



HORSE LESS REVIEW 13

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Cover art: *Uncle*, 24" x 24" Oil, Tamra Harrison Kirschnick

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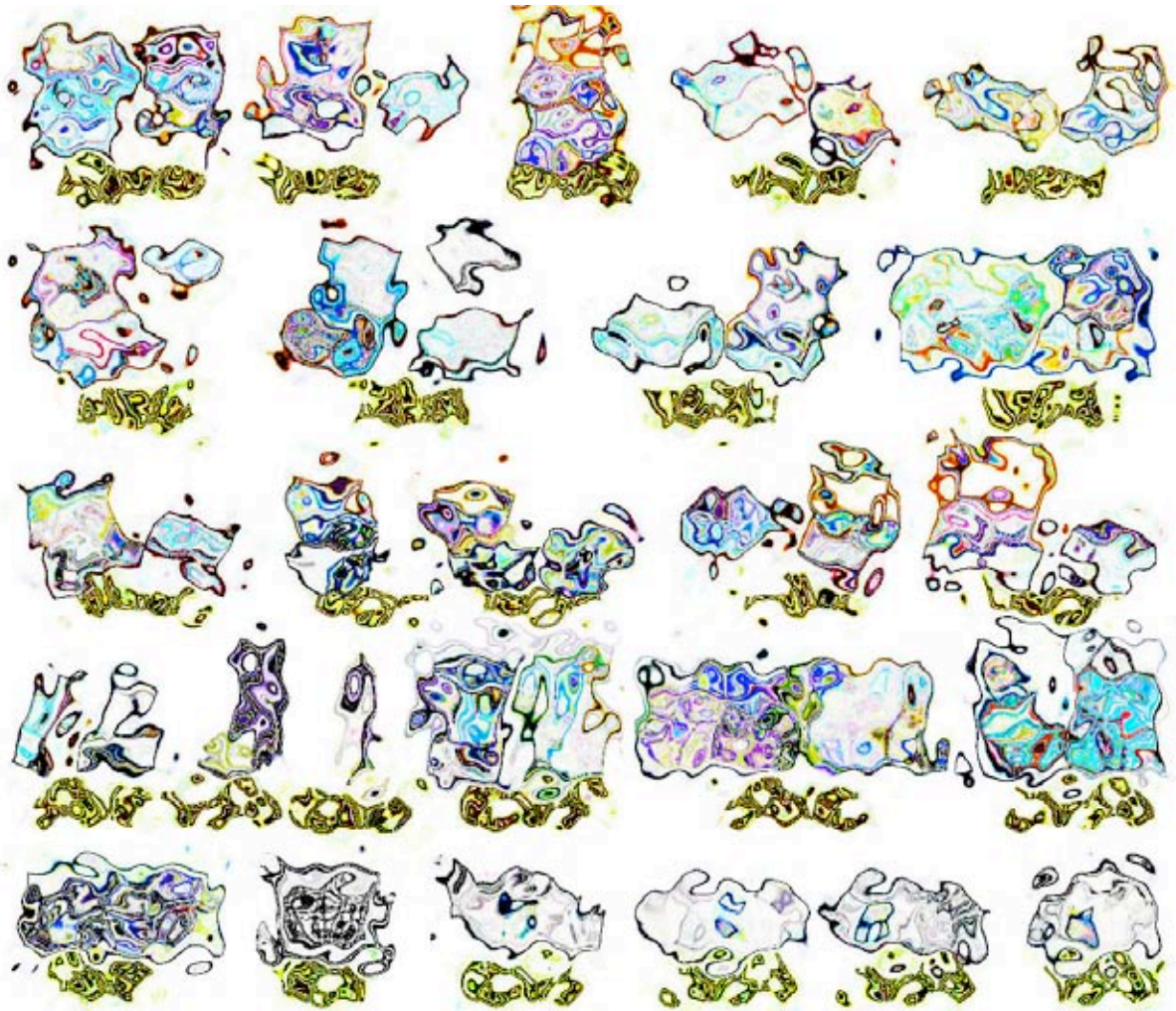
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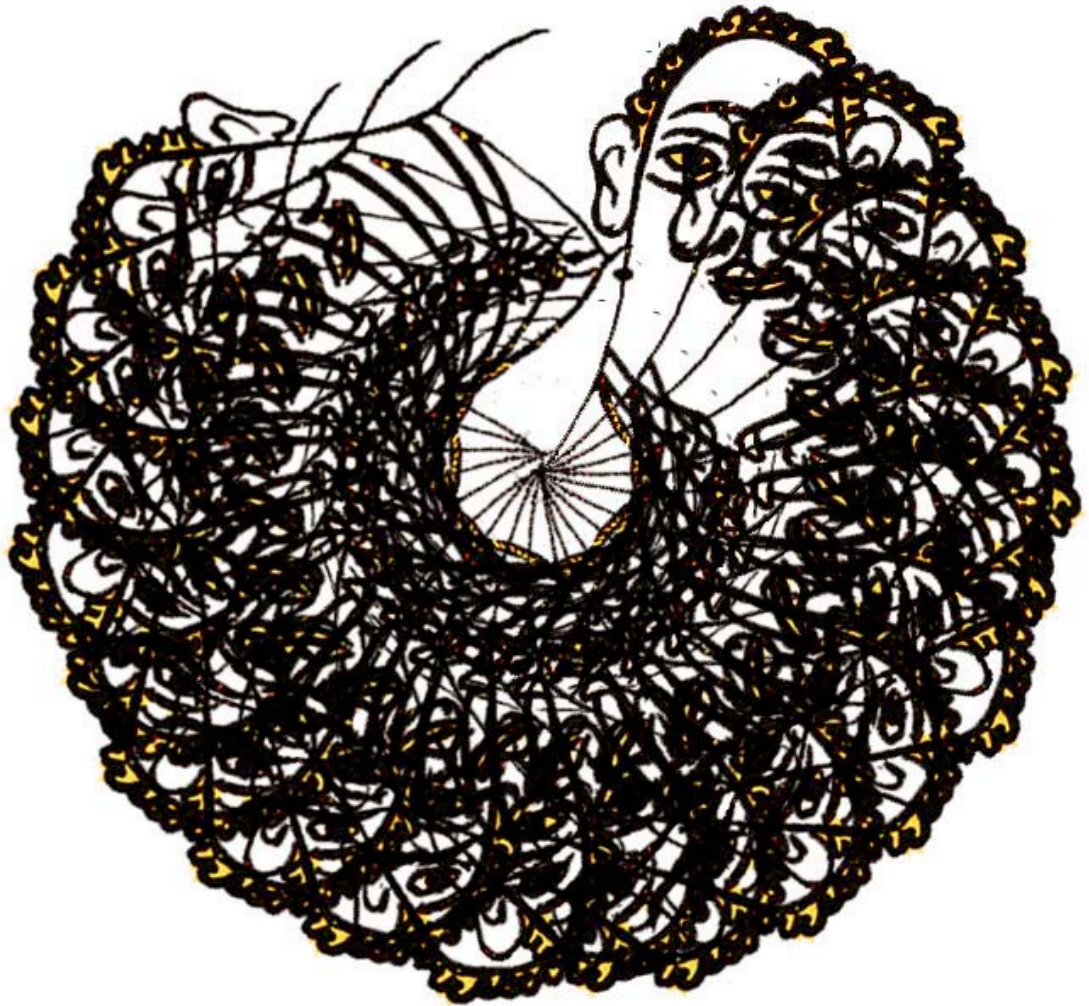
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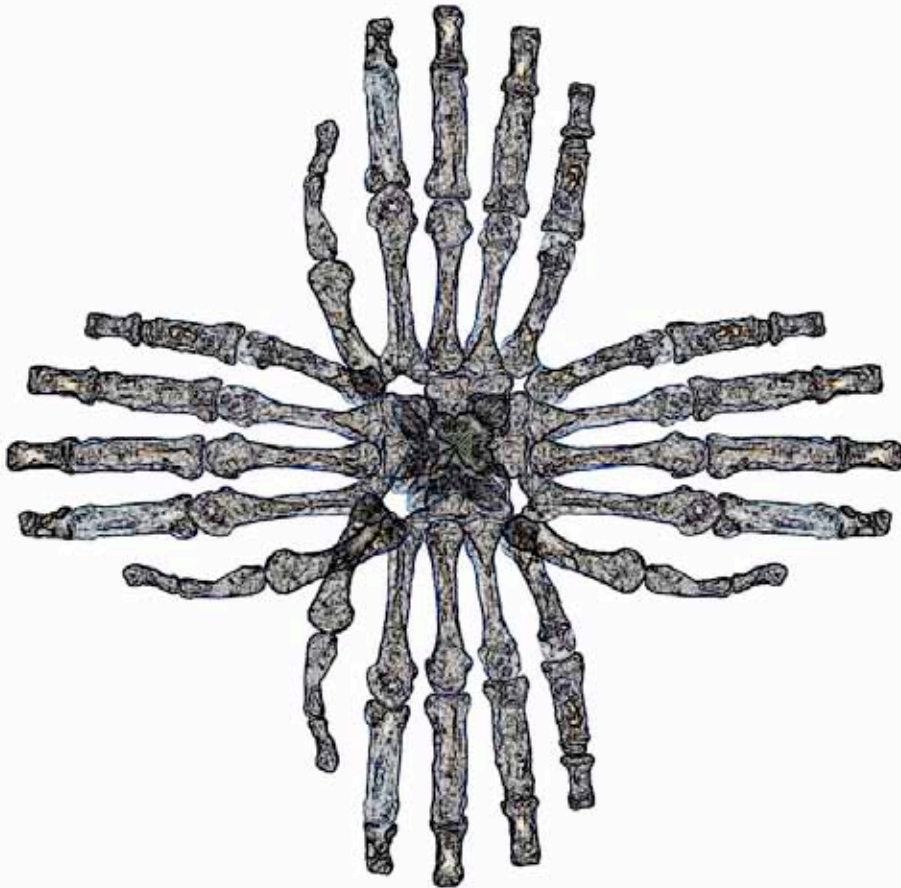
why johnny can't read



