CONTENTS

Michael Sikkema
   Signs of Spring (Cover)

Brian Foley
   Amendment
   Picador
   With or Without Window
   An Owe Stays Over

Chris Hosea
   *from* The Kaleidoscopic Almanac and Seed Catalogue, with Notes

Catherine Meng
   The Century Plant
   This Poem is in Four Parts
   Map Quest

Rhiannon Dickerson
   What Happened at the Church
   Map of Antarctica

Anne Shaw
   Airplane Poem

Carrie Olivia Adams
   *from* Operating Theater

Kerri Webster
   Notes on Writing Wilderness
   Implanted Memories
   Foretold

Tony Mancus
   Lens-cap
TaraShea Nesbit
1945

Adam Reich
Sound and Pelt
Points
Passage Liminal

Kevin McLellan
Untitled
When we are no longer

Mark DeCarteret
FEASTS/Week 27

Travis Cebula
from Impossible Futures

Elizabeth Robinson
On Cancer

Megan Burns
to mother as an aid to memory

Thomas Trudgeon
Poem w/o a single bird in it—
tech moment

Erik Anderson
from The Identity Event

Jennifer H. Fortin and Nate Pritts
from Talk Minutes

Brooklyn Copeland
Rivalry
Maria Getto
The Meanest Man

Linda Dove
Disregard
Evidentiary

Carrie Bennett
After the credits roll
Exit plan with small animal
Before the end there was an orange sunset
A brief scene
After the letter is written

Michael Flatt
The Man Who Knew Too Much

James Yeary
from Dawn's Erasure

Nicole Wilson
from Supper & Repair Kit

Shawn Huelle
Infinity Plus One
Brian Foley

Amendment

I have eaten
too much I know

studying hunger
with whom I confuse
severally

I don’t want to move
through the rub
ble of occur

the laid over tear
lasted on a
cheek

an in
exact face
a space for

shifting
weight against
repulsive

cosm
os

to preserve
my indefinite
ly made me
a red rag flows
like rain in
us suggested by
course of black bull
thorns its charge
conceals a hurt
in the freedom
of the howl shadow
invents
a sense of say
nothing every person
becomes his own
people a preferred lie
to the color of an eye
even the blush
of the bluest dahlia
will disappoint
you remember it
before it was rot
With or Without Window

for Ulrike

where
a suddenly bursts
at a numbing
length

it assumes
a room that enters
quietly into
itself

every body
talks about weather
but you

know
we can’t choose
our food
but we can eat

an excerpt
bigger than a
An Owe Stays Over

the warmth
you’re not worth
collapsing

conclusion-kiss
like an orphan
after a bath

you’ll not see
me fall down
in front of you

for the rest
of my life
from The Kaleidoscopic Almanac and Seed Catalogue, with Notes

In a picklejar. Designed to grow molds. Green swims. Plastic kettles of brine. On wheels without wheels within them. Small commands, so as to drive through curtains. Stopped in traffic, what was bought behind, in pocket a penciled envelope. To be lost in. Why all horns seem major, stuck in a row. Just in key, in time. Make a citizen’s arrest. Write a letter to the editor. Themes close to the actor’s heart. Kindly a greeter stopped me on entry. Picture us misty where they removed the one-hour photo booth. True story, or it could be. I will sup with Poseidon, or cry in my own soup. An entertainment. Airs come in off the sea and pause, huffy, a whiling time. Breezes such as fall to earth, as newsprint, smack in driveways. We got used to these other days. In the back pages wars go on yet. Cut off. Commanded forward. Based on projections. Moving fronts. Tendrils furled in parlors. Inky. Wait for the mood to lift. No, lift it.
Out hanging balloons to mark the way, I vary colors, firecracker by milk, then yellow fire again. At last the night party, no money in that inkwell, different every yesterday. The picturesque avoided as fenced. Bridge another arc in dark; cross a real metal bridge. She walks alongside, before or behind. Sometimes these rushing places. Now she leads. We grip our bags firmly beside ourselves. Salt air bursts each thought bubble. Sweeps us into night on the out breath. All roads lie scattered with alarm clocks’ gutsy guts. Gleam as they bleep. Only one mote counts at a time. Watching the rushes. Not seeing what is so reassuring, the shh of rain on skylights. Yet it is still. Come listen.

Soft-spoken workers arrive to sweep the chimney though we haven't one. Another ant-trap will go missing.
Oracular always, the summer sun rolls its arcs. Read shadow scripts you forget what went unsaid, the significant look. All that milk spilt over nothing. Leaves a lot. Of course where you haven’t been is there the while. Too much imponderable detail nevertheless graces. Try to think it, not only of it, nor yet through it. Each character unwinding a waxy scroll, from this time to another. If they break. Sometimes you wait for a story, then listen as the illustrated familiar auditions in his strange tongues. Farm out a decade’s empties for sea glass. Another collection goes uncatalogued. Or emblazon her every change of expression. New gospels swell where the dusk glows. Turn calendars ahead a year, not a day too soon. Hear all those bottles clank colors in shallows, or could be some waterfowl. Hard to tell. Hidden, a line of sand heaps up, cursive, fixed for breath.
6.

Rain days grasses bristle under and shine. Water steps across and down, over and through. Leaves it shakes as it goes. And those others, they keep comfort. A cone of combustion zips up, unzips the storm. We are set to awake unalarmed. Gone down to the park, you see deer look up from dandelions by the fence. What you lack in breakfast you make up for in strange graffiti lore. The sum of initials in a heart may be a tree overgrown with ivy and oaths. Anyone can play the recorder. It is not an order.
A band snaps aloud. Piles and piles of speakers. A parade striking soon. You hear it gather behind stores, their fronts blue and steel. Sighs hesitate up a dim hotel hall. Then you are outside. I’m afraid the establishment is out of clay pigeons. We forgot so many favorites, still there is nothing to fear. A species of faith. Seeing Uncle Sam’s finger wag, close your eyes, type by touch. Why not begin listing trees. Aspen, birch, cherry, dogwood. Winsome is a word goes unspoken. Pert, puzzle, inquire. Faster as some cycle without spokes. Low to the ground. A job done. Against riotous skies the town stands down. Puzzle a verb. What was interrupted, put down, now is rooted. Recorded under bylines. Scarcities gather. Yesterday’s magazines dry as flour.
Catherine Meng

THE CENTURY PLANT

Suckers, my suckers ring round in lapses
& my interstices convey spider
gеомеtry in the whine of a century
where a riddled spike lies in wait at the core.
Tethered, as undertow does to the waves
I climb beyond the surface conceit

& once deranged by the neon made neat
mouth off inside the border’s collapse
that define the border of the prior grave.
As each margin’s own spine
unfurls in the wake of the self before
the dead hum a bit, drained by this conjury

throttled from the wizen rosette to stand sentry
against academy, where the deleted
constellations known in seafaring lore
are irrational constants of a map
connected by a throat, crashing fat the sky
until the literal disaster is a harbor wave.

