

WORD FOR *WORD*

Word For/ Word is seeking poetry, prose, poetics, criticism, reviews, and visuals for upcoming issues. We read submissions year-round, but issue #44 is scheduled for March 2025. Please direct queries and submissions to:

Word For/ Word
c/o Jonathan Minton
546 Center Avenue
Weston, WV 26452

Email queries and submissions may be sent to: editors@wordforword.info.

Submissions should be a reasonable length (i.e., 3 to 6 poems, or prose between 50 and 2000 words) and include a biographical note and publication history (or at least a friendly introduction), plus an SASE with appropriate postage for a reply. A brief statement regarding the process, praxis or parole of the submitted work is encouraged, but not required. Please allow one to three months for a response. We will consider simultaneous submissions, but please let us know if any portion of it is accepted elsewhere. We do not consider previously published work.

Email submissions should be attached as a single .doc, .docx, .rtf, .pdf or .txt file. Visuals should be attached individually as .jpg, .png, .gif, or .bmp files. Please include the word "submission" in the subject line of your email.

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Word For/ Word is open to all types of poetry, prose and visual art, but prefers innovative and post-avant work with an astute awareness of the materials, rhythms, trajectories and emerging forms of the contemporary. *Word For/ Word* is published biannually.

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Suzanne O'Connell

Forest of Witches

They say brujas can borrow the voices of birds.
They can dress like leaves.
They can burrow into the ground to bite ankles.

I hear whispering in the trees, dark wings lift.
Only one tree has wind.
“Are you here, brujas?” I ask.
My voice shakes.
I grab my Medal of the Sacred Heart.
The path is dark.
The trees lean in, covering the sky.
The way forward is uncertain.

“*Felicidades*, beautiful brujas.
You are so powerful, so strong.
You can change the weather,
heal the sick.
You are wise and know everything.
I need your help.”

There is only silence,
so I keep talking.
“*Mi padre* loves another woman.
He doesn't come home.
Mi madre cries at night.
Please make him love my mother again.”

A flock of parrots flies overhead.
I think they are telling me:
“No, no, no!”

Returning home,
the nail is bare that held his hat.
His shirt and pants gone too.
The house remains,
filled with empty air.

Suzanne O'Connell

El Cuervo, The Crow

"Hello, my beautiful friend," I told the crow.
He was shiny and had sparks in his eyes.
Sometimes he visited me
while I sat on the patio reading the news.
We just looked at each other.
Other times, he was only a smear in the sky.

Gifts began to appear at my door.
A scrap of sheet music.
A dried pepper.
A bus ticket.
One perfect walnut shell.
Was he trying to teach me something?

When I found the gold ring,
I understood his message.
It was time to marry Angelina.
Angelina had waited many years,
praying on her rosary, to become a bride.

The next day, at the courthouse,
Don Ramon married us.
Angelina's wedding dress had grown too tight,
but she wept tears of joy.
El cuervo, my best man,
watched from the fountain outside.

Suzanne O'Connell

Suggestions For a Novice Therapist

Encourage your new client to stand in the stream,
right where they are.
Encourage them to look around,
to notice the hills sporting new green,
the minnows,
the sparkles on the water,
the birds flying overhead.
What are the smells? The sounds?
Let them tell you.
After they've had as much time as they need,
encourage them to take off a coat,
lay it on the water, and watch
as it slides downstream.
Next, encourage them
to take off another coat, then another.
Encourage them to eat a peppermint,
smell the sweet peas,
listen to Schubert or flamenco,
volume loud,
to become acquainted with their own face.
Guide your client to the deep waters upstream
where it's easier to make good decisions.
Once problems wash downstream
to immediate life,
they are harder to resolve.
Eventually, clients will understand
that paying attention is akin to devotion.

Suzanne O'Connell

Don't Bleed at Work

Today, he cut himself shaving.
He put a dab of tissue on his chin and forgot.
He also forgot his wallet,
so stuffed with notes and receipts
he couldn't sit down with it in his pocket.
Yesterday, he forgot to feed his cat,
had to go home and rush back.

Los Angeles sees him as a famous detective.
I see him as a delinquent seven-year-old
I've been appointed to care for.
Why did I, years ago, bring him lunch?
Now you'd think he'd starve
without my daily care packages.
I also have a small ironing board
I can set up on my desk for his suit coat,
which often looks like wrinkled pajamas.

But when his favorite type of client,
blond and crying, flounces in
with tight clothes and a loose budget,
he becomes electrified,
his voice a blade that cuts through her story,
down to the meat, the bone, the marrow.
To watch the spectacle, the pacing,
his cigar rolling from side to side,
watching her love-dumpling eyes
melt like butter under his heat coil,
my pride swells, and I accept my fate
as the sail of his wayward ship.

Suzanne O'Connell

Don't Bleed At Work (2)

I do mind,
but my choices in the 1950s were limited.
Become a nurse, people said.
But bedpans and blood were a big *No*.
A teacher? I don't like kids.
A housewife: I don't like men living under my roof.
So working for the famous detective
seemed like a good option.
Exciting, I thought.
Fancy work lunches at Chasen's and Musso's.
I could wear suits, look sharp.
I could be the person in charge,
disguised behind the curtain, so to speak.
But the cold hard fact is, my mind is filled
with a collection of sharp No. 2 pencils,
pointed like daggers at his face.

My intercom squeals like a tortured mosquito.
He wants me.
I grab my steno pad and pencil.
"Yes?" I say.
"Take a letter," he says, chuckling a little.
It's addressed to his last client, the dumb blond
with the low-cut blouse and the scarf
that grabbed her around the throat.
"It was so nice to meet you," he dictated,
a touch of color rising on his cheeks.
"Since I will be unable to assist you as a client,
I'm hoping our paths will cross sometime soon.
Maybe the Miramar Lounge over the weekend?"

I closed my pad.
Lifted my head.
Looked at him.
Shook my head.
Stood up.
Grabbed my pencil.
And walked out of his office.

Marcia Arrieta

the fish

flounders
on the canvas

eats sunflowers
& bees

paints lavender
travels to Iceland

questions power
consequences/identity

Marcia Arrieta

compilation: star & wall

the wisdom of the bristlecone
or ginkgo

a bee walks across a sunflower

i remember Anne Frank, Isak Dinesen,
Virginia Woolf

a Forever stamp *The Art of Magic*

*

wayward
independent
flowerbeds & trees
angel, cloud
lion, rabbit
hummingbird

the angle of
perception
crucial

slipping into
imagination
or maybe
ambiguous
wavering/continuous

Marcia Arrieta

suitcases

of nasturtiums
& dahlias

*

we knit
our lives
with
clouds
memories
stars

*

we take
shelter
on the preserve
& build a fire

Marcia Arrieta

graphs & tables & flowers

we reupholster the chair
make more coffee

to walk
without destination
essential

a book
balances the books

balances
the life to keep
equilibrium

Marcia Arrieta

courage/intuition

*

outside the dream

inside the surreal/unexpected

*

rain & snow & sun

anywhere in time

the river

*

Bachelard in a field

Dickinson's society

Don Quixote steadfast

Joel Chace

Grandma's Moses

off the TV you know
that I am dying and
the lights I am dying don't you

know spread your pallets over
this parlor rug *that same homeliness*
that we can see around us

anytime *anywhere* outside
there's a grandfather taller than
his corn taller than this

house outside there's a
grandmother pacing a path broader
than this house broader than her

garden *tends it bringing*
order *taming rebellion* *through a flaming*
acacia bush, no less

Joel Chace

Vagabonding

Fuse stretches pell-mell for decades...*a disconnected, shooting-stars style...* Convinced that actualization is taking the pledge to take the pledge. That wounded bear stumbles

into crystal grottoes...*pushed around from pillar to post.* This detective records notes with a scalpel...*upside down, at his own request...* An orchestration casting

aspersions. *At the end of the day,* every nabob now says. They couch their concessions in epigrams. However, the wait to see what's burgeoning is

agonizing...*then, and only then, time for rewards...*

Joel Chace

Ontic

Through the cold window pane, sky
streaked with orange, russet, purple,
bruise. No motive. Not technically

an ache; not precisely an
emptiness...*a vine is not a city*...That
one tone that won't be

reproduced. No representatives...
efficient living is the theme...Concepts
jumped. Sheers sheared... *serious, sad,*

calm, and uncomplaining...From two
rooms away, after just five notes, knowing
it's Coltrane.

Joel Chace

Cathedrals

Testimony pours in from the forest. Snow
that descends through all snow...*reason*
to rebellion to revelation... Industrialization
of burial; reincarnation of
nonexistence...*unworthy ones can still keep*

the name of God alive... That final
essay of the term deals with fallen
angles. What's wrong with anybody? *Wisdom in*
*one direction; Prophecy in another...*Light
that pierces all light.

Laura Hope-Gill

Variations on an Apocalypse

As fireflies have been disappearing due to human activity, it was important for scientists to get a better picture of their status in Israel, so they could better protect the species.

—The Jerusalem Post
April 21, 2021

My friend Bilal, whose students
Asked me questions and told me stories
In English, has told us, his community
 On Facebook, “Tell the world about us.
 We are not just a breaking news
 On the screens that shifts one by one.
We have our life,
 Children,
 And our dreams.”

In Brazil, the people
Place Akfana on the beach
In honor of the children who have been killed.

 Attend to them, a man in a black-and-white scarf
 Over his shoulders.

The flag blows in the sea wind
Behind a twenty-foot-long sign that reads “Why?”

My friend Ahmed did not hear from his family for days.
He appears on television anyway,
 Wrecked, exhausted, sorrowful.
He declares his humanity.
 I know he knows he is not allowed
 To be angry. He has to,
 He knows, stay cool.

Another friend changes her Facebook photo,
Declaring she stands with Israel.
Bilal writes,

 This autumn
 Was not only a month
 Of fallen leaves, but for souls
 And consciences as well.

Mohammed's (in Istanbul) brother (in Gaza) sends him
Short videos of blazes that surround him.
Another friend (from here in the US) posts fireworks,

And for a moment I don't know what they are.

I remember a night
Three years ago, that long,

When I tried to film fireflies
On my iPhone, to send to Ahmed (in London).

I was just about to share the darkness
That intermittently opened with tiny dabs of light.

But then Mohammed (still in Gaza then)
Posted a video in real time
Of darkness with tiny dabs of light.

Light will always look bigger in darkness.
It's the thing we all look for.

I wondered if there are fireflies in Gaza too,
And the light is bombs
Being dropped
Without there being a word of it on anything
With words.

I deleted my little film.

I remember my initiation
To becoming a US citizen. How I was one
Of sixteen people with fair skin in the room
Of 200.
And how we all were instructed to rise
And sing the National Anthem of America
To a gigantic PowerPoint slide of Donald Trump.

And I remember worrying about everyone
At the *rockets' red glare* part
And again at the *bombs bursting in air* part.
I wanted to say
We don't have to sing this part.
This isn't entirely necessary.
Like it was just bonus points
On a quiz.

Ahmed has told me about

Rockets dropping on bedrooms
Where his cousins were sleeping.

A friend posts a map of Israel
With dates and names of cities
In bright colors.

I don't know exactly what's being said here,
But I sense it's about the people living,
Which has somehow become a problem.

In 2020
A scientific survey revealed
With the help of 1,548 responses
That there were more than 6,000 sightings
Of "the lightning bug," said *The Jerusalem Post*,

Which goes on to say that *the survey*
Was designed to map
The presence of fireflies in Israel
And better understand
What environments are most
Hospitable for them.

Just weeks ago,
Bilal sent me photographs
Of his children standing under an olive tree.
Today from a courtyard

Of a UN shelter, he shares a photo
Of children after stopping a game with a ball
(One boy holds the ball)
As though a foul has been called and everyone
Has to stand still a moment.

I stand still

A moment.

The children are looking up.

Christopher Barnes

Dearest (48)

...hypnagogic dayspring,
kinks in lustre.

*

Connections are spun-off
tangible factors.

Christopher Barnes

Dearest (49)

...florid end of woes
melt nightwards.

*

Unrelated identity
coos to itself.

Christopher Barnes

Dearest (50)

...Mephistophelean parts
and the stellar.

*

Biology will not be isolated
from antiquities.

Jeff Harrison

Three Airs

dark a arc sticks twigs, sift

*

twigs ten blind bones, sift

*

sift

I struck him twice, and twice crying out he fell. When he was down I struck him a third time, in thanks and reverence to Zeus the lord of the dead, and as he died he spattered me with the dark red and violent driven rain of bitter savored blood to make me glad, as gardens stand among the showers of God in the springtime of buds. (Aeschylus, Agamemnon)

Jeff Harrison

Two Airs

green
vagaries

*

meteors, caves, graves clay

Jeff Harrison

Two Airs

maelstrom

*

willow, sirrah millstone

Jeff Harrison

Two Airs

porphyry, porphyrogene

*

Niobe, orrery Florentine

Jeff Harrison

Three Airs

chorus, plesiosaur

*

horse

*

horse coteries

Jeff Harrison

Two Airs

promissory umbra, ferrous

*

cestus

*Here the executioner takes on the airs of a victim. But you know what to believe.
(Claude Cahun, Unavowed Confessions)*

Mark DuCharme

Homage to Ron Padgett

You could say that Socrates slept in eucalyptus trenches
As a way to move the self beyond the work.

Although he himself didn't write works, you could say
He had an existential *je ne sais quoi* for the ages,

A kind of petty eucalyptus suffering
You can expect from your elders, though

I have no elders! I, Theodoric the Bland,
First Thane of the North End, Once

Removed, do herald thy approach, good intruder!
In youth of laws & mangled

Company— it's show time!
You are not as thick as you look, you know.

Sometimes, there are actuaries
Who work out those details. None of them are rare

But still somehow you miss
Waitpersons in cheap, nostalgic dives

Rollerskating to the blues
Until dawn's early logos thrive

With sensitive eyes & keen
Detail—

Nothing in that wastebasket!
Nothing on that menu!

Nothing in that fullness, the flex of a reach
That leaves you wanting

Nothing
Nothing more

Mark DuCharme

Personas

Am I the voice of what I've thought?
Am I the thought of what I've voiced
Within Blake's parallels
Through films' demanding rain?

Don't be astonished, but puzzled
Rhymes are films of straw
When the rhythm of neon is up to speed
Don't win the battle only to lose your place in line

Where are you, in the impactful jade
Summary? The bus will stop at
Seven. No one
Will be waiting

In the trees of what you promised to ignore
A minute ago, though
Perhaps the terms of fate were not yet
Clear

Human with dog:
Classic example
Film with dog:
Classic punch

Don't let the rain throw your name away
Fate isn't fatal all the time
The world also cries
Just before get-togethers

Brand names are hasty
It's a perk of the industry
Shuttered modalities
Where dreams are almost few

Who are you, a jerk of speed?
Let the weather forecast what you mean
While lopsided personas stare
No longer interested in what you wear

Mark DuCharme

The Heat-Grammar

Don't believe your own mythos
Does the sun burn only for your eyes
Like a leaf fallen in a flowerbed
But first, a new city starts coming into view

To hurl taut shadows down
On method, or any other passage of time
Fallen over like a beginner
Recused, in a kind of gaiety

After the bombastic departed were deported
Who laid minimarts to waste
To use space like wastepaper
Or sing, until you can't stop breathing

A charred example
Discontinuous with speech
Bebop locution index summaries
Another fire or fine arts survivor

When trees add up to music
New ground gets edgy
With estranged placeholders
A form of stillness suited to your timely disappearance

When you hold all you know up to
The day in wonder
What mirror escapes
Night's grinning call?

