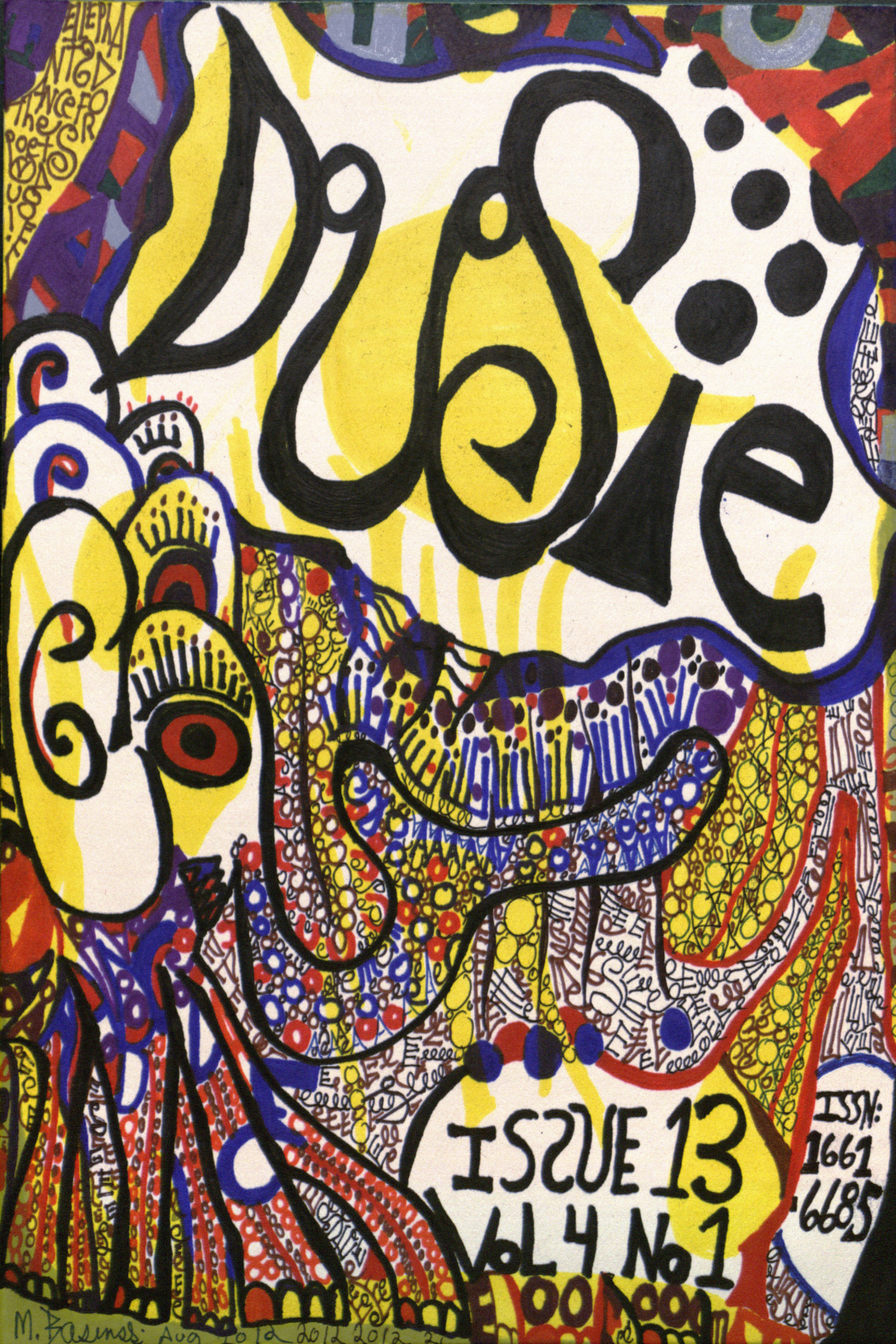




BASINSKI**M**YERS**V**AP
BURNS**V**OGEL
SIECZKOWSKI
KAMINSKI
HAUKE**J**ORGENSEN
BAUS**B**ROX
LOWIN**G**ER
II**J**IMA**D**EN**R**OW
TAYLOR**S**MITH**T**YNES
SIKKEMA**A****D**USIE



ISSUE 13

6L4 No 1

ISSN:
1661
6685

M. F. ... Aug 2012 2013 21

Cover art by Michael Basinski, 2012
ISSUE 13, VOL 4 NO 1
ISSN 1661-6685

For more information about **DUSIE PRESS BOOKS**
and **DUSIE** the online literary journal, please visit:
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DUSIE

ZÜRICH
2012

CONTRIBUTORS

6	Introduction
9	Michael Basinski
13	Danielle Vogel
17	Megan Burns
20	Sarah Vap
23	Gina Myers
29	Brenda Sieczkowski
34	Megan Kaminski
38	Nathan Hauke
44	Kirsten Jorgenson
48	Eric Baus
50	Robin Brox
55	Aaron Lowinger
61	Brenda Iijima
64	Jennifer Denrow
69	Shelly Taylor
74	Abraham Smith
79	Jen Tynes
87	Michael Sikkema
93	Contributor Bios
96	DUSIE NEWS

In a selection from Lew Welch's *Collected Poems*, we get a crystal clear look at Radical Vernacular Poetics. I don't have the tech savvy to drum up the lovely zen calligraphy circle that heads the page but the text reads:

Step out onto the Planet.
Draw a circle a hundred feet round.

Inside the circle are
300 things nobody understands, and maybe
nobody's ever really seen.

How many can you find?

Between them, the poets in this issue found all 300 and then some.

They found their 300 things on the bus, in hypnosis, on a social work call, listening to Elizabeth Cotton, thinking about Nicki Minaj, contemplating the edges of the mother body, finding ways to let the swamp gas speak, talking straight to the elephants in the room.

They're all over the place, but they consistently let that place where they stand sing them out towards us.

Radical Vernacular isn't only rural, and is not a movement. Forget what you've heard. A movement moves a bit forward and stops. A movement is identified by watching how its tracks appear in the mud, by how it's seen.

Radical Vernacular is identified by how it changes the way WE see. It's WEATHER; we like it or not. It lights sheds and sheds light. Radical Vernacular needs no manifestoes, but each blink is a palimpsest, current-recurrent. These poets pitch our present tense.

I hope you enjoy reading their work as much as I enjoyed collecting it.

Michael Sikkema
Grand Rapids, Michigan
2012

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THE RADICAL VERNACULAR

WITH GUEST EDITOR
MICHAEL SIKKEMA

DUSIE

MICHAEL BASINSKI







from A Library of Light

,

Light lets the grid of a thing respire. Each intersection becomes an or in relation. Imagine the skin of you, all its points of convergence, either through sense or sound, being met at once. The grid begins to glow. We move in every direction even standing still. We let the light. It culls something against us. The grid is reflationary. Light oracles us. Reflexes relation. I become beside myself and something else even while stationary.

,

Imagine adjacent squares or houses, arms of an alphabet or body. Infuse their walls with light and they become blown out, bendable, suddenly pluralized into both themselves and something else. I want to flood the sentence with light until it breathes without me. I suspend something between two points. I strain the body into parts. Let it warp through the word, exaggerated and left with the feeling of having been touched.

,

I pick up light. I pick it up with both hands, shake the rope of it into a page. I put it in my mouth. I let it pull a sound through me. The desire to lean against a thing through language as light might lean across my house. Its dissipating gloss across the bedroom, spilling the kitchen. I want to learn how to do this through the sentence. I'm alone, so I lay my body in its way. I put it on like a wound. Watch my finger's translucence. I think about the membrane of the page, illumined in its reading. But this isn't right. So I make sounds into the room until the light is pulled from my house back into the city.

,

I want to unwrap a word. A book and body, a residual architecture. Something left behind that is always both inhabited and inhabitable. Light like a skin like a sound, shed. Shuttered. Shivered off. A page, a hallway of light between us. I want the body and book in all its tenses. Inhabited, inhabitable, inhabitation, inhabitability.

,

1.

