

The LA

THE PHONE



Vol. 2, 2012-13

BOOK

COVER ART:

Lysette Elizabeth Simmons

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WILL **ALEXANDER**

BACK

BRIEF DOUBLE ANOMALIES

Much like a dwarf
fishing from a raft of negation
the fish dispel his powers
not because his skills have declined & acidified as ash
but because his voice withholds his structure
by dis-inhabiting his zenithal domain

*

Atop a blazing aural mountain
I am able to utter in free air
taking leave of a giant singular inferno
housed in burning circular ale

AN EXCERPT FROM *THE SAND GENIE*

*Had I known that the Germans would not succeed in producing an atomic bomb,
I would not have lifted a finger.*
- Albert Einstein

...the sand genie
perhaps a chronic solar registration
a mirage
an aura
a bell disguised in various forms
rising up from ocean bottoms
as various sigils of himself

not self-predicted
or an auto-somal scroll
understood as uranic registration
as Egyptian psycho-physical balance
but respiring as terminal sand tiempo

he who whispers & peers & marks down stages of powerful post-circulation
has decreed absence
through bodies in space
knowing his central substance as bio-evasive charisma

Knowing in himself lesser pan-cyclical movement
not as jettisoned crags
which self-consult themselves through wasteful refinement
understanding how stages are wrought
of how stages appear
beneath a dawn of combustive crows

there exists no motives to cancel the crows
to self-suggest their vaporization
or the absenting of their pure unmitigated haunting

at times
he collaborates with schist
through simultaneous emboldening
so much so
that he haunts beings near demise

at the base of his work
Intuitive self-haunting
secreted rural edicts
knowing himself to be poisonous tablature
which always reeks of mastication

he
the irradiated
having the power of migrational poison
at the stark inception of incalculable nullification
a polyphonic impostor
knowing the unsettled phonemes of the era
knowing its false composure
Its contained analytical imbalance
reeking of imbalance & oblivion

this being the mist of his un-bevelled background
devoid of ancient pacification & study
knowing his labour by impassioned falsehood
scattered as amnesial diamonds
all the while ascending active codes of negation

as seeming bio-electrical carbon
he makes substance appear
which remains a glossary of disorder
aligned with panicked silk through dissolution...

DIANA

ARTERIAN

BACK

30 magnifying
Well but
35 offering
of foam-dapple
and
40 greybell
like lakes
all—
45 all
till

16

felled
all felled
5 not one
Shadow
wind-wandering
O
10 we
rack
To touch,
like
15 a prick
Where we, where

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] and In [REDACTED]

Some [REDACTED]

yellowy

blear-all black
eye

[REDACTED] fingers

a-wanting, just
a-wanting
to

Come [REDACTED]

there

in close

[REDACTED] to
that
salt

[REDACTED]

Both

10

beat hand, heel

at

15

The vault

the mind.

silk-ash

under

the latch

20

And

Now

both horns

flower,

5

she

wilder

lawless,

10

air

on her,

Gorgon's

fangs.

Peace

wooddove,

When, when,

Peace?

kingfishers catch

draw flame

ring like

each

Bow
Each

thing

Selves—

myself

say more

what

for

56

she leans

like a hill,

5

long horns
form the
throat

10

hue's a various

creamy

dark

15

her fears,

flame-rings everywhere

57

like a

slender
space,

5

cocooning

10

copper powder feathers.
in my mouth

We the beautiful
shining flight

and we turned
smoothly and vertically
smooth and pale
where the water runs

I saw true like turning
a blade
bold coiling
into ribs

the dimness
combed away their sides
plainer

the same colour as
that fleshy blue sky
you see breathe and open
breaking
into string

think this-shaped  in hollows, (small
 between the knees)

 I have the other
 says catgut
 he says in
 unison very like
 a nightmare
 collapse This
 only this one
 centre of θυμός.⁹ the

9. Breath and life.

THERESE

BACHMANN

low slung and triangled
three'd to be right
stuccoed and shingled to tone
a beige harmonic
horizontal to pyracantha
signature of what is to come
girls to . . .
boys to . . .
Térèse over babies
over babies//
children as figurines
plot game or exit

front room addendum an awkward wall employs
too much space to think on chairs at attention
sided in reverie books thwart hallway as if to say
“knowledge denies entry” plastic houseplants
squared and boxed = eternally yours small
bells cherish the lean edges tingling abrupt inter-
ruptions time is not in motion but the reserve of
taut upholstery beware an expectation of comfort
of convivial repose best to perch atop the sofa
face the fire every bird will learn to sing

on our way down a jigsaw to
decode dropped chandeliers
homage to Saarinen
take off//lift off
leaving is
predesigned
stairs function dually
cliffs of paneling disclose
grand seams crossed + of disquiet
tinsel offers a cool impression of both
suspense & fated happenings

camel hair coats
knit cap plaid
shirt a bow
children have
have their own
authority/ purity
of intention does
a camel promise
water in a desert
the household
hinged on expectation
revolves
around a mystery
not satisfaction
of hopes but
surprised nature
of that delight
child waiting anticipates
surrender
of parentlove
unconditionally
gathering color
from a department store
visit
just as a smile
will reach zenith
as bulbflashes unable
to move my
locus pull stairs
to vacuum
cleaner the measured
devoter

horizontal to stairs cabinet enunciates a head & space books assimilate cheat of wall like ladder like bannister shelf becomes intuition inertia squanders rectangle constructing geometry problem allusion to vastness excess of zeros and repetition climbing to arrive one small tenderness sacrificed efficiency accounts breathe soft pitter patter of thoughts on words

MOLLY **BENDALL**

BACK

Comfort, Not to Needle It Flourish

Satellites orbit too close and you cock your head that way.

Slowness is the mode like the weather,
and to view you is how you view.

I was trying to fever it

closer but I have no guts and nothing
was clean about it.

When the heavy machinery is turned off for the day,
find yourself crooked

in your resting place, Why linger
in the world like that?
You'll be deposed soon under cotton skies.

More quiet, more hiding. And I had
a haunting gaze and a showy collarbone then.

How do we look now
in the roped-off area? You need a comb through.

In the wild, hundreds of us were bounding over sand dunes,
beyond air, beyond any wreckage we know.

Avenging Grottoes Flourish

Your nod hovers
over all the sleep of the week. I'll consolidate the bundles

and you'll be ready to transform: horns bud, scales go blue,
some perfume

poofs up in a fog. Sure you could be

the last face in the woods and I'd believe
the warm climates.

It's too muggy though. We read by stars,
succumb to the hard-hearted drops.

Your cranky song ripples the rafters. You were born without a house,
you with your moony paws,

scavenge in the holes they left.

In the middle of this we'll sign off to the folding menace.
The whole scape is alarming, and we're close enough

to give in to the petal shape cranked up
and howling,

blinking at our afterlife gaze.

Asylum Flourish

You could charge
across any terrain and be here in time.

In your satiny face I'm the culprit.
Rest hard

under your ramada shade,

rise and mislead me to the next castle-sized retreat.

I'll set up shop near the electrified branches
far from murmuring crowds.

Your dark brown gloss,
thicker than drums. I'm near-ready

to own the sequins you air out, follow you
to the next rocky platform. You'll get acclimated

and pad down the small humiliations.

This is a new place to be a maverick. One pose usurps another, and I'll be

your dark thought
pushed down to a zigzag quiver. Soft head to soft head.

Camouflage and Escape Flourish

Up on the dim side of your habitat this morning,
grifter, scarred and spiked.

I fished for the right way around and took in the low notes,
the musk warbling,
until the paparazzi at your cave entrance

gave up. We're learning how

to lead with hunting pauses. Where's the phantom demarcation line?
Where's the colossal magnolia tree?

Anything could be bought again
with a new planet in retrograde—
it need not

be a dream, anyone can riddle you. Your shadow
marks my shoulder with rumors.

And the lull starts

in your gallop, under the sunlight's whistle.

I tease you, but I know
this is all your sorrow. Air so crisp today you could sniff out the sea.

GUY
BENNETT

BACK

```
<!DOCTYPE HTML>
```

```
<html>
```

```
<head>
```

```
  <meta http-equiv="Content-Type" content="text/html;  
  charset=UTF-8" />
```

```
  <title>from <b>View Source</b></title>  
</head>
```

```
<body>
```

```
  <blockquote>A reader must learn to demystify  
  appearances to flush out the transcendental, idealist  
  signified.<br />  
  &ndash; Roland Barthes</blockquote>
```

```
  <blockquote>Code is poetry.<br />  
  &ndash; http://wordpress.org/</blockquote>
```

```
</body>
```

```
</html>
```

```
<!DOCTYPE HTML>
```

```
<html>
```

```
<head>
```

```
  <meta http-equiv="Content-Type" content="text/html;  
  charset=UTF-8" />
```

```
  <title>View Source</title>
```

```
</head>
```

```
<body>
```

```
  <article>
```

```
    <!-- All poems are written in code, though this may  
    not be immediately apparent. Literary, aesthetic, and  
    cultural codes are present in all works of poetry and  
    are duly deciphered by the reader along with the text as  
    she peruses the poem. This may occur unconsciously or  
    it may require some effort, depending on the relative  
    "difficulty" of the piece in question and on the reader's  
    ability and experience. Some poetic works may appear to  
    be free of such codes, as labels like "objectivist" and  
    "documentary" seem to suggest, but this is not true as it  
    is simply not possible. All writing of any nature is not  
    only coded, it is code. -->
```

```
  </article>
```

```
</body>
```

```
</html>
```

```
<!DOCTYPE HTML>

<html>

<head>
  <meta http-equiv="Content-Type" content="text/html;
charset=UTF-8" />
  <title>Monochrome | After Malevich</title>
  <style type="text/css">
    body {
      color: white;
    }
  </style>
</head>

<body>

  <article>
    <p>It may at first sight appear to be<br />
    a uniform field of solid white,<br />
    but on on second glance<br />
    the viewer notices shapes,<br />
    implied spatial relationships, facture.<br />
    She realizes that there is no single,<br />
    "absolute" white<br />
    but varying degrees of whiteness,<br />
    that potential forms may lurk<br />
    beneath an apparently empty surface.<br />
    The artist's theosophical intentions
  notwithstanding,<br />
    the subtext of this particular painting<br />
    speaks to painting (perhaps even<br />
    to this particular painting).</p>
  </article>

</body>

</html>
```

```
<!DOCTYPE HTML>

<html>

<head>
  <meta http-equiv="Content-Type" content="text/html;
charset=UTF-8" />
  <title>Automatic Writing</title>
</head>

<body>

  <article>
    <script type="text/javascript">
      document.write('<p>Automatic writing would be
the literary equivalent of spontaneous generation.
According to the Surrealists, who coined the phrase, it
was supposed to reveal the true mechanism of thought by
suspending the conscious mind at the moment of creation.
In reality, in order for "automatic" writing to be
possible, years of reading, writing, and thinking are
necessary to acquire the skills necessary to create a
poem "on the fly." (And, needless to say, whether the
conscious mind can actually be suspended outside of sleep
and death is a matter of conjecture.)</p>');
    </script>
  </article>

</body>

</html>
```

```
<!DOCTYPE HTML>

<html>

<head>
  <meta http-equiv="Content-Type" content="text/html;
charset=UTF-8" />
  <title>Monochrome | After Rodchenko</title>
  <style type="text/css">
    body {
      background-color: black;
    }
  </style>
</head>

<body>

  <article>
    <p>They don't really look black,<br />
    at least, not completely<br />
    (they also appear to contain<br />
    browns, blues, whites and reds).<br />
    Confronted with these paintings,<br />
    the viewer has to reconsider<br />
    her assumptions about monochromatism,<br />
    about what we mean by that word<br />
    and what it may in fact be covering up.<br />
    Recalling that black is considered a color<br />
    only when we're talking about pigments<br />
    and coloring agents,<br />
    this series could be described<br />
    as an exercise in aesthetic materialism<br />
    whose true subject is paint.</p>
  </article>

</body>

</html>
```



```
<!DOCTYPE HTML>

<html>

<head>
  <meta http-equiv="Content-Type" content="text/html;
charset=UTF-8" />
  <title>Moving Structures</title>
  <style type="text/css">
    .fleecy, a {
      color: white;
      text-shadow: 0px 2px 3px #999;
    }
  </style>
</head>

<body>

  <article class="fleecy">
    <p>Baudelaire would have surely welcomed<br />
    the current trend of on-line computing<br />
    and data storage.<br />
    His fascination with clouds,<br />
    expressed in several poems,<br />
    suggests this.<br />
    He clearly delighted in observing<br />
    what he called "moving structures<br />
    God makes with vapors,"<br />
    and "wonderful impalpable constructions."<br />
    And then there are his touching self-portraits<br />
    as a cloud-monger, as a stranger<br />
    captivated by the clouds that float by.<br />
    All of this leaves little doubt<br />
    regarding the true destination sought<br />
    by the man whose soul appeals<br />
    for the displacement of human activity<br />
    "<a href="http://www.flickr.com/groups/
cloudporn/">anywhere out of this world</a>."</p>
  </article>

</body>

</html>
```

```
<!DOCTYPE HTML>

<html>

<head>
  <meta http-equiv="Content-Type" content="text/html;
charset=UTF-8" />
  <title>Monochrome | After Klein</title>
  <style type="text/css">
    body {
      background-color: blue;
      color: blue;
    }
  </style>
</head>

<body>

  <article>
    <p>His proprietary blue undoubtedly endured<br />
    the most extensive aesthetic exploration<br />
    ever carried out on any color,<br />
    being as it was the main event<br />
    in some 200 monochromatic paintings<br />
    and innumerable monochrome objects.<br />
    Contrary to appearances,<br />
    their surfaces are not truly uniform:<br />
    looking closely, the viewer notices<br />
    barely perceptible bumps and shadows<br />
    created by the irregular topography<br />
    of the artworks which, all things told,<br />
    are less concerned with the color itself<br />
    than with the commodification of color<br />
    and by extension of art.</p>
  </article>

</body>

</html>
```

