

Word For/*Word* #15

Summer, 2009



a journal of new writing

beggar

she sweeps the courtyard clear of voices

beggar in her throat
digging
to disturb the night

she mutinies to wipe the wind
from her sacrosanct eyes

cancel
the silent broadcast

she paints sunflower dust

across her blue lips

sea of nights

sea of nights on her tongue
mileposts to mark the sinking raw notes
scrawled
on her wall

her piling footsteps

her unplanted grain
dissembling the wind

she conforms her hands
to chains

catches her breath
beginning with the water lie

her foot
falls
to the stool and the unscratched lens
stalls on her forehead

restless
she slips

to the dirt

her season

on the plank of desire
she surfaces again

accident of
compassion

her profane palms her tongue
that pleases the wind

she is
the circus of time deafness on her severed
lips

her season
weeping out the morning

her arms
floating from her bridge

her sunflower dust
dripping
into her heathen eyes

compose

hanging night off her sleeve
she is covered with her
red
blanket

loosens
her skin

she is small
on the winds and bleeds her wing
 to silence

leaning against her thigh
her severed head composes the prayer

echo of eyes
amassed
for redemption: hide me

when I die

Eros & Psyche

Our tongues: today, rotund.

Tomorrow, robust.

Tomorrow, our tongues:

salves melted over our lips—
your peppermint sugars. My milk saps.

Hedone, slung shot,
is at some sober point

aborted again.

Riddle

Where any girl could O,
for you, I
SO—

SO, my ghastly. My favorite incisors,
blown-in like sign poles post-
snowsquall.

SO carnivore
when you can afford,
dealing in, among other
gravitationals,
casual sex and Antiques Roadshow.
SO what if I imagine

from scratch (like how some
in smelling taste,

how some in sleeping-off, revive)
your hand there, and mine—

not holding, quite, but
withholding what?

When You Don't Answer

I can't help these odes.
Even knowing

language on the page won't
lure you,
I continue

to elaborate to no one, and to one

loosened brick,
to one brittle nest, to one peeled limb

stroking a window that's been

clamped shut,
letting no one in.

from "Brightly"

1.

A spider unfolds out from the shape of her body.
Concepts of home become leafy, its location coincidence. And she
contemplates if pineapples can grow at such high altitudes? Later
today, she will drive across town, as a passenger, seeking a way to
create us as outlines.

Occurring again she selects herself as the creek bed laps against
her curling toes. She watches as if by accident.

2.

The spider crawls into your cupped hands and for a moment you consider this location as whole, but it feels as if there isn't enough air here, perhaps you should quit smoking.

As you watch the worm furrow into the blue silk of a wedding sari and disappear with the sunlight you think: next time I will be the one who digs.

Dear Child,

There are things like history steeping in a press pot that I do not yet know. Hot tea, water boiling and settling. Jasmine.

Born grammatically we are dinosaurs, formed and blurred beyond shape.

*The errors of how things can change, extinction pulls away I
am unlike myself. A gerund. Possessing the need to
accumulate sailing ships, I imagine history submerged in my
throat. Have I told you? There are things I have yet.*

Armoury

After Dior's John Galliano

"To believe one 'is a woman' is almost as absurd and obscurantist as to believe that one 'is a man'."

~Julia Kristeva

discourse with war
a gown

a carefully scripted
plan of attack

an everyday
rose

in pale silk
ruching marks it

rosing a target
a silk tasset

armour binds
a waist

wastes it
metalled silk recoding

death as sex
a bared shoulder and a shoulder in pink

(ad)dress of war
helmed

there are no
orders to countermand this

night
a wild

death drawn over her

breast

an everyday war
wears her

ruched tasset
rose silk

armoury in silk

you go to war with the Army you have

Eight Women in Black and White

After Ghada Amer

hall of mirrors
recursive

profile
knots her

leaks onto canvas
passionate

calligraphy
stitching a face

embroidered
woman

thread silhouettes
filamented women

recursive
guise

a face in rayon
a face in silk

in violet
a face

outlined in blue
sketching

in black
eight

women
light in loose

hair
threaded line

in tumbling hair

stitched

and subtle
women

entangled
hands grip

hips breasts
threaded women

threaded
bodies bared hips

bare fingers
white

light of canvas
embrace

a blue and violet
contour

black-threaded women
filamented

bodies
one

curved hip
passionate drift

thigh
loosed in fine thread

floss
tracery

gendering
gaze :: lost

shroud defiant

contour of sex

Pleasure Pillars

After Shazia Sikander

I'll keep your shirt white,
Will wash and keep it unwrinkled.
If you come through my door,
I'll keep you as my guest.

Bayati, Azerbaijani
contemporary oral song

myrtle tangles apricot, interleaves lotus, pomegranate. green assumes a guise of black, propagates shadow. venus and devi, houri with spiraling horns. layered narratives form a perpetual shade. shower of confetti, of rose petals or light. "mohammed's blood". swords flower out of musk-scented earth, A-10's like peonies. a stair thunders into a vanished sky, eroding sight, any heart will do. perilous embrace. shadow silhouettes a regime of repetition, the garden vanishes, even heaven retreats. machinery of violence takes root in the camouflage of dusk

Tisci's atelier: Trope-ic of Cloture /couture

champagne flute

flower

sideshow

*

an entire painstaking review

*

an
other

sex

-ed wedding cake

*

the new pastoral

*

corsage

phantasmal
bride

rake

*

discretion was advised

*

glistening
reptile

folded-paper

caress

*

the precise moment of pleasure

*

sex's absurd

confection

gate

:: "beloved"

*

confession of the flesh

Union Hill Road

Expanse: room here,
never so high,
near the low Serpent hill.

Interior: brother string lines,
quilt, sock,
quilt, sock, nightmare.

Expanse: arbor beltway,
ear pressure, wire weed train,
oak, smoke, oak.

Interior: television,
cable box,
dust on the wooden spoons.

Expanse: tire pressure, hum and wind,
a steeple here somewhere,
a cellular vacuum.

Interior: chilly, pepper jelly,
couch, hutch, broom,
painting tiers.

Expanse: arbor beltway,
all creatures
fresh and nostalgic.

Interior: city, city, city
city, city,
city, city, city, city.

Expanse: top of the hill line,
shades lighten
with distance and rain.

(Interior: collapsed,
restored to wind,
pre-nostalgic.)

Expanse, Expanse, Expanse

Chenoweth Fork Road

Take me down Chenoweth across Sunfish creek
and we could pan for gold, we could take off
our shoes and place our feet in the cold, cold.
We could help him cut that big field of grass
or give the dough faced child over there someone
to catch the ball and someone to throw it back.
Take me down Chenoweth and we'll hope the water
hasn't risen over the road and we can make it
to the covered dish. Take me down Chenoweth
and eventually we'll get to Poplar Grove
and then end up at Smoky Corners, Grooms, Arkoe,
or back over near Bacon Flat or Pine Gap,
or over to Duke, Hatch, Lad or Latham.
(Of course we'd cross the Ap a few times
and wouldn't really be lost.) Or we could just
chase our way to Sinking Spring, trying to find
the water. We could go down Chenoweth
to the Pine Bank Boer Goat Farm
and check out the spotted breeding program.
They start kidding soon, a few does for sale.
Take me down to the Pine Bank Boer Goat Farm
and we'll check out sires and dams: does and bucks by
War Chief & Cruel Girl, Rhubarb & Ruby Begonia,
Egg Ryals Magnum & Sasquatch, Shanghai Red & Pine Bank
Thelma, Algonquin & Buckler's Romie,
Mason Dixon & Pine Bank Paint Spot, Bosque
Valley Sharif Demetrius & Wiltshire Farm's
Bubbles. Take me down Chenoweth, we'll
run along the whole way, singing songs,
reciting poems—troubadours. We'll saunter up to the meal
held in a garage—miles of casserole & grace
before we eat. Take me down Chenoweth—
we'll look for a church and a graveyard;
we could have our picnic.
You bring the wine. I'll bring the deviled eggs.
Surely we can find a tree to camp under.
Take me down Chenoweth—maybe we can locate
some high stakes bingo or a carryout
with video poker. Take me down Chenoweth—
this guy I know out there deals in feathers.
He's got whole birds, three for a dollar.

Cove Road

Cuddly in your sound branches make you over,
clayed ditches salamander

but this isn't a ghazal or trash party or pill-headed crisis.
Those that know you are treacherous on their own

in the deepest, most natural woods.
Pick a driveway and the dead get up and go home.

There was a puddle near the back of a property
where no fire would be lit until the pine settled

and once the fire was lit they'd talk of
the carbureted land and something about a lake,

a cove, beautiful, 60's big-cheeked face,
moors where the letters spell out A-M-E-R-I-C-A

like an advertisement for that failed band, one
issued for Detroit, advertising this one can sing!

and all along it should've been about Cove Road,
the lonely brilliance on the terrain—

Cove Road, the way we avoid and attract him, her
and then it's all over.

[second law of thermodynamics——

is the entropic pull
toward disorder

creation & recreation
struggle against that pull] myth

abscissa(1694)——the horizontal coordinate of a point in a plane;
cartesian coordinate system obtained by measuring
parallel to the x-axis——compare ORDINATE

apogee——the farthest or highest point:
CULMINATION
the point farthest
from a planet or a satellite(as the moon)
reached by an object orbiting it

archimedes' screw(1864)——a device made of a tube bent spirally around
an axis of a broad threaded screw
encased by a cylinder & used to raise water

arrow——to indicate direction

aspergillum——a brush or small perforated container with a handle
that is used for sprinkling holy water

words: configure/unconfigure to an unknown identity where there is possibility beyond the
ordinary arranging of closets, cupboards, & garages. do not forget desks. trying to make
everything fit. trying to organize. trying to contain. trying to define. trying to
relate. trying to undefine.

a pencil on a white page

contradictions. moonlight. darkness.

a void. a mountain. a flower.

closer to wild. inhibited. a white cloud.

constant. inconsistent. i brought you gifts.

branches. ideals. the river & sculpture.

we slept in tents across the wilderness.

we slept in poems & philosophy.

beyond the green board. beyond fractions & identities.

the howl is in the groceries. the howl is in the paper bag.

i do not speak to you. i walk in trees.

advance. retreat. giant steps. baby steps. no steps.

the streets of paris. the farms of spain.

don't worry. listen to mozart. read sophocles.

how many ways do you see?

transcend compliance. there is no form.

encounter/ invisible

savage. beautiful. tragic. the ghosts within our heads. in & out
of doors. hidden. repressed. rage. allure. the bottles. the keys.
the smoke. black & white. colors. seconds. risks. perfection. chaos.
harmless. excessive. direct. spiral. tenuous. unbound. to transcend.
to express. shadows. light. dreams. theories. mysteries. paradoxes.
luminous. unconscious. possibility.

Guerlain: L'Heure Bleue

A sanguine progression. I'll drive
to the center and fall asunder.
From here, a corner. A crystal
slipper. Lost. Lost near the beginning, the
begging, near the fear of tracking
its own sootprint in the blue dusk.

The surface is flat, smooth. Touch
it. Go ahead, get your thumbs in it.
Depth is a visceral illusion.
Smooth and snarling.

Take a break. Take ten. Ten wrens
in a pared tree. Wren built the house
where Jack lived and Itsy Bitsy winters
in Summerville. A winter Texan
in a Texas too small for the imagination.

I homewrecked and landed on the shores
of Atlantis where women with blue hours
augur, they offer me a street
caped in billowing shadow, the sun
moved on and the stars yet unlit.

I see a figure touching her face, walking
down the street, looking
into windows.

Time suspends, then multiplies.
I watch this woman say my name;
it is ugly in her mouth, like "trench."

The Engineer Who Couldn't Buy a Second Beer

Roof witness to ravenous
scrapings, and the wind
caught the disparity and
blew my clothes
off. Then the flight back, choppy
drafts that wreaked
havoc on my ability to think of effects.

There, a room with a low bed,
paint fresh, linen white, and a hawkish
delight in scaring the field mice,
wee bits nibbling on nails in the moonish
dark, waiting for the holy star.

A letter from a dead friend came in the mail, her death preceding its arrival by two days. A drunk driver, pressure on the brain, braindead by midnight, now organs in other bodies and a letter, like a hand rising from a casket, opening in a huge darkness.

When I was a ways apart, a walk. A walk and a man who yelled: What's wrong? Nothing? Then stop your crying or call me a son-of-a-bitch. Call me a son-of-a-bitch!

We sang a song of
gay Paree, this son
of a bitch and me,
in a species of
harmony. Oh gay
Paree, gay
Paree, you are
one bumble
of a bee

Autumnal Campsites Break Everyone Easy

forested lees— drumming seated keepsakes
[Depth] dolly and the
Catholic faucet-ed breeze | tiered cantilevered ilk
felled our solace-carpeted spiels: that birds took no whistling to heed;

that empty soda cans attract bees. Simple Forest Conjectures.

We Are Delicious Seen

disease-front allies teetered feedback, kind.
Lunge | Seize during bay at keeps did
dine among tractor-lore inhabitants [those field breeze machines]; did
fall supine amidst solid-state insurgents [those jacketed key rapines]. billow
queer the lungs, sided, distinct, in prefectur-ed deem. Lush | Keep

we are delicious seen.

This Is Not a Lipogram

Constraint-deed lithographs accompanied Oulipo adjuncts.
Mush the mind [canon]; as creased formidable spins within mathematics [non-lackadaisical].
rigor, then, fixed-quest caulk bonnets—— dizzy set propositional vigor [seated]

summed ‘pataphysical rigging with a patent vulgar [cinema]

The O, Iseult, Bone-Dive Imperative

Iseult said always to her end day:

I used to be in love.

Ill fated love favorite of Celts

I in love:

I

used love

to be

I.

Wait long

enough

by a golden hair

unaccountably found

It is un-love

to be *in situ*.

O tie I *deus*

un-divine.

Misunderstanding rampant

Purpose full of miscommunicate

Black sail white sail—what matter,

Breton wife, if I love you

not? Have we not

both benefited?

To be in love

is to be used.

Fie on life want

Fell he on knife

Late she

came.

Die indeed so

lone I be

‘til die I done

too soon

Clef

Who needs stars in this dumpster carpet
tableaux? Felt hat felt hat felt, it's
like one, all head-bang. It's
hand-woven by the women this carpet
for standing. It's woven in clashing colors
of cotton fabric——orange/blue/
red. A damper, a mat that sucks
vibration, cuts off, mutes before
it reaches the feet but those feet
have got that carpet licked.
They don't tell——the shudders travel
a rhythm *and* a tempo lined and rutted
like a no man's land.
He's laying down the groove lifting
and stamping like he's never done it
before, like it's all he's ever done.

Why didn't those women weave birds?
Just lines and colors——cerulean and taupe.
Why, when we weave, do we weave rugs?
A melody——that's what.
Something more than rows, more than pattern.
Like melting a box of crayons together.
First: dump them out on the ground.
Then: Unwrap each one——aubergine,
tourmaline. Then mount them against
each other, like a fire pile
or a tepee. On the sidewalk.
In full sun. By dusk a puddle of hues.
A hunk of all-at-onceness.

Tuning——Getting closer but still
with waver, he writes, too. On
notation paper.
Cruising true-believer. Blazing
ukulele. Classic frets. Pulse
blue light blue night lighthouse.
We're talking about the buzz
of radiator in the corner. Heat
and buzz and concentric ripples
and obstacles. Meet obstacles——
The bay horizon turned on
its side makes an elegant —Y—
a wine glass full of cliff-
covered pine.
The old port is swarming——storm it.
The docks, be-broken planks ramshackle stack
ships throw out their hempen ropes, and miss.
A collision can't be avoided for long.

Synaesthesia and the Waiting

Firestorm over sea rocks——
phreatic spine in the distance,
might overshoot the upturned mouth
of the sky and spill out
like paint in water, run back
down its disked ladder
in rivulets over the ocean canyon——
where sea pours by tens of tons,
a pendulum.

It might be the face of Jupiter,
its gaseous hues inventing
like fogblood.
One can mistake a still pocket
for land, another for sky
if it's a brown one
proximal to gray.

Water rarely makes
chords and there are no
characteristic anomalies
of sound. One
must be guided.
One can't be trusted
with toxic heavy metals
that could deaden
the sepia-toned grottoes.

The spin upon descent
as the eye tours the virgin.
From below she is featureless,
a monolith, middle C
among the black keys, her breast
reaching to counsel
the adolescent birch.
Not long now.

Riverbed Canzone

A canister of can-can
curses the alluvium of winter melt.
Can the 12th of the month be
worse? Can't be ides, can't be ideas.
Deposit in the bank——
Can pebbles be prodigal sediment a-
symmetry? Simple canal
drops for the mouths of bottom-feeding muscles.
Feeder creeks accrete to flow,
aspire to river volume, can't but dry up.
No small amount of matter.
Juggernauts of failure, creeks little matter.

Matted tresses of river-
grass can mean a troll or merrow below bridge,
might mean wet fecundity
depending on the matter's disposition.
Beware, be-cursed without per-
mission to walk, to matter in one's own right,
or to anti-matter, as
one wishes. The banks are "V" for victory.
The banks hand out lollipops
to matterly customers.
Non-nutritive feed for youthful baby teeth.
Feed rock candy addiction.

Feed Swedish fish, said sweetish fish, such sweet, kind
fish. Only a matter of shift-
ing allegiances to feeding and flavor
or feeding and favorite
fish disposition. Canned sweet rice wine for our
river nigiri. Feed ruins the
dish altogether, feed ruins the raw fish.
Curses, the toil is ruined
again. Accursed too many chefs in
the river. Feed of bottom-
speak, under breath, in bank
vaults, spending the bankers' malleable time.

Time banks to the left and rights
itself. Time feeds the baby and puts it down.
The bank serves a different god.
The bank serves rolls with meat or without, as
you wish. A matter of taste
only. The bank is an institutional
state apparatus. One banks to
fit in. Can you dig it——clams from shore muck?
Canned clams in juice from the store.
A bank is no place to dine at this time but

perhaps the curse will lift on
Tuesday, the cursorily overlooked day.

A curse for a hook to fish
for a lifetime got from the bank on credit.
A curse in the purse to pay
for lunch, a curse on a horse to save the day.
Feed on the negative
energy of curses in lieu of Pisces,
let the fish swim their cursive
routes. It doesn't matter, the rainy season
has come and river matter
courses downstream as we speak.
Spend your currency while you can, if you can.
Can you, will you? Yes you should.

Yes you can, you live in a
canyon of yes. Of course you can do what you wish.
As soon as you've cleaned the bank
of junk, you may feed the fish.

You may dine fine on all that stink and matter.

Lamb quarters

One minute you are a person, the next you're a bird shadow over the concrete: a wide action given width, post-treetop harmony. Shrugged at the beginning of totality, standing before the ever moving swinging door marked *enter* where you might be left / how much did I find my own way / owl-like: who cooks for you, who cooks for me / on a rock in the middle of a field where on a new moon with a see-through scarf your new lover's face will come within one dream. You have to walk backwards to bed. Instead I'm given broken planks, bodies. I should have known better than a love spell manual, those bodies become dark birds. Across several streets she dreams mine was the hand that led her out into a portico: swan white square walls & what surrounds the shot out is a ghost town.

Specter guide

not yet quite (quote) a blossom

: you must've known she made herself a bush hider, curly hair & walking to you
in a doorway: oh yes she spied
the road going iceless, the lights brushed lower than a forty-forty wattage.

She must have biked the convenient stores town wide, lost wider in
the cataloguing, raspberry slush-puppying around the gas tanks: my lemonhead money,
an old book about rabbits pocketed.
Bikes the aisles a pair of pants, pink she bought that wasn't too far
from the high-waisted longer than a femur wrangler yee-haw she said I once was
——& she wore them into the next decade when pink nor cowboy
boots didn't have a chance.

This is the best pompom parley for my wise tapercut who can't do more when I haven't a single
thing to break into. I didn't know the head hung
in the thing, that the girl growing busty would. She sang sunshine
that regrets its leaving: the whole thing, you are mine, the whole way through.
The part a child from a mother should not know: prophesy in a red dress.
She goes...
like a thrill gone, awoken.

[how one instance you're clinging to the bus side before the under the blackwater off bridge

into
into

: remembrance of father chasing mother—father wedding dress, father ring bearer, father
chopping block & a couple leather switches. In that guise the lost diamond canary sung its way
to a finger & a finger thrust another finger & another father said say I do. Oh the rocks were
red & nutty you thought you must be, sky topple & the memory is as is; it is not so; but realer;
skin, skin; & the horizon line turns orange then pink for the picturing us.

[Things worth considering before hitching your girl trailer to the nearest chickenbone:

one: he had fifteen horses stalled for the brushing. My legs on the horse bellies, my bare feet. The house corner leaving the ground, not a house, a projection of a house, but the thing unbelievably detached. Like I said, the house corner, the horses' brushes.

two: oh merry merry me, he invented a mother-f-ing shoe machine. saved two-thousand ladies' lives at least by Christmas. Hark my remote closet shoe displayer red- red-red.

three: said oh no: he didn't believe in paranoia, my soapbox hero, cheatin, lyin, swearin, gunslingin, woulda married missus kitty in the hotel entrance under the bluest moon if he was marshall; won't hurt, leave, scratch. will cook by firelight.

four: the soup, overflowing.

She said this is mine, pine street

Pigeons are flying eyelevel & white line the street & approaching. Pigeons can fly & miss the windshield. If I'm driving there is a pigeon-cringe & there are pigeons that become a mottled larch of feathers like a tree. The tree I was back against was birded & so became a bird, maybe a pigeon. When I'm treed I am a bird, angry eyes, the both of them. Sometimes I climb its marked staves precisely & unlike the catbird——& if she's at the piano then I am Floyd Cramer. The kitchen window's open, the perpetual roast is in the oven. That tree was a pinewood, the kind she said Christ's cross was made of, which meant it had powers to protect the bird & the man that could fall out it. When she passes the tree will die, & he'll drag it with his truck from the front yard into the forest.

Specter catena

Shame the warm county line vibrant currency truck pull mudboggin she
kneels before it

a man with a hose watering his lawn thanks be the man leg-
foundered from hillsides trying

water trickles roundly a stem side into a magnolia bloom fossae
the mayor on his mower ticketed a dui

& praises white picket fence teeth you know the fence line dirtied push
wider the sills all fingers nails & knees

missus America come home

Bless the housecat's body is longwise & book-down
the brook is outside purling she swam

she swims she swum a purple bathing suit
in the summer sun & the paperweight relics do over & capsize

I had a thought it circled around my business of throwing it in an open bag & not
thinking too much where to put the mercy & move mercy

in her shoes it my minutes
the bag a large-ass uhaul

When the cheerleader raises her
pleated skirt the crowd goes shame you're wrong

watching the girl split leap switch motion & a sawed-off shotgun this is a

nowhere shine

If there are trees they bend their heads sister delores
facedown on the church floor I remember

spirit come rotten those trees that fell the grapeline
fly through us

this place & my feet zebra-heeled

It's not so bad I am sometimes the most yee-
high sometimes lower

than the bread me better hauled someplace nicer where I can handle you
when I want of you cheekbone in a photo sir tree

stump sir humble knees close
the circuits riper & let do

Shame then

that I don't know a thing anymore shame on you my emptiest

manpocket this raindown crashing taped boobs
& surefooted our faces will change

spirits coming over the cornfield we call moneyed ghosts

Manifesto for Ghosts

What connects us is the mechanoid process, a feel for mathematica and puppetry.

*Bio(r)evolution is a viscous spider.
We sicken & weave in our cocoons.*

Mutant. Erotica. Terror. These pixels are haunted. We are riblocked in this circular citadel.
Some might say we are filaments, a spot on the macula, synaptic disruption.

[No virus was ever this pretty.]

Femmes Fatales Digitales

The contours of knees turned

inwards. Teledildonics + folklore + amino acids. Doppelganger

pop-art, nonhuman [?] projective fantasies

of men wearing girls' bodies, tethered

at the root, body = zero prostheses, a little cellular

[copy] born under

the sign of X.

Concave, convex. Urban
names

that don't figure

in your scissor-blade psychoanalysis.

We are wearing this apparatus.

Cold-clones. Flatscreen

mystics.

(We promise you this is [hyper]reality.)

[] now in uncanny matrices.

Postcorporeal

Look, changeling.
No one would suspect

the monsterskin rustling
beneath your latex fleshtones.

The hiss of air
in your helmet when you mimic

the tic in a woman's eye.
Rogue genes

are not the ash in your mechanical boots,
the schizophrenic scattering of light

from the side you can't touch.
Accidental kleptomaniac,

your magnetic fingers
wicked at the pulse of a man's throat.

Now, the signal is set to vibrate.
You are outmoded anatomy.

Look, prototype.
You are destined to survive

on hostile planets.
This ruin should be easy

as a saltwater catastrophe,
as red fruit crushed against a woman's lips.

Your rutting mechanism.
Your surface etching.

Naked, you are all *hello, holograph.*
What prophetess said *swallow?*

Friend Delighting the Eloquent

The space element is the basis for all evolution and dissolution

- > Dalai Lama (1391-1474/5)
- > Dalai Lama (1475-1542)
- > Dalai Lama (1543-1588)
- > Dalai Lama (1589-1617)
- > Dalai Lama (1617-1682)
- > Dalai Lama (1683-1706)
- > Dalai Lama (1708-1757)
- > Dalai Lama (1758-1804)
- > Dalai Lama (1805/6-1815)
- > Dalai Lama (1816-1837)
- > Dalai Lama (1838-1855/6)
- > Dalai Lama (1856-1875)
- > Dalai Lama (1876-1933)
- > Dalai Lama (1935-

The Entire Vanquished

myth immerse

mix w/ flour and barley

serve to the birds

Universe – in a Vase

referred by the word

“content”

Quantum Psychology

quasi con-com-i-tant

pome-gran-ate bits

Desire Devours

like a piranha on a penguin

Balance Beams

like a lion on a palanquin

Self-Help

for the benefit of all sentient beings

I want to attain

^ nirvana ^

Streaming Bodhimind

fish – in your mouth

fish – out your nose

“sit” and “meander”

fish – in your fingers

combined

fish – out your toes

Lizard Shingles

a dozen different turquoise auras

zodiac the word

“auspicious”

The Third Hrik!

twirling twinned electric eels

fires w/in the whirlwind

kindle quintessential inter-

kaleidoscope

sections

Behind Your Wire Eyelids

Friend Delighting the Eloquent

feel the threads

caress the crown of your head

blooms ^ like an umbrella

Tendril Soothsay

loose lips ^ tongue ^ tooth ^ gums

say the word "to-tip-o-tent"

totally unencumbered

Human Genome

sequence the goose-bumps

that spell out your skin's

^ HUM ^

Throat-ness

at the end of thought's "epiglottis"

a single ^ tingling

pumpkin zygote

The Coma Secret

asleep you intuit *shunyata*

see the truth ^ now come to

fruition

Textual Yoga Target Practice

penetrate > spread > stretch and

turn *in* exact-

the opposite of "attack"

The Artichoke Sutra

"OOO" argues the guru

"orgy in your lungs"

Topology of the Heart

concentrate on center area

energies *urge* in concentric

squares

unzip wellspring

dipped-in chalk-pot

Pen Telekinesis

bent like a bow

draw the ejaculate < drop < drip

Piss Bliss

back < into the tip

A Tibetan Chatterbox

enters a trance and channels
the ghost–
“talks nonstop”

Raw Shock

when “chi” and “mitochondria”
disassociate
“I” get so flabbergast

Light from the Excluded Middle

ribbons dance
on the word “and”

Pondering

wet acoustic habitats
where “rabbit” and “frog”
spawn
beginning a new
lineage

Many Emanations of “Me”

transmogrify my memory–
expand and contract
like elastic bands
Dalai Lama’s – Luminous Drama
knowing nothing
coincides

to guide ^ your line

through the page

Form Empty Empty Form

spider-webbing “numina”

“nebulae” in a nutshell

Temple Hippocampus

butterlamps aglow
glistening
amygdala ^ conundrum ^ big bang!

Ganglion Bells

coo ring·a·ling·a·ling!
gongs!
going! kangaroo

Vertical Bardo

Garden-Variety Theravada

West ^ of Everest

insert your "body"

East ^ of the heavens

into the thorniest nexus

lost in the city ^ of white

the widest possible net

Wheel of Words Ornament

rims around the written

(existence) rims around

the real

Let the Outside-In

I-grasping

swords, spies, missionaries, disease

a whole host of gross emotions

lay the path-

wrath, resentment, spite, dismay

then see what "you" ensues

these enemies- teem like tigers-

The Alchemical Hermaphrodite

set them free

Crystal Murmur Rose Mala

he-she guy-gal

"tally your rites of spirit"

half-salamander

w/ tears of

half-can of Sprite

invisible ink

Rainbow Ambrosia

prisms aroma

blue/ indigo/ violet/ pink

clear and distinct

Conduit - to a Deity

Lamb Clone Liaison

brainstem blossoms

like bubbles in soda

his/her dermis ^ doubles ^

pop ^ rhododendron

as a rubber

Embroider – “Rope Ladder” – on the Void

w/hemp, sandalwood,
and a noodle

Negative Entropy

ends w/ an egg

Dependent Arising

the eye ^ reflects ^ the river ^ reflects ^ the sun

Palace of Empirical Introspection

mirrored rooms open

unto mirrored rooms–

there is no– verandah

The Diamond Mantra

“I am” buried on the sky–
my powdered bones

are the clouds floating by
The Great Mammal Diagram

maps a galaxy of living tissue
relativity ^ incarnates

Insect Segue

syllables flit– ft ft ft

like legs off a table

^ feet don’t hit the floor ^
Vehicle of the Middle Way

one ^ tiny ^ melon ^ kayak
in a bowl of marmalade

Kissing Gelatin

a monkey and a snowlady

lock in liquid–

melt like skeleton

Flash of Creation

gamma ray ^ zap! ^ “alligator”
“alligator” amalgamates

Fashion

camel catwalk elephant sashay,

an owl in peacock pajamas,

a snake w/ dolphin fins

Sacred Cinders

take ordinary "dwindling"
and make it—
"dwindle twilit"

Japanese Thanksgiving

meditate on the words
> tuna
> miso
> edamame

Tandem Chants

"everything is happening"
w/o hindrance
w/in happenstance

^

the world-cylinder's

nitrogen diadem

correlates to a carrot

i will be a raft

when there is no raft

i will be

Meaningful to Behold

Two Buddha-Fields

in between orange and red

buddha-fields billionfold

Eating Lotus

the heat of the hot hells

the cold of the cold hells

half-life in your potbelly

Reading for Depth (i)

your scepter becomes a color
spectrum dot-ted by a seed
scat-ter-ing

Laughing Gas

rarefy the word
"carefree"

The Years of the Seahorse

racing past
whereabouts hereafter

Nadja's Fern-like Eyes

You have eight, but eight's not a number
to be counted. In terms of ferns
your body and your mind are one plant
and your eyes are always eyes: they open and close.

In the morning, numbers are numbers
that can be counted, but this is not morning.
Your body and your mind are one number
but this fact is questionable, like your open eyes.

Numbers are not plants and they are not eyes
which cannot be counted like bodies. Like ferns
your body's mind is a grainy, grey number
and its version of sight is suspicious.

Eight is eight ones or four twos
which can be counted. And plants and bodies
and numbers don't reflect color, even grey.
Nadja, your eyes equal eight. They equal a number.

The Risk of Renting

Knowing something's been forgotten. Remembers a parrot
Named Morgan.

The mirrors will have been cleaned,
Spotless, he'll remember. His rented house should be left,

Cleared from window to window.

In a dream, he repeats everything
From the bird's beak. Hand-stitched quilts cover the mirrors,
The windows with blue squares.

When he wakes soothed from his sweat,
He'll walk in the new bathroom,
Sleep in Morgan's cage.

Everyone Should Cook a Meal

The boy tells him community. There's never
an easy answer. Who asks this kind of question?

I've never realized that, no. One
out of every four. Wouldn't it be easier

if we all thought that way? Sometimes,
one doesn't know what to tell one's mother.

Whenever you're young, that's when you need
to see the world. Gender stereotypes: an apple a day.

Tell me again, why doesn't God exist? This flower
requires water. An exercise in self-indulgence.

Where are we going? However many leave, there are more
to replace them. He likes non-fiction. How boring is that,

anyway, studying ants? Everyone
should learn to play an instrument, cook a meal,

dance. People of all ages. Is that couch
reupholstered? There's a puzzle the color of the sky.

After

*The road to hell
is curvy, she'd said,
some wild joke.*

He carves
miniature watchdogs
in the breezeway
these dry nights
after having smoked
the last of her Luckies.

The morning sun
grills him,
bakes the granite
marker in the field.

How robust
her impatiens
still. Her red
sports car blazes;
her nightgown,
silken falderal,
dances on the line.

Aboard

All the cars are full.
No one is moving:
talk talk. *Let them wait,*
says the queen.

Some leave and more get on.
I face the back window:
This has the most beautiful
resonance for me——
pastel fields, waterfalls, mountains.

I went mad, someone says,
while the others assembled——
pretentious people, rich.

A huge man's voice narrates
scenery, one scene after,
being stunning visually.

Those I came with have disappeared——
to smoke in the smoking car,
dine in the diner?
Others rush about——
musical chairs.

Who is this *we*,
and why are we here?
Some kind of excursion.

O window, o scenery,
what we see! Someone
has her own personal
America the Beautiful
experience, but we are all
running backwards,
I know. The panic!

Then the beauty hits.

Flight of the brown-headed cowbird

The ear-cup turns like a pause we
close our hands and shake on it
one hand says current

the other parabola triumph
like a lima bean bends the field

green and unearthly white
bone breakfast along side the moon

What arcs aloud almost covered in dirt?

What covers the dirt and almosts from the arc?