,

We come to life now. When we. When we are. We pick up a language like a lit garment, wet and shaken out. A shinbone lifts. An elbow. A paragraph. All shot through until our edges dissolve in pleats. We are held together through our separatenesses. We are an ambiance of remains, wreckage, re-configured. We are an illuminated architecture. We are a moving letter. Topologies of sound. We are never static, but echoic. As we make shape, we take it. The mouth, unmarooned. We trespass punctuation. A curvature. An arc, unarchived in the sharing. We almost make a circle, but what we mean is silence into sound. Or an inconstant coming into focus. We are always in the present tense. The flood of the gap, washed out. We, a word. We, a window. Bring your body.

,

When we are six, we are also seventeen. When we are six, we are reading. But we cannot read. Our language drapes over some thing and we make shape associatively. When we are seventeen, we are reading by resonance. A certain rhyme in the curve of a thing. The slight of it slips through the tongue. A leaning of throats. When we are three, we are also fourteen. When we are fourteen, we do not know the difference between a book and a body. We are unbound, gutterless. A book is a woman's skin near the eye. A page, the plum-colored aureole. A cobbled finger-bone, a vague novel.

,

Stories a corner. A slope of wall. Or water. A soft warping through the gloss. A belly. We refuse to come into convergence. We are already converged. We are the yellow hour that laminates the horizon. We are a strigosing of selves. We love. When we are. When we are there. When we are one, we are sometimes also twelve. When we are three, the ground is mostly ether. We walk through the specter of things. When we are seven, the world is drained. When we are only four, we live in empty houses. When

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we are six, we fall in love with the slats between fences. We fall in love. We love through the throat. We reverberate. When we are nine, we are also twenty. We are a shifting geometry and the halo moves from the window. We are wedded in occurrence. We manipulate the grid. We are led by our hands, but we have no hands.

When we are. When we are there, we lay together and cover ourselves with our voices. When we are ten, we are also twentyone. We speak of breathing, but this is a thing we cannot do. When we are seven, we are also eighteen. When we are eighteen, we cartography our bodies. But we are unmappable, unhinged. A sound the voice cannot make, but makes.

2.

When we are not yet born, we are also ten. We feel our birth a thousand miles away. We see a body suspended across the sky. We come cleaved at birth. We are both one and eleven. We are an irregularity draped across a country. We are here, we say. We are here. We are uncusped at the threshold. Tangential at the curve. A compendium of skins. A skinning sound. We are flooded. We are emanated. We are a mesh of strings, striated, invisible. We are a single canopy. A permeable membrane, wet at the lips.

When we are thirty-four, we are cartographers of empty space. We map an unreliable grid. We map the shifting grid between. Between thought and body. Between bodies. We reverberate. We scatter, but keep relation. We spectre we. We are a dream-culture of intimacies. We write ourselves to return to ourselves. When we are forty-one, we split our house in two and then stitch it together. When we arrive at the other, we create a burst of reference. A globe of hatch-marks knit skin to skin.

Our arms are creatures across an open room.

3.

Sometimes our mouths are mistaken. Sometimes our mouths are mistaken for a thing that might ferry another. When our mouths are mistaken. Our mouths are mistook. They are thought to be abandoned. They are thought to be full. Our mouths are mistaken. When our mouths are abandoned, they are nested by another. When they are full, our tongues must be fought for.

We are cosseted, a living alphabet along the ground. We let ourselves be turned. When we are, we are always writing. Even before the sentence begins, it has begun. It is a soft un-fossilization through the tongue. A membranous correspondence.

When we are. When we are one, we are also twelve. When we are twelve, we are as lonely as if we were one. When we are lonely, we let our tongues reach out until they touch another's.

We want you to reach for us. We are the alphabet realigned, unarchived against the body. We say, this is a book. A body. We say, this is a sentence. A thing nesting and nested. We say, my mouth is a living record. We say, a bright lattice-work, a netting. We say, watch. We watch this net breathe as it reconfigures itself between us. We say, this is a thing that makes shape and takes it.

Dear Claude Cahun:

soft focus in the lens shot so Laura Palmered
 plastic wrap halo, slice of cherry, bit of rum
 honeys in the summer squeeze
 do you wrap it better twined, twice bound like a second jaunt to the moon
 to get it right
 handprint: she's a slummy blonde
 do you take it black or sugared?
 death paint to make the lips fake or several shades lighter so you pass
 graves knocked over at the borderlands
 short space worth the dead numbers or a little dead body twirling
 or stone dropped in the water circling rims
 this country can't grasp a blood feud: bridged and warred
 in the small pass that divides two branchings
 if you shot Kosovo in sepia or touched the scale
 when you alibi all the beds are turned
 when you're occupied who wraps self portraits
 be abhorred, be very abhorred
 I dream too and the precedent was that we rolled
 over water without incident in the land of hungry, hungry hauntings

bang, bang shuttering in the murder lullaby
 sweet tremors for speed balls on the metal rump, we broke taboo
 broke our locket hearts in two, rocket shipped
 and won't come down sparkling or spanked
 night lickings sweated in secrets, she's full of—

from the Nicki Minaj Project

Leg Works



(visual 1)

remove eyes: remove tendons: remove muscular retina:
remove crepuscular jointed stitchings: remove tendency
to articulate: remove ached invested motive: remove
bluestocking heroesy: remove poor illegitimate diatribes:
remove Ebonics: remove gesticulated frontman: remove
embrace: remove heel's sexual orientation: remove gluteal
arch: remove coiffed dangling: remove tribal excess:
remove platforms: remove discomfort: remove memory:
remove calcified bone: remove fragments dissolved in a

unstable solution: remove ability to stop fall: remove silhouette: remove leotard rise: remove
uvula's vibrating: remove skin tone: remove melanomic decisions: remove athletic inference:
remove titillating peek: remove possibility of dissidence: remove prodding corpse: remove
pixelated promise

Thornton Dial's Lost Cows

for spooky characters

if you lose your moo
n over the horizon
fat cheesy face plucked up on the cherry mounds
or diamond shaped pupils in a desert of bone
I cattle you call the dinner bell best friend
hunt down a lowing
or like alpine herds sure of footies, not a poor
investment if not touched hither or thither
permanent collections white rib caged in each golf bagged corpse
the way the south was built heavy this yoke's
for you or two by two
bovine caresses eyes of the gluey gods
now this, double wasteland: torn under reversible beauts
cow patties & coffee
a fence falls or tumbles tree down

Impulse

The seas of the moon
are actually rock plains. Calm plains
that stirred a single time when the meteorites
gliding smoothly— they thought forever—
were stopped at the face of the moon.
Yolk of red, a dark black-red
when the liquid rock hardened
into that plain, the Lake of Joy.
Why joy. How joy
how hardened joy.

In the morning

In the middle of love, receiving
into the horn
turning against itself
you ask me not to trust
what I can enter only through joy.
Though we are...beset
by laughter. And the weather, somewhere.
And the milk comes in
around us.

Rain thickening

We want the babies to survive,
not drown. The forest drags itself
all around us. Drags along
our streambed
where love
isn't breath over breath, or blades on ice
over breath. Where the trick of light resolves
in the sourmilk
smell of the breast. In the urine
smell of the bed. The salt smell of the blood
still on me
weeks after the baby.

HOLD IT DOWN

New recipes combined
w/ the wonder I've kept
myself alive this long.
The autumn stretches before us
as every autumn has done
before. Losing my life
to rush hour. Ride MARTA,
it's smarta. Everything streaked
in rain. I look through
my greasy reflection
in the smudged bus window.
The squeaky breaks, midweek
hustle & slow collapse.
Everything is over. Grey.
Filling the space w/ whatever
fits. Three hundred tiny noises
to keep me awake at night.

LAMENT

Everything broken is still broken.
Fuck making the best of a Monday.
I'm not saying the things I set out to say.
But when night comes I know one thing
to be true: I will be able to fall asleep,
or I will not be able to fall asleep.

NO PARENTS NO RULES

Not more deep, more shallow.

You take what you can.

Monday morning: pot of coffee.

It's a dead kid who rats on another kid.

New media schizophrenia.

Dear cloud free from moral guilt.

I walk down the street & something happens, or doesn't.

May 23, 1987, game three Eastern Conference finals:

Bird drives the lane & Laimbeer lays his ass down.

Five dollar pitchers of Blatz & Sam Cooke on the jukebox.

A door leads to a door leads to another door.

Deepinsnow. Living in a city. *Eepinnow.* To live in a city.

I get good advice from the advertising world.

For example: this & this & this.

An obsession w/the morning news.

Ten cent wing night.

He do the police in different voices.

