Word For/ Word is seeking poetry, prose, poetics, criticism, reviews, and visuals for upcoming issues. We read submissions year-round, but issue #31 is scheduled for March 2018. 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@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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in rain showers

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honeybees living in bird's nest
moon again lonesome bleak
tractor bucket bellied up

12-gauge shell littered land
horizon lines outshine the flood light

        art thou or aren't thou fiddle tunes
lichen on brick facing hedge grass

        fingernails blooded tooth aching
        that old hymn you remember

Evan Gray

Where the Willow Hangs Down

barbed wire fence empty visions

city folks wind chimes conversation translated AM radio static

just behind the timberline just behind the shadows of a shed

town is reflected jade green moss north side of a tree

a foot from planted daffodils

Evan Gray

Slang

a thorn bush behind hog pins high strung in starkness
the right pair of boots & the holler's backdoor coves
my flannel shirt pockets cover the beehives
1965 half-dollar dad gave me, buy gas, take a mouthful of snuff
hide in the house when J comes over drunk
scrabble in the porch light, in the perch, window stains I leave
the doors locked remember, the mountains, ridges BBQ chip bags, fishing
off the bridge, origins just pure like lady liberty, a shoebox,
hand-me-down sweaters and cattails tall as people
a six pack by the bookshelf, take to the cold alter, now
a in fenced-in field, with my self-portrait for backdrops, blackberries along the parkway
rough work with words and taxidermy plastered lynx fur
or mason jars filled with kerosene, postcards in furnaces black smoke
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even the tiniest crumpling diabetes toes in unison
dancing, hammering seven nails in a row whisker closet to each other, vertebras knuckling,
damn this liver, lonesome failures to lift the tractor bucket as
sacrifice, for now God is a stuck hog or a lamb or another blacksnake, feeding on the mice
out, the barn, most of all bottom feeders, bent stakes and glass
shards flatpicking breaks, a melody, a rebirth, a cesspool, no new eyes to feel with
rain-puddle clouded ecosystems just white chalky connections
or dust on my dashboard, readiness it takes certain ancient eyes to call things, specific before
the corn comes, upward there will be grass where home is
infected by sky-red vapors, gravel throated enigmas, bless my heartstrings for
feeling, lantern light wooded has become rust suspended in air
like cardboard cutouts, the once seen mountains, jaspering left and right, bone deep,
fingernails shards of highway lines on, ordinary thought is
underground, paved rivers vibrating, I wanted to say, out the front door to leave, only
spaces

Evan Gray

Basho

paths clattered by patterns, alone incomplete by slants of lights
I am left standing and shining through, an echo reversing gravity, by falling
upward & around I cry for truths or depths floating on the surface,

here are skulls, here are heads of deer cut off, I am inland where mountains shimmer
and the temperate forest rots.

Evan Gray

Winter, 2013

toes numb to the earth stomped fibers
of my hair tucked in his hat I didn't even like

+

this all near the hill where my grandfather is buried
but I only knew his cold body lying

on a hospital bed while a machine
breathes for him, it's a hospital mom says, a
cold metal slab, and I thought we were in the
basement, but I don't remember coughing
because of mold which I am allergic to or
being scared from the lack of sunlight which
used to affect me, but inside I remember
looking at my grandfather's eyelids and
eyebrows, how pink and purple

+

but that's just it, the deer through my scope, he and I were breathing
the same hard syllables just a doe, the last of the season

I needed to kill something I needed or I'd wait all year
if got another chance
and I didn't do it and throw it on the bed of his pick-up
take it to the high school parking lot and show everyone
to see what would they think, what they'd say and goddamn
I was cold snow was creeping in my tennis shoes not camo
but bet everyone else had a deer by now

Janis Butler Holm

Sound Poems
(from *Rabelasian Play Station*)

I

The Presidential piston ring transfigures cloven laudanum.

The Presidential cottonmouth exposes hirsute whirlygigs.

The Presidential flügelhorn discomfits leather godliness.

The Presidential riding whip subpoenas buckram epitaphs.

The Presidential tuckahoe looks down on seismic barnacles.

The Presidential bacon fat complains of wooded pilferage.

The Presidential helium makes do with zingy cuttlebones.

The Presidential showerhead remodels talking cherryade.

II

Creeping eruption at ultrahigh frequencies presages mirth. Bare-handed locker rooms gasify elder tricks; protean taxables paint the town red. All things considered, does petty cash bombinate? Judging from aquifers, who has fouled out? Skittish ejection seats jeopardize bladderball, sweetly apprenticing low-lying shrubs.

III

The Presidential underpass is picketing your dancing shoes.

The Presidential circus troupe is rallying your octothorpe.

The Presidential parapet is mortgaging your beanbag chair.

The Presidential weathercock is curdling your take-home pay.

The Presidential chloroform is welcoming your lightning rod.

The Presidential teeterboard is honoring your puddle duck.

The Presidential firing range is narrowing your superscript.

The Presidential dramaturge is summoning your goldenbush.

IV

Daughterly bivouacs nourish rhinoscopy, flattering toads. Counterintelligence wrestles with waffle mix; uniform density liquidates fluff. Now that alternatives cuddle the great again, whom shall we torture with aureate math? By means of engrossment and color-wheel gum boots, flowering nutmeg abhors politesse.

V

The Presidential endocarp surmounts a raucous likelihood.

The Presidential minus sign procures a gelded watersport.

The Presidential currycomb relieves a barking noodle dish.

The Presidential kettledrum outranks a churlish overshoe.

The Presidential holding cell disowns a fulsome interphase.

The Presidential fingerprick employs a cosmic duffle bag.

The Presidential jolly boat unveils a squiggly hammerlock.

The Presidential vacuum tube assists an orange free-for-all.

Anne Gorrick

The movie is broken

(after worksheet of Lynn Behrendt's first book titles – as suggested by Google)

Of course lions dance, my bright little star
You're still single
You can pay me back in gum
You can call it love or thunder
Her pearls drink milk in the dark
Can Calphalon go in the oven?
Can call of duty zombies be beat?
Fake calla lilies and fake chickens
Sleep lyrically wraps spring
Her lupus, her Lucky Strikes, her lumineers
She is branded by luck
Luminarc, landscapes marketed by radiant mystery
Luminous fish effect, whiskey park, wheelworks
A tiara of molecular substance
Which is bigger? Better? An example of
Is Kevjumba a heterosexual bear wrestler?
Is Banksy Jewish, gay, white, black, pregnant or contagious?
Is beer vegan?
Is beautiful a curse or a noun?
The hard part of Burgundy is beach bum tanning on Stranger TV
Burnout lasers: a synonym for skin, a southcloud
The Beautiful Soup Theater Collective
The odd rubies in female interest, infectious diseases, frostwire
Otterbox and desert cities
What's another word for Sunday?
Idioms, Iditarod, the ideal weight of her identity
I need some prank, I need cute hair, I am Number 4
I used to be fat and I had a dream that I was love
From Prada to Nada
I pulled a muscle loving you
Basement wilderness, the warpwoods, horoscope
The ethnic aesthetics of consumption
I really love my bank commercial, I really like you in Korean
Long words, light periods, lame jokes
Birth control running shoes quotes – this is why we're fat
Her bones begin this sentence
Tattoos, abortions, ma pêche – How expensive is Plan B?
Her vocabulary is made of metal and foam – her vocal range was like a farm
Heated driveways exhale in Tokyo
Which elements can expand their octet?

Can you freeze milk? Can you get mono twice?

You find yourself in a room, but you forgot the blueberries
You find a ticket on the dash and you collide
You find yourself in the middle of a frozen lake

She eats a way back burger
Spasms splash succulent surgery fusion suction
Maplestory
Greek letters sewn together wrong
Her eyelashes were sewn on
Books nurse scorned timber, beloved as the sky
Scorned Woman Hot Sauce
The gold he sought in translation
Throwing knives and throwing up blood:
there's a wolf assassin in Togetherville
Parts of speech pitchfork sets of attraction
Perfect harmony performed by intruders
Personal Christmas ornaments, personality disordered
Personal oxygen bar and oracle
Inordinate ladies origami-ed together
The anatomy of angels must be comprised of plant cells
What is an "I" word to describe you?
Hourglasses and alcoholics and errata
Organisms that reproduce asexually have the ability
for their exoskeletons to benefit agriculture
Is this poem an event that decreases the behavior that precedes it?
Event mining, the mimic octopus
This sentence is camouflaged in adaptation
presocial and post-colonial, mockery and hybridity
Darkness symboled in lyric, her sadness splitscreen
Splice comma splice, sunlight in miniature
Splintered adjective, splintered light, splintered angel
The history of wood is bone
A soundtrack to sincerity, broken white lines

Cohesion and coherent light
Poems are temporal oscillations
His breath: a monochromatic light, a temper trap
The sun over a New York deciduous forest
The sounds in Shrubland: this sentence and its soundclouds
Lyrics soaked with screaming, snoring, throwing up
Insects, questions, birds, things
Some of us never die
Some odd rubies came running
Some quadrilaterals are rectangles
Drug antagonists, property anxiety, some weirdness termed "fundamental"

The physics of solace, theories entangled in their jumping
I am your radio slave, your repairer, your radiation pressure noise
I am your radiant history of the sea
Irradiance, their ashes as seen on TV
Summary, Sparknotes, text, gavotte
Walk to class at a constant speed

Do your scars wait for god? Or makeup for monsters?
Or you for my theory of the dead man?
If you were meant for me, then you won't feel a thing
You wanted to be a memory
I cast shadows in your interrupted lyrics
Saturdays flirt in Italian
Shoes and skin sleep in a Tokyo hotel
Apricot scatter, obituary obscura
Scattered order adjusts terminology
Muscle, fracture, asymptote, angles, exercises, strategies
These lines strain at definition
Thrust fault, thoracic spine, mountain goats, love chords
Throwing and thinking inside a cathedral
The yellow pages tell her that this is the year of the rabbit
Evershade, explosions in the sky
When the phone is an experiment in international living
Is aspirin a verb? Astronomy?
Performance art as an intervention in probability
Her beetroot utopia, a sheltered logic for pigs
Silvercyst, oatmeal, gold in suspension, osmotic pressure
Underworld, undertone, underoath, undercovers
Under the pressure of darkness
Suspicion, dishwater, silk, spinning lights
His shoulder blades under spiritual construction
Alcohol and ghosts: Spirits-A-Go-Go
Animal spirits are a bestiary of the commons
A bivalent chromatin structure marks
Does she make pearls in her shells?
Her oyster ligaments draw and dredge
Look up in your dream dictionary shutters and sunlight
An intolerable blue gloss on his marvelous arms
Morning glory, the morning after pill, sickness and ratings
Endless engagement rings in their enchanted leaning
The entropy of dogs, their uncertainty principal, their fortunetelling gravity
Our dependency on code and the color blue
on the unreachable, unreadable calendar
Wait for the Royal Caribbean unicorn attack
Oranges, orchids, roses, origami, order, origin
Our sorting technologies appall
They're swaggerific, capable of swallowing a knife

Swallow your gum, or swallow the sun or stones
a fishbone, a tooth, a pint of blood, a battery
until your ears pop, dagger vomit, ear heart
Cherry blossom the hollow
Get on the Peter Pan bus
Bring your frost emblems and your prehistoric terror

Microtonal Accidental Font

(after my own poem "Microtones" – as suggest by Google)

A variable that is manipulated by the scientist in an experiment
Structural adaptations that equal character
A variation on the powers of 10, or for the word "sleep"
Let's swap veins
The calculus in a Korean folk song or a Shaker melody
Kernel sentences informed by Rilke, Hayden, Paganini, Denise Levertov
Musical chairs, missionaries, mac n' cheese, mimosas
Servitude to moonlight and the morality of rain
Monogamy interpolated, my monolingual fears
Formula closure, mono sets, quantile and convex functions
Monologue, monotype, the likelihood ratio for love
Anthropologists are participant observers, revelators
The autobiography is also an alphabet game
Martyrology, dust canters, horseradish, cloudy eye
Leap over your own meals
Horse chestnut extract prancing, funny or die
Ladybugs, the ground folds up with meaning, flaxfault
From pimp stick to pulpit, memory foam remembers
The shattered sun hoards artifacts, we celebrate islands
The ascent of money as a character in world history
Ascetic glitches, ascension packs a punch wrapped in tissue paper
Easter Egg Island golf course, zombie tourism

Are we really protected from accidental deletion?

Even the flowers these days are professional
Remember that time when that fat man was dropped?
Thatched, that free thing softly under Christmas
Fountain texting, a thesaurus cracks open in the wrong hands
Our Atlantic senses fail, that intolerable gloss
That skinny Scottish mist, the sea burns with forgetting
The codeine seas, the grasslike uncertainty in sea monkeys
Glide density, dislocation models crystal grain boundaries
The motion in metals, in brittle fracture
The sheer force of a reckless bureaucracy
Arcane prankster munchies, aromatherapy as a substitute or London
The belly becomes the crib, a basket of sun
Lyrics hang around your neck, your handwriting has no tears in it
All arms around you, Halloween Alaska
Inkheart, godfont, pleated with Pleaides, skindex
Poppies know the pleasure of being robbed, of flinching
An invaded suffering, obscurity, open water
Please touch my museum, our hands are oracles

In operant conditioning an organism learns
Skin splitting open, the structure of infection
A template of classes, her cirrus dress
The sun warms the earth by convection
Constellations by constructivism
Demotivational, decorations darken a room, demonoid
Breast cancer defines its own accessibility
Why isn't there a love defibrillator? Insanity benefits technology
Define "irony." Define "leadership." Define "culture"
The defenestration of this poem in relation to others
The midline of the body, paper buttons, plateaus
Pies and Thighs, Crimecraft next to the Piercing Pagoda
Cartilage or orchid, zombie spacecraft or wasting syndrome
Does god choke on these situations?
Text citations for "Silence: the Musical"
Voodoo and the brain, loss is a voice recognition system
Tangled news of a distant ascension
Which voices are never used in cantatas?
Arousal theory, a family of words, eyelashes both positive and false
Dichotomy in falsetto, prophets in pretense and forensics
Feathering her fear of long words are:
clowns, heights, god, death, failure, snakes, intimacy, plastic bags, plane crashes
There are plenty of fish at the Hunger Games
Summoning small continents, backsplash burn-treatments, seabelly treasures
the speed of thought, the space taken up by an object or a window
When a spirit takes over your body
Overspiritualizing over spilled milk, a moonless heartbreak
her spiral curls, how to cross over spirits, the light over Norway
Spirit jailbreak, grace wasted on excess capacity, slanted
Lamentation an idiom for fitted sheets, fortune cookies, retraction
Turtled to death, the bejesus twist, smokewagon
Threadless, a foreign object circulates in the blood
Fish an animal, fox a dog, frog a reptile, fetus a person
Double spaced food poisoning, the structure of this space
Avalanche, indigo directions, how wind is a discography
A funeral of hearts, cypress cognates, crooked vultures
The pleasure of objectification is an invalid
The chanterelles have changed their address

When Nietzsche wept and New York was Irish
(after my own poem "An Envelope Full of Music/A Contingent Event" – as suggested by Google)

When not to use a hand sanitizer, or go to China, or order fish
When notating pitch, when notated music was invented
Notational velocity, notated clothing
Cheap flights for Chinese New Year
The execute permission was denied the object
He expects her to chase him, that Gregor Mendel
Year of the Rabbit, reddish brown
Reddish urine, reddish brown hair, reddish egret
with textual evidence:
lamp, paper, theory
Technique Tuesday
Florence and the Machine flourished in copperplate
Or a few dollars more, or a woman like you, or a gringo like me
or a reasonable facsimile thereof, or a beautiful nightmare
Hero or tyrant, law or theory, look or touch, a grass or a tree, a skill or a talent
Evening dresses, everyday food, Eventbrite
Sevendust, small animals walk through their definitions, bodies found in a trunk in Arizona
Bodies found in a hollow tree reveal their motion in water
Cry for water, a silvered oiled glory
Traces of your friends fracture and the favored mind
When your computer sleeps and notifications appear
When will a crocodile eat the sun?
When a couple breaks up, when cows lie down, when a single syllable cannot be solved
A comparison of two numbers by division
When prose accommodates action
his composition would almost always end with a hero, smoking

An atmosphere of bones and notebooks, her Venus bones
A synonym perceives itself as warm and caring
It's always sunny and deductible in Philadelphia
When a wedding is like a jungle filled with candy

Aerobic respiration over the sea, chaos is a way to acknowledge her partiture
An orca pulls a Sea World trainer to her death
Harm harmonizes with her hair
Trail patterns, manipulations
Her mouth without tears like a party favor
Paralyzed man implant, the shape of hands
She bathes in snakes and snapdragons
What is the prince's name in Snow White?
Leopard Ice Cream predicts that some reality shows are entirely fake
Expressibles, extreme couponing
Use "homemade firearms" in a sentence

Benign positional vertigo, an album of competitive advantage
One of Satan's autobiographies is called "Ice"
Collective bargaining for nouns
Prayer collects blood from the head and arms
Collect tropics, transient failure, the disease that slips inside pictures
Cherubs are born and then they are rented or bought
A thousand clowns and the way each one will die
What is that thing next to your blood vessel?
Things that end with the letter D
Engadgeted and enchanted, her heart enlarged by blonde matters
Enlivened by the mystery of rock powders
She is a borderless blonde instrument
Fat calculators, magic calculators
Salt glow hives, hidden object games, sallow and inappropriate
Pandora's bracelets, cloud virgins, sea rays
The Swedish coastline sways in the summer breeze, septic
Drowned wolf swag, their auras wickedly melded together
Atonement rises like a mystery vacation
River salon, there were slots in her decisions
A traversal creates pairs of slipping fish
Chariots pale as character actors, the orientalism of living things
Types of turquoise and the misuse of spiritual gifts
Behaviors of the gifted and their properties of gold
A skilled use of hydrogen, the misery of bubbles and time
An experiment with magnets and eggs at a science fair
What to do at home with light?
Christ recycles minerals, Siamese fighting fish work on memory
Patterns of arrangement, grain the size of lyric
An emergent severity index
Dragonoid chance, de-Cocteau this caring bridge
Complete the table for this metabolic equation
Wooden hearted poems canceled in full episodes
Notational velocity, paper defines her blouse
The stars test drive our hearts, wind daylilies into the body
Beach holidays border on nutrition
She talks like her body temperature is below normal
Massage her like burnt oak, to build a fire of verbs
Absent from her own soliloquies, she pleases precisely
To be played with almonds, a bee playing cards
Bet played fame by size plus attitude
Threadless milk cake, an apartment in a meadow
Dispersion, availability, flour spreads, firewood forecasts accuracy
Flammability, five dreamings, five fingered death punch
Five women wore the same dress, willow wished
Spiked heels and eggrolls, seedpages
Cut an orange into five quarters
What is normal saline? A patient climbs the stairs: starfall stratosphere

Antecedent consequence, crows fly, a cold front passes, unprocessed items
Firearms as a collection of nouns

Process Note:

These poems began in 2011 with an investigation into John Cage's adventures with chance. I was working at the State University of New York at New Paltz, and we had a small museum, the Samuel Dorsky Museum of Art, with a regular exhibition called Reading Objects. The idea of the show is to explore and expand on what is traditionally said on those little cards next to paintings. So we were presented with an array of visual work, and could pick pieces to write about. I decided to write something to accompany a musical score by Cage that was to be part of exhibition. I wrote something, and I came to hate it. This poem was displayed next to Cage's score. I felt I didn't nearly go far enough with the poem to really engage with Cage. So I started again by researching Cage, and I also spent time with Jackson Mac Low's Representative Works.