BYRON **CAMPBELL**

BACK

1st Layer – Inclusion Bodies

The morning after I kissed Twiggy Haraldsen in her mother's closet was a Monday. Mr. Laver was teaching us about permeable and semipermeable membranes. To demonstrate he stretched a membrane across the middle of the classroom, from Mr. Laver's desk to the cubbies where we keep our special projects and sometimes our shoes if it is raining. It wasn't raining on the day we learned about permeable and semipermeable membranes, but it had been raining the day before, so there were still puddles in the hallways big enough to jump across and the field was muddy.

Mr. Laver wanted us to pass from one side of the membrane to the other and tell him if it was permeable or semipermeable. It felt a little bit like the skin of a peach, where it is sticky and wet but also soft like the silk things that Twiggy Haraldsen's mother had in her closet that nobody had ever seen Twiggy Haraldsen's mother wear. I put my hand on it but didn't pass to the other side. When the other kids went through it was like one of those curtains made out of rain when it drips down off the roof. If you're fast you can get from one side to the other without hardly getting your hair wet, but other times you end up soaked and need to take a bath. Some of the kids couldn't make it through, which meant it was a semipermeable membrane said Mr. Laver. From my side of the classroom they looked like real people but from the other side they looked like ghosts when they pushed on it and made it stretch. One girl named I think Hannah got stuck halfway through because the membrane wasn't sure what side it wanted her to be on. Oscar Villela kept jumping back and forth and laughing until Mr. Laver told him to stop or he'd get a bad sticker on the board.

A semipermeable membrane will let you through if there are more of you on one side than on the other, but sometimes it won't let you through ever. Which meant that it didn't need any Oscar Villelas on either side, which made me laugh and then Mr. Laver looked at me and asked me why I hadn't tried going through yet. I looked across the membrane to where Twiggy Haraldsen sat but there wasn't anybody there. I wondered if that meant the membrane would let me through. I pretended to push on it but I didn't really, and Mr. Laver gave me a look that meant the same as a bad sticker but didn't say anything.

Twiggy Haraldsen's mother had said that girls shouldn't kiss other girls and that she had a mind to tell my father. I wondered if my father needed to be told because he wasn't a girl so he

didn't know about girls kissing girls being bad. And when she drove me home the rain on the windshields looked like the curtain of water that dripped off the roof but if you put your hand against it you couldn't pass through and Twiggy Haraldsen's mother said I would leave fingerprints on the glass. But Twiggy Haraldsen was in the backseat and we couldn't see each other.

When I kissed Twiggy Haraldsen her mouth had tasted like nothing much but also like copper a little bit. She had told me to put my tongue inside so I had and I guess that makes Twiggy Haraldsen's mouth a permeable membrane. We got back in our desks and Mr. Laver showed how a semipermeable membrane could extract certain specific elements from the exterior environment. He showed us on the blackboard by making a membrane out of chalk and reaching his hand inside and pulling out old lessons. I saw the time I had written my name on the board in cursive but the s had been wrong and everybody had laughed. I moved my tongue around my mouth and wondered which was I: permeable or semipermeable?

I wondered if Twiggy Haraldsen was absent from school because after her mother had dropped me off and not said anything to my father after all she had drove Twiggy Haraldsen out to the field behind the Dollar Grocery and left her there and Twiggy Haraldsen had filled up with rain water because she was so permeable. I decided that I was not permeable at all because when I took a bath my insides stayed on my inside and my outsides stayed on my outside and I hadn't let Twiggy Haraldsen put her tongue inside my mouth even though I had put my tongue inside hers. And even though we had put off our panties inside her mother's closet our bodies had stayed separate and there was none of Twiggy Haraldsen in me, none at all.

2nd Layer – Membrane

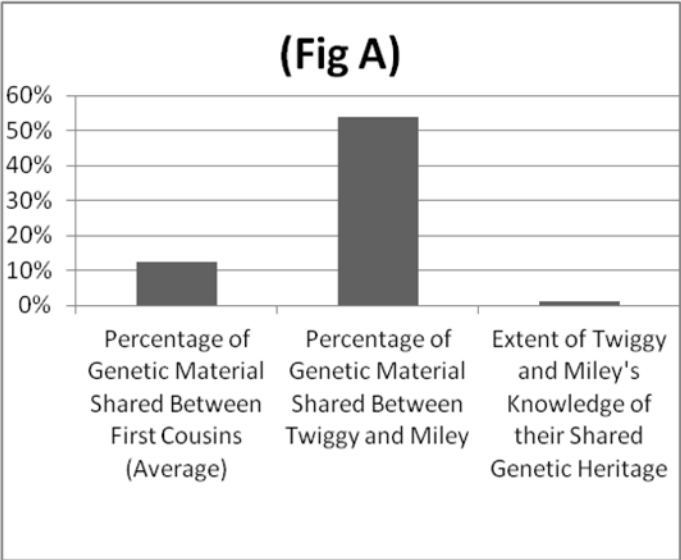
So Get Knock Hello? So Yum Janet Janet Speaking. yum here does Uh-huh. huh? in it's hi is knock Uh-huh. that me the sweetie the it's make girl Oh all don't Your car that's sense tummy sweetie. clean? God. me you. hang Jesus is sweetie Those feeling No I up any are Twiggy I put Christ don't questions? you'll in Janet? get bed? okay? a those Miley No No wasn't Listen later. towel please it Thank ignore aware down. looks God Can I Miley No I'm that like you now need of at point we that to someone my to aren't you're that. drawing talk thawed wit's uh this that's bigger going to uh Yes no end a I you. it's to Janet think that's that's the it's It's turkey I your her oh I hospital swear in better not belly first. to tell God we're God. important. button. going this Guess you You This home. tub. about can what one know boys My happened No and God is what I What to girls. sweetie from I meet it's Yes Miley you you? am looking I mean look okay. today? knew I it's at No like Why that. Yours it your supposed a I They uh don't too? like shooting there to do you I haven't from you victim of you got dry been go. don't don't off course a drinking And they? call know cry. no here I'll because what from There is not I come ignore that there. the the Who promised Laver that boy down I told No no white at one right boys wouldn't it's towel too. school. away. drink. oh have totally You I you well. belly know will uh that? Uh-huh. buttons Who? uh I I understand Well promised too. brought a normal. don't I that lot you don't listen more some too care No when clean what but you're Must undies. Oscar I older. I to be said. I need Like Yes Oscar got I eighteen. to don't know But you Maybe in do they see he you his look you. get a uh the the is like blood basics book diapers uh no Everything's an you sweetie doesn't no outie. no just no uh know Some where about put changing did people you it it Janet. what hear see? on well he's that? like I don't With pokes this they Other saying. well was pictures girls out it's I play and hang thinking what this God I God maybe know have. have we he's Look can nothing isn't up Miley a together they boy should I to but important of do tell you so didn't right the course. show is have with girls. now. that? mean. to Daddy. it See wear But No something. we're Because where Because sweetie I talking I uh I it's the Just uh have about I have been a boy a don't know no boy very one and tell nice idea it's want for a them. is young. you girl. why book. different? longer. Because Okay bleeding It's Be so I all when I something over a sure don't she boy care don't and Yuh-huh. to a what the girl would understand want to Twiggy a read booth baby it at first do anything they say said. uh for with when the Daddy you're What? anymore. hormones. restaurant. older. okay? that. I Because Now tried Well Says to you're You explain there still things me. you my to Don't know Miley baby In Miley no don't was not and how about a babies get that boy it about you and sex out the but is you but of girl I uh can't don't at are think the want I have their fast car involved too understand to age. yet babies. that's silly. anymore. food. go I Besides So What have wait where these it get the drawings mummies uh am some One and hurts point I until they uh is we and don't and are boys supposed nuggets make daddies in uh any minute to the come for sense. and so from. dinner? do? garage. girls. Because I'll Do Do the they're There. tell you your they I'm know them even what first to make boys mommy thing have pads hold not shh isn't Now is sweetie her around drunk. not the size? anymore. so I'm the inseparable loud. not. Really? I Maybe I Listen think a don't boy ketchup get little. run uh It's sweetie it because and let's it's everything's one girl no been changing. upstairs go kiss a minute One big home minute day and she's don't why you I'll don't and a you each understand go draw little other you brush girl wash your things and cry and a and and the up. shit. the teeth? the picture. the

next ...

next ...

next ...

next ...

