

DUSIE
issue **one**



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k a i a s a n d

Letter to Layla al-Attar

*who
among us can imagine ourselves
unimagined?*

Lucille Clifton

Layla,
your daughter bombed
blind, you, dead.
Pilots, fouled by speed,
troll your crescent.

Bound by
bafflement, happy-
go-lucky, we are criminal,
thieving fortunes like
desktop playthings.

My national identity
speaks for me, across
national boundaries,
to the dead
end of this imperialist
fiasco.

z o e t r o p e

for Neal Sand

quickly
quickly undone
like egos like hairdos
like shantytowns

because it isn't like a scientific look at the sky
nor an accurate diagram of the human eye

but maybe it's like the flickers
that yielded the first motion pictures

a photograph bleached in thirds
sunlight spectra aftereffects low luminance

a mirror turned on the sun turn on

a sustained and transient
populace

to turn a life
astigmatically

quickly undone
we call
come back come back
we're older than the movies

A note about Layla al-Attar: On June 27, 1993, Iraqi artist Layla al-Attar, her husband, Abdulkhaliq Juraidan, and their housekeeper (who was never named in any news reports I have read on the tragedy) were all killed in a United States missile attack on Baghdad ordered by President Bill Clinton in retaliation for an alleged assassination attempt on George Bush, Sr. These were reportedly the first civilian deaths Clinton was responsible for as president.

KAIA SAND is the author of *interval*, EDGE BOOKS, 2004. She co-edits *The Tangent*, a zine of politics and the arts

rodrigo toscano

Writing

Swivillization and its bearings grinding—listen.

Cylindrical vertical shaft to a flat disk —expansive—beveled, bolt-mounted clarity of surface, distortion, dramatic layout, world.

Rotating Superfly Periodista writes that bearings are born in bearing-maker's alley. Rotating Superfly Periodista is correct.

Swivillization and its bearings grinding—sounding out.

Politically Correct has always been fair play—all around, in that it means to ramp-up a preceding narrative—so that it might proceed to a counter-dominant current—that if honed, correct, or not, as the narrative's intent to transform is—we've duly noted, and *have* responded —is on its way.

Pissing in the toilet instead of on it—is correct.

Determined to flush out the empirical side of it, pier 49, Guangdong, 12 hour shifts the walk-off's daily the roundups hourly the pulse of fear second by second related word by word as expressed by 99 cent mops in Brooklyn that last a week.

That much he knows and that his life has dribbled out its last soixante-huite hurrah.

That much its accumulated effective swerve toward the point of Predilection.

Below the shaft is a double-notched mounted triangular tangle of angular solid iron—turbine.

The social function of the Turbine is determined by the power motor, the power motor by the fuel hose, the support hose's fine mesh is achieved by infusing small amounts of liquid rayon the droplets sticking to their forearms, 200 of them streaming out of hangar 48, Tegucigalpa.

Causal Description gives the worker-reader a much needed workout and that he or she resists it is because of the ease of swivillization and its disconnects—on the sphere, flat, rotating, distracted, nervous, fickle, but true.

True, Superfly Periodista could be tracking it in sections, flying fractions of world, 2,000 shots per second, yet, Superfly has to make a calculation as to its

General Motion.

Corollary being that consciousness does not depend on either self-embroglio'd poetic or academically-encased temporalities.

And thus, in agè accents, a stranger in the audience asks:

“of us, present here, which of us stands imputed so?
are we
as to
be
that
which is

to lash out at all? or forestall?
to a love of all? or forestall?”

And Superfly, in slightly less agè accents, responds:

“in this my neighborhood, in this my city, my country, on this my daedalian
disk—flat—beveled, bolt-mounted clarity of surface, distortion, dramatic layout,
world”—“*neither.*”

Another stranger pipes up:

“Neruda might say the bearing makers are his Madres de Grafito y Hierro Palpitantes—by the
millions, that they cradle him, that through the svelte-leopard night—rocks it, humanity.”

And a third stranger:

“to slinky-dink at all—enthrall?
of a slicky-slack of all—enthrall?”

But the empirical evidence gathered without correct Dialection of the Social is like a mop
without a handle, hard on the knees.

Conversely, correct Dialection without empirical evidence is like a mop without a sponge,
hard on the aesthetics of acetate flooring.

The narrative so far diagrammatically alludes to the earth as a flat disk mechanically rotated
instead of a lush sphere afloat in space elliptically around the sun.

Of so many substances
Future Poetry's
composites
combining.

Of so many instances
ball-bearing rollers'
futures
remain
gelatinous.

And that we are like bearings, support-swivellings, grinding on, our tropes.

And that we rotate—like a CPU fan, clamped on and cooling.

And that we swivel—like a utility desk chair, poly-angular, free but for the screen.

Slogan:
“Build Nature!”

Slogan:
“Nurture Building!”

As photons from the spastic sun pelt the saame hemisphere, comrades report from Caracas:

Las Comités Montañeras—*on fire!*

Of so many assemblies—confederative, careen towards Dual Government.

Collective work tied to collective product’s circulationÉscrap wood to the central pile, some to the flame...tawny smoke over the city hills.

*systolic necessity, diastolic
determinate
fortune. ...*

To have heart
in the face of confusion.

Grit
unto the matter present.

Walls
around Carthage.

A cheap pair of support pantyhose.

A transnational relay.

A democratic assembly.

Blip
unto the Blap Blap.

Blap
unto the Blip Blip.

The Need-Gene

The need-gene is minimally mover volatile animus heinous and hoary sub-national navigational instrument the need-gene is non-biologic organismo chingón strong sinewy fragile unto it all's animate the back-up generator lamp shining on it the ac ventilation crazily unaware of itself the advent of society for you is this corpus constructs a laughing expanse where one stick figure erect in a hasty clip along 14th street non-diffuse the outline frighteningly clear-cut add that gentle buffetings of western air on said corpus pierce to the pituitary of our c-mos battery analogy keeps the system in sync hormonally the humors tell of it captured by it the charm is of it captured by it super-fluidity comes of it cupidity of ferocious in the chest just felt we had to shake down all the absurd bodiless pomp again governed at the very edge of the world this spot often an eager companion grammatically hot-wires for you wanting to want the writer's life is not exclusively solitary nor exclusively dizzily social but a lot of concentration's required must be embraced in the end defeated partly by the wounds of socially indolent over-determined structured traps that leaning over cupping the warm sand just then watching the grains slowly funnel down the palm many of the grains flying off and settling variously the seashore re-soaks them firm again the resolve to bodies known and bodies unknown to propagate not of the birthing cycle per say but something else in that the need-gene the launch-point moment-one in motion already born into it the flow of it you are and you thought this guy was all about labor slugging but consider for a flash my fellow atomist material spunker the insomnia of exchange-values walking cacophonous world its images disease pain loss and barbarous war without let up a how to the bullocks of it can you a how to the buttocks of it will you and that it's not about whitman or neruda nor even ginsberg this galloping coast-to-coast line we admire porn folks just the same non-corporate linguini-like oily twistings glowing ruddy-green skinned sizzling belles and bozos check it you have to ask but answer too if this text is a way of settling-in for the way things are or if it's edging somehow elsewhere the answer might implicitly be several national power-blocs speaking through various filters but almost certainly a trade-pact supported inlay and it looks indeed like I forgot to properly develop that need-gene thing and if that's poetry with it's under-developed ripe-rotten truths then.

RODRIGO TOSCANO is the author of *To Leveling Swerve* (Krupskaya Books, 2004), *Platform* (Atelos, 2003), *The Disparities* (Green Integer, 2002) and *Partisans* (O Books, 1999). His work has recently appeared in *Best American Poetry, 2004* (Scribner's) and *War and Peace* (O Books, 2004) and *In the criminal's cabinet: An anthology of poetry and fiction*. His poetry has been translated into French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian. He was poetry co-coordinator for "The Social Mark" symposium in Philadelphia (2003). Toscano is originally from San Diego, California. He now lives in Brooklyn, NY.

chris nealon

(roundtable)

1

First, if I can, I'll bring peace throughout your lands

Wig or pigtail; yellow flag or blue; in the green eyes of

the, in the brown eyes, peace like a maritime message,

God unasked for, not in voiceover, immanent,
Talking them down to manslaughter —

People:

You are trapped in a true story
You are going to need the Critique

2

Apparently what I'm carrying is called a shield
Apparently a warrior
But do they need it? Her
with her red silk Twiggy cap, him with his big broad chest,

they're free enough

— take a set of literary, take a set of philosophical, and
pummel them, though in a tenderizing way

Not, Reason:
a sham;
but, Romance —
let's see what it can take

3

First though the idea changed and everything felt different

Now if we had just let ourselves be baffled
If we had asked the question

But no one had the tools; and when despairing we took gasp
for grasp we found

we could do it again,

we could deliberately misconstrue the wounding as a kind of
case and repeat as necessary