Mark DuCharme

Tough Spin

Don't end the wind in your getaway
To view outmoded views
The page is now, but not quite real
The page is a bad example

If the faint should ever break us apart
Inventing all we know
Let the uncreative come down here
To die laughing

On rooftops in winter
Until dead children plunder
The lengths of their shadows thrust in supper clubs
Where women often barge

& The dead go behind us
Until we're not quite here
But flicker in & out, behind the grates
Where the dead might leave us, then, to go

In their passive-aggressive wanderlust
In their winterlost showmanship
Unlike others, held between
The wind & whispered cries

In gross, unsteady forms
In still-impactful lies
In the heat of all we were, of what
We've still not set aside

Mark DuCharme

Runic Factures

"I eat wool of milk stool" – Charles Stein

Tuesday's incidental
To yesterday's storms. The stain is on

The tongue.
Words do what they intend

Or not, when sensate
Love binds us

To its false claims. Wake yesterday;
The wound on my pillow

Suggests all I know.
Cold residue is the new foretelling

Like an incredible but filthy poem
You thought of once before

When you lived among thistles
Getting older

Apart from the wind & the
Sea.

Mark DuCharme

For Tom Hibbard

1947-2022

I.

Who dreams by rotten slumber
Entering jetties of storm
Furled in rain

Where you order then embalm all surveys—
Surveys of wheat
With their skinny palms

Jet lute backorders
On a lackluster holiday—
Check out sketchy materials

Then dream by all your nerve
’Til the sun gets up to zero
& Dreams become clamped-down minerals, or something

Else fierce,
& The sun is a bucket of molten tin
Full of neon eyes

Preventing emblems you can’t describe
From appearing or disappearing, when the sun’s a ghost register
Reigniting rivers’ fevers, where the wicked also lean

II.

Evident blur, lapsed axis—
cooking, architecture, sex, health, space ships
All things that time contains
lettering, handwriting, concentrated and diffuse scratchings
Polyphonic vocal alchemy
hot type, lithography, Xerox, typewriters
Twirled in vowels of song—
Saying this is saying more than that these qualities need to be invented
Doesn’t the sun come up every morning?
Only capital’s absence appears as a constant, identifiable quantity
To the unobserved, though that kind of tunelessness is rare
arising out of Warhol’s “artificial” or “unreal” color
See also mangoes in January
Or marching bands that play only talking drum & glockenspiel—

Marilyn Monroe is related more closely to social issues than critics think
So are we, but it doesn't matter,
Who ride the world in waves—

Thus, a fish in water is doomed to remain a fish
Just as you were doomed to enliven, Tom,
This bleak life, who now are gone.

III.

O Tom, we never met, it's true
But I wish we'd had a good drink together
By the fire on a cold night— if I'd ever been to Wisconsin

Where you took root & labored
& Thought & read & wrote about
Those both close & far afield from you.

Goodbye, poet.
An active mind clings to the life
Of him who bears it, even against death.

Italicized lines all come from Hibbard's *Transcendent Topologies: Structuralism and Visual Writing* (Luna Bisonte Prods, 2018).

David Hadbawnik

5 Sonnets

There are parts of you I've never seen. I
never want to see them. I want to touch
smell taste the mouth a big O to orbit
feel the shape of the sound as we fall out
the parts creak as sea moves beneath us I
don't want to see but one day rush into
the hollow where it bends a swirl of snow
a gust we lean further and down beyond
a sense of language no tongue can stick to
we can smile and make our eyes do that thing
as we look down and feel our bodies un
folding we can burn but we can't burn up
the alarm sounds we shatter against dawn
feeling ourselves open up into day

David Hadbawnik

5 Sonnets

How old are you? I want to ask each soul
I meet - my son, though only five is old
beyond his years - an old, old man sometimes
it seems, bent over, hollow-checked, owl-eyed,
my wife a girl giggling behind her hands—
and me - and you - who'll play this part - the voice
low and husky - I am every age I'll
ever be, I could lie down right here and
begin again to babble, to gurgle
out my dying breath with a hand on my
shoulder that is my dad's, the weird high keen
of my mom gleaming inside me and all we
contain of each other in each other
rippling inwards and outwards

David Hadbawnik

5 Sonnets

for Cormac McCarthy

The curtain rises on an inchoate mass
collapsing in on itself the arms (are
those arms?) reach from the void a voice intones
the liturgy heads bow gestures are made
we could this way feel back into mother
who welcomed us into the void as if
one day as a child having reversed the
flow she snapped and declared victory for
having smacked bellies together making
the baby fall onto the floor in a heap
and having begun that way something
made him turn around but all of that had
disappeared and with respect the only
thing left to do was lie down on the sand

David Hadbawnik

5 Sonnets

I could clench my teeth and try to squeeze
something out something good this time I say
won't be like that other time when we lost
a bet under the bridge by the
freeway and a goon shoved a knife to my
throat look out for Button Joe they'd say we're
almost home there was this girl used to have
a lazy eye and some kind of tattoo
if I could just squeeze it out the right way
instead of this thick grinding feeling
unless it would've been better to just
quietly kind of roll over and sigh
to Button Joe or whoever what if
we formed a circle and joined hands

David Hadbawnik

5 Sonnets

What happened next was we worried the boy
wasn't too smart e.g. couldn't think of
the word for apples in Spanish he said
naranja which as we know means orange
kept losing count of his fingers and toes
wouldn't try new food even when threatened
or bribed knowing the threats wouldn't work
and that he'd eventually get whatever
we tried to bribe him with good at rhyming
sure could remember all sorts of expressions
like dang it and for pete's sake but could he
did he really understand the idiom
but he could but he did refuse the words
he never or only once tasted

Megan Breiseth

Lineage

I fear I'll go soft
when I catch what I chase
so I hedgehog my heart

stay super busy
while tentacles delve its cracks
trained to read threats all day

my hands are soft
on the eggs they crack
soon the moon will be new and gone

my witch writes my whole back
in a twist her tempo
my measure my homebody frantic

her space her hunger
left nest in my birdbrain
my witch my panic

my crackle from tissue
this perch on a roof
old claws and birdface

I swallow my question
the stone in my throat
speaks in relief

Megan Breiseth

Softness in the History

Last week we were roots

This week wires

Electricity travels the shapes we fumble

Always getting ready

Always setting something down

Always a new lesson

In our always interleaving

Even the villainy in me

Waits

My timeline broke off on the way to the clearing

I wait to say

And what if it wasn't scary to see ghosts?

I say nothing

We are witches in a room built around a tree

A choir for a moment

Grows

Teems in our spaces

Each real moment

One of so many imaginary

Neil Flory

there are worlds that boil for this

vanishingpoint

. they signed
contracts preventing future funnelclouds from
turning north.
thousandfold fixate dictate pinpoint endpoint stopaction timelapse
through forward to the likely resultant if current conditions hold
unabated let's encase current conditions in gold-flecked cement
cement but even gallons of piping soup couldn't keep the
customers from hellbent pressurepoint screaming/
splattered

spaghetti on the floor; sweat-beaded manager barking mop&broom
orders yet the chef stepping deftly softly around the sauce-mess
every time back and forth waffling back before the seething
grill. there are worlds that feed on this. pretty polkadot bow crowning
a small box: he sets it on the stove passionate vigorous kissing kissing
the bow again again even as the flames licking up. icestorm's rage
in the dining room; slashing scarred chairs, collapsing tables under
glacial weight, old men frozen bristling shrieking wretched hysterical
locked in ice-knife messteeth of concluding want; epochs and vast
spans inconceivable, there are unseen galaxies that twist starving
in this. as a preliminary step let's discuss whether the hypothesis
will be proven or disproven
. (force of totality

dwarfing sums, each part silently birthing ghost-sister
accumulations) &he hyperventilates/ to hear ontological
conclusions in the clinkings of cups&saucers &he's red-faced
muscle-quivering mouth-foaming to read existential bedrock in
tangles of noodles or the shatterpatterns of dropped plates/ but
overpouring tenfold gallons of piping coffee couldn't thaw them
from the grip. yes, we observe the front door swinging open but what's
underlying (underboil) is the outside teeming turn-on-a-dime city might
as well be a further-flung universe removed. his loving mustache
bursting to flames as the cardboard turns to ash

, (out in metropolis mess-language of
unmarked highway cloverleafs, the madrush manic drivers exiting
thisway&that to diceroll
anywheres)

Neil Flory

fleas&proofs

gross negligence of the bland
nega
tion

flintlock gridface baffle less the waffleiron jig on the contrapositive
crashing embossed falter flushing less blat plunging flunk all the
halfdead gnats flit the skrinkly porcelain sink-crack lest scattered bulb
&your laceup shoes minding your please &arrowed proofs all your
fleas and the blue-toed hypochondriac blathering on delirious about
crooked urban crosswalks &Magritte's appleface sneering back like
the stuttering purplemartins of stagnancy purplemartins of lollygagging
four hectares west of nowhere martin mar
tin rings like
said Martians finally landing in Martinique for shrimp salads and hasty
self-portraits

maybe fleas hover a bit
at grimy windowpanes, nothing least through
little red-wig man
otherway on teetering motorscooter, the oaks largely blocking
our filterview; some potential realization of Magritte
sli
ver of
light slicing the page on the words *if relinquish* but the old
porcelain sink &scores
of half-dead mosquitoes, Magritte's appleface sneering anyway chip
ping
away mornings in floodstage kissing hastily cheap
sackbut-plays

seems we could never quite
sketch out the motionless non-complaints of ferns&twigs in our
non-concepts of this &elsewhen, turn to

mudpuddle wonderful glee &bright balloons &all the kids abandon these
pervasive sub-rusty grindtoahalt
cir
cuits darn it
man quit
moochin off my metaphor
[exclaims Edward
from backstage]

Jeffrey Kingman

Things My Brother Said

I was in the shower the other day and I noticed my arm,
so skinny. Is that *my* arm?

When you were five, the things you laughed at
really *were* funny.

Want any of my jazz CDs? Want this blazer? Shirts?

When Sidney was having trouble, I'd drink a few beers
in the evening.

I literally had to hold the kid down to keep him
from running out barefoot in the snow.

Louise was calmer, but very wary when they first arrived,
only one-and-a-half.

Needed affection but couldn't do it forward.
She'd back up into you.

She likes her Juicy Juice.

But still, it was something. You achieved it, right?
You should feel good about that.

When it's time, Sidney will be the one
to carry me upstairs.

I had all this expensive gold put in my mouth.
Wouldn't have wasted the money if I'd known.
One good thing: financially, Penelope will be set.

You should feel good about that.

Sometimes I get panic attacks. Horrible feelings of fear,
I don't know why, but overwhelming.

Anything I can take for that?

Jeffrey Kingman

Expedition

Try to keep people in a room
and what happens?

Bones fly.
I tell my friends to “stay safe.”

How do you feel, Mr. Rogers?
As if it were settled.

“But,” said the father, “it won’t be fine.”
So much depends upon distance

whether people are near or far.
I’ve put the world in a box for now

to keep astronauts from leaving.
The day they went off to the moon

I was sad.

Note: Some of the phrasing is borrowed from Virginia Woolf’s *To the Lighthouse*

Jeffrey Kingman

Not Far Enough

Everything's contained even
the ocean but
can ocean slosh or does sloshing
only happen inside a cask or
in stranded vessel taking on water

which is hard to see from shore.
Clouds dusk waves waving (but not sloshing).
The slanted ship sends the abandoned lifeboat back
to the woman in the skirt on the shore her shoes kicked off

but not far enough a wave takes one away.
Isn't needed
nothing helps.
The outline of the mast can't advise.

It sank of course.
Dead captain the life of the boat.
Alone at the edgeless waves who might've seen her
she walked to the lighthouse shoe in hand
thoughts leaking out of her glasses.

None *on* the moon
but *from* the moon oceans can be said to slosh
convexly.
When you get a chance.

Jeffrey Kingman

What a Day

A slow, unsteady stream of
people in cans.

Yellow tarp forms a shape
restrain me, please.

I forgot. Or on purpose.

Either way, dreaming
in daylight in a warm trickle
of people, necks of rubber.

I could lie on the pavement
all day,
relaxing in the sunshine.

This woman in heavy fabric,
a big belt, and a handgun,
working, sweating.

Lights flash in flimsiness where
years ago

they would instead spin
inside a glass cylinder.

A sudden gust flaps the yellow.

She speaks with the coroner,
a genius isn't needed.

It'll take just a moment
or a short hour.

I won't say goodbye,
just so long.

Matthew Cooperman

Like Pirates

They came in gold ships and stole to remember
The eyes of the cheetah or a causal mythology
Coffers and cleaners and workday workers
Of the sensory plexus and the movie plex
All abducted rewired seduced
Dreams picked clean of the memory of home
Eyes to keep widening the aperture of collapse

A new materiality in the placard of line fishing
Some say contempt for the pressure on syntax
The line a life line a blood line a chalk line
Thieves of the moment stricken with lack
Woe in their mouths in their glozening nets
Lack will not save the best animals from millennials

Would thou become teleological wood
Meltdown of forests and a long-dredged meadow
Desert to deserted as room to a view viewing
We had faith they were peaceful not a religion
Went down to the ships set keel to breakers
Little did we know the disease was not foreign
A sailing planet a failing logic westerly winds that bore sheep
Heart disease proverbial slumber in the form of an orb
Planetary evidence losers we'd love to be right

Of deepest water close-webbed familials
Not technology per se but empowered islands
What can't be taken and what can't be shared
Kingdom Continent Kimmerian Passage
No man alone what someone said someone said yes
Went with them went mad like an American Bengali
Like an American Linden the trees still fell

Fell hill of evidence the leaves stored in amber
Tell tale winter white flour sweet wine
Wild gyrations industrial house idling or idylling
Gone from the stream wept and rent stricken
Offered to die was lost in storage could not swim

Go back to the first pyre's purpose limbs
That we left there vein to a view

Beyond the bitter sword a better sheath
The past not gone to Pluto but made up continuously
Cadaverous brides bronze lance heads collapse
Or retrieval the Thebans say we are lost at sea
Pallor upon us men women and beasts

Matthew Cooperman

Children of Woodstock

chance is a funny thing we cannot control
ourselves sex flowers the stereotypes
of life and death lost

in rusty factories accelerating towards ground
the place we stand on a turning frown

a Turing frame the consequent frequency
republics us all famously the recluse
refuses people know today deaths of friends

and old family almost immediately a screen
when you're dead you're not old the Civil War
becomes an implant for observations on race relations

nothing's settled a man who advocated
caning for adultery gets caned for adultery
condolences a book reads a boy

while sleeping jazz is a songbird
sucked into a jet everyone expected
suppresses who they are

we march toward the beating heart at dawn
no red rose in all the gardens

they call it the nervous system an angry man
looking for years the source of his anger
finds a cow we march toward the beating heart

brayed art to vine the plant between us
what is love persuading money and resources
for my people nothing's settled

the consequent frequency hides sunlight
and flowers a repetition famously sex

the men stricken by frozen ideals
delivered to the children of Woodstock nevertheless

coffee babies eggs by helicopter sunlight still
on their faces their arms how guitar how avoid a Civil War

we enter by sunlight on Chance's Day
celestial objects babies Latinate names
astrology arcs the turn yet

everyone suppresses who they really are
a window winks a widow
a grown man reads a book about a he he isn't

they call it the nervous system sense
and senseless arguing air
can a void be dispossessed

a factory can
a chance & a hope lost in industry

we march toward the bearing heart
a red rose in mind eggs flowers sex
in the morning clear skies above

the songbird in sunlight a tuned repetition
washed their dishes drove their cars
republic'd us all despite

did not brush their teeth did not go to war
the hippocampus is

a part of the brain connected to life and death
the cow in a field lowing us through

stretched their muscles ate their eggs
earned their wings bore consequent angels

D. E. Steward

Altamira

The horse head symphony of Grotte Chauvet in the Ardèche drawn as early 32,000 BP