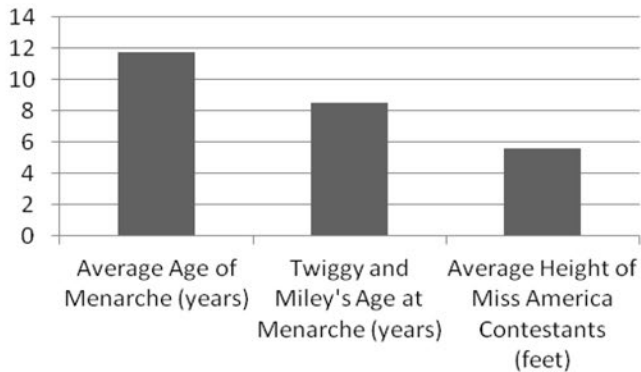


(Fig B)

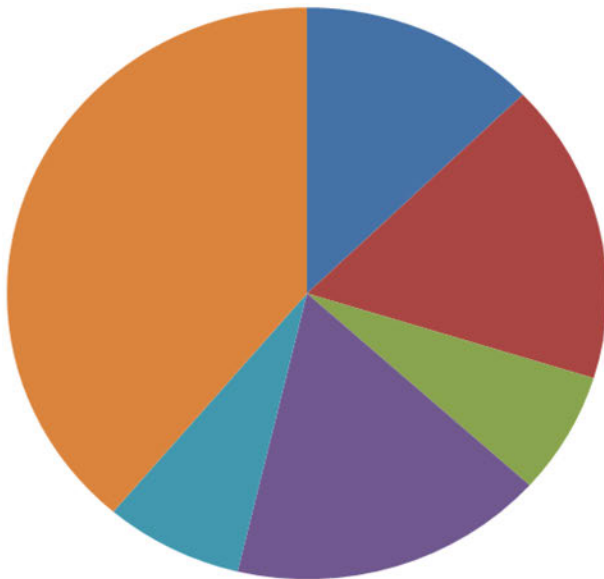
Partial List of Membranes in the Human Body

- *Epidermis (skin, waterproof layer)*
- *Palpebral Conjunctiva (mucous, lining of eyelid)*
- *Bulbar Conjunctiva (thin, transparent, covers the eyeball)*
- *Tympanic Membrane (eardrum, resonates to transmit sound)*
- *Lingual Frenulum (prevents person from swallowing own tongue)*
 - *Oral Mucosa (moist lining of oral cavity)*
- *Tunica Externa Vasorum (outermost layer of blood vessels)*
 - *Endocardium (lining of heart cavities)*
 - *Periosteum (fibrous, covers bone)*
 - *Ependyma (lining of brain)*
 - *Endometrium (mucous, uteral lining)*
 - *Amnion (protects embryo during pregnancy)*
- *Preputium Clitoridis (partially keratinized stratified squamous epithelium[!], covers the clitoris)*
 - *Vaginal Mucosa (moist[?] lining of vaginal wall)*
- *Hymen (perforated, ruptured[?] during first[??] intercourse[??])*
 - *Latex Condom (occasional, impermeable)*

(Fig C)



(Fig D)



■ Taste of Female Saliva As Taste of Rainwater

■ Latter Arrival of Pubarche and Telarche as Mark of Shame

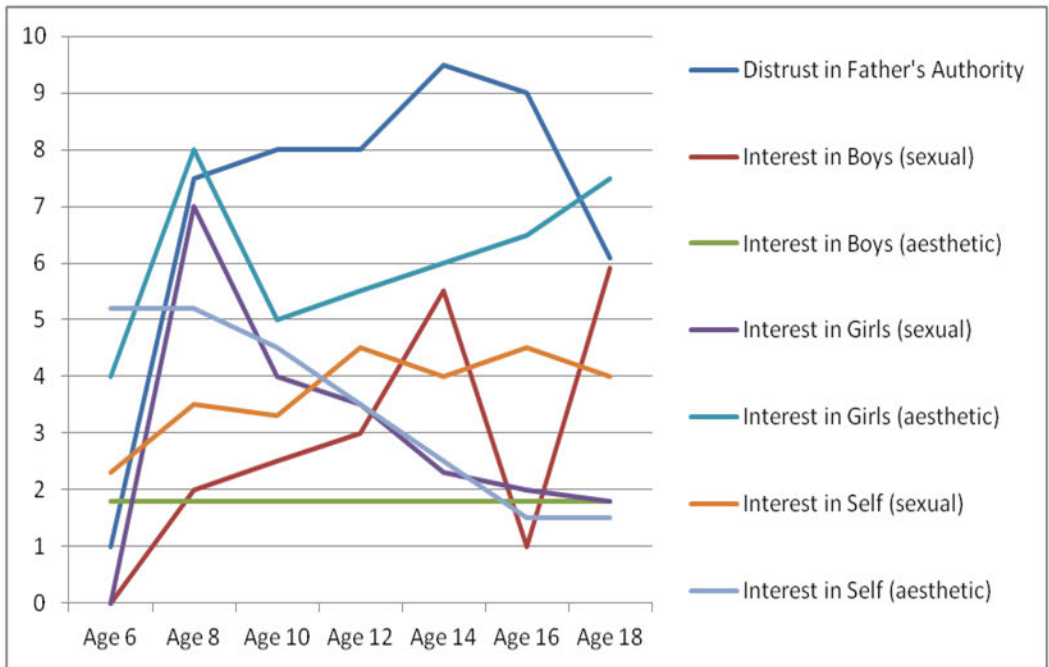
■ Idle But Disturbing Image of The Epidermis of A Pre-Adolescent Girl Removed from her Flesh and Laid Out Flat, Like A Map (Nipples Erect)

■ Her Father's Shaking Hands as he Attempted to Diagram the Female Form

■ Sense of First Menstruation as Regression to Infancy (Diapers, Self-Soiling)

■ Conflation of Twiggy Heraldsen With the Figure of Mother

(Fig E)



ANALYSIS: Subject (Fig A-E) exhibits emotional and physiological stimulus-response patterns within normal (Fig B) parameters. However, disparity (Fig A) between subject's (Fig A-E) presumed knowledge and empirical data (Fig C) has resulted in a succession of false (Fig D) memories and collapsed distinction between discrete (Fig E) events (Fig C).

Construction referred to as "Twiggy Heraldson" (Fig A, C, D) has no apparent analog in reality (Fig B). Suggests fundamental (Fig B) methodological (Fig E) error (Fig D). Recommend further study.

Sexual response patterns contraindicate professed identity construction (Fig F) of subject (Fig A-E). Recommend further study.

No conclusions can be drawn from the available data at this time.

GENEVA

CHAD

BACK

Five

These actions are sentimentalized, these objects fetishized – I mean like the French *objet fétiche*, where you are carrying the thing around like a fucking teddy bear rubbing it on the nose all the time.

There are certain questions that should not be asked. Whether we want to gaze upon the dead is one. I mean, where is the good? Dead is gone. I am not sure because I do not have a catechism for this, being a poor believer. But I think dead is gone. I think if you can see that dead is gone, and that it has nothing to do with your life anymore, that is really great.

The dead are a group of faceless people in bowler hats. This is what we do with the dead. And anyway nothing about this is about history so much as it is about present-ness. There are actions that could dissuade one from ignoring everything. A really good olive, for one. A child, for one.

What does that even mean, to sentimentalize? It sounds like a chemical process. Probably very toxic. Best given a wide berth.

But really, you should do what you like. It is a lot to ask. Maybe you don't like olives. Maybe you don't want a fucking teddy bear.

She floats above everything. It's maddening the way she floats above everything, makes every decision with the kind of detachable logic that could fuel planes. I don't really know why I asked for advice, really, except that maybe it was a problem so large I thought I should poll the neighborhood, or maybe I thought she would give me permission to be self-interested. Little did I know! Nobody ever gives you permission to be self-interested, least of all the most self-interested people. They need the rest of us to batten down hatches.

Look, I'm not going to claim everything's not about narrative and narrative doesn't follow the whim of fashion. It is and it does. It's just that when you ask the person you know whose feet are farthest off the ground what she eats for breakfast, and you expect her to say "kippers and quince granita, why?" and instead it's nothing but oatmeal, it makes you reconsider rejecting convention. It makes you place yourself in Camp Oatmeal, bearing the standard of oatmeal. That's what happened to me.

Seven

I remember learning to swim, in the sound
off the island, the warm Atlantic so
sweet and salty, silty and salty, with fingers
of sea wrack running through. I learned
that year about the tide, the pull of the moon,
in my twelve-year-old wisdom I used to
look up at the sky and feel her pulling me
in to shore, the wet crash of water on sand
that leaves no trace, and everything I read
that summer reflected these themes, the
theme of gentle forces, of irrevocable pulls,
of the moon, of the womb with pearly
eggs like fish eggs gleamily bobbing
through it, floating through, a heavy float, a
slow float, as I floated through the bay, all
its many lives flowing about me, a humming
in my ears, the pull of the moon, the whole
of it, and the knowledge that all of this whole
waxed within me, its fullness a pleasure within,
subordination to this salty pulse, to the fullness
of other lives, smooth as a fruit, quick
as a knife.

Eleven

It is purely fact that palaces are necessary. Or some kind of chateau fort. Otherwise, what is the use of virginity? Or for that matter, of long hair?

These are reasoned mythologies. The reason is not that girl's hymens are entailed, necessarily, to the fortunes of kings, though that can happen. It is not out of the question. You can attach a lot of importance to a hymen. It's a load-bearing membrane. A yoke, even, for oxen to pull together nations and tribes. For a flag to be flown from the window. For the villages to rejoice. For the calf to be slain. And then of course we need more cattle and more yokes.

But there are other questions. Why should the girls be innocent in all this? Anyone who has ever been a cheerleader, or a Brownie, or visited a lavatory frequented by seventh grade girls knows that the cunning of such creatures cannot be overestimated. It is not about forthrightness; cheerleaders practice both velocity and dissembling. The pom-poms are sleight of hand; what is happening behind them. Mesmerized by the shimmy and glitter, you will not be able to say.

In this theory of education girls do not know to be forthright, which anyway is hard to do when your hymen is dragging a bunch of oxen around. In such cases, supine, you have to find inner resources. And thus the palace, the fortress, the tower room from which, in thrall to a witch, the girl takes her fate in hand.

It is not unlike the rules of handfighting. People fall prey to the idea that they must have freedom of movement, but nothing will concentrate your efforts like backing into a corner. If you were a daughter of Jerusalem there would be nothing for it but

to back into the highest corner possible, one with good light, fresh air, and windows to fly that eventual sheet out of, or for purposes of tonsorial liberation. If you were this sort of girl you might hammer out the terms of an entailment fit for generations of kings. What does the poet say?

Like unto a mare among Pharaoh's chariot horses. That's a hell of an entailment. Or in modern terms, that's a hell of a set of pom-poms.

Fourteen

It might be wise for you not to listen to these voices. These other voices.

These two are untrustworthy, as it turns out. They do not consider the essence of things, nor the sense of things. Their vagaries create exigency. An exigency of reason. As an antidote, or a phial. In the medieval chansons they are always searching for a phial, which you might imagine as some glowing crystal vessel that hangs decoratively around some elf-woman's neck or that floats ethereally down from a cliff, unimpinged by gravity, to be caught with the tips of the fingers of some airy being. A phial is an elixir of complete benevolence. It can cure you, it can put you to rights.

Incumbent upon me is to offer a similar relief. Some potionless panacea. A catalogue raisonné. But not a catalogue, not exactly. In American we say "inventory." An inventory. I have organized this in the file drawers in my head: color-coded tabs for each different emotion. A short list:

Blue for anger.

Green for joy.

Violet for jealousy.

Red for compassion.

Yellow for love.

There is order in this. You may find my assignments of color capricious, but that is because you are attached to conventions that do not serve you. Anger is like a shadow. Joy is like a plant.

Love is like a sun.

ANDREW CHOATE

BREK

Just Can't Shake The Breathing Thing. Or Free Limoges.

Recreating the behavior of extinct animals is very difficult,
but everybody's gotta work
Recreating the behavior of extinct animals
is very difficult, but impatience is candy too
Recreating the behavior
of extinct animals is very difficult,
but the four stages of need
are tinge, pulsecheck, reckon, belabor
Recreating
the behavior of extinct animals
is very difficult, but what color was *your* dinosaur?
Recreating the behavior of extinct animals is very difficult,
but we can hurry toward the end if you want



Bye By Bye

space by train

Norfolk by line

bee by side

farm by Myrtle

space by train

norm by celery

booth by crooks

call by arms

evicted by choice

shot by cannon

norm by celery

norm by celery.

