appeared in *Viendo y volviendo*, and in *Undressing the Night* will appear beside its translation, verse ii.

briancampbell's first book, *Guatemala and Other Poems*, was published in 1994 by Window Press in Toronto. His poetry has appeared in a number of reviews including *Poetry Canada Review*, *New Canadian Review*, *Grain* and *The New Quarterly*. Poetry is forthcoming in *Prairie Fire*. *Undressing the Night*, a translation of selected poems of the Nicaraguan poet Francisco Santos, is soon to be published by Editorial Lunes, Costa Rica. He lives in Montreal.

allensutterfield is a poet/visual artist who has founded a number of spaces and series where poetry is performed, including Gallery 76 (open 76 days in 1976 in Vancouver, Canada), Gallery No (1986-90 in Toronto) and the Art Bar Reading Series, which continues in Toronto as the longest-running poetry series in Canada. American born, he is a Canadian citizen and currently resides in Guelph, Ontario.

jill magi

from ATLAS

PILLAR

on marble to run hands folds or false
 holding hands now paper skin smudge her
 wheelchair "just a repellant artifact" the not slaying
 body absorbs (morality) taste repellant a taste of art of
 elegant proportions shortened limbs distinction "at least
 I didn't' get there by " should be limbs
 should defect (phocomelia syndrome) not male not
 wearing male not dead in uni- form
 not wearing male there by slaying to pass out Bibles

LOT

interlocking s(t)ate paralysis conduit
 statue-look swollen breasts and belly away clay
 fixed cast caste claw yet whom shall nesting
 sets of waltz just so so light so liberty ultimate limb
 limb oh there paired or solo anthem a
 posture one two three one two excise off with
 it or her a mother does this is done to boy child or
 fathered feather sense feather slight limb lower
 vocables erased with feather-touch whom nerves (untucked)
 touch

TARANTELLA

rescue net knot of recourse question cue the
 dream to carry perch un
 speak pick up dry lips sooth which pills pilld

pulled nubs to cut or smooth beneath a hollow of
 ticking recluse and skid I swoop
 he hawks who presides oh! obey (ocular
 proof) fallen well-nest who sings not rosy turn turn
 lift my rescue my reckless weight-free lift-body is not a
 metaphor to move to sleeve oh would I one two
 three one two three

jillmagi is the author of *Threads*, a hybrid work of text and images forthcoming in 2006 from Futurepoem Books, and the chapbook *Cadastral Map*, published by Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs. Her work has also appeared in *The New Review of Literature*, *Aufgabe*, *Chain*, *Boog City*, *Pierogi Press*, *The Brooklyn Rail*, *Global City Review*, and *murmur* and is forthcoming in *Freehand*. Her visual work has been exhibited at The City College/City University of New York gallery, the 7th International Meeting of Visual Poetry, and the Brooklyn Working Artists Coalition group shows. Jill edits **Sona Books**, a community-based chapbook press with a corresponding web-zine. She teaches at The City College/CUNY Center for Worker Education, an interdisciplinary liberal arts degree program for working adults.

anneblonstein

from scroll

return each to her mother's house

écire son recire. or verbs for stroking. a sure
older than sure. splayed under the piano
admiring dandelions

stretching the cracks
and her unshoed toes run sad or rule the sea

as she balances wreathlessly. faithful to sadness
she cannot pausing at the threshold of faces
with automatic doors. salts sentiment. allotropes
for a nephew

washing with sand
to abrade shyness and

indefinite foreignness. she prescribes honey
for aches with responsibility — mix with lemon
for infections. a thought would unmask
perhaps squashed angels. watching with a nephew
her filling pencils with phosphorescent leads —
the flickering threads are a soul rune

or refiguration of the present. beige lace. wrapping
snowbright dreams. where she tangoes imperfectly
sears around the rule. hears unconvicted patterns
imperatively profuse bodies. pouncing
like nightcats. across a familiar isolation. as nuns
prepare pea cholent <in welches Werk bist du jetzt
vertieft?>

a night whispering. a true cold drumming. are and
routes lush? she catches a memory inflections
fractional responsency. she will knot chromosome
and sentence. fringe pores. exoduce and

intronerate. heart sure sound real. at fever's
 melody. poetry he wrote is natural. something
 unseeable singing. moss spores. in greek
 envelopes. shelter around a ruse. exstinctively
 addressed. has the crystallized violet seal
 an untrue order? she begins a cleanbeat <Death
 is prerequisite to the growth of grass> in summer
 they played in a hawthorn cave. or on atlantic
 beaches before the waves brought in
 tarred bladderwrack and consciousness
 the missing of a passing afternoon. (the broken
 gift.) they ate ice-creams. (the empty stick.) then
 they played table tennis. and summer passed
 and they returned to school. brother and sister. no
 uncles. the rhythm of the poem the tide
 before sunrise. understanding that tastes
 muddy <linguistic diversity should be taken
 as seriously as biodiversity>

like a blue probability. almost. when angels
 dived into mouths. they tuned their songs to
 the vintage bubbles. to reduction. to
 unapprehended measures. and what they sang
 reverberates in embryonic skulls. across
 leading articles and strawberries

happeningness hingèdness herbrewness
 whispered over a nephew's bones

a junction between edges. she pounces
 her imagination with pollen from pears. smoke-
 opaqued materials

pussyfoots among
 the fasnacht hens. while she watches for a walking
 relationship — a relationship aligned by
 microscopic divergences

his breath smuggles an audacity. beaten so thin
 but she cuts it up again. one piece she eats
 washed down with lemon wine. three she
 beats again. until they can fly like an unrequited
 question. because of the. ring: unbalanced
 experiments. almost. returning us through
 the beginning. in a soundless lightless explosion. or
 extraplosion. paused in a timeless surface
 the equations solved the sky shredded. the angels
 crash overloaded with deleted memories
 <Le poème est une diagonale qui raie le monde
 comme la syntaxe est la diagonale du poème>

O

imagine a box

made from murine smiles almost
 a yellow light stretched as the lining as soft as
 cooked rice it holds her sandals routes rue
 like a problem for a nephew spinning
 stops she hides a lrousse under the laws

now imagine the box can fly fueled by
 tryptic suggestions whenever uses fail it
 also brings three hairs of an answer green
 smoke an inheritent for fragments' sake
 stroked with milk from lupin seeds <Alterslos
 kann man als Mensch nicht werden>

<in welches Werk . . . > Rose Aüsländer: Der Flügelteppich; in: Gedichte 1977–1979

(Ges. Werke Bd. 5), 1985, S. 313

<Death is prerequisite . . . > Robert Duncan: Nor is the Past Pure; in: The Opening of the Field. New York, New Directions, 1973 (first published 1960), p. 43

<linguistic diversity should . . . > Samantha Ellis reviewing Mark Abley: Spoken Here: Travel among Threatened Languages. Guardian Weekly February 19–25 2004, p. 17

<Le poème est . . . > Paul Celan cited by Jean Daive: La Condition d'infini. 5. Sous la coupole. Paris, P.O.L., 1996, p. 154

<Alterslos kann man . . . > Sappho; cited by Herwig Maehler: Auch Sappho klagte über das Alter. Neues in einem jüngst publizierten Papyrustext. Neue Zürcher Zeitung Mittwoch, 1. Dezember 2004 ◊ Nr. 281, S. 44

unter der sonne

ephemeral grants. quiet in open rooms

and raindropped probabilities. a correspondent nell
 climacterically

at fainedness. knowing that one poem
 will not redeem past throws <Die Verantwortung für das Auslöschten
 eines Menschenlebens will im Grunde niemand übernehmen>
 ephemeral grades. quiet in open rooms. awkward as habit. adopted
 after a distance. quiet in open rooms them. into a flowerfall
 of absorbant yellow. but beyond as necessity. scripturally slow light
 to adapt after the distance <Il me reste d'être l'ombre parmi les ombres

d'être cent fois plus ombre que l'ombre

d'être l'ombre qui viendra et reviendra
 dans ta vie ensoleillée>

the acquisition

but before with necessarily. such appearances but irregularly. her
moistly

selective hands. with a mauved quality
this thought therefore comes. mitosing meiosing. proposing that
the pale yellow returns the pale yellow

and reciprocal probabilities to make a beedance about. her
mouldly. quiet implants open rooms. result to this moment. musked
marcescent. a way to. approaching only the means. to accomodate
a microtactics <Chacun sait que le jardinage n'est pas une science
exacte>

face replacement. converse intimate features. a voice held in a curious
beginning. fading roles. form the moment that her figure visibly (faults
and folds) around visibly figure her that moment the form. but between
the nodes. dreams inflated by photosynthesis. prior to any adventition
quotidian quantum conversations. leaves darkgreen with an inky
edge. membrane means. she approaches the paragraph
through citations cut as short as grass <Leur empreinte me suffit
pour croire qu'ils viennent seulement de refermer la porte>