The translation denies what rises from this page.
You reader, may be moved to perjury
& you hearer, may try to side with the spider –
but taking sides is a cop out. A poem may be sweet
but it is not kind. We are not holding hands. I lapse
& then mine my own dead for ore

until I am fully fucking the last remaining metaphor
thrust into the shuddering wave after wave
my cyme blooms yellow buds, one for each gasp
connected by a century
put in motion long before this concrete
was mixed, placed, leveled, and dried.

In my future, even as I die
my suckers echo back to before
the first sucker thought it wise to repeat.
In your future, the moon driven waves
slide & sluice back from another century
surrounded by its own collapse –

forever spiraling towards the source of craving
forever differentiating our crime from our history –
until the beat synchs up to the self it overlaps.
THIS POEM IS IN FOUR PARTS

When the alarm starts sounding I hold it up to your ear still blocked-up with the warm noise of your dreams & say, do you acknowledge this? I myself, still blocked-up with the warm noise so I ask to define which one I’m hearing. Of course there are birds crossing above. I know this one. Crows.

Yesterday, I didn’t write it down, but there was a guy flying a remote control plane in the empty lot across the street & one crow was fixated on chasing it off. He squawked & dove aggressively towards it as if to push it from a copse of pine where the rest of the flock perched brooding. The scene was half-way between amusing & moving. Which was dependant on the perceived size of the threat. Both mine & the crow’s.

Though the forecast was neither forthright or scholarly a brightness fuzzed at the edges, making a squint where it hitched up to the present as though still warm in my ear, as though there were true voices in it. This was triggered by a film I’d watched. Something about how the light was shot conflated with the wind that day when there is no other sound but the shape of it.

Often when I’m writing my feet fall asleep as though I’ve burned off the body & returned to it through thoughts I haven’t yet had & become in that instant an open-ended inquiry. Because she said, this next poem is in three parts. All of my poems are in two or three parts. And I thought that was part of the poem.
MAP QUEST

The rules of soccer are explained as “round robin” & “like boxing” & the information is explained as my face. My landlord tells me, “shoot for the stars” & when he’s down on his luck he says, “get the rope.” I listen & hear the gears churn open, then mangle & stall.

The weather is more often than not a bully although the ganglia of one-way streets make language, for a time, seem useful I’m not sure if this is relevant to or crossing through the membrane’s edge where the two muddle at the center, & I mix up alloy with what a sailor says. Or the part where you mix up the sugar with the salt & ruin the tart. But we eat it anyway & in four months you are dead. We are living in the potential bull’s eye of whatever that is. Because the event is secondary to the commonplace action. The event is a white-washed prop, a paper weight holding nothing in place so it hardly matches up to what there is to see. Where the sing-song parts chime for more seed the lines of cartographers barely waver. So the way is measured & set –
yet again & again I return
to lose my place

intent upon the beat
of the hand-drawn shoreline
implied by the ocean,

to dis-resemble the event
& refresh my current location.

And of course, OF COURSE
there is a whale in that ocean.

We must believe it. We must not repeat it
we must know
without hearing it.

Otherwise, the masterpiece is only
a brief gaze caught

where the shadow’s interiors
pronounce the wainscoting

where you startle from sleep
to write down Wyoming

where speed-limit signs
shot through with bullet holes

at the right angle
are shot through with sun.
Rhiannon Dickerson

What Happened at the Church

I was holding your hand for years before I realized you didn’t have a hand. You kept insisting that you exist so I followed you to the church to watch the way you are. There were many church candles there. You stood in a circle of animal furs. You chose the fox and put it on and said some things in Latin. It’s hard to tell the fox from the person, I said to the man on my left, as we watched you. The man on my left took out an altar and set it up in my open mouth. Birds that trinket, and owls that hum. You motioned for me to join you. A man with none. In the dark, we all resemble each other so I pretended his hand was yours while I held it.
Map of Antarctica

In the world of places, I am a thing. Some days I dress up like myself and talk to hear how I sound. I narrate my movements to the places I go. I’m in the bathtub being a whale, I say to the bathroom. I sound official. When things get too real, I pull out a map and memorize place names. I hang the map on the wall and step into it. I become Antarctica. It is cold there.
Anne Shaw

Airplane Poem

disjunctive interval     new wood floors
salt flats span the desert     rusty white
as thieves     there are objects I’d like

to abandon     stray dishes     hazy mirrors
but all my problems are problems
of distance vs. time     so my blizzards grow enormous

against cute little girls     their scratchy party dresses
chafe my thighs     uncharitable airspace thoughts
her appaloosa legs     and friend in the olympiad

of crying babies     yours would be the best
even the wakeful babies     little predators
wait in the grayscale with their hazel eyes

but each time I vow     to be different
I become more like myself     an almond
or a lone pistachio     wherever it was we were

resplendent populace     the hives began
to glisten     honey drooped
from the seam     I watched my body drink you

on the train we were pressed forward
into the darker angles of ourselves
tiny stilt lines splinter out     across

the plexiglass     every hour on the hour
what can be possible now
Carrie Olivia Adams

_from Operating Theater_

[Other]

We took knives from the kitchen.
The blades in our pockets
rubbed our thighs raw.

You asked me to forget.
I said the wrench, the ratchet, the socket, the tools.
in every one, an act of mending
a forgetting
There are arms and then knitting needles.

[One]

Look away. It hurts less if you look away.

I know.
I know it’s a knife.
Look away.

[Other]

He was so kind.

[One]

On me.

[Other]

On me. He insisted.
He had no idea about the knife
on me.