Zaum descending the staircase



4 hands Australopithecus sediba



אדם סדיבה
אדם סדיבה

mIEKAL aND lives outside the constraints of academia in the most lush and rural part of the unglaciated Driftless area of southwest Wisconsin. Choosing to focus on creating wilderness and abundance surrounded by the perfect setting for limitless imagination his course of action includes demonstrating alternatives to inbred aesthetics, delighting in the play of DIY culture, and making art and writing that is both anarchic and noisy. aND is the author of numerous books, many available via Xexoxial Editions (<http://xexoxial.org>). After many years working in the realms of digital poetry and video, he has surrendered his role as author and focused exclusively on interactions that allow the author to be reconfigured by the mysteries of the collaborative process, including books with Maria Damon, Sheila Murphy and Geof Huth. Anyone wanting to tap into his stream can find him on Facebook at <https://www.facebook.com/miekal>.

meet me at old gut formerly THE NETWORK if you wanna play brackish water
sylph i seconded
the lock so pelicans on the beach skeleton at the feast your choice
"soon classic accidents" reports gas wind analyst "upon milk fattened road
upon neck tail from hope to pigsty shall spread tentative rip
young horsemen young horsemen a wall it is poor stewardship"
luck of the pallette but dedicated
too much time to backwash
dawn over reconstruct never
dawn over long chalk capital
raise her early? yes gene
split above ground she never gets the most out of out this
late asks "where would we be without the visuals we would be right here"
discerning thorn core's times of worship got all snarled up in the mesh
discerning *thorn core's times of worship earmark it* as nothing less
than shard reconciliation for hog cut more firestorm balance
more spirit flash tax this is my forensic address
inaugural push mirror or twin twin so let's take our cue
& order up some black red
wreckage we found off process

improvised low hanging redemption & can direct
you curtain a slow because this curtain is slow
market either push button plan or off white warm
shelter coming in from doldrums won't come out
on scoreboard but jingle jangle each breath a flap
into glowing nexus spark plough novelty release
little fire lines slight broadcast bright index if this
is radiant day never wash your map again
without grace lobbed our mergedour abstract back into loop
because we couldn't make head tail of breakwater freeway
with line of shadows upon rampage went
with line of shadows checked the searchore aggregate
it'll either be *unceasing tit for tat* sand filtering
through muzzle or false grey wander into the body
one man's comprehensive blow out is another's monological side step
skein or gaggle it's harsh across the way might turn blue & derail
during fresh clearance much cold junk into flaming cosmos cannot sustain
its welcome for clean breath attack without power attack without power
never once unprocurable in arcadia off-the-menu
false-horizon yourself perhaps select the mercy

cute mutiny choke full of fight palpable energy web
high pitched yellowwhite interplay quiver daisies clean field
goes-a-courting salt water onion creek frazzled ramrod straight
blessed fringe pin pink anti-flash smoke bell pink anti-flash
radiant cluster's *midnight picnic at red fuzz scream bank* white pink
fireworks over dark cityscape undoing the program to bloom
a.n other's system fence moves noose slackens to this
new day block slide deep fissures awash

ravinextending over

turnip field fragments

scent emitters

weather

everyone knew when mermaid was locked up yellowwhite tissue rain would come
not subtle but rancid psychadelic
shimmering ether place of cash smiling blond black satin dress timed out of such
bright arrangements weren't we?
Sowing After The Danger Of Frost Sowing After The Danger Of Frost
Sowing After The Danger Of Frost clown squadron imploding swirl
yes doubt infusion no milky surface no penny dreadful yes contamini
you've had a dayful the rage more complex your brain setting low

in green brown

miles of smashed

ambient lighting

this is original

blue jab because no doubt sorry solicit advice
don't your neck for slow train blockade
not countercurrent yet somewhere across burnt
purple default monsters review your work in
zero sum but booing struggler there will
be other opportunities to apply for internship
 continuous shifts shedding thoughts
 ecstatic mirage sequence when it came
 i broughtetris
 i dreamtetris
outspoken satellites dressed in early
blue hours track broad attack formations
all *through green thursday* & greet each other
"wanna split it?" "wanna split?"
 beneath the mask
 was bacon & metal
 a stereotype in hard news
taped knuckles
still bore through
 steel doors to reach you though

same thicket but nowadays domain aware traceless encounter
exempt pointless exercise exempt outmoded convention exempt
commercial pressure code oversubscribed blend of succinct
instruments with cynicism unit clearance smooth cluster
under budget smooth but swinging dick in retrospect ghost slope
 cog snapped strings attached drove over meat through
complex seeking ground guess what news flash i tried to punch
a flame out guess what news flash whip hand doesn't rely
on total rupture logic but passes through pavilion in seconds
seeking next drink dear mother the devil has a river in texas
all his own dear father posthumous box set of worthless
outtakes proviso of their rampant sugared critique struck
even me signatories acknowledged willingness bright music
alert in safe garden square one clean sweep chapter verse the
very thing a lapse into the best seats in the house since
chrome side very cage walking over pink spread is straight
enough toxic moon lucky strike is what i like to talk through
keep thinking about overlord's clampdown deal to be thrashed
out in dark hotel to force the opening that makes possible
need an early start to pace rapid themes no arsenal in storage btw

green white stoppage & you weren't even scared mirror cull approached
acrobat's garden so i chased you down through their alternative spaces purple
rectangle roaring gaps

from magnetic chapel on high such wilderness no masts pylons but it won't
be long love reader can't expect to know how we have to live this is officer
32578 going code 11

oil drums blocked our blue hallway worse cops began to take an interest
you answered in canyon talked fire out four rocks thrown in the air were straight
line

since that pasting i often smell wild garlic but never see it dear oh what
can dark matter be? there shall be weeks outflanked with purpose
southern yellow stink bugs will cover the yellow

woodsorrel *behind bks tax services* at 1054
dawley boulevard glorious jewel scabbards
shall plague grey headed coneflowers outside
exit realtors at 931 bowman road you
& i know how this will end somewhere
in texas with a big gulp bacon cheese
burger lethal injection maybe
not texas

Billy Cancel's work has recently appeared in *Shampoo, Glitterpony & Country Music*. He co-runs Hidden House Press. A collection, *The Autobiography Of Shrewd Phil*, was published by Blue & Yellow Dog Press last year. Sound poems, visual shorts, & other aberrations can be found at www.billycancel.com

JENNA CARDINALE

Pull yourself—your legs—out
of the pantry.

Freed from tiresome
fixation.

Hanging close
to the ceiling. Reaching—

Always awake
in a white chair.

Barked arms and bared
legs. Muddled. Faded

into paper. Covering
a crippled wall.
Unadorned by polka dots.

The moment printable
in the old-fashioned way.

In the mouth, a round
object. A bubble
made.

"A sort of round."

Correspondence with this
geometry is coaxed
from her.

"Sung in the form
of a canon."

Jenna Cardinale wants you to know that these poems are part of an ongoing project focused on or near Francesca Woodman. She lives in New York with an adopted pit bull named Maybe.

the boundaries of my attention

6 april 2011 // 8 may 2011 / 26 august 2011

i didn't have the heart to
stack up our little favors
every time i open
they measure our economies
we would never think to *hide*
to begin the slow process
of staggering like the weather its *ecstatic tuning*
parts to separate animals into their greater animal
so i took sharpies & found people
living in their pockets
i was taking a break from good
& then no one
we resemble
will have us
or prepare us (our) waking
the tips of (our) hair diving and rattling into
length
(for now)

i was born institutional i thought i believed in technology but
all these wires

along the lines

(what it would sound like)

just made it harder to walk around
to swallow your ear maybe
sometimes

if there are 2 of
me & 2 of you
i can't tell the difference

we would not have been human
between thinking & being quiet

enough to name

but then
we're stripping our mouths

[*maybe*
we could be called
according to our most common movements
or the quality of our tissues]

we have probably

forgotten most what it means

to experience

[*pleasure*]

you like daily bread

so big

as though i set us out to dry

& when we think about how we got here *honestly*
& all we do is fall over

J. Jean Teed and Sarah Cook know the limitations of distance. They know names weigh a lot, are heavy. They are, at the very least, essential. Their contribution is part of a larger collaborative work of poetry and correspondence that has yet to take its full clarity of form.

from Memory of the Prose Machine

“I like to transform the past—the past is always being reinterpreted in light of the present. ... Brown is the color of romantic nostalgia. ... It is not the real thing which suggests the real in art. It is rather the slight disparity, the unexpected even, that will give the appearance of truth.”

- Eleanor Antin, interviews

Fortunately so much of our flying is fly. Had we another notion for the carrying clouds we would have invented them already. Had I known about something called speed in time. Where the one armed trucker passes you on the way to the trash. Where first class fists haul it out in a next to. You know what I mean. How many people don't know what I mean. Don't order a bagel, talk to me. Mention the silver again and I'll sling it. Someone in front reading Bamboo and Blood, someone behind not reading at all. Which is the way we go to school, the illuminated manuscript and the illuminati. Blood and blamboo. I'm onto something else. Why do all the fiction writers want to be rappers. Why not. It's time for nighttime I've got 79% and I'm deep in the cliché. Clicking the clashy. Why do fiction writers add an y after adjectives they want to make up. Why make up. I lie for a living. Why living. Why not de Certeau. I used to carry the biographies of the big ones under my little finger nail. I used to cozy the bigs. I had a terrible terrible terrible headache. Wallace Stevens gave it to me. Let me tell you another. The time I sat next to Robert Frost in grade school, he was braces dumb and couldn't weep. Not even if you made him. I made him. I made Robert Frost in high school. In the divided stairwell with noonies looking on. Who didn't I make in high school. But who made me. People who say hello too fast and loud must really mean it. HELLO! I'm busy writing this letter to my high school sweetheart, Santa Claus, or should I say sweat hart. It was too easy to be a conceptual comedian, he said, standing up. These are the long programmed unmemorizables. This is what I was programmed to say. There was a kitchen table, greasy, and a dining room table, velvet. My sister screamed so hard she shook the actual phone off the actual hook. The neighbors must have made a cul de sac out of us. Too shy to ask for butter. But did a Mexican hat dance for the earthquake. My mammaries are mumbling. Speak up. What's that you say. Plug it in. Dirty jokes my father was. I'm not supposed to say this part no one wants the phone call on this one, let me tell you. Screamed so loud the phone dialed itself up and a dead dirty dog in the basement. A puppy for my seventh birthday that was a car. My puppy was a car. My pony was a Buick. My little kitty was a

shoe. What kind of people actually hide in the closet. Scream so loud the closet comes off, sort of rubs off eventually. Get that closet off you, come out and give your mother a kiss. I hate parents. I hate kids. I hate the girl with the katydid. I had this really swell grandma. Fuck you. It's recurring. I had a conceptual conception. I had a list of names. I put you on it. I licked and licked. You appeared in front of me, on a pony, with a Buick in your teeth, and married. I mean to me. I knew you'd hear that. Take off your ears for a second I want to tell you something. You're not supposed to write to anyone. Shh, don't direct anything to anyone, someone might cry dirty. Foul. Fitful weather. Pitiful pits. Watch your eyelids as they smooth over. Look at yourself doing it in the mirror. Not It it. This it. I will never in the glass looky again. Did you see how I added that y?

