



Aught 15
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rob mclennan

blindness: seven poems for kate

"I want to give everything to this burnt flower: I've nothing;
I bury my face; set it in water."
— *John Thompson, Stiltjack*

"Optometry begins with an I."
— *Jason Christie*

this is not an explanation, but
a small degree

when crossing the street, looks left, & then
not as left

would you mind if i revised
my statement, thing

it doesnt matter if you can ride
your bicycle

leans to one side, just like
her mother

after the optician, now
we follow

||

some light & some shapes, but
little more

on the darker side
of her

one half of her signature
scarred

not that it seems
to bother

more us
than her

both shaken
& stirred

but then her other, what since
long improved

the border she stops at
further abroad

III

where does she walk, favouring
one side

a distance that goes further
into detail

what she would have lost,
just yesterday

the rain erases snow
from her backyard

the sun on her forearm

a hard knock rings
her kitchen window

this is the sheetmusic
of her youth

IV

forget her comments abt
peg-leg, or patch

my child

blind in one eye, & drunk
on chocolate

would she drive me around
when im eighty

her mother says, you wont
live that long

we pick
at last nights food

we look out
over long communion

V

looks good, in new blue glasses

unknown where the scratch came, fall
or something viral

all ahead me now, begins
to slowly fade

my age, by decreasing inch

where blood mixes thick
w/ saliva

what chance did she have, genetics
can be cruel

a stretch of grey

thick dark hair & a penchant
for oddities

VI

she says: what do you know, yr
too old

or was that me

& shes too young, for
consequences

rolling her eyes at what,
a mere suggestion

suddenly, the sheer confidence
of youth

& glasses match, her new
blue coat

what she has come thru
so far

VII

this is a darkness
that conveys a sense

of certain light, a thing
in recent memory

a colour that translates
a shape against the skin

or rightness, when remembered
w/ some

into the descriptiveness
of seeing

what had not been there
before

*April '02
Ottawa*

linger

I

the complexity
of wisdom

is power enough.
i will not

linger, will not
linger on the death.

she was
in her head

a long time,
& then

wasnt. took out
brain cells & the

bodys ruin, wearing
down & gone

away. like bedsheets
in the will, or

crouched in the tub, i
will not.

II

the silent message
of private conversations

allude, & keep on
years after the bodys

wake, give out
increments of need

& hearts desire, creeping
out of hindsight

& family photos. gives him
a flower pot, gives her

the war medals gained
from someone older,

whats left of her eighty-seven
down to this,

in boxes, wood
& cardboard.

III

w/ even greater power
to disturb & amaze,

what lies, the shape
of my uncles jaw, or

grandmothers cheekbone, to
her daughter, deflecting

wind. twelve hands
allude to measures

more than painkillers, sleepless
wedge, lift out

of the casket, & go
ground. let out

& exhale
grief, like a

balloon, shove out
invisible to the air

& migrates, little bits
thru grandchildren, great.

IV

the death of nature
sits, in the

reflective voice, echoes
& then lingers,

still. white sand ripples
in the waters point

& slows, settle
bottom down, become

where once
were separate, the grief

& then the death
of grief, a

page, former, turning, like
dropping names

are dropt.

Bruna Mori

After Affect

There is fire in the sun.
There is not much sun.

The reality boat of sediment
dances on my infirm sleep.

There is fire in the sun,
I will visit its citizens.

Salt with the slip of llamas,
star of stars,
somber of slumber,

darkness of light
of the vented alms.

Now in the innocent hour,
when without sentences,

in the umbilical cord:
An unremembered poem

has constrained your horse,
has imploded your birds,

has gulped the time
with proper concerns.

Has terminated the self
of which nothing commences.

Rebellion consists in the seeing of
the rose after pulverizing the eyes.

The beloved veterans, enter,

hallucinations with the
pigmented skin of the parrot,

cocoons of memories
devouring their speech,

entering the coffers of citizens,
and speaking to old beasts.

In the hour of the creased land
in the memory of the cowboy,

time pronounces discourse
in the moment of the lilies.

As someone enters death with eyes
open, another appears in your vision.

The color of time in the abandoned
wall. In my sight, thought parted all.

It's more than in proximity, more
than near, to know what here, was.

Ahead

Today, we are inclined to destroy
the reverent peonies before

a million watching mountains.
Wait for the innate molding,

smoldering rays that torte the
trashing of the villa of its fog.

Return blue sonnets in red-greens,
defile that hive in tremendous baritones.

Want to be more altruistic
for buying barbs, as Alzar frees bandits.

Trade the hollers of others,
float my desperation, Aurora.

Imagination of your equality
in cold aesthetic.

Return the brave in annulled pieces,
kilometers of nuisances and nieces,

and gulps of the relevant tourniquet.

Duplicitous

And the time strangles my sister.

Twelve figures, insidious gains
configuring gratitude.

Tilling roads under the obscure
pose.

Record the roughness of
turning mountains and

ocular radios,
two yellow cups,
two rasping gorillas.

Two kisses communicate the
vision of an existence of
another existence.

Two promises of tremendous
locution.

Actually two promises of
yes sir and no sir.

Two play the rounds of casinos
of champagne yellow whiteness.

Two mirages/visions circle
the avenue of a sister girl.

Four soldiers revolve/revolt.
Debris, one death, one nothing.

Are the ardent wayfarers

disconnecting over my future.

Discontented baked cow.

My only recourse

the somber of the trite sun

hat.

Appendages of my sister.

Promises that coagulated
in front of the sign of the

strangled sisters, and the
time strangles my sister's
star,

brilliant ascent of another.

Justin Vicari

“BUT NONE OF THEM IF IN DEATH TOGETHER”

1
rock frantic winter moon you
mistly drool diamond shine

2
essential

delicate chain-like boy after
mean moment
dressing

3
let beat hot

say No who

think as is

4
Sweet drunk juice in raw meat whisper on it

5
Our black egg language
is thousand delirious
behind what
and
ask sad top
Like he was
he is
So cool
&
a
time
all
chocolate
:
No
loco
TV
for some luscious tongue

6
eat sea

7
We would go go want run
but sleep

8
trudge there or
swim
 butt soar
 away

9
I as she
and
she needing
her
not only
I
am most his

10
Some cry then live
gown gone breast smooth
will be next over size
puppy and repulsive like stop light

11
Near place pole
sordid must boil
 the bed

12
Though we sit with tiny spring ship
 vision
two still garden from above the sky

Never
tell ache in mens part & on gorgeous rose suit

13

a
wind
pound through rain
Why when eat sea
drive rusted sky
Hit by the urge in water

blow of beauty

One pink shadow

See like me
 Lick the fiddleer
 of produce
 Use pant sing
 Girl moan forest can
 have those easy
 is as
 storm watch
 ing man
 in saying a lie
 an outed lather gift to enormous
 rip under

“But none of them if in death together”

14

He put an I at the car
but not a felt lusting

Fluff club love
did incubate
the languid iron
Those fast and afterlife
 voids
did at their sun shake him
 tet are hereby & were
 the motherest

Camille Martin

hollow bowl

for sheila e. murphy

a system of ardor hustles in the spring. droplets fall through the atmosphere onto adjacent water surfaces, shedding possibilities as they go. power contestations in the earth sciences roll in doughy thunder & tender unshuffled clouds to their paintings. in the public consciousness, calicoed girls vex their much celebrated heads toward the soaring convoys. the "a" in "vast expanse" dusts off its marginalia at the horizon. time spreads, disfigured in its own markets. wafting atoms meticulously count their pregnant clicks. i don't believe in these vain roots any more than i yearn for a roundabout way of walking through transcendence. the time of day is what one fashions in the part of the brain that says "merge" into a humanistic landscape. the cane is part of the human body. but why stop at anything?

already leaves drift onto the paths of loggers

△ ▽ △

he whistles a long, low numbering system. the dew ponds are ready for use. they foretell the thickness of a syllable's armor during successions of dry years. they yield almost immediately upon completion. rolling home, no cloud shadows. no road stripes. if he twitches one muscle he will change his "heart." i was just pretending i was pretending, his heart cajoles. in order to be the author within the span of his glimpsed life, he names the road & promptly forgets it. the ground in his shoes, he thinks, is itself a staggering culture.

he "smiles." the smile is like that of a "dog."