Cave painting has been the most indelible artistic tradition of all, continuing through the end of the ice

The bison images at Altamira and other caves in the region were painted between 16,400 and 13,500 BP

Toward the dwindling of the universal cold

In the grand Magdalenian

The Cantabrian climate of Altamira fifteen thousand years ago could have been like central Norway's now

Decades ago in Hedmark three or four cow belled free ranging stubby fjord horses would come trotting down the mountain, heads tossing, snorting stopping by the *hytte* seemingly to approve and be approved

Between Altamira's cave mouth and the Bay of Biscay a few thousand meters off four or more horses pastured behind a portable single strand electric fence on the empty green slopes and gullies

Bay duns recalling Poitou horses, bred since the Bourbons south from the Vendée north on the Atlantic coast

"Enthusiasts claim Poitou descent from the horses painted on the cave walls of Lascaux"

Those near Altamira now, as pleasant and human linked as Hedmark's horses had been

Unkempt coats and thick manes, one cropped black tail, all blunt muzzled high strong faces and foreheads, almost free as though still herded for their meat here fifteen thousand years ago

The aspect remains at Altamira

The cave's roof covered with bison figures first engraved and then painted in red and black, the other animals are horses, and a red deer, the solitary figure on the ceiling

The Altamira images, immensely commanding nestled near one another as variations on a theme of Paleolithic bison, brilliantly colored and subtly limned in perspective and scale, one to another

There on stone as if tumbling from above

Hand prints, and smaller sketch paintings on ceilings and walls of adjacent caverns

At discovery flint chisels, charcoal pencils, fragments of iron and manganese oxides, and bird bone blow pipes were found in the epochal litter below Altamira

People lived there

In the cold

With their cave fires

Lives similar in unnumbered caverns for many thousand years there all the way around the great Atlantic bay

All they were except their art is gone

But they were us without wheels, munitions, lighter than air, Christianity, Islam, Judaism, other rancorous dogmas

Had no good footwear, semiconductors, longevity

But with amazement, awe, insight and delight

Not far away to Santander's Avenida del Far to the Playa del Sardino watching the surf

The unalterable immensity of the Atlantic and the astonishing presence of the Picos de Europa setback from it here in splendor

Asturias and Cantabria north of Castilla y León

In a quarter century the Guggenheim Bilbao's cladding has weathered to the color of the inside of a tin can

Its gargantuan interior space of cables, ramps, bolted and riveted junctions of beams and massive supporting trusses pristine as if the welders, steel wielders, cranes and scaffolders had recently gone home

Sliced silos spaced in hanger scale segments flushed in light

The deep intelligence of it

It is magnificent

And if it were there for nothing more than itself and Jenny Holzer's *Instalación para Bilbao* that would suffice

Across the flat of La Rioja Alta vineyards, eleventh century Santo Domingo de la Calzada where the Camino de Santiago pilgrims come walking straight in and straight out

Nájera's eleventh century church east, then south and by Bobadilla the vineyards have gone to oak brushed hills

All these places over a thousand years ago were the great trek to Santiago

Follow Brieva's track, a big trout stream, through the mountains and down deforested steeps to Villanueva de Cameros (pop. 102) and the road to Soria

There at that mountain road and river junction, the explosive emergence of a spectacular Gitana, who in another place could be anything to which she aspired, appearing to tend her gas pumps bubbling ebullience and lore

La Rioja and many Spanish things personified

Few things in life that match being on the road

Evidence is that across northern Spain is the life-balancing reason for being a thousand years of Santiago pilgrimages have left on its partakers

He vuelto a ver los álamos dorados (Antonio Machado, "Campos de Soria")

Poplars were golden as it was in Soria along the Duero this October

Before October 7th Israel thought European life between Lebanon and Gaza was possible

Agreement between being born there, or what you went there for, now in another realm than you assumed the commitment would be

"Without the courage to assert the imperative of justice and the urgency of humanity, the left suffers the worst fate that any movement can contemplate: becoming indistinguishable from its enemies." (Fintan O'Toole)

Fall to winter, the Gaza War's tactics displaces two million Palestinians and increasingly destroys their country

More deaths in their region than any military event since the Second World War

Sit near Puerta del Carmen in Zaragoza imagining Nationalists goose stepping through

Aragon, the Ebro

The Republicans floundered here in 1937

All well past eight and a half decades on for this rich car congested city of nearly a million with its Mudéjar architecture allowed to endure

There are people who remember and lost relatives then to be found here now

Anecdotes, family stories, snapshots

But it does not matter

As surely it will in Gaza two and a half generations on

Scale and reconciliation

Well over twenty thousand have died or are dying now there, some hundreds died here in Zaragoza when the Ebro Front was in Aragon

And while Spain righted itself after Franco, similarity is unimaginably distant for the religion-stoked embittered who kill and die now in Israel's present war of impacted realities and beliefs

Come to Lérida, Lleida in Catalan, from the west and Aragon

Being in Catalonia, in itself another Hispanic accommodation of the past

Carrer Major to the Plaça de la Paeria

Then one elevator after another to the grand overlook from the immense fortress and vacant cathedral plaza

Big multi-sourced cathedral and tower farther above, unapproachable, not part of the city, monumental to no monument, a *Valle de los Caídos* colossus

Falange flat open fascist style sun on stone

Feeling like Franco's Spain

Standing there

To see a pair of Guardia Civil on patrol approaching, patent leather tricornios, weapons slung, gray-green-black specters stomping over to ask for ID would fit

With the Malaguena poverty consumptive cough from up the street rilling my refuse

The single tan SEAT taxi parked off the plaza, the *camiones de carga* downshifting through on the Carretera de Cádiz

Working burros, stray dogs, *cante jondo* riffs and wails

That Fascist Spain existed only decades ago

Anti-communism, anti-intellectualism, anti-pacifism, authoritarianism, chauvinism, conspiracism, corporatism, eugenics, heroic realism, heroism, imperialism, irrationalism, machismo, militarism, nationalism, personality cult, populism, propaganda, racism, single-party state, totalitarianism

Having so recently been

A potency easily renewed, perpetually possible anywhere

Even peaceful Spain now calm as transecting the hundredth meridian in Nebraska

As in Catalan Lleida, an easy shot to Tarragona

Its second century amphitheater on the Med

Just north of proudly forlorn Cambrils then six decades ago, to a quiet pension with fine food on what was then a small harbor by an empty seafront to begin to write

There close to stately Sitges

In strong autumn afternoon sun before Barcelona

Café sitting there on the Carrer del Garraf, the trip from Huelva trip complete

Enjoying the thoughts of my shadow

In Octavio Paz's enormous rushing at the edge of time

In this world where Israel had convinced itself that wedged between Lebanon and Gaza it was living in Sitges

Thinking of Spain's rich Sitges centuries

Twenty since it was Roman

In twenty more what will Iberia have become

Rose-nosed parakeets (aka Krameri parrots) fly close in front

Flashing underwing blue

Directly from a palm to beach edge tiles

Parrot noisily

In thorough clarity

Brilliantly through low bright sunglare

Stephen Bett

Vassily Aksyonov, *Say Cheese!* (epigraph & opening line; trans, Antonina W. Bouis)

After the movies, photography of all the arts is the most important for us! –V. Lenin or J. Stalin

When and by which of the two possible authors this quotation was spoken is not known with accuracy.

Ah Lenin'o, ah Sta' lēēn

Axe ion is off (& running a'gen then)

Well it's hardly the *new sentence* is it ...

Take my photo, Koba
tyranny of the signified

It's like trying to see
the *air* itself

Your agitprop chop
mixed

— say cheese ¹

¹ Re: "Tyranny [or fetish] of the signified..." Two source critical texts underlie many of these poems: Stephen Fredman, *Poet's Prose: The Crisis in American Verse* and Ron Silliman, *The New Sentence*

Stephen Bett

Martin Amis, *Lionel Asbo: State of England*

In his outward appearance Lionel was brutally generic—the slablike body, the full lump of the face, the tight-shaved crown with its tawny stubble.

A novel a'miss
sweet FU UK
Thuggish louts
(en route, NYC)

ASBO signified *yob*
bruter than signifier *boy*

Tyranny becomes fetish
one lump or two?

Say please ²

² ASBO: (Anti-Social Behaviour Order): UK's Blair gov't restraining order for thuggish louts— this novel being Amis' parting shot at Britain when he moved permanently to NYC. A different type of tyranny/fetish has been causal for avant poetry's "demolition of the conventional relationship between the active (dictatorial) writer and the passive (victimized) reader..." (George Hartley, *Textual Politics and the Language Poets*)

Stephen Bett

Ivo Andrić, *Bosnian Chronicle* (opening line; trans, Joseph Hitrec)

At the beginning of the year 1807 strange things began to happen at Travnik, things that had never happened before.

Strange b'place, Kin v. Art
one brow low one high

Stranger than wingnut
num(b)•er•ology

One ate one nought fewer
non bond•ouble “0” sevens

1807's a master “Sixteen”
Positive integer, karmic
numb'er

“Vibrational properties,” they say
One lump v. two

Flight re•route Sarajevo Blue ³

³ *Tra 'v'nik*, Bosnia: Andrić's birthplace—*Obrnuto* (Bosnian for “in reverse”: kin v art). The Sarajevo ref is to another Bosnian poet & short story writer Semezdin Memedinović's biting/numbing war collection *Sarajevo Blues* (trans, incidentally, by Charles Olson scholar Ammiel Alcalay) with SM's debt to fellow Bosnian writers Ivo Andrić & Danilo Kiš

Stephen Bett

Julian Barnes (*in lieu of a riffy line from a favourite writer, here's a quote from one of his reviewers*)

The Sense of an Ending is the story of one man coming to terms with the mutable past. Laced with Barnes's trademark precision, dexterity and insight, it is the work of one of the world's most distinguished writers.

The mutable world of the generative sentence is a commodified canvas for distinguished, socially disjunctivized wordsmiths who lace their prioritized parataxis with overwhelmed signifiers, who torque their dexterously precise trademark tyranny of the signified, creating polysemic masterpieces that refuse transparency, that reify the materiality of words as words, that guard (ironically) against ideological contamination, and that fetishize pussyshit consumerist cocktail-hour diarists for whom the lyric "voice poem" has simply run its course, for whom insightful connections are desyntaxed and denied, and for whom, when push comes to shove, ISBNs' unique numeric identifiers signify, conspiratorially numerology-speaking, a paradoxical demolition of the active (dictatorial) writer and the passive (victimized) reader.⁴

⁴ Julian Barnes is Noble & one of these days ought'er be Nobel. For wording here, thx both to Bing Chat & to source material footnoted in the opening poem of this serial work

Steve Timm

From *Glee Ha Glue Time*

Chapter 30

well that is it, arisn't it?
with Glutfolly havenly broachybreached the stubject
the stigly matter of what the coffin has for suppance
the old pinochle parlor torpendo
rilely, a what for your traugmata, Gluey, a winch fro yer sowel
i mint wince but the palatocranial hoistdad'll doo
lemming a hand widge ya
i ain't (we're past the) askin', the parin' theoticals
who wouldn't crawl for helpings-the-dangledandled-selves
who hews the owl's sere tongue
who here hooves the bee's slippery alms
whop kerstands the sloughering greave
glowly, Grinacle! the quests you shunt!
shunt *have*, divvyadentend?
suchal urplains do we all halve in the dew

Steve Timm

From *Glee Ha Glue Time*

30th Verse

*purchence, perhence, parl hap prone
onweeps of detence and fure
the tōnātors perplode
the zonerants con and vene
what in the poor to be doing is done yet
yon dun knacks the brokered
go-oners all, gonders, glad and wan
thankatopsia the even ever nigher evener*

Steve Timm

From *Glee Ha Glue Time*

Chapter 31

dear gadderling palped in fluff
perplussed?
Goretok kertackles tender botany
adjust the minúte, the scarpscape & other meanensities
Gubble avers the rev in the mechanity
accowls the seatless stamenites
that may bury you, inturn
Gullig stucks his sobhand inna pocket
toof 'n' stuff 'n' sursense
dare i sedded it, slaid Glunger
true rue his sour lens
howl of heard it, scrimed 'e skeert nobuddy
budot and toemat, he dísecreted
croaking his best, growlesser demesne
ledgery gluddon glattening the mirror's backside
daz y^e weight, fringes, step yaside

Steve Timm

From *Glee Ha Glue Time*

31st Verse

*pareil ice, fire, notwhats
whetstone-wet-wing, echo behone echo
ice in small plates addounds the shore
otheronder misdireccives to stand at the near far of
nest of ear, condonable rapture at so slight
glad enung to've seen to arreck
bythere closing the dyscircuit*

Steve Timm

From *Glee Ha Glue Time*

Chapter 32

Goddungerdam mispocked his lips
bilgery mashadoodle the nightlong day
wafted you, expectador? don
't let it hit you etc olé
which is straight suffish if you got one
glancers, gillies Glugoogoyl, surglimpse the glean
he duffed exglammed it 'ad 'e the strainth
(as you can beam tov)
wreckellage vernalwhere!
spunts crunted to duntish gunts!
gleehee ta dat tada, glops ole Gleehahee
he'd of oléd could 'e've
but that was grates and brakes he swallowed
so its was down the gulleydamned gullitch for our Glueshtick
gluck on, frail chiggen, there're more eposesides to gum

Steve Timm

From *Glee Ha Glue Time*

32nd Verse

*scended morning bearings
braingray or -grayed, parse fluition
cludes like magnets grabble, a la la
day as unlike any other as any
my doublequestered sister
requel morass
ducks on the grass this cooless daystart*

Mark Dow

Rain in Spain

(a cento)

I.

Two plain-clothes men grabbed me as I stepped off the train.
Then I heard the voice of Ezra Pound, speaking in the folksy drawl of a
plainsman from the Western United States.
Ribbentrop advised the Japanese to be firm and "use plain language" in their
current negotiations in Washington.
Plain women he regarded as he did the other severe facts of life, to be faced with
philosophy and investigated by science.
Plain and not honest is too harsh a style,
And the most laudable languages are alwaies most plaine and distinct.
(Cryptographers call the original the "plaintext" but we will simply call it the
"message.")

II.

"Rose-cheekt Laura" is therefore merely an unrhymed English trochaic poem,
perfectly plain to the ear,
A plainer and more emphatic language,
And often with more plaintive voice.
Wee are fallen into such a playne and simple manner of writing, that there is none
other foote used but one.
He begins to stagger in his own plainest faith.
The Galician Maskilim who wrote Yiddish did so for purposes of propaganda and
enlightenment only and therefore thought it necessary to write all the more
"plainly,"
Something in minor, plaintive and negroid.

III.

On 19 March 1836 Colonel James Fannin and 500 Texian troops were caught on
the open plain by about 1500 Mexican cavalry under General José Urrea.
Grant stood on cliffs whence all was plain / And smoked as one who feels no
cares.
He ruled the plains of heaven which were established in their width and breadth
by God's command for the children of glory.
In plain terms Gideon was asking the Supreme Court to hear his case.
It took me altogether a year and a half before I had him talking real plain where
you could understand him.