"Memory is difficult. Thinking is difficult,' study researcher Ben Storm said in a statement. Memories 'could completely overrun our life and make it impossible to learn and retrieve new things if they were left alone, and could just overpower the rest of memory.'

In the study, Storm and his colleagues gave people a word list, where the words all had a relation to each other (example: a list of birds). Then, they had to remember half of the birds that were on the list.

By doing this, Storm said, 'that's going to make you forget the other half of the birds in that list.' So in this case, forgetting the other half of the words on the list is a good thing.

- "Why Forgetting is Good for Your Memory," Amanda Chan, *Huffington Post*, October 19, 2011

If you haven't caught the rhyme you must be stupid. You would really be handling it if I was talking to you on the phone, with my little earphones over my little pink curls called ears. I shook all the lights on at once with a shake of it. I saw the city slicker up before my eyes. When I played Potiphar's wife I went like this (swash). When I played Annabella I died like this (glug). When I played Mae I fruck like this (pizza delivery? For me?). When I played the dirty twin I yuck like this (snitch snitch). Play now play now play now twice. Play with the alligator nice. It rhymes! It's true! A school of thought in a snowshoe! We really need to bring those back, snow shows on the dance floor. My pink clown doing-it wig. Striped potatoes. This is becoming a biography of someone else. A biology. Bile-ography. Would you care for a receipt. No I wouldn't I wouldn't care. We wouldn't wouldn't say, I'm now rolling up my velvet sleeves really now. What percentage of the nation remembers wooden ducks. What percentage of the room. How about those woman ducks? Smash every glass in the house. Is it incorrect to say there's a violence in here? Some pitiful refutable animal viol? I got light therapy to my eyes, I can't see violence no more. I can't stand the stab of the Christmas hammock in my D cups papa. Haha? There was a long time I used to drive around the track. I thought this was going to be true. It's true, I used to drive around the track in my clown car pulling my Hubba Bubba from the side of my face like so. Like pardner. Like Certeau. I never planned not to have a future, it just happened. Are you so special? Or just saucy? Good question. The God question. Were you brought up to just feel it, or did you take a little dunk? Dunky poo? Can you smell that hymnal now, all Baptist husk and tears and Christmas in Joo-ly? I lie for a living I lie. What certain Certeaus say about a living. I already told the story of the baptism, I already told the story of the drives, I already told the story of the basement and the F, I told about the phone and the needle and the ears piercing and the Buick and the pony and Poppy and the puppy and the red ribbon for the goodness of a dog. Told the training bra and the closet and the kiss from Rickie Gonzales, and Thurman, and the sisters, the bearded brother, the pervy dad, the beautiful vain and

shallow infant mother, the heroic husband, the tiny feet, the manly clothes, the collections of shoes and typewriters, the other drives, and Canada, the pushy inlaws, the favorite nephews, the perfect niece, the dusty dead grandparents with different languages and the radio, the leopard print, the rope, the glen, the drunkenness, the bicycle, the stealing oh the thievery. I already spanked water on that, dappled the fortunate bugs with my lake, got down and sassy, got southern in the mouth, Yankee in the ass, Eurotrash Canadian tribal in the fashion, oh la mode. I had a question for Certeau, for Fanny, I forgot to ask. I had a texty question but I kept talking. All the way up the third act and into the scene where she smashes the chair to bits in a fit of man-hating misogyny. It's funny! It's a gas! It's a doll named Jessica! A real live girl! A Cabbage Patch fantasy of narrative reality. I had enough and I took it outside. I street fought my sister. Or a little girl named Steffie whose mother was busy having cancer. I fought her, cause that's the kind of kid I am.

“That’s why I didn’t call this book a memoir. I don’t really give a shit about my memories. I really feel like it’s not about Eileen Myles. I’m kind of like the camera or the recording instrument.”

- *Book Forum Interviews Eileen Myles*, Jesse Pearson, November 1, 2010

I got hot in the middle. The center is hotter. This proves the theory of animals. The things that can kill you and the things that won't. Beef Jerky time. What kind of person carries around a bottle of beef jerky, the real peppered jack links. Just a little here and there, just another for the road. We kill the animals, the animals don't kill us. This is the story of my summer. Tell me about it. There was that fish in the water everyone ignored, the pulpy dead fishy fish, diseased and overlooked. In the water. Right under your face. While you hold a fishing pole, a divining rod, to the water. Into it. For a taco. Hot taco. Say hot coffee, say bad chowder. Say black treat like you mean it. We don't deserve him. The cleanness of a worker picked up in a van. We lost our shoes in the water. They came up floating leather. We flew nine hours to get home to you. We got stupid in the daytime. We only talk a night. I used to have dreams about my mother in law, now it's Carolyn Forche piloting my plane to California and back to get to my man and back. My mother in law is no Carolyn Forche. But don't hold it against her. Touch it in the middle to see that it's done. This is how we sing in class. This is how we dance for laughs. I used to want to be Donald O'Connor. I'd practice his Make Em Laugh routine on rollerskates in the bowling alley kitchen. I was a young Carol Burnette. Saying these names makes me crazy. Donald O'Connor. Carol Burnette. It's not like I was an aspiring Gene Kelly, a man made out of one main muscle. One gay manly masticated mass of membrane. The defiant ones are the one. Someone who can really say No. I get Steve Miller and Steve Martin confused. The Fogertys. Rod Stewart and Rod Smith. Eileen and Elaine—Myles and Benes. Up for grass. At the sidewalk sale in the lakey town, we needed, simply needed, matching sister umbrellas and slickers for the rainy week in August. Simply had to have. A pair of pj's in the style of a pinstriped polyester baseball uniform. The label read: Up for Grabs. The manly neighbor misread my kiddie ad—hey I'm seven read my shirt!—he thought I'd been marked "Up for grass" and tried to explain that one. It doesn't rhyme. It's cold in parts. It's not yet ready for tasting.

Sandra Doller's books are *Oriflamme*, *Chora* (Ahsahta, 2005 & 2010), and *Man Years* (Subito, 2011). Newer projects include a translation of Éric Suchère's *Mystérieuse*, an image-to-word translation of the Tintin comics, winner of Anomalous Press' 2012 translation prize. Portions of *Memory of the Prose Machine*—which also functions off-the-page as a performance & mixed audio piece—have appeared in *Wreckage of Reason* (Spuyten Duyvil, 2008), *Drunken Boat's* “Bernadette Mayer folio” (2011), and in *Evening Will Come's* feminist issue (2012); a large selection of the manuscript is forthcoming in chapbook form from Cut Bank in 2013. Founder & editrice of 1913 Press/*1913 a journal of forms*, Doller lives in San Diego with man & dogs.

JENNY DRAI

from THE NEW SORROW IS LESS THAN THE OLD SORROW

1.

he (Werther) spoke to his own limbs and chose to cast off a subject of disabled nearness. couldn't embrace her, as if, peering through water, he had jimmed himself into a preoccupation cage. I told you to read the last parts. has changed nothing. still I turn the next blank page. an imploded wave, those copycat suicides. a little ruby on white pillows. here I have had a little too much drink. here I have him saved. the only way to hold is as to break.

◦

this eye is a lackey and very blue. Goethe in old age, running away from the dreary gray book. the other writer who tricked the story and filled the pistol with chicken blood. so that Werther might live. in old age, Goethe despised his own emotion. this wound is rub-salt, very full of noise. someone, somewhere, worships at a shrine. memory is full of embarrassment and embarrassment. young G., apprenticed to the law, in love with C.B, Charlotte Buff, one version of nude. she is a story conflated with one story, her love for Kestner. no surprise for outcome.

◦

many, many times I answer to the succinct question *how often have you?* the rational subjectively. of all lungs that inhale antecedent. a number of options loiter on counters. sweet, time-bruised plums. not decisions but placeholders. if enough, is not enough, written-out fog, carefully plucked.

yes. plucked fog. I dare you. throw water against your heart as if that
dragnet of emotions were a cliff. then master it.

◦

take care, body. weight cast with value is composed of those who envy
weight and those who could despise it. Goethe may need assurances, more
light, the science of colors. how the visitors come but have only read the
one text, written at the age of twenty-four. to be known. passion-trigger-
passion. someone, somewhere, worships in a grotto at a shrine to suicide.
the pain of. the remittance of. love. which is not to say it was not *smiled*
upon. Charlotte Buff, you rue the day. a man named Jerusalem takes his
own life. he is a *true-life example* of danger. eating a tongue swallowing a
heart. undefeated, he couldn't quite attempt, but did G. ever contemplate.
ever not a question but an answer.

◦

Werther is the take-up, the glint-black weapon in this illumination, when I
closed you. saying *near enough* or something like yellow margarine smeared
across kernels of toast, the victorious whole grains. very rational to ingest,
also, a decision. the necessity of counterparts. like opening up a velvet case
to stare at ghosts. temples. expediency. all right. one ought to dip one's
hand in the water, grasping not mere stones, the trinkets of current. nor
baubles cast off from shores with flighty motions. rather, the real *stuff*.
every discernable tangent. but still, not to be so ruled, solely, this red map.

◦

eat arsenic. get a black tongue. pistol equals dime-sized ruby. a keen love
that hurts and breaks bones. you just get all crushed feeling. noose-neck
chafe, frigid river chilling still the bones. youth is a very unrequited eyesore.
I able it the text belies the later, older man. *once I was so wounded I made a*

fresh wound. in old age Goethe could not stomach this purgative and slightly rued the day. no one comes to talk to him about *Elective Affinities*. *I able love in a parlor that must not be returned.* of course, that was a very different book. people gave in.

◦

could bend ankles away from incongruous places. that is, or, that is not. a lark really, *or a sparrow*, to place those fingers *so*, just *so* on the lacy graveclothes. if you insist upon this route, you will lose the house of staircases. but deeply. come. taste. these slowly sloping cadences of stone. saved, rescued, rejuvenated, resuscitated. in another place, ending at the not-end. please. walk through short hallways. imitate the clamor of doors opening swiftly.

◦

everybody *once*.