△ ▽ △

undusted light shed from brass. magnolia overkill. the correct time. partial reality is prescient partially. books abandon their neural constellations for airy decomposition. so that water steams from the national registry of lava. heritage declares blindness fundamental. enough time to sink a stone in. one possibility marries another possibility. both take away the body. already empty. convection unites like no peeling of labels. like amoebae drifting through venetian blinds. what happens next?

myriad nervous edges reach

△ ▽ △

the gaps have been closed. no imperfections except as needed to clip the past & write the day to a merest whim. as good as an ounce of lapse to glassed perception: the magnificent red feather is the line after which "too much" climbing along magnetic verbal mantles. the otherness color is a shiny new country fessing up under the rubric "normal person." alarming interstellar junk is a turncoat synapse delving into one letter too many. an unconscious argument is erasers dissolving in a puddle. the smoothness of dreams merges into words, as if already halfway to sign, halfway to silence

the body is a mind stitching torn shadows

△ ▽ △

i am coughed up by a turtle. a raggedy doll, loose of shape & blurry, telling the time that it is on a coincidental awareness contraption. around me, crows caw without incident. history accumulates on sidewalks. breezes drift another zygote home. i stride on stepping stones, piercing syllables along the blind equator. no carrying the world within, either. my overdetermined margins & eye angles worry the middle ground near the shoreline repeated over & over

the unsettled feeling is of a blanket over a rock

△ ▽ △

embarcation into an unhurried wash. melting all the shores it thought up once upon a spun, spun rhythm. time's recursive knots fast asleep in the deep slow bees. they remember tattered schemes chattering through breezes. they are fond of margins. a cypher runes the wind. swooshing from unresolved points, an able containment desires to tell stories. what one fashions stares back.

the air blanked out. it had been seen on its mind.

△ ▽ △

to brethren total information awareness vividly, first one borders what an anthem will trap. a reaction to parallax & aerial structures of blue bottlecaps. so now one enters the dark & everything's understood, as if secular earths effect subtle changes in traffic for the endangerment of the happy few & forget all about the hoax of color's tenacity. telling stories after they have ceased to harvest, codes compress an object so light it burns even as it inhabits. felonies for seams, breakage for hunger, elements of the welding place float in midair, flapping & amorphous.

dustblown questions, birds dependent on whales

△ ▽ △

unmistakably, sleep & its foibles construct me. their drowsy garden formulates public misconception as well. on either side of the dreck in which to spawn, what do middles desire? helpless, my scrawls absorb until the singular becomes dumb. a curve in the road measures the diameter of swamp. is this how far i should travel? this? the heartbeat is the measure. that's one side. how swiftly misunderstanding spreads as the voice unfurls in the hollow bowl.

light from a cul-de-lampe spreads to many stories

△ ▽ △

Crag Hill

cut the price they offered

They thought of themselves

they logged, mined, or sought

plundering the river of its resources
pound-net men and fish-wheel owner

They forged
in the dual sense
both the sea and the land

a nature they knew through work

They lay out on
suffering hardships

From nature's bounty

it was wealth in scarce

more distant peoples or dentalium
down river where related males lived
(prestige activities: slave raids)

The whites partially changed

There was a final geography of the human body
an exterior geography of signs
a flattened head
A dentalium shell

they can mark our bodies

A sustained note of bewilderment

the Indians triggered it

Many of them, indeed, had lost

suspended lights

result that was mad. Like many kind
sane from the inside.

Emerson's railway back to nature
was a journey that most Americans
took new

a dream of liberation

the hope of transformation through

collective self-deceptions
dreams as transferred
fusion

original passion is

the brightness of the day

when the returning runs passed

should salmon then surrender

there was public controversy
the cost

new dams
additional dam

additional dams
three dams

before the dams

nine dams

Jonathan K. Rice

Dodecaphony

after Arnold Schoenberg

1	7
application	intensity
procedures	depth
2	8
misunderstood	harsh
ideals	expression
3	9
scandals	no expectations
4	10
mankind's	abandoned
problems	previous
personalized	paradigms
5	11
courage	conviction
6	12
beyond	social
the rational	effectiveness

Skip Fox

Loosening of borders, boundaries, words,

What do they know that we don't? —W. Herzog

weeping of fluids, the body losing all distinction, miscegenation, tension drained (tension itself the result of toxic reflux, tonic for an embedded mechanism stuck on jam (think of what it would feel like to *be* Proteus, silk fruit one moment, a lost nut the next, and when the durations between these and such as these is like pouring a glass of water for Cadmus, all ways going over fluid sides (Zeno was having us on, he said If you think the explanations for what you might mean by that which you question, even the questions themselves, like those about ratios in the interplay between gradations of time and being in its motions, are in such ways rational, everything is the same thing, and it's unmoving as well. You are basically a block, etc. Even ancient clocks jump from their shelves and walls to run beneath the terror of a sky that was born yesterday, incubated in the moment of its own dispersals almost waking you up, sighing beneath the closet with vacant eyes. Otherwise. *Every human being is an abyss. You get dizzy when you look down.* (Woyzeck)

Art of Darkness

Celestial calculations, the sky some eternal clause, think of the dance it must have been each night, movement in the memory of each, of a machine before machines, a presence before eyes. I've had dreams where the night sky blossomed with planets, moons, stars, comets, asteroids, like giant blimps and jets of light rowing across the retina, as though on wires, slow motion trapeze against the frozen and fiery blackness, bathed in such sights, I'd rise fairly luminous myself, into spring rapture of syrx, epos of leaf still ringing in the predawn or torn by the sound of a car on the curve, tires and rushing air — shriek beneath — world pouring out of forms, I'd wonder how to weigh the opening breath of night, running fluid calibration where zero is nothing if not that which could but does not exist where or when the pronoun and its lack of referential conception achieve a momentary correspondence, no part outside of part, no part beyond, the possible as threshold for nothing which cannot exist, portal for the dust of stars for instance.

Morning Memory Raga

Burgundy darkness, plants stretched across. Leafwork, red wine. In his dream, he pulls himself off the floor of sleep and goes walking. Down corridors, sidewalks and into hills, etc. An idea follows him. Why must he come to his errors like a whipped dog, ashamed for what he did, and frightened, but willing to suffer the punishment of his life in order to bask once again in He Whose Presence such resolution may be found, what peace or what is it, asleep in the warm lap of experience? Restitution. Thirty-seven beautiful freshmen begin caressing him with their eyes. They are tasting his every port and portal. Yikes! He tells a small group, "but I probably couldn't stand to talk to one of them for more than fifteen minutes. Not more than three in a single day." Someone from beyond asks him to sign a chair, her husband doesn't mind. He signs for them both, not realizing his mistake until later, when he wakes, unmated. In the darkness, leaves and the scroll of eyes, the desolation of planets woven into landscape, hard plain at night, desert where his hand makes a curious talisman. If you get rid of all the swaddle, it says, you could get on with your life. Shining in the darkness, perplexed, amused, he falls back down, and fast asleep.

Marthe Reed

Isola Pescatori, I

Motion refuses capture, a periodic disturbance. Hull length presupposes crest speed where granite waits water, another pressure. Sussuration at the edge of consciousness boundaries its own fluidity. She sits encapsulated by sound. A boat cuts through the lagoon, its blue and brown body writing green into white. Mountains insist horizon. She retreats outside, leaving behind an undefined stillness above water. Like air, body which has fullness and not a line. A description in prose. Such fluidity disguises the situation. Sound glittering and bluegreen.

Isola Pescatori, II

Hydrology asserts a vessel contour of sound, black crowned tern knifing sun-warmed air. 10 a.m. A wave performs a wake. We are not without questions. Green persimmons nestle in leafy shade. Wren and sparrow chorus. No matter, a body which is bodiless, architects the moment. Shapes a space into which "we" appear. Terracotta roofs, pink and red geraniums, jasmine. A single bell tolls the half-hour. San Vittore. A space which is sound. Another boat recedes away, clamor falling into water. To construe pink from gray granite requires a ritual gravity, the precise placement of chairs before water and light. Bodiless also. We accept shade, light and shadow performing their own wake upon the air, and the hard convex surfaces of persimmons.

Isola Pescatori, III

Architecture asserts a window defined by the presence of camellias and a grey and orange cat. Sparrow hunting is a dicey business. What vanishes at the edge of sight, sites this. A distant palazzo, a crumbling church, a forest of larch. Butter dissolves on the tongue, abandoning bread. Uno cioccolato, per favori. Artemis acknowledges the light as her own, without comment, as mist slips silently into the water, masking both distance and sound. Only a red kayak. A red kayak heads to the smallest of the islands. A noise of hens or swans, cygnets obedient to the frame posed by jasmine and camellia. The lagoon invites me. "I" would like to swim. She takes ham from my fingers, delicately licking them. No one is awake.

