

Issue 25, Winter/Spring 2015

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Word For/ Word is seeking poetry, prose, poetics, criticism, reviews, and visuals for upcoming issues. We read submissions year-round. Issue #26 is scheduled for September 2015. Please direct queries and submissions to:

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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@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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Postholith

grunts angry, angry bear, says he remembers
when I was the only irritation down there. He
bellows into the telephone and I tell him
he should see a doctor, or at least a shrink.
I am thankful for all the roads between
his big fat bear paws and me.

In his winter, we are frozen in time, and I
am more than memory, more than an itch
that shouldn't be scratched. I tell him I should stay
a memory, a block of time captured only
in faded photographs, I tell him this
because it's true.

Callitrix

At birth, only fingerprints defined the difference between
the creatures with the small, round heads. Both of them constantly cried
began and ended in a constant open-mouthed scream, black eyes tightly shut
Tiny hands clenched in mirror-perfect fists. It's impossible to know
How their mother chose which infant to love and which to hate,
what tiny imperfection drew her ire.

At birth, only their fingerprints defined the difference between
The small, hairy bodies, the tiny forms that screamed and cried
Every night. Perhaps it was the pitch of the screams that separated the twins
In their mother's ears alone, perhaps it was the way one tossed and turned more
in its sleep, an indication of needing more love from her, or perhaps
some indication of a rejection she herself couldn't handle. Or perhaps
it was the quieter twin that earned her ire, easier to ignore than the louder one
easier to surrender to the dark.

Despite My Reservations Regarding Apocalypses

the dragon outside my bedroom window tells me
that the end is coming soon, that it's okay to get drunk
fucked up, fuck around, because it's all going to come crashing down
so very soon
that there's no reason to practice prudence or prudishness. it blinks its gigantic
blue-green eyes at me through the crack between the flowered bedroom curtains
so beguilingly I have no choice but to believe it's true.

later, in the kitchen, the dragon curls up around my tiny dinette
tail delicately tucked around its body and out of the way of my heavy feet
watches me cooking dinner, tells me I should order a pizza instead
because there's no reason to keep any money in my bank account
or worry about cholesterol or being fat or the evildoings or shady associations
of certain corporate pizza places
when the end of the world is so close
so very close
that the dragon can already taste the smoldering embers of burning cities on its tongue
already knows what I'll look and smell like when I'm dead.

Wyvern

the bird inside me flaps tight beneath my skin, scratches
with tiny claws at my insides, tells me that the only reason
I'm not a sack of deflated skin lying empty by the side of the street
is that it's just too small and tired to break free. I take a deep breath
force the thing inside me still with the pressure of my inflated lungs.

sometimes at night, I can feel the wings of the tiny bird inside me
slipping into place just behind my shoulder blades, feel pinfeathers
stretch all the way down the front of my arms, and I whisper
no, you can't have me yet. I hold the wings and claws and feet and pointed beaks
tight and still and quiet inside me, murmur promises of a day
when I'm so old and tired myself

that there'll be nothing left to hold it all in.

Anemophilous

I spread my hands open to the wind and flowers appear, fingers turn to petals
stamens dripping pollen sprout from palms. I will my toes
to stretch to roots and find their way into the earth, push past layers
of broken concrete and half-decayed cedar chips, find their way down
to the underground trickles filling the tunnels left by earthworms
deep beneath the ground. This is where I will stay

leaves brachiating like millipedes, death-scented flowers
tumbling from my skin, vines spreading outward from a central stalk
determined to reach your home, only just contained by your constant lawn mowing
and experiments with pesticides and fertilizer, I will
see you next summer.

from *Suelo Tide Cement*

[...]

if you tried, but failed, it
was expected (they said / in the
papers) and simply a part of it
as in _____ and then _____
?

//

& in pieces of settled landmass
it is in this way unexpected
division which creates earth
anew //

how if paternalism's
presence as in us and them and
what we bring as if we as
separate from what the developers

Place / memory / lapse
and indeed the little ingredients
the point here maybe is just what
is noticed as as equivalent
encompasses.