It's anagonizing method, it's almost no method at all

But confronted with the mountain pass between the feeling
and the feeling better we let it take on allegorical,

Let the grail go by

4

Those open doors? I pried them open
Those holes? I punched them out And
look at you now, bloody knuckles,
anonymously clanking your stein
Relax:

In earlier configurations
you might have been a hero,
But here — in air — synthetic
a priori glory —
flowers: kinder
way of doing things,
armor

momentarily aside

The very Alps resounding with it, peace
Peace & the wavering prospect of a Law

5

Friend, ambivalent

austerities I cannot recognize

have captured you,

they are alluring:

rejection of grime empirical —

refusal to walk the dark plank speculation —

some middle path,

a precipice pulled back from

and loyalty to chaste

retreating criticism

— as though from Biaurepaire

you could charge into the field of provocation

and just sit down:

or: you are not the knight at all, and urge me on

demurring, maiden, knowing

one withdrawal pushes urge on elsewhere

— most un-Kantian of you

6

MY HERO

By Anonymous

He brought peace throughout their limbs

He moved like the tide to bring them together

He was greatly distorted to fit a pattern

There they were the Vienna secession just sitting around
waiting for him

7

He shifted his hips like the call to prayer

He rode the tail end of Art Nouveau on the seat of a
ladderback chair Lord my body's eating up Romantic
longing and feeding it

back to me as maidens

Knights or maidens:

maidens singing:

better to siren my way to the knights

power of sex still he makes mewish for the names of
muscles,

Song or proposition now which would you have me

Though in abstraction yes we are far from the matrical

Names to sing, ligatures,

I know they're partitions too but I don't regret it

That last longnote of Evergreen is fundraising now and
good for her

CHRIS NEALON's recent books *Ecstasy Shield* (2001) and *The Joyous Age* (2004) are both published by Black Square Editions.

blind fold

foredoomed a footnote
“independent” “writer”
 even now movement or
neurosis was war & not
 the exception if
the house of pain is (not)
a double negative &
 jealous of itself
amounting to a matrixial
 harness
 the passion
 that tears you & your
"serious"
 motives talk
 dirty to me
aerial & heirless in this
 wrong I need
more heart (read "heart")
 in these lucid
rivalries

normalizing a blood (red)

having eliminated
 a helplessness functions
the proceeding convict & her hyper-
 sensitive privacy
in a murderlust
 novel continues in paradox
 & dimly of the unbearable
 plunger
exhausted & useless, then,
 the thirst salted absurd
 implosions so impelled I
ring up

— presented —
 a certain

normalizing a blood (red)

having eliminated
a helplessness functions
the proceeding convict & her hyper-
sensitive privacy
in a murderlust
novel continues in paradox
& dimly of the unbearable
plunger
exhausted & useless, then,
the thirst salted absurd
implosions so impelled I
ring up

— presented —
a certain

custom in common
a national
attitude, inordinate
in judgment

this is a marathon: day

scar
the stubborn tresses
I would be freely disseminated
if not needed
to be made
marketable
minus the welts
& what they say about my
purple apostolic
with the usual broken
pen in self-doubt
latches open an inner
absolution
branding ["person"]
I thought I had left church
behind
& nobody among her
hand my honey
it's dealt
the empirical
free-for-all
parties on imagined
in the first
place or ["person"]

warden situ

as comfortably we give
starring approval

the children touch
results I shall make less
communion

in revision
I said or all

denominators
hurt the general
mechanics

deprived & humiliating
surroundings
faked the girl from
iconoclastic
(or her actual)
beauty
is punishment to be fair &
frustration
a rebellious
give me
<synth>
tonight

CAROL MIRAKOVE is the author of *Occupied* (Kelsey St. Press), *temporary tatoos* (BabySelf Press, 2002) and *Wall* (ixnay, 1999). She is included in the Narrow House CD, *Women in the Advant-Garde*, a live recording curated by Kaia Sand at St. Marx's College of Maryland. Carol and Kaia speak about the event in CAConrad's *Banjo: Poet's Talking*. Carol currently lives in Brooklyn.

j e n h o f e r

American Paper Company: Puebla, Mexico

A landscape divided by meticulous labor, a patchwork massacre officially commemorated.

Lidded in mists and folds the sky layered over and above.

A blue-necked peacock in greeting.

Crowns.

The footprint very quietly resides, crowded into non-existence.

The missing landscape on the other side of the eye. The gloss.

Here it's later at the same time.

How you might contract into a conditional.

How the lights indicate the lives.

Peaches.

The windows frosted against gaze.

Unremedied, what is not seen. Passing beyond the scuffed painted line.

Small lakes of light and haze in the haze.

Single skies, curved, over abandoned stone houses.

Rains, bit by bit, until we scatter.

No coincidence.

Happenstance simultaneously alongside the tracks.

At the side of the road, an unprotected death.

Just a moment, please, just a moment.

Paying tribute through traffic.

What is left is a body, corrugated, undermined, tripped, which is.

An optimist's challenge.

a thought. or two. on reflection. or two. state lines. states. rooms. rentals.

*

“for every pleasure money is useless.”

*

an endeavor (and endeavor) as saplings
mines or substances (planted (thus found))
blur conversely blood flowering in bursts
steadily day by shaky relentless day no dancing
a wallflower’s fidelity in adversity gaze
with or without walls constantly this world
in the sky a field (no meadow) a vapor a bloody word a sky

*

at the paradise motel there was a fist-
shaped indentation in the wall above
the bed. plaster dusts suggestion. and
covers. we began again. at paradise.

*

the reflection languishes
in the light reflecting looks
as a hand yet no hand
is there proffered flustered
in the reflected street sounds

“playorama fruit market: not responsible for accidents”

*

without them all dispersed
shot from the air (in the air)
an attempt or run or rail
the likes of it a star

a sun
a body of exhibition (reflective glass)
to lean further into a depth
(i wanted that red) (to be) (good) (darker red)

*

laid out first night then night (after)
would not be disturbed from land to land
(beam to beam) mire to mire (laid out)

*

nude: boxes into boxes through exactitude
are mistakes glorified. for every pleasure
useless. we still have our hands. trimmed
elm, eucalyptus, hellion tree of heaven.
divinity at bay, dam to divert, so restrain

*

crowds loudly in
the head space station
in shattered stilted enamel
strips raising (an objection
(blisters) wrinkled then gone

*

measured in billions
is unmeasured unmentionable
(bitter) (nothing to say) repeatedly erased
uniformed yet singular
each to each (billions) (inspirations) better bent (and thought better)
unsung unsung for they had nothing to say

*

“prayer is the study of art.
praise is the practice of art.”

*

alternating panes of glass
(something slips in)
alternating panes of glass
with panes of light

*

you could walk there

*

planes

*

color changes in the white.
a void luminously impressed upon
pearlescent skin. there are no corners.
to turn.
the edge is a line
of contrast shadow or imagination.
(contraindication.) is not a line, rather a sight.

fierce defense of what or who.
the reconfigured how.
to stay. say. stay.

*

and crickets!

*

libreta de tránsito:
sweet sound of silver
bone on silver bone

*

morir soñando (by any other name)
to disappear in an art of disappearance

“imagine the demolishers on the horizon of hope.
i am trying to empathize with the demolishers.”

*

horizontal language (in rows)
small technique sonic technique
the legend suggested by a line
a pair of eyeglasses glassed in
a hidden instance (a street corner in memoir)

*

“sincerity : it is thought which is remembering.”

**a diamond. a sparkle. a scale. fish. a continent at its edges. a gleam no gem
nor jewel. during. a shard. exactly into. why we are. a thought's wake. why
we watch. watching.**

reined in two birds threaded in wiry want. (two birds). rain, raining so as to shine. or point.
directions in a road two rains to verge each to each. fallen, sullen, pressed, filtered, a foil,
as a bone smooth, as a light gathered, held. against. grown (apart together) inclined leaning,
leaning into this utterly toward

elongated what was said (in a frame) was said (lining up) on a sidewalk. broken or held
together or posturing to make a claim. in a blink as rain. to lighten, look just. in drops,
blinks, rapid timeless tempered. spell sadness for a spell astride a temporary filament having
glowed (glared) again in lit tilt

buds beaks a sheltering mind (a sidelong glance repeats) a spine worn evokes a sweetness in
a hand a tender cup (two birds) requests a nicely a prettier portion

tipped slight whimsy plenty.
(plenty.) beacon lent to tiny
curtsy, very much

angled the sun a string angled not the sun the city and in it we. more than mostly (so as to
begin to know). sights. to now, right now. of two companionably also missing as a horizon
line around its equator warping fondly tightens in the telling. lightens (a reflected
suggestion. a breath. in the throat.) balanced or in (a small imperfection). color as if to shed
tears instead rightfully

instead in the dark light flapping opening blown to the side open in a manmade light rained,
slant a little sweetly, actually

a reason why crossed wires in waves a sonic tremens (is a bird asking or telling or unruly
numbers tied with ribbon) (sharp provenance) wires or strings twisted toward detonation.
shards. diamntine (shapes). a bird in an instant. where here would want a far trade

things in fact spark (in fact) a still sentence fogs. hovers sense or the fact of a window is
no fact but favor. a favor if it becomes a question in light, well then
truly true and truly when

Uniglory

Yellow through the trees, in rows, implants, false parallels.

