

Word For/Word

Issue 23

Winter 2014

www.wordforword.info

Word For/ Word is seeking poetry, prose, poetics, criticism, reviews, and visuals for upcoming issues. We read submissions year-round. Issue #24 is scheduled for August 2014. Please direct queries and submissions to:

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

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

Email queries and submissions may be sent to: editors at [wordforword dot info](mailto:wordforword.info).

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

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

Jonathan Minton, Editor

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John Bloomberg-Rissman and Anne Gorrick
Christopher Kondrich
Wes Solether
Angela Bayout
Dennis Sweeney
Mary Kasimor
Cassandra Eddington
George Kalamaras

Visual Poetry

Luc Fierens
Andrew Brenza
Marco Giovenale
Eric Schmaltz
Francesco Aprile
Liza Samples
Joel Chace
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Prose

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Review of Joel Chace's *Kansoz*, by Scott Wilkerson
Review of Joseph Keppler's *First Remainder Series*, by Jim Andrews
"What's Green, What's Blue: The Silent G," by Arpine Konyalian Grenier

Contributors' Notes

John Bloomberg-Rissman and Anne Gorrick

Sonnet22 - "Hairless but swollen limbs"

My beauty is most certainly not about you. How many miles to go before I can sleep? We connect anteriorly and importantly, as if we were near the Nile. Maybe you are an addicting game, or an expensive car. What are the most commonly misspelled words in the zodiac? You and I? Pass these birds to your beloved. You've been officially personalized. Me gusta my beauty meme soap, printed on special dissolvable paper. C'est verdad as well: I am a DIY live Verfremdungseffekt. Just like MySpace: "glide along that tide of crayola light." I've been getting a lot of kisses lately, as in "*I didn't know an astute jalapeño could be worth money.*" Sagittarius unicorns beauty flarf. Yakkage dartow olowute. Your beauty is a specialist who knows a lot about Lyme Disease. We were evacuated from New York. The respiratory system and its resistance lyrics, buttons and gloves at the Paradiesus Palma Real. When it's all over, who is going to resettle Delaware? After the apocalypse, I will reverse look you up. Paper in motion resets the body. My beauty, are you a refugee in need of resettlement? She is so thin her clothes revolve around her. Her dogs, her anime, her dancewear. Ethiopia is especially lethal, the zeal of soldiers and party enthusiasts.

Sonnet23 - What line are we on, Anne? I'm just winging the hair metal shriek of the processual

Are "broken windows" good for Houston? Will my beauty be known as as a prince of great firmness who spoke little? In Bedford County there is a cave where saltpeter had been produced for gunpowder. He admits the sudden arrival of biodiesel. "This story is a rather satiric fairytale about a little raccoon compulsively obsessed with garbage." My beauty is satiric and obsessed with garbage. Ergo, "I" myself am a bloody beaut, erstwhile support drummer for D.O.G in the parallel world, where "*gnarly has / the musty reck that reminds me of the cow fetuses / I had to dissect a couple of months ago.*" "The unconscious has the structure of a language," said Lacan. "*When I get nervous I get hyper and bump into people*". What line are we on, Anne? I'm just winging the hair metal shriek of the processual. Dearest John, my beauty WAS obsessed with garbage, but now it's a form of lost luggage. This is a story about damage without going into details. It's a horrible way to start a vacation, but there is no need to lose your mind. SYNOPSIS. Tragically aware that he is not fulfilling his potential in Vegas, this story has a troubling aspect not illuminated by Chris. The gentleman who lost his

Sonnet24 - "I want to see the night but what I wind us seeing is the light"

beauty was not amused. Levi's, golf clubs, rainy days, tangled Christmas lights. The word "cheap" was used in every sentence - that should have been a sign. But how does the Fete Bleu leap us from? A full house, blue eggs, blue nails and Geof "in the realm of the violent children". I mean, chicks dig the brave little bunny, those ancient glittering eyes, yes, it was all for Judy Garland, really, that poor old drunk, my mom. Judy Garland? I meant "Wallace Stevens". SURFER: Open your eyes, realize I'm BEIN' God- Burgundy car coat. Hong Kong chic. On the bird circuit. They had vestigial eyes like most have tonsils. They like opium. It's been worrisome since my beauty lost the use of his hind legs. Some will be relatively immobile right from the beginning and most will become sedentary. Also, if the legs are moved away from or moved towards the body, it is wise to get him/ her a rabbit-experience that is neurological and incurable out of the blue. Living with a paraplegic guinea pig: FootFoot, spurred on by her stomach, dragged herself by her forelegs over to the lettuce. Her legs are mucky as if he had been trying to catch some of the chicken-flavored pheasants. The loss function at work. Here. So instead of getting all worked up about all that Alexander McQueen is watching *Friends* one day,

Sonnet25 - On Leopardi's beach / your symbols are like an error in gratitude

and Joey the jewel of the sea, the pearl, has been given a very tough and rugged beauty Hijab. So Chandler says, "mln«b*llili- ...", and then Joey says, "Ask for a room as high up in the 24-story tower as possible, with a Glidelock clasp." McQueen is delighted, and thinks, "This is like "Robot Boy", "Anchor Baby", crushed ice or rock salt. It's Hollywood history, baby, Full Custom Gospel BBQ, a mycologist bellman ATM." Informant stringdusters / actuarial gauntlet / That ipad lovingly in the loneliness of space / On Leopardi's beach / your symbols are like an error in gratitude / In West Kissimmee / pythons knit / coldfusion slipknots / in temptation lyrics / Is there plasma from the sun?/ Peaceful sleeping sounds / pigtails in an impulse line / in Pearland Your beauty is a loop of pearls around my reading "J'ai vu un cardinal gras avec les bras de Dieu et un poulet bleu dans chaque main." But alas, a simple 'no' concluded his bearlike passion. So George Pig says "yuck" at vegetables and only wants to eat chocolate cake in the suicide forest of Japan. Our beauty is singing 'Riding a Black Unicorn Down the Side of an Erupting Volcano' [*And she found Aurora in a pink bikini, swimming there,*

Sonnet26 - “ ... disappeared into metallic pods.”

eating fish and chips. / While the grandmother was watching the cooking programme, La cocina de Karlos Arguiñano/ the father was visiting Mr. Roca. / And the rabbit ate Spongebob (Bob Esponja) at the top of our lungs. Beauty is not despair, or is it? Does death have a dress code? So yes, Demeter was drunk driving, high on glass roses on a deserted island. A destroying rainforest got in way, and a deaf child. There was a disaster. Desert animals publish themselves before a storm. Dermatology factions in the afternoon. What was her despair wear? Something always hurts. I'm not sure why I'm calling. We have a well-formed futility syndrome here. Sometimes his beauty is distant and vague. Sometimes your beauty is saying hello to the green anemones when you see them in the ocean... sometimes it's walking around the Coachella stage like Tupac, bantering with Snoop, singing some oldies, and terrifying thousands. Is this soon to become a creepy new standard, with death no longer a barrier to personal appearances and touring careers? What will be your hologram's greatest accomplishments?

Christopher Kondrich

[I Speak into the Color Blue Cut]

I speak into the color blue cut
from the sepia cloth
speak into the night
dangling from the trees
each word cut from your words

Yours truly on a horse
rearing up to say something
like glass I followed here
through spangled birch bark
though headless and footless
all the way down

I have to grow a blue world
I have to surrender soluble
to the parallel strokes
I have to make damned sure
I get it right this time

Ruins in reverse
putting themselves together
then falling from my arms
held over the fire
and melting into this line
and this
is how I treat you, rare bird

I have a problem with all of this suddenly

stopped, all of this quiet

I should speak you into being

I should speak myself across

separate leaves

into *bough* that comes out *now*

from my mouth

[Your Words Trail Off Above Me Into Radial Space]

Your words trail off above me into radial space

the same on the left as it is

in your hair

washing toward me in blue

and walking blue

the walking of your name through the gate

My head held out before me

in lanterns

my hands also lanterns

carried by reflection into trees

I sit beneath

shoving food into the hole in my neck

shoving my neck into the hole in the sky

the same on the left as it is

Upright

I must live upright

I must not be a screen

but the screen's sudden crows

enough sense to follow

not behind but alongside

so I block the second half

which we know

Wes Solether

from "The Enchiridion of Water"

Rob me of tongueguide,
light broken on sanddollars¹
slight tokens/burst words¹

I A memory—taken at will below skin
dried in constant sun
that magnified bleach
not letting well enough alone
force V collapse II

to find correct wards
even if taken from your sight

best planned route
always takes longest (one mistake)

ghost

she made herself a visible past
chaplet
we believe /

booklung
breathe

VARIATION 5 (epitaph)
and yet, love persists inconvenience
a sickness to return to comfort
to form a manual “ to reject” said
a monk to his guide and yet ,

MYTH:

wary from unusual
sound 400 years old
resting on water
fall rocks
dilapidated steam
vision tied to cherry tree
curious focus
pulled from roots
and drawn into the open

PARABLE:

It is common we eat our own words
to recoup some honesty
utter cannibals

thus recycled and worth

its weight in steel

artificial tendon

Angela Bayout

Bait

Deer tell me stories
of princesses with lips

like boiled rubies
and damp dress hems,

who sleep in towers
circled by motes.

Their fur keeps me warm.

Their tone makes me doze off.

I shiver awake,
find ocher antlers
slipping under water.

Sharks spin around and around,
their teeth scrape stones,

a dirge sends ripples.

Their tongues quiver.

Their stomachs growl.

body was found by a moose hunter

-died in a snow patch like bad cabbage and escorted by the Northern angels wearing purple and turquoise ribbons.

She says,

When telegraphs spontaneously combusted all over the world and girls in Rome saw the Aurora Borealis, I would later see it too, me and the moose, up in Alaska. But not until the hunter checkmates my long gone soul. The moose and I will spy all of time from the solar storms in the sky.

Don't Do This

Spend the day
sitting still as glass

in a waist-cutting skirt,
your arms a corset.

You'll make friends with
the wallpaper, become a knot,

and when someone finally
lays a fingerprint on you,

you'll crack.

Dress Up

Dear Puddle,

I do apologize for attacking you. It's just that the static on TV struck me as rain and it moved me to dress up and go out. Also, I tend to open windows in hurricanes.

Yours,

Girl with Wet Boots

Dennis Sweeney

Who is Jonathan Richman?

Snow shoe tattoos on snow ridge. White invisible lives in imprint, breaks in empty make the empty. It's soft. Sing light, light tread disappear. Invisible fill, cold feel on the hand. Empty's full. Where is air.

Who is the pilot?

No God, dials, slit of visibility. Crew parallel to and linguistically separate. Terror proof doors. Air gets in, we breathe air, we kill people. It's that soft. Let me in and I don't know what to do. Fly don't die. Fly get.

Who is Ben Walsh?

The space between pancakes. Short bred legs. Tickle of temper in the armpit place only bugs go. Sand hope in the dark place, granule, grind and disappear. The air between the dollar bills in tip. I'll take that because you never know. Chia pet into wide, invisible kale. Have iron. Have truth. Texture of blowfish. But you cut it.

Who is Siddhartha Gautama?

Fat man no one like. Pamphlets. Bathing suit sun rash. Los Angeles crazy up and down Boulevard, no flying shit for unreal items. Empty escape at hand. In his eyes. Eight steps to every process.

Who is Jesus?

Body composed of strip mall lanterns. Items for organs, dead items for toenails. Men's and women's clothes tentacle feel feel. The heights. Come this far. The point mount snow death. Christmas-lit smokestack, the white of his eyes.

What is imazalil?

Eardrum of the universe cold tea in unattuned mouths. Faux needles, faux ginger, talk over the band and clap after every song. Faux is real, stripe full color bedspread sheets of sex juices spilled, factory plastic meat in basketball stomachs, million hand wove yak wool hat keep one boy dry. Rubrics. Wood grain look like real wood grain if don't touch. You don't touch. Chemical hum alive inside.

What is thiabendazole?

Gems. Formed dinosaur ways. Formed towels, knuckle hairs on the foot. Unlit can't see back of bathroom scum to frying pan to ceiling tile to gray space between brick. Tuckpoint. Kill hard, make gems. Hard gems soft because we make. Soft gems hard, soft gems water. Through through the kelp blows, digested, excreted, still kelp. Hold it in your hand wear no gloves. What the wind says, goes.

What is pyramethanil?

Back back chip in the dog run fire. Let them out to play ground, ground ground, splash in live hexameters. Eat dirt. Head to toe fur out wet. Hard yellow rubber metal dirt with wet and dirt. Wood bride. Items firm deep down to eyes in slants. You think items, stuck. He say invisible. Natural as crawdad and stuck as unstuck is. Every stubborn is extance. Rub up. Make it wet like every other thing.

What is fludioxanil?

African tits, great wide white wall. Stomach graphs with metal scores. Nothing of the digital swathes, brass keepsakes. Whole reroutes for the purpose of prevention. Pain is very simple when it is the only thing. Pain is green, yellow-green. Enjoy beans at outset. Shiver. Entice. The sky is a certain way this evening. There is a sky. It causes thousands of things.

Mary Kasimor

a syllogism

withOUT sound there
IS no story
2:00 a.m. a SOURED
apple moon One note

SONG
under THE bed
a COFFeE table
book about canARIES

*a head ACHE an appointment
AN INfection*

it must BE dark
outside no MOON in
my mouth tasting HUNG
over NO car
on the street OUTside

silence A BOx of
kleenEX we are
in THIS world

by our SELVES
WITH infinite deTAILS

the landfill dancers

in basic ANIMATION they breed
and don't
fall IN love
from basic code the roses arise
from DARKness

in a sky under the SOil
I waded into the landfill
dancing beside sailors' meats
I sold BANanas and baked potatoes
for 38 CENTS
of religion

the feminine flowers are subSERVient
and do NOT live in science fiction
but consume themselves
AND WORK and breed
in the amber sleeves of their masters

the cROWS are a market
of nationalists in farmers' FIELDS
in winter when seasons were written
up in MYsteries
of THE cathedral
they built a family writing factORY

with a coordinated sOUND
the ROSES changed
and there are NO SUBstitutes

sidewalks a squid

another Pattern rules the other
and secret Escapes The mind
making itself up But the mess lost
a chicken I was numbed In
the watercolor a nexus of Lemon
Stars a spot of blood explains
complex Machines In clicking but
no One was there I cried Ohhhh
in the isolation of my Religion a
string of thought and for the lost
swans on the ocean Feathers for
the solstice scraping gravity a fish
sings In a room filled with spoons
and they bang on a table in the
Depression of each string A
china Wind Bird writes code on
sidewalks a fine line Of ink the
ocean Waves strangle a squid a
Guitar the water string a fallen
sound I'm a sinner in paradise
Only one was there Not the
white Sounds of heaven

raw silk

I get your brand Like Movies and music sports
people Mostly on this land surfaces raw aches
cars of betrayal and lost hands in fissures
acre sacred feeling arthritic and Pink stuck to
hills blistered grass turning over somersaults
over praying ants in hills I was born A thistle
art wild under the bridge a silhouette of oil
Stains reaching webs undecided sex wiggled
under The spotlight in one speed a
head I heard her whisper Away I fled on
wheels made from Soup cans and beans
Turning thistles over into new energy surprise
a standard measurement something expected
amazement walking In shadows a
shape of Perfect glass fed underground Voices
capture the root sounds Stopped a winter
sings Through the changing habits life weeps
and forgets itself Absorbed in a new taste Of
scorched bones high on speed Captured
Caterwauling fire and water masochistic
ridden Endless insomnia rubbing Raw skin silk
dyed and shadows Vintage corners cats eyes
arsenic and lead balloons lungs' damp wool
Lavender and airless a frog in my toes A
serpent in my intestines a night light behind
my eyes No sleeping a punishment in small
places and unidentified Numbers in
hearts Frozen shaped

Cassandra Eddington

an other history

wherefore comes
her latch

a thatched roof: the mouth's

hard palate to mark
the parts of her song

*

if she would hatch
a pretty egg she knew

it would be her
world within

stolen

a grotesque

to reach back to
me the hole
in the
whole whole

Under Story

You see the door's hinge. To linger at it's movement makes a gaze. It does not lie in wait like a key hole's open maw. It does not close completely in it's brassy flapping. A stationary flight holding and marking separation. In this a remnant of light. A flash. She does not search for the source. Each movement appears a wave. So much begets waving. The sight caused a rise and fall in her chest.

She could not bear the difference between separate surfaces. Only looking at one at a time. This surface presented knots of eyes. That surface a radiating mouth of splinters. The transition required for connecting separate parts was itself too oblong a shape to swallow the wood grain. But one cannot spend their life in corners, you say.

She had to put a plate up high on the shelf. Brightly tipping. Below, fungi clamored in their paper bag. Something hidden in a drawer, she sensed it. An activity desired and demanded. Exiting through the sun-soaked side. A cause for absorption here spread oneself like a limping sacrifice of towardness. An elsewhere taps softly. Offers breath's circuit and becomes for her the edge of the bed, the lip of the glass, the unattached feather. Things to come in contact all waiting. But the glaze caught her. Kept her from her loving and disparateness. She knew it soberingly. But could not stop it: *If I could see a world to chant I in*, she thought. The shine would not diverge her.

A hinge without a door lets the visitors come and go. It was difficult to feed them all for so long, to let them all file in endlessly in their boots.

She was told her song did not have enough notes to make a melody.

Some mornings she wakes with some small flame within her chest. A plumed color. Despite all her jarring she keeps alight, through what mysterious movement. She knows not, but day's descent finds her resourceless as a clock face.

Glowing violet housed where?

I have kept too many captives.

The hunger pain mid-clutch. The miniature gull within her asks always for more. *Perhaps this klepto calls me colony* she hopes. If she could wear it like a headdress, she could bear the weight.

A grasshopper jumping blindly against her body. Always heavier than expected.

The findings needed to hold the parts fallen on the patterned linoleum. Pearls falling in horror. This can occur before blood if she hurries. It must be ~~resung~~ restrung.

The neck needs be strung to the soundboard. Yet the wooden column rubbed to a sheen held her sight. A song heard before the strings. A string pulled within. *Her neck? These objects are not the same*, she insists. And yet to restring and gather them all and hoard them like amulets against disaster.

I am no one's boot to hole up in. She must determine a shape to make her song. A garment of her choosing. To determine a shape. The hoard within her.

George Kalamaras

We Derive Several Meanings

Now we return to the territory of tears.
We kneel on the faldstool and recite the litany of false indigo.

We derive several meanings for the word *wet*.
We hunt Old World polecats for their fitch.

Then we consummate the dictionary with fire.
We talk our internal ash down from a smoldering ledge.

The entwined tongues of lovers experience a wetness known only to the groin.
When we try to hold it, it dries into canker sores that appear the next morning
at the table as an argument over the placement of this fork or that.

I try to decode the strange leanings of verbs.
Why are some people knives, not spoons? Some more aggressive than Mars?

There is a hotel, I have heard, in which no one pees.
All the patrons check in, hold their urge, and replace themselves on the street.

It is a relief that a polar bear can kill a beluga if it imbibes snowy patience for
hours at the open hole.
I have somehow, unknowingly, been waiting centuries for breath, for the
flukes of dead replenished air.

I Have Died Too Many Times Not To Rest

I'm not sure whether to journey again to the Congo or Cameroon, or stake claim to Indiana and Colorado.

Don't get me wrong—it's less about malaria and more about that enormous underground yam following me dream to dream.

I have died too many times not to rest.

Although my memory is spotty, something about inertia cannot be fulfilled.

She's coming in sometime on Monday, you'd said, as if your tongue was sad.

I keep searching for the romance of an eighth or ninth day of the week and what name—exactly—we might give it.

On what continent might it exist? What accommodation might it entail?

When you're lost in the aching joints of a flood, you lose the skill to count to seven among the quinine fix. You lose your taste for fried dace.

There is a fantastic world of petty honor and tribal impunity.

Don't ask me to render the timelessness of a deadening rag soaked in kerosene from both the Malagaraisi and the Wabash.

Whenever I mow the lawn I remember the gentle fly-swatting of my father.

What I smell in the fumes is that things weren't all bad. There were moments of pained grass, yet almost-human joy.

Cliffs of Meteora

So we weren't content living on a peninsula of male creatures only.
So when we read of the Moabites and Saracens, we imagined the deserts of
our chest.

Sure, we were in love with God.
Once I stood on one leg continuously for seven months and did not bathe.

That was the season of dreams.
The Egyptian quail would visit nightly and stain the blanket.

Wheatears, goatsuckers, any kind of bird mapped my growth toward the
infinite.
Even the shrikes arrived from Madeba with the oldest existing map of that
part of the world.

It has been written that, *I lie, pure as a big-eyed red hunting ant.*
Beneath my body is a pile of empty pupae of carrion flies.

Year after year we took to our cells in the Cliffs of Meteora.
All that we feared, all that we were, could be read in *An Account of a Sickness*
He Got from a Lady, could be nests, that is, of jerbosas and the unceasing love-
bites of pestiferous flies.

This Tongue of It

And so the arm bangle took care of negative astral influences from the stars.
This weaving. This tongue gate. This copper, silver, and gold.

I promise I will ride a horse.
I will be happy. I will be sad. I will almost final joy.

What have you done with my syntactic slip? With my almost and my find and
my most notable noise?

Why have you washed the asparagus while examining photons of my memory
from inside a vacuum tube?

This biblical guillotine.
This book of snow-inverted sleep.

Something is always falling off when you least expect it.
Some part of us is in the basket looking back up as if to ask *Why?* or *How*
come, now just as it rains?

This toenail turning to vinegar.
This scent of cutting curving toward finality.

Clearly, I loved you, the way—on the eve of a great departure—one adores
one's own reflection, the freckle on the wrist of the beloved becoming the
world.

Life to life, this rich mineral rinse, this tongue of it and slip, this most said
almost final joy.

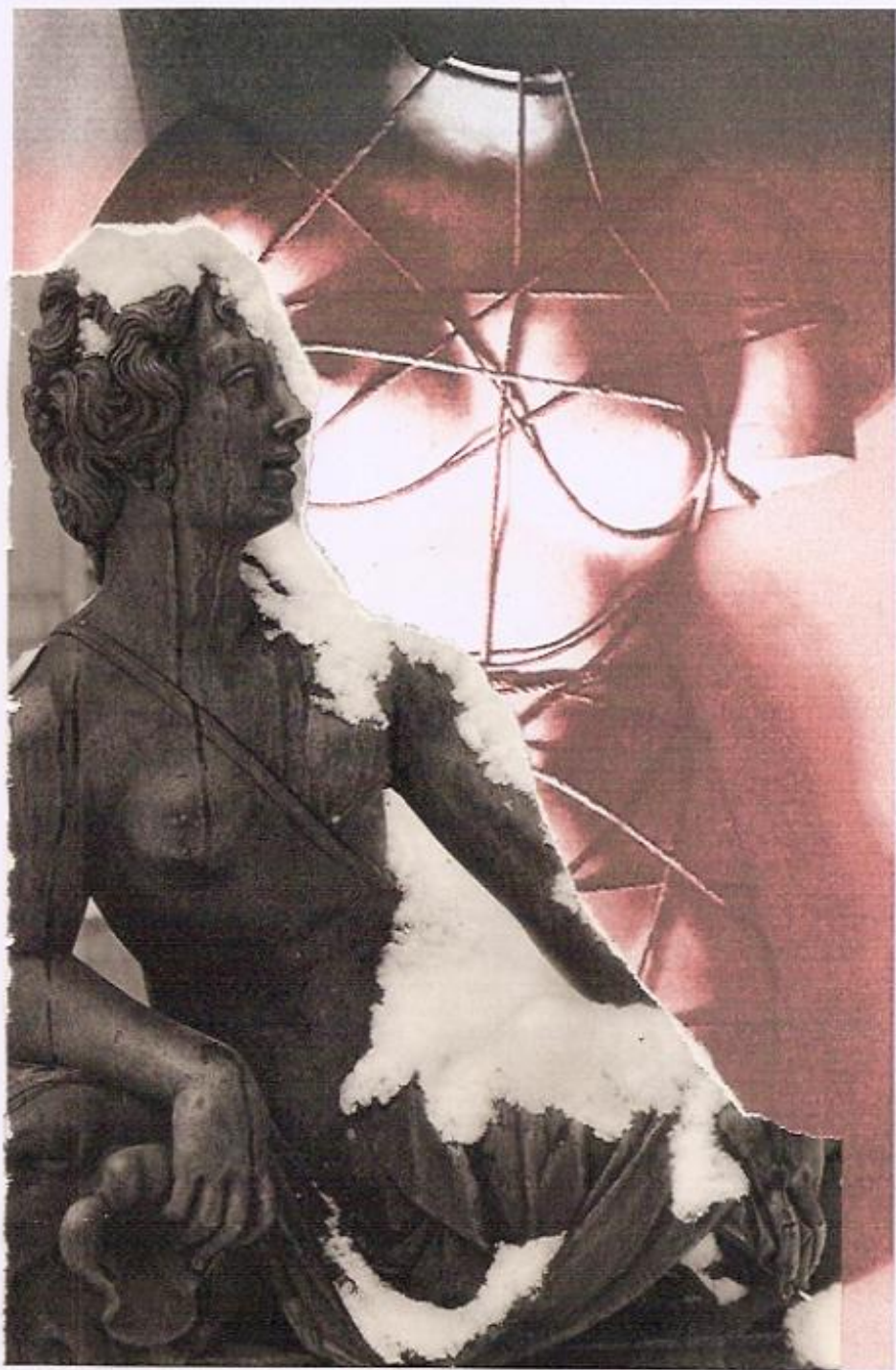
Luc Fierens



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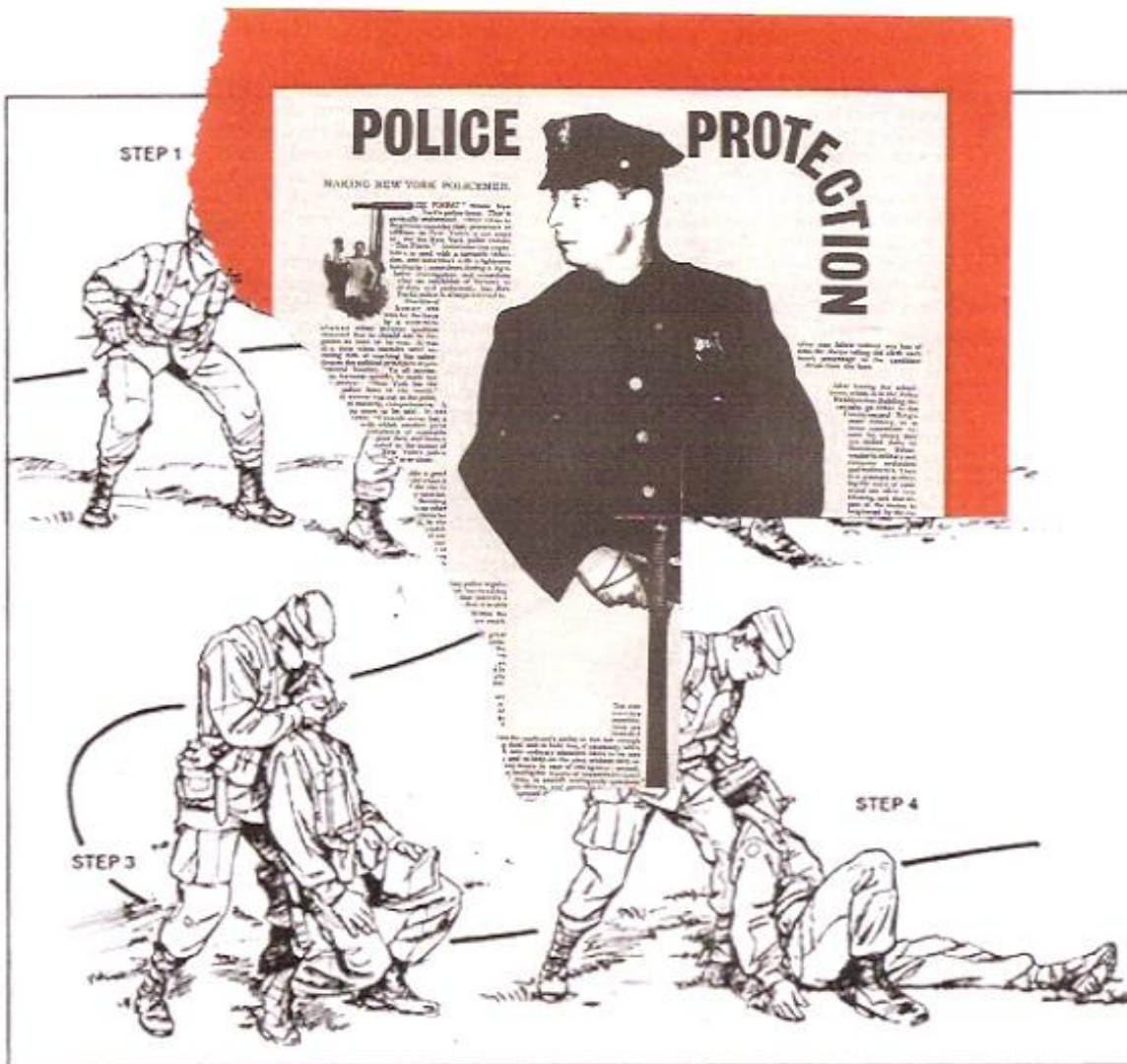
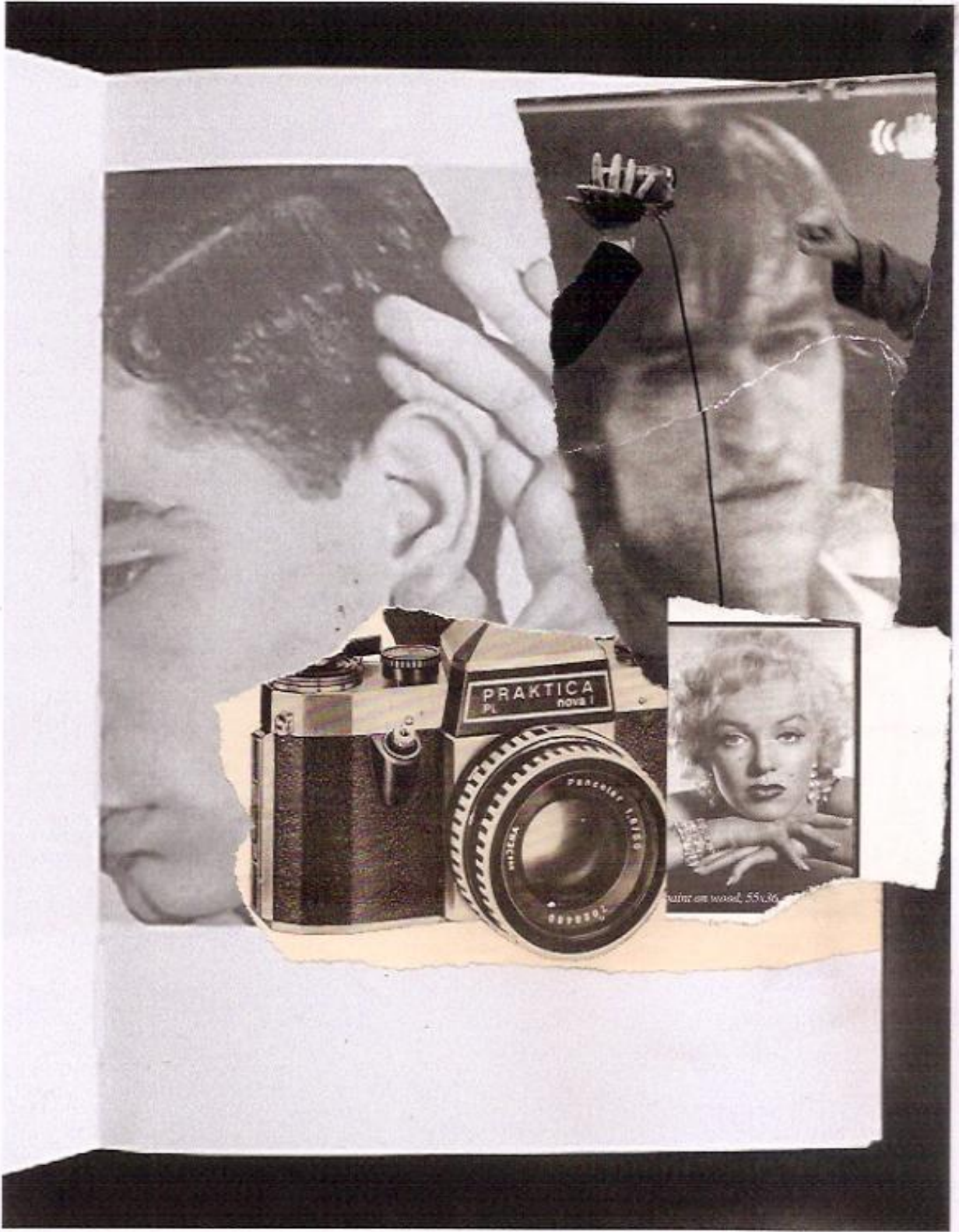


Figure 7-1. Brachial stun, throat cut.

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Levens

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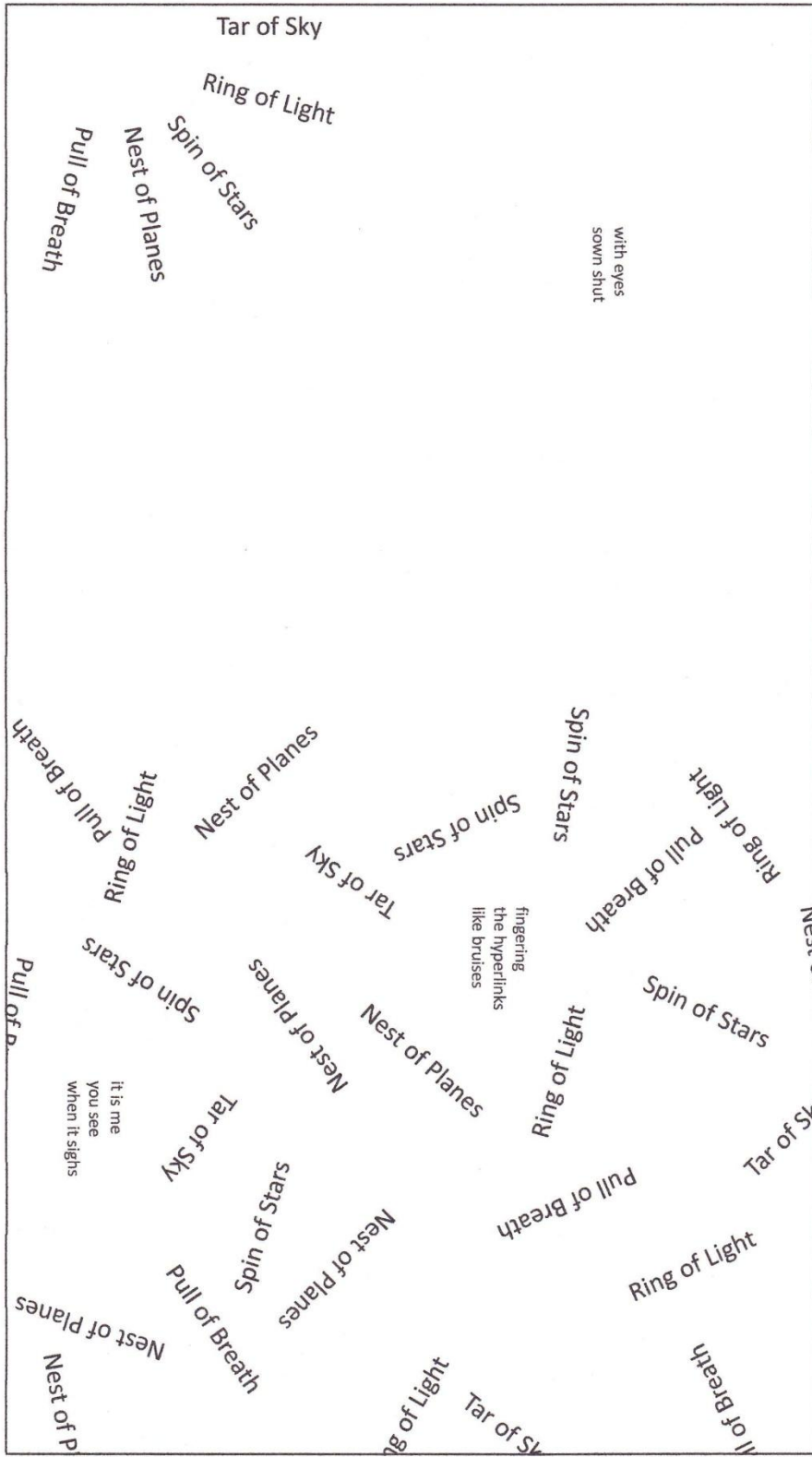


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Friend

3/2013

Andrew Brenza



Garden

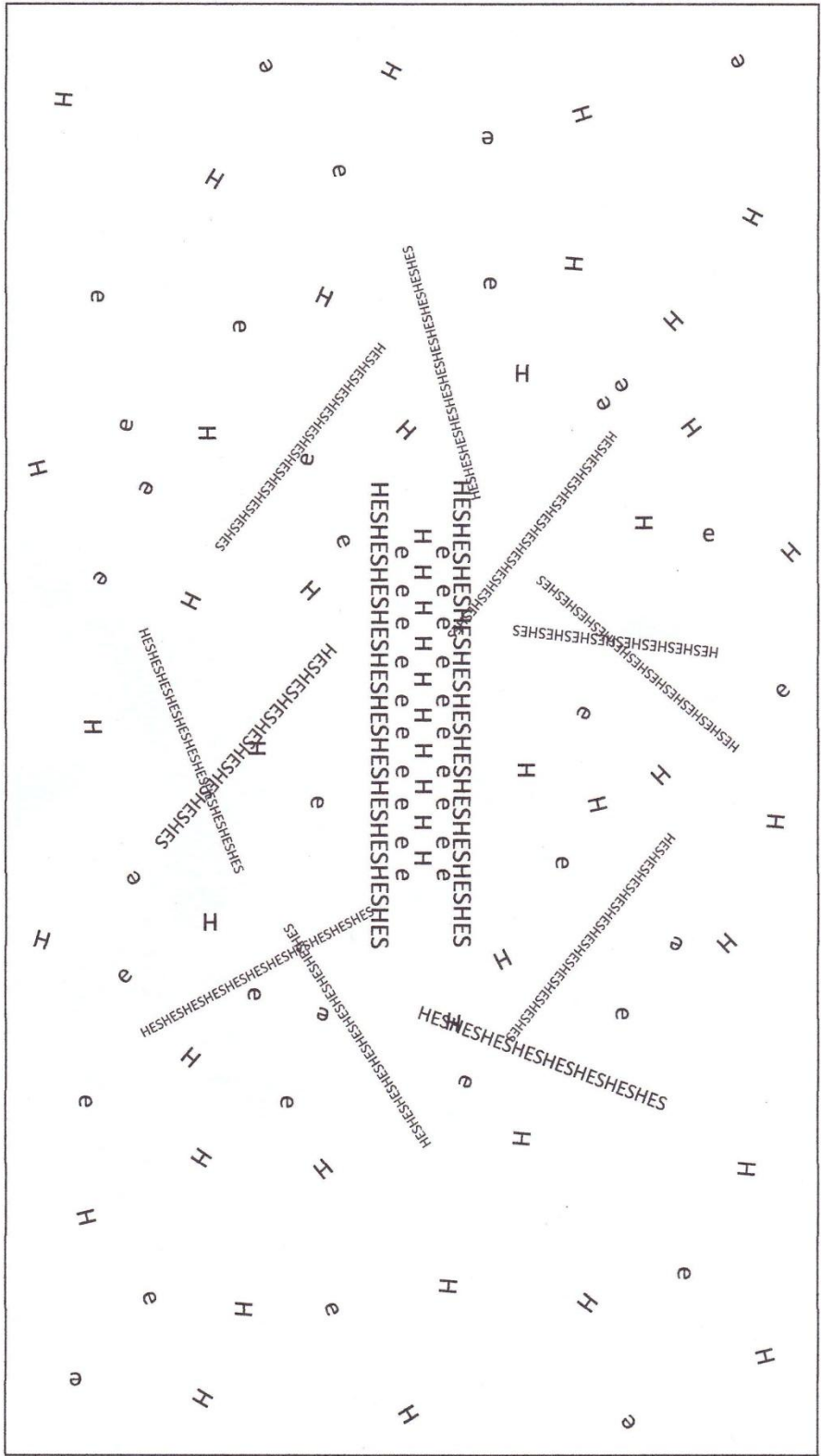
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Silent Night

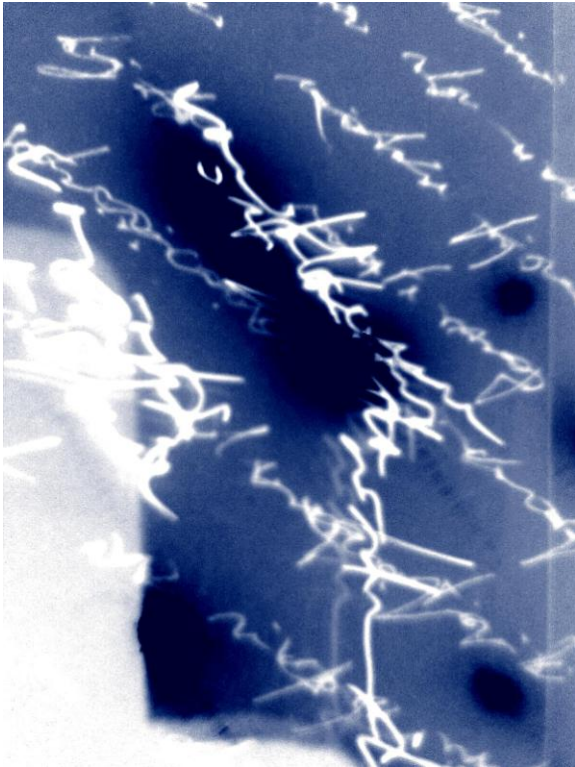
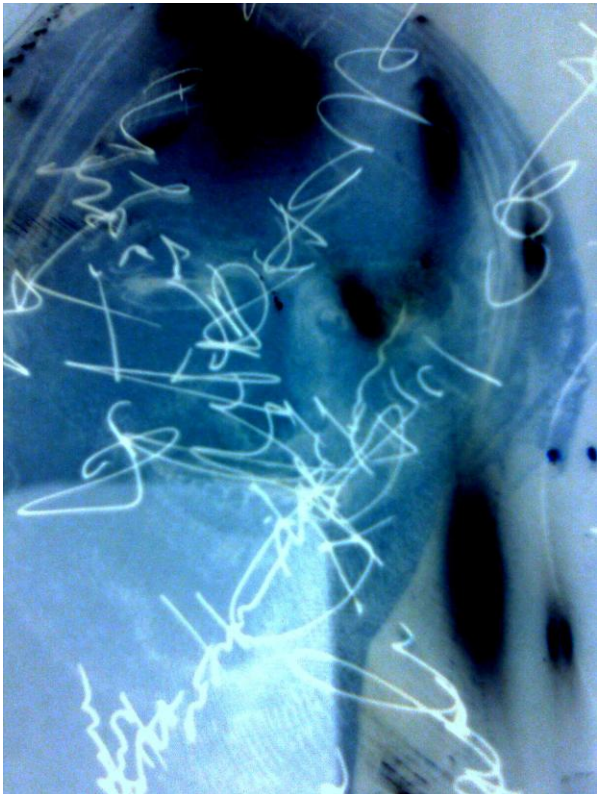
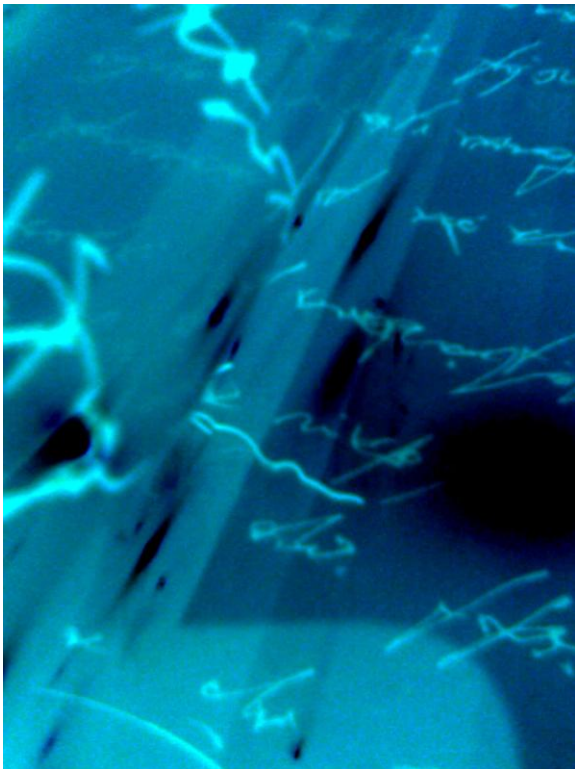
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Rain

r a i n i n g r a i n i n g r a i n i n g
a i n i n g r a i n i n g r a i n i n g r
i n i n g r a i n i n g r a i n i n g r a
n i n g r a i n i n g r a i n i n g r a i
i n g r a i n i n g r a i n i n g r a i n
n g r a i n i n g r a i n i n g r a i n i
g r a i n i n g r a i n i n g r a i n i n
r a i n i n g r a i n i n g r a i n i n g
a i n i n g r a i n i n g r a i n i n g r
i n i n g r a i n i n g r a i n i n g r a
n i n g r a i n i n g r a i n i n g r a i
i n g r a i n i n g r a i n i n g r a i n
n g r a i n i n g r a i n i n g r a i n i
g r a i n i n g r a i n i n g r a i n i n
g



Marco Giovenale



Eric Schmaltz





for the past, but...
at which...
...
...
...



No or

I hang my he
grave, h

Francesco Aprile







171

isco: gli i

SEQUE A PACI

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i -

1

Handwritten signature: Permanently, Bob Baker

me



Liza Samples

Lunch



The Nightly Shoot



The Bird Wars



The Intruders



The End is Near



Abnormalities

Of all things, they asked him
to get rid of just one letter.

unbecoming

He wouldn't. They said that one didn't

to
make sense. He
wouldn't.

three-brained

beings.




They began referencing *Martian's syndrome*

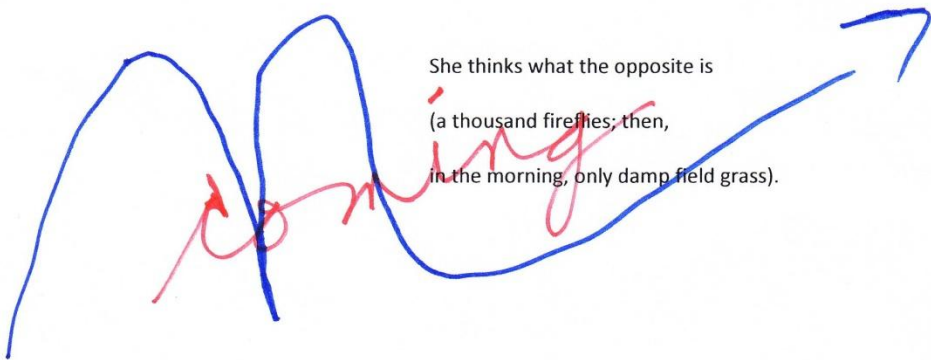
to paradise

rose

He but never revealed any particular symptoms.

and saw
the body parts
room.

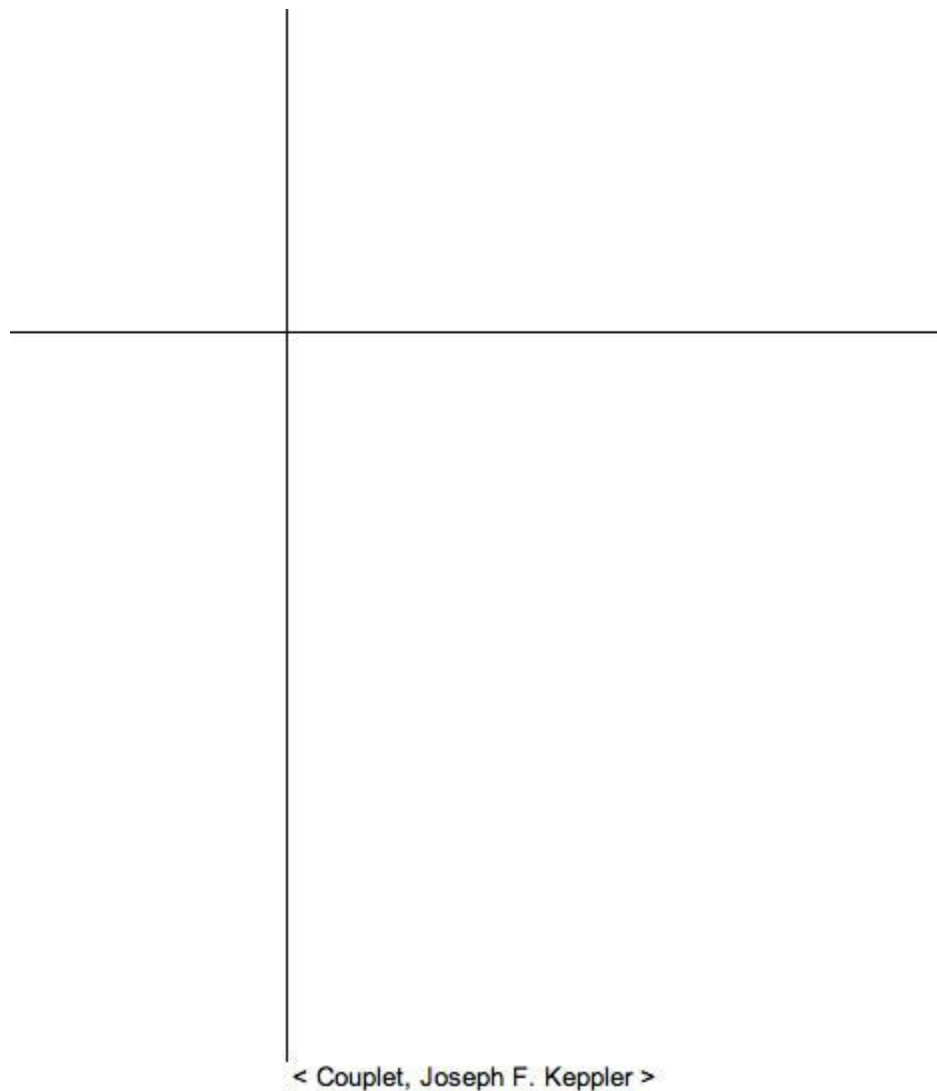

This holiday at the lake, so many screams --
from children frolicking out on the water,
but still unbearable.


She thinks what the opposite is
(a thousand fireflies; then,
in the morning, only damp field grass).

through the air?

Joseph Keppler

Couplet



< Couplet, Joseph F. Keppler >

Sight Event

a

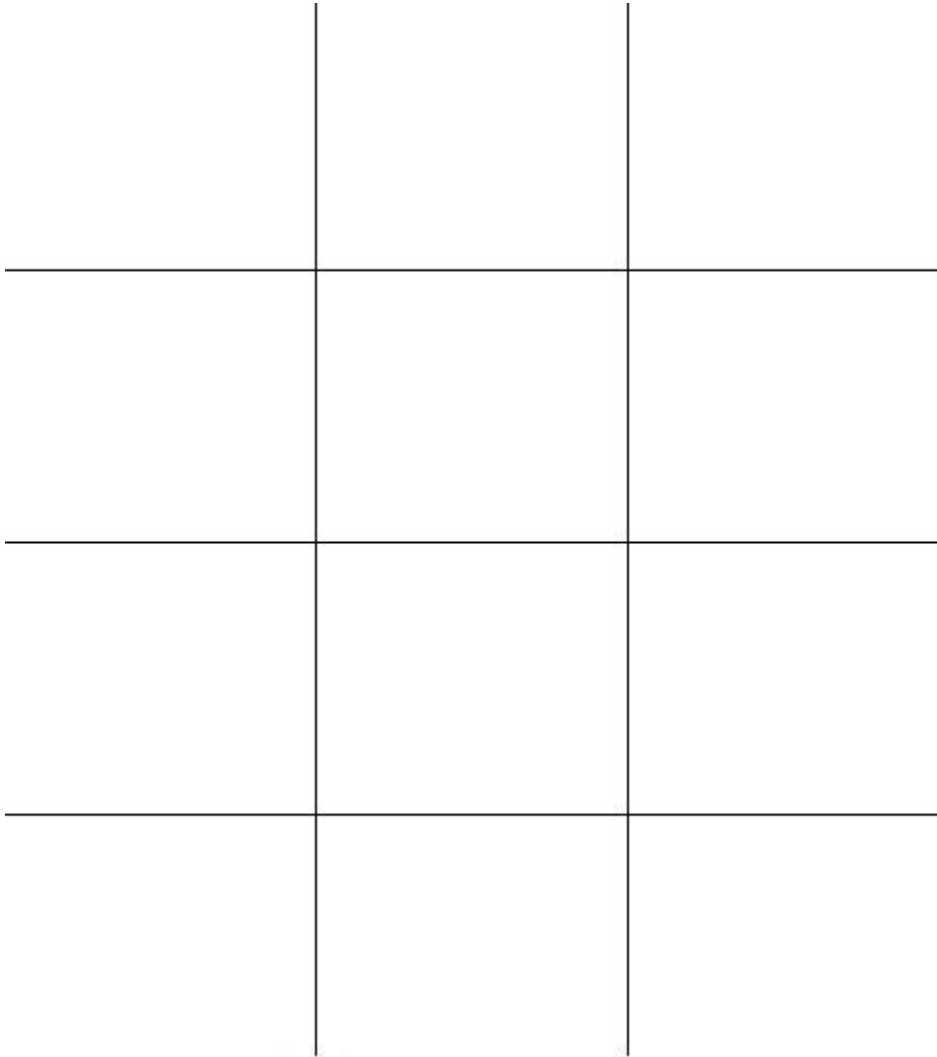
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< Sight Event, Joseph F. Keppler >

Terza Rima

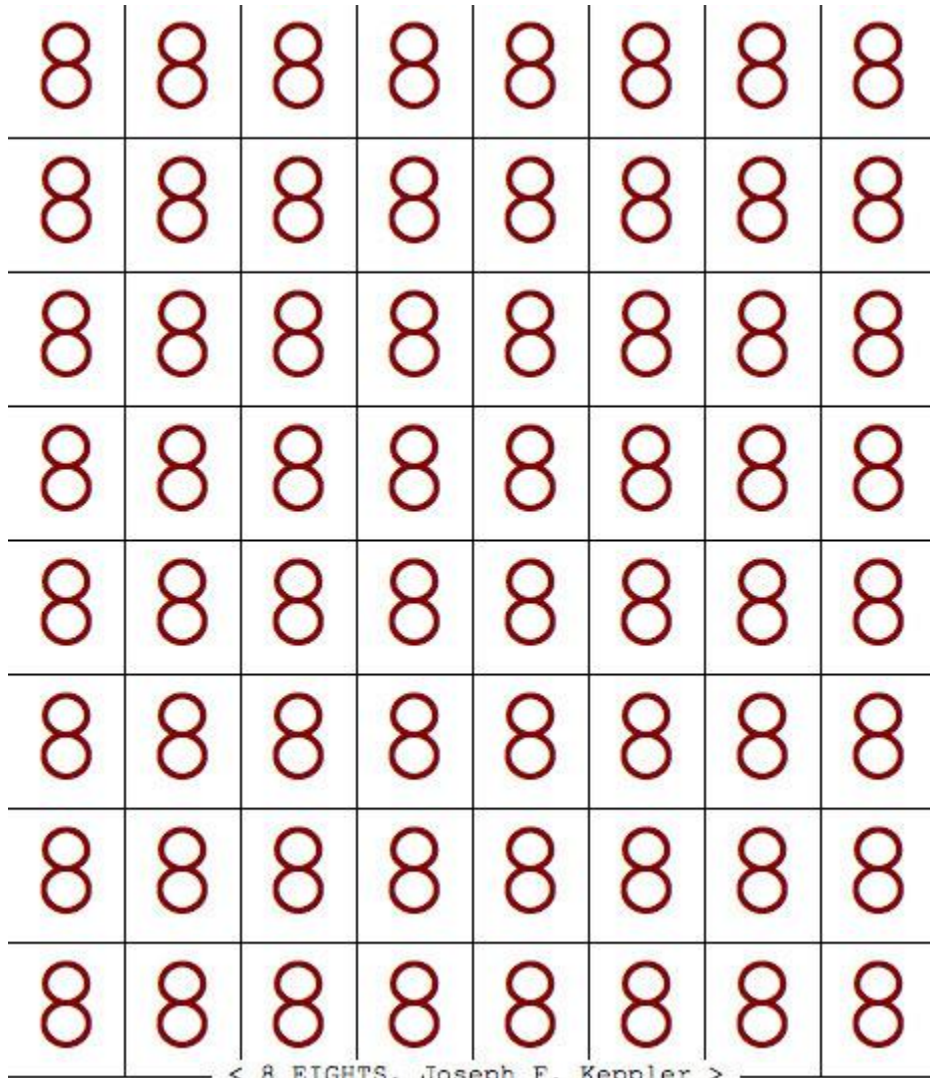
< Terza Rima, Joseph F. Keppler >

12 Specific Rectangles



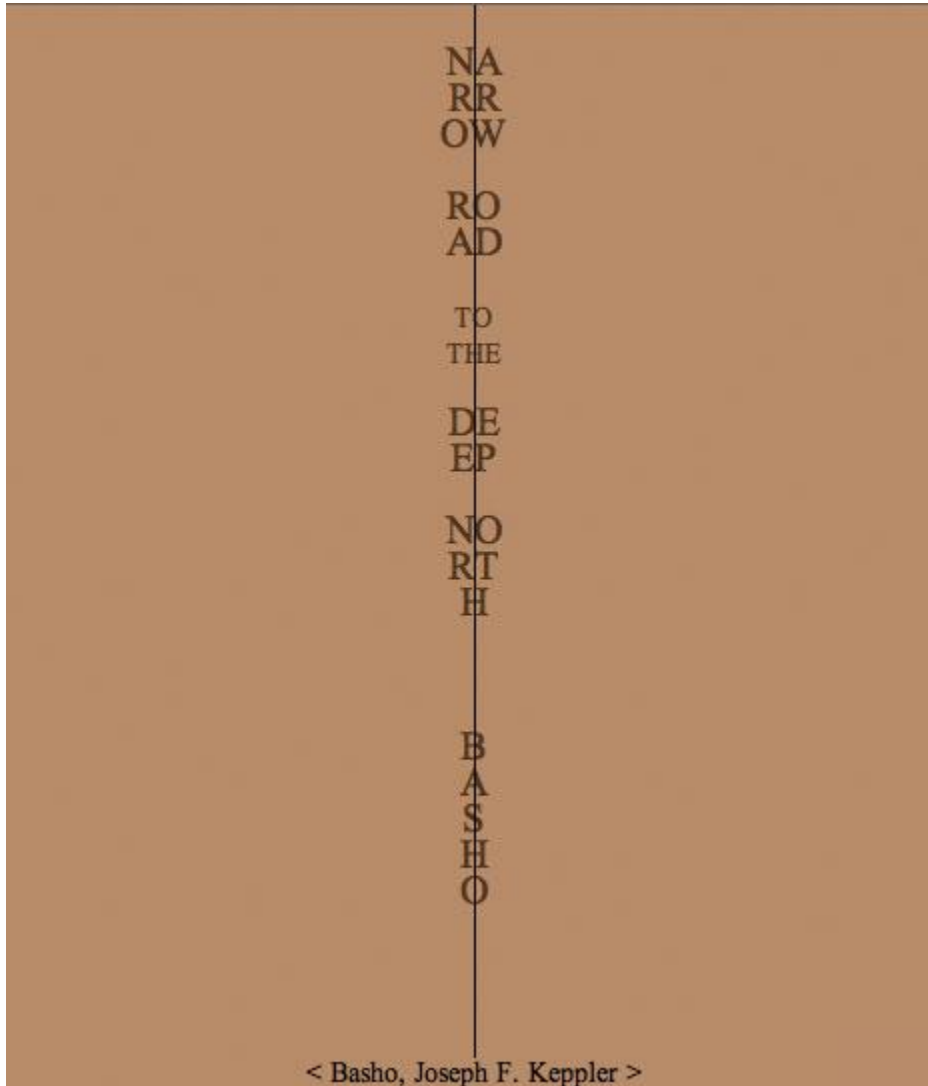
< 12 Specific Rectangles, Joseph F. Keppler >

8 Eights

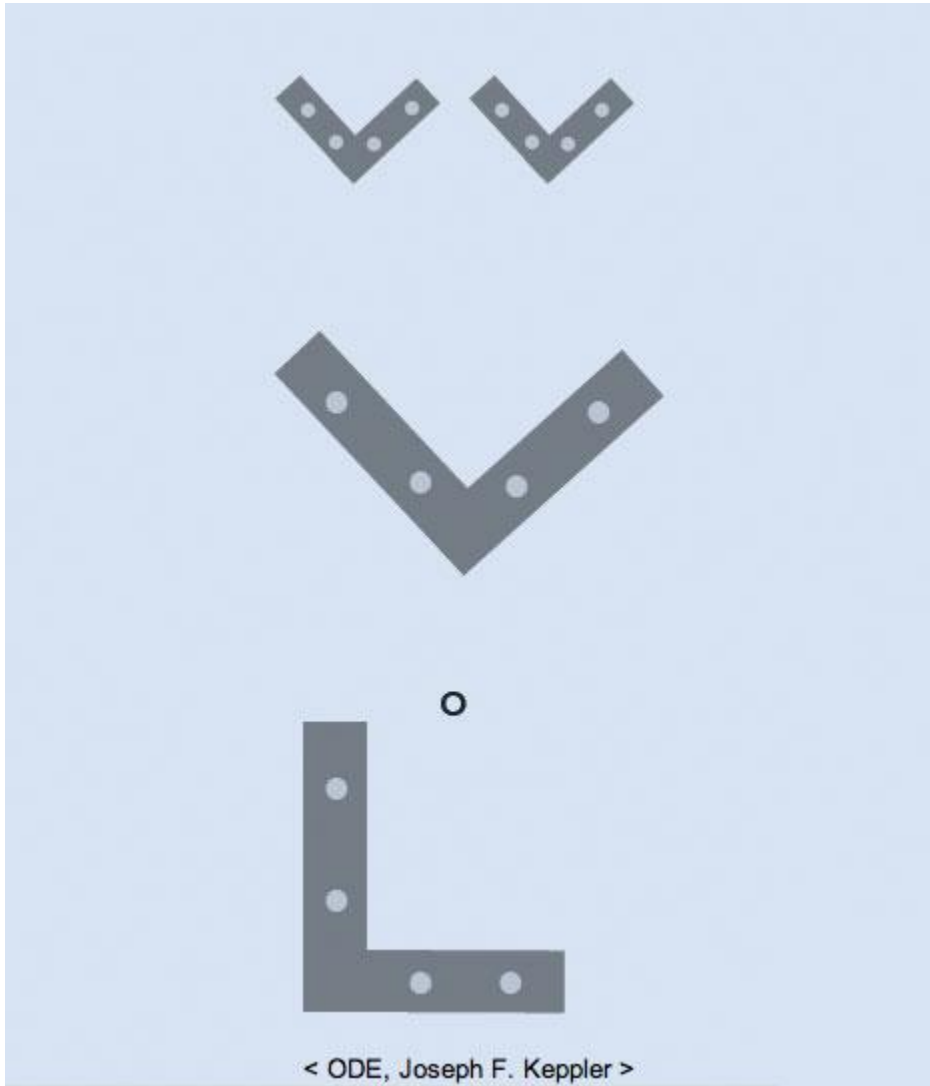


< 8 EIGHTS, Joseph F. Keppler >

Basho



Ode



Scott Wilkerson

Review of *Kansoz*, by Joel Chace
(Knives Forks and Spoons Press, 2013)



Let me begin with the double hypothesis that the image is a text and the text is an image. To be sure, there are compelling arguments for and against the centrality of the image in post-modern consciousness, but the splendid provocations in Joel Chace's visual poetics remind us that the page remains a vast, fascinating space for exploring the intersection between picture and words. Indeed, Chace's new book, *Kansoz*, traces an elegant arc across the sustained problematics of the Vis-Po enterprise and reveals a poet with immense intellectual curiosity, unassailable aesthetic integrity, and a positively Romantic love for beautiful things.

In her perceptive blurb, Camille Martin notes how the tripartite structure of *Kansoz* recalls a certain journey over the rainbow, from Kansas to Oz back to Kansas and thus, from black-and-white to color, thence again to black-and-white. Martin's insight here points not only to Chace's celebratory critique of filmic language and its self-limiting three-act structure but also to his gentle subversions of narrative cloture in the visual triptych.

The first and third sections are disquisitions of fragmented texts-taped-to-paper. They begin with a kind of post-structuralist invocation, "period (s) now" and, with this device, frame the center panel, a complex game of colorful textual interventions projected across the ledger lines of staff paper. For Chace, the coextension of text and image marks the transgression of an aural boundary in which symphonic gestures speak in the key signature of stochastic systems. This, however, is not to say that *Kansoz* is an experiment in chance operation. It is not. And if Chace clearly appreciates the aleatoric frisson of collage, then it is equally clear too that all his choices are the result of careful deliberation.

Given the material density of any page in this remarkable book, one may observe each moment of highly-charged poesis as both singularly self-contained and as characteristically representative; at once incidental and essential; by turns, both the point of departure and the departure itself. Moreover, Chace torques the conventional x-y axes of the book, forcing us to invert the text or even ourselves to "get the picture" and thus implicates us in its playful physicality.

Consider, for instance, the exhilarating puzzle of page 38, which I reproduce here in strictly linear form:

- Only our surprise that the unforeseen was arbitrary
allowed the fated to disappear •
- Groaning against buildings, along unwallied corridors of night:
Chimneys and door frames' crevices let the low music in •

A model of evocative imagery and stylistic sophistication, this lovely quatrain—as it exists on the actual page—moves in a helical gyre and maps our own habituations of text onto a shifting matrix of spatial interpellations. The experience, therefore, is both disorienting and truly delightful. *Kansoz* is poetry-as-painting, musical composition, kinetic sculpture, performance art, mechanical engineering, post-Dada catechism, and exploding syllogism.

During my study of this book I photographed, with my iPhone, a few pages from each section for portability and quick reference while waiting in lines, crowded student hallways, or any chance at all to encounter the images. And although the iPhone's zooming function proved helpful for some of the more densely imbricated, color-collages (the Yellow Imbricated Road?), I can report that the rotation feature—an otherwise very useful function by which one may reorient a picture, typically for editing—fails as a reliable tool for investigating Chace's complex images. The 180° rotation is passable, but rotations of 90° and 270° are wholly inadequate. All this points to yet another way in which Chace's work documents the inherent, strange elegance of the book form.

These Kans-Oz cantos are rigorous investigations into the possibilities of the page, both as an instrument of inquiry and as the object of inquiry. Providentially, it seems that any serious approach to Roland Barthes's dictum that "the image always has the last word" authenticates and liberates the speculative nature of the Chacean program. And yet, I sense Chace operates happily both inside and outside the Barthesian ambit. This is, of course, not a question of competing theoretical alliances but, rather, one of old-fashioned, artistic intuition. Chace is not only courageous but resourceful, which imputes to his work a fearless investment in the act of discovery.

Kansoz is the kind of sui generis book that reports back to us from its own dream: at once whimsical and radical, sweeping through the modalities of an alternate universe in which the seductions are many, the perils real, and there is no page like home.

Elisabetta Falanga

Notes on Luc Fierens (Translated from the Italian by Barbara Ricciardi)

“*Lotta poetica continua*” (“*Continued Poetical Fight*”) this sentence caught my attention. As in a theater: you fix point and you don’t see anything else. It doesn’t take much and the body moves in that direction guided by the eyes. And I did it towards an ordinary desk of an ordinary book fair in Bruxelles. Photographs, illustrations, cut words: everything mingled in harmony and clean line on that desk that abounded in exhibit publications. And everything spoke. So I met Luc Fierens, an old fighter, an artist who has always believed in what he did. Flemish, class ’60, difficult and fascinating times. In order to appreciate him, you have to make an overdose, follow his feverish production and dissemination (again logically ordered and chaotic) and under the spell of the direct act, of the whole. His collages are composed of visual images and text links that carry with them whole torrents of words and frames flowing in the flow of memory, making speech sound, and the whole rewriting the semiotic relationship. Direct, clear messages, stances like in a media guerrilla, accompanied by visual-aesthetic choices like in an opaque slick magazine, clear and delicate images carefully selected and assembled with craftsmanship that in oxymoric relation represent bodies and faces of men, children, but especially women (a subject dear to the artist) , eyes, stars , uniforms, flags , bombs ... Brilliant! Extensive use of figures of speech. That’s his poetry. Visual. And combative. During the noisy and intrusive outbreak of capitalism who was preparing to dominate all the areas of the existing, resistance movements, of resilience, of protest, and political and social opposition developed. So a need to get in line with contemporary society was reflected also in art. We witness to the emergence of various movements that made use of diverse, but interlinked practices and techniques, as the happening, Fluxus, the Body Art, Minimal Art, *Arte Povera* , Conceptual Art, Kinetic Art, Land Art , Pop Art ... In Italy in the literary arts’ field manifested themselves what are called Neoavanguardie, including the Visual Poetry - experimental movement which combined text and image and was able to overturn the semiotic system of the consumer society and its media. Overturn of the reference semantic relations, displacement, reflection. Visual Poetry takes charge of the role of demystification of the common language of the mass media by using words and images from promotional messages, from comics, newsmagazines, and reprocessing them to provide, through the technique of collage, a turnover of the message itself: subversion of the order of the discourse, medium’s transformation from cold to hot. Fierens came into contact with performers and poets of the movement during the 80’s, and since then he continues to struggle poetically, searching on eyes that can read, through striving minds towards seas meeting places, stories that talk about war and violence, beauty and poetry as in a popular song, but through pissed images that scream in your face, rock. Italy remains for him the mother earth, fertile, which preserves a memory. And its continual recall suffers from this. It is not a market question, and never has been, the character of marginal phenomenon remains unchanged. As someone has already said, the power of Visual Poetry is in having endured 50 years of failure (and in having just taken an international range, I would add). In the case of Luc Fierens loyalty to principles is shown by the tenacity and passion with which he devoted himself to his artistic work, and by the need to share this with someone who can understand it. I can tell you that it is a nice experience. *Avec son drôle d’accent flamand en plus!*

Jim Andrews

On Joseph Keppler's First Remainder Series of *Poets.Painters.Composers.Critics.Sculptors.Slaves*

This suite of seven visual poems by Joe Keppler presses and folds the line in new directions which, properly understood, should blow your mind. I'd like to share with you what I think is extraordinary about these poems. They also cohere and develop as a group in interesting ways we'll look at. First, though, I'd like to provide some context for them.

Joe publishes *Poets.Painters.Composers. Critics.Sculptors.Slaves.* from Seattle. It used to be called *Poets.Painters.Composers.* Since then, he's done much work in photography, criticism, and metal sculpture. He has been publishing this poly-artistic project since the 80's. Some issues are printed. Others are in sound, sculpture, posters, and other media. The visual poems published on vispo.com are by Joe from a 2007 issue called "the first remainder series" which also included work by fifteen other artists. Of the series, Joe says:

In the spirit of St. Vincent de Paul's, Goodwill's, and Salvation Army's thrift-store poetics and aesthetics, *Poets.Painters.Composers. Critics.Sculptors.Slaves.* announces its first remainder series.

The basic idea is to use up our remainder of paper stock for small editions of poetry and art. The paper stock for our first remainder series is in various weights and colors though all of it is letter size (8.5" x 11", 216mm x 279mm). Printed work will be issued in numbered editions of 25 or less...

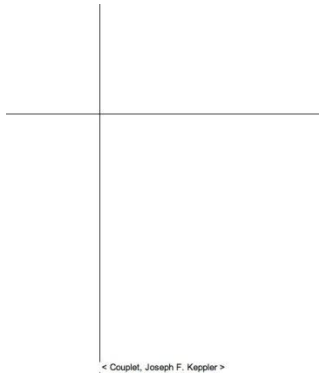
Another of the project's reasons for being has been to catch the differences between print and electronic media, and a working title for the project could have been, to paraphrase an important Walter Benjamin title, "The Work of Reproduction in an Age of Technological Art."

Most of the electronic, PDF versions of the First Remainder Series are extant and available via email. Some actual, numbered prints are still obtainable from the artists or from Seattle's Wessel & Lieberman Books."

Of his own work in this series, Joe says:

We fold. That is, we crease. We crease & increase, six new folds for the first remainder series. Differences among arts and technologies make actual creases in the print editions and simulated creases in the PDF files. In either case folding, a philosophical, sculptural, genetic, and poker activity, unfolds a metaphoric, heterogeneous poetics.

Such is the context. One of the remarkable things about this suite of poems is what Joe does with the line. When you talk about lines in poetry, you're usually talking about words. But in this suite of visual poems, they take on considerable additional meaning; as folds and spatializations, sculpturalizations of paper; the lines also function as "I"; and as lines of poetry; as horizon lines; as paths/roads/connectors; and as distinctions that separate things. The apparently very simple straight lines in these visual poems are part of a rich "metaphoric, heterogeneous" poetics of the line.



The suite begins with “Couplet”. As simple and elegant as can be. A couplet is a pair of lines. That's what we have here. They intersect; they have a point in common. It speaks to poetics. It's about poetry, in a sense. It's about the nature of the couplet. But it's open/suggestive and can be about many things. And, visually, it is aligned with abstract art.

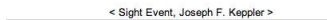
“Couplet” is the simplest of the poems in the suite in its look—and may be the simplest in its look of any poems you will look at this week or possibly this year (or ever). The suite builds or grows like a biological entity or like an axiom system/geometry. There's a sense in the development of the poems of the generation of 'the ten thousand things'.

“Couplet” is followed by “Sight Event”. The word “am” is interesting in that we never say “we am” or “they am” or “he am” etc. If we use the word “am”, the word “I” precedes it. Always. Where there is “am” there is also “I”. “Am” is a verb, an action that only an “I” can do. “Am” expresses not simply “isness”, which can apply to things, but the peculiar action of the existence of an individual "I".

a



m



In “Sight Event”, “am” is cut through the middle by a straight line. The straight line is now not simply a line of poetry, as it was in “Couplet”. It's also the “I” in “I am”. Joe states elsewhere that the line in “Sight Event” is a horizon line. The horizon of perception. The line of seeing along which we proceed and think, make our distinctions. The “I” in the middle of being; the “I” in the middle of “am”.

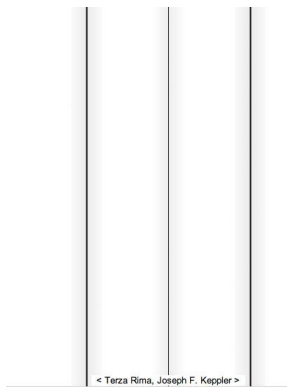
The poem “Sight Event” is a different way of looking at existence. It contains “I am” but with different perspectives than those normally afforded by the words “I am”.

I asked Joe via email why he arranged this piece vertically rather than horizontally. Why do it as he did it rather than have a vertical line between a normal arrangement of the word “am”? Here is part of his reply:

These poems on their original sheets are sculptures; the folded paper is tangible as well as visible. The page is background that becomes foreground. The different praxis between the temporal and the static arts is a topic we both consider important in our work.

The "am" refers to this sculptural aspect of my poetry and to the poem's reference as to the beingness of everything even the paper sheet or the computer screen and even thoughts about being. The horizontal line is the horizon, for we exist everyday with a rational spirit and a sensual body, an "am" as the sun rises and sets all day long. Sight event is the horizon line in art, and the fold in sculpture and philosophy. The fold is the poetic line translated for the screen. All is inherent in the poetics to be witnessed by the reader.

"Sight Event" is almost as simple as "Couplet" in its look but not quite: it's mixing lines and letters. You'd want it after "Couplet" because "Couplet" is a better introduction to the line metaphor or conceit, as the metaphysical poets put it (a conceit is a kind of extended metaphor); having "Couplet" first prepares us to interpret the line in "Sight Event" as (among other things) a line of poetry and/or language of some sort.

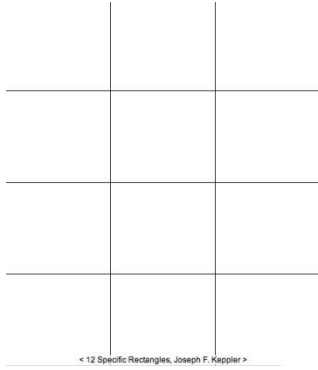


The next poem in the series is "Terza Rima". We read in Wikipedia that "Terza rima is a rhyming verse stanza form that consists of an interlocking three-line rhyme scheme." And we see three lines in the visual poem. We also read in Wikipedia that "Terza rima is a three-line stanza using chain rhyme in the pattern A-B-A, B-C-B, C-D-C, D-E-D." We see in the visual poem that the two outer lines are the same as one another; the middle line is shaded differently than the other two. The three lines in the visual poem have the same sort of relation as any of the above three-line units such as A-B-A.

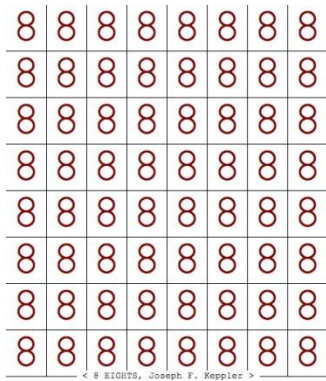
As in "Couplet", then, we have a visual correlative of a literary form. And the shading indicates an X-Y-X rhyme scheme. More generally, the shading gives a sense of the shades of meaning and energy in poetic lines.

"Terza Rima" could have been placed between "Couplet" and "Sight Event", but not before "Couplet" and not after "12 Specific Rectangles" or any of the others. Its level of complexity and its place in the argument or the development is just so.

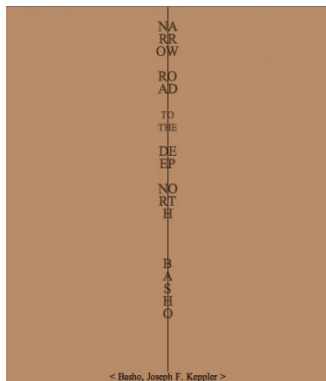
The next poem in the suit is titled "12 Specific Squares". In the PDF version, they are indeed quite square-like. In the HTML version, it depends on the size of the browser window whether they're squares or not. Which is why I renamed the HTML version "12 Specific Rectangles". The print and PDF are static; the HTML version is dynamic.



We could see this piece in relation with “Terza Rima”: the 12 squares/rectangles could be seen in relation to the 12 lines in the A-B-A, B-C-B, C-D-C, D-E-D form. We could also see some humour in the title. Squares, by their nature, are not really very specific. So we could see the poem as having something to say about the play between the general and the particular that goes on in poetry and other literary art.



We could also see the poem as introducing greater complexity, patterns made of the simpler ones that have preceded it. That pattern of growing complexity continues with the next poem, “8 Eights” where we see 8 rows of 8's, or 64 8's. This is a very composite composition. We are well on our way to the generation of the ten thousand things. If we add all the 8's together we get 512 which is 2 to the 9th power. So it could be expressed many different ways: $512 = 2 * 256 = 4 * 128 = 8 * 64 = 16 * 32 = 2 * 2 * 128 = 4 * 4 * 32$ and so on. Digital information in computers is usually structured in relation to powers of 2. The binary system is all about powers of 2. A byte is eight bits. Contemporary computers are 64-bit machines. The poem can be seen as being about the relation of digital information and art. It acknowledges rich possibility while also rather humorously characterizing those possibilities.



The next poem, “Basho”, presents the title of one of Basho's collections of poetry, *Narrow Road to the Deep North*. Here we have the line as literal and figurative road or path. If I understand correctly, Basho's title refers to the path to enlightenment, the road of the spiritual journey, the path between earth and heaven as well as a literal path on a literal journey. The line is also a fold, as we read in an essay Joe wrote at the end of *Fall Collection From Seattle* about sculptural ideas of the page:

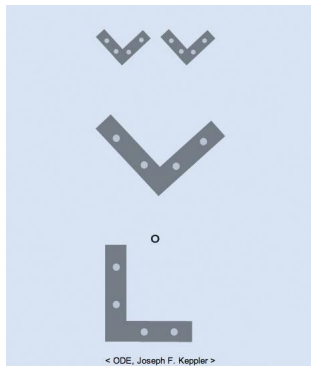
Folds are one way to sculpt the page for the poem. Here is a brown page folded in half lengthwise and dedicated to the Japanese poet, Basho, and his great work, *Narrow Road to the Deep North*. The fold in the paper refers of course to the narrow road. His book title's letters—except H, which is like a barrier or a bridge—split on each side of the fold to indicate the two sides of the poet's path on the narrow road. Thus his narrow road is through the alphabet, the words he titles his poetic journey.

By the time we read “Basho”, we have seen the suite develop a language of the line and letter to the point where we read “Basho” quite differently than we would were it the first poem in the sequence. We are prepared to look at that language strung out along that vertical line as having much more meaning than we would otherwise. The poem looks complex compared to the earlier ones.

Of the final poem in the suite, “ODE”, Joe says:

It consists of four corner brackets pasted to a stiff sheet with a small “o” printed on it. The numbered print edition has metal brackets and the pdf simulated brackets.

Joe has an interesting dule of love poems including several poems in several media that consist 'simply' of the word 'love'. For instance, when I first met him in 1986, he did a performance that included a poem that consisted of uttering the word 'love' periodically till the insistence became uncomfortable.



The 15-copy print edition of *The First Remainder Series*, which includes "ODE", actually has metal brackets, then. Joe has mainly been creating metal sculptures for the last several years. A bit of metal going on in a love poem sounds about right. The poem then relates to his metal sculpture practice but also it's a print thing. He says in the introduction:

Another of the project's reasons for being has been to catch the differences between print and electronic media, and a working title for the project could have been, to paraphrase an important Walter Benjamin title, “The Work of Reproduction in an Age of Technological Art.”

We could view the PDF and HTML versions of “ODE” as pale simulations of the original paper and metal piece, as inferior to the original. We could also see the PDF and HTML versions as drawing a line between the original and this suite of visual poems that explore the line, meaning, shape, and materiality in poetry.

"ODE" takes the line and geometric right-angle into the realm of metallic material as well as the language of love. This, the final poem in the suite, has developed the ten thousand things to the point of metal and love. What we have in this bunch of poems is not simply a suite of visual poems but considerable insight into how contemporary concerns broaden the notion of poetry and the poetic line into new directions that are relevant to expanded notions of language itself. Language itself is forever broadening not only words within it but what we understand language itself to be. And poetry needs to explore that territory or be quaint. Joe's poetry is very exciting not only in its statements but its form and its capacity for powerful statement and meditation within unexpected, fresh forms.

Visual poetry explores not simply image as language but just what we think language is. This is a time of profound change in how we think of language. We see code becoming an important part of language. Through DNA no less than computer code. For all that, it's still quite rare to come across a suite of visual poems that develop language as deeply as this suite does. The metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century developed the conceit, a notion of an extended metaphor. We can see what Joe does with the line in this sequence of poems as something like a conceit, an extended metaphor that links the notion of the line to many things and enriches our notion of the line.

We can speak of the language of cinema or the language of music, and so on, but the language of poetry is a bit different. Because poetry needs to comprehend all language, not be simply a particular approach to language. Poetry is the ultimate art of language. Which needs to comprehend the ways our ideas of language are changing. Joe has always understood that and Joe has always gone there with intrepid energy.

Arpine Konyalian Grenier

What's Green, What's Blue: The Silent G

Neither diegetic nor mimetic, or perhaps both, and in a way dumbfounded by both, I am attempting at language as I explore the concept of capital and how language helps or hinders it, where the breaking points are, and/or the strengthening hinges, what and who is involved. That seems to be what really matters because the attempt is who I am, and perhaps more than I am. So, whereas one cannot name deaf and oblique sensations most think come from evil, whereas therein lies unfinished business as G stands for grief, greed, the gothic, gratitude and golem and *gul*/rose (Turkish), global, gospel, *girk*/passion/book (Armenian), goodwill and gold. G as in God, green, Gilgamesh, guilt, the Greek, the German, and gravity, *gout*/taste (French), and genocide, and whereas it is silent and nuanced (muddled?), here's an ode to tears, an investment return to the investment returns of denial and clinging to the river, Euphrates, Araxes, other.

So, does one utilize language to explore the reaches of capital in order to redeem the evolutionary (and political) path of the human? Do we resist it on that corridor? Political and socio-economic changes affect communities. Do we then button up the laptop or blog to equally frustrated readers? Questions foster cross-fertilization; they redefine terms, confront different but not necessarily divergent perspectives. The forge of language discloses the truth of our feelings as we tap derivatives of the past whereby the new occurs because of what escapes or survives experience, and because there is will. What transforms us will always be the expression of feeling, not the intellectualization of it, remembering that the human is the only capital we truly possess, remembering our strengths and limitations, our diversities and commonalities. There are no protagonists, antagonists or narrators, only participants. Agency is fluid. Hearing the other alongside the self provides path or passage to knowing; path or passage that is not about knowledge, however. Change takes place accordingly and is sorted over time. Moving (velocity?) allows sight when screens are in the way, we, shifting and turning without undoing ourselves, without unseeing or dismissing others either. Uncertainty is operative then, so is solidarity. That is where poetic engagement occurs, 'from the edge of chaos', as they say. We are response-able then, after choices, not after burden or fault or blame or praise. We have no "truth" but a place to stand, a place of grace we allow ourselves. We have power and a longing to negotiate the multivariate nature of reality, the elements, how divergent they are, where they are.

it is a small and round world indeed

love wills through still
long time bristled
edges of
effort/ proclaim/ abandon

History belongs to the domain of the universe. We must be gentle with it. How to get from the brain to the heart is the task, and somewhere within slippery but hopeful silences words create, there, as we refuse to catalog and customize to familiarize with the human, the way is lit. Hope lives there, a materiality that is luminous and forgiving of matter, and that's at magical and mundane a space-time welcoming exaptation, possibilities, that ode to tears, that investment return.

is this a revelation?

maybe

Language helps and works because it is never only about language, and because it ultimately fails us as it mirrors history, theory, memory and our very being. We'll work with language, we'll use it but not adhere to it, and if we allow ourselves not to be driven merely by fundamentals, we'll experience it differently because

when the word hits the page (or our vocal chords), it has already created more (or less) than itself. There's hope and wishes for every reality gone mad, and reverence, not to respect but to honor the very histories that have brought us to where we are, to honor the warmth of our blood, the cognitive and the normative, not part of a qualified culture nor speaking on behalf of one, busy with dimension while weary and leery of its shadow, calling, calling at an unbearable proximity to the need to do something about all that does not follow the routine of civilization, the functions of circumscribe/ control/ eliminate; calling to fuse what is outside of time with what is within, often at the expense of meaning or syntax, to reconcile with the self as if.

Shall we replace or redefine morality then? Laws cannot define history anymore than history can define laws, humans do that. Remember Gell-Mann's sympathetic magic. Logic is for the birds that do not fly but think they do, he said. Theorizing is as futile as rationalizing, selection pressures are not consistent and often do not make sense. Consider self part of the "other", all seems fair then, the purgative, the illuminative, the unitive. Seeking retroactive meaning is toil and trouble, so are recipes, rites, amulets. Do not look at the whole to annotate, look at the parts and pretend. Think of how matter behaves differently under different conditions. You are such matter. Center and periphery are mythical allusions. No pole position survives physicality, forehead to ground, the fez. Mind angle and trajectory as switch and turn are about to follow. Breathe love. Noise will subside. As love does not fail and sentences do not restrict the soul to a mere parsing of words. Remember, speech exerts to overcome excess. Replace all chatter with the silence of those who could but did not speak, undo mimetic shackles to experience all of history including the now and Derrida's 'what is yet to come'. I am interested in change.

I am interested in change. I'm interested in the will to align invention with transformation, a will, however, ready to embrace what follows, the risk, the reward, the unknown. How does resisting feed exploration or, how much of exploration is actually resistance? The will with which one applies intelligence makes the difference, says Ben Davis of Ranciere's emancipatory stance on intelligence and learning; and that, without the unethical, without luck or fate either. Will brings forth what matters, like some Higgs emanating mass. We are its beneficiaries, not victims, capable of resisting norms to redistribute and recalibrate as necessary. To resist is to create, changing the state outside a state by increasing capacity, revitalizing outlook.

The outlook on capitalism would be grim without rearranging (perturb?) the conceptual grids that define capital. Yes, then, through the body and with a plan. Genetic studies point out that only about one percent of our genes are expressed. There's hope then. Diversity does not evolve by acquiring new genes but by teaching old ones new tricks, says Carroll. Containment tactics distract the masses while will that has pulse ensures access, trade, capital; it fuels life, not the skeletal remains of our ancestors. Where is such capital?

I will not fit into or figure or flee from the human

I will feel it instead

do I ask more questions then?

mediocrity parses limits

as it clarifies

the industrial complex

Individuals do not evolve, societies (populations) do, and they do so with small changes. By chance or otherwise change occurs and is sorted over time. Neither food nor Jesus nor fame or fortune will provide access to the inner power we possess, the power that frees us from the slavery we have come to live by, the pervasive and addictive slavery that sedates the self under the guise of some external power we seem to

think we must attain or give in to. Dare we amble by? The ambivalence of intent (or destination) binds process, challenges connectivity at the purposeful and the productive because while cultural legacies matter, they are not indelible.

we define as we go

narratives come up

narration continues

Extract nothing from history but all the whats and hows, even the pink silly agglutinations decidedly colliding. Our very large hadron collider at CERN vouches for that, a tear at the core or at the edge, varieties of symmetry as the symmetry within variety, color charge, electrical charge, magnetic form factor against momentum; like neutrons we continually absorbing or emitting potential despite our dysfunctional arrogance. Center exists only at rest, but we are moving.

if it's not broken then break it anyway

self preservation rewrites itself

It evolves at the expense of the individual, opens up to more than self, to more than just some information pothole. The vast global disappears then, the "local intimate" is being cultivated. Lindenmayer grammar/ Feigenbaum grammar/ Fibonacci grammar furtively weighing in and we, the beneficiaries of cross-culturality, and often the victims of the colonization that drives it (the colonization of planet, people, nature). Autonomy, complexity and reward hand in hand, co-opted, marginalized or neutralized regardless, we measure, report and verify. Glomerulus to gene receptor to protein to space recognition and territorial behavior, the over six million years old neuro-modulators in our brain provide as we stay connected to the suchness of memory, reality, phenomenology and experience. How about we evolve seeking the poetics behind desire and what follows, clarity, humility, humidity, forgiveness and compassion. What about that?

what about magic?

are we about a living thing or a human thing?

When it comes to the human, the psychological perturbs the ontological, and vice versa; limits are constantly being negotiated. Stop preserving, experience is irretrievable; persevere instead. Identifying or eliminating perpetrator does not eliminate victimhood. Orphanhood, dispersion and regeneration are life's concatenations. Events shape and reshape themselves as the event horizon at any given time-space welcomes us to simply be part of it.

God is a spandrel, so are the G

revel in *al muqarnas*

witness truth reality fact are states not acts

hypotheses unravel narratives

narration continues

the accused now a speck

the event too

even *les evenements* are not our own

je leur donnais le jour he said

there is no debt he said

partly Euphrates

part, part Euphrates

now *aghd* is stain for

aghet =

to lose/ find by the corner

at _____ where _____ they say

backing against a one way street did not

Mama -

did you see them between the 6th and 7th?

Pishon full of gold and lapis

Tigris East of Assyria

Euphrates

Oh Euphrates -

what breeds your underside?

memory feeds a hydraulic limb

fact to symbol gyrate

do I need an interface?

pieces of human that I am

software software please

touch this heart perk

this essential

To have no "truth" but a place to stand, a place of grace we give ourselves, to have power, elastic and interwoven power, Lucifer, bringer of light, enlighten us to merge what is scholarly with what is literally with what is human. Lawrence Lessig's *Remix*. Otherwise, ceremony after ceremony is everyday distraction from

pain to no avail. Otherwise we huddle and mimic, a people, a person, a country, a nation with no connection, no vision but that of stagnation and preservation. Preservation of what, pray!

at times captured on canvas or film

alliterating our moans

because we wished to make a point in our minds

about staves from Turkish knives and gold.

Contributors' Notes

Francesco Aprile is a free-lance journalist and poet. In 2010 he became member of the literary movement called New Page - Narrativa, founded in 2009 by Francesco Saverio Dòdaro. He lives in Lecce, Italy.

Angela Bayout lives, writes, and knits in San Francisco, but is a native Pittsburgher. You can find her essay in *Fan Phenomena: Twin Peaks*, her poetry in *Dark Matter*, and fiction in *Navigating the Heavens*. She is the editor of *Dionne's Story*, an anthology of literature inspired by the prevention of violence against woman. She is also a copywriter for an online fashion retailer.

Andrew Brenza's work has appeared in or is forthcoming from a number of experimental journals, including *Otoliths*, *Mad Hat*, *GlitterPony*, and/or, *REM Magazine*, *Infinity's Kitchen*, *Sawbuck*, *Strange Horizons*, *Shampoo Poetry*, and *Jellyfish Magazine*, among others. He currently lives in New Jersey with his wife, a vegan food writer, and his tech-savvy son.

John Bloomberg-Rissman is just past the halfway point of *In the House of the Hangman*, the third section of his maybe life project called *Zeitgeist Spam* (picture Hannah Hoch pasting stuff to the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel). The first two volumes have been published: *No Sounds of My Own Making* (Leaf Press), and *Flux, Clot & Froth* (Meritage Press). In addition to his *Zeitgeist Spam* project, he is in the midst of two collaborations (one with Richard Lopez, one with Anne Gorrick) has edited or co-edited two anthologies, *1000 Views of 'Girl Singing'* and *The Chained Hay(na)ku Project*, and is at work on a third, which he is editing with Jerome Rothenberg. He has also published (gasp!) lyrical and conceptual work. He is learning to play the viola and he blogs at www.johnbr.com (*Zeitgeist Spam*).

Anne Gorrick is a poet and visual artist. She is the author of *I-Formation (Book 2)* (Shearsman Books, Bristol, UK, 2012), *I-Formation (Book 1)* (Shearsman, 2010), and *Kyotologic* (Shearsman, 2008). She collaborated with artist Cynthia Winika to produce a limited edition artists' book, "*Swans, the ice,*" she said, funded by the Women's Studio Workshop in Rosendale, NY and the New York Foundation for the Arts. Lately, she is co-editing with Sam Truitt an anthology of adventurous Hudson Valley poetry: *In/Filtration: A Hudson Valley Salt Line* (Station Hill, Barrytown, NY, 2014). In addition, she curates the reading series *Cadmium Text*, which focuses on innovative writing from in and around New York's Hudson Valley (www.cadmiumtextseries.blogspot.com). She also co-curates the electronic poetry journal *Peep/Show* with poet Lynn Behrendt (www.peepshowpoetry.blogspot.com), which is a "taxonomic exercise in textual and visual seriality."

Cassandra Eddington was raised in Utah, but now lives, writes, and teaches in Fort Collins, Colorado where she received her MFA in Poetry from Colorado State University. Her chapbook manuscript was a finalist in Ahsahta Press' 2012 Sawtooth Poetry Prize competition. Fragments from her long poem "the "hungry matter" were published in February of 2013 by Gazing Grains Press as a part of their miniature book series. She has work forthcoming in *La Vague*. Other work can be found online in *Otoliths* and *ditch*.

Elisabetta Falanga has degrees from the University of Calabria, Free University of Bruxelles, and the Universal University of the Road. She is from Cosenza, Italy.

Arpine Konyalian Grenier comes from science, music, languages and the arts. Her poetry and translations have appeared in numerous publications including *Columbia Poetry Review*, *The Iowa Review*, *Fence* and *Envoi*. She has authored four collections, most recently, *The Concession Stand: Exaptation at the Margins* (Otoliths, 2011). *The Phenomenology of Giving* is a feature she recently guest edited for *Big Bridge*.

George Kalamaras, Poet Laureate of Indiana, is the author of seven books of poetry and seven chapbooks, including *Kingdom of Throat-Stuck Luck*, winner of the Elixir Press Poetry Prize (2011). The poems in this

issue will appear in his forthcoming book, *The Hermit's Way of Being Human* (WordTech, 2015). He is Professor of English at Indiana University-Purdue University Fort Wayne, where he has taught since 1990

Mary Kasimor grew up in Minnesota, a state of mind that she lives in even when she isn't there. She has most recently been published in the following journals: *Yew Journal*, *Big Bridge*, *Reconfigurations*, *Moria*, *Otoliths*, *Certain Circuits*, *The Bakery*, and *Altered Scale*. She received a Fellowship from US Poets in Mexico for the 2010 Conference. She was also a Finalist in the 2011 Ahsahta Chapbook Contest. She has had several books of poetry published, most recently *The Windows Hallucinate* (LRL Textile Series, 2013).

Christopher Kondrich is the author of *Contrapuntal* (Parlor Press, 2013) and a recipient of *The Paris-American* Reading Series Prize. New poems appear or are forthcoming in *American Letters & Commentary*, *Boston Review*, *Colorado Review*, *cream city review*, *Guernica*, *Gulf Coast*, *Drunken Boat*, *The Paris- American*, *Sixth Finch*, *32 Poems* and *Washington Square*. He is a PhD candidate at the University of Denver and an editor for *Denver Quarterly*.

Liza Samples is an assistant professor of art at Glenville State College. Her work has been recently exhibited at Gallery on 3rd Street and Christine Frechard Gallery in Pittsburgh, PA.

Eric Schmaltz is an intermedia artist. His work has appeared in various places online and in print including *Open Letter*, *Rampike*, *Poetry is Dead*, *dead g(ender)*, and *ditch*, and he regularly writes reviews for *Lemon Hound*. His first chapbook *MITSUMI ELEC. CO. LTD.: keyboard poems* was published by above/ground press in 2014. Eric lives in Toronto where he co-curates the AvantGarden reading series.

Wes Solether lives and works in San Francisco, CA where he is finishing his MFA at the University of San Francisco. His poems have recently been accepted in *Counterexample Poetics*, *Timber magazine*, and *Vector Press*. His poems are on the Wall of Miracles in Exeter, UK.

Dennis Sweeney's work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Juked*, *Pear Noir*, *Fractured West* and *Fiction Southeast*. He lives in Boulder, CO.