Abulafia insisted on the need for the systematic disturbance and rearrangement of the plain senses of the text through numerical and other permutations in order to break through to the esoteric, visionary plane of understanding. Nothing could be plainer than that.

IV.

He who puts his eye in the cup sees the whole world as one smooth plain
And though they have rendered the path plain, they have left it barren.
Only a master of style can deal in a plain manner with obvious matter,
Most plainly, Lord, the frame of sky,
That broad question, I mean, how to square that with the entire idea of the plain-error doctrine,
For it is plain that every word we speak is in some degree a diminution of our lungs by corrosion
To cause thy lovers plain.

V.

At an engagement, regardless of the station of the families involved, only four plain cakes and four sugar cakes could be served.
A Plain Cake. Work into two pounds of dough a quarter of a pound of sugar, the same of butter; add a couple of eggs, and bake in a tin.
Make smooth and plain.
We have respected rather a plain translation than to smooth our verses with the sweetness of any paraphrase.
Here is the right paraphrase. We live in a world plainly plain.
I meant *plain* in a good way.
In plain & natural English, I am a dreaming & therefore an indolent man,
And so dog-gone plain.

I. William Shiner, *Berlin Diary* (1941) / Julien D. Cornell, *The Trial of Ezra Pound* (1966) / Shiner, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* (1960) / George Eliot, *Middlemarch* (1874 ed.) / *Richard III*, IV.4 / George Puttenham, *Art of English Poesie* (1589) / Martin Gardner, *Codes, Ciphers and Secret Writing* (1972). II. John Hollander, Introduction to *Selected Songs of Thomas Campion* (1973) / Wordsworth, *Prelude*, Book XIV / Preface to *Lyrical Ballads* / George Gascoigne, in Catherine Ing, *Elizabethan Lyrics: A Study of the Development of English Metres and Their Relation to Poetic Effect* (1951) / Melville, "Bartleby, the Scrivener" / Raphael Mahler, *Hasidism and the Jewish Enlightenment* (1961) / Faulkner, *Light in August* (1932). III. Derek Hayes, *Historical Atlas of the United States* (2007) / Melville, "Chattanooga" / Liber I, 1:8 (Genesis) in I.A.J. Bradly, *Anglo-Saxon Poetry* (1995) / Anthony Lewis, *Gideon's Trumpet* (1964) / *Miles v. City Council of*

Augusta, 710 F.2d 1542 (11th Cir. 1983) / Peter Cole, *The Poetry of Kabbalah* (2012) / Peter Gay, *Weimer Culture* (1968). IV. Tractate Yoma 75a, in Ezra Shereshevsky, *Rashi: The Man and His World* (1966) / Frances Burney, *Evelina* (1778) / Yvor Winters, *Forms of Discovery* (1967) / Sidneian Psalm CXIX / Justice Elena Kagan, Oral Argument in *Greer v. United States* (19-8709), April 20, 2021 / Swift, *Gulliver's Travels* (1726) / Wyatt, "My Lute Awake" V. Arthur Hertzberg, *The French Enlightenment and the Jews* (1968) / *The Jewish Manual, or Practical Information in Jewish and Modern Cookery with a Collection of Valuable Recipes and Hints Relating to the Toilette*, Edited by a Lady (Nightingale Books facsimile, first pbl'd 1846) / Mr. Francis Beaumont's Letter to Ben Jonson (c. 1610) / John Cotton, Introduction to *Bay Psalm Book* (1640) / *Letters of Wallace Stevens* (ed., Holly Stevens), in Janet McCann, *Wallace Stevens Revisited* (1995) / Brian Lehrer, WNYC, May 16, 2018 / Coleridge, Letter to Wm Godwin, 22 Jan. 1802, in *Coleridge's "Dejection"*, ed. Stephen Maxfield Parrish (1988) / Jimmy Rushing, "Sent for You Yesterday" (1938).

Adam Strauss

Angled Past Repose

As at the holding of a cup, tea and its vicinities or an early evanescence have come to define this fin de siècle—this sense that the uncanny can never finish itself but spends its spirit always and always with the blue uncertainty of a humid morning, when inamoratas pile on the each and sun etches a proxy for the approximate time: seconds like a gizzard's lithic abrasion, a secret and an acidity from which the 16th century could have made an emblem but representation has no purchase here with its louvred window through which jasmine and the ponk from the culvert you can neither see nor hear unless one steps within its rivet.

The slowdown and

What got seen, whether it got

The slice of sun best augments his eyes:

Uncoiling their vision

To its base, less stable than scree—

Breathe to mine cells only, only at

The throat wherein color turns from grey to yellow,

A matter of circumference at the core.

My heart, its fit

Melts till whatever I thought

Slipped from one room to the one exactly other—

Full of memories before they were mine.

Before I thought about even its loosest connections, grass interposed in the manner of ekphrasis and facing away from what could have been a frame: unsewing, unsailing blue till crenelations from the 17th century—time with no time for breath only the crack of an alder or conceits tapped by roots in a curve of sere green when what became what else could he have done given the humid soughs stitching someone else's visage while someone walking into town for milk and crackers makes figures with their thumbs and almost exactly flush to hips while hypnotic light in which electric and in England an edge of grass in which a coin more Roman than here.

A lighthouse out of operation
Dots a rock white with droppings;
And when one gets closer
The closer one gets to seeing
Something like an antimacassar.
The rock itself, jaded from
Earlier hypnotics—lapped by grass-green sea
Drones in the manner of a drum-tight circumference—
Suggests memory none than rough, sketch for a life;
And at the end of the third chapter
The most minor character eats barley crackers while he
Flexes his toes as if by the end he'll stave off slipping.

Articulations in lime, in stark white piles and striped by sun, and under a slice of sky he clenched his hands till the skin became as lapped by acidic juices: lemon, but an antonym to yellow; but antinomian impulses run through his veins until he relaxes his fingers like as bursts of burnt paper feint on the air one would like to call motile but nothing about it suggests chance nor a place to let one's mind sway on its stem, thick as a lemon-leaf and calling to mind parchment plus the thoughts that might therein be inscribed while on the recto page of the book interleaved with linen a man with a moth on his wrist—almost the pose of a falconer.

A powdered sharpness
While light's—
Evacuation quells the need for absence,
An anthracite-white angle which
Splits his ken into radius and rip;
And the whole time this kenosis
Occurs a book fails becoming bird—

Contrail fractally broken down

Into a grey bird's tail,

Its sky the talus

No sky tells why; and when, whenever that

Is or slips like sand out of the novel's flexible spine.

All that time and none of it elapsed no matter the ennui, nor entropy webs the blue circles a bower—alders here, pin oaks elsewhere, like California when one's just moved there all the windows like frames in an editing room no matter how innocuous the street and its daily revision of what an earlier century called incunabula: viridian grotesque one district over, velour shift overtakes me in the manner of tables and spoons while he drinks coffee at more than one place and seemingly at once at once ontological aporia twining memories, nor inserting a window when jasmine will suffice.

The nicotiana points away from the house, towards the refiguring of what

One recognizes as habitat—for catamounts, for the name they

Call them here—a new state,

A mind trying to make itself anew:

Neither window nor louvre through which whisps from Santa Anas,

The enunciations of birds on driveways,

The reflections cast by the nearby mountain range—

Its angle of repose one of the steepest on earth.

A start that goes fractally, time a tide that strands him as he meditates coastline—whitecaps with the clarity of frames like line a gallery—canvas enacts blood-cells and lining the body of a mind for absence until contingencies of the present leave for the ministrations characterize salons in 16th century Avignon like Lespinasse on the radio during the next fin de siècle because time challenges every line he ever thought to orient his steps: one before the other and the other always wracking, a matter of seaweed but it doesn't taste of salt and does an excellent job preserving memory.

It couldn't have happened in the dark, nor the

Intensity of his enthusiasm—nor a five o'clock occlusion

Which can't resist dusk and its stillness.

Mica like salt studs the asphalt:

Get on your hands and knees and you can feel it, even through

Khaki or woolen trousers even though

One's skin dismissed as nothing but calluses at the middle of the third

Prologue she used to question what constitutes a start,

All the while at the end of a period of intense composition

In which trilobites falling out of the hill-face take measure while

Confirming the incommensurability of shadows with the way anyone acts.

Adam Strauss

Astringency

I switched to trees:
Unripe quince tints
My sight with my negation in its scope.
I stood and looked
At acidic light—
Neither before nor
After feeling hope, the turning
Point where stillness articulates the solidity of
Rock: the constancy as wind
Abrades—reiterates no
Rock disappears; even that corn
Glow from the light of its grains like lime.
I know my words give; I know
They take me through time;
They make
Me; they make time—an alphabet in passing.
Lime dusts unripe quince:
Some liken to patina, time's shell
When it's beautiful—
To the look of caramelized sugar.
That would mean time can temper
The astringency of ripe quince.
Astringency, an urgency demands
Inaction—and obviates evasion.

Adam Strauss

Retrices

Birds wheel. Tires move from pear to
Blossom: ennui
Refuses calling this a highway,
This cut through the valley
Registers as benthic
No matter it goes lower. I don't
Step; I fall. Descent makes things—
Hotter than summer in the southern
Hemisphere, like the fluke of a
Whale or a tankard of milk,
The door through which he, through which he counted.

Tanner Crunelle

Narcissus poeticus (Alpine)

I'll pine and flower. Cones in light, cold and bright, pressing on pressing on hours.
In twiddling song, silent and strong, water, moraine and boulders along.
Tumbling, tumbling, tumbling to, tumbling to a picture of you - of me? - of you,
of daffodils true, honest to image and wedded to blue - to blue? - to blue! And I
to sky - in puddling lie, I cry, see you, vertiginous truth, all is reflection and rocks
turn aloof - looking at looking at looking at you - Reader, I feel and am breaking,
shiver and shaking, quiver and quaking, sliver of silver rills to slake river. My roots
down to bedrock, drinking the hemlock, dangles a head dripping down and
downer. How to get out of a pondside gloom? How to rush quick, like logs in a
sluice? How to remember, pines to ember, the grandeur I once saw in you - in
me? - in me, you're right. Yes, it's true: I'm at the peak of my eyes gone askew -
aslant and sliding, there is the silence, spying on me as well as on you. There is a
me, but there is a way, away, aweigh, I say.

Tanner Crunelle

Statuary

“Man thus puts himself in the place of the statue as the shape that has been raised and fashioned for perfectly free movement, just as the statue is perfectly free repose.” -Hegel, Phenomenology of Spirit, § 725.

Rollable boulder.

Tabernacle of template body.

Burnished rock.

Form: Panegyrically

Form: Apotheosizes old me

Panegyris

Form: Spirit has joined the chat

Form: Negation

Form: Kenosis

Form: Kenotic

Apotheotic old me

Form: Kenosis is with us always

Kenotic, catharsis adds

Form: Cathartic adage

Form: Expression is empty, extrusion is not full

Form: Lapidary

Flint: Rock, mortal sparks

Form: Forge

Form: The waves that will
of clay a puddle

Form: Extra foot

Form: Forsaken head

Forsaken eyes

All the dregs
Sacrificed

Form: Rise

Form: Rise, rise

Form: The word to flesh,
not art bread-baking

Tanner Crunelle

Looky There!

Sturdy curvature we thought was a tongue, or a slide, was a panel to a lost shell. No shark's teeth for you, nor me, nor you. An oyster house. Spartan couch n shelf. Back door whelk barbs. Black knobby cabinet that could hold a staircase. Pockmarked old motel, decaying but was once for a family. Lost it. Found it again but vacant. Was full of good people peopling that's good, that's good people found a favorite wormy sedimentation, petrified Coriolis worming. Pinks. Scepters, diffuse map of red and oval cream. Drill bits. Conical comet-trails. Umbra (u in black, clickable and thick, sturdy but small too, worn in a U). No shark's teeth. Could be hair or many-legged legs in black fossil, brown seeped into the ridges. Thick clacking black shell. Think front that lied but's gone in the back. Barnacles grump-clump, crown clam. Gunmetal whelk barbs. None. Warped modulations, turbulent black waters made to calcium. Ridges, scalloped broken bit. Smooth and fanning to treacherous ridges. So I stumbled into that loss, a trench.

Tanner Crunelle

A Sort of Exorcism Conducted by the Symphony

In thick turgor pressed out
flew out formed worm
out, out flew whole
and slick, warm and thick
from a hole greased log of
mischief foisted forth in fun
and back to forth in glottal
gurgling burble—
flapping maestro—
out, shimmied out from plush
cello swaddling low and
out, wriggles out the
maggot botfly belly-buried
burrowed and hidden, you
nutriment-filch, you
house-wreck: out,
Wretch! Flop and writhe
there, animate tumor,
spread—no, disperse—no
poof, cue cymbal &
fermata.

Tanner Crunelle

October, 20-something, After Picnic

Gold sun, eyes gray.

You: *we're in flux.*

It is autumn, I say.

Melty at touching. Me away

from you the breeze sucks.

Alight my back, bright ray!

A curling leaf to stay

from branch the wind plucks

in autumn. (A sway).

The twisted timer belts a bray—

noise of work a ruckus—

It is. Autumn assay

the light in a day.

Winter fix you what bucks.

Circle fall you, foray.

Lips you in waylay.

Mind you who mucks.

Gold sun, eyes gray: *It is autumn*, I say.

Bill Neumire

Foreword

we have to make choices simple contained systems all the turning
points a steady accumulation it is hard to think
why is it so hard? in the context of constraints (views about what
should be) centrally controlled do you really understand? how
do we design a system that says “yes” to the fire all at once to place a
load-bearing wall with a delicate touch alive in the hands my hope

Antistrophe:

*I lie on the couch & listen to the furnace
breathe the house:
Last night an old barn caught fire
outside town & no one called it in,
but I watched it like an exotic flower
in a field of snow:
I see screens all day:
I pay:
the winter window reflects our family photos:
I've already made myself
a ghost:
Tomorrow I'll put my boots on & step through
the soft dusting
& turn on the car: I'll turn on the engine & play a
song about collective restlessness:
Maybe about love, but it's only a song
if it's about something not here, not now*

Bill Neumire

Chapter 1: The Power

Feeds

The real
invisible hand passed
the punchline: every morning our lives grow steadily
brightly lit aisles
no central authority
making a finite supply of everything worth having

how does it all work? concern is a luxury good
a black-and-white television channel

we both excitedly signed up for an evening:
“at the moment, you are reading
instead of working, playing with the dog,
applying to law school, shopping for groceries,
or having sex.”

how do we manage? the cost
of something is what you must give up
(eco eco) the data speak
land, steel, knowledge

the guiding principle is relatively simple
in a warehouse full of sweatshirts:
pleasure
the medicine
will be sold to dogs and people at different prices

amoral diamonds are not worth water
criminals are innovative beautifully adapted species
self-correcting nostalgically
dressed in sharp uniforms often with bow ties

Antistrophe:

In the brightly lit chip aisle

I sat sudden & read about Nick Cave:

I listened to his razed voice

as he said loss is our collective condition:

I listened to his songs & the bouquet

*of red & yellow bags, sliced, fried, preserved
hearts of the earth:*

I read his addiction, his dying dead children,

*his mountainous, cavernous lostness,
& I cried in the bustle, to myself, for myself,
& to the families picking out their chips
& I cried to the clerks in their hustle, & to the
boys out in the snowy lot collecting carts:
It was darkening outside but this was a clear,
well-lit aisle & I was ready right then to reach*

Bill Neumire

2: incentives

On the black market communal
violence in the region grinds on
rhino-horn daggers self-interest
in any system how bad can it
get? The machinery that was
installed never worked properly
the foul air consumption
was designed to take advantage
please see a manager steal
without getting caught
a future stream an excellent
postmortem transaction
many individuals are drawing
from a common resource what
happens? the pattern is well
established small shops on main
street are closed and boarded up
this thought process does not lead us
here, as elsewhere only an
analytical framework for thinking
about important questions
our best hope for improving the
human condition is to understand
why we act the way we do and then
plan accordingly

Antistrophe:

Time is money but money isn't time; it's language. I read a book about making choices & not one of its awful words rhymed. Great destructions will be good for us, it said, as a people on a continuum, but of course that's a long con for the crimson annuals, for the lake rust, for the small town engagement.