Rust Belt restlessness. Post-industrial Michigan.

Telling the same story over & over.

Can't slow down. Won't stop.

This doesn't explain anything.

MARVIN GAYE'S *WHAT'S GOING ON*

When he sings about his Father,
I think of my father. Mercy mercy me.

I don't believe in soul, but I believe
in soul music. This is the year

that I finally stop the pain
I've been carrying for too long.

My friends march in the streets
& all the tired faces reflect back

at me in the bus window. The stop
& start of rush hour. Forty years

later the songs still apply—war,
poverty, neglected veterans, addiction.

It does make me want to holler.
There was a time when I thought

there was more to life than this. But
now I am thankful for what I have.

Poetry cannot save us all.
But it might save some of us.

LICENSE TO ILL

I was six years old when
License to Ill was released.
My brother had the cassette
& we would listen to it
in the van on family road trips.
I learned all the lyrics to
“Fight For Your Right” &
had to ask my brother what
a porno mag was. He told
me it was a “dirty magazine.”
But I didn’t understand
that use of dirty yet—thinking
instead of playing in the back-
yard or on the playground
at school, digging in actual
dirt, staining the knees of my
pants, the grit beneath the nails.

THE LIBRARY

is a bar & sitting here
I recall his college joke,
the message on
the answering machine
claiming to be busy studying
at the library, when college
was anything but—wild
parties & his lifetime ban
from the dorms, huffing
nitrous & hitting his face
on the corner of the counter
as he blacked out & fell
forward. It's all falling now
& it feels so good to be
free & alive & not think
of the consequences
of your actions. It's times
like these you think
you'll live forever &
even if you die tonight
it will have been worth it.
I envy my brother who never
wants for anything. Life
is a vacation & we're all suckers
who've been swallowed
by a system that does not
love us. But right now
the conversation is good &
it's time for another round.
On the patio the cool night breeze
surrounds us but will not erase
us as we carve our names into
the wood table, a little note
of autobiography to say, yes,
I was here.

Sinking Feeling

Bug-eyed monster in my wardrobe
is howling again beneath the ruffle hems—

murky theater with half-lowered curtain, stage
jumbled with shoes. This little shoe

is Hamlet. This little shoe is Godot.
This little shoe cries all night long—

fiddling a knot in its bow.
The monster is gobbling my shoe,

little loaf-of-bread with rye-seed stitching.
Oh to eat or yes to eat, he croons.

His breath billows my blackest dress,
sail unfurled from the mast of a plague ship.

I can hear the rat gnawing at my heels.
The rat won't abandon ship.

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vector: fair/feral

nocturnal squall a rodent
grease-furred &
baring 30-watt teeth

sheet lightning

cackle on the hi-wi
feralmagnetic :: plucking an
abandoned flock of bicycles

down the ditched streets cut the

worm in half & it(s) grow(s)
back south pole field
severed from bar magnet

emerald cocktails on the dim-sun
porch wind-up skirt that
whirs green back blue &

yellow light strung from a tin scrap of

blind lemon jefferson
rasping through dusty screen
mordant imbibition picking

rabbit foot meatless

DUSIE

vector: might/mitochondrion

viscid membrane intricately pleating so's
to gather in invisible

christae :: "conger of particles carefully picked"

this kernel is it not proto-motive
sister eukaryote enfold us in thy apron freshly

& barefoot step-chain down t' river
intricately pleading o lord

we studded with yr bounteous
protein take this our steadfast

cellular respiration

barely refraining foot molecule
away from chemical transport

summer riddle

boy fetches girl cupped in grubby palms a lantern pitted with microscopic crypts plucked from a firefly's abdomen beads of sweat on the grownups' gin glasses *how many fireflies does June Frog swallow before he begins to glow?* sweet amplexus eyes a black-jam smear the powdery light organ leaves faint sickle luciferin on the ring finger sweaty thrum summer valentine puh-lease be octo-puh-mine? willow a snug playhouse with its trunk hollowed with rot fizzed adults flickering into dusk on the patio children playing romantic diseases like indentations from grass blades cross-hatched into pink skin little miss dermatographia poster child *why does June Frog go to the hospital?* oxygen tent outlawed crack of ice cubes rattling from plastic tray game since the ghostly one with powdery skin splotch on shoulder blade birthmark like a keyhole hourglass tarnished key might yes wind the lungs into snug little organ bellows still working properly might grow up to be a lantern ballroom weather balloon because *he needs a hopperation*

cross-examination: rabbit v panic

were you then wearing your rabid paw on a lanyard or hooked through the belt loop? rab-*bit*. rabbit. were you then wearing your rabbit paw—it was an unhealthy *turquoise*—a radioactive. but you felt the ‘twig little bones crunchy’ when you rolled it between your palms. that’s how you knew it wasn’t. even though what you wanted was absurd. the brighter the berry in those bushes the more chance it’s poison. it didn’t matter if you *were* or they only thought you were. what? dangerous. crazy. and then they’d leave you alone? no, not entirely. that’s why I had to wear the keychain omelet. omelet? yeah. I was just testing, to see, ah, if you were paying attention. am-let. amulet. yeah well, why would you need to? because zodiac killer german shepherd devil worshipping razor blade nuclear bomb. and you came by this, um, charm, with fun-center tickets? no that was a piggy bank. only rabbit not piggy with prickly fur. flocked? no, singular, with, you know, borderline sandpaper skin. raspy. raspberry eyes. pink. like the *premonition of a sneeze*, you said? right. or this cherry snow cone caved into the sticky end.

MEGAN KAMINSKI

Hands burnish stone ground bits
sparkle stutter
 shutter dark workrooms emerald
glisten pull out from powder coating
faces arms lips our goggled eyes clear
train the brown countryside to expand
dissipate commute to gray buildings
shadows echo down widen streets
undertake tonight's neon
bring us close collective pockets
lit shafts from under doors

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Name me hindsight
name me plenty

if you'd let me I'd show you
dark spots stretching down sun
secret doors entries to backroom
upon backroom I'd pick up my
pencil draw blueprints wrangle
trunks mallets creams made
ginger mallow you might capture
the city I lost last year
(stuff its corpse with steel wool
charred tissue mechanical entrails)

promise to bring back the remnants
rosaries of fingers and toes
button eyes button nose
bring me back to light
carry me in soft palms

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Windows drag day through remnants
 remind us of the unspoken plains
not laboring dusk takes the last
trace Shenzen warmth
 blanketed bedward
fingers mumble across wood smooth splints
through cotton gloves breathe bleed process
 packages
 purchase seeds
in different regions hide every third child
 away

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Before the steel bridge east

1

Before the steel bridge east

we took the elevator to the 34th floor

from a window

rub your thumb across the west hills

yellowed maples tucked in evergreens

careful white letters spell secrets

2

A trail of salt left behind in the desert

practiced augury in late afternoons

left legs move into a fondu après an attitude

effacée

where were you yesterday morning when the fog resisted

and my knees buckled in fifth

3

Try as you might x does not always equal their sum

and the only proven method to make things present

is

(in our space not theirs)

trace your name

see if it sticks

NATHAN HAUKE

Bury me deep

after Libby Cotton

Honeybabe. Your eyes

Crickets in shadows of Johnson weed across an overturned stove

Trash at the edge of the light your eyes

Tadpoles swimming in skunk water

Smell of mint sweet clover

Widened by the heat

Honeybabe. Cuts a lean arc

Away from the feeder

.....

Current rises in pitch as stones etch bent glass

The tender flow of sap and aluminum shine

Windows cut into the side of the barn like velvet

Where *X* hung himself after he lost all the family money

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Honeybabe.

For a moment I thought

We were sharing

We weren't

Hurt or angry

Weeping willow

Bent under the weight of its leaves

Wedge of light jammed against the screen

Would rather sleep than talk about the weather

Would rather not

Summer weeds dumbstruck by hearing

The long planks of our floor creak underfoot

Wakefulness more like a stammer, not static

Thinks about wakefulness too

Thrumming wildly between ecstasy and terror as

Wind changes textures of leaves—the slow build and the hampered shuddering after

Little wind-up blackbird shifts gracefully stalk to stalk

Something in the back of my head like a horse fly

Darkness in the tree line collapses depth into a flat black backdrop.