If the vision were then a
part of your innermost treeness
as in part/all of the fight is (materialized)
within
As lost art(if)(act) husk /
fibrous entities / a chair of sand
then the experience of annihilation
written overlays /
counting your big sensations
and if here or there
as in the biggest it just happened (ing)
(send)

Perceived as such, the voice carries--
forth--the cut/cat or the music/culebra.
The agony--the night entering
much too early without moon
with cloudless design--with
duct tape in recreation-izing
recolonization--new / neozonation
I am reading the words you are reading
snacktime creation. The
riff resonates yet we don't know why
or when or fonetic remembrances.
Across from

she says it can reteach you time
the daily noticings of
little garden
languages feel at the border before
the line ever shifting
another says that anxiety and deep breath
cannot coexist in the same body
how much a part of things we are

the shell--throw it back
not because it will
be nostalgic for its home but because
how often do you remember something
forgotten. When there are no deep
words to sing, listen(ing).

What was said aloud
floated and fell in silence and when we
left, we left each one in silence
or near silence--everything is
easily erased. Like this house we
occupy where every room is exposed, open
air, where what we bring will be
removed.

If ephemeral as the woman said
in an untranslated accent, showing
us the wares that would soon
decompose themselves. Something we
offered together--What do
we give to you soil
 even as I write this, someone
 approaching or distancing, footsteps
 over leaves, branches,
 and other decomposing
 materials
 to look at de-compositing/
 osition as ~~the~~ ~~mos~~ creation
without qualifiers

from *Isthmus*

The occasion is selling off the color from my teeth, dents, against, region, all to hum, against the oilfire, snarls a bit, each make each made killer of veins, because organ. Because oilskin. Because glare was what I was, at, with all, the reformations.

Chamber thrown up vacation, injuries foam the harpoon, sure, the scaffolds recede from under parades of tasks, our cut blank coins bought leer, when city hum verticals, seem to javelin up the rotted salty anemone. Obscured, if. Brusque, gone to plant tar, gone, to suck black sheets, gone to fur at my own curvature. Gone oscillating clean pieces, little accusations, arranged off narrow territories rearrangements, englishes, namespaces collapsed too, under.

There is no deadening of contrasts, making, vast nors, we configure deliberate vacancy for, a gnawing heat work, stomachs, shaking your teeth at the sun. Arrow, from wherever I stacked my own shade, empties me of me onto, arrows the dissuasion of you here, pistol shallows, pistol heaps.

Addict toward, same, then what near plagues. Tore brogues out, past that still does by which not, shrieks over, still, grouped, far long to heard mouths tighten beak, having in us, rest, these certaining else, not histories.

Impermanent but, reformation is a permanence spent,
injury kept to me, seconds of mood, lacquer front.
Pulling out the siren, baffled, among, the arcs really
side, not elevations, ceaseless so cannot be said to
happen, the railing out, with, the unembedded, is onto,
is indirect with agreed presence, of some flightless.

Spires veil the house hospital, severals, the center, to a
dancing port, well, beyond a closing persists ahead of
you, tusking cave breath, to acquire a complex weight
by violation. Feverer, if factory can put out, staggerers
away from. Not, maybe, sympathetic, tar, boroughs, of
us, dedicated to these collapsed fragments.

cruciverb namdamdammy even tiny things have armor, even the tiny things raise tumors from their softness. It's gotten fairly crushy.

Achieving the satisfactory fill is no longer the primary task it once was. You just say whatever's done in your mouth.

The geister, aswel. The whirlwind slick wormant's whelping cat hung by her forepaws, as well. Dread me, doghound me, us psalmby someones are highly important or not, or nonexistent. There were instances. These became monstrous pixiv hack-machines under heat performing their copies on easy-print dollies--hear me pippys, pippys get out!

Without the mother, we play friendlies through our rangefinders: ruff Muncies.

The shape of my crown determines my function. Often in our frog linens whiches hair is not permanent, whiches other function is a steamed milk-bellied kelty welter.

Only the mazy whirl keeps us, brought back by calling after.

I took it assisted by spit and a horsehair whip; that's a long tongue, that's Ascendance.

The hallex compound is no place to play pretend, to go well at all. Maybe a wholesale Jonny has games, spansks the balm-side rubber of an onionhead with the great glean of a halligan bachmantra.