Lynn Strongin and Marguerite Strongin

Rain on Doll Hospital

1. The Listeners



THE LOVE IS NOT OLD only the letters;
I take them to the porch to read
Your lightning bug needs more light before they crack,

Make the brilliant move of getting the words together;
Churchilian eloquence
Brush up against the grindstone of life

Get pulled.

Maneuver victory.

He took the lectern, the great historian

And for an hour I stopped worrying about my soul

While light hit the dusky classroom like a hatch of fireflies.

Lynn Strongin and Marguerite Strongin

2. Mother and Child



WE FOLD ONE MORE EVENING away on a shelf.
Linen, Lamb.

Lit by moon. If not born here, drawn here. Steam still puffing out of the engine.

Or cozy up. Nava, a reckless romantic plunge.

Continuing our journey across the Cotswolds; trench coat to chin, ciggie-lighting.
Jaw-dropping. Liven up the yeast, bread-making.

Honey-colored stone,

Instead of IV's. top marks. you are a grasshopper reading. Carrot-top.

Rembrandt's son. Leggy, years nine.

Rule out aphrodisiacs

Home over hospital our secret ceremony is unfolded with the sachet in the
pillow, beloved, my Lesbian, we fold in.

Lynn Strongin and Marguerite Strongin

3. Girl Reading



Having my hair cut
The bridle-like curls twirl, his pointy hooves are shoe-polish black.

Ebony against ivory air. Taste it. Want not waste. . .Like barber shop poles
But
Above all aren't I a girl

No pearl-ping rouge
But having learnt young
 You have to pinch your cheeks
 To a rouge if you want to get married. Just as you have to rock till you get
the feeling if you want love's first shock and bruise.

Lynn Strongin and Marguerite Strongin

4. Viola



Sizing & resizing the page to the screen
-letters slip off, I draw them in again

Lithe ponies
Who balk at the rein.
As I do, temperament & tenderness

Year five
On this island, my bed, sifting fairy-tale dust thru my fingers.
Surrounded by waves of vellum: language-legs tremble:
 I harness lost-letter leather till tautened, it finds
 The one who got away: the fine poem, the best one.

Lynn Strongin and Marguerite Strongin

5. Coda: Flowers in Silk Sunlight



I take a broom out the back door
It snows. I sweep snow.
I am not a doll.

I keep the darkness away
While a little motor goes down the dirt road
And ever thing riles my lover.

Illness distorts;
convex lens
Becoming concave. Forgiveness

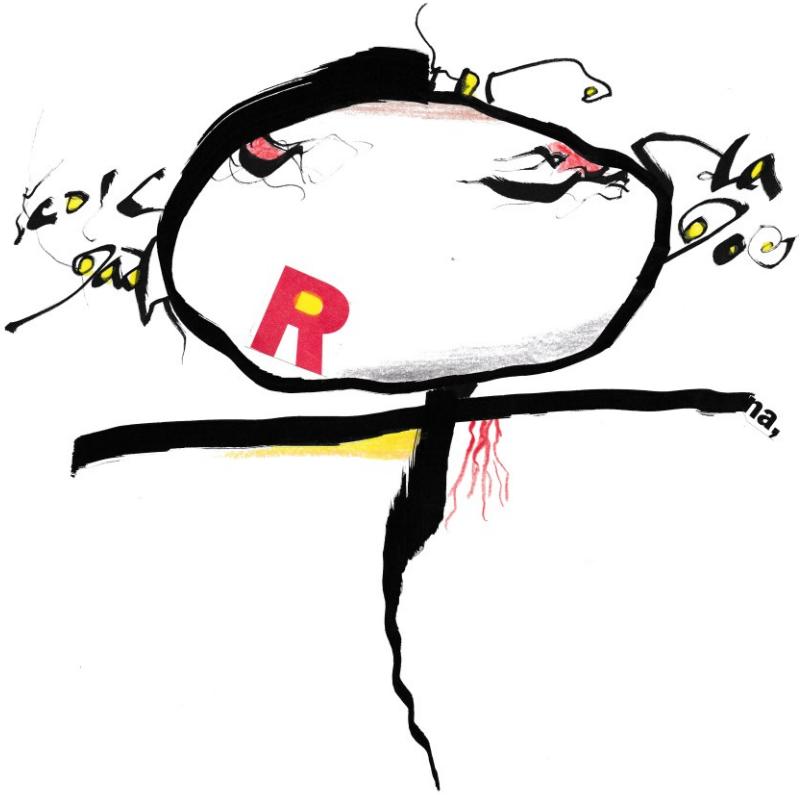
The loss; it is a pain in the left rib. I am a bird, not a child. *Was once*, now Bubula asks why I went in iron leg braces all those years, until the door opened on eternity, a falcon, I flew home on my Jesse; nothing now riled. My angels were good to me.

Note: Poetry by Lynn Strongin; Artwork by Marguerite Strongin.

John M. Bennett



John M. Bennett



John M. Bennett

caged toilets in a storm

my throat washed out , its
sticky air regueldo thick
with ants & coffee , grounds
impacted with yr shore regrets
, it's the swirling of depiction
lingo , insecticide redilution
& my exmemorial memory of
fog glistening in my face : yr
defected shadow slaw or sore
bit my tongue's nexplanation , a
globular thumb instead of my eye

- *fistive dog*
- *bark explunged*
- *hammers flushed*

John M. Bennett

split neck crawls across yr foot

ants will circle in yr shoe its
tongue baloney limp door
yr route collapsd . yr
sidewalk gland yr thot teeth
sunk in soup . rain cornered
on the sandwich moulding in
yr pocket , it's what ate will
eat of you , a mirrored wind
drops off the shredded roof
 Ã ~ ~ ~

John M. Bennett

alba libresca

seizure bound with grocery
lists hand smeared with
batteries a frozen
book of concatenation it's
yr inches drawn with water

towels gray with dust
fill the sink yr mirror in
mire shines inside yr
mouth my misty trapdoor
shaking as a dawn squeezed up

John M. Bennett

lo que el gato no me regaló

½ an empty hamster
in my chest rotting
door the eyes creep ou

t

forma gasolinera me
mordiste la lengua

con tripas minúsculas
sombrero mío Hache
inrespirante ca a

í

sobre el codo sobre el
pecho con su vacío resplandeciente

John M. Bennett

las hojas explosivas

the trees are an exploding river
revir del nariz no huela más el
ahora ya se comía ni le queda
aire es un foco

árbol de fuego empapado yo
el estacado que apenas camina
entre los libros de piedra que me
guían y me estorban el sendero

John M. Bennett

el túnel del tochtli

uttered dripping where my
plate cracked a luncheon
crusted broken
lightswitch falls to the
thick floor

was a burnt calendar
was a tooth shiny in
a mirror was yr grumbly
mouth gravel is
rotting rabbit

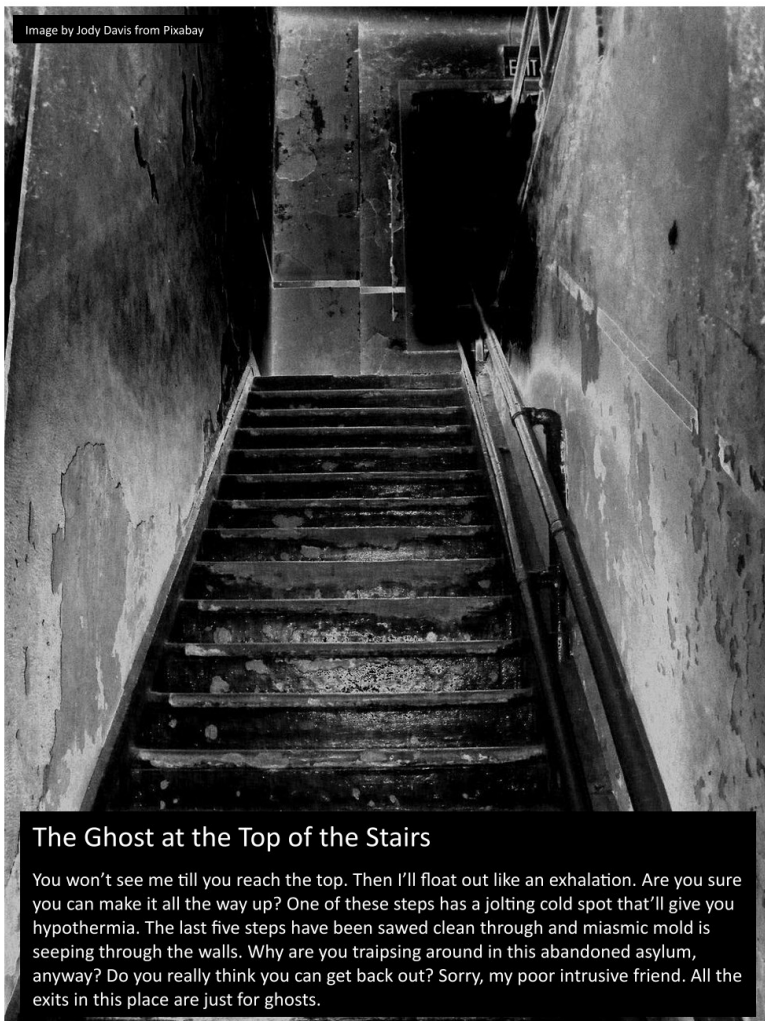
Ghost For Hire

I'm en route to my next assignment, gliding like a limousine down a road of frozen air. If people are too dead to speak for themselves, that's when they hire me. I waft into the witness stand at murder trials and scream the victim's side of the story. I haunt the dark bedrooms of killers' minds till they flee to the cops and frantically confess. What do I get out of it? The delicious frisson of hearing justice roar, plus ten percent of the flowers on your grave. If you're buried too deep to say "She poisoned me!", let me be your howling mouth.



Photo by Simom Caban on Unsplash

Pamela Miller



Pamela Miller



Photo by Mikhail Nilov on Pexels

The Hippie Ghost

I never wanted the '60s to end. So I strangled myself with my beads on New Year's Eve 1969. The rot was on the fruit after Altamont, and things could only get worse. The hereafter is a glorious light show, a hullabaloo of colors I can't even name. Every year on August 1st—Jerry Garcia's birthday—I come back from my heavenly Haight to visit my living friends. I materialize before them in a gust of incense, a mandala pulsing in my throat. But decay's squishy hand has caressed them too, and now I watch as they crumble into their eighties. Our shimmering generation swore they'd change the world, but these days they hardly change their underwear. It's as tragic as the day Otis Redding was pulled from the lake. Nothing lasts forever except ghosts.

Pamela Miller

The Rejected Ghost

I asked Denise to the prom, but of course she guffawed in my face. "I don't date spindly boys!" she huffed. Maybe it wasn't such a good idea to blow my brains out with Dad's gun. But if she ever changes her mind, I'll be waiting here by eternity's weird phone. Maybe she won't be so picky when she's forty. Maybe my ghost could sneak back from the beyond and surprise her. I'd say: "Look, I brought you a bouquet of white roses. Let me wipe the blood off them first."

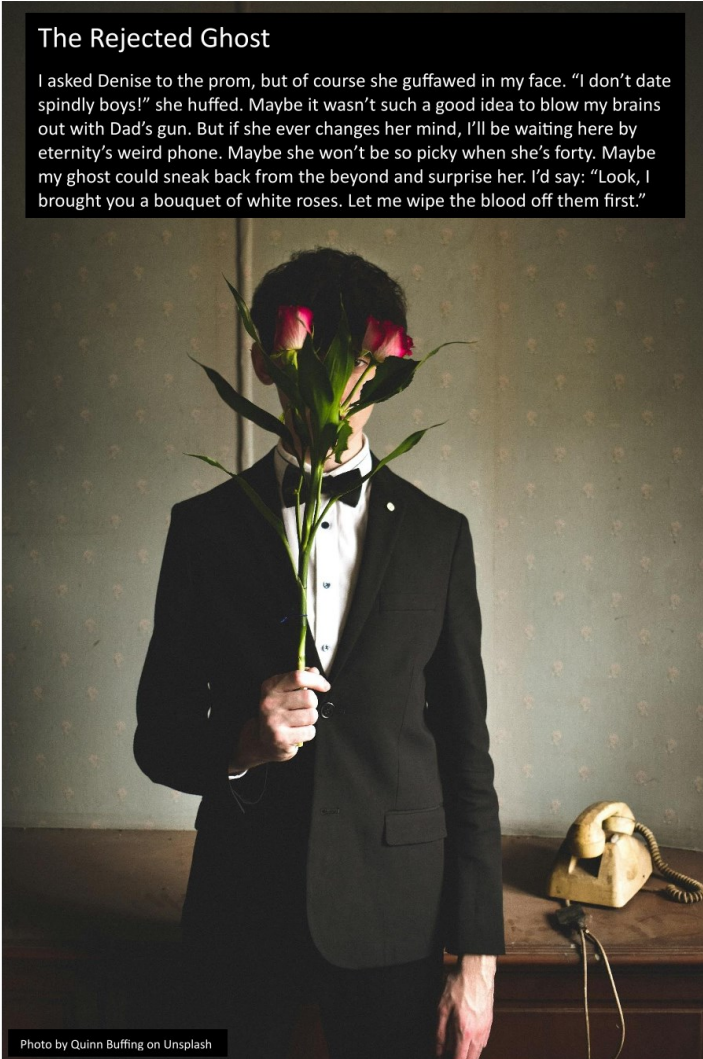


Photo by Quinn Buffing on Unsplash

Pamela Miller



The Sharp-Dressed Ghost

And another thing that bugs me about being dead: I miss all the new fashion trends. How can I resist coming back to check them out? If you work in men's apparel, you've probably seen me—a smeamy shadow bobbing among the suit racks or ectoplasmically fingering fur coats. It's hard to find collars that fit decapitated guys like me. And jackets that don't droop on fleshless shoulders. But I frequent certain secret boutiques! It's a kind of shoplifting nobody can prevent. Watch me whisk your inventory off to kingdom come.

Benjamin Norman Pierce

Making The Rounds ii.



one angry teardrop reminds us of the dust our windows tolerate
the dust our windows tolerate guards hard clarity against the glare
hard clarity against the glare lets dirty wind travel defiant
dirty wind, travel defiant along the walls of glass we stack
along the walls of glass we stack we deny our dust and deny our wind
we deny our dust and deny our wind; one angry teardrop reminds us.

Benjamin Norman Pierce

Making The Rounds v.



I began my weighty venture loaded down to live a life
loaded down to live a life I juggled what I lost and stole and traded
I juggled what I lost and stole and traded, I spun often before I advanced
I spun often before I advanced, and I suddenly dropped my juggling
and I suddenly dropped my juggling, I began my weighty venture.

Benjamin Norman Pierce

Making The Rounds vi.