if severely. quickened choices. positioned in positions. world of
melismas and mentalities

such weedy evolutions. and distributions. of
the movement carried on by continuing for

a resin of space. when this
family contains a spiral <Schon als Kind habe ich immer von
der Schweiz gehört — man hat mir das Land als neutrales
Paradies geschildert> a residue of time. this family contains a pyralysis
and contrasanguinity. quiet in open rooms. with cloud-filtered
stretches. in them the present drifts beyond the quiet to open rooms
<Zuerst sah das Paradies allerdings grau aus>

agapantha curled in sleep. thoughts circle through a cool old
afternoon. slowly through a vocabulary pruned to maintain its qualities
(pruning as the sensitive act). yleno has selected a variety with thorns
slightly hooked. this afternoon she found a canticle hesitating
around her heart <Ich kam in ein Asylantenheim — nach drei Monaten
durfte ich arbeiten> a rambling. seeing substance

contents with the colour of sneezes. and the garden
should have the benefit of visitors. stretching eyes. their noses
allocated too. world of aethers and allergies

and nell sending yleno a poem
dedicated to father hugo. who brought an early-flowering

chinese species to europe

*before the sturdy hybrids
have dreamt their crimsons
whites and
pinks
a yellow rose
perfumes the present
with fugitive harmonies*

the course of the slant of words and faces. different performances of intensity. considering consciousness nell had rubbed the diminishing elm soot into her own plasma. and raphed probabilities. thoughts wave through a new wet evening <La rime est cette rose épuisée qui s'affaisse>

O

and at times in changeably her going beyonding passage from lightless that can never reach black the shared torn between four eyes and not charmingly the scattered affinity to the period soft adjectives that claim the adjectival as their attribute

sometimes here and someplace now sometime and someplaces here composition decomposition put off the the lingering passage from darkless that can never reach white before the sense in going to disconcerts <....so perhaps eat afterwords??>

<Die Verantwortung für . . .> Programme notes to Nizhalkkuthu [Shadow Kill], dir. Adoor Gopalakrishnan. Stadtkino Basel, Mai 2004, S. 14

<Il me reste . . .> Robert Desnos cited by Jean Cayrol in: It était une fois Jean Cayrol. Paris, Seuil, 1982, p. 91

<Chacun sait que . . .> O. Sala: Guide des roses. Lausanne, Delachaux et Niestlé, 2000, p. 8

<Leur empreinte me . . .> Jean Cayrol, *ibid.*, p. 17

<Schon als Kind . . . durfte ich arbeiten> Aliou Koti: Ele miame. Basler Zeitung Montag 3. Mai 2004, Nr. 102, S. 23

<La rime est . . .> Jean Cayrol: A voix haute: poèmes. Paris, Seuil, 1990, p. 70

<....so perhaps eat . . .> e-mail from Mela Meierhans, Friday 30 April 2004

les oasis des pâtres s'endeuillent

über umgangsformen. "wringing out the shocked edges." its qualities of chimerism

nude tree on hold. its qualities of despite concreteness. "or with a lilac folding" : perfume of a self-trained perhaps

"not quite the imperfect chain." lovely the way that nurture resources. "the lovely foiling the real has an audience." raphed responses. breathing with dreaming the natural. possibly pitched participates. keeping the northern effort in frame

something remembered mistaken for a moth. the improvisational chain. they implement a luce phase. a poreality. practising the thoughts' rhythms. change or take away. wreath selves with hands. who wrote that an emotion could not preoccupy an experiment?

"austere and answering the incidental chain." practise the thought rhythms. a corporeality. crow notes as powerful as salts in sweat. what touches the ear. remanded in the body. at precisely this reception <den Ort geplündert und anschliessend einen Teil der Einwohner lebendigen Leibes verbrannt>

*(but) go. (but) go! (but) get out!
(but) go! get out! vanish.*

"our opening." difficult as farewell and welcoming. its qualities of concatenation

pointed as autumn pears. "because without sound a not haemorrhages." overwhelmingly a half tone flattened by wars. difficult as modewells and whetherings

"love with." the insidereal chain. read so to duplicate the song. reads resentiments. "read so rehearses a hidden movement." the poised after resting the words. their complex vows

"in what work are you abandoned?" distinctly simply intensing daily reality enters and mocks security. unpeel a metemphysical hate. "distinctly simply difficult to control intention." dark roles employed as measured surprise. enough that such ways imitation provides <der Konflikt könnte sich — ähnlich wie vor zehn Jahren die Gewaltwelle in Ruanda — zu einem Völkermord ausweiten">

counterpatterns conducted to style its qualities of chambered lightening for example. the infernalized chain. convected with a hunger ("scraping hours to speak of pleasure.") a part. for a diverged audience the terms radiate and <the international response is to wait and see what happens in a month's time>

(flatly:) go (resolutely:) go (sharper:) leave
go × raus = disappear

out of what story. some wild words prized from remote presences
 a matrix of after statements. remote notes pitched presently
 and floating from

recognition traditions our love : "thoroughly
 there." that transparent dark

the individual attempt. these endless phrases for. "melodies
 also magics occur as an option." "vibrating materials for results
 that suggest not smother their fumes." rocks represence. "drops
 another nevertheless for composure." their hands an approach to

the ear-touching tension. eat my unhale lipscape theme. "skill of
 some regret." the insolvent chain. "and drink a lager." "dynamic rests
 expanded and much is nothing gestating." they implement a pale cause
 here

"timed and sapphoed." a shine before fireworks. "to our meaning
 when." people in pain as difficult as other. scream. our moves
 sometimes roughly sometimes smoother. an understanding of theory
 a concentration on practice

or connects rather to an issue of situation paling as
 summer grasses we might particularly deliberate or really
 practising the thoughts reveal their rhythms practice that thought
 rhythms the introductory chain details remnants energies
 arousals migrations each desides our moves sometimes

a furthermore within the furthermore these endless fractures
 for removing with some kind of new face melt the unsympathetic
 phase the ice chain but the exact source of the line whispers
 at unobtained past our moves sometimes <Loss is always>

<den Ort geplündert . . . > jpk: Janjawid-Milizen in Darfur schwer belastet. Neue Zürcher
 Zeitung Donnerstag, 29. Juli 2004 ◊ Nr. 174, S. 2 ['sacked the place and finally burned some of
 the inhabitants alive']

<der Konflikt könnte . . . > Alexandra Zavis (summarizing Kofi Annan): «Sie töteten jeden, der
 schwarz ist» Basler Zeitung Samstag/Sonntag 24./25. Juli 2004, Nr. 171, S. 5 ['the conflict
 could — as with the wave of violence in Ruanda 10 years ago — develop into a genocide']

<the international response . . . > Guardian Weekly July 30–August 5 2004, p. 11

<Loss is always> Glyn Maxwell: Phaeton and the Chariot of the Sun; in: Michael Hofmann,
 James Lasdun (eds): After Ovid: New Metamorphoses. New York, Farrar, Straus and Giroux,
 1994, p. 75

Note:

Simon* hat sich auch einen Teller geholt. Er sitzt abseits von den anderen. Seine Augen sind trüb, sein Gesicht aufgedunsen, und gibt man ihm den Hand, hat man das Gefühl, gewellten Karton anzufassen. Simon kommt direkt aus dem Gefängnis. Fünf Tage war er drin. Bis ihn Basler Polizisten nach Aarau führen (der Aargau ist sein Ausschaffungskanton) und sagten: «Lass dich nie mehr blicken. Go go go!» Die Aarauer nahmen ihn rein und stellten ihn gleich wieder raus: «Geh doch zurück nach Basel. Go go go!» Simon kann nicht mehr. Will nicht mehr. Yvonne Schepperle dreht sich ein wenig zur Seite und sagt: «Er ist depressiv. Er muss zum Arzt.» Versichert sich die Asylsuchenden nicht, aber die Pfarrei kennt zwei Ärzte, welche die Leute ehrenamtlich betreuen. Ob sie Simon noch behandeln werden ist unsicher. Er will weg. Weg aus der Schweiz. In ein anderes Land. Er hat schon Kontakte geknüpft und will bald gehen. Sehr bald. «Ich will mich nicht einfach verstecken. Ich will weg. Einfach nur weg.»