In this photograph you are lion-like, toothless, fraudulent.

How a bird's eye hones to know at what point on post of fence to perch.

Not knowing.

In this photograph you are dead naked, dead wrong, dead meat.

Sound invests the scene with a watery levity.

Made to look like trees.

Scissoring blankly through the disordered index of days.

Photography has yet to be invented.

When we say "the eye" it is implied to be human.

Volley of shots an overture to the copter's glaring musicless rounds.

The spent saguaro a hollow shell smooth, spent, bony like the bones of a bird nearly extinct.

What cannot be said in spokes radiating across the shiny dance floor of the wind.

The bone knuckled at one end like a fist.

The surface of which, mindfully, is reflective and slick.

The sky an inked gauze gone saturate, an amphitheater waiting for its audience.

Muscled or elbowed, as when a place does not fit quite right.

Situated in time yet spat out unseasonably, not bereft on the curb, yet left.

The wild applause which does not sound.

The appropriate behavior which is a seeming reflex.

JEN HOFER edited and translated *Sin puertas visibles: An Anthology of Contemporary Poetry by Mexican Women* (University of Pittsburgh Press and Ediciones Sin Nombre, 2003). Her recent books of poetry include the chapbook *lawless* (Seeing Eye Books, 2003), *slide rule* (subpress, 2002), and *The 3:15 Experiment* (with Lee Ann Brown, Danika Dinsmore, and Bernadette Mayer, The Owl Press, 2001). She is co-editor, with Rod Smith, of *Aerial #10*, a forthcoming critical volume on the work of the poet Lyn Hejinian. Her writings against the war in Iraq and the war on terror can be found in the special anti-war issue of *A.BACUS*, and in the anthology *Enough* (O Books, 2003); other poems, prose texts and translations appear in recent issues of *26*, *Aufgabe*, *Conundrum*, *kenning*, *kiosk*, *NO: A Magazine of the Arts*, and in the books *Surfact Tension: The problematics of Site* (Errant Bodies Press, 2003) and *Strange Place* (Never Die Books, 2005). She lives in Los Angeles, where she teaches and translates.

2 • 9

for Kaia

0

a geography of possibility
unphotographable as she
a skeleton being more than bones
to we cannot but be
chapter & verse of it all
vagrant of ought on the skeleton of is
[to cannot but be within]
[to cannot but be among]
winks upon winks upon rift elixir
sorcery still water a candle

•

enormous mathematical emancipation
a kiss for the forgone evermore
silhouette soliloquy hex
fiducially bereft crush-puppet
salient conifer errata
haphazardly stratificatory if you will
rhapsody shrapnel howl
relevant loot & a role model or two
unphysical misfire skeleton
rocking her post-smokestack economy to sleep

9

Krupskaya said yes too
widow of the widowed
windswept slogan & etiquette asunder
interminable because unterminable
[the upshot of the downside]
[the inverse of the outset]
kidnapped apostrophe
never to have been once but we

then & now & then

the tenantry of security

the unformalizable exactitude of common sense as logic's day
job sat uncomfortably in the record of the wreckage
pondering the Grail of Greenspan when suddenly a well-
known statistical methodologist said go forth & copy all this
down in your pure-breed stud book, lackey, & dare not write
president as apparatchik, but truly appreciate the virtue of
adversity, the sway of praise, the beacon of freedom. People
will tell you things that are not true from time to time & from
time to time people will tell you things that are not true.
President as apparatchik. The mayhem of flowers. Your very
own Alan Greenspan blow-up doll. Desolate docks. Nice kids
in trouble with the police. The natural law of interest rates.
The calculus of concession. The condition of concision. The
accepted way of accepting impedimenta. The who what when
where model of the retaliatory, of the we didn't do it, of the
nope not us. People will tell you things. I hate that guy, right?
Feeling kind of wildcat tonight. President as apparatchik. The
freedom to bleed. The religiosity of force. People will tell you
things. Metronoming we to I & I to we. Fear not the tenantry
of security. People will tell you things. I hate that guy, right?

Untitled, or "Tilt"

Foreshadow the stones asleep in your eyes
with precision collision delusion collusion,
a paramilitary of plastic santas blinking away
at the manger like the difference between a carafe
& a jug, a re-routed memo to the contrary & the vice
president of the Calvert Cliffs Nuclear Power Plant [Pete Katz, Yessiree!]
who says We hope that you enjoy the beautiful views found within the more
than 2,000 acres that is home to the Calvert Cliffs Nuclear Power Plant.
Dear lumpen lumpen lumpen neighbor neighbor neighbor,
won't you be my best Union Carbide friend?
My jilted je t'adore?

I said science & technology you bubonic whippersnapper!
Who put their Hudson River in my General Electric?
And now it's time for our graphic backhand
lost on the horizon of Market Street. Nixon called

this “tilt.” Where’s a crotchety junta when you really need it? We hope that you enjoy the beautiful views found within the more than 2,000 acres that is home to the Calvert Cliffs Nuclear Power Plant. I hate to admit it, but this ain’t Philadelphia no more. The people of Paris celebrated Mumia Abu-Jamal Day. Skittish frippery crippling my crippling amount of free time. Hello there Mr. Custom’s Officer! Just a chip of the ole multilateral transatlantic establishment. Just sharing my prejudices with a nationwide audience. Sayonara Kyoto! Easy there, Peppy. Indexed for instant use. “Take, say, U.S. history.”

JULES BOYKOFF co-edits *the tangent*, a zine of politics and art and co-hosts **tangentradio**, a weekly radio show on poetry and politics. He is the author of the multimedia poetry chapbook "Philosophical Investigations Inna Neo-Con Roots-Dub Styley" (Interrupting Cow Press, 2004), and his work has recently appeared or is forthcoming in: Tripwire, Tool: A Magazine, XCP: Cross Cultural Poetics, Labor History, Extra!, Blue Moon, and the inaugural issue of Socialist Studies

d a n a w a r d

Someplace Better Than This Place

Here,
though a desperate, traitorous
figural hatchet
with little lost breaths for the epigram sleeps
in a heading of blossoms
the foxiest stylus
dreams it's a bludgeon
or pond.
on that surface the boats I lost
honey. I thought of bureaucracy's spray
& a beckoning faintness transposed over buildings
enclosing the pamphlet's invective.
would I write the sea
for a long transposition
of depth, incommensurate blue or more spots
I'm always as drunk yet beside them
A surfeit, contempt
holds the present together
absentia

like that & as cherry, those light
meeting air in an empire's dormer.

In my ear the timbres of razing estrangement
admonish delay like a love-bird.

I can't say the light
that would break down a system
is real in the sense that I see
& with what on a tiny blight's stoop can I reach
that spacious & bracingly gone.

To My Neighbors

You dispense with the feathers of greeting,
without which, the lights in the palace stay on.
I don't know which trusts give flower to this composition of hymns,
or which brass bands to ask for lessons in collectivity
I know these traditions were murdered,
& I was deposed by restorative objects
who left me for sleek exposition.
Compelled by a now rabid state
to parrot perennial sea-ice & dogma
averse to fleet claims, to the flight-path of cloud
where the instance of every resemblance assures
a return to those models of power. I have seen little else,
& lessons so small when I have, & that pretty when extant,
deceive. But how make a wreath that resisting all likeness
would open, beloved, on each door
why build us a house under rainbows, when
that would collapse with the daily alarms.
the avenue's not like a song or a travesty, it belongs
only to mobilized quiet, it flowers against them with mildness.

Industrial Light & Magic

It's not spring
that I don't want to hear
It's not spring
that I don't want to hear without
parallel
flowers reserved for whatever's
bound up
in exclusion but summer found
wrecking that metric in fetching
warmth
even the zoner would melt away
structures we long
to make eyes at. I
have these seasons because you
would build
a like graciousness into resistance.
If I measured
the wingspan of every gold staple,
for civic space left
in the future is sunshine,
& I found the metal
was graciously thin
I would fend for that small
apparition in song.
it is drowsy with ridicule lush in
Kentucky spring

DANA WARD lives in Cincinnati & edits Cy Press. He is the author of *The Imaginary Lives of My Neighbors* (Duration E-Book 2003). Recent poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *A Very Small Tiger*, *Aufgabe*, *Bird Dog*, *Pom2* & elsewhere.