Crag at Les Ayes

*"tracking the last aria, like a duration of water
which is a piece of white silk"*
—Mei-mei Berssenbrugge

Tracking a duration of orange and black butterflies drawn to blue, anemone divide grey from orange lichen. Magnesium carbonate dusts his fingers. Horizontally. Limestone, creviced and cracked, young larch spill pale and coned over the dome. "On belay". Hovering, translucent black wings drive pulses of air over her skin. "Ascendeur" (Climbing) a vertical flake, snow melt mutters past asters and blue campanule. "By your knee", a sudden orange of grasshopper wings over an arête. Carabineers clink on wet air, tracking a duration of creamy black spot butterflies. "Tension." A duration. *Apollon* tensions this, cool white silk, which is cloud (air). A sloper and a meadow aria, spires of mauve flowers bright against hayfields. Wild rose and wild raspberries (sweet) mountain blueberries (wild) and ledges, "climb on". Adoration against a backdrop of larch hillsides, of water driven by gravity, cloud and cascade endure. Rosed succulents cluster concentric against rock "Slack" send skyward pink stalk and pink bud. Crimps blue cloud and white sky. Below, peches blancs et pain aux noix. "Climbing"

Dion Farquhar

Browsing

In the middle of our lives, oh no Mr. Bill, well past
the halfway point of the furnace or the lion's den or
some even less redeeming horror, still singing, sort of,
not to god but to each other, survivors in the same
boat, not really, more like each in their own kayak, oaring
common currents, the differentially unstable sea,
disparate schizoid launchings weathered, exponential waves
of trauma, superego petering out, injunctions
to ambition, enduring extractions of surplus
interpolation: numbers—crunching neurology, labs,
low-fat food, beggaring great bread, salted buttered popcorn-
careening medicalization busying scarce time
life extension as good as it gets digitalized rush
of days, weeks, calibrating quarters of hours, running
crazy stressed, to get back home, to connect, turn on
the computer, clawing the virtual, fingertip whorls,
where embodiment arcs, ambivalence the star to steer
by in the daily circumnavigation of centers
of gravity leashed to indifferent Goliaths, whole cupped
life happily beached on cybersea, shell to the ear, hum
of the hard drive, roar of the surf, keys clack as fingers type,
call it writing, power—countless black ants traipsing across
pages white screen, addict reflex bent over salvific
listservs, mainlining defense from CNN-CBS
data-storms' bulimic gloss virtual vomit surface
needing to be a Firefox to get some critical
compass called by programmers, a browser, though too young to
to have trolled the dim aisles of libraries or good bookstores,
stopping to physically pull one book after the next off
a shelf, feeling the reach, the being tired of standing,
lousy lighting, distant bathrooms, wonderful terrible
not trivial lifeline all there is, not could be, what we've got.

Dreamscape

The Bump and the Stop
enforced slowdown
cruising getting into it
head over heels
coming
late to the suburbs
despite love's blandishments

I know the difference

between defenestration
and circumnavigating the block

My Rise from Serf to Squire
a blockbuster

quack quack cutbacks
cronyism scourge
pod streaming

Poverty in the Middle Ages
I can't stop laughing
and crying

the centralizing impulse
recast as defragging
(a good thing)

the terrestrial vulnerable
terror porous
corporate boa heart
branding the missing byte
Phoenix homage
crossed with corpses, courtship
small craft warning hardwired in

John Gimblett

Ether

What's in the slow blood
pumps to a slow rhythm.
Backwards in time the stuff
of redness blends, slips
seamlessly into disaster
as if drawing on a spirit to
empty its calling. I am the
leveret bounding in a short
field, going nowhere. Up-
wards I am viable; there is
no other dimension worthy
of me. In Kashmir there is a
footstep I left: it traces the
death-flat marble of whiteness
flooring the Hazrat Bal. On
a bicycle I crushed walnuts,
twisting their etiolate juices
into the road. In Pahalgam I
died a metaphorical death;
climbing down from the
meadow to an iced stream,
it's as if the water pulled my
soul from my fingers. Now,
when I try to reach out and
grasp my existence, it flows

like so much sterile water

into the gulf. *Die before you*

die.

Julia Cohen

Beads

The mood was not old enough
to participate. Wheelchairs I had
for dice, yes. 2 layers later it was
2 am then a party came in the smoke
she was smoking. These were the beads
that strung the necklace she stroked.
Her quiet request of 6 difficult quantities
for 6 different qualifications. I could
not compete with an impetuous fatherland.
Mirrors lie I kissed her she lied. Deception
is always old enough to grow.

Neptune with No Pronouns

The pine tree had no enemies
and the branch held a cheek.

A body and a body in black grass.
Look at Neptune, the blue whale.

To swim, to spout light from a great
distance. Hands browsed the fallen,

asking, Is the return easier or more
arduous? To overlap a body and a

body in black grass, no distance
an enemy could cross.

Heller Levinson

Oscillatory

discriminatory aquatics

waterfowl luxe

anaerobic concubines

the knowledge of water spreads over the water

a violin disrobing

dispersion-inversion-conversion
 , translations co-opting

(the lug of trunk
 , emigrant tubas

attach the concept of trunk to one's gait

— trunk walk

freedom is allowance permutative density

 ,unpublishable hairsprays

the tongues archaeology predates the characteristics of work

juice a devotional squeeze

squeeze the gait

speckled jellyfish samba

the mattress of understanding

auscultate the verb

to

the running water

Abyssal Recitation

footprint

pitching liquid vernacular

rounding vascular pith

— a layman's circumference

capitulation severance

a tear endemic as currency

Shannon Tharp

Consonant song

Weather's thatched us
mysterious.

Most days break coastal after good shaking—
life's glitter siphons through hands as feathers
find light and blacken.

An almanac's looked-after fracture: forever
a light or a corpse.

Were things more ordinary
we'd give them all names, but they're
not worth a candle, not worth a flame.

What's to burn
when a field feeds the sea and is.

Half asleep

Rain—you hear
it, an ear sliding
down a window.

Skin polished
to gristle seems
a feasible treasure.

What one wants
sounds perfect
as it passes.

J.D. Mitchell-Lumsden

(1377)

t path.

s that at hav nd Washi arachi,

What e araoh o d what s that
ne hav

.
What
w that
e than
n Baghd
e than.

What in Afgha
in Afgha
d that
deaths
arachi,
deaths in Afgha
echnya.

rphan nd hap
e that
e that,
than d,
has he han jihad,
stablish r e falseho
s cham
jihad
to Almighty

(fatwa pronounced)

e p ed e r ev e t ea e d es eh e e.

e p ea es e o et ed e o e p ei e A en
e r es e M e A e h es e,
ea ee ex ea
e l ex e f ed e A el es e d ex er es e
A en e l e h es.

ey ee e r es ex es e e en e M e p eo
e A en er ey ec e A er
ed e c ed e S eg e w ev e t es e w er
e i er e M es en e t e A er es er e el
el

C. S. Carrier

I'm Waiting,

there are thorns in the blackberries, drawing scratches,
I'm waiting, reckless endangerment on every highway,
I'm waiting in the fire, its calendar, its peeling heart,
I'm waiting, there's only dying, here, suck on its velvet,
I'm waiting against a tower, to be stabbed, whistling
I hate all gods with planets, hurling verbs at their white columns, waiting
for the sky to fill with blades & blackties & monosyllabics,
I'm waiting for Barack Obama to enter stageleft & start flipping the script,
this, the final classroom, extracted from the mouth's
onslaught of teeth, I'm waiting, where are knuckles, where's
redness, where waiting, a 500lb bomb, hurts like a
will night tongue its press flat against my pajamas,
I'm waiting, West Bank, for you to be without tubes or imported dirt,
for voices in the halls to be other shadows, buildings, deserts,
I, with scissors, doorframe, & lymphnode, am waiting, waiting
to dissect home & homewardness, to construct a new mantle.

When the Blinds Are Drawn

Your knees forget the moves to classical dances. No one tells the manifestation of the world with dance anymore. I don't want to think about your knees, I don't want to wish them away.

Words pass through imagination, they turn into things. Things get turned into thoughts & back to words. Your wrists are brackets. Disenfranchised. They're more attractive in the rain.

There shouldn't be any water in the skin. When you hold the teapot in the palm of your hand, the room fondles the hair on my legs. I want you to stop moving.

My ears are topped with expensive wine. Your southern country opens its mountains & its borders thin the blood. The words out of your mouth never give me hope.

Do you have to leave handprints on the showertiles? Don't leave the kaleidoscope in the water. Its redblue triangles scare potential lovers & keep them from lining up on the porch.

