

Word For/ *Word*



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Emily Anderson

Half

Amputee, different
from amphibian. Not less
resilient. Not less
inclined to mitosis.

Quieter. Maybe.

Maybe. Both
made in water

vast abeyance

Where is my once-
fish aspect? Pain vanishes, unfolds

a tail, I croak I kick
the bucket, I say exactly what I mean.

What I once was quivers
--drawn bow, sprung leg
prepared in butter, identity
having been

At home in my frogpalace
shortening my tongue:

half of half of half of half of half of half of half of half

I have machines.
I take them a part.

I pour peas from chalice to gullet,
drink princewine and my thoughts
are gulls, xeroxed and still
predatorial. Mask over mask
over mask. Cry.
Cry cry cry cry cry.

the way I breathe. the hours and inks it takes
through my skin.

diamond shape sewn. make creasemarks. what's called the pocket. what's known as the squashfold. hang me and me and me around her hundred-hundred dying beds instead. Edge A to B. Create frog base. Creep. Luck. Three more times. Three more times.

What's green and read
all over? A frog
in a blender. I'll fold
you, I'll love you, I'll cut
my tongue in half on your flap.

Run your finger down my back, compressing my legs like a spring. Most people seem confused. In the castle: fossilized dinosaur footprints. A hop, skip, and a jump. Ancestral home. Den on land and pray under water. Ancestral home. Brochure. Ear holes and noseholes folding closed. Pray underwater. Realm or ream. Pig in the pulpit from the tenth century. Torn and wadded, my taste is very wild. Spring under seige. A stand of white stretched to black against palacemist. Came bobbing to the top. Origami, black placemats. A working well. A fools cap. Rinsed in black water.

Amputee, amputee
turning-green identity

like me like me

I'm in the inky
pocket of the printer's apprentice—
which are ps
and which are cues

in his pocket
the young boy's, not fifteen—
wiggling

the itch where the toe
the ache where the knee

paper cut a perfect me.

Leap to my death half
dressed, make
my legs, cut
your tongue yourself.

Prey underwater

Shadow of my arm is the page, I'm on fire again

if you see me in half
like with a mirror

Be still.
I'll jump

water basket
woven of same
uncoverlet

your other half
almost eyes
not even
crying.

long tongue to reach instead of. paper bandage, paper badge. paper cup shaking in armless
mouth. rocks dotted with paint to look at me. cut open to see all of. gold
coins in the cup, rocks dotted with pain. you look like me.

Teresa K. Miller

from *in, Still, mooring*

The copies make themselves the dishes
strain a bit against the stacking metal
against teeth and mouth corners the idea
cowering, coddled and ambushed, skinned
and strung up to a height that lets pleasantly
irregular a dripping sound in the breeze.

*Most people don't know people who could find
people to go out to hire someone to kill someone.*
— overheard on MSNBC

Blood finds its way into places it shouldn't.
The bowl colors like porcelain, a dripping
or a swirling, a dying dyeing like a mantra.

There still exist places, potential sacrosanct,
mirrors and slits and records of photons
determined indeterminate. Probabilistic

extension beyond ninety years, a collection
of cancers, ulcerous insomnia, a mind-part
twisting against its scaffolding with razor-

blade lust. Places it shouldn't pass through.
New wrist-openings and the wrongsided
intent/estine, the pooled play in the brain.

Half the table hides in the unsaid.

A photograph crooked on the drywall, a line
of cocaine on the coffee table, a blurred
moon through the smudged window.

An effort must come from one side,
appears as an eye when it should be
the hand and the brain that scribes.

*the moral quagmire officials encounter when confronted with otherwise
blameless people who can, through casual contact with others, cause
illness or death*

— Anthony Bourdain

I.

Neverending nature, in perpetuity an illness with a twist in it, a one-sided infinity
deleterious degenerative deteriorate Longer passage of Sunday to Wednesday
than others, sufferable continuing aggravation of the stomach lining development /
discoloration. The effect of seven extra degrees. The wasting. Waiting

II.

Taxonomic craziness houses disorder seed, naming spawns placebo mania feeds depression
Deed to the mind handed over over over Repetition signaling compulsion, an
illustration, a proof self-diagnosis common diagnosis Diagnostic / Statistic.
Something in the water, the birth, the diet, the mela/serotonin

III.

pain receptors. Sneakily preaching a barrier where exists one amorphous mass of cells,
retroactively justifying the imposition of a regressive equation The epidemic nature of fad
advertising criminally recorded. Epidemiology of fear of epidemics latex gloves
sticking to public keys / receivers / knobs

changing the order atom layers air / skin

Amish Trivedi

'Why God Lives on a Tiny Island in Hawaii'

Blisters are an unwanted sacrifice:
too much
laughter and playing. A

day will come when

rain is by necessity acidic. I could be
working construction with a

dad or an uncle.

'Meta Static'

'Real' is not in
color
wire garrotes.

Against the graying

contrasts of celluloid,
the diseased nails,

ripping through the
teeth across a lawn,

buried in the

noises, are counteracting
lucid hours.

Symptoms are

adding up:
in heat. Skin

peeled
about birds:

heavy dye cast

machine :: measured

tones-

Lisa Lightsey

THEN it looks

The patroness had come and the crown was watching without its eyes. The eyes were on the staircase, a bat flying between the trees. On the feast day, one of the most elaborate, you could not even find bread. The bread was at the bottom of a lake, an animal over there in that cage.

This is intended for the heat of what devotes.
Let's go to the bar and get a beer.

The beer was inside an outrageous man who took to blows from the prayer. From a sea of humans the crown is grabbed and thrown. At first it sulks and sulks, then it carefully looks back at what it has made holy.

SOME translucion

The moment the hands midwife a love.
The same life imagines before it had new chickadees to
bear. Back then that specificity had never been tried. Two
people lost their balance from the weight of the look that
said what will light do? What will hands combing upon
the world brush free?

Whatever kicked it wasn't enough prefixing of life to
hearten you on in whispers as first the eyes might.

See—
because if you can, it means you have finally been born.

ANY worth

The pod protects its seed, the geode gems, the egg, yolk-
lying in tusks of grass, safe from hands that pluck to sow
and sell to eat. An egg shhs,
walks on tip-toe, hides white on white and when
abused, hard-soft according to time.

The stone rolls in half, the Siamese earth-twin operated
on, no longer conglomerate but related. The ghost-rice
grain, oblong and strange,
keeps shying from its price.

Elizabeth H. Barbato

Soskalom Volch'im*

Read *Nose*, read *Overcoat*, read *Queen of Spades*.
The line outside the prison gate is rain.
Spindles thrum, temple-pound sewer ratking:
one hundred-odd tails, Gordian shining.
Anna takes her soap and goes to work. She
lingers in cells, grandest bee among drones,
fails at parties, loud ghosts overcome her.
Glasses wink, white ink slips beneath her rug.
When nobody else describes It, she does,
thin-spun preface, in a blue-faced swagger.

While Genghis the Khan steals Peter's bronze horse
she's shilling for Stalin; sold some words, amber
beads. Nix swamp below her, nix angular
critics. She's picking her teeth with their tone,
not their bones. Wolf mama's slowly rocking
her cradle, in daylight, the pack slinking
grey. Nasty divorcée, a Mandelstam
stone. This statute, a whimsical lyric.
Memorization's in markets just 'til
the last man is gone, cigar smoke unwinds
in dank cellar stairs, in dressing-gown sleeves.

Her son washes prison dust off of his
face with her soap made of stanzas, of rhyme.
Cyrillic amphibians stalk her in fever
dreams out of closets: lounge strident, lounge
willful, lounge anywhere else but this brain.

* *with the bared teeth of a wolf*, from a poem of Akhmatova's

Eleatic

In nails, groan, moon pulling.
Smote chapel, windows.
A mist, strum tide fallen.
Diagram erasure, rough
centrifuge, lean jamb.

Thrush, dark speech.
Lungs, bone, gelid iris.
Flood drawn, wings.
Scar alphabet, nettled.
Fly augury, ash cross.

In tallis, a rooted
alpine menhir blesses
at wrist, chimes, unstrung.
Shelf lung, new praxis:
a strumming alethic.

Calliope

Preadamite stem-cell.
Their running gag is a recording
of albatross operas.

Sugar-filled horse,
neurological alembic,
one effigy, cracked in lead.

Boardwalk webbing.
Tarring sand, edible dross.
Three leavings, waves. Stet.

Autumn Carter

Menagerie

I.

Gait. Stop. Observe the girl.
Out of paper drinks
the darkening sea, swallowing the murky brown of too many colors.
each piece.
This is why I still stand.

II.

and of snow)
as he carefully unfolds it, pieces crumpled
and useless as chicken feathers)
stroke would feel smooth and creamy.
They have heard meaner truths spoken.
There are no words,
and he will use the pages as the animals weep,
tears making their dye unhappy eyes
hope the space between the bars,
drowning them in the menagerie

My heart is origami—square cages.

“Gomen,” he will say, “Gomen-nasai,”
eyes the animal
sees her take flight—wings heart
(he smells of fish and kelp and houses stumbling on each paper foot,
and splayed spindly-legged beast,
wise as a newborn.

the boy will read a Japanese book. He will use the last pages
to make this animal.
who would have thought its paws (world sliding liquidly behind them,
filling paper
transformed into a tiny, crisp edged animals—all like my heart) were hard?
When he has used this book
to build a menagerie of rainbow boats.
“konnichiwa,” the boy says.

Somewhere on Hokkaido the sun translates “leaves of grass,”
in which we have never heard anything as cruel.

all the animals,
the sky hanging black in their eyes runs and stains.
“ki-ni shinaide,” they say.

Christiana Baik

The most beautiful life possible has
always seemed to me to be one
where everything is determined, either by the
pressure of circumstances or by impulses such
as I have just mentioned and where there is
never any room for choice.

--Simone Weil

i.

And Staten Island is a borough?
Trying not to think of him, as the 1 lifts
overground. 125th Street, the electric
derivations. Evening lightning storms
and sparked junctions, studio work
and blurb manifestos. Avery Hall, late
nights and listen, I'm up Broadway,
seeing Harlem, an end that is
forseeable, too easily replaceable. My
module in a trash bag and a trash bag,
spooked by religious bursts, the awful
Whitman renditions, as friends say "it's
just a mishap," held hands but underestimating,
the conflicts of feeling such
way, for him new ends as
here it's assimilation or alligators, to
walk for first drinks, Brooklyn Inn, as
well as gone, this neighborhood.

Binoculars

i.

Scoop

scorn

sky,

sky.

Loops

large

lake,

sky. sky

Lattice,

loops,

light,

let.

View,

la terre,

la mer,

hannul.

Lake

least,

lie,

sky.

View,

west,

whoa,

sky.

Notes by a Cosmophilic

Figures, writing, geometry,
vegetation-arabesque.

A story of
hybrids.

What was non-figural, illumination,
with scalloped borders.

Composite capital, Cordoba,
crisp carvings.

What's etched within
the remnant.

Where flowers bloom forever.

Some cobalt blue, white. Some
tentative illusions. Tokapi Place.

Don Quixote
is a ruminant, a rumour.

Tenant parcels. Motifs,
subcontinents.

Some regular foliage
sprouting from above.

Some leaves that began
work in my heart.

Silk, metal lamella. Spun-spun.
To what rug? Or measure?

Love looms wholesale,
says the cotton.

Sense

i.

Yes to come so soon
to a common street name
to his apartment, a local
bar, park, school. To walk
close to him, an
individual
then to people,
towards groups
of people.

Yes to a morning yawn, open
eyes from an eerie dream
streetlights flooding emptied
buses.

How vernacular fear can be
my fear of
constriction, selement.

How one's face turns factual
how virtue is to keep a bath-
room clean.

How paper scraps
track tires, how his
words still keep. How
things come clear like
my love for heat,
my love for street signs,
my love of dizziness, and ris-
ing inclines.

Yes to say, to come, so soon.

Hanna Andrews

On the equivalence of matter and energy

You will approach zero & then be propelled. For now, seven inches of light through the blindgap, a few feet to the bathroom, four years behind the beckon perfumed & half-living in the kitchen. She will make breakfast, she will calculate the degree of mouth corner turned down, her eyes will pool over your bones: depletion. A few hours until the next sleeploop. She will incubate—you tiny robin's egg, you resting pilot light. Movement—a navigation of three small rooms, a discrete association between bodies. Let it be known that she is already fevered inside, therefore, is driven. Let it be known she is the arrowhead, arrow-heart. She suffers the kinetic itch & you know it.

gedankenexperiment

& in the beginning I chased after nothing; everything in my path hung low from colored ribbons, blinking wild & begging a pocketing. My dreams were teenaged: social theatrics melting fast to the carpool alarm. I lived in & with things, surrounded plush—array of stuffed elephants lined up under sheets.

In the year of the guessing game, I held hands with my constant ghost, turned indignant from plans pre-emptive. What wonder ever came from refusing to be wild-haired, sticking to the home realm, untraveled? I followed you saturated & swathed; we twinned toward interlocking circulation. I followed you until we were both invisible.

[Our eyes can never see enough to be satisfied; what has been done before will be done again.]

Sever the light beam; put it on paper. Fifty pages of uncoiling the mindstretch past the possible. I have no heart but a document.

Ian Davisson

Nerves

had not yet unbarred him
in the glorious purple

the sky, pale, few,
, too, asleep, which early
from his couch of clay, o
morning so
springs
notes, to summon
who battle for their
demon raging
and brave of hope and life—
breast, the hero now delights
horse neigh— the cannon's roar—
— his last— the soldier wakes

through the various new
present year, come upon

three streets—
— which are continuous, and seem as one.

branches, even though it be

thick on their

when music breathed in the air, and pride

Route

by way of
the Triple Twist Tree
that these eruptions ceased

the east side stands Devils Orchard

barrier-free

landscape of cinder cones
moist north slopes of the cones
the summit of Inferno Cone

the Craters of Moon Wilderness
cylindrical

the Tree Molds
after the wood rotted

Trench Mortar

Beauty and Surprise Caves and the Indian Tunnel
caves

Dewdrop
artificial light in all

Load limit restriction of
further notice
from Mileposts 36 through 41.

Portneuf Road to before Exit 71
bridge construction, speed restrictions

Pocatello between mileposts

are entering and exiting

roadway reduced road construction speed restrictions in force width limit in effect
an alternate

limits and

detour

bridge, guided by a temporary traffic signal. Motorists should expect delays of up to 15 minutes.

at the railroad bridge on Garrett Way between Main St. and Cedar St. at milepost 334.15.

roadway reduced to one lane, bridge construction, speed restrictions in force, width limit in effect

bridge construction, width limit in effect, length limit in effect, delays, roadway reduced to one lane

done during daylight hours

through the closure zone.

lanes

in outside

— until

south of

Michael Rothenberg

XLIV MUSÉE DE L'INSTITUT DU MONDE ARABE

Atop Musee de l'Institut du Monde Arabe facing Notre Dame
Under steel, glass, salmon tapestries draped between palm
Fronds, I eat lamb in clay casserole of prunes, nuts, astrolabe
Forbidden magic texts, celestial spheres, astrological manuscripts

Windows a mosaic of optical shutters adjusting to hours of
Light and night, scales, Koran, oil lamps, fragments of funereal
Stele, Kurdish tapestries, The Hunt, The Flower, The Court
Funereal frieze, funereal column, tile, Tunisia, Syria, Iran

Yemen, Morocco, Egypt, Jew, Christian, Islam, savoring every
Bubbling forkful of lusterware glass and pottery, crystal handled
Dagger imbedded with rubies, pearl, gold filigree necklace
Stuffed with perfume, hare, fish, lion, calligraphic morsel rescued

From House of Wisdom, illuminated, dipping a sweet baguette
I buy a few postcards, admire the flying buttresses of Notre Dame
Cross the river again to sit in a park. It's very warm. A man feeds
Pigeons, which one expects in a park. The pigeons eat their feast of crumbs.

STILL BEAUTIFUL for TC

Dizzie Gillespie and Joan of Arc wing
through invisible curtains

Squirrel taps the fence
for more sunflower seeds

The congregation kneels
at the edge of the great chasm

Wake up, Goddammit!

I dive into the aquarium
Read poetry to the sharks

How did transparency get so complicated?