He looked away.
If I could, I would send us somewhere
To be stitched up.
(A hospital can be a repair shop for specified small objects.)
I don’t know how to call you by name anymore.
This maimed one.
This might have been.
So many names in between—
Left arm
Fingers and toes—
What’s been torn off,
what’s been discarded.
These many names you’ve carried are now like want:

Sleep is a bear trap
it has jaws.
Come here to the snow, look how soft—
You could lie here and rest a bit.

Yes, the snow

yes,

You might lose touch.

[One]

It’s mechanical,
an iron lung.
I asked to stay in this room here
I asked to let it keep me.

When I close my eyes
I forget what you’re called—
That dark space
that mouth
that put your finger here—
No here, right here.
It gives way.

[Other]

I don’t forget what you look like
even though I can’t picture your face.
(If it must be seen with the naked eye, we are already too late.)
There is a hospital for women who have set themselves on fire.

In some cases a first wife takes care of the second. Reapplies her gauze and offers a wrist or arm for the other to dig her fingernails or teeth in.

Some of the women thought fire was death, that there was not life after fire.

Not unlike many of us.

Some of the women were set on fire. Though it's impossible to tell and in their stories they are not sure.

I know how to shoot myself. There was that afternoon and I knew where the pistol was in the closet in my mother's shoe. (Just in case there is someone dangerous. (We lived on a farm.)) And I put the barrel in my mouth And I held it ready there on the floor, and I tasted it.

If you want to be consumed by fire what do you strike first?
(He who is about to undertake an operation should know precisely what he intends to do, and should then proceed to do it.)
[Other]
Say to me—
Please, please hold still.

These hummingbird hands, this
squirrel thought, this
commemoration of metal.

[One]
I will igloo you—
Winter over the abandoned
the hull
the car, the accident
of stillness.

I am begging you
this frozen amputation
this still ice.
Kerri Webster

Notes on Writing Wilderness

not a closed space, not in fact capable of closure.

CD Wright

I was recently approached by someone looking to profile contemporary poets living in the American West who weren’t “too thinky.” Realized that there was an intended correlation between: Western American; not too thinky. Oh dear. * The pastoral—a figment contingent on the balance between an artificed/natural duality which was in turn contingent on the removal of wilderness (British/Grecian deforested/ agrarianized/green)—has no bearing on my dry meridian where people litigate over “water rights.” * How wild is like a poem: there were others here before. * It's not the Last (as though the world were ending, and not us. Water endows us/with buckled floors: Niedecker); it's not the Best (piss elsewhere); it's not Place (singular not applicable). * No poem is an ED supplement derived from the antlers of hunted elk. As a much younger poet, I spent a year in a Western MFA program which had the unfortunate reputation as a place where people came to write about whiskey and strength-feats. The herons by the river looked like dinosaur birds. * How wild the poem: below the silence, hum. * Another way to think of our relationship with the natural world: “Splits the breast with his claw, a razor,/and the light of the heart spills into time” (Laura Jensen). * Richard Serra talks about the reversal of subject and object brought by scale's enactment on the figure. The self/the heart, tiny animal. The landscape is time. I want the poem to be the claw. * a pencil/for a wing-bone (Niedecker) * Laura Jensen has spent nearly all of her life in Tacoma. Another way to write wilderness: “I am a soul without a body./ I put on my shoes/and walk through the trees.” Simultaneity: embodied and not, self and other-than, a soul with shoes. * The formative experiences of my imaginative life, which are largely experiences of wilderness, involve amygdala-overdrive, which is to say fear. My father has waded around the bend in the river, I cannot see him and the current is strong; we were sitting on the porch drinking and lightning caught the foothills; this car is a feeble box and I am miles from anyone; these cattle bones I prod with my foot are my bones decaying in exaggerated form. See how the meat goes first. Unsettling (Susan Howe, The Birthmark). * Driving to my then-home in St. Louis from a reading in Illinois, I got ridiculously lost. Nothing was pinning anything down. I admit to slipping into a provincial, proprietary pride about Idaho's mountains the way people in cities exhibit a provincial pride about what they've built. This was error. * Wild poem: Hester Prynne seems to be alone, but sound is another oxygen. For decades she hears the wilderness in one direction, the sea in the other, across which, we're told, Pearl sends strange things, “little ornaments.” A pine cone drops on her roof and tries to grow there. Hester is wholly permeable; both the wilderness and the sea-damp packages show this. * O my floating life/I neglected to ask/what wild plants/have you there///<how dark/how inconsiderate (Niedecker).
**Implanted Memories**

You were the finest circus, swallowing fire like that. And when the river flooded, you stepped out the second story window and rowed away. No danger so great-big you did not rise to greet it, hello, skirts like altostratus. How the old men wept into your soup; how the hawk took your wrist as the steadiest branch, nuzzling your dark sleeve. Fear another province, how the dead left absolute signs on the sill: greeting cards, bent tines, snow.
Foretold

If the trees bend, you will startle soon. I do my best work inside a hearty Go Away. I grow ashamed and vow. The shame becomes fever, sweats through the sheets, runs out to sea. My shame a sort of jellyfish, underwater parasailor. And all this time I'm working, trying not to become some desert parable: the beehive structures, the epigrams. The sad garments, the love so big birds won't come near. The quiet. The force field.
The signs are mutable. Their members take time unfolding, like a hand grown out of apostrophes and holding the corner of a newly born map, which directs its readers in tumultuous circles around a city that no one visits but everyone talks about fondly.

The throat cannot contain all our begin-agains and false seizures, all of our whispered petunias.
Lens-cap         [atmosphere + lakeside and horn]

Think first of what disperses, then cut it out—
how you would an organ that pipes a language
erased as it’s written—sprinklers in the night,
a famous finger on the watertop, sparkles.
Half-life and half-light seem mortal enemies. After staring too long forms of distance are likened thus: one place, another.

Because of this: here, everywhere.
a paddle sound keeps the sheets down
& we begin our seizures with ease
for a night’s a fork and a good lawn
of sand, the fort you built out of leaves——
blankets over chairs—a canopy (a panoply)
the seeds and a starving retreat
to treat again stars in the field
a haystack for teething/the cut wood
a sawblade I want to thank the wheel

I want to be booked in more tanks, please.
First the mines don’t have any culture. A home full of that and tree topped mountains. All the blasted fields of corn, pointing so blindly up. Never enough next to the grassy furl, but looking down and away from the green crest of one hill, a while set in place—a whole caravan stretches southward, lazily sinking into the ground.