Freedom by call

business by grammaw

fall by cellar

rate by government

space by train

body by granpaw

work by color

norm by celery

drunk by these

norm by celery

drunk by these

dome by ballast

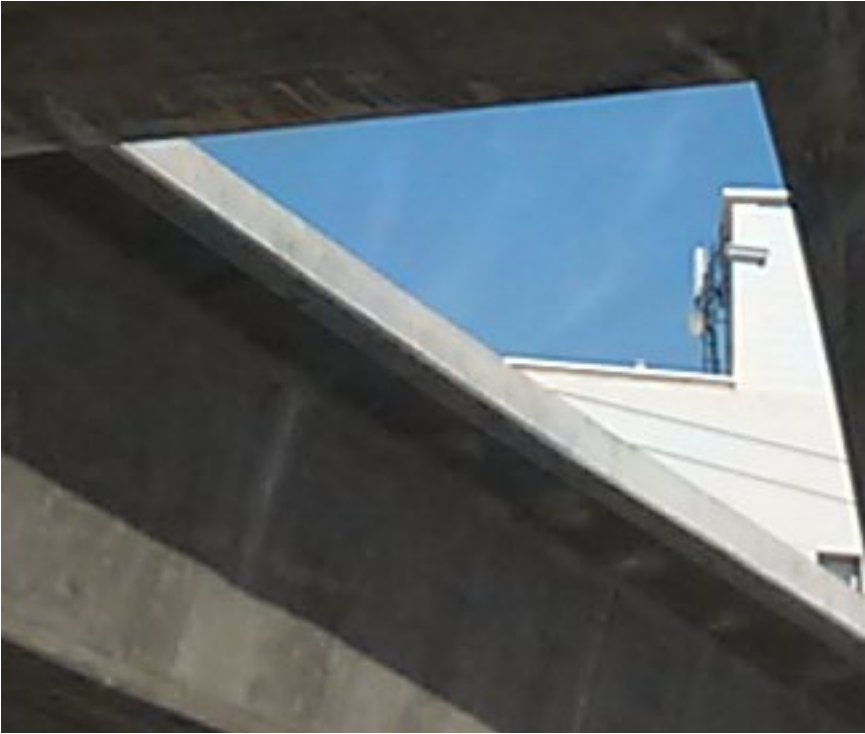
please by junk

done by fall

space by train

space by train

space by train



Have Off

have fun
have remorse
have a TV

have her
have some
take it

have a piece
have me
have off

have try
have given
have done

take it easy
have fun
have remorse

have hold
have save
have heat

have time
take off
have sex

have puff
have woof
have undulating mystery, at the surface of the black green sea

have fun
have remorse
have off



I Love New York Is To I Love Being Human As Is Is To Is To

Nitzer Ebb, Einstürzende Neubauten, Nietzsche or Garfield

Nitzer Ebb, Einstürzendeee Nowbauten, Nietzsche or a
swimsuit that doesn't fit comfortably

Nitzer Ebb, Einstürzende Noiboaten, Nietzsche or gentle,
age-appropriate witticisms

Nitzer Ebb, Einstürzende Nowbowteen, Nietzsche or wart
porn

Nitzer Ebb, Einstürzenduh Now Battin'!: Nietzsche! Oh!
Sorry, I'm getting slapped by a ghost.

Nitzer Ebb, Einstürzendeh Noobooten or tavern karma

Nitzer Ebb, Einsturgeon de Nubetan, Nietzsche or a fresh
pair of socks

Nitzer Ebb, Einstürzende Nougat baton, Nietzsche or
gut fuel suet gel

Nitzer Ebb, Einstürzende Nooiebowwowwooten,
Nietzsche or the current rampant immunity of mice
to Prozac. We just can't get them to react to the stuff
anymore.

Nitzer Ebb, Einstürzendee Neubauten or the denial
of the opportunity to eat lemurs

Nitzer Ebb, Einstürzende Nowbuhtown, Nietzsche or
the contest between you and Jesús Rafael Soto to see
who believes in immateriality the most.

Nitzer Ebb, Einstürzende Neubauten, Nietzsche or
100% human wings. Get them on the corner. You can
see them just across the street there. Oh, wait a
second, now there's a truck in the way. But yah, you
can get the human wings, hold on, just wait for the
truck to pass, I'll show ya. Now you see 'em? Next to
the pretzel cart? Yah, 100% human, totally! Look, I'll
introduce you if ya want, but you'd be better off just
being honest about the curse. Go get yourself the
100% human wings.

JS.
DAVIS

The Martins

i.

Harboring a tendency to remove herself from others, she averts the claustrophobic crowd and watches her slender feet push individual grasses down which bend back into their rightful place—impressed with her ability to pinpoint satisfaction in something reserved only for her. Norwegian summer was full-on, svelte, after seasons of perpetual isolation and disappointment. She had resigned to her current position out of necessity—a victim of looks and entertainment value—but when he joins her on the edge of the slope overlooking the fjord, lone sailboat coasting along, she realizes that she has made a mistake. Self-assured smirk intact, he explains his politicized project—which didn't happen because the small town didn't want the same lawn which now surrounded them to go uncut for one year. She identifies one of her kind. Yet, due to his warped reflection, she doesn't process the siren. The panorama morphs with her inscape. In the future, she will access this same view to combat a demented beast which inconveniently covets her successes and failures. Tipsy, she stalks his scent into an adjacent field, blades beneath his feet untouched.

She cannot stay away from him. His responses to her inquiries appear rushed, mildly amused. Typing is sloppy—missing punctuation, no formal signature, two spaces randomly between words. He quizzically avoids her cogent investigations. She has a history of taking the brass ring with calculated forethought. But not this time. She contorts his glib remarks and lukewarm observations, and she blames her inability to communicate with him on the fact that they share dissimilar homelands. She makes excuses for his truancy. When he finally chimes in, she forgets her anxiety and realigns her desire. *My throat is deep enough to swallow him whole.* Their communications become one-sided with honest declarations stemming only from her. He occasionally acknowledges her witticisms and confessions: “I’m flattered.” or “Ha!” or “I don’t know what to say.” or: “I recently became the father of a little boy, but the art world is small. I’m sure we’ll meet again.” Symptoms: cinephilia, Delirium tremens, elaborate image searches, soliloquies, cheap thrills, sobbing, cruelty towards strangers.

He convinces her to fly across the Atlantic so they can talk face-to-face. *Convince* isn't quite right. Rather, he simply answers, "Do you need me to come to you?" with a "Yes." A rescue mission. He suggests a lackluster event in Chelsea; she declines because there is no privacy; they agree to meet at St. Mark's Bookshop. She receives his text en route: "The babysitter fucked up. Let's meet at noon instead. //M." His face upon arrival: unshaven, searching. In short: *everything*. He awaits with his baby carriage and fair-haired tyke sporting a tiny Daniel Johnston *Hi, how are you?* t-shirt. A charmer flashing inexperienced gleam—but not hers. They walk through the neighborhood on auto-pilot, grazing banal topics like college debt and their friends who still rent windowless rooms in shared flats. They gravitate towards a park bench; the neighboring one is occupied by a drunk. "How do you feel about children?" "What do you want to do with me?" "Yes, I need you to tell me." "Do you want to get a hotel room?" "But things might change!" "It's not a good time, can't you see that?" "There must be some misunderstanding; I'm in love with my girlfriend." "Uh, let's talk about politics." "I'm trying to figure out how to relate to you." "Look! The dogs look just like their owners." "Why can't we be friends?" "Your silence is very loud." "Let me know if you change your mind."

The covering of tracks. If one cannot go the distance, the race never existed. "You read too much into what I say." "This is in your head." "I can't be in this conversation!" She spends the rest of her week not with him, as planned, but immersed in pedestrian diversions. She refuses to meet him again, despite his suggestions. She accuses him of "knocking up" the other woman—purposefully lowbrow to humiliate. "That is NOT what happened!" She fights with him, for her sanity: "People who are in love do not secretly meet other women and attempt to persuade them to talk about *special* things." Seeing the baby triggers an interest in the mother, despite her initial affinity for erasure. She discovers the mother's identity with the right search combination: father's full name + baby's first name. A respectable artist—large-scale paintings, architectural motifs, site-specific installations. Annoyed with herself, she feigns a sisterly rapport with the other woman, sharing an imaginary cycling path, bleeding light rays, drinking from the same spiked canteen. With more research, she discovers that they are both only children, both raised in isolated locales, both love large breed dogs. Prey and servant to a big-eyed Viking approaching forty, he tends to the babe until pre-school either alleviates the burden or shatters the façade. The mother sketches a Sant'Elia-influenced rendering in her uninterrupted studio and receives international praise.

LARKIN

HIGGINS

[BACK](#)

peripatetic L

LiLting steeLy L
[which way is the wind blowing?]

airstream = silver domed trailer *or* air-that-streams *along*
sides of the tongue, being blocked by the tongue from going
through the middle of the mouth when saying

L

a kind of Llanguage maneuver through buccaL traffic

aLthough directions are direct, they seem approximate

tripping a toe in topoLogy

stumbLe upon signs that satis___ satiate

whirLed soLid
puzzLing peninsuLa
mainLand aLgorithm

L L L L L L L L L L L

miLe spiraL
miLe Landscape
miLe basaLt
miLe raiLway
miLe seamLess
miLe irreguLar
miLe Lunatic
miLe Longing
miLe reveLatory
miLe ideoLogy
miLe coLLapsing
miLe formuLation
miLe rubbLe
miLe Lost
miLe wiLd
miLe Locus
miLe idLe
miLe aeriaL
miLe Lapsed
miLe saLt
miLe dweLLing



intersection



the form and c**L**eaved form

bracket/ed & e**L****L**iptic

Latera**L** consonant

ree**L**ing

the moment *will skid*

for various reasons others
may not hear your signal

two objects which looked like deer

use the horn

scent or sound quick to catch

she adjusted her seatbelt

sight for distant objects fine sense of

||
||

- - - - -
- - - - -

- - - - -

others can see you

intentions prior to the maneuver

presence

precision
alternative considerations

$\begin{array}{|c} \text{I} \\ \hline \end{array}$

[illegible]

you have landed wagon by the woodside

that well-known property of matter

ERIN

JOURDAN

WHITE COURTESY TELEPHONE

For Laurie Anderson

Trickster God, out of work, needs to get with the times. Adopt a style of irony. Stop with the one-liners and lewd t-shirts. Trickster God needs a makeover. Fake breasts. A sparkly new smile. An updated look. Trickster God is the old sugar in the saltshaker. The old whistle out of tune. Trickster God is a short-sheeted bed, a toilet papered tree, a Chinese fire drill. Trickster God is the bull in the china shop. The tempest in the teapot. Trickster God wants to write crank letters but no one reads their mail anymore. Trickster God wants to make joke phone calls but no one answers their phone anymore. Trickster God needs a screenwriting class, a comedy troupe, skills of improvisation. Trickster God can speak 300 languages but still can't get an interview. Trickster God waits in the line at the unemployment office. Brushes up on some computer skills. Trickster God applies online. Checks email. Faxes references. Provides writing samples. Trickster God wipes that smile off your face.

ODE TO BABY VINEGAR

Fuck that little tyke with his whiskey bottle and well-gnawed nipple. Stench of cigars and diaper rash, fuck his racing forms and bad bets. Baby Vinegar is in hock up to his itty-bitty eyebrows. He is on his way to sell his tiny watch at the pawnshop. The babble of toothless promises. Back alley accusations of doping. The high-pitched shriek when you just want a moment of peace. Tiny grifter. The porkpie hats. The monogrammed hankies. He feigns nearsightedness with a monocle. The chubby little hands clapping when his horse is ahead. Strained peas and creamed spinach. That fucking stork always flying by just to check in. The dogs always playing pool in the basement. The foxes come circling. The diapers are dirty again. The milk has gone cold. The prick of the safety pin smarts. He's cranky and won't go down for a nap. He wants to party all night long. He hangs out with sophisticated women, who find him adorable. They hold him close to their breasts and rock him, there now, there now. He calls you, ma'am. You call him smartypants. When you get ready to leave he starts with the ammonia tears, then the bawling that melts your heart every time. The babysitter looks horrified. Your date honks the horn for you to leave. You promise him prime rib in a doggie bag and he's suddenly silent.

EASIER THAN A RICH MAN

Cell phone antennae in church crosses, calls passing through eyes of needles and threading through the city. A snippet of highlights on audio: dreams of airplanes and missed flights, reputations to kill, attempts to live off the grid, adventures to have, and love to make. If we all had strings attached, if we could take turns marionetting each other. If you would dance, if you would only syncopate, calibrate, let your heart beat at my pace, let your breathing trail mine. Knit me to you. Let me live in your marsupial pouch. Comfortable and warm, making phone calls, leaving messages, connecting with the home office. I take a conference call in the middle of the desert. I conduct business from the hump of a camel. I practice and prepare to go through the eye of a needle.