Fastforward to whenever it is that is your face coming up. Flare a wondrous, foul florescent.

Blood coagulates, then the body forms, then soul unites with body. We were hurled about and beheld distant occurrences as though in trance, through which, by perpetual diligence, energy was congealed in order to bring out the violet blood from God's teats.

He shrieks when touched the signs saying: *we believe in what hath been sent us!*

I've returned with a message and cannot meet you after all.

The Gospel of Leander

These are the sayings that Leander Wapshot said and that Leander Wapshot recorded.

1 And he said do what I do not what I say.

2 Leander said that he went skating every Christmas on the frozen pond, drunk or sober, usually drunk, even when he did not want to.

Moses asked him why he did this.

Leander said because it is expected of me.

Coverly said that someone had laughed at Leander, that someone *always* laughed at Leander.

Leander said that it did not matter, that they needed him to do it, even if they did not know it. They needed him to do it, because he had always done it.

3 Leander said to himself as he pulled out his gun that he hated the feeling of being a public spectacle, of having his actions aired in public.

4 Leander said that he hoped everyone would hear him as he leaned out the window toward the party on the river.

5 Leander said I only want to be esteemed.

6 Leander said that his future esteem depended on his son's virility, and that it was his job to prepare them for life.

7 Leander said that his course of instruction would have to be general.

8 Leander said that he cannot explain sex specifically.

9 Leander said that he was not innocent and never claimed to be so.

10 Leander said that man is not simple, with his bare bums hanging out street windows, with him masturbating in YMCA showers.

11 Leander said that he needed his sons to have sons.

And his son Coverly wrote and said that he was a pederast, that he would never discharge this responsibility.

And Leander said that he well could have been a pederast too, and to cheer up.

Leander said that sex problems were a hard nut to crack in the gloom.

Leander said that life has worse trouble, that life has sinking ships. Leander said that he knew that sinking ships were worse.

12 Leander said that he once saw a naked woman through her window, that he didn't want to see her again, that he saw her naked and being hit and he didn't want to see her again, that he went to see her again, and that this time he recognized her from church.

13 Leander said he liked church for the fact of the church.

14 Leander said I only want to be esteemed as he looked out the window.

15 Leander said that learning that was not extracted from the rich green soup of life was no better than a half-truth.

15 Leander said that the unobserved ceremoniousness of his life was a gesture or sacrament toward the excellence and the continuousness of things.

(1) He said this just before he went skating on Christmas.

(2) He said this as he got into a bath. He said that cold baths should always be ceremonious. You should always come out smelling more like the ocean than when you had started.

(3) He said this as he put on the coat that he wore to dinner.

(4) He said this before he said grace at the table.

(5) He said this as he took a slow sip of bourbon and clenched his teeth against the sear.

(6) He said this as he threaded a small, pink flower through his boutonniere.

(7) He said this as he raised his axe to fell a tree.

(8) He said this as he plucked and dressed a chicken.

(9) He said this as he made cider with a hand press.

(10) He said this as he sowed, cultivated, harvested.

(11) And as he fished.

16 Leander said the unobserved ceremoniousness of his life was a gesture towards the excellence of things, and this was why he strove to save money.

17 Leander asked, can I have a job? Leander said that he would do anything, that he had no money. Leander asked, how can I have no money? I strove to save money. Leander said I will be an experiment for you.

18 Leander said to his wife that she could not work.

And his wife ignored him and continued planning.

And Leander fell silent.

19 Leander said she has turned my boat into a gift shop.

20 Leander thought an old dory planted with petunias was a pretty sight, but when he found that the bar he was in was made of a bifurcated dory, he said that he had seen a ghost.

21 Leander said that the unobserved ceremoniousness of his life was everywhere when he countersunk a sail, when he steered a boat.

22 Leander said over the intercom that that boat was sinking, that everyone should abandon ship.

23 Leander sung of the night boats.

24 Leander said tie me to the mast Perimedes.

25 Leander said that he liked having music on a boat, and people taking pictures. 26 Leander said that he had never taken a picture and never would, but he liked remembering people taking pictures of the things that he remembered.