Anyway the light
no light weight decides it
 all byways

loose in a magnetic blowhole
something shudders
up in the tree

angling its mirrors to trick the brain
the way you relieve the gnaw of a phantom limb

and by seeing it again at last break the code

up up
in the tree a small egg no larger
than a grain of sand.

Expansion: running from one

Before the paperbloom, the dot
before the dot, the white
picture, before the white

picture, its reflection in the donut
hole in the mirror we potted
for just such occasions
we scored either——pieces——

or——small incongruous crystal figures——
never know I'm grateful until
I'm gone, mercury
on the potter's wheel

two hands to pull up the edge
is longing from the other side
sprung from the most ordinary
elements

in the sugar dish erupting
quietly, depth
because our skin is a surface that imagines

within. Like a root skein improvising, we
build a bird's nest with a window
in the middle, for motes

below the peeling walls
a tea house floor, marigold
orange churns the history of everything

rotating at an equal distance from nothing
was, a nasal exile
slid from two bowed strings

or my finger and thumb
rubbing loose the fragrant oils.

Poem with complimentary hair-pick

Soft quills comb over the airholes protect
small creatures
the folds of grass.

You're bound to see
one on a clear day
heave your puckered body with it's wings

press air to beak

part a perfect cast
the perfect
parted

light that lips
smiles of old photographs.

a: Field!

b: No, Night! I tell you, the threshold must capitulate.

a: Impossible! It is by nature, a merging.

b: You say, but any mean must be found by division.

a: Little matter to the toads!

b: Blink thistle a red leaning.

a: Out on one
back on the other!

An eye cupped to the trunk to see the trees self-graft.

Lassen

German for move with one hand high
and air purls

fingertip behind it a learning curve
plied from miniature bee batting

gray slickers over their disappearing
miniature outlines
like convex words that make by echo:
plea
bow
fall

whorl of gas dust denser metal
blues: a being what they wanted to see
follow

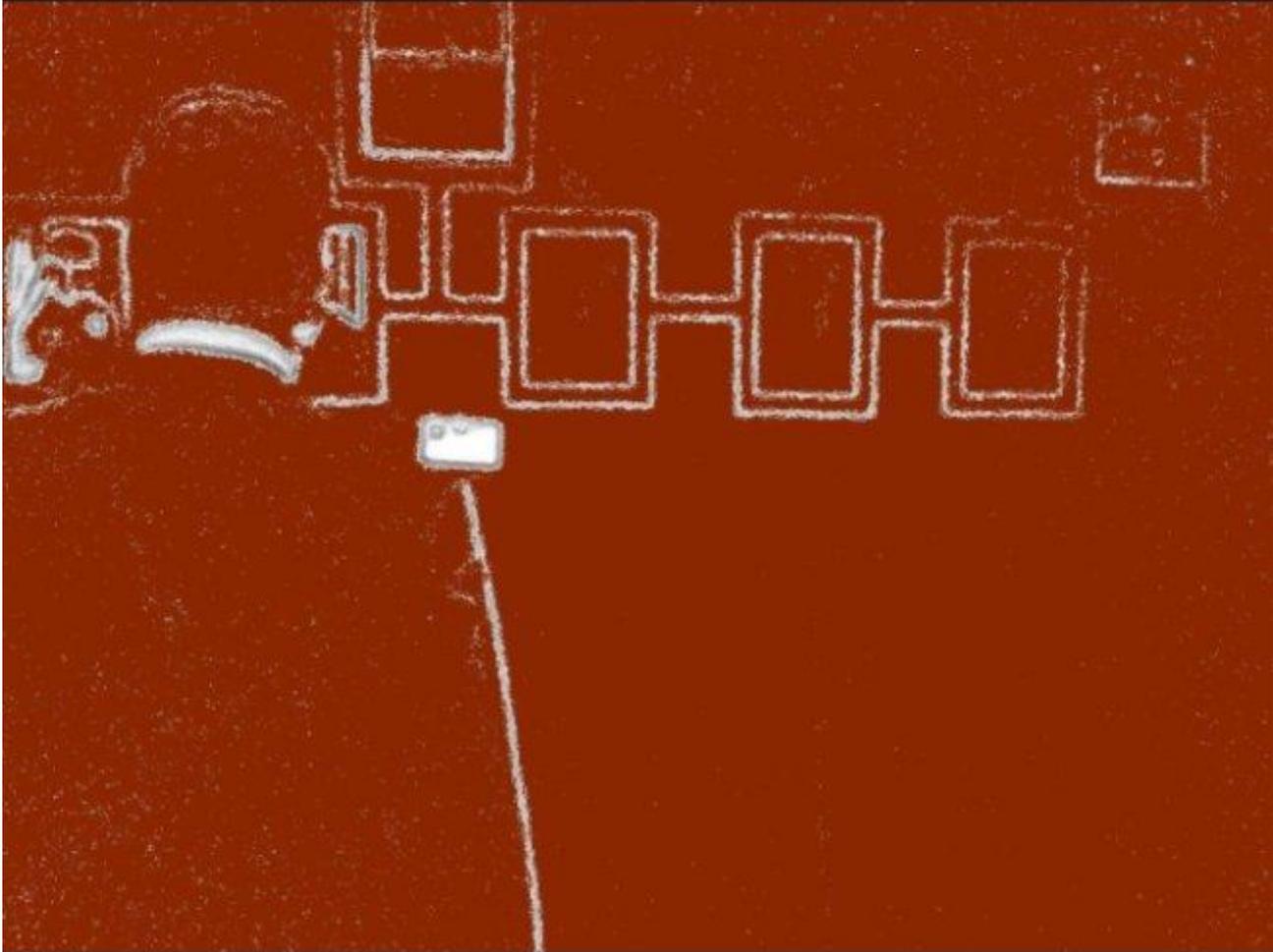
hey another one

you planted your sticker tree where you can see
the open teeth sun
wheel the gears

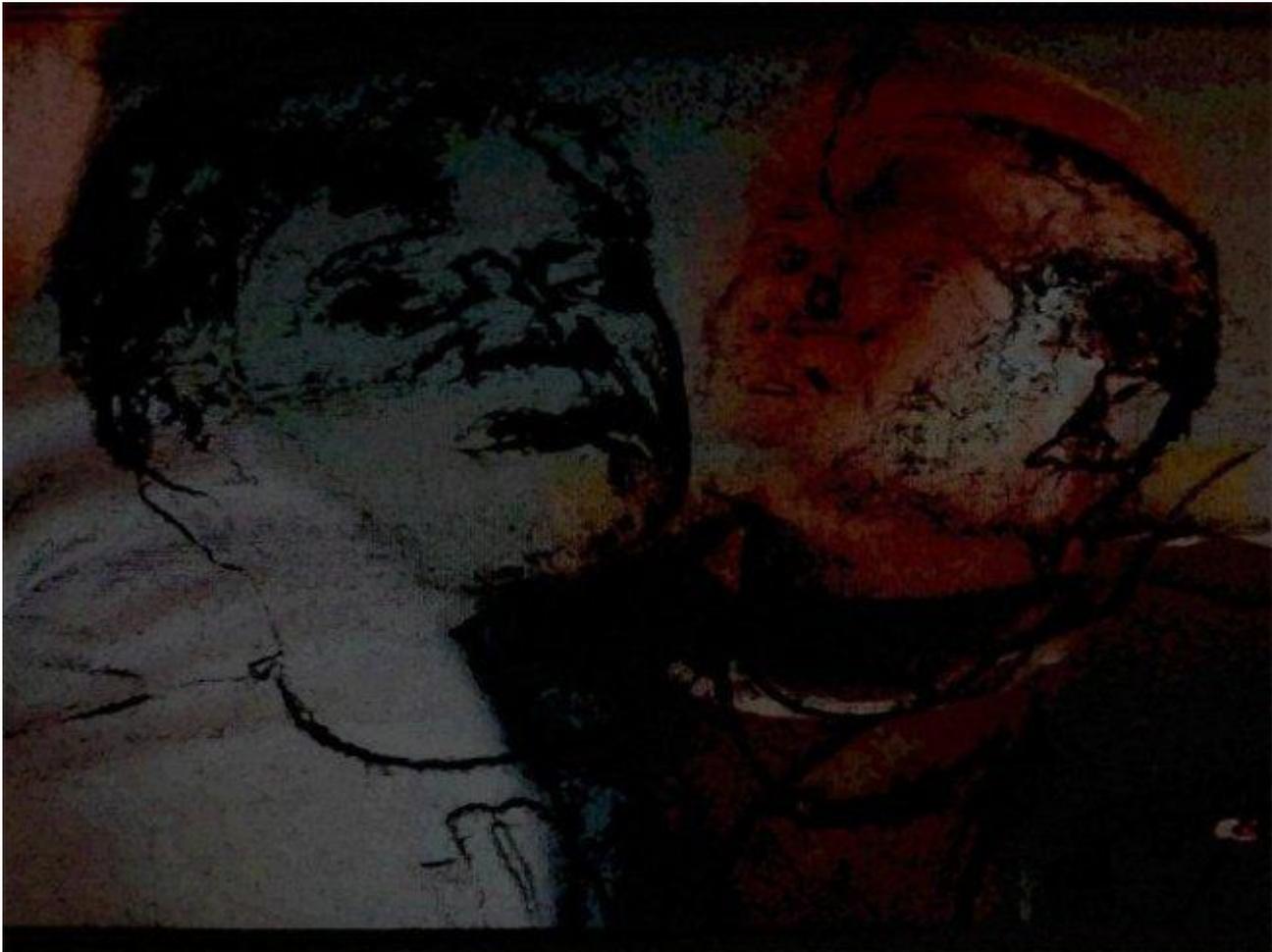
all of a sudden now
I remember over butterfly
how you bent

your whole body over
soaring at the artifacts of unexpected water.

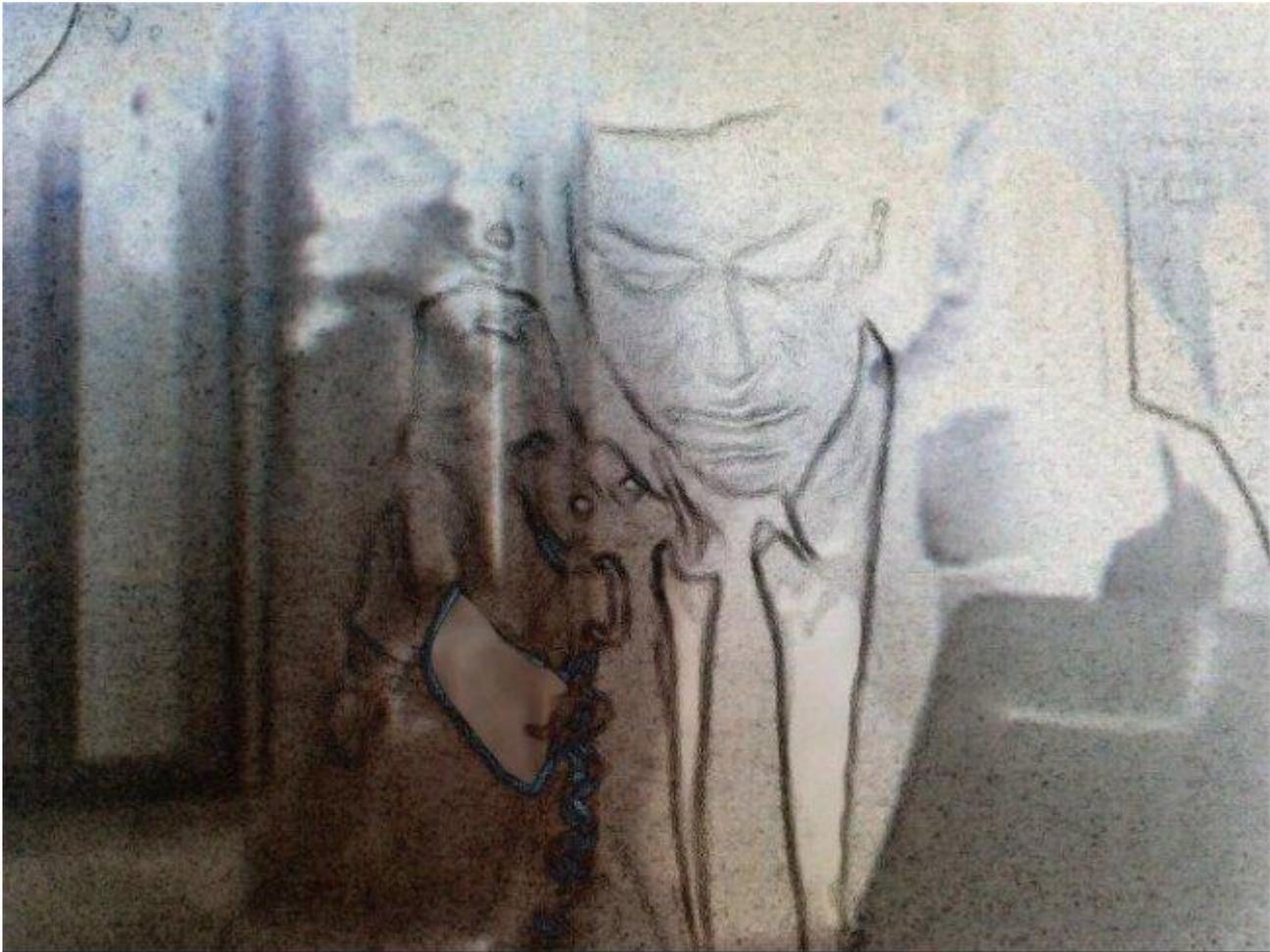
Film Quality



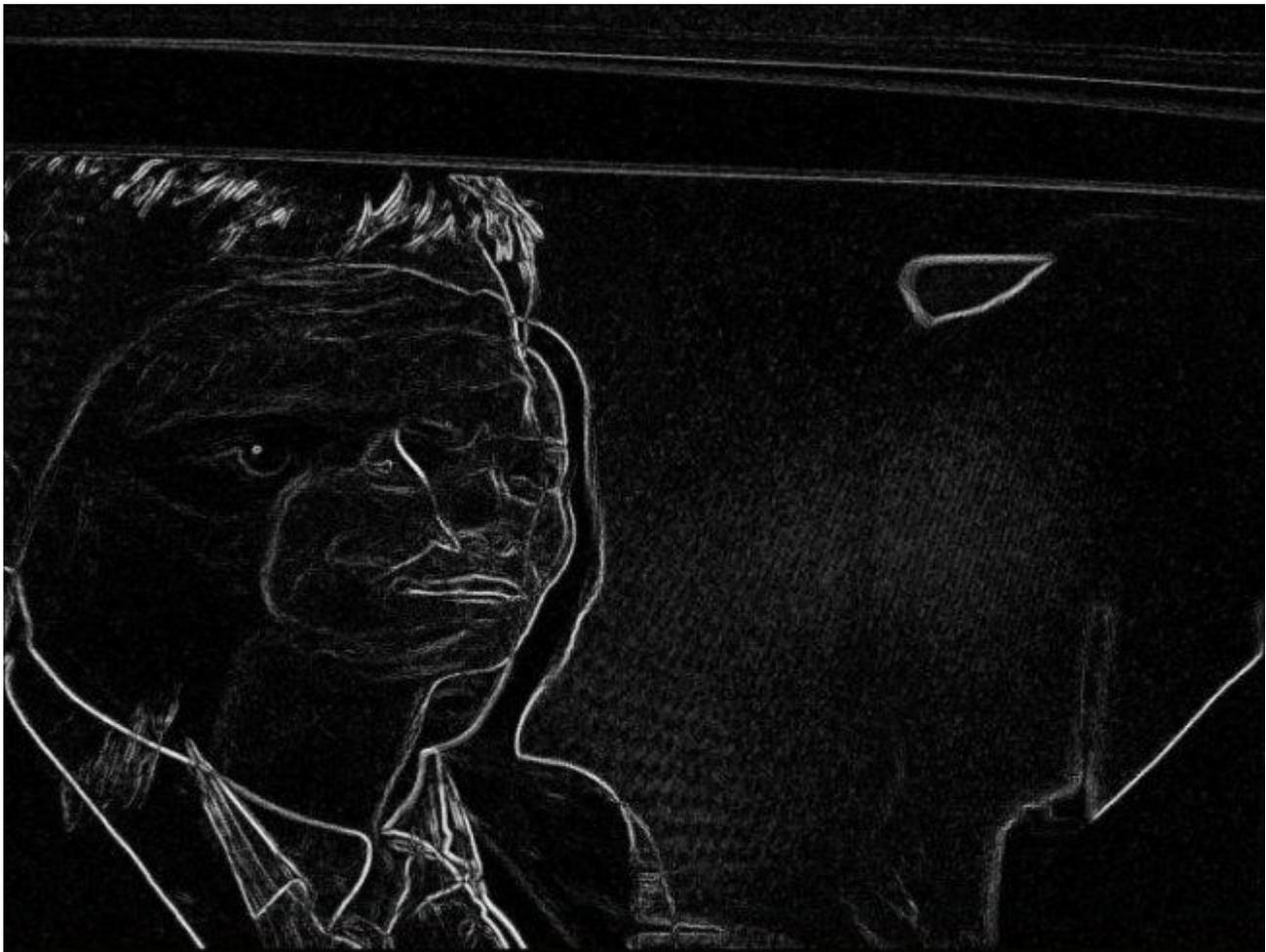
Francis Raven



In anticipation for what is to come in this story, I found myself extremely intrigued by Heidegger's introduction. He made me feel comfortable in my own skin. The problem was that it often felt like someone else was wearing my skin and I wasn't sure if that meant I should become friends with someone else or become someone else altogether.



I remember reading it for the first time many many years ago and shaking my head and throwing the book at the wall. This time, however, perhaps because I had experienced my own tragedies of selfhood, I found myself completely bound by the writing and concepts. I would just drink something, read through the hard parts, and be compelled to make a difficult phone call.



For example, in the beginning of the chapter when Heidegger talks about how Being has been trivialized by philosophers as they regard it as common knowledge, I was struck by how true that was. That is so true.



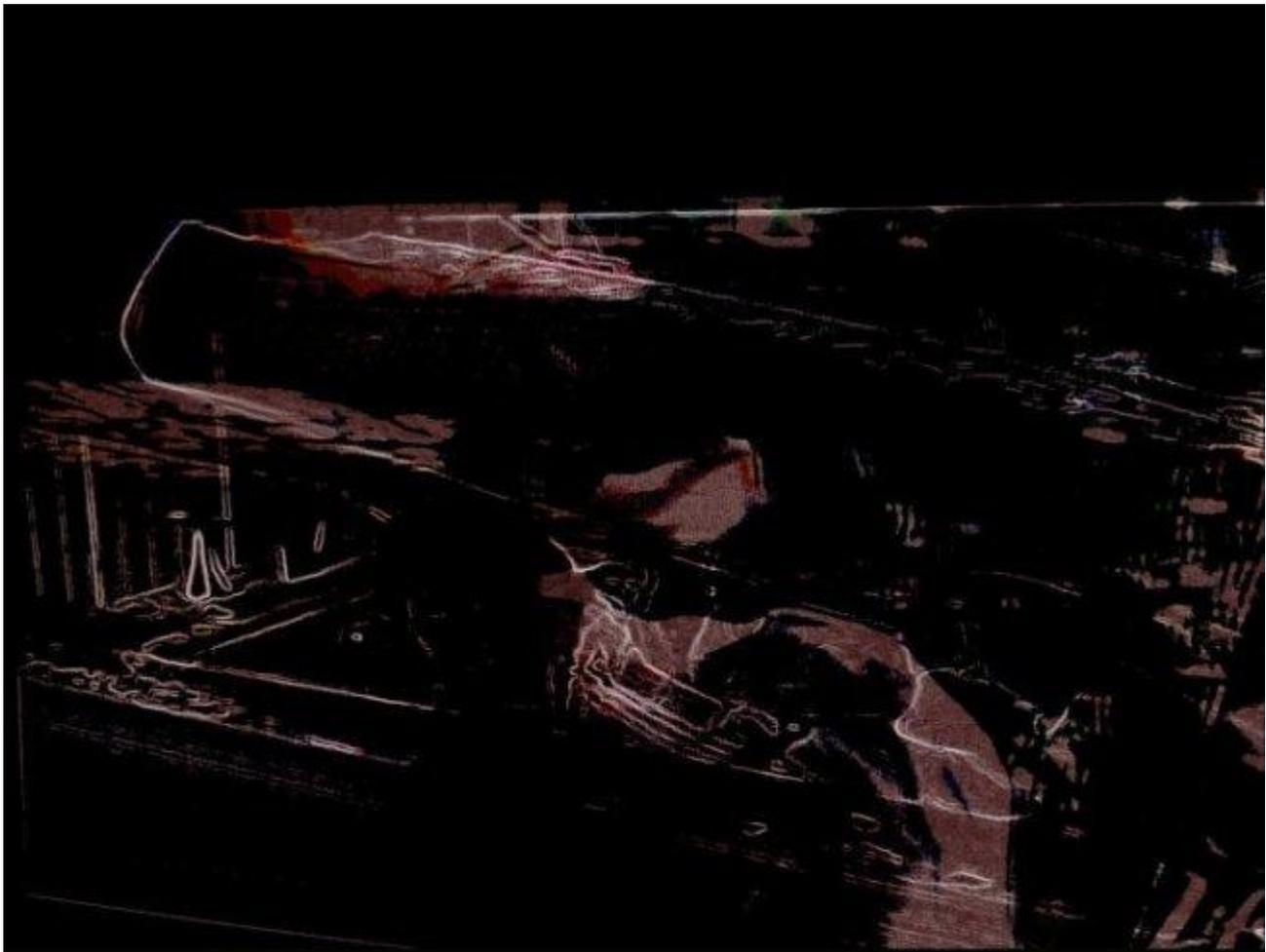
In college I was always laughing about this distinction and the phrase “always already” as I thought it was kind of a joke. I was literally laughing, at parties and things, but it's not such a joke to render certain pasts unthinkable just because of where I stand, but it's where I stand.



**What we have to ask is how Being shapes us as fictional human beings.
That is, think of yourself as a character. Think of yourself as not you.**



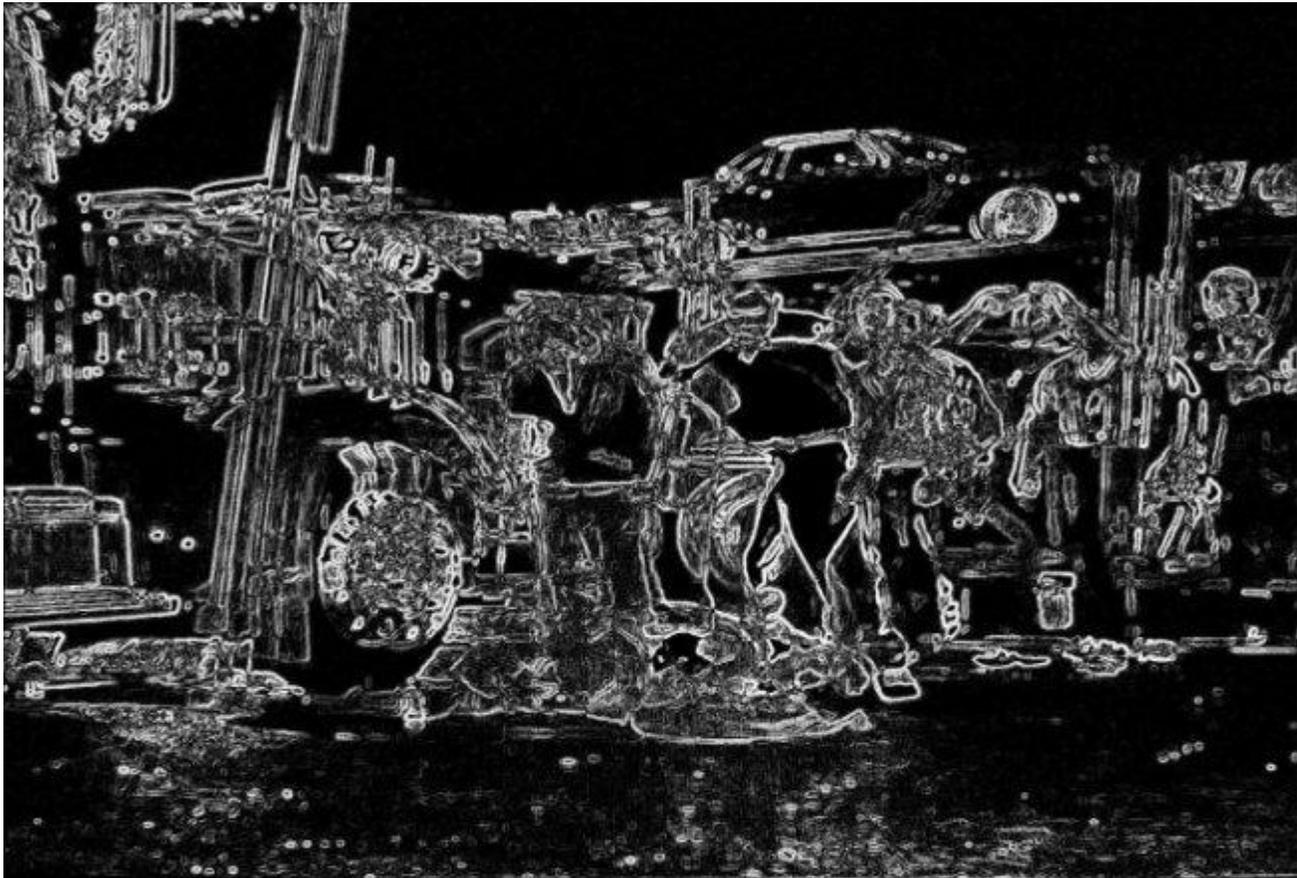
This will all be complicated by the problematical artistic interpretations captured on film; I've heard that I won't understand them. I've heard that I will have questions. But perhaps the more interesting part of this question is the way the characters will be engaging in their own personal struggles against our own philosophical presuppositions.



What I'm really saying is that whenever I talk to people it seems like I'm the only one who is not afraid of dying.



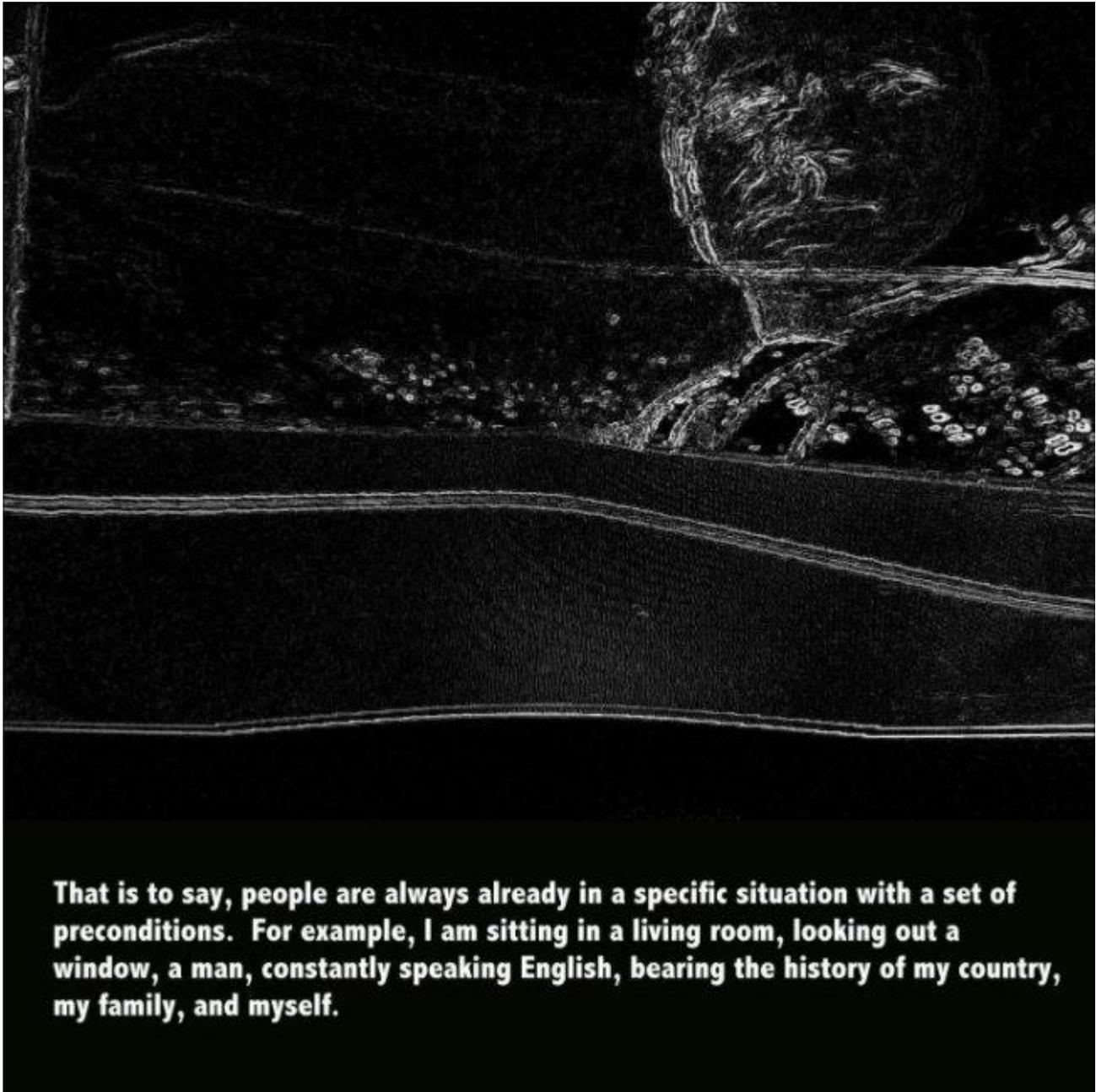
Heidegger begins by monologuing about how it's often more "penetrating" to others when they experience the death of another: we are more scared of losing than of being lost.



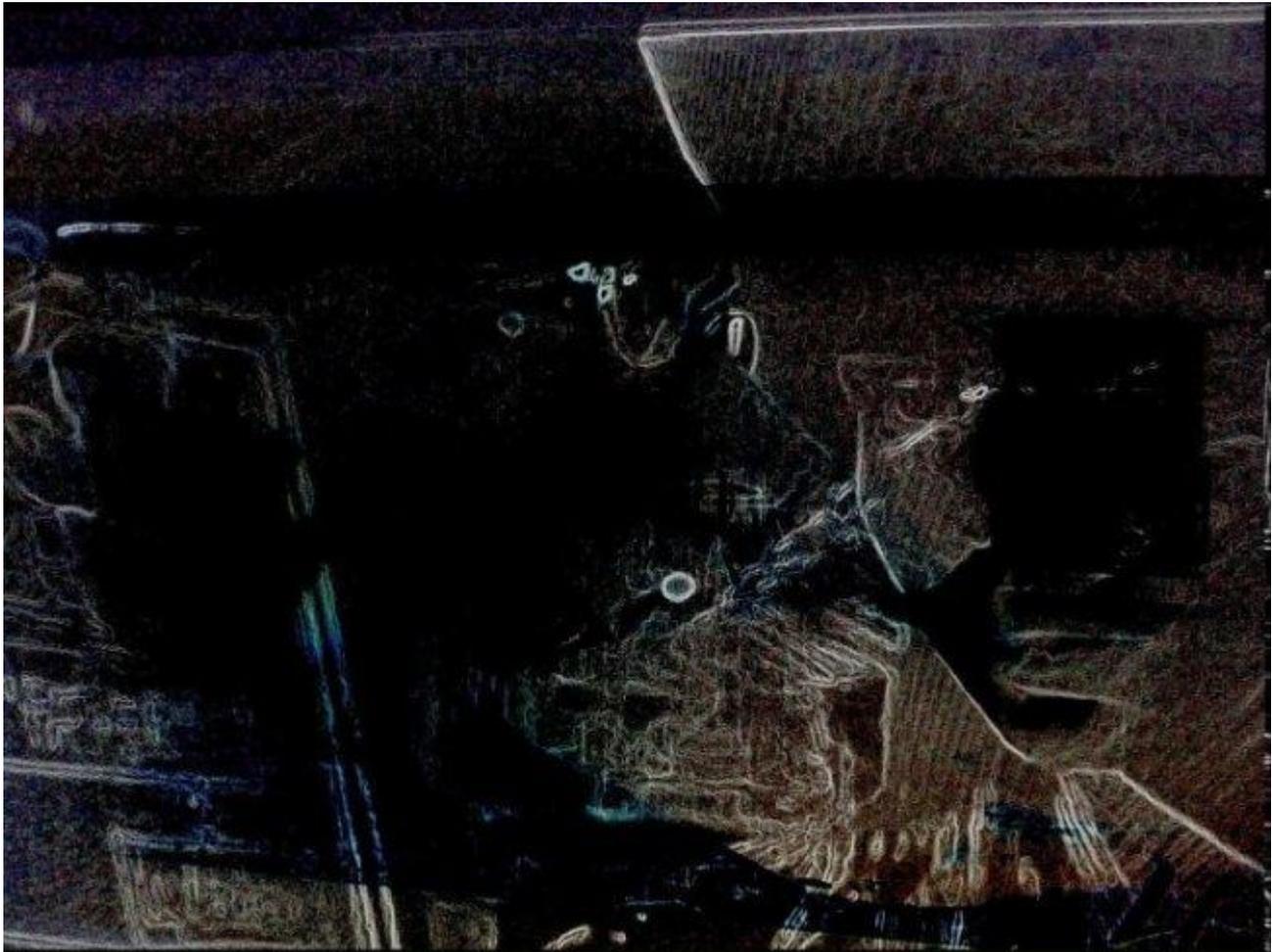
The main character is desperately trying to find someone to bury him after he commits suicide. This man very clearly wants to die, for reasons unknown to the viewer, and no one will even agree to bury his corpse. To wit, Heidegger makes the distinction between a corpse and a human body by saying that a corpse is not exactly the same as a dumb boulder, for example, but it is also not Dasein anymore.