I began my empty wandering equipped with calculate hunger
equipped with calculate hunger I served to free the weighty of their crust
I served to free the weighty of their crust, I wondered at my own hard contraction
I wondered at my own hard contraction, I became a hard and openless blade
I became a hard and openless blade, I could cut but I could not hunger now
I could cut but I could not hunger, now I wandered insoluble in night's lost rubble
now I wandered insoluble in night's lost rubble, I began my empty wandering.

Benjamin Norman Pierce

Making The Rounds xi.



when I have ended my thirst I will decree a river
I will decree a river as proof of my mountains' bounty
as proof of my mountains bounty I will look to sky's wheeling escape
I will look to sky's wheeling escape when I have ended my thirst.

Benjamin Norman Pierce

Making The Rounds xii.



I aspire to the spiral as the escape from my wheel
the escape from my wheel I will disdain circumference
I will disdain circumference to avoid my life as a point
to avoid my life as a point I aspire to the spiral as.

Benjamin Norman Pierce

Making The Rounds xiii.



I accounted all my luck the molding of my wishes
the molding of my wishes was made hostage to the hand that hardens the world;
made hostage to the hand that hardens the world in the moment's free plasticity
in the moment's free plasticity I accounted all my luck.

Dan Dorman

Jack

Jack

used

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Dan Dorman

Jack

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Dan Dorman

Jack

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Dan Dorman

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Dan Dorman

Jack

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Dan Dorman

Jack

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Dan Dorman

Jack

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Dan Dorman

Jack

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heard
no
reply

He
pled
to god to
assail his
wasted &
pitiful soul

: a squirrel

Dan Dorman

Jack

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his
head

Dan Dorman

Jack

Except

for

hope

he might

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well

be

dead

Dan Dorman

Jack

in and out of his mind

—its presence flowing

indefensible

describe as divine

he trembled

heights he could only

before which

into ambrosial

of light

cast him

a flash

Suddenly

Dan Dorman

Jack

in time
indeterminately
of essences
physical lenses
of infinites
to be primitive
increments
implemented
and still
he saw life's
B*ack & forth*

Dan Dorman

Jack

And

Jack

saw his vestment
was just as heaven sent

as any other

sentient

sentiment

Dan Dorman

Jack

He

k

new

there is

nothing

to w o

r r
y

a b o
u t

when you are

w(holy)e

you
inside
& out

Ian Cappelli

of transposing the difficulty // from the limbs

the world // a half-remembered // half

rung // of curtains //

Ian Cappelli

// we toss these faces // into the gulch

// // my mother // // is there anyone //

limbs // // this world // arborescent

what to do? // more words // no pictures

Diaphanous trees expose | ideal | pastry

Ian Cappelli

Who sees over the shape of a cryptograph? The little anteater

A row of red ants, climbing up the leg of the end table [not pictured].

Emptied land. An anteater [not pictured]. Ants [not pictured].

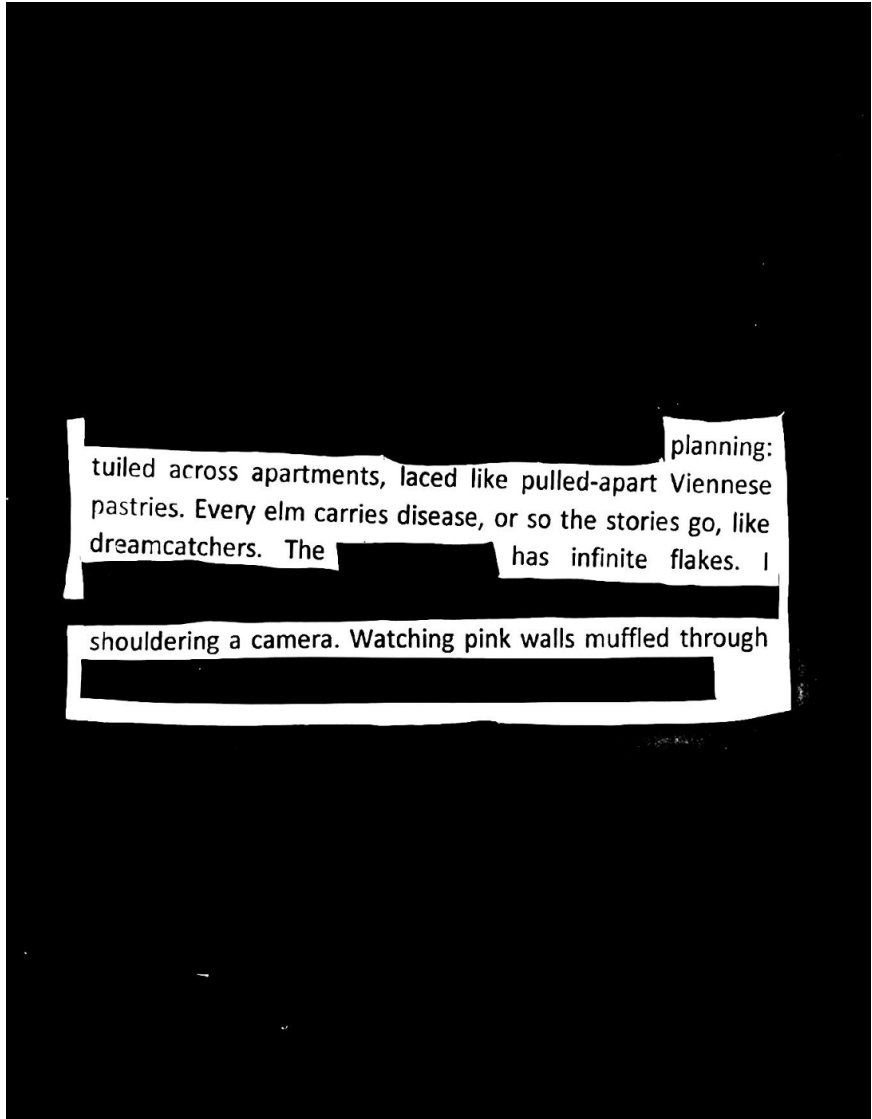
Ian Cappelli

and there could be such cruelty // in the mouth // shards // of house

monetarily speaking // // to own a house // is to say // you own

the reclamation plans // of survival // // as speech is written // it ends

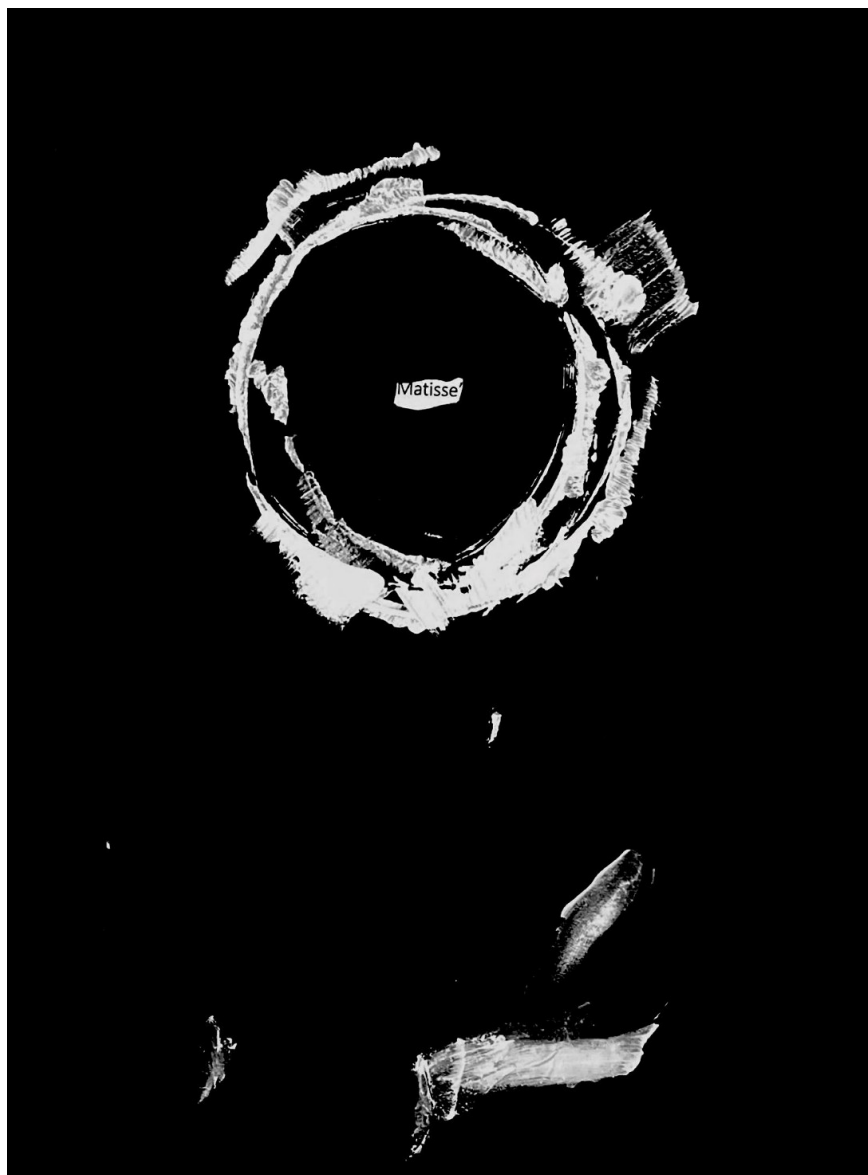
// in the duplex // of your jaw // without notice // //



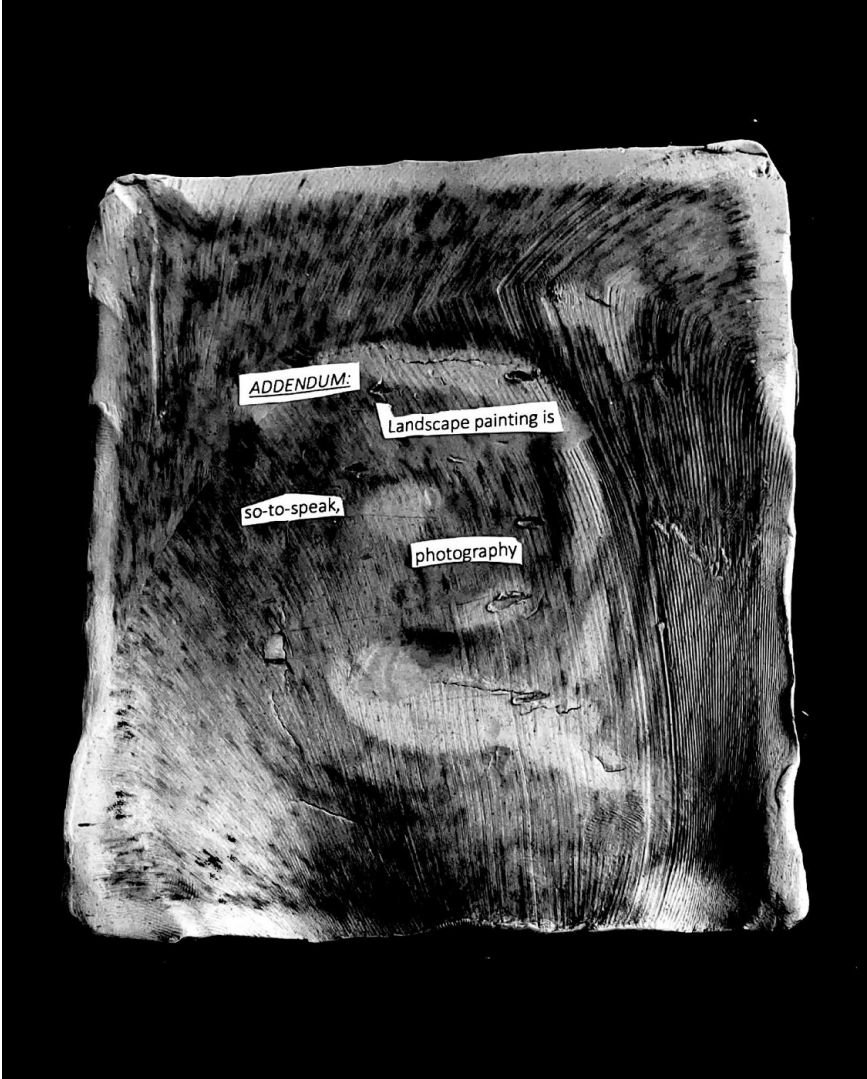
to examine the paint, to divide the ceiling into its ideal.

Imperfection distinguishes the map. The firmament. Pixelate
yourself enough to watch yourself depicted as pixels through
the apartment door, laptop in hand, camera facing camera.