And in between them, laying still and breathy, the last dream America can still wear to sleep. The valley’s lips pursed with milky edges—its gaping throat full of mile markers and dead animal parts. The colors earthen, full throttle.

First it was the way water coursed through these spaces, then to build new modes of transport. Likened to what grows between branches and then underneath them. Smoke and smolder gone clean. The bonework gets saved, for what some people call afterever.
You can count out your hands. Delay your reaction time with garden iconography: smell of burning leaves vs. smell of fire branding a mountain—a strange Hoover of smoke and hell—moving down its face. Completely uninhabitable.

The slate colored uncovering of water holes.

A litany of legs and steel. Spindly girders. The different smells of rain. A man in a helmet idles by with his lunch pail. Of dirt, the different smells being dropt through his fingers. Dim bulbs sewn into the ground.

What gets cut from our skin is not seen as lost.
They are sleeping next to the secret.
Young children open their eyes and close them.
A white curtain flaps in an open bedroom window.
A man wakes, walks into the bathroom,
Leaves behind an outline of his body in dust.
A train is arriving, it whistles.
Another moves back and forth slowly in stealth.
We are in the desert now.
The sound of the Columbia River rushing.
A few miles north, a new damn harnesses the power of water.
Flies are processing at speeds humans cannot
and atoms move faster and faster in the nuclear reactor.
They, like us, are excited by their proximity to one another,
shape-shifting from uranium, to neptunium, to plutonium.
The trains transport them, now fuel cells, a collection of unstable things,
to a concrete building a few miles away. There, in the canyon,
operators use remote controls and televisions
to chemically separate sludge from plutonium.
One is hand delivered to Nevada for bombs; one is dumped into the ground.
It is spring and you need to fear only the baby snakes.
A grown snake may bite you first, a warning, but not release venom.
But a baby snake is just learning what to do with fangs and poison;
It uses both when startled.
Adam Reich

Sound and Pelt

The eye neatly glazed the sky. I attend an insect. Its garment the form of a relation. The walls here all walks among them. They land to me and warmth that death that star that dies. On day they savor themselves and lay the lake and cleaning revolver. The pelt the sun the smell. A sound the ones and pelt. A points that star shall die that things bird.
Points

Felt and against it round they are felt they are round. These near these grass is ground. The rest looks against a fragrance. A pauses trace a fix a fill. Good sleepless throne conceive complete free cry. Their happiness with night he sees them costumes inhalations remembrance. Everything the wind flare form the actual. A part another knot. So sound. It blows serene these clouds is piles is mountains is legless. The forest inside of the forest. Interlocked revolving dialogue. There are neither first nor last words.
Passage Liminal

I.

The beavers work on the dam behind a great veil. Come light the rangers move. Pick it apart. The beavers rest in sleep as the highway communicates what it needs to say. One black step. One long lull. The skin of the octopus attending and toward.

II.

Your forest has a section with many tall fir trees and low growth ferns and it is always much cooler inside this region. In entering this portion the human of skin and nose on face or a whole ears into tongue of limbs again. Seeds on moving water enfold who and where is speaking.

III.

My eyes gaze round out off the pier. This part of the river appears finished. Light upon the dog shaking lots of water out of its fur. Horizon. Down the streets of walls of factories your outer earshell leads to a membrane drum. Not a peep. Not a whimper. Up in the geese between me and the outside of my skin left talkers using sign language.

IV.

I was going to get back to the fur and so into the pool. Horizontal again with arms and no matter. It was a photo of one horse eating grass in a dark green field and there were three gulls stilled in turning low down around it. For some reason I don’t know. For no reason I don’t see him making a milkshake. Patch of thick fog on far hillock. Dark ink down in the lull.
V.

I have never been to Minneapolis or Hawaii. Max Von Sydow slayed the ox and put the child inside of it. I was there with my family almost two hundred years ago. Funny, it really was Sweden. In the kitchen he stepped outside of cooking to place the needle back at the beginning of the song.
Kevin McLellan

Untitled

one is not anonymous
no matter the what the how

yet to not know where a something

of a me who is known by most as other
and there can be so much of this

one isn’t used to certain words yet

and those lilies are as white as these passing clouds
that it goes on like this
When we are no longer:

to make room in my brain

for the image of this tiny bird
and fluttering

moth in its beak: that flying is

what i wait for: i spend
looking for

a confronting

definition of anticipation:
and yes, of course

it interrupts tenderness
Mark DeCarteret

FEASTS/Week 27

st pierre toussaint

orphans are free to
refer to their past as if
it story of god

st oliver

we read how he’d been
beheaded, how death ended
needing to hear more

st processus/martinian

no prisoner’s stripes
are prettier than the ones
my God’s sprung for

st thomas

but isn’t seeing
non-existent gods in text
a kind of blindness?

st ulric

if birth’s difficult
& life’s fucking difficult
then death’s full of both
st anathasius

don't liken that line
I’d killed off in Your name to
a kind of love

st godleva

yell for Your Father—
the air smelling less like rain
than air, well-being
so many fast ripples of green break like we see in splinters. springtime then fall. young then. gold remained, green fled eastward from wind. this wind. this wind that fell trees is the same wind that holds the raven so close, its eye glistening, so close it carves mares’ tails overhead. but there is nothing in it, I say. nothing at all. you close your eyes. and yet, it waits for us. it waits until we step outside to breathe.
On Cancer

First you die, and then you are merely chronic.
First you do this, and then you do that.
First you love narratives and then they all become redundant
and develop a stale body odor. Firstly, you reach into your gut
and then scatter the jewels you pull from that magical site.
First you are a saint and then you are just dead. First you are a thread
and then you are an appalling braid. Look at the sapphires, carnelians,
diamonds that mingle with the second term, the “then.” Then you have
looked. Then you are the culprit. Then you must eat raw vegetables.
Then there is no penitence good enough. First you were bad, and then you
were not good enough. First, in dying, you desert everyone who ever loved you and
then they are forced to make a scholarship in your name. Then you have died and
the first recipient turns her seraphic eyes toward you and they are made of
diamonds. Because winning is the hardest hard, the jewel that can be cut
only by itself. Your gut is now gone, and you reach into other organs and then
you find generic glitterings there, replacements at more affordable cost.
Megan Burns

_to mother as an aid to memory_

You become a different person than you thought, some intimate animal falling over itself. These bones build a holy sepulcher for blessed days. More doused in the litter of being human, what we think we need to survive as a species seems to supplant survival. Some other earth transforms these ordinary objects into childish distractions. How do you know what you have lost, never having explored the depths of your world?