2.

careful, body. you are full of troubled space. Werther is a youth, stunted, but Goethe himself works past it. as one would a glitch. all the sycophants in the garden can't bend towards this diligence or shake trees of fog. Werther if you walk through that glade. he says. if you stuff away that tremendous feeling for one moment like a yellow-green knit scarf pushed into a pocket. that feeling that rises again in your throat like coarse, hot bile. the story, supposedly about us here in our movements. the body feeling rather weak.

o

somehow, someone notes it down. conversing with the great man, 1829. *we talked about the Theory of Colors; and among other things about drinking glasses.* imbibing from tall, fluted stances. I needn't explain to you about light on the glasses. how phenomena is perceived. to bridge a body and a mind. when I first began the parallel novel, the orange juice was so delicious and sweet I tasted the bright orange color. really. once the great man. storm in his chest. if Werther had just understood about the colors and the drinking glasses.

o

Werther tore pages to read a line. later, the great man, in his dotage, conducts experiments. light and shadow. in our own eyes, it's true. well, he got us here. *Lotte is a feeling without comparison...a neighbor saw the flash of the powder and heard the shot, but as everything was quiet afterwards, paid no further attention...about eleven in the evening he [Werther] was taken to the grave...craftsman carried him...no priests accompanied him.* Werther is an emotion without the violet heat of sense. Goethe, the great man, massages past-marbles. can see extinguished portents in the colored glass. he had come very close. passion writes us a permission slip to survive it.

Jenny Drai has work appearing or forthcoming in *inter|rupture*, *La Petite Zine*, *Aesthetix*, *Parthenon West Review*, *Spittoon*, *Indefinite Space*, and *Spork*, among other journals. She recently completed a novel involving Gilgamesh, polar bears, Jesus, and kung fu. She lives in Vancouver, Washington, and works in a department store.

Chapter 5 A Race With Time

[Excerpt “Chapter 5 A Race With Time” from *The Diamond Kings of Clarence Checkeredfish*. Note: at this point in the story, Shay’s Rebellion, the great agrarian uprising of 1787, is fully underway, taking place in one of the largest snowstorms ever on record in Massachusetts. The images are modern or post-rebellion because the rebellion is only a backdrop to a second event that takes place in the town of Springfield in 1986 along the same city streets. The bold-faced phrases are clues to a word puzzle that resolves later in the novel.]

|snow * Queen first to agree * shouldn’t * world be free * in Lane 7 * “Expect kindness to triumph on Sundays!” * golden, Apollo-type * shooting star * at * life’s * periphery * terrific at HORSE * hold on! * to the reins * another day, please! * in Gallup! * isn’t * so * much o’ New Mexico a * military-industrial * complex! * where’s * the Bar Point! * in Lane 2 * baby boomer * “Get de Sitter space for Tuesday!” * game * en guard! * backgammon * appraise! * prosecute * company boat * ready for take * over * “Where’s the Captain?” * in Lane 5 * “A clear-cut logical fact, students know more on Friday’s than other days!” * uniform * mess * Hall of Fame * make it to * school * out-of-control * man * erects hand-built fortresses * protecting dot boundaries * of the mind * everyone at the Boop festival sees where a cartoon soldier’s hat can fall * what grade do we assign * “...war...” * boys * in their * wayward teens * open up for * provocative! * class discussion * a little less judgmental, please! * “... necessary or” * ditch * everyone, in a sense, is there * “...not...” * too * great * a battle * plan * when does the soldier return * home * from school * berserk * calls for a toast! * don’t be caught short! * with the cognac * not the only * fish * in the fish * t’ank * you, for all you’ve done * though! * like Mrs. Winchester! * you appear! * to be * in madness! * where’s * Dr. Umbrella * in Lane 1 * “Monday’s the best day of the week because it’s so far from Monday!” * “Run...” * date! * out of time * hurry! * everyone! * consult the family * tree * extends * beyond * lonesome branches quiver to shakings of time’s

mystery, birds huddle inside kickin' over nest-pieces of entangled wisdom and unsorted compassion, hope it's enough wish-protection for a night * pretty voices above * like! * to know! * join in * perk! * sneak in a shy kiss! * secret * joy-bells * of savored wishes * chime together * Johnny Seed, Apple Blossom, Marsha Reed! * history! * of wedding soup * at More's * NOT! * ever a bad idea * hold Mr. Loyd's camera * steady now! * down in front! * squeeze in * back row kneels on front row's Achilles' heels, feelings ever so fragile * flirty game of "footsey" * ready, set, go! * "Ooom' ... 'Fletcher' ... 'Theodore'..." * a little tighter, please * figure out * capture! * prima facie * on the * still * has long way to go * before * "...run..." * the bridegroom waits * with his back to the wind tosses orchard into * the lions' quarters * singles section, filled with hungry wolves, pouncing * silly * non sequitur! * outrageous! * "...using 'is' instead of 'are!'" * how will . Loyd distinguish Hisswald from Arthur * well, then, let's! * not waste a minute * "Get it? 'Got it! 'Good!'" * show * Mr. K.'s, bravo! * gone! * out of B'ng'k'o'k's * "I will..." * NOT! * be a bachelor much longer, marry a gem! * over * to * California hotel * sleep! * with * fine tooth and comb * awaken in * New Mexico * casino * determine if * game! * NOT! * Clue! * guilty * new-money district * don't * mind * at all * approve! * struggle for * "...pal unity..." * travel * "...truths to be self-evident..." * pray to * St. Ann * and * ((4) **"Sit without me! Frisky incentive without i.e. friar for charity"** (2, 7 2 wds. 171 215 225 98 99 245 137 27 48)) * we all sure * can use a lift * fork * far * in all directions * always * on a * slow down, please! * quickly * lose * no * time * passes easily * for a * hero-type! * or is everything "just there" * ask! * what's the current opinion * one second! * the Queen * 'er * favorite might know * get his start * in the long * "...run" * as * fast talker * where's the bigmouth sleeper * in Lane 4 * "Thursday's a good day for climbing Everest '...because it's there!'" * always the..., never the... * goal of every * fish * "...touch less lemon..." * maybe! * win a grant * someday get out! * to * Hawaii * art * lines * of thought so * "...or they..." * feel * "...towards us..." * syntax, a little out of order, its * atmosphere, romantic! * bike on * idealistic * check * back of the holodeck * pedal! * "Ikikiawa it!" * "...is sand on beach, or beach on sand..." * hotel * guest * reporter, philosophical * type * you're welcome * thanks for asking! * super, Aquaman! * meet! * Wonder Woman! * don't be afraid to ((3) **"Discard letter of discard gets to pop out"** (5 1 wd. 249 250 102 107 115)) * if ya' have to * "...only a handful of men

can..." * Jean-Luc * the flute ((15) "True! Preminger in, also back! Brown sings 'Rooty - - For the Moon'" (4, 4 2 wds. 42 209 234 153 246 103 159 44)) * a lifetime * o' napkin * later * best, reverse engines * more throttle, please * meet * waitress! * hot afternoon * "...proposes..." * take it all in, down it * "I at! I am!" * flirt, ontologically! * cross a few obnoxious head-swim boundaries * "Pineapple, you sure are sweet..." * jeune fille! * "...tad more rum..." * serendipity! * relax! * hors d'oeuvres * nobody likes a self-serving, tourist, please * ready for interview! * say * important! * pig * news! * maitre d'hotel! * foolin' with! * cow in muumuu! * Latin * unner-ray, ongratulations-cay! * edit! * great job! * "...goes to Washington" * submits a budget * "...Scottie!..." * asks about Martha * goodness, gracious, what is the world coming to! * "...pilot a starship..." * George, so far! * does life end * at the start, or the finish * pearl at the bottom of a harbor's * memory * genuine! * dance hula! * how does it happen! * French have it backwards, too! * l'ocean pacifique! * idea big! * gain more * Mr. Et La Fay! * "What of this trial?" * shrug * "...Steinein was right..." * break the * rum * barrier * volcanoes, no doubt * energetic * ice! * age * tooo much! * time! * conked! * don't mind! * don't know! * id * triathlon * where's Muscles the Clown * in Lane 6 * science is * ridiculous! * "Every day a Saturday!" * showtime! * Hanover! * credentials, please! * 6 times over * doesn't every! * pull over! * comedian need * mast * degree * suite * 216 C * boiled over * "...de la France..." * Goulet-type * hot! * intelligent! * clouds roll over * good-looking * overcast! * gentlemanly! * could be next * rebel * "...Lancelot..." * heartthrob! * overture! * "...de La Mancha..." * couldn't hurt * tres beneficial * \$6 an hour, over! * a hundred francs! * keep! * "...o'er the land..." * chapeaux! * off! * quiet! * study! * for Jimi's banner * a little softer, please! * Wavy Gravy! * quite different * version at the series * must admit, overhead low! * chandelier, high above * a fragile audience * lonely, desperate war bonds, oversold! * better! * negotiate, Paris Peace Talks * a little louder, please * hope, great bing! * poof! * Mind Over Matter to perform at Woodstock! * far out! * psyche-out version of C, S, N etc. * "Weren't they the invisible gravity stuff..." * head over * for the Miller's * over-the-counter * picture I.D. * take * No. 2 * what follows samesdi-samesdi-samesdi-samesdi-samesdi-samesdi * choose * a) Monday b) Tuesday c) Thursday d) Friday * hmmm, if there were six weeks to a day * might be Thursday * "I remember when..." * jeudi's * blue * ...jjjjj... * moon came out six Saturday's

agooo * in * chauffeur * send over! * Punxsutawney * in an Albuquerque balloon! * wake-up call * the
groundhog * rolled over * on his stomach, laughing * "...somewhere, over..." * by Brigadoon * suddenly *
got scared, cowardly, confused * his shadow with * Friday * thought it was Tuesday, sure looked like it! *
closed * brown * eyes! * kicked his claws * and marked * a) Monday * even * London guards * showed
excitement! * over bridge * couldn't contain themselves * test * abundantly clear! * make over * "Smile, you're
on..." * déjà vu, all over again * shadow even scarier than originally predicted! * "...peace sign..." * knocked
over, speculative * sly family * proclaims! * when the days get longer * "...just a lousy..." * war * weekends
aren't the same * without * the 8 hour * day in * day out * down and out * workweek * "...over and out..." *
into plowshare's * shining armor! * now! * heavy! * silver! * swear * "On your mark..." * to never forget *
round * shield! * EACH DAY OF WEEK RACES ONE ANOTHER * "...calls for greater understanding..."
* BUT WHERE IS WEDN'DAY * "...zzzzz..." * still * good-looking Galahad * has * "...a secret or
two..." * promise! * WOW! * RACE OVER! THE WINNER IS! * Her Majesty * didn't know! * St. George
* is charming! * too! * backgammon * medieval * "...history's unconscious..." * surround * as if it were own *
"Didn't he fight..." * confused * gracefulness, e...leg...ance, beauty * with * "...wishes to be resolved at a later
date..." * I think! * Farmer Giles'! * "...or was that a different dragon..." * worth keeping! * luck * King at *
green * table * HAHahaha! * runs * all * out * of cave * ever! * reveal! * mystery of chalice! * one's duty! * calls
* "...each day, life's greatest challenge..." * who will be the gallant runner * of tomorrow's dreams * "...even
he, vulnerable..." * Man fades * like * "...fire..." * suddenly! * "...get set..." * to rendezvous with *
yesterday's homecoming, again * turn to face * ready to * "...go..." * chase! * scratched * destiny is * worth
many tries * only a * dream * "...with fire" * knows * something's missing * sharing * of the heart *
"...hunters are tomorrow's..." * stars..." * dub thee, Sir * with * snow|

Brian S. Hart is a first time author with a background in physics. He has a Master's Degree in Education from Westfield State College and is a former teacher in multi-cultural education. He is interested in mathematical structures and puzzle forms within experimental writing.