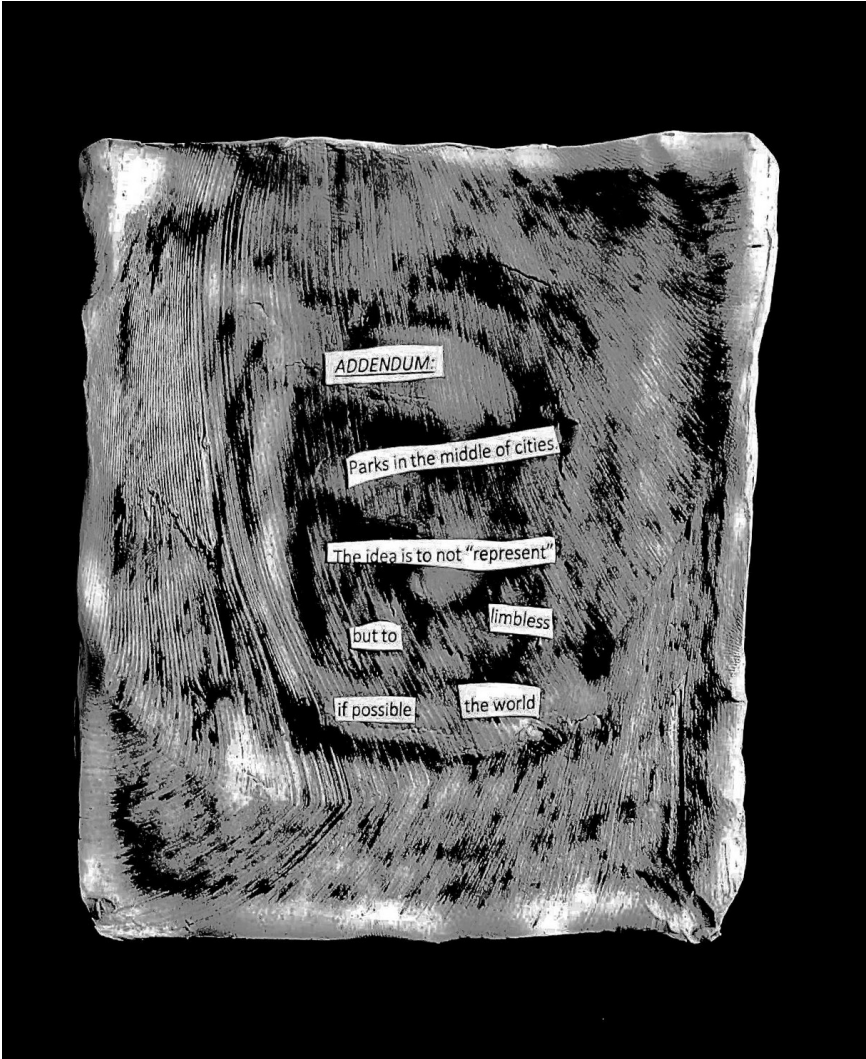
Ian Cappelli



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Angela Caporaso

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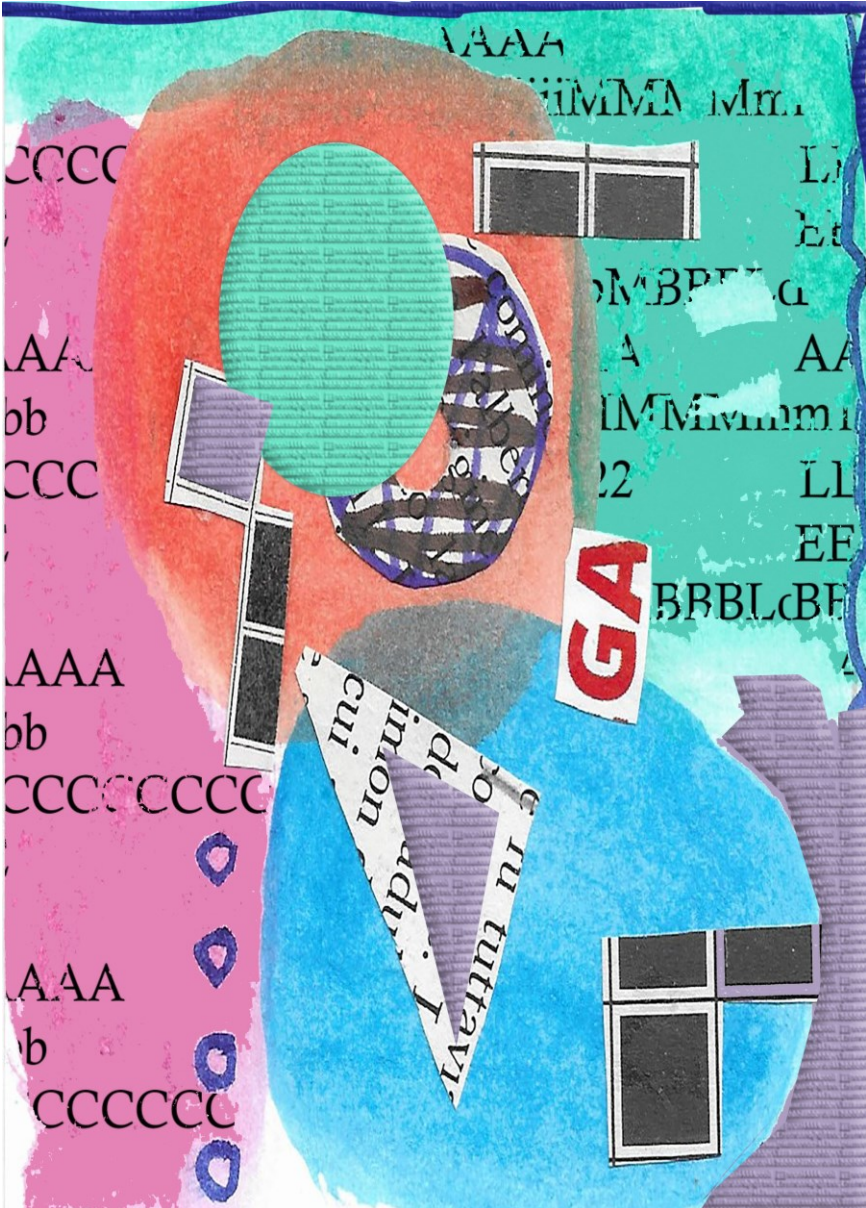
Angela Caporaso

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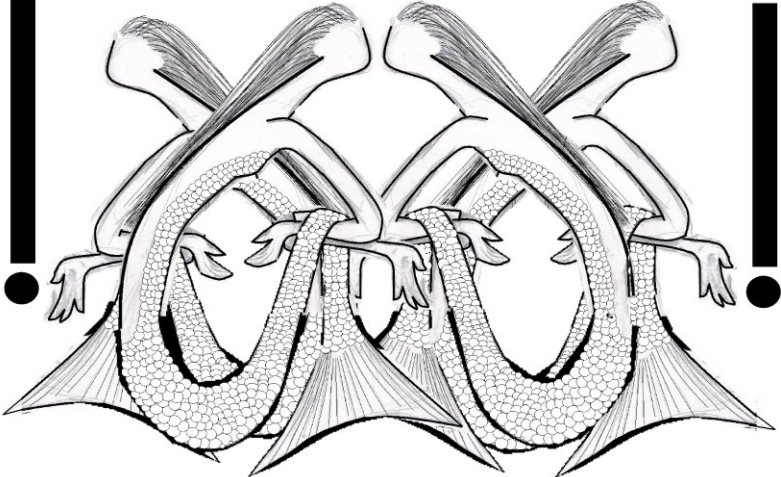
Angela Caporaso

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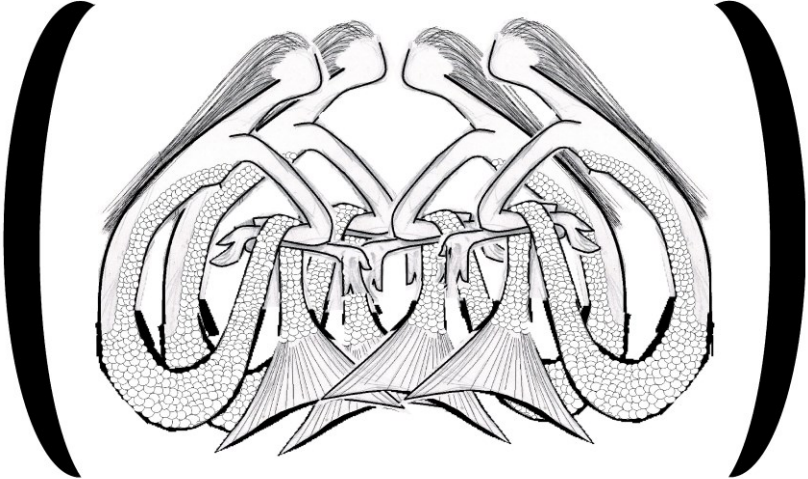
Diana Magallón

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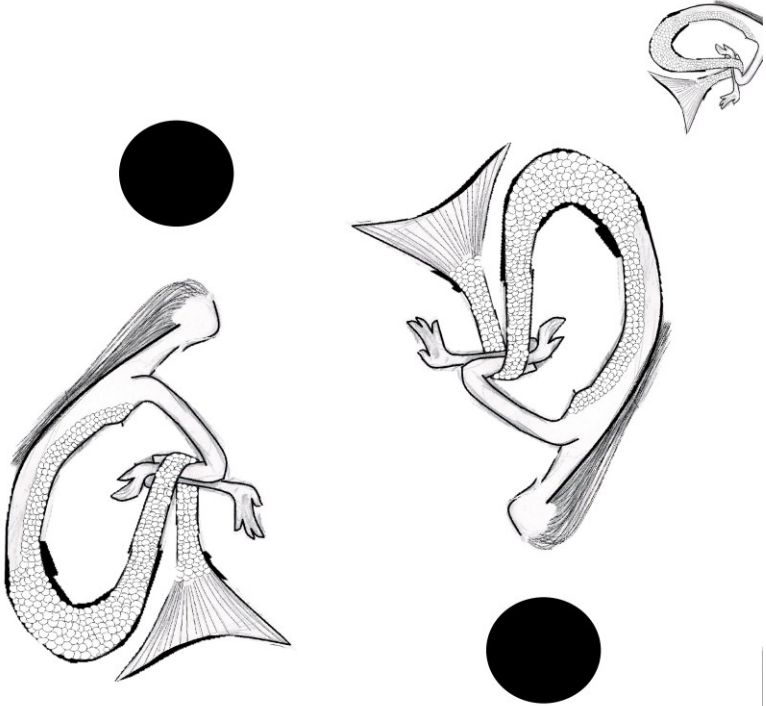


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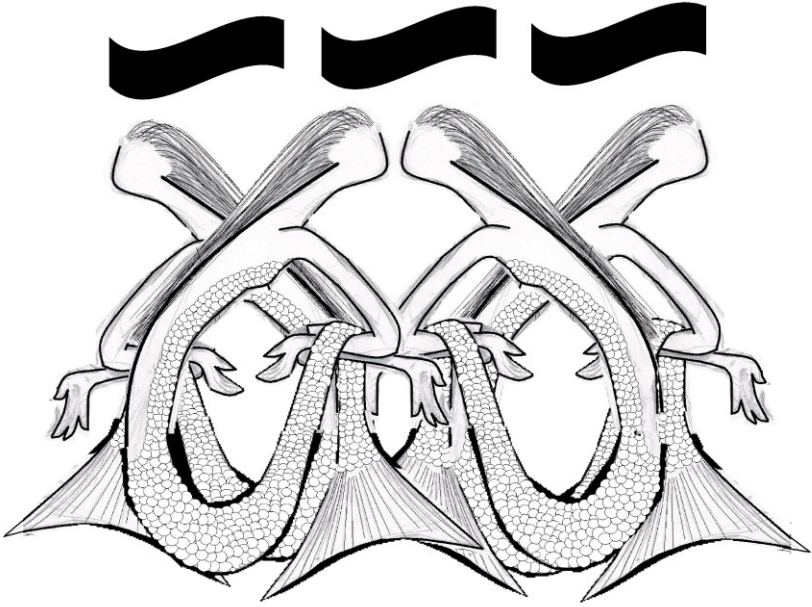
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Jasper Glen

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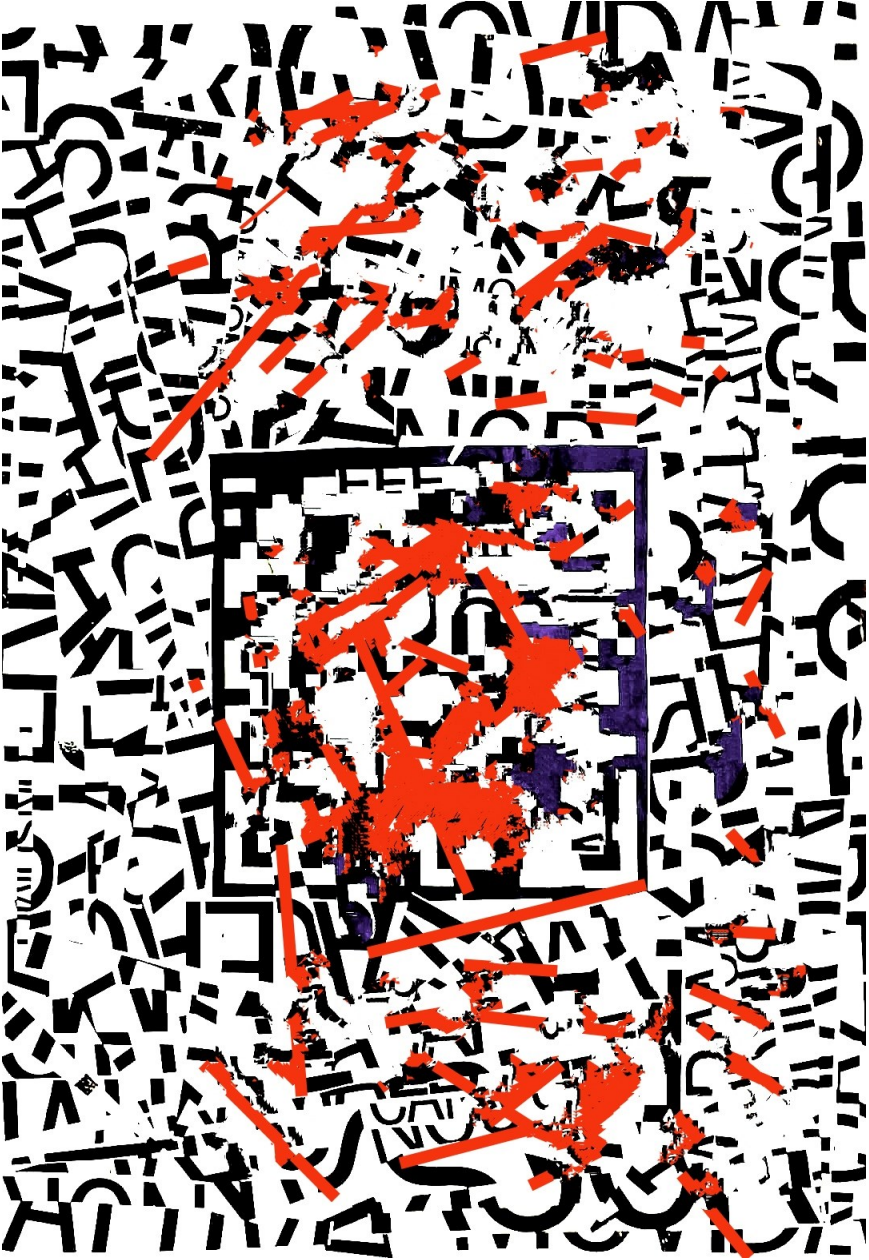


Serse Luigetti





Serse Luigietti



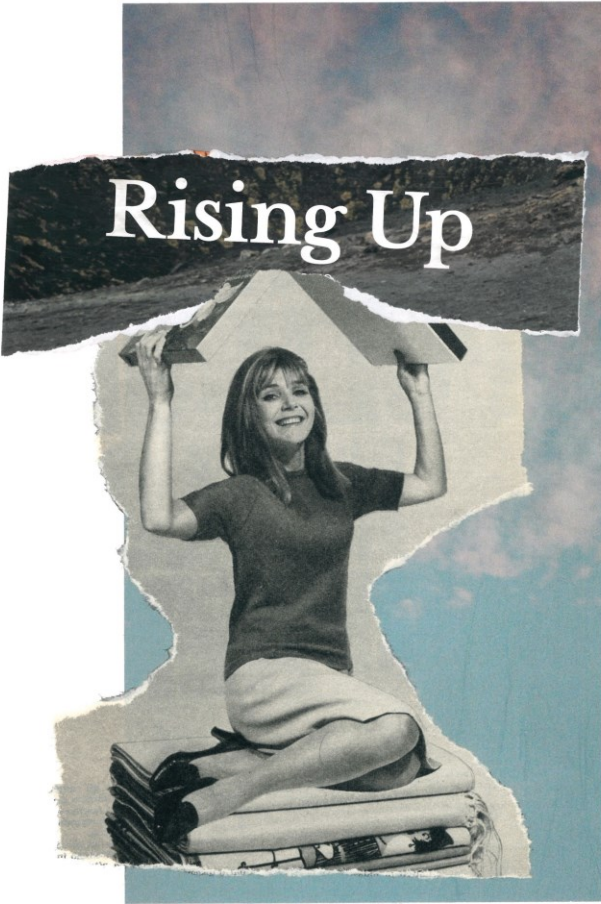
Serse Luigi



Serse Luigetti



Luc Fierens and Elena Marini



F. Luc Fierens
2014

Luc Fierens and Elena Marini



Luc Fierens
2024

Luc Fierens and Elena Marini



Luc Fierens
2014

Luc Fierens



Fierens
2021

Elena Marini



F L M

Brian Strang

origins



The full video is available at wordforword.info/vol43/Strang.html

Contributors' Notes

Marcia Arrieta's books include *within sky* (BlazeVOX Books, 2022), *through time waves* (Arteidolia Press, 2022), *perimeter homespun* (BlazeVOX books, 2019), *archipelago counterpoint* (BlazeVOX books, 2015), and *triskelion, tiger moth, tangram, and thyme* (Otoliths Books, 2011). She edits the journal *Indefinite Space*.