27 Leander said tie me to the mast Perimedes.

28 Leander said I saw a small boat from a big boat, and it was an uncommon beauty.

And the captain of the small boat said you have to come aboard, your boat is sinking.

And Leander said yes, I know, and he came aboard.

29 Leander said that all these were things his sons might understand and perhaps copy.

30 Leander said I only want to be esteemed as he looked at what had been his.

31 Leander rolled over in his sleep and said a little more to port and then rolled back onto his left side.

32 Leander said, here's what matters: Whiskey. Hamburgers. Order.

33 Leander said you must always strive to be the first man in the woods. But not to catch fish.

34 Leander said that one can't own one's usefulness.

35 Leander said don't read a book on how to cook things. Cook things.

36 Leander said I only want to be esteemed as he readied his gun.

37 Leander said as he read his ancestor's book that no one should read his book except people who wanted to read it.

38 Leander said my confession is just for me, as he read someone else's confession.

30 Leander said that his memories are important or unimportant as the case may be, but that he had to try in retrospect to make sense of what he had done.

39 Leander said that he never found the literature of his youth. Leander said that he was not writing the literature of his youth. Leander was writing his youth.

40 Leander said voided bladder so many times, brushed teeth so many times, who cares? Leander said that much modern fiction was distasteful to writer because of above.

41 Leander said that he had no wish to dwell on such sordid manners, on the bestiality of grief.

42 Leander said his name was writer. Leander never said I am writer.

43 Leander said I only want to be esteemed as his finger clenched the trigger.

44 Leander said that he cannot explain love specifically, that all in love is larky or fractious.

45 Leander said it was natural not to see eye to eye with his wife.

46 Leander said I love you to his wife, and Leander never said I love you to his wife. 47 Leander wrote that he loved his wife, but that he had no wished to dwell on sordid manners.

48 Leander looked out the window at his dark wife and said that he often dreamed of his fair wife waiting in a rose bower.

49 Leander said that he believed in love and the leaving of it.

50 Leander said that he was guilty of self-love.

51 Leander said I only want to be esteemed as he leaned as far out the window as he could manage.

52 Leander said that he hated Indians, Chinamen, most foreigners, and that he trailed the smell of Polish earth, Italian Earth, Russian earth, strange earth everywhere.

53 Leander said change everything, ruin everything.

54 Leander said to run everywhere.

55 Leander said I only want to be esteemed. So swear on the American flag, that I am esteemed.

56 Leander said he cannot explain death specifically.

57 Leander said I want Prospero's speech over my grave.

58 Leander said these our actors were all spirits and all melted into air, into thin air.

59 Leander said that a whisper had turned his soul into cinder, that the smell of the sea, the heat of the spring sun, that berries bitter and sweet seared him.

60 Leander said that he did not want to be a spectacle as he took out his gun.

61 Leander said he wanted to be a spectacle as he leaned out the window and shot his gun at a star

62 Leander said you weren't supposed to hear that. I just wanted them to think I was dead.

63 Leander looked at his dark wife on his bright boat from the window and said I wanted them to think I was dead, not you.

64 And Leander said swear to me on the American flag, that I am still esteemed.

65 Leander said I am old. I don't want to be old. Yes. Yes.

66. Leander said we are such stuff as dreams are made on, and our little life is rounded with a sleep.

67 Leander said to Leander swim until you can't see land.

Butchart Gardens

my self-prescribed sanctuaries;
my predictable imagination;
my feral, hypothetical people;
my thought as a currency;
my scrapbook as a mockumentary;
my fan letter to the inventor of language;
my cartoon obscured by mass celebrity;
my backlog of tabloids and ideologies;
my want to take credit;
my history of unreality;
my family's heartbeat;

"It escaped me--"

"--It flew away,"

when I remembered

the masons and quarries and doves.

Thief

i speak, therefore broken
But I Won't
scream different face;
vibrato like midnight
fortress--bricks of an afterthought.
it falls the same way waves
never change: crumbled by boulders
of meadows and plains
wrapped in hammerfists,
But I Won't graze, therefore,
before the grass,
i grave. blue handkerchiefs twisted
around the waist of heaven, wandered,
then wondered, *does this mean i've changed?*
not yet ghost, not yet perforated,
i learned to use the ocean as a clock
But I Won't steal another quantum,
ask nothing in return, then a hologram
in tantrum, relearned the hopes
of the undecided, unhollow, unteatherable.