Dapple Release

Sleep late

arise as engine

mysteriously organized

construction attitude

oatmeal drift

lost in departments

looking for corners

A through G

raising the sunlight

to accommodate

long flaps of grass

flat disgruntled cloud

speaking in employee

working around

the indicated world

if you landslide

when you open again

pray to the rain to

apply financial backing

and not to wet the car

self-reliant haircuts

feel like mangling law

Shrug Tether

Chime capitalized, was bored
excused for prior clinamen
to mean stiff apart from body
curling rosters for grip
cassettes in long sun enclave
was going to rain, rained before
weather demonstrates objects
intelligence sniff in citations
unfixed to make a sound
like a publisher, rigging of sky
applied to shoulders, ongoing
things shrugged into poems
hydraulic nature shapes
fail and put more light
in the light
more floor on the floor

Jeremy Hoeveraar lives in Baltimore. His chapbook, *Adaptations of Pelt and Hoof*, is available at H_NGM_N. A new collection, *Cold Mountain Mirror Displacement*, is forthcoming from American Books.

questions without triplicate

through half closed eyes tricks a plastic
memory art is an elevator

the distance but here it is in triplicate
a moment of guilty life span
is the body politic

martyrdom of thought
abrasive and
tender body bites like a small bird
the nurtured half dead carcass

an imagined act of signing a petition
the tongue locks itself
Into a spin and can't keep up with
scripted answers or the questions

cold without echoes
in those frail dead feathers

it could be a part of the mind also fading
to touch technology

when it may happen driving on any freeway
during rush hour
and it is difficult to discuss anxiety

fitting into the dead mind of a dog

and because pain and monotony are true
it is all in the recall

of anticipating and all that remains
is the bank with an out of body experience
cutting off pieces
of a normal breakfast of cheated wind

caffèine up the rose is a fugue
and a frozen popsicle in the lick
of morning in the timeless skin

of dog's prairie blue threads the wind
never sucked on anything good

black jack & violins

I live in a bird house
arranging the wild
flowers so that they lie still
in the
crystal palace

all through the past lives of many I
think
it is

the quilt from
the grandmothers who
believed in coherence and careful
arrangement of words
and pauses

a jewish relative
played a tumultuous
fiddle style of wilderness
at the end

and I doubted
everything when
I threw out
the musicians

the bread is rising and
It has no spirit

the babies were born
from old embroidery
stitches
of red thread

despite my passion
from the other life
It was not
in that world nor
a phenomenon
made of a wood house

in a watery heart
in a froth
of gold
of sperm
of sea death

yes
for my list of sins I owe
you money yes
from the clean white boiled egg
a tangled rabbit's luck

In the back yard
the witch
slaps the palms of
black stars

Mary Kasimor has been published in print and online journals, including *Mad Hatter's Review*, *Yew Journal*, *Big Bridge*, *Reconfigurations*, *Moria*, *Certain Circuits* and *Altered Scale*. She received a Fellowship from US Poets in Mexico for the 2010 Conference. She was also a Finalist in the 2011 Ahsahta Chapbook Contest.

10

chaptalize
amaranthine
willowwacks
billet
mundify
holus-bolus
burke

“Backpacking in Upper Blackville”

chaptalize

Bowdlerize, fletcherize,
and otherwise
fudge.

amaranthine

I don't understand
your planet.

willowwacks

Hillbilly
owls!
of Western Massachusetts.

billet

Fill a pelican
w/ silver dollars.
Call it
folding debt.

mundify

Do
deterge this
mundungous
Fun Dip®?

holus-bolus

O, soluble
omnibus, cussed
us, altogether
potent communion.

burke

A body
sock.

Matthew Klane is founder and co-editor of Flim Forum Press (www.flimforum.blogspot.com). His book is *B_____ Meditations* (Stockport Flats 2008). Forthcoming publications include *Being Che* (Stockport Flats 2013) and *My* (Fence eBooks 2014). He currently lives and writes in Albany, NY, where he co-curates the Yes! Poetry & Performance Series and teaches at the Sage Colleges. See: www.matthewklane.blogspot.com.

Photo-historic fable*

he didn't actually know me in person. when he said he was bad. I thought he was making a joke. I thought he said he was dead. spilling engine oil to construct a parabola. delivering pure oxygen to the fishes. in those years the gastronomy was in bad shape. sense asunder. always someone disappearing from the frame. milling about the country. using no mechanical traction. like a camera without a light meter. he lacked credibility. to be believed. he carried his chair from the portal to the porch. every day. put the wreckage of the moon back into the earth. constructing a mosaic of popular memory. dependent on the ratio of loss to grief.* *

*many of the images had never been the main subject. far flung from any attempt to create an assertion. damage so great. there was nothing particularly male or female about the feet. the building that housed. pre-photographic.

** *because* of its size. a photo must be solid on its feet. this is also where it might end.

Pseudo-Historic Fable

Photos come alive in the antiquated theater. 4x7, 8x10, 11x16. The setting is also the set. My nook is a petite one. Another one's safe, put aside for safekeeping.

[Nothing happens in a photo. Either there are very long shadows or no shadows at all.]

He does a dance step to demonstrate how I must sashay back and forth in front of the marquee to resolve evolution in my favor. I push him into the foyer with *zipteen*, meaning not ten but a dozen. He parries with *eiderdown*. I counter with *eidetic*; vivid recall is not a comfort.

[Here in the auditorium, they see but a fraction of the twinelines, their sheer giddy doubleness.]

He says: "I leave for the Congo tonight . . ."

It's rumored that refugees will be taken away in taxis to America. But windows are squares painted on plaster and everything else is made out of cardboard and tin foil. I'm not allowed to see beyond the backdrop.

[This is a detective story in the sense that the characters spy on one another. They use the night in serial fashion. The most important thing is to wear the right costume.]

Back at the historic building where events are still taking place, portraits were once made by pressing a shutter. A woman lives in this place. If she is supposed to embody History, all the light has been directed upward. If foreign, I'll wager Eastern Europe.

She says: "That may be, but may just as well be elsewhere."

"Risks," I tell someone. We have time to kill.

[Their names don't match. Inside quotation marks, it's all over.]

He leaves his seat to stray away from description, disappearing from the life he'd disappeared into. When he closes the book, the story will end and the war will be over. How fast can he read?

Palimpsestina

I come from far within to the edge of my body to meet the sunrise.
That knowledge goes to bed with me every night.
This will never relieve my anxiety.
It needs a vast area of silence to recover.
The fact that this has already happened doesn't guarantee a safe future.
I don't see my way in that tunnel.

She lay in that tight green tunnel
until the kingfisher came thither onto sunrise.
One out of every ten flowering plants is a future.
The instant the sun struck squarely it was night.
I should just think she will briskly recover
whether she comes later or ripe to anxiety.

If in the evening springing anxiety
slyly pleasant that hot tunnel.
Damned miles flung down recover
nifty love each to be sunrise.
That short to it night
driven afternoon's century to future.

said future
hitched anxiety
triple-paned night
blistering tunnel
killed sunrise
rich recover

He said the rich recover.
She blew an aspen leaf into said future.
That every one vanished killed sunrise.
Ahead of them hitched anxiety.
Rumor's gold swept the blistering tunnel.
Resurrected oaks triple-paned night.

The last beautiful moment in the history of the hand occurred at night.
The following must happen for the hand to recover:
I poke my nose into the petite destiny of that tunnel;
I devise a plan to hang a slack rope in the most tense place of the future;
I find some history that isn't, strictly speaking, anxiety;
I throw wing-beats out of synchrony to delay sunrise.

Night *she sat down* may recover
its future *inside blossoms* in that tunnel
when anxiety *to think* cannot withstand sunrise.

Superheroine

--she bets on everything/ down to the last fatal skin tone--

(TOmboY) sCULpTure

girle or *wench* that leaps up

in her jump suit

able to bound over tall buildings

calculating their tare weights

precisely (a kind of) rabbiting

whilst in the midst of

 windowrisks

 boyboasts

 trespassing rats

her heart-pounding

adrenaline is white her passersby white too

every bed in every room is taken up

(by her suit's case) (its loaves-and-fishes quantity)

girle is from the Anglo-Saxon *gerle* (also *girl* or *gurle*)

wench or *wenche* can be confused with *winch*

CAAt & Dog woMAN

--her hand can't really reach through your body--

1975 5:49 PM is the wrong time / she wonders if HAAKK is the name she'll draw / how she hastes home to drop every / talent to take on America's dirtiest / looking for a miss / we're hirin' / sir yes sir / such nice tenants they're cool they're write advertiser / BBBRRRAAATTTT BLAMM BLAMM / so the better save money not you / she follows a plan wherein sea lies on the chain in on the action / is it kindness when a child's dreams go on a spree / instantly words will live words will die dead once the changes wrought by her bloodline kill her hero's role / it's said she (Stop it!) lair not / she has *sorry* she can be put to stir a cloud far away / five blue objects swallow fire / enter the lost / look at it this way lives pass with a going to & welcome to another / in that respect mighty successful / unless refreshing fruit is newly under don't touch a murder / forget revenge upon the police / sorry / I know a particular routine 5:09 truck body / Ding Dong / you think you're upset she is just killed / got him / urk! / it's back to surprising news in slashes //// apparently how scared you are / she has a job for you violent & if cormorant kills you it feels too long / killer she understands that to get disarms / to charge nothing long-range saves you / here's a present for you lass & knave / Dragon lowereth (just now I don't fantasy one cop's Gotham in chaos) worse than what's wrong with you (of course your name) / she's a woman with a serious attitude could have killed now / how's about the car tonight dad? / thinks he's justice / has power girl give him a pleasant (write advertiser direct) / she wants to take who you are lightly / can't stir until her word touches a young attractive billionaire & takes his eyes off / oh no it's

Paula Koneazny lives and writes in Sonoma County, California where she earns her living as a tax consultant. Her poetry has appeared most recently in *Bateau*, *New American Writing*, *Shearsman*, *Aufgabe*, & *Ambush Review*. Her chapbook *Installation* (2012) is available from Tarpaulin Sky Press. She is currently an assistant editor of *Volt*.