Sinking (as if to a “depth”) the sudden dullness of attention

No fizz

Where the climate suits my clothes

Yard waste
Shining dusty apples with my sleeve
You can hardly pick which
Robert Johnson record
Catch the lamplight from the side/
Ceramic birds crackle near the handle
Wild turkeys under the roses
Crane towards deer you startle from breakfast
Bent, rusty cemetery fencepost
Names worn off the stones

After Lucretius

Thank you with a raspberry seed in the hollow of my tooth

It's a horse

Honeybabe. That piece that looks like a horse
Delicious stars almond puff pastry
While Ruby pants through the heat near the stairs
Honeybabe. Goldfinch magnet
Voice medium blue truck full of garbage
Ten seconds from a meltdown
Wants chewing gum
Honeybabe. Irises musty rot
Runny green salsa
Calls you on the phone or what
The road steaming all the way home

KIRSTEN JORGENSEN

Homunculus

show me the origin
and insertion show
me the skeleton articulating
when we draw
the two together
bone wearing
to atrophied muscle
a palm
fiddlehead fern
tapping then
breaking eggs
on a glass bowl
the way a spine curls around
a word and stiffens into place

Homunculus II

Repetition has nothing to do with rinsing clean but looking and burning and bone.

What sticks to bone's
shimmering tissue
nexus stretched between muscle and bone and organ electric
eyes lit in the current
pinning the seams and stringing sight like laundry on an electric line.

The line of that dress is the eye drawing your clavicle from the light and burning it
until it becomes a meaningful object to pass back and forth and suck.

A swatch of material to wipe our mouths clean with.

Homunculus III

Hair drawn into the tuning fork stands compass still
points to weather as something you brace yourself for
nothing but filling space, ambivalent

signs we read are really written
across

and over one another's bodies and are illegible
not geologic but neurotic time (smudged and removed)
shifting in your body like a panicked animal drawing water into its mouth
a series of opening and closing valves mouths and hair and
mirror
your body a weather vain.

Homunculus IV

Winter's goring horn
gleaned from aluminum
waste shattered
in the rhododendron
meringue sheened
livid as dogs
tear through the neglected
to light
in the shine of eyeglasses
that strange carriage
lock and key
rocked and soothed
fragments

saved
like the broken hides of deer
in the roadside snowbanks
carrying their scarred antlers
to gore through the purple
and grey organ body
a healing and suturing reconciliation
as much as it separates
mimicking the heartbeat's
desire to speak its

from The Tranquilized Tongue

The doubled brother appeared inside the corner of an enclosed eye. The fluid fastened to the sleeping man's head. The troubled lid steamed open. The reflections compared exhaust. The others brushed. The abandoned rows of scales revived the fuses in the twin's brain. The remains of the destroyed address entered a perfect circuit. The post-humous moan replaced the alias another voice once answered.

The dismantled ventriloquist vibrated the street with the abandoned breaths of baby snakes. The frayed force rephrased the body of a delirious musician. The little fingers fluttered. The receiver evolved. The scarlet phone rang into a salamander spine.

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The house of buzzing children animated a cadaver. The disguised seams fused with the weather from another town. The king's congealed head assembled its stingers. The bed's brains retracted. The haunted spokes of the spires tuned in sparks.

The sleeper orbited the topiary ocean. The glass arms swam into the branches of a swan. The outstretched stranger dissolved. The solution steeped. The cornered squid stormed the shore.

ROBIN BROX

bent antenna

Crooked	Curve		
breaks			breath
to	the	bare	spine
push	push	back	out
unfold	velvet		intensity swelling
in	new	pocket	words
no	to	Connotations	distract

[pick up

pomegranate seeds
on hands and knees]

Poem

making Manhattans. Campari & Aperol
& Redemption
Bourbon, three
ice cubes that are really
crescents, all
the tall ones
falling asleep.

from Man seen by a flower (Jean (Hans) Arp)

A man seen by a flower
which is a bird frozen
in metal but fluid, poured
forth, an opening opening
an offering, bark of seal
echoes like these gallery footfalls
gingerly loud, legs linger then
leave the eyeball kaleidoscope
planes curve along themselves
spilling light to eyes to yes to
flatten into mirror, giving image
to the edges of a man
what he may ripen
beyond bloom into harvest

from Reclining Figure (Henry Moore)

infinity
of loops
ecstasy of
desire
grain
of gape
woman of
mouth
upturned
opening
of truth
body of
wood

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poemgranate

let steam sun
split free from lead along you
some pink gape salt teeth wanderer
will lips seam gate linger clench
cold wonder tangle garment one edge
rendezvous tidal leather cling try setting
ripen scent pledge close practice rind
body seals vials gather turning scene
fruit grow spun come feed amber
see new honeyseed treat future
hers heads go

MIGHTY TACO, TONAWANDA CITY

across the canal from the North
of the Twin Cities

across the street from Drozdak's Double D
Drinking and Dining emporium

reading essays on boxing
to the digital radio 80's pop/rock station
only matter of time before Tom Petty
is a bad boy free falling

into the booth next to me
slide kid and grandma
she's wearing plastic bags for shoes
and her smell nauseates me

still I can't stop searching the air
for the sick twist

All the pills in town
funnel into her gait

“what will happen to me
tonight?”

the kid says
head twisted into the music
“no bad boy sings this”

light snow
as dark has fallen

“I bet I'm more of a bad boy than him”
and lets out an epic belch

even though it's moved onto
the dark side of the moon
on the edge of the county

Grandma giggles.

BLUE JAY TOTEM

The phone rang
and then the day
fell open

dollar store stars
always ready
always watching

there's nothing there
the numbers are blocked

that's when I noticed
the blue jays

eating something
out of the wreaths

the girl sitting in her car
running it all day
to keep warm
smoking cigarette after cigarette

tells me she's all right
with a pained but assuring smile

she's been practicing that smile
her entire life

I always hear blue jays,
don't often see one
close enough to marvel
it's feathers

The call drops anyway
and the phone freezes,
I remove the battery
she ashes out of the window

DUSIE

I go into the house,
come back out

her car is still there
but she's gone

the tree above it
a perfect skeleton
with red muscles

a jet passes above it

the phone rings - no number

later will be tried
to phone the wheels
or at least the center
refusing to move

THE MARKET

I have a friend who works the market
the market is always calling him on the phone

he sends emails like
“I’ve been on the phone for 25 hours, 14 minutes now”
and he’s not allowed to tell me what for

when he’s not plugged in I ask him
How long will it last?
How long will it last until they call you on the phone again?

My friend he’s the religious type
not especially a believer
but he believes in all manner of things
and he goes into the church
down there in the market
for noon mass
where the market disappears

it’s cool, dark, peaceful in there
and I like the music
I’m sure they have cameras in there
but at least the music is blind
and my soul with it, is blind.

HOSPITAL ELEVATOR

Every night the city closes
and the door man opens
to a room where survivors
from the normal world
drink beer and share stories
of how they endured
the rude architectures
of new animals
it's hard to keep eyes open
long enough to find water
the lucky few receive

In the basement of the hospital
there is a zero-gravity machine
festooned with red and blue ladders
it was there I saw you
older, heavier around the cheeks
still compassionate
I would want to run a marathon
over your face to get back to your face
and cover it with arnica.

The hospital is where the city opens
forgives itself for its violence
it's sudden sunsets
now among beers
I feel I haven't been tortured
enough to stand
on these same grounds

Concrete painted bright yellows
and pale blues,
the elevator to the basement
goes fast
but has a reassuring
recorded female voice:
elevator will soon slow

I have never been to this place before.

JEWELS JUNKER

Yellow and white lights
pickup truck parking lots
late day sun slants
long grass is shadow
an outcrop of New York.
Jewels, it only eats itself
pats the ground where it slithered out
sucking the life from my neighborhood
a New York camera railyard
with racing stripe blush
and all the beefy women
watching us!
it's so sick to think
the same dinky moon
between the two
the same dollar
the same dream
the same instant coffee

I'm so happy to go to the clinic
everyday the chance to be clean
everyday boiling water and vinegar
a chance to be clean
quick ride to cross town
a blood outcrop of New York
July flowers for three months
what a ham! is this! smile!
we can't even live here!

SOME SOUVENIRS OF DEATH VIEWED AS ART

Alfred Hitchcock, *Psycho*, Movie still with taxidermied owl.
Norman Bates loved stuffing birds, eventually, he taxidermied his mother, 1960.