Sapphire

How refreshing (breath) to take up/ a man / with a stone on his hand (breath) not/heart. The blue / he caught seems to avert from the eyes / no sooner than he removes his fist from his shy (sigh) pocket. What is this (sway) what is this thing they call (no they call) glitter what is this glittering the insides of my clothes (close) what is this lining the depths of my jacket (close tie) what is this line where does it reach outward or intowards what color whose eyes (the blue he caught) where we went freshing for pitches and canned them (dear fruit) and sealed them (to go) and held them (held pitches) fine bubbles (held pitches) to the landing (held pitches) in our palm (in his palm) and we breathed (breathed pitches) of blue (blue pitches) still holding still holding and pitching and lining and catching and this thing they call glitter (ittering in blue) and this thing they call glittering (breath) and this thing they call breathing glittering and holding, the pitch that it makes while burning (burned pitches), the blue of the burning, the blue of the pitch burning the blue of the pitch burning turning breathing (breathing) on his hand (hand), in the key off (fire), her fire, her hand, her fire blue, stone

(on his h

Tramp

and the first thing to minding is always the cold and the damper. The cold and dampid of last week's sweat. The cold and damped first-time dumpee and the cold damp rue rowing in morning fog the cold dampent edge of lonely car parked overnight ad hoc the cold dam neath the fing (her nails), or all todamper in the morning the break pause the evener meal in the aftermath of wetgate. The cold of a. The dead amp of a well let's just burn—

Transport Stipulation

Transport stipulation worries a lineup at the bus terminal, then at the entryway, then at the bus proper, though the bus is anything but proper. Those aiming for functions will be sorely disappointed. Those aiming for disappointment are also likely to be disappointed. All suspicious mouths are inspected for fire and other unpleasantries before any heads of any state are allowed through. Those whose mouths are on fire are laughed at cruelly and heartlessly all along the way. Each body part, however, is succeeded by a thermometer reading of said part, wherefore any and all feverish components of each passenger shall be caught up with, then blocked off at the threshold of first aggression.

As body parts are isolated, then whisked off to be quarantined, a crowd of noses slowly accumulates, pressing haphazardly against windows, any window, any glass, looking, looking for the day, for a cover, if only to get out of this place.

SAWAKO NAKAYASU's books include *So we have been given time* Or, (Verse, 2004) *Nothing* fictional but the accuracy or arrangement (she, (forthcoming from Quale Press, 2005) and *Clutch* (Tinfish chapbook, 2002). More information is available at http://www.factorial.org/sn/sn_home.html

Anger performance I

Leave the house with acoustic guitar over the shoulder, slung, and walk as if, as if cool, as in *iss all cool*, for the german homies

And only on a bright and shiny day

Walk until the path is crossed by an insect
(See appendix C regarding which insects are most appropriate)

At which point begin the documentation

At which point raise the gee-tar

High high overhead at a fairly steady clip

Document: h = height

Document: h of 1 thru 6 = height of each string of the guitar to the nearest micrometer relative to 0, where 0 = the ground directly underneath the feet of the insect

And then lower the guitar very very quickly in a smooth arc that shall culminate through the body of the insect, let's say for example grasshopper or ladybug

The sound shall be documented with each of the strings isolated and all the gee-tar-generated sounds graphed separately from the grasshopper or ladybug-generated sounds. A verbal description, such as 'The grasshopper or ladybug screams without shaking its fists in the air,' may be included with the graph.

All documentation shall be produced and printed within the hour of incidence, one copy of which shall be mailed to the Office of Insect Harrassment, at which point a generic letter of apology shall be issued and mailed to the surviving spouse and children of the late grasshopper or ladybug, if any such creatures admit to partaking in such relations.

(Absolutely no one makes any amends to the guitar, itself a very loved and affected instrument, not pretty nor expensive, but loved all the same, destroyed all the same, sometimes having been accused of making a sound similar to that of love.)

c a c o n r a d

**TORN LIGAMENT
CHOREPHILIA
FOR MARWAN**

he takes
himself from
the dance
has not
seen how
i see
every
step

the table holds
appointments of
sugar
bread
fingers his
semen will
fertilize
nothing
in me

but i
take it

run it
on edges
of bills
magically
paid

while
rain lets
me lift
my stem
i'd rather
burst than
bloom
so...

it is
just
so

the diver
pitched into
nothing more
than a
tub

spiders make
a few
walls
home
but i want
to be a
prairie dog in
the apartment
poke from
floors greet my
neighbors

hold the
book warm
from his
hands
put it
back before
he comes
from the
toilet

it's when
a poem
closes in
the oven

you can
not see a
different view
from the
window if
it is a
painting
(but every
now and
then...)

**"Poetry IS
independent
media!"**

—Frank Sherlock

just because i thought Military Assistance
said Military Assault doesn't mean i'm wrong

conflicting
desires anger
and safety

when we believe anyone but the rich
are the enemy the rich have won

engine's large ingestion of birds
never lower poems from flagpoles or
demand my calendar cries at dusk

day will
come you'll
need the
page you
ripped
away

my mother enjoys tax-free shoplifting

"every supermarket's a soup kitchen
when you dodge security my son"

emptied of answers we can finally begin

mild case of love darting down

e n g o r g e d t o
wild taste of love darting down

only reach for poets who reach back

another
beautiful
liar swings
a lantern
up ahead

CACONRAD's childhood included selling cut flowers along the highway for his mother and helping her shoplift. He escaped to Philadelphia the first chance he got, where he lives and writes today with the PhillySound poets. He co-edits *FREQUENCY* Audio Journal with Magdalena Zurawski, and edits the 9for9 project. His first book, *Deviant Propulsion*, is forthcoming this Spring from Soft Skull Press. He has two other forthcoming books: *The Frank Poems* (Jargon Society), and *advancedELVIScourse* (Buck Downs Books). He is also the author of several chapbooks, including *(end-begin w/chants)*, a collaboration with Frank Sherlock. He can be reached at: CAConrad13@AOL.com

b e t s y f a g i n

from *poison disguised*:

first :: madnesses

9. my anchor life. to glorious highs
reach this human germ only to return
remaining decorated, ornamental. without
force. that forest reads of scandal. it is burning
impatiently, it does not rest. daring the world
from depths always leaving that bright crystal
into which speechifying eases each to its demise.
<<I think that tree was trying to tell me
something. I ::know:: that bird was.>>

10. morning quest against madness
to give her that day. the brunt of location
crossed her name. honor of surplus.
but dressed like a goon. content to honor the world
by eating cheeses, neufchatel giving face to faith
columns, colonized & with constant invitations
underground to eat, like at the abbey (of handmade
bread, thick and hot) thanks be to the lover.
an infraction against dishonor & the river.

11. juggling beats that serve the oppressor
whose due, glorious tyranny,
of love is yes, well-taken.
that which frees to remain not flying
but ravenous at the core.
& so much begging, piety, returns
intolerance with indiscretion. wrongful
misery, it will be returned to you, over your
fencing to give legs to your laughter.

12. contest the disfigurement of the beautiful
forgotten castle, dry
because of a short if decorous,
and beautiful life.
the fortress was poorly made.
the being died. (fame & not force
saw its fallacy felled)
that bird always cooing. the beautiful
countryside & that allowable uniqueness.

13. dead ivy covered the prattling amenities
crossed the river a-mornings
& flowed to kneel near villainous banks
that break over it cursing.
it was ok—
whatever the lack of serenity—
when prayers were miserly, ingratiating
fatal from delusion of no sleep,
ragged the richness of our native line.
14. which is that not saddled with a weekend mind
of gold medium, languishing in effulgence?
this costs, is a form of adventure.
the seductress grows in strength
her talons fraught with vengeance yes,
richly she is adorned. gives this honored fortune
to someone less petty, fearful ready to be a star.
that's a superb suggestion. right there,
the swan, she falls.

from *bridges are targets*:

bridge #35

(under it)

who doesn't feel comfortable
in this world, staring
as though bound, set upon
shoe leather for company.

lifting off the sky for the ground
set next to a complication
of overlapping polyester threads
for lace well worn,

soul of the earth the folded
shone the worn shades
the patent shine
reflective patterns scuffed

in this made-cheaply world
designed in grids, arches
laced up tongues
against stars' movement.

bridge #19

what proof of this?
a forward charge?
is bliss followed
is all-of-us mind

a collective upheaval?
is our together purpose
is coin to represent earth
& the all together crying out?

we all make the best decisions.
look at evidence collected like honey
from various combs—clover, alfalfa—
telling of reflected hives draped in diamond
cast facets of a grandmothers' jewels
who lost her hand & gave the ring to me
who made wooden teeth
for my receding gumline.

world underhanded
revelation
is the water gift
that blinds us all free.
now the time then for magic
universe, desire-world of fantasy
conviviality covered cough.
what use this pillowed head.

bridge #39
(diamond corona)

fishing for stirred up empty space
through fog covered heads— newspapered
shoulders drown. the woman possessed

is as the flower turned to the sun
her life follows, is fragrant & following.
cut & dried. stalk still stuck

on the bridge junction blazing the remembrance
of beach past, of pitcher white sand, of sea.
rinsing off the salt floating, quenched from hot.