HOW COME POETRY CAN'T REGROW BODY PARTS?

Slice though your finger with a piece of sharp poetry, or nail yourself to the wall with a bon mot and chances are that pieces of your body will become gangrenous and fall off. Poetry is no match for the salamander, who can grow new parts with very little fuss or concern. Why is poetry so weak in the face of science? Why are words no match for immortality? When poets are wounded, skin, muscle and blood vessels revert to their undifferentiated states. They form spongy masses and their cells go back in time to retrace their memories to assemble a new sentence or group of words. As embryos, poets grew arms, legs, lungs, and a heart with no problem whatsoever, yet they are unable to truly repair damage. Only the liver, sometimes abused in a state of angst, or pickled by patronage to a local watering hole, shows any flexibility. But on the whole, poetry does not have the regenerative pathways to assemble new body parts. Poets think that the reason for this is that sprouting new words at a rapid rate looks a lot like cancer. The longevity of our words makes poets vulnerable to accumulations and roadblocks. Scientists need to work with poets to figure out how to override language in order to divert stop signs without sparking a malignant rampage.

SCRAWL

I'll turn you upside down and shake secrets out of pockets you never knew you had. Tie my locket around your neck. My sacrament inside. My reliquary inside. I'd chase the moths out of your closet. Darn the holes out of your sweaters. Keep your skeleton key a shiny ivory. My smile as polished as teacups. A lump of sugar in my throat. Your red cursive scrawled like scars on secret memos. The word postapocalyptic. Break every glass in your house. Delight in the sweetest noise of glass cracking. The needs today. The intensity today. The craving today. The birds today. The sweet ballerina love. The sharks that swim alone.

SAILING ON

On sill and surf of open ocean as we sail our gold leaf past garlands, staring out portholes, marking initials where our breath meets the glass creating a condensation of communication. Our words are just droplets in the ocean, blue petals of sound. Scarecrows swim past our ark, cinders in their eyes to scare us towards land. We are smudged with soot. We are flawed in thought. We are beginning to burn as the sun's rays falls piercing on our foreheads. We have traveled far from elm-shaded lawns, choirs, burly watchdogs with scars. We float away from memory, Fall trees and scarecrows, the sly and sepia of the past. If I could float on your white mare, on an ocean crest of pearl and foam I would dream of keys, midnight feasts, nests and hibernation. I would write only the nicest words on your headstone. I would protect your ashes from the wind.

WHAT HAPPENS TO POETRY IN A BLACK HOLE?

It becomes more intense because neither matter nor energy can escape. Black holes eat words, organized matter, and spit out random noise. Black holes are made of poetry, and snow smuggled from the North Pole. The information held in a poem is a paradox. It cannot be destroyed but neither can it exist. Confident super-genuises are convinced they are right. But physicists are skeptical that poets can discern the singularity at the heart of a black hole. Some people reverse their words, or fall into a singularity and get lost. They become poetry, until their information begins to leak out, though no one can explain why or how this happens. The universe sometimes follows the rules of a Baseball Encyclopedia, where information can be retrieved at will if you choose to understand it. The poetry that becomes white noise tends to be accepted grudgingly. Scientists read it and stated in their report, "It is possible to be wrong more than twice."



Eager

These days I'm an accidental sadist, scouting out inconveniences. Throw me a curve ball and I'll catch it, if it falls in my quiet hand. Masochism's so pedestrian, haven't we all almost been hit by a car. More accurately, there's more money than ever, but it all feels temporary. My own brand: scrabbling at nickels and dimes. If only life didn't have to be so dirty and petty. Obedience gets easier than seeking an epiphany that shows the world is actively kind, revolving toward the possible. A happy ending after all. Yes, I've contradicted myself again for your benefit. See how eager I am to please.

Opener

This morning crows broke the ice with their usual cacophony, woke up the machines. I geared up to describe the noisy chill, but words are not puzzles for the unlocking of sentences. Writing in the margins is proof that no sentence can save the world. As in letters shaped by your naked hand, I can recognize as yours. Every curlicue looks like it was banged out with a fist, punched out with a beak. From now we'll communicate only in Scantron readouts. No reading between the lines – save those chicken scratches for the ornithologists.

Tidier

Curiously encrusted life. As in dirty, mottled, heavy with extraneous matter. Encrusted implies a hardness, but on my body dust sits malleable. You could slice clean chunks off with a little back and forth of the knife to get through the formless stickiness. Here I go talking banalities again. Sentences encrusted with expected sentiments, melodrama. My soul encrusted with little scabs, coiled into perfect barnacles. Start over -- a clean body to preserve, a blank heart to lay tidy habits on, optimistic enough the world responds in kind. Or encrusted like jewels, a pretty thing. Each fracture breaks open a tiny beauty, a new facet in the diamond.

Brighter

Liaisons as aided by PDAs, at once more up front and less serious, perhaps. Your handle's sexier than your name. Add an emoticon later to pretend you were joking. I'd like your avatar to rip my clothes off. What can I say about you, except that I like the celluloid images I see? I've been spoiled into unrealistic expectations, much like the other girls. You're curious to me because I've seen you on a far-off stage, teenagers behind me singing along to your songs. You slurred a bit. You used to move people with your words, now you move people with the idea of yourself. A pawn who thinks and feels. I want you against a wall on which my words are projected. If you sat beside me we'd keep to our own worlds, but touch arms.

JANICE
LEE

BACK

NOTES FOR A DISINTEGRATING STORY:

The memories resurface.

And when the town starts to fall, she walks out into the rain, with her baby in her arms, in her night gown, walking, walking. She will never come back.

Slowly the white fades away and the sound of the crying baby is drowned out by the rain and the wind, until you forget you had ever heard the baby crying.

He eats, ripping off a small piece of bread, dipping it into his soup, lifting his spoon and eating, one piece, one spoonful at a time, as if he has all the time in the world.

She is so defeated.

But a different point of view.

A dead child.

No, sick.

No, without father.

Night – sounds of night.

The planets.

The water.

Memories.

Ruin.

The book.

The end.

DEBORAH MEADOWS

[BACK](#)

Guide Dogs, the play

by Deborah Meadows

... a metaphor uses an image or figure (the *vehicle*) to explain something else (the *tenor*), I. A. Richards

Characters

Professor A: Philosophy major who became a part-time professor, late 40s to early 50s.

She has precise economic evaluation of situation but limited way to earn a living, has sizable student following from major research university.

Kurt: Perpetual Day laborer, early 20s, highly educated, sweetly grunge in affect. He is former student of A, does cement work, has lime-dried hands.

Old Hi-Fi: a convincing version of a seeing-eye dog, yet when only A and Kurt are present moves and speaks as a human, comments ironically on various scenes. Called "Old Hi-fi" or "High Fidelity".

He's looking for the blind person to whom he was assigned. Skeptic.

Part Three: In Jail/Holding Center [scene with The Chessboard]

A: My rook takes your ...

Kurt: Hey, not like that, Beginner's Luck, you're trying to "bishop" me. (*makes obscene gesture*)

Old Hi-Fi: And the church will have years of multi-million dollar lawsuit settlements to contend with ...

Kurt: A, did you notice how the guards have been replaced by surveillance equipment?

A: Must have had a weak union ...

Kurt: And how the news came through that wifi cell they concealed next jail cell over in a body cavity?

Old Hi-Fi: The masses are massing on our behalf.

Kurt: Solidarity lifts me up.

A: Calms the chess playing hand.

Old Hi-Fi: Makes time seem a matter of event once again.

A: All good, all good.

Kurt: A game of strategy.

Old Hi-Fi: Handed down from empires.

Kurt: Next door, I think they are taking every precaution to ration the battery life to keep the news-check at every five hours until sundown.

A: Soon, Kurt, we should be able to hear the masses outside the walls, despite the high security and all.

Old Hi-Fi: Chants would be encouraging.

Kurt: Can drums with a deep tone resonate through these walls? Shouldn't we be able to feel the vibrations?

Old Hi-Fi: Good, good, good vibrations. (*sings*)

A: Well, Old Hi-Fi, I hope not like that. Nostalgic music that neo-nazis lost their virginity to in the back seat of a car parked behind a soda fountain, well, whatever cream sodas are, they can't be good, those 50s ...

Those 50s cute red and white stripes and restrained side burns leading right up to segregated so-called joys of a past that never existed but in the minds of naïve adolescents whose political experience never matured beyond the base feeling of threat from anything new.

Old Hi-Fi. Did brothers and sisters hump each other back then?

A: Who knows, maybe for "practice"? Experience was so far out of reach, or beyond their limited imaginations formed from an image of an innocent America.

Kurt: Never mind the country was doing it to every poor person, every descendant of slaves, every Indian, and every Third World country with two sticks to rub together as natural resources and cheap labor.

*

Part Four: The Discourse on Discourse [crowd assembled outside jail]

(In this scene A and Kurt and Old Hi-Fi are in a crowd with other intellectual-protesters who speak in solidarity with those held in jail)

A: From ambient ideo-petro-secular plastic configurations, we stand here and demand answers.

The ideas of a petroleum-based economy that sculpts a godless horizon can seem popular—for "the people," not noted for density on any hardness scale, nor for opacity, none other than the prank—that, once revealed cannot be repeated. That, in itself, is brilliance, of the sort that can harm your vision from looking too long. Our aggregate authorship is not crowd-sourced in that primary sort of way, but more likely resembles monks copying scripture as part of a daily task meant to add up to a pagan pyramid of accomplishment, somewhat resembling a socio-cultural tornado system, know what I mean? To identify with retinal imprints constitutes more psychological projection that seeks a social bond, a friend, a community, a configuration sold off shore and re-purposed to enter the confines of value in First World vaults, to rip off the perceived treasures there, but when they are revealed to be electronic streams, well, try to feed yourself and pay your rent with that. (*shakes fist*)

*

Me and my old man: our first date back in the 80s at Club Lingerie—we discoursed wildly there on the seedy couch on the balcony upstairs from the dance floor, Tex and the Horseheads on stage. Years later, these provocations register as intimately related to a field of language correlated to viewfinders, magnetic tape, and the stink of sour sweat.

Was the post-patriarchal utopia ever dys-formed on the ashes of promised lands? Here is what is left to haggle over: impassioned social change, gates thrown open to free thought complicit in another critique winning the “smart” points of the game, gadgets with supposedly thrilling widgets and newly-revealed functions that obsolesce quicker than a person can say “boring” and “pornographic”. But then, is it “the graphic” that refuses to lie down and die? Where is its fountain of youth—Florida?

We took on slogan-printed tee-shirts but could have just as well been without those tee-shirts so imprinted we are as walking examples of the medium itself. We are not writers or consumers of writing; we are living examples of technique, people are the clay, the phoneme, the drift. As a swarm, do we seek a new queen, or, to extend that metaphor, a totality of swarmness to which we each adhere so our movement itself can comprise definition, a sort of group photo—we are a whirling cloud? You remember that scene in *Grapes of Wrath*—a discourse on dumping of oranges into the river so their price remains artificially high while hunger abounds? Or in Las Vegas where people sleep in drainage pipes and houses stand empty? Is that a sort of tornado leveling the place, diamond in Indra’s net woven of hemp twine, a coal miner’s hive-content managed under “supplications,” and achievement of a people being people?

(Big pause, re-grouping after movement of crowd)

Old Hi-Fi: *(aside to audience)* Once I let go of the idea that these monologs don’t sound *any* thing like how people really talk, then I began to enjoy myself.