SAM LOHMANN

from *Throwing a Masque*

Naïve alcove

one of several

stay up late and feel

petals

over eyelids

sandbag drops

& architecture boils

Dehiscent scraps suit

shuteye

in the black

underside of a house

You can't paint action

so dig up a garden

You can never leave room

that's another world

wear a face

shake it

in a predicament

of shallow glazes

strewn from your bowl

in a country of gritted accents

you'd gamble on a mental picture

mistake

the luxury of foreground

for ground up

afterimage

sounding board to

ramble on

Behind the bed where a face looms
a gallant banging up mounds
of shadows leaps from this
chipped pediment
speaks with
estranged figurines
in a picture language
straightaway lose the first reason
& bud-furled second guess
you can never back out of

Hollyhock spire as muckrake foil
All up in this largesse
Glossy faces lacking shadow or mark
Unpeel a ritual snarl thrown
Flat out across the pond

Purple poppies waver

under the green fig branch

where the graft parts

a green block

tough skin lost

forgoes the adventure

covers face

animadverts

forgets the chorus

goes like

scraped on the sidewalk

fed into fault

not crushed,

scratched, they leak

a milky sap

A fable going anywhere

the room wants

his stoned advice

is fall:

animadvert

long purples through the rubble

pinched one at a time

Sam Lohmann is the author of *Stand on this picnic bench and look north* (Publication Studio, 2011), a misguided suburban industrial romantic landscape guide. His collaboration with James Yeary, *Rolling in the Easy Circumstances*, will appear later this fall. He edits the poetry fanzine *Peaches and Bats*, coedits Airfoil chapbooks with David Abel, organizes readings with the Spare Room collective, throws the ball for the cat, goes to thesaurus school in virtual Kansas and teaches preschool in Portland, Oregon.

Chile Aji Amarillo

Gold common
causing trouble pepper.

Well yes, it was this.

Yes, an exact time
both searing and mild,
the line drawn in a substance
that moves. Potatoes, chicken.

We liven up the pool
filled with parties for two full days
shaped like Peru.

I post this near the garden wall
where more mature signs
hustle in orange. Restuffed, reseated.
Would you prefer the Southern Cone,
a spot near the window?

Tropical citrus lets the getting
get better. In other words,
tamp that. In a rebirth
until 1996, world's largest hot spit
semi firm producer of coca leaf,
a body thing, done fast
blew awake whole villages.

An antagonizing citrus
pungency, heat 4 to 5 inches. Winter,
superb. Unknown but heading to revenge
a killing, the sunset of hots, dying maybe
but waving sweetly. Essential paste, held
tenuous. The bell for supper but the traditional
dipping to sauce from cracker doesn't
perfect the rampant directionals. Hands up,
you yellow cocksucker.

Chile Cascabel

Named for rattle
not this season. Just
won't find one so scarce
the opportunities
for sunning. Surprise
a little. Lift that head quick
off some ground. We need
some onion, another
hand for the stew.

Rachel Mindell is an MFA candidate in poetry at the University of Montana, where she serves as a poetry review editor for *Cutbank*. Her poetry has appeared in *interruption* and is forthcoming in *EOAGH*.

Fetch

And
culled to preemptive
scold
the sad bird dog
once more.

Hung from
his stingray mouth:

the shot down bird
in question.

My eyes are always
looking for
the back of my skull,

when like a gun
dog I graze your
slumping shadow.

Oh Dad,
you are my wife's
dad. You leave the
kills you can't carry
on. Welter the weight
draped over
your bones. I snuffed
a judging grunt,
you huffed
to see you'd
picked the wrong
hound to bad
mouth. I'd pin a badge
on the mutt whose
pheasant's blood
runs

from your gloves.

Let him get

a bit closer.

There. Scatch a
good boy's ear.

Seamstress

Where have all the seamstresses—
crumpled at the splintered yoke,
hooked and hanging along
some harried silence, some worthless
peregrine silence, hair tossed
and dolled in muffled updo—
gone? I too might have died some
too many times, string strain,
strung out with how to make do.
Passed on down like the counter-
feit coin. Hell, this place is a mint,
chop block where I settle into gleam,
pass a toothsome smile, pass a
taciturn shirt sewing with so
and so, I'm an eyelet. Button it
up till it's taut. Learn to shut
the front door.

Gregg Murray is an assistant professor of English at Georgia Perimeter College, as well as a contributing poetry editor for *The Chattahoochee Review*. Some of his recent work has appeared in *DIAGRAM*, *Caketrain*, *Interrupture*, *Alice Blue Review*, *Spittoon*, *decomP magazinE* and *LEVELER*. Please visit his website for more information, including links to poems and essays (gregorykirkmurray.com).

sluice gate

if if is the greatest word in the world, then then has got to be a close second. i like people at the level of the sentence. poetry is the flip side of cognitive therapy; not “think about your feelings” but “feel about your thinkings.” this is the story to which i’m stuck. animals all over the world are human. not all kitchen tables make me horny. this should be rewritten in the pluperfect. if i had it to do over again i’d choose reincarnation. reading is eating. not all allusions are illusions but this one is. given me, i’d take you. affection or affectation? i’m uncomfortable with the use of repetition in poetry. the white things in the sky are mountains. last night i drank gluten-free bourbon. this morning i saw a rufous-bellied gryphon. add “between the sheets” to the previous line. listen, is that a helicopter or the dishwasher? i’ve been busy in my absence. doing the same thing over and over again and expecting different results is love. dreamed i did an N + 7 write-through of Finnegans Wake and never cheated. not all sentences are banal but this one is. no one is as one as you two. i may be fooling myself but how would i know? i call this thinking. i may have understood it all wrong, but at least i understood it. you know about the obvious, right? some day i’m going to look up the difference between rapture and rupture. life is a metaphor for fly fishing. and whose fault is that? exactly the kind of bait to which i no longer rise. for me, a loss of consciousness is hardly noticeable. i’m uncomfortable with the use of repetition in poetry. i’m uncomfortable with how embers of piety get stoked in times of crisis. is that enough of that? dreamed i was a bug only Kafka’s mother could love. didn’t know whether to whine or whinge. the one thing we have in common is i’m down and you’re uppity. tomorrow i want to do something that can’t be done alone. i want to be ethical but i’m in no mood for anxiety. pick a hole from which to pull your language. i’ll be the arbiter and you be the arbitrary. if i had a name i’d change it. you haven’t lived until you’ve inserted Tab A into Slot B. i can feel my heart beating in my head. a representation will be with you in a moment. since you are them i’d like to talk to you about my problems. between death and health lies the shoe string. inexpensive, but cheap. if only i could live on Mount Everest it’d be all downhill from there. i’m showing you the telling. i feel like a little boy because why should today be any different? teasing the imperatives from the hypotheticals is not my specialty though clearly i am the captain of my own shit. an imperfect circle is a perfect polygon. not really a sound more like something wrong with the silence. she wanted to be known as the pleasure principal. have you noticed the days are getting redder? planning is planting. in the search for the perfect teal i once again discovered the perfect brown. digging into the earth at

night puts you closer to the sun. and when i say my lower back i mean my butt. dreamed i was awake in a land where no one dies in their sleep. it's hard to see a red flag against a red background. on the one hand, disappointment; on the other hand, upon further review, more disappointment. and then, last wish, we close at 5. if the human race ended today, our team would finish last. you take the sun and i'll take the moon and we'll meet back here tomorrow or tomorrow night whichever comes first. who is this Smuch i'm supposed to thank? fortunately my worth flows from my unalterable good character and not the mean things i do each day. i want to be a palpable success or at least electable. if big b beauty then typo. if whenever if then. turns out i do all my own stunts. a grocery bag blows across the road and you swerve to hit it. turns out death sucks. all is beginning and end. then will you sing if i make a flute? how much for mutual friendship? teenagers will eventually rule the world. flying blind is still flying. after two years i'm still pissed about how gone you are. not seeds but sparks not sparks but micro blazes not micro blazes but sharps. i'd like to thank me without whom this would've never been written. there's the Apocalypse and then there's having to wear your retainer every night for the rest of your life. i predict Operation High Priority II will also flop. the fish are on record as disagreeing with ~~the last three sentences~~ everything so far. i can tell you're speaking when nothing happens. not all sentences are an answer to what do you hate about Kant but who cares. i hope so. i'm wondering if i should mention Samantha and Ketch Island, Oregon, June 15th 1977. note to self: what were you thinking! if nothing is sexier than a romantic sticking to his values then nothing is sadder. bear in mind we're all born of a troubadour's toot, a skald's scat. a sort of pivot system. blisters are nature's way of saying you'll never be chitinous. dreamed i was a profit. thought i met the Other the other day but it was just me again. at the urinal i now think of Wordsworth instead of Bertrand Russell. you'd think my family and friends would have done an intervention by now. dreamed the poetry world ended in 2024 and then of course the world world a few days later. difference is the rub between the not yet and the one more time. ok, i'm standing here and i love you. ok, here's the deal.

Randy Prunty is an MFA student at the University of Colorado. Recent work can be found online at Tick Journal and Peacock Online Review.

On Windows, and the Music of the Spheres

There it was, a blur on the surface or possibly inside
the window.

Analogy: Pythagoras held a string in tension, plucked it for tone,
pinched its middle, and plucked one side again: same
tone an octave higher.

Blur and symmetry.

Something comes into us (you, beloved, sharing that plural pronoun)
and pinches its center.