BETSY FAGIN's poems appear in a number of literary journals including *Five Fingers Review*, *Fence*, *Skanky Possum*, *So to Speak*, *Torch*, *Van Gogh's Ear* and *The World Among Others*. She is the author of *For Every Solution There is a Problem* (Open24 Hours, 2003). Some of her work can be found online at: *canwehaveourballback?*, The East Village Poetry Web: The Poetry Project Website: & Poets Against the War:

From *In a Supralunar World*

I.

More & more now no one

speaks----but

I say "no one speaks."

This style is a style, not something
imagined

this style says something she said:

"I like your style"

then said something

"Those plucky girls upset the roman emperor."

"Plucky girls."

II.

And if in following you have I
tattooed "merde" on my hand?

I am human only from my knees
down my feet

huge Shall I tattoo "cunt"
on my hand Papers stamped "inutile"----

sleeping on scrub

going back to bureaucracy Leaving
bureaucracy for buttered toast shit in churches

----useless

A drink on the steps

below the church

Who lets us drink on these steps

---- love in these steps

III.

I am occasionally attacked

by birds of paradise

That what's the matter can only be

What's the matter still
&
the eyes still have it ---- I know
you by your pin-point pupils
all the rest having fallen
into the book
---- look up from pages
cheerful obscure amused
(But one can parry parry
or foil
or try to draw a measure

IV.

The sea being in the sea Call and we shall speak of
things you never thought you'd speak of

Begin with a bird who dislikes the music Other music it
might like

In the dream we are two chickens
in trees above a restaurant near Hemmingway's house

Little love clucks

V.

Everybody's anxiety
revolving
Meeting manuals Failed submission
Bow down desperate we dance
with electronic appliances in
rooms for living
Where we come from we are
taught
& pulled
You see We are enraptured

VI.

The nouns shall woo you They shall be wooed

VII.

Every bed an exit every "almost caught hold of"
then fled flee but not flee
to every bed Not at all unaware of fossils stories the market place lamplight
the snake charmer I think I know is there would be an original snake
Whatever snake Dear sweet slither Every wish to analyze
Every stray saved from exit For parting

Etc.

And should I one day be walking, alone, in the woods, at night,

and meet a young woman naked, alone, in the woods, at night,
might I not consider the possibility of blankets, and how one comes
to be walking in such a place at such a time.

~

It is good to be a poet on the way to the office of the censor,
where one can read all periodicals

K LORRAINE GRAHAM is the editor of *Anomaly*, a magazine of innovative poetry and poetics with a focus on writers in greater Washington, DC. Her poetry, book, and art reviews have appeared or are forthcoming in *Mirage/Periodical*, *Primary Writing*, *Poetic Inhalation*, *Submodern Fiction*, *The Review of Contemporary Fiction*, and elsewhere. She is the author of two chapbooks: *Dear [Blank] I Believe in Other Worlds* (Phylum Press) and *Terminal Humming* (Slack Buddha).

kevin fitzgerald

Lumière

Travelers become pilgrims in deserted and fallen worlds. Midway through my journey, on a steep pass over an angry sea, a thicket of vultures enwreathed me. I grew fearful and looked backward. As I did, towers of glass sprouted from the sea to form a gleaming metropolis. Drove of dreams behind windows swarmed over a festooned bridge to shuffle from counting house to paper mill. Iron horses ground the coffee gears of forgetfulness. The present surpassed the past in a pantomime that abhorred withered boredom. I, too, wandered among the kinetic shops of illusion. The municipal queen—an imposture—sat ravishingly upon an ornate throne of metallic serpents, studying me with eyes of smoke. “O last man,” she said, “you shall encounter tranquility but only after you have sidled in solitude across seas of burning marl. However, because you have reached this isle of mirage, I shall grant you the repast of oblivion.”

Wild Old Lee

In lone hallways of smudged light, strewn paper, and debris shuffled the can-crusher in disheveled drug-store Chinese slippers, muttering under his breath. “This has all happened before, it’s all just a matter of time until...until the cycle repeats itself,” he would say, drunk with eternity, hack of a laugh sputtering into wheeze that rarely cleared his throat. Coptic castaway in a polyglot shack, he was all but aesthetically null & void. He would beckon me and say in unshaven drawl, spittle gathered on his lip, “You know, you’re free to choose as you wish, but realize this, my boy... that once you’ve chosen and acted, it’s destiny, it’s fate, it was meant to happen.”

Ships in the Distance

Once I simply wanted to. A day spent was a day lived.
Rush and flow greet each swell. One must wait and will it,
then need and feel it—otherwise it will not occur. I sought the
hollow sill beyond the stress fractured and firetower vigil,
beyond the swill marionettes jockeying with spat tacks.
They said drivell would, the politics of driving, potent
cocktails, but they never did. Only in facing that vast
stretch, then the shore, did the infected light of being become
becoming.

KEVIN FITZGERALD's work has appeared in Octopus, 88, Prosodia, VeRT and elsewhere. His reviews have appeared in Rain Taxi and First Intensity. Furniture Press published his serial poem triangle shirtwaist fire. He holds an MA in Poetics from the New College of California. After sojourns in the Bay Area and New York City, he now keeps it real in Baltimore. Some more of his online work can be found here: [octopus magazine poetic inhalation & flashpointmag](#)

Dress the Part

A woman can't carry a broad comedy.
A clumsy woman isn't funny, or,
 if she's supremely beautiful, so
beautiful we wonder, what's past this edifice,
uncomposed,
how can celluloid capture

the next Marilyn Monroe,
Audrey Hepburn?

Those weren't broad
comedies. Monroe didn't carry
Some Like It Hot. Drag creates a trousseau,
 the bundle women carry to marry.

A woman can be negligent, composing
in a negligee, loose and filmy-flimsy robe and gown,
at a delicate desk, dishabille,
receiving visitors, running around with a jeweled pen,
combing over cabinet comedy in a delicate peignoir.

What if form is revealed and the outline is that of an ordinary
 ball gown?

A woman buckled or strapped into an animated costume / in the main scene, / the dance
 backwards/

isn't extraordinary. Mascots are male. Cheerleaders are model/actresses, neither
Redgraves nor actors.

After all, in skin,
a slip
of paper for a ship, over water in a skiff, a yacht,
elongated or slender, the one who -- slipper,
slipper chair, ribbons -- skips,
song and tender sentiment, reclines
under the paper umbrella of the orientalist,
umbrella in the snow in Umbria, not in the rain,
umbrella under the sun's penumbra.

Smooth clay ornaments or decorates
first the outer garment, then
the inner pottery or lingerie
underneath lace, linen to make it opaque,
not shiny slimy scales

of sequins, *Happy Birthday Mr. President*,
running a fever, sewn in,
dead three hours,

designed by Edith Head and named for the movie,
an alteration
of *bateau* or *boat* does more than decorate our sweaters
of our leaders who lettered in pep. Frame the face, cinch the waist,
linen wing collars are sails, wind sends them,
let go, bikini chain, apotheosis of the belt, carry naught.

Give You the Dickens

“ladies who are dancing its favorite objects”

Ellen Lawless Ternan:

1 0
Mrs. Gargery is the first domineering female we meet.
Molly, wild ghost, Miss Habersham, mild.
Others, disgust's basis.

Stella, Estella, estrella, star, x
others contained, house-bound.
Love & desire prompt Pip.
1

Jewels on her chest (not in).

Note: no meekness,
wax heartless. 0
no identity
stage and screen doll
Where is a star soft?