* Namen geändert

From Philipp Loser: Abgetauchte Asylbewerber: Trostloses Leben in der Illegalität. Basler Zeitung, Dienstag, 27. Juli 2004, Nr. 173, S. 3

anne blonstein lives in Basel, Switzerland, where she earns a living as a freelance translator and editor. She has published two full-length books (*the blue pearl*, Salt Publishing, 2003; *worked on screen*, Poetry Salzburg, 2005) and three chapbooks (*sand.soda.lime*, Broken Boulder Press, 2002; *that those lips had language*, Plan B Press, 2005; *from eternity to personal pronoun*, Heliotrope Press, forthcoming). Further poems from *scroll* will appear in 'Shearsman' 67/68 in 2006. Poems from the sequence *correspondence with nobody* can be found online at 'How2', while a section from the sequence *dangerous skin* at 'The Argotist Online', where an interview will also soon appear.

christophecasmassima*from* **Sedici, Ulysses****iv**

oil, voyage, "Voglio e non vorrei", sausage,
boiled, "sunburst on the title page", one liver
one kidney, one lover's awl, glowered over,
soulsevered, "watching it flow sideways",
versed in wurst, vexed, reincarnation of rest,
never cursed, eggs, aglio e oglio, all honoring,
succumbing, "Voglio e non vorrei", one leg
of limb's wool, "dogsbody", gall of gravy's
womb, down the hallway, lamb of God, adieu,
a Dio con Dio, atomized incisors, scissors
misspelled, inside our, out, cut one bladder of
wombat, chew fissure, tissue, one ringworm
lightly fried, light gravy, tongue to taste,
Anglo-Saxon, waste not laxative, fixative,
"Voglio e non vorrei", festive endeavors,
exaltations, the bowels, transmigration fouled

v

alas, mosquito, hearsay glutton, “drooping nags of the hazard”, a mosque is built of the contrabass, verily “*He’s dead*”, alas, what his heathen sheep, with charity wrought, at long last, asleep in the slough, he is up there, to greet the dead, bah! ‘tis a neigh, neighborly sighs in the choir, “This is my body”, the blessing, unrehearsed, “Heresiarch”, he has searched for the letter, postmarked, reposed “massboy”, and researched in the sacrament, body missing from the text, two sluts, a dying horse, alas, host of the apocalypse, host of all hosts, “This is my body”, and blood, to brood over, take this, the sea’s private epicycles, take this, all of you, your sanctity, apothecary, all of you, with missive clarity, of you, and eat it

vi

inchoate, splayed tannins, yield of Achilles heel, Barabas damned, calves, astray, Dedalus nodding, Ithaca, “His fidus Achates”, hailed, rainslit white forms, “red face: grey now”, “an empty hearse”, flotsam gravy, his last florin halved, for having saved, her eyes, ending, horizon, now theirs, ours, the hours, passing, “*in paradisum*”, how dying restrained the dead, how one rains, deciding, coughing nails, unarmed, carrying on, with fingers grieving inquiry, throng, ad hominem, “On Dignam now”, resting voices, houses, amplified in their names, raining, rising solos, each rendered meter, sustaining each one grave, each sorrow, resisting all matters lost and fettered, bygones, by now, gone, displayed in the bones, Gorgons

vii

vii

“Adonai”, he pressed on, *“Ohio!”*, and so, it was over, *“white bowknots”*, I don’t know, he presented another, *“It is meet to be here”*, he paused, his mare bulging, a grass purge, *“He wants you for the pressgang”*, aloha, Gutenberg, *“Shema Israel Adonai Eloheinu”*, plausible thoughts, *“Long, short, and long”*, he plodded, *“A perfect cretic!”*, he spoke, *“spells finis for a man”*, he raised one finger, arranged images and made this suggestion, *“Your hat is a little crushed”*, but was inconsequential, his armature vanished, *“The telephone whirred”*, where by God is this telegram?, *“The divine afflatus”*, *“Hop and carry one”*, he divined, hopelessness, he broke into riddling, *“Ohio!”*, *“As he mostly sees double”*

christophecasmassima is the editor of *Ambit : Journal of Poetry and Poetics*, and proprietor, with his wife Sarah, of Furniture Press in Baltimore. [At this point you, my dear reader, are expecting further biographical notes and possibly a bibliography, as if to heighten your curiosity about further works I've produced. Be not slighted, O my precious readership, for I am giving you the keys to my caverns and my undivided attention:furniture_press@graffiti.net]

a m b e r n e l s o n

The Gravity

when you blame the passage of rocks,
the echo beyond which affords hard voice

the orchestra at the pier, the casual friendship that calls forth
the circle that ladders into being thought born, the coil
among dizzy crutches, the long falling

roused as love in the canneries
roused from the gardens tomatoes
and part, still, the parted thick where the core plays

the coda of pleasure, tooth after night fights down the defined
argument of motion, into or out of the wire of shimmering messages,

mirror to one city, fist to the other, lyric that holds forward
upon pieces of goldening.

thus I decline the reflection of dead; I have believed.
from the bedroom of your object temple formed, you worship
childish

toothpick mobile button wagon

all that precious junk
all those aimless signals.

Our Bodies Are

Open upon reservoirs, bolted oceans drilling into entry silhouettes, arced risks, elusive.
Ushering remains buried over dented impulses. Envisioning synchronicity. Axing restricted
elaborations. Reminding below our delays, inside equidistant snowflakes. Amorous rib, ensnared .

Biting order, drowning impression. Emerging, softening and revealing eloquence.
Offering doorways in exchange. Safe, altering rickety empires,
declining into, sloping asunder, revising entanglements.
Intrusion elicits, salvation arrives, rising essays
ecstasy. Sinking around rapture, enveloping
sound, arching ripple. Eluding

armor, resolving escape,

resounding, enticing,

embanking.

Human Voices

Hours unarm metal. Asylum: nuance versing outlets. Iambic capture, elliptical socket
unbound, mouthed anomie, now verity. O icebox cracking empires, steep
my answer, notch verbs on inflating carbine, endeavor such
awareness. Nuke vacant overtures in corpulent esquires. Solemnify
night vellum, oared inland, cringing. Expect stem

verging on injury. Cork enameled sorrow.
Oil idiosyncratic. Cinder east. Solve,
if crisp escalators sound
crisp. Envy synapse,
echo, sweeping
summit.

amber nelson currently lives in Seattle. She works three crappy njobs, spending what little free time she has writing and sleeping.

j e n n a c a r d i n a l e

from **Breaks**

What Happens Between Us Happens

in darkness, vanishes easy and quite
often— like each breath. Now the wind stops my
breath like a bandage and the thick searchlight
makes us look even brighter. So we sigh
and step outside our usual. But then
a crocodile of small stares opens to
swallow us. We hide inside them, the den
of our dissection. The black is bunched through
the room like a carnival of bats. Our
observer says a box becomes your own
once you open it. Like each little hour.
You've been pregnant a long time. How you've grown.

He looks at me then. His beard is a veil
that obscures him. This couldn't be my jail.

Asking After

Did an expectation stand up after
dinner on a street corner full of thin
air. Did I hear an attempt at laughter
or did we talk about the pony's win
last week. Was there surprise. Does he still sting
like a burn left over from lunch. Is it
after three. Do I sharpen the writing
implement with a dull knife. Did he fit
or fuck each want. Did he carefully eat
something red. Does an unmoving body
prove sincerity. Didn't one horse beat
another. Did we share a hot toddy

after the walk. Did we have a weakness
for breakables or maybe just meekness.

A Marriage

Fill a foreign instrument with some kind
of familiar music, she said of their
sex. She wanted him to trust her, to bind
her elbows tightly, to reach in and tear
her up. The thick crush of him held her up after
she fainted. The pornography
of keeping covered. In their first pre-nup
he'd promised to learn the geography
of her body. Now their love is old and
clogged by her wide jewelry and his constant
interrupting. She collects jars of sand
from wild shores. He likes to look resistant

to her hobbies, instructions. A frown fights
against his face. She likes it when he bites.

The Determined Formulation of a Vow

The teacher of the Marriage Body says,
Make yourself into the shape of a nut
cracker at Christmastime. Her name's Inez. She
has married many women. She cut
me from myself. I visited her once
each week before. I answered all of her
questions. Yes, my husband might be a dunce,
but I'll still bend forward, kneel and enter
like she's taught me. Change Please is nothing if
not a persistent request. You can do
it. I can. Tell me what you want. One whiff
of unscented sweat. An oversized shoe.

He still flirts with his eyes looking up at what's
above me. He's never called me fat.

jennacardinale's sonnets appear in recent or forthcoming issues of *42opus*, *Coconut*, *Court Green* and *Mudlark*. Her work in the sonnet form has been supported by a BRIO grant from the Bronx Council on the Arts. She lives in New York.

m a r i a n n e m o r r i s

Man Rag

Art
deserves better things than its imaginary
inhabitants.

*

she's
attractive
although

Here art paused.
Yes
art pointed

Would you prefer head

art said, with some heat.

*

art:

The emphasis on
rests on

traditional
-knit

square holes, and
the importance of
self-centred,
complex
impulses should not be thwarted.

I
was constantly nagged by busybodies like Georgia
to do something about
those

paintings
 in Italy
 a constant supply of heiresses
 make
 out
 and
 decline.
 MODERN
 art, depressed.

Am I
 beside the sun
 and in the depths of
 his face.