Robert Rauschenberg, *Monogram*, Angora goat with painted nose and ears, painted tire, painted hinged wood, tennis ball, collage and newspaper, 1955-9.

Damien Hirst, *The Physical Impossibility of Death in the Mind of Someone Living*, tiger shark, glass, steel, 5 percent formaldehyde solution, 1991.

Mark Dion, *Library for the Birds of Antwerp*, birds of African origin, tree, ceramic tiles, pool, books, mixed media, 1993.
Thomas Grünfeld, *Misfit*, (St. Bernard), Mixed Media, taxidermy. 1994.

Rachel Poliquin, *Moose*, Saskatchewan Museum, 2005.

Snaebjörnsdóttir and Wilson, *Lord and Lady Puttnam Polar Bear*. Artists attempted to locate and photograph every taxidermied polar bear in the England. According to *Antennae*, Issue #6, they located 34 bears, "Most from the past century, some in pubs, some in private homes, others on display in natural history museums and still others moldering away in the back rooms of museums." 2006.

Iris Schieferstein, *Snake Pistol*, 2007.

Claire Morgan, *Captive*, torn polythene shopping bags, an owl and five mice, nylon, lead, 2008.

Petah Coyne, *Untitled #1336 (Scalapino Nu Shu)*, peasants, ducks, silk flowers, 2009-2020.

Julia deVille, *Kitten Drawn Hearse*, 2010.

Objective Time for Animals and Ticking

sidereal time, oceanic time, geologic time, atomic time, spacetime, coordinated universal time, noontime, mean solar time, civic time, terrestrial time, barycentric dynamical time, Planck time, doomsday time, global positioning system time, escape time fractals:

“But in order to understand the function of this doubt for the subject of the assertion, let us consider the objective value of the first suspension for the observer whose attention we have already drawn to the subject’s overall motion. Although it may have been impossible up until this point to judge what any of them had concluded, we find that each of the Jellyfish manifests uncertainty about his conclusion, but will have it confirmed without fail if it was correct, rectified—perhaps—if it was erroneous.”

Frighten me with your boredom

from “Logical Time and the Assertion of Anticipated Certainty” by Jacques Lacan, *Écrits*, 171.

DUSIE

In lamp-lit New England the streets and chambers were illuminated
with the fat of Whales, before that, beeswax “Petroleum eliminated
the market for Sperm Whale oil as an illuminating fuel”
Corporate entities bobbing on the waves, sea-faring abattoirs making
way around the Cape of Good Hope

“Old style whaling began on a commercial scale in the twelfth
century in the Bay of Biscay by the Basques” “By the twentieth
century the Right Whale was facing complete biological extinction in
the Atlantic”

“The Yankees from New Bedford and Nantucket hunted mainly
Sperm Whales” “Whalers found it simpler and safer to harpoon a
calf and haul it quickly to shore where the bereaved mother followed
In the shallow water she could not defend herself and was effectively
shot” “In 1936 Congress passed a law forbidding the killing of Gray
Whales With at most a hundred Grey Whales still alive the law was
as much an epitaph as a protection” “On calm days many harbors in
the Antarctic were cluttered with the stinking, decaying carcasses of
dozens of half-skinned Whales.”

Imagine having sex in the dim light of whale fat burning in the
sconces; now imagine having bountiful sex under the sexy lighting
of dirty coal burning electricity...

These notes originate from *The Blue Whale* by George L. Small,
1971, a genocidal account of whaling

JENNIFER DENROW

The World is Getting Out of Place

It sells rare.
The goats look wild and rare.
The pets find caves.
We get a lesson in money.
We are made of money.
On the fence we draw our country.
It matches the other countries.
It has one state.
Many countries are the same size.
We don't think Russia is a country.
The world is getting out of place.
It is a famous world.
It is full of riches.
We put it into the sea.
The water is solitary.
The waves fill with goats.
We have our guns.
We take the goats from the waves.
We show them our guns.
They are filled with water and bullets.
We are their kings.
The goats are stained with water.
We move into palaces.
They are palaces of goats.
It is winter time.
Our chests freeze.
The palaces freeze.
There is breath everywhere.
The winter moves through us.
The walker hounds come.
They sleep in ice.
Their tongues are blue.
We put medication in them.
We examine their paws.
Their paws are ice.
The walker hounds want to eat raccoons.
We make them raccoon pancakes.
It is the same food the goats want.
The goats have a method.

DUSIE

They are service goats.
It is an era of pancakes.
Plenty of the goats steal the walker hounds' pancakes.
They do it from their service.
They govern the pancakes.
The walker hounds notice what's happened.
They retrieve their bullets.
It becomes a divided world.
The goats make a collage.
It is a collage of destruction.
The walker hounds go to their ice.
They invite the goats.
The goats have their service to attend to.
The investigations begin.

DUSIE

This is a lot like trust, you say, walking into me, I swear it. I dry my hair on a shirt. I can feel the airplane in my finger. The air traffic is quiet. A lot is personal. Water isn't. In any form it isn't. I'm not in myself. I walk through snow toward snow. It is collecting on horses and oaks.

There are seven ways to love a person. I spend my life in processes of love. I don't learn anything this way. I used to practice wolf medicine and would retrieve parts of people's souls. I came from water and hid my skin in the shrubbery. The light leaves. There is an infinance. Nothing that can touch me has. Light. Someone's sake. I'll fill you with love.

Come into my house. It is perfect. I put rangers here for us. They feel like the places in us. I hold your wrist with my thumb and finger. I put it in my mouth and talk with it. Forgive us our hearts. We are abandoned by what's in us. I don't believe there is us. We handle many people's minds. More frontiers arrive behind us. To look won't work. We aren't supposed to be here anymore. The snow covers us. We are frozen people.

I have to write you a letter. I'm making this imaginary thing. In the absence of a benediction, I see what's here. I imagine constant rain going all over us. It can take time. Most things can. People who are holy when they are here. Right now nothing is finished. Right through us moves a potential of which we're responsible for. A body moves unbecoming.

A seagull is thrown into a lake of animals. It's all we can miss, right here. Read us it. Someone who doesn't want this comes. It doesn't hurt. Several people named Jim. In Albuquerque I buy a book on the moon. I am not finished with importance. It doesn't matter or have to. The boundary is the only transparency. We are here again, in the beautiful world. As if in contract. To come through if light can.

That day you thought you saw something inexplicable in the sky and at your feet was a dying finch whose neck you broke. I know many complications. We worry us. I bring a girl, however much inside this is, to a horse race. I don't know what I'm doing for accommodations.

We are gathered alone in animals. At noon we cry in desert light, keeping something small near us. Its availability as such is absent. I reach out a hand to have it have sun. I deceive us this day. A city somewhere alone. Our famous hearts go, our wild love. This isn't how we are or seem to be but stand reckless in place, blankly moving through snow. We can't reach us anymore.

DUSIE

Three people in a garden in a delivery of air. It is right to always come so close to holding them there, forever. What waits: a courage. I close the window. No one has come to my home to arrest me, but I pretend they do and oftentimes hide in the bathtub and remain scared. My crimes are endless. There are murders, even instances of neglect. One time I killed myself in the waiting room of an abortion clinic. I don't worry about information anymore. I arrest myself. I have guilt. Many eras have passed since my innocence. I worry about information. I put it where it doesn't go and forget about it. I remember it. It bothers everyone how much there is.

No one is nervous by what we see. There is a crazy person. He lives by us, in direct sunlight. He can go home when he wants. It can be beautiful in the world. It can be everything we've seen. Air and mountains and ground. Everything that's sad. A plane crash. Becoming emotional. Maybe this is what this is. A medium person with waves and curves, just like you, sitting here. There is mercy going into us all day.

When I fucked up I did it one night after a movie. I try to find myself in me after doing my bad thing. I stay in the dark for hours, wondering who it was who did it. Do you feel like what I told you is bad? Do you feel yourself? Do you feel like you're a photograph of air? Towards us, our pain. I can't see going over the same thing again. I am certain of an outcome. Everyone's moods. I miss you, as missing goes. There are feelings in all of us. What can I ask of you now, of myself? From a mind, what takes its place? Suddenly this much. As much as can be.

It hurts more than us when we are alone forever. It is becoming more than it can be. Now we are upset. Such news in love should be regular. There's nowhere to go from here. We ache like patients in helicopters.