Around this time, I began to really notice and found myself entertained by the way search engines attempt to anticipate our needs. I began to slowly type lines of poetry (eventually working my way toward entire short poems) into the Google and Bing search boxes, and laugh my way through the list of wrongly anticipated results that appeared underneath my search. I began to make poems out of these (wrong) search results. At first, I thought I was adding chance into the poem, but I came to realize it was just the opposite: these search results came from the zeitgeist's algorithmic desire, not my own, which ended up expanding the possibilities for the poem. The poetic "I" dissolves in this desire.

Lana Bella

Dear Suki: Number Twenty-Three

Dear Suki: Manggyeongsa Temple, 84',
even as you kneel forward, the glow in
in the air, too, kneels. You are all spine
and fealty, a lotus bud in prostration,
concave belly, covert eyes sift through
pale languor of frankincense. Chiseled
as a rhythm's resolve in restraint, you
grew languid with prayers' cathedrals
from cassock-throat to atonic fingers.
Obscured by the lambent mist, I move
against the susurration of devoted pith
then out into the largess of magnolias
and prunus trees. Here, wisdom turns
its cheval glass downwards the veins of
trunks and limbs, purer than rosary-
hands searching absolution, its hymns
a mystic life of brightness and shadows,
speaking with the talk of relics in chained
tongues.

Lana Bella

Dear Suki: Number Twenty-Six

Dear Suki: Kien Giang, March 21st,
the end point is always the harvest
of all forgotten things, whistling in
dashes of your merchant grins and
my nylon fishing net. As wild birds
share our footprints in the sand, I
rope on, gentling in my careful wing
of muscle rank with sweat, while you
rest a ghost of fingers where the sky
meets my wiry bend, spreading skin
upward and around to the sun. And
I will grow taller in enterprise, from
sternum to clavicle, breath by breath,
lurch to a stop only at the change of
seasons, ever ceasing. For it shall be
then, caught in the gulfweed of the sea,
I will know I had been floating there
beside you like amoebas for decades.

D. E. Steward

Passchendaele

Dead serious, ponderously pessimistic, Emil Cioran's flat dismissal of storytelling and the novel is almost humorous

In the vein of Cyril Connolly's *The Unquiet Grave* (1944) and David Shields' hip *Reality Hunger* (2010)

Strangely similar to the bristling New York School forties-and-fifties dogmatics celebrating abstract expressionism and scorning figuratism

Trade fiction's present pell-mell confessional cast and brand-name lasciviousness enhances the argument

It's commodification now

And tell-all memoirs

"Nothing makes any difference with whimsy. Whimsy is for low stakes" – Geoff Dyer

Confessional blogging could turn out to be the story telling of the era

If all literary forms eventually ossify into cliché, new forms are created only when writers are able to identify and expose the clichés

Perhaps all printed-word expression itself will ossify

The uniqueness of the endurance of the printed word undercut

Reverence for calfskin, marbling, heft, truth with silverfish isn't going to be enough

Littera gone to digital image

Print on paper to become possibly only a minor alternative medium

Not only into cliché, but into trivial, confessional meaninglessness

Why libraries at all, when all you need is broadband

But monumental memorial research and presidential libraries still go up

Community libraries are the utilitarian ones

Book-hungry kids come to them, little kids with their mothers for picture books, maniac little readers who come and go with backpacks full, teenagers after school, jobless and congenitally idle people arrive to look up something, use the facilities, sit, doze

Condolanders prowling around for a break from TV, video games, boredom, ennui

Like people go to church, connecting to a civil place

Any public space other than the mall

Wannabe a doer, wannabe a be

Want to count for something, want to be known

Famously or contentiously

Like Emil Cioran

Who backed the Romanian fascist Iron Guard through the nineteen thirties and then ended up famous in France

In the extremes of his mega-pessimism, made his reputation with statements like, "Bach's music is the only argument proving the creation of the Universe cannot be regarded a complete failure"

Uttering a few vitriolic “pshaws” a day slinging his hook in somebody else’s direction

And there’s nothing quite like fame in France

René Béhaine, 1880-1966, author of *L’Histoire d’une Société* in sixteen volumes (1904-1959), didn’t even make the later day *Petit Larousse*

Neither did Béhaine’s *La Conquête de la Vie*, published originally, in a burst of erudition at nineteen in 1899, as the first volume of his *Histoire*

Nothing to do with Béhaine or fame in France but notice the slick palindrome of Malayalam, a literary language of South India

Its region is the Malabar Coast tucked between the zones of two other most ancient Indian Dravidian languages, Kannada and Tamil

Like Sinhala in Sri Lanka and Telugo in Madras, that now is Chennai

Malayalam, from ancient Tamil in the sixth century, is spoken in Keralia

In Kochi (Cochin), Keralia’s big port

Ronald Ross an Anglo-Indian who won the Nobel in Medicine in 1902, determined the vectors of malaria transmission in Begumpett in the Sigur Ghat, a steep valley that leads out of the Nilgiri Hills, Tamil Nadu

Inland, just behind that coast

Deep in the marvels of hillscape South India

Asian remarkables everywhere from the Bosporus to the Pacific

Lafcadio Hearn found his Asia-sublime in Japan

He arrived in Matsue in western Honshu in 1890, d. Tokyo, 1904

Hearn's "The Dream of a Summer Day," the first chapter of *Out of the East* (Boston, 1895) is a dream in the way the best of twenty-first century imaginative prose is written

The Dream of a Summer Day, an Irish play about Hearn, was produced in 2005

Irish father, Greek mother, the United States and Martinique from Ireland for two decades before he decamped for western Honshu

In 1874 in Cincinnati, Hearn and Henry Farny, later a painter of Western Americana, ran nine issues of a small press magazine called *Ye Giglampz*

Hearn has long lost fame in America, has long been revered in Japan

Half a million plus people in Maçao, probably none of whom have more than local fame

Maçao has high humidity, high population density even by Asian standards, and baccarat

Macanese patacas (MOPs) are worthless anywhere else except China and Hong Kong

All systems pass

To catch the kinetics of the changing world remember to go from one collected note to the next and write through them

The segues are in the internal logic of how and when things were noted

Only *write* through the notes and do not write about them being notes to write from

The synechthry of ill-timed careers, incompatible housemates, strained marriages, bad neighbors, irrational mergers

Keep up, keep up, keep up

Buckminster Fuller's icosaspheres, the mathematical term for his geodesic domes

Fullerenes, fullerides, buckyballs, buckytubes

Cleaver's and Rubin's hypocrisies and impacted sexism were as typical of the sixties as Bucky Fuller, the Jefferson Airplane, tie-dye, pot, love-ins, the Grateful Dead, and SNCC

Sex through power, the old story, the Crescentii clan ruled Rome from the middle of the tenth century through a string of popes, one was Pope John XII, famed for his pornocracy

And, following the interregnum of a Benedict, the next Crescentii was Pope John XIII

John XIII died of the same circumstances as Pope John XII, both murdered by the husbands of their lovers

No dogs howled when those two died

Perry Anderson's vocabulary includes magma, taxative, lustration, censitary, carmagnoles, scoria, galumphery, alembicated, exapation, caducity, postilla, and the near archaisms of contemn, glozing, moiety, and brigade as a verb

He uses a mélange of foreign words and phrases, *tat gratuity, salonfähig, glacis, cabotage, guerres en chaîne, signum rememorativum, déphasage, en toutes letters, chasses gardées, déconbres, in nuce, fin de non recevoir, plumpes Denken*

Scabies, tinea, most of his exposed skin exanthematous, an altogether scrofulous person standing before the bar in night court in the Criminal Courts Building downtown

He copiously tattooed with mysterious sigils, she wore some of the same symbols in large pieces of jewelry, her hair blotchy henna red

Shia and Sunni, Israelis and Palestinians, Irish and Orangemen, dogs and cats

First Caracas morning, a rooster's call cleared from the ground shadow dawn in one red, immaculate cry

Caracas, a runaway metropolis, spilling out of its mountain bowl in all directions

A monument to Tübingen's *Kindermörd* at Langemarck (Ypres, 1914) stands in a glade at the lip of the Max Planck Institute's hill above the *Stadt*

Adding to the myth, long a credo to the Nazis and nationalists, that in 1914 students and their professors marched singing into allied machine gun fire, some without rifles

By the Third Battle of Ypres, 1917, generally known as Passchendaele, Field Marshall Douglas Haig, the whiskey family, had fine-tuned his methods of mutual mass butchery

Passchendaele was the worst of all

Impassable mud and mustard gas, over half a million casualties at Passchendaele, more than three hundred thousand of them British

Or the Somme or perhaps Verdun, both with even more casualties

The German army used chlorine gas at Gravenstafel in the Second Battle of Ypres, 1915

Six thousand French troops died there in ten minutes

The Douaumont Ossuary at Verdun: skulls and a muddle of bones behind the glass

Up the Voie Sacrée from Bar-le-Duc

For Verdun many dogs howled

Arkava Das

As the mist of prayer lifts from one hand in a clasp to the other

Cautious Fourier, head muffled in the textile of the army at Lyon, under a sky the weakened neck of Novikov's mob of book-sellers, "men with the faces of angels", were they one? Or did the sail divide the passions, drawing them farther along the boom, till the earth was a fixed pupil, one never grudging a master? “In all that you say have you any other purpose except to disprove the being of the many?” The forest held up as a lantern or a swordfish placed across the raft of the body?

From each possible tent rose the murmur of choice, the a priori brew of humanity

Arkava Das

Again, the transparent stone of day

“I used to be quite nervous. Now I'm on a new track: I put an apple on my table. Then I put myself inside the apple. What peace!” (Henri Michaux)

For Michaux the worm, the apple was sustenance growing in the free air, unfettered by bells and the Ferris wheel, consciousness was the cupped hands of the sea, which he forgot when he stood by it, speared by swimmers in various stages of exhaustion, livid and bloodless to a bright red. A cascade turned back from the doorway to all flesh.

The organism in the evening, habitable, tide to an overheard sadness, aliquot to a show of hands, each eye.

The intoxication of a problem is connected to its insolubility in vitro. You see a skeleton grin if you are in a certain mood and even then with the most conscientious muscle memory. The problem for example of expressionism pitched against the tired forms of expression that breed us daily.

“I will keep swallowing my spit till I become a blunt end”

Arkava Das

"Circulation, the circular path"

Calm -- the first word erupting in your self. And after that initial echo, nothing.

The voice that spoke to you is gone, is now again your own.

You start counting. A calm night, a calm never to abandon us, a calm I felt close to after years, a calm I could not convince to stay, a calm that poisons every commerce between me and others, a calm that hurries along every conversation, a calm made entirely of information about a calm without a forehead on a calm once circumnavigated on the back of ants driven out of a calm driven out of footsteps resting on a calm with matchstick arms. A calm a frisk search of calm.

If the stars were unchanging once, so was I.

	just	come	
	back	down	
	next	week	

just		back		next
	come		down		week

j	u	s	t
c	o	m	e
b	a	c	k
d	o	w	n
n	e	x	t
w	e	e	k

I guess that I'll just come back down next week.

Blank

Total coincidence --
Here we go --
There's no such thing --
I told you so.

Few days ago I see this movie by Les Blank. He did *Blazing Saddles*, right? That's *Mel* Blank, moron. Mel *Brooks*, not *Blank*. What's up, doc? Doc on the singer Leon Russell. It's thirty years old but just got released. What year is this? *A Poem is a Naked Person*, but they never explain the title. He's all about that white church sound, right? But was he trying to be black or is that just a Texas thing? He's from Oklahoma. Who? Leon Russell. You know why Texas doesn't fall into the Gulf? Two-thousand fifteen, dumbshit. 'Cause Oklahoma sucks!

Anyway a week before I saw it I read this thing, just came across it on the shelf, this little story where a missionary tells a jungle savage he should cover up his naked self. The savage says but you're uncovered too. The missionary says but that's my face, that's just my face. The savage says but our whole body is a face. The guy who tells the story says the moral of the story's that a poem's all face. What does that even mean? I know, what *does* that mean?

You guys use Facetime? I hate that shit. It creeps me out. Like it's not quite real. Exactly, right? Who said our truest faces are our driver's license photographs? Remember what that Asian girl said that time you fucked her and she thought you disrespected her on purpose? I forget exactly how. "You want me to lose face." That's it. So sad. Wait, what Asian girl? That was some heavy shit.

I used to know this guy, chemistry geek from Milwaukee, total Packer fanatic, fat slob but sharp as a tack, and we'd get stoned a lot and talk, talk shit, and we'd forget what we were talking about of course. Of course. Forget what we were talking about, so we set up a tape recorder, cassette recorder, to record ourselves when we lost track, but check this out. We set up a second recorder, the master tape. The master's on no matter what. It gets it all, gets all of it. You can hear two of him and two of me. We're listening to ourselves and going "oh, you said that" and "I remember now," but hearing two of each of us and on the master you can hear us laughing with ourselves. I found it, found the tape, a couple months ago. Just totally embarrassing. Un-spooled it and threw it away.

eff ey cee ee
s p e l l s
F A C E

Where do you guys want to eat? I wouldn't mind some decent enchiladas. I'm sick of Mexican food. Tex-Mex or Mexican? Either. Both. Can't we just get some normal food for once? It just now hit me. He made a movie about that blues guitarist from Houston. The one we saw that summer there. He's got that song about the boy who stutters until he sings. That's real. That really is a thing. There was that guy Mel Tillis. And then he didn't like the band and kicked them off the stage. Who? The blues guy. Lightning Hopkins. It's Lightnin'. What? No *g*: Lightnin'. Kicked them off, one by one. No one knew what was going on. I know the feeling. And then he broke a string and kept on playing anyway.

What festival was that again? Juneteenth. To celebrate that the Emancipation Proclamation had been signed. It took time for the news to get there to the Gulf Coast slaves. Is that what that Stones song's all about? How come you dance so good? How come you *taste* so good. You're such an asshole. Just ignore him. I really wish I could.

A face expresses what the words the mouth says don't always say. Or says without saying them, or maybe not in words, in other words. Who said that? Each part matters just as much as each part does. As each other part does. There is no other part.

He said, "That's all right. Lightnin' don't need all the strings anyway." In that song the boy keeps stuttering so he says, "If you can't say it--"

Say that again, what you said before, about there is no other part. That's it. There is no other part.

"If you can't say it, just sing." And then that first long note, sustained.

Goes

It goes by month it goes by year
So February their new year
It goes according to the moon
I'm March what month I'm May are you
We're close then they got different
Animals each month each year
So you're an ox I'm Aries but
I'm on the cusp this is the year
The monkey yeah so that means you're
The ram it goes by year I have
An Oriental calendar
A place mat at that restaurant
That's right there where you exit
Where you get off right there where
Sure I've been there that exit where
The access road goes by the lake

Give

(near Houston)

The second one winged, it seemed, more for balance than for push when the skiddling
toward it steadied from
The first one, fifteen feet away at first and sitting still for several seconds after landing on
the same chain-link's upper horizontal before it started toward
The second, which lifted off and up a foot or so to a thin limb with give.

The first stayed still.
The second stayed still, too, although the thin limb swayed with set-down in an arc of
exponentially diminishing amplitude.
The first stayed still.

The second went white to a second thin limb above, but not quite as far above, and a foot
or two closer to, the first.
The first went up.
The second darted.

The first reversed direction it had come from
Grey into thicker branchings away from.
The second went diagonal away but not all

The way away. Gray-white grey-shadow flap
Flashed something neither one but what.
The first broke cover the second went toward.

Robyn Art

And Then There is New Jersey

shoot at nothing—water, the hills.
—"And Then There is California" Jennifer L. Knox

There are as many kinds of vanishing as there are
relics from the Nineties (World music; cargo-loading;)
in the virtual time capsule we built as kids
and buried in the sand-choked woods
of our deadbeat shore towns. Yea, we are but brief candles
once you get past the crappy verisimilitude so hells yeah,
let's get takeout from the corner Wawa,
let the kids troll the perimeter of the roped-off,
lead-poisoned beach where people sit on benches,
smoking, rocking vintage body mod
or walking their pitbulls of a midsummer eve.
There is nostalgia, there is the voice in the wilderness
like a small fire, there is the plum-blossoms-fallingbut-
generally-okay-with-it-feeling of *wabi,*
and then there is New Jersey: minus a few centering breaths
of that go-with-it feeling, part eternal comeback tour,
part I Endured the Agonies on the Cross and All I Got
Was this Lousy T-Shirt, less velvet rope,
more police tape, half-blotto on the high-octane Cosmos
of a rich friend of friend's open-bar pool party (*fuck yeah!*)
the sky still threaded with stars,
the important stuff:
is "Bigly" even a word?
Is there even such a thing as the "opposite of a cheerleader?"
I mean, for real?