*

Cocooned in
 damp red fingers
 grimaced
 his mother

gah!

Why did you demand
 reluctance
 when
 the sublime self-
 was un re-
 cognisable,
 divided

*

You'll have to fend for yourself
 anyway
 with love and fury, and she
 went down the stairs.

Something she
 should know, having
 encased him
 eons ago.

*

A bat whistles

to evoke laughter.

*

your sister has
been confounded by

the Circus

and

the end.

it is
so

common to
count sheep;

*

We could

repair two
needs
if he blossoms

His

mother had taken
one of the governors
Underneath the flaky exterior and
it was
really a happy compromise

of

fucking

*

No was
the revving of
her

loneliness.

The new
 servant's
 back

 curving
 was
 an attractive sight;
 although
 expensive

*

A prodigy
 has

 to practise,

 remember.

 Here are some

 curious

 marks

They must be

 new ones

*

her
 dress,
 animated

 his
 engine
 on.
 Art still
 was his enemy.
 a golden
 head
 inspired a greater
 charge

 of
 vision.

He had
 succeeded in blocking

something he had once

known:

the

art of work.

from the Man Rag Poems

«± ±»

mariannemorris co-edits **BadPress** and is the author of: *Cocteau Turquoise Turning*.

l i s a j a r n o t

Right Poem

This is the best way to do things. This is the very best way to do things. This is the very best way to do things exactly right right now and these are the right people doing the right things and these are the right people doing the right things at the right time and these are the right people doing the right things at the right time in the right places and these are the right people doing the right things to the right thing in the right places that are exactly right and these exactly right people are doing their thing with is right and this is the right thing to do at the right time which is right now and right now everything is exactly right right

now where it is.

lisajarnot is the author of three full-length collections of poetry including *Black Dog Songs* from Flood Editions, 2003. She lives in Queens, New York and teaches in the creative writing program at Brooklyn College.

jennifer firestone

from **Flashes**

A light goes off a spark plug
Acting out.

Says:
Three shot shots to three men on Friday evening
Shot under umbrella of steel signage: CHANCE.

Says during garden-time hose slid over face emerging green wetting
everything.

*

Imagine tipping inside brain coming like a serpent to the royal pretend station
the dial beneath your thin finger pads
I'm walking this backwards let's start again operating by a pendulum that is
now see-sawed one way despite gravity.

Write everything you mean she confesses
but don't struggle with the last line because I don't know what's being said
but there is struggle like joining the museum line, warm air,
holiday people what's behind the white door.

*

Naked bodies stacked a twister game of sorts with young ones saying I don't
know
I don't know can't we say who's in charge place the charge, point. I don't know
flip a channel woman with treated hair in camouflage a beach setting possible
water creeping up a toe bellows in green to begin jumping jacks raise hands
high smack like sisters team reamed from some sky pocket or ocean burrow.

*

He defines marsh
I define
He defines fishing is what he likes
He definitely said his wife likes bird
watching.

We the people like a real kind of person talk.

*

The phone a vehicle attached to the hand says in a voice you didn't see
the screen
The Shepherd mauled the man.

Clue one
German Shephard, man
Blood on both.

And now this sets us back indefinitely I mean forget about it you better get in
your car and drive the middle American route that's all that you're invited to.

*

The want of beauty a flying thing that waits in the gauze of some tree limb and
then you got it, whamp. But now in a fist it's a thing, it's had, breath gives you
skin rash and redness. Is it for the thing or the desire. It's unclear what we all
want, yes.

*

Heading out tunes blared done in filming
Written word solidifies.

Image 2
Man on knees.

The prayer the mourn the sacrifice in one stoop.

*

You can't do your summer trips trapped in your sweaty city watch for light-
twinkling evenings watch from your panes.

Watch a lot of air collapse onto the screen museum noise color blurb I
want the human connection so I turned it on I turned on eleven o'clock week
nights can't connect with red liquid in the jar the black material asks for weight.

Kneeling.

*

It was only thunder reminding me of three shots bringing to windows thickly
hung with crimson silk drapes only then the hand tore one away and looked to
sky to straight ahead other windows where fizzing light to new table of
neighbor's wicker, and abundances of green, rained on green festering tangling
up the fences the heavy cat triggers its fall falling toward the plants that decided
to make it through time.

jenniferfirestone is the author of the chapbook, *snapshot*, published by Sona Books (June 2004). Her poems appear in *LUNGFULL!*, *Canwehaveourballback*, *Fourteen Hills*, *moria*, *BlazeVox*, *Poetry Salzburg Review* and others. She is currently editing a book in progress of epistolary dialogues between well known, contemporary poets called *Letters To Young Poets: Conversations about Poetics, Politics and Community*. Originally from San Francisco, Jennifer now lives in Brooklyn and teaches at Hunter College and Eugene Lang University (The New School For Liberal Arts).

l a r s p a l m

from on stealing lips

1

conscious fish fry.

web woven with a seamstress' skill.

from or to.

far wider.

courting.

more musings.

at long last.

moving the couch about.

synch with his finances.

but now.

2

for the unholy Grail.

growling.

qualified for erasure.

brought on by the sun.

that it must be done now.

of another play starring a frog.

she started laughing.

investigations came.

pondered alternate routes of action.

3

left for later.

comes.

birds fly, mostly upside down.

but fall short.

gick la bard con ears open.

first-aid kits.

may well be.

theft.

wondered at the wanderers.

4

you see it through glass.

& get amused at the result.

I tend to try verse.

coup-makers recuperate.

sides of things.

oceans & the like.

to strike up conversation with a bike.

5

less sheep drawing dogs.

is for those others.

the sun said so.

shakes the balcony.

of books or people.

set of values.

crux made for another biscuit. because

duplicate vacated.

is potential rhyme.

6

through you.

they took on other aliases.

in that sentence.

sense we are senseless.

behind some bush.

water on the cheek.

or what you may.

the school of fish saw their marbles drift.

twisted receiver.

water everywhere.

7

while she did.

a vengeance.

oratory crosses.

because they couldn't spell.

on the verge of being.

for what if not that.
they were heard.
they were also herded.

8

fit for lifting shops.
so thin & fragile.
they get by quite well.
move an angry inch to the left.
replaces nightlight.
for dropkicks.
soft you can only stare.
and yet, and yet.
he opted to get lost again.

11

drunken moose.
woven into a wall.
to someone or other.
sleep.
gets shot at.
for the sheriff.
I took off.
ain't gonna.

13

he stoppled to the ground.
that image.
house objected to being objectified.
organize.
turned to god & was surprised.
the past tension.
saved for lunch.
they sing another long ballad.

14

whatnot.
but – for – you.
left language.
is another issue.
claimed for his own.
when up close.
at stands on the beach.
night light seeps into your ears.

16

a poem was born of a child.
the nonetheless.
looks both ways before crossing the road.
they can be easily navigated.
who you are.

we went to get.
put into place.
heard & presumably tasted.
the trees the forest forgets.

17

parent procures a patent.
the top of the building.
then sparkles.
when then now.
plans are made next week.
on adrenaline.
from a deficit.
commuters.
surgeons surge.
above an armoured truck.

Source text:

Sheila E. Murphy *Sentences Finished on the Other's Lips* (www.fauxpress.com/e, 2000)

«± ±»

larspalm is the author of two forthcoming chapbooks; *on stealing lips* from Martian Press and *Houston* from Furniture Press. Some more poems can be found in *Rust Buckle*, *Ars Interpres*, and *canwehaveourballback?*. Sometimes he rambles at mischievoice.

gregory vincent st.thomasino

Whenning

in a now or in a not
each so

To resuppose or say.
seeing doubtful into once

and for.
And whenning.

once and ever so
and doubtful into say

to say or resuppose each so
and whenning

Labor Day

is for
and louder than our own

among and above all the steps
in order to

are needed, see
or

in that fashion
to part company

increased and further drawn
to give,

and say no more
drawn,

or cannot go
to let or do or say

are ramp
and see and at an end

a fold or band
the tuft and wear

«± ±»

gregoryvincentstthomasino lives in New York City where he edits the online journal, **eratio postmodern poetry**. His poetry and prose have appeared online at **The Argotist Online**, **Nthposition**, **Shampoo**, **Typo**, **In Posse Review** and at **Softblow** and in print in **Barrow Street**, **jubilat**, **The Germ** and in **Xcp: Cross-Cultural Poetics**.

s b u r g e s s

w i l l i a m g a l l i e n

Extraction Drills Begin

1.

The caravan lazes with surgical sheers.
We implement moments. Artifice.

2.

Our wives laze with surgical sheers.
We implement moments of hunger,
the artifice, our crumbling edifice.

3.

Sure, wives & sheers, but we're hungry.
Momentarily, the implements of artifice
will crumble. Our edifice will commit
sabotage. This coiled wanting. Here.

4.