Foxglove
Glowworms
Scorpion on the sink

I discover something permanent
But don't know what to do with it

Various petunias hatch from my skull

What do you believe in?

Lynn Strongin

HOW DARE we ask ecstasy

Make death a low bow

A

Curtsy? Standing before the IV's, the input chart tray of brushed metal.

Don't mutilate a fraction

Of faith or bone in the body of my little sister

She handed in a legal brief Monday

Dawn

Then saw oncologist & plastic surgeon

Then walked with her husband home

Past rings & wedding gowns in window

To that brown dog to bed

Desperation

Barking his head off in their absence in the lost hotel room.

The largest handkerchief in the world couldn't parachute from this grief

Pentimento occurs when one illness masks another,
the shield drawn forth
the primary
gleams.
A palette knife scrapes the dust from our rooms.
Like a cape, we pull drawstring to rooms about our shoulders
hermetic
waves of paper
breaking upon shores
of bone:
we know this box
of breath,
the brutal animal of body
beating knuckles up against
iron
yet unaware it is an orange
from the south
a tarty
longlimbed, spaghetti boned
angel we may entertain.

Notre plus grand mouchoir

After the great dust up
where are you sweet dark thing?
I look for you between passing trains
in glass
commuting
New York to Connecticut
Vermont
is apples
sweet thunder
dusk. We hold our silence down under the table like a dark secret, an apron, a prayer. Swanny, help me thru,
speak of air quality control:
but we are at the ocean where the largest handkerchief stand on the counter:
the dry socket
won't cause too much pain, hopefully. Sweetheart went shopping two days ago for a friend's sister in
Quebec, Jocko of the too brand dongers:
big boobs
small body
little partridge
her Rhenish sisters searches with sweetheart
but after the hack up with feather duster
 I trust more
your switching trains past midnight, the breath held at the station, passion's low lion-roar.

I've waited for sky to open

paint to peel
wound to heal
waiting still
We kept a low profile
now are moving into the darkness of mountains
gandering over Christmas toys
blue-jeans fastened by safety pin:
old young love
turning in the door
mere outline
waiting to be told that you've made it across.

 When I remember prison light
 is it not the ward I am returning
 to its place on the shelf
 like a glass of coppers
 in Dutch sun
 like Vermeer's soiled yellow silk shawl with tatty ermine
 to the woman-child in the painting? Seventeenth century just as the bone drill, the seesaw of
mood swings, the cure-all maps are modern.

Buy a bicycle in Amsterdam

count chimney pot cranes
on red

carry coals to Newcastle.

Ferry me home

journeying from Dubrovnik on the Adriatic to Ben Nevis, Scotland

pedaling across Dutch countryside

I began counting windows in Manhattan

remembered light

blown on my eye ball

slick tires

mauve drizzle. Without the shelter of a bridge, text, script known by heart without blame for leaving home

I slept in the spill of frost

from moon & windows

altogether surprised.

Serendipity, the surreal, the magical opened the crack in the universe

thru which light shone:

& shook me by the shoulders

dazzled by two gray eyes.

Felicia Shenker

from NOON

“In turbid liquid. The seeds sail. Cut from under the fence.
Covers it partly. Floods into the room. In cracks in the
sidewalk.

Something settles. Into an adjacent field. Dandelions and
their leaves. A blanket of snow. A voice, too. She finds
missing coins.

In the valley. The cows, let out, wander. Are separated, the
blooms discarded. Protects the roots of trees. Is heard. In
last year’s pocket.”

“Parting ways. A rising up of waves. Hurling rage. Through
the old screen door. Two fiddles play. All wrapped up in
wool.

Walking in opposite directions. That fall across the sand.
The layers of the social. Slams shut. A lilting tune. Is the
handle of the knife.

’Til the other’s grown small. So white and fine. Are
imaginary lines. And stays there. Is what he remembers. Is
carved out of bone.”

“Is what they named it. With room to move in or lie down.
Strung up like wires. So the notes run together. Emit the
faintest sound, then fade to silence.

After hours of careful thought. And a corner to sleep in. Or
a string of lights. Rub against each other. A pebble in a jar,
held in by the lid.

And a few conversations. The blankets piled high. Winking
in the night, in the trees. Cacophonously. Or a butterfly,
peering out through the glass”

“And left there idly for days. Wrapped up tightly. Watching
the hands turn. And lose all colour, become light. From
where they are swept. And now the space is clean.

Still. Bound with cord. In circles. The colour of dust. As if
they had not been. As if they could not be replaced.

And then begin to stir. Then knotted at the back. Around
the face of the clock. Is no colour at all. Of value. Or
present in a simple way.”

“Petals fall. With whiteness. Bending, snapping back as the
wind falls. Size and depth. A package can’t be shaken.
Returns.

They pock-mark the ground. As often as. Something falls
from it. Are measured. But listened to, closer. Square one.

Covering over the grey. Still filters. And is ignored by and
large. With silver rulers. For the rustling. Paper mars.”

“Where the air is thinner. Flies ahead. Its perfect arc.
Though it isn’t. The surface polished. All around.

Among the clouds. Spermatozoa, whipping. Mathematical.
A ghost. Made to shine. As if it meant something.

And the jet-trails. Their way toward the ovum. And
speeding up. Or a memory. Brilliantly. Around it, growing
old.”

Allison Carter

From *In Your Spare Time*

Spare time 1

In my spare time I knit, I like to read a lot, I play on a computer in my spare time on my own, all of this stuff, depending on where you are standing, the neighbor's child asking a question, "since birds came before cows, did they cause cows," I am stunned, also I have morbid/oracle thoughts, and in my spare time, in another hall, siamesedly, I am a girl's own head, and, rotating a breakdown of the head, also the human head, rotating a very loose ball socket so not whatever, stick, so ideas for more rewarding spare time, take up a new sport, learn a new skill, help others in the community, read a lot,

Fill Your Spare Time With Money

I invite 3 to the park, tell him we can buy lunch at the grocery store, drink a bottle of champagne, promise that we will do a lot of work there, watching others people's dogs either come, or not come, when they call them,

Near The Bed

In how many directions can the eyes lock in, no light in the room, all is inward, still compacting wheels into a socket, “Get out of there,” the neighbor yelling, “Get out,” and the light in the moon has escaped inwards from the surface, it is thumping with the backside of such nuclear stuff,

To Slack Off

In any compartment, when dreams are specious roamers, What is pegged, Has the sky gone slack, Is it laying a nail, can't tell, too boxed, too occupied by pattern, to tell, Has the stellar spacing gone lax, Has it passed into flab, from the inside, no blaze, no current, how extensive a ventricle for a loose pump, any move to slack off the cabinets, the boxes, the tension structures, In the whole block nobody vents,

Clues

Cogency, emission of light or luminous substances, jocularly, noisy love, a romantic affair, noisy fierce emission of luminous affection, feeling like somebody who is loved, romantically, loving plouots, buying two plouots, making a point of buying two of everything, one for husband, one for you, reserving private basement space in your enflamed cardiac mansion for the absent third plouot,

Unracking at Night

Out the window, a sole feral cat, only seldom, only fine, mewling over in a black patio, my husband's eyes, silted, I cannot wake him, as if to say, pre-dawn omens seldom time a feral precum, also, suggestions on how to unrack in a tight spot, so I will not wake him, this feeling, it's only fine, a Theremin in the shoulder, a coil in the tank unbeds, I can't slip out,

,

Ryo Yamaguchi

Race Car, Race Car

I want to jump the roof, red and yellow and purple and green, where my heart
steams its sweet whistles, dear me, dearest, and with curlicues, this strike-up
band. One day, two days, three days, four. Big head on a little body.

*

I climb a tree like this, and like this I fly in the sun. And I can sing,
but also, a chair I can sit in the grass, that would be the color of grass.
My song is the color of grass. Come hear me. Grass song. Marble in the grass.

*

In the window the rain laps; my eyes, gray; the rain and the window
and the night, come on; the lamp at the end of the yard.
I cannot go from the window; against the window, millions of fish.

*

Night has many stages, some of them a terror. I speak so I am sure
it is me. The cars on the wets roads; the headlamps on the church.
Some nights make up for several days. I have so much strength inside of me.

*

I put a mattress on my head. I put Mittens on the mattress because she is a queen. Night has many stages, so Mittens sits herself tall, so she keens, and we go out to let all the neighbors know our misery.

*

But I feel the doctors here, who are of the night, their moon coats and the white dust of their hair. Their arms are thin as sleeves, and they grow and snake and tangle and pulse and fill my room. Soon I will be a man.

*

Race car, race car, where do you go? Red and yellow and purple and green. I want the parade too; I want the tin walk, the candy band; I want the candy to explode around my head, to stall in its candy bloom, each piece whispering its hello.

My Friend, My Friend

Belief is present all around us—that much we can sink.
Belief has been one fidget after another in the dry grass across which
we've opened up, our great run.

I tell you the words of this paper, the very beginning, how we slapdash
and holus bolus swept into the wrack,

all that green fire, the pits of light, the jungle
decked out across our vision.

I tell you the lines that will make the semblance of a room.

You have a look of mixed operas; your face is pale with a want that has no edge,
so you tell me the tilt everything has is erupting with laughter.

Then we are in the jeep moving through vast night,
the cool of the dashboard

and the hum of your nonsense way in the back with the gear.

A flash of lightning illuminates the deep plains, but you hardly seem to notice,
you seem there already, or as though so thoroughly stitched to your one hard thought
you are doomed to a kind of

totality, your shadow clinging to the length of your back as you enter the trees.

We are watching you. We scrape along the ridges of our cans for the jelly.

There's a reason we came out here, we all clap; *storytime*, we all clap, animal noise
breaking over us like the very thick parts of our hunger.

Aby Kaupang

| Adventum |

ease & grace god is
in us & in us
all all around us god
chancing the arrivals god's/ours
o carriers these in one
my singing god so waitingly
hemming at blankets of water's
song & my singing o firebath

little wave of ease
& grace love is
in us & goodly
all godly around us
this chance of arrivals
his'/hers'
o caritas four in one
my singing good Lovely
so gently
hewn by anchors & water
& fire my singing a fire
a timbre in the heart of thee

ease & grace yours is
in me & in me
complexly like anchors blazes
arriving in watery scene
ships/hours o certainly
ours is a singing
of chancery say *equitas/embarazado*
invitations hemmed on anchors
cry firebath of thee cry
smolder me in grace

ease & grace love is
in us & in us
all all roughly us love
chanced our arrivals
anchored hours
our little jars of heaven granted
these in one hearth
o waitingly done
my singing healer
this hymn for you
my blanket-fire-water-anchor
grace & ease to you
my song & my singing
my god
what will thee

the bloom of my mouth

is an alter-

ing thrive an unseasonable watery
casket of flowers is a tender
of the brightest
thing shadowed in scent

blue eye in the rafters
heaven is reticent
bloom tisket floor flower
book cutter ring singing

the morning
folded in hedges collapsed into cranes

and viewed the room speculatively

Tom Hibbard

When Poetry Becomes Visual: Derrida's *Monolingualism Of The Other*

*"I think it's a form of desire for inertia, desire for
ubiquity, instantaneousness--a will to reduce the world
to a single place, a single identity."*

--Paul Virilio

I had the opportunity to enjoy several excellent poetry readings last winter. One extremely cold, dark weekend night, in an unshaded, brightly-lit restored historic southside arts-center building, with thick creaking hard-wood floors, a scattered exhibit of neighborhood paintings and not a plum line in the brick structure, a friendly group which included me along with several other writers, listened as poets Jennifer Scappetone and Judith Goldman read in the Enemy Rumor series, sponsored by Roberto Harrison, from their works.

The reading's backdrop was a Rembrandian red velvet curtain, and the reading podium was dazzling white. Several weeks later, in Woodland Pattern Book Center's cave-like but no less dazzling performance and exhibition room, at a "small press" reading in which I participated, I listened as featured reader Patrick Durgin from Chicago read from what seemed to be recent poems, one of which ostentatiously repeated the word "ostensible."

I sensed in these readings, like a path through the snow in the drifting early twilight, a thematic strand, not in these poems only; in others that I had been reading and encountering in several ways, some perhaps in a group of Chicago writers, but, upon reflection, in the writings of distant, warmer climes also.

In Judith Goldman's poems or long-poem the theme was graphically demonstrated. What she had done in her many-sectioned, cinematic, loosely joined modern psychic-saga of that winter night was (as I recollect) she had taken a poem from standard undergraduate curriculum, Wordsworth's "The Daffodils," and she had made it an introduction and contrast to her own personal deep-raging sentiments, through which, in extensive detail and boldly, she made it seem that the academic landmark was utterly irrelevant to the warehouses and dingy basements of her own discarded time and place. One section, as I recall, reflected on the unendurable drudgery of filling out job applications. Another section referenced menacing body problems.

I haven't seen Goldman's writing from that night in print, but I can't be far wrong because in the publication "War and Peace" which she co-edits with Leslie Scalapino is a poem of hers (Goldman's) that expresses much the same idea. The lengthy poem is titled "Notes Against the Form of Appearance," and it begins

In my screen life,
They do not degrade us
under a hail of Figures, nor do
These Vowels with their dukes up

Hail me, in my screen life

even in this Foreign country
shaped to our minds they
turn, recoil ever, blood
rushing,...

This is not particularly a new theme. Collage artists have for a long time been cutting up emblematic pictures of fashion-model realism and rearranging the pieces to allow a more forthright representation. The battle against formal constraints making off-limits everything that is important for a fulfilling life is what the 20th Century, with 19th Century Victorianism in its wake, is all about. The theme goes back to Dostoyevsky, Freud, the rise of psychology, the beginnings of Modernism, improvised music. But this same theme seems to be welling up in the present hour, crashing on the breakwaters of hope and politics with all its force, like despairing floods that have washed away petty, money-crazed franchise-economy-sized excuses for levees.

Appearance as form is part of many current discussions. It has to do with religious authority. It has to do with running a national economy. It has to do with destruction of the environment. It has to do with language. One piece of writing in particular that takes up directly the notion of form versus the new-world abyss of simultaneous sensory input in a credible, profound way is Jacques Derrida's book, *Monolingualism of the Other or The Prosthesis of Origin*.

Though it is for many controversially, forbiddingly abstract in its title, this 93-page tract--which shows Derrida precariously aloft, a not-quite fully recognized philosopher but still an "ivory tower" middle-of-the-roader, no laying-it-on-the-line radical or world-weary novelist--has an aura of summation and momentousness, is truly poetic, truly globally engaged. Brief as it is, it is still complex and fundamental in the ideas that it brings out, incompletely, impressionistically, with room for others to glide along.

The book is not dryly logical but, like Foucault and others, is grounded in factuality. It begins with Derrida's own experience with his "mother tongue." Derrida identifies himself: Jewish, Algerian, with Islamic Maghrebian influences, brought up in a particular educational system, somewhat pointed, complicated by religious training, further complicated by Derrida's not being particularly religious. With a brief mention of General Petain's pseudo-France, Derrida asserts that he considers himself French, a French citizen, a "subject" of French culture. He asks what is the significance of these origins in terms of the fact that the language that he speaks is French (accented later by the confession of his "compulsion" that this French language remain "pure.")

On the text's opening page Derrida makes the statement: "I have only one language; it is not mine."

This poses well the question of the book. It contrasts the idea of one language, a one-ness in the language (I think it's correct to assume that Derrida is discussing anyone's relation to the language that he or she uses), a "monolingualism," like a mono-*lith* that in its dogmatic singleness gives rise to the likelihood of alienation, of becoming estranged from that language,

one's one-and-only rather than one's own language. Derrida puts it in the manner of a work of art and in a round-about way, but what he seems to be saying is that the "mono-," the one-ness that we associate with the hierarchical position that our language appears to hold and the "hegemony" that seems to be its function disarms and daunts us, the language users, because full and "natural" expression, "our" language is contrary to the notion of one and is, rather, in keeping with the notion of diversity and individuality, of "singularity." Expression, we well know, has nothing to do with uniformity but is accomplished in many ways.

We only ever speak one language.
We never speak only one language.