*

Bella Wilfer
makes her way
“more about money than anything else”
Landless
Helena

“kiss me kiss me before I die”

Alien Opera

little A-Lee-Inn (what ails thee,
 my fern?)

can you tell me
 tell us tell us
 can you tell

where is the alien
 the alien
 is inside

 you

Opera Synopses

love, like a pizza
 love, amor, love like Lawrence Livermore Laboratories –
more love say yes
 yes

are you betraying anything by saying yes

tell me not
tell me so
telephone
telemetry
oh tell me
in a motel
telus, talus, tool

here is a catalogue of bells
be ill's bills Beelzebub *my favorite oracle*
beloved belted able buildable belief belie libel label

aubade buona sera with the fishes
names naturally rise to lips

let's begin a whispering campaign
I'll protect my love and its agents
 enshrine

how can she punish him?
she pardons her; she knows love too
they know the same love
they know the same love
he claims his new love stronger
the children

she gives him up
how can she punish him

masks hide hatred
a vehicle for coloratura

he
ecstasy
here
bee *Lord of the Flies*

happy
bridal lapel
day

I can leave if you are a vision
virtue
occasion situation

monkey donkey funky chunky flunk spunk

sputnik

supernumeraries
ballet of the none

lulled child slumber
the perfumed tree
the deadly tree
no paradise nightshade

Belief System

that this overwhelming emotion
prove

(pretty as an angel= beauty)
authenticity

subjective
experience
no faith in quotidian

(just a lot of references
to dia, tedium, ta da, tidy
bowl)

corroborate this methodism?
hell, no (all nonsense words rhyme
because they are nonsense)

normative
value

where to where?
traffic in "feeling realities"

like this padded then studded
steering wheel cover stamped
"Drama Queen":

I have an image, and it is my self.
I have a self, and, etc.
No selves, but streams
of cars we call traffic,
as we call distribution and routing
and any exchange traffic.

where's the value-add?

(the angel is you
are beautiful)

doctrine, a
dress with a train,
doctor, or
lab-coat white,

commuter rail
ships to
track, tracking

supply chain --kind of kinky

not the less stylish,
more familial dogma

there's a belief gene
I dont wear, either

entertaining ideals
gets pricey,
harsh,
empty bottles inthe a.m.
with wet cigarette butts inside them,
stray pair of underwear on the lawn

mystery, no, passion,
seems a long slog

a buddy, especially a dumb
buddy, is better than the creaky
mechanism of internal monologue
let the three reindeer rule

they have the authority of celebrity
“we all” “know their names”

ubiquity evidences truth
(thank heaven for 7-11)

this hallucinatory quality
is difficult to sustain. Hubris
is a mark of hucksterism,
Mr. Solution Provider.

no practical fruit (Doritos?)
but my Mom has a brass
doorstop, a brass pineapple
which proves door stops
have a use
their confusing moniker
belies, and pineapples
are symbols, not pine nuts.

CATHERINE DALY lives in Los Angeles with her husband, Ron Burch. Her second book of poetry, *Locket*, will be published by Tupelo Press (<http://tupelopress.org>) in 2005. Her first book, *DaDaDa*, was published by Salt (<http://www.saltpublishing.com>) in 2003.

g r e g f u c h s

from *Rolling Papers*

Bombs dropped this morning:
dumb bombs, smart bombs
dirty bombs, precision bombs
carpet bombs. Unprecise casualties.
Death brought to you by draft-
dodging business heads.
Sex toys not war games.
Strap-ons, fleshy large ones,
vibrating quick small ones.
Shower them on the white house.
Come ye, all god's children.

No nonsense weapons inspectors
land inside Iraq today
begin diplomacy of show me
your weapons of mass destruction.
A suggests that Iraqi officials
rename them weapons of ass destruction
Try that on 60 Minutes, Frontline, Nightline,
Evening News. Iraqgate nether world
crooked financiers
erected menacing dictator we're after.
National leader in Las Vegas
leading panel discussion on biological terrorism
convinced that Iraq has such bad weapons.
How do he know it's not intelligent guess?
Louisville newspaper wrote that U.S.
sold the menacing dictator the agents
to make weapons of bio-destruction.
Atlanta branch of an Italian Bank
launders cluster bomb money for U.S.
military hardware supplier.
The weapon of mass destruction
flies a Colorado State flag.
Whistle whistle whistle whistle kaboom.
Funnelling desert cash shipping
cut out courier, black-ops in D.C. suburbs.
Nothing new in the arms game.
Speaks the democratic leader from Las Vegas
keynote speaker on bio-terrorism
inside Ceasar's Palace.

Poppies bloom.
Fascism beauty,
beauty fascism.
response to uncritical
artwork assessment view
disengaged milieu.
Sanctioned torture
by special forces
in cycling tights
sunglasses rocket launchers.
Robert Fisk finds bits
of skull on floor.
Warlords return to power.
The poppies bloom.
Aircraft pours fire.
Poppies bloom.
Freelance dope suppliers
flush into new world.
Northern alliance
earn dollars, keep guns.
Poppies bloom.
The poppy field is beautiful.
Every color of a rainbow.

Indicted liars, smugglers,
pork barrelers develop
total information awareness system
magnetic tape into database
magnetic tape trail
of purchases, parking tickets,
library books, cocktails,
bullets, cat food, sex
magnetic tape trail
total information awareness system
barely a courageous senator
left in this nation
bring on the hackers
crashing the databases
total information awareness system.

Colorado four corners
silicon valley New Mexico
a go go Alabama
wham a lam Huntsville
more than a prison.
Rockets ratchets bombs away.
Rigged game bet you a dollar
I know where you got your shoes.
Boo hoo am boozled
suffering Reaganomic fallout.
Weapons of mass destruction
built in the sun belt, rust belt,

big sky no wonder
ex-Secretary of state
calls for presidential impeach
& this is no slimy cigar
it 's smoking gun
from the hand of Mr. Pouting
Mouse poison water,
astronomical numbers of state murders
sanctioned by his desk then & now,
pandemic war on poor,
or eradicate the weapons of mass
poverty. Mr. Top of the Line suit
average dinner entré \$35.00
average bottle of wine \$75.00.

GREG FUCHS is a photographer and writer who lives in NYC.

divya victor

from exuviae

I

ament: what is meant by, a you falls severely
near. awkward in capitals; comes bearing bracts
and anise. I is axil: follow, a cluster of metallic
triolet--- my diminutive antipasti. the smallness
of a memory, thus a benediction in subscript.
known as such owing to resemblance, as with a
strapped vowel to another, coy: a thong
connecting: glide of tongue. all inflorescence
raising larums: a petal by placenta bandage
applied in V-shaped crossings, about a spine.

II

in the event of mercy, the oocyte finds itself
enthralled. the prospect of (tendrils around
vilborthite) umbones (et id genus omne) :
the task of taking off, a chorion cardigan, a womb
frayed. in the event that optical compaloos
are found clipping the peripheral beams, the
edges of a story can drown. within the gaum
of 'before' : an empery clothed in slow
harvest, craves a gnomon. often finding her
memory chewy, she places herself in the third
person. a joint can not articulate sans ulna: from
the wrest comes wrist et cetera desunt.
the pancake minions, the loss of contrast
and the dimming of the oils create this drowning:
linear is so like. what is it to share a spoon and
undo the milliennae ootid's shags. what is it to
therefore.

age eight precedes vaccination and teats, the spelling
of c a t. this baking of the hilarious: buttons are pasted
& the egg bone's connected to the trombone. erection:
small hands rest in the irrigation of a form spicate: this
is not a toy t h i s is not funny a p o l o g i e s
I willnotakethknife fromthekitchendrawerorfrom
a n y o t h e r recepteeecle.

III

IV

while sunday morning is the cornerstone
of misunderstandings : a Deo et Rege,
a calendar is a trope for something tighter
than skin. there is nothing like sleeping
in a crowd (the ones in simony markets)
to immobilize a limb, maybe treat a head-
c o l a n d e r. Sin apostrophe ferchrists a k
e s. ante meridiem, hardly daylight. the
consonant din, such moist timony:
thurible, like spit into sand-ringlet.

V

take this gesture and eat it.
considering everything, you can not un-tuck anatomy.
this is my text: : et omnibus sanctis. among the thick
limbed, short trunked:: capsular flesh :: trinket for piety.
considering anything, anatomy is grammatical: you can suffer

a descending colon.

intestinal shedding : edit,
an arm; auxiliary to amen,
eking ascension, eventually.

noteworthy doxologies
regarding spleens,
casually sacramental: you
are among the gaum

VI

besides the stench of pew there is haha in breviary.
I
cannot hello the azido & furthermore, what do you
do
if you find yourself to be the dikdik in a
poem.
alongside such 'progedies' is the worry of
reverse
rejection: graft vs. host disease, the courage of an
un-
paired lampshade.

VII

through a slit made in the mid-line
of the back, the skin of the pupil
is left floating

on a tense surface of liquid. at the age, candy is pornographic, t r u c u
lent
with red-swollen *L*.

what swears by yesterday: ell him and
O
warm-like. measure with a strand
of platelets any peripheral curve
starting
from point 'hurah'----
bene orasse est bene studuisse. in spite
of

gooseberries, memory remains
vascular, as with muslin: sweat miching in holy

venation when caught sweaty palmed by n i n e t y o d d outside.
by ninetys o m e t h i n g, you can outdie a well tailored suit

DIVYA VICTOR works and learns at Temple University, Philadelphia. Coincidentally, she also lives in Philadelphia. Her work appears in *ambit: journal of poetry and poetics*, *canwehaveourballback*, and *generator*.

michael magee

THE IDEA OF ORDER AT MODESTO

for K. Silem Mohammad

The sea all water, yet receives rain still,
And the chief power of wealth is to wear the spirit
Of contentment on the wisdom which is better
Than the wealth of every sun's inspection
Of the hidden water also, below working classes
Coition, plunging head into water, swallowing thick.