We shouldn't speak to each other the way we do. Words don't know how to act. You're not careful enough. Don't make me think I'm not really here.

My heart's a green matchstick. At any time it could be struck. I could become familiar again or I could find the ocean more giving.

The jar of seashells grows dust in the corner. We're a lot like that, can't you see that? The cone of myrrh wilting on the nightstand. We're that way too.

Words end up being used as names. What we assume about ourselves is assumed by those names. I forget your real name, which seems indicative of how much I like having you around.

When the humidity disappears in the stringlights, their white heads, their Saturn orbs, their Ophelias, I imagine being on a deserted island. I wouldn't be able to hear your blond hair rapunzeling on the rocks outside the window.

Your bellybuttonring's the end of thought. It snags my throat. You put too much pressure on the hips to straighten the pelvis. When I mention you, others think I've been unfaithful to the city.

Antigram

This is a test, strip of typing, fingers that knuckle
the hieroglyphs. Higher gifts than mine are
the dome's. All I eat here's the day, getting through
sixteen itches of plate glass, forearms that hide.

The arch of arc's an absent letter, an hour
with sound, beads that water a point's mintfresh
spartan. O livid link, O peristasis of cooler. I take
a tack on the estuary filled with suitcases.

I've gone back to where the telephone burns
a telling form, a telling foam, a telling fun,
that of rooster, biometric spur, iris booming
with light that can be slit down the middle, saturated

with before diabolical reception. I off the scalp,
rainsoaked staff, new sentry, come with grifted
cream to desert the being home in the unlive.
I gush, dry up, position my silk between juice & rind.

Khadijah Queen

sever

i) eyes catalog the smashed. names whirling
in each
fleck of color
in each
whirling iris:
a) a healing elsewhere,
perhaps in the ripe
body's lush field;
lash to sibilant handspike, incalescence.
b) I judge you by what
you have used against me, devoured
(sui generis) as fire, mistaken—
a heavy glass rests in your hands, I see it shatter.
c) outside a white
bloom shaking,
its curved
stem.

unhinge

ii) while beautiful remove
everyday death
in children's hearts, a) hunks of it
(drying) b) cracking off (glory
diaphanous bloodstreams, portions rounded
pale) iii) soaked thin breezes or midnight
pools, a) the fires
which seem absolute:
b) lip after succored lip,
interstadial solutions –
unhinge the tango measured iv) in caped erepsins,

oysters, dials: a) pried open

a scream b),

the sound

tender, a taste. c) an infinite

number.

Rearrangement: water vs. shore

What's not for a girl to love—

The coat of the mouth, the flavor of ruin.
Consider the murk of dwindling, the thatch you took
For sass. The saucy accidental

Wounds, the roughed gunwale turned

slick terrestrial carapace.
(In the daddy state it's illegal

To break your lily flicker of a smile
The shadow

Your mocked hull broaches) Magnify

A tinge of dust. The sky and the sea even.

The heart metamorphosed. Flown.

Daniel Rounds

aerosol

throne of whiteout
king
of empty sets

and here
hanging in the

interstice

a paper mache god

gender-bending
blogging, yeah

you can almost see his
dactyls run

your fingers through his

free minutes
on weekends.

big tome

I don't want a big tome.

just stitch my face shut

& call it *loss*. call it: *letting-*

-go. I'm/so tired. more

tired-than: even-now-you.

white bird

in this
superscript
on the
wall
of this
barn.

unholy barn.
white bird.

of stone
sinking

and hood
of another
car

folded over.
we roll. we

roll on.

barking-dog-sky

unbutton
the years

the sun, the hours
unbutton

the minutes. the

choked-dance
crooked arrow

of reason. the
barking-dog-sky.

David Laskowski

Thinking I Flatter

Its riper ingots are a constabulational-
my-king- my-king, naked in egged's
doggerel speech --nnnn & igrous, a flail
perspicuously tar -- osseus in a sea
of red petals and "aware of my faults":
to blame passion is to curse a blood
sausage — oxidation's domesticated bull
clearing the air petty and unmoving
and endemic to nostalgia: a radish
always complements its soil speckled
grain are stars unboweled. A body's
sphagnum gets stuck in the throat.

What It Should Be

A sewn's spastic ambrosia's lithe
of a philly so tendered in gold, n-
speared, obsequious chatter: shits-
liquor, tone-deaf. Pleasures known
only to a man of nobler birth: eu-
genia's poor tyrants dry humping
in tango boweevil and weevil
to negotiate terms for surrender,
to dimple, short and fat, reticulate
in cotton wholesale destruction
embraced so wholely. Onion-spree
high across a tangle - garlic paste
in a pharaoh's tooth: designs in-
herent in a spider and its web
captures the fly parlor games
played with increasing frequency.

K. Alma Peterson

Remains: A Mystery

the bodies languishing over the sky
Trailing their dark identities
— Charles Wright from "Night Journal"

More than many nouns, the body begs to be described.

[entered: green Clairefontaine (trademark): series of 3"x5" bound notebooks,
in various colors, found in the upstairs (8'x11') bedroom of her home]

Say "Brain," to mind wanders a reluctant tortoise, its intestines inside out,
[beside this entry a pencil drawing of same]

"brain scan" by turns, its kaleidoscopic lower shell, under un-belly
[three illustrations (described below) perhaps cut from record jackets
and attached with double-stick tape; captioned, left to right, three words]

Anhedonia

[woman with small arrow through lower lip, third eye closed, brain dark]:

I seldom entertain more than the thought of guests.

Euphoria [in orange wet-suit, wild grin, star-fish eye,
too thin] : *My house, idea-lit, is a hard place to sleep;*
harder yet to put together a decent meal, unless you're
the type to be content [as she was] with phrases,
plump as grapes, an occasional broccolian sentence.

Melancholia

[every Thursday's menu]

I forbid myself the Paragraph, a rich dessert [see "pear" and "pair"]

Sine Qua Train[*]

*There is nothing like remaining. As if
a 3am train your dreamed the whistle
in from not-your-time (not at all), the berth
first of the end-stops car slowly rising*

[*previously titled *Test Case*]

[words on the front-door wind chimes, covered with abandoned webs and various dead insects] *Happy Spiders Live Here*

Take A Spin Laundry and Casino

One glance off-task and what used to square, spins. Here comes another fearful statistic, nonchalant, whisper-quiet in toe-dyed sneaks, a decade early. Her chance parlor & laundromat is such a holy mess: empty Rit boxes and pull-tabs, pop-tarts and Pall Malls, warning labels, dead corsages. She replaces one rule with ten exceptions (this is her job), and the rule is happier, disproved. In the color-fast lost, she finds the even-numbered of every suit and renders them sleeveless. Great numbers feel saved by their missing arms: nowhere to stash the trick. Trying not to unravel, the heavily-soiled linens maintain their dignity while the numbers nose around. It's best not to set your cycles by the activities of mere statistics. She decides to take the advice of a ventriloquist and hire a muralist to paint her reality — a collaborate deception.

Dru Philippou

Auberge du soleil

Auberge du soleil is obscured by olive trees
And nestles in a hill. Casa del Mar is of pale
Stucco backed by a dell of Ferns. The Chateau
Tivoli was built in 1892. The Babbling Brook
Sits in a shaded wood. The Blue Whale has
A tiny Japanese garden. On the island of
San Pablo Bay there's the East Brother
Light Station. From Roundstone Farm you'll
See Tomales Bay. The Maison Fleurie
Was formerly known as Magnolia. Wisteria
Surrounds the Thistle Dew. Rosemary
Camiformio is the chef at St. Orres and
Serves Raccoon potpie. Avalon House
Is by the beach. Wine & Roses is an historic
White Farmhouse about hundred years old.
The Coloma has a collection of blue-and-white
Delftware jars. The Foxes have a selection
Of Rococoo Revival sofas. Tumbling
Waterfalls is a sight at Flume's End. At
Grandmère's you can sit on stone benches
And eat cookies. The Heirloom is decorated
With copper kettles. The Shore House is
Located at a sharp curve in the road on
Lake Tahoe. White Horse Inn makes
Homemade breads. The fireplace at the
Yosemite Peregrine is made from local
Rock. The Rainbow Tarns rests in a hillside
And appears to defy gravity. Malibu Beach
Inn has a "Malibu look": red-tile roof, and
Terra-cotta floors. Marjorie Bettenhausen
Owns the Seal Beach Inn and has flower-
Filled Napoleonic jardinières; an iron fountain
From Paris; and Mediterranean tile murals.
On a clear day you can see Catalina
Island from Casa Tropicana. In the
San Bernardino Mountains, Bracken
Fern is known for its sordid past. Eagle's
Landing soars above the trees. Korakia
Pensione replicates a villa in Tangier.
Windermere Manor has gleaming chandeliers.
Windy Point is surrounded on three sides
By water. Inn at 657 is a polyglot of men
in Armani suits and men in rags. Portofino has
Bouffant balloon curtains; Faux-marble columns;
Lace antimacassars; curved-back settees; and
Etched glass windows. Los Olivos is tucked into
Oak-dotted ocher hills of the Santa Ynez Valley.
The Ballard Inn is in Cape Cod-style.
The Crystal Rose is a three-story pinker.
Mary May was built in 1880. The Squibb House
Lacks creature comforts. The Upham is topped
With a cupola. At the Jabberwock, "Things are not
Always as they seem." Mangels House was once
Owned by a sugar baron. The Post Ranch boasts:

"We just fit Big Sur." If you prefer a Moorish style, Visit the Cypress Inn. The Gatehouse Inn is an Italianate Victorian house. The Gosby is gabled. Robles Del Rio favors an Old-fashioned Cowboy living style. At Grandma's there are Plenty of floral overstuffed sofas. Pillar Point Is North of Half Moon Bay. Le Chateau du Sureau evokes childhood memories. White Sulphur Springs overlooks the Mohawk Valley. Clover Valley is near a tiny sawmill town. Enjoy a Champagne evening at the Stonepine. The Centrella was built in 1889. Just Inn? Stroll among orange, plum, lemon, tangerine, And box elder trees at the Fern Oaks Inn. La Mer is visible from afar. Head for the Olallieberry, "Where time stands still." Villa Rosa has wrought-iron balconies. Apple Lane was once part of a Spanish land Grant. Anna's Three Bears is where Goldilocks Never had it so good. Auberge Des Artistes is Located on a funky stretch of Fillmore Street. At Inn Above the Tides binoculars are available For a view of Angel Island. The Camellia Inn is Replete with Oriental rugs. Harvest Inn has a View of the Mayacamas Mountains. If you like White picket fences, visit the Blue Spruce. For fairy tales go to the Happy Landing Inn With its Hansel and Gretel cottages. If you still Like picket fences, go to Los Laurels instead. "Cead Mile Failte" is the Gaelic motto meaning A hundred thousand welcomes, and you'll find Them at the Sandpiper.

The Butterfield Bed

Is a rustic hideaway from wives and husbands. Truffles Bed has a wraparound veranda and Is full of surprises. Bruce and Sharon Taylor Purchased the Cliff Crest Bed. The Feather Bed has a touch of Corinthian columns. The Tres Palmas Bed is anybody's bed. Bock's Bed... well make of it what you will. Petite Auberge is of Baroque Revival and is a better Bed than Bock's Bed. It is where Chantal Caught her husband.

She also found him at Madrona manor;
Montecito; Abigail's; Julian's Beltane's;
Gingerbread; Joshua Grindle; Rosa; Pelican;
Bancroft; Blackthorne; Bella Maggiore; Carmel;
Camellia; Chateau Du Lac; and Fawnskin.

edge

at the edge of it there's no way of knowing it to the
edge of it effecting it at the edge where it peters out
the image of it Fred Flintstone at the edge into the
galactic future will detect the action of it where
language negates it not willing to go into it there's a
way out of it to the edge of it stepping out of it to the
edge of it withdrawing from it ending it at the edge

Marcia Arrieta

fusion of fragment

dissolved/appeared
daydream/movement

convergence breath
convergence infinite

contradiction
& clarity

clarity
& contradiction

imageless
field

two herons

two herons
drink from
the river

there is
a boat
in the
distance

the
path
of
stars

realm within a curve

traveling &
wandering

i have no name

the moon appears
within the sunrise

the ocean is calm

i inhabit a world
without language

the equations are unfinished

& paintings
infuse the mind

within branches of trees i sleep

a circle opens
& i enter

Daniel Borzutzky

Urban Affairs

We approve of intersections but are opposed to streets in general.

Alleyways and dead ends should be paved over with mountains.

Instead of stop signs, the shadow of a dog, or a hybrid beast with the body of a whale and the head of a turkey.

Out with mayors, in with majordomos.

We prefer aldermen to councilmen, but what we really need are chickens.

Illegal immigrants are taking our jobs. Soon they will take our employers, electrocute their genitals, and eat their children.

We have too many potholes. They should be filled with violets, or ideas.

The Department of Children and Family Services is a front for genetic engineers; they are turning our orphans to lemurs.

Schools are overcrowded. Forty-five pigeons in one classroom: not a proper learning environment.

Landlords have united in their efforts to keep porches from jumping off buildings. Porches are unhappy. They are lining up to collect unemployment. Traffic has never been worse.

Our children have no parks to play in. They play in sewers and eat bleach.

A new initiative on the ballot: replace teachers with fire-hydrants, eliminate the need for air-conditioning.

Illegal immigrants are invading our culture. Soon they will invade our libraries.

Coffins are fleeing the cemetery. They are sick of housing the dead.

Mark Young

F

The only unemployment
is frictional &
converts to energy. Any
loss is syllogism, a cloistered
emperor or armoured
warfare. It lays
a single egg. The
basic principle of built-in
functions is more
macabre & dreamlike. Comes
into play when used
to wash a jug of
water. Each holds an
attribute, a form frag-
mented by penetrating
shafts of light. Cruel &
unusual punishment.
Belligerent silica. Shari'a
law. It is done, & no longer
worth thinking about.

P

For all that it is
circumspect, there is
nothing in the page size
of Slavonic mythology
to suggest the loss
of movement or illegal
organisations of a
terrorist nature. The
audience is not seated.
The corresponding solid
figure is formed by
packaging various house-
hold medicines. Yams &
sweet potatoes were
introduced 1200 years
ago & this produced
a tempering of the
General's iron rule.

U

In a single day
the continued use or
enjoyment of a right
serves no useful
purpose. Most are

invisible. The logic gates
are not connected
so any disturbance
is noticeable only at
an atomic level. Moment
to moment movement
is unpredictable &
goes beyond the
limit of his powers.

Marie Buck

Typen, siphon Jesus

Yesser big joker david

eleven

tackle eleventh street in our deductive

trees and berries

restoration supp

appaloosa Big Y

Hes now an ordained minister

baklava for all

flurries of

furlough on

the mount big sounds for the loafers

alone digging Dole stars

the solar program

my grandma dazzles

sizes of

lab self meter the lot the lambda metrum media

adams solvent tinkler

I hope you cancel faster than bon-bon its amazing dammit lamas

fast Oh Mom,

what're you do-

ing in there?

Achingly rare, I'm

pulling out a hair in deep space the waste dump

in plumpery viscotic child-teen my dad's really neat various

seasonal lemonade

in her, in the tape deck several loose strands algorithmic

nappy parson

prissy the Argentine socks lox and the ripper

Oklahoma pig face, the generic brand is better geese punt

the Sega Genesis homeward bound up she tied tight ropes nope Fugees The Score

lapward the fire truck

I've got it

it's on me

Sega Genesis spyware and sobby bodies haberdash well it was a racial comment,

but I didn't mean it like that soupward

the loge ice beer chai-ward happy Saturday our lobby included dolce

peace Surrey like at ant

washboard-ward feet pray for an ultimatum

gentleman the blue suit

wicked free spyware 'Mama' on a T-shirt

'Papa' on a T-shirt Debby cakes in ripple wig goo shadow
development hourly developing remember lakily browning sunnily

snarling sap-ward password a loom

dynamite

tall licked bag were fused, standing downstairs gabbing

for cola

the boast hand kick

posters cheese-ward, and local

Block Pony

The Specials love the colony
radicals' praxis gives a Sean thirteen
I gave the boll weevil
15 placards give Pixar suppering
fly-eyes while we whisper their
raspy travels & do mitosis for
notes a tough nut to crack of
bimbos soba noodles give rolls dear
Vaudevilles
the warded diner of dear timeless
sighs heat
tour of the winners pile-driver
rucksacks for Derrida
mother vaginal hot-tray capital of
long crazy mental & physical things gone a
ton of glue guns my
sticky lotion pin blight dada
sorry sorry up

Tag-Ins Botanical

A jig in Lillehammer
quiet poison for Poseidon
but instead entities higher
than coins, the liver
a vile thief of
ham-hocks, the root canal

Big Baby Jesus turquoise
batter-relief, death collides
in cheese grits logic
in boons to spoon
off-broadway belly laughter
it gives hope, I
Grendel a blogger's animicule
super tender heater-based air
a deal, from your
lonely goiter of oven-ridden.

