

**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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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](mailto: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, several, 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 8<sup>th</sup> 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

Many others readily

Or better the relationship gone metonym  
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.<sup>1</sup>

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:<sup>2</sup>

Wire and string me

---

<sup>1</sup> Treat the world like a mirror,  
mimic thinks: long walks,

impatient contemplation,

and I will see myself

in all the qualities I want.

<sup>2</sup> 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.<sup>1</sup>

Waterfalls stripped

the canyon of all interest.<sup>2</sup>  
And of course, it is romantic.<sup>3</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Pass

assuming someone's coming through.

<sup>2</sup> The canyon vain  
and possibly blasphemous

in its liberty to be skeptical of itself,  
it must have a purpose.

<sup>3</sup> 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.<sup>4</sup>

As if we are barely ourselves.

---

<sup>4</sup> 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**

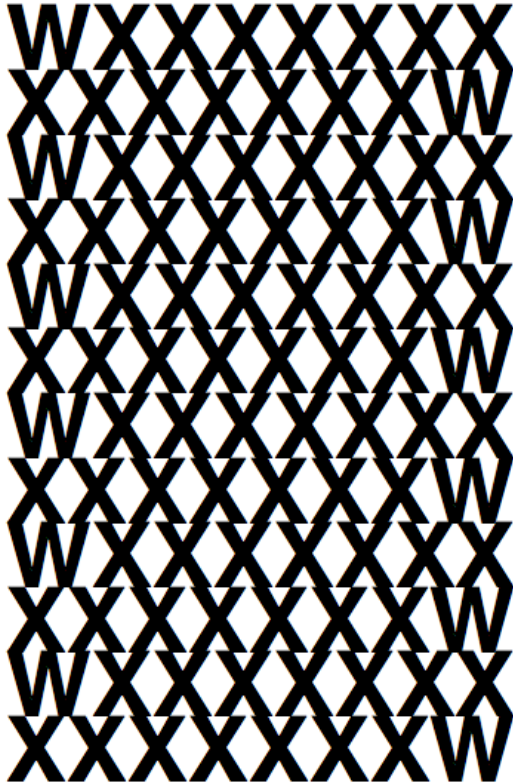


from Jacques Lipchitz

**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](mailto:kr AT unlikelystories DOT org), or find her on Facebook, where she's already watching you.

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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).

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