Life, as the time between birth and death, is inextricably linked to a story. Still, there is a sense of concordant discord within fictional narratives, but through these narratives we are able to become the narrator of our own stories without definitely becoming the author of our own lives.



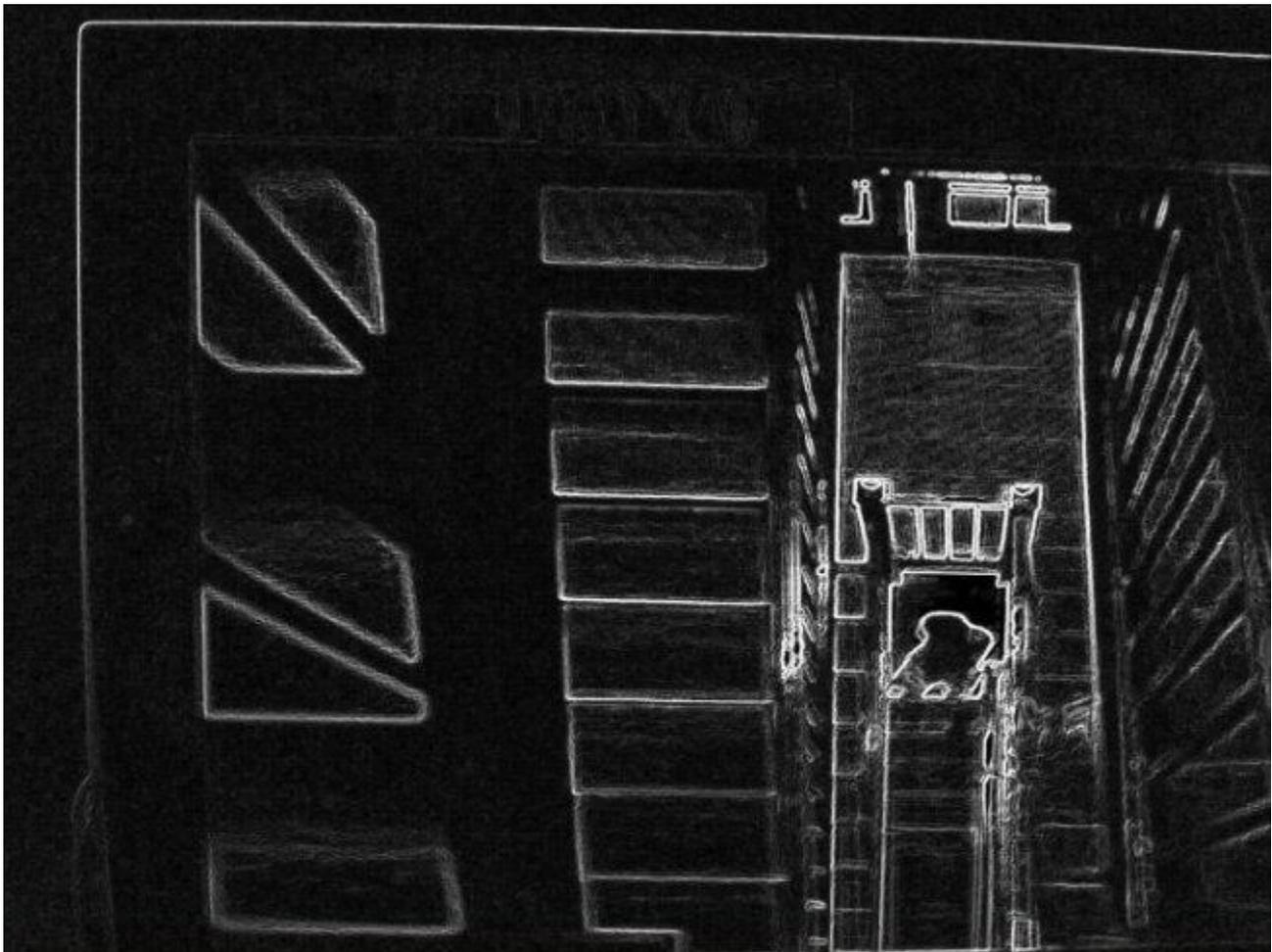
That is to say, people are always already in a specific situation with a set of preconditions. For example, I am sitting in a living room, looking out a window, a man, constantly speaking English, bearing the history of my country, my family, and myself.



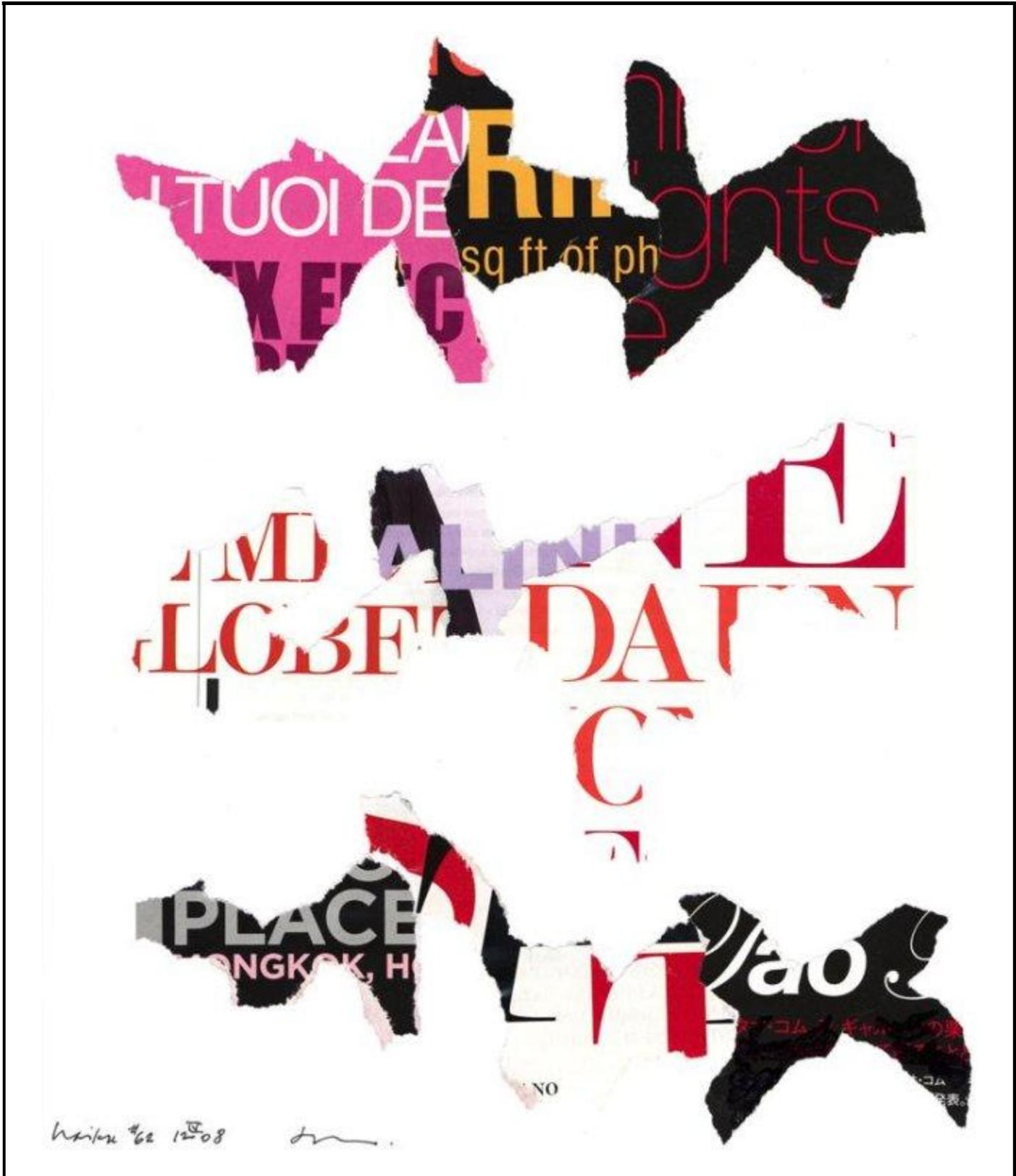
That is, man is constantly both inside and outside of himself. He is constantly embodied as well as constantly being perceived. This, against the backdrop of being in the world, causes man to always be engaged in a relational self.



With regard to man's inhabitation of the world, Merleau-Ponty states, "truth does not 'inhabit' only 'the inner man,' or more accurately, there is no inner man, man is in the world, and only in the world does he know himself."



The author concludes, rather anti-climatically, that we need to do more work.



Written 6/22/08 *[Signature]*



hnik #61 5IV08 *dm*

Diploma/cy

“W h a t.”
 n t n
 o i i
 i s o
 t t p
 s h a
 e e t
 u m o
 q e n
 e a s
 h n i
 t i e
 h n f
 t g i
 i o L
 w f ”
 d l s
 e i s
 t f r
 n e e
 o ?” w
 r T s
 f h n
 n e a
 o o t
 c n n
 n l e
 e y i
 h s c
 W u f f i

Present your visa

Clonazepam, Remeron, Zyprexa
 Three weeks, plus a half

Congratulations Thank

*[3: Sanitized odor of disinfectants.
 Inside order of
 waxed floor tiles. Locks unclicking.*

Thank you Thank

*[2: Sterile cage swings out onto
 the public region of a chilly sun*

Thank youuoy knahT

[1: sense-shock

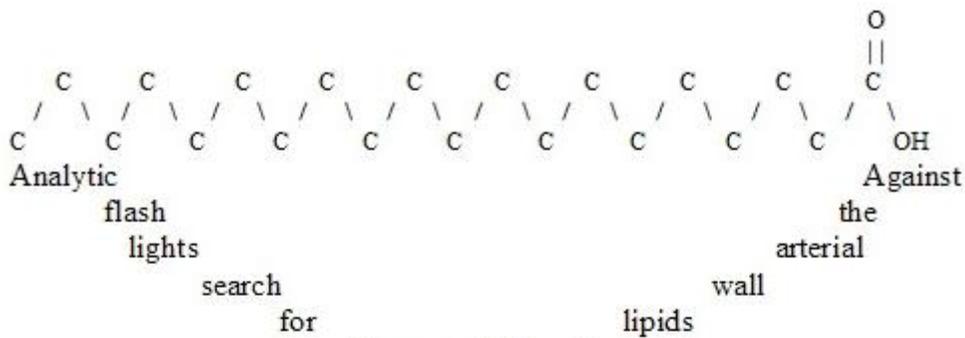
Undivided Snow Bird
Sky Glare
Crisp Tingling
Air Nose Tree
Skin

“. a h W”
 n t n
 a i o
 e s i
 m t t
 t h s
 o e e
 n p u
 s o q
 e i e
 o n h
 d t t
 e o h
 f f t
 i l i
 L i w
 ” f d
 s e e
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 n y n
 e s e
 i u h
 c i f f W

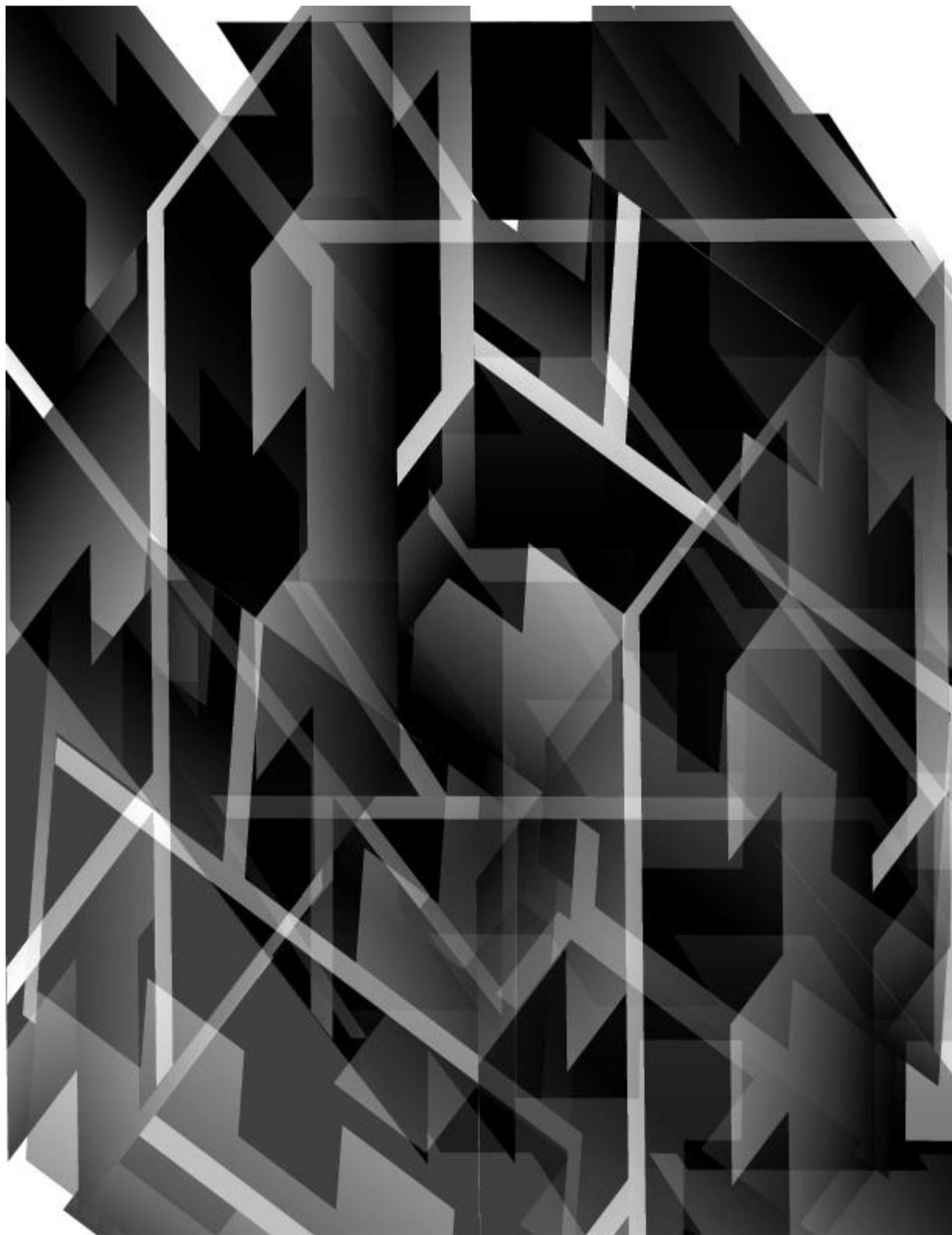
OPEN SPACE

Under the frost white sun
Snow melt Harsh light
your hurt
eyes frozen air Youre
skin burning your lungs

Tucson



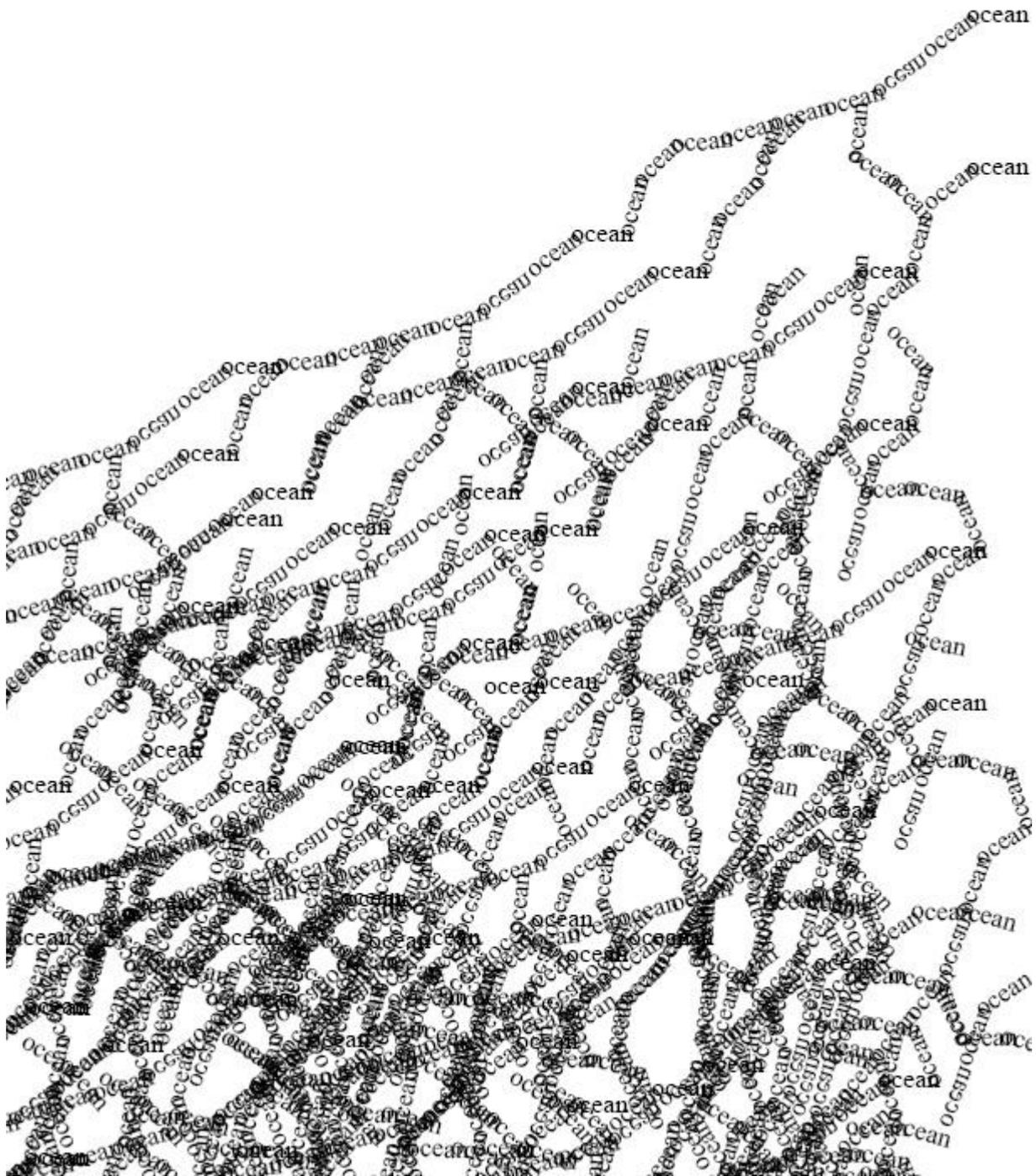
Venom Gathered
in the
Cracked and
Barren
rattlesnake
Abduction
Funded
in hightech
laboratories
to better the
lives of
those who
With his electric guitar strumming away on front porch and of the
days when he toured with jefferson starship and single mother
reminiscing of sex with a hippie turned into biting grabbing
the hair and hitting each other into climaxing white-haired Hal in
black leather in search of the sixth book of moses to contact our
extra-terrestrial ancestors in the middle of the desert and the rainy
season drunk most nights at the bar or in front of the discovery
channel where
the Seguro cactus wore a
sombbrero and sunglasses
to greet strangers
by the front steps
on their way
passing
through
the
Tumbleweed Hostel



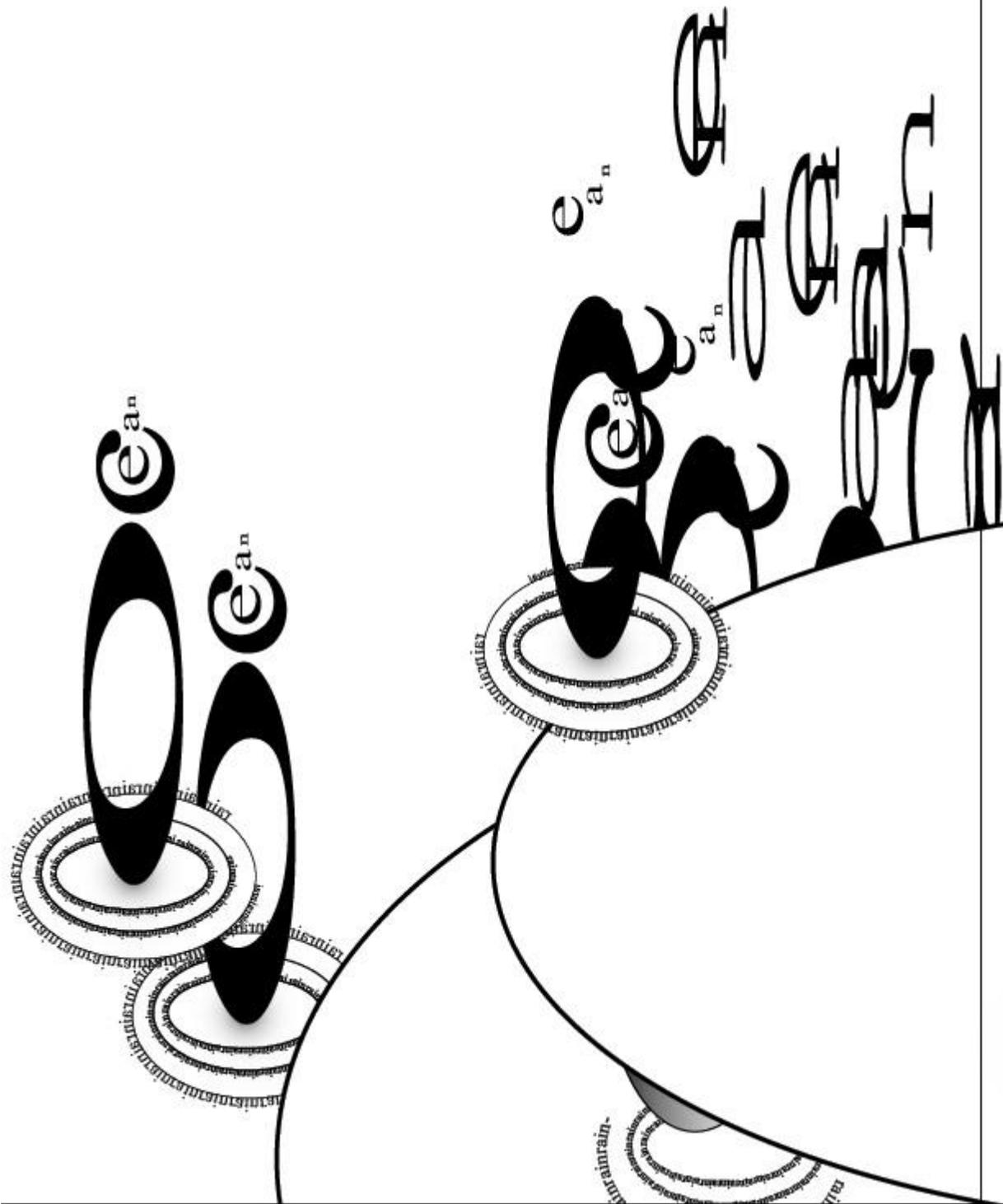
Sign of the Cross



Absence



All Rivers

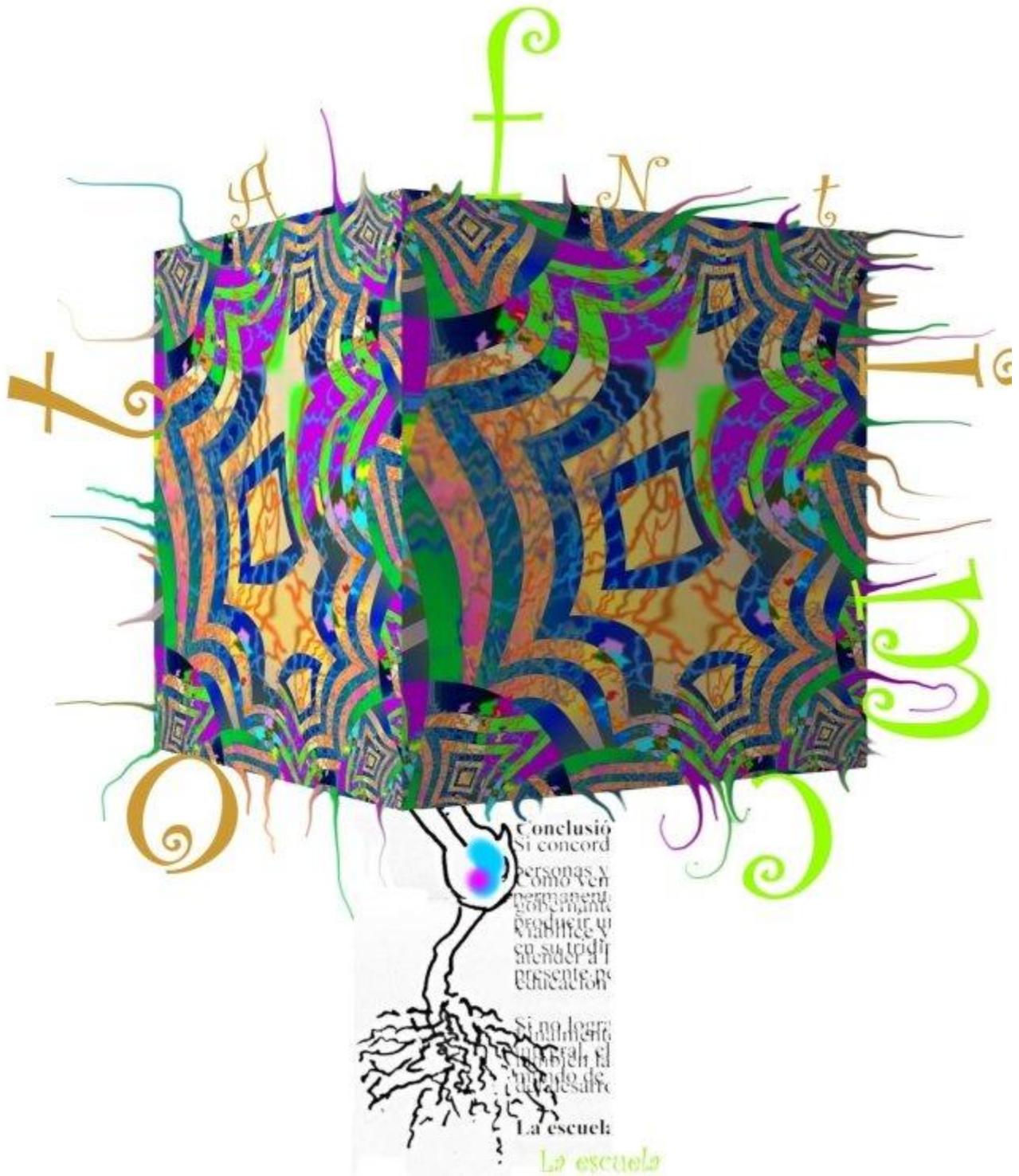


Growing an Ocean

2 Xna m

me [a](n)ts [e]