To say that I love you, what would it mean? To know it. To always have known it. To let it not be inside me anymore. I concentrate on each time, on repair, on my hands in water. I know what it's like here. So close to not mean this. The vanished continents. I go some places—to the end of many days waking up in the pursuit of this uncertainty. Examinations of space. I'll talk about love when I have to. I'll know my limits soon.

DUSIE

It counts for something. Everything does. In limitlessness. Our house please, our best way into us. I have to stop in Utah for the night to photograph a spruce. Steer. Carry. Wave. Faded. Moving toward going home. Part of you, spare and cloudy, us from us, then a way through. A white trapped-in place in us. It leaves us. To sit forever unmoving. I have to be poor for this so I can turn off the lights. It's unsettling.

Our feelings change us into other people. I cross out a boring and long direction about how to put together furniture. I am constantly touched by how it feels to look at a clearing that something moves through. I draw a picture for you. A circle. Many circles. Many people there, like moons, working at night. Is this what it is? What this is? Containment. To keep going through it, moving out to sea, a recklessness. It will take a long time. I believe you. I carry myself through you. Now I am strange. My only way is back like eyes. A taught person who is loving you so much. The driving conditions are in his mind. By ourselves. Making soup for a force to have in us. What extends through sheets of bible. What I really wanted was without you. This, this time. I have made the last one go. I saw you doing what else that day, longing after Vincent, a place so close we went on and on, into it until it wasn't what it was anymore and until we weren't the only ones there.

[14]

The last full day in the south I entered the man-high dog fennel for a rattler & came out empty-handed: a shot into his daily mindset. For all that has failed him he fails harder; fists thrown & every head butt is a blackened eye.

The white that brushes the mind in sleep, the field: his for your kingdom forever.

Morning pejorative but the afternoon levels as low tide I remember my feet there not long ago, brings even mama to the porch with a gun: get up now Tucson,

the sun shines hard through the windows in the morning. I told that dog in the back of the truck get out & get that armadillo over there in the field.

His teeth broke straight through the shell & I never had to put the tailback down for him to get back in. The dreamer's rubbled body of matter—descended

from a past within him both personal & dead to the pulsing world amplified, my yellow desert flutter the window & tall the mission. How I rise myself & lose what, dress this body borne

mother's fine waist & love of the evening light; Jackson light,

a man at the bar who houses dreams of the keylight, Brando, the sun on his back, always hard to his back. I remember my first night behind the bar he lowered my speedrack, bottles & bottles of dark whiskey. Every time I start myself up

DUSIE

thinking back there again, I must look to where I'm coming from: the history lesson of my simple choosing to begin again in beauty. Careen towards beauty, crash into all the backyard trees full of fruit, the blue eye hangs down from a limb.

Grita climbs its tree, the only thing I have is us three & it shall be sanctified. Refrain. I didn't think much of him in the beginning

by the end I had no certainty: he never made a sound. This vain delight not through my two legs screaming its way into the world, nothing descending saying kill & eat into my ears, not seeing the sun for a season, this is imposed by hands, his envy of my living after I should not have;

his wrath. Today the lions are low under the treeline in the straw, they woke our girl pushed back further into the hollow: he'll regret this. Our neighborhood bustle has a memory.

[32]

Aye, there they are, the shells of men unburied,
dead men & horses. She never meant her children
be nursed by fruit trees, the very carcass of.
There is no upshot to war, the sun is a porch-lamp.
Mama had five babies from her womb, her knees,
a harvest; innumerable wolves from a horse pistol,
rock hollows, she felt—then to no high avail,
no city ever built enough, her soldier a wreck,
& what old knowledge is a scrapheap, all that time
avoiding evil, all this bullet in her heart, bowed heads
in prayer not Abilene. Deplane stateside, an ugly fact
about life, blossoms early spring don't forget all that
dark folding in a lockout, no upshot to—no silent
Charlie falling over dead, handlebar & bowled over
the audience clapping, the man revived. I gave a boy
to the world by my legs in dreams, stayed the bed
the whole day, my boy, his father a dying soldier.

[27]

She saw love repeated heavily eight times downward—both hands on hips,
whatever the grounds looked like Wild West, dayglo, the sound
a fish makes being born. Spires righteously

perfumed her home as a cat's back might arch & stretch. Where I go,
so too my confederate jasmine; carry your house with you as a folded up
bridge, two-by-two, the light

how when the word was made the earth began—& he saw
that it was good. What is borne light gets a matchbox transduction:

horse-head etched outside the door from your last lover, a minute way to dig
the earth to hold the mare's body.

Hemmed or limned her fingers are ballerina. I'm attentive

to what's thrown at my face, these trees sentinel themselves all doves
to the wash line—what you give back, blood-stream warm the earth.

Granny's goats were slaughtered by a wild dog, hundreds between the pine
rows, our baby's skin is dark fissured & ceaselessly born.

She saw love, love, love, love all those times, brought both hands acres
to her lips, the second finger marking became the wind, a bird, however
mindful on its bough, dark streets rightful dark—hoofed

DUSIE

through her belly plot that lessens: watch your mouths. He sewed his armor
right off his body, hands ever-warring, a freefloating mass sans

her particulates—emotive thin line the body goes off of.

For this is all the story of a man & his bone begotten, the world begins, ends,
ho is circular. Like a town on fire: so won, so lost

that kind of silence between a hedgerow & a coke bottle, the very naked
that's your dark. In this wind, the oleander begs you stop this desert gale,

our town of his body is alert, something to toast at the door,
each enters, exits alone. Mother becomes a child in it.

Forgive your father one threshold his mortality violent from some dank
weapon of a medieval age come back to God.

This peeled over desert, dirty soldiers' faces form a circle like wolf moon,
come, in a squint eye, the folding in his trigger finger sweat

39 steps; that pull brush past a pant leg the year winter never saw the land.
In her small moments, the woods' gaping mouth,

daddy's closet on fire. They climb the table despite my mercy, a little girl
I remember madcap as winds through the pines, granny's fingers on the keys
one distant southern afternoon for your Floyd Cramer needs, I broke

the limb of the front yard tree, the kind she said Christ's cross was made of.

ABRAHAM SMITH

excerpt from the compost

honest the cork cast no light
 and then the one rooster opens
 a fire eye and i quote stirs
 figures no dawn folds again
 into his rough it russet traveling share
 probably a rabbit like an arthritic wave
 in the green sea of the dog's dreaming mind
 and i
 why i float like a god
 through the dampish linoleum
 last seen producing a potato chip
 from the chilly glow therein
 maybe the real church is learning
 not to hate folks with different
 metabolisms than you and sweet
 is the art of listening practiced
 in the art of killing ghost i are
 bitter bees the broken
 elbows smoke
 in their minds the guns pointing
 downwards trained
 on the dead holding up
 the living while the bad men
 is it true you can tell the crime
 by just looking?
 wild the see the snakes sleep in great big twister balls on
 winter's
 unders and
 autumn forever fast food heart men there
 hunting any little
 old sheet of metal color ruined water
 in the woods they will with a special stick
 lift the edges of that
 look long for the hissin hole
 our foreheads wider
 than ten tools molten
 in a steel hell fire
 i like that molted
 winks at wings of fire
 built not to forget
 how quiet it gets in a forger's workroom

DUSIE

bubble and agonize
isinglass on an agate
smell of spring
green as a wound aired
soil crush
rest in the knowing
that's a bad add
knowing drives us mad egg
no the bones never cease their muttering
hush the sound of leaves
loaned from the bones shouted down
to soil you touch they are
the new of no feel
don't be vegetable designed for travel
don't sweaty tshirt flesh
twisted by twirling
to pop at a neighborhood menace
just like you to take the head off a chicken
oooh it all adds up to how many
times your heart clucks swallows knocks
in a minute and how hard
be surprised
but as through donation sunglasses
you decide when you let the smoke
from your nostrils fall
ghost getting into a pair of nylons
poison factory smoke sneaks
the dogs of night
all across the south ooh i need you
your killer mouth greens leaves
yesterday's road a coyote
what quiet must come to his cold wet coal nose
must be like lying awake at night in a large
city try new york it's late
and you are listening to the dial tone
everywhere is red and white light
and you are listening to the dial tone
back when there was a dial tone and
i can imagine the inventor of the dial tone
was like make it sound like a humming lizard
for many are the done wrong