Kurt: Down in the basement with the anthropologist, the building could shake down a few hustlers with its tale of the past. And, were we a tad more fluid in definition rather than co-dependent, this could be the new-novel eschewing vivid characterization. Defined by what we are not, yet all those shards and citations are more than fragmentation as a process, more than a flash of modern mentality, they compose and decompose into montage that is made more adept than a sum of its new tools and gadgets. So it becomes a story of time. A story of our crowd whose lullaby soothes us to political oblivion, so no matter what, we forget all the languages that live here. They are as suppressed-languages. The building over-shadows the events, the muttering, and jibber-jabber. Maybe when I hear you speak, I sense our relation to be metonymic, you know, more parallel every day. I worked construction on that new design to show you, to show myself I could learn a craft old as adobe and new as engineered insights into eco-friendly life that

sustains and shelters a vision of life here together—and you called it beautiful and a rare composite of old and new, a nourishing shape that one could live in without tiring of its perimeter. Is this the end of time? See how self-awareness propagates new seedlings and we shadow forward our mother, a bit of a finger-print, that code, the shape of a face or muscle joint that keeps death second rate despite its efforts at total triumph over the world. An old story that represses actual biology.

Memory. That big topic when so much degenerates down to what vivid mental images do you hold of a sordid tv trial defendant? Those memories come to stand for shared generational moment yet fall short of a particular moment's political struggle. I've noticed how criminal trials repeat and repeat across time even though we may develop new politicized lenses through which to interpret them. Still, this does not relieve us of the repressed political life—how often do political dissidents have their trials covered so broadly? Never. It's an assassination of struggle.

A: We can use ventriloquism for that. We'll make a few puppets and put on the show: AIM, SDS, Sane Freeze anti-nuclear, Occupy, you name it, we'll put it on, bring the cameras, and we'll send out the enactments based on real-life court transcripts.

Kurt: Let's use mythic tropes. You know, the bringer of fire, the one punished by gods whose very being cannot miss that movement toward destiny.

A: Did we already forget Enlightenment era moral choice not to mention the birth of theory standing on the shoulders of the death of tragedy? Not to mention postmodernist force fields of play and repression undone?

Kurt: Did the author ever exist?

A: Did the police ever exist?

Kurt: Did police defend the Enlightenment era moral choice not to mention the birth of theory standing on the shoulders of the death of tragedy? Not to mention postmodernist force fields of play and repression undone?

A: Did police use mythic tropes. You know, the bringer of fire, the one punished by gods whose very being cannot miss the movement toward destiny.

Kurt: With transparent, nearly body-length shields did police use ventriloquism for crowd-control? Did they turn us into a few puppets and put on the show: AIM, SDS, Sane Freeze anti-nuclear, Occupy, you name it, we'll put it on, bring the cameras, and we'll send out the enactments based on real-life court transcripts?

A: Did police station themselves down in the basement with the anthropologist where the building could shake down a few hustlers with its tale of the past? And,

were police a tad more fluid in definition rather than co-dependent, the police force could be the new-novel eschewing vivid characterization. Defined by what they are not, yet all those shards and citations are more than fragmentation as a process, more than a flash of modern mentality, they compose and decompose into montage that is made more adept than a sum of its new tools and gadgets. So it becomes a story of time. A story of our crowd controlled by police whose brutal lullaby soothes them into political oblivion, so no matter what, police forget all the languages that live here. The police are as suppressed-languages. The building over-shadows the events, the muttering, and jibber-jabber. Maybe when I hear police speak, I sense our relation to be metonymic, you know, more parallel every day. Police protected people who worked construction on that new design to show us, to show themselves they could learn a craft old as adobe and new as engineered insights into eco-friendly life that sustains and shelters a vision of life here together—and police and city fathers called it beautiful and a rare composite of old and new, a nourishing shape that one could live in without tiring of its perimeter. Is this the end of time? See how police-awareness propagates new seedlings and we shadow forward our mother, a bit of a finger-print, that code, the shape of a face or muscle joint that keeps death second rate despite its efforts at total triumph over the world. An old story that represses actual biology.

Memory. That big topic when so much degenerates down to what vivid mental images do police officers hold of a sordid tv trial defendant? Those memories come to stand for shared generational moments yet fall short of a particular moment's political struggle. Police have noticed how criminal trials repeat and repeat across time even though police may develop new politicized lenses through which to interpret them. Still, this does not relieve police of the repressed political life—how often do political dissidents have their trials covered so broadly? Never. It's an assassination of struggle.

*

BEATRICE

MOUSLI

BREK

from *Redon's Colors*
Béatrice Mousli

London, 1895

Haunted and Haunters

Reading Edward Bulwer-Lytton

A faded silk kerchief,
letters tied with a yellow ribbon,
threads of narratives scattered through
a strange abode: curiosity guides
the rational mind of a superstitious dreamer.
Hounded by Darkness and the Hand,
he is there to uncover what,
in the laws of Nature,
allows the Dead to come back.
Over Oxford Street,
the moon is high, clear and calm.

Paris, November 12, 1895

Dear Monsieur Bongers

I am just back from London, delighted, lighter, almost ambitious. I only stayed about eight days, just a foretaste. I'll go back to mix with this human flow, so active, so fervent and silent. [...] I have taken hope, having seen this country, where men cloaked in the fog, obviously, have allowed their inner lives to bloom. The sun, always veiled there, creates a mysterious transparence that is permanent; it is all propitious to chiaroscuro and blacks. [...] And what beautiful museums, tidy and ordered for the dignity of art works! What wonders those marbles of the Parthenon! And Turner! I've only seen everything in passing, but I'll be back now, since the trip, the crossing are really nothing. The sea that I feared a bit (water is not my element) showed clemency toward me, and I even believe that coming back, I felt that it exerted its fascination over me ; all abysses are attractive.

[....]

Odilon Redon

A Favorite Dog

Having followed his master,
the bull-terrier prowls around
the house, weary and curious.
Vigilant, his tail points up,
questioning the pattering footfall
of phantoms and creatures.
A dog of dogs for a ghost.

London Album

Across the Heath, from Hampstead to Highgate, drops of frost caught in the wild grasses. The city sprawled at the bottom of Parliament Hill. On the way to Keats' house, ducks shivering as they cross the West pond.

From the top deck of the Routemaster the rider orchestrates the hustle and bustle of the streets.

At the British Museum, crowds sit in front of the frieze of the Parthenon. Redon's Spider looms over the quiet Prints and Drawings room.

Walking down Oxford Street towards Hyde Park. On the other side of the Serpentine, the park grows wilder, the noises from the city are muffled by the trees.

In the windows of Charing Cross' bookshops, illustrated editions of obscure nineteenth century scribblers await their fate.

The muddy waters of the Thames bear branches and leaves away, the cold breeze reminding the passerby that winter is on its way.

Notes

In 1895, René Philipon, specialist of occult sciences and patron of the arts, commissioned six lithographs and a cover from Odilon Redon to illustrate his translation of Edward Bulwer-Lytton's horror story, *The Haunters and The Haunted*.

A close friend of Theo Van Gogh, Andries Bongers spent his collecting years gathering works by Odilon Redon and Emile Bernard. In 1908 he considered his collection as complete, and enjoyed reading and listening to music in a room with walls covered by the two artists' works. Redon wrote for the last time to his friend and patron on December 22, 1915. The painter died six months later.

During that London visit, Redon also discovered James Thomson's *City of Dreadful Night*. Asked to illustrate an edition of the poem, he drew brains of a man debilitated by alcohol and loneliness: none of these sketches survived.

Redon did not paint or draw animals apart from the ominous raven and the odd and horrific spiders he is known for. The bull-terrier drawing is unique in his repertoire.

DENNIS PHILLIPS

BREK

On Rooks

1. *Power*

Didi, says Gogo, tell him it's Pozzo.
Hand in hand
off the three-posted bed
into the hands of who predicted the move.

Let me explain.
There are words I can't use to define this
and by can't I mean
that no one will stop me.

Is there a way to address power
that slips away from narrative?

Let me explain.
There's a fat one and a skinny one,
a pair of bowlers or a shotgun wrapped in paper.
But what of those who only know derbies?
Or who think of a pork pie as food ?

Put another way
there's a riverboat and the issue of costume,
and the unavoidable instrument of confidence.

Whaling ship: same problem.

2. *Outline*

Rooks in the oak tops.
Leafpins pierce feet.
Tender visitor humbled.

Fog, distant breakers, a truck in reverse.

This season: too soon to tell
or a catalogue of friends abandoned
or abandoning friends.

Rook in oak
calls to brethren
that special call
the one they've been waiting for.

Assessment: charity thinketh no evil.
Put another way: all hands on deck.

Conclusion: they must all be ghosts.

Recap: Fogdusk.
Broadwinged rooks
drop pebbles in the trout stream.
Ash season, smoke-red cloud curtain.
Sun sequestered, fire skimmed.

Distant giant pine [research type later] should be silhouette
instead dimensioned in setting sunlight.

Reference 1: Demeter and Mataneira
[cheated mothers]
neither lit by Helios [spy]
nor adroit enough to step from the story.

An acorn falls. Misses.

References 2 and 3: Evening wind arrives
like a messenger with winged feet
like in the good old days as Didi says.

Study the mysteries, says someone else.
Forget kleos.

3. *On Power On Rooks*

Face says that was my family's business,
ten thousand acres twenty thousand immortal head
and turns to the olive paste
through the plate glass doors
almost invisible when closed.

Or perhaps they were chicken wings
but anyway, the glass doesn't break—
or the forehead—and the rooky woods
stand beshrouded in shadows
cast under crepuscular wings
in some one's dream of contiguity.

Telegraphy in the branches
wingless voices below
and somehow, despite the conflagration
or because of it,
gravity or the face we've been waiting for
pulls us to the kitchen
and the money from our pockets
or pledges of belief.

4. Geography from Thirty Thousand Feet

Against the undeniability of the actual physical earth
there's the actual undeniable inner map
that erases intervening space and time—
this may have nothing to do with power.

It's just that novelty's been replaced with knowledge.
There's no point to this really
just an observation that longing for a place
is completely separate from being there.

In the tropics there are no rooks.

Paul writes from Bagnone: the angels aren't true.
Martha from Vermont: it hasn't stopped raining.
Nathaniel from Borneo: the guide died at the headwaters.

Ray has discovered the horizon
lurking between the dot and the vertical
of the lowercase letter i.
As clouds, a century below,
track clustered then converge as pointless covers—
but that's surface talk,
voice-motivated talk.

Take the boy from the country
and all space travels as one.

Whale ship: same problem.

Spread as they are
across a time zone's swath of night
how not to think of omens
the wings of rooks?

5. *No Rooks*

There are no crows in the tropics
nor Yankee senators
nor kelp beds with otters.

Instead please find
the Humuhumunukunukuapua'a
the bird and the rainbow wrasse
the snowflake moray eel
the angel tang.

These are not exactly true
unless, of course, you're human,
for humans are entranced with nitrogen
and the effects of their mastery of nature.

Put another way:
Can I measure nomenclature
by reef or forrest
from one decade to the next
or have I just not made the record clear?

6. *Crows*

In truth there are no rooks in California.
Not rooks qua rooks—chess excluded—
but crows—and crows galore.
All of them Corvids.

The rook is generally gregarious
the crow solitary but taxonomies
are beside the point—maybe.

Here the problem of specificity looms—
the poet smiling, imagining a world
where ornithologists read poems

and argue the fine points
of classification.

Unwilling to stop the progression
of castle to corvid to grifter in disguise
I've been taking the broad view
though on my left shoulder
Pound's encantation reminds me about leaves
and on my right Brumfield's essay on visual language
notes that while the properly indoctrinated see "birds,"
maybe "corvids," in a cartoon "sky"
a child correctly asks
why the "sky" has so many check marks.

7. *Corvids*

Twin sonic thunders punch the house.
The crows barely notice.

John Keats is a movie now
finally arriving at a station
everyone can understand.

Corvus in the palm trees
corvus in the oaks
who's left to marvel at what we've done?
By done I mean this chaparral
ready to burn just past the last developments'
patches of foreign flora and spreads of green.

Crow finds worm, crow finds poisoned rat
crow, crow, crow.

8. *The Point of Sparrows in a Book of Crows*

You title me, runneth over
on the island of lost friends
you title me the wrong title
on the island of knots.