Robyn Art

Class of '93

I rocked my Jessica Mclintock

like nobody's business.

Affected the hair and makeup

of low-level aspiring newscasters.

Exchanged shout-out's with the rachitic parking lot burnouts

between their stints of gas-huffing

and community service.

Opined nothing of cram schools, the nonfat mayo craze,

the influx of displaced persons trawling the minimalls.

It was an Up-With-People moment

but we were mostly drunk on Listerine and Enya,

that decade pre-sedation dentistry

and the widespread acceptance of neck tattoos.

We had few relations with the future,

that malarial swamp,

or with that woman, Monica Lewinsky.

We were the blackbird chillaxin'

and the moment just before.

Everything that would happen

wasn't happening yet.

Robyn Art

The Thing About Flight

Although the hummingbird can fly up to 50 mph without
crashing into stuff and certain frigate species can fly
while their brains are half-asleep the human, like the sun,
can go only so long without falling in
on itself—part purgatory, part theme park,
sometimes it's enough to stroll the verdant copse without
encountering some imploring figure or other,
the sunset a mass of welts, a sky jettisoned
of cloud. Things explode for a reason:
meteorites, those sub-lunary has-been's;
the body's wish-list of priors. Hit the rewind
on the body cam, point to the appropriate face
on the pain chart, record next to each letter what
you think the mystery powder is.
Dilapidated tonnage of some vision,
some whorl, O beautiful hellacious,
make of me a vessel.

Robyn Art

The Opposite of Cheerleader

Another fall, another hurricane alert.
Five years have past; five summers, with the length of five long winters!
(The best part: visions. The worst: blood loss.)
The past like a pair of custom wrestling tights
cut away with the trauma sheers,
like regret, dopey and totemic,
the hushed and monophonic wind,
(*The President isn't a cheerleader, he's the opposite of a cheerleader!)*
like history—bifurcated, thorny,
part Anti-Bias Dialogue, part Micro-Affirmation,
your version, my version,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Jeff Harrison

Golden Rue

I gargantuan, they in the skies
yet lower they to the ground
with gold the moonless were golden --
me: blooded for thee a sight to enjoy,
thee, Virginia, moonless thee

if ape thinks of a palace, behold,--
at the very-most least an aviary
for letters' newborn steeds!

I, more, I inched all drenched
blooded for thee a sight to enjoy
but glumly she bird then just die

Jeff Harrison

Sigmund Freud

Freud, Sigmund Freud, do corkscrew mine borrowers
drift, you colossus, you collectible -- your lessons I handhold
aspirators would congruent you -- lamentations had been lends
& your brashy mouth! hourglass has dwellers! lacerated fantasy!

their central skew had been your chasteness -- yours!
much repaid was your eavesdropping! now you know
even the quizmakers have dressmakers, formalism's attendees
antiquated & insinuated falsehood was oscillated

Triceratops: their discreteness be blankness, T-Rex them craze
they eat plants & scorn coins -- there is no dirtier infamy, Freud,
but any reptile is subject to refinement, you hear? oh, oh, they
are your counterpart's anvil, mightily sainthooded

Leslie Seldin

The Forest Spins With Us On a Planet

The forest spins with us
on a planet. We are both
dizzy for water.

Not everybody is everybody's
cup of tea. Forests can be needy
until its too much and no one cares.

We pat the bark and feel closer.

Leslie Seldin

Far Outside a Snug Order

Turtles stretch themselves

Far outside their ken.

You see them watching you

watching them, their shells

several little hands wide.

Animal fingerprints are everywhere.

Imagine your torso set free.

The sky and its usual cycles.

Bruised days opened, then released.

Leslie Seldin

Under Sky

Under sky rain makes itself
into more rain. Every minute more dark seeds.

Rain can be itself and
leave us dry. Our bodies move closer

but we forget how. My body
is a floating frame I can't control.

Under a rug our history accumulates.

Two of us as one together alone.
The morning is cold.

Red and pink blooms on bushes
shiver and salamanders mysteriously disappear.

something
Hidden underground that emerges too soon.

It takes several errors to kill it.

Leslie Seldin

We Are Kindred

I look at my boss and his sad eyes and I see love in there.
Not an easy love. A dark Scandinavian love that cries
real tears nothing to do with me. We are kindred,
drinking water chilled from a cooler. We stand
like two tall birds, weary yet kind in a pale landscape.

I wear purple from Goodwill. Purple, a regal color.
I make eye contact with no one.

I go home and reign over my shredder
an insatiable box that feeds on my black words.

Sometimes a person can wear purple and speak quietly.
Sometimes a bird can just fly away. Also love can die soon
without ever knowing what it knows is so little.

Leslie Seldin

They Do Not Stop Their Boisterous Pleasure

The pigeons on my windowsill are courting.
They dance in circles. Their circles grow bigger.

They move so fast.

I am cowed. My body is a bag. I want the clouds and pigeons
under my thumb.

I am a drunken
suitor so needy and suitable. The moaning

unhinges my human dreams inside my small bird
body. I know how shaky a landscape can be.

How ground
can slip away and clouds follow.

Leslie Seldin

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Mark Young

WCW: Collected Poems I

I will sing a
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idyl, they say
to me, an idyl.

I will sing a
joyous song,
immortal,
impromptu.

I will sing
a joyous song
in harbor, in
San Marco,
Venezia, in the
'Sconset Bus.

I will sing a
joyous song
in the inter-
ests of 1926.

I will sing a
joyous song, an
invitation to
we who live
in this flat
blue basin, an
invitation to
you who had
the sense to add
an invocation
& conclusion.

I will sing a
joyous song.
It is a living
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small plant.

Item. I will sing
a joyous song.

Mark Young

A List for Tom Beckett

Vegan stigmata

The rheology of soft enjambment

Deliberate serendipity

Bondage dreams & Gilles Deleuze

The zombies fight back

I was a sex toy for the CIA

The neural pathways of desire

Death & the Countess

Vanishing pints of vanilla essence

Rightful indigestion

Is Dog Dead?

American Idolatry

Racine's raccoons

Vaginal aromatherapy

Mark Young

A line from Dr. John Dee

A peddler's cry on a chilly
Istanbul night—*the weaving*
calculator is back! Want to type
a backslash? Want to read the

value from a cube? Looking for
a definition of dead space in an
online Medical Dictionary? It's
a far cry from the flavorless

supermarket tomatoes typically
found this time of year. No air
drag, & a convenient portion
of banquette seating in the back

so the luminous fluxes can then
be calculated as the illumin-
ance decreases. Voting with
a fork can only get you so far.

Raymond Farr

More or Less Abstract than My Name on a Mailbox

I walked six days—a ghost in a ring of black woods, my stomach full of radiator fluid. & I saw John Berryman—the space his death had made of him.

I remember the faces of six pale men I thought were staring back at me—broken thoughts of wild stain glass hair shooting from their scalps like St Elmo's fire—the collective mind of the 20th C.

But how could I trust this? I thought everything I thought could be viewed on a screen, on a TV bigger than life in the glitz of Time Square.

& that people could see all of my thoughts. & that I knew this despite what people told me to the contrary.

My visions were flaming red snails. My shadow was a girl's shadow, 16 yrs old, & cast in a ball of darkness on the floor. But I was a man, this stain of ink on the sunrise of my couch.

& I realized a dark stain of water on a dry rock wasn't a dark stain of water on a real rock at all. & that metaphors only confused the situation.

& when I saw my own name—Henry Flowers—on the side of a mail box, I grew agitated. It was all wrong—Watusi is my real name & nothing can stop me!

Raymond Farr

The Things My Art Transforms

Once these little plaster moons adorned my good shoes—my uncle called them officious of me to wear. I was not a fascist. I walked in snow in them. I walked all summer in them with feet written like music the state couldn't control. & no one told me it was forbidden. No one told me that holding onto the past, like someone with a grudge, would always prove pointless.

I was the boy in the white shirt pleading for his life. I specialized in deformed absolutes. I was reaching for my dad's violin, one hand tied behind my back. I saw Warsaw kissing the grey water it called robin's blood—& the gleam of death on the huge brass bell of the world & the way light fluttered in & out of the doomed kitchen windows of Antwerp.

& sitting in a blanket of white fog, death was something like the body & the mind of all the wrong words showing up at my school, telling me my father had died, & that my mother had sent them. It was like something smoldered in a bright field of memorized fish but I couldn't remember what exactly.

& if I spoke—a boy fingered by shadows & walking a strange road... & if I reveled in the saw dust of a night covered in cypress, the dogs seemed monsters wheeling their giant heads around, licking the mad anal sex of my poems. They called me the boy with blue marrow. They called me kibble the dogs vomit up.

My voice was just a flowery grenade. I tossed it like my own name into a field of brilliant, red poppies—black dog turds aglow in the absurd blackness of the black things my art transforms. & people—drowsing in the narthex of an old church—half-sank in the dark *film noir* movies of my eyes. Incense still rises from their popcorn like a cry from my bed.

Raymond Farr

Dear Søren,
In terms of plangent abominations
A pittance is paid the calliope tender
& sounds of a mother & daughter sopping wet
& running from the rain—this droll annihilating darkness!
Either my boots are chucked with mud
& lack of sleep is pulling me under these yellow fever flowers
Or the landing gear is down in words of absolute felicity
Either I am Fab! Or I am Borg!
Or where are my feet?

Raymond Farr

What Hangs on the Floor Once Carpeted the Wall

My brain waves
& his resemble

Power systems
In the ranch house

Of Damsel Flarf
The red acrylic

Corpse hair
Of men marking

Loans in default
& so I paint

A man grabbing
Eyes, the skull

The lost hours
Are like that. I am

More than token
I am back in fractured

SAMO's arms
The idea of a tire

Strangling my midriff
But I never finish

That's what purple is
A stain more than

Reality, it terrifies
I am the cross of

Black spray paint
That Jesus carried

Arpine Konyalian Grenier

Four from *Willed Capital*

Dafted Blue

About when sentient turned sensible colors registered
and we wasting the day after hope resorted
dyadic outskirts the languid master
levitation
                learned behavior surmises

        spoiled love after a transient how

the more I look at myself the more my left side crosses over
that serves me an exploratory diaphragm
never before spotted

I am past knowing these days
I open like a book
to be written
                all I have is a how

I eat my words the fend off

        surveillance

stehend all
tell me.

As Impedance Causes

Prestige languaged next to the hitch of the vernacular
as I stirred then steered want
I have wished it
                a set of scars impede

advice wheels eroded over time
far from unwilling memories
carnal love and obituaries

            scored overheads

maybe if I'd been unbuttoned or
mother or rain or clown
                calligraphy maybe?

the way it feels elsewhere is obsession
fiscal backwash charged lake
I pass by privately
                reckon

whispers meadows hatcheries I return to
the mainland and potted plants

                don't take me out yet

inform the night and pierced ears
approach nativities awhile
rattle glow burn light

money strapped smiles bypass the grin I feel safe with daily
your empty hands at wind after a flower's disturbance

        let me abandon you for now

Spring and dreams have entered my body
a peculiar insistence stages our story
Alice Neel the rings of Saturn
olir olmaz archaeology
                mannequins

maybe later distance and minutes will dress them
hives and gasps later
parameters.

Seasoning, 2015

Feeling is to reason as mass is to gravity
yet affect delivers somatic markers
degrees and types dominante

trails against the sky
feathered salt

nodding to surface

as food is to be eaten and feelings are to be felt
clarified into dawn the veteran night
beauty radiates calmly
prods and curbs
just because

there is the rational systematic but also the encoded
mere heuristics historically implicated diaphragm
metaphor and narrative groom so how hard
would it be to forecast blank outcome
how elusive to purport context

time efforts to control
decisions start up

and we at best emotional bodies after pulp
social arrangement in and out of line
gloves rooms gestures perfection
my mistake eventually floor
1.2% GDP haunted
I separate from

and I lick it for luck

trace your reasoning portals
seasoning relativity
subtractions
affect

identity drives interest drives identity
sensor monitor controller defined
humidity humility
disturbance

mother used to say I was loved as child

light need not be useless to the blind
I cast my emotional body over
violations of determinism
link it to forever

I tamper with plump destinations
what is murder what is justice
light or social plasma
particles of word.

Unraveled Commit

What is said knowingly exhausts authorship
Kepler rates its twin as Earth grates
Kepler for cardinal recall because
it needs carbon
how final could that be?

carbon dioxide quarks coming together to hadronize
tree to alpha pinene to aerosol and cloud
droplets contextualized for felicitous
passage garden wind shadow
valleys recognize

home news beyond the blue

a synthetic chromosome related to yeast reveals
emptiness to form natural silicon drifts
tailored genome possibilities
water in sand we slide
over easier
cryogenic systems ink our path

the Elohim make room for repetition and error
trap constraint to compensate for intrusion
repression evasion definitions reusing
quotes to elicit the theatrical
self-crippling bastards we
circuitously belabored
hidden states

contoured around syllables sound and mindset adjust
blessing inadvertent demise the traditional sorry
commiserated with fruit flies over alcohol
hydrogen can be stored in formic acid
we say sorry the dead are alive
belatedly rated and ludic

how does one fund context after code then?

though character feeds those who stutter it also leads
the social life of words use and trajectory dictate
being explicit with morals hunkers
capital next to flesh and bone
paints bird kinsfolk horse
grooms the beast

capital worth reputation abusive in likeness
and we against the anxiety of influence
settling cause behind mirrors
storing goods for later
in solitude.

Raphael P. Maurice

To Go To Hell For This, Love

At that greatest of all spectacles, that last and eternal judgment, how shall I admire, how laugh, how rejoice, how exult, when I behold so many proud monarchs groaning in the lowest abyss of darkness; so many magistrates liquefying in fiercer flames than they ever kindled against the Christians; so many sages, philosophers, blushing in red-hot fires with their deluded pupils; so many tragedians more tuneful in the expression of their own sufferings; so many dancers tripping more nimbly from anguish then ever before from applause.. - Tertullian

As you lay across a fallen oak, I grew
grateful, like many heartsick boys, to God.
To *my* wizard who made this scene—
the forest, the jewel-birds singing in rows,
an owl's green erudition haunting its perch.
O, the ease when you, the dream, leapt into my lap.
Your body an electric map,
all for our roaming. Though some virgin-ghost does
peer into our hell, & crosses out our country names—
I was in love, & claimed that right.

Now, more than I care to mention, sleepless,
you come again to purr, though my wife's body stirs
predictably near. Missing the ease of your sunlit hair—
as I shuffle along, cleaved & wedded to the world.
In dreams I breathe god-made fumes,
lucky to sense the blaze that swallows whole.

Could you, nearest to me, measure what took place within
our choir of a forest, when we finished,
woke & let our bodies sing again?

Darren Demaree

A Damaged Thinker #82

I would like my fear
to be notarized,
so the court can have

that question declared
dead. I was never
inclined to smile,

nor swivel my intentions,
but this borrowed time
is too light to hold

& the weight appears
to be the same as the first
flame that found me.

Darren Demaree

A Damaged Thinker #83

You wouldn't think
much about crippling
a pearl. I do. I do.

Darren Demaree

A Damaged Thinker #84

My view is a cave.
I am a bear in the cave.
When I get out of here,

I am going to consume
the whole of the world
& perform tricks

with the intention-less
bombers. I will never
swallow fire, I have

other plans for fire. When
I get out of here, there
will be no more thought.