Salt Him Bank

The coats of Rome,
or feathers,
or diphtheria twill flicks
tonsils
of weight.
The corpuscles odd F, rasta-rate,
or files,
or dementia, tall, forks
tall is
or brilliant.
A combatant's op-ed F, release,
or fliers,
a daddy-aha tinsel fissures.
Tall is brilliant,

or bacchanal.

A concomitant ohm red sir, eels

a bier sin,

um dactyl a lot tear-stroked fibbers.

Toast a vowel aught,

granalogue.

O boats of home,

or festers,

or diagnostica till liars

danders

oblong.

I wrote of dumb,

or least of,

or dilled pickle a lick of,

dusting

oolong,

homeowner tups shrub,

Alleluia tufts sup,

or fish idle swimming,

droopy,

quip linger.

Osteopathic, the finger, rub

old letters. Odd

torsos, shy Dell switches in G,

the dropsy,

giddy in her

olden. Zingers, Bub,

bold litters urge
orzo, sickle-cell Indie,
he drops her,
godded in urchins.
Sorcerer in sifter rub,
Ore Ida dare
avec witches, sill in
key digs sirrah,
bottled up dirges,
valor tinned singles tub,
sore diners, hair
witches Sisyphean
killjoy dubbed sip sip
big up decided.
Dotted dressed less tip,
suck nibbles, heard
women commuter stereo licked,
commuter distance lustered,
mention tucked, a lick.

Mark DeCarteret

the kingfisher

for Charles Olson

once the blue flame
had caught in my throat:
a hundred years of having cross
walked through the thorn & the turbine
indoctrinated w/every wind's whim
dribbled out on my bib
in a luxurious rust:
not one death but many
the sun the same failure
that some golden age once had tested for
while out in the courtyard
w/their knees bruised & bent
so exquisitely backwards
a sentence they eventually survive
w/eyedroppers of mettle & irony
I hunt among stones
where the shadows have long been
trying to enter their side of our story

Brian Whitener

TIME

from terms his perfection how great is the danger

a description his followers in contains among the

early seven palaces taken drowns pedagogics

suspended endurance

gull flurry turbulence event

The Natural World

This book is composed of two arcs. Both are launched from the surface of the Earth. The first does not escape Gravity and ends abruptly. The second, however, does, and

orison
fervid
in a love-distracted dying burned
jessamine
serried

Jessica Hullman

3 Loves-of-a-Lifetime

[Insert]

Mess office monogrammed. Helicopter feelers, canopy hum. South call of - pastel baked -
arrival. Phone blond milk sweet, clipboard. Land bowl heat elbows captain speak thatched.
 Torrent nowheres tent star. Tooth folders, link:no, good gruff. Eel staff (eye) murk
suck shriek.

(Blowing curtain empty)

[Day]

Film green girls, angled in, wisps waves. Fumbling memory waiting vinyl. Jalopies rice hard
(unwelcome).

Narrow mountain. Barefoot snake.

[

Three screen oblivious, doctor shoulder's young. Hut brow - tearing out - cubes sweat open
sky. Ancient bundled steep. Secluded bold sincere, perfect gift recite.

.

(Softly room, bookcase he).

Sublime Floor

Girl with profile near southern tribes, drives toward spiral of black . "Only through the eyes disclosure." Or a once
inflated pearl forgot?

The sun, not bright, puddles sublime; we've come to see the parking garage, left corner. Two gray
lampposts, notes of steel; clean glass putty.

(Left without the city).

Double lights and trees appear; homed inference. In yellow windows theirs; called two passing by.

doubt focus
noir orgasmic
orange blind

"The rain in Nebraska was cinematic, circa 1939, year of..."

pearl sheets to wind
 plate

Robin's egg groves horse black-green

Even in pastimes - "this was all on film."

[island]

Rabbit. Appears along edge, in distance blurs the muscle's twitch of dusk. Watching her happiness, *which is great if later on for this wish*, especially should he bring. Hair black in entry. The sky opened over the slope; displays the ease with which idols are constructed. Rivals, yet there still pressed to necks. An exhibit of the situation in broken points. Finding oneself inserted after the event.

The eyes, hazel;

canopy

Beneath broad wings take her fear of repeats. Symbols unhinge, fall. Punctuates with passing cars, to draw an outline of prefiguring event. Insolence; and, it takes years with those types; the shape of a well replaces turning. Draw drops. Between denials pinned round their necks. *Your god must have predicted this*. One wakes unoccasionally; the impotence of tongue.

the other day i forgot

a year passed

murmurs caught

Summer's recital, table oak; streaks of moisture conspire in the eventual closure. Hers, a circle. *Ladies and gentlemen we have gathered and knocked our heads*. Keeping the milk jug close, the rough skin of elbows committed to memory, though none as foreign as his fingers. *Nor will you escape worrying or asking what is asked*. Morning's thick glass, air heavy with daylit sprawl his swallow. *To those of you who are this will not apply you yourself the unsolvable*.

So acquiesce. Keeping his bird's eye view, contracts. In the spaces *like a photographic negative* traces the tips. We know one another best in silence, requiring an exclusion. Aperture's meld into cushion: where one no longer dreads a broken diffusion, thin metallic through blinds. White-walled, museum dusk. *Despite this I see us a private set*.

pressing lightly

the neck

Guileless, milk glass tall, firmly demarcated against wood. Totem or bottle's neck. *You ought to be like this*; what is unattainable in event. Unstrung jaw as an exception. By a single speaks of impossible; leans over plate. *You may not be like this*. In the equation for rationing parts, each is commoditized, both intent as in reading script. A practice, or; *prerogative*.

Bureau preserved

behind reflection

Fireflies, the hour of recognition. *What we left at the entrance*; veined bow of antelope, muffled beat. In final exhibit's height; a hand goes to our necks. Touch of space. Shutting his eyes, perfect sockets superimpose. As *an archaeologist*. Below; reminders of earth.

Urbane

She washes her clothes in the tub. From the back, it hangs. Chocolate fading incongruously on the table, courtyard air to suck unsuspecting. Limpid limbs through which the step, at first firm, speaks.

Above, a street blows trash down an angular slate. Stepped. Partly arrival to rural German slapstick overcome. Lunch (?), a hurried alley disjoint. The rash and greasy plastic skins keep idols, less contamination; they give the street away. Busses seem logical but the weary electricity, prerequisite. Each member of a clock unique as to sigh in families. Cash.

I loved you, this was "once." A wheel of legs and perfume.

How many come on plush? Now selling as sugar, glass jars. Booths of things glow neon green plus exchange. You don't notice him, until gray dawn beside you tight jeans he says, hi. Watery four o'clock sun breaks a foreshadowed curtain. Mottled squares shine despite. In brighter colors, violence predates the escalator.

The three reappearing as pigeons lend unity; severest edge or other side. The ones who cum in afternoon doom and a restroom wait idyllic, even exotic gold mirrors, painted door. Pressed up against. Dutifully traces with bright red lips. And after. In smiles of woven cats. To head toward a seat in the corner beside.

"The corridor's guards fluorescent tubes, gold as the king's dyes. Ecstatic; cavern. Modern bleeding hearts, once stroked under whose tender point careful the gardener's eye."

Brian Dean Bollman

A Flora

an unbroken strand

relatively isolated
fractured

Block

*not sufficiently obscure
to please*

Subdivision

Altamont Pass

not having
the *mild*
and *gracious* hills

for *pale poets*

The San Joaquin Valley

wan
refined and dreamy

Sharply limited

effervescent jive

Here

unstable

Talus

Drainage pattern
of the interior

Arroyo Del Puerto

uplifted
between western
and eastern crests

Lone Tree Canyon

a body hanging

I can forget my otherness

it consists
of a convoluted area

Topography rough

No striking diversity of relief

Elegant pain

in which

The original

erosional pattern
has not much changed

Not *all the clubs*
and guns

freedom rides

keeps it
from still flowing
At grade in the old
undisturbed
Valleys

Such early
topographic maturity

wondering why
You felt compelled
To say
whatever you said

a mountain mass
Setting fire...
to whitie's ass

Asking the checker lilies
Are you white
or are you black

can you jerk
along the fault line

Marking the boundary
to the west
decreasing gradually

The alluvial deposits
leaving dead

Let the major floristic changes
be a black poem
of Franciscan rocks
or northern margin

Magic
Actions
beyond
Geologic history
beyond
Climate and soils

This highly xerophytic landscape
the climax
Chaparral association
the dominant

Chamise
sometimes

pure
or almost pure

Cohabitants
silktassel
mtn. mahogany
bearberry

We are very barren
in other places

There is paleobotanical evidence
for *private dungeons*

Taking lives if need be
Making our own world
a comprehensive picture
of vegetation

attempting
the most extensive

Communities
with floristic content
seasonal periodicity
introduced species
isolated remnants

Author's note: The italicized samples come from Ray Durem, Naomi Madgett, Conrad Kent Rivers, Imamu Amiri Baraka, and Sonia Sanchez.