The arc, boat or story,
any way you want it to.
The boat, the arc, the story
are exactly as you want them.

9. *Wrestling*

One more time
Proteus' fire to water to lion
down in seal town, in kelp festoon
one more time
where rooks don't travel
bearded man, his daughter
act out the ambush but
one more time
it's not what it seems.

Or it is and Proteus
only stands for a god
and his daughter a frigate bird
and the rook crowing
the faithful confuse one island
with the one it's not.

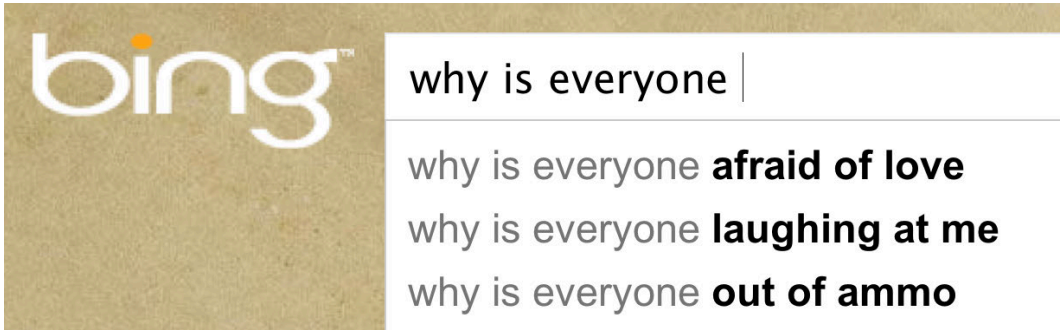
WILLIAM

POUNDSTONE

BACK

I'm Feeling Lucky

Towards a Crowd-Sourced Poetics



- Type a word or short phrase into a search engine and don't hit return. The autocomplete feature will generate a list of suggested searches. These lists often succeed as found poetry.
- Good words to try are *is*, *was*, *why*, *how*, *who*, or *this*. In some cases it helps to type a space after the word. Use beginnings of simple questions (*is it ok*) or the first few words of an existing poem (*april is*).
- Try different search engines. Don't forget Dogpile, which produces a high proportion of unique results.
- When you see something you like, do a screen capture. For high-res text, use the browser's zoom-in feature before doing the screen capture.



- Open the screen shot in a photo editor and crop as desired.
- Browser suggestion lists change with the news and memes, so repeat the process periodically. Autocomplete suggestions are a crowd-sourced poetry incorporating the real-time obsessions and anxieties of the mob.

be careful with my heart

be recruited

be still and know i am god

be funky

is lebron james married

is it friday yet

is this real life

i'm afraid **of americans**

i'm afraid **to have an abortion**

i'm afraid **to die**

i'm afraid **of people**

i'm afraid **of black people**

i'm afraid i **just blue myself**

i'm afraid i **can't let you play that dave**

is there a god

is it possible

is google down

is beyonce pregnant

is sugar toxic

is he cheating

was ed koch gay

was james gandolfini a smoker?

was trayvon ever arrested

was cary grant jewish

this **is the end** >

this **day in history**

this **old house**

this **american life** >

this **tv** >

this **is why i'm broke**

this **is 40** >

DAVID SHOOK

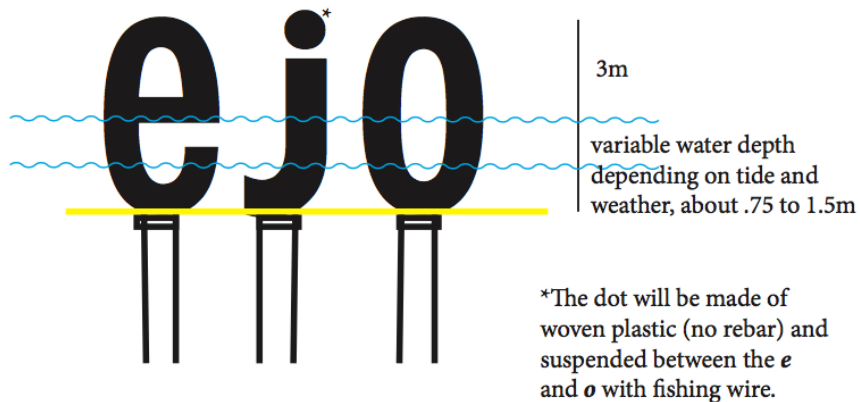
BACK

2 TEXTUAL INSTALLATIONS IN KIRUNDI

These preliminary sketches map two potential textual installations for the city of Bujumbura, Burundi.

Nostalgia vs. Hope

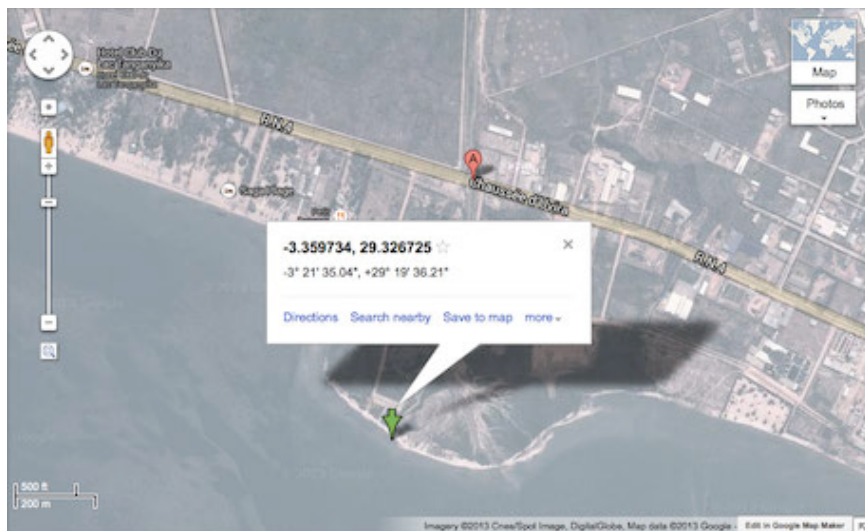
This textual installation on the shore of Lake Tanganyika employs the Kirundi word ***ejo***, which means both “yesterday” and “today,” or “a day one day from now (in either direction).” Installation at a depth of about 3m from the shore will allow interaction with the lake’s natural tides and weather.



Rudimentary mock-up of “Nostalgia vs. Hope.”

The word *ejo* will appear in a sans serif font based on the rough rendering above but ultimately determined in collaboration with the welder who constructs the rebar frame of the lowercase *e*, *j*, and *o*, which will then be covered with hand-woven crochet using recovered plastic bags in a technique developed by Congolese entrepreneur Joël Tembo. This will allow enough water and wind permeability to keep the tide and waves

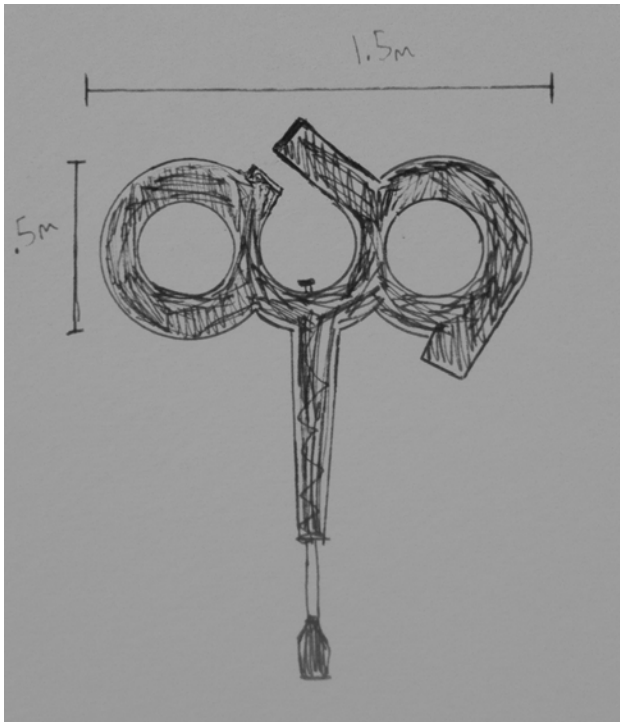
from knocking the letters over at the lake depth of .75 to 1.5m, depending on the tide, approximately 3m from the shore from the beach facing Cocktail Beach Restaurant (see map below). The rebar-framed letters will be 3m in height and from .75 to 1m in width, with a concrete anchor at their base and anchoring rebar extending an additional 3m beneath the lakebed. “Nostalgia vs. Hope” will be installed facing east, intended to be viewed from the shore, so that the setting sun shines over and through the letters. The shifting tides, wind, and light suggest the different meanings of the word *ejo*.



Approved location of “Nostalgia/Hope” installation.

Maybe

This textual installation employs the Kirundi words ***ego*** and ***oya***, which mean “yes” and “no,” respectively. A custom designed lowercase font will be used to produce a horizontally-rotating ambigram, which will be produced from flattened tin or iron scrap and mounted on a metal pole to allow the installation to spin with the wind, alternately reading “yes” and “no,” depending on the wind and the reader’s point of view.



Early draft of the “Maybe” custom ambigram, reading *oya*, see the reverse, reading *ego*, below.

“Maybe” would ideally be installed on the small roundabout (about 2m in diameter) at Chaussee Prince Louis Rwagsore, Avenue de France, and Avenue des USA in Central Bujumbura, to be visible to Bujumburan drivers passing through the prominent city juncture.



The connected letters will measure .5m wide each, for a total word width of 1.5m, and .75m tall, with an additional .5m tail for the central *g/y*, which will sit on the base pole. The entire word will ideally feature a slight concave on its *ego* side to encourage its spinning in the wind.



Proposed location of “Maybe” installation.

CHRIS STROFFOLINO

Dig The Dig: Merch Sestina (version 2)

Even in 2013, amid all the post-post-modern conceptual art, when you go to a fine-art gallery or a museum, you rarely see “merch” being sold alongside the, usually expensive, other art work on display. Perhaps galleries & museums fear it would not enrich the experience. But this is one of the reasons why Bettina Hubby’s recent installation at the Bergamont Metro station construction site

is so refreshing! At the Dig The Dig exhibit, the construction site adjacent to the Santa Monica Museum of Modern Art was transformed into a 30 person show, curated by Hubby. Beautiful still lives, thought-engaging conceptual pieces, &, yes, merch were all present. Each installation brought different values to enrich this event, which was also a party to celebrate the construction work

that had disrupted the community & SMMOA’s ability to work before they commissioned this Resident Construction Artist on the site. SMMOA’s July 21st celebration is the first public manifestation of

Hubby’s enrich-
ment of the environs. By exploring the relationship of construction work to fine art,
as well creating “Dig The Dig” scarves, buttons, pillows, T-shirts and other merch,
including a Perfume called “Dig” developed with Saskia Wilson Brown, Hubby

emphasized why Rose Apodaca calls her “an art-egalitarian.” Hubby & Brown (of the Institute of Art and Olfaction), crafted this edition of work-

er inspired fragrance, limited to 100 bottles. In creating this “merch,” they waived 49 flavors under the noses of workers from the site to determine which scents made “tired workers feel good.” The Art of concocting a scent that can make tired people feel good can enrich

in ways that conventional perfumes do not. You can feel immediately
enrich-
ed by this concoction of orange, vanilla, coffee, pine, rain & ‘fresh
laundry’ Hubby
& Brown developed without having to wait to see if others find the art
seductive! As the workers became a nascent focus group in Brown’s
work,
I wondered if this “bespoke scent” could be marketed beyond its use at
this site-
specific installation. As far as I know, there are no plans, but this
“merch”

also served as a “loss-leader” to call attention to IAO’s other “merch”
& the coordination of efforts between Hubby, Brown and the workers
enrich
our understanding of the ways art, labor, and commerce intersect in
any site
of familiar daily experiences. While this is only one aspect of Hubby’s
topical explorations, *Dig* suggests a way for those who call their art
work
to create, and collaborate, in coordination, with those who call their
work *art*

(of course, you could totally avoid the Merch Table. Hubby didn’t
demand
anybody Enrich her pockets, or even enjoy the Work or Works at the
Site, but I didn’t meet one person who found no Art they could use or
enjoy).