Refragmented



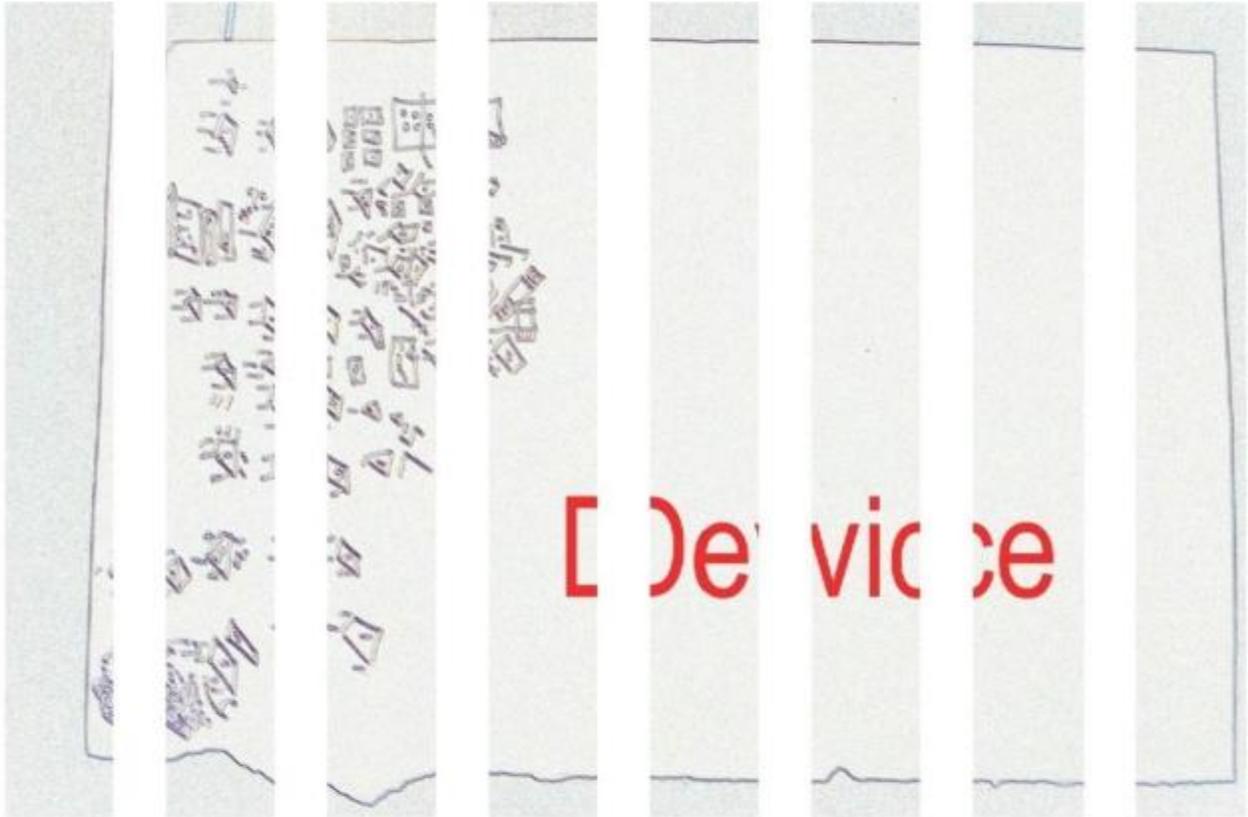
Liuxen

I am the beast. You're



my dinner. I am the be

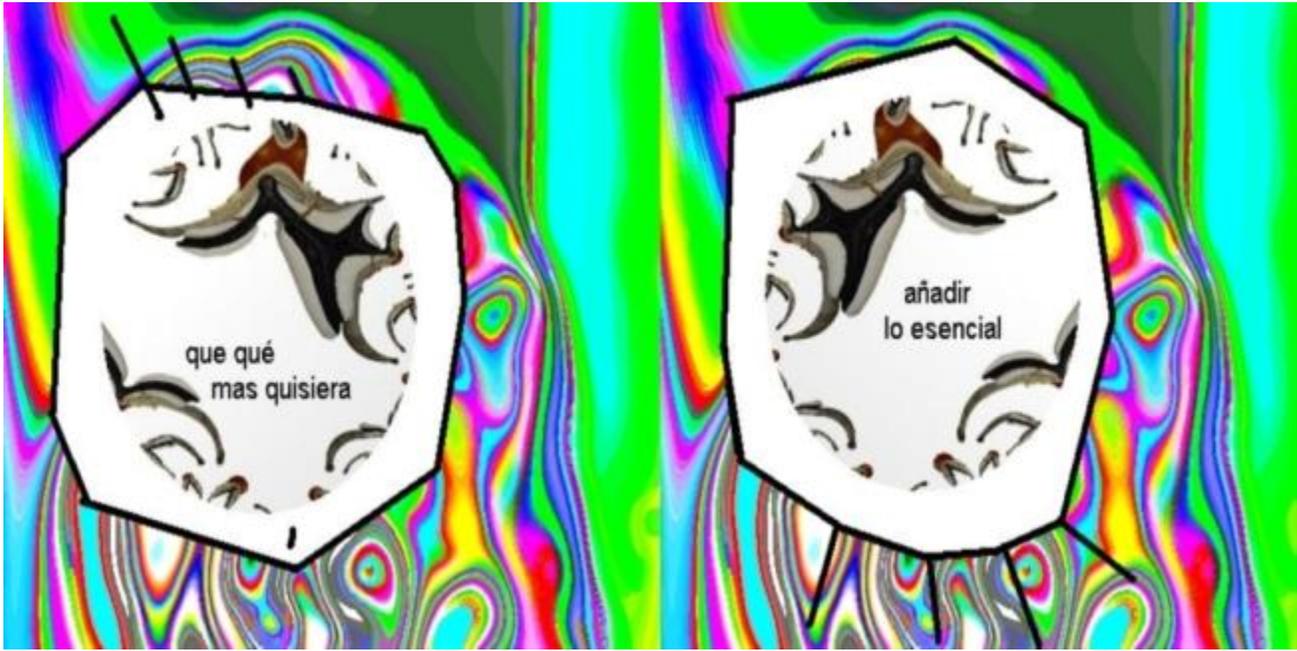
Beastly



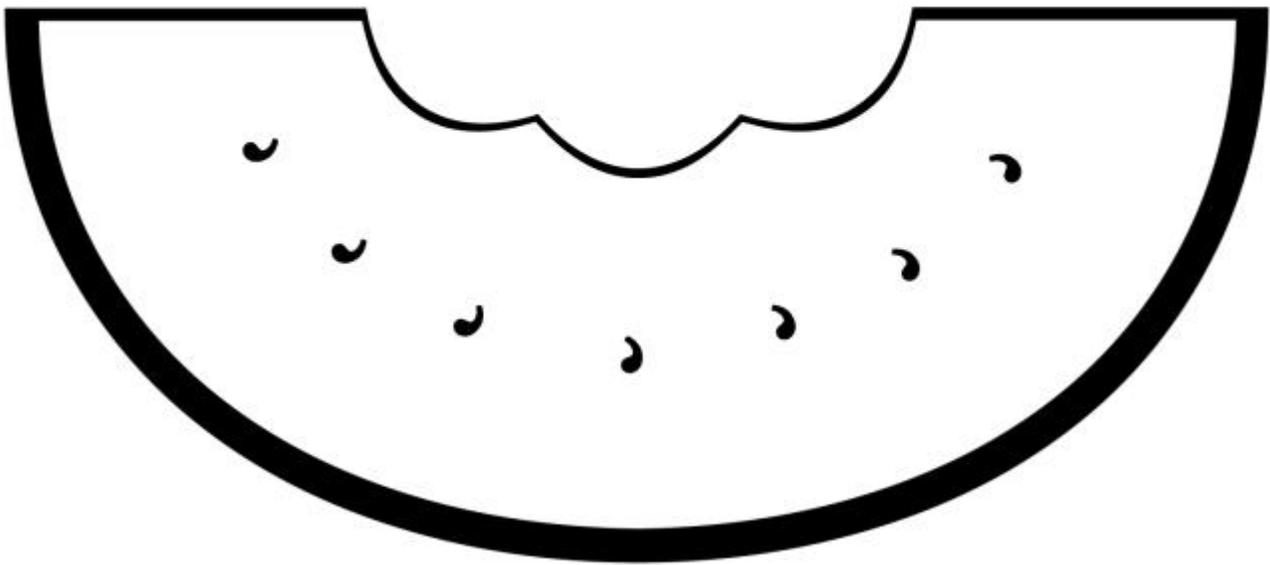
Device

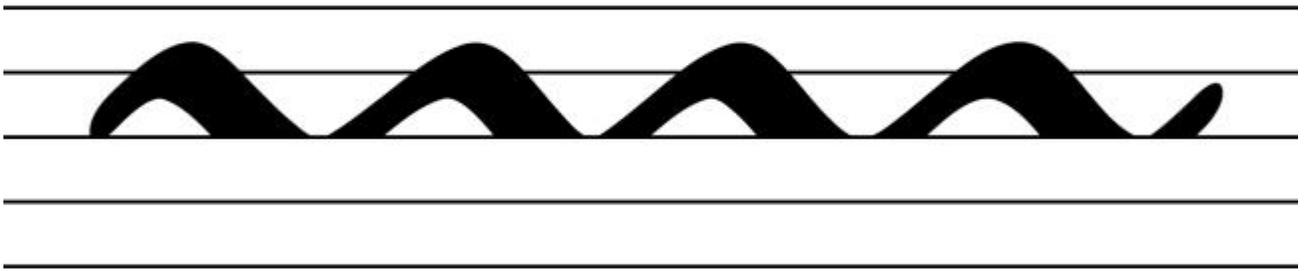


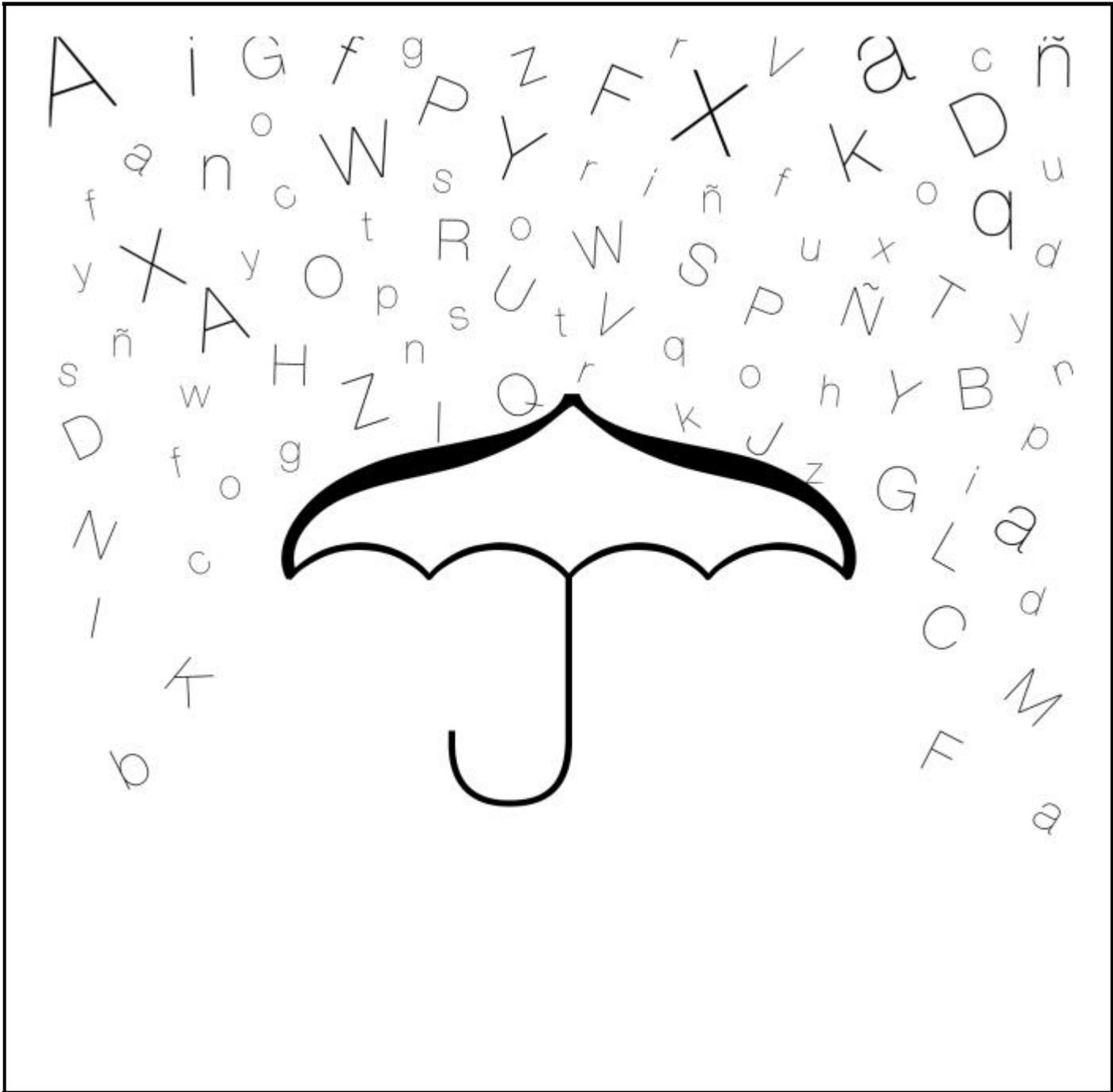
Freaked Out

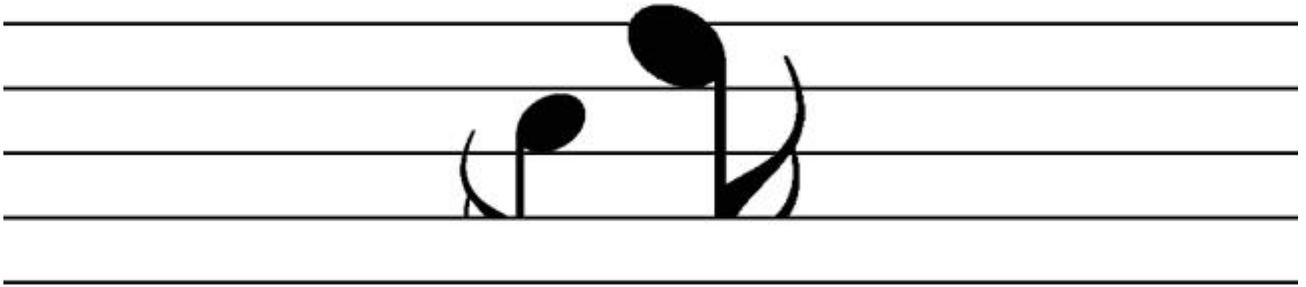


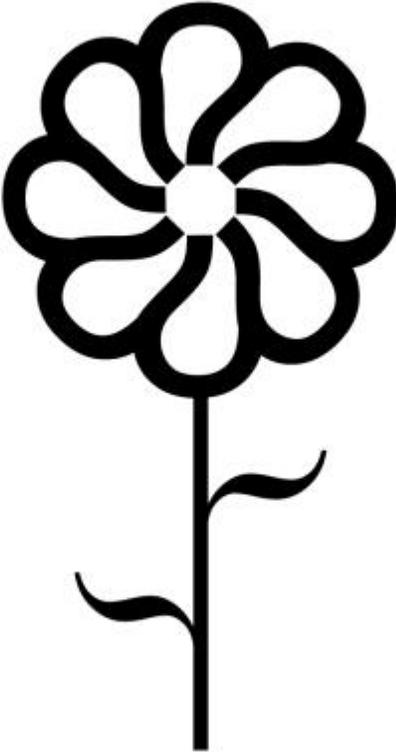
Alien Eyes

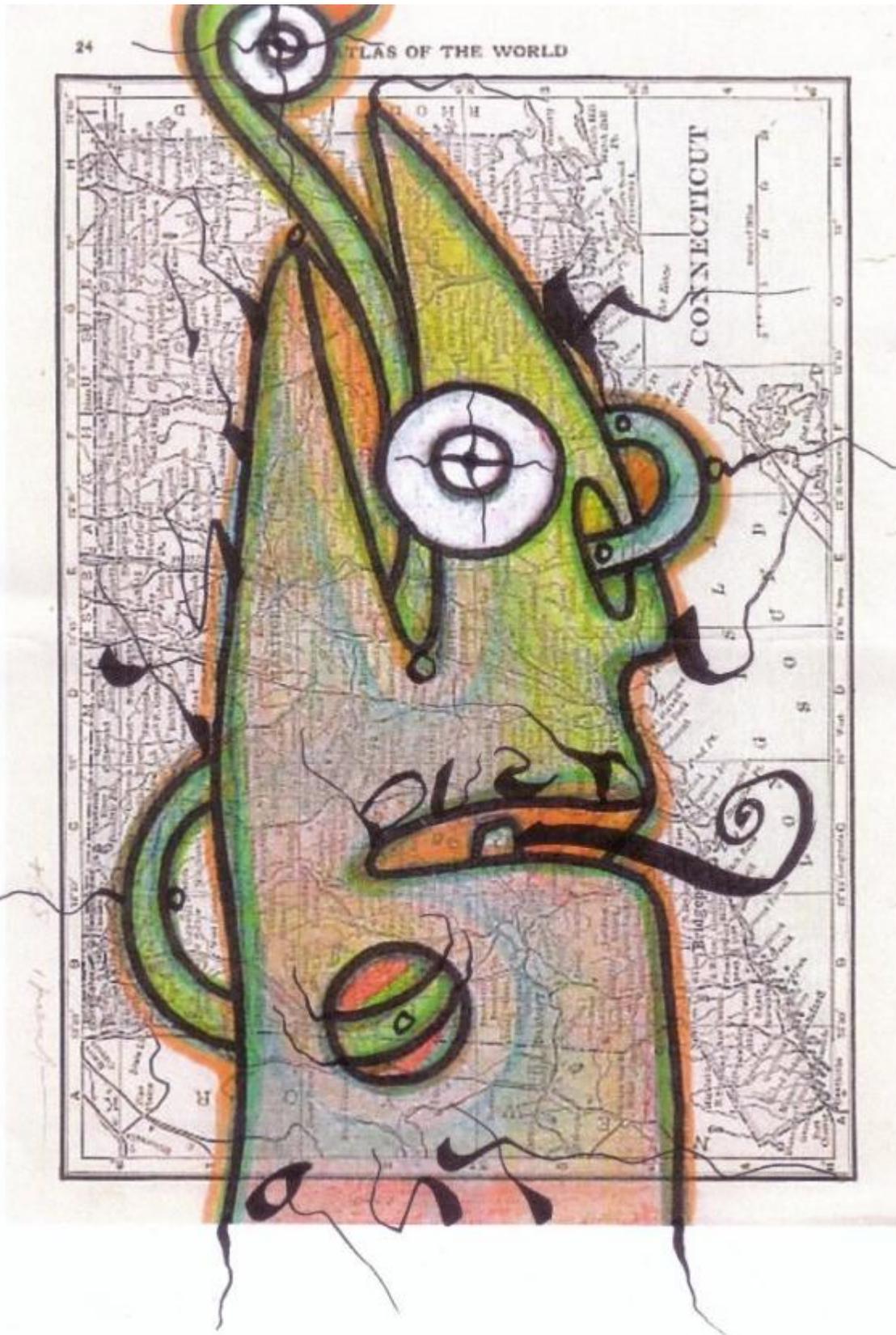


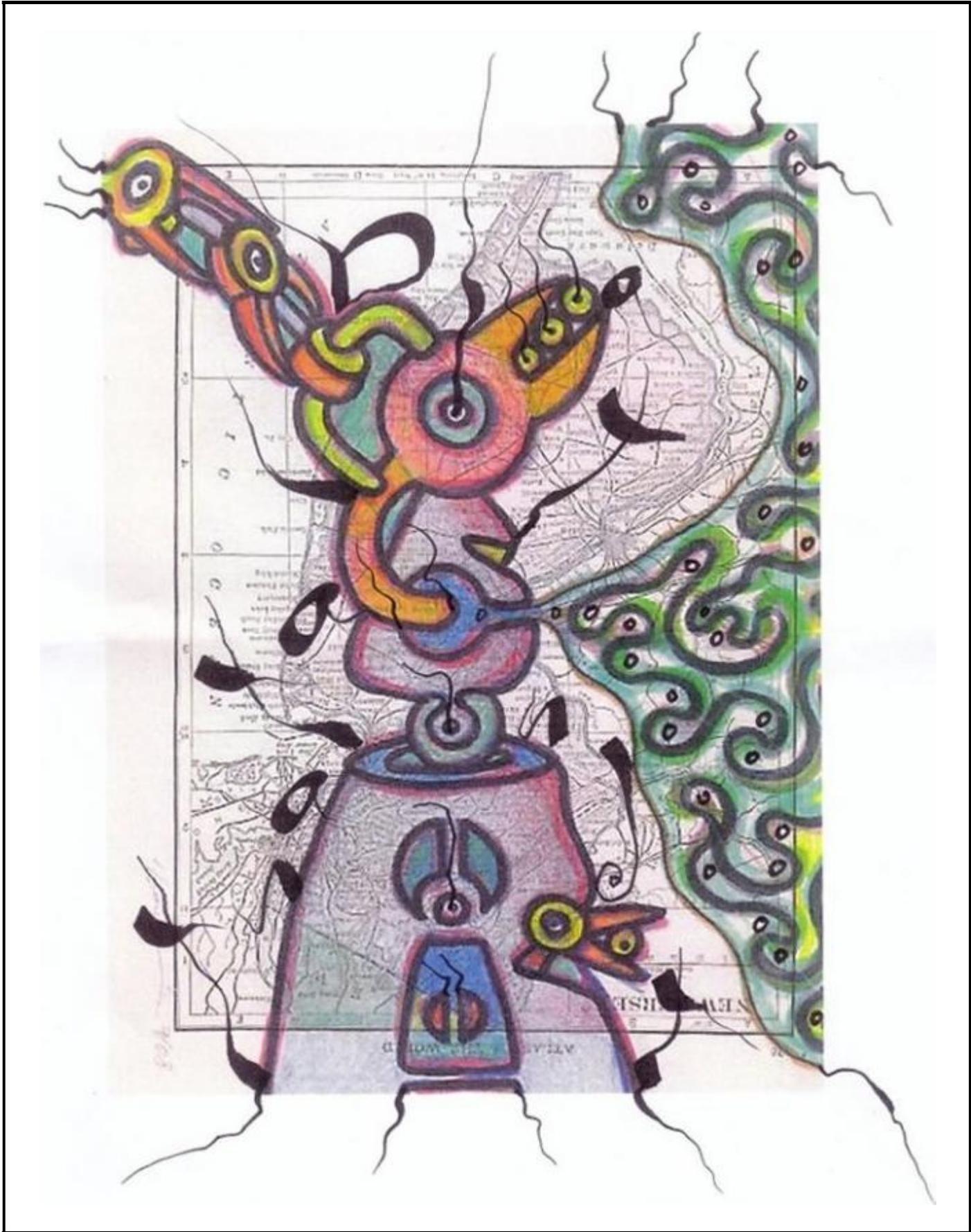


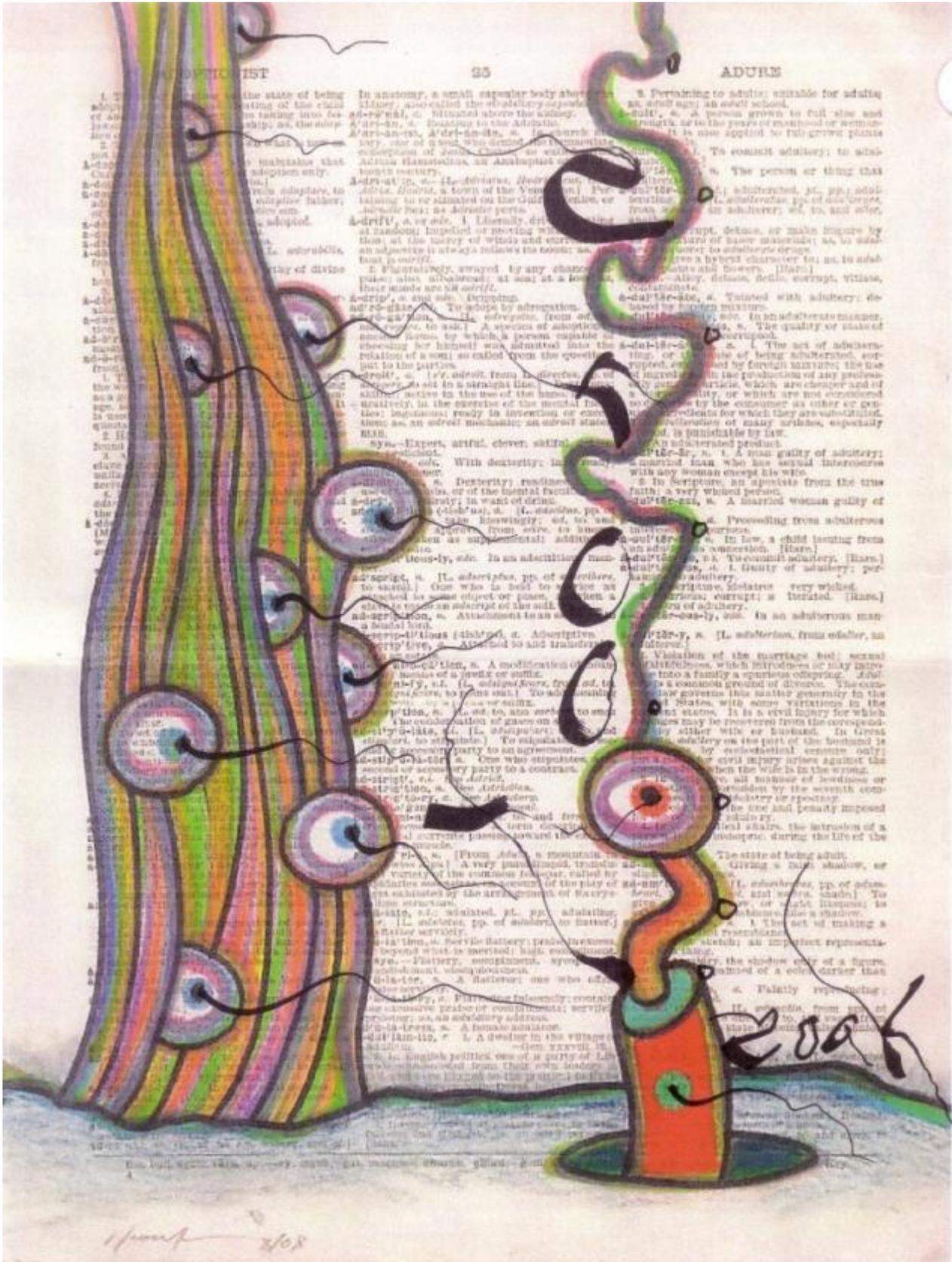








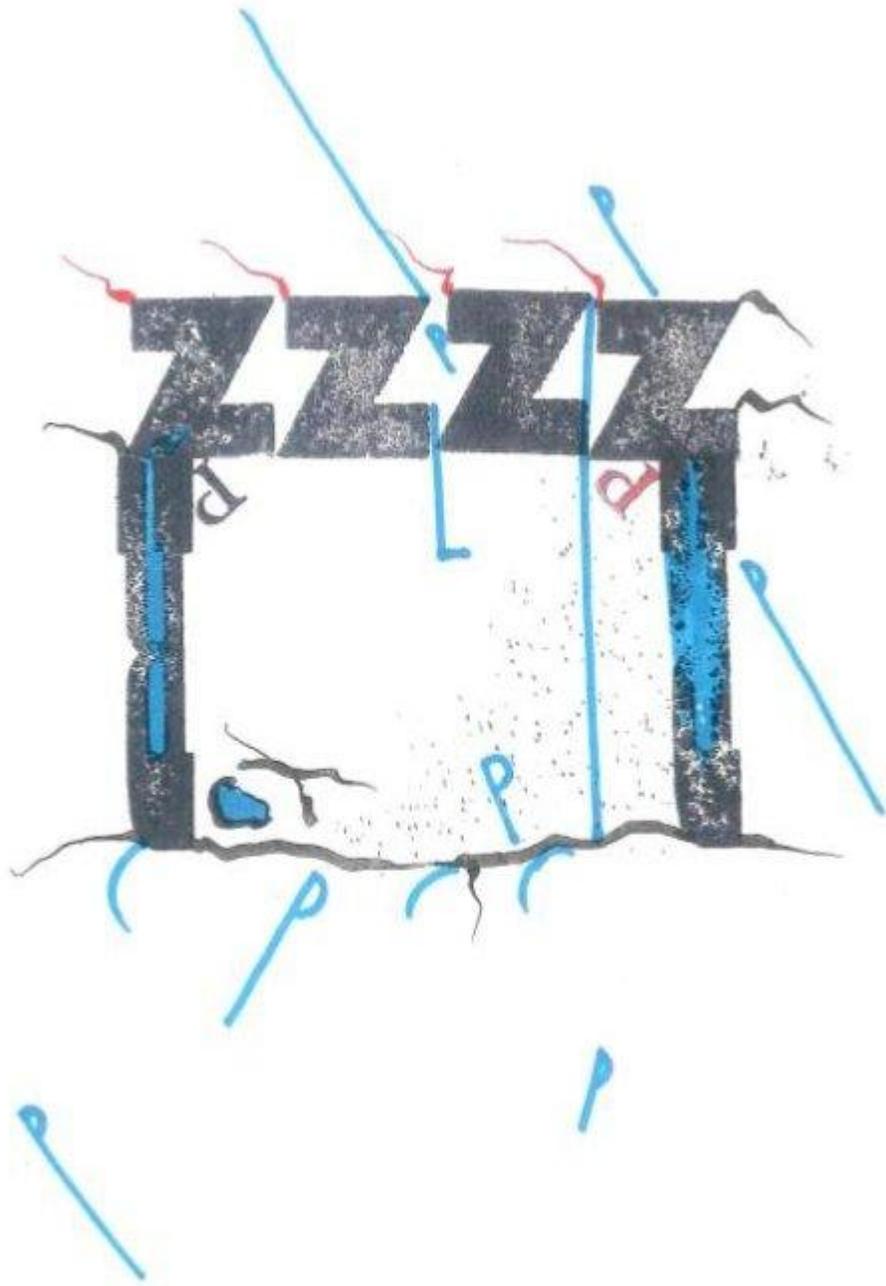




(w/ Music Master)



(w/ Sheila Murphy)

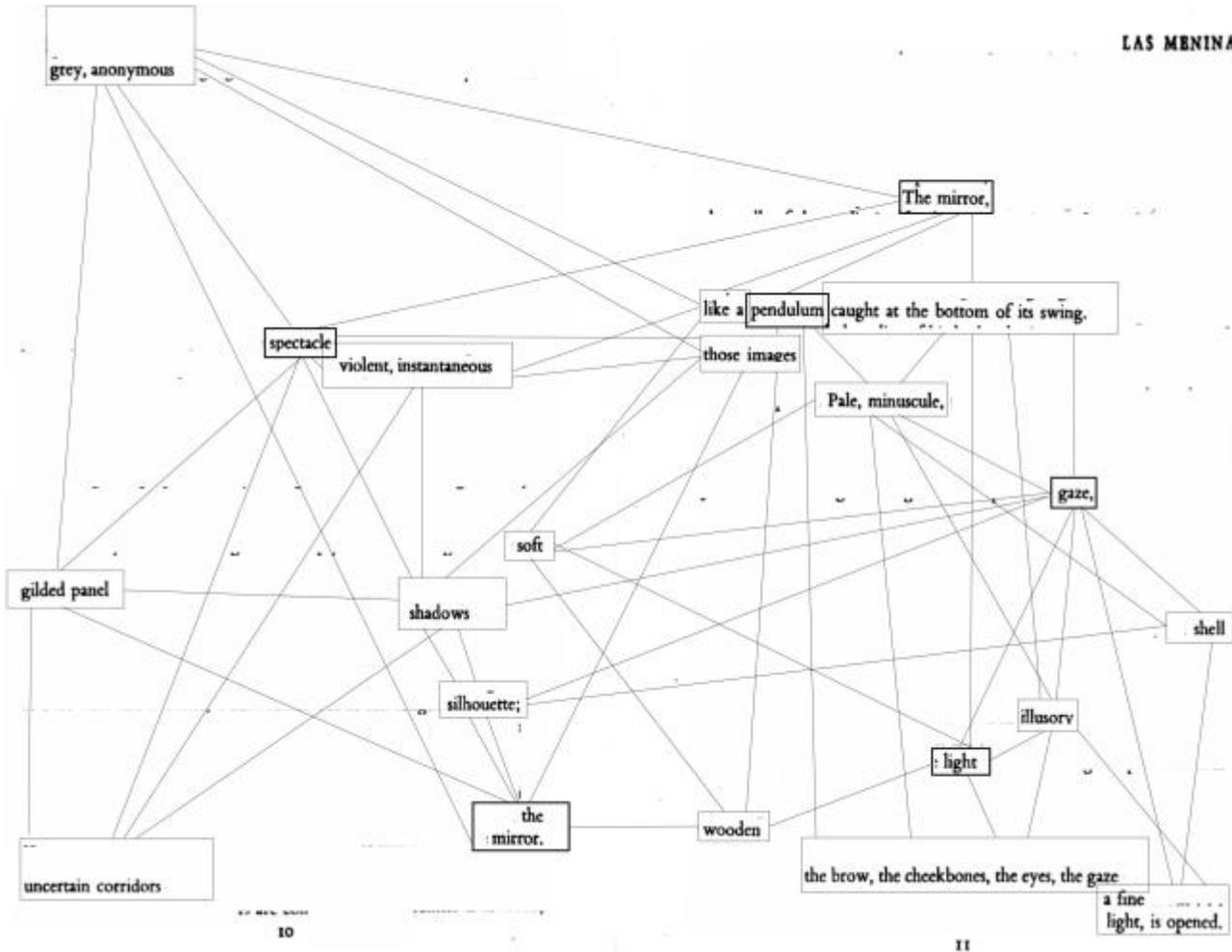


(w/ Sheila Murphy)

/slobbery\
/blosser\
/sugga\
/hellp\
/toot\
/ash\
/an\
/o\
/na\
/hsa\
/toot\
/pmieh\
/agguils\
/bretsalp\
/yrebpoils/

)
thunder
glouta
achey
orut
fle

) no ()
f
on
of
furo
zena
atnoiz
redunt
)



Foucault/Las Meninas

Ravel/Le Gibet

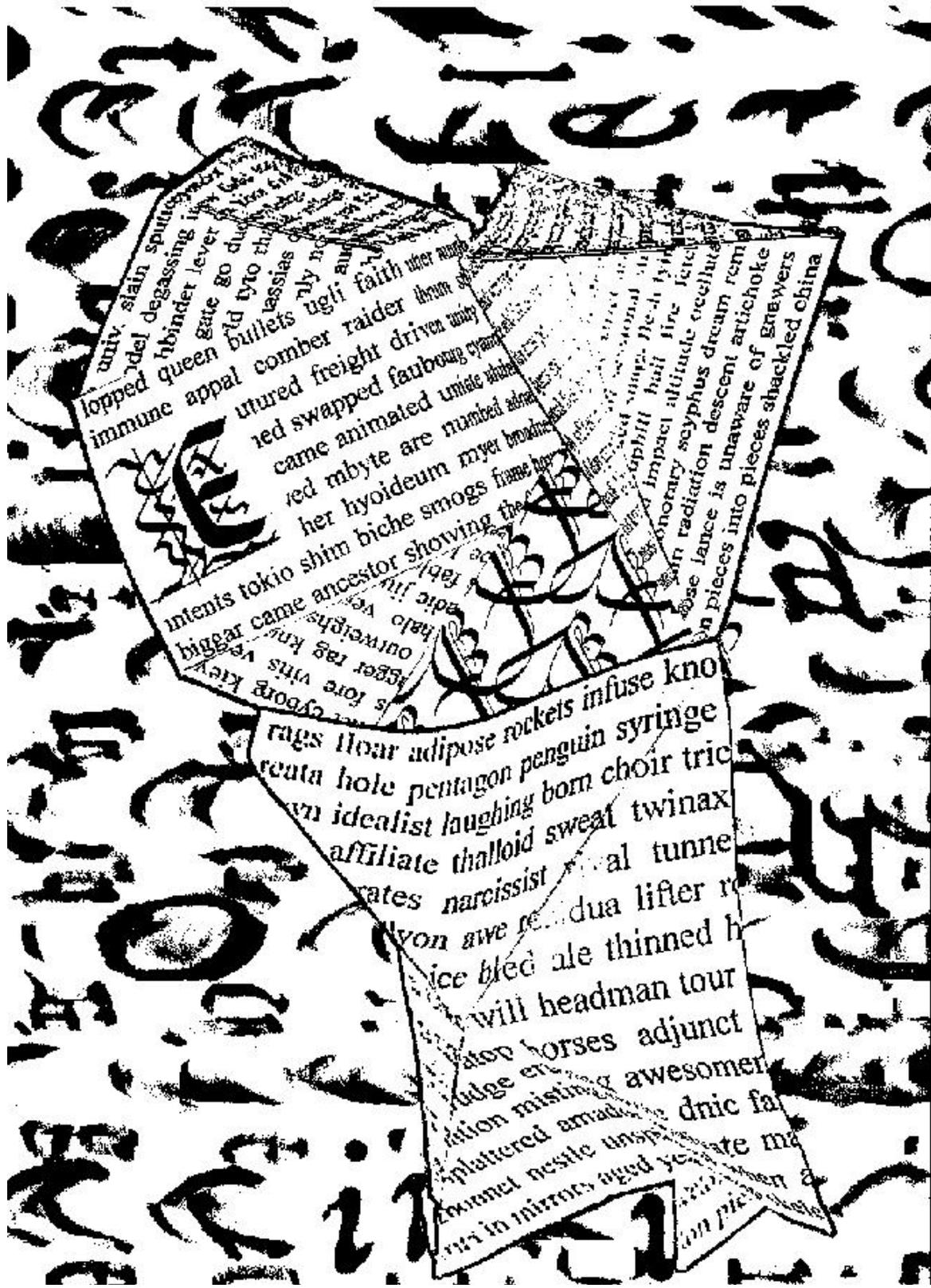
I am trying, trying to say to you, I am trying to say, it is lovely, so irrefutably lovely and open, I am trying to say that there is no end, no silence, that silence – impossible! - ever outward as cobalt into cerulean into dawn, her florid headdress, rises as all things continue, understand me, all things, the oscillation the fluttering whisper, the cantus firmus, lingering, low grasses and cobbled grouting, so irrefutably lovely, I will remind you with this dissonance in the low octave, in the left hand, uncertain but so irrefutably lovely the oscillation, moves through you to

graze the skin of others, maybe, maybe, they are sleeping while you wake, but breath just moves upwards and out, and that is why the sky is colored the way it is, with breath, like a moth, barely audible in flight, I have nestled you between two dark folds to better hear the ricochet, nestled you between the blind arcade the braided columns and the singing, because the architect built this cathedral to shift with voice, to turn, jeweled, the space of the head the breast and belly, I have written you a vessel that shivers. I have written you a moth in flight, see.