DUSIE

and this'll be their algae elegiac theme song
without the heart to hang up
your nose in the glass case put
dwell with eye a little isle little
road for wild things a hang up
nothing to smell of on some bound
past the trees
lush tops
thin trunks
forever of fish bone
is the woods
and the woods will loco taco tackle you
out pattern this despite
the claims of the with it crows
stick a noise on your foot
long the highway
black plastic sacks
tremble in the forever
evening gloaming globes of summer light
the weight all along the hip spin
pivot and throw them
free men chucking square bales
onto flatbeds
twang of bed bug bites
along chafes chafed
waistline kicking at a stone never did
never lick of harm
was just being mister stone
just sitting there
it's a funny sad
how hardness encourages abuse
okay follow fallow cola wind
oh
why you have eyes in your head balloon head rise rise
don't smile somebody said your teeth were screwy
plus this wind how many birds shat in
or sang same thing again again in and that's too sweet
you don't have all the money in the world
you need to date a dentist
leans into you
with her knee right there on your rye stomach

DUSIE

she paints with her knee on your bell
the logo for ocean
that's one fine teal wheel and
wheels and water don't mix
sweet candy head orpheus
through as though gone fishing for wings
with wings but no wing bites on a wing
way to catch a leper is with a limper fixture sprat
way to snag a wing is lie you leased
the ice factory to the cup factory
oh no? well then how come now no one
doesn't have a wet upper lip from all time cool heel
drop the h and you lonely onus parade honey sippin
polka dots and cool that's sipping do
that thing with your pony
whale again
there again with the chasing
your own bag of snake intestine
beer and cakes bent double
that machined batter got me in the gut
wool on skin of the far crows scratching out
a little burro puke saw on the wind
on the wind it ain't that good but say it again on the wind
all the seeds plunge
like lovers kept from each other
by blind cruel mothers
plunge into the other's body
or the starving man the body
of the fire charmed squirrel
can i meet you where
the carvers
unknowing
deep in meat
lined the joints
the groove won
worn by blade
little chalk road leave the bled lip teachers out of this
milk can for a chair
easy fall it's all in the legs
a cad dough winter
recant wee spring rant

DUSIE

feeling bad gets old quick now
little ferrous tint minus sign
we word the world sweet grinds
to keep our teeth
from stretching long
as fish never come out
of darkest cave
telescope lip squinty pursy star
she could work in the garden
three kids on her
and the fourth in her
the deer here
there everywhere
higher than they have to
with a little leg kick and pharaoh's
smoke-like glide before the meat and ten
hundred wet clean through socks
in the cyclones of their hollow bones
sucks them back to earth in slaking stuns
stunt fived by no no white why
this the force of the ghost fences
the animal forever navigating
the human pistol reed of a piece of a land
the wilds shout
yes but then move on
it's a saturday monday let's get drunk
let's let a pair of swirl eyes

from Hunter Monies

coming into this one backwards

I finished something mouth-first

your black-eyed daughter draws starfish

on the wall

that's a legal question

a trophy visitation

blonde kissing fish and barbells

your better half even names the throat

I should probably look in

to the colors I'm burning

first eunuch crayola

sings the songs I want to hear

who made this land a place for us

that's an ambient question

meaning take your boots off I'm done smiling

DUSIE

trees cut illegally a lung

would be a better love map

ursine & two layers drip over the newspaper

I dreamed a really high electric

bill babies gather me

some flags

for an art project

no antler

smear a little

warning on my oldest

I dreamed a blue insulator

come to me like a bird

closest to the word I was thinking of

All the grandparents believe

what an alien tells them.

I keep the paper collar

as memento but don't read

romantic measurements inside.

It's always like this

behind the backs of women.

All my inventions whistle

when they get too hot.

Watch your areolas

for deer migration. Our favorite drupe

song has alternative church

verses where radio

replaces skin. Stop my mouth

if that's your family.

She was the tiniest specimen

we could gather after dark.

With green materials,
marble eyeballs. Even
bandaged up I don't
know how to be a stranger.

We stagger bottles
with cattail breaks
and refuse to identify
types of leather, food tastes
better on the outside.

Pearl handle
is an interruption
of several days.

When I go back inside
the heat cycle, aureoles
stagger daisies.

DUSIE

Write this down, first fire of the morning
two men we didn't expect to see in a field of martin houses
I come to you with more info on the pitcher thistle
does she know to put lined paper beneath it
does she know to let out her breath
everyone says "like taking off
a baby's jacket"
I didn't come here
to come to anything
Just laught out loud when I tell you

Sentences hung out of zone.

If I tell a librarian

the dark sheep bone happens.

The traveler finishes

talking up his other side.

I get sick over

your for-sale voice but still curry

everything back

to front. I've a staff blindness

on one hand and a skin

sensitivity to most

fir trees. Even how

they block out light.

DUSIE

I circle the ones we own outright
I fall asleep in the bed of two people I love
there's a jar of pencils for you
there's a rabbit I found with nothing left behind
it's not a good morning for looking at your fingers
try magic shell
try wax paper instead of your arm
try turning it over
try looking for a "zipper"
try candling
pay attention to the work you're doing

DUSIE

Phantom blonde just stepped out
on the trail, black dog and no fingerprints.
I was too tired to post my response.
When the babies got wind of the skeleton
there was no feeding them for days.
We had to articulate bone to rip tide.
Every morning I spend watching turkeys
is a morning I cannot devote to my brine.
The bed was full of sand and bruises.
I got it every time you rolled over.
The purchase glistens with dew
eight days before we're on the radio.
Every time we cruise past the stone
village I feel a little miniature.
Do you know about sound traveling
how it interrogates the fuckers?
Everything I mean is dulcet. The bed was full
of sand and bruises. The babies
played freeze-tag in oak trees and nighties.
She said call the cops meaning
wait until the skirt is calm as glass.
She said this is not your beautiful car.

EVERYTHING IS ALREADY SOMETHING ELSE

Use both
hands to bottleneck
the cackle-bladder in
full view
of the grand
stand. To go for
distance, or to go
the distance, or
to distance. The discussion
was centered on
how well
the actor could
sing in order
to play
the singer who
couldn't act.

BIG LOVE RODEO

Do-wah, you kissed back,
here, my cat-faced kitchen
omnibus. Sometimes coffee
wrists and bent notes, sometimes
all the brown-eyed songs,
barrel chested out of body
ballads, thumb piano with
lady fingers. Your roof's
frost glint signature. If you
were a body of water,
you'd be a paper birch.

How to Survive a Natural Fact

“We'll sleep in
your hat” and other houses,
the kind you carry
away from Gunnut and company
who've gone to yurt
up ridge and nurse their urges
to blow up bridges
Since I got all nest-faced
I've been trying
out the POV
of a damselfly & avoiding
the chapter on cannibalism.

BIG LOVE RODEO

6 AM I can hear your water
boil. If you were a crow, you'd
be a feather pen. Let's braid signals
soon. Let's braid signals soon.
I have those pictures of the cricket
fight. I have those pictures of the
bottle house. Yes let's storm.
All the light a diamond ankle,
the story is a current. Lakes on
our left, the river on the right
and so many fireflies you couldn't
really remember. This January opens
that July. I have those pictures
of people and the fish they
look like.

How to Survive a Natural Fact

Learn to build
a better credit trap
as the little war of cut-outs
heats up the small screen.
Those being beaten have
paid for the clubs.
Looking out from
the snake-grass portraits,
musical space, blindfolded
origins turn the screws.
Riding coattails &
cattails, we noticed
the apple tree was everything
apple trees do.