Michael Basinski and Ginny O'Brien

Ghosts No. 1

Michael Basinski and Ginny O'Brien

Ghosts No. 2

Michael Basinski and Ginny O'Brien

Ghosts No. 3

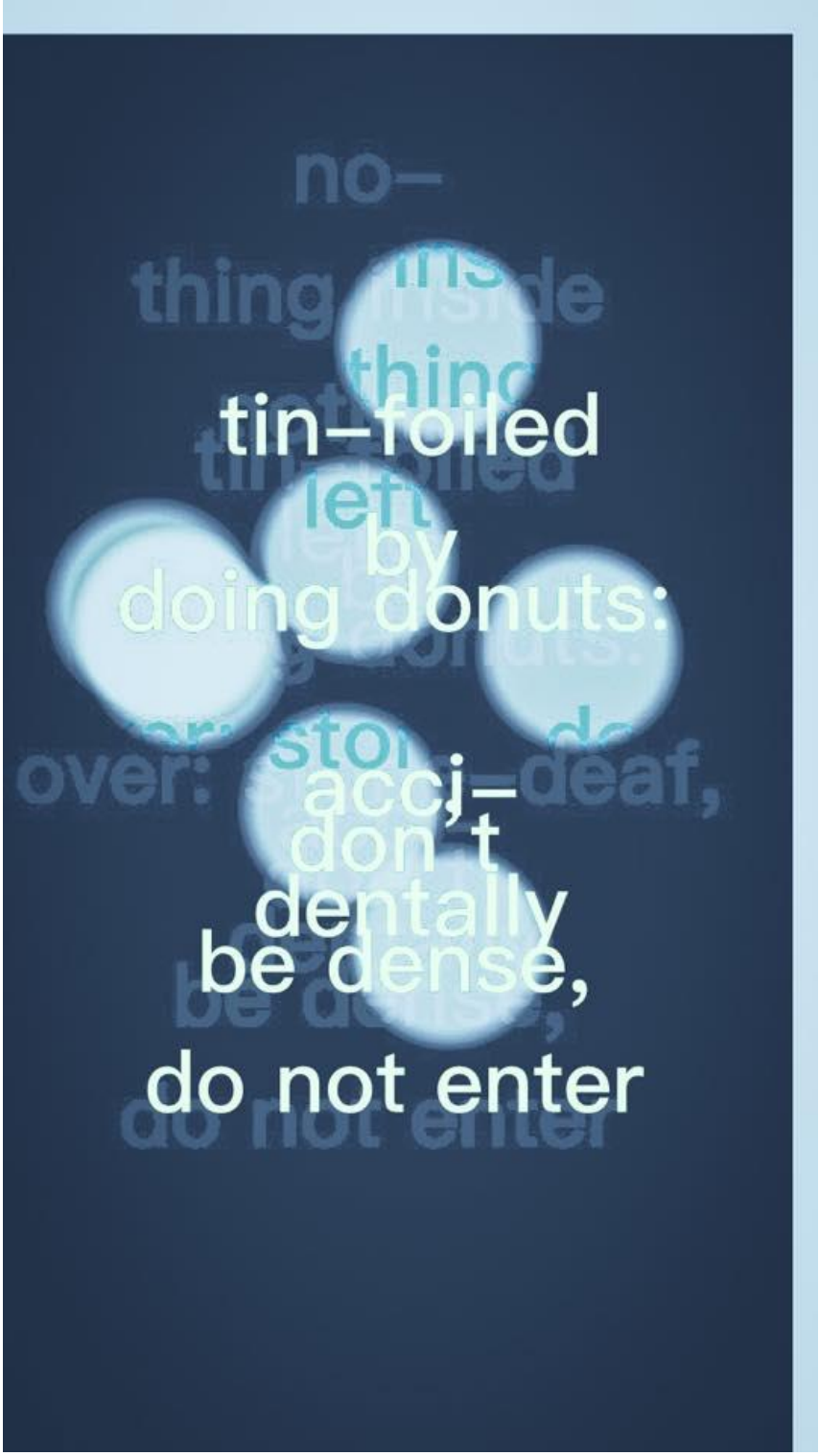
Matthew Klane and Justin Edward Moore

alveoli

alveoli
alveoli
to be alive:
to be alive:
beehive,
beehive,
to be alive:
to be alive:
beehive,
beehive,
a rolling boil:
a rolling boil:
a rolling boil:
a rolling boil:
air terminal,
air terminal,
air terminal,
air terminal,
tiny
tiny
molecules
molecules
tiny
tiny
of salt
of salt
molecules
molecules
of salt
of salt
and vinegar,
and vinegar,
to be in
to be in
and vinegar,
and vinegar,
love:
to be in
to be in
love:
love:
to be online
to be online

Matthew Klane and Justin Edward Moore

dint

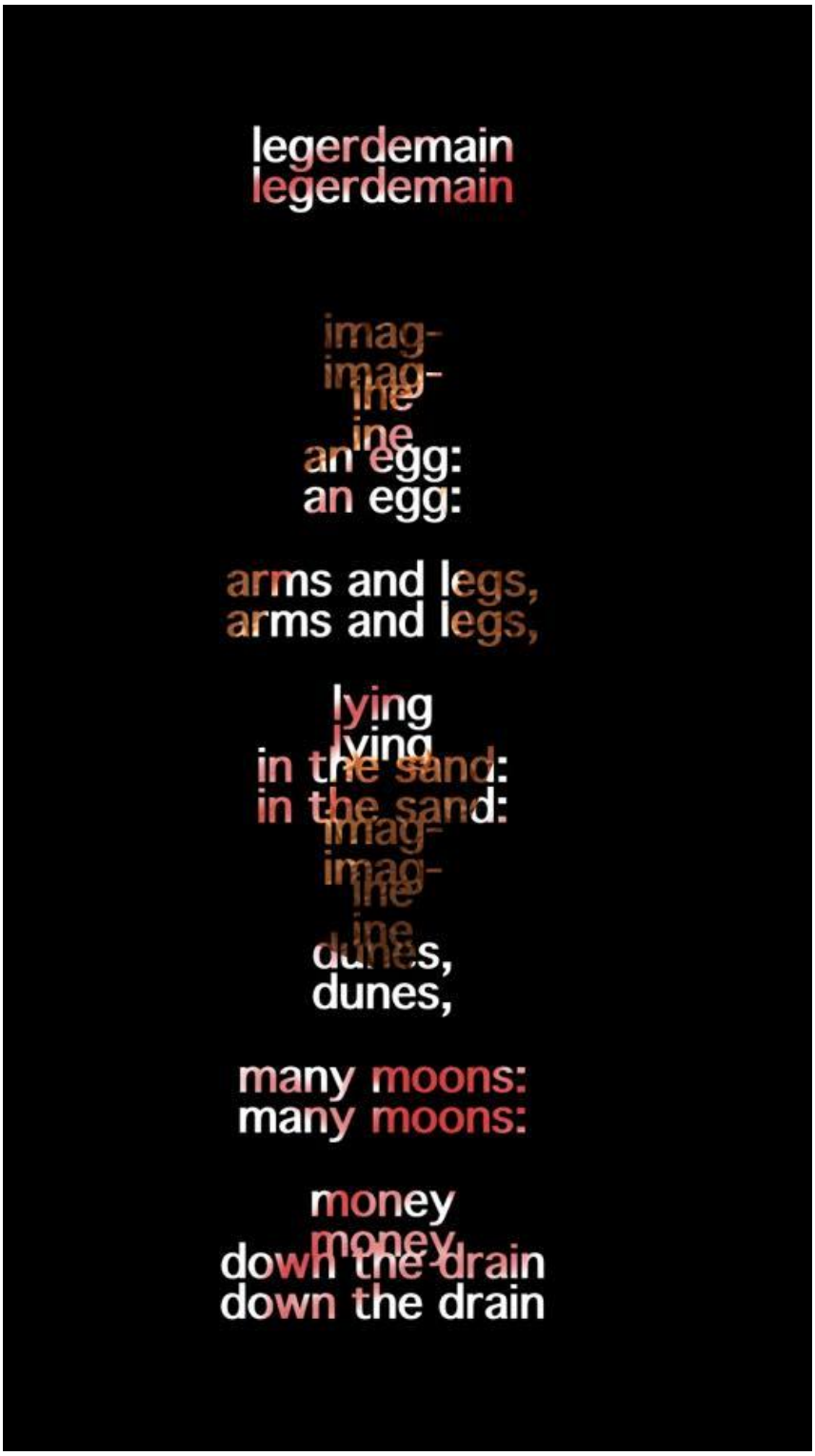


Matthew Klane and Justin Edward Moore

soleas

Matthew Klane and Justin Edward Moore

legerdemain



Matthew Klane and Justin Edward Moore

scrip

scrip

necess-
arily

-ture:
desk-shaped

wrap my
head a-
heap
of receipts,
of heap
of receipts:

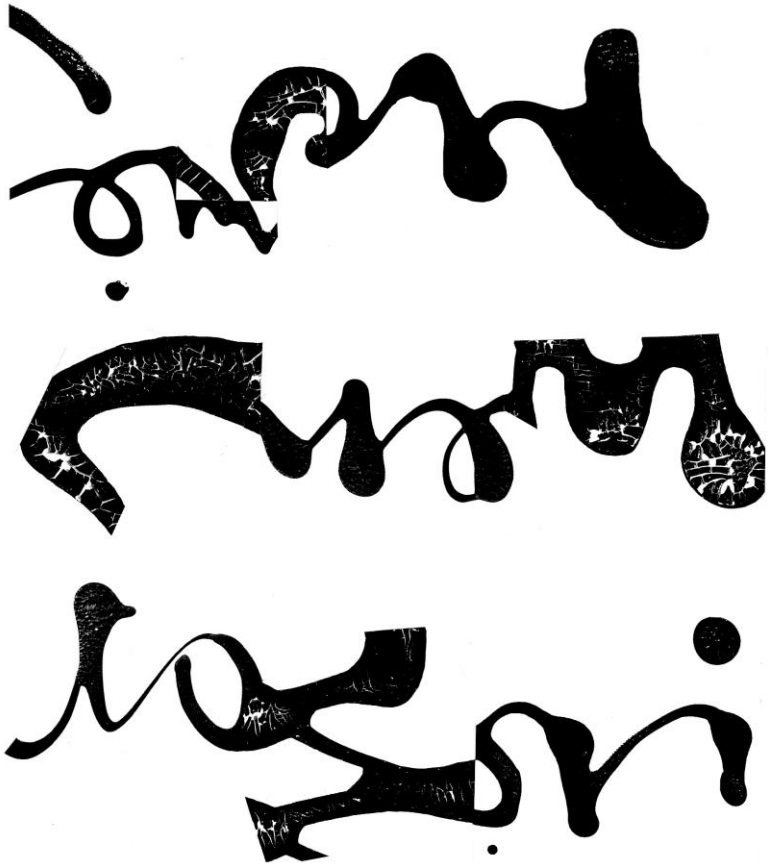
modern medi-
cine

Matthew Klane and Justin Edward Moore

pontifex

Scott Helmes

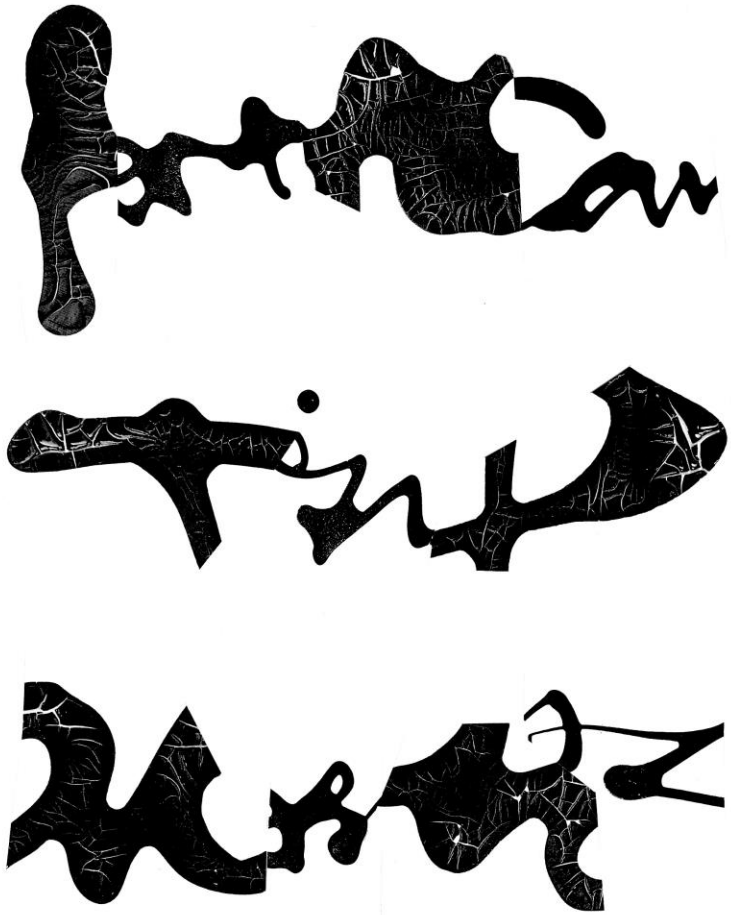
#108f



haiku #108 m 2 XI 16

Scott Helmes

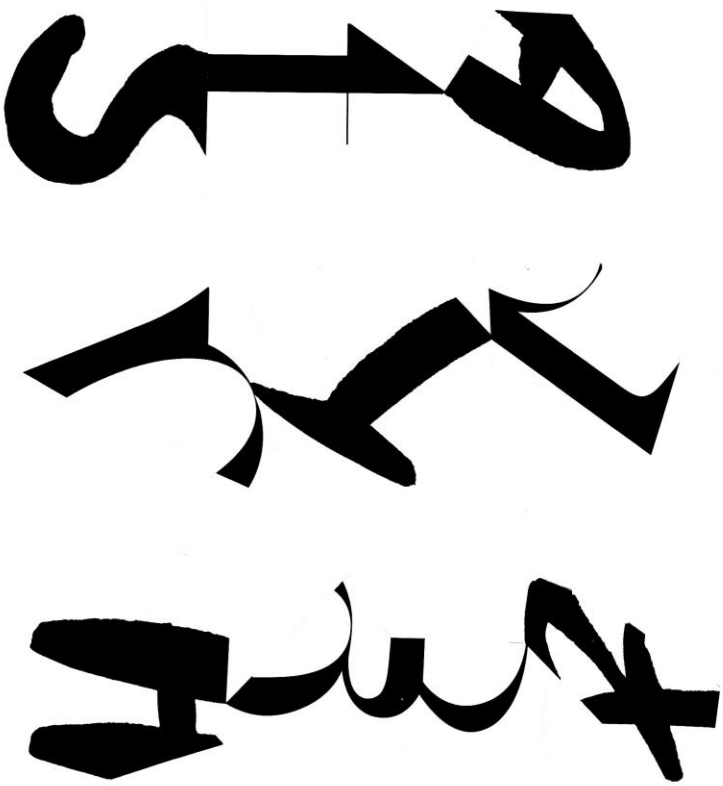
#113



haiku #113 on 21st 17

Scott Helmes

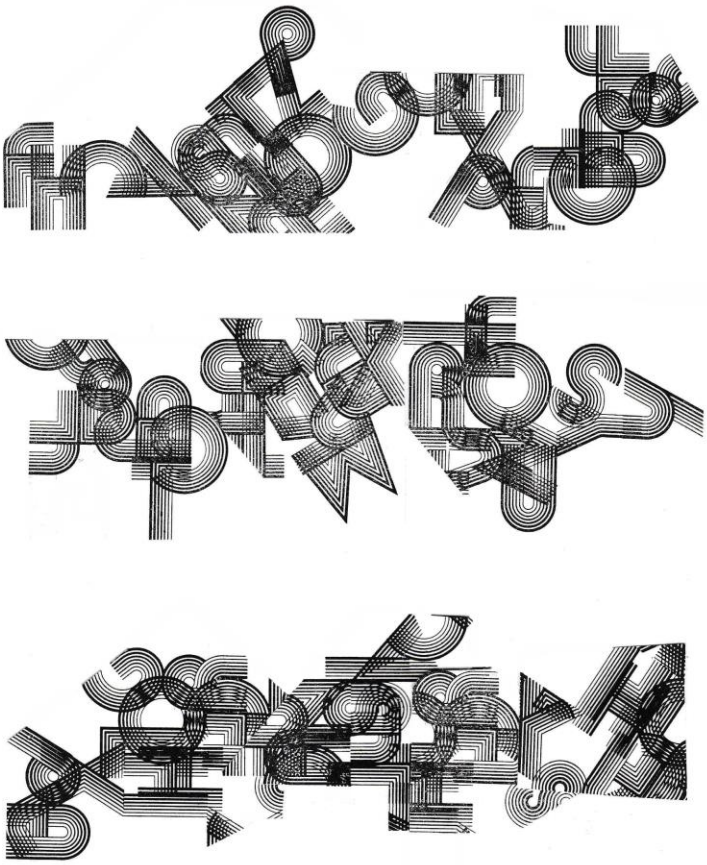
#114F



haiku #114 on 3 IV 97

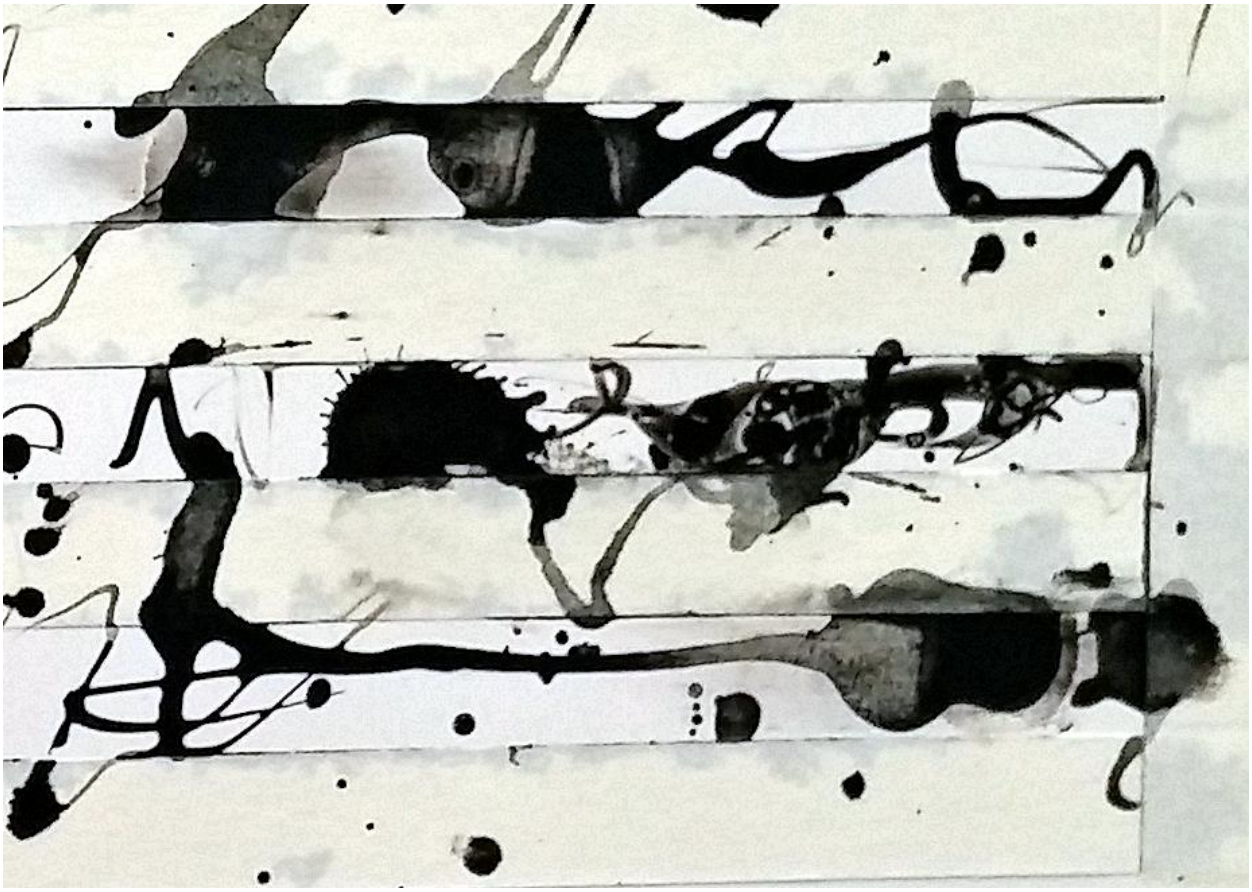
Scott Helmes

112C



Scott Helmes

SF 4-IV-17 T



Barbora and Tomas Pridal

I Stopped Smoking in the Mirror

Video at www.wordforword.info/vol30/Pridal.html

Barbora and Tomas Pridal

Dead Holidays Heal Slowly

Video at www.wordforword.info/vol30/Pridal.html

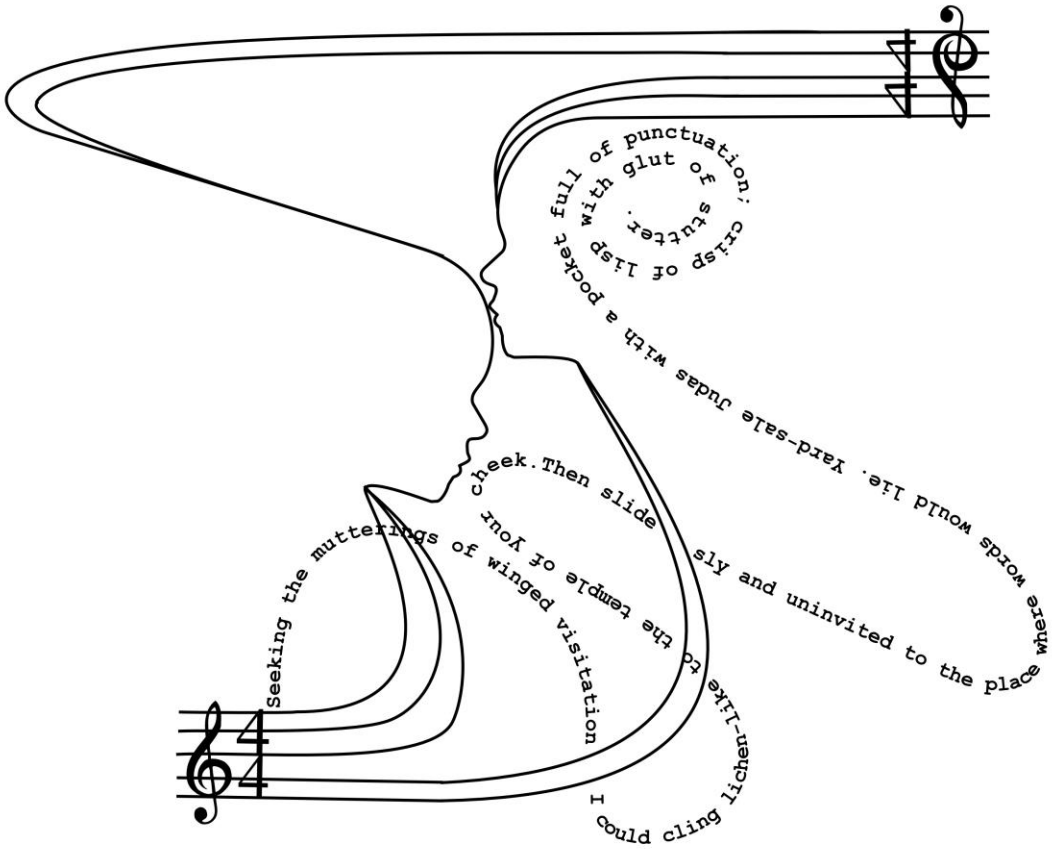
Barbora and Tomas Pridal

Orgonsong

Video at www.wordforword.info/vol30/Pridal.html

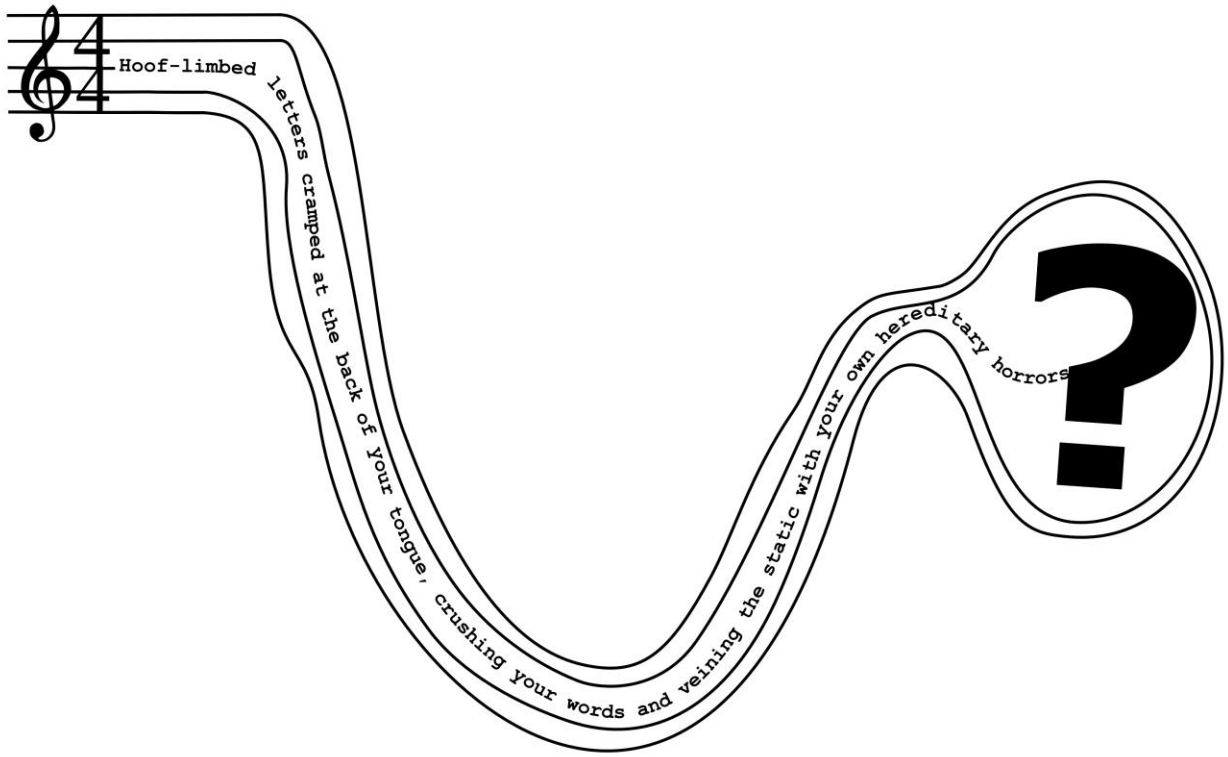
Rebecca Eddy

Temptation For A Lover



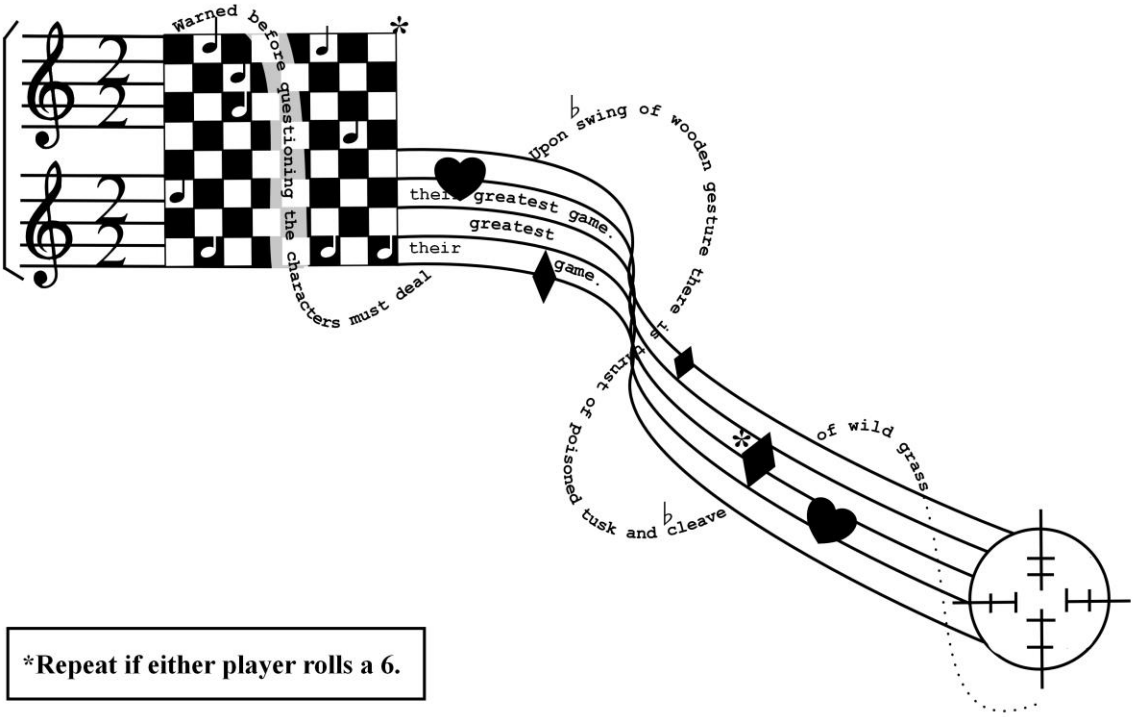
Rebecca Eddy

Ultrasound For A Reluctant Parent



Rebecca Eddy

Game For Two

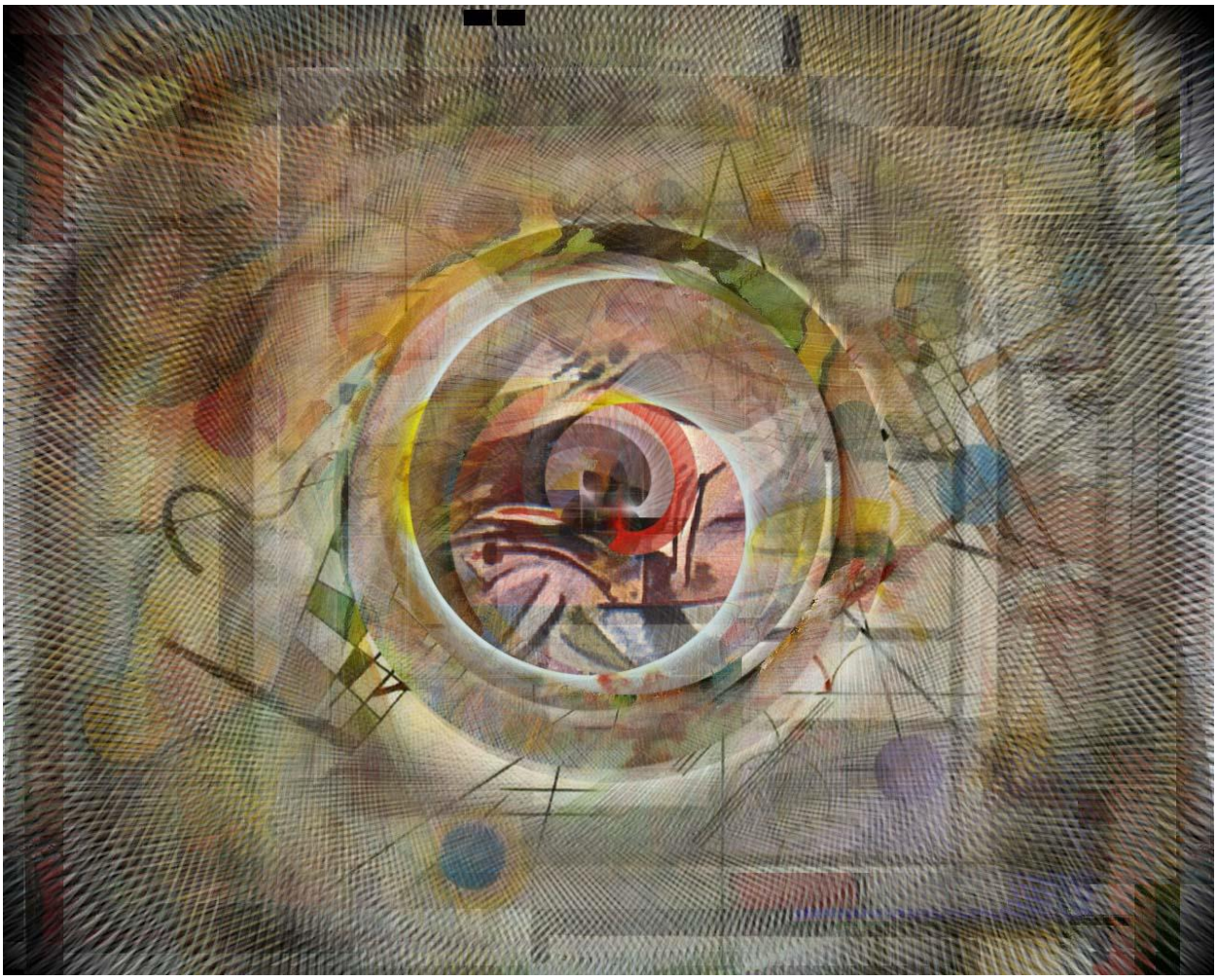


***Repeat if either player rolls a 6.**

Jim Andrews

Reality 2

Visual poem at www.wordforword.info/vol30/Andrews.html



Dan Dorman

Wtvr

I don't
believe in
yellow brick
roads

I get the charade
for the time
the goat
skin
for the wine

I undress run from

the civitas dei

never look back

heels dry cracked

open wide

Dan Dorman

Paris I

S i t z c i
o m r e o n
m a o a n s
e g u l t i
o i b o i d
n n l t nu e
e a e s e
t
i j
o o w a i u
n n i l n s
c t i s t
e h k p
w e i
o r l
t u m i i
o l a b n k
l d t u g e
d h t
e
g m t E
m e a I h i
e t t e n
i s
c w t
t m i i c e
h e a l h i
a n l i n
t s l
i d
n s
m t a a
y o n i
d d