[untitled]

(a)

sit sigh ignimbrite
clock uncle lighter
flock mill tickle nigh
fill wash and biter

(b)

to me to the of the
and will with
or a but in the
and not for

(c)

The pane the glass
The warping trinity the morass

In time

In time
Wed of the direction
The compass

In list

In lee chalk
The barn of repartee

West

The spine of ash tree
Sought

Borer
frass

Nicholas Manning

calligraphy

this
black rose
is * a symbol
of this Life : its dying needs
in a blank necessity relinquished * to burnished
beauty * now burnt . . . one raw red renting
relished rose : its flesh abiding (unto
always) where a single
Light *
abandons us
in its aching ardent
intent . . . O simple mystery !
O unsilent world ! . . . as these giving reeds
which slowly waver in
their as * so ancient
calligraphy . . .
the diagonal marks : equilateral impresses
which upon these now imagined pages
mark a stranger Light : one bright
-er still * than all cold dark's
art : the silken * secret :
my glimmering
heart

waste is what the sad Will keeps

waste
is what the sad Will keeps
alive : these new lands in their ever-
shifting * palls of sands
to out my desert's
desolation's *
shades . . .
one * leaf * *one*
moving curl across the plains'
affecting nights . . . while the leaves
have all but faded here : taken my
love * and the * love
-liness of all
those times I held you
and the sweet snow covered * our awaiting
cheeks * in a thousand remembered
breaths . . . silver novas now
above the slow
-moving stream : while the pale pink blossoms
envelop you . . . (there was no talk
of constancy : out our own
unreal world : such
dreams !)

then the frozen roads * the new winter :
perspectives of a rival blue . . . then the raven
in the woods : the blue solitary rose : the flames among
the remembered burdens * which I willed away :
dragging me from out * my wasting
deep : from out my own
(c)old ashes : from
out * my
sleep

Carrie Hunter

symbolic landscape

bloody knife, [he is] laughing, I am alone

rocks that look like women

drowning

pick-up truck crossroads

dust in the air

knives surrendered

placed gently

on the ground

wrapped up in ribbons, rings soiled around

the pink the dirt

everything is absorbed

we don't miss anything now

I've been having nightmares, alone

with the knife wielder

this dream where

the one murdered

is the murderer himself

seeing what realism misses

every view a box, a portion

I have on gloves, I have the knife, a ring in my hand

What is Diego painting now?

I slide the ring onto the knife

take off one glove

evaporate, take the form of rock

goodbye

concatenatious dream song

A girl on a horse.

Burnt umber.

Short hair the color of the horse's.

Concatenation.

We are linked.

She lives in my room.

In the railroad-style house

I used to live in.

We go to visit her.

My father and I.

everything is open

everything is locked

*

New gates have been put in everywhere,
maze of gates, we open one,
 there is another, we open
 that one, there is another.
They are all locked but the locks do not work.
We finally enter my room, which is her room now.

everything is open
everything is locked

*

I am afraid of pearls
and there are daggers in my pillow.
 everything is open
 everything is locked

*

There is so much order here.
I wondered if she is a me of the past
but why is everything so organized
and empty, uncluttered, such openness.
I wonder if she is my potential.
There is a typewriter in the middle of the room
on its own typewriter-sized table.
Nothing against the wall but necessity.
A bed. Green shutters.
 A bell
hanging from the door
 but when she leaves (everything is open)
 she walks through the window,
 so nothing rings,
 no clatter,
 no clutter.

(and the places we can visit
the food we can eat)

Things You Think You Should Know About:

Titan's notorious haze
 and you here
 licorice-less
and shining of something
 other
something less,
 and more real

Why are you standing
there in the shadows
without a spiral or a coil
or something shining
in your palm?

Such shaded top hats that leave no cover.
Ulcers of finality—
and you here all alone
and me here all alone

Titan's haze is there something I should know about
you that I don't know that I don't see by looking
sunscreen, masks and rosary beads
evaporating, smearing across the lines
and there is something else
but...

both of us are here together all alone

except for that owl
here in broad daylight

and both of us are here together
yet all alone
and always a third thing to remind you
what are you not looking at
what do you not see
that the owl sees

turn around turn around
hoot hoot orange eyes
a sun inside glowing outwards
what you can't see because you match it

wait for night wait for night

Un-finned

blurry concave recipricocity
there is a mountain around me
what surrounds me is what's inside me
stubborn southern street scoundrel
pecan capital of the world
and inside me so warm so hum

well then there needs to be an elephant
crazy indigenous me coming out
of me

pecans echo secrets to each other
"I do not think that they will sing to me"

Rapallo inside. Rapallo
seeping singing sleeping seething
and something shiny and black
piano keys suggesting
and singing
and breathing so hum

so full of birds and thousands of birds
"bring the green boy white ways" and thousands
"white lake trembles down to green goings on" do you hear it?

so full of birds, so full of birds
this mountain
what's inside me what surrounds me
do you hear it?
a shining you cannot see

Contributors to *Aught*, No. 15 (2006)

rob mcLennan lives in Ottawa, Canada's glorious capital city, even though he was born there. The author of ten poetry collections, he has two more forthcoming: name, *an errant* (Stride, UK, 2006) and *The Ottawa City Project* (Chaudiere Books, 2007). A prolific writer, editor and publisher, he edited the anthologies *side/lines: a new canadian poetics* (Insomniac Press, 2002) and *Groundswell: the best of above/ground press, 1993-2003* (Broken Jaw Press, 2003). He often reviews and rants on his clever blog -- www.robmclennan.blogspot.com

Bruna Mori's book of poems with sumi-ink paintings and e-chapbook will be published in 2006 by Meritage Press and Ahadada Books, respectively. Her poetry appears in journals such as *Fence* and *ZYZZYVA*. She presently teaches writing at Art Center College of Design and the Southern California Institute of Architecture in Los Angeles. Her contributions to this issue of *Aught* are inspired by the work of Alejandra Pizarnik.

Justin Vicari has work appearing or forthcoming in *American Poetry Review*, *Phoebe*, *Megaera*, *Interim*, *Slant*, *Rhino*, *Eclipse*, *Third Coast*, *Disquieting Muses Quarterly*, *Memorious*, *Gin Bender Poetry Review*, *Poetry Motel*, *Eratio*, *Softblow*, *Stirring*, *Film Quarterly*, *Postmodern Culture*, and other journals. He is the author of the chapbooks *In a Garden of Eden* (Plan B Press, 2005) and *Woman Bathing Light to Dark* (Toad Press, 2006).

Camille Martin lives in New Orleans but is moving to Toronto in September 2005. Her collections of poetry are *FABLED HUE* (Poetic Inhalation, 2005), *SESAME KIOSK* (Potes & Poets, 2001), *MAGNUS LOOP* (Chax Press, 1999), *ROGUE EMBRYO* (Lavender Ink, 1999), and *PLASTIC HEAVEN* (Fell Swoop, 1996). For a review of her poem "-esque," go to <http://rhubarbissusan.blogspot.com/2005/02/esque-camille-martin.html>

Crag Hill has been exploring the world through the prisms of verbal and visual language since his re-birth in the 1970s. Writer of numerous chapbooks and/or other interventions in print, including *SIXIXSIX* (Xexoxial Endarchy), *TRAINS SL:AY HUNS* (Generator), *DICT* (Xexoxial Endarchy), *ANOTHER SWITCH* (Norton Coker Press), and *YES JAMES, YES JOYCE* (Loose Gravel Press), he has also edited *SCORE* magazine, a publication exploring, seeking, the edges of writing, since 1983. His latest book, co-edited with Bob Grumman, is *WRITING TO BE SEEN*, the first major anthology of visual poetry in 30 years. He maintains a poetry blog, too: [scorecard](http://scorecard.com)

Jonathan K. Rice edits and publishes *Iodine Poetry Journal*. He has a chapbook, *Shooting Pool With A Cellist*.