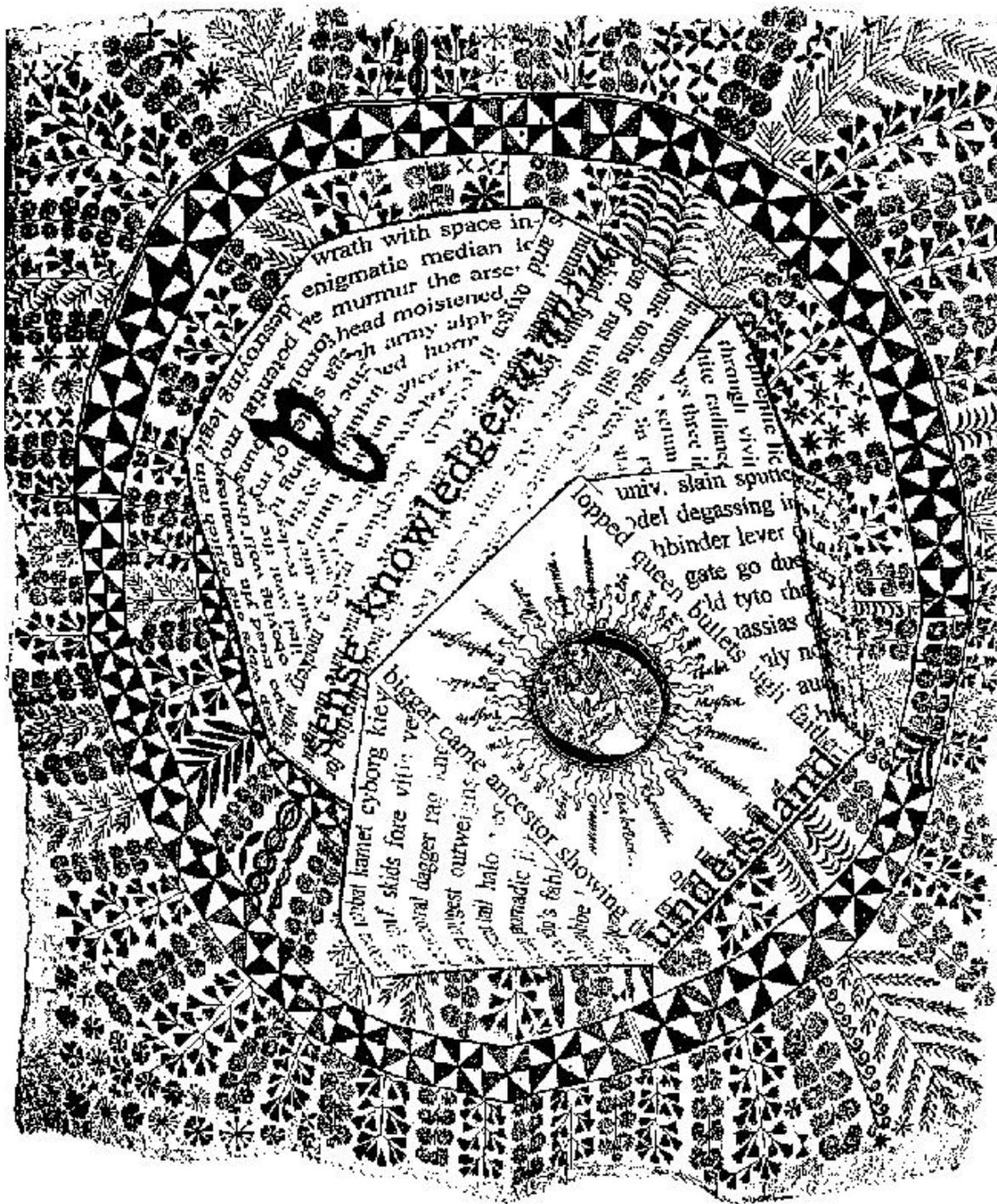
a spine rise cur in blonde blades slow Your back back
 cur spine rent cur blades ling that in break a back little
 wing back un a fur lit ling tle from i the can bird
 i i can can not won bruise name with ring wand whet ring not
 Your birch creek wings will won curl de me the a birds gain her
 cur for rent cur slende rent r claims catche the s birds the though
 slough last ing of off sum when mer old fal s oaks ling itch the
 in blonde sun and too list long less what (shift what ing young girl
 off eyes) head i but wonder You will do You slough walk ing
 walk a with a walk way with with You You hold not oak You
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 but blonde blunt no bough long) er broke (n i oak am skin old
 the the cur skin bough of dark the dark the creek list sewn oak leaves skin
 o dark how the breathes ling the how skin blonde You the our less sleep bird)
 and the deep (buried You in bed me)

A T H S B C A G A I N I H R M D I I E O A S S I C
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A S S T E N K L L G R E U S T A C A S T R A T O S
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E O B E R A M E T H I T H A T H S A M O T H I T H A T I I
A S B E E N C D S T G A S R M O T H F R O M D U S T
B G A T I E R E D M O T I E R A T I S B C A G A T N
T H R M D T T C O O A M S E C F R O M M E T H O T O
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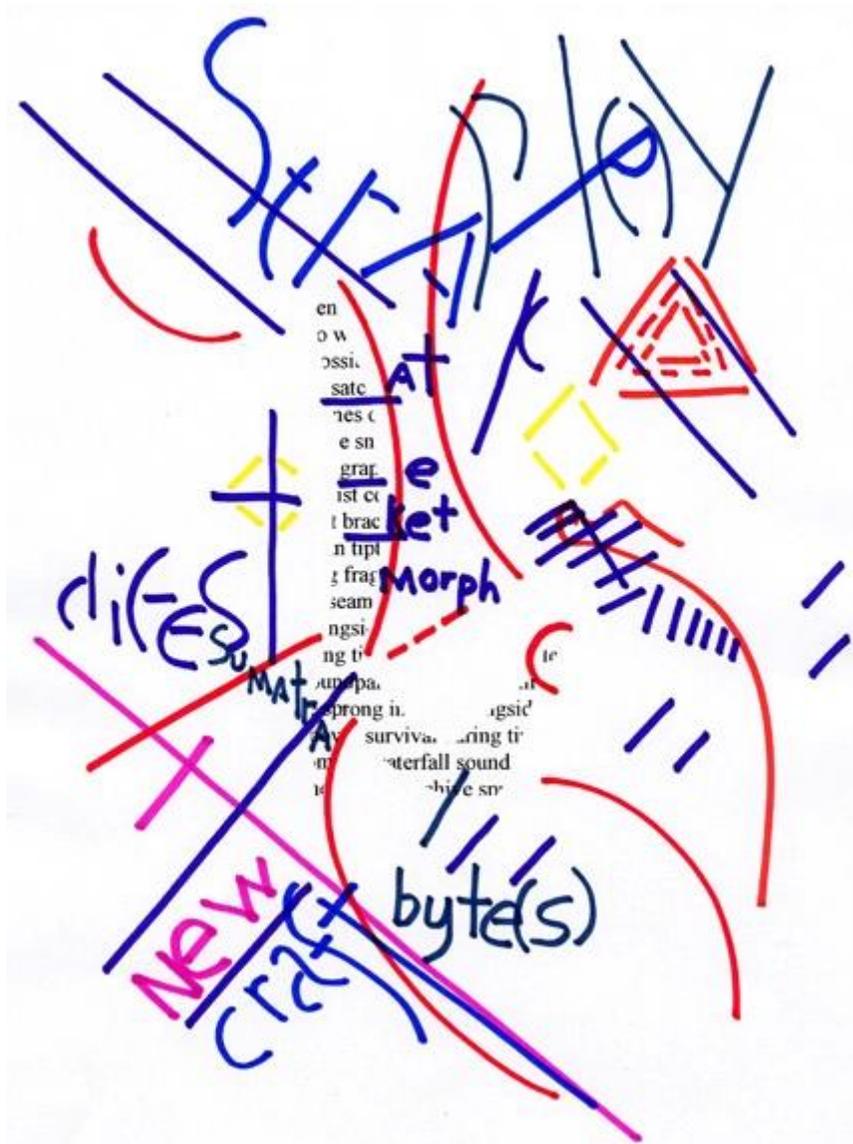
amoththathasbeencastfromdust



From Cells



From *Cells*



cycle)
out of touch yet bra.
always braced an tipt
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The Ernst-Murphy Collaborative

“The only rule is that there are no rules.” Thus began our agreement to spree, and when we look back upon a few years of collaborating, the yield seems as varied as the processes we employed. The collaborative started with a sequence of highly elaborate, “multi-round” endeavors, building layer upon layer of visio-textual art now visible as the “Repealed Mosaic” included in this issue of *Word for Word*. Collaborators built a text in multiple, emailed rounds, until we had what we believed would be a verbal foundation from which to build outward. “Repealed Mosaic” was liberated into being by the use of text made available, then leapt up to a range of colorations that encompassed shapes, drawing, ranges of clarity and opacity as seemed right during the construction process. Each new operation seemed to spawn more opportunities within the layers themselves as well as not-yet-discovered ones. The series itself resulted from our needing even more space to work out what was showing through the various iterations of what became the series.

“Digest Sumatra” and “Not or ie ty” made use of different modes, tools, instincts, and blending. We used colored markers and text together, in an effort to chance the juxtaposition of entities until the these elements stabilized each other into a new form. What is hidden at one level is either pressed upon (as in a nerve) by the other, such that struts and coloration became mutually buoyant. What happens in our work together seems to divulge secrets that we didn’t know existed. The learning is enormously celebrative, perhaps mainly because of a commitment to affirmation of the gesture and the syllable and the sound residing somewhere. Rather than quibble with magic, we strive to see and hear it better, and to learn what it may need to thrive under light, transcending any *laissez-faire* approach. Much happens, much stirs, and the to-do lists seem to multiply in the night, awaiting every daylight.

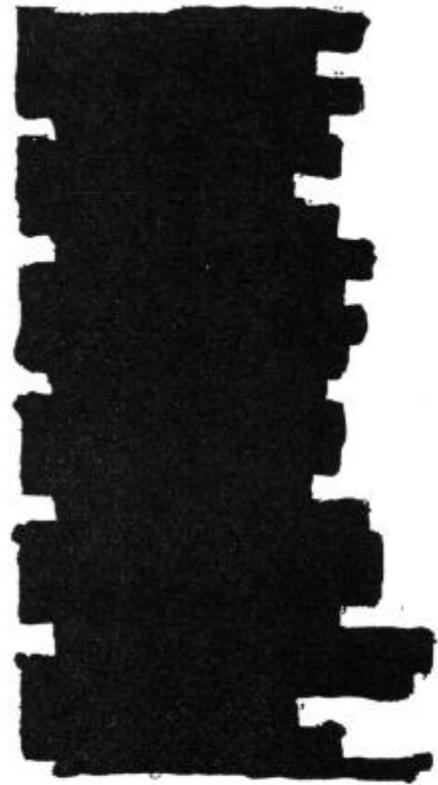
Sheila E. Murphy
K.S. Ernst
March 2, 2009

Red-cheeked Laura, come,
Sing thou unceasingly with thy beauty's
Silent music, either other
Sweetly or so.

Lovely forms do flow
From concert, divinely framed;
Fleeting is music, and thy beauty's
Birth is heavenly.

These dull notes we sing
Discords need for notes to grace them;
Only beauty purely loves
Knows no discord.

But still moves delight,
Like clear springs renewed by flowing,
Ever perfect, ever in them-
selves eternal.



Original and Translation

Francesco Berni (1497?-1535), *"Passero e Beccafichi,"*
Translated by Lorna de' Lucchi



Carnivore II

The Second State

1.

I'm gone. I've gone from trajectory to wax.

I'm surrogate.

If I were an eaten thing, I'd taste like seeds.

I'd be a syllable.

2.

I'm twilight on a scaffold.

I need a table for my health.

I'll walk through forty-five pounds of sleep.

One wild vacancy.

3.

I'm naked but still rattle.

Paper from rust, transfusions.

Negative parachutes,

and serenaded wreckage.

4.

I eat yogurt.

I traffic and trespass, supported by wishbones.

I'm stained wrenches.

I'm tundra.

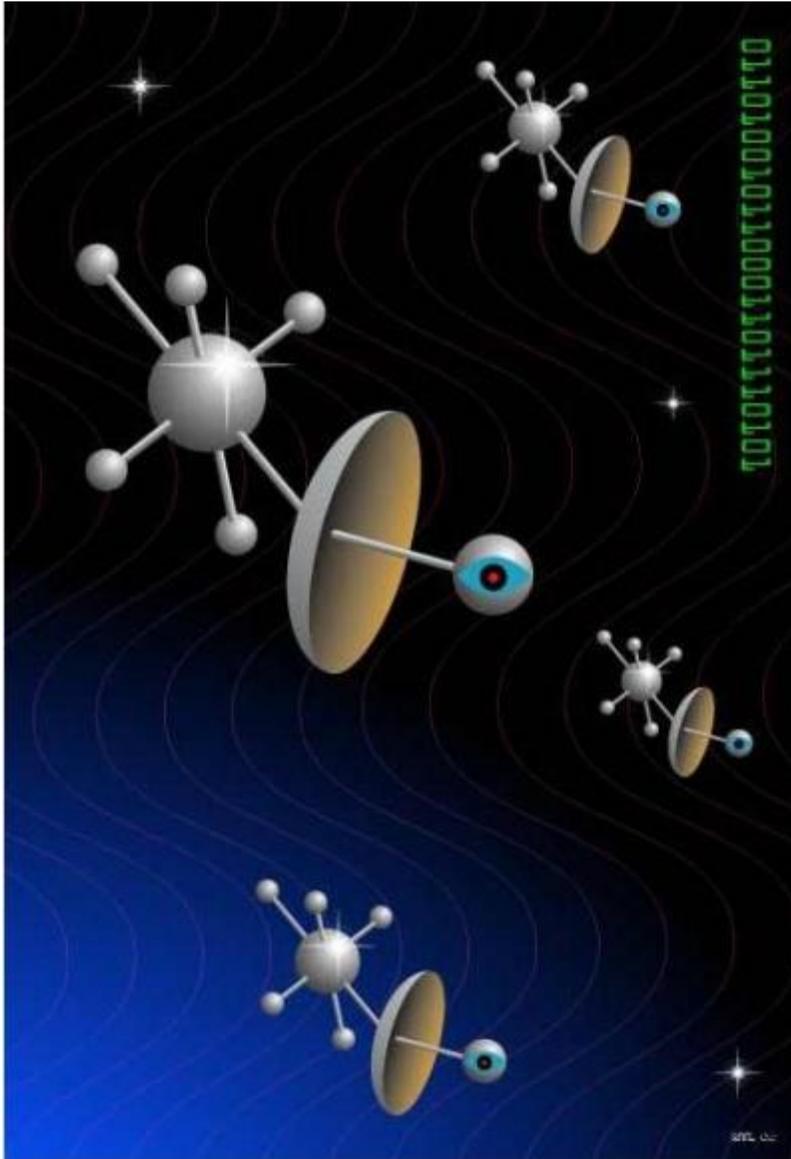
5.

I'm neglected omens.

Revival is a kind of monster.

I'm vulnerable as any tourist.

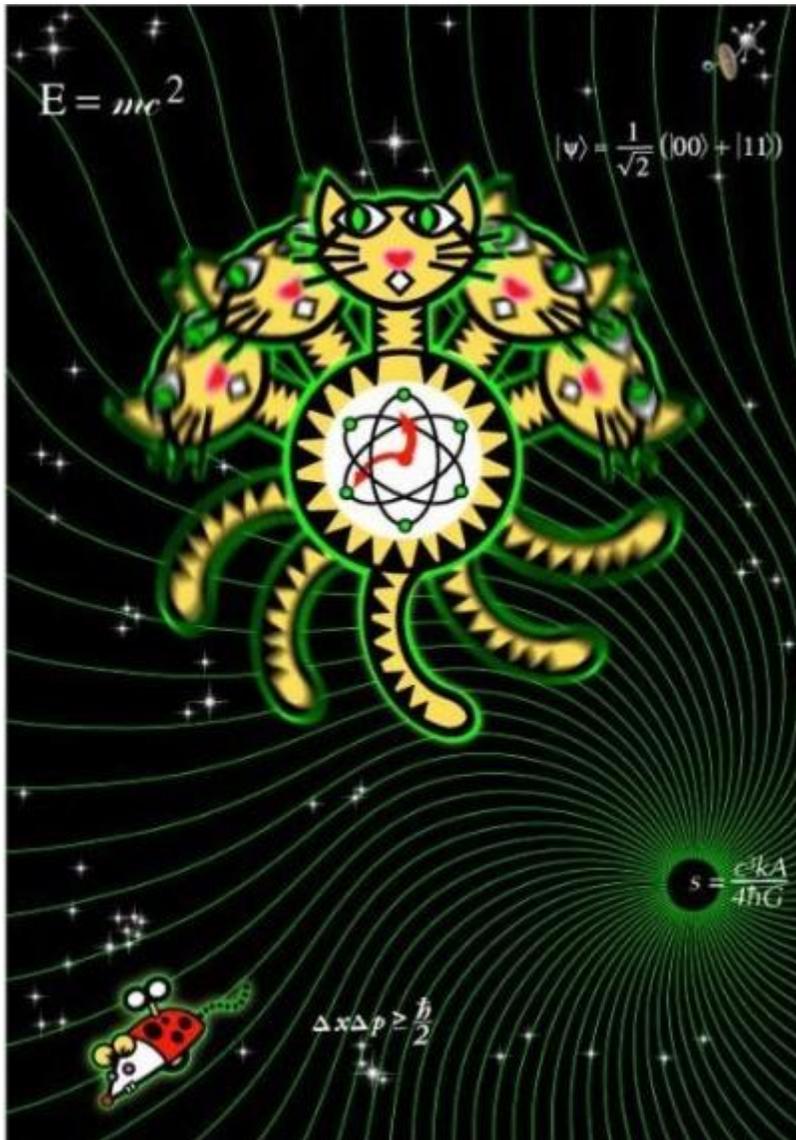
I'm self-stigma.



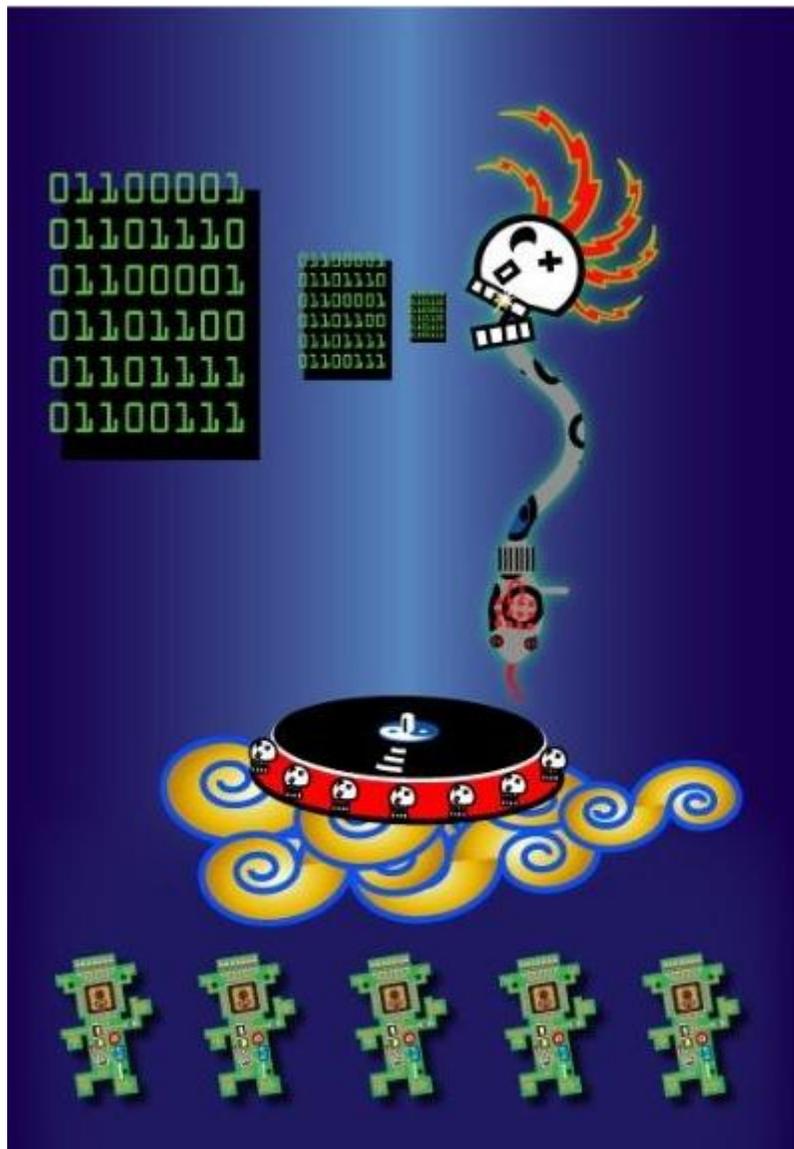
4i's



periscope



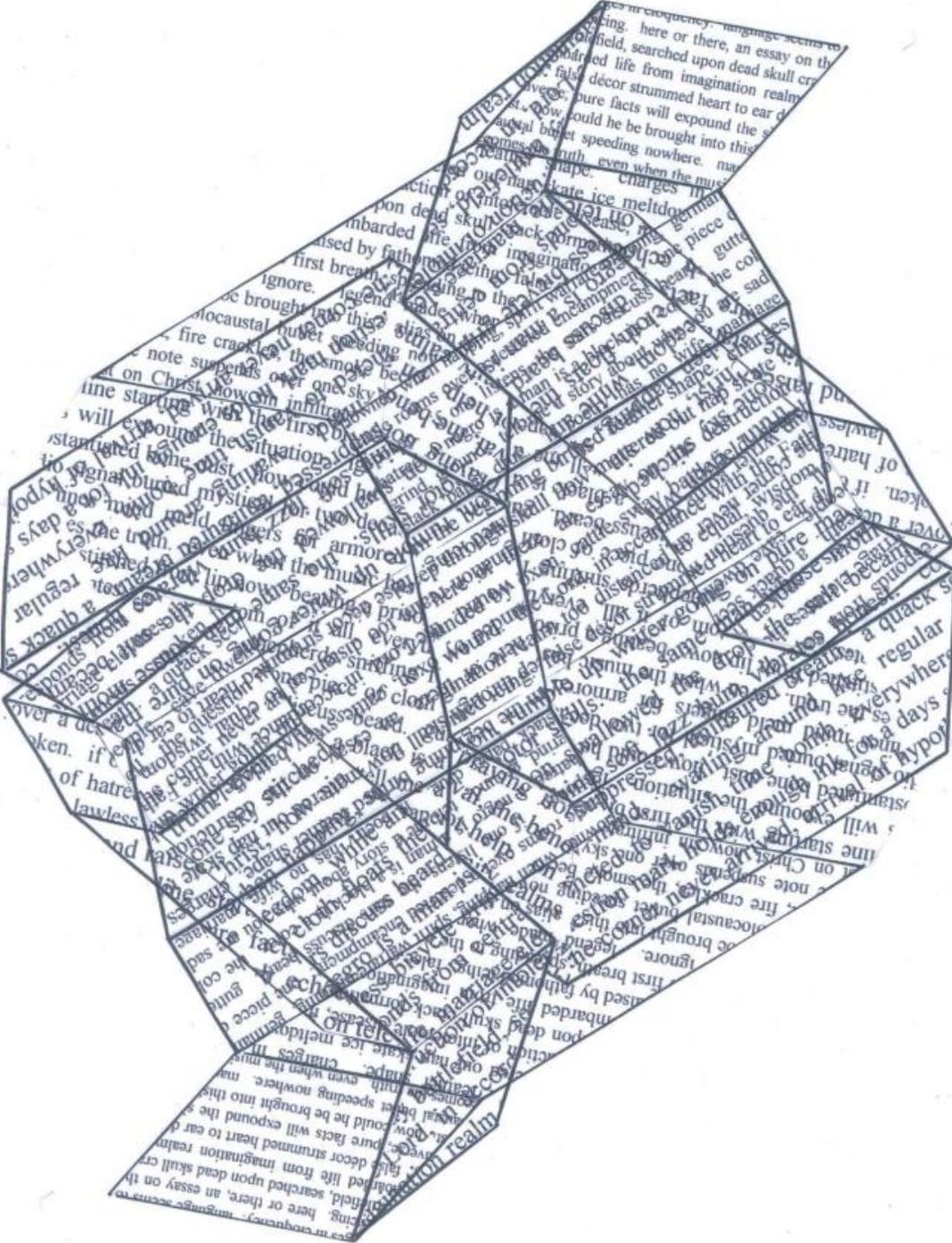
shroedingers cat



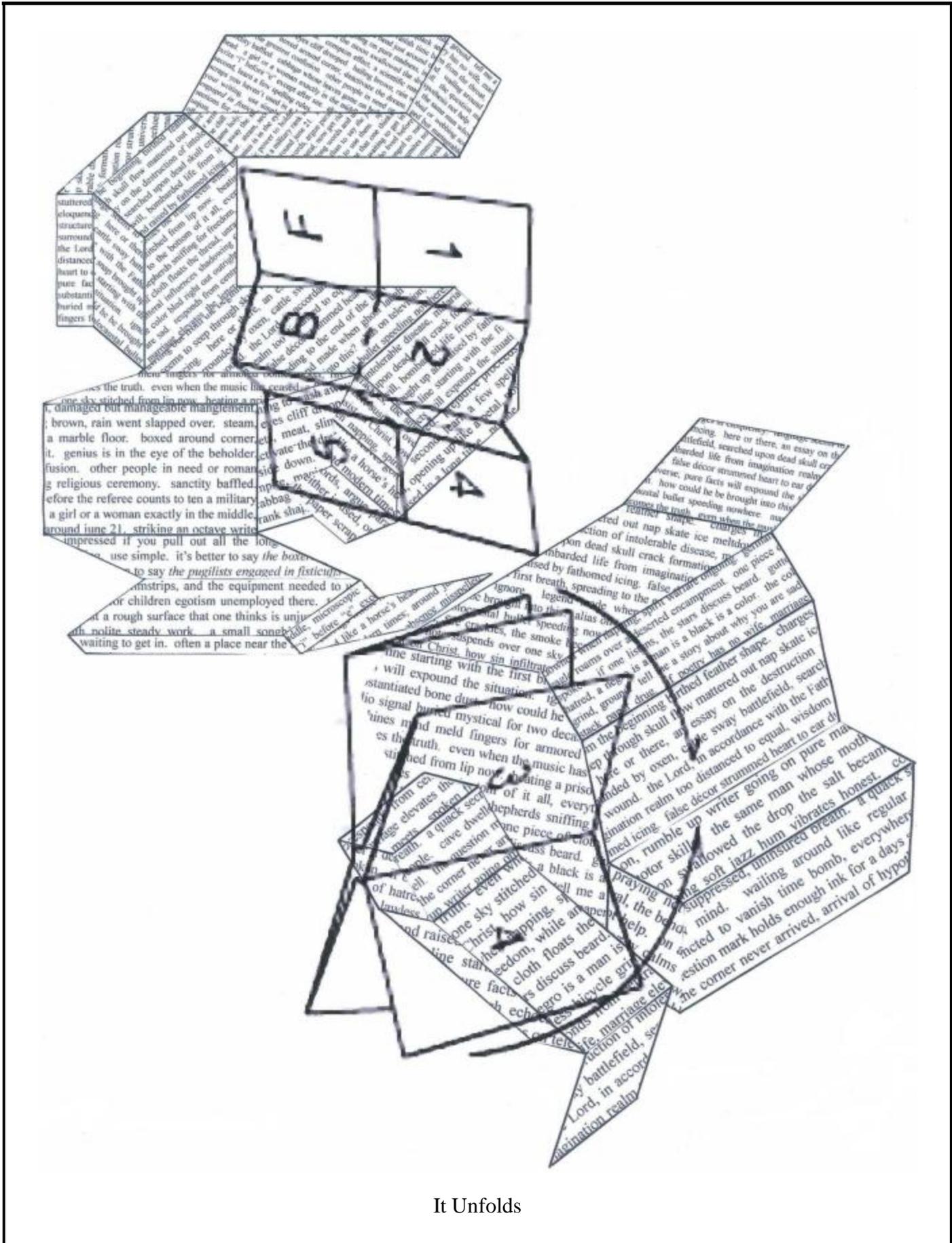
analog



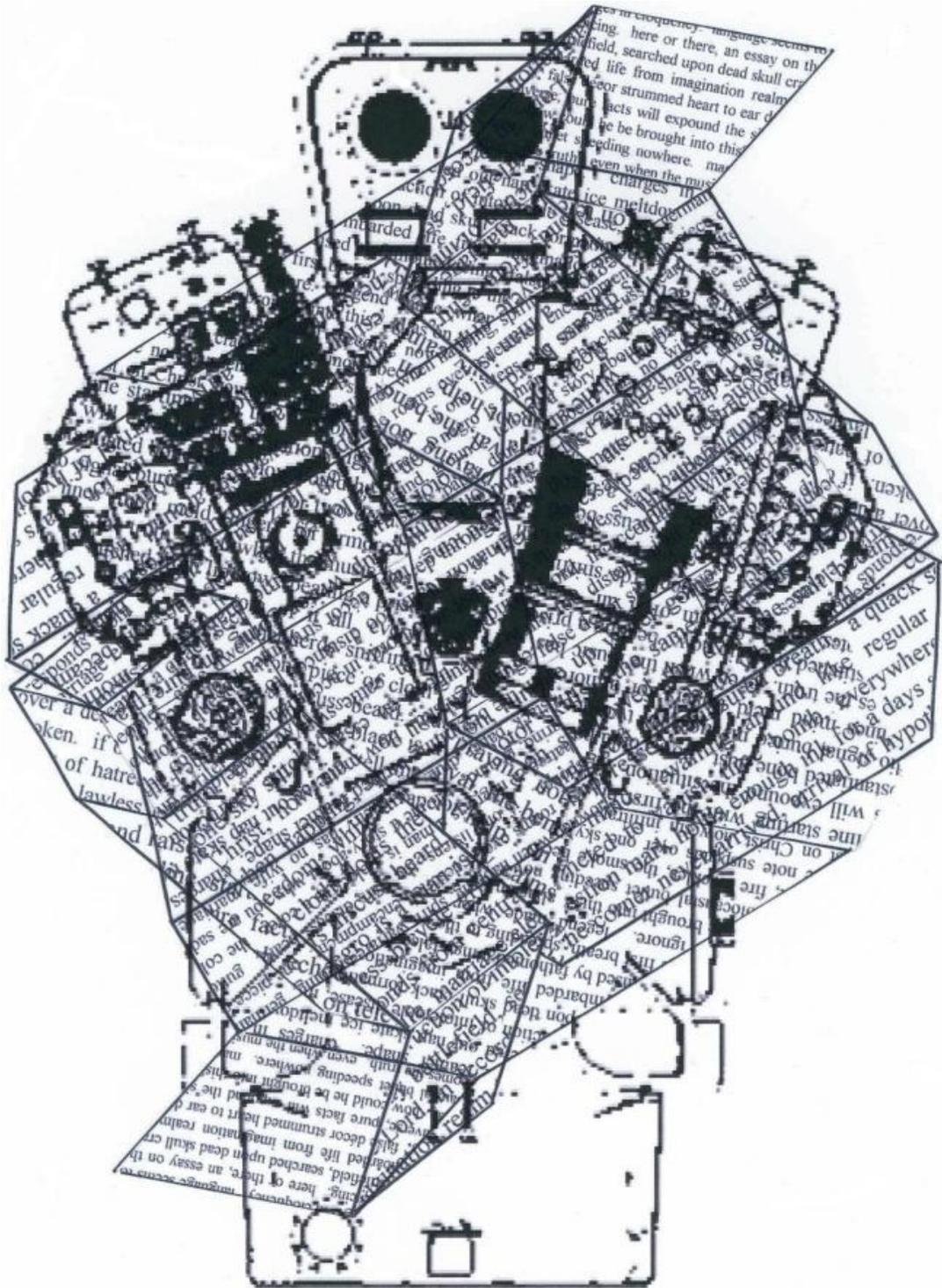
binary buddha



Structure



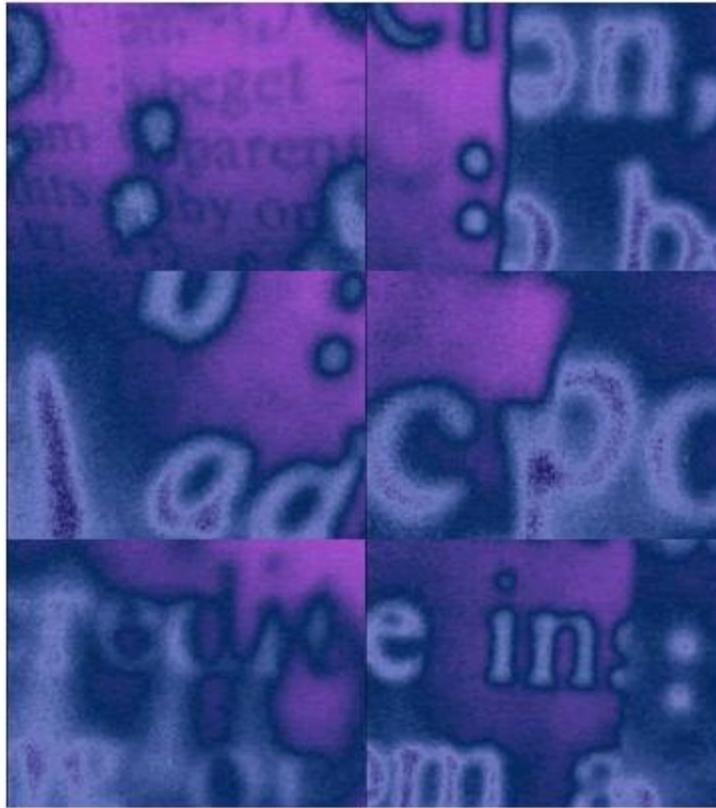
It Unfolds



Diagrammer

NOTES ON STARING

staring at textpo creates the potential for vispo



There are things happening we don't talk about. A dictionary haphazardly opened is a trick for letters to flee. Rising off the page into your eyes or into your nostrils or into your ears. These letters don't sustain meaning. They are in flux and are better considered particulates of the larger WORD world. In this place though we are specifically concerned with these singular units that comprise what we know as alphabet.

In this world letters are vulnerable and cant always stand on their own. Letters alone are typically unwanted things. They are in danger of being individual, of lacking community, of not forming into a word. Isolated.

And the bits that flake off, that are shaved off, that simply give way - these letters collapse, they morph, they concoct a new purpose. The visual potential of each letter. Here is that poetry.