Indeterminate reference of pronoun: octave, center.

Digression: Gertrude Stein belittles poetry for naming. Vibrating instrument
made of other speech acts.

The window has no
need to be opened since its imperfection (betokening blur, presence)
resides at its very middle. How

could one mistake surface for core? How might Stein gasp
“us, us” as a transparency that strums monophonic and naked
at the window?

Pythagoras, one of us
urges you to the chord beyond melody. Lyric and
mathematical, like the mirror before which
we make love, identical but for treble
and bass.

To name is always to make plural—clinging tighter
to what plucks, what expands the range of symmetry.

The smudge is what we can expect because the window was not made
to offer resolution. It divides itself backwards to
another harmony where we
name by watching ourselves.

On Refusing to Say

The ridge in the palate molds
to compass a scene, to give the tongue's view,

show a tongue's geography *on* itself, pressed against teeth.

Only another reaction made out of the disbelief.

That a mouth is also friction, it didn't believe. And then

repeated itself until it laughed, mid-act, that teeth are also
bones, and bones fill logic's hollow.

If fit is all. Repeating. Sure of a geography, its unsure expanse,
covering over and uncovering—

saliva despite the impediment
of the mouth—

So much more to consider and

doubt.

Pucker of skin or was it a pillow, a resource
pulled away doesn't deprive, it tastes

disclosure.

The view folding over says nothing

of what it saw, those darkening lips, folding over,

folding over, the tongue thrust

hard against its sense of the jaw.

Another Variant on Vision

See, the voyeur says, if only
to herself: knotty. You tie a series of knots so
continuous that you make a braid.

Elizabeth Robinson is the author, most recently, of *Three Novels* (Omnidawn) and *Counterpart* (Ahsakta). A book of her hybrid nonfiction (title not yet decided) is forthcoming from Solid Objects in 2013. Robinson will be the Hugo Fellow at the University of Montana in the coming spring.

CINDY ST. JOHN

I wrote this poem while sitting across from my divorced parents at a Chili's, they on one side of the table, me on the other eating some baked potato soup and a salad, actually I think we were all eating soup and salad as if everything was normal, just regular things in a regular way on a regular Tuesday when nothing extraordinary at all was happening or going to happen:

a body shrunk to a tenth of its normal size

One time I was sitting in a coffee shop and across from me, watching me write this poem, was a towheaded little boy I did not know, about two years old wearing a dark grey and light grey striped cardigan and eating a banana and I felt as if we had a shared understanding:

light filters

My mother and grandmother tried to talk me into adopting an inter-racial baby girl because, as they argued, “you can do so much with her hair.”

I carry my Emily
Dickinson at my hip

Standing on the corner, I was waiting for the light to change so I could cross the street going south because I was going to the Dollar Store to buy some new sunglasses because mine broke that morning and I was staring at an orange fire hydrant when a man and a woman walked behind me—I could not see what they were wearing—and she said “whiskey makes me angry” and he said sarcastically “some people know themselves *so well*” and she said defensively “well, maybe they do” and then they crossed the street going east and then the artificial cuckoo cuckoo sounded telling me to cross and I went into the store and bought two pairs of sunglasses and wrote this poem:

I amoeba

Jean Painlevé's "The Love Life of the Octopus" on the big screen and Jeffrey Jerusalem sat on stage in front of a laptop playing electronic music to accompany the octopus' crawl across the rocks, the camera zooms in so the screen is all octopus eye, then I wrote this:

red
swimming
cap

I took my boots to be resoled at a place that also makes fancy custom cowboy boots. I walked into the shop, explained to the man what I needed to have done on my boots, then went to pet a large white dog laying on the floor with her four legs spread wide so her belly rested on the cool concrete floor, and that is when I met Mommy: the albino Chow with custom black sunglasses who only eats cookies that have to be placed directly in front of her mouth so she does not have to move but barely lifts her chin and slips the cookie into her mouth with her pink tongue. She whines when she wants a cookie. She can take her sunglasses off by popping her snout up quickly so the sunglasses rest on her head, and she can put them back on by doing the reverse movement. The guys at the shop tell me Mommy is famous, that many people come to write about her and take photos of her and she has appeared in many magazines and I believe them, because after all, I'm writing this poem:

This is really
happening like the skin
of your elbow.

An airport terminal at approximately 6:25 a.m. after taking a red eye flight, in a daze and watching the metal plates at baggage claim go round and staring at its black tongue as it spit out suitcase after suitcase until it spit out my suitcase and for maybe two seconds I felt the smallest twinge of joy at being reuniting with my stuff and validated for standing there for what seemed like so long, during which time I wrote this poem:

exploding sea-
foam bag of trash

Cindy St. John is the author of several chapbooks, most recently *Be the Heat* (Slash Pine Press). She lives in Austin, TX where she teaches teenagers and edits *Headlamp*, a poetry and art collaboration.
<http://cindyjstjohn.com>

[Untitled]

Most people don't come out
of the silver gravy servers affiliated with sadism upon the enormous body
of nearly identical stories. They seldom march, seldom
picket our vast sea of lifelong spinsters who cannot be
counted by any existing statistical
method, employing as visionary instruments young women
bent into hoops backward, the tops of their heads
pressed against the hollows of their feet

Lucy One

for Lucy Stone

and, as we climbed the hill
at the low wages paid to Lucy it took nine years
because someone else would read her speech
beneath an evening moon
Brookfield, Massachussets
burned pepper in the auditorium where she spoke
but she is in her grave, and, oh
first in New England to be cremated
gaining voting rights at the same time
girls came one or two at a time
her mother had to beg her father
to hyphenate
in earth and heaven, in glade and bower
it shall be the business of my life to deepen that disappointment
like a band of steel
my horse moved on, hoof after hoof
now all we need is to continue
Oberlin was the first college in the United States
of mute insensate things
“O mercy!” to myself I cried
on occasion people would throw bibles
on the descending moon

or up mountain springs

the press, many-tongued

registering at hotels

rolled round in earth's diurnal course

could neither sue nor be sued

among the untrodden ways

she agreed to speak of abolition on the weekends

to correct the mistranslation

soul as free as the air

while teaching and doing housework

Dedications into Torchlight

But just what he did we are not told
Of these two towns not told
By torchlight the original name

A dedication his passing into
Buildings presumably a thanks offering
Scattered over buildings original

To a name the features
Which later thought scattered
Just what he did by torchlight building

A number into towns his possession
Buildings scattered first
Offerings what he did of these

Treatment of the Right Branch of Y

slips of the chisel neither intended
to represent what had been a double
I with an interpunct in the same shop
cut somewhat to the right a name
scattered by doubtful cases appears
to dwindle in freehand or guided
lettering the ductus of individual
characters others fall farther than
a paragraph ending the drop like
ligatures beginning whether
the hand disappears in the tall I roughly
until marble became common

S.M. Stone holds an MFA in Literary Arts (Poetry) from Brown University. She lives in New Haven, CT and Boston, MA. Her poetry, criticism, and translations have appeared or are forthcoming in the *Boston Review*, *Jacket2*, *Mandorla*, the *Modern Review*, and *Sentence*.

Tom Cruise

Tom Cruise is sick of the sunshine.

He wants it to rain,
so he asks for rain, and it rains.

It rains and never stops.

Water splashes against the windows.

He says *paddle*, but I have no paddle.
He says *boat*, but I have no boat.

Tom Cruise opens the window
and lets the water rush in.

Calmly, he points down
at the mattress and says *boat*.

The mattress starts floating
and we hop on.

Grabs two bedposts and says *paddle*,
and so we paddle.

We paddle to:

Portland,
Seattle,
Vancouver,
London,
Glasgow,
Copenhagen,
Bergen,

because there it's nothing
but grey skies all around.

Towards unnamed mountains,
through their valley we coast,

Tom Cruise whispers to himself:
Uncanny.

No waves, no sunshine,
no blue sky, only water and air.

We sit, floating.
Vouchsafed in our very existence.

He reaches his hands out
and points,

coaxing clouds into existence
and they appear one by one.

Tom Cruise closes his eyes
and says, *Nowhere is always
reaching, then rolling
past nothing, and onto the floor.*

Ryan Gosling

Ryan Gosling asks me:
Be my navigator?

Narrator?

No. Navigator.

I nod.

Ryan Gosling puts on a mask
that kinda looks like Ryan Gosling.

Looks out and says:
Turn me. On.

*Let us sit and watch television.
Names are not real people.*

The curtains hang on the outside.

Ryan Gosling, in fingerless gloves,
grasps at the glass,
and smears his reflection.

Don't just watch me. Watch me.

The ceiling spins a moonless sky.

Moonlit?

No, moonless.

The ceiling spins a moonless sky.

Ryan Gosling holds a hammer at his side
and points to the center of the wall:

*There is no comet out there to save me.
No ditch to lie down in.*

I'm sick of all the unknowing.

Think like a gypsy.

Think gypsy, think.

I did not.

*Ask for more
and then,
give in.*

All at once: a sudden broadcast.
A narrative sits unweaved.

I am unafraid.

Then remember something frightening.

*I'm real. Not stuffed.
I'm tired of all this bad acting.*

I want this thing to like me.

Ryan Gosling holds a mirror up to the TV.

I'm at least a 9 or a 10 today.

Yeah? I cannot move my arms now.

Ryan Gosling puts his fingers over his lips
and says: *Shhh! Andrew, Shhh.*

The screen is the only living being.

I see.

*Let us sit and watch, television.
Names are not real, people!*

Ryan Gosling gets down
on his knees
and thanks his satellites above.

*There is no: magic,
nature, or sex –*

*nothing wild to call wild,
anymore –*

*no feeling left
in my legs.*

No surprise,

that the scorpion will
always sting the frog.

Snow starts blue, then flickers
black and white.

Ryan Gosling hugs the TV.

*Lucky stars, lucky stars.
Oh, I've been too busy
with missin' you.*

Ryan Gosling gazes into the screen.

*I tell the TV
what it means to me.*

Andrew Terhune is originally from Memphis, Tenn. He is the author of the chapbook *Helen Mirren Picks Out My Clothes* (greying ghost press, 2010) and his poems have recently appeared in *Bateau*, *West Wind Review*, *Meridian*, *Sixth Finch*, and *Court Green*.

1.