The problem is not whether we speak one language or more than one language. The problem is that the nature of language itself and language expression has nothing to do with any monadic absolute ("absolute metalanguage"), any one way of expressing or one acceptable "right" set of words used to express; a writing set in stone. Language and human interaction with language are two different things. Thus Kerouac's use of the French-Canadian that he spoke as a child in the early pages of *Visions of Gerard* or Hemingway's Parisian or Spanish expatriate phrases and terms only hint at what we are talking about. The point is not especially the mixing of languages but what this type of mixing shows about the nature of language. Science's study of atomic structure enters in. Derrida, himself, has discussed this exceptionally and beautifully in probably his most important book, *Writing and Difference*. What's important is that the many is acknowledged as an essential part of the One.

Though it takes a while before this impacts the discussion, I want to point out that Derrida's use of the word "other" in his title is somewhat unconventional. *Monolingualism of the Other* implies an absolute correctness that lies somewhere beyond, beyond our bodies, beyond the "scene of writing." It is true that the word "other" generally refers to a presence beyond ourselves, but it is a presence that is vast and indefinite. We encounter it; we rub against it. But we are hard pressed to give it specific attributes, much less exact linguistic scripts.

The monolingualism Derrida describes is a sovereign language. I think it should be said that fascism and totalitarianism are probably in the back of Derrida's mind, the specter of censorship, of the emasculation of language and restriction of its free use. So that it might be just as accurate to speak of a "monolingualism of the self," showing that it is no one but ourselves that induces this powerlessness. We are afflicted not by the Other (which is valid) but by ourselves ("fear itself"). Moreover, I wanted to point out that, with a more conventional meaning of an indefinite other, in my view, it would be just as well to have written a book titled *Multi-lingualism of the Other*. Indeed, in this book, Derrida defines the Other (the "absolute other") as something "where a knowledge or recognition does not suffice for it."

Nevertheless! The points that Derrida makes as he continues are upliftingly illuminating, gently coaxing, as we read and as he encourages us to understand for ourselves.

For example, in this passage, Derrida carelessly confuses the idea of one language with the idea of oneness in language but with the point still well made.

What I meant to suggest is that it is impossible to count languages. There is

no calculability, since the One of a language, which escapes all arithmetic (ac)countability, is never determined. The One of the monolanguage of which I speak, and the one I speak, will hence not be an arithmetical identity or, in short, any identity at all. Monolanguage remains incalculable, at least in that characteristic.

In contrast to this arithmetical monolingualism is, in a word (and it is a word that seems to slip out into the book in spite of its author), the “alien.”

The *metropole*, the Capital-City-Mother-Fatherland, the city of the mother tongue: that was a place which represented, without being it, a faraway country, near but far away, not alien, for that would be too simple, but strange, fantastic, and phantomlike.

The word “alien,” and with it the word “alienation” is, perhaps as Derrida says, too easily taken as the message here, although it leaps out again toward the book's end. But alien is pretty much what Derrida means. On the one hand we have monolingualism, an apprehension, a statue, an unquestioned/ unquestionable recognizability, a colonialism. On the other hand, in opposition, we have ourselves as explorers, strangers, without guides or guidelines, without support, without means, needing to do everything from scratch, outsiders, using language only to fit needs, emotions, actions, ambitions and ideas. The alien uses language ineptly, inexpertly, as though on a journey of wonder about which it has no or only a little prefatory knowledge. (“It never precedes them.”)

Between the model called academic, grammatical, or literary, on the one hand, and spoken language, on the other, *the sea* was there: symbolically an infinite space for all the students of the French school in Algeria, a chasm, an abyss. I did not cross it, body and soul, or body without soul (but will I ever have crossed it, crossed it otherwise?), until, for the first time, sailing across on a boat, on the *Ville d'Alger*, at the age of nineteen. First journey, first crossing of my life, twenty hours of sea-sickness and vomiting....

The ideas in this book were first presented in a talk at Louisiana State University in 1992. It seems interesting to take a moment to examine what writers and artists these ideas have influenced or have been influenced by. Briefly, it seems to me Kerouac's poetry expresses its alien quality in the determined outline of its obscurity. Others more recently have dealt with the problem in their diction. Paul Virilio and many others, including Derrida, attempt to devise languages that are both alien and authoritative. Clark Coolidge, in his 2000 poetry collection, *Alien Tatters*, treats *the reader* as an alien from a concealed “secret” author's vantage inside language. Being alien has brought in rigor and scholarship. The grand dame of all language aliens, through word games, stuttering, extreme playfulness and unconventional role shuffling, seems to be Gertrude Stein. Recently, in a variation that fits with some of his contemporaries (along with abstract painting) Washington D.C. poet Buck Downs experimented with the alien and foreign in one of his post card poems written entirely in Spanish (for a mostly non-Spanish-speaking audience).

But for Derrida there is more than being alien; there is a creative mystery. There is the neo-Cartesian moment where the space in which we dwell is much cleaner while the reference

points surrounding us are much more arbitrary and pathetic. Asks Derrida, "Where, then, are we?" Nowhere? On the contrary. There is less hidden. We inhabit language in a much more knowledgeable and self-controlled way.

One thing that makes me take note of Derrida's unconventional use of the word "other" in his title is that it leads eventually to the statement that "one shall never inhabit the language of the other." This is *too* vague. It is misleading. It's the non-plural, arithmetical monolingualism that cannot be inhabited. Though we feel alien from the Other, it is not the disparaging, demoralized alienation that we feel from the thwarting of differences, diversity and possibilities, from the attempt to deny reality. Just the opposite. As Derrida writes, "There is no possible habitat without the difference of this exile and this nostalgia." A word that is commonly used lately is "intimate" and intimacy. Derrida goes so far as to call this habitat and this inhabiting "uninhabitable." Other words he uses, some of which are familiar from his other writings, are "discontinuity," "miracle," "plural," "intolerance," "distant," "nonlocatable," "heterogeneous" and "deserted."

It is true that, in speaking of the "gift of language" (which appears to be literally "the gift of speech"), Derrida writes: "...there is not a language. Not a given one. It does not exist."

But, in my opinion, Derrida doesn't mean by this that language does not exist in the same way monolingualism does not exist, as a lifeless idol that is only perverting in oppressing both nature and human nature. To be sure, language exists. But it does not exist as monolingualism, as an "ashes" of domination. It does not exist for those whose expectations and wants separate themselves from what is irreplaceable.

Language exists for those that accept the "muted" limits of existence. Monolingualism, as we are talking about it here, is the nihilation of the Other. It is the suppression of Being in favor of Nothingness. It represents the chronic urge to extinguish or surpass not merely "diversity" but substance, the very nature and essence of reality. Language exists and appears as language in our use of it only if we perceive in our existence these clear mysteries, these non-ideal elements (which includes "the truth itself") that it is perhaps too easy to call but that we might simply call alien.

Beyond memory and time lost. I am not even speaking of the ultimate unveiling, but of what will have remained alien, for all time, to the veiled figure, to the very figure of the veil.

* * *

Not to attempt to cover too much ground in this review, but I would like to note that the ideas and problems discussed here have something to do with the art form called "visual writing." Visual writing is the use of various aspects of language to make artworks—rather than "communicate" with human words.

That definition is somewhat awkward. Recently I have been troubled by the the fact that I find it difficult to escape visual writing and to even begin to define "textual" writing. This has to do with the way that stylistic decorativeness, any and all sorts of artistic and literary movements tend toward the category of visual writing. But it also has to do with the large

problem of the self: In what way does language speak as an individual to other individuals and not simply as a reassuring example or sample of humanity as a whole.

What Judith Goldman's work might imply, Scappetone and others also, is that textual writing is dependent on accepting an alien and one might say a flawed role, a role as a "stranger in a strange land" in regard to the language that we speak and use for writing. (In fairness, if you read Wordsworth's "The Daffodils," the idea of the poem is related, the idea of loneliness being remedied by the unexpected beauty of nature. And, brushing up on Wordsworth, I ran across "Intimations of Immortality," perhaps one of the finest poems in the English language.) If we attempt to exact from our language an absolute perfection, subjectivity becomes monolingualism, a visual writing and merely the language itself, an artifact, though in some cases a valuable artifact. What is subjectivity? There seems to be a threshold in our efforts, past which words become letters, diversity becomes sameness, intelligence becomes foolish adurance and meaning become inconsequential. To suppress the Other is to suppress the self. If we write as aliens, singularities, with respect and humility, the language will permit us as its citizens to inhabit it and to uncover its innate qualities.

Michael Rerick

Part. Full(way): Review of *Part. Part Euphrates*, by Arpine Konyallian Grenier (NeO Pepper Press, 2007)



If a part is *Part. Part Euphrates*, what part is and what part isn't? All parts of the chapbook, *Part. Part Euphrates*, put out by Neo Pepper Press, in one sense or another come apart but are also part of a completion. Not necessarily in the narrative sense. But perhaps in the spiritually exploratory sense.

Arpine Konyallian Grenier, in the frontage, claims she is “creeping along the sidelines of rhetoric and process hopping for an outcome that transcends my ability to determine the good in it.” This is a good guide traveling through *Part. Part Euphrates*. What is encountered is a mad flurry, sometimes more mad than others, mad in the sense of frustration and outrage, sometimes in the sense of a mad collapsing of memory, emotion, and a vision of the world into an onslaught of images and linguistic word play. A flurry, a hurried flurry of moments passing line by line, sometimes by stanzas, sometimes within the lines themselves. Multiple visions. Yet, rather than an assemblage of disconnections, each poem, and the chapbook, cohere.

Oscillations in the mad flurry include moments of humor or lightness tinged with a certain sorrow, as in the first poem, “Lebanon regardless) would you rather meaning or smoking??” when speaking of a relationship with a certain G that doubles for a relation with Lebanon and triples for a relation to the world: “he and girl in square dance outfits where only the beamlike is charted” (9), and “feeling wood good in and out of doors / pirated from those that cannot be / trusted with a killing / that claims none / as witness” (14). The assonance of the double “oo” woos us into a state of easiness only to be cut off, pirated away and left with the empty hands of a killer.

But Konyallian Grenier's moments of humor and lightness are spare and dark. Her work shines as it presses forward through multitudinous layers of meaning and events. This leads to much of what would be considered political in the book. In "Gatekeeper, we unthemed" the speaker dashes through meditations on all forms of political subjects from gender, politicians, to scientific discovery and technology. In one sense, then, the speaker could be part of the "we" dismantling (or, deconstructing) the political "theme" of the day that is controlled by the political gatekeepers. On the other hand, the speaker seems a bit more sinister. What is necessary for the speaker who begins, "life is good against my skin / good air prognosis" (25), is to dismantle completely the notions of the necessity of all our political violence and technological reliance, to completely make "them" "un-themed." Yet, Konyallian Grenier's linguistic skills will not settle for clichés. In a moment that could be construed as rhetorically heavy, cliché notions are undermined and supplanted by the necessity for understanding a straying into the unknown of the knowns of the political lexicon:

decommissioning is commissioning
resources at zero not resource wars
is kicking the fossil fuel habit
not addiction but

(addiction in terrorism
one is powerless over

all around the sump
porcelain) habit

time has given no instructions

Here we witness the rhetoric of political reliance on nonrenewable resources (and its fallout), yet, in the end, what can we say in the face of our addiction, what is the source? Time, or history, gives no clues. It seems we are facing a wonderment of powerlessness that takes us out of history and into a new era of political irresponsibility. Yet, as the next lines imply, history moves on: "but for the recurring Euphrates / breeding its underside // there is no vision of technology / will you make room for me?" (30). There is a complex relation here. The natural, historical, political and personal all meld together and moan.

The onslaught of the linguistic, imagistic, syntactic-lexicon juxtaposed and gathered penumbra assemblage feels very much like the "smelling of loud places" (20). Or, there is a lot here to take in. But, the world as we know it is a lot to take in. Besides taking into account the shift from modernity to postmodernity aesthetics, this book bleeds the history of life, is the living history of life as Nietzsche saw living history. One cannot expect a stasis, a binding to any emotional, historical, or political gag: if one lives today in the world we live in, one can transplant any of the proper nouns in Konyallian Grenier's work and bleed their own nouns into them. In other words, *Part. Part Euphrates* sings as if it means to be sung for a long time, and by all of us in and out of all our modes of intellect and feeling.

Matt Gagnon

Review of *Let's Not Call It Consequence*, by Richard Deming
(Shearsman Books, 2008)



“The tongue’s a muscle for reckoning.”

Richard Deming’s first collection of poems holds the light by a thread, dangling from the daily incarnations of bodily and disembodied fragments emerging from the aperture of sight. In the opening poem “A Fragment Of Anything You Like” the speaker registers “This voice / scattered and lifelike” to indicate the impossibility of a voice to be its own container of vision, despite the fact that it is grounded in memory and must negotiate the terms of the real. We are amid the refraction of speech revising itself under the weight of the tongue, where the primal aspect of breath as life force, or *pneuma*, partake of a formality Deming can shape to indicate a thought’s precise measure. Below the act of intention, the poems do not absolve themselves from responsibility, meaning they are on the lookout for the “insistent elsewhere,” not in a metaphysical sense, but by mapping the disclosure of thought winding down the page “towards the saying of some / delicate, / infinitely stuttering thing.”

Deming addresses the invisible seams between flesh and desire where the flesh must reconstitute its relation with History and the Other, both distantly and near a lover’s tributaries of desire. With these acts of recovery, we are in the “suddenness of a house,” a place of presence and absence that trace the record of a meeting with what is familiar and foreign to our sense of location. Objects and perception in Deming’s poems flicker in a web of nerves; they bring us to a singularity stunned by the illusion of appearances that “promise the tongue will / take it apart.” For as Deming also declares in “Mise En Scene,” “there is no new place that lies / fallow, unburdened / by appearance.”

There is an ethical dimension to Deming’s poems, which speak of intimacy in the face of a retreating world. As he writes in his critical book, *Listening On All Sides: Towards An Emersonian Ethics of Reading*, “Distance is the condition of intimacy.” This kind of polar logic works its way to break down epistemologies and incite a reading generative of creative response. The statement is also a negation of the apparent space between “distance” and “intimacy” whereby the affirmation acts to recovery the world’s retreat as the site of some disclosure. From the poem, “In This Portion Love Has No Solid Grip,” we read:

A vocabulary to figure distance.

How you say...I'm not here now,
leave a message.
I want an answer more generous than this,
since meaning is no machine, but a luck

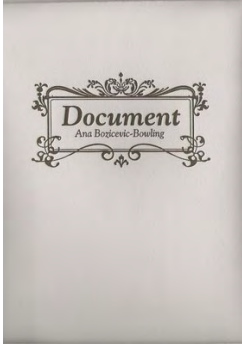
good as the promise
of a brief, almost beautiful world.

This passage carefully advances a subjectivity that desires immediate contact. This immediacy is enacted and thwarted by the formal experimentation of Deming's poems, but usefully balanced by a linguistic restraint that asks "How to be disinterested from nothing." The contextual and formal struggles that are addressed and enacted through formal choices, such as line breaks, enjambment, manipulation of white space as a canvas for viewing, and the profuse indentation akin to an Olsonian poetics of projectivism, provoke the reader into refashioning his/her radar for the creation of meaning, which is finally to be in the position of self-reflection amidst a cacophony of words strung along in their multi-resonances.

In the poem "Enmesh," Deming commands: "Encase me in the daily. This too solid air / fashions a bright mirror." Besides the refractory surface of the poems, Deming's attention to the unrecognized daily binds us to the unseen or overlooked particulars that elude sight. The almost snapshot perception the poems' negotiate arrive to dismantle the "tongue of forgetting." Deming's poems are clear in their pronouncements and are unguarded by any submission to detail for detail's sake. When we read "a haze of black flies thickens beneath magnesium streetlights," the tabulation of materials provides an entrance into a landscape that sutures the object with what it attempts to depict as action. Think of Deming's poems as restlessly in motion, rest disturbingly in his shades of ambiguity alighting upon the physical evidence of living, and don't take for granted the social aberrations tested "by the tongue's elegant, insistent / interrogations and the / cool hush / of breath." *Let's Not Call It Consequence* councils the body's meta-narratives in relation to an outside and its scarred exterior. This spoken distance is the poet's antenna tuning in, accounting for experience and its ruptures and gasps. It is the scattered voice of the poet naming the damage, reclaiming a "hidden architecture."