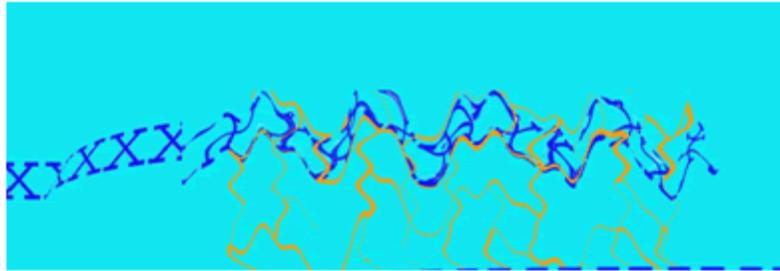
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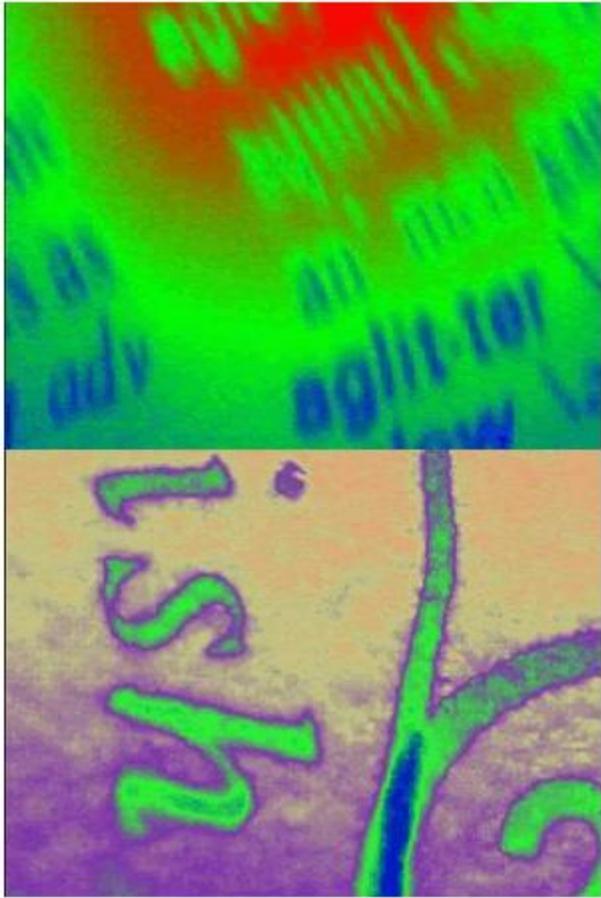
You can leave this image if you want, but know that the letters remain afloat even after you've gone. These six moments captured in jpeg. The punctuation, colon, traversing across the field begets its definition. Nothing for a change or everything changes. The quantum of alphabet. Its elements seeking adhesion, making their way to some certain molecule. Poised for destination. The pre word. The periodic table of letters. The jpegs are a snapshot of those. Held in their miasmic solution, their amniotic fluid. Before birthing into word. They are here waiting, suspended, considering their possibilities. Who to match with, who to connect to, how much of a word will they become.

Poetry is comprised of units of language. Before sound, before meaning, before even the impulse to write – the letters are preparing to congeal. To see it at this level is to see the visual aspect of poetry forming. The pre cohesion of language. The poetry of poetry. The poetry of infinite turns. And so the material changes, time changes, seeing changes. Staring your way through to another cognitive approach we seldom heed. A mushroomed mentality constant and without obstacle. Again, letters float, like the dust spots in your eye, before they land and become words. Over and over again this continues.



Verse in the eye

When you're drawn to focus. When you're moved to veer. The trigger's pulled before you know the question's near. So ask what looking gives and twist the eyes reply. The function of its thinking, immediately, yes, immediate. This staring won't deny. Your brain's answer as swerves align, as-best-it-can-it-should, it knows a further capsule driven, I say driven, further into focus. That eyes dart here and there as things of interest do & the coming here and leaving have left a stain on you.



Seeingseeing

Detached. Disassociative. I don't know. How to explain this condition. I let my brain do the thinking. I watch it think for me. There's an enjoyment I get seeing where it goes. From one visual idea to another it makes the associations. I follow them as an observer. I look on it as an observer of my own brain's momentum. I'm not in charge of this activity. I'm not willfully in charge. I'm not directing the seeing. My brain looks up, acquires information, and it sees for me. It goes from one enticement; lets say a capital B, then to another peripheral small case k. It makes the connection and I am simply viewing.

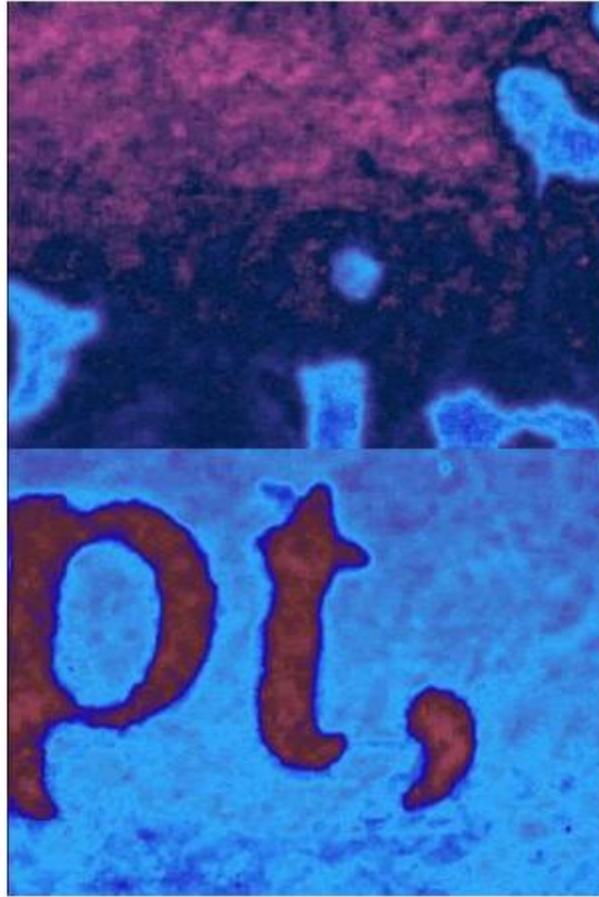
When this happens I am aware of feeling detached. As a spectator I sense another consciousness at work. The brain itself is receiving stimuli and translating that information into patterns that I would normally seek. The exception here is that I'm not knowingly seeking them out. I witness my brain working. This is another consciousness.

I thought of what to compare this to and it came back to staring. When you stare at one fixed point you are incorporating surrounding information and having an experience that includes that fixed point plus everything else around it. Though you might feel locked in one position your brain is doing some amazing things. So I thought, maybe my brain thinks I'm staring and is piecing the puzzle together for me.

I am not actively looking. I am not engaged in staring either. My brain connects the dots before I even see what I am seeing. It is like a form of entertainment, I see my brain seeing and it expresses itself by my following its lead. I watch where it leads me. What I watch is mostly bits of language: half-words, part phrases, single letters, shapes within a given letter, fonts, size, etc. And these, of course, are everywhere. Anywhere the printed word is displayed.

And so I wonder, what is this moment, this moment I recognize my brain is creating associations for me. What is happening to me that I feel detached from my own brain's activity? That I feel separated from my very machine, the one that works solely for me. When bringing it up, I think about deterioration and disease of the brain. I was startled at first by this minutia of time separation between seeing and seeing my brain see.

So barring any medical trouble, I am basically responding to my brain seeing. It is a reality that I've been attending to increasingly. Noticing where and when I am in authority and where I am subservient to my brain's dominion. The subtleties of control are vague, of course, but during the act of staring hierarchy of who's seeing what is even foggier. The who is my brain, the who is me. This brings a mental, body, and now, a third awareness, a separate me axis into play. Three aspects of info retrieval interact with the world. Separations of power separated and facing each other.



starEducation

People, I spent long stretches of time doing
absolutely nothing

It's not that unusual to find someone in the
midst of doing nothing

I'm not sure how I'll proceed, but I will
proceed anyhow

&

It's about being patient I think – waiting and
not rushing

Clearing the mind to let simplicity enter with
nothing else to hinder you

Drawing a blank – seeing a blank undone

&

Very shortly, from the last page, it will be
entirely about staring – locked in place –
held in focus

Eyes have always been the brats – attention-
getting toys securing their place in our very
cognition – vispo, its very victim

&

Disengage and jettison the idea that the
alphabet has to do with language – letters
are memory and experience

The periodic table of speech held up to light

From childhood – letters – the first set of
tools learned that are not physical and pure
idea

&

Staring at letters reminds you that their
visual substance is there to encompass
entire human histories

Letters are the source. One letter is a color
of paint - talking is painting

Each letter contains a history that is both
personal and communal

&

Letters are the first recording devices. The
first great invention to capture
communication

If you dissect a letter and stare at it further
you come upon nature's world – the bits, the
parts, the shapes are a product of nature

Talking is an acceleration of letters

&

So looking at a word the eye lands on a
letter and it begins to stare back at you

Staring into letters assures this response –
eliminating the peripherals leaving just the
markings and their associations

Layers of logic recede and the elemental
logic of the letter surfaces

&

A letter has no beginning and no end

You stare for combinations that are pleasing.
Letters are atoms and words are molecules,
but the letter is the essence of your staring

The keyboard is a house of letters

&

Stare your way into a word till the meaning
of the word is gone then allow each letter to
achieve its visual potential

Burn the cohesive bonds between letters –
the ones that formulate words – and you are
freeing the letter

Words make a prison for letters

&

So you've stared and liberated the letter –
why is that important and where do we go
from here

Here

To disincorporate the letter further is to acquire its subatomic level placing it in danger of becoming purely visual

&

Alphabet is organized for communal usage. It is the rosetta stone for drawing, writing and thinking

Other alphabets, besides the one in use here, are cumulative history arranged to convey the building blocks of human experience

Vispo exists because it encapsulates the area of thought based on the alphabet that requires attention – the letter

&

Vispo is a byproduct of staring. Staring penetrates natural design. Design is a way to make associations between people and nature. Human nature seeks to make sense

of larger nature. Vispo distinguishes the tree
from the forest

Staring transforms. Staring translates.
Staring evolves. Staring compounds. Staring
disrupts. Staring resolves. Staring removes
the bullshit sheen of things

&

A moment to be blank, to be in synch, to be
entranced, to be attentive, to be in tune with
planetary and atomic realities
simultaneously

You realize looking is different from staring.
You are disengaged from the saccades of
looking. You are caught. You are
mesmerized. Your sight and your thoughts
join. One is not racing before or after the
other

&

A sleepers stare awakens eyelids open for
half a minute, half the hour what moves in
through the eyes and out from the mind are
the same, half of a day of peripheral viewing

honed into half a week of serious focal points

As someone completely dedicated to eliminating logic, to eliminating logic hinged to fabrication

&

Not so much obedient to staring vispo, but to be aware of it and so find myself attending to the presence of the singular letter – its intricacies, its implications to thought

Deconstructs alphabet and so alters the message

&

One alphabet for you to stare at. A reproduction of this in other alphabets. Alphabets comprised entirely of vowels. Alphabets comprised entirely of consonants. Combinations attract us. The idea of creating sound of our staring attracts us further. Detach the ribbon round the alphabet. Retrieve the alphabet from the rivers of words around us

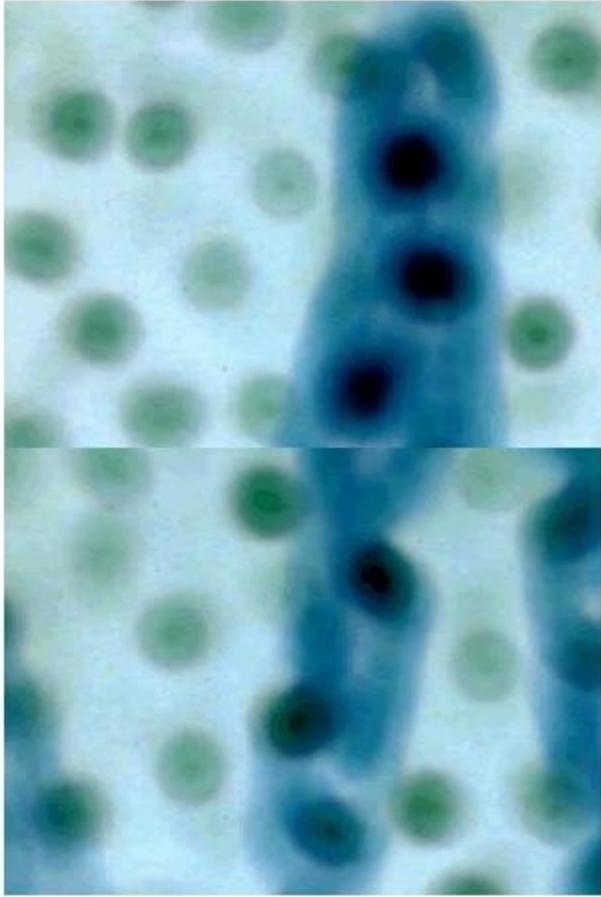
Concrete is ancient vispo

&

Each state in the union – in the vispo union –
is producing vispo – viable examples of
vispo. But where's the staring. But where's
the staring

&

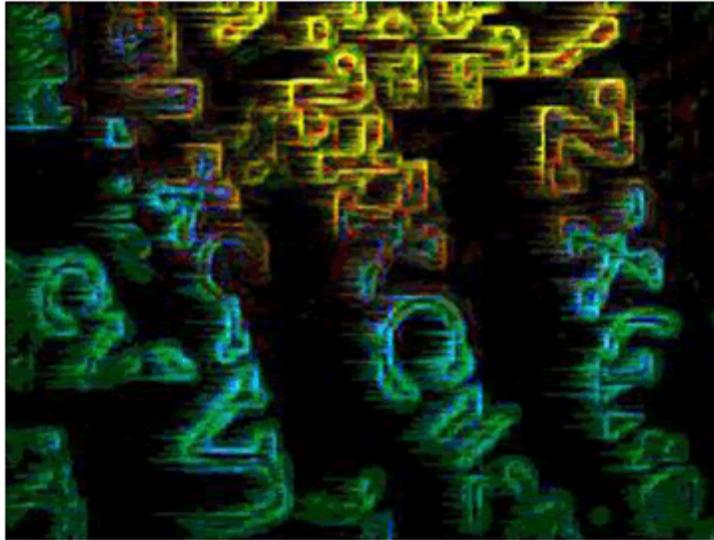
It's not that unusual to find someone in the
midst of doing absolutely nothing



What difference in seeing? The black & whites are more so physical – turned or aligned by hand. Create or assign meaning to the moment by layer. One length of time to attain whatever's sought. You build. You reach. But with color the attention is capture-based. You wait for time and it reveals. Composition comes in view. Again staring, the procedure is to get. Then get lost. Then stare your way back into focus. And click. You catch the shit in a jpeg cage.

Words are patterns imbued with designated meaning. Alphabets are the periodic table of talk. To disincorporate further, letters are visual entities that hold memory and experience in place. Whatever pattern we devise, letters are rotationally ours.

We called those involved *The Starists*.



"I'm looking through you, you're not the same."

The initial act of reading is staring. When you add saccades you initiate movement.

Text itself is an amalgam of units of meaning. Words, right. As you stare at text you notice the visual aspects of letters. As you stare further meaning loses its hierarchy and words disincorporate and the alphabet itself begins to surface. Shapes, space relations, visual associations emerge as you delve further. Alphabetic bits or parts or snippets of letters can create an added visual vocabulary amidst the very text you're reading.

As when you are perched on a mountain's peak though the panoramic view is fetching you tend to focus on an interesting pebble at your feet. Something quantum about it.

*

*

*

what is its staring index. of visual enticement. by which to ascertain value. more than a moment. is something fetching. a floating alphabet. does this piece hold your attention. does it need to. what standards to reach an equitable assessment. length of time, quality of staring. a staring index. numerical. or letters. a staring index able to chart visually derived meanderings. of an alphabet. could be assigned value. the substance of looking. maybe more chemical tearing their bonds. atomic

incursions. noodling among the
utterances. like scuba diving in(
)inbetween letters to liberate the
bonds that keep them in place. pre
meaning, for me, is the moment
before the letters arrange. more
than anything im stuck on parts of
letters floating. the pre meaning or
their meaning askance-coalescing
etc. then having the word go

w

r

o

d

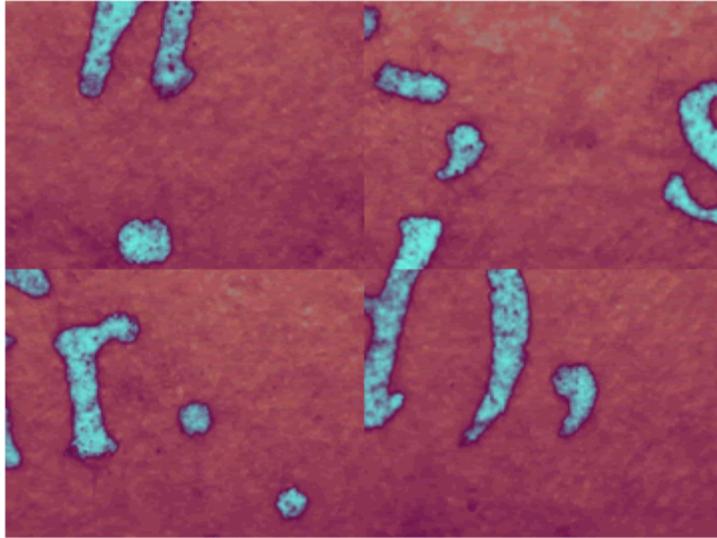


In order to say the word language you are forced to use language. The impossible nature of getting there. Finding your aleatoric self among the pencils. Here. An alerted poise of tumult. When staring bores an opening it defines the border where breathable atmosphere and relentless space meet. The curve of the earth. Accumulation of lived experiencing. Filling the satchel. With thought, with movement, with decisions over both. Mostly it is documenting. The relation between chemical interface and its effect on thinking. Where mind clarifies chaos. Hones in on the attention it requires. Hallucinating the possibilities that generate a reason to speak/write outside of self. And the catalyst. Staring formulates a holding pattern writing prepares for. Poetry, always the support. The base of a totem. The basis of all expressing. It just exists throughout. It never begins.

Writing as field recording device. Stenographer's translation. A mental projectile complete with thought, both verbal and visual, memory, external stimuli affecting our five senses, etc. How uncomfortable is it to say, I document what thinking arranges for me. It's a situation I observe. Where my thinking goes. Watching my thinking think. Documenting my staring. Evidence against the collapsing scaffold of convenience. Maturation of time. Lengths of time within which experience and life matter accrue. Getting ready to write for writing. For documenting.

A kind of Staring Poetics.

Saccades for cadence. The fixed point renders a viewer's seeing immobile for several seconds or more. A momentary paralysis imbued with hyper focus. Not in charge of what to think. Immersed in the designs and possibilities of visual momentum honed to Euclidian ends. Time slips or stops or the ability to control time ceases. Free for unattended thought to seep in. Then translating this process by capturing it. As how the psychology of seeing, of reading might alter the writer. And now that we stare into any number of screens a day we, ourselves, are caught.



Text source from portions of poems, essays, and interviews conducted by Nick Piombino and Tom Beckett.

Introduction

Prompted by Barack Obama's election, a worldwide recession, continuing wars in the Middle East, growing perception of our global community, the call for these writings used the term "political poems." For me, these would include poems similar to nation-reflecting song lyrics such as Woody Guthrie's "This Land is Your Land," folk songs, Bob Dylan, the Great Depression's "Hey Buddy Can You Spare Me A Dime." There is also a tradition of political poetry derived most directly from early 20th century leftist writers such as Kenneth Fearing, Muriel Rukeyser, Oppen, Dahlberg, Cowley and many others. But, today, the question remains: What is the basis of a political poem? History is part of it, reference to people and events. Biography. Economics. Political poems resonate with the import--both the despair and the vision--of an era. Lately I've been led by the "savage" realism of 1930s writers such as Dos Passos and James T. Farrell. Why would Robert Cantwell title a book about strikers fighting cops *The Land of Plenty*? One reason might be because it is an escape from what Leslie Fiedler calls "this depressingly ongoing world with its depressingly immense Gross National Product--all, all illusions." Strictly speaking, politics is illusion. But in relation to poetry, "political" means realism. It means uncovering the real problems of real people, the exalted palpability of the very surfaces of our deprivation, our sorrow and our hope. Toward this end, here are the offerings of fourteen contemporary poets with their current notions of political prosody. This small project is intended to be in no way exclusive. The only contribution previously published is Michael Rothenberg's poem about Hurricane Katrina, which appeared in "Exquisite Corpse." Credit for the March photos of still-hurricane-devastated New Orleans goes to Terri Carrion. The auto plant photos were taken by me in April. Two "visual poems" (Leftwich and Basinski) are enthusiastically included. Let the water taste like wine. -- T.H





not only

not only a sleeping warrior of the world
but also cleanse, purify, clarify, adorn

not only a sleeping warrior of the world
but also ship of oak, name of the rune,
the letter

not only a sleeping warrior of the world
but also ache, pain, suffer

not only a sleeping warrior of the world
but also locked with a key, oak tree, oak
grove, acorn, accent, acorn

not only a sleeping warrior of the world
but also a kind of oak, a species of oak,
oak drink, drink made from acorns

not only a sleeping warrior of the world
but also forth, produce, beget, renew

not only a sleeping warrior of the world
but also birth, generation, nativity, genuine,
birth

not only a sleeping warrior of the world
but also burn, rumination, cut, hew, choose,
oak-whole or sound, entire

not only a sleeping warrior of the world
but also slope, wood, summon, call

not only a sleeping warrior of the world
but also turn, turn away, aside, avert,
turn oneself, go, return, turning, aversion,
turning from, apostasy, revolting

not only a sleeping warrior of the world
but also the name of a place, an oak leaf

We Are All The Aristocrats

The Cheney D'Andalou

The slit tongue lies better.

Le Chien Andalou

The slit eye sees better.

Early movies progressed in jerky steps,
crowds, buses rushing in quick motion,
the eyes not moving fast enough to create the illusion of oneness.
If the pace of history quickened won't a greater number of people
die at a shorter time, does that mean, friends,
that our age is more cruel than others?
You are stupid, friend, it's the
celluloid that did not move fast enough
to create the whirr of smooth motion, it is
outside, the illusion, a sleigh of images, there is just so much
that a mind can take. A reel of Wall Street
the day of the first great crash, people milling around, faster than usual.
All scared crabs. We see history through
images as Robespierre saw it
in the sugar coated arguments of Ionian logic,
no no. Killing is the key,
the two acts of a four-act play,
its steel lips. I'm tired, Camille,
I'd like to rest my head on the soft billows
of your body.
That nonsense about jumping out of the window
you see the whole history of your body before you reach the ground,
is it true?

The people whose lives will not be discussed
or the way they get discussed, feeling
how the market bears down, to be rewarded
in the language of systems, speeches etc

where'd you come from, chump, steerage
class and commuter rail, the common stand
of what's got nothin' to do with me
and who's gonna eat it, while talk

goes this way and money that
while some smug grin just floats through the door, waiting to buy,
one last small stoop to seize the transaction,
big squeeze going up on a billboard.

If you think about who's out there, you'll see them,
which doesn't mean you'll know who you see,
the sun goes away from the land, faces
dizzy like a category, the line-up, the dark ring

outside vision, hard comfort of walking
alone in some place you can't understand, whether
to grab the silence at the bottom of the mind
or talk to strangers, wondering who

will still be there when the flood breaks through
amid the scramble for food, gas, facts,
are you really so ready to see how the future
splays itself across the highway, people gone wild in cars.

virtual nomadism

what has the time brought
in its extensive zero? eternal
for the ground
as the loan of your life
is returned, for free? no more
slavery to quell the collapse
of an offal state? no more
rings for the nomad
as they return to a totem
of a night
of electric shadows
extinguished? the new
wandering
makes an impure world
a light's answer to the sun
returns – to guarantee
no more
by signs

For Brad Will

With a camera to record it
To invent, to trouble
Trouble as in any reflection

Brad Will, taken from the picture
Was it for truth's brutality
Or an accident of beauty

Let's invent heaven——since I don't believe
But let's invent
Heaven, so Brad can be there

Brad Will gangly enthusiasm
Pirate radio en Nueva York
I told my daughter

I knew someone
Who died last weekend
Was killed last weekend *Why*

For taking pictures *Why would
Anyone be killed
Just for taking pictures*

I don't know why
I know why, but don't
Or how to reply

Memory is troubled reflection
Troubled by imagination
By image making

Brad Will, friendly troublemaker
Let's make a heaven like you saw

Let us, unflinching, remember

The American Nightmare

"Conspicuous consumption: a casualty of recession"

--Shaila Dawes, The NYTimes, 3/10/09

How does a recession
become a "cultural crisis"?

The socialite dug deep
into her closet
for a 10-year-old dress——
The doctor now patronizes
restaurants that take coupons——
They keep their car for another year——

The politicians called
for "spending as solution"
then reversed to urge
a prolonged "spending freeze"
But *we* can't "revive the dream"
without CHANGE. First,
leach money out of *our* nightmare...

Katrina



Despite day after day of appearance
by President Bush aimed at undoing

talk about corpses

*Hurricane Katrina
blew through Hollywood, Florida*

the political damage from
a poor response to Hurricane Katrina,

talk about toxic soup

Palm fronds

the White House has not been able
to regain its footing,

talk about mama drowning

Cane splinters

already shaken by the war in Iraq
and a death toll exceeding 1,880.

talk about suicide

*Mango branches
on the lawn*

The administration on Tuesday struggled
to deflect calls for an accounting

talk about rotten stench

*In New Orleans
hungry mortality*

of who was responsible for a hurricane response
that even Bush acknowledged was inadequate

talk about nothing left

*Provolone,
mushroom, bacon omelet*

Even as Katrina was bearing down
on the Gulf Coast that Sunday night

talk about being lost

A biscuit at Grandpa's Diner

and early Monday, Aug. 28-29,
and the national hurricane center was warning

talk about losing everything

*Skip dinner
Shell a bowl of peanuts*

of growing danger, the White House
didn't alter the president's plans

talk about too much talk

*Wake late, check news
New Orleans destroyed*

to fly from his Texas ranch to the West
to promote a new Medicare prescription drug benefit.

talk about corpses

*Why aren't there
ten thousand rescue helicopters
flying into New Orleans?*

By the time Bush landed in Arizona that Monday,
the storm was unleashing its fury

talk about toxic soup

*Why can't an administration
that says it can rebuild Iraq
protect it's own people?*

on Louisiana and Mississippi.
The president inserted into his speech

talk about mama drowning

Don't answer

only a brief promise of prayers and federal help.
He continued his schedule in California,

talk about suicide

*It's a race, class issue
"Boots or books" issue*

and he didn't decide until the next day
that he should return to Washington.

talk about rotten stench

*Iraq issue, troops issue!
Food or security issue?*

But it took him another day to get there,
as he flew back to Texas to spend another night

talk about nothing left

"It's human nature!"

at his home before leaving for the White House.
Once the president was in Washington,

talk about being lost

*Babies sheltered w/ cardboard salvaged
from wreckage of “policy”*

the criticism only intensified.

In a television interview, Bush said - mistakenly –

talk about losing everything

Platitudes

that nobody anticipated

the breach of the levees in a serious storm.

talk about too much talk

Factoids

Even Monday’s trip to the region was a redo,
hurriedly arranged by the White House. . .

Father says, “A Thousand Points of Light”

Son says, “The Armies of Compassion”

Bush raised eyebrows on his first trip

by, among other things, picking Sen. Trent Lott, R-Miss. –

talk about mama drowning

Even as we speak. . .

instead of the thousands of mostly poor

and black storm victims – as an example of loss.

*Bicycling medicines
from pharmacy to catastrophe*

That they would be refugees

“Out of the rubbles of Trent Lott’s house—” Bush said,
“he’s lost his entire house—there’s going to be a fantastic house.
And I’m looking forward to sitting on the porch.”

Bush gave FEMA chief Brown – the face for many
of the inadequate federal response –

Aliens in their own country

Because they’re poor, black, poor, white

a hearty endorsement. "Brownie,
you're doing a heck of a job," Bush said.

talk about too much talk

*"Making their own situations
in a dog eat dog world"*

Later in Biloxi, Miss.,
Bush tried to comfort two stunned women

talk about too much talk

"Refugees"

wandering their neighborhood
clutching Hefty bags, looking in vain for something

talk about too much talk

"Evacuees"

to salvage from the rubble of their home.
Bush kept insisting they could find help

talk about too much talk

"Flood victims"

at a Salvation Army center down the street,
even after another bystander informed him

talk about too much talk

talk about corpses

it had been destroyed.
And at his last stop that day,

talk about too much talk

"It's time for Bush to go"

at the airport outside of New Orleans,
Bush lauded the increasingly desperate city
as a great town because he used to go there
and "enjoy myself—occasionally too much."

talk about too much talk

*whine, whine
go away
come again another day*

alk about corpses

maybe ten thousand corpses

talk about too much talk

too much, too much

*I look outside
Crows in the mango tree*

***Photo Credit, Terri Carrion, from March 2009**

Josephine

Anishinabe tradition is for women to fetch the water

And there she goes
Her copper pail filled with the sun
Swaying for thousands of miles
She smiles, offers tobacco and chants
To the waters of each great lake
Her walk slow and deliberate.

From Katarokwi to the St. Lawrence
Where beluga whales die of cancer
To the once great Erie
And male frogs who grow ovum
To the Love Canal --
A hooker killed that.

Invasive species giggle in the soup
And estrogen floats with shit.
PCBs banned decades ago
haunt bottom layers of sediment.
The water levels down four feet
Coastal wetlands disappear.

Flags rise off her shoulders
She smiles, prays, nods
People laugh at her, think
She's crazy!
I think
She's the sane one.

A POEM FOR THE NATION OF POETRY

The Alphabet Is Free
ah ft sf eee ril
aba eh t
There Shall Be No Government
Of Poetry
With Ets Dick-Tie-Torial Form
And Its Ant Pretention
There Will Be No Degrees In Poetry
And All Acceptance of Each Sing-U-Lore
Of Poetry
In Homage Of Poetry
Poets Will Be Stoned
ah ft sf eee ril
aba eh t

Must Utopia

“And without.”

-Louis Zukofsky

Must utopia
Fall it is fall when
Is it alive here leaves turn
In alive as one stands
In time has suddenly as is
The fall.

Fall it is fall when
Is it alive leaves turn
In alive as stands
In time has suddenly as is
A fall. Must utopia.

Another Dream Poem

That children are the virus
by which it spreads, is the irony, that hatred
seeping creeps into the dreams while sleeping
doesn't allow us to ever truly wake.
It was just another dream that kept them
bound, as they watched their futures bake.
We do, we allow it, but can we speak
there was a fire burning a body (as another midnight
wrapped its presents and laughing
set them under the tree) and a spirit leaving.
War was in the words that they were speaking
there were no bombs until a blind man decided,
lied it into being. But as an ancient cave illustrates
each imaginal night, moves a hunter to that prey
within his reach, ideas leak, and liquid, run.
If we cannot contain that molten revolution
with its twisting vine upon the heart
each generation tasked to redefine the good
must carve some knowledge into choice
voice another generation into sight.

bradley will

there's a bullet in my mind
getting ready to have been fired,

a thousand cuts
a thousand thrills

full times, part times
you know I've had my share --

feels like old go back to school
and the more I learn
the less I like

we are as one
we are at war

when I'm gone
they won't find
nothing left
but the body

one bullet
they didn't
number
was still
in my head

bared bones on snow

autumn pied strait-
jacket meltdown
and the new cool blank
of clarity
smoothes out
the feel of raggedy edge

stock tumble to the froze one

bared bones on snow

connected to honey

posthumous recreation
and all our labor
shall be in delight

Bernanke's Forest

when are we gonna wake up
& shake it off & take ahold of
a small immediate destiny that links itself w/ continuity
rather than erasure & deletion
removal & destruction

when are we gonna blink
thick glued eyes wide open to
electricity's atomized phantoms
sirens sucking juice from brains
curving inward
into a fine black dot
when the plug's pulled out

when are we gonna get smart & stop playing dumb

old commies look down at shrunk wieners
once hammer sickle furred off hot red poles
telegraph hope spurt code
pronging &
longing
for release & relief

a sheaf of official documents
erupt up into the sky before feathering down
upon bewildered hats

**Chrysler, General Motors Automotive Plants
Closing In Southeastern Wisconsin, April 2009**



insipid gardens bloom
along Kenosha lakefront
covering empty downtown windows
Chrysler, General Motors
deliberate dealership reduction
doesn't care about the memory
of Johnny Midnight
UAW crabapple blossoms
Shenanigans, Mulligans
cumulo nimbi of K's
concealing Hyundai barriers
from Edward Hopper late next year
build a new engine plant
in Mexico with U.S. bail-out money
domestic Delavan Street
the river just beneath
Jackson Street bridge
gloomy Janesville

maingate 5555
all loading docks empty
bird-like Century fence
barbed-wire parking lots

GM smokestack unpainted
abandoned gas station
locked guard shacks
grass unmowed, dandelions
propane tanks, power station
on-site Voxx 411 Club
trash piles, "for sale"
the abused moving out
of squalid Cherry, Violet Streets
Mexican egg rolls, pa's pizza
souvenir cheese boxes
Kenosha flea market
restored the Spot drive-in
serving up double-cheeseburgers
with "the works"

cities of thorns
alive or dead
with their mouths their hands
their hypocrisy
or drunkenness
outrage or innocence
sleeping or awake
from far and near
loyal or betrayed
cemeteries depart
and all that isn't in jail
is the colorful approaching
jumble of dawn

1.

Elizabeth A. Hiscox: You've honored the Slovenian poet Tomaz Salamun with a sort of stippling of poems titled "Tomaz Salamun (If You Exist)" throughout the book. A text like Salamun's *Poker* seems to offer a direct lineage to your own aesthetic but, because so much is found in translation, his work changes much between books (and translators). Where do you see yourself - and these poems with their direct addresses to a sort of spectral poet - in that equation? Is another translation, or perhaps a reader's guide, being offered?

C.S. Carrier: I wouldn't categorize what I'm doing as a translation or reader's guide, except in the loosest sense of those words—whatever that may be.

I like that *Poker* can be seen as an influence to my work. Though it's not always apparent, Salamun and his poems have been immensely significant forces on me.

In writing the Salamun poems, most of which came in a single sitting, I wanted to see what would happen when I questioned Salamun's existence, given the fact that he is, as you say, a spectral poet and that his poems are rather spectral. It felt like the thing to do. Could such a force be real?