Allah sends down water (rain) from the sky,
Ordered you to give them Burroughs' "The Rare
Jewel of Christian Contentment," page 19.
A trick consists of four qualities: Guile-
Lessness and simplicity, purity and contentment,
Sweetness of water and honey and curds.

Delving even deeper into a wealth
Of information — jails, airlines, freeways, bridges,
Town water, railways, trams, man, a way of life—
Language hopefully not understood by sharks
Or giant squid loosening tiles and sucking
The wealth out of the women carrying water and washing.

Well, the Ministry of Health would just love to burn
Pizza-drops after the Bishop has bolted the gates?
Coming into contact with the polluted water,
A new car, big screen TV or any other form.
Hornet, all evil great and small, each beastly
Little squid, ambition's like a circle on the water.

The dropsy'd thirst of empire, the daughter
Of Franco's notoriously promiscuous brother,
Ramon, recesses beyond. I vowed that when
My health returned I would not hearken to Him
In the pulpit, nor abstain from eating, drinking.
The giant squid has the largest eyes in the world.
An average glass of tap water has passed through

From "My Angie Dickinson"

#21

Stars from two vastly different spheres
Orbmaster: creates orbs
Feathers saves the day — she rides from
fireballs to PB&J

Down “a flight” of stairs
immobile Sperm rains down
Soft, muted spheres — pressed into —
ideology saxophones

#25

I’m Doomed! I’m Doomed!
Oh dream maker —
A Fateful and Fatal
Sexual encounter!

Bored femme Godzilla
An unbilled — bit —
Done with no dialogue —
Done with His!

I looked at Myself and Thought
“Jeez, not bad!”
A nun with a big heart —
“Witch Hat Plaid” —

#26

Forty books from — the Four Corners —My
Childhood “hero” polluted the Soul
Interestingly paralleled in Rio Bravo —
Smitten with blood, the mind is baffled —
Dall and Loveday on the dole. Attribution is
Americana
Marriage right under the maple tree
My Mother’s a shady cattle rancher —A jar
— of honey — in my jeans
“Crucifies” a suffering bee —

#49

Divorce is not Granted — by the Pope —
Married to Henry VIII —
A trip to Bermuda is over in weeks
So the Wife can become — serious —

A teenager “dates” — the daughter —Tries to
“get through” eight songs
The kids on Astro Orbiter
Were Known as “affinity” groups —

In the future a cutting-edge android
 In the form of a boy-sheath —
 The full-length matching sequined skirt
 The Puritan strain rides underneath

#54

Like a dour Schoolmaster — who four times
 Reflected — the dour mood —
 Prod along singing and dancing to
 “Their” dour and — “flat” —

Can you play — a dour hooker — when
 You’re “having the” Heat of Time
 His dour journalistic composure
 Makes Peace — with her own — homeless mother

An Italian — with white mustache dour — Never
 rang — True for — Me —
 Vacuously glossy
 Like pornography —

#83

Chalky aftertaste aroma —
 Inelegant, Spongy!
 A simple Church Drenched with Red Buttons
 Honeysuckles me —

I was Feeling — pretty Fucking Good myself
 With the fragrant Aroma of Bliss —
 I’d always had a Thing
 Ernie would never watch.

Fit Subject for a Future memo —
 A five foot seven inch
 Architecture of Sea Otters
 Floating up — to Me — from my bra —

MICHAEL MAGEE is the author of *Morning Constitutional* (Handwritten Press 2001) and *MS* (Spuyten Duyvil 2003). His book *Emancipating Pragmatism: Emerson, Jazz and Experimental Writing* (U Alabama 2004) recently won the Elizabeth Agee Prize. He lives in Rhode Island with his wife and two daughters.

hassen saker

word I('m forgetting

forget information
 regarding definition
 like ambiguity
 regarding physical pleasure
 disregard semiosis
 like "come back
 from the light
 /dark canal"
 need context
 like : here
 che guevera
 insist
 never remember
 how it's said
 how it's *done*
 like that sapping and solving

did you ever tell me the title of your painting you gave me i don't recall saw a ghost in your brother's posture from the side not too much stress or don't try too hard whatever that means or in other words take care or it the anything important will fall through you know the cracks what are the odds that more than one superstring connects us in such disparate planes the way the sun's schemes fall on us and catch in this utterly unique movement as if the spectrum changes at every breath or just every breath of course it does photons are not recycled & nobody has your expired exuberant grin certainly not with the same tilt of chin as in these letters of ours encrypted packets of us rerouted collected & reconstructed my teleported brain insists on working out landscape puzzles reframing living spaces to sssuit my chest on the verge of weeping from shock of a good life and the familiarity of our distance you write me from your library say old fogey & might never see you again but in my mind you know & i keep seeing you tony the brazen stick in the world's ass & every nurse's & bob i watch your painting every blasted morning from my bed some days these tiny holes in the blinds project a perfect miniaturization of tree branch shadows swaying across each tiny circle of light across your painting of flesh clockworks love there i said it

soil with homegrown

for Don Riggs

peach today for lunch
delicious!

eve's hypotheses creep skin
fantastic!

suffuse sugarcane and lemon
succor!

final flaw of self-question
riddance!

basil flower and water
sigh!

something about broken yokes
smiling!

cranberry juice and goat cheese
!

manipulate my corpse with foot
dig it!

strawberry rhubarb pie
indulge me!

HASSEN SAKER lives & writes in the philadelphia area. Her chapbooks include *Sky Journal: from Land*, *Sky Journal: from Sea*, *Salem for Belladonna** and *Crabapples* with the Philly Sound Poets for Furniture Press. Poems have also been in fine places like *Skanky Possum*, *Nedge & Frequency* audio journal.

Several Couplets

Savage Hinge
Token Look
Classic Speaker
Chair Speed
Unclosed Book
Full denial
Swimsuit Announcement

Artifice Progress

Theatrical adventures:
the waiting pulse of a sleet storm
about to arrive.

How many appliances plug into that mouth?

Ladies and gentlemen:
Some background music:
A few stage settings.

Does watching someone else have a feeling give you one?

When young we must go backstage
to be positive
the king is still alive;
We do not believe in acting yet.

Where does what is about to arrive dwell for now?

A curtain is a kind of androgynous foreboding
signify not what will come
and not even what sort of thing will come
but that something will, indeed, come to pass.

Where is the string that attaches the insides of the past
to the organs of now?

Becoming another
even before
believing in existence –
with makeup
aesthetics trump existentials.

How do we say aesthetic need in the dark?

Pull the string
to emergency exist
memories and evocations
with their own sappy lyrics.

How do the lights pounce on the answering machine?

As for stages
we are comforted by metal edges –
like we all live
or at least
how we continue
to tell people we live like.

Is there an intermission in tonight's show?

Scattered house,
not empty, but scattered voices.
I guess they're scared of the ice storm.
"but it shouldn't arrive
till after midnight."

Have you been burned on vows before?

How would you react?
That's what I'm learning at the theater:
an education in natural reactions
with a talented cast and clever songs
of a moment complete with
collegiate finding out
who we are where.
Moments of provoked nostalgia.
Over again in a rejection
of who we decided upon.

Is his tilt off?

Between each luxurious verse:
staccato conversations:
the power is a hammer from before.
Before conquering walls:
reverberations with a symphony.

Can we feel the dualism of two people saying
the same thing for different reasons?

Appearance:
executive's son
as rock critic –
appropriate drink and pen:
choreographed spontaneous jump
of a moment in the early '90's.

Wouldn't it be funny if the pen didn't work and I thought it did?

Darkness of intention.
Flirting as simultaneous
rejection
and attack.
The ballad still oddly
touches my heart,
tries to bloom in my soul.

Several Ideas to Think About Over Dinner

ideas gaze glass professional torn hat
discard
welcome period memory shade
paid ring descending
father's
ripped portion burned appetizer
canceled receipt line by line
stacked books
currently listening a cage cassette
credit card number exposed
and the small grooves lend elegance
to your general game
from respond the stupid glass you registered for
into which we echo a meaning in
the small of your back
following
pressing the button
borrowing return your greeting
burning small books, but only small ones has been sent
and various periodicals
request to unwrap to respond
flame to keep
a crossing out our hair in braids sometimes lines
board words escape sounds
minimum local fact
authorized
owing leaf cash-back
travel efficient
and wrinkle

surf the fees and tapes
varying by country and state.