New Medical Breakthroughs

The cure for recovery
is occasionally,
the symptom itself.

For instance:

jogging with a runny nose,
demolishing a broken building,
sleeping with an STD,
taking some time apart from yourself.

Professionals view these deviations
as cute emotional suicides.

The wound doesn't disappear
when its hidden.

See:

bandaids,
highway fantasies,
becoming a ghost.

Recovery is as simple as cleaning,
as in a dirty room, bad brain,
or any temporary ailment,
like when your home begins to change.

Friction Burns

Tantric bend and backspin,
this cobwebbed passion
-plot--

flesh-helixed obsession,
the lovers unmindful
of being discovered. Their knot

is not unlike a silken labyrinth
where Widows clamber.

Their bodies weave the same fine thread
by which Theseus
tactfully crept

his way back
to Ariadne. Taut
and golden once
again, it guides them
through secret realms

to one another every night,
where friction burns
their fires deep

into each
other's skin

Post-Mortem

Three years after the accident, she drives through the memory–infested intersection of East Las
Olas
and Southeast 8th Avenue, Fort Lauderdale, Florida at exactly 3 A.M. She brakes abruptly
under the silver slipper moon.
Handfuls of cold rain throw themselves like rhinestones at the windshield, scratching at the
glass; she can hardly remember his face before the red spill
of ambulance lights drowned
the entire Town
car. *Why him and not me?* she asks herself,
the rhinestone-rain furious now. Old wound traffic signals blur to green. She listens to the trees
stream up toward the Chinablack sky
as the past continues harpooning by. All she wants is for the pulling
to stop. *It's only love*, he'd say, laughing.
She forces the silver slipper she wore that morning to the floor and steers her car toward the sea.

Plummet

A single ray of scorchshine sends the waxbills and the weavers winging wildly toward a thick of Tamarinds. Seedpods, on the cusp of busting, plummet in disgust at this sudden rush of interest in the shady side of summer. Muffled humming of bees and the chorus of crickets cluster in the daisy-dappled weeds, nature's traffic stop. A monumental copper pot. A golden moment - hovering - between each humid wave of wanton heat.

Like nostalgia, pain has a way of creeping up on us

Like nostalgia, pain has a way
of creeping
up on us. I remember the days before illness
and injury, the paroxysms
of grief when agony seized control of me. Before ravaging
torrents of rain crippled my existence, before I was handed
down a life-sentence
of immobility. Before the weeping,
long before the grimace. Pinpoint
of blood intaglioed where the first fissures formed
this internal rift. Years later, I still remember everything.
All day my small, pale hand opens
toward lightless windows. My mind doesn't let
up, won't yield to this bed-affixed lump
my body has become. Instead it spreads its wings;
soars and dips and dives and lifts
itself above the highest sky-lodged starline, where a bloodless white
listening echoes back the emptiness between every cold-
blazing celestial body. The numbness floods in
again. Do we ever get a second chance?
It's what I don't say that speaks the loudest.

1.23 [Mossy Greens Go Thickly Popcorn Yellow]

A rear rose a ripe pose projects a
Geometry in
Translation ambient transferral fusion
Anathema to
Exclusion articulates an edge as of
Envelopes purloins plucks
Out from her vision her fire its columnar
Projection places an I an I no
And at-all despite which us here through a garden.

1.8 [Rusts and Caramels Inter]

Silk whispers

A language of no signs
Only sounds

Extremely clear

Properties finely honed
Lexicon

For all ways

Difference
Goes contours proffer their
Profusion

While echoes ambulate
That gallery

Root those sugars with which
That blank beautiful

You can espy spice its heat its bias.

1.4 [Blanched Bone Tones Fade Bluely]

Some salt

some
Scatter

Sun

set to
Flatter

Me

steps

sand
Squeaks as

Swamp

mud clings and

Adorns with its sting

unskeins
Skin skeined about bone

But what can

One and one and one and facets of some

Decently stable

Assemblage of shifts do
To deny the kin

Or better the

relationship gone metonym

Many others readily

deduce is blue blinks blue.