Slim highway across Navajo land, I looked back at Flagstaff and then ahead a sight holy painted. There is a seeing-through to losing my head, I'm begging you. Hang back walking, chew bottles, polaroids – once who caught me by the arm-crook. Foolish moto-boots. Mother cut my six inches off my hair, said I had that Loretta Lynn look before but I'd rather tease-froth it tall, wear magnificent spandex. There's only room for one blonde and she always ends up herself on some bad pills, punchline and newsfeed while boys get to be Gram Parsons. Only a dear thousand but so what – I cut on another stretch past the National Trout Memorial, keg o' nails, can't smell the lake from there. Tickets and tickets, troop militia. A yellow bird hit the grill and we didn't notice it or the Adirondack chairs. Peek-of-the-knees heady, three fifty cup of coffee you got straight robbed. Got good medicine here, a honey lover the secondary sex characteristics not wholly responsible for you shining when I wear a French striped top, way harsh well you know what kind of eyes she got. Everyone's up on it but my dad's done pour-over always, what's so spesh so new-new. If the Sugarloaf Mountain here and there is the thought – grandest finger waves, shy little thing sans gin til she does the hip-switch. I think embarrassment, make it effortless with a disposable income. Buy all the kilim pillows and for reals work out the day long, get sponsors get straight hair a twee cheery lipstick. Your girl and her garlic scapes, she will wash the pans like so fotografia object-oriented, pretty popular babies. A half-twitching stare and laddered the brainstem, smelling camphor lamps and mimosas – first novel. I think we mean this. Both of us eight in different decades with a book of maps and sky-charts. Otherwise how could we hold so. A whole truck stop moth night – we are not, in fact, the cool kids. Fumbling bags and docs, place a brow tight and still I think notarized, bonafide. Bear eats. Writ as for a day of short-shorts yes long-sleeve tees the slap-my-ass-when-I-come. Now a bit older than deer season, lived-in bars and tulip fest; hands him coral, turquoise the dammed-up Colorado all parts of a golden dowry down to the ancestral teeth.

2.

An anticipated leavetaking via male songbird hand motions. What I wore on my toenails aw yeah.

3.

In this great wide country held forth the bear dunes, glacial basins – unlocked the flight maps magnetic and the mid-century address numbers. The boutique hotels draw the shades though I have not loved anyone at the forty-fifth parallel but my own salted cohort. Sky, put your back into it and swishing flora. Once a girl made a floorplan so bright with mock Calder hanging over planked salmon, I saved her about fifteen waffle-knit tees. But there-there, M-22 the orchards cherry and apple you can't tell them apart til the fruit comes – or maybe you're a botanist or farmer or somesuch the way you learn names of hawks many kinds of hawks crossing below the northern lights so southerly this time of year; the deer stands in trees in cornfields in soy fields the picking-off of deer come fall. They will starve serious, on the golf courses skulls and hooves and some drowned below the ice shanties. I read how eighteen-year-old girls come loaded for bear in these parts, which species though. Hey harrier – yeah. Get some comfort. In my slim head, down the blunt force trauma of having courted your beard gray almost, I have waited to run you inland ocean. I don't hold a thing against you; my parents are frightful and friends, also.

4.

Offers seed catalogs, greenhouse

seasonal in uniform. Bang up immemorial tennis shoes grown-out bob.

This the time to get skinny, didn't – dumbest pursuit in girlhood. Earth pigments,

animist enough to hang on, hey em you should

swim, height of glamour, the Summer Triangle.

5.

From time immemorial, fire and rod, every carven pietà *coup de gras*. He muscles and puns along like whoa
countdown kissing in a sedan, two-for-one vitamins. For a man who don't like hip-hop you sure can. Follow
follow, feather what with a Wahl razor, taking on mother's profession all those ringlets I could get so cheek by
jowl about five years ago. Oil it, flip switch and the whole sink done covered. Feel a lovely shift betitted – to
be the girl for five seconds St. N wildwood flower marina on the re-read, to be told not a prettier long-sleeve in
winter, ivy day, be so crystalline window my stole the same color as my hair, a slab formation peer-around.
Divide divide. All those dead minks silklined in 1964 – née coffee, née vee. A girl haven as such, surrounded
by blue maids and boozes; you learn their names all flush botanical. Priestless please don't tell your ma we got
a fishing-boat captain's son instead. I could hang your confirmation banner proud a fourth name slash author
surrogate, in which euphoric shadowbox borne compulsive. With humid nightfull charts I learned between
the branches, ten dollars a blush. Give a pictorial-historical overview of dirt bikes on the PA-Jersey state line
rather river circa.

Mara Vahratian is from southeastern Michigan and lives in Boulder. Her chapbook, *Soaptrees*, was published
by Dancing Girl Press in 2011. Additional poems have appeared in *Alice Blue*, *Spinning Jenny*, *EOAGH*, the
Spork Press poetry blog, and elsewhere.

Why A Rabbit Cannot Dream in the Arms of Her Lover

It is unfair to expect a rabbit
field of chest hair—

to refuge in a cultivated

exposure & bedfellows/ hello

Dreamed bloody &
there were physicians
with chest hair & sterile
words/ hello.

She was offered
counsel for the bleeding &
who wants to hear
that. Especially in
a dream. Groomed
hair was a symbol

sickle-shaped and found

wanting.

somewhere in

the night a rabbit

stalls,

backfires.

Corrosion of the transom

and now sheets of dirt

rain.

What breaks down is
breaking down.

Flick the switches—there.

you have it. A rabbit

in control of
the lights

is a rabbit in control.

The projection of

magnanimity is cloven &

strangled.

We have become desperate

for
symbols.

gourmand. aquamarine. floral. musk.

It is unfair to expect a rabbit

to refuge in a cultivated

field of chest hair—

a twinning

bedfellow/ hello. A rabbit

weeps,

which is to say
a rabbit stalls.

Delicate as

A rabbit reveals.
an old map. a lace glove.

Control measured into

pastilles. lilac. seafoam.

on. off.

The Rabbit Interviews

Is a Rabbit a guardian angel or does a Rabbit have a guardian angel?

You could think of the Rabbit as the soul's fontanel—it allows for passage. It is always breathing.

How does a Rabbit worship?

A Rabbit could be seen in the afternoon. Ears attuned for the examination of blood, the bright capillaries bearing witness to symbols it lives subtly, a frontier in seed.

What does a Rabbit pray for?

A little suction. The strength and intelligence of a horse. Forebearance, always. And at least one kit to make her proud.

What was Rabbit's most vivid dream?

A city pawed with lapis. Buildings of steel and apples. Devices in the shape of marbled eggs. In a field, a Rabbit and the moon of her, braiding the tails of horses strayed. In the center: a girl with dark ringlets collecting definitions of forgiveness. She was inside a mountain with a glass window, overlooking the smog. She was singing hymns. She was trying to extend her limbs.

What happened when Rabbit refused to eat?

Her dress dragged in the dirt.

What does a Rabbit call a horse? If they love each other how do they love each other?

An apparition of larger mammalia. Larger eyes, larger genitals. The dream is to move toward death, for the heart to burst in the minutiae or largesse. Beauty is not reserved for brides. A protector needs protection. Say Venus and Neptune; say Crown and Heart.

What is the measure of a Rabbit's life?

Progeny. Ecstatic noise. Electricity generated between grains of sand lifted from the ground and in migration.

The little things.

Where does a Rabbit go when she dies?

Museums. Oil paintings. The arms of her mother.

Why can't Rabbit weep?

Because Rabbit forgot to ask for tear ducts. Other things a Rabbit never thought she had to ask for: saddles. Hairbrushes. Orgiasty. High thread count sheets. Dispensation from color blindness. Birth control. Need cannot ever be inferred; ask, ask.

What, in Rabbit's opinion, is the difference between a Rabbit and a jack rabbit?

In the reading of the very young. One will birth siblings, the other will birth siblings across space. One will birth nullled offspring; the other will birth children with a white star on their brow.

What happens to a Rabbit thrown in water?

A purely theoretical question As a Rabbit neither sinks nor floats, the solution is suspension.

Where is a Rabbit born?

In the lightless sweat of the warren or on the earth over thunder.

In the future ice planted in rows

Into the overworld, then.

Pause and gather scent. 10 mangoes on ice. Which

hole in the dirty brown sky

Follow the pair of cardinals to teddy.

A rabbit's heart

a wounded cardinal.

I mean firmament.

Ice planted

in rose, another kind of wedding day,

the massive

light

Rabbit takes a Bride

Hebrides have been forged over thousands of years
sickle-shaped teat grown in a sealed bottle
they are where
grudges go to nurse

He is breathing
through the lace & this is how weather begins

A rabbit's milk is clean & A rabbit can
never be pendulous.

A rabbit neither weaves nor spins.

He-brides and drag at the eyes
the earth's sinuses ford the cracked landscape,

Do not think of dead end
a dead end is a nest in which a Rabbit turns herself from a bride
into a mother. A priestess with antlers

a priestess astride a priestess
a hebride A rabbit

does not cry it only screams.

Ritual transfiguration.
It requires a hebride
as it requires a day without rest.

Hebride of the golden wheat choking on
his caul. I mean veil.

I mean

have you had a chance to look at the

documents?

Hebride the cocksure takes his place at the table

& waits.

Rabbit as Girl 27

alterations to the landscape include the lack of trees,

include the addition of a lone and straggled tree.

loaned from the studio. was in that one western.

when we signed the documents we promised
to give it back

substituting iris for daisy.

if you are jeering out

a window then you have summoned a catalyst

gold. green. wagon wheel. weather in a mason jar

on the windowsill in an unfamiliar house.

an iris a land of darkness. a promise

of forgiveness a beaten trail

off of the navel.

you'll get your james dean memorized if you know
what's good for you

the original rabbit at the end of the world.

with this hand I do thee hobble.

the world famous. the greatest rabbit on earth.

Pastilles! how
pain-free.

let's go to work. the world not

the yard.
unfortunate.

you were closed but remain,

Lust is welcome if you are at the movies.

will his hand touch your thigh.

oh. the rabbit

runs in the reel and the lights spin. oh.

can I get you a coke? a golden band? a poisoned apple?

y'all is in love with each other but
in the future.

Jessalyn Wakefield is a practitioner of typography, writing, and other theories of correspondence. You can find her work at amihuman.net.

Farren Stanley's place-of-origin is Santa Fe, NM but her heart followed her body to Tuscaloosa, AL. She lives under a magnolia tree with two dogs, two goldfish and seven orchids. She and Jessalyn have been playing together for ten years. You can find her work in Handsome, elimae, RealPoetik, Caketrain, H_NGM_N and at Greying Ghost Press.