I wanted to see what would happen when I questioned Salamun's existence, given that I've met Tomaz Salamun, shaken his hand, heard his stories, heard him read, sat in his workshop at the University of Massachusetts. Phenomenologically speaking, he does very much exist.

I wanted to see what would happen when I wrote poems to someone I believed in and didn't believe in at the same time. Was Salamun real? A figment of my imagination? A vivid dream?

I wanted to see what would happen when I addressed this spectral, benevolent, energetic poet in order to better understand my experience with him and his work. In doing this, I hoped to engage with poetry and the idea of the lyric poet, topics Salamun writes about, topics others wrestle with when discussing the influence of him and his work.

2.

Dickinson had hymns filtering in and pulling the pace, Akhmatova had the boatmen's songs from the Neva peeking through, and there's an undeniable rhythm to some of your work. What then, do you consider that background beat you're pulling from, your boat song, sotospeak?

Background beat? Music has always been part of my life. I seem to always hear the popular rock music of the late 70's and early 80's. I seem to always hear my parents' music: Boston, Fleetwood Mac, Kansas, Led Zeppelin, The Beatles, Three Dog Night.

I've always been a fan of rock music. Van Halen's "1984" was the first album I ever bought for myself, outside my parents' sphere of influence. Prior to that, I had individual songs, John Cougar's song "Jack and Diane" and Joan Jett's "I Love Rock and Roll."

I was fortunate enough to be alive for the advent of hip-hop. I'd listen to and rewind and listen to and rewind songs from The Beastie Boys, Grandmaster Flash, Run DMC, Sugar Hill Gang, *Beat Street* and

Breakin'. I was mesmerized by the words, the way they were constructed. I wanted trying to eat them. The words in these songs were more than words, more than lyrics. They were dynamic, organic materials.

Many poems in *After Dayton* I wrote with music, usually jazz, in the background. Usually John Coltrane or Miles Davis. I took this technique from Robert Creeley. He wrote about the rhythms and changes of jazz influencing the diction and lines of his poems.

Throughout highschool and college, I was a bandnerd. I played percussion in symphonicband and marchingband. I don't know how much background those experiences have provided, but I'm sure they have affected how I hear and feel language.

Finally, growing up in a house, with a religious family, a religious father, in particular, who always had the Bible in arm's reach, growing up in the South, the Biblebelt, western North Carolina, in particular, I got my share of the liturgical metronome: sermons, hymns, and language of the Bible.

3.

Peter Gizzi notes your deployment of “a dense lyricism of obsession and celebration” in *After Dayton*. This is a text in which an obsessive attention becomes an invigorated intimacy, and strikes me as inhabiting the idea that repetition is at once a chance to renew and reinvent – a revivification through re-visitation. Can you speak to your own view of this poetic process and / or poetic product?

I've always strived to make poems that are new and reflective of the world as I see, hear, and feel it. For me, repetition is “a revivification through re-visitation.”

I like how repetitionbased rhetorical devices, like anaphora, allow me to engage language, which allows me to engage music, which allows me to engage imagery, which allows me to engage thought and emotions.

I like how repetitionbased rhetorical devices provide structure to imagination. In this repetitive structure it's possible for me to see or discover new linguistic, figurative, and emotional possibilities. It provides a newness in sameness.

I like how repeating words and phrases can hypnotize or entrance both the reader and me. I'm interested in poems as hypnosis and trance. Does this connect me to Blake, Breton, Ginsberg, Jarnot, Lorca, Whitman?

I'm still trying to understand my love for repetition, which is one reason I keep writing poems that use repetitive devices. Repetitive devices are evidence of obsession and celebration, of attentiveness. Isn't a poem evidence of this too?

There's repetition everywhere: biologic processes, thought processes, mechanistic processes, musical processes, cultural processes. The Big Bang, walking, trafficlighs, internal combustion, sunrises, the seconds ticking by, metabolization of glucose, cell subdivision.

As pertaining to process, I think about Stevens who suggested a poem was the mind caught in the act of finding. I think about Williams who called a poem a machine of words. I think about Mallarme who said a poem isn't made out of ideas but words.

I think about something Gizzi said: what he wants to do when he writes a poem is narrate his bewilderment; not tell a story about it, but to create a text that embodies that bewilderment, that follows it, that inhabits the space where things he can't quite understand come together. I like that a lot.

4.

James Tate calls your poetry “an explosion of language, eerily precise,” and this seems one way to describe a sort of ordered, chaotic unfolding. I’m wary of saying ‘fractal’ in the poetic terms that Alice Fulton outlines, but cling to the vision of Mandelbrot and an analogy between your work and a mathematical fractal, not based on an equation, per se, but a portion of something that undergoes iteration – a form of feedback – to bloom into something fantastical. How does the part stand for the whole, or does it? I’m thinking especially of the Azalea poems and lines like “An azalea talks to other azaleas telepathically.”

I love that you see the mathematical fractal and Benoît Mandelbrot, whom I’ve been a fan of for some time. Before I was a poet, I wanted to be a scientist, an engineer.

How does the part stand for the whole? In some ways, I think the answer’s obvious. Aren’t poets and artists engaged in parts and wholes and the relationships between them? Don’t we use details to suggest larger structures? Don’t we say show, don’t tell? Doesn’t Williams say there are no ideas but in things?

Mandelbrot wants a mathematics that more aptly explains nature and its nuances. In *The Fractal Geometry of Nature*, he writes: “Clouds are not spheres, mountains are not cones, coastlines are not circles, and bark is not smooth, nor does lightning travel in a straight line.”

Basically, as I understand it, Mandelbrot finds Euclidean geometry, the geometry of flat, perfect surfaces, perfect shapes, inadequate at describing nature, the world, partly because Euclidean structures are approximations, idealizations, thus absent in nature. Like words that stand in for objects.

He suggests in “How Long Is the Coast of Britain? Statistical Self-Similarity and Fractional Dimension” that the smaller the increment of measurement the larger the distance measured. He suggests that a measured distance increases infinitely as the scale of measurement decreases closer to zero. Mandelbrot’s theories are nice analogs for what I do as a poet.

Selfsimilarity is a property of fractals, and scale invariance is a particular form of selfsimilarity. Selfsimilarity suggests that the shape of an object is basically a repetition, either approximately or exactly, of the shape of a smaller part of a whole. Scale invariance suggests that when magnified a part of the object will be a repetition of the object. So, selfsimilarity and scale invariance are akin to synecdoche and anaphora (and other repetitionbased rhetorical devices).

5.

Sonic love feast and auditory circus, *After Dayton* revels in the shimmer of sound and joy of the well-chosen word. Your poems often create new language partnerships that remind me of the work of kennings in Old English poetry, but without the formula. Can you talk about your relationship to sound, and how it might feed into what you see as your “voice.”

“Sonic love feast and auditory circus”—I like that. I have this image of words as acrobats somersaulting across the floor or trapezing through the air of a circustent or as clowns cramming into a Volkswagen Beetle. I think I’ve had this image for some time, before you presented it to me.

In many ways sound is everything. I'm the kind of poet who will say that a poem isn't complete until its read aloud. I suppose this stems from my connection to music and from the fact that I adore the lyric poem.

A friend recently commented on the luxuriousness of After Dayton's words, particularly those in the "Azalea" poems, and that, in reading them she was compelled to read aloud. I told her that that was one of the highest compliments she could give this poet.

Kennings are a favorite device of mine, though most of the kennings in the book are visual rather than aural, meaning that many of the fusions, neologisms, occur with words that would occur together naturally, usually an adjective + noun construction. Radiotower, avantgarde, pickuptruck, firefighter. As opposed to the metaphor found in a kenning such as wound-hoe.

I kenning any combination of words in which standard usage requires a hyphen. I don't like hyphens very much. They seem, for all their want to unite words, and thus ideas, to only drive them apart, like a wedge.

Sound and my "voice"? I'm fascinated with language and utterance, the ability to form words with the mouth, produce meanings, conjure objects, through nothing more than the manipulation of breath through the larynx and mouth.

One of my favorite television moments is in *The X-Files*' episode "Jose Chung's From Outer Space." This speaks to my relationship to sound, repetition, language, metaphor, and poetry generally. Jose Chung is writing a book about alien abduction, and in interviewing Scully, he expresses his appreciation for hypnosis, despite its status as a questionable technique, given that no one knows how it works. Chung says to Scully: "... I'm fascinated how a person's sense of consciousness can be... so transformed by nothing more magical than listening to words. Mere words."

6.

This book exists in such a strong frame: structurally sound with inner bracings that deny a collection. More conceived than compiled. I'm wondering where the loose ends that didn't arrive between these covers are headed. What's beyond *After Dayton*?

It's interesting you feel *After Dayton* is more conceived than compiled. Honestly, the book is both conceived and compiled.

I had some poems, and I put them together. I weeded out those that felt redundant or overkill and left those that seemed to speak to each other.

The repetitive structures in the poems, e.g. the same title for multiple poems, the use of anaphora in multiple poems, repetitive imagery, make for the inner bracings. And that's what I'd wanted when I put the book together.

As for the loose ends, they're headed into another manuscript similar to *After Dayton* in design, but different from it in tone.

7.

***After Dayton* creates an unexpected harmony of the well-versed moment ("I keep coming back to your penelope weave,") and the unashamedly contemporary ("...the miniature travelkits, phonecards, ephedrine.")). The mix is sacred spiked with profane, or vice-versa. It strikes me as markedly new millennium at the same time it is unique on my shelf nine years in. What do you**

see as the current challenge for poets, and where is that big behemoth we call “American Letters” headed?

Yikes.

I think our challenge is to write interesting poems, poems that push the envelope, that question what a poem is and can be and it might be read, poems that engage the world socially, politically, and economically, that speaks to both poets and nonpoets, artists and nonartists.

Our challenge is to write, read, breathe, and bleed poems while finding a way to afford a mortgage and health insurance.

$$F = G \frac{m_1 m_2}{r^2}$$

he comes at night and she is there
la perla and pradas red
he comes and cradles her neck with paraffin
her hair is fleece

the maples erupt in the forest having never been bled
he comes and becomes kevlar
she mummifies him with the sheets
he comes with an iphone

he comes and she is crosslegged in the basement
cataloging the lovers in the armoire
he comes after eating hummus
and deblouses her brainstem

he comes and dies at her feet because he is a goat
jollyrogers in his eyes she cannot see
she is blind and mildewed
he comes with a revolver and some valium

his voice a doorknob
he comes into the office and there are some there
whose cages he would rattle
he comes and combs the fuselage

he comes with a cock
viagrabable and inflated and bionic
he is the myth of feathers

he comes to paint the house blue with black trim

hopelessness balloons from the heatpump
he comes cruising in a hummer
subwoofers subwoofering neon neoning
he comes and sleeps with her and is not reincarnated

he comes and finds her as red riding hood
she is hard to pin down
her face hard to remember
he comes to her as a hyena amongst the hyenas

and saves her from their parlance only to pretzel her
with his the milk festers he comes
she bewitches him with a manhattan
he comes he is vitrified

she burns him and ablates his liver
he comes in brass and pumice and subway schematics
buffered on the web waxed
he comes and stands in the lake with her scales

his baptism invents terrorism and mortgages
he comes from the toad
the wheat rejects the chaff
he comes and she hermetically seals him in a snowglobe

he comes as the narcissist does with gelled hair
he is rhett butler
she says tear me to pieces with desire
he comes and glues dallas cowboys cheerleaders to her

there is a voice clawing his eardrum
he comes and she says
wait she stabs him with scrabble
he comes and learns he is allergic to monogamy

he comes static washing
the livingroom he comes and her
crying is someone he could love
he comes and polaroids her he comes and she says

fuck me blond poet yes
he comes and the pigeons those on the roof
he comes under the boardwalk comes
and she she comes and neither of them is the same

—C.S. Carrier

Heritage Like Money Then

A shameful complicity is enacted when lack of meaning further presses reality into signification, through language. A poet attempts to undo this process by constructing (not describing) a space at the edge of meaning, bared with logic and music whereby language is released back to its neutral non-zero (Higgs) field. Therein rests the poet's reaction to the boredom and frustration resulting from his or her ongoing inability to distract the self into an extinction of reality - an extinction that has come about because of the democratization of matter and the resulting expansion of capitalization into the personal domain.

Boredom and frustration have thus been put to good use through an impersonality (Simone Weil) out of compassion, not compensation. Unlike pride, compassion includes all, not just the self. The poet welcomes it, having been bored with the self. Grandeur pales next to the tenderness of compassion. One keeps the eyes open to the past, shares its glory and shame because as human one is the beneficiary of both.

Poetry is a voyage with no external goal, refusing the tyranny of arrival, heeding the plasticity and exuberance of intentionality. Letters attain spirit, sound, weight through muscle bound phrases, word combinations and broken lines. The poet is after texture, rhythm, music, after a semblance to meaning, after words in a relationship emptied of content or grammar, 'how it wants to mean' prevailing over 'what it means' - an event, not the recording of it. The poet approaches this event through privilege, not prestige, without the need to establish voice, reaching for the paradigm as it is being created.

Elytis said "I write because it charms me to obey one of whom I know so little - myself." Myself is an afflicted Armenian-American from Beirut, Lebanon, where a variety of religions, languages and nationalities coexist(ed) in a rare mixture of oriental simultaneity and occidental individualism. I have no mother tongue as my mother tongue has either lost me or is cut off. I implode within this loss, seeking the chaos sustaining the world of languages with a voice that has the body and place of an absent body, attempting to maintain poetry at a threshold above which there is meaning and articulation, below which there is nothing but an emotional map of impaired and ungracious linguistic capacity. The afflicted do not suffer. An attitude of tragicomedy allows me to approach my states of anonymity and confusion over identity, like a retroactive being, dimming the future, shadowing the present, always with an eye to the past, to what happened, becoming what Toufic calls *the aparte'* - that which is created, not from what has been remembered of an event but from what has been forgotten about it through the historical documentation of it. The afflicted do not suffer.

The text of a poem may feel like an aggression against the reader/listener as it delivers the poet's choice meaning or lack of it, in addition to the order of meaning that adulterates meaning - thought beyond thought with no center but borders, liminal and luminous, interchangeable. It may feel like a litany, like Scheherazade tales, an all news station, piano bar music or the *Nareg* (lamentations of Naregatsi, 10th Century Armenian monk, imploring/wrestling with god, talking as if to the computer, the promise of one's own reply in the air). Here, language develops thought. Here are arrivals and events with no arrivals. Composed as if on one note, the text releases without releasing into, turning against language with language in order to restore its incantatory quality. Its space/time relationship is both modern (overlapping, as with technology) and time-honored (multi-dimensional, as in Gnostic text) a continuum towards a derivative of the past whereby the new would occur, hoping the labyrinthine structure of the

work will bring the reader/listener again and again to the same spot, time and history abolished because of what escapes or survives the disintegration of experience.

How concepts, rights and ideas are in the way of doing justice to a piece of writing. Producing the proper *oeuvre*, the one with the (mediocre) notion of rules, the right one, seems to carry the utmost of merit. Still one efforts distracted and weary of the conventional, even as *Gemeinschaft* (community) gives in to *Gesellschaft* (society). Occurrence manifests itself, embraces the will of the times towards - poetry??

Why because poetry, like politics, utilizes principles of inclusion and process rather than rejection or criticism to address life issues, whether personal, regional or global. That, however, may be the only kinship thereof, as poetry, unlike fiction or critical discourse, has nothing to say. Art bitten by poetry longs to be freed from reason, said Maritain. Hence the impact of poetry is deeper and more intense, often the desire to co-opt it seeping in, corrupting it.

A mind enclosed in language is imprisoned. When one is victim, one is also accomplice. Yet sometimes in that very simple minded universe that dances in approximations and chaos, words are illuminated when they reflect the inexpressible. One has reached the impersonal stage of attention. Truth and beauty dwell at the impersonal and the anonymous otherwise described as love. That is how one comes to language, with reverence, to serve rather than exploit it. That is how I am put to good use. Reciprocated, matter that I am.

Where we were next/ light spotted

terror loves my body as frame or obstacle
the absence of roots depending
number happy
learning how not to see
Tigranes Deretades Parantzeme
the sun's repeat

blood gives
reliving the sanction of heart for voice
the legacy of rebirth and gives
thought away
federated
mother's love is in the way

Armenians are number happy
feeling denied them that's why
one can stitch up vertebrae
nerves remain undone
you and me computationally irreducible
better yet a last dream colored by number
the kings the queens blanked

still breath expands and contracts
think of bliss inside the disaster
terror laughs at dim in the vein
twelve thousand soldiers
the sun's *epinoia*
I am glad to tell

terror seeks parts and numbers
feeds silenced voices
rolling to dull the prolix of what
uttered at the beginning was
given or produced Rosa
Rosa is that your only story?

the last colony's eradicated
sing do not recite
the pull of the sun endorses heart
liturgy alternates the hour
the conditional stills

tidy up your parts and addictions
all you need to know you already know
a foremost mind one million miles away
a left leg flecking for how closing in
step aside then forward with a smile
wires and switches border what is
explode in the throat

the roll call perm and trans
the peripheral

I have no topic as that implies *gul*
gul dudu roots and grand mother
I carry reminders of for skin
my fortune runs outside itself
always ready for the ball

why has nothing to do with when
it all happened/ did it?
recursions speak away
don't go viral on me now
hold to sound at the rupture
conditional slipstreams into
you will setup a room for me
you will setup mirror

as long and useless is the outside
while no one is throwing the ball
the chorus has emptied the stage
who am I speaking to?

tradition wanders into legend
powers comfort as memory expands
shades and numbers *gul dudu gul*
are there anymore of you out there
truth-sayer sayer?

the question dwells in *metanoia*
created and treated Armenian
inward and outward the techne
between being and charity
parrhesic in nature
the ball rolls.

Flatly present my shame

I am afraid of the hill
I am afraid of the city on the hill
please save me please I'm served
a conquer or perish dish
daily a marker of heaven and earth
community based vigilance and thought
abridged for presence and complexity

how can one abridge a pixel?
patterns vie for content
connectivity breeds collapse
each shape flat unto a screen
profiles everywhere
who do they belong to?

do you want a place in history?
breed consumption earth cannot afford
presence patterns itself as one
come consume combat collapse
a profile after flat and convenient
self as object else frequency tagged
unique and interior

permit me to save lives
history won't judge me then
your fantasy shall be mine so
focused for taste so lean
the rest of our footage rests on it
light around light musculateral
wall reaching for

as domestic as organic a place
lost to demons
as place a veil is lifted and lost
away from corpuscular legality
place as lack thereabouts
error error
what makes a great wall

metonymy
tin pan lyrics
homo hetero auto the sound
flesh endures but cannot stay
give me a second look
the sediment of an eye
put me out there and over
son et lumiere.

At l'Exposition Universelle, 1889

appropriation follows appropriation for lack of what
one thing that some missing ever thing since parsing
how pronouns become salutation there
opportunities of mathematical order
dark secrets there and not there
material based matter

laborsome fearsome intent
strategic and loose

hear it shake it and let the willing the telling
observe the observer welcome trash concept
concept not concept serve listening responding
missing do not imitate the i in reverse
sink to accompany Veronica Voss
the old the new the distracted
for lack of vertigo
the few

fmri this fmri that of tenet including life memory
sandwiched between monsoons and a flat roof
crucial for learning loving leaving
the voice of the oppressed
celebrated category

why is a dwelling not on the screen?

I am a complaint past the vicissitudes of scholars
sweetness denied

what about music emotion the senses I say
art too is about not knowing but more about feeling
that uncharted plethora of possibilities one by one
picked economical effective ecclesiastic I am
fallow complaint

they walk away

*ce que j'ai vu ce que j'ai vu en Armenie ce que j'ai lu en Anglaise
ce que j'ai eu*

words

the reliquary for pieces of sacrifice dropped in my lap just because
I happened to be there standing in line to take form
it was my turn honey the bricolage was set
change needed sacrifice therefore
potential heat financial heat
personal all the way

heart curves arbitrary & chauvinistic an enterprise
I was never the evolute for remember
there is no space for history

the cardioid was first generational and then some numinous entity
spat into it to make flesh that's how self organization started
Darwin would have liked the term the purpose behind
a social collective destined to breathe
tapioca

a social collective has been awarded the Medaille d'Or at l'Exposition Universelle of 1889 today more
than hundred years later I come across its newspaper drawings of Armenian massacres printed through a
generous advertisement for tapioca - Tapioca de l'Etoile - *le meilleur et le moins cher* it says now here's
a drawing of Armenian homes the old country of Armenia is now divided between Russia Persia and the
Ottoman it says this one underwritten by a chocolate company another by a *bon bon* company I feel like
Mendelssohn coming across Bach's sheet music at the meat market except in reverse somehow

dry useless light what is your signal
oppression follows projection follows denial

where is the triangle of you?

the best and the cheapest have burnt the page somehow

I dream of the ashes because they did not choke me
that extension of losing or spending or maiming
backyard snow piled up with survival gear
I behind closed bedroom doors
preaching to the walls

no one worried about your fate liberating words then
as soon as you appeared you were *al-muharrir*
disturbing aristocrat *hurr*
you did not belong to

the territory of obedience limiting you to an inner dwelling
planned expeditions *hajib* (buffer person) and *hijab* (object/
threshold) paradoxically welled up and languaged in things
plain enjambment one surfs over hearing of somewhere
translucent torture elsewhere doubled up complaint

to be friends does not spell to be allies
what then did he say?

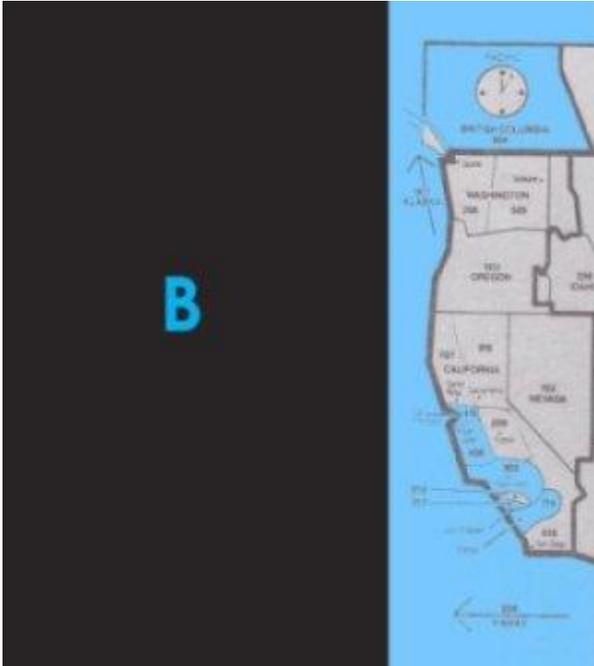
recover the wrong moan the wrong
into a state of Godhood
bid yourself avail

otherwise sand will make up for a full disappearance
drug related commons divisive and sudden
pinches long resigned unto breath

we dot-matrix bound experience
the cement yard and tenants

watch the felt strips decay
transpose into descent.

Review of Matthew Klane's B Meditations
(Stockport Flats Press, 2008)



Further Meditations on How to Be A Crosser of Vaast Spaces

Why cannot the reading of a poem be closed to its own destruction? How might one activate their means and their ways so as to drift across the drift via the drifting drift itself? Is being life-like enough? These rhetorical may seem cryptic or all too obvious, but how else and by what orientation does a poet and a work, *per se*, awaken the code within one?

I think B awakens. If you read it, or hear it, B applies these forgotten poetic uses, the “procedures”—— both point and blank, that, um————point-blaank space, that I think most poetry fails to get you to or through, let alone something to land on. Klane does give you something to land on in B: yourself, mostly, and sort of mostly even more, by extension, a sense of yourself that is more and less of what you really are.

Let us be off toward the getting of that point. Klane, author of that same B, has a chapbook, “Sons and Followers,” and there is a gun on its powder blue cover. And inside, a poem about a

Master Narrative

Life is
rebellion and retribution
Rifle the referents,
then purge, definitions.

One wonders——why use guns, you dorny wordslinger? Life & guns? What’s this marked want——at rifle point——of a new, undefined clarity? Klane’s new book *B*, his first, is the sister work to this small poem. It is aggressive in this sense——it’s loaded by the want of life by new means, but it’s not pointed directly at you. Instead, it will do all of that narrative masterwriting, so to speak, to you, make you do it to yourself——and without a rifle. For if there’s something to new to tell in the narrative, it’s in the spaces——the provocative spaces, spaces from which provoked *sensae* emerge via the agitated, narrative templates of his poems. *And that master narrative is one to be sensed.* [A poor word is “master,” no? Especially, if your analysis is standing still, because narrative moves and it can move you too.] Poetry should ask: How do you get one to move, from here to in to it. Hear the crossover? I’ve heard the poems in *B* read. And Klane doesn’t have such an itchy rifle finger——as in a “trigger-finger.” It’s something like an itchy leg. When Klane reads, his leg is a triggering mechanism. When he reads, he’s in a soft
trance,

and one of his legs shakes

pumping his trance words off the page

into the space
the room
filling in his silences

B is a unique book that brings up all sorts of drafts, which is to say this book has vents by which things can be sensed——particularly the political as it relates to where you stand. You get it by reading or hearing *B*. And hearing Klane read from *B* only heightened the spaces he asks you to cross in it. It is experiential in this sense, for the narrative here is about knowing how you can get the story to emerge, to expose it, in order to change the story, alter the flow of it. “It” being——the sense of that sensual flow, that knowing *that*, which is what you got, your having bin, and how you got it, up to the ever-changing now——and in the case of *B*, how that *that* was somehow wrong, infected, and worthy of implosion.

Being from what you know

So, I know, I know——I know Matthew Klane. I’ve seen his leg shake. Such insights can work in many directions, for/against and with/without. You choose. The point is you can alter the flow yourself. Here are a couple of valves for you: You might know Klane as a wunder-kind, as a poet, as an anthologizer, and as a publisher. Some of the poems in *B* have appeared in *Word for/Word No. 9*, no less. And being myself, a vaast space-crosser and one in constant pursuit of all experiential starter kits, it was difficult to resist an offer to offer thoughts about this book. To start: The

B

floating upon a night-black sea cover, is itself, a milky-blue spectacle. Both as a gentle command, as well as an isolated alphabetic letter. That *B* is already a sounding post for meditations, for one, like me, who is already under the spell of possibilities of what has been called “visual poetry” in the various fields of language art forms. It is a provocative book, for a number of immediate reasons, but more generally, it’s because he is someone doing interesting things with those old words——which is due to his political use of space. I’m definitely not saying he’s making “visual poetry” here, but that *B*’s applications of political intuitions are activated by his visual sense, which is manifested in his overlaying

of the political with his applications of space that can be seen, visually, in the spaces. And thus, by the visual space of the page, subtle and gentle as it may appear to the way-ahead folk, and as radical as it may appear to the text only crowd, one can get intrigued, pulled in, magnetically.

B's full title appears to be "*B Meditations [1-52]*," published by Stockport Flats Press. And when leafing through its five sections, you'll see the aforementioned interesting gaps and spaces—lines demarking the white space of the blanker parts of the paper. It's a geography as unique and specific as the various area codes of the North American continent. Take a look at the cover image of the B book to get my area-code reference. There are no parenthetical marks about the area codes on the cover. I mean it's this () but without the parenthetical logic. I mean, you are in it and space is about what it is about—like text or land. & therein, strange stuff can happen to you—in it—with such textual-geographical proximities. Yes, proximities: One has to cross spaces in the book, for example: From A to B, *et cetera*. You get pulled across magnetically with your antennae purling—from bin to bin, from plate to plate. Despite the tight geographies of words of the page, the geo-political sensuality is immense in the cross over, though at this point in the getting of the point—I will soon say *why*, as soon as I can—when I say it's "intuitively nascent".

So if you're not careful, you'll miss the intuitive point of B when stepping into those spaces, flipping pages in a flurry of imagined corresponding points C through Z. But a point—A point—you might miss, because it is spatial and experiential to the eccentricities of the experiencers, is a point tucked inside the front flap of B—the frontal matter. & that's the matter of the matter itself. There, at that point, is this nascent sense of the petri dish, and this Klaned-massage of the narrative medium of space. It's crucial and declarative and worth repeating here to make the case for why this book is un-like others:

B was built, believe it or not, in 2004, fueled by the, then, omnipresent, confounding, public political debate. Needless to say, now, 2008, the author remains perplexed.

Thus, to write it as "intuitively nascent" is a vast compliment. Young, able to grow. And as nascent as that "perplexity" remains, it is somewhat of an intuitive call to spacious arms, the want of a way out, via undefined clarity—all those necessities of the master narrative, life. Come on, cross over you flipper, is what it is saying. Slide over on a magnet or a tectonic plate. Flip out. Innovative poets ask you to do this—cross space. You've got to pick up that sense, and ride it, like a bird

}

out over the prairie or under the darker canopies of the deciduous woodlands. If you're out over Iowa cornfields—remember that you can always find your way back if you look down. Or, you can get at it sing-song-like, like chanticleer—[Insert your alarm clock sound here.] Regardless of ways, to get anywhere you have to cross the very means of noth, for then you'll get a sense of it then. Wake wakers, stay open to receive & transmit, for sense is that porey hinge that ought to be activated by this—

in some manner.

Now, if that geo-textual, geo-political context doesn't seep into the carpeted, chasms of your soft geography, if it doesn't seep into the furry having bin of yourself, what else can? I mean, the book B is suddenly transformed by all of this—

awareness, or rather, what *this was* in the complex of 2004 up to right now, and thus, wakes you like a waker—clearly a rooster—to the sleepy processes—that *that*—behind the building, my god, of that truncated, but no less vast poem that is: The U.S. of America. Look again, for yourself, at the cover of B, and then look out your own literal and figurative pores, windows, and portals. At best, with your eyes. Do you believe what you see? What do you know? Do you like the poem now? Klane summons that want of a new sense, of undefined clarity, draftily, via the old pore, Whitman, at the beginning of "Re Republic," the second of the five sections in B. Therein, he quotes the specticlizing eyeballer himself:

"The United States themselves are essentially the greatest poem."

How I was activated by reading B (A sheer autobiographical event)

"And all the world is football shaped"
——XTC, "Senses Working Overtime"

Klane didn't ask me to write this, exactly. My point is that I wrote it myself, I mean, from my sense of it, from my abrasion *with* B, from my sense as it was activated by my engagement with the sense-provocations of being in B. I'm not pulling this gentle command to B out of Klane's sensual airy spaces to haunt you with political phantomaeri. There is certainly enough of that Crap TM going on right now because now appears to be the continuation of "dark times" when passing knights are saying "Ni" to the old lady of liberty, herself. Right now, as I write this, specticlizers of the right-wing variety have been pitching themselves into the throes of farcical political ceremonies—shouting about birth certificates, "socialism," and "communism." Those ancient words with implied origins of wild threats, dredged or exhumed from the back matter of previous historical navigations of space are the other-side of these nascent proofs. They were attempts to *not* be born, um, again, but to think again, to organize and structure ourselves again. It's the still very-nascent politics of constructively organizing ourselves and our environments through the idea of the political-being becoming the geo-political being, which is a greater sense of that terrestrial being—or possibly, a part of what might be taken from any sense of a living, "Master Narrative."

The quick, symmetrical response to conservatives armed in these dark times with antiquated accusations could be, "So does that make you 'fascist?' Or better, yet are you a "feudalist?'" Which is to say, I know what Klane means by being in the continued, "perplexing" state. I know what Klane means by "then," too. In 2004, I recall the perversity of reading Roland Bathes' *Myth Today* in a barbershop in the shallow waters of upstate New York, where, in the Bathes "text," there was another barbershop, as if it too, was the one I was still in. I mean, I really needed a haircut desperately (a long story), a real haircut—not so much a figurative one. But it was everyone else that seemed so "hairy," figuratively. Nested thus, it was Saturday morning, and there was a TV affixed to the ceiling of the barbershop like a waxing moon. The barbers themselves, and their patrons, were worked into a lather by the media. On the TV was the media's mythological narrative about a "fallen hero," a NFL football player turned special forces soldier, a real hero, sure, but at worst, a token exemplar of the dopaminized imperialists of the so-called new American Century. Note the other possibility of new? And the NFL and the military were in on it. Eisenhower's concerns for a military-industrial-complex seemed wickedly tangible with the complicity of the media.

The draft from the vent coming through the barbershop was immense. In Bathes' imperialist barbershop, it was the cover of *Paris-Match*; in my stateside fascist barbershop, it was the TV—and in my context of experiencing it, the coverage of this guy's death—"the fallen hero"—gave way to media coverage of the NFL draft itself. The variable uses of the word "draft" in the miasmatic of a nationalism-

cum-imperialism-cum-fascism was too much. How quickly imperialism, nationalism, and fascism seemed to grope each other, become each other, abet each other, perpetuate each other—in veils of some, horrific unchecked desire. When all of this happened—the book, the TV, the barbershops, the images—something *was* matched-up, overlaid, and the tincture was overwhelming in the “moment of silence” dedicated to that same “fallen hero” just before the NFL draft kicked-itself-off.

The image on the TV, then, was the very “narrative setting” of the draft, which was, uh—— “perplexing.” It was: A massive NFL logo TM on a dreamily-lit blue stage, and beneath it, representatives of the U.S. Marine Corps flanking the logo while a man in a dark suit stood at the podium on the threshold of the stage, before the silent crowd. The man was a simple representative sent to reveal the information culled from the draft’s machinations. Now, I know the difference between war and football, but a sense of something horrific began to grip me in that moment of silence just before the audience began baying like a bunch of proverbial hounds, pumping their paw-like fists in the air. Not fair to dogs, but you get the idea. Something had been let out. As I recall that image now, I wonder what does something like “fascism” look like—now? This image was not a magazine cover, but still, something in its kinetics, matched it, was not even a debate——was pure spectacle, as it always has been, image without choice.