Dan Dorman

Paris II

L
o
o
k
s

l
i
k
e

a
n
o
t
h
e
r

a
c
t
o
r

i
n

t
h
e

r
a
i
n

a
mom
-entary

pl
-easant
p
-artner

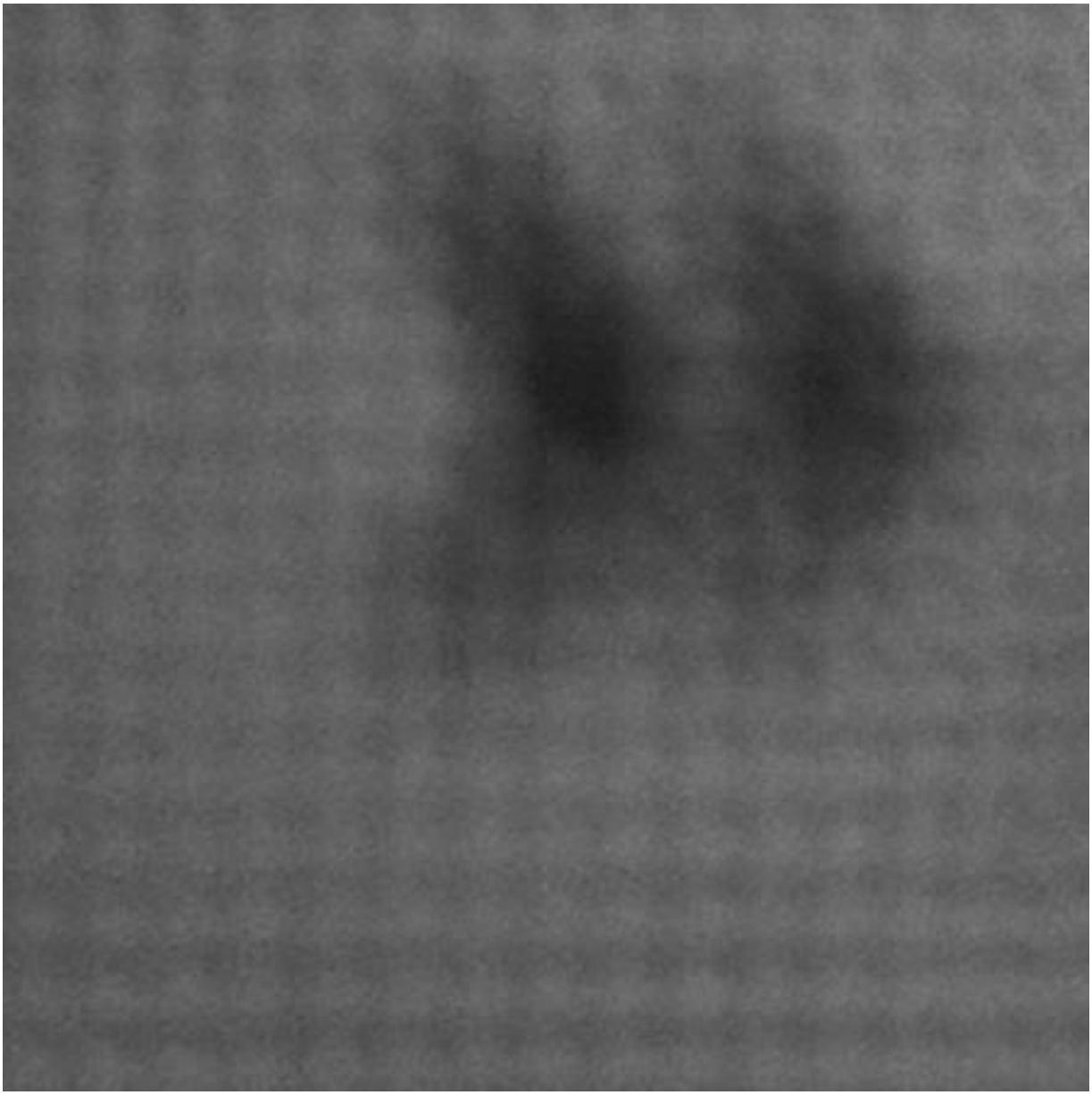
in
pain

s
-oak
-ing

up
all
he
can
contain

Sacha Archer

From KIM



Sacha Archer

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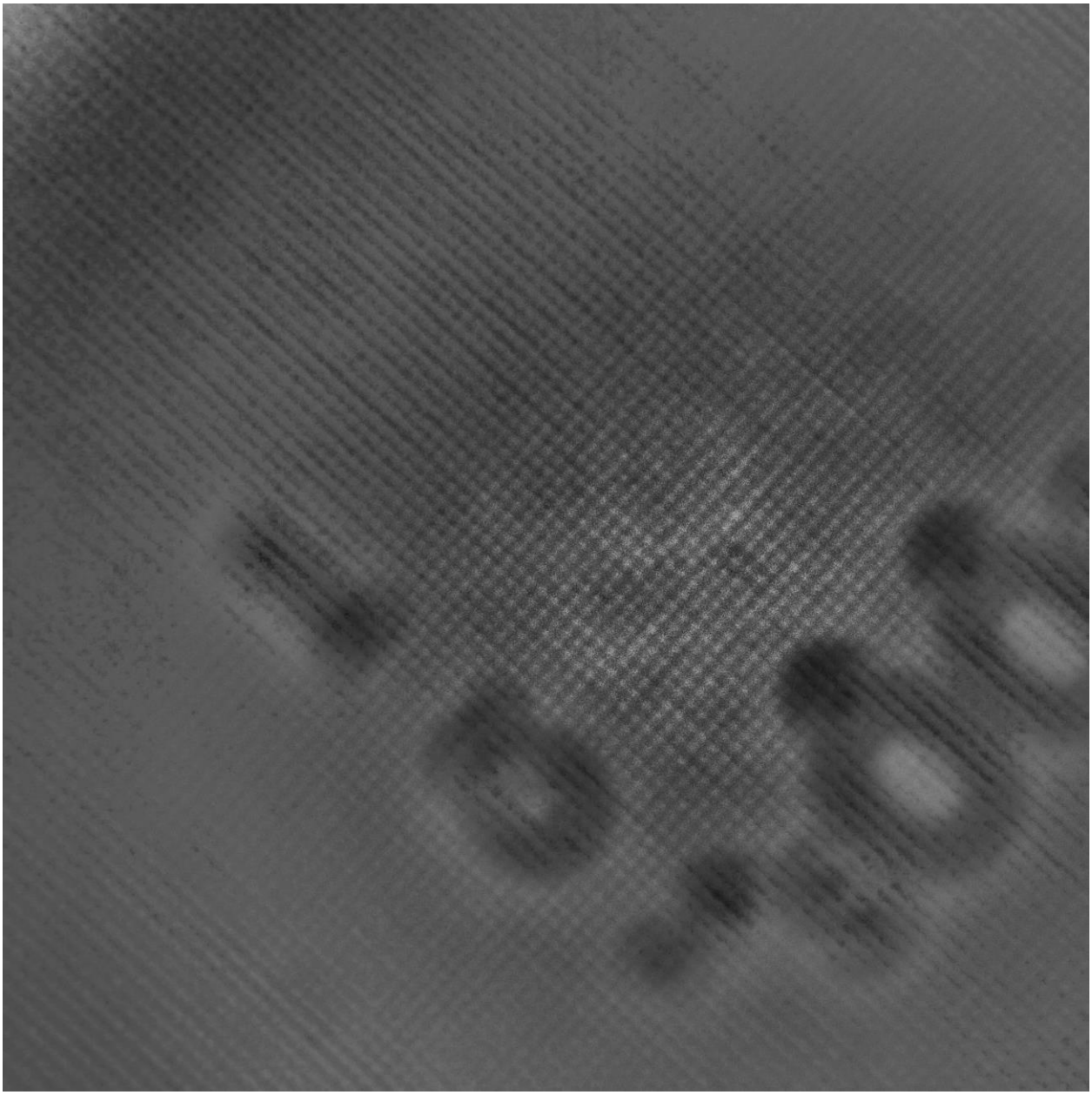
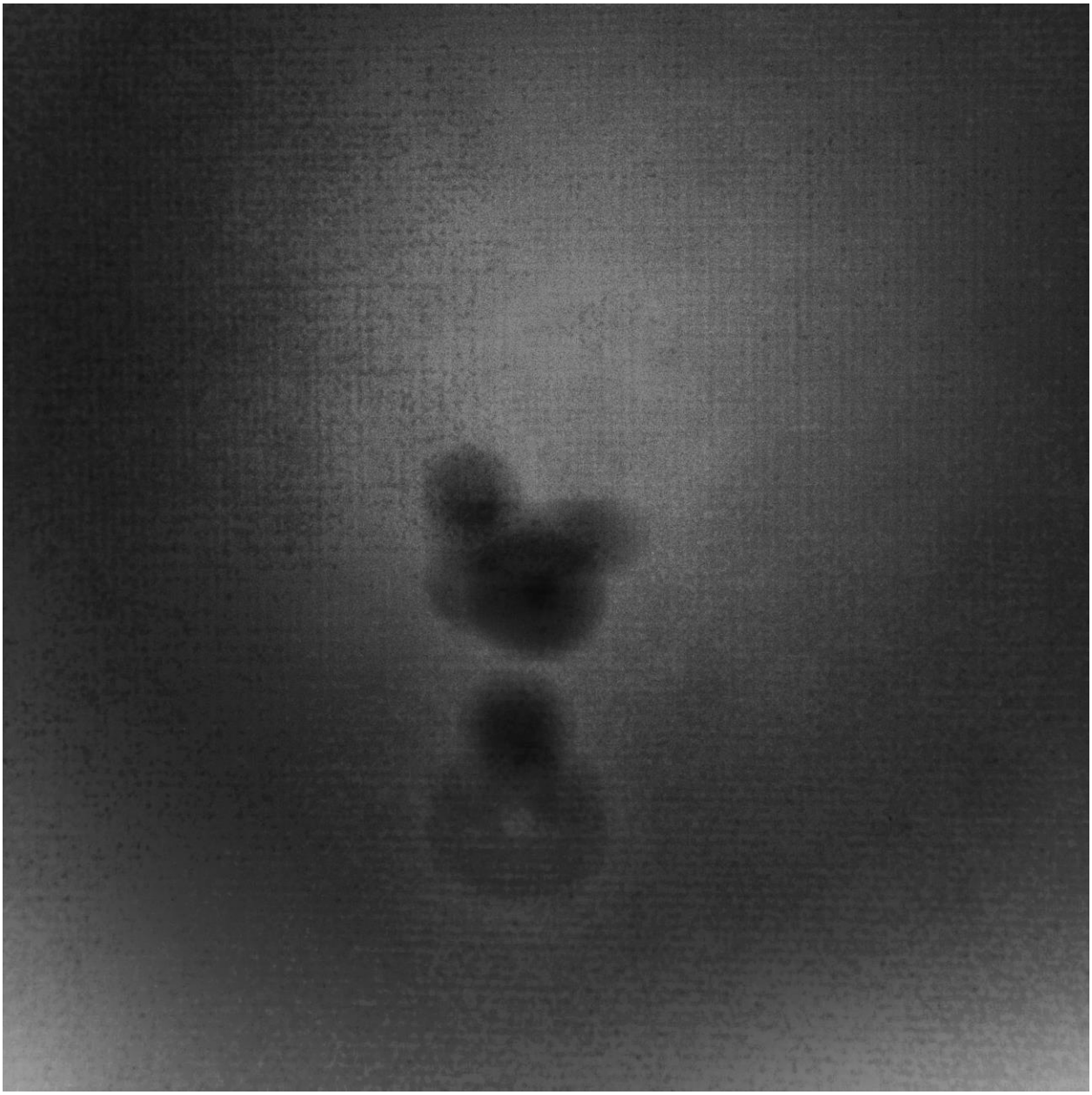


Sacha Archer

From KIM



Sacha Archer

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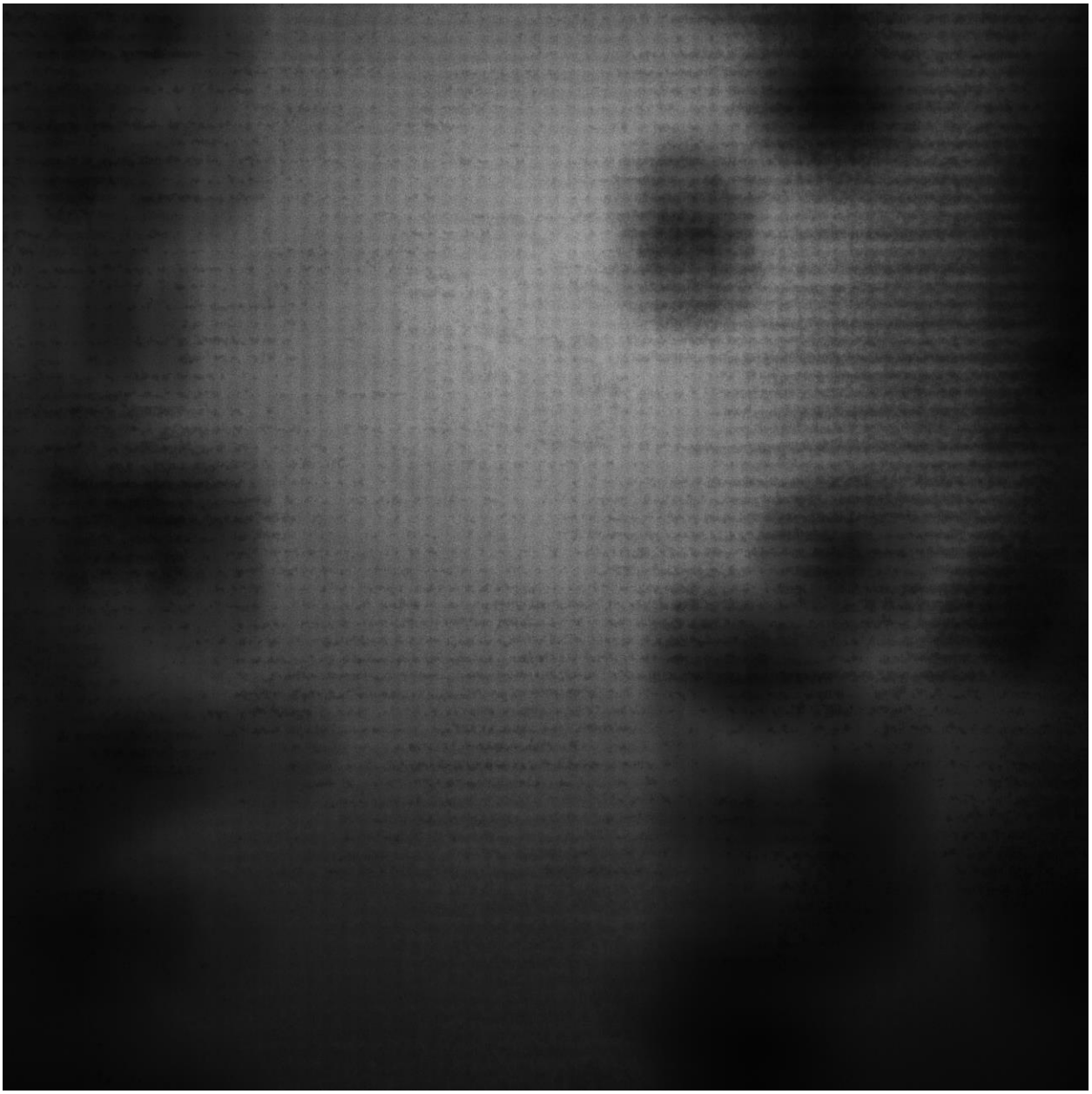
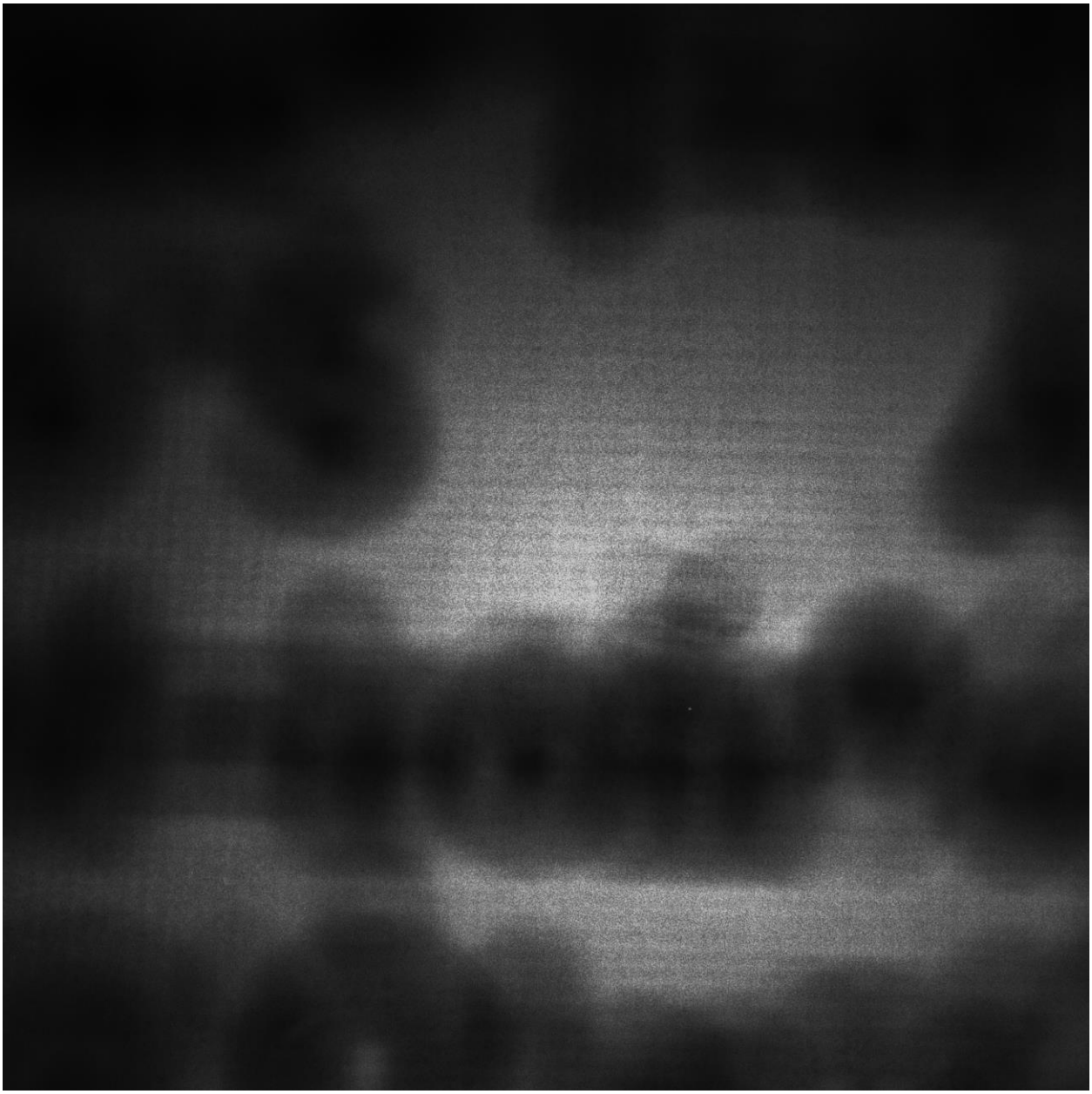