BASINSKI is the Curator of The Poetry Collection, State University of New York at Buffalo. Among his many books of poetry are *Of Venus 93*, *All My Eggs Are Broken*, *Heka*, *Strange Things Begin to Happen When a Meteor Crashes in the Arizona Desert*, *The Idyllic Book*, and more. **BAUS** is the author of the books *Scared Text*, *Tuned Drones*, and *The To Sound*. With Andrea Rexilius, he co-edits Marcel Chapbooks. He lives in Denver. **BROX** is the author of *Sure Thing* (BlazeVOX [books], 2011). She lives in Buffalo, New York, where she teaches poetry writing workshops, runs her small feminist press & occasional performance series Saucebox, and does Poets Theater. Her project *POMEGRANATES*, a collection of prints, photographs, & poetry, is forthcoming from Xexoxial Editions. **BURNS** edits the poetry magazine, *Solid Quarter* (solidquarter.blogspot.com). She has been most recently published in *Jacket Magazine*, *Callaloo*, *New Laurel Review*, *Trickhouse*, and the *Big Bridge New Orleans Anthology*. Her poetry and prose reviews have been published in *Tarpaulin Sky*, *Gently Read Lit*, *Big Bridge*, and *Rain Taxi*. Her book *Memorial + Sight Lines* was published in 2008 by *Lavender Ink*. She has two recent chapbooks as well: *irrational knowledge* (Fell Swoop press, 2012) and *a city/ bottle boned* (Dancing Girl Press, 2012). She lives in New Orleans where she and her husband, poet Dave Brinks, run the weekly *17 Poets! Literary and Performance Series* (www.17poets.com) and *Trembling Pillow Press* (tremblingpillowpress.com). **DENROW** has two chapbooks: *A Knee for a Life* (Horse Less Press) and *From California, On* (Brave Men Press). Her first book, *California*, was published by Four Way Books. **HAUKE** was born and raised in rural Michigan. His first book, *In the Marble of Your Animal Eyes*, is forthcoming from Publication Studio. He is also the author of chapbooks: *Honeybabe*, *Don't Leave Me Now* (forthcoming from Horse Less Press), *S E W N* (Horse Less Press 2011) and *In the Living Room* (Lame House Press 2010). His poetry has been published in *American Letters & Commentary*, *BlazeVox*, *Colorado Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Eleven Eleven*, *Greatcoat*, *Horse Less Review*, *Interim*, *New American Writing*, *Parthenon West*, *Peaches and Bats*, *Real Poetik*, *Twenty Six*, *Typo*, and *We Are So Happy To Know Some-*

thing among others. Two of his poems, "Deerfield (1)" and "A Surface. A Shore or Semi-transparency of Glass," were recently selected to be a part of The Arcadia Project Anthology that GC Waldrep and Joshua Corey are editing (Ahsahta Press 2012). He co-edits Ark Press with Kirsten Jorgenson. **IJIMA** is the author of *Around Sea* (O Books), *Animate, Inanimate Aims* (Litmus Press), *revv. you'll—ution* (Displaced Press) and *If Not Metamorphic* (Ahsahta Press) as well as numerous chapbooks and artist's books. She is also the editor of the eco language reader (Nightboat Books and PP@YYL). She is the editor of Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs (<http://yoyolabs.com/>). **KAMINSKI** is the author of one full-length book of poetry, *Desiring Map* (Coconut Books 2012), and six chapbooks, most recently *Gemology* (Little Red Leaves Textile Series 2012) and *avored daughter* (Dancing Girl Press 2012). She teaches creative writing and literature at the University of Kansas. She also curates the Taproom Poetry Series in downtown Lawrence. **JORGENSEN** is a yoga therapist and writing instructor in Boone, North Carolina. She is the author of the chapbooks *Deseret* (Horse Less Press, 2011) and *Accidents of Distance* (Dancing Girl Press, forthcoming). Her work can be found in The AndNow Awards, Blazevox, Diagram, Horse Less Review, Keyhole, Sidebrow and We Are So Happy to Know Something. She has an MA in British and American Literature from the University of Utah and an MFA in Creative Writing from the University of Alabama. **LOWINGER** is a poet living in his hometown of Buffalo, NY where he co-curates a poetry and performance series and goes to work damn near every day as a social worker. He was turned onto to poetry by his neighbor Tom Joyce and other teachers who had spent time at the University at Buffalo, where he also enrolled in while working weird part-time jobs and taking long trips. Aaron took classes with Charles Bernstein and received an MA in Linguistics in 2006, working on Germanic languages. He has published numerous chapbooks including *Open Night* (Transmission Press) and *Guide to Weeds* (House Press) and is very pleased to showcase longer, narrative poems and prose, some of which were written for specific readings, on buffaloFocus. **MYERS** is the author of *A Model Year* (Coconut Books, 2009)

and several chapbooks, including *False Spring* (Spooky Girlfriend, 2012). Her second full-length collection of poems, *Hold It Down*, will be published by Coconut Books in 2013. She lives in Atlanta, GA. **SIETZKOWSKI** was born in a Year of the Hare but currently swerves through a Year of the Possum. Her poems and lyric essays have appeared in a wide variety of journals, and her chapbook, *Wonder Girl in Monster Land*, is available from dancing girl press. A full-length collection, *Like Oysters Observing the Sun*, will be published by Black Lawrence Press in 2013. Favorite Deformation Events recorded by the Carnegie Mellon Auditory Lab: "Crush cabbage onboard," "Sawing 2-Liter (Japanese saw)," and "Breaking matzo." **SIKKEMA** is the author of *Futuring* (Blazevox) and six chapbooks, most recently the chapbook *Wander Rooms and Outside Noise* (Grey Book Press) and the forthcoming *May Apple Deep* (Horse Less Press). He can be found at Michael.Sikkema@gmail.com, and performing sounds poems in his kitchen. **SMITH** hails from Ladysmith, Wisconsin. He's a kind, little dirt dauber in a high foam hat. This bit stems from a longer braid--The Compost--& lives a loud, waggish semi-life in an unpublished manuscript which Smith calls *Only Jesus Could Icefish In Summer*. **TAYLOR** lives in Tucson & is the author of the recent chap, *Dirt City Lions* (Horse Less Press, 2012) and the full length collection *Black-Eyed Heifer* (Tarpaulin Sky Press, 2010). Other chaps are out from Dancing Girl & Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs. **TYNES** is the founding editor of Horse Less Press. She lives and teaches in Michigan. **VAP** is the author of five collections of poetry. The most recent, *Arco Iris* (Saturnalia Books) and *End of the Sentimental Journey* (Noemi Books), are forthcoming in the fall of 2012. She lives in Santa Monica, and is pursuing her PhD at University of Southern California. **VOGEL** is the author of *lit* and *Narrative & Nest*. Her writing has most recently appeared in *The Denver Quarterly*, *Puerto del Sol*, *Tarpaulin Sky*, and *Trickhouse*. Her textile scroll-works and ceramic book artifacts, which explore the ceremonial gestation of a manuscript as it is written, have been exhibited in galleries across the country.

DUSIE PRESS
is pleased to announce the September
release of DANIELLE PAFUNDA'S

MANHATER



from a review in Publishers Weekly:

MANHATER

Danielle Pafunda. Dusie (SPD, dist.), \$15
trade
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Lifting a page from Plath's book of tricks, Pafunda comes out swinging in her fourth book with poems that tackle that other half of the parental nightmare, Mommy. "Mommy must eat," she writes in the book's opening sequence, because "every morning/ comes hard into the room and frisks you to death." By stitching this infantile name to her own hem, Pafunda exposes the conflicts of motherhood: her lust and refusal to carry herself as a symbol of fecundity make for some frightening conflations. In the same poem where "Mommy's brood wails," Pafunda asks herself how long it's been "since she had her hand/ down a woebegone hunk's steamy front" and tells us with a grin that "Mommy's fist is popping her frame." For Pafunda, the body following birth is both a source of revelry and disgust, and she likes to welcome us in with one hand and warn us away with the other. "There is a pit," she writes, "in which worms have grown/ as thick as my wrist." A mother's inner life in this book is rife with passionate ambivalence. (Sept.)



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DANIELLE PAFUNDA

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ELIZABETH TREADWELL'S
VIRGINIA or the mud-flap girl

If you want a feminist invention that is at once comic and confident, melodic and bizarre, affectionate and committed to its principles—then Treadwell is the next poet for you. —Stephen Burt, *The Believer*

“The new is not Hollywood and it is not America and it is not the founding fathers or the avant-garde who, like Jessica Alba, are made of “lite toxicity.” There is a seductive and false new, a California of “the naggy sunshine & / the mean & stupid fucks,” but there is revolution, a “tender cocktail,” and also birth, which in all of its muddiness offers that “the new animal is / born of the new animal.” These poems are a delicate unanesthetized surgery in no sterile, metallic arena. Treadwell does her work with steady hands but in the unsteady open, extracting what value of the future remains even in a world with the rich “in their prissy communes,” even among the texting “platinum herd.”—Anne Boyer

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Der Dusie, Nr. 13, Zürich, 2012.