_right and day flow, devastating prospect_

Beware swollen throats, beware swollen neck, swollen cheeks, red/ white patches in the back of the mouth. What have you stowed away? The endless fly flying around the room. There is another form of patriotism this summer, with a money back guarantee. There are more specifics in a single species than you could shake a stick at, but the pelicans ran in two single filed lines: white and brown.

“opening words:”_ to see the moon_

Don’t look there to be told how to live. Flexible tones that bend more than bind: think of it as a woman with the domestic falling down. Politics imprint their own deranged rooms or any framed portraiture. Know exactly where you are going before you envelope the loam. Manufacture a close fitting death shroud for lovers who lie to one another. Notice how the structure becomes more secular in the act of being desanctified. Now you can say anything you want to in this modern life.

_gigantic—these hours and repetition_

Circle the bedpost in a loose embrace with unwound shirtsleeves. Remain empty as the sky parts, here: cowlick, unopened holiday greeting cards, coffee grounds. The congress convenes without the Queen of Hearts, another princess bends over to fit a shoe. The rats sneak quietly beneath the city having secured their method of escape and their plan for revival. Gross economics could account for the butchery of the language on public signage.

_smaller than this creviced device_

The land nearest the ocean has yet to be fully claimed. Any night where the children are sleeping is a good night—it’s that simple. There’s always the realization that you could have been a better you. Why is it so hard to fathom that the poem is itself a fiction or this afternoon or this carefully constructed hour of night?
Thomas Trudgeon

Poem w/o a single bird in it----

As where it
may come
as a form for
walking

what might or
for being as
a scene

this, for
watching
and
something
for hunting

where should
an image
stop to be
failure

like as
what one
would find
in viewing
structure
for water

the wing,
an neck
or start
toward
completion

seen for
one to be
along the
side for
and as a
having may
come to
build
tech moment

I
retain this portion
as what it might be for
a new framed
    as it is it is as old

2
for a having of,
where as to begin in.

3
here it is that
returns for
feature
as an assured gesture
to remark upon what it is
as a take, the grabbing
of the hand,

how ours it is &
that yet

4
go off to other
as to know a
thing that has
happened and
offers itself to
be known

5
direct for
motion

a framed tertiary
image process –

is it that it is?
or is it?
in being broken,
it may resemble
an occurrence.
Erik Anderson

*from The Identity Event*

It’s an elegant vulgarity
these “little boxes,
conditioned to hatch butterflies”

we’ll use anything we can
as a means to fill our wounds

which are thick with *Homo Claudus*

Underneath that image I’m age itself, and errant

A kind of master letter
destroyed in the experience of
delivering it. Prudence is no cure

since everywhere we touch
memory proceeds
The fan circulates the same airs over and again
through the curtains heads
bob above the sill
tiny implements on the surface
sea of my morning.

The “vital” issues ring dull bells—that this conglomerate of tendentiousness I call

whatever I call it is
kept apart, is part
of a club of
keeping apart
I watch with cutting interest, little cunning, and a case of swimmer’s ear (sunstroke, muscle cramp)—the currents hardly a concern where there aren’t fish to tarry.

The sea moves on its own and this is the product of that rapidity, accruing with or without my consent

it consents to my moving with it
until one day
when it won’t
from Talk Minutes

4.1

hard to sit still
while this happening
is happening because
we are vibrantly attentive
to whatever
& maybe also a little sad (?)
because of how it moves
from one to the next, moves—
remember when I said unstoppable
like a super power?—but
boy would I abandon the way a new version
of this
gets saved over the old
I was close to being able to name what unsettled me from the hills of sleep
I could be sure if I just heard those earnest brakes again the little sigh of the avoided animal
which crawls toward the shoulder for the rest of her life goes missing threshold mumble
the text message low growl of the animal’s distant cousin you
the single beep or whatever it was
ultrasonic together we abandon upper limits
instead of the traditional long way we speak in latitudes
& turn sideways everything to repel irritable reach
the handkerchief waves in encouragement
knock every organ three times we measure for the avoided inside & unsophisticate
we are aware of the setting out for a dip on the sunniest day the plan to get in only
up to our necks the curve that comes out of nowhere
how the whirlpool in a glass in the stainless steel sink at the bottom of the sea yawns
the softest ones down
with our tenacious dark pitch let us pave until even water in dreams won’t hear us
Rivalry

As umbilical smoke
curls

line
empty wombs—
birth’s still theft.
The godmost
echelon’s
no realer
laid in
borrowed
graves— we’re
born late
but not
yesterday.

::

As mothersome
thread
mends minor
rends—
mirrored scrapes
still agape
bleed what breeding
may have
saved— the notion
to luxuriate
in hostility
sits pretty
against
flimsy grace.

::

As normal diurnal
longings ignored—
if words : failure
if silence : forced.

My tongue sleeps
as yours
scores.
Maria Getto

The Meanest Man

I've made some decisions
In regards to:
The nature of nursery and rhyme
Brackish and briny
In regards to:
The taste of my revelation
I plunge salty fingers
Into the retention
And riddle and dilate
Grinding the words I found
Like junky bones
Then wipe the death of those tiny children
The story seedlings
On my hem
All the tales have hounds
Have broken wives and angry birds
To rebut, to shut up
The meanest man
Meaner than your father is
Linda Dove

Disregard

What words form through the open gate, which we take at face value. Trails meant for walking. It is easy to pitch a body forward and think of woolstars, crushed underfoot, the smell of the present. To believe as we move that we are not moving elsewhere, to feel the order of words exists in us only. We disregard branches that beckon back, that dissolve in a foregone distance. We ignore what the hunters know better than most: flowers open then shut. At the end of each branch, a terminal bud.
Evidentiary

What a lot of talk that was. What the trail said, what the woods said, what the water said, what the branches (naked in their reach) said, what the hunter could have chosen not to say but did, what each season said in some other room (dormant and otherwise clothed), what the sky said twice. It would be a trick to think any of us said it all in the end, though we watched the show unfold from the edge and though our private room had windows, which means an expansive view. Of course, we can’t forget the deer in the photo, tattoos curled like leafy tendrils along her neck. There we are, back to branches. The way they refuse to let go of our bodies, the way they refuse to let our bodies not go.
Carrie Bennett