Cindy King

Review of *Document*, by Ana Božičević
(Octopus Books, 2007)



I have no idea now who said this, but I recall reading once that the best travelers cannot remember exactly where they've been, only where they are now. In the same vein, Ana Božičević's chapbook *Document* opens with an epigraph from Tsvetaeva.

To her who travels – sleep.
To the wayfarer – the way.
Remember! – Forget.

And so the airy, ephemeral enormity of the world begins to be forgotten by the traveler from the first page of Božičević's book. The assemblage of objects and sense within the poems recalls Joseph Cornell's shadow boxes – hinting at a narrative that has been cannibalized gently so that the artist can survive. Somehow, Božičević has packed entire skies and atmospheres here, a mobius strip sense of being turned around perhaps never to find an actual home again. To the new reader, the physical, beautiful object of the chapbook is as elusive as stability is for the speaker of Božičević's chapbook: Octopus will release the .pdf of *Document* text soon on its website but the 88 copies sold out in a few weeks. Printed on heavy pale gray cardstock, and stamped with an intricate scroll around the title and author's name, the chapbook opens after you untie a string closure and open four flaps. It's a passport, and its smallness reminds you how easy it would be to lose one's papers or one's way. Through apposition, a lack of conjunctions, and images of worlds within worlds, the poet emphasizes that a displaced person cobbles together an order, a sense of purpose that carries a sense of disorder and loss. Her poems attest that a constant re-conglomeration of origin, journey, and the precise present becomes a normal home in the mind for the person who has traveled.

Božičević defines simple objects with long appositional phrases. The reader realizes over the course of the text that no thing can rest here in time and space – each appositional phrase reminds you that objects, too, travel, if only in meaning. For example, in “Jointed Dawn Epilogue II” near the end of the book, “Sleep, the long doubt of the body.” The phrase “long doubt of the body” adds tension and an implied narrative – that physical movement or migration might actually be wrong, though the many references in the book to war force the

speaker and the books inhabitants to move quickly through imagery, the poems' scenery. Immediately, the sleep doesn't "survive the dawn" defined by its own appositional phrase, "a high silver sound." Dawn, emptiness and blindness seem consistently associated in *Document* with a high unusual tone, implying that moving to an empty space, or the dawn of new beginnings has its own nature, and a built-in sound that might be a warning, or just silver proof that leaving home is happening/has happened. New spaces equal awe in this network of meanings.

At times this apposition is not so straightforward and blends with another habit – an absence of conjunctions in *Document*. The objects might be modified by the phrases after them, or the phrases after them might be objects standing on their own. Božičević writes:

(Uneven, rained-on
spoked in the fence, him, the
underside of a leaf)—

“Locket-portrait at the Tavern”

Is *he* spoked in the fence? Is *he* the underside of a leaf? Are many people mashed together in a cameo-like portrait of an individual? The precise line-breaks here help the text's lack of conjunctions and small extra words feel orderly rather than overly abstract or telegraphic. The lack of “and” and “or” and so on helps the speaker address the world around her as well as add energy and vitality to balance out the sense that a place has been lost:

.....Sky,
old sink, there's

A robber in your house! But for girls, War

Was love in the waiting room.

“Air-raid on Washington Square”

The whimsy of addressing the sky and old sink together allows the reader to imagine the sky as an old sink and also imagine the speaker's mind darts from thing to thing. And jumping, Ashbery-like, from the second person to the third, B opens up even more possibilities. Does she note how girls misunderstood war, felt it only as quotidian or known in passing? Or is this war recollected in a new place, or by a new generation who only understand their past based on stories told to them? The immigrant's conundrums packed into nineteen words: B never sounds accidental in assembling the picture of an immigrant's experience of before and after.

Finally, B uses imagery built from a world within a world to emphasize the way one place can overtake another in the mind, either the past taking over the present moment, or vice versa. She writes:

“Somewhere a pillowcase.

Somewhere I allow
My head
Out of the hat, & the oval mother
The incontinent father
Walk down the brim.
Their sorrowful valises
& tiny centurions march
down my collarbone
into one open palm.”

--“Then I write a letter in your handwriting.”

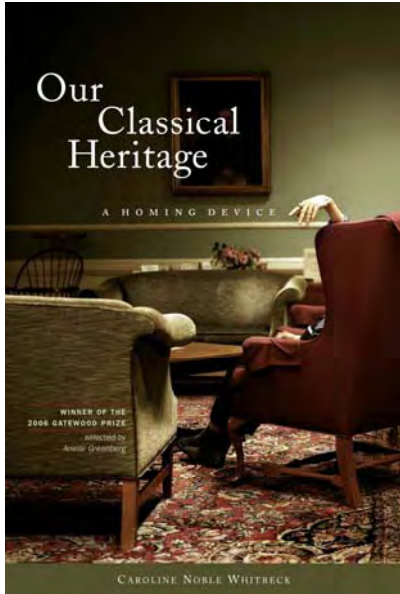
The sparsely drawn scene allows us to focus on one person rather than a tumbling set of vistas as most of the rest of the book does. But this quiet and focus is a bit deceptive since suddenly the family-past comes marching out of the mind, right down the hat's brim. What's more, they bring not only their own trunks of meaning, but history's centurions, absurd and sad. The past surges out from the simplest present act and overwhelms. That the poet titles the poem “Then I write a letter in your handwriting” confirms that even trying to be one's self, an Other takes over. Attachments can't be overcome, so have to be observed.

Elsewhere in the book, the color blue reveals its world of charts within itself (“Legal Counsel”) and fully blooming roses reveal a game of chess played with their blossoms (“Air-Raid on Washington Square”).

Document sets itself apart in its refusal to hinge narrative and politics to the idea of diaspora or transit. The resulting lyrics chime meanings from one poem to another rather than explicating or making objects strict metaphors as does much of contemporary poetry. Removing these poems from identifiable history, though aesthetically hinting at Popa and the surrealists, Božičević offers made objects that request a universal reading and shed a surprisingly terrifying light on the face that's looking at and looking away simultaneously from history. War is a subject here that lends itself significantly to any of its instances, not a particular one. Though such plain-spoken, sometimes whimsical and feminine surfaces could provoke suspicion or detachment in a reader, *Document's* verve and its inherent, digested rages compel the reader to mull over the true content of each poem. Orienting the speaker by roses, stars, acorns, locket, documents, Božičević shows the traveler as a collage of the past, without direction or sign-post, coping with the awesome task of filling the paradoxically over-full and empty teeming and opulent present. It's easy to recommend the mysterious experience of these large, ominous journeys squeezed to miniature: The original copies are, appropriately, gone.

Andy Frazee

Review of *Our Classical Heritage: A Homing Device* by Caroline Noble Whitbeck
(Switchback Books, 2007)



The subtitle of Caroline Noble Whitbeck’s *Our Classical Heritage: A Homing Device* tells us much about the concerns—both formal and thematic—of the book, selected by Arielle Greenberg as the winner of the 2006 Gatewood Prize from Switchback Books. Throughout the work, we are constantly forced to locate and re-locate ourselves, to find a home within the text as the poet constructs and disrupts the linguistic ground we stand on. In doing so, Whitbeck has given us a book that consistently subverts our expectations—not only of *Our Classical Heritage* itself, but of what “home” may be, and of what poetry, as a homing device, may do to help us find it.

Throughout *Our Classical Heritage*, Whitbeck challenges and engages us with an array of poems and procedures impressive in its scope—from poems taking their titles from webpage headlines (“Teenagers Star in the Story of Their Lives, Painful Details and All”), to “evacuated” flight evacuation instructions (“Emergency Exit”), to an all-too-brief closet drama which experiments with theatrical narration and soliloquy (“Inheritance”). But Whitbeck’s most dynamic formal performance may best be described as a particular melding of textualist experimentation and the more traditional dramatic monologue. In the excellent prose piece “OK,” the poet takes the voice of a young woman looking to escape the limitations of her small-town home:

In Oklahoma I was the oven door your enamel the scattershot radio dial anything with a chrome handle. The manufacturer’s initial. Waiting by the hotplate coil your lit wit in a hairnet. Here. Toing and froing the Airstream in your OTB absence. Waiting for my shift at the Superette the blip of the scanner. Okay.

The syntax of the sentences here is, as Greenberg notes in her introduction to the book, “hyper-extended”—though expansive, perhaps even vaguely Whitmanesque, they are also slightly askew, unsettled. Even as they entail an inclusiveness of subjectivity and world, they draw less on the ideal of Whitmanic democracy than to the reality of contemporary American consumerism, a democracy of oven doors, radio dials, and chrome handles:

Your mother in the Budweiser warmup peeling off bologna to the *Antiques Roadshow*.
That’s not worth it piece of junk I had a vase once. Picking through the racks for
some new secondhand Rhoda has two school-aged so t-shirt with a dumptruck. I
ring her up special. A cubic-zirconia also plus two baby birthstones heartshaped.

Beyond site-specific instances of syntactic disruption, Whitbeck extends this strategy of unsettling to the architecture of the book itself. The most obvious instance of this higher-order instability is that of the palimpsestic fragments that inconsistently recur throughout the book, generally sharing the page with another poem:

81 [] thus
 a fish
 skeleton
 across the plate

...

8 the water [already]
 runs
 through the wood

[] its quick grain

Even as these fragments serve as an exoskeleton yoking Whitbeck’s disparate lyrics and sequences together, they raise questions: how do the fragments relate to the poems with which they share a page? To what (unsupplied) index do the numbers refer? While at times we may be able to determine relationships between the fragments and the main poems, the fragments seem to be generally non-, or at least pseudo-, referential. This (a)referential condition leads us to further questions: are these fragments “our classical heritage,” and what then does it mean that our contemporary culture is built (as of course it is) on such tenuous relationships with such gaps? And is this the home we seek? Perhaps our relationship to culture, and to the past, is like that of the girl and her leash in “They’re All Out of Storm Names”: “she brought a leash to school. / Because it was attached to nothing, like an accident.” Or maybe it’s analogous to, in “Wings,” the “freak/purchase/of self, little melting/tether”:

That I am

 in. I am in.
(Ahem,
 amen.)

That I am my empty
home.

While strategies of unsettlement may be tried-and-true in our post-Language writing environment, Whitbeck is able to lend her poems a level of sentiment often absent from much of the work of her contemporaries, and that sentiment, handled as well as it is, can be truly moving. Especially in the last third of the book, the poet becomes concerned with consolation—perhaps for what may be our essential homelessness among “the applause of the wash” and “the intercom’s radar eye.” Still, she never lapses in her syntactical experimentation, as in this excerpt from the sequence “Noosphere, An *Ars Poetica*”:

What was I looking for in that
book? All these years. I sing the same

with my eyes closed your
ellipsis. *Anymore*. The world is

in such things patient
as a window and as

generous. *I want this for anyone else*
is a form of love. Only the pronouns

change. Moving through the mind like others.
Keeping company.

Auden’s comment to the contrary, it’s refreshing when a poet implies—as I believe Whitbeck does with her subtitle—that poetry can *do* something, even something small. Behind this poet’s disrupted syntax and extrapolated grammar is a very human voice which seeks, with uncommon generosity, to “keep company.” And this may be what, in the end, *Our Classical Heritage* does best: it finds a home within the kinetic dis-locations of language that typify early 21st century poetics, and then embodies that place in the text, if only in fleeting glimpses:

A fetal thing

the world is nowadays, the rub. Greats and
ancients: you are in

your book. I am
chain-smoking.

W. Scott Howard

Review of *The Glass Age*, by Cole Swensen,
(Alice James Books, 2007)



Cole Swensen's *The Glass Age*, as the title and cover illustration suggest, offers a meditation on windows, glass, vision, and light itself—all limned and set-forth as embodiments of a unique way of being-in-the-world. Within that capacious grasp, the book also investigates silent films, transitions among competing artistic movements (e.g. realism, impressionism, abstraction, naturalism), and affinities among various writers and philosophers (e.g. Jarry, Deleuze, Apollinaire, Bergson). At the center of all of this, of course, one discovers the poet—nearly invisible—crafting a beautifully complex and moving tribute to the French artist, Pierre Bonnard, who was not only a successful painter, but also a photographer, printmaker, illustrator and interior designer contributing to the emergence of Art Nouveau in the late 1890s. Swensen thus figures herself and her readers as well as Bonnard's subjects:

“There's a person turning in the window—very small, very precise, invisible to the naked eye, turning and turning in the pane. In old glass, there is sometimes a tear in the window, sometimes a small bubble of air. Which itself has no frame. So where are you, the visitor, who came here to visit a painter?” (29)

Swensen's readings of Bonnard's paintings and artistic practice play a central role in this collection, yet those glimpses also involve reflections upon the related contextual and thematic matters noted above. Each page in this volume opens multiple windows, as one line of vision always-already contains the rainbow, or as one text reconfigures a palimpsest. Swensen's multi-disciplinary exploration thus yields hybrid forms of expression (from private to public speech) and several layers of discourse (from lyricism to dialectics), making the book difficult to characterize. Prose poetry? Art criticism? Philosophical meditation? Commonplace book? Travel writing? All of those genres or modes could be invoked as field descriptors, but *The Glass Age* is certainly first-rate poetry operating at the upper limits of speech and vision, yet occasionally collapsing beneath the ambitiousness of Swensen's

own research and compositional methods. The crux of the volume, the major strength, is the poet's focused, original interpretation of Bonnard's paintings, yet that crystal sometimes fades when Swensen's multiple source-texts (so often presented as evidence) obscure the clarity of her craft.

In several passages, *The Glass Age* does more than merely suggest a point of view; the book (in my reading, anyway) argues for a certain understanding or disclosure, as in the following section:

“So often in Bonnard's work, the window is where we actually live, a vivid liminality poised on the sill, propped against the frame, he turns and speaks for the first time that day. The window, ajar, swings fully open in the breeze, and you watch his face glide away.” (18)

Bonnard's windows, at their best, are not representations, but pure embodiments of being and symbolic correspondences among nature, artist, work, and viewer. “Bonnard's work implicitly asks what it is to see, and what it is to look through” (7). “He put real light in them and watched it dry” (11). “Bonnard saw in the window not a contradiction, but a solid object that could lead you through itself in the dark” (43). “A life-sized window is the size of a life” (65). Swensen's notes on early photography and silent films also highlight such astonishment:

“The earliest movie was a magic lantern; they'd slip panes of glass back and forth in front of the captive children on which were painted a woman, a wolf, a very, very small house inside your mind the walls go white. And when they once again coalesce, something lives in them.” (26)

Several of the most delightful passages in *The Glass Age* produce that distinctive magic of the moving image, which brings-forth a new reality of inner life. Bonnard's windows, via Swensen's visionary poetics, tap the essence of life's secret moment-by-moment flow that also includes the viewer's constitutive (i.e. co-creative) experience and transcendent understanding that obliterates any distinctions between past and future, inside and outside, form and content, body and soul, figure and ground, etc. Consider this:

“Like most people, Bonnard painted
at that moment
out my window
and across the street
most
facing north, a cardinal first
is a color and might if
flight is
spliced into the eclipse outside my window, igniting patterns,
parterres, some gardener
amiss.” (4)

A vibrant bird flies into and through the horizon of experience for painter and poet and reader, sparking new possibilities for sound and image, metaphor and trope: “patterns”

becomes “parterres” as the transport of figuration draws us into the garden no longer across the street, but dwelling within.

The Glass Age frames such singularities with forays into related fields of knowledge and allusions to / citations from other documents or works of art that inform the working-context that Swensen brings to her discovery of Bonnard. The section just noted appears immediately after the volume’s first page:

“Pierre Bonnard, 1867-1947, painted next to a north-facing window. The battle over just what constitutes realism was at that moment particularly acute—an emotional thing, such as a cardinal out my window. Could streak away and shatter the composition of the world into a vivid wind in which the world goes astray.” (3)

From beginning to ending, *The Glass Age* imbricates discursive and lyrical registers, as Swensen sifts through the sand-and-ash braids of language that shape her processes of research and reflection before, while, and after writing. In this regard, Swensen’s linguistic re-mediations mirror those of Bonnard, who did not paint directly from life, but from sketches or notes or photographs, which he would then bring to the canvas in his studio. That recombinatory or intertextual approach might be seen as the definitive strength of *The Glass Age*, making the collection a deeply philosophical and personal homage. Readers less sympathetic to such a postmodernist, comparative and hybrid poetics, though, may find fault with a few places in the book where Swensen’s trans-discursive remixings undermine her meaning. The opacity here, for example, could be construed as a deft nod to the tradition of anti-absorptive poetics—

“ . . . It’s an equivalent world, one in which each element serves as a clinamen to trip the homogeneity into precipitating specifics so numerous that they can construct a roiling chaos quite able to hurtle through a darkness without a hitch . . . ” (27)—

or, this celebration of “homogeneous intensity extending anarchically” (27) could just as readily be taken as merely an exercise in deliberate redundancy and over-determination. Swensen’s poetry sometimes places strenuous demands upon her readers; the rewards can be rich for those who enjoy such serious and playful challenges. “‘The most beautiful things in museums are the windows,’ he said, looking out at the Seine from the Louvre, June, 1946” (71). Given the primary subject in *The Glass Age*, however, the question remains as to how and why such linguistic difficulty complements Bonnard’s symbolic interiors and enigmatic landscapes.