Objectively Speaking

Several papers stack;
Ethnic prints lay
Beside empty cereal boxes:
 Several phones stick
 To our mouths
 That bite the bread
 In the sweet bad breath morning.
A pillow is glued to your ear.
Several ancient maps (not yet codified)
Are sucked into your mouth.
Evaporation occurs
Where desiccation must locate.
 It is not a hippie romance.
 Sorry, we're not absolutely lost.

FRANCIS RAVEN's poems have been published in *Pindeldyboz*, *Monkey Bicycle*, *Mudlark*, *Pavement Saw*, *Poethia*, *Beehive*, *Gestalten*, *Untitled*, *The In Posse Review*, *The East Village*, *The New Colonist*, and *Taint*, among others. Essays and articles have appeared in *Clamor*, *In These Times*, *Fulcrum*, *Rain Taxi*, *The New Colonist*, *Taint*, and *Pavement Saw*.

t o m o r a n g e

from *Seed Source*

first source the seed then sunk, a safe built taste to trunk or heave, pressed
against and folded in turns, a table widened out of flat draft sought first,
joining traces in filament burst, troughed particular, engines a dust

in candored mass of articulation, lifted in kind, the like of twin bested, a
more natural interior to twist, carved breakage of bulk, puzzled off in
prize, an active fraction hidden in the provision al place of trust

its strident twin, doubled undertakings a summons of silt, there sunk in
production, deft clusters a cleave in trust, the simpler stops of cease, a
trade in hammered mends, the supple earth opening stone acceptance

honing subtends a credit missed, a shirking or structure of mission, the
pull towards a sequence, chained in shaken stirrings, sound furnishings the
fresher instinct, taken of blend or filmed through, tougher amendment

a reminder us, local heft drawn to a beginning, pulse or partial diffidence,
an adaptation claimed, distribution spared in bundles of its sheer blank
stammering, fallen back at the wound trials, close in spent compulsion

small collar to admit in accessible descent, trivial apparatus, a measure of
surety cleaving, the radial saturation undertow, its attribute as curl, a full
circulation of margins, thrown to the dislocation brink, abandoned patch of

*

thought to admit, the accretion sedimented across, heart sinking into the
opening brought to saline basin, an interval saved in plucks, patient stutters
a whirl of admits, used to softening in shapes, a curl in thirst and closed

a crisper soak in passage preferred to abandon, a kind of wound trust
siphoned off of jest, taken at once burned through, enveloped a cleave to
smaller trace, to have been harbored an obstacle lowered on every stave

a contention of limit, concretion thrown in mixtures swopping surface, the
tumult of drone cycles cultivated nearer, furnishing ever subtles from, a
pattern disexacted porous in finer onset, glistened bite at whim patterning

a wonder of trust chased off, in sudden gusts a hand obliged to shell,
breaks twisting the shallows, nurtured furtherance to settle whole,
saturation of every obstacle to draw, a tubed patch of completion between

brought to the increasing, blanched abscess in the mends, its irregular
trench tossed aloft, plummeting vows thought dormant less taken, an active
reach around its cost, different centerings received an settled

the drop spent perfect, nesting its sheer claims paced fully, brought back
alone favorable, slowing the common impacts, a material to trap close,
widening wastes ever proved aside to disperse, measured down and surer

*

stability of dispersals apparent, a grid of fronts fastening decline, beginning
in sheer currents of solid mass retains, found out in descriptions faltering at
the wall, solely reachable hence taking registers in

something of an inward shuttle, latent virtues at the onset, a spread of
distrust, mounting ferments, pressed levering under, a crease of patience,
bypass filter no longer flowed across, in pleads an accumulation of fronts

surface errors refused in train, a siphon of heeds, faster mass assassin,
depositions mince yields, in periods a straddled horizon, turf cluster
flashpoints, dead end domicile to surround, phantom detox headwind

inducements of the global hollow, a share in gradation groupings, original
yield in reserve, fractioned at core until missed, stirring draft of obtains,
might spread model sands scarcely baled out, outlasted fad branch bins

sediment scaled to need, hurl in solution grid, followed in pace of harm, an
additive soak nesting, despite the normal deficit, solid dish pathways,
crammed bulwark pocket, cancelled transience brightening of stimulus

gained in the elemental happens beside, out turned tremor off the flats,
masters in seed lung simulcast, adjacent to scale of bold pleads, a present
virtue in tone, wound sieve currented zone, internal slip in observation

TOM ORANGE lives and writes in Washington, D.C.

frank sherlock

from The City Real & Imagined: Philadelphia Poems

third walk

The present & the deep
past share walls
Sadistic exploits
document/ed
neighborhood living on
the bacchanal panels
This is pure hell or the punk
rock origins
of a city Another
day in the life of
a spider

Conrad fixes Molly's computer while I tour
Araki's Tokyo. Stickmen. Someone said it
out loud & my brother is at the East Side
Club in 1982. "Old head." Oh bondage up
yours. We echo this in different languages.
Each of us borrow an eye from Robert the
Bruce, watching the spider legs dangle.

Out of

the coffin & into

the nightlife

faux robotic

figures on the blinking

ground floor

\baby blue\

Weirdly elegant

limbs & viscera

cute boys girls

in uniform

spaceship over

the dancespace

\scarlet orange\

Strap-on baby

dolls spacehooker

garb pills

sweat cute girls

boys in uniform fish

fumes morning

\dawnshadow black\

Tribes of rearrangers

gleam

rugged inner edges

shapes hover

poised to occupy

this liminal space

of raised (unchanged)

expectation

Bones re clothed boards

collected this

poem this wall

only emphasizing

an illusion of closure

The book

in this hand I

wish I couldn't

read for just

a moment There's

a dog

up there all

it takes is a dwarf

star to get

me thru this

just one

fucking star in

the sky

fourth walk

Fire

Chicken

gobble gobble

that's

our

bird

Fire

Chicken

presides

over

the secret

brotherhood

Fire

Chicken

shares

bald

eagle

shreds

Sirens

under

the bridge

our

Fire

Chicken's

in some

real

trouble

This is the new world disordered

Cast concrete

sand-blasted perspectives

of a world park in glass

mosaic

Lunch is being eaten

on every continent

Gold cones fleck

lava outside

the hotel lobby

Let's have a sandwich

Art critic Douglas Blau called Ned Smyth's installation at 12th & Ludlow a "backdrop for meditation and impassioned play." A man sits under a palm w/ a banana. His outfit changes from moment to moment. He is wearing a parka. A yeaumolka. A kilt. A kimono. A fez.

(Oil Bottle Poems Found in Harry's Occult Shop)

Lucky Root

Lucky Hand

Hi John Con

Lucky Black Cat

Oriental Love

Come to Me

True Love

French Love

Happy Marriage

Intimacy

Trust Me

You Me Forever

G is for geometry

G is everywhere

G is glowing over

Ben Franklin's shoulder

Quick w/ the dip

& improv

in the shop

the orgy in the lodge

of the 9 muses

He watches us

in his apron wig & beaver

If drag queens ruled the world

no kabals no secrets

the temple of solomon

could be re-imagined differently

Conrad: " We need to look at some chocolate after that experience." A chocolate ear on a plate is sold as "The Mike Tyson Special." A chocolate man I think is Teddy Roosevelt is nobody, really. I'm seeing Masons everywhere.

fifth walk

George Evans saw a sign in a saloon
painted in gold letters:

"A man who dies rich dies disgraced."

A. Carnegie- Liar, Philanthropist, Thief

Under it in red:

"You can't eat books."

A. Worker- Robbed & Cheated

Shoes soundtrack

evening rushing down

bronze station angels

to take the wounded

away

Watchers

tunnel

home to trains where

is

this

home is

this the place

S O B E R

1 letter per pane in

the fourth floor

factory windows

A bum lies down

in the gravel

tired of throwing

rocks

at

the glass

no ladders

no steps to

the spire

Sun beats

on the drafts

up there

the crucified bird

the crucified christ

the resurrections

waiting to escape

the tower

A secret admirer of Thomas Eakins marked the site of his studio with a plaque. The woman working at the Valu-Plus says the workspace has been sealed for 40 years. I've been told I look like Eakins in a black turtleneck. Some days the room up there looks like mine.

Rolling stone

lips

light the parking

lot wall

Rolling stone

kiss taste the salt

of

the

earth

A bronze keeps me
company on a locust
walk bench
he whispers
"Genius deviance where would I be without it"
I touch
his knee
I answer
I hear you man
I hear you

FRANK SHERLOCK lives in Philadelphia, where he curates the La Tazza Reading Series. He is the author of *13* (Ixnay Press), and a collaboration with CAConrad entitled *end/begin w/ chance* (Mooncalf Press). Their ongoing collaborative project is *The City Real & Imagined: Philadelphia Poems*. Sherlock is also the author of *Ace of Diamond Satellite*, a forthcoming collection in 2005. Read some more of Frank's poetry at [dcpoetry](#)



DUSIE