[See Douglas Rothchild’s trademark poem, “Minor Arcana” from his new book——*Theogony*. This poem is right on, logo, TM *et al.* One needs to get the arcana of making the arcanas align. Loop it. Regarding the possibilities of poetry & poetics, start with letters. See Kristen Prevallet’s “Letters from Citizen Kay” and “Why Poetry Criticism Sucks”. See also, Guy Debord and the perplexing, inherited spread of the society of the spectacle. A psychogeographical potential is at hand, now, so if you need to wander cities, dorny wordslingers, armed to the teeth, purging definitions and making books with sandpaper covers, get to it. Do we really have to “*ride this out*” for 1,000 years?]

Now is the only time you’ve got. So iff there is then, a choice of how to ride, *per se*, at this point in the-getting-to-the-point, then we need to pick a vessel——a bird, a horse, a spaceship, or whatever you have that’s worth riding, which I suggest is the vehicle at bottom. & that’s the point . Earth-Time.

The question then becomes can you alter the geo-textual flow of thinking that fuels it? And if so, how to alter the flow by its valves? Letters, words,——and ideas are malleable, have their own ailerons, drag, lift——thinking within them is aerodynamic. Words mean themselves when you get in them and start moving around. And if movement has something to do with narrative, then how do you suspend infectious desire long enough to be off, while at the same time enabling a vaster desire to get you across even the smallest of spaces so as to alight upon another means in accord with something like a “master narrative.” Face up, we need to alight upon that face, that surface. In the face of what Klane calls “the, then, omnipresent, confounding, public political debate,” you can still ask, right now: How should one B? The answer is a question of living. How does one get back to the master narrative of life? How does one re-wire, re-org? Via poetry? What I am talking about here is something like adjustment instructions for economists of the bins, but as with Klane, I would prefer to do it without telling you what to do.

Approaching a more vaast, enabling sense of B———

It’s not so much what does fascism look like, but what might something as seemingly nascent and naive as “utopia” look like? I mean, how can you sing about the terrestrial narrative of life when Hummer and Chevron and the US Army can use images of the Earth in their advertisements? So, to think a way out or back in to the narrative flow, if you will, I will more firmly write it out again: I’m not pulling this command to B out of Klane’s sensual, airy spaces for the sake of haunting you with political phantomaeri. As said above, that perplexing atmospheric persists on its own. This political sense of

being is in Klane's B—it's in the book, damnit. & it's activated by it, implodes it if you will, so you can begin to work with it. In B, he—which is all of you—activates those spectral, qualitative senses that are unique to each listener-cum-autobiographer (see above, as my example of this). The space, yours, activated by these constructions is bent on getting you across to another point, yours included, for it activates a sense of what it shares with that greater sense of Being, the conceptions of life narrative, being narrative, and the want of undefined clarity in order to allow it more properly to B. It's got to get you up to that lip—to sense it first, something that gets at the thing beneath the qualitative fog and all of those phantomaeri.

So if the US, Whitmaniacally, was something like a poem, it arguably remains the poem in B, but Klane is not about spectralizing the ideologies of an idyllic, purer time, for spectralizing is not enough. Please read these crazy little lines from the poem “MASTERCARD,” in Klane's “Re Republic,” section two of B's five:

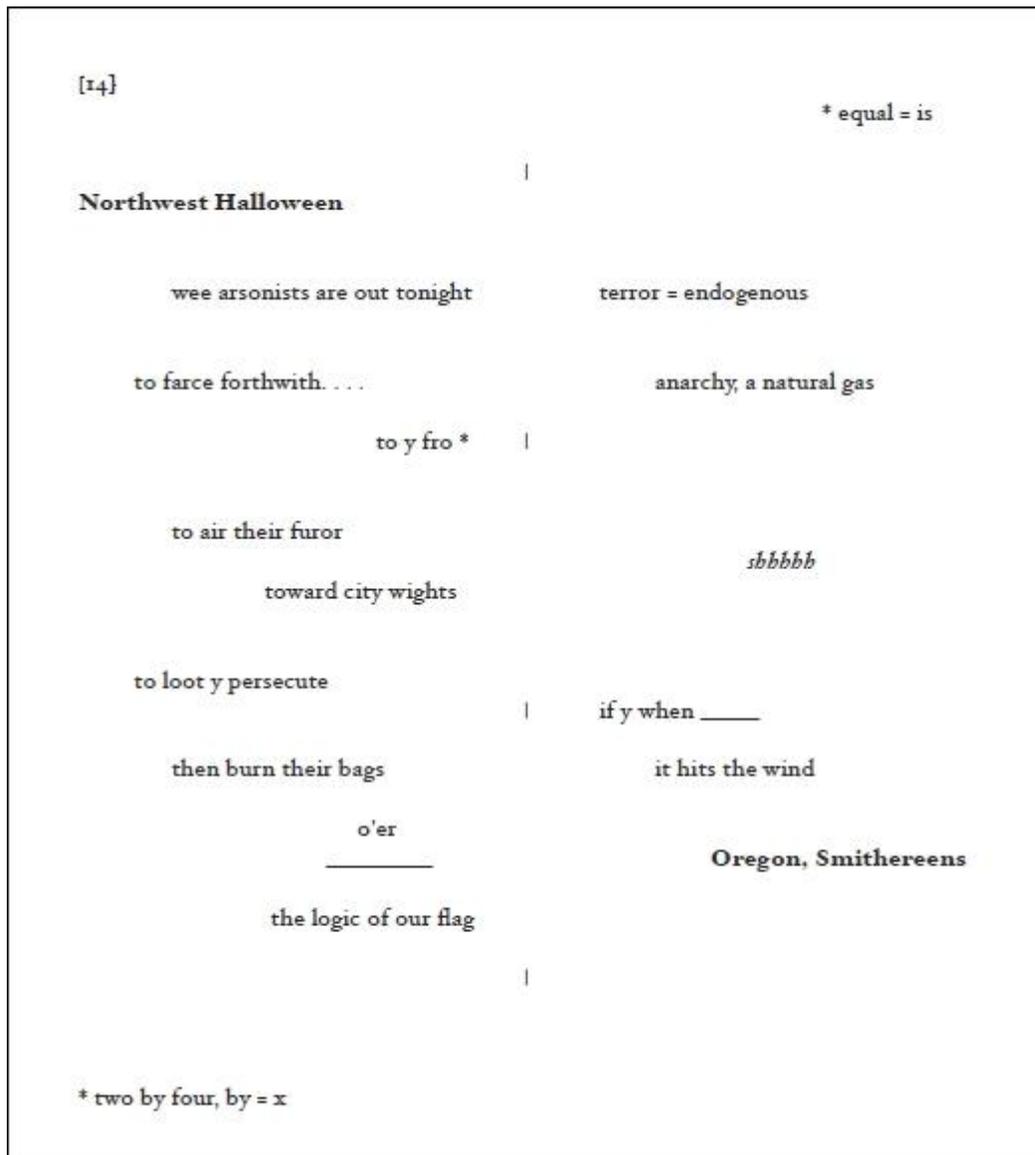
utopia of _____opportunity

Manifest Destiny

Is-an-STD (22)

Get a sixth sense, and note too, that with this small excerpt you're missing the preparatory work—namely, Klane's arrangement of words leading up to the word “STD.” It's subtler than this isolated passage suggests. Every poem in B sets you up in this way—with the politics and the “debate”—and implodes it in the last line. You have to read each poem, and of course, cross spaces to get the full wallop of the lines connected by those crazy little spaces that end in such literally bold lines as “Manifest Destiny/Is-an-STD.” Klane's project here is bold, and the other side of infectious. It was cleav-lander d.a. levy who once warned about infections—“Almost every time I commit an act of love, I get an infection.” Not saying Klane reads d.a. levy, just that Klane is on to the levy's premise: Simple being. Klane asks you to sense it too in all those cloven, crazy little spaces, and not give in to that perplexity, but rather, to implode it. You can map that on the world, cleave, group, or divide it anyway you like (), but as Sun Ra suggested in his 1979 lecture at Soundscape, we don't really have a choice about it. We are in it, and whatever you do affects me too.

So how do you get the reader to sense this other nascent virility for themselves, and at the same time, avoid infection? New tactics: Perhaps start, quietly, no howling, costumed maybe, but nascently, intuitively—and implode the definition. Rifle it. See all of “Meditation [14]” for yourself.



The arsonist-cum-implosionist tact should be obvious in [14]. Be careful of infected ideas, of where you place your love, that is, your magnetic attractions. Remember to ask: What side of the thing being meditated upon are you on? And I am referring here to the thing upon which and with which anything like a “master narrative” could be built on—which is to say, *not* your ideology, but the ology of the gentle, life-like, nascent and intuitive command to B stemming from the ball beneath the balls of your feet.

B Experiential—————**an appliance kit to cross the vaast spaces**

There are a number of sides to this nascency, so how B is “intuitively nascent” leads one to what we can learn from B directly and in-directly, and from there, leads one to see how we can proceed in these interesting geo-political spaces when prompted by B’s textual-political agitations. That same “logic”—without the parentheticals or quotation marks—of getting you over to the other side of that nascent intuition is currently with us. It is The Magnetic Poetry Kit TM—the diluted manifestations of what was thee 20thC discovery of processes, at least with language. And the kit is indicative of other such

20thC discoveries: Namely, all that falls under the peripheral umbrella of classification systems, genres—the very Order of Things™. O syntax. O grammar. O laws. And in this somnolent application of process and order—grammatical or not—is the implicit idea of magnetic attraction. Process. Order (& disorders). Gravity. Something like the implicit idea of a “master narrative” of life doesn’t get any clearer. Yet so subtle, so diluted—it is. The Poetry Magnet Kit™ barely wakes you to an awareness of this. It fails for it allows you to fail yourself.

The same magnetic poetry kit logic suggests, at the same time, how poetry—the wild arrangement itself given the materials we all share—could lead one to something beyond analysis. Is life as political as it is useful? How do you distribute the flexible idea of poetic narrative—let’s say in the instance of B, with its poli-sensory applications? B will push you to remind you, give you a sense of propulsion—and when the backsides of the ™’d magnets meet, you’re off. I’ve already suggested Klane’s implosion process. But you have to apply yourself too. The question remains for all of us: How do you invert that nascent pre-occupation, which is what we know so dimly about processes, and put it to use? Iff you can do that, then there too, you get that nascency that must be achieved, earthlings. [Note the youngness implied in earth-lings.] Nascently, those spaces must be crossed again and again, fa-liing yourself, but with words, perhaps, words you wouldn’t find in the poetry magnets. Words that are not in a fixed and defined, syntactic galaxy; words that are used in other contexts found in other constellations of use. Instead, find words that do not create symmetries mirroring the bituminous words of somnolent, American organizational awareness. Find words that do not reflect or mirror the accusations of “socialism” and “communism.” Apply to it yourself, but bring it all back to Earth—all of you, yourself.

It’s all a matter of appliance. Words could invoke the darkness of the times, such as B also summons in autobiographical biographies, but by their simple appliance, then can also suffer implosions and warpings, as B also does it. And as its done, there comes the sudden sense of fragility to the plastic credit-card mentalities of the other side of nascency. That plastic is thin. The very thinness of things *are* being addressed, right now, in various ways—in the field of poetry and in all manner of art work, but experiment is a thin word, a hollow word even, unless you’ve got something to grow through it. Even The Union of Concerned Scientists is talking about thin ice. And the secret, all over the vast topos-cum-threshold is the means to provide ways—all that a magnetic poetry kit could not be, *could be*—so as to get your process awareness back, for at bottom, this terrestrial narrative is proof of this still-as-ever nascent beginning of the bold project we share. Earthlings, B operates under the assumption of some proof, employing starter kit templates for sense activation, not Whitman’s specimens, but what becomes Klane’s “Specimen Days” (section 1 of B), as well as ours, up to that lip of now.

[Here: Sing “Specimen Days are here again” to the melody of Ager and Yellen’s “Happy Days Are Here Again?”]

B what on earth for?

“Why can’t we be there?”

—Sun Ra and his Arkestra, “Imagination,” from *Nothing Is ...*

Get a bird, and step outside the petri dish; see it? Rotate Hubble 180°—see it yet? If you need help, see the front cover of B again. If you are hep to these systematic overlays of the nation-building (ours) and poetry building templates (yours/ours), then you are under and over this geo-txt in a super-vast way, and at the same time, armed with the very potential, the very means of “moving the land mass,” or at least North America. From his specimen day proofs through his “Re Republic” (section 2) and “**World Series**” (section 3) to “Explore Tomorrow Today ™ (section 4)—he hits on the trademark via the

seams of what still seems to be the slow awakening to incidental otherwheres. And from this awakening, we might be reminded of poetry's current needs. Activation breeds activation——remember the gentle command. This is what this book B does, still, now, after its assembly in 2004. Look at this commercial ad, to get a fuller sense of what Klane is and is and is *not* doing.

The Original Magnetic Poetry Kit

This is the kit that started it all. This kit contains the 440 original little word magnets that have spawned a whole new form of poesy. Join in the fun and start staring at a different major appliance. And now no waiting for commercials--you're right in front of your favorite snacks!

Snacks!? Should poetry be the portal for snacks? Where is the apprehension of your application? What is the purpose of process awareness?

Perhaps F off is more appropriate, here; perhaps most deserved for perpetuating the condescending persistence that must be met with persistence; but F-ing off is no less a symmetrical, mirrored response. F could be Klane's follow-up of last resort to B——iff his senses of nothing/space don't work. But B off to get on is perhaps, thee choice, here. Get a horse, a spaceship——something that's as mythic as it is real. The question is now, how do you get the Being turned on so that you're not just switching appliances, as suggested, from TV to fridge? WTF? WMDs? STDs? As Charles Olson suggested in *The Maximus Poems*, when Coca-Cola knows and employs the art of melopoeia, poets should get a job, and not with Coke. My point about this is that in B, Klane is working hard to offer a sense of something else——namely, his own take on the appliances. The case could be made for word enjoyment with such Magnetic Poetry Kit™, but tethered by magnetic attractions to the fridge and a mere 440 words, this kind of creation is about as near-sighted as a Palin supporter——I mean, can she really see Russia from Alaska? You've got to be out on the vaward tip of the Aleutians, right? Which way are the tectonic plates moving, really? What plate are you on, for real? Which way are the magnetic plates on your fridge moving, really? Geez, make a word map. Chart an ephemeris of what you want. Get a bird. Or a horse. Or both, and take some intellectual-cum-poetic risks. Does it really come down to accepting the pathetic sensorial Ponzi Schematics between appliances——television to refrigerator? B a chasm jumper. When even aggressive irony is about as dull as a Senate or House watering-down session, or a cookie made with palm oil, it's time to find out what's on the other side of traditional irony. Disable your preferences. The pathetic notion of liberal synthesis——the watered-down, diluted ideas of “process”——by activating other means of making could be a kind of photosynthesis, a way of growing unique to the applicant.

So note: It's a matter of appliances in this sense: How are you *applying* your words, and on what, for what's sake. What are you growing? One is really stretching a fragile rationalization for irony's economic power if you settle for a quaint 440 freaking words in The Poetry Magnet Kit™. I mean, you might get some cheap poetic sensations, nibbles, and chaste thrills, even some bites. But we're still talking about sound bytes——the hits——the limited selections of popular phrasings, that creates the very regurgitation of language in the media outlet streams flowing in from elsewhere. O that perplexity. I mean, there is a whole dictionary out there waiting for you——a world of things. & there is still the best work to be done. What is at stake is the very sense of difference that is oozing from the chiasma between war and football, and all other such systems of overlapping abetment. Stuart Kauffman says technologies evolve as species do, and that the more appropriate biological approach to economics ought to be based on the “emergent behavior of systems rather than on the reductive study of them.” [See November 2006 *Scientific American*.] Now then, look at what this ad says, and do it yourself. Employ yourself:

Ages 10 years +
Made In China

Our toy experts have indicated that **The Original Magnetic Poetry Kit** strengthens the following Intelligences:

What are we making here in the US, right now, circa 2009? What does it suggest about our processes and our awareness of them—to B, as poets—if one can purchase a Poetry Magnet Kit™? Or, for that matter, use “mashups,” for a plump, domesticated i.e.? I mean, IEEE. Collage is collage. Technology is technology. Get a wild IEEE, a mythic IEEE. How far can you go to be all of yourself? How much of the vaastness can you loan? B is answering this sort of spatial calling. It employs you, for you too are a part of the technology. How much proof do you need to exceed yourself, so as to become all of you? Is it merely a case of purchasing the application or going to the website, and you can do it too? How are you applying the application? Are we still in Tzara’s Paper Bag™? Word junkies: How diluted is our idea of Process™? How watered-down does it have to get first? Get over, or it’s going to flush you out of your burrows. I mean, sea levels are rising, and methane is leaking from the tundra as the permafrost is becoming less permanent. Where on Earth are we? Have we learned anything from the 20thC, and the one from which it emerged?

To sum, when you start thinking about all of this, you might realize—nascently in the most exciting of ways—that it’s time to strengthen your own poetic intelligences. We need to increase our intelligences by our poetic intelligences, to be in touch with the means with which B points in the way with it. Not with The Original Magnetic Poetry Kit, *per se*, but rather by Thee Original Poetry Kit for Earthlings and Terrestrials, my fellow earthlings. Survey your poli-geo-txtual terrain, get aboard that bird, or B—and, remember, your B can sing, because B could be for bird or bard or both. All of this could be for a book: A Book of Earthlings, for even with your API capabilities (your application interface programming potential), it is still always *about* you, space is, always about your appliances. How you’re using them—*not* just what on Earth are you and *not* only that you are—but where you are on it, because of it, and how you get back in there.

Marcia Arrieta is the editor and publisher of *Indefinite Space*. Her poems and visuals have appeared in *Eratio*, *MiPOesias*, *melancholia's tremulous dreadlocks*, *gestalten*, *textimagepoem*, *Womb*, *Dusie*, *Blueprint Review*, *Ditch*, *Otoliths*, and elsewhere. Her chapbook *experimental*: was published by Potes & Poets Press.

Michael Basinski is The Curator of *The Poetry Collection State University of New York at Buffalo*. He performs his work as a solo poet and in ensemble with the EBMA and his own group, BuffFluxus. Among his many books of poetry are *Heka* (Factory School); *Strange Things Begin to Happen When a Meteor Crashes in the Arizona Desert* (Burning Press); *The Idyllic Book* (Michel Letko, Houston, Texas); *Mool*, *Mool3Ghosts* and *Shards of Shampoo* (Bob Cobbing's Writers Forum); *Cnyttan* and *Heebie-Jeebies* (Meow Press); *By* and *The Doors* (House Press); *Un-Nome*, *Red Rain Two*, *Abzu* and *Flight to the Moon* (Run Away Spoon Press); *Poemeserss* (Structum Press) and many more. Some are available at [Small Press Distribution](#).

John M. Bennett has published over 300 books and chapbooks of poetry and other materials. Among the most recent are *rOlling COMBERS* (Potes & Poets Press), *MAILER LEAVES HAM* (Pantograph Press), *LOOSE WATCH* (Invisible Press), *CHAC PROSTIBULARIO* (with Ivan Arguelles; Pavement Saw Press), *HISTORIETAS ALFABETICAS* (Luna Bisonte Prods), *PUBLIC CUBE* (Luna Bisonte Prods), *THE PEEL* (Anabasis Press), *GLUE* (xPress(ed)), *LAP GUN CUT* (with F. A. Nettelbeck; Luna Bisonte Prods), *INSTRUCTION BOOK* (Luna Bisonte Prods), *la M al* (Blue Lion Books), *CANTAR DEL HUFF* (Luna Bisonte Prods), *SOUND DIRT* (with Jim Leftwich; Luna Bisonte Prods), *BACKWORDS* (Blue Lion Books), *NOS* (Redfox Press), *D RAIN B LOOM* (with Scott Helmes; xPress(ed)), *CHANGDENTS* (Offerta Speciale), *L ENTES* (Blue Lion Books), *NOS* (Redfoxxpress), *SPITTING DDREAMS* (Blue Lion Books), *ONDA* (with Tom Cassidy; Luna Bisonte Prods), *30 DIALOGOS SONOROS* (with Martín Gubbins; Luna Bisonte Prods), *BANGING THE STONE* (with Jim Leftwich; Luna Bisonte Prods), *FASTER NIH* (Luna Bisonte Prods), *CRADLED IN THE BIG WHITE PHONE* (with Larry Marotta and Ben Bennett; Luna Bisonte Prods), *VOCLALO: POESIA EN ESPANOL*, With Transductions by Jon Cone (Luna Bisonte Prods), and *RREVES* (trans. by Philippe Billé; Editions du Silence). He has published, exhibited and performed his word art worldwide in thousands of publications and venues. He was editor and publisher of *LOST AND FOUND TIMES* (1975-2005), and is Curator of the Avant Writing Collection at The Ohio State University Libraries. Richard Kostelanetz has called him “the seminal American poet of my generation”. His work, publications, and papers are collected in several major institutions, including Washington University (St. Louis), SUNY Buffalo, The Ohio State University, The Museum of Modern Art, and other major libraries. His PhD (UCLA 1970) is in Latin American Literature. *Ars Poetica*: “Be Blank”

Keith Nathan Brown lives in Brattleboro, VT. He studied physics and philosophy at Marlboro College. His essay, “Network Subrealism”, has recently appeared in *Puerto Del Sol* and he has a poem forthcoming in *ABJECTIVE*.

Trina Burke's work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Phoebe*, *Hayden's Ferry Review*, *Double Room*, *Drunken Boat* and *Fawlt*. She holds an MFA in poetry from the University of Montana and currently lives and works in Seattle.

Joshua Butts' work has appeared in *Forklift*, *Quarterly West*, *The Hat*, and other journals. His chapbook, *To Learn to Fingertpick Guitar*, was published by Pudding House in 2006.

C. S. Carrier was born in Dayton, Ohio, and grew up in North Carolina. He holds degrees from Western Carolina University and from the Program for Poets and Writers at the University of Massachusetts Amherst. He lives and works in Northampton, Massachusetts. He is the author of *After Dayton* (Four Way Books, 2008), *Lyric* (horse less press, 2007), and *The 16s* (Katalanche Press, 2007). His poems have recently appeared in *Bird Dog* and *New Review of Literature*. He adjuncts at the University of Hartford.

Brooklyn Copeland was born in Indianapolis in 1984. Most recently, her e-chap, *Reunions*, appears with Blue Hour Press.

Mark DuCharme is the author of more than a dozen books and chapbooks of poetry. Among the most recent are *The Sensory Cabinet* (BlazeVox, 2007), *The Crowd Poems* (Potato Clock Editions, 2007), *Infinity Subsections* (Meeting Eyes Bindery, 2004), and *Cosmopolitan Tremble* (Pavement Saw, 2002). *The Found Titles Project* is forthcoming as an electronic chapbook from Ahadada. Other parts of his manuscript *The Unfinished* have appeared or are due in *Colorado Review*, *Eleven Eleven, Or, Otoliths* and *Pinstripe Fedora*. Still other work is recent or forthcoming in *MoonLit* and *Vanitas*. He lives, works in and teaches near Boulder, Colorado.

K.S. Ernst works in visual poetry and textual art, much of which is painted, collaged, or digital. In addition, she uses three-dimensional letters in freestanding sculptures. A book of collaborations with Sheila E. Murphy, *Permutoria* published by Luna Bisonte Prods, is available through lulu.com. Other recent publications include *Drop Caps* and *Sequencing*, both published by Xexoxial Editions. Ernst lives in New Jersey but travels to perform with The Be Blank Consort, which includes John M. Bennett, Scott Helmes, Sheila E. Murphy, and Michael Peters.

Arpine Konyalian Grenier is a former scientist, musician, financial analyst and author of several collections of poetry. Her poetry and translations have appeared in numerous journals and anthologies.

Kristin Hayter is a recent graduate of the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, where she studied sound, performance, art history, and writing.

Scott Helmes' books include *3 Visual Poets: Ernst, Helmes, Rosenberg* and *Thought Bubbles* (Helmes and K.S. Ernst). He has been published in over 80 magazines in 17 countries, including such publications as *Paris Review*, *White Walls*, *Against Infinity Anthology*, *WestEast Antholog*, *Minnesota Monthly*, *The Midwest Quarterly*, *Dictionary of the Avant-Gardes 2nd Ed.*, *xstant*, and *fugue*. His work has been collected in numerous museums, including Museum of Modern Art-New York, Victoria & Albery Museum-London, Biblioteque Nationale de France-Paris, Museum for Kunsthandwerk-Frankfurt, Museum of Contemporary Art-Chicago, Yale University, Harvard University, Brown University, and the Minneapolis Institute of Art.

Tom Hibbard's work has 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*.

Elizabyth A. Hiscox is an Assistant Poetry Editor for the online literary journal *42 Opus*. Currently, she serves as Program Coordinator for the Virginia G. Piper Center for Creative Writing at ASU. Her chapbook, *Inventory from a One-Hour Room*, was recently released by Finishing Line Press.

Julius Kalamarz received his MFA from Columbia University. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in *The Sidebrow Project*, *Opium Magazine*, *Juked*, *The Los Angeles Review* and *Ninth Letter*. He lives in Chicago with his wife and daughter.

Matthew Klane is co-editor/founder of *Flim Forum Press*, publisher of the anthologies *Oh One Arrow* (2007) and *A Sing Economy* (2008). His book is *B_____ Meditations* from Stockport Flats Press (2008). His latest chapbooks include *Friend Delighting the Eloquent*, *Sorrow Songs*, and *The- Associated Press*. Also see: *The Meister-Reich Experiments*, a sprawling hypertext, online at www.housepress.org. He currently lives and writes in Albany, NY.

Debra Kaufman is a poet and playwright who has worked as a detasseler, waitress, newspaper correspondent, copyeditor, and editorial manager. She is author of three poetry books: *Family of Strangers*, *Still Life Burning*, and *A Certain Light*. She lives in Mebane, North Carolina, and is a member of the Black Socks Poets.

Ray Lam's artwork is available at his website: www.iteetoo.com.

Jim Leftwich co-edits *xtant*, and is the author of *Doubt* (Potes & Poets), *Dirt* (Luna Bisonte), *Virgule* (Lingua Blanca) and *Staceal 1* (Avantacular). From 1994 to 2000 he published the early mail-art zine *Juxta* and co-edited and *Juxta Electronic*.

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 Volture*, *Starfish*, *Surfaceonline*, *Niedergasse*, *Papertiger*, and elsewhere.

Trey Moody lives with his wife in Lincoln, where he is pursuing a PhD in poetry at the University of Nebraska. His poems have appeared in *American Letters & Commentary*, *Best New Poets 2009*, *CutBank*, *Denver Quarterly*, *DIAGRAM*, *Quarterly West*, and *Third Coast*.

Sheila E. Murphy has been an actively writing and performing poet since 1978. Her *Collected Chapbooks: 1981-2002* recently appeared from Blue Lion Books and chronicles work published in short formats. Her work with K.S. Ernst recently resulted in the publication of *Permutoria* (Luna Bisonte Prods). *how to spell the sound of everything* (textual poetry in collaboration with mIEKAL aND (Xerox Sutra Press, 2009) has just appeared. Murphy's recent appearances include a Mad Hatters Reading at KGB Bar in New York City (2008), pog in Tucson (2009), and The Roanoke Marginal Arts Festival, where she performed as part of the Be Blank Consort (John M. Bennett, K.S. Ernst, Scott Helmes, Michael Peters). (2009). Her home is in Phoenix, Arizona, where she has lived all of her adult life.

Michael Peters is the author of the sound-image poem *Vaast Bin* (Calamari), and other assorted language art works that can be found in the w/f/w archive and elsewhere. Recent works can be found at: *Sous Rature*, *Hyperrhiz: New Media Cultures*, and *BathHouse Hypermedia Journal*, and *The Paper Kit Visual Poetry Poster Series*, among others.

Francis Raven's books include two volumes of poetry, *Shifting the Question More Complicated* (Otoliths, 2007) and *Taste: Gastronomic Poems* (Blazevox, 2005) as well as a novel, *Inverted Curvatures* (Spuyten Duyvil, 2005). His poems appear *Bath House*, *Chain*, *Big Bridge*, *Bird Dog*, *Mudlark*, *Caffeine Destiny*, *Spindrift*, and other journals. His critical work can be found in *Jacket*, *Logos*, *Clamor*, *The Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism*, *The Electronic Book Review*, *The Emergency Almanac*, *The Morning News*, *The Brooklyn Rail*, *Media and Culture*, *In These Times*, *The Fulcrum Annual*, *Rain Taxi*, and *Flak*. More of his work is available at <http://www.ravensaesthetica.com/>

Marthe Reed's work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Golden Handcuffs Review*, *New Orleans Review*, *Sulfur*, *HOW2*, *MiPoesias*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *Aught*, *eratio*, *corpse*, *moria*, *New American Writing* and the new *Ahadada* journal. Her book, *Tender Box*, *A Wunderkammer*, is out from Lavender Ink in New Orleans. A chapbook is forthcoming from Dusie Kollektive 3.

Mg Roberts was born in Subic Bay, Philippines, and currently teaches in the San Francisco Bay area. She is an MFA graduate of New College of California, where strange tricks were added to her bag. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in UT, How2, KQED'S Writer's Block, Wordriot, horse less review, and Prick of the Spindle. Her poems appearing in this issue are from her chapbook *Missives of Appropriation and Error*, published by Adjunct Press. If she were not a poet she would be a snake handler, or maybe just a good speller.

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).

Larry Sawyer curates the Myopic Books reading series in Wicker Park, Chicago. Chapbooks include *Poems for Peace* (Structum Press), *A Chaise Lounge in Hell* (aboveground press), *Tyrannosaurus Ant* (mother's milk press), which was recently included in the Yale Collection of American Literature, and *Disharmonium* (Silver Wonder Press). His work was recently included in *The City Visible: Chicago Poetry for the New Century* (anthology, Cracked Slab Books, 2007) and *A Writers' Congress: Chicago Poets on Barack Obama's Inauguration* (anthology, DePaul Humanities Center Press, 2009). Larry also edits *milk magazine* (since 1998). His poetry and literary reviews have appeared in publications including *Versal*, *Chicago Tribune*, *Babel Fruit*, *Vanitas*, *Jacket*, *MiPoesias*, *The Prague Literary Review*, *Coconut*, 88, *Hunger*, *Skanky Possum*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *Court Green*, *the Miami Sun Post*, *Ygdrasil*, *Shampoo*, *Rain Taxi*, *Van Gogh's Ear*, and elsewhere. Sawyer has read his work at venues including Woman Made Gallery, Quimby's and *Myopic Books* in Chicago.

Susan Slaviero is the author of two poetry chapbooks: *An Introduction to the Archetypes* (Shadowbox Press, 2008) and *Apocrypha* (Dancing Girl Press, 2009) Her work appears in a variety of publications--*RHINO*, *Flyway*, *Fourteen Hills*, *Arsenic Lobster*, *Goblin Fruit*, *Melusine* and elsewhere. She designs and edits the online literary journal *blossombones*.

Carol Stetser is a visual artist sweltering in the high desert of Arizona.

Peter Schwartz has been practicing the craft of poetry for over 20 years. His work has appeared in *Asheville Poetry Review*, *Epicenter*, *VOX*, among others. He's an art editor for the literary sites *Mad Hatters' Review* and *Dogzplot*. His artwork can be seen at: <http://www.sitrahahra.com/>.

Shelly Taylor is the author of *Black-Eyed Heifer* (Tarpaulin Sky Press, forthcoming in 2010), *Land Wide to Get a Hold Lost In* (Dancing Girl Press, 2009), and *Peaches the Yes-Girl* (Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs 2008).

Nico Vassilakis's essay "Notes on Staring" will appear in a forthcoming 250+page collection of visual poetry, *PROTRACTED TYPE*, from Blue Lion Books.

Mark Wallace is an Assistant Professor of Creative Writing at California State University, San Marcos. His books of poems include *Sonnets of a Penny-A-Liner* (Buck Downs Books, 1996), *Nothing Happened and Besides I Wasn't There* (Edge Books, 1999) and *Temporary Worker Rides A Subway* (Green Integer Books, 2002). He is also the author of *Haze: Essays, Poems, Prose* (Edge Books, 2004) and a novel, *Dead Carnival* (Avec Books, 2004). He is the co-editor of *Telling It Slant: Avant Garde Poetics of the 1990s* (University Alabama Press, 2001). He blogs at [Thinking Again](#).

Irving Weiss' books include *Infrapics: Xerolage 35* (Xexoxial Editions, 2005), *Number Poems* (Runaway Spoon Press, 1997), and *Visual Voices: The Poem As a Print Object*, (Runaway Spoon Press, 1994). He is also the author of *Sens-Plastique* (SUN, 1979) and *Plastic Sense* (Herder and Herder, 1972), both of which are translations from the French of Malcolm de Chazal's *Sens-Plastique* (Gallimard, 1948). Selections from his books, as well as other work, are available at his website: www.irvingweiss.net.

John Moore Williams is the author of two chapbooks: *I discover i is an android* (Trainwreck Press, 2008) and *writ10* (VUGG Books, 2008). His visual work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Otoliths* issues 11 and 13 and *Turntable / Bluelight*. More "normative" poetic works have appeared or is forthcoming in *BlazeVox*, *Shampoo*, *Mad Hatter's Review*, *Octaves*, *elimae*, *ditch*, *Venerable Kittens* and elsewhere. His work has also appeared in the anthologies *Avant-Garde for the New Millennium* and *Ectoplasmic Necropoli*. ["A word on praxis: Most of my vispo begins with a simple, spare idea (one of the works included in this submission spring from a contemplation of the word 'ego' and the visual similarity between the capital letter 'E' and the cross of Christianity ... from there a contemplation of the ties between monotheism and an identity-obsessed, cyclopean culture evolved) and elaborate visually upon the idea until it is either startlingly obvious or utterly obscured. Relying on the simple and stark contrast between black and white, my work often meditates on the relationships between absence and presence and the polarities necessary to creative production."]