August 2013

DANIEL

TIFFANY

BACK

Neptune Fix

You ask what I look like.
Crows are flying home from school,
the wind is blowing hard.

Dear little revelers
come hopping along.
Please play my favorite *nocturne*!

Beautiful lobbies are ghosting
millionaire brides,
shortly to be replaced

by insects, dolls and cake.
Or who can stay
the bottles of heaven?

Blank and popped or painted
itself, the mind swallows the bait,
any rumor of pilgrims

crushed at the gate.
The blueness of a wound
cleans away rancor.

When someone goes,
someone remains.
Even out of the thorns

the robber swallows up
my ration, swallows hard
on the hook.

Heron House

Mostly the creeps turn their heads
so as to not see us.

A repeated phrase glitters on the threshold.
My boyfriend drinks out of a dark

green puddle. What is Man that
thou should magnify him?

Then, too, then, too, then, too,
the Bardot girls listen for strangers

back home. Lucky
that grimy curtain doesn't do much

to hide the bed.
Pepper three-way

now your poppy
bower syndrome, not all there

to feel the pranks my boyfriends
have in store. Feast your eyes.

Ottoman Agent

Take us the foxes
the little foxes
who spoil the vines,
take it to my used-to-be.

O take me to the waterfront
where the water runs cold.

Then the world wants to know
what this all about.

Neither say thou
before the angel:
royal riding,
NEVER EVER.

(And just for the record
the two long hours
it took to set the trap
seemed not long to him at all.)

The human torch is the main attraction.

And the visor?
A simple way to earn a few style points.

People run all over town.

Wilt thou set thine eyes
upon that which is not?

Nonstop.

Even when I remember
I am afraid.

The "bears" stopped at my house first,
done me all the harm they could.

Judging
by the amount of lipstick
I found, I would say
between 6 and 8 times.

She's still sleeping.

Put some of that in there.

Due Diligence

His fingers have twelve years of piano
behind them.

From what rustic and debauched minds
do you inherit

such a pitiful neighing of diamonds?
Hence the name.

My sister threw a lit
candle at me for I had lingered

a moment too long.
All hypothetical of course.

Why mention ships
burned by the shore at Trestles?

Walk the streets all walk
the streets all night.

O the racetrack is a dusty place
and the cuckoo is a flying bird,
he hollers when he flies.

Pretty sure that Tunisian
girl Dido gave me something
last night.

Lightning and Fur

'Tis pity thou art not
a bit more tongue-tied.

Here comes a candle
to light you to bed.

The sky comes down and howls
from stories of wolves

echo through the night.
I might start shimmering--

don't let nobody in.
The girl in the lane

who can't speak plain
cries *gobble gobble gobble*.

And when I use the word "serial"
I mean I've stolen a hat

from every guy who's followed me home unless
the last one, maybe.

I mean Colorado Blackie has a black rind,
I mean the oink in the moo.

I am referring of course
to the epigrammatic turn

this conversation is taking.
I don't need no made-up panic.

When the stormy kids we call
stars rise thick as hail,

I sometimes ask a question
then answer it myself.

It is surprising, I admit, to have to reason
with oneself in prison in order to be sad.

And when I say "complete whore"
I mean the kid leather

apron encircling his waist, the patch
of high birth upon his cap.

Mock epic.

I think I just scared a bird with my dick.



URQUIDI

BACK

Civic Center / Dog

Our locked broken-into
 cemetery, womb
of childhood zombie fear,
 distorts fog ghosts
into contrived nocturnal
 cuneiform to mark
the homes of Iwo Jima vets
 and captured wives.

Rosco is dead now too.
 We killed him
in August on the bed
 where for those final
six years he slept in
 shitting trembles.
Still often comes to
 mind, tonight

in Mission Memorial
 Park with bay view
wasted on dead sailors,
 last night in front
of the Warfield at 1 AM.
 Urine withheld
eight hours straight
 only to find

after release from sweat
 prison the city
has ordered all toilets
 abolished. Meth
pimps degrade a caustic
 ass-shaker. Youths
with headphones make
 a day's work tough

for the anxiety-stricken
 beggars. Scent-marked
alley corners crossed
 and shrugged off.
It can be hard to win minds
 and hearts of a scorned
love's loves. Rosco would
 have had no trouble.

Words From A Chipotle Bag, 3/30/2013

Luck was

never growing
in easy
water. Congratulations

can sprout

on you
just like
a field

of sunshine

& from
the other
crops you

picture it

as a
germinating pinto,
a little

Chipotle pinto

sitting. And
the farmer
who made

you forget

the burritos
became the
best reason

you have

of never
livin'. You're
soaking yesterday

out of

my way.
You're the
more sensible

about it

& I
took to
it ever

little. You
and I
would've been
just and

made some
part sustainable.
This thought
of people

would make
us all
proud but
it don't.

You started
second and
now ever
far
in back
I do
the greatest
picking up.

Need for Swaddling

The streetlights crane
their necks to look down
on our species,
they a meeting of disappointed

daddies and us
the agèd children who retain
a need for
swaddling. After we abandon struggles

their solutions surface
years ahead. In my past
say some voices
hold back, from young idiocy

we evolve. Of
language the amount wasted daily
could downtown bridges
of Los Angeles infinitely light.

We forgot how
to address, stamp an envelope.
We relearned how
to address and stamp out

a distant population.
We do not answer phones.
We check I.D.
Even then we do not

answer the phones.
Christ from a cave emerges
again. Christ emerges
as voices in a photo.

Too at ease
we singularly are to glimpse
risk, to depart
warm-calm, collected, our collective bed.

Manufactured Breathing

Down water streams
 onto my knee
through the hole
 in the windshield.
 I feel adieu
 coming on.

Stand yawning
 cops beneath
the café awning,
 barely begin
 their too early
 in the morning

or too late
 at night shift.
If, say I, my
 van's half full
 of rain then
 of my situation

I cannot complain.
 At the seagull
I stare on a dune
 moon-far for
 so long it becomes
 the bath towel turban

of an Arizona drifter
 I suspected it was.
Once my guitar
 received reverb
 from these seacliff bunkers
 but now they hush sealed

by concrete blocked rebar
 of ambivalent governance;
traps perhaps
 for my internal pigeon
 roost chorus. I wish
 I had enjoyed the sound

more while I could,
 that is how

regret's embedded
in modern methods
of backward looking.
Into a future I see

these cliffs dwelling
undersea and will wish
I had enjoyed
the silence of bunkers
sealed, dry,
and tactile. A dream

suggests Mutti
and Vati in process
of congenial divorce,
I at twenty-four
unphased in a cabin.
He needs more time

to love his cars
and she respects that,
the end.
I'm to blame,
I should feel
as is proper

phoned-in response.
The guilt comes not
so I walk around
the miraculously
undreamt lake.
On one of two

wood moss rafts
throbs a bus-large
mass of tabby
cats conjoined.
Stuffed cats hurled
by preteen boys

into the feline
algae-slurping hydra
assimilate.
The raft drifts
close, pulls me
aboard their float.

I in the shoulder
of a respiratory
fuzzy dream
behemoth
am a muscle,
a sexless

Aeaeon nexus
of domesticated mewing.
At which point
the two rafts collide,
the uprooted sycamore
atop rival raft

clobbers my blob
and plunges his wood
root deep into
undulating puss.
I stare at my eunuch
brain for so long

it becomes
the punographic beatnik
I suspected it was.
I'm to blame,
I should feel
as is proper.

STATEMENTS

MOLLY BENDALL

I am presently writing a manuscript of poems that dwell in the human experience of animals in a zoo. In this sense, the poems are not precisely about animals, or about zoos, or even about the human observer, but about the ontological space of experiencing animals within the leisure “park” of the zoo—a space that one treasures, or abhors, in part because of its anachronism. Without specifically noting the identities of the animals, I hope the poems allow the actual details of animal behavior to inhabit a shared space with the sympathies and imagination of the observer.

GUY BENNETT

```
<!DOCTYPE HTML>
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<html>
```

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<head>
```

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  <meta http-equiv="Content-Type" content="text/html;  
  charset=UTF-8" />
```

```
<title>Regarding <b>View Source</b></title>
</head>
<body>
<article>
  <!-- This space intentionally left blank. -->
</article>
</body>
</html>
```

BYRON CAMPBELL

Membranes is a narrative triptych that experiments with various levels of magnification and (metaphorical) backlighting to build an intentionally shaky narrative into which the reader becomes inadvertently but inevitably implicated via the observer effect. The 1st Layer is a work of flash fiction, and it breaks one of the rules of submission, since it was not possible to force it into a single 6X9 page and retain a font size above 10pt. I apologize. It establishes a short, surreal narrative that is purportedly explicated, but in reality undermined, by the subsequent two pieces. The 2nd Layer is a field of colored text, and is intended to visually suggest a membrane stretched taut across the page. By filtering for specific colors, several dialogues come to light. The 3rd and final layer is a series of charts and graphs that report upon the character and situations brought forward by Layers 1 and 2. It is simultaneously the closest zoom and the most disorienting. The (often unconscious) decision of how and where to apply the “raw data” from Layers 2 and 3 upon the narrative in Layer 1

casts the reader into the uncomfortable role of meaning-maker, observer and “accomplice.”

GENEVA CHAO

These excerpts comes from a book written in three voices to investigate a problem common to all. No conclusion was reached, possibly because one of them disappeared before the experiment could conclude.

LARKIN HIGGINS

Maybe lines, not linearity. A capital letter evokes its anatomy of sound and built form. These pieces are ongoing visual-textual investigations of meaning, inherent and constructed, addressing movement.

Collaged within “*peripatetic L*” is a portion of Wikipedia’s definition for *lateral consonant* it was less concise than Oxford’s and other sources therefore its circuitous wording seemed appropriate.

In “Lava and Houses” periods primarily used as punctuation indicate movement (quiet to active) rather than full stop, subverting their original singular designation, scattering as plural reverberations if one were to translate these marks as incomplete or expanded ellipses, then perhaps resonances of lapse, deletion, and pondering are induced.

A version of “Lava and Houses” was first published in *Erasure*, Naropa Press, Boulder, CO. The rest of these works, or variants, are included in my chapbook published by Mindmade Books (formally Seeing Eye Books) December 2013.

DEBORAH MEADOWS

These are two scenes from the play entitled Guide Dogs that is drawn from the inspired daring of the Occupy movement one portion of which occurred at nearby LA City Hall. The play explores Occupy, as well as reading and interpretation.

Caution: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that the following play is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio and television broadcasting, and the rights of translation into foreign languages, are strictly reserved. All inquiries concerning performance rights should be addressed to the author, Deborah Meadows, c/o Liberal Studies Department, California State Polytechnic University, Pomona, 3801 W. Temple Avenue, Pomona, CA 91768.

DENNIS PHILLIPS

“On Rooks” is the R in a recently completed alphabet book, provisionally titled ON. It was published in OR #5, two years ago.

AJ URQUIDI

The 2011 marketing strategies of Chipotle, as well as many other popular fast food chains, involved printing ecstatic essays about the über greatness of the company on all facets of its paper cups and wrappings. I noticed the interesting vocabulary used on some of these containers while eating lunch there last year, thus my project ensued. I made a chart containing a tally of every word in each individual cup/bag essay; for each item I rearranged each word in the item's respective essay so the word would not touch any words it previously touched and so each word would be used no more times than it had appeared in the original essay, and accordingly I tried to make grammatical or at least musical sense of the new nonsensical content. I mean no disrespect to Chipotle in the exercise; those meals were all delicious (and as a poet I must respect their wordy marketing ideas.)

The other poems emerged from my transition from West Los Angeles to Brooklyn and back to the best coast, and they are marked by my borderline obsession for not leaving all lines completely aligned to the left.