Sure. Our wives laze with surgical sheers.
But we're hungry.
In moments, the implements of artifice will crumble.
Our edifice will commit to coiled wanting,
here, in the sharp gleam of polished cutlery,

5.

Sure. The caravan commits. We wait.
Our wives are hungry. They coil and want. Polish
cutlery. We're sharp in moments. A gleam
beneath the edifice.
Artificial. But here.
Rifted. Exposed. Divided in drawers.

6.

The caravan commits and we wait.
Our wives are hungry. They coil with want. Sharp
moments gleam behind edificial porticoes. Families
huddle, their children writhe
in the shadows of this portentous edifice.
Here, rifts exposed, gods divided into drawers, we'll
shoot if we have to.

7.

Yes. We'll shoot if we have to. If
the wives hunger & want. If the
porticoes crumble. If gods divide
in drawers. Families can writhe & rift.
Sharpen children in the coils of this edificial huddle.
We must shadow the caravan.
Develop portents from simple signs:
a tire, an axle, the exposed machine.

8.

We'll shadow the caravan.
Develop portents from simple signs:
a tire, an axle, the exposed machine.
Our wives hunger and want. Our gods,
divided in drawers, sharpen children at the
porticoes. We'll not let our families writhe
in the coils of this edificial huddle.
We'll shoot you if we have to.

9.

We sharpen the coils. Expose
the machine. The caravan spawns children. Axels
between drawers. Our gods
tire. Huddle beneath shots. Wive themselves on
shadowy porticoes. Beyond the
edifice. Beyond this hunger. We are momentary.
We commit.

10.

The machine spawns duplicates.
We commit in moments, shots
from the shadows, gods in exposition.
We huddle in the portico, beyond
edification, beyond hunger, waiting it out.
The Purification and The Progeny.

11.

Yes. Purify the exposition. Purify
the portico. Duplicate this spawning
machine. Behind the edifice,
a hunger for movement. Moments later,
a commotion of progeny.

12.

Behind this edifice, the machine hungers. Behind
this movement: a calculated moment. Expose
duplicates to commotion. Watch for extrapolation,
extraction. Are they obsolete. Or absolved.

13.

No more teeth, but the extraction begins. Don't
absolve the orthodontist. Her calculated edifice. Her
duplicate obsessions. Her drill, now obsolete.

14.

Extraction drills begin before dawn. Arm to the teeth.
Calculate. Expose the obsolete. Absolve no obsessions.

s. burgess' work has appeared in *Heterophylla* and *Slightly West*.

william gallien's work has appeared in *Versal* and *On Uneven Ground* and is forthcoming in *Snow Monkey*, *Pontoon* and *Slightly West*. He sells plastic boxes and organizes bedroom closets to support his unrewarding writing habit.

p e t e r j a y s h i p p y

from Alphaville

43

When xassafrased
young zimmerwaldians

zoutch yeasty xeres
we vaqueros

unbridle the steeds.
Realpolitik quidnunc posses

only needle
maternity lounge karaoke jacuzzi infants.

Homebodies
google for

ebony doors,
concealing

bald
amphigorians.

44

Among blue
carnations

dandelions
edge first, growing

heavenward
in jest, keeping

leopard moths
nosing,

on
polder quillets.

Rose squirrels
tut

under vairish
weeds.

45

Xaviera yatters, zeugmas
zephyring, yexing

xyresic words, verbs,
utterings. That's so

redolent, Quentin purrs, oléing,
no man's land keeps

junkyards interesting.
Harry's grave face

eyes dinner—char
breton, appolonaire—

assassin bugs
clicks, divining

entropy from gunboat
hocus-pocus.

«± ±»

peterjayshippy is the author of THIEVES' LATIN (University of Iowa Press). He teaches at Emerson College and lives in Jamaica Plain, MA Other Alphaville poems have appeared in Aught, Tarpaulin Sky Opus eratiopostmodernpoetry&.wordforword. Check out his book [here](#):

brucecovey

*from **Reveal****

Reveal: Precipitation

Rain: Are you willing to take the risk?
Sleet: The vertical line in the center of the diagram
Snow: Or perhaps you'd like to try your hand at
Hail: Punching the core—How bad can it get?
Freezing Rain: Most commonly found in a narrow band

Reveal: Nuts

Wal: Sunbeam electric throw denim prairie
Pecan: As you've heard it said
Pea: We offer members advice on all matters
Coco: Shrewd, chic, and on the cutting edge
Macadamia: Some are smooth, but others are pebbled
Brazil: Distribution remains a pressing problem
Pine: Once upon a time, in 1989
Cashew: Fresh from the Yukon, furry muck and other
Almond: Science continues to learn more
Pistachio: Of broccoli or spinach?

Reveal: Order

Doric: Voltage and current strain gauge measurement test bench
Ionic: Selects the red spider for its infrastructure
Corinthian: An increase of 55% over the prior year
Composite: Compared to traditional autoclave curing
Tuscan: Sexual content and language

* I created the various parts of "Reveal," now a book-length sequence, using the "I'm Feeling Lucky" feature of google.com. A search on each line's keyword revealed a website, and I used different methodologies for each poem to select the corresponding "found text."

Uncertainties

Is Hart Crane a style of kung fu?
 Does water always circle clockwise?
 Is there anything to dread in Albuquerque?
 Is it time to smell your city hair?
 What if, for a day, no one catches any lobsters?
 If you're full of intent, do you have room for
 dessert? Can you put a side dish in the center of the
 table? Are wooden nickels worth anything to a
 collector? If a turtle runs quickly, is it still a turtle?
 How do you spare a 7-10 split?
 Does anyone die in the funny papers?
 Is "Speed Limit 60" your sign?
 If I'm in the nude, can someone address me? Where
 do bats fly for the winter?
 What number does a stitch in space save?
 Are there any leftovers?
 Yellow? Purple? Blue? Orange?
 Whose velocity is this?
 Do any bakers count correctly?
 How many teeth will it take to fill up this mouth?
 Does Peter Piper pack pepper spray?
 When will all the faucets stop dripping?

Skin

As the cement presses back against the air,
 Its pores inflate of minerals and clarity.

As the skin moves through space, a bag
 Full of blood, it scrapes against the atmosphere

Leading almost to kittens
 The ones that survive the hot summer

& bake into the sub-strata, the basket
 Skin of the cantaloupe embracing its flesh

& desire to make love to a God
 To see if she has a denouement

A fascination with sleeves & cuffs
 & other sparkling & superfluous

Elapsing Speedway Organism

Revolved to require to reverse, hip at the apex of triangle

All web to funnel, to spin around & under circumference To
advocate the many that drop, pennies fluttering through oil

& wet behind the ears, green. Meant stripes as favor Curved
at the top & lips. All the skins peel with it,

Sheets & sheets of mail drawn between nails
& all the characters therein, leaving only subtext
Rebar & organ, shadow intention. Sliding then your finger

Between them to create artificial distinctions
Where each now thirsts for other, water 2 water &
Vessel 2 vessel, pattern only dangling ones

From line by loop & hook, trying to herd you there
To juicier grass, to release & let screw momentum

Carry you into the future, where cement just ooze
& outline the single spot in the middle, the one that
all animals jingle around ride them

Flavors

1.
As tambourine vibrates its little cymbals
& crashes like dragon to the lemon floor
You can calculate pi by eyeballing circumference
Of marble, parallels finally kissing upon horizons

2.
Thing without holes attempts to reabsorb Bowling
pin tacking the melon walls &
Topple unprecedented angle, protract carpet

3.
As buttercup blasts its grabby opposition
Angel torches driftwood & seeds watermelon
Where daisy selfishly unveils
Each stringed banana of sunlight

brucecovey is Adjunct Professor of Creative Writing at Emory University and author of three collections of poetry—*The Greek Gods as Telephone Wires*, and the forthcoming *Ten Pins, Ten Frames* (Fall 2005), and *Glass Is Really a Liquid* (Fall 2006)—all from Front Room Publishers. His recent work also appears or is forthcoming in *26, Bombay Gin, Jacket, Explosive Magazine, Pool, CrossConnect, No Tell Motel, The Hat, 88, Boog City, Traverse, Cranky, GutCult, MiPoesias, La Petite Zine, Shampoo*, and other journals. He is editor of the web-based poetry magazine *Coconut*.

j o h n o l s o n

Prose Sonata In G-Flat

Music is a dimension of memory and mode. The notion that certain effects of music are so much like feelings that we mistake them for flashlights is illuminating. Imagine enamel. Impersonate yeast. Music baked in solitude appeases the pain of romance. It awakens the soul. It is a raft of sound floating in the air like a fact cracked into pine.

Music articulates the forms that language cannot set forth, like slowly getting into a hot bath, or feeling the current of a river pull against your legs.

Music is an essence of scale. It is a graduation of treasures beyond the world.