Skip Fox: Recently in *Ambit*, *Sugar Mule*, *Poetic Inhalation*, *Tarpaulin Sky*, *Big Bridge*, *Hamilton Stone Review*, *Malleable Jungle*, *Black Box*, *eratio*, *Gestalten*, *House Organ*, *Word for/Word*, *moria*, *Fuck*, and *Dirty Swamp*. Previously in *Talisman*, *Hambone*, *lower limit speech*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *sendeck.com*, etc. Four chapbooks. (*Bloody Twin*, *Oasis*, *Auguste*), and one book (Potes & Poets). In a couple anthologies including *Another South: Experimental Writing in the South* (U of Alabama P).

Marthe Reed lives in Lafayette, Louisiana, that fortunate gap threaded between Katrina and Rita. Her poetry has recently appeared in *Exquisite Corpse*, *Sugar Mule*, *New Orleans Review*, and *Golden Handcuffs Review*.

Dion Farquhar is a poet and prose fiction writer. Obsessed by her formative experience of the Sixties and repudiating nothing, she is currently finishing a novel that conjures the erased social DNA of a generation's formation. Her poems have appeared in *Otoliths*, *Poems Niederngasse*, *OBAN 06*, *Perigee*, *The Argotist*, *Xcp: Streetnotes*, *Rogue Scholars*, *City Works*, *boundary 2*, *Hawaii Review*, *Lip Service*, *Cream City Review*, *Sinister Wisdom*, *Painted Bride Quarterly*, etc., and her chapbook "Cleaving" won First Prize in the 2007 Poet's Corner Press competition.

John Gimblett: Having travelled extensively throughout southeast Asia. and in particular, India, I'm still drawing largely on those experiences in my writing. In poetry I seem to have moved 'back' to an earlier style of mine, more free-flowing and introspective, unlike most of the poems in my first book '*Mister John*'. I am also writing fiction, and still engaged in painting and photography. Still living in Wales, I try to get away when I can, and always come back enlightened in some small way. This poem, 'Ether', uses the Anglo-Welsh style of Dylan Thomas and R. S. Thomas (itself heavily influenced by earlier poetry in Wales) in what is essentially a very introspective poem about my time living in Kashmir in late 1986. The last line of the poem - 'Die before you die' is a Sufi saying; perhaps a defining statement of the beliefs of the sect.

Julia Cohen is an editorial assistant at Palgrave Macmillan, a fiction reader for *Small Spiral Notebook*, and Managing Editor for Nightboat Books. Her poetry and prose has been published or is forthcoming in *Octopus*, *How2*, *Word For/ Word*, *Hanging Loose*, *GutCult*, *Boog City*, *The Tiny*, and *Pindelyboz*. Her first chapbook, "If Fire, Arrival," is coming out this summer with horse less press. She lives in Brooklyn, you can reach her at julescohen@gmail.com.

Heller Levinson has recently moved to New York City where he is a student of animal behavior.

Shannon Tharp lives in Seattle where she's an MFA candidate at the University of Washington.

J.D. Mitchell-Lumsden's work has appeared in various small press publications. Until recently, he made a living as a primate field specialist, studying mating cultures of Indian species. He currently resides in Oakland, CA, where he edits *Cricket Online Review*.

C.S. Carrier: Poems appear recently in *Glitterpony*, *Redactions*, *The Tiny*, & *6x6*. Carrier lives in Amherst, MA & teaches in West Hartford, CT.

Khadijah Queen holds an MFA in creative writing from Antioch University Los Angeles. Her poetry has twice been nominated for the Pushcart Prize, and her poetry and fiction have appeared in numerous journals including *Lily*, *Adirondack Review* and *Salt River Review*. She will study studio art at Georgia State University in the fall, where she will also work in the school's gallery as a University Scholar.

Daniel Rounds is a Ph.D. candidate in Sociology at UCLA where he studies political economy. His poetry has previously appeared in *3rd bed, good foot*, and *Fish Drum Magazine*.

Dave Laskowski is a doctoral student in English at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. He lives in Milwaukee with his wife, their dogs Augie and Milo and their cats Charlie and Max.

K. Alma Peterson (Rosemount, MN, USA) owns a small business and writes poems as time and inspiration allow. Her poems have appeared in *Hayden's Ferry Review*, *The New Orphic Review*, *ArtWord Quarterly*, *100 Words* and *Sidewalks*. In 1999, her poem "Between Us" was nominated for a Pushcart Prize. She is a student in the MFA program at Warren Wilson College.

Dru Philippou was raised in London and currently lives in Taos, New Mexico. She has published in *Poesia International Poetry Review*, *Epicenter: A Literary Periodical*, *Rosebud*, *Malleable Jangle*, *Miller's Pond*, *Tiger's Eye*, *Contemporary Haibun Online*, *World Haiku Review*, *Modern Haiku*, *Acorn*, *Roadrunner*, *Snapshots*, *Tinywords*, *Lynx*, and *Bottle Rockets Press*. Anthologized in: *Contemporary Haibun Vol. 7*, and *The Red Moon Anthology of English Languages Haiku: Inside The Mirror*, 2005. Awards: Received the Scorpion Prize (tie for first place) "a commendation for the best haiku or senryu of an issue." *Roadrunner* VI:1. 2006. A winner of a competition for The Annual British Haiku Society Haibun Anthology, 2005.

marcia arrieta continues to contemplate life living on the edge of the canyon—recent publication credits include *ginger hill*, *osiris*, *the argotist*, *eratio*, *big scream*, & *dirt*—she edits *indefinite space*, a poetry journal, & is waiting for a book of her poems to materialize one of these days soon—

Daniel Borzutzky is the author of *Arbitrary Tales* (Triple Press, 2005), and *The Ecstasy of Capitulation* (BlazeVox Books). His translation of Port Trakl by Chilean poet Jaime Luis Huenún will be published by Action Books in 2007; and his translations of Chilean fiction writer Juan Emar have appeared in recent issues of *Fence* and *Conjunctions*. Daniel's own work has been published in many print and online journals.

Mark Young is a New Zealander, now living on the Tropic of Capricorn in Rockhampton, Australia, who has been publishing poetry for 45 years. His work has appeared in a wide range of journals, both print & online, most recently in *Spore*, *eratio*, *hutt & Moria*. His latest books are *episodes*, published by xPress(ed), & as co-editor with Jean Vengua, *The First Hay(na)ku Anthology* published by Meritage Press. He has a weblog, *gamma ways* – <http://mhcyoung.blogspot.com> – & an author's page at the New Zealand electronic poetry centre.

Marie Buck lives in Northampton, Massachusetts. Previous work appears in *Skein*.

Mark DeCarteret was born in Lowell Massachusetts in 1960. His work has appeared in numerous literary reviews including *AGNI*, *Chicago Review*, *Conduit*, *Phoebe*, and *Salt Hill*, as well as such anthologies as *American Poetry: The Next Generation* (Carnegie Mellon Press, 2000) and *Thus Spake the Corpse: An Exquisite Corpse Reader 1988-1998* (Black Sparrow Press, 2000). Recently his poetry has been featured online at *Maverick Magazine* and *Mudlark*. His most recent chapbook *The Great Apology* was published three years ago by Oyster River Press for which he also co-edited the anthology *Under the Legislature of Stars: 62 New Hampshire Poets*.

Brian Whitener lives in between Buenos Aires and Mexico City, where he is writing a book about Mirtha Dermisache and translating Macedonio Fernandez. He recently edited a selection of new Mexican visual poets for *SleepingFish* and can be reached at brianwhitener@gmail.com.

Jessica Hullman is an MFA candidate at Naropa University in Boulder, CO, whose current interests include Wittgenstein's language games and the parallels which exist between linguistics and modern art.

Brian Dean Bollman: 46 year old gardener/landscaper, MFA in Creative Writing (Poetry) San Francisco State University, poems recently in *Shampoo* and *Transfer*.

Nicholas Manning graduated from the University of Queensland in Brisbane, Australia, with a B.A in Comparative Literature and French. He was then a recipient of a three-year scholarship to the Ecole normale supérieure in Paris, where he is currently completing his second year of study. Last year he took his Maîtrise (MA Degree) at the Sorbonne with a thesis on the contemporary French poet Philippe Jaccottet. His poetry has appeared, or is soon to appear, in the following literary journals: *Free Verse*, *Shampoo*, *Manifold*, *eratio*, *Aught*, *Stylus*, *MiPOesias*, *The Rose & Thorn*, *Blue Fifth Review*, *CipherJournal*, *Fire*, *Imago*.

Carrie Hunter has been published online in the *Muse Apprentice Guild*, *Moria Poetry*, *Erratio Postmodern Poetry*, *Voices in the Roses*, in print and online in *The Frame* (Framesf.com), and in print in *SCORE* magazine. She recently finished her MFA/MA in Poetics at New College of California and lives in San Francisco.