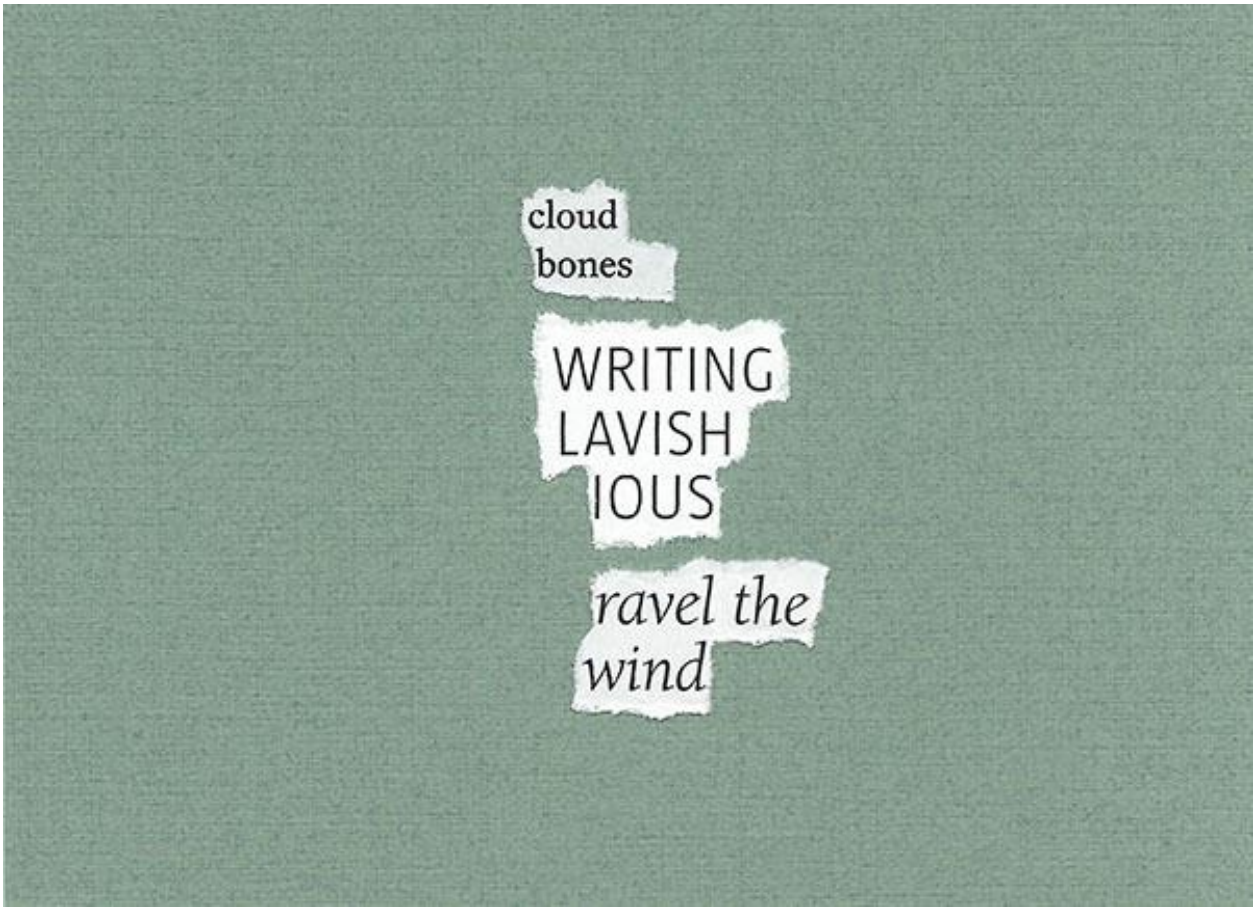
Sacha Archer

From KIM



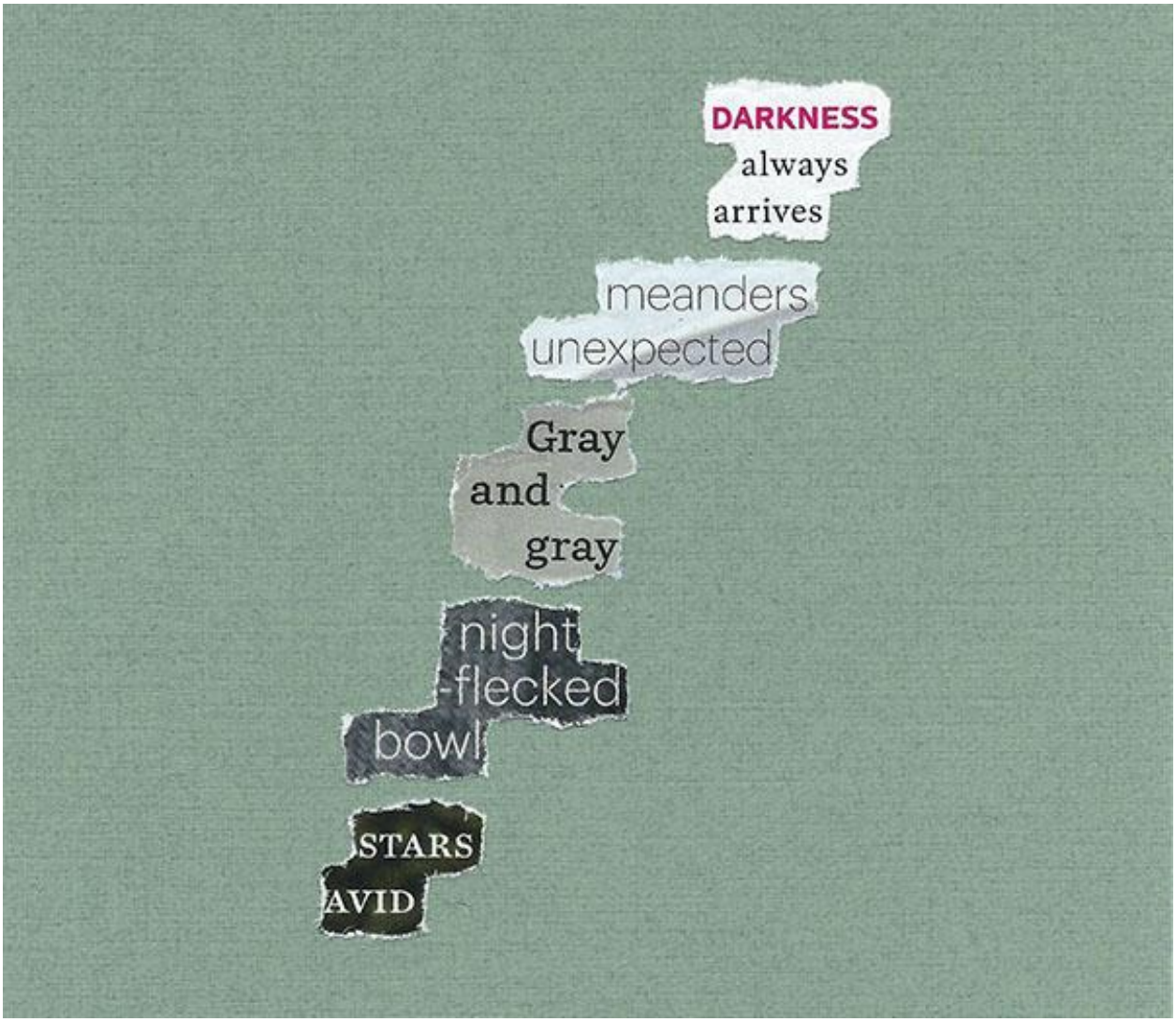
J.I. Kleinberg

cloud bones



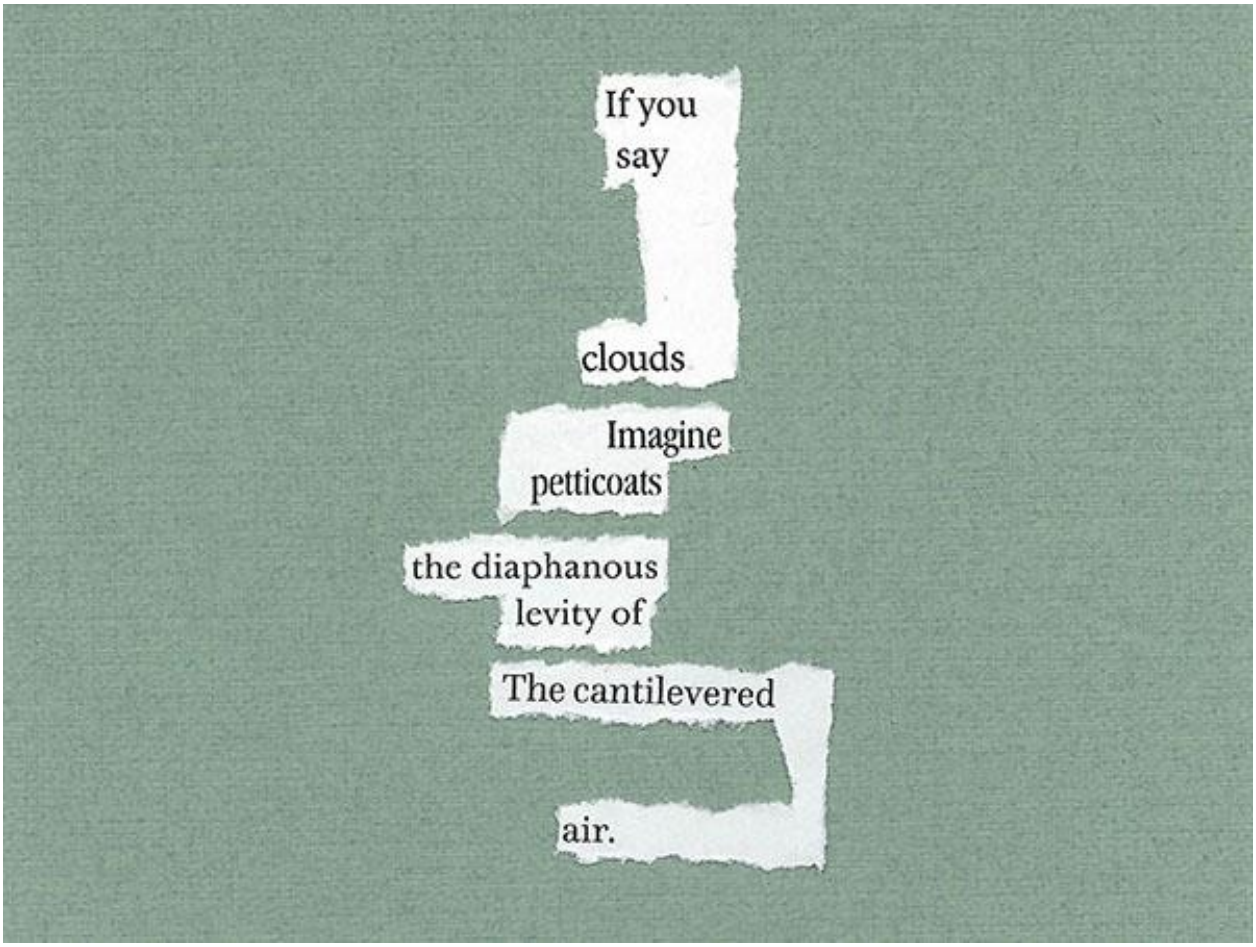
J.I. Kleinberg

DARKNESS



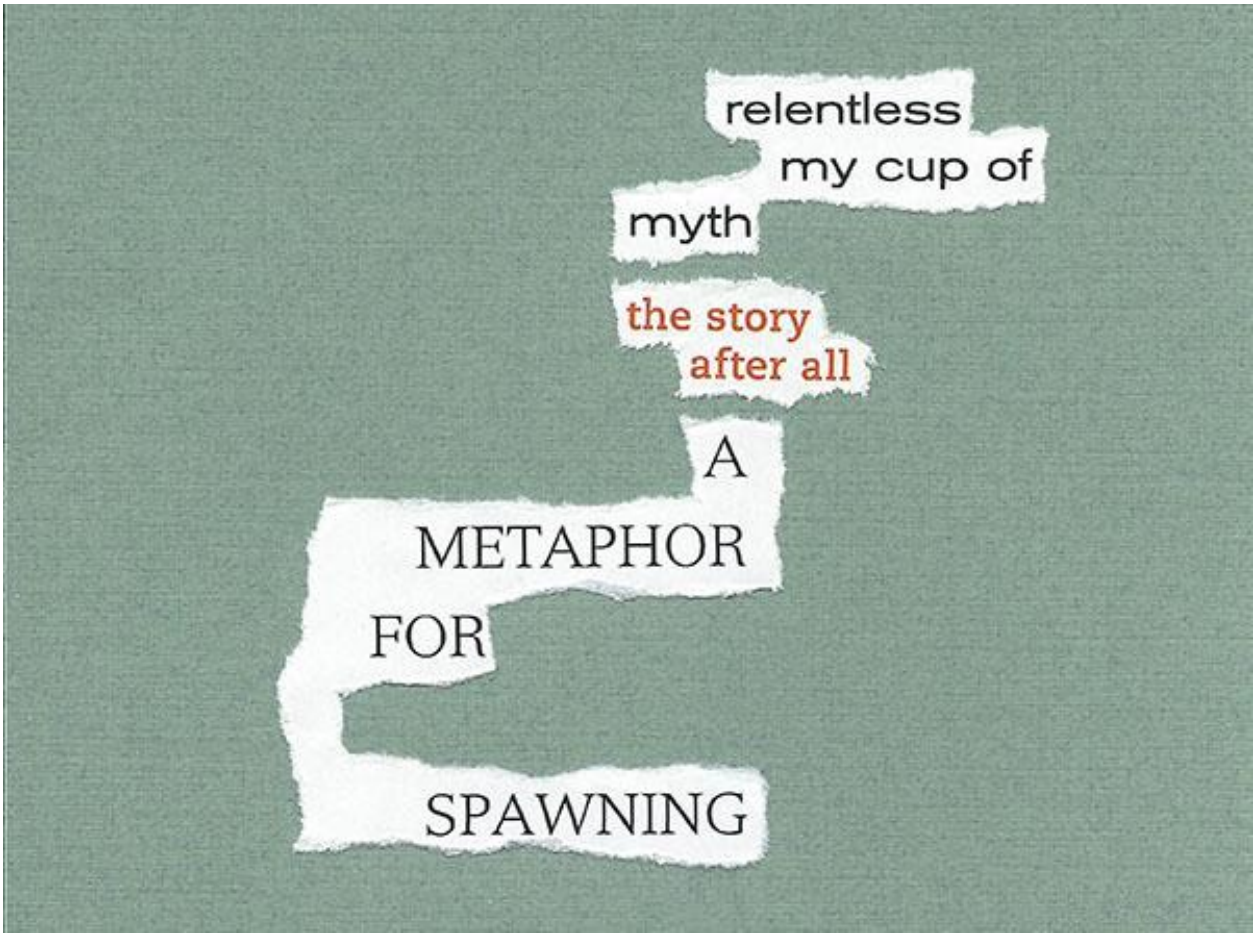
J.I. Kleinberg

If you say



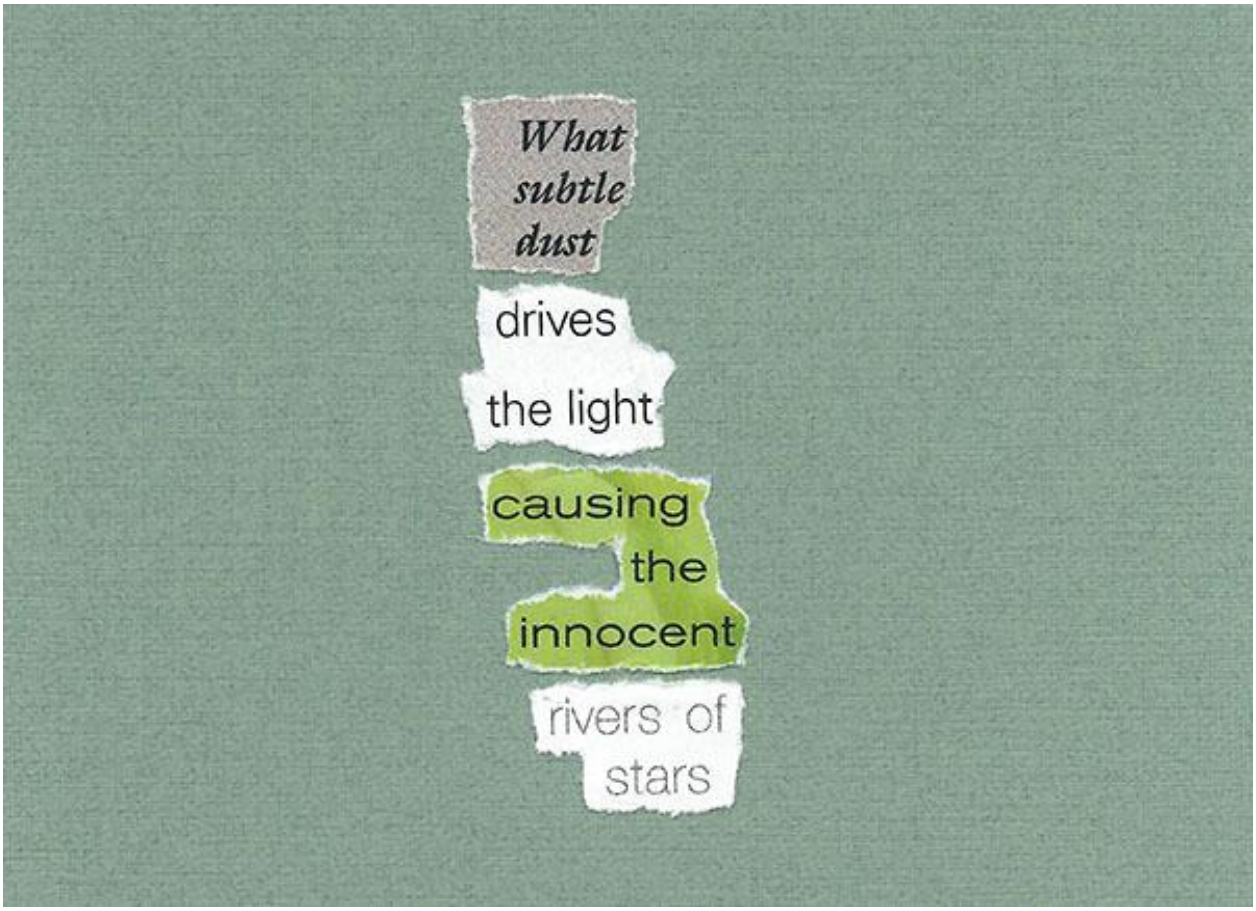
J.I. Kleinberg

relentless

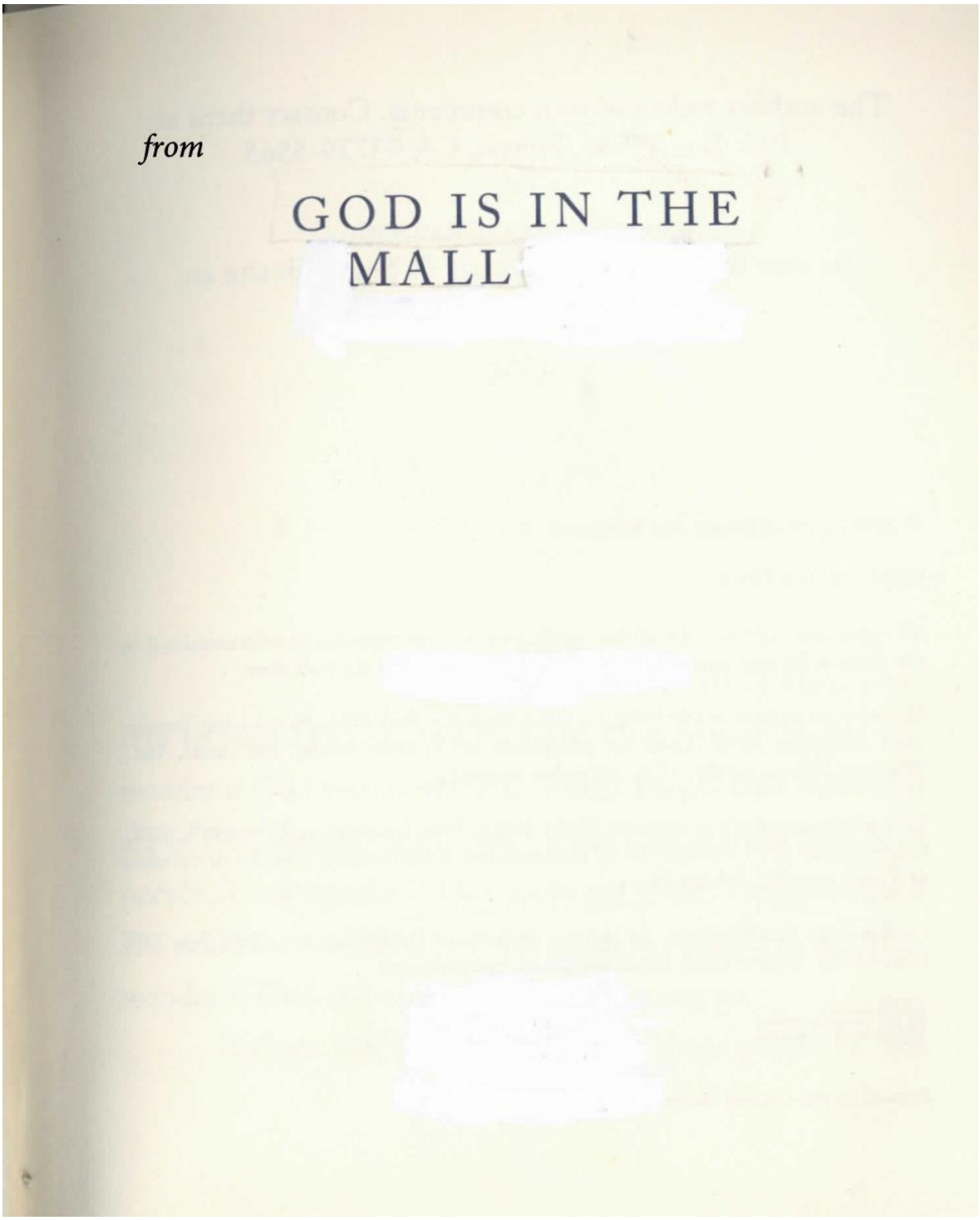


J.I. Kleinberg

What subtle dust



Danika Stegeman LeMay



(an erasure of the text *God Is in the Small Stuff for the Graduate*)