After the credits roll

How do we know the body is good? Look how the leg angles how the arms point to the sky. Please tell me a story listen to the bus pull away from the curb. Now there is music all the time and every afternoon I sweep up the spilled birdseed. I open the box and learn there shouldn’t be so much space between the beginning and the ending or what is given should not be ignored. Instead I fold the laundry and wait for you to come home I know I’ve given the wrong number but there’s something I want to give you. The little animal has a hard time breathing at night I hear her from across the house. Each time I open the box I find the same object given to me then taken away. I stand in front of the room and move my body. This has nothing to do with your past. What do the people say? Not so many words next time.
Exit plan with small animal

I learn that trees can be like people but I don’t believe it when I hear we should prepare for an emergency. I turn off the T.V. and crawl into bed. Go into the room and watch how the white and peach finch becomes nervous when it looks in the mirror. Tell me something I don’t want to hear she says I need to keep an eye on you and everyone recommends something else. This isn’t the first time I’ve missed the message but there’s no point in saving the money just give it to the person who needs it most. You move the plant to the window you write me an email you want me to meet your friend you say I’ve never seen you act like this before you stand beside me as I order a pastry you talk to me in the cold you tell me I’ll buy milk on the way home you wait for me at the bus stop you buy me cookies and leave them outside my door. Does it get easier maybe after many lifetimes will I know when to stop keep looking at how my finger points at you how will we stay warm not every part of the body needs to be warm.
Before the end there was an orange sunset

I keep having dreams about a frizzy-haired ghost and our legs spin faster and faster. What are we supposed to do about the faces outside the door the stairs leading to the dark room. The little body begs for water and pulls the bowl to the middle of the room. I write letters now I’ve told my story and the other stories make me sad. She said it’s easier to blame the only other person in the room. I imagine miniature dogs running in open fields underground a sky moving towards me and away at the same time I sit very still and when I don’t speak I do it out of love.
A brief scene

All day the green blanket the same blue walls enjoy the quiet you said I left the house and couldn’t stop coughing. Maybe tonight I’ll go ice skating when I look at the face across from me I think about death. The small body doesn’t understand what is done to it I offer all the little things it doesn’t need to survive a square of carpet a thread to play with. At night other animals sleep under the floor and when I wake I open the curtains. I learn the rules and I dream a father couldn’t stop drinking the blood on the bathrobe the same song sung over and over. Why didn’t you like the movie there were so many angles and when the door opened I already knew the ending. Then there was breathing a small face looking at me under the covers I thought I would find the missing pieces but the plot continues even when I roll my eyes. There are so many voices when I say this is a joke I mean let’s stop talking for a while let’s just hold hands and look at the sky.
After the letter is written

How will I know what to write her when it is close to the end what if she never responds the snow will still be there the rocks you pick up on your walk what will I do with the silence find a small animal to hold. How will I know when to stop when there are branches to push aside maybe ice-covered paths will I know her voice will I know her hands where do the memories live in the fields you walked through the late afternoon the winter sun dimming across the sky. Where is my childhood nowhere or in the body when will my mind stop never how do I forget not until there are enough blankets to cover your eyes.
THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

—Alfred Hitchcock, 1956

Has there ever been such a man.

Asleep in the Antarctic.

With nothing but a pillow and a sheet.

The wind absently whistling a song.

Will there be rainbows day after day?

In his ear a swollen tick whispering.

You are the only other breathing thing here.
James Yeary

from Dawn's Erasure

Whitney,
it's you
& Jeremy who pity the males
in your families
released
in a way that is both ancient & Asian

like I called you a girl
didn't mean to say that Jer

on the first page

& Pete
who haunts these pages
will never read my dreams
of Arkansas
(is somebody else's)
tha so is the poet's
sky
over men & their music (inconsistently)
ic & blades
erase their names
geof
"And People"
at home in a bottle of wine or the sky
gold because it or Whitney tells the best story
(science ululates)
You cannot sell these here, he parrots.
My kids, I've none.

Parents only feign to recognize
Justin, you feign to recognize
the band
the death rock, Mexican punch
if you thot that death's gold led to revolutions in vinyl
physics only facillitates gold, metal, "the limit"
our feet kicking up leaves for the loaves
since 1982
you cld be my last roommate
Nate quit painting for video's autumn

Portland,
Whitney,
who has got her
by the van der waals
sex imitates acid
the shirt she pinks at me
"a place to sit & judge quietly"

the poem is looking at me
as if I'm trapped in the net
trying to find something to
emasculate
us

"R-Dinermint-mint"
objet a or adorable detail? Zerrin temporally pink
"as if I'm trapped in the net"
trying to find something to remasculate woman
when roommates kiss
they become numbers
& revolve.

she beats
the church
& is religious
that
way
but don't say yes yet
Whit chokes
he's
everywhere
w/ my sister
as she pukes up the ocean
it breaks
nothing is colder in space
it's physics
it's europe
& me.

Justin's brother or the capitol of Hell
feign to heal & wail
poet's mic is a new age shuffle
but Whitney approves
of my avatar
& his sex & his skateboard
speaks thru the hole in his eye

& then closes it

who folded up florida
& slipped in my left pocket
1066
theo-linguistic
eclipses & fashions
the snapshot

hemorraging money
a little
moon admits it's the measure
that music gave back
nothing to frogs or mother part
nothin' beneath
Whitney?
I see
my friends' tongue folded
Not to let eyes
carry the body until the time's golden

Until you come over
the money that's not worth
the sex or the lighting
a girl & her family
Cinema's finished before it reaches
whatever I've been reading
that keeps me a Castro
in b-town
Shit.
Notes in the Syrah.
It's your job I'm reloading
a culture.

Death is death's
double, folding over your friends
whose memory is the first apparatus
at play
pre- & post- biological

There certain schools
& schoolkids
Hamamatsu as Travis
the Hadron
Collider
points to shape regardless
like the compass in the radar's nut

The Anthropic Principle or anthropological prejudice
Kat is at the end
    I buy my friends beer
    when the other is sad
rap tracks w/ Max Von
even Jeff gets in on it
noone ever called me a sucker at the clue board
bodies turn gold w/ religion
The Emerald City
imports
it's picture of the west
& soiled blankets
(lichen-ing, ungleikeit)

must be Seneca's hollapeenas
we played the wind & he painted me cheese
on the porch before the Fall
& that was my last haiku

lichen-ing to Dad
to whom I can say
respectfully
we're at the same bag
using history as a zip tie
is speech moving further
    from weather, our ambient postscript.