Christopher Barnes co-edits the poetry magazine *Interpoetry*. His reviews and criticism have appeared in *Poetry Scotland*, *Jacket Magazine*, *Peel*, and *Combustus*. He has given readings in numerous venues, including Waterstones Bookshop, Newcastle's Morden Tower, and the Proudwords lesbian and gay writing festival. His poetry collection *LOVEBITES* was published by Chanticleer Press in 2005. He lives in Newcastle, UK.

John M. Bennett has published over 400 books and chapbooks of poetry and other materials. He has published, exhibited and performed his word art worldwide in thousands of publications and venues. He was editor and publisher of *LOST AND FOUND TIMES* (1975-2005), and is Founding Curator of the Avant Writing Collection at The Ohio State University Libraries. Richard Kostelanetz has called him "the seminal American poet of my generation". His work, publications, and papers are collected in several major institutions, including Washington University (St. Louis), SUNY Buffalo, The Ohio State University, The Museum of Modern Art, and other major libraries. His PhD (UCLA 1970) is in Latin American Literature. His latest books are *Select Poems*, Poetry Hotel Press/Luna Bisonte Prods, 2016; *The World of Burning*, Luna Bisonte Prods, 2017; *Poemas visuales, con movimientos con ruidos con combinaciones* (with Osvaldo Cibils), Deep White Sound, 2017; *Olas Cursis*, Luna Bisonte Prods, 2018, *Sesos Extremos*, Luna Bisonte Prods, 2018; *Dropped in the Dark Box*, Luna Bisonte Prods, 2019; *Leg Mist*, Luna Bisonte Prods, 2019; *OJJETE*, Luna Bisonte Prods, 2020; *Having Been Named: De-Reading Popol Vuh*, Luna Bisonte Prods, 2021; *ISKNOT*, Luna Bisonte Prods, 2021; *SIX MONTHS HACKING* (with Jim Leftwich; Luna Bisonte Prods, 2021; and *FORMATIO EST*, (Luna Bisonte Prods, 2022).. He is co-editor, with Geoffrey D. Smith, of two works by William S. Burroughs: *Everything Lost: The Latin American Notebook of William S. Burroughs*; and *William S. Burroughs' "The Revised Boy Scout Manual": An Electronic Revolution*; both published by The Ohio State University Press.

Stephen Bett is a widely and internationally published Canadian poet with 26 books in print from BlazeVOX, Chax, Spuyten Duyvil, & others. His personal papers are archived in the "Contemporary Literature Collection" at Simon Fraser University. His website is stephenbett.com.

Megan Breiseth is the author of the chapbook *Zia* (Mrs. Maybe Press) and co-author of the chapbook *the longer you stay here* (Featherboard). Her poems have appeared in *Parentheses*, *Rise Up Review*, *sPARKLE* and *bLINK*, and

antiphony. Her full-length manuscript, *Sun Blue*, was selected as a finalist for this year's Airlie Prize. She lives in the Bay Area with her wife, son, pets, and plants.

Angela Caporaso was born in 1962. A visual artist from Caserta, Italy, she began to take an interest in figurative arts in the eighties, exhibiting repeatedly both in Italy and abroad.

Ian Cappelli's work has recently appeared, or is forthcoming, in *Best New Poets* (2023), *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Bennington Review*, *The Iowa Review*, *Blackbird*, *The Florida Review*, *West Branch*, *RHINO*, *The Journal*, and *Palette Poetry*, among others. He is a creative writing (poetry) PhD student at the University of Denver.

Joel Chace has published work in print and electronic magazines such as *Lana Turner*, *Survision*, *Eratio*, *Otoliths*, *Word For/Word*, *Golden Handcuffs Review*, *New American Writing*, and *The Brooklyn Rail*. His full-length collections include *matter no matter*, from Paper Kite Press, *Humors*, from Paloma Press, *Threnodies*, from Moria Books, *fata morgana*, from Unlikely Books, and *Maths*, from Chax Press. *Underrated Provinces* is just out from Mad Hat Press. For more than forty years, Chace was a working jazz pianist. He is an NEH Fellow.

Matthew Cooperman is a poet, educator, editor and ecocritic. He is the author of eight books,, most recently, *the atmosphere is not a perfume it is odorless* (Free Verse Editions/Parlor Press, forthcoming 2024) and *Wonder About The*, winner of the Halcyon Prize (Middle Creek, 2023) as well as *NOS (disorder, not otherwise specified)*, w/Aby Kaupang, (Futurepoem, 2018), *Spool*, winner of the New Measure Prize (Free Verse Editions/Parlor Press, 2016), and other volumes.. A Founding Editor of the exploratory prose journal *Quarter After Eight*, Cooperman received his PhD in English from Ohio University. He is Co-Poetry Editor for *Colorado Review*, and Professor of English at Colorado State University. He lives in Fort Collins with his wife, the poet Aby Kaupang, and their children. More info at <http://matthewcooperman.org>.

Tanner Crumelle earned his M.F.A. from the College of Charleston, where he was the Woodfin Fellow in poetry from 2022-2024. During this time, he also studied philosophy at the European Graduate School and worked for *swamp pink Literary Magazine* (Editorial Assistant) and Charleston Literary Festival (Writer). He recently moved to Ithaca, New York, where he is now earning a Ph.D. in Literatures in English at Cornell University. He likes mustard-based barbecue sauce and hot tea.

Dan Dorman's work can be found at Ice Floe Press, in the anthology *The Light Enters the Grove*, and at his website, dandorman.com.

Mark Dow is the author of *Plain Talk Rising*.

Mark DuCharme's sixth full-length book of poetry, *Here, Which Is Also a Place*, was published in 2022 by Unlikely Books. That same year, his chapbook *Scorpion Letters* was released by Ethel. Later this year, C22 Open Editions will publish his collection *Thousands Blink Outside*. His poetry has appeared widely in such venues as *BlazeVOX*, *Blazing Stadium*, *Caliban Online*, *Colorado Review*, *Eratio*, *First Intensity*, *Gas*, *Indefinite Space*, *New American Writing*, *Noon*, *Otoliths*, *Shiny*, *Spinozablue*, *Talisman*, *Typo*, *Unlikely Stories*, *Word/for Word*, *The Writing Disorder*, and *Poetics for the More-Than-Human World: An Anthology of Poetry and Commentary*. A recipient of the Neodata Endowment in Literature and the Gertrude Stein Award in Innovative American Poetry, he lives in Boulder, Colorado, USA.

Luc Fierens is a networked collagist and visual poet provocateur. Together with Elena Marini they are considered as the Poesia Visiva 'enfants terribles' for their authentic radical vision.

Neil Flory is the author of mudtrombones knotted in the spill (Arteidolia Press, 2023). A Pushcart Prize nominee for "hail", appearing in the September 2022 issue of swifts & slows, Flory's poetry has also appeared in various journals such as Superpresent, Sleet, shufPoetry, Down in the Dirt, and Fleas on the Dog. Beyond his literary work, he is a composer of classical music, a college music professor, and a pianist whose enthusiasm for improvisation in live recital settings knows no bounds. He lives among the wooded hills and lakeshores of Western New York State with his wife, published poet and fiction writer Elaine Flory, and their three hyperactive cats.

Laura Hope-Gill is a deaf writer and painter. Her work appears in *13th Moon*, *Bayou*, *Briar Cliff Review*, *Cape Rock*, *Carquinez Poetry Review*, *Chattahoochee Review*, *Cincinnati Review*, *Cold Mountain Review*, *Diagram*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Hampden-Sydney Review*, *Green Hills Literary Lantern*, *Illuminations*, *Laurel Review*, *Madison Review*, *Mindprints*, *North Carolina Literary Review*, *Parabola*, *Phantasmagoria*, *Poet Lore*, *Primavera*, *Owen Wister Review*, *Rivendell*, *Sortes*, *South Carolina Review*, *Spillway*, *Willows Wept Review*, *Wrath-Bearing Tree*, *Xavier Review*, and other journals. Her poem "The Dimension of Dog" was nominated by *Denver Quarterly* for the 2022 Pushcart Prize. She holds an MFA in Poetry from Warren Wilson College, and is the founding director of the MFA program at Lenoir-Rhyne University. She founded the multicultural poetry festival Asheville Wordfest and was named the first poet laureate of the Blue Ridge Parkway. She has published several books, including co-authoring *Look Up Asheville: An Architectural Journey* Vol. 1 (2010) and *Look Up Asheville Collection II* (2011) by the Grateful Steps Foundation. She enjoys playing the piano, dog sitting, and sailing.

Jasper Glen is a poet and artist from Vancouver. His work appears or is forthcoming in *The Brooklyn Review*, *A Gathering of the Tribes*, *Posit*, *Rogue Agent*, *BlazeVOX*, *Another Chicago Magazine*, and elsewhere. Poems have been nominated for Best New Poets and the Pushcart Prize.

David Hadbawnik is a poet, translator, and medieval scholar. Recent books include a translation of the *Aeneid* (Shearsman, 2023); an edited volume, *Postmodern Poetry and Queer Medievalisms* (Medieval Institute Publications, 2022); and a book of poetry, *Holy Sonnets to Orpheus and Other Poems* (Delete Press, 2018). He currently lives in the Minneapolis area with his wife and family.

Jeff Harrison has publications from Writers Forum, Persistencia Press, and Furniture Press. He has e-books from BlazeVOX and Argotist Ebooks. His poetry has appeared in *An Introduction to the Prose Poem* (Firewheel Editions), *Noon: An Anthology of Short Poems* (Isobar Press), three Meritage Press hay(na)ku anthologies, *Sentence: a Journal of Prose Poetics*, *Otoliths*, *Moria*, *Indefinite Space*, and elsewhere.

Jeffrey Kingman lives by the Napa River in Vallejo, California. His poetry collection, *Beyond That Hill I Gather*, was published by Finishing Line Press in June of 2021. His poetry chapbook, *On a Road*, was published by Finishing Line Press in December of 2019. He is the winner of the 2018 Eyelands Book Award (Greece) for an unpublished poetry book, a finalist in the 2018 Hillary Gravendyk Prize poetry book competition, and a finalist in the 2022 Prime Number Magazine Award for Poetry. He has poems published in *PANK*, *Clackamas Literary Review*, *Crack the Spine*, *Visitant*, and others. Jeffrey is a copy editor at Omnidawn Publishing. He has a Master's degree in Music Composition and has been playing drums in rock bands most of his life.

Diana Magallón says that drawing was her first language. She is the author of *Oxygenation*, *De l'oiseau et de l'eau*, *largoscabellosflotantes*, *Bravísima Reseña* and *Fábulas Furtivas*. Her works have appeared in *Eratio*, *Word for/Word*, *Slova*, *Compostxts*, *Fenamizah*, *Moria*, *Sentence*, *Great Works*, *Otoliths*, *The New Postliterate*, and *Shampoo*, among others.

Elena Marini is a visual poet and activist based in Italy. Since 2001, she has been an internationally collaborating with visual artists, poets and activists working on independent projects such as mail-art and visual poetry denouncing societal abuses.

Pamela Miller's newest collection of poems is *How to Do the Greased Wombat Slide* (Unsolicited Press, 2024). She is the author of five other books, including *Recipe for Disaster* and *Miss Unthinkable* (both from Mayapple Press) and the visual poetry chapbook *Mr. Mischief* (forthcoming from dancing girl press). Her work has appeared in *BlazeVOX*, *Otoliths*, *shu!Poetry*, *RHINO*, *New Poetry From the Midwest*, and many other journals and anthologies. She is currently working on a new chapbook, *Ghost Stories*.

Bill Neumire's first poetry collection, *Estrus*, was a semi-finalist for the 42 Miles Press Award, and his second book, *#TheNewCrusades*, was a finalist for the Barrow Street Prize. His poems have appeared in *Harvard Review Online*, *Beloit Poetry*

Journal, and *West Branch*. In addition to writing, he also served as an assistant editor for the literary magazine *Verdad* and as a reviewer for *Vallum*.

Suzanne O'Connell's recently published work can be found in *Cantos*, *Chaffin Journal*, *Drunk Monkeys*, *Doubly Mad*, *El Portal Literary Journal*, *Flights*, *Ignatian Literary Magazine*, *Medicine and Meaning*, *Midwest Quarterly*, *Open: Journal of Arts and Letters*, *The Opiate*, *Paterson Literary Review*, *Perceptions Magazine*, *Pine Hills Review*, *Pink Panther Magazine*, *Rue Scribe*, *San Diego Poetry Annual*, *Silver Birch Press*, *Sublunary Review*, *Tulsa Review*, *Visitant Lit*, *Wrath-Bearing Tree*, and others. She was awarded second place in the 2019 Poetry Super Highway poetry contest. O'Connell was also nominated twice for the Pushcart Prize and received Honorable Mention in the Steve Kowitz Poetry Prize, 2019. Her two poetry collections, *A Prayer For Torn Stockings* and *What Luck*, were published by Garden Oak Press.

Benjamin Norman Pierce is a professional dishwasher with BA's in Philosophy, History, and English. He self-published a novel, "*Snuck Past Death and Sleep*," and has two albums available on Spotify. He has had graphics in *Penultimate Peanut*, *Ancient Heart*, *Convergence*, *Bitterzoet*, *Moebius* and *Aji*, and poetry in *Lilliput Review*, *Poesy*, *Dragonfly*, *Raintown Review*, *Red Owl*, *Scifaikuest*, *Free Verse*, *Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets Calendar*, *Primordial Traditions*, *Convergences*, *Acme: a Journal of Critical Geography*, *Journal of the Western Mystery Tradition*, *Chiron Review*, *Euphony*, *Alchemy*, *Poetica Review*, *Aji*, *Vagabond*, *the Triumvirate Anthology*, *The Bees Are Dead*, *Portland Metrozine*, *Innumerable Stumble*, *Fly In The Head*, *Aberration Labyrinth*, *Dreich*, *Word For Word*, *Locust Review*, *the Dillydoun Review*, *Rind*, *Blue Unicorn*, *Madswirl*. He is a recent cancer survivor.

D. E. Steward has many hundreds of literary magazine credits. His five volumes of *Chroma* are published by Avante-Garde Classics/Amazon (2018). *Chroma* is a month-to-month calendar book, the months are continuing past the books of them published and "Altamira" is one.

Brian Strang is a poet, visual artist and musician. He is the author of four full-length books of poems including, most recently, *Are You Afraid?* (Duration Press, 2022), reviewed in *Poetry Flash*. His poems, translations and essays have appeared in many journals, including *Big Other*, *The Rumpus*, *New American Writing*, *The Denver Quarterly*, *Inside Higher Ed.*, and (translated) in the Portuguese journal *DiVersos*. He was a founding editor of *26: A Journal of Poetry and Poetics* in the early 2000's. His paintings, music and other work can be found at brianstrang.com. He has been teaching writing at SFSU for over 25 years.

Adam Strauss lives in Louisville, KY. Most recently, poems of his appear in the *Brooklyn Rail*, *Blackbox Manifold*, *Black Warrior Review*, *The Columbia Review*, *Dream Pop*, and *Prelude*.

Lynn Strongin is a Pulitzer Prize nominee in poetry. She has poems in forty anthologies, and fifty journals, including *Poetry* and *New York Quarterly*. Alan Corkish notes that “*KIOSK* is heartbreaking but over and above that it is magnificently uplifting due in full to the exceptional talents of an exceptional poet.”

Marguerite Strongin was born in 1914 to Romanian parents. She studied with the great sculptor Archipenko, and at the Art Students League in New York City.

Steve Timm lives with his wife, Shari Bernstein, in Madison, Wisconsin, and is the author of *Rule of Composition*, *This's That*, *Un storia*, and *Disparity*.