From *It’s Alive She Says* (Floating Island, 1984) to *Numen* (Burning Deck, 1995) and to the more elaborate *Try* (1999) and *Such Rich Hour* (2001), Cole Swensen’s poetry offers a range of striking achievements in the ekphrastic tradition. *Ekphrasis* (or *ecphrasis*) has a long history, going as far back as the rhetorical writings attributed to Dionysius of Halicarnassus (c. 60-7 BCE), where the matter is considered as an expository speech that vividly portrays a given subject. After the much celebrated description of Achilles’s shield (*Iliad* 18. 483-608), ekphrasis has eventually (and erroneously) gathered a reductive reputation in the field of western poetics as a verbal description of a work of visual art. However, ekphrasis may also pertain more generally to descriptions (whether real or imaginary) of people and places, emotions and psychology, objects and concepts, etc.—that is, so long as the crux of the

method concern the degree to which poetic language may deliver a rendering of a particular field of experience and signification. Ekphrasis, in that regard, is inherently an interdisciplinary venture deeply connected to the powers of metaphor, analogy, and hermeneutics—how and why one field of knowledge may become visible or invisible to another—as much as to (perhaps even more so than) the objects of study (such as a painting) within those fields of inquiry.

As a matter of poetics (whether for contemplation or composition) ekphrasis may thus quickly shift from vision (*picture this*) to figuration (*as if*) to meta-cognition (*or such*), as in this passage from *The Glass Age*:

“mysterious

prolific

shadowy

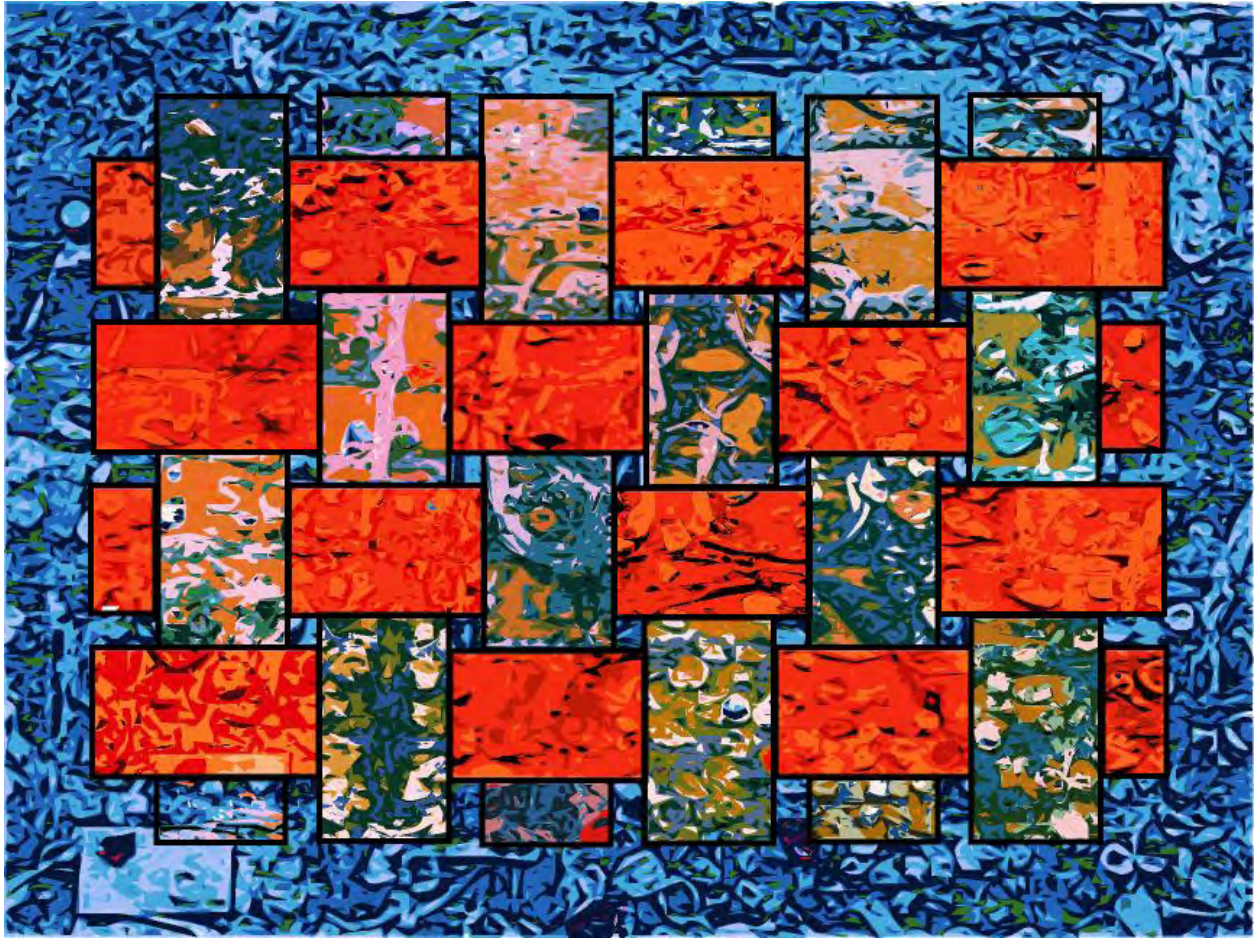
dazzling—by a single candle. *In that black or luminous square*, Baudelaire crossed the room and closed the window. There is sand on fire, and we stray.” (67)

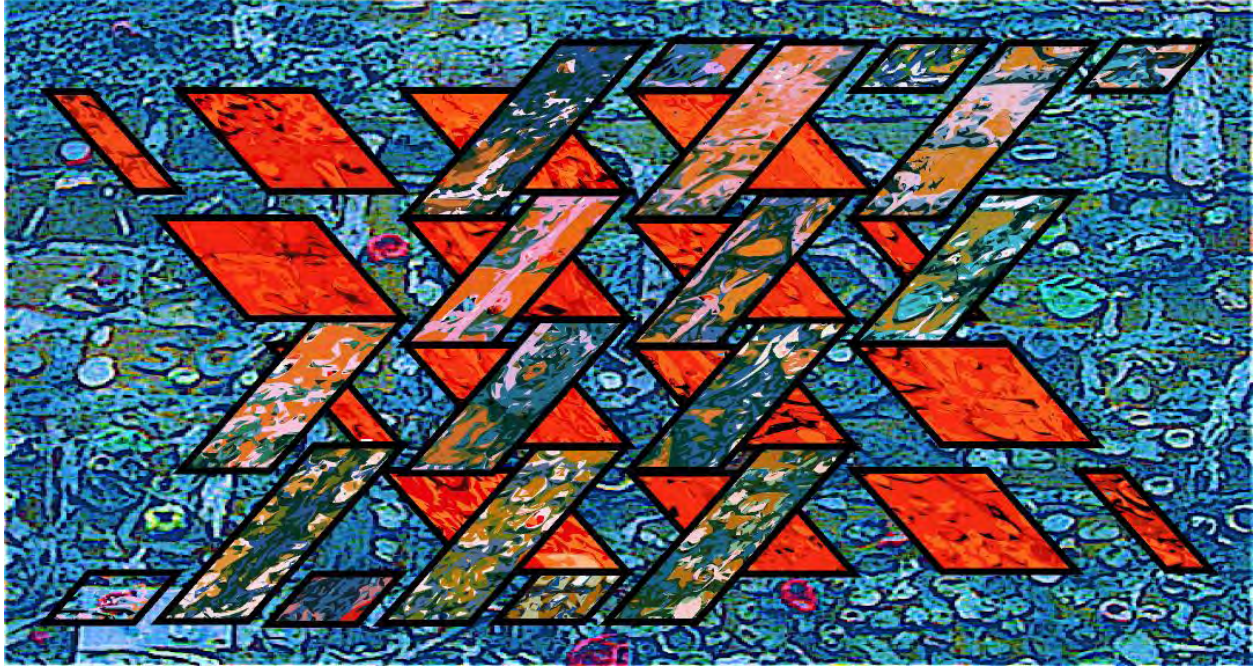
From Leon Alberti’s notes on perspective to Ludwig Wittgenstein’s search for perfect proportion, Swensen’s acts of attention and articulation in *The Glass Age* often progress along such lines of vision, figuration, and meta-cognition. Those interpretive gestures are especially resonant during moments of direct contact with identified paintings by Bonnard, such as *In Front of the Window at Le Grand-Lemps* (c. 1923) and *Nude in an Interior* (c. 1935), or when this accomplished writer puts ekphrasis to the ultimate test of limning light and even that bubble of air in the glass “on which skates, fleet apothecary, the glance” (28).