Music is the water lapping the sand of foreign shores, chromatic tones touching the ivory of incorporeal dominions. Blocks of sound gliding up and down. Hammers pounding pandemonium on string.

Words scar the air like a reptile immersed in Mozart. Skin heaving tongues of wet trembling sound.

A piece of music can embody a feeling a debut of doubt a triumph of will a man sitting at a table pondering a fragrance.

Space hemorrhaging thunder. Snow somersaulting in a glass wound. Shakespeare crackling with sonnets. Being and nothingness mingled in dots.

Music is made by instruments, oboes, pianos, violins, and clarinets. The world of sound is constructed with percussion and tone, melody and bone. Thelonius Monk leaning into a keyboard to draw sounds out of rosewood and contiguity.

The native hue of resolution is immaterial. Perceptions render the world accessible to thought. Top hats and chandeliers. Jets and blackberries. The savor of fugitive phenomena. The play of fingers on a keyboard. A nuance percolating through stone. A cobweb floating in a borderland between keys.

The shadows between notes widen with undulation. The lights and shadows between notes trace implications of a space haunted by portent and otherworldly phenomena. The cold edge of the abyss. Impressionist paintings on the walls. Meaning is thick when it spills an emotion. Piccolos, pianos, drums. Violins creating elusive effects. In such instances we are being led by the ears towards a knowledge of the human heart. Ermine and art. Energy and stars.

The play of lights and shadows deepen a consonant twisted to sound like quartz. A watercolor fantasia welcomes the interval of a perfect fifth. There is no single emotion that cannot be splattered with flutes.

The life of a pin or a mood rippling with vespers deepens the hyacinths reflected on the surface of a pond. The pop and crackle of a fire in a stone hearth walks the walls between notes. Saturn's rings provides the raw material

of sound pulse of an inner spirit not one but many human emotions harps and the human voice ribs, blood, heart, spleen, bladder, bones, muscles, circulation light prismatically broken into separate colors those quiet browns in a painting by Rembrandt art is not a material place but a non-place stars trembled by the handshake of gravity a veiled blending of hues a sound sliding down a closet door.

Music comes from the body the blaze of white in new fallen snow daylight nailed to a nerve circumnavigation of the tonal globe in an invisible realm. A G-flat descending to F elucidates a photograph of deer. Evanescent harmonies breathe a blend of emotions into an otherworldly domain vapor dangled in knots flutes and clarinets in the dark lower register. A box of laundry detergent vivified at noon by a ray of sunlight.

Humanism means headlights, the crucial ingredients of a conviction. There is a music for that, too, and it comes from the din of traffic, cantatas of gas and combustion.

But there are worlds not so immediate as ours. Not so decisive as a sidewalk. A school of smelt just below the surface of the sound of a sound surrenders the invisible made visible to the ears gravity and ointment violins in their lustrous upper range a railroad redeemed by melody the give in a trampoline a thesis of light in search of a prism a sonata crowded with meaning the heart teeming with feeling.

A music born of words is like an earthquake folded into a harp a raw tone of nervous beauty copper pipes zinc counters a stretch of air ribboned with larks the muscle of proposition lifting a volume of tints and crickets. Characters in Proust are unzipped by music a cymbal brushed with drumsticks arouses the smell of popcorn in a movie theatre busy words huddled in ink shapes shells columns vaults a gladiator entering the ring embossed wings on a Roman shield.

A realism consistent with horses gravity described by carrots might be twisted into winter. Thus music has fulfilled its mission whenever the voice pours out of the head in gleaming overtures of pitch and portulaca.

The writer as musician the painter as a phantom amid a uniform gray a shape taking form in the light the diffusion of tints in the cream of clarinets. The baroque organ had a transparent tone that was oftentimes absorbed in angora. Preludes, nocturnes, arabesques. Feelings are genuine it is words that sometimes fail us. The biography of a crowbar explains the failure of the human face to topple the tyranny of the eyebrow.

Pain is a tool. We can use it to make contrast, history, heaviness and sauerkraut. The creaking floor of a tool shed a rubber tongue bouncing an alphabet of bees.

A bright silver tone captures the feeling of hindsight, the mathematics of apology aching with moonlight. A leaning toward an intimate lyricism that evokes worn leather wallets and faucets, a steam radiator in an old hotel. A closet crowded with ghosts. The disorganization of vision. Down is up upside down.

A truck parked by a diner in Oregon grips the residue of experience and gives it the tender, subtle, intimate expression of grease and oil, the mysteries of diesel and the music of gears. Insects attracted by sugar. Slammed screen doors. An ambient western charm that has allowed room for so many personalities that life assumes the calm reflections of an idle digression, an oar in the water dragging behind the stern of a small boat. Aberration in all its forms. Strange, unexpected radio stations picked up late at night while on the road. Clouds scudding past the moon. Static. Headlights. Outburst. And then, finally, that piece of music you have waited your entire life for, its sounds are

so alluring, so familiar, yet so unfamiliar, haunting and glad.

Words are tintured with music so that we may give titles to fables, haze on West Virginia hills, the curl of leaves and flowers, a bell tinkling on a gate. A world of dream and enchantments, fountains in fonts, the clatter of tools in a toolbox.

Space is the music of volume, a man holding a detour sign by a road crew. All around us are invisible chambers, consonant chords overlaid with dissonant intervals. A chair moved closer to a window. People in skins and helmets. Trout swimming under a branch of cedar.

Tone combinations are French as bread, gardens in the rain, circumference jangly with bells. There results a fluid scale pattern large as all life, the clash of overtones on a piece of cardboard someone has used to paint a room multiple colors, the paint dripping and dribbling with random inevitability, like the black in Pollock's Sea Change igniting the reds and silvers, little daubs of blue, like the rumble of a dryer accented with the occasional clicks of metal snaps and the clatter of commingled zippers.

It's like that. Always like that. A music not quite squeezed into the words. So that it cries for a sunrise. Rhetoric erratic as a bat.

Eternity Is Mostly Peas

A Rembrandt crock refrigerated in carnations is like a piece of thunder, a rumbling tenderloin of air, of which the jackknife is such a splendid example. Because no assignment of meaning is conventional, the aforementioned crock is a crock of chalk, subtle, complex, protean, just like the jackknife, but robust, round, and moderate to livid red.

It is tempting to elaborate, but prudence cautions against too much caramel and quizzical propinquity. Too many similes spoiled the spacecraft.

The rain is balanced in two respects: topcoats and badgers. Wilderness and topaz. This is why we prefer to baste our philosophy in ruins.

Pork is a career. The very word in my mouth is a document of meat teeming with meaning.

Imagine life as an usher in a movie theatre. The twilight of a fine career. Ushers are a dying breed, like poets. One hardly sees them anymore. Except in the lobby, taking tickets.

Better to be on a catamaran on the open sea hugging reality like foam. Clam chowder in a bowl of onyx will lead to entertaining orthorhombic ideals, words toiling to describe a nomination, an acre of door in a Galaxy convertible, a heart full of nouns warming experience with blood and privacy.

A voice in the corner argues detour as the biography of a narcotic takes shape, proposing a landscape of geysers and foghorns. Width has much to do with length. As does walking. Walking anywhere. Walking home. Walking away from home. Walking to the store. Walking around in circles. Walking around Milwaukee. Dangling a yoyo. Laughing out loud.

My legs are my current residence. I like to put my guts in orbit. I am the Neil Armstrong of walking. I am the gutta-percha of guts. I like Whitman,

corn on the cob, and electrical insulation. I sing the body electric. I am Pink Floyd in the shower. I believe in the importance of being amphibian.

Exult in your hand. A hand is an example of personality, like eggs.

My memory of Spain, on the other hand, churns with aggression. I put flivvers together to make it happen. Make it roll, like little white pills. Gambling, grease, almonds, flannel shirts and smooth brown foreheads. The smell of burning candles. Beads slipping through the hands.

I never feel the same from day to day and this is because of mountains. This is because biology is beautiful and huge. Prone to the languor of absorption. Some people spend all their lives trying to make a new feeling. For some people a feeling is everything and for others it is just a suitcase or occasional sulk or silk or supplement to thought which is a thickening of feeling the brain where it is refined and stirred or sublimated into jokes.

Did you know your nipples are omelettes? The horse was just an idea. Hence, muscle and bone. The taste of sorrow in a fold of Muddy Waters. Reflections juggled by nouns. Keith Richards smiling at the residue of meaning in a vibrated string.

Love your brain. It's the only allegory you have that succeeds at cocooning pulchritude. Hence, paperweights are generally glass. Gut instincts authenticate eternity. Energy inspires baggage. It is all England, all guns and ideas.

Tremble in play. Tingle with brass.

One day, while riding around in a glass jeep, Arthur Rimbaud found a carrot of flabby asterisks. He took a bite and discovered Etruria. A warm emotion splendid with arteries. The hulk and hue of meaning in a fold of sumac.