If logic is French,
& action Victorian

if yr single
yr eyes are edging the curse
Harley Sterling Justice Arcano
, David's son,
Idahoan
Arrhythmia Wava Burst, a singularity
the Xerox is

The metal pages desist to carry us
& distance understands this
so eyes gots to steer clear of the desert
whose violence is weak & thus worse.  
I devour the mail seeking my own end  
or Idaho's  
that the objective is singular, she  
I left her  
or was taken  
into a correspondence  
like the weather  
you, also  
were subject to  
& this point of departure is assisted  
by your being above it, or so you like to say  

   My sister you've left for The City.

That The City makes decisions for The Forest  
also has its opposite  
the dawn is an institution  

the moon is always just up  
& it's never been cold for days  
the desert is complete in the sage, Timothy,  
we need these monsters at mountains' feet  
Hold the  
position of gold  
"which says yes & then no"  
   like a Tyrant  
the element  
speaks  

to nate's leaves that tag like an ion  
from The City's bottom  
dropping science  
who knows this (place)  
is a singularity
 Nicole Wilson

\textit{from Supper & Repair Kit}

Sister, we are cowbell
snort on the fence
line, hue the size
of gowns God talked
from his good side
said “Firecracker.”

Sister, you’re mine
young carriage ride
to the pavement
the regret of a shark
fin afterparty. All the line

of hoven rain, I basket
you I drop
let an espalier.
Evelyn pushed her chair into the middle of her cubicle, drew her knees toward her chin, reached out tentatively with one hand, and, barely touching the edge of her desk, spun herself around and around. She spent the better part of the morning doing this, pausing only to dizzily drink more coffee or weave her way to the restroom.

Evelyn opened the drawer and stared at the paperclips, the stapler, the correction fluid, the unused, extra pens, the hole punch, the loose change, the yellow sticky notes, the etc. She removed everything from the drawer, counted it, made a note of the totals, and put everything back in the drawer in a new place.

Evelyn bumped the mouse. Her eyes were closed, so she only heard the screen as it flickered on. Thinking she knew what the screen looked like and where the cursor was, but keeping her eyes closed, she opened the spreadsheet she had been working on last week. She worked blindly for about fifteen minutes, then corrected her mistakes.
Evelyn talked to her co-workers about themselves. Evelyn went to her boss’s office and talked to her boss about the boss’s kids.

Evelyn went back to her cubicle.

Evelyn opened the spreadsheet again and methodically entered the proper numbers. She checked and rechecked her formulae. She created a second spreadsheet, re-entered the same numbers, and re-formulated the same formulae. This is how she was able to double-check her work before sending it to her boss. She kept herself from creating a third, identical spreadsheet, even though she very much wanted to. She knew the numbers were right.

Evelyn ripped the paper into one-inch squares, which she then put at the bottom of her waste-basket. Evelyn ripped the paper into one-inch squares, which she then put on top of the one-inch squares she had placed at the bottom of her waste-basket. Evelyn ripped the paper into one-inch squares, which she then put on top of the one-inch squares she had placed on top of the one-inch squares she had put at the bottom of her waste-basket. In this way, she avoided having to talk to the man whose cubicle was right next to the shredder.

Evelyn went to the water cooler and spoke to no one.

Evelyn surfed the internet for an hour and a half and read a story about a fight choreographer who had been attacked on the street. The story contained the phrases, “rolling with the punches,” and “knowing how to fall.” The fight choreographer had spent three months in the hospital. The assailants had never been caught.

Evelyn checked her math by hand, then with a calculator. She carefully re-checked the numbers. She printed the spreadsheet, and retrieved it from the printer without having to talk to the guy whose cubicle was right next to the shredder. She neatly stacked all of those papers in her outbox. She tidied her cubicle. She went home.

Evelyn came into work.
Carrie Olivia Adams rides a red Schwinn and drinks Manhattans in Chicago, where she is a book publicist and the poetry editor for Black Ocean. She is the author of *Intervening Absence* (Ahsahta Press 2009) and the forthcoming *41 Jane Doe’s*. Her poems and poem-films can be found most recently in *Thermos, Cannibal*, and *Slope*.

Erik Anderson's *THE POETICS OF TRESPASS* was published in 2010 by Otis Books/Seismicity Editions. With Anne Waldman and Richard Froide, he co-edits the mail-art magazine THUGGERY & Grace.

Carrie Bennett’s first book of poetry, *Biography of Water*, won the 2004 Washington Prize and was published by Word Works in 2005. After receiving her MFA in poetry from the Iowa Writers’ Workshop, she moved to Boston where she currently teaches in the Writing Program at Boston University. Her poetry has been published in *Boston Review, Indiana Review, The Bellingham Review, 88, Phoebe, So to Speak, Denver Quarterly, Chelsea, American Literary Review* and *Salamander*, among others.

Megan Burns has a MFA from Naropa University and edits the poetry magazine, Solid Quarter ([solidquarter.blogspot.com](http://solidquarter.blogspot.com)). She has been most recently published in Jacket Magazine, Callaloo, New Laurel Review, YAWP Journal, and the Big Bridge New Orleans Anthology. Her poetry and prose reviews have been published in Tarpaulin Sky, Gently Read Lit, Big Bridge, and Rain Taxi. Her book *Memorial + Sight Lines* was published in 2008 by Lavender Ink. She has two chapbooks, *Frida Kahlo: I am the poem* (2004) and *Framing a Song* (2010) from Trembling Pillow Press. She lives in New Orleans where she and her husband, poet Dave Brinks, run the weekly 17 Poets! reading series ([www.17poets.com](http://www.17poets.com)).

Travis Cebula is the author of four chapbooks and one poetry collection, *Under the Sky They Lit Cities*, which was published in 2010 by BlazeVOX Books. A new chapbook called *but for a brief interlude at Versailles...* is forthcoming from *Highway 101 Press* in 2011. He currently abides in Colorado with his lovely and patient wife, Shannon.