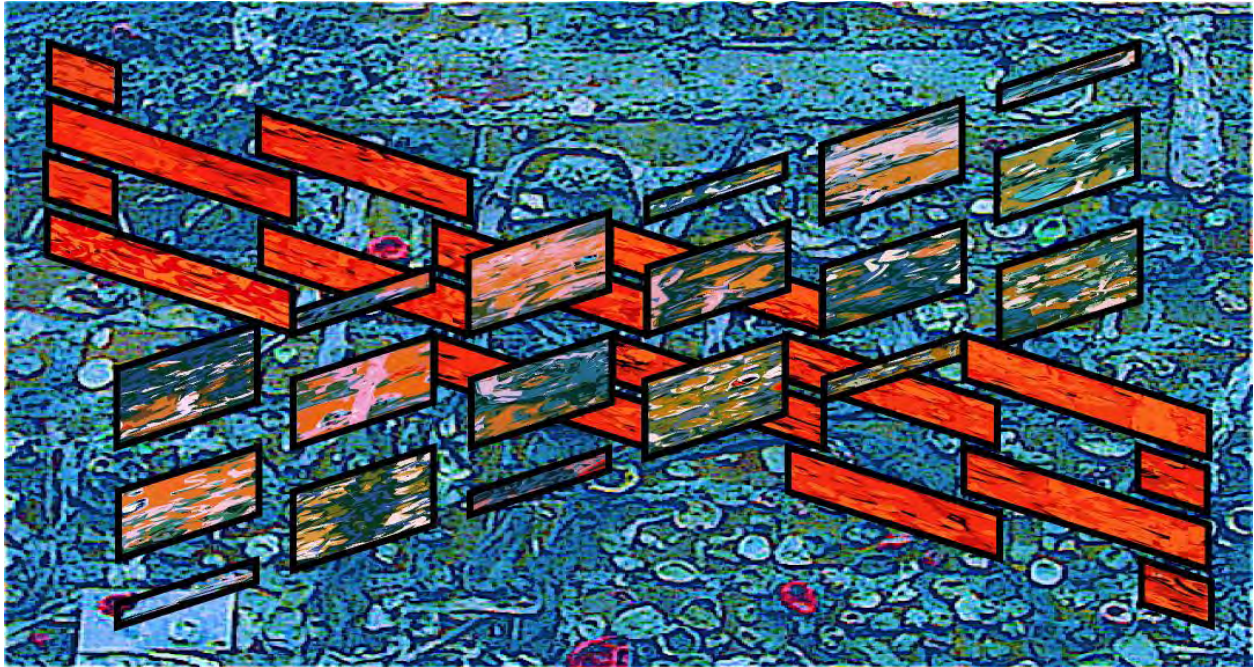
Karl Kempton

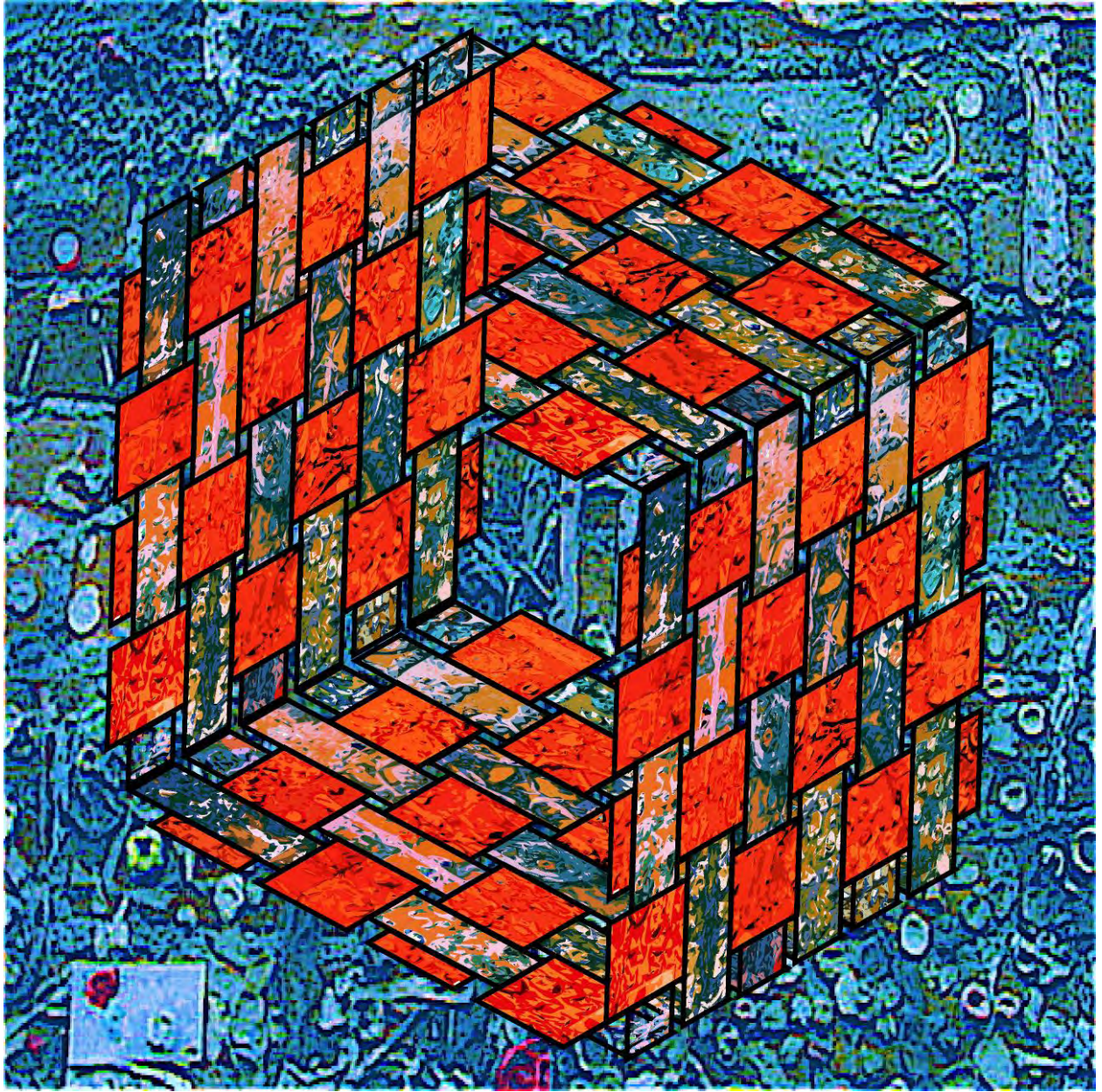


weaving 108



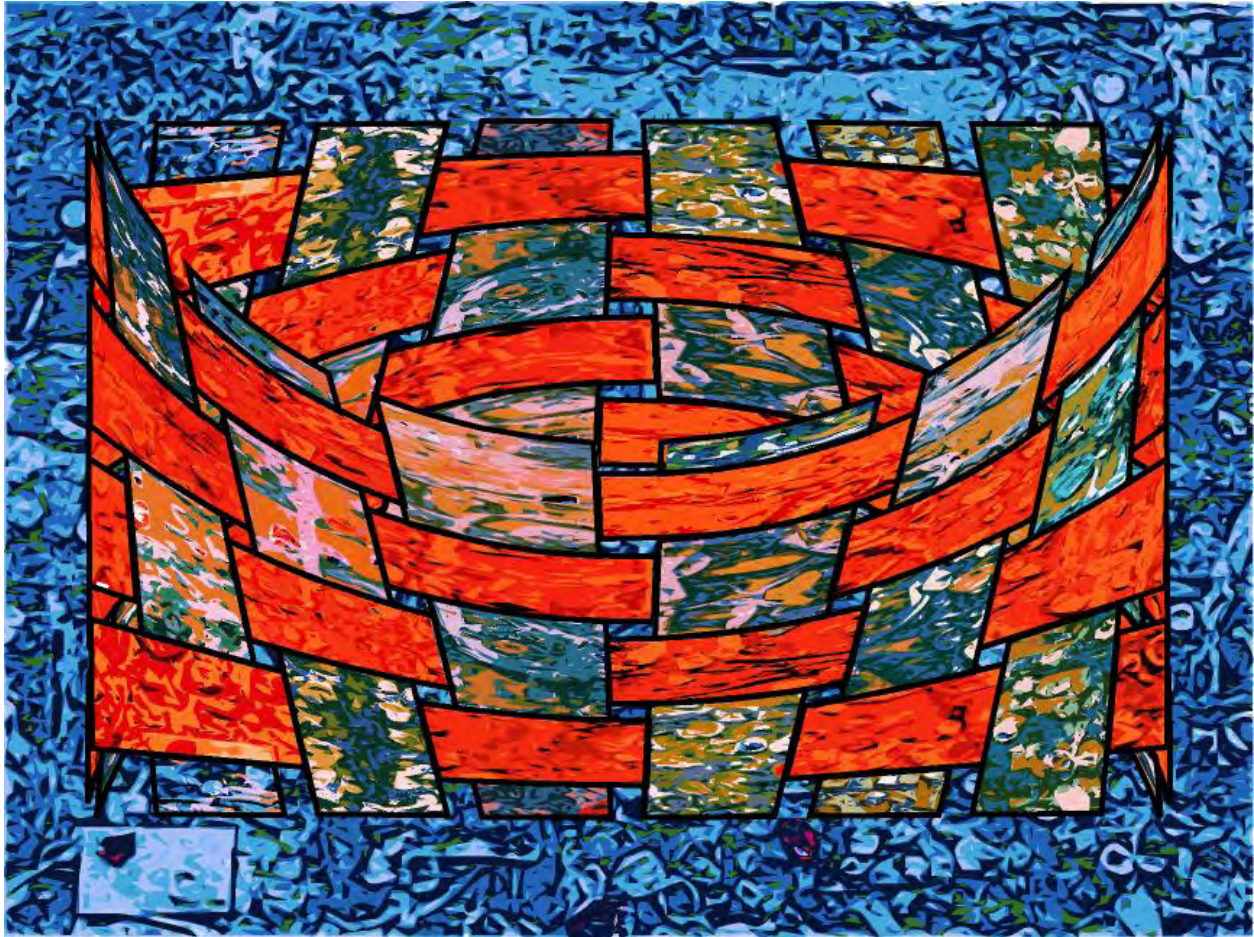












Tim Willette

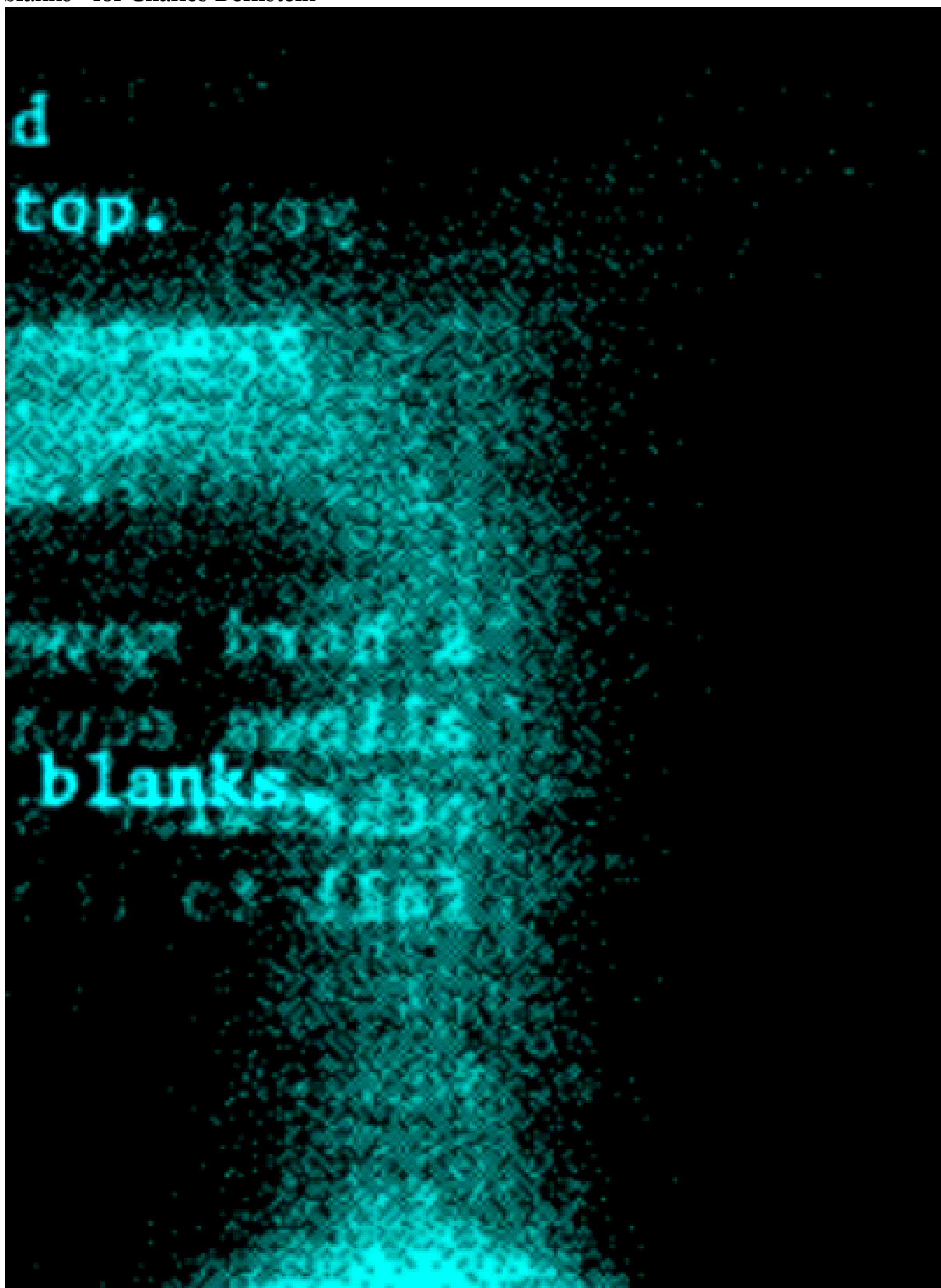
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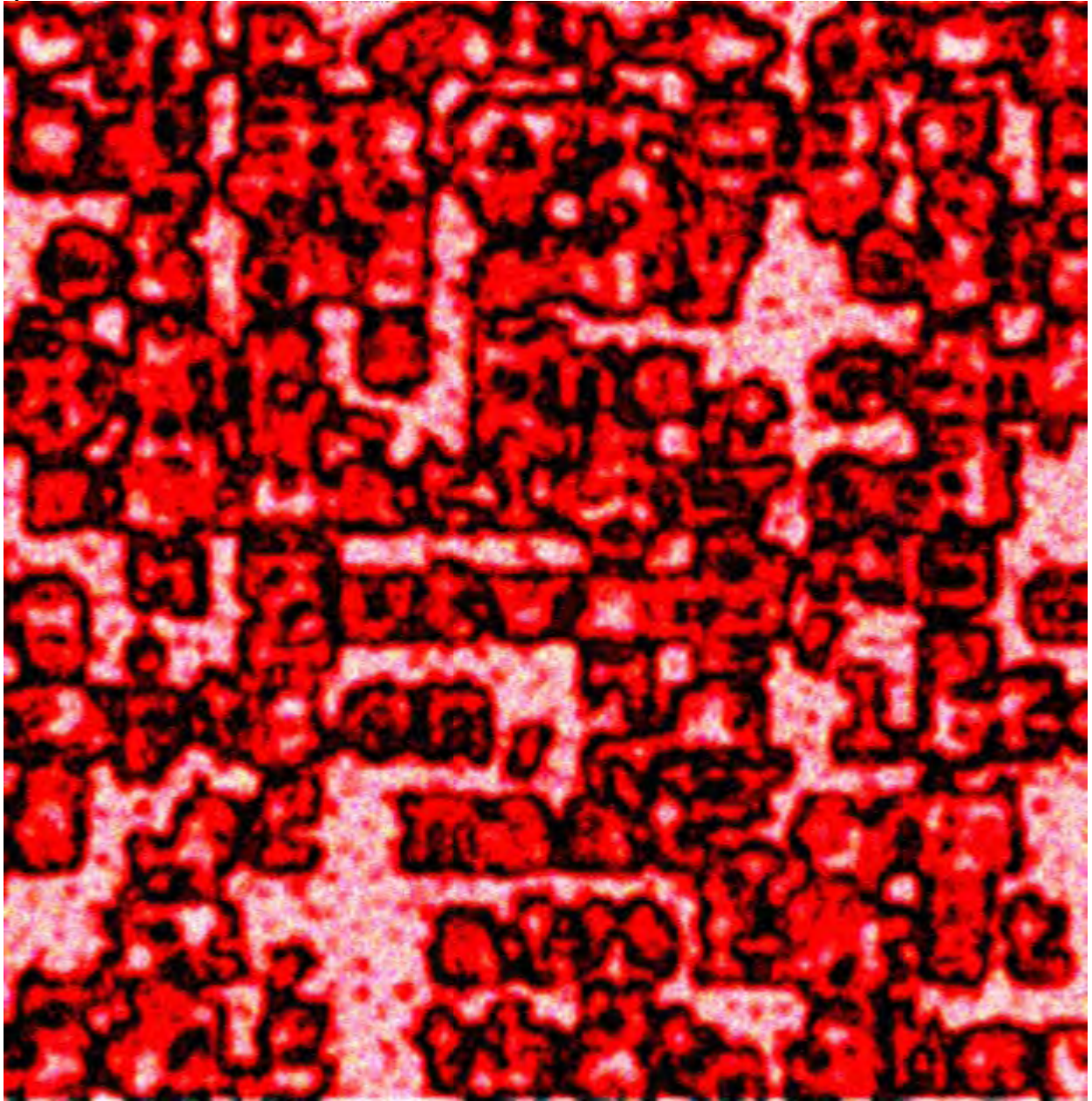
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blanks - for Charles Bernstein



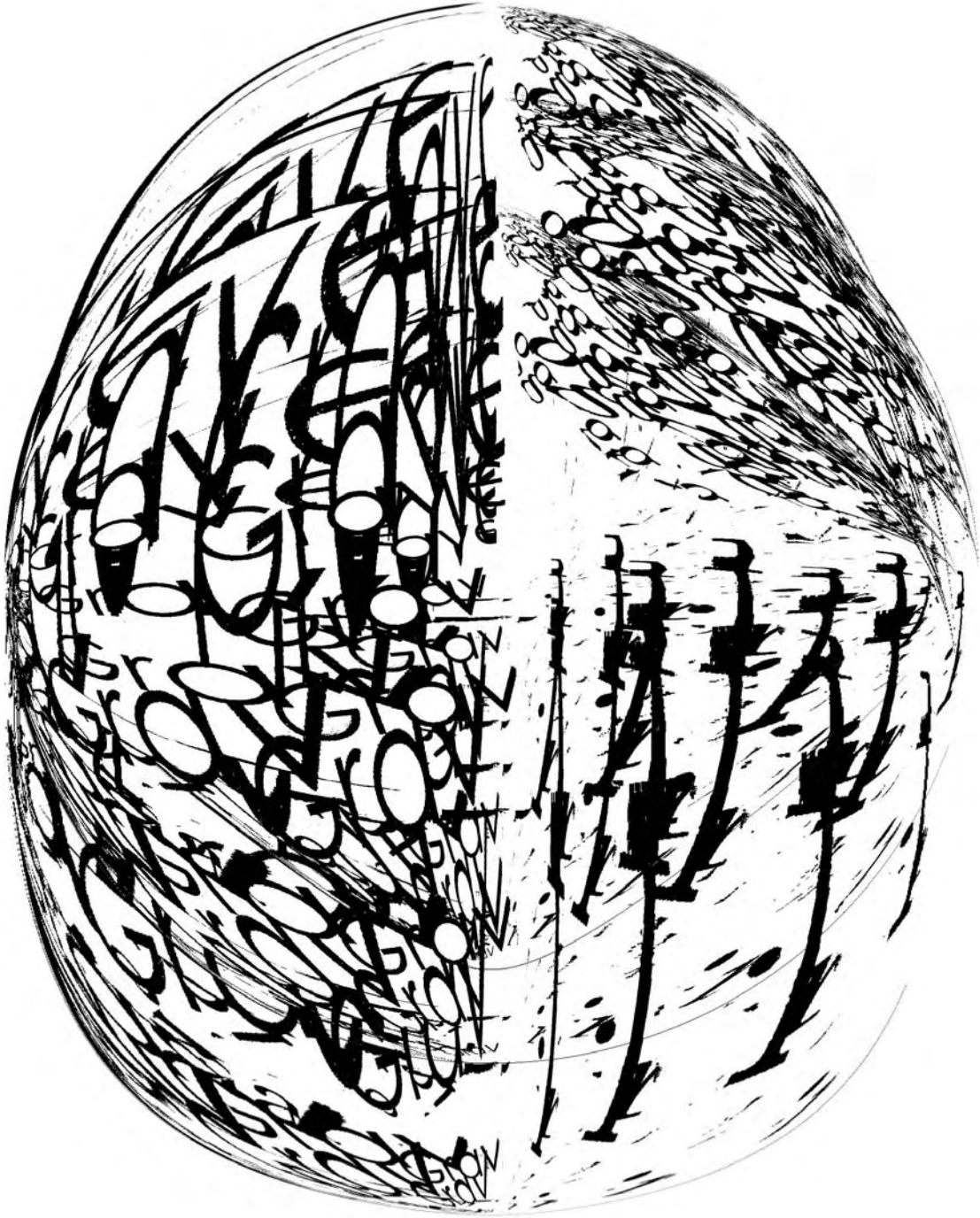
eye



dolomite	a city	carousel	night falls	debris	hedge	foregone	catalog
broken	perhaps	fear	opaque	tripod	kindness	but	thyme
the tiger	truss	letter	&	strike out	quotent	heighten	sigil
handful	the	candle	ironic	codex	sidewalk	hammer	beach
lattice	vignette	plunge	announce	empathy	minimal	quixotic	she smiles
nurture	scent	windmill	∞	neuronic totem	if	stable	repast
portents	foreplay	vestige	aoli	cellular	lately	radial	explosion
carriage	vein	objet d'art	isolate	in the fields	herself		chorus