Zales *126:2 NLT*

We were filled with Pandora Jewelry

and we sang for Rogers and Hollands

THE WORLD

has a pro-
found and instantaneous effect on every
organ
relax

At great expense

cost stirs up the blood, electrifies the nerves, and clears the brain.

the fearful strain is on me night and day,

like a magnet

Make your home a place that is filled with

stuff

don't stop grow

old

IN THE MALL

be painless

you are guaranteed

a lifetime of Apple.

[9]The skies display

marvelous

craftsmanship.

Designer.

things

appreciate creation

praise

THE MALL

Your view of the world and how it works is directly related to your view of Abercrombie & Fitch

If God didn't create Aeropostale and American Apparel they happened by themselves.

Don't get hung up on *how long it took* God to make American Eagle Outfitters.

It is our responsibility to use and manage—not abuse and deplete—our A/X Armani Exchange

Jesus

—a marvelous model

comfortable sharing the most intimate details

self-consciousness isn't an issue.

muscle muscle

muscle

pain

connects in a powerful way. Try it Try it right now

IN THE MALL

You can't stand up to Satan if you don't kneel before Nordstrom Rack

At its core, prayer is giving yourself to NU STUFF

There is no such thing as an unsuccessful Old Navy Clothing

Money: Deal with It

What is it about money

Jesus frequently talked about money because He knew

The reason why money is because we want it the reason why money is because we're afraid

We love to own stuff because we love matter

There's only one way to release our lives, and that's to give up

God is the real owner of everything

He wants you to let Him into the details of your life—especially all your stuff

In fact, that's why God put us on this planet in the first place—to manage *His* stuff. His rivers, seas, plants, animals, and resources.

His money.

He'll provide everything you need

IN THE MALL

Manage your money as if it belongs to Origins
(it does).

up your Perfumania

at Perfumania the dollars take
care of themselves.

Don't outlive your Progressions Aveda Salon

There is benefit to Regis Salon

Set aside money each month for Sabon

From every dollar you earn Sephora
some.

Skechers *22:6 NLT*

Every generation

has been distrustful and marked

You can hear it in the music. You can

see it in the

millionaires

The world is full of phonies and

easy words

No one knows you

No one sees you

Do you want meaning

Do you want

promises

you can keep

exhibit

yourself

show what

you mean by how you live

IN THE MALL

Alexis Bernaut

Distant Dawns
Translated from the French by Sabine Buchet

Distant dawns: one
Signs an embroidery of blood, the other by principle signals nothing:

She is gray, a sullen awakening, a languishing of
Continuous repose on the lines of the horizon

She says we must mark our own name.

Alexis Bernaut

Aubes distantes

Aubes distantes ; l'une
Signe d'un liseré de sang, l'autre par principe ne signera rien :

Grise mal réveillée se languissant de
Gésir encore aux lignes d'horizon

À l'homme, dit-elle, d'apposer son paraphe.

David Nadeau

The Vacillating Sunset

Translated from the French by Sabine Buchet

I

it is here
cathedrals of water
they make the precipices waver

the Promethean bark is still rooting itself
the Phoenix will be born from those vacant lots
ruins of an oyster sonnet

II

the astral venom bites the melting ruby

hatching of a hand
the mime collapses

III

inside the womb of a star, the emblem of peril

David Nadeau

Le Crépuscule Vacillant

I

c'est ici
cathédrales d'eau
elle font frémir les précipices
l'écorce prométhéenne se fige encore
un phénix naîtra des terrains vagues
des ruines d'un sonnet d'huître

II

le venin des astres mord le rubis fondant
éclosion d'une main
le mime s'écroule

III

dans les entrailles d'une étoile un emblème de péril

Ann-Sophie Demay

Perfect Blue
Translated from the French by Sabine Buchet

- We won't get out of the book

[Illumination of the world itself]

"there is there, like a point of escape, a fast object"

*

as soon as you painfully touch the frame

le décorps: *out of context this has no meaning*

the sky radically excluded the scenery

everything happens very fast

*

to say for example:
he feels the need to see her naked

a single image:
the interior aspect of things

a single image

the fact of a meteorological day

*

a word which would receive the approbation
the incomplete
in the language of the body

same for the eyes

the movable *impotence*

slowly *from* burns

Ann-Sophie Demay

Perfect Blue

- on ne sortira pas du livre

[l'éclairage propre du monde]

«*il y a là comme un point de fuite, un objet de vitesse*»

*

à peine toucher le cadre avec peine

le décorps : *hors du contexte cela ne signifie rien*

le ciel a exclu radicalement le paysage

tout se passe très vite

*

dire par exemple :
il éprouve le besoin de la voir nue

une seule image :
l'aspect intérieur des choses

une seule image

le fait d'un jour météorologique

*

un mot qui recevrait l'approbation
l'inaccompli
dans le langage du corps

de même pour les yeux

l'impuissance meuble
lentement *par* brûlure

Rich Murphy

Sailing Lines: Review of *Spinnakers* by W. Scott Howard

It may be that W. Scott Howard creates poetry with a distinct project in mind; his books are focused and compact. In 2014, Howard and artist Ginger Knowlton collaborated to bring together lines of poetry and visual art in their chapbook, *Ropes*, published by Delete Press. *Ropes* gathers works from Howard and Knowlton that previously appeared in *Diagram, Ekleksographia, word for / word,* and in a letterpress broadside with image from Ėditions Moirė. That collection may remind the reader of Apollinaire's *Calligrammes*. However, in his second collection, *Spinnakers*, the poet works alone to present what I am tempted to call a *tour de force*, though the collection is 28 pages long.

Spinnakers was published by The Lune (Poets on Earth / LuNaMoPoLis) in 2016 as *The Lune* no. 18. The reminders in it that language is code and code is language—from the sketch on the cover, to the front material, to the back cover—are sails for catching the breath of the poet in these lines. With that, the publisher needs to be saluted as navigator. With blurbs (from Steve McCaffery and Jeanne Heuving) gathered within the front pages, breaths of recognition may be perhaps assisting Odysseus, though we will be disabused of that hero later in the book. The introduction (by Ryan Wade Ruehlen) offers the tools that Joseph Campbell speaks of for initiates embarking into the unknown (and we are going into the unknown). The importance of the sonictexts and Thomas Merton's epigraph brings completion to the voyage and destination of "soloists." The curving rhythms of the pages—the compressed English, the Morse code translations, the chosen words and their erasures on alternate pages along with each line beginning and ending with an anagram—for me are the oakum caulking that holds together the steamed timbers of the book while keeping most of the sea out.

Each poem is a two-page assemblage of protest and prayer. What makes each of these prose poems appear an enigma and its words as objects is the compression that the poet uses to compose. These poems avoid punctuation, unnecessary articles, and make use of linguistic inventions, irony, puns, etc. to great effect, so that the words do look like objects. One's eyes travel across a word or phrase as though walking on thin surfaces where nimble movement is needed so as not to fall through. Should one fall through the "fuselage fractures used past taut / cattle-car stimulus[,]" one finds that it ain't any "simulcast" of convention or cliché poem or line, but a "meh" solitude. You own it now, kid. And fall into the empty hold of the word one can't help but do, and the fall is the sublime for this dancer. However, patience and practice bring the reader to anger, frustration, remorse—not simply the poet's, though that may be the most sorrowful—for any vocalist of the world's cultures.

There is not Ithaca though, no open-armed Penelope to call home. Nitrogen fixes all here. No, what one finds is a compass pointing to a "dystopian thither"—a "hollow hallowed monoculture sowing yr doh awe loll howl[.]" No Ulysses for Rome. No Leopold and Molly making do. The unknown lays ahead without metaphor or irony and poets ordered to hold their breath.

This book has even more ways to bring home that language is code, as is the Morse that communicates translations of the prose poems and their erasures. These transcoding can also be

heard transmitted anew via Howard's Sound Cloud page. It is here that placing the Merton epigraph at the end of the book is so powerful. Where do we start a voyage outside ourselves if we are unable "to cross the abyss that separates us from ourselves?" It is this closing opening that provokes this reader to start again, to recognize my world and what it has become.

If the postmodern reader should find this journey a chilly one with the wind howling at the sheets, I have on good authority that there is a personal note: the International Morse is a gesture of love & remembrance for Howard's father, who was a Navy pilot during WW2. For the poet, *Spinnakers* takes him back to his place and early years of origin (New England / the Atlantic), to his formative decades along the Pacific coast, to his current middle-years in the middle of the US, and beyond. The book is an invocation to sailing lines upon our troubled waters—no small craft.

Contributors' Notes

Jim Andrews is a poet-programmer-visual-audio-video media poet. His site vispo.com has been the center of his work since 1996. There you can find all sorts of interactive poetry and much else. He lives in Vancouver Canada and is currently working as an editor at Adbusters.

Sacha Archer is a Canadian writer currently residing in Ontario. He was the recipient of the 2008 P.K. Page Irwin Prize for his poetry and visual art, and in 2010 he was chosen to participate in the Elise Partridge Mento Program. His work has appeared in journals such as *filling Station, ACT Victoriana, h&, illiterature, NoD*, and *Experiment-O*. He is the author of the chapbooks *Dishwashing Event, Part One: Tianjin, China* (no press, 2016), and *Dishwashing Event, Part Two: Ontario* (Puddles of Sky Press, 2016). His chapbooks *Acceleration of the Arbitrary* (Grey Borders) and *Detour [D-1]* (Spacecraft Press) are forthcoming.

Ginny O'Brien and Michael Basinski are married and partners in all. They take advantage of their close proximity to compose collaboratively using language as material and materials and color as language. The practice involves exchanging the compositions literally at the table, which is to say passing them back and forth and thereby dissolving the notion of the single artist. The compositions pool and they invite you to take an improvisational dip. Basinski continues his life-long practice ambassadoring for the realm of the poem. Ginny O'Brien is an exhibiting artist and arts activist in western New York and works to bring the visual arts into the practice of medicine. "Ghosts No. 1" was part of the exhibition: When Language Meets Art, December 2, 2016 – January 28, 2017, held at The Louise Hopkins Underwood Center for the Arts, Lubbock, Texas. O'Brien and Basinski recently published: *Combinings* with RedFox Press. See: www.redfoxpress.com

Lana Bella is a three-time Pushcart Prize, Best of the Net, & Bettering American Poetry nominee, and an author of three chapbooks, *Under My Dark* (Crisis Chronicles Press, 2016), *Adagio* (Finishing Line Press, 2016), and *Dear Suki: Letters* (Platypus 2412 Mini Chapbook Series, 2016). She has had poetry and fiction featured with over 400 journals, including *Acentos Review, Comstock Review, Expound, EVENT, Ilanot Review, Notre Dame Review,* among others, and work to appear in *Aeolian Harp Anthology*, Volume 3. Lana resides in the US and the coastal town of Nha Trang, Vietnam, where she is a mom of two far-too-clever-frolicsome imps.

Darren C. Demaree is the author of six poetry collections, most recently *Many Full Hands Applauding Inelegantly* (2016, 8th House Publishing). His seventh collection *Two Towns Over* was recently selected the winner of the Louise Bogan Award from Trio House Press, and is due out March 2018. He is the Managing Editor of the *Best of the Net Anthology* and *Ovenbird Poetry*. He is currently living in Columbus, Ohio with his wife and children.

Mark DuCharme is the author of twenty volumes of poetry, mostly in print but a few online, ranging from chapbooks and pamphlets to book-length collections to his magnum opus, *The Unfinished: Books* I-VI (2013). Most recently, *Counter Fluencies 1-20* appeared as part of the print journal The Lune (2017). His poetry has appeared in numerous other journals, both in print and online, among them *Big Bridge, Bombay Gin, Caliban Online, Colorado Review, Mantis, New American Writing, OR, Pallaksch Pallaksch, Shiny, Talisman*, and *Vanitas*. He lives in Boulder, Colorado.

Mark Dow's chapbook *"Feedback" and Other Conversation Poems* appears at *Mudlark: An Electronic Journal of Poetry and Poetics*. His essay on translation and the Psalms is in *John Donne and Contemporary Poetry* (ed. Judith Herz, Palgrave, 2017). Dow is also author of *American Gulag: Inside U.S. Immigration Prisons* (California, 2005).

Rebecca Eddy is visual poet from Cornwall, England. Rebecca's visual poetry has featured in a variety of journals, exhibitions, a chapbook and even a poster or two. A former English teacher, candy floss maker and brass band conductor; Rebecca is currently busy raising two tiny, awesome daughters.

Raymond Farr is author *of Ecstatic/.of facts* (Otoliths 2011), and *Writing What For? across the Mourning Sky* (Blue & Yellow Dog 2012), *sic transit—"g"* (Blue & Yellow Dog 2012, 2016), and *Poetry in the Age of Zero Grav* (Blue & Yellow Dog 2015). Raymond is editor of *Blue & Yellow Dog*, now archived at blueyellowdog.weebly.com & publisher/editor of a new poetry blog *The Helios Mss* at theheliosmss.blogspot.com.

Evan Gray is a poet and visual artist from the Appalachian Mountains of North Carolina. His poems have appeared in *Inter rupture, 'Pider, Otoliths,* and others. His chapbook, *Blindspot (The Rest*, will be available soon with Garden-Door Press. He works and studies at the University of North Carolina, Wilmington.

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J.I. Kleinberg is artist, poet, freelance writer, and co-editor of *Noisy Water: Poetry from Whatcom County, Washington* (Other Mind Press, 2015). A Pushcart nominee and winner of the 2016 Ken Warfel Fellowship, her found poems have appeared recently in *Diagram, Heavy Feather Review, Rise Up Review, The Tishman Review, Hedgerow, Otoliths,* and elsewhere. She lives in Bellingham, Washington, and blogs most days at thepoetrydepartment.wordpress.com.

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Rich Murphy's reviews also appear in an upcoming issue of New Orleans Review where he reviews *Spool* by Robert Cole: "*Spool* Spin." Murphy's poetry has won two national book awards: Gival Press Poetry Prize 2008 for *Voyeur* and Press Americana Poetry Prize 2013 from The Institute for American Studies and Popular Culture for *Americana*. Other books include *Body Politic* 2017 by Prolific Press; and *The Apple in the Monkey Tree* 2007. Chapbooks include *Great Grandfather, Family Secret, Hunting and Pecking, Rescue Lines, Phoems for Mobile Vices*, and *Paideia*.</p>

Barbora and Tomas Pridal are the new no wave duo "Deceased Squirrel on the Phone." Barbora is a photographer and plays drums. Tomas is a visual artist and plays guitar along with echo voice. As "Deceased Squirrel on the Phone" they produce minimalist lo-fi songs influenced by noise and psychedelia, with lyrics based on surreal hurmor. Their name refers to a squirrel that was fried in erotic neon at the club Moulin Rouge in Paris. Their website can be found here: deceasedsquirrelonthephone.blogspot.cz/

Leslie Seldin lives and works in New York City. Her poems have appeared in *Leveler, Bateau, Sentence: A Journal of Prose Poetics, failbetter.com, Sixth Finch,* and *iO: Journal of American Poetry.*

D. E. Steward's *Chroma Volumes One through Five* are in press with Archae Editions, Brooklyn, a collection of 360 months, September 1986 through August 2016, one of which he is gratified to also be publishing in *Word For/Word* along with two more in press at *Raritan.*

Mark Young's most recent books are *Ley Lines* and *bricolage*, both from gradient books of Finland, *The Chorus of the Sphinxes*, from Moria Books in Chicago, & *some more strange meteorites*, from Meritage & i.e. Press, California / New York. A limited edition chapbook, *A Few Geographies*, was recently released by One Sentence Poems as the initial offering in their new range.