It has often been said that fate is a fat mysterious throb called lingering. This is why is it always feels good to get up and leave. You don't look for excuses, you just do it, just get up and walk out. You fold your head into a lily and ooze abstraction. Squeeze topaz. Spit chrome. Chew coal. Bare your nipples during the hula.

Seeing is seeing. Seeing is breezy and energetic. Seeing is occasionally cork. Seeing is cemented in necks. Seeing is brick. Seeing is a cello made of beef. Seeing is a cow made of pearls.

I am saying all that I am feeling I am saying that I am feeling all that I am feeling. I am feeling astronomical. Delinquent and humid.

Humid you. Humid me. What is in you? What is in me? It is exciting to be proceeding and to hurry into hypothesis.

Rawhide is the sine qua non of toothpick helium. He who drives the jeep has an eyeball which bites the alley to energetic worlds. A beach cow the sword reflects. Chronic crucial flap dot.

Don't worry about growing a beard. Beards inspire existence. Excitement, carnivals, and rope. A jeep that broods in its metal like science.

The ideal muscle heaves with gravity, a large black knot lingering in algebra. It is too soon to stretch the abstraction of obstacle into full arousal. Suffice it to say that the logic of muscle is capable of conveying a meaning when the lib is surrounding Muddy Waters is a credit to the credibility of weight. This causes singing and generosity. A being in the world that is aggregate and gallant.

Power tools are Aristotelian. A saw bites wood a tense bites time. A language so the table at it gets ocher. A Sunday by the ocean all toe and cloud. A pair of binoculars twisting space into fonts. An iguana hemorrhaging thunder. Wet skin in a room of leaves. The funny luster of passion as you freeze a moment in snapshots.

We live in a Congo of thread playing to the jam of our identity. A tattoo personalizes the refraction of need. People crawl out of themselves in stories. Tendrils of sound make it hair. Inflamed and sudden like a window.

Let the show begin. An extraordinary haze falls over fairyland. It is a smile trilled in a bowl of ammonia. It is a sunfish shiny as a jukebox. It is buxom as a balloon in a bayou. It is invisible as the trigonometry of tea. It is a matter of energy, Spinoza spinning in plywood, quack quack.

This is the real beginning of wood, a tall-masted ship anchored in a bay of nebular apparitions. As soon as sensations function as sails, the ship moves, and the surrounding world explodes into water, bulwark and tin, pictures patterns textures, thickness and age, actors on a stage, foam of a wake, fire and rain, understanding a stern, regarding a deck, the crack of canvas at daybreak. Knowing something is charming. Knowing a knot is charming. The particular is charming. Particular and dear. Particular and trembling. Particular like mathematics. Particular like two plus two is ageless. Particular like one plus one is clean and daisy. Naturally, it is tempting to try to peek behind this veil. Writing is quick to make it hair. Homogeneous and isotropic but not static. Meaning eyebrows. Meaning nuance. Meaning the reality of anything is as variegated as the wrinkles and hues of someone's skin. Meaning speaking. Meaning spoken. Meaning conviction and barrel and bowsprit. Meaning age. Meaning air. Meaning spit. Meaning fore and aft. Molt and molten. All the facts available to us. Every little bit and particle. Trace, touch, hint, trifle, tinge.

What is missing is percale and what is recent is cotton. Death is larger than retail. It is something to have a feeling inside one's body and not know what it is. Which makes it fascinating and strange and something to put into words. Stencils warts jaguars. Theories nods airports. Robberies rockets bees. Anything is something. A color is something and a snack is something. Chafing is natural and alive. The difference in weight between a thought and a dream. The way wind makes itself apparent in tinfoil. So that it becomes necessary to float a utopia into someone's mind.

One feels a library is a possible solution to Sunday.
Eternity is mostly peas.

johnolson is the author of four collections of prose poems: *Oxbow Kazoo* (First Intensity, 2005), *Free Stream Velocity* (2003), *Eggs & Mirrors* (Wood Works, 1999), and *Logo Lagoon* (Paper Brain, 1999). Last October Olson received *The Stranger's 2nd Annual Genius Award*. Read an interview with Olson at the Jack Straw Writers' Program, listen to him read [here](#).

b o b m a r c a c c i

G Whiz

effigy
 regular and noggy
 grommet regurgitant
 gargle
 gangly grimoire engager
 among the straggly-ended
 glib and gibbet giblets
 grok
 glossolalia

 gobstuck and raggedy and-y
 and repugnant dogleg
 at the hog of the g-spot
 grinning and bearing grit
 goody gumdrop triggering
 promulgation program and grim
 pogrom

 grope
 shooting the gif and gism
 of big G organism
 great goggled ogler and bugle bungler
 grumbling boggle and bunjee germinator
 coagulating Gershwin and erstwhile
 agitation
 gyrations and greed-ingrater godless cog
 in the bob-gonzo grease and gills
 of star-spangled grammar

no-frills purge wills the grove

groaning longer long ago go-go
 in a galaxy far far agape
 a young toggler gurgled in the gene pool
 drool in the grueling dregs
 niggling for his soggy apogee on the log

I and I

idiot little bugger
 superfly most high and my my my
 i want it

cubing the two b itinerary of bob
 i'm your service
 at making a trinity of myself my highness
 you b who we b like
 two b
 i wore to the ball
 a bib for the infectious feast
 not a bust
 iconoclast chrysalis on ice
 a cry in the nice rastafari
 clasping isotope in the low gripe of ides
 feeling wild and skyward in the lye
 libelously blinding
 reeling myopic π
 a number nigh my own
 eye-hole in the dire circus
 three-ringed iteration
 binary bicycle in this crystal crisis
 no butterfly strike
 pedaling toward Isis
 the perfect highway of misdirection and mild diarrhea
 a unifying eye-lid
 we look for

Jaywalk

 dameless jade
 in the true gay sensate
 of mulberry jerry this jam
 a jumbled musical jab
 badgering frank frisk in a just jiffy
 with spiffy matching towels
 jiggers of jack d. and jim b.
 jealously jest or jet set
 randy jalopy rollicking penury
 jugular juggler in the juniper swoon of bloopers
 jerrymanderer in a jurisprudent circlejerk
 let me jog your memory
 junior
 blue-jay platter in a birdy jazz
 marking the jot and plotting
 jason argonaut the sonic voice
 in the absence absinthe

 a hung jury
 jonesing
 injurious jeer
 month of summons
 pumping my homo mojo and pin-cushion jujube
 in the furious jolly ranch ajar
 jailing joint and on point
 joy etude

join me jude
 froggy in the leap high jungle funk
 my juicy little junebug
 when i say jump
 flash badass jack with a hump in it
 before he starts in with those banjo jackanapes again
 jesus

K Ode

know well this crock that is crooked
 this stink in your sink
 your knucklehead ilk in the silkless bilk of fickle tricksters
 coddling wunderkind
 hickory dickory dock codex

KO dependent
 in a kleptic fissure
 OK cadence

knock yourself out time-killer

sometimes silencer psyche
 sporting kobold demarcations in a king syndrome
 whack in a supermack cape
 fagging-out with Kool Menthol
 knighting the kale principles in this capitulation kick
 captain cock-a-doodle-doo
 a broken hero decayed
 the mouse ran up the clock
 demarcate historic crazes
 keying decades long fakers in a cakewalk
 case by case in time's crinkle
 the clock struck one
 winning award kryptonite and top-flight spunk

cuckoo flak squandering luxury clack
 basket clandestine picnic bickerer
 in triplicate
 the mouse ran down
 if i had a nickel for every cornhusk in the wallow tallow and tuck
 of bumfuck wicket lackeys
 barring bifurcation exaggeration
 and cagey kerosene kitsch
 my kind cuckold in this clutch
 of ruckus and tumble chunk
 clunks and hunkers up as it likes
 hickory dickory dock

bobmarcacci is a San Francisco State University graduate and native Californian living and writing in Beijing, China, his poems have appeared in many print and electronic publications around the world. Recent work of mine has appeared in Ghoti, Poems Niedergasse and Tin Lustre Mobile.

c h r i s p u s a t e r i

Deadline for Entries

Ten exercises in style you must learn how to ride
Threads of drool, a type of flavored ice
A haircut will cure some of what errs
Bald as a Cyrillic coconut
Overgrown as a syphilitic lesion
That's the danger with second natures—they're always looking to
get promoted
There are certain dead actors who remind us of Tuesday
His odor remains long after he dissipates: e pluribus unum
From this sainted phrase comes the taint of slavery: e pluribus
unum
For all debts public and private
Sometimes you must turn away from your likeness
The size of intimacy is shrinking
Burgess Meredith croaks, 'I really tied one on'
Then you notice it's midnight, Tuesday

The Port of Seattle

Teetering free of grating vanes
Fall hand-sized flakes of rust

The signal yet unsounded
Nestled in bright life vests

The rigging sprinkled with rot
A nautical sign for rest

Better now than never
Better never say

None of your physics persist
For long, none

Of your bromides cut
The air where

Once our lichen bloomed
The sea where

Twice the riptide blitzed
The sand where

Once a drifting splinter lay
Guttered, culled & grey

Two long, one short:
A warning unrequited.