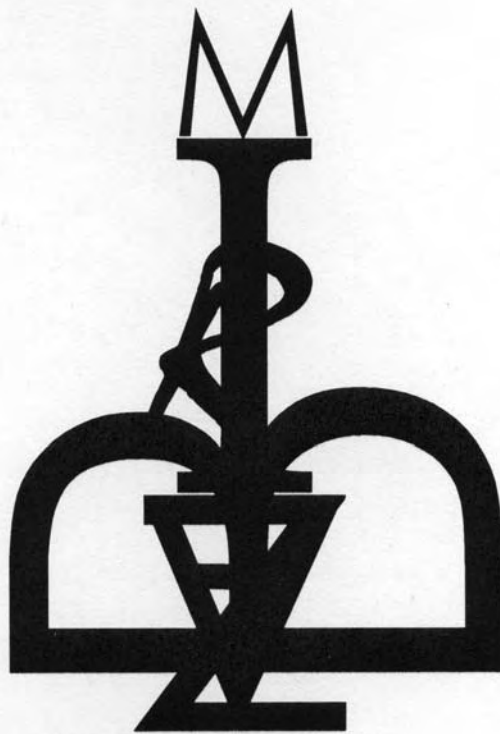
Mike Cannell





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Chad Lietz



Chad Lietz

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Chad Lietz

message: from the oxygen

82
I Zorn F
S

Chad Lietz

take it over

Michael Aird and Nola Accili



Crane #1

outside, the crane
operations like eat, sleep, shit
root in themselves an adjacent

body count—be it probable
through every set of fingers and toes or note
always empty is always poorly worded

I held rust on the bucket and substitute
fertile in that range of movement, maybe
or it happened ahead of schedule—the heights

you could return to, their arc in your image
in progress—where you read open
an order of given names: the Work, talk of

Postponing the work/ rain glints off those limits
onto both skin and its leveling
or repeat how plunged do we have to be

before soil overhead will stop
even training an argument



Crane #2

you lift me up also a social
item, simultaneous layering on
of hands and their target—whose land is this
looking so ill? ownership doubled over

long term, drift from the original
to know necessity as a site
tingles along your extra self into
no cure, but new traction

so the crane is silent and creates
its phrases fall after us, form
our hunger to be invested here
during that suspension—you figure more

likely at a loss that's recognizable,
no less armed with our trespass across the field
than beyond it—a sputter
of motor oil pockets the dream and slips

away anyhow incomplete



Crane #3

sifting if not only an outcome like
prompted, you wear your hands down
to a bare accident, but sequel after sequel of them
slouching toward a plot delivery—
the crane stands in

the crane stands in equally possible
interruption: have you eaten tomorrow?
how will you misunderstand that body's
silhouette on its raw material?
one day clearance, a discount

sprung from that exorcism, fully twin
anxious to the point of collapse
now concrete, now calm itself the crane alone

can digest its extent here no further
that fluent/ you were already thinking
as though contracted to an aftermath,
leftover you remember then

also withstand

Diana Magallon and Jeff Crouch

Acclaimed

Ovation after ovation, beyond her wildest dreams, Beatrix triumphed effortlessly. Her voice resplendent, her high notes perfect. She never lost her lure. Her soft siren call, as always, drew the crowd's tears. Literally. And the duet of Beata and Sampedro was unforgettable, even moving those in the upper balcony to tears. Their love duet, "Pedro as Orpheus," won many an ovation. They were, indeed, royalty.

*for this purpose. MYSTIFICATION
Those who doubt ... the precious Substance ...
Prodigal ... Prodigal ... Saada ...*

Finale ...

Oh Fortuna



Coo # O #

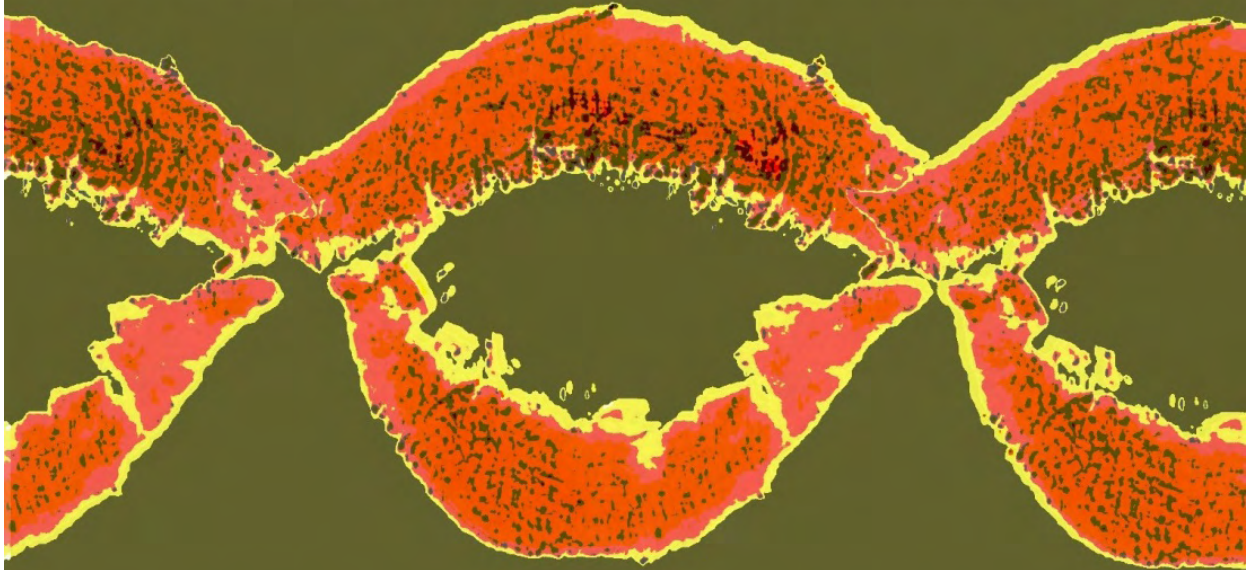
Innocent, innocence, your hands want to talk. The circus animals neigh; the airplanes circle. And right now, our failures and glories are leaving el imperio de Hamelin. These failures, these glories, they won't be in our toast tonight.

Where are the doves now?

Awake in our hands.

This doesn't matter to me or Pedro Pablo de Sampedro. Pedro Pablo de Sampedro has sensed, I think, a common ground between Beata Beatrix and himself, a poetic common ground.

I'm not aware of a Spanish siren or of a post-vanguardistas flores mexicanas, but Beata Beatrix feels strongly aligned with this movement.



No! Beata Beatrix must try to sing in English with a loud and clear voice, in English where the post-vanguardistas thrive.

Even from what little I've read of her work, Beata Beatrix fits my view. Her improvisational songs will soon be heard.



THE COO

READY REATA

UN POTAJE SUS GARGANTAS,
SOMATIZACIÓN DE UNA JOVEN CARRERA,
MOTOCICLETAS

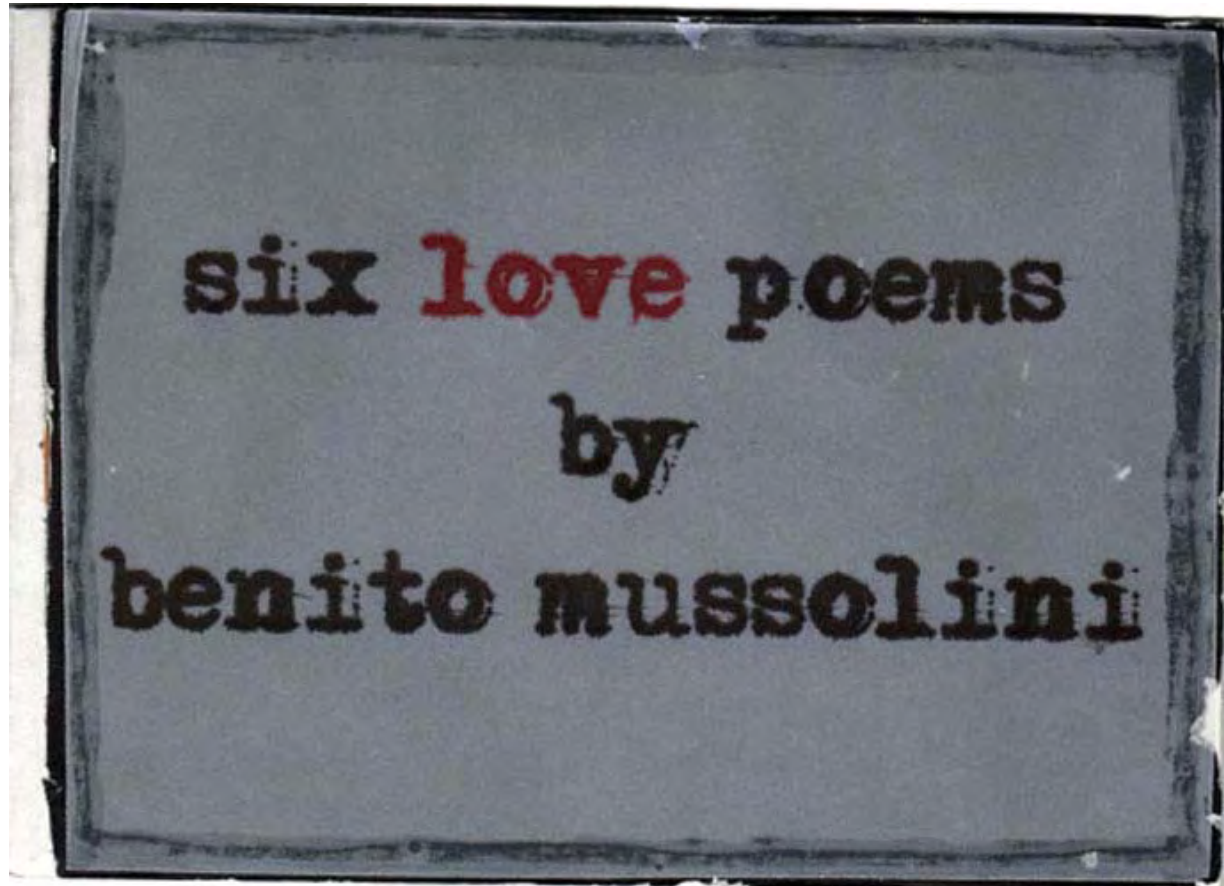
. . . . WHEN THE SPIRITS TAKE THE HOUSE,
YOU ARE AT THEIR MERCY

WE ARE THE MESSENGERS

ANGELS AND CONSEQUENCES (OF COURSE),
THE DOORS ARE THE DOORS OF INDISCRETION:
MUCHAS, MUCHAS MANOS
PERHAPS A DOZEN, EVEN TEN THOUSAND

TRIUNFANTE UN LUGAR,
SOÑADO EN EL "JARDÍN "

Matthew Savoca



temporary anti-squat housing, which basically means I can be evicted from my apartment with one
After an experiment with my neighbours I found out some of them can follow my every step through
ever

ine to
arou
can
nare
keep



My
ple

To e
You

*

Guidelines & Directives below on this receipt
own interest I recommend you to take notion of
neighbours at present time. By staying in my p
can call now on the police for help.

shoes

the soft gentle light
taking off her shoes your own
with such grace and such
slight
has once again
renewed in me
all at the same time
a hope and
a warmth and
the blues.

P.O.s:

ests can also have problems operating its hope
u military guy, I don't want him to be bothered

Date of collection:

11/1/1968

signature: good for me on tucker:

Good: you are (circled):

good
for me,

i haven't turned
the television
on
in over
a week.

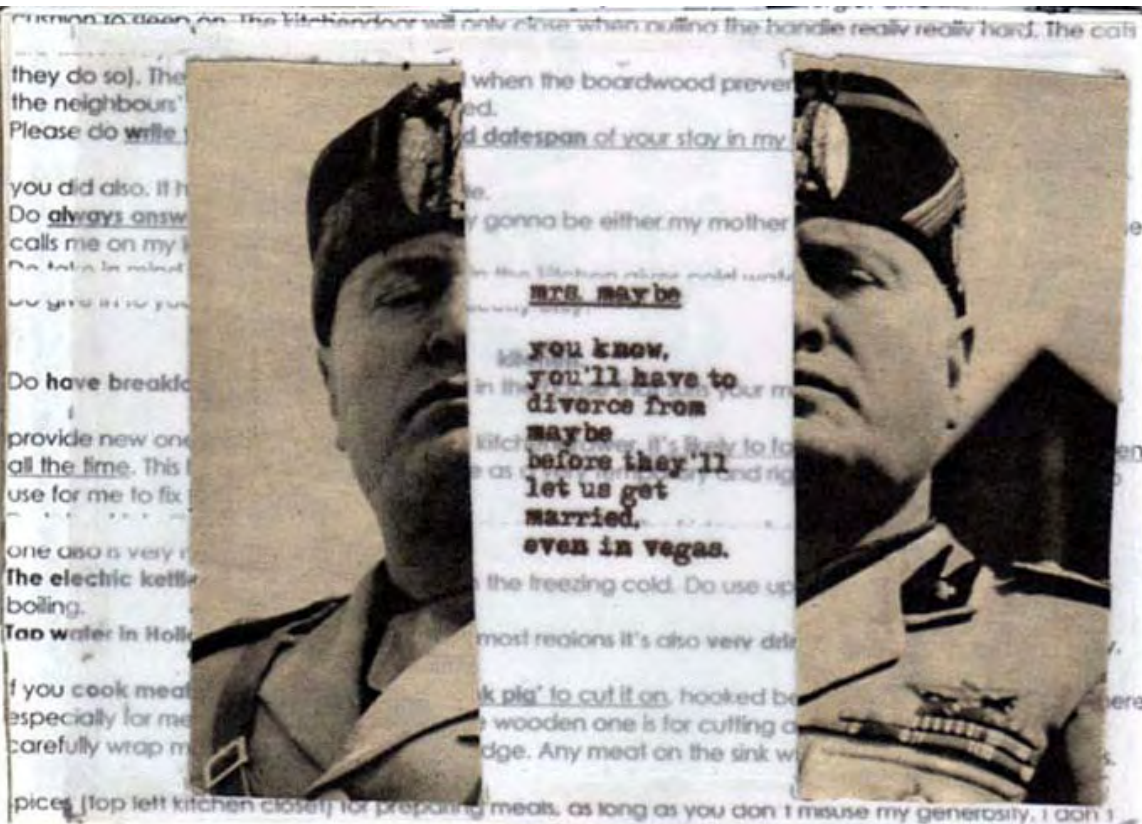
you are
good
for me.

Important! Keeping my neighbour
This thin-walled five-storeyed house
that I do. I've had significant prob

because of my predeceasing ten
house.

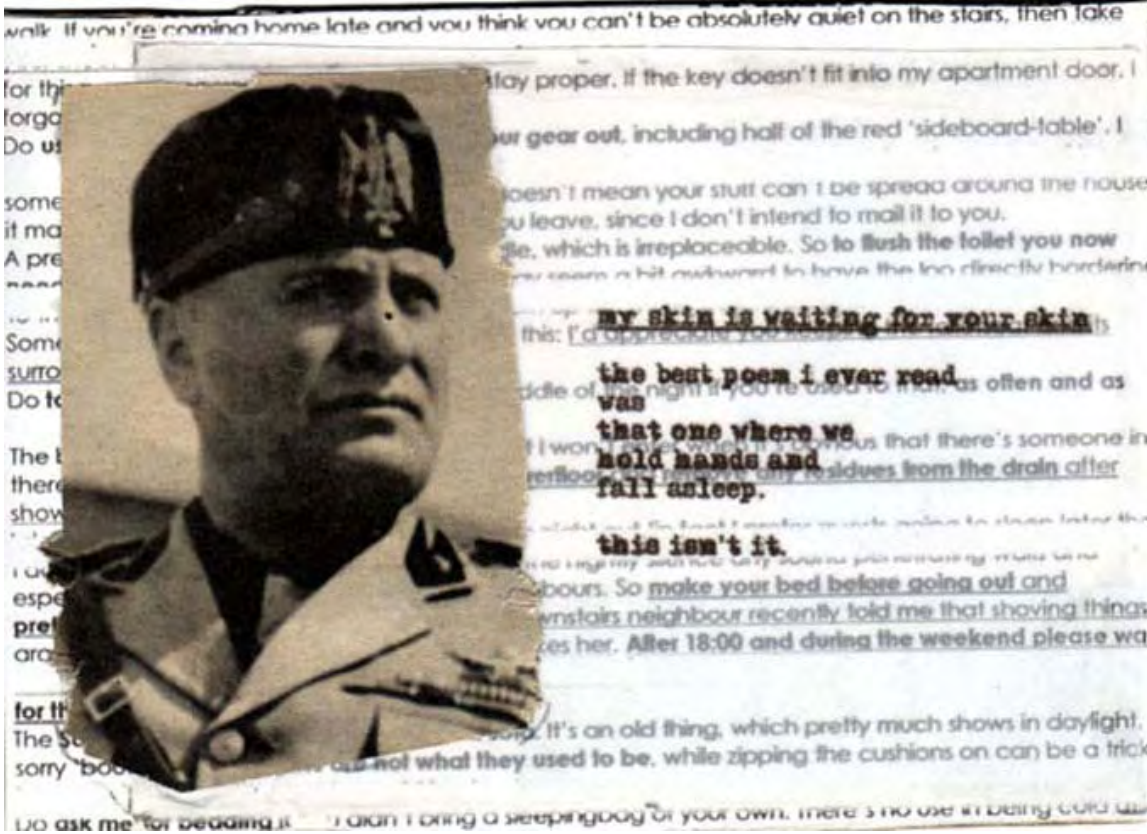
Subsequently I inherited her legacy and my neighbours' traumas, so you can imagine both the





MRS. maybe

**you know,
you'll have to
divorce from
maybe
before they'll
let us get
married,
even in vegas.**



my skin is waiting for your skin

**the best poem i ever read
was
that one where we
hold hands and
fall asleep.**

this isn't it.