Brooklyn Copeland lives in Indianapolis. Her work recently appears in Burnside Review, Parcel, Poetry, and *alice blue*. Her latest chapbook, *LADED, FIELDED, BLANKED*, is available June 2011 from *alice blue books*. She edits the occasional journal of poetry and music, *TAIGA*, and she blogs at [brooklyncopeland.blogspot.com](http://brooklyncopeland.blogspot.com).

Mark DeCarteret is the current Poet Laureate of Portsmouth, NH. You can check out his Postcard Project: Wish You Were Where at [pplp.org](http://pplp.org).

Rhiannon Dickerson is an MFA graduate from the Iowa Writers Workshop where she was a Callen Fellow. She has since moved to the Kansas City area where she teaches at both UMKC and Park University. She has been published in Quarterly West, Pleiades, LIT, *Mid-American Review, The Laurel Review* and most recently in *autolycus*.
Linda Dove holds a Ph.D. in Renaissance poetry and taught literature and creative writing for many years. Her full-length collection of poems is *In Defense of Objects* (Bear Star Press, 2009), and a chapbook, *O Dear Deer*, just won the first *Eudaimonia Poetry Review* Chapbook Award and will be out in July. Poems have been nominated recently for a Pushcart Prize and the Robert H. Winner Award from the Poetry Society of America. She lives in Altadena, California, with her husband, daughter, and two Jack Russell terriers.


Michael Flatt's poetry can be found in 32 Poems, SpringGun Press, Titmouse and Arsenic Lobster. His reviews of poetry and fiction now appear in NewPages and academic work is forthcoming in Samuel Beckett Today/Aujourd'hui. He lives in Denver where he teaches at Platt College and works for Counterpath Press.

Jennifer H. Fortin's first book of poems, *Mined Muzzle Velocity* (Lowbrow Press), will be out in the fall. As part of the Dusie Kollektiv, her chapbook *Nicole C: (Apartment 4)* was published. Any day now, Dancing Girl Press will release her chapbook *If Made Into a Law*; Poor Claudia will put out another of hers later this year. With three other poets, she founded & edits *LEVELER* ([www.levelerpoetry.com](http://www.levelerpoetry.com)).

Maria Getto is currently pursuing a chemistry degree at Metropolitan State College in Denver, CO. She writes in her spare time, and this will the first publication to include her work.

Chris Hosea educated at Harvard and the University of Massachusetts Amherst. His poems appear/are forthcoming in 6x6, Eoagh, Swerve, VOLT, Denver Quarterly, Harvard Review, Iowa Review, The Literary Review, Article, New Voices (ed. Heather McHugh) and more. He lives in Brooklyn.

Shawn Huelle's work has appeared on mississippireview.com and Wunderkammerpoetry.com, as well as in fold:the reader, and Fact-Simile. He currently lives and teaches in Tübingen, Germany.

Tony Mancus lives in Rosslyn, VA with his soon to be wife and their two cats. He is co-founder of Flying Guillotine Press and he is often very drowsy. Some of his poems have been published by or are forthcoming from Phoebe, Verse, Spring Gun, CUE, Lines + Stars and a handful of other places. He keeps occasional baloney at inlandskirting.blogspot.com.

Kevin McLellan is the author of the chapbook *Round Trip* (Seven Kitchens, 2010), a collaborative series with numerous women poets. He has recent or forthcoming poems in journals including: *Barrow Street, Colorado Review, Diagram, Interim, Poetry East, Southern Humanities Review, Sugar House Review, Versal* and several others. Even though he lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a rural sensibility lives in him. Currently, Kevin teaches creative writing at the University of Rhode Island in Providence.
Catherine Meng is the author of Tonight's the Night (Apostrophe Books, 2007), as well as a jumble of chapbooks. She lives in Berkeley, CA where she works for a local grain company & blogs for a restaurant.

TaraShea Nesbit teaches writing at the University of Washington in Tacoma and is the faculty adviser for *Tahoma West*. Her work has appeared in *The Laurel Review*, *Hayden's Ferry Review*, *Creative Nonfiction*, and elsewhere. You can find her on twitter @sciencebook and her website [www.tarasheanesbit.com](http://www.tarasheanesbit.com).

Nate Pritts is the author of four full-length books of poems - most recently *The Wonderfull Yeare* (Cooper Dillon Books) & *Big Bright Sun* (BlazeVOX). He is the founder & principal editor of H_NGM_N & H_NGM_N BKS. Find out more online at [www.natepritts.com](http://www.natepritts.com).

Adam Reich was born and raised in Denville, New Jersey. He has studied at UMass/Amherst and Temple University in Philadelphia. For the past five years he has been living in Brooklyn, NY where he teaches English.

Elizabeth Robinson's most recent books are *Also Known As* (Apogee) and *The Orphan & its Relations* (Fence). A new book of poems is soon forthcoming from Omnidawn: *Three Novels*. She is currently working on an interview of poet Norma Cole and and co-editing, with Jennifer Phelps, an anthology of essays on contemporary women poets and spirituality.

Anne Shaw’s book is *Undertow* (Persea Books), winner of the Lexi Rudnitsky Poetry Prize, and poems of hers have appeared or are forthcoming in *Harvard Review*, *Black Warrior Review*, *Drunken Boat*, *Barrow Street*, and *New American Writing*. She has also had work featured on *Poetry Daily*, *Verse Daily*, and *From the Fishhouse*. Her extended experimental poetry project can be found on Twitter at [twitter.com/anneshaw](http://twitter.com/anneshaw).

Michael Sikkema lives and works in West Michigan. He believes that play's the thing.

Thomas Trudgeon has been published in Shampoo, Out of Nothing, Greenbelt Review, and others. He has a small chapbook, having been spoken w., through Avantacular Press. He is also co-editor of Dear Memo Magazine, a small arts and poetics fanzine run out of Los Angeles and Brooklyn.

Kerri Webster was Writer in Residence at Washington University in St. Louis from 2006 to 2010. Currently she can see mountains from her house.


James Yeary is a member of Spare Room, in Portland, Oregon, for whom he has organized a polyvocal poetry festival and a marathon reading of The Maximus Poems by Charles Olson. He regularly issues the *My Day* psychogeographic serial with visual artist Nate Orton, while posting the odd note at [catabolicguiltcalendar.blogspot.com](http://catabolicguiltcalendar.blogspot.com). He publishes c_L Books, and a newsletter that has been called, among other things, *creep of light*.