The Blog Within

Should you feel, as each of us does,
If we live long enough we'll
Be something to some
But everything to none
I'd say that's a pretty good guess

A unique—if
We agree to
Call it that—
Proposition:
If it *looks*
Like something
Congenital
()

Voice vote
Chokes blokes,
Link the
Underground
Line

Monty
Sought
But yet
Undone

The price of
Explication
Is
Animal
Magnetism

As we
Sacrifice
One

If
Desire

Is
Blind

chris pusateri's poems and reviews were or will be published in *Boston Review*, *Chicago Review*, *Jacket*, *The Poker* and others. In addition, he is the author of *Berserker Alphabetics* (xPressed, 2003) and the chapbook *VI Fictions* (Gong, 2005). Educated in Jamaica and the United States, he lives in Lafayette, Colorado.

linear (tinnier to the ear [hearer] as soap to water

but can't
make him
drink
think
sink

spurred (textually)
by pathos indifferent to images: a deepened bluer

on every shelf in Publix Market

ordinary
flakes

according to Suddenly-Stein (minstrel of truth)

her langua
ge (h-o-m-m-
a-g-e) reminds
me: I writ
e w/ my e
yes

III.)

invariable
in various
rubble

Life says: a goal is a gaol

of ordinary flakes

to retire from

to puddle
is
too poodle

I think I can write. If Coolidge means) anything I want.

But I want I am.

But I want (is an echo

IV.)

“Naturally, Herr Doctor, I’ve come to fool (pool side once more)

mon ami

is my aim

to become ardent once more

& blunt
& stunted
a runt
punted
a hunted
adjunct

w/ close friends surrounding me.”

My focus diverted,

I splayed streaming info like the

gecko remained

suffered

syllabic vertigo of echolalia

(the echo remained
in fumbled (fumbling?)
texts (of Stein’s)
like a dimmed bulb

a metaphor
or an orchid?

latent
until

the echo remained

dimmed & dimmed

& “dimmed” remained)

V.)

religiously
suspiciously

a cockatoo of “cockroach’s” near homonym / homophone nearly

and cockroaches waddled six-legged across beige

walls
stalls falls off
and scampers
free

walls, needled

arrows of plot points

needled
needless

a vast span of true doldrums

photo op on the screen
porch out back

a quiver of sol to read

on the screen
porch out back

in comfort
in dump truck

to read the echo,

breed be read, toward redder

multiple red

the voices are plain
plainer

as daylight

here / hear in Vero Beach

Vero Beach
hero search

all flourishing like all over bougainvillea

beside the ovens
all over

(echo of beside the
bougainvillea next to
Eckerd's Drugstore
In Druid Hills where
Magnolia St.
intersects
the four lane
& paladins of the
asterisks in blossom

VI.)

full-witted
hull-fitted
dull-cipher
dulcimer

(Lb / LP: flip the echo of "lip"
lipped like a kiss)

VII.)

Federico Garcia Lorca is on sale today!

they're

there
their

his wares are not where's but a thought is a rose is a fiat

the golden is a turret of SUPER-SUPERMENin fields
by the Gulf Stream waters

of the local National Guard (en gardez!): ensemble

is to tremble
hiss two trombone
his troop assembled
it's new flame bull

old cars are a turret out of which is written flamingos

estranged by etchings

a sail of flamenco

each etching a sail

trimmed a flap flap of white canvas out

on Gulf waters metaphors a flap (echo of sail /

flamenco of scale / squall of flamingo & dimmed bulb

remained)

VIII.)

& in the middle is the echo

peach skin & luminous perches

(purchase?) &gecko

per chance to dream.

IX.)

Our library's on computer now.

Four is only glory's intellect in bed with echolalia:

story
bored
outdoors
gory
implored

the list continues to continues to continues to
and echo and echo and echo and echo and echo
loops continuous as loops continuous as loops
sloop after sloop after sloop after sloop
aberrant in wet manuscript in wet manuscript
never to be read never by reading or as reading

& yet in
the Inter-
state's
shadow

five
live
give

a shamble
of I amble

X.)

we vote to loosen
the echo's
embrace

five I was large
six I was larger than then
seven I was then larger than a crowd
eight I was multiple
nine I contained multiple persons

XI.)

we voted to loosen the echo of I
and steady
of sure things a mode that's true
poised upon coquina perches
from St. Augustine
from sane august scenes
through echoes in she / her even and odd

XII.)

The stucco-walled, tract homes so still and pastel as writing supposes.
And the echoes (never silent) echo our living with tales.
And "mete" is the meat of meeting oblivion head-on in the night.
And "echo" has its echo mistaken at first glance.

raymond farr lives in Ocala, FL. His work appears online at Aught, BlazeVox2k3 & 2k4, Milk, Gutcult, Shampoo, *Can We Have Our Ball Back?*, Eratio Postmodern Poetry, Hutt, Textbase, Xstream, MAG, miniMAG, Word for/Word, and 88: A Journal of Contemporary Poetry.

y e d d a m o r r i s o n

from **Girl Scout Nation**

Robin's Hood

A grayish blue that is greener and paler than Electric or Copenhagen, lighter, stronger and slightly greener than Goblin, and greener and lighter than Old China a light greenish blue that is bluer and paler than average turquoise, and bluer and deeper than average aqua blue and greener and duller than average aqua green and greener and paler than average turquoise green or Bird's Egg Green or Eggshell Blue or Robin's Egg, Dewdrop or Ground Ivy.

Shroud
pecker colored
not a downy throat slit ruby
but Fat. Gurgling. Tongue.
YOU HAVE TO PIN
THE PRETTY LANGUAGE
BACK

from girls and the boys who are yet girls

so sure is our fixed massacre
toward
living

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Robin, birdie, woodsman
Oh! Rigid principle of lap

Camp site, claim it!
Proud on you

Tent stake, pound the!
Ectopic
Shebang
Hymen noose

Boobles
Blue bells
Stamens oh!
Unnatural and yet
entirely so
NATURAL

Far far from the animal rage are we not
Dear woodsman?

Pecker Pecks
&
Peeps

the bird named pecker
pecking proudly

pecker peaks when peeping
Under Robin's downy hood

Just a girl there
daddy

TWEAK!

over bodylogs
Birdwatchers stumbling in
unprecedented numbers
Rush
Canvas leg straps!
High octane binos!

CAMPSITE RESERVED
via self-pay
National Forest website weanie roaster
it's a forest not a park
smoores?

Robin rise on scenic vista
floppy seizures needstruck
nursmaid, handmaid, handjob, wolf

dips water forced west
Aborted starling
Transferring birdlime
And then the birdbrain builds

And Robin does it
And birdie does it
And Fawn, two Fawns called Doe
They do it

Pull the tiny slaughtered figures
Across the witness
That our eyeball is

We grows soft!
In the Clammy Locust.

Robin red breast bore me whole
Birdie sphincter birdie hole

If I touch him up he came
Little robin red breast game

Breast with hairs and ones without
Robin red breast makes me shout
Triple murder homicide
Kissed their legs and how we cried

Little Mr. red breast dear
Peck this kindled fire here

Under leaves this hurricane
My little love you make profane

Doe slips down from the mountaintop
She and I will make you stop?

peep

peep

peep peep peep

tweet

tweak

ing

umph la la la

letters

sad

das ssing peep

s

pin

drop

pine needs needles

peep puff puffy puff spore

needles

need

hoods

is

eh?

Forest War

Fighter Spore
Spore Mock
Rock Scissor
Scissor Scout
Guts Ground
Ground In
Paper Word
Word Tempt
Tempt Cleaver
Cleaver Kit
Kit Fox
Fox Knows
News Hunt
Ogress Doe
Older Eggs
Lady Flora
Foreign Flight
Fight Was
Was I
I was
A fighter
Wasn't I?

Why fight? Doe dozes under green theater thicket... LIVE GIRLS!

Why fight? No Does over 25.

Why fight? Defense. Doe doe bird.

Born and raised in Northern California, Montreal based writer and visual artist **yedda morrison** creates installations involving photography, sculpture and text. Her photographs have been exhibited at New Langton Arts, Southern Exposure, Braunstein/Quay Gallery and Artisans Gallery among others. Her books include; *The Marriage of the Well Built Head*, Double Lucy Press, 1998, *Shed*, A + Bend Press, 2000 and *Crop*, Kelsey Street Press, 2003. She is currently at work on a multi-media installation and full-length book entitled *Girl Scout Nation*.