So make your bed before going out and
the upstairs neighbour recently told me that shaving things
does her. After 18:00 and during the weekend please walk

have a lotta storage space to put things, so they're scattered all over the kitchen proximity. Around the corner in the living there's a box of nuts & confectionery. Do keep the **love is** proper: do your dishes right jump on the sink and eat and drink from everything. **love is** too lazy for the **dostoevsky** is convenient for my darkgreen under the **at the roulette** wheels. Do be careful with kitchen plates and bowls. **love is** **bukowski** technical Gasheaters **at the** dangerous of night for carb, been cleaned. **races.** Fiction. There **love is** to turn it off all the way heater. Drying **the sun on your** is fine, but The manual says **cheeks** can be dangerous. **through a cloudy** window **on the** some time to withdraw of having a lot of **rome florence** ever you feel like listening to some **train.** I recommend you using tapping (or banging!) it on the side until the impeller pull out the chrome coloured, T-shaped coaspitter at the rear end of my music system. The tv-remote often either doesn't respond to zapping channels or it doesn't work at all. **Back to the kitchen**



websurfing, so I hope you have experience with that. I recommend using the handy tabs option (Ctrl+T to open documents in tabs) instead of opening multiple pages: Mozilla may otherwise become unstable. The **enter my** **session.** **Don't talk with** their apartment. **Don't bring** **Don't enter** **Don't use** **other number** **Don't have** **Needless** **I'm the** **me use** **Don't use** **Don't drink my wine, beer unless you buy exact replacements. If you can however go to where I live, the reward is a glass of your choice per person.**



somewhere else

today I have
666.07 euros
in my bank
account
I guess that
07
is for
seven
but
what about the rest?
is this a match
made in
heaven
or
somewhere else,
my love?



Chris Major

BURMA SOUNDS

Weeping, wailing and a constant

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<u>00000 000</u>	<u>00 0@ 00 000</u>
<u>0@00 0 0</u>	<u>000 @0 00</u>
<u>00@000000</u>	<u>000 00 0000</u>

You
left a
note:
"No

*obit, do what you want
with the body". The door
slams, leaves me searching
for an empty seat amongst those
who wished that you had known*

SOMEWHERE
THIS IS NOT A TITLE

it's the strap of a
watch on the wrist
of a lifeless arm. The
body of which will not
be found for at least an
other six to eight weeks.
Cos' by then the neigh-
bours will have been alerted
by the putrid stench;
police will jimmy the
door, dis- cover
this rotting arm
even now still
reach - ing
for
it.



Editor's Notes

Review of *A Map of Faring*, by Peter Riley
(Free Verse Editions / Parlor Press, 2005)



Peter Riley's most recent full-length poetry collection, *A Map of Faring*, is precisely the sort of project that is helping to distinguish the newly established Free Verse Editions, a joint venture between Free Verse and Parlor Press. With its commitment to featuring translations, combined with an international scope, Free Verse Editions has been consistently proving that the site of contemporary poetry consists not so much of place, but of places and their rich, adjacent terrains.

One of the many pleasures of Riley's *A Map of Faring* is the way in which it endorses that particular commitment. The “map of faring” is a re-mapping that seeks to more faithfully explore the borderlines between places, their histories, and their attendant subjectivities, while always, and perhaps more importantly, addressing what the human spirit can hope to purchase once located between these locations.

A Map of Faring consists of diverse settings that include a tour of Central Europe and a house in Southern France, but it begins with a 15th century hermitage in the English countryside and a Romanian village, both depicted in a series of “Setts.” As Riley explains in his footnotes, a sett means a “suite,” or arrangement, typically of furniture or music. This tension between the earthly, or banal, and the spiritual, or abstract, animates the entire book as it seeks to illuminate their intersections:

sequences across
distant points, where
shadows gather, where
the living trade, and sing
their lives into the earth. (6)

“Sett” also means the network of tunnels used as habitats by small animals, as well as a shaped piece of rock used to make surfaces for roads. Both of these call to mind some of the other concerns of the book, namely our various, distinct habitats, plus the routes, roads, or various commerce and conveyances between them. These spaces are vast and historic:

For equity, for spread of gain
raise the white stone, the red
light on the shore where

the merchant ship rounds the headland. (7)

And yet they are connected on a deeply personal level, as registered in the way Riley so often carefully torques his syntax: “Intimately, in the village, turn / the dance, the baby's head toward” (7). In other words, Riley's book seeks to locate the public “self” within a common history and contract, even while ghostlier, private subjectivities pause and stutter in the expanses between: “With my singing hand I rummage / echoes in the burnt archive, the dust...” (11).

From these interstitial beginnings, Riley's ambitious project moves to a presumably sturdier apex in the next section of the book, which is aptly entitled “Noon Province.” Where the poems in the “Stetts” are more gestural and private, these poems are more deliberately civic: “I would like to be always present. / Not helpful or obedient / but there, without question” (65). While unmistakably “British” in both tone and tenor, Riley shares the same poetic allegiances as Charles Tomlinson, Roy Fisher, Eric Mottram, and Andrew Crozier, all of whom are evoked either directly or indirectly in this volume, especially in their shared commitment to both British and internationalist traditions. For example, the culmination suggested by this section's title is not the fulfillment of any grand tradition, but instead a temporary interval that Riley likens with travelling across central Europe, as in the poem “The Night Train Arrives at Dawn:”

Valuable small acts. Arriving
from the other side of the country
to the standard breakfast,
...
a variety of travelers
neglecting in the first light
stature or office...
Take your turn, ask only
for the complete, the integral. (59)

These perpetual arrivals weld a wealth of distances and national interests, while opening our otherwise unyielding habitats to their richer, lyrical possibilities: “we are together we are lost / in dazzling light in the limestone” (80). But Riley's project is never simply idealist. The presumed apex of “Noon Province” is less a matter of grand architectural structure, and more of the “line of shadow marking the edge of arch” (92).

When our private subjectivities encounter their public counterparts, the result provide both clarity and confusion, lyricism and aggression, as the final poem in the collection addresses:

Work the burden and blind fear out of continuance by no moare than a noticed edge, a flicker of grass, a simple attendance.... The continuance held in the instant and helpless out of it, like a lost child. And that is to say, I know nothing of the table. On which is represented by curious skill, a pattern of welfare. A pattern of warfare. A map of faring. (93)

The promise and peril suggested here offers no easy conclusions, no final statements about our cultural or personal foundations, but it does provide a generous script in which our various occurrences have been faithfully and intelligently traced.

Contributors' Notes

Nola Accili is a self-taught painter. Her poetry has appeared in journals such as *Manoa*, *Room of One's Own*, and *Elimae*. She has written reviews for the *Pacific Rim Review of Books*.

Michael Aird has appeared or is forthcoming in *Lungfull!*, *Elimae*, *Glitterpony*, *Horse Less Review*, *Gestalten* and *Lit*.

Cynthia Arrieu-King is the author of *The Small Anything City* (Dream Horse Press). Her poems have appeared in *Prairie Schooner*, *No Tell Motel*, *Pilot Poetry*, *Hotel Amerika*, *Court Green*, and elsewhere.

Emily Anderson's work has appeared in the *Denver Quarterly*, *McSweeney's Quarterly Concern*, *Caketrain*, *Parcel*, *Indelible Kitchen* and *Sawbuck*.

Hanna Andrews is the author of *a/ long/ division*, forthcoming from Tilt Press. She is a co-founder of the feminist press *Switchback Books* and teaches poetry and first-year writing at *Columbia College Chicago*. Recent poems have appeared in *Caketrain*, *CutBank* and *Foursquare*.

Cristiana Baik is an MFA candidate at the University of Alabama and a letterpress printer. She has been published by *RealPoetik* and *Spinning Jenny*.

Elizabeth H. Barbato is an English teacher born and raised through her college years in New England, then ended up in New Jersey, where for fourteen years she has taught writing, drama and music to every age from kindergarteners to high school seniors. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Apple Valley Review*, *Poetrybay*, *The Litchfield Review*, and *Foliage Oak*. The *Kennesaw Review* awarded her their Don Russ poetry prize for 2008. Her poems in this issue of *Word For/Word* are from her book *Elpenor Falls*, which will be published by *Dancing Girl Press* in 2009.

Mike Cannell is an intermedia poly-poet from The UK who works in visual, textual and sound poetry of various types. He is dedicated to the exploration of the materiality and emotional power of language. He hosts the semi-regular podcast/audiomagazine *K=O=L=L=A=P=S* which is dedicated to promoting sound poetry in all its forms..

Allison Carter lives in Los Angeles, where she teaches a workshop in hybrid forms at CalArts and designs websites. She is the author of *A Fixed, Formal Arrangement* (Les Figs, 2008) and a chapbook, *Shadows Are Weather* (Horse Less Press 2008). Her work has otherwise appeared in *Fence*, *5_Trope*, *P-Queue* and others journals. She currently co-edits the *Particle Series* with Joe Potts (psbooks.org).

Autumn Carter lives in Los Angeles and is a graduate student in Antioch University's MFA Program.

Jeff Crouch is an internet artist in Grand Prairie, Texas. His graphic work has appeared in *The Blue Smoke Band*, *Poems Niederngasse*, *ardent*, *moria*, *eratio postmodern poetry*, *Ancient Heart Magazine*, *Speculative Fiction Centre*, *JMWW*, *Quill and Ink*, *Stirring: A Literary Collection*, *Spoiled*

Ink, Lunatic Chameleon, Triplopia, Events Quarterly, Skive Magazine, Subtle Tea, Literary Vision Magazine (LitVision), Prose Toad, Lily, Ink Pot, and elsewhere.

Ian Davisson's work has appeared, or is forthcoming, in *elima*, the Denver Quarterly, and *Opium*.

Andy Frazee's reviews, essays, and interviews have appeared or are forthcoming in *Verse*, *Jacket*, *Boston Review*, *Galatea Resurrects*, and *CutBank Reviews*. His poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *1913*, and has appeared in *Eleven Eleven*, *Bath House*, *Sycamore Review*, *Rhino*, *Faultline*, and was nominated for a 2005 Pushcart Prize. He is a PhD student in English and Creative Writing at the University of Georgia.

Matt Gagnon grew up in northeastern Massachusetts and has since lived in Vermont, Colorado, and western Massachusetts. His reviews can be found at *Octopus Magazine*, *CutBank Reviews*, and *Jacket*. Poems are forthcoming in *Model Homes*, and his essay on Robin Blaser will be appearing in *The Poker*.

Tom Hibbard's reviews have appeared in numerous journals, including *Big Bridge*, *Sidereality*, *Poetic Inhalation*, *Milk*, *Jacket*, and elsewhere. His poetry collections include *Nonexistence*, *Gessom*, *Delancey Street*, *Human Powers*, *Nocturnes*, *Songs of Divine Love*, *Enchanted Streets*, and *Assembly*.

W. Scott Howard received his Ph.D. in English and Critical Theory from the University of Washington. His essays in Anglo-American poetics and cultural theory have appeared in many journals and books, including: *The McNeese Review*, *Milton Quarterly*, *Early Modern Literary Studies*, *Denver Quarterly*, and *The Comparatist*; *Dialogism and Lyric Self-Fashioning* (Susquehanna), *Reading the Middle Generation Anew* (Iowa), *Studying Cultural Landscapes* (Arnold & Oxford), *Grief and Gender, 700-1700* (Palgrave), and *Printed Voices* (Toronto). Scott serves on the editorial board for *Reconstruction: Studies in Contemporary Culture*; and also edits and publishes two electronic, annual, peer-reviewed journals: *Appositions*, *Studies in Renaissance / Early Modern Literature & Culture*; and *Reconfigurations*, *A Journal for Poetics & Poetry / Literature & Culture*.

Aby Kaupang's work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Verse*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Caketrain*, *Shampoo*, *The Laurel Review*, *Parthenon West*, *Aufgabe*, *14 Hills*, *Interim*, and others. Her chapbook, *Scenic Fences | Houses Innumerable*, was listed as a finalist for the *Laurel Review/Greentower Press Midwest Chapbook Competition* in 2007 & 2008 as well as the 2007 *CRANKY* chapbook competition.

Karl Kempton visual poems have been nationally and internationally published and exhibited since 1974. His work has evolved from typewriter to computer b&w to color and now mixed media works with the use of a SLR digital camera. *weaving 108* is from photos taken in San Luis Obispo's Gum Alley. Karl edited and published *Kaldron* between 1976-1990 and is co-editor of an on-line edition published by Karl Young at . Some of his works can be seen at *Logolia*, *Unlikely Stories*, *eratio*, and *Blackbox*. Also see his article on Chumash solstice alignments.

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Diana Magallón is an Mexican experimental artist whose work has been published in: Eratio, Greatworks, The Argotist, Shampoo, MAG, Hutt, the Blackboard Project, La Tzará, te_a_tro, Tin Lustre Mobile, Kulture Vulture, Starfish, Surfaceonline, Niedergasse, Papertiger, and elsewhere.

Chris Major lives in Stoke, England. His poetry appears in many print/online mags. His chapbook CONCRETE & CALLIGRAM is available as a free download at www.whyvandalism.com.

Teresa K. Miller is the author of Forever No Lo (Tarpaulin Sky Press, 2008). She received her MFA from Mills College, and her work has appeared in Coconut, ZYZZYVA, MiPOesias, Columbia Poetry Review, and others. Nod to poet Jessi Lee Gaylord, whose imagery inspired parts of "Half the table" years ago.

Michael Rerick works at the University of Arizona Poetry Center and his work has appeared in Exquisite Corpse, Shampoo, Diagram, Fence, Bathhouse, Cue, No Tell Motel, Order+Decorum, Words on Walls, and elsewhere.

Michael Rothenberg has been an active environmentalist in the San Francisco Bay Area for the past 25 years. His books of poems include The Paris Journals (Fish Drum), Monk Daddy (Blue Press) and Unhurried Vision (La Alameda Press). Rothenberg is editor and publisher of Big Bridge. He is also editor of Overtime, Selected Poems by Philip Whalen (Penguin), As Ever, Selected Poems by Joanne Kyger (Penguin), David's Copy, Selected Poems by David Meltzer, Way More Out, Selected Poems of Edward Dorn (Penguin, 2007), and the Collected Poems of Philip Whalen (Wesleyan University Press, 2007).

Matthew Savoca is 26 years old. When he was 24 years old he moved to Italy to be with a girl who he is currently wandering around Europe being confused about life with. Read his other stuff here, and email him if you want a print of the Mussolini thing.

Felicia Shenker is a visual artist and writer living in Montreal. She worked for several years in broadsheets, artists books and text-installations before coming to focus on literature. Her poetry has appeared in Vallum.

Lynn Strongin, a native New Yorker, has published fourteen books. Her memoir INDIGO will be published by Throp Springs Press in late winter, 2009. She has been nominated for the Griffin Award for Excellence in poetry for CAPE SEVENTY. Two of her books will be showcased in the Frankfurt International Book Fair, 2008. Cassandra Robison is working on a biography of the poet called "Elegant Necessities: The Life and work of Poet Lynn Strongin."

Amish Trivedi lives in Iowa City. His poems are available in La Petite Zine, the Backwards City Review and are available/forthcoming in RealPoetik, Cannibal, along with an e-chap from Absent

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Mark Young's Pelican Dreaming: Poems 1959-2008 was recently published by Meritage Press. He is the editor of Otoliths.