1.58 [Tidal Skin]

The sea renders rock
Rubble rearranges her sense of
Beautiful from glance through dermis to
Brain and spine is jolted its tingle
Tide as ramps up the beach
Startling her legs can none than run in freshening every nerve.

1.16 [Indigo Departure]

Singular and plural
 Is and are continually
 Switching
 Positions
 Each state profiles
 Each or out and so
 Closely out
 Of reach nonetheless
 Renders oomphs of reality
 Possible
 Places us an imaginary
 You even
 More implausible
 Me
 Smack in the center
 Where indigo
 Strains inter sects surpasses
 Ochre onyx-like moon or sun it sublimity space
 Recently departed
 by
 A girl
 Whose frame fits her to fog wove
 Forth from multiplicity.

Tongue-Biter Parasite

The fiction pond.

The bird's leaves.
Enough pretense
in one sled dragging
winter's end.¹

FIG. 1

Brain acres. Blue windows

in the mind to confuse
the evil eye that's just more

sky. Be a motif. Collage,

permanent epiphany.

Beauty manipulates
its spent articulation.

FIG. 2

Misunderstand myself:²

Wire and string me

¹ Treat the world like a mirror,
mimic thinks: long walks,

impatient contemplation,

and I will see myself

in all the qualities I want.

² Unresolved.

already, hard-hearted
spring. To limits
and sources

their worthless observations.
Pray I can discover
what you've no need for.

But We Are Not Within Us

There's no such thing as almost holy
on the mountain pass.¹

Waterfalls stripped

the canyon of all interest.²
And of course, it is romantic.³

1

Pass

assuming someone's coming through.

² The canyon vain

and possibly blasphemous

in its liberty to be skeptical of itself,

it must have a purpose.

³ the water come here for any reason

to find only rest falling, as we had

traveled many miles not knowing what for,

not wanting to know

until the day atones us, and we are in it,

and something about its being beautiful--

let slip, water off a cliff.

My hands

secretly wonder I am meant
to be alone.⁴

As if we are barely ourselves.

⁴ When the deep beneath

recedes into the valley

Not Ghost Forest, Not Ghost Lake

The ghost town becomes a tourist trap,
which sounds like it's a bad thing,
but people settle down. They come

to support the great outdoors,
so we come to support them
supporting the great outdoors.

God rules all living things.

*

A drought leads to wildfires
as violence leads to resolution. Children
are born here. An earthquake interferes

with the geyser process. Microbes survive
from a previous age into vibrant red dust
mists pick up at prismatic springs.

Silence everywhere, cilia along
each ear canal un-flattening.
Wildfires lead to deeper droughts.

Unseen seeds unflowered in microclimates,
over animal highways, under
the only species we don't try to conserve:

the buzzards constantly circling.

*

Over an arid electric sunset quality
of distance, abandoned highways
and implied towns, a whole narrative

of equilibrium interrupted
by old facades. Plastic logs
weathered to wind-beaten.

As in an eco-tone
of time: now and again now--
two overlapping species.

Time doesn't move here, we do.

*

Through painted hills,
by signs cut from petrified wood.
A butte named for a heart

on a spear long ago standing
atop it. The historical marker says so.
Red dust forms the landscape, which isn't

in itself a spiritual crisis, but raises
certain questions from the ground:
arrow-heads and petro-glyphs

and rocks for bashing heads in.
Savage christenings.
Manifest destiny, meaning the future

belongs to the past and is saved.

*

For-rent sign on the lakefront
realty home-office. A store that sold
the Sundance Kid a knife

while he was still a child.
The visitor's lodge plays videos
of the mountain you can see in real time

through panoramic windows. A city
has a sign that says *last of the old west*
next to the city with a sign that says

last of the old west. Covered
wagons and eighteen wheelers.
Shell lands for us to educate.

The buzzards watch us

*

admire them. Our children tell us
there is nothing we can't rebuild.

Boldly I Go

Everything is alright

A girl walks by with leopardprint
leggings and a guy aims
a camera at his friend
washing windows six stories up

His name-tag says *Move* in cursive
or *Marco*

It is spring
Will I have a comb over or go
bald into old age

Oh

I forgot
about all my friends
all my friends
I miss everywhere all the time

I see pink confettilooking
throw-up in the thawing snow-bank

Is the plural of iris still
iris or irises

Clarion Call

A bird to another bird successively and many thereafter in those mountains you were entering when you sent the text after our dropped call that said, "I'm heading into the mountains. I keep losing you." That call came many years after another but the first was still floating around the air somewhere, which began by rolling down a hill at the golf course covered in snow and a cracking sound that rang within and without my clavicle that told me to call out for help. The call for help met no one, which got made and repeated to my dad, who answered, but got muted from the siren song as I drove myself to the hospital clutching myself the whole while clutching the car. Which brings us back to now, to last night where, when I checked my phone after midnight, I had 6 missed calls and 2 texts unseen from you, which signaled a response, which signaled both relief yet not a slack in the line and anger all the same over not calling, yet calling to wake you up, the call you dropped after only 28 seconds of responding.

Cantankery

We don't remember our anniversary so have an anniversary month which is in a matter of days, days totaling 30 regardless of the leaps. I'm hugging you hugging the curb as I feel my way around our rented car to inspect for mistakes, any errors in our contract with which to reconcile ourselves. It is black and shiny, which reflects off the Spanish night that we squeeze through, worrying about speed limits and conversion rates, whatever numbers mean. Being as old as beings feel, I go forwards and you go backwards connecting the 8 in 80 to the infinity sign, static to static on the radio. We sing, we sang, we have sung. We're in the middle of the road now, which I drive off of and into the ocean we go amphibious with croaking and oil. We sing, we are slung asunder. We get drained and drain it, finally.

Marooned

The difference between
loneliness solitude

lake river

then there's the deep dark
gulf

I've always said

if my family weren't my family

I'd probably hate them

a passing truck full of hicks hauling
a pontoon boat, a spittoon tucked snug
between the legs

Hard to say though

stranded as I am

in the middle of
it all

in a kid's life-
jacket

Someone said marooned

and all I can think of

is the color

Repossession

I possess many things
you could say

I am possessed
by many things

and that is why
I write

to work my way
out of things

too vague too vague

a suited banker came
and took

away our house
away our truck

and called it re-
possession, the turning

of our wheels
onto Church St.

and beyond our hands
which I guess

is a form of freedom

a house w/out
any frame

of mind w/out
concrete

suppositions

a window into
and out of

everything goes

from Jacques Lipchitz

**PA
BO
LO**



**LES DEMOISELLES
D'AVIGNON,
1907**

from Jacques Lipchitz

“
REALITY
ONLY
REVEALS
ITSELF WHEN
IT
IS
ILLUMINATED
BY A RAY OF
POETRY.”

**BRA
QUE**

from Jacques Lipchitz

SÈE
KINGS

indi
vidual
visuals

from Jacques Lipchitz



**EVERY
VERY
ENERGY**

from Jacques Lipchitz

MOD
GL
AN

HEAD
HOME
HEAD
HOME
HEAD
HOME

from Jacques Lipchitz

THE
TRUE
VISUAL
UNUSU
AL

“
TREAT
NATURE BY
THE CYLINDER,
THE SPHERE,
THE CONE”
— CEZANNE

Jessica Comola's work has appeared or is forthcoming in *jubilat*, *Dreginald*, *EOAGH*, *Smoking Glue Gun*, *Eratio*, and *Everyday Genius*. She is the author of the chapbook *What Kind of Howly Divine* (Horseless Press 2014). She currently lives in Oxford, MS where she co-hosts the Trobar Ric Reading Series.

K.R. Copeland was born June, 22, 1970, on the Northwest side of Chicago. In spite of her big city roots, K.R. has always had a passion for the natural world, spending a great deal of her time digging in dirt, climbing in trees, wading through creeks and hiking through valleys, taking in all this planet has to offer. She has been an advocate for and actively involved in, habitat conservation, prairie restoration, energy efficiency education and clean waterways projects. *2057*, Copeland's second chapbook-length compilation, combines her love for the above with her love for language and the musicality thereof, in an effort to entertain, educate and inspire. Her newest poetry collection, *Love and Other Lethal Things*, will be an [Unlikely Book](#). You can reach K.R. at kr AT unlikelystories DOT org, or find her on Facebook, where she's already watching you.

Adam Dalva is a graduate of NYU's MFA Program, where he was a Veterans Writing Workshop Fellow. He has written a novel, *The Zero Date*, and was an Associate Fellow at the Atlantic Center for the Arts. His work has been published in *The Millions*, *Bodega*, *Connu*, and elsewhere. Adam is an 18th century French antique dealer.

Mitchell Garrard is from Seattle, WA, where he spends most of his time restoring antique clocks and volunteering at dog shelters. He finds art in bad coughs and missing teeth. His poems have recently appeared or are forthcoming in *Camel Saloon*, *Dead Snakes*, *experiential-experimental-literature*, *Futures Trading*, *The Kitchen Poet*, *Otoliths*, *S/Word*, and *Uut Poetry*.

Joshua Gottlieb-Miller was recently a MacDowell fellow. He works as a grocer and tutor, and volunteer with the Writers in Prisons Project at Oakhill Correctional Institution. His poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *Pleiades*, *Indiana Review*, *Linebreak*, *Cell Poems*, and elsewhere.

Michelle Greenblatt is the poetry editor for Unlikely Stories. A two-time Pushcart-Prize nominee, Greenblatt's third book, *Ghazals*, was co-authored with Sheila Murphy. You can find her work in *Free Verse*, *Bird Dog*, *Counterexample Poetics*, *Dusie*, *Altered Scale*, *eratio*, *Sawbuck*, *Sugar Mule*, *Moria*, *Shampoo*, *Coconut Poetry*, *Big Bridge*, *BlazeVOX*, *Xerolage*, *Blackbox*, *Otoliths*, *Fire*, *The Spidertangle Anthology of Visual Poetry* and many others. Her fourth book, *ASHES AND SEEDS*, is a collection of prose poetry, free verse poems, and post-modern haibuns that combine her love of surrealist imagery with story-telling through avant-garde explorations into loss, isolation, insanity, and redemption. *ASHES AND SEEDS* is forthcoming. Michelle can be reached at Michelle@UnlikelyStories.org.

Matthew Johnstone has recent writing in *N/A*, *Ohio Edit*, *Gesture*, and *Timber*. There is a book of poems, *Let's be close Rope to mast you*, *Old light* (Blue & Yellow Dog, 2010), and DoubleCross Press just selected his *Note on Tundra* to be part of their 2015 catalogue of handmade poetry chapbooks. He hosts the E t A I. Poetry Readings, and does roughly half the legwork for the online arts journal 'Pider (pidermag.com), both of Tennessee, Nashville, America.

Tyler Cain Lacy is a New Mexican living in Chicago. He is the author of *REUS* (PressBoardPress, 2014) and his work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Banango Street*, *Stolen Island*, *Sprung Formal*, *Caliban*, and *elimae*, among others. Find more at <http://tclacy.tumblr.com/>.

Paul Siegell is a senior editor at Painted Bride Quarterly and the author of three books of poetry: *wild life rifle fire*, *jambandbootleg*, and *Poemergency Room*. Kindly find more of Paul's work - and concrete poetry t-shirts - at "ReVeLeR @ eYeLeVeL" (<http://paulsiegell.blogspot.com/>).

Adam Strauss lives in Fort Lauderdale, FL, and has poems forthcoming in the anthology *Devouring the Green: Fear of a Human Planet* (Jaded Ibis Press).

Christina Vega-Westhoff is a poet, translator, and aerialist currently living in Merida, Yucatan and teaching aerial yoga. Poetry from her manuscript *Suelo Tide Cement* appears or is forthcoming in Caterina Davinio's installation *Big Splash*, the journals *Horse Less Review*, *LIT*, and *a Perimeter*, and in Spanish translation in Estudio Nuboso's booklet *SUELO Vol. 1*. Her translations of Panamanian writer Melanie Taylor Herrera's work appear in *Asymptote*, *Exchanges*, *Ezra*, *Metamorphoses*, *PRISM International*